

A man and a woman are shown in profile, facing each other in a close embrace. They are silhouetted against a dark blue background with a soft light source from the left, highlighting their profiles and the texture of their clothing. The woman is on the left, and the man is on the right. The overall mood is intimate and romantic.

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*Primal Instincts*

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# PRIMAL INSTINCTS

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*The active part of man consists of powerful instincts, some of which are gentle and continuous; others violent and short; some baser, some nobler, and all necessary.*

*– Francis W Newman (1805 – 1897)*

## PROLOGUE

“Are you certain this will work?”

“Of course, *f’achubiaeth*,” Koschei retorted. He slithered under the console in order to reach the wires he needed. “Am I or am I not a genius?”

“You really don’t want me to answer that,” Misha snapped back. She kicked him in the shin just to punctuate the sentence. “Really, you don’t.”

“Oh, now that’s just not fair. Kicking a man when he can’t defend himself.” Koschei laughed softly as he worked. For the first time in centuries, he was enjoying himself. No plans of conquest or war, just laughter, smiles, and her love. She grounded him in so many ways. Who else would have been able to convince him to head off to the fifty-second century Niaomaha to pick up a piece of tech just to leave it behind for Torchwood to find on twenty-first century Terra. “It’s ready, *f’achubiaeth*. Flip the switch,” he ordered, crawling out from

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under the console. Koschei watched Misha flicking switches while he programmed the Tardis to take them back to Terra. “Do you remember the date we need?”

“Of course,” she murmured, circling behind him to reach another section of the console. “24 January 2012. It’s a Tuesday. Tad said he and Daddy were ‘busy’ so the device was just put aside for a while.”

“And where was it found?” He watched her lean her head back, exposing the line of her throat, and swallowed down the rush of desire he felt for her. Koschei shook his head, refocusing on the job at hand, and made a mental note to take her to bed as soon as they were finished in Cardiff. “Misha?”

“Sorry,” she murmured. “I was just thinking about...” She shook her head and flashed him a smile prior to rattling off the coordinates for him. “It’s a warehouse on Locks Road. Ewythr Owen loved to tell the story about how the bit of tech found him, rolled across the floor to bounce off his foot.” She laughed softly and reached up to brush away a few tears. “Easiest find he ever made or so he claimed.”

“Thanks, *annwyl brydd*,” Koschei grinned at her. Typing rapidly, he set the coordinates for the date and location. This was just one of many events on their list that they had to be certain happened in the proper order or he’d never have her by his side. That thought chilled the remnants of his soul. The never ending drumming, always muted when he was around her, teased at the edge of his mind. Koschei leant over and kissed her quickly. He stroked her cheek, rubbed his thumb over her lips and smiled again. “To quote Theta, off we go.”

## CHAPTER ONE

A high pitched trill echoed through the Hub. It drew everyone's attention away from the silent movie that was Ianto's call to the Prime Minister. Everyone knew that Ianto had a love/hate relationship with the current Prime Minister, but they'd never actually watched one of his calls until this moment. From the pacing, hand waving and occasional paper being tossed about, Mr. Stockham had really pissed off Ianto this time. The trill repeated again - shriller than before - and Jack turned to stare at Toshiko's monitors. "What's that?" he asked, reaching down to grab one of the chocolates off her desk.

"Ianto's Tardis alarm."

"His what?" Jack grabbed another chocolate as he considered the screens. "Why would he have a Tardis alarm? It's not like the Doctor is traveling anywhere. Hell, he doesn't even have a Tardis anymore."

"We didn't know that when Ianto had me create it," Tosh replied. She grabbed a chocolate of her own, nibbling on it while she typed.

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“Supposedly, he wanted it in order to have advance warning of the Doctor’s arrival.” She glanced up at Jack. “Is it that time of year?”

“What?” Jack asked, grabbing yet another candy and unwrapping it. “What are you asking about?”

“Jack, you’ve eaten half my bag of chocolate.”

“I have not...” Jack looked down, blinked, and then shook his head even as he tossed another chocolate into his mouth. He closed his eyes for a moment, thinking, and sighed. “Ok, maybe I have, but...”

“But what?”

“Nothing.” Jack grabbed another piece and used it to point at the screen. “Since we know that can’t possibly be the Doctor’s Tardis, can you trace it? We need to know what other Time Lord could possibly be here. We might have to contain...”

“Don’t you ‘nothing’ me, Jack Harkness.” Tosh reached over and smacked his fingers. “No more chocolate until you tell me if I’m right in thinking that you’ll be wanting the Nurofen in a bit.”

“I... um...” Jack blushed. He couldn’t help it, but he also nodded. “Yeah, by tomorrow, I’ll want it to go with the chocolate.” He reached for another piece of said candy. “Can I just tell you that you and Kate have it easy? Two to three days, once a month. Me, I get hit for two whole weeks once a year. It’s a bitch. The cramps, the bloating, the munchies... I hate it. And I really envy you two for getting yours spaced out year round.” Jack ducked his head a bit, sighed softly, and took a breath before asking the question he’d wanted to ask Toshiko for ages. “This Nurofen, does it work any better than plain aspirin?”

“There’s a version specifically for the problem in question. I’ll bring some in tomorrow for you,” Tosh replied. She smiled up at him before nodding to the monitor. “Before you turn any redder, I’ve narrowed down the location of the signal.”

“Appreciate it,” Jack murmured, stepping closer to the back of her chair. “So, where? And do we have CCTV of it?”

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“Locks Road, down by the Queen Alexandra dock,” Tosh replied. “No close CCTV, but I did manage to get a long distance shot. Not the best but...”

“Hell, that’s a Chula Warship.” Jack grabbed another chocolate. “Why is a Chula ship here? The only one I knew of in the twentieth century was mine and it was destroyed by a German bomb in World War II.” Jack sighed softly. “It was a good ship. We need to go get that one...” As he watched, the warship shimmered, changing shape and appearance yet not concealing itself from their view. “What the hell?”

“That’s a *Danube*-class Starfleet vessel,” Tosh answered the unasked question. She tilted her head back to look up at Jack. “Most people know them as Runabouts from the television show DS-9.”

“That makes no sense. Why is a Tardis appearing as a fictional vessel instead of blending in? For that matter, why do you have the Starfleet vessel classes memorized?” Jack laughed softly at the glare he received from Tosh. He reached for more chocolate, scrabbling about in the bag, and pouted when there wasn’t any left. “We’re out of chocolate.”

“I told you, you ate it all. Ianto will bring some as soon as...”

“*Duw*, I hate that man. Reise Stockham is the worst Prime Minister ever. And I’m counting Harold Saxon in that list,” Ianto snapped. He tossed a bag of chocolate to Tosh who caught it with a grin. “Stockham is bad, but his *wife* is a royal bitch. I know she’s the one running the country, but I can’t prove it.” He leaned on the back of Tosh’s chair and smiled at her. His hand drifted over, stroking down Jack’s back to rest on the curve of his husband’s arse. He slipped his hand beneath Jack’s waistcoat, tugging the other man’s shirt up to slip his fingers beneath to feel the other man’s skin. “I thought I heard the Tardis alarm.”

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“You did.” Jack and Tosh answered almost simultaneously. Jack continued, pointing at the monitors, “We seem to have a new Time Lord here. That... runabout?... first appeared as a Chula Warship. What I don’t understand is why that Tardis’s chameleon circuit and perception filter aren’t working.”

“And who’s is it?” Ianto asked no one in particular. “Grandfather doesn’t have one. And we all know where mine is.” He considered the screen for a few minutes. “No one’s come out?”

“Nope. It just landed there, changed shape and...” Tosh trailed off for a moment. “And now seems to be playing the theme from *Close Encounters*.”

“That’s just too much,” Jack shook his head. “Owen, Tommy, get your gear. I want to know who this smart arse is. Ianto...”

“Don’t even try it. I’m going along,” Ianto snapped. He reached over, grabbed his and Jack’s coats, and Jack’s gun. He handed the gun over to Jack. Draping his own coat over his arm, he offered Jack his, slipping the heavy great coat up onto Jack’s shoulders, then leant in close, nuzzling beneath Jack’s ear. He took a deep breath, took a step back and quickly pulled his own coat on. “Grandfather’s taught me enough that I should be able to tell you if that’s really a Time Lord with his Tardis.”

“I wasn’t going to stop you.” Jack smiled at him over his shoulder. “Planned on asking you along. Kate, keep an ear out for Misha and Gray. They’re up in the flat doing their homework. We shouldn’t be too long.”

“You got it,” Kate called over from her desk. “When you get back, we need to talk.”

“Do we have to?” Jack asked. He was already turning toward the cog door. “I know what’s going on. So does Ianto. Doesn’t affect the team.”

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“Yet. Doesn’t affect the team, yet.” Kate rose to her feet. “We will talk. So don’t try to get out of it.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he tossed off a salute before bounding out the door. Jack shook his head, grinning over at Ianto as they raced off to the SUV. “Keys?”

“Catch.” Ianto threw the keys over Jack’s shoulder. He knew they’d be caught even though Jack wasn’t looking. They’d always had that instinctual knowledge of each other and what they were doing. Ianto reached up and hit the Bluetooth in his ear. “Tosh, status?”

*“Nothing’s changed.”*

“Noted.” Ianto climbed into the passenger seat of the SUV. “Let us know if that changes.” He’d no sooner closed the door then Jack took off in a squeal of tires. From the curses coming from the back seat, neither Owen nor Tommy were ready for the sudden take off. He reached across the car, rested his hand on Jack’s thigh. Ianto edged his hand up Jack’s thigh, brushing his thumb over Jack’s cock, and asked, “What’s the problem, Jack?”

“I know of only one other Time Lord.” Jack glanced over at Ianto. “He’s a sadistic bastard. That’s the politest thing I can say about him. He’s a psychopathic megalomaniac with delusions of godhood.” Jack took a deep breath. “He knew I couldn’t die...”

“Shit,” Owen muttered. “Tell me he didn’t...”

“He did.” Jack whipped the car around a corner, screeching across the Tyneside Bridge onto the Alexandra Dock. “I don’t like to think about it, but I am not allowing him to take over the world again. If it’s him, I don’t care what your Grandfather thinks; this time I’m killing him.”

