Something Old, Something New

by cyberdigi

Summary

Gwen and Rhys’s wedding day now…how does the day end?

Notes

This takes place at the END of Something Borrowed. Why just the end you ask? Because nothing much changed except parts of the end. I’m not trying to COMPLETELY rewrite Torchwood here, the idea is that the TARDIS made a decision and Ianto then made a decision that changed some (a lot of) things.

Again not particularly the most Gwen friendly

Jack saw Gwen dancing with her new husband. He was struck with a wave of nostalgia; weddings always reminded him of what he never thought he could have…a partner for life.

With that thought, he met Ianto’s eyes from where his lover was acting as the DJ and smiled.

He slowly walked to where the newlyweds were dancing to take his turn with the bride. She reminded him of Rose in so many ways. Despite her flaws, that remembrance is why he kept giving her chances, even if she wasn’t going to be getting as much slack. She had potential to be something extraordinary; perhaps it wasn’t the Doctor’s Companion type of extraordinary, but she still had potential. Whether she could realize that potential was the question.
“Mind if I cut in?”

With Rhy’s blessing, he began to dance with Gwen.

“Enjoy the honeymoon,” he said, smiling.

“I will.” She paused before continuing, “What will you do while I’m gone?”

“Oh, the usual,” he said with a grin. “Pizza...with Ianto, save the world...with Ianto.” As a joke he finished with, “And, of course, Ianto. In general, what we always do in Torchwood.”

“Will you miss me?” Gwen asked, her eyes begging.

Oh boy, that was a loaded question. She definitely hadn’t given up her “dreams” of having him as a lover, but he wouldn’t lie. He’d just have to be clear.

“Always. You’re family to me, just like Owen and Tosh. Rhys is a lucky man. A perfect husband; he’s loyal brave, he’s got a hell of swing on him, and best of all, he really loves you.”

“I know,” Gwen said almost sadly, “but you could love me too.”

“No, I couldn’t,” he said with a slightly harsh tone.

He was saved from further confrontation by Ianto interrupting.

“May I...uh...”

Gwen answered “Yes” thinking Ianto wanted to dance with her--only to be caught off guard and slightly embarrassed when Ianto turned from her to dance with Jack.

The two of them were silent for a long time, just soaking up each other’s presence.

Looking over at Tosh and Owen dancing closely, Ianto smiled and said, “It’s a good thing Owen was experimenting with sprays again or he would have not been around to take Tosh to that fancy dinner he’s planning.”

“Oh? And how do you know about that?” Jack asked with a smile.

Ianto cocked his eyebrow at his lover before replying, “I know everything.”

Jack continued to smile as he leaned in close to breathe in Ianto’s scent.

“She still thinks that you’d jump into bed with her,” Ianto stated after a moment of silence.

Jack sighed before answering, “I know, doesn’t seem couple’s counseling is helping her much.”

“It might be more helpful if she didn’t keep skipping sessions.”

Jack pulled back a bit, just enough so he could kiss his lover, before separating from Ianto to sit with the others before clean up started.

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Hours later as the sun was rising, Jack walked into the darkened Hub, headed straight for his office and pulled out an old metal box. Inside he pulled out pictures, pictures of the ones he’s loved.
As he was looking through them, remembering, he heard the alarm go off as Ianto entered the Hub.

“I thought I’d come make sure you didn’t brood too long, sir,” Ianto said with a warm smile. “You know, you really should take better care of those pictures, they won’t last forever. I could help you with it if you want.”

Jack looked up and felt his heart warm with Ianto’s concern. Yes, Ianto was extra extraordinary.

“I think that would be a great idea. It’d also be a great time to add some new pictures to the collection. But not today; for now, let’s go home.”

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