“Agreed,” Ianto replied, echoed by Owen from the back. Both men checked their guns, racking the slides and readying them for when they went for the unknown Tardis. “Jack, plan?”

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Jack hit the brakes, rocking the SUV, and pulled to a halt on the far side of the warehouse from the Tardis. “Owen, you and Tommy take the left, go around the warehouse to flank the unknown. Ianto, with me. We’ll go through the warehouse on a more direct approach,” Jack ordered, flinging his door open and leaping from the vehicle.

Ianto reached over, pulled the keys from the ignition, and climbed out. He hit the alarm as soon as he heard all the doors on the SUV slam. Ianto fell in step beside Jack, watching as Owen and Tommy slipped around the corner of the building. As soon as they were out of sight, he put up his gun and rushed Jack. He slammed his husband into the side of the warehouse. “You smell delicious, Jack. How the hell am I supposed to concentrate when you do this to me?” he snarled, grabbing Jack’s hand and dragging it down to press against his already hard cock.

“Ianto,” Jack moaned. His free hand grabbed Ianto’s bicep while he squeezed Ianto’s cock with his fingers. He arched his neck and tilted his head silently inviting a kiss. “Please, *carriad*,” he murmured.

“Please what?” Ianto murmured. He brushed his lips over Jack’s before veering away to flick his tongue over Jack’s pulse working his way along Jack’s throat to press his nose into the hollow behind Jack’s ear. “Tell me what you want, Jack,” he whispered. “Tell me or I’ll take what I want instead.”

## CHAPTER TWO

“Take me, *cariad*,” Jack moaned. He arched his neck more as Ianto nibbled along it. “Just take me.”

He scraped his teeth over Jack’s pulse and growled softly. Ianto felt Jack shiver and felt himself smile in response. He shifted his weight, pinning Jack more firmly against the brick wall, and pressed a leg between the other man’s. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” he purred, licking a line along Jack’s jaw. “Shall I do it, *m’gwr*? Turn you around, shove your clothes out of the way, and just take you – hard and fast – against this wall. Would you like that?”

“Yes,” Jack hissed. He lifted his hands, clenching them on Ianto’s biceps. He was certain he was leaving bruises, but didn’t care. “Oh God, yes.”

The helpless undertone in Jack’s voice made Ianto’s pulse leap. He didn’t like to admit it even to himself, but a helpless Jack, begging for him, made him so hard. He wanted him. Now. He didn’t give a damn

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about strange Time Lords or a Tardis with a perverse sense of humor. A weevil could rampage through and he wouldn't give a fuck. All he wanted was Jack. He reached out, grabbed Jack's lapels and pulled him deeper into the shadows of the warehouse out of the chill breezes coming off the bay. "Take the coat off," he demanded, rummaging in his own coat's pockets.

"Ianto...?"

"Hush," Ianto ordered. He ran a hand down Jack's chest, over his belt, and cupped his cock in his palm. "Trust me, *m'gwr*. We'll be plenty warm enough."

Jack moaned, nodded, and shrugged out of his coat. He threw it over a nearby crate and shifted behind it. He loved when Ianto was demanding; giving orders in that heavy Welsh accent, it just about drove him to his knees in response. He rested his hands on the crate, fisting them in the heavy wool of his coat, and groaned again as Ianto came up behind him, pressed against his back to grind his cock into his still clothed arse. "Want you."

"I know you do," Ianto retorted. "How much?"

"Wha...?"

"How much do you want me, Jack?" Ianto's arms came around Jack's body. Chill fingers slipped beneath his shirt, stroked over his stomach, and Jack whined in response. "Do I get to fuck you? Right here, right now? Regardless..."

"Yes, damn you," Jack growled. One hand left his body long enough to drop a tube of lube onto Jack's coat. It returned, almost instantly, to join its mate in working his belt free. Jack arched back into Ianto, delighting in the moan the action tore from his mate's throat, only to cry out in return when Ianto scraped his teeth over Jack's pulse. "Do it."

Ianto smiled. *Duw*, he loved this. Loved Jack like this. All tangled up in need and hunger until nothing mattered but them. He shoved

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Jack's trousers and pants down, leaving them to rest somewhere in the vicinity of Jack's knees, and reached around to stroke Jack's cock. He knew the exact moves to drive Jack even closer to the fine edge they were teetering on, quick hard strokes of his hand over the shaft, the brush of his thumb over the head. Ianto stepped closer to Jack's back; grinding his cloth covered erection into Jack's arse, and licked the sweat from Jack's neck. "I can feel it, Jack," he whispered into his husband's ear. "How much you want me, need me..."

"Stop teasing and fuck me," Jack demanded. "Ianto... please..."

"Soon, Jack," Ianto murmured. He grabbed the lube, coated his fingers and rubbed them together a bit to warm it. He knew Jack. He knew his husband's body as well, if not better, than his own. Quickly, he began to prepare Jack. He couldn't wait much longer, not and stay sane. "Brace yourself, *m'gwr*," he ordered. "I am not patient tonight."

"Don't care. Want..."

"I know you don't," Ianto spoke right over Jack's begging. He twisted his fingers in Jack's arse, seeking the other man's prostate, and delighted in the sharp cry he received when he found that little bundle of nerves. He took his hand from Jack's cock, ignoring the half-begged protest, and quickly loosened his own clothing to free his cock. A bit more lube, stroked over his own flesh, and then he was pulling his fingers from Jack's body. Quickly replacing them with his cock and thrusting deep. "You feel so damned good, Jack. Hot, tight..." he murmured, pressing his chest to Jack's back and nuzzling into his neck. "So damned tight."

Jack arched, groaning hoarsely, and thrust his hips back into Ianto's wanting more. "Take me, Ianto," he begged. He bent lower, his arms stretching out so his hands could grasp the far edge of the crate. "Take me hard... want to feel it... feel you..." his words trailed off into yet another gasping cry as Ianto took him at his word, setting up a hard,

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almost punishing rhythm. Jack knew he'd ache later and definitely in the morning, but at that moment, he didn't give a damn.

Ianto pounded into Jack. His hands grasped Jack's hips, fingers clenching hard and leaving bruises in their wake. He drove in again and again. Short, hard strokes aimed with uncanny accuracy at Jack's prostate. He pressed open mouthed kisses to Jack's neck, lips searching for that spot where the other man's pulse beat so rapidly just beneath the skin. Finding it, Ianto just barely scraped his teeth over the spot. It was a tease and a question. A question answered in the drop of Jack's head, the soft moan that came from his mate's lips. Ianto flicked his tongue over the skin, pressing kisses there, before momentarily lifting his head. He ignored Jack's disappointed whimper. He had a better time to reclaim that bit of flesh as his own.

Ianto freed one hand, reached for Jack's cock and began to stroke it in counterpoint to his harsh thrusts. He knew neither of them would last long. Too much had built up between them. His own needs to claim his mate as his own again, Jack's need to be possessed, and the pheromones that signaled the onset of Jack's annual fertility. It was too much. It wasn't enough. Ianto caught Jack's earlobe in his teeth, biting just a bit, and released it to demand, "Are you mine, Jack?"

"Yes!" Jack all but screamed the response. "Yours." He tilted his head to the side without lifting it. One tiny portion of his mind wondered how Ianto knew how to dominate him so completely that Raksha, his instinctual self, went so completely submissive; the rest only cared about coming. The sooner, the better as far as he was concerned. "Ianto, please, please..."

"Now, Jack," Ianto ordered. He covered Jack's body with his own, teeth sinking deep into the side of Jack's neck. He bit hard, sucked on the skin between his teeth and growled at the taste of his blood. At the same time, he twisted his wrist as he stroked Jack's cock, squeezing just hard enough to pull Jack over the edge into the orgasm they both

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wanted so desperately. He took his other hand from Jack's hip, covering his husband's mouth to muffle the man's scream of pleasure as he came. Ianto's own cry smothered in Jack's neck.

Jack's arms gave out. He dropped down onto the crate, his cheek pressed against the wool of his coat. He lazily reached for Ianto's wrist, pulling his mate's hand away from his mouth in order to pant and attempt to catch his breath. Ianto rested against his back. Jack could feel his heaving breaths as Ianto's chest rose and fell with his harsh panting. "Ianto?"

"Gimmie a minute," Ianto panted. "I wasn't..."

"Neither was I," Jack replied. He absently played with Ianto's fingers. As his mate moved, straightening and pulling away from him, Jack whimpered at the loss of his warmth and weight. "I never expect you to react like that to this."

"We should have..."

"If you two are quite finished giving Tommy and me an audio play," Owen snarked over the comm system. "You might like to know that our visitors are gone, but they left us a rather strange present." There was a pause, then Owen asked, "Ianto, what's *dwindy gardudi* mean?"

"What?" Ianto shook his head even as he set to work fixing his clothes. "Is that alien or something?"

"No, sir," Tommy spoke now. Even in his voice you could hear his embarrassment. "I believe its Welsh. I've heard you say something similar to the Captain on occasion. Owen's just mangling it badly."

"It means 'I love you'," Jack answered. He straightened and began fixing his clothes. "Why do you ask?"

"I heard it just before the strange Tardis left. That phrase, a sound almost like a Star Trek transporter, and then that Tardis left." Owen replied. "We'll meet you at the SUV with the world's easiest tech retrieval ever. It came to us. Rolled right into my foot."

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“Be there in five,” Ianto responded. He reached up, switched off the comm, and then leaned forward to kiss Jack. Slowly and lingeringly kiss Jack before pulling away to shake his head. “I think I’m going to spend the next few hours blushing... I can’t believe we forgot to turn off the comms.”

*“That’s not the only thing you forgot about, Ianto!”* Tosh’s laughing voice spoke as she overrode his shutdown. *“I’ll leave a copy on your desk before I head out tonight.”*

Ianto looked up, around, and then groaned, dropping his head onto Jack’s chest. He shook his head back and forth with a soft whimper. Raising a hand to wave at the CCTV camera in response to Jack’s soft, “what’s the matter?” With Jack and Tosh’s laughter echoing in his ears, Ianto led the way back to the SUV. “Let’s just get back to the Hub before anything else happens,” Ianto said, reaching out to take Jack’s hand.

## CHAPTER THREE

Still blushing, Ianto came into the Hub hand in hand with Jack. He knew the women on the team weren't going to let him live this down; however, he was feeling too damned good to let it get to him. He grinned and reached up to snatch a disc from the air as Tosh tossed it toward him. "Did you have fun?" Ianto asked.

"Bunches," Tosh laughed and grinned at him. "We debated popcorn, but didn't want to miss any of the show."

"Oh... Now why didn't you say something," Jack teased back. "We could have..."

"Jack..." Ianto growled.

"Oh, right," Jack chuckled. He reached over and tugged Ianto in for a kiss. He broke it to smile over at Tosh and Kate. "Sorry, Tosh, Ianto has a rule against sharing me."

"Damn straight, I do." Ianto pulled Jack back to him out of the way of Owen and Tommy coming in behind them. He sank a hand into

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Jack's hair, tugging his head over to one side and scraped his teeth over the mark he'd left in his husband's neck. "You're mine, Jack," he murmured. "And I don't share."

"*Cariad*," Jack moaned softly. He wrapped his arms around Ianto's waist and pulled his mate closer to him. "Ianto..."

"I know," Ianto murmured. He kissed Jack again, longer and more lingering than the last one, and pulled back to rest his forehead against Jack's. "I'm surprised no one's hosed us down to get us apart," he whispered.

"I think they're afraid to," Jack whispered back, glancing to one side to consider the rest of the team. Tommy was studiously filling in paperwork while Tosh fiddled with the CCTV. It was Owen and Kate who were staring at them. Owen's arms crossed over his chest, hard glare in place, while Kate tapped one foot against the grating. "Hmm, not so much afraid as pissed with us," he murmured. "Who do you want, Kate or Owen?"

"I have to choose?" Ianto smirked playfully at him. "Why can't we have them both at the same time?"

"Okay, that's it," Owen snapped. "I'll take Teaboy. Kate..."

"Oh no, Owen," Ianto snarked. "I do the taking..."

"Quiet," Owen ordered. "Just head for the medical before I lock you in a cell. You are not acting like you."

"I'd rather talk about this with Kate anyway," Jack said. He nuzzled Ianto's neck for a moment before straightening up and taking a deliberate step back from his mate. "She'll at least empathize with me." He took another step back and turned, intending to join Kate, but Ianto reached out, wrapped a hand around Jack's neck and pulled him back for yet another devouring kiss.

"Don't be long," Ianto growled when he released Jack. He narrowed his eyes and focused a thought toward his husband. He hoped the other man would pick it up from him. "*I think it's my turn to*

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*take you over that antique desk in my office.*” Ianto knew the thought had been received when Jack flushed across his cheekbones and dropped his gaze. Turning on his heel, he stalked off toward the autopsy bay. He could hear Owen following right behind him. Pausing on his way down the stairs, Ianto shrugged out of his coat. He tossed it over the railing. He ran a hand through his hair and dragged in a deep breath. He took another couple of steps, followed by another deep breath. “*Duw*,” Ianto muttered. He could feel himself flushing bright red. “I just propositioned you, didn’t I?”

“Yeah and make sure you don’t do it again, I like my lunch where it’s at thank you very much.”

“Shit,” Ianto rested his hands on the gurney in front of him. He bowed his head for a moment. Then, he looked over at Owen. “I’m sorry, Owen. I don’t...” he paused, shook his head, and swallowed. “No, I think I know what part if it is.”

“Tell me,” Owen ordered. Gloves snapped; the sound echoed in the small space. “I need to know, Ianto. If only as your doctor, so spill. Don’t think you can keep it from me.”

“It’s Jack.” Ianto shoved his hand through his hair again. He turned, leant back against the gurney, and sighed. Spying the needle in Owen’s hand, he reached down, grabbed his jumper and pulled it off. He tossed it onto the gurney behind him and held out his arm to the other man. “He just...” he trailed off, hissing in a breath as the needle slipped beneath his skin, and stared mindlessly into space. Ianto finally blinked and refocused when Owen waved a hand in front of his face.

“Back with me?”

“Yeah, sorry about that,” Ianto replied. “I was thinking about Jack.”

“That’s rather obvious, mate.” Owen labeled the vial of blood in his hand, setting it aside, in order to fill another one. He nodded toward Ianto’s crotch. “You aren’t normally like this.”

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“When I catch the scent of his pheromones, some inner Neanderthal takes over and wants to drag him by the hair to the closest cave.” Ianto swallowed hard. “I just want him. I don’t give a damn where we are. Who could interrupt... nothing seems to matter but having Jack.” He looked up at Owen for a moment before dropping his gaze to the floor.

“Do you think that link that girl created between you did it?” Owen asked cautiously. He knew that Faith was still a sore subject with Ianto. “Or is it something else?”

“We have more than just that link, Owen.” Ianto reached back for his jumper, tugging it on, and half-shrugged. “There’s that one. There’s the lupine mating bond. And we’re bonded as a Time Lord couple would be.”

“Shit, Ianto.” Owen blinked at him. “You couldn’t get out of this relationship even if you wanted to.”

“Yeah.” Ianto just smiled back. “I know. We’ve gotten married three times without once stepping into a registry office.” He let his smile deepen, not bothering to hide his feelings from the medic. “I love him, Owen. I would never want to leave him, so that doesn’t matter.”

“I’ll run these.” Owen lifted the vials and waved them between them. “Somehow I doubt anything will show up, but it’s worth a look. I’ll talk to Kate, but if you are reacting like this, I think we’re going to have to pull you both from fieldwork until this is done.”

“Um, Owen...”

“What?”

“There will be something different.”

“What!” Owen whirled back to Ianto and glared. “What are you talking about?”

“You know I’m a Time Lord now?” He waited for Owen’s nod before he continued. “I don’t know if the test Eirian, that’s what I named my Tardis, did anything or not, but we now know I’m also half-

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Gallifreyan. Grandfather isn't even certain if there would be changes to my DNA because of my taking up the mantle of Time Lord."

"You're rambling, Ianto," Owen replied. He sounded a bit dazed. "So, you may have DNA changes because you're now an alien."

"Half-alien, but, yes."

"Fuck." Owen dropped into his chair, spun it about and stared at Ianto. "Get out of here. I need to think."

Ianto grabbed his coat and started up the stairs. Now that he consciously knew about it, he could almost feel the effect of Jack's pheromones on him. The way they clouded his mind and veiled his senses until all he could think of was his husband. He forced himself to focus on what needed to be said in order to keep from dragging Jack off to the bunker beneath the office for a hard round of sex. "Oh, Owen," he leaned over the upper rail to look down at Owen. "You might as well plan on taking over field command for the next year or so. Jack told me this ends in two weeks or until I get him pregnant. And we want a baby, so..." He smirked down at Owen, tossed him a salute, and started out of the room.

"Oh, no... no way... you aren't..." Owen called after him. "Ianto! Tell me you aren't thinking what I think you're thinking!"

## CHAPTER FOUR

“She pulled my field clearance,” Jack ranted as he stormed into Ianto’s office. “All I did was mention...”

The rest of his rant was cut off as Ianto shoved Jack back against the wall by the door, muffling anything he was saying in yet another desperate kiss, while his hand reached out and slammed the door shut. “Shut up, Jack,” Ianto snarled. “You can tell me later... after I fuck you senseless.”

“Ian...”

“No, Jack, don’t talk.” Ianto dragged Jack backwards toward the entrance to the old bunker. “We’ll talk it all out later. I want you.” He dragged a hand down Jack’s shirt to curl his fingers around Jack’s belt pulling Jack even closer to him. “Now.”

Jack moaned, reaching out to sink his fingers into Ianto’s hair and pull him in for a kiss. “God, I love when you talk like that.” He started

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toward the manhole only to freeze at the sound of a strident female voice from outside the door.

“Ianto Emrys Jones, step away from Jack,” Kate yelled through the door. “I’m coming in in thirty seconds whether you are dressed or not.”

Ianto blinked, almost fell over when Jack pulled out of his arms, and twisted to stare at the door. “Kate!” he yelled. “Hi.” He halfheartedly waved at her.

Jack turned, crossed his arm, and smirked. “Something you wanted?” he asked. “I was about to...”

“Jack,” Ianto hissed. He then raised his voice. “What do you need, Kate?” he asked, moving toward the desk to pull out the chair and settle in it. He felt more comfortable seated behind the desk. He wasn’t the least bit surprised when Jack took the few steps necessary to lean against the front of the desk. Ianto found himself rolling the chair closer to the desk in order to reach across the polished expanse and rest a hand on Jack’s arse. “Kate?”

“I’m not even going to take the time to consult with Owen,” Kate started. She stared pointedly at Ianto’s hand. “I’m just going to say it. You’re both off the field roster until this ends.”

“You can’t take us both off,” Ianto snapped.

“Yes, I can,” Kate snapped back. She glanced over at Jack, but knew from that one look that he was just as pissed yet distracted as Ianto was at the moment. “This, whatever it is, is a liability in the field. You two getting distracted again like you did earlier could lead to someone getting killed.” She took a few steps into the room and sighed. “If I could do it, I’d ban you both from the Hub until Jack’s out of the fertile portion of his cycle.” She held up a hand to forestall Ianto’s coming complaint. “That I won’t do, if only because we lose you for four days after the wedding and you have stuff to finish up first.”

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Ianto shared a look with Jack. He raised an eyebrow, silently asking if Jack had brought up the other part of the pregnancy discussion with Kate yet. A quick headshake was his response. He frowned, sighed, and debated on how to bring it up. It was such a difficult thing to talk about, infertility. Especially when he knew it was only a matter of a week or so before he could get his own husband pregnant. “Kate, Jack did tell you that he was going to...”

“Yes, he did!” She snapped. Her eyes filled with tears as she muttered, “Lucky bastard... gets everything...”

“Oh, *m’chwaer*,” Jack murmured. He pulled away from Ianto’s caressing hand and crossed the office to pull Kate into his arms. He pressed a kiss to the top of her head and rubbed her back. He rocked her back and forth, murmuring endearments in a mix of Welsh, English and his own native dialect, and waited for the initial storm of her emotions to ease off. “Kate, look at me,” he murmured, cupping her chin and lifting her face so he could look at her.

“I’m sorry, so sorry this is happening to you. I know how much you want a child with Owen,” Jack said softly. “But I want to ask you a question: would you feel terrible if you weren’t the one who carried the baby? Could you love a child someone put in your arms after she was born?”

“We’ve started to talk about adoption,” Kate said. She raised a hand to rub at her eyes, trying to scrub away the tracks of her tears. “But being Torchwood I just don’t think we’d be offered...”

“No, I don’t mean that,” Jack interrupted her carefully. He considered her for a long moment, glanced over at Ianto, and then pressed a hand to Kate’s cheek. “I mean what if I carried the baby?”

A shocked gasp escaped her. Kate stared wildly between Ianto and Jack. Ianto flashed an encouraging smile where he watched from the other side of the desk. “You can’t... Jack, what about...?” She

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blinked, shaking her head, and stared intently up at Jack. “You’re serious? You’d do that for me?”

Ianto rose, circled the desk, and hugged both Kate and Jack. “We’re serious, Kate,” Ianto murmured, smiling at the other two. “We talked about it over New Years. Next year...”

“Next year, I’ll have your baby if you and Owen want,” Jack finished. “I told myself I’d have Ianto’s first when I started considering having children again. There’s no reason why I can’t help you two after that.”

“I...” Kate wrapped her arms tight around Jack. “I’ll talk to Owen, but...” she dragged in a breath and nodded. “Thank you, Jack... even if there’s really no way to thank you for something like this.”

“Just be the best mom you can and love the baby when she comes,” Jack smiled back, stroking her hair. “That’s all the thanks I’ll ever need.” He started to take a step back when Owen came barreling through the door, right into them, and tumbled all of them to the floor in a tangle of limbs.

“Ianto! Jack! We need to talk...” Owen scrambled up from the floor. “Hey, get off my wife!”

“You’re the one who knocked us down,” Kate snapped. “And I’d just gotten them to stop feeling each other up.” She shoved Ianto away from Jack and held a hand out to Owen. “Help me up and tell us what this is about.”

“This!” Owen pulled Kate to her feet and waved a paper back and forth in front of her. “It doesn’t make sense. Ianto should be...”

“Give me that, sit down, and hush.” She snatched the paper from Owen and started to read. Kate nudged Jack with the toe of her shoe. “You two get up and stop fondling each other.” Reaching the end of the page, she started over again. This couldn’t possibly be correct. “Owen?”

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“I know. I did the test twice just to be certain.” Owen shoved his hand through his hair. “Ianto really should be dead. Not standing here talking to us.”

## CHAPTER FIVE

“CBC, Iron Count, Lipids, Liver,” Kate muttered to herself. She ran her finger down the page as she read it for yet a third time. “Arterial Sats, RBC, Thyroid.” She looked up from the page to stare at Owen. “Did you run a DNA comparison?”

“It’s running now,” Owen replied. He shoved his hands into his hair. He pulled at the strands and shook his head. “Reminds me of when we were first testing you.” He looked up to consider Kate. “Nothing makes sense.”

“I’m not losing Ianto,” Jack snapped as he scrambled up from the floor. He pulled Ianto up and into his arms. “You’ll figure this out. Now!”

“We’re working on it, Jack.” Kate looked over and smiled at him. “I have an idea. It’s a bit out there, but...”

“No buts, tell us what we need to do,” Jack all but begged her. He could feel himself panicking at the mere thought of losing Ianto,

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

especially now when everything seemed to be going so well for them. “Kate, please?”

She flashed her friends a smile. “Relax, Jack,” she said softly. Kate handed the papers to Owen, crossed the office and wrapped Jack in a tight hug. “I talked the Mainframe into giving me any medical files she had related to Time Lords. I figured I might need them for your grandfather, not for you.”

“You have an idea?” Jack asked. He needed to know Ianto was alright. That he wasn’t going to lose his Ianto. There was no way he’d be able to survive that loss again. He swallowed, whimpering in his mind, and gasped when Ianto’s mind brushed his own, a rich lingering caress that tore his attention from Kate to focus on his mate. “*Cariad?*”

“I’m here and I’m not dying,” Ianto murmured. His hand came up, brushing along Jack’s neck, and he kissed him gently. “Calm down, *m’gwr*, and let the doctors do their job.”

“Ianto, *cariad*, I...” Jack shook his head. He didn’t think Ianto truly understood how afraid he was. “I can’t...”

“I know,” Ianto murmured. “Take a deep breath for me, relax, and trust Owen and Kate to know what they are doing. You know Eirian would never do anything to harm me, so she must know whatever is going on and know that they can handle it.” He hugged Jack tightly, stepping close enough to press their bodies together, and pressed his lips to Jack’s ear. “And when they are done with their tests, I’m taking you home and showing you just how very alive I am,” Ianto whispered. He pulled back, smirked at Jack, and turned to face Kate. He looked between Kate and Owen, considering them, and asked, “So what now?”

“Now, we give you a physical.” Kate chuckled softly at Ianto’s look. “Okay, fine, Owen can give you a physical while I check on the DNA test. Better?”

Ianto rolled his eyes and started for the door. “Much,” he muttered. “Sorry, Kate.”

## *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

“Not a problem. Just get your arse down to the med bay. Right now,” Kate replied. She waved Jack toward the door after Ianto. “I’ll go to my office. Go over the DNA results there.”

“Thanks, Kate,” Ianto called as he went though the main portion of the Hub. He paused for a moment. “Tosh, you and Tommy can head out for the night. Just set the alarms so we can hear the kids.”

Tommy just nodded, gathered his things together and headed for the door. Ianto took note of his thoughtful look as the agent pulled a mobile form his pocket and dialed. Ianto idly wondered who the other man was calling. Not hearing the distinctive sound of Tosh’s heels, he twisted about to look at her. “Tosh?”

“I’m just going to go and stay with the children. You might need me to distract them.”

“Thanks, Tosh.” Ianto took a few more steps, stopped, and looked back at her again. “Would you arrange for some takeaway to be delivered? It appears it’s going to be a late one.”

“Pizza then?”

“Misha will like that.” Ianto nodded again. Then, he yelped when Jack slapped his arse. “Jack!”

“Get downstairs,” Jack ordered. “You’re delaying. I’m worried.” Jack came closer, leant on Ianto’s shoulder, and murmured, “I know you hate medical exams. So do I. But please, stop delaying. I need to know you’re okay.”

Ianto could hear the fear Jack was so desperately trying to hide from him echoing in his husband’s voice. He nodded; reached back to brush his hand over Jack’s cheek, and started on his way again. Getting downstairs, Ianto raised an eyebrow at Owen, silently asking what he needed to do now. A hand was waved in the general direction of the gurney in the center of the room. Ianto shared a look with Jack, shrugged and sat on the gurney. He watched as Owen rummaged

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

through things until, with a triumphant cry, the medic pulled out the Bekaran deep-tissue scanner and waved it in Ianto's general direction.

"Just relax, Tea-boy, I know what I'm doing."

"I've heard that before," Ianto snarked. He settled more comfortably on the gurney and grinned up at Jack. "Singularity scalpel ring any bells?"

"My biscuits!" Jack yelped.

To both Owen and Ianto's surprise, Jack ran off toward the kitchenette. Soon sounds of rummaging echoed through the Hub followed by the crinkle of plastic and the crunch of biscuits. They were still staring at the archway when Jack returned with a package of chocolate chip biscuits in one hand while eating a biscuit with the other. They couldn't believe the way he was single-mindedly devouring the snack.

"What?" Jack asked around a mouthful of biscuit. He sprayed crumbs everywhere and just brushed the few that landed on the railing off onto the floor.

Ianto blinked, shook his head, and turned to Owen. "Can we get this over with quickly?" he asked. "Before there's an even bigger mess to clean up."

"Yeah," Owen muttered. He fiddled with the Bekaran scanner. "Give me a minute." Before Ianto could make any of the myriad of remarks that flashed through his mind, Owen lifted the scanner and ran it over him. The usual mutterings ensued with added cursing as Owen suddenly rested a hand on Ianto's chest and shoved him backwards to lay flat on the gurney.

"Owen!"

"Shut up, Teaboy," Owen snapped. He dropped the scanner onto a nearby table and grabbed his stethoscope. Fitting it into his ears, he tugged Ianto's jumper up and pressed the chill metal right onto Ianto's bare skin. "Deep breaths, Ianto," Owen ordered, listening intently.

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

“Shit, Owen!” Ianto gasped out before obeying the order to breathe. He knew that glare from Owen. If he didn’t do what he was ordered to, he’d get even worse tests. “*Now* why are you staring at me?”

“What the fuck?! That can’t be...” Owen tugged the stethoscope from his ears and draped it around his neck. “Ianto, you’re growing another heart.” He grabbed the scanner and waved in front of Ianto’s face.

“What?!” Ianto grabbed for the scanner. He finally caught it just as Jack joined him after a mad dash down the stairs. He twisted the scanner so he could read the screen for himself. “You have to be...”

“Fuck, Ianto...” Jack muttered, craning to stare at the screen himself. “He’s right. It’s there.” One finger poked at the screen. He stared at Ianto for a long moment then looked back at the scanner. “We need to call John.”

Ianto nodded absently. He couldn’t stop staring at the screen. He just couldn’t believe that dark mass growing opposite his own heart. Ianto wondered why the screen was shaking until he was gathered into Jack’s arms, a kiss pressed to his temple. The scanner dropped from his hand as he looked over at Jack. “What’s happening to me, Jack?” he asked in a whisper.

“If I had to make a guess, I’d say you were becoming more Gallifreyan than human,” Jack murmured. “I just don’t want to commit to that until we’ve talked to John. He’d know better than us.”

## CHAPTER SIX

Ianto shook his head as he watched his grandfather eat, talk and pace at the same time. It was enough to put him off eating himself, especially when both his grandfather and Jack seemed to have no qualms about talking while still chewing their food. He blinked down at his vegetarian pizza, shook his head, and set it down on the plate. After a moment's consideration, he slid the plate down the table to Gray.

Gray grinned, mouthed, "Thanks, Tad," and started devouring the pizza.

Ianto just smiled, leaning over to ruffle the youngster's hair. He felt a hand clasp his and squeeze. He looked over at Jack and grinned at his husband. He couldn't keep his happiness at Gray's acceptance of him to himself but let it bleed over their bond to Jack. He'd worried for weeks whether or not the boy was comfortable with him, could accept

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him being with Jack, and now he knew for certain. It was the best two words he'd heard all day.

He squeezed Jack's hand in response before focusing his attention back on John. His grandfather couldn't seem to decide if he wanted to rant over what was happening or celebrate it. Ianto shook his head just a tiny bit, looked across the table at Owen, and tilted his head a bit toward the kids. "Owen," he said softly. "Did you scan the kids?"

"Yeah," Owen murmured back. "They're fine. No changes in them."

"Of course there's no change in the kids," John exclaimed. "Gallifreyans don't gain their second heart until their first regeneration. We're essentially human in appearance until that point." He dropped the last bits of his slice of pizza on his abandoned plate and glared across the table at Ianto. "What I don't understand is why you're developing one. The Tardis isn't telling me. She's just being all smug."

"I don't know why either considering I'm immortal," Ianto replied. He tightened his hold on Jack's hand. "That was a side effect of my initial marriage to Jack."

"Initial marriage?" John repeated. "Just how many times have you gotten married?"

"Three," Jack answered before Ianto could. "But that's not what we need to know about. We need to know what's happening to Ianto now. What does this mean for him? I'm not..."

"Nothing," John grinned. "Just means that someday, somehow Ianto's had his Gallifreyan genes activated. Any kids he has will be both potential Time Lords as well as more Gallifreyan than anything else. Gallifreyan genes are always dominant in a mixed-species child."

"Tardis wants Time Lords, *Tad-cu*," Misha said, poking Gray in the ribs and pointing at the pizza. "She doesn't want you to be alone."

## *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

Gray chuckled, shook his head and served another piece of pizza to Misha. He grinned broadly at Jack. “Now I know why you always had the ‘do you have to follow me’ look,” he said, grabbing a piece of his own.

“What?” John demanded. “Did you know anything about this, Ianto?” He glared, first at Ianto then at Misha, before shoving a hand through his hair. “Oh, she’s wicked, your Tardis.”

“Oh, she’s mine now?” Ianto snarked. He reached for his coffee, sipped, and toasted John with it. “And just how long was she yours first? You should know she has a mind of her own after all those years.”

Jack spewed his coffee onto the table, choking and laughing, and pointed a finger at John. “He’s got you there,” he said, grabbing for napkins to clean up in response to Ianto’s eyeroll and heavy sigh. “I remember you complaining about the Tardis taking us off course more than once.”

As soon as Jack tossed the napkins in the trash and resumed his seat, Ianto reached for him again. Claspng his husband’s hand and absently playing with the other man’s fingers while he talked, Ianto began, “So, we’ve established that my grandfather’s getting senile and that, for a Gallifreyan, I’m perfectly normal. Is there anything else which needs dealing with before I drag Jack off for...” The rest of his statement was muffled behind Jack’s other hand as his husband nodded in the direction of their kids.

“Not in front of the kids. That’s your rule remember?” Jack stated. He looked over at John, gritting his teeth in order not to react to the way Ianto was now licking his palm, and asked “We had a visitor earlier today. A Time Lord who’s Tardis has a quirky sense of humor. Did you sense anything?”

“No, not a thing. I was teaching, though. The introductory classes are a brain killer, so I could have missed it.” John shook his head. “I

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couldn't tell you who it was. Tardis' generally take on a bit of their owner's personality or develop one of their own. We know there's at least one potential Tardis around; it could have been that one coming back for a fueling visit."

"Hmm," Jack half-hummed, half-moaned in answer. "Okay. We'll have to file that Tardis's signature. Just in case it shows up again. Tosh, that's you." He swallowed hard. "*Cariad*, would you please stop until I'm done... you're totally distracting me." Jack considered Ianto and mentally whimpered at the devilish look in Ianto's eyes where his mate peered at him over the edge of his hand. He just knew he was now in even bigger trouble because he'd mentioned Ianto distracting him.

"Um, sir..." Gray began, pausing when Misha hit him in the ribs with her elbow. "Mi! Cut it out."

"Call him *Tad-cu*," she replied. "You need to learn Welsh, *brawd*."

"Fine," Gray snapped. "*Tad-cu*, could we stay with you this weekend?" He tilted his head toward where Jack was now playing with Ianto's hair while watching the kids talk. "We'd really, really like to visit you."

"Please, *Tad-cu*," Misha added. She folded her hands in front of her. "Pretty please?"

"Maybe for a few days to a week even," Gray added.

John found himself staring at Jack and Ianto. He'd learnt from his grandson about the young man's rules regarding sex and sexual conduct in front of their kids, so to see them both acting like they were in... "Oh. Oh! Yes, yes, of course, you can stay with me for a while," John rushed out. "Why don't you two go get your things together? I'll take you both with me when I leave."

"Thanks, Doc," Jack managed to get out in an even tone. "Appreciate it."

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“It’s not a problem.” John blinked, shaking his head at how rapidly the two youngsters ran off through the Hub. “I could keep them at my home until after your honeymoon weekend. It wouldn’t be a...” he broke off when a moan slipped from Jack.

“Either you two need to go home or we need to break out the Retcon for dessert,” Owen dropped his pizza onto the table. He grabbed Kate’s hand and tugged. His wife was still engrossed in the test results. So involved in reading them she hadn’t even eaten. He’d take care of that later. He just needed to escape from the soft porn film starting across the table from him. “Watching you two is giving me a strong desire to hurl.”

“Head on out, Owen,” Jack managed after a hard swallow. “You, too, Tosh. We’ll see you both tomorrow.” He closed his eyes for a moment, dragging in several steadying breaths, and shifted his gaze to John. “If you’re certain you can manage them, please keep the kids. You can see...”

“Yeah, I can,” John replied. “You were never like this when you traveled with Rose and me.” John cast a look over at Tosh. “Miss Sato, would you be willing to lend a hand with Misha and Gray? I have plenty of room. You could have a guest room of your own.”

“I’d like that,” Tosh smiled shyly. “You can finish telling me about the sonic screwdriver.” She leaned over and kissed Ianto’s temple, whispering, “I’ll turn the CCTV off when I leave.” Then, she followed Owen and Kate toward the door. “I’ll go see what’s keeping...”

“We’re back, Obasan Toshiko,” Misha announced. She had her schoolbag in one hand and a backpack over her shoulder. Jack-bear was tucked up under her arm. She skipped across the room, dragging Gray behind her, and hugged both Ianto and Jack in turn. “Have fun, Daddy. You, too, Tad. Gray says he’s going to teach me to play Tri-D Chess.”

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Jack hugged Misha tight with one arm, kissing her cheek. “We’ll have to play sometime,” he murmured. “Gray, are you...?”

“Yes,” Gray responded, reaching over Misha to give Jack a one-armed hug. “You and Tad need to be alone while this goes on. I’m fine. And I know how to reach you if I need you.”

“Alright,” Jack nodded. “Be good for your grandfather then.” He hugged Gray, hugged Misha again, and then looked over at John. “Thanks, Doctor. Please call us if you or they need us.”

“Of course.” John waved a hand toward the door. “Come’n, kids. We’ll get chips on the way home.” While he waited for the kids to leave, he reached over and closed the pizza boxes. He then picked them up and put them on the sideboard. “Try to wait until I have them out of the Hub, if you would.”

Ianto pulled Jack’s hand away from his mouth. “You better move fast then,” he purred, shifting Jack’s hand so he could suck on one long finger. He pulled it from his mouth once he reduced Jack to whimpering and smirked. “I was interrupted the last time, so...” Ianto barely managed to contain his urge to laugh at the speed with which his grandfather got himself, Tosh and the kids out of the Hub. Once he heard the cog door roll back into place, he turned a dark smile on Jack. “We’re all alone, *m’gwr*. I think you should strip now.”

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Ianto leant back in his chair as he watched Jack strip off his clothes. He'd never seen the other man get naked that fast before. One moment dressed, next naked. No real delay in between. He chuckled softly, reaching out a hand to rest it on Jack's hip, and stroked the skin now laid bare in front of him. Ianto let his hand drift around to rest on Jack's stomach. His eyes closed halfway as he pondered the thought of his child growing there in the near future. He ran his hand up Jack's chest, slowly opening his eyes to watch Jack, and smirked. "On the table, Jack," he ordered, dropping his hand away.

He watched as Jack scrambled to obey. Plates and glasses were shoved away, a few crashing to the floor. Ianto was beyond caring about the mess as he watched his mate climb up onto the conference room table and lie back. His mate offered himself up as a tempting feast for the taking. Ianto reached into one pocket, pulled out the tube of lube and tossed it to Jack. "Ready yourself for me," he ordered. His

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hands rose to his neck and loosened his tie, pulling the silken length free. “I want to watch you.”

Jack caught the lube with ease even as his eyes focused on the tie Ianto was trailing back and forth between his hands. “*Cariad?*” he asked softly. “What are you going to do with that?”

“Whatever I want,” Ianto replied. “You aren’t doing what I asked you to.”

“Going to punish me?” Jack murmured. He opened the lube and coated his fingers with it. He dropped the tube on the table. Licking his lips, he watched Ianto slowly undress from beneath his lashes. He reached down, circling his finger around his opening before breaching himself with one finger. Jack held back a cry of pleasure and focused on readying himself for Ianto. “Are you?”

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” Ianto murmured, draping his tie around his neck again, and reaching for the buttons of his shirt. “You’d love it if I had you turn over and slapped your arse until it was red; flesh heated from contact with my hand.”

“Shit, Ianto,” Jack gasped out. He added a second finger, stretching himself more, and panted. “How do you...”

“Know what you want?” Ianto pulled his shirt off, tossed it away, and smirked. “I know you, Jack. I knew you before we bonded. I’ve known you for years.” Ianto reached for his belt, unbuckled it, and pulled it free from his trousers. Catching the belt in his hands, he snapped the leather between his hands before folding it in half and swinging it back and forth. He watched Jack’s eyes track the movement of his belt. He shifted his hold, tightening his hold in the belt, and swung it so that the leather just smacked Jack’s thigh. The yelp from Jack which rapidly became a moan brought a smile to Ianto’s lips. He tossed the belt on top of his shirt with a grin. “While rough sex is nice sometimes, Jack, I have other plans right now.”

“Plans?”

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“Oh, yes,” Ianto purred. He reached out and stroked the tips of his fingers over Jack’s ankle. “See, I want to know how much longer it will be before I can get you pregnant.” He ghosted his fingers up Jack’s calf, teased behind his husband’s knee, and reversed his path back to Jack’s ankle before taking his hand away to remove his trousers. Nude, he stepped closer to the end of the table, resting his hands on either side of Jack’s hips, and leant forward to kiss Jack. He pulled away slowly, licking at Jack’s lips before he trailed his lips along Jack’s jaw to press his nose beneath his husband’s ear. Ianto breathed deep of Jack’s scent, whispering, “I can’t wait to see you all round with our child. Feel him moving beneath your skin as he grows.”

“Ianto,” Jack whined, squirming under his mate’s sensual assault. “Please. I need...”

“I know just what you need, *m’gwr*,” Ianto whispered. He clasped Jack’s hips in his hands and pulled his husband closer to the edge of the table. “You’ll have it soon enough. Are you ready for me?”

“Yes,” Jack hissed. “Oh, God, yes.” He pulled his fingers from his arse and reached for Ianto. His hands wrapped around Ianto’s hips, pulling his mate closer to him, and demanded, “Fuck me.”

“You’ve gotten awfully demanding,” Ianto said with a soft chuckle. He resisted Jack’s demanding pull in favor of stroking his hands over his husband’s chest. He teased nipples into hard peaks before moving on, his hands trailing over the hard planes of Jack’s body, and sought out all the places that made his lover moan and squirm beneath him. “Maybe I want to tease you a bit more first, hear you beg for me.”

“Please, Ianto, please.” Jack’s voice cracked as he writhed beneath Ianto’s hands. “I need you inside me.”

Ianto stroked his thumbs in the hollows of Jack’s hips. He worked his way slowly toward Jack’s erection. He curled one hand around the thick length, squeezing and stroking, while he trailed his other hand

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further between Jack's sprawled legs, ghosting past his husband's balls to stroke the sensitive skin beneath. Jack arched under the caress; an almost obscene groan slipped from the other man's lips. Ianto continued to stroke the skin with his thumb while slipping his fingers into Jack's arse.

"How long, Jack?" he murmured. "How long until I can claim this part of you as mine as well? Sink deep inside you, make you mine, erase all those dark memories you carry, replace them with ones of our lovemaking," Ianto asked. He teased Jack with soft strokes of his thumb and hard thrusts of his fingers into Jack's arse. "Tell me, Jack."

"A week," Jack groaned. He rode Ianto's fingers. His head tossed back and forth on the table top as he writhed. "Maybe less. Definitely by the wedding," he panted. "Please, Ianto, fill me. Need you in me. Please."

"My pleasure," Ianto growled. He pulled his fingers from Jack's arse, reached for the lube and slicked his own cock. Tugging Jack closer, Ianto drove forward, sheathing his cock in Jack's arse in one hard thrust. He stilled for a moment to allow them both to adjust. "Going to take you hard, Jack. I won't last long."

"Yes, do it," Jack cried. "So close. Fuck me."

Ianto set a hard driving rhythm. He stroked Jack's cock in time with his thrusts. The scent of Jack, the tight clasp of muscles around his cock combined to put Ianto on edge. He wanted Jack to come first. He wanted to see Jack lost in his orgasm. "Come for me, *m'gwr*," he ordered. He fisted Jack's cock roughly, twisting his wrist and rubbing his thumb over the head. He shifted the angle of his thrusts slightly to strike Jack's prostate. "Want to see you come for me."

"Ianto!" Jack wailed. He arched his back, screaming his climax, and clenched his muscles around Ianto's cock. "Come in me," he begged. "Please. Need to feel..."

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

“Yes, Jack! Yes!” Ianto thrust twice more before coming hard. He dropped forward, slamming his hands onto the table on either side of Jack, and bowed his head to kiss Jack. Ianto broke the kiss, panting, and pushed Jack back on the table in order to crawl up with him. He pressed another kiss to Jack’s lips, smiling faintly, and stroked a hand over Jack’s stomach. “Okay?”

“Oh, hell, yeah.” Jack laughed softly. “We need a shower.”

Ianto chuckled, resting his head on Jack’s chest over his husband’s heart, and ran his fingers up and down Jack’s far side. “That a hint?”

“Yep.” Jack tangled his fingers in Ianto’s hair. He pulled his mate’s head up and kissed him deeply. “We may have just fucked on the table, but I want you again. I get amazingly horny during this time.”

“I know.” Ianto slid off the table to his feet. He held a hand out to Jack, pulling the other man to his feet, and started leading him from the room toward the office. “I remember it all too well.” He paused, turned, and smirked at Jack. “And I love every minute.”

## CHAPTER EIGHT

“Hmm, I think I’m glad the kids aren’t home,” Ianto murmured as he entered the sitting room with their Chinese takeaway. Jack was sprawled on the Hub flat’s sofa. He was nude and slowly stroking his half-hard cock back to full erection. “You look very tempting like that, *m’gwr*.” He set the bags of food on the table by the door and leant back against it to watch Jack.

“Can I tempt you away from dinner?”

“Chinese always tastes better reheated,” Ianto replied, grinning. He rapidly stripped off his clothes, dropping them haphazardly to the floor. “What do you want, Jack?”

“You. On your back. With me riding you.”

Ianto suppressed the shudder that raced through him at Jack’s words. They instantly hardened his already throbbing cock. He reached down and stroked himself, hissing softly at the touch of his cold fingers on his heated flesh, and nodded. “Where?”

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

“Right here,” Jack stated bluntly. He patted the sofa between his legs. “Right now.”

Ianto didn't bother to answer just crossed the room to lie on the sofa. He reached up behind himself, stretching, and settled comfortably on the wide plush expanse. “Go on then.”

Jack crawled up the sofa and over Ianto's body. He deliberately brushed his chest over Ianto's cock as he moved up to kiss his mate. He straddled Ianto, grinding their erections together, and reached for the lube on the side table. Rolling the tube in his hand, Jack growled down at Ianto. He leaned down and sucked hard on Ianto's pulse, marking his mate as his again, and lifted his hips away from Ianto's. He reached between them to stroke Ianto's cock, coating it with the slick, and held it steady while he sank down on the thick throbbing length.

“*Duw*,” Ianto gasped. His hands closed around the arm of the sofa. He dug his nails in struggling to control his urge to flip them over and just pound into Jack until they are both boneless and limp. “Ride me. Ride me hard.”

“Plan to,” Jack snarled. He rested his hands on Ianto's chest to gain leverage. He clenched his muscles around the throbbing length inside him. He grinned at Ianto's hoarse responsive groan. Jack rose up until he was nearly off Ianto's cock before sinking down again. He loved the feel of Ianto inside him. So hard, so thick, his mate was addictive.

Soon the only sounds in the room were the men's coarse moans and the slap of skin on skin. No matter how much they both wanted to slow down and savor their connection, neither was going to last long enough to do so. Ianto reached for Jack's cock only to find his hand caught by Jack and pressed into the back of the sofa. A low growl echoed from the older man thrilling Ianto who bucked up, thrusting hard into Jack, in response to the sound. Jack cried out in pleasure as that thrust nailed

### PRIMAL INSTINCTS

his prostate. He was so close that one hard thrust threw him over the edge into his orgasm.

Watching Jack come, feeling the clench of his husband's body around his cock, Ianto thrust up hard into his husband. He wanted to drag out Jack's orgasm even as he chased his own. A few hard thrusts and Ianto was coming, his head thrown back as he screamed Jack's name. He collapsed beneath Jack on the sofa, weakly raising his free arm to wrap it around Jack. He hugged the other man to him where Jack now lay panting on his chest. Ianto threaded his fingers through Jack's hair, stroking the other man's scalp, and smiled. "You okay?" he asked only to chuckle when a soft snore was his only response. Ianto chuckled softly, shifting a bit to get comfortable beneath Jack's weight, and ran his hand up and down Jack's back. "Never mind, *m'gwr*," he murmured, yawning. "I think you have the right idea at the moment."

Once he was certain Jack was deeply asleep, Ianto eased out from beneath Jack's body. He yawned again, shaking his head a bit, and hunted up his boxers to pull them on. He grabbed a blanket, draped it over Jack, and went to the table to sort out their dinner. Grabbing the bags, he dug out the Ma Yi Shang Shu and left it on the table while he put the rest in the flat's fridge. He returned to the table, grabbed his chopsticks, and started eating.

He pulled over his diary, opened it, and pulled out the list of things which still needed to be done before their partnership ceremony. Ianto sighed as he ran his finger down the list. There was just something cold, unemotional, about how partnerships were registered. Just go to the office, sit before the Registrar, and sign a few papers. They said you could have a small ceremony, but no religious overtone of any kind. It just felt wrong. Like something was missing from the event. Tosh's wedding was all emotional, despite being a civil ceremony;

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

Ianto envied her that. His other marriages to Jack were far more satisfying than this paperwork.

Ianto shoved the paperwork across the table, leant back in his chair and nibbled at his meal. He kept searching for ways to make the event theirs while fitting in with the law. It was so difficult, especially with both he and Jack wanting to include Gray and Misha in the ceremony. Everything he could find related to including children in a marriage ceremony, even a civil ceremony, was overly religious. Frustrated didn't even begin to cover what he was feeling at the moment. Their final consultation appointment with the registrar was on Monday, just days before their actual ceremony was scheduled at the castle. He paused in his eating to shove his hand through his hair with another sigh. He didn't know what to do now. He wanted this legal, but he couldn't seem to make it right for their family.

A soft creaking sound from the sofa pulled Ianto from the never ending circle of his thoughts. He knew his tension was radiating to Jack, yet he couldn't seem to settle. He dropped the container of Chinese on the table and dug his hands into his hair. He lifted his head from his hands and stared at the man now kneeling in front of him. "I didn't mean to wake you," he murmured. "I just want to get this sorted. Nothing works. None of the options feel right." A finger was pressed to Ianto's lips to silence him.

"Shh," Jack whispered. "I read the papers too. Those are suggestions, not set in stone things you have to do." He reached up and stroked Ianto's cheek. "Now, forget all that and tell me what you want for our ceremony."

"Why don't you throw some clothes on so I don't get distracted?" he asked with a chuckle. Ianto rose slowly from the chair he'd been sprawled in. "I'll reheat the rest of dinner and make some coffee. Then we plan this. I can't do it alone, Jack."

*PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

“I never asked you to, *Cariad*.” Jack rose to his feet and hunted down where he left his clothes. He pulled on his trousers. Turning, he joined Ianto in the kitchen. “You should have said something. I want this to be...”

“Perfect.”

“Yeah,” Jack grinned over at Ianto. “But not so perfect you’re suffering for it. So, let’s plan together, hmm?”

## CHAPTER NINE

“What about this?” Jack asked. He slid a paper across the table toward Ianto. “Simple ceremony, but personal enough for us.”

“When did you do this?” Ianto asked. He scanned the paper and found himself smiling. “This is lovely, Jack. Where would we put the family vows though?”

“You want to do that? I thought...”

“You’re doing it for Misha. I need to do it for Gray,” Ianto interrupted. “We’re a family, Jack. This is the legal recognition of all those private promises we made to each other and our children. They deserve the same public recognition as our commitment to each other.”

“Here.” Jack leant across the table and tapped a spot on the paper. “In place of the reading that would normally go there, we could put in a set of promises to the children.” He blushed just a bit. “I slipped off last week while you were meeting with the mayor and spoke to the registrar. She gave me a few sample ceremonies to look at. I thought that the best of them.”

## *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

“So we just need to come up with the vows and readings?” Ianto asked. He leaned across the table and kissed Jack. “I was going crazy.” He chuckled softly. “When did you become the logical one?”

“The day I fell for you.”

“Okay, that was sappy,” Ianto grinned. He held out a bit of the spicy pork from his Chinese to Jack. “Don’t do that again.”

“And you feeding me your dinner isn’t sappy?” Jack asked in return. He snatched the bit of pork from Ianto’s chopsticks before his mate could pull them away. “We’re allowed to be sappy sometimes.”

“Let’s try not to do it in front of Owen,” Ianto retorted. “We’ll run out of retcon.”

“He better get used to it. I get emotional when I’m pregnant.” Jack smiled before dropping his gaze to the tabletop. After a moment, he shook himself and grinned over at Ianto. “So, now we have the order of the ceremony. Time for the hard stuff.”

“There’s more?” Ianto shook his head and groaned. “Oh, yes, all those technical details. Themes, clothes, colors...” he trailed off with a soft whimper. “Can’t we elope or something?”

“No.” Jack laughed. He set his meal down, scooted his chair around and brushed Ianto’s hair back from his face. “We’re cutting it close, but we can do this.” He grabbed the papers, flipped them over and took Ianto’s pen. “You said you know me. I know you just as well. So,” Jack suited action to words and started writing, quickly noting down all the things he suspected Ianto would want for the ceremony. Simple, yet elegant, much like his Ianto. “How about that?”

“Hmm,” Ianto read over the notes and plucked the pen from Jack’s fingers. “I’d change this to this.” He scratched out the first note and put in a different one. “And I’d add this here.”

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

“Oh, I like that.” Jack grinned at his mate. “What about this?” He tugged the paper over, wrote another note and slid it back to Ianto. He offered the pen and waited for the verdict.

“Perfect,” Ianto replied. “That’s absolutely perfect.” He leaned over and kissed Jack. He started with a slow glide of his lips over Jack’s, but soon deepened the kiss, delving his tongue into his husband’s mouth to tangle with Jack’s. He slowly broke the kiss, pulling back with a nip to Jack’s lower lip, and smirked at the glazed look in his husband’s eyes. “We need another shower, *m’gwr*,” Ianto purred.

“So we do, but this time I think we should...” Jack leaned close and whispered in Ianto’s ear.

“Oh, fuck, yes,” Ianto groaned. He scrambled out of the chair, grabbed Jack’s hand, and dragged him in the direction of the bathroom. He dropped Jack’s hand once he got into the room. “You get the towels out. I’ll start the water.” He was already suiting action to words, reaching into the stall to crank on the ancient pipes.

Jack grabbed the towels, tossed them over the radiator to warm, and turned to grab Ianto. He pulled his mate backwards by the hips, grinding his erection into Ianto’s arse, and nuzzled his mate’s neck. He trailed kisses along the flesh, humming in approval when Ianto arched his neck to give him greater access, and shoved his hands beneath Ianto’s boxers. He wrapped his hand around Ianto’s cock, slowly stroking it while pressing kisses to Ianto’s back and shoulders. He worked Ianto’s cock until he heard the telltale hitch in Ianto’s breath that signaled the start of his orgasm. Jack pulled his hand away and eased Ianto’s boxers off.

“You bastard,” Ianto groaned. He reached back and rested his hands on Jack’s hips. He pressed backward, grinding his arse against Jack’s erection. “You’re a right bastard sometimes, *m’gwr*.”

## *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

“But you love it.” Jack pushed Ianto forward toward the shower and reached a hand in to check the water. It was just the right side of scalding that they both loved. Running his wet fingers up the center of Ianto’s chest, Jack plucked and teased at Ianto’s nipples until they were tight little nubs beneath his fingers. “In you go,” he ordered softly.

“Gonna fuck me?”

“Want me to?” Jack asked. As much as he loved how aggressive Ianto had been lately, he missed taking his mate, feeling the tight clasp of Ianto’s muscles around his cock. He watched Ianto nod even as he stood beneath the shower with his head thrown back and his hand around his cock jerking off as Ianto watched him undress. Jack grinned at his mate and stepped into the shower. He ran a hand over Ianto’s chest down to his wrist and gently tugged Ianto’s hand from his cock. “That’s mine. Turn around and brace yourself for me.”

Ianto lunged forward, wrapping a hand around the back of Jack’s neck, and devoured his husband’s mouth in a kiss. He lingered in the kiss until he was desperate for breath. Only then did he break it. It had been far too long since Jack had fucked him. And he wanted that. Badly. He turned slowly, resting his hands on the slick tile in front of him, and shifted his weight. He spread his legs as much as he could in the confined space and twisted to look over his shoulder at Jack. “Take me, Jack,” he demanded.

“In my own time,” Jack murmured. He reached for the waterproof lube tucked in amongst the shower accessories. Coating his fingers, he grasped Ianto’s hip with his other hand and teased his mate’s opening with his fingers. He waited for that unconscious signal, the movement of Ianto’s hips back toward him, before breaching him with a finger. One finger rapidly became two. Jack crooked them slightly, stroked Ianto’s prostate and took a perverse delight in the litany of Welsh curses tumbling from Ianto’s lips.

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

“Do it, Jack,” Ianto demanded between moans and curses. He slid his hands down the tile to better brace himself. “Fuck me now.”

“Demanding, ain’t you?” Jack pulled his fingers from Ianto’s arse, grabbed the slick and coated his own cock. “Good thing I’m not in the mood to be patient.” Wrapping his hands around Ianto’s hips, he held his mate still while he rubbed the head of his cock over Ianto’s opening. He teased for a few minutes before lining his cock up and thrusting deep, taking Ianto in one hard thrust. He paused for a moment to allow both of them to adjust to the penetration. “Damn, you’re tight,” Jack moaned. “Hot. Tight. Perfect.”

“So good, Jack,” Ianto moaned. He dropped his head, panting, and clenched his muscles around the hard length inside him. “You feel so fucking good.”

“So do you.” Jack pulled out almost to the point of slipping out of Ianto before thrusting back in. He moved slowly, a teasing rhythm that he knew from experience would drive Ianto insane, and reached around to grasp Ianto’s cock, stroking it just as slowly. Jack nuzzled against Ianto’s neck, reaching up with his other hand urging Ianto’s face around for a messy wet kiss. He slowly increased the speed of his thrusts. He could feel his mate’s frustration with the pace, sense his need, and began to stroke him faster. “Want you to come. Feel you come around my cock. Do it for me, *caraid*,” he murmured into Ianto’s ear.

“Yes, *Duw*, yes,” Ianto panted. “Harder, Jack, make me come.” He cried out sharply when Jack took him at his word. Hard, driving thrusts, each one a direct hit to his prostate, soon had him keening in pleasure. He was so close. He twisted, claiming Jack’s mouth in another kiss, and broke it to arch his body back into Jack’s chest. Ianto let his head fall back, a scream coming from his lips as his climax overtook his mind and threw any coherent thought far away.

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

Jack wrapped his arm around Ianto to hold him up. He pressed them both closer to the wall. He fucked Ianto through his orgasm, drawing it out, until his mate was a limp, panting wreck in his arms. Jack held them both up while he thrust once, twice, and then a third time before his own climax overwhelmed him. He rested against Ianto's back, panting for breath, and pressed a hand against Ianto's heart, feeling the racing beat beneath his palm. He could almost feel the dual beat now. It wouldn't be long before that change was complete.

Withdrawing, the movement drawing a disappointed whimper from Ianto, Jack turned his mate to face him and reached for the shower gel. He set to washing Ianto with long sweeps of his hands. Jack couldn't resist the smile as Ianto struggled to stay awake and help him. "Stop, *cariad*," he murmured. "Let me take care of you. You need to sleep."

"I'm 'wake," Ianto protested. The protest probably would have worked better if he hadn't yawned in the middle. "Want to..." Another yawn interrupted his statement.

Jack shook his head, hurriedly washed himself and rinsed them both. Shutting off the water, he quickly pulled Ianto from the shower to towel him off. "Go to bed," he ordered. "I'll be right there." Jack knew Ianto was exhausted when there was no protest to the order, just a soft, almost lazy kiss before Ianto turned and staggered off toward the bed. Jack quickly toweled off, straightened the bathroom, and followed. He shook his head at the sight before him. Ianto had clearly crashed as soon as he hit the bed. Covers still tossed back as his mate sprawled in the middle of the bed. Jack climbed in beside him, tugged Ianto into his arms and used his wrist strap to shut off the flat's lights and power down the Hub for the night. He pressed a kiss to Ianto's temple, grabbed the covers and pulled them up over them both. "Good night, *cariad*," Jack murmured, closing his eyes and drifting off himself.

## CHAPTER TEN

Ianto paused on the street outside Cardiff City Hall to look over at Jack. The meeting with their registrar had gone amazingly well. She'd agreed to every change they'd made to the basic ceremony. The schedule was set for their ceremony. Now it was just surviving the days between now and then. He leaned over and kissed Jack lightly. "I'll see you at Grandfather's for dinner? I promised Gray I'd take him shopping for the wedding."

Jack laughed softly. "I promised Misha the same thing," he said softly. "I'm glad Gray is connecting with you." He looked away for a moment before turning back to Ianto with a small smile. He caught Ianto's embarrassed look, reached out and caught his mate's hand in his. Leading Ianto toward where they had left the cars, Jack spoke softly, "Don't worry about that, *cariad*. I know it'll take some time for both him and I to get used to the changes in our relationship. He still

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

sees me as his teenage brother, but I'm not that anymore. I'm the adult now and his father."

Jack leant against his car and sighed. "It's easier for him to connect to you and Misha right now. No baggage between you to overcome." He stroked Ianto's cheek before leaning forward and kissing him. "Just love him like you do Misha for me. I know he'll accept me in time. I just have to be patient and wait for that moment."

"I will." Ianto wrapped his arms around Jack and hugged him tight. "Give him time, *m'gwr*. He's getting there. I know he doesn't blame you and he adores Misha." Ianto laughed softly. "Sometimes to Misha's disgust, I assure you."

"Really?"

"Yeah, like when he goes all overprotective big brother and won't let her play alone in the yard. Drives her crazy." Ianto grinned, glanced down at his watch, and sighed. "We need to get moving or we'll be late to pick up the kids."

"Can't have that." Jack nodded, reached back and opened the door to his Jaguar. He leant toward Ianto and kissed him. "I'll follow you."

"Sure about that? You usually drive like a maniac."

"Only in the SUV," Jack retorted. "We're usually on call. Need to get there fast. I *can* manage to drive like normal people."

"Prove it," Ianto retorted with a grin. He circled his Freelander and climbed in. He waved a hand at Jack and waited for his husband to pull out first before following him. It wouldn't be a long drive to the children's school. He pulled out behind Jack and was pleasantly surprised that not only did Jack actually know how to drive, but could drive very well. No wonder they never had a single crash in the SUV when Jack drove them around at high speeds. He pulled his SUV in beside Jack's car, climbed out and grinned at Jack. "Okay, you're right. You know how to drive. I was wrong."

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

“Told you I could,” Jack replied. Once again he took Ianto’s hand. He headed toward the school buildings, absently swinging Ianto’s hand between them, and chuckled. “I get to escape first with Misha,” he teased. “Going to see her before you head off to pick up Gray?”

“Of course.” Ianto chuckled softly. “You’re awfully happy today, Jack.”

“We’re that much closer to everything being legal. The kids are ours, thanks to Toshiko. All nice and tidy,” he replied. “In just days, we’ll be official and...” he trailed off, stopped on the sidewalk by the walled garden outside the Infants School building, and leant over by Ianto’s ear. “And soon I’ll be carrying our baby. Why wouldn’t I be happy?”

“I’ve just never seen you like this,” Ianto mused. He leant on the wall, waving to a few of the other parents he knew, and chuckled. “I like it, Jack. I really, really do. It’s like you want this...”

“You daft idiot,” Jack murmured. He took a step forward and kissed Ianto. He started gently and slowly deepened the kiss until they were both clinging together and panting. “Of course I want it.”

“Do they do that often?” Gray’s voice drifted to the men.

Both of them turned to look at where Gray was leading Misha toward them by the hand. As they watched, Misha nodded with a grin, saying, “All the time. All the time.” She reached up and patted Gray’s shoulder. “You’ll get used to it,” she finished. Dropping Gray’s hand, she skipped over to Jack’s side, took his hand and tugged. “Come’n, Daddy. You promised we’d go shopping.”

“Sounds like you have your marching orders, *m’gwr*.” Ianto laughed softly. “See you at Tad-cu’s?”

“Six o’clock,” Jack replied with a grin. He reached down and swung Misha up on his hip. Then he groaned, drawing laughter from both Ianto and Gray. “Oh, you’re getting way too big for this,

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

sweetheart,” he told her, kissing her cheek. He waved to Gray and started toward his car. “We have an appointment to...”

Ianto shook his head as he watched after Jack. The other man’s voice trailed away as the twosome got closer to the Jaguar. He managed to avoid rolling his eyes, barely, and shifted his attention to Gray. “If I remember correctly, you shouldn’t have gotten out of class yet, *bachen*,” he told the boy. “So why were you bringing Misha to us?”

“The Junior School Staff had an enrichment meeting today,” Gray replied with a slight eye roll. “We were released early.”

“Ah,” Ianto chuckled softly. “Explains everything, I suppose. You ready?”

“Yes, sir,” Gray shifted his schoolbag to his other shoulder and waved his hand toward Ianto’s Freeland. “Oh, I’ve been told that I need to get my hair trimmed to fit with the rules of the school.” He dropped his gaze to the asphalt and sighed. “I don’t know if I can manage it, Tad. I can’t...”

Ianto tugged Gray over by the car and crouched down in front of his son. “Tell me,” he ordered. “There’s nothing you can say to me that I won’t at least listen to. I’ll understand no matter how strange the explanation is. I promise.”

Gray looked around carefully. He didn’t want anyone to overhear him. He was teased enough already for coming into the school in the middle of the year. Gray didn’t want the other students to hear him talking about aliens, even if they all knew his parents worked for Torchwood. He took a deep breath before rushing out the explanation. “The aliens that attacked Boeshane... they had these long, silvery claws. When I was grabbed, one of the things...” Gray paused, shaking, and dropped his gaze to the ground again. He clenched his hands into fists and took several deep breaths before looking up again. He couldn’t say it. Instead he pointed to the scar he had high up on his

### PRIMAL INSTINCTS

neck beneath his chin. Gray found himself blinking when his Tad just nodded in response.

“I understand completely,” Ianto said. “I had the same problem for a while, *bachen*, and I know just who can help. Trust me?”

“Of course, Tad.” Gray’s tone said more than the words that Ianto was asking a stupid question. “Always do. I know you could have done things differently when I arrived here. You didn’t have to help me.”

“Yes I did.” Ianto rose to his feet and opened the passenger door of the SUV. “You’re Jack’s brother and that said everything.” He waited until Gray slung his bag into the foot well and climbed in before shutting the door behind the boy. Ianto turned, closed his eyes and swallowed hard before he headed around the car to climb into the driver’s seat. He looked over at Gray, debated for a moment, and nodded. “I know someone who can trim your hair to fit the rules without you freaking out.” Ianto thought for a moment how to say what he needed to before saying it. He decided the direct method was the best.

“Years ago, before Jack and I were really together, Torchwood went out on a case. We thought it was aliens, but it was humans. They were cannibals and planned on killing your Aunt Tosh and me. I distracted the leader long enough for Tosh to attempt an escape. Got the shit beat out of me by him. And he,” Ianto paused, took a deep breath, and tilted his head just a bit to expose his scar. “He was threatening to slit my throat with a cleaver. It took months before I was able to handle having my hair cut.”

Gray blinked. He shook his head. Then he grinned. “I bet Jack played the hero and saved you,” he said. He ruffled through the CDs in the center console, pulled one out, and put it in the player. “Right?”

“Yeah, he did,” Ianto replied, starting the car. “Ran a tractor through the wall and started shooting every one of the cannibals with a

*PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

shotgun. Once out of shells for it, he used his pistol.” He looked over at his son. It didn’t matter who had given birth to Gray or how the child had joined their family. Gray was his son now just as Misha was his daughter. “Does that bother you? That he saved me, yet lost you?”

“No,” Gray shifted in the seat. “I don’t think I could explain it, Tad, but Dr. Butler helped me accept that it wasn’t Jack’s fault.” He took a breath and let it out slowly. “If it was anyone’s fault what happened to me, it was our father’s. He expected a panicked pair of kids to stay together hide and survive an attack by raiding aliens. I know that now. Even if I didn’t at first, I do now.”

“You’re a good kid, Gray,” Ianto said. He reached over and ruffled the boy’s hair. “Do you want to keep seeing him? I’ve been thinking of having Dr. Butler set up in Cardiff to help with the patients on Flat Holm. If you want, I’ll go ahead with that and arrange for you to see him.”

“You wouldn’t mind?”

“Not at all.” Ianto smiled across the car as he drove through Cardiff. “I want what’s best for you, Gray. That’s what parents do.”

“Okay,” Gray smiled back. “I’d like that. So, haircuts and shopping?”

“Oh, that’s so Jack’s smile.” Ianto laughed and nodded. “Yup, haircuts, shopping and hoping Jack doesn’t spend a fortune on your sister.”

“You know he will,” Gray retorted. “She’s his little princess to spoil. I bet he spends more than five thousand pounds on her today.”

“And what do I get if he doesn’t?”

“I’ll actually work on my Welsh lessons,” Gray grinned. “It’s an impossible language. Too many vowels. What do I get if I’m right?”

“I’ll get you the game console you want,” Ianto retorted. “But you’ll do the lessons anyway.”

*PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

“Okay, so I won’t complain then.” Gray held a hand out to Ianto. “Deal?”

“Deal.” Ianto laughed, shook Gray’s hand, and refocused on the drive. He knew he’d lose, but it was so nice to see Gray acting like a kid despite the emotional problems from falling through the Rift. He was finally acting like the child he was. Idly he wondered what Jack and Misha were up to as his husband was suddenly impossibly giddy and the other man’s feelings were leaking into his mind. What had Misha done to make Jack even happier than he already was?

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Jack settled Misha into the backseat of the Jaguar, leaning in to be certain her seatbelt was secure, and set her schoolbag on the floor. Giving her a big grin, Jack shut the door, opened his own, and settled into the car. “So, how was school?” he asked, starting the big car.

“Gray got in trouble. Headmaster says he needs to get his hair cut or he won’t be allowed in classes,” Misha said with a giggle. “But I got a first for my Welsh project.”

“Very good,” Jack replied. “You shouldn’t laugh at your brother though. You know he’s been through some tough times, sweetie.”

“I know, Daddy.” Misha laughed and kicked her feet. “It’s fun though.”

“You are a brat.”

“You love me anyway.” Misha grinned at him when he looked back at her for a moment. “Light changed, Daddy.”

*PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

Jack laughed and pulled through to keep heading toward the shops. “So, what do you want to wear for the ceremony? Any ideas?”

“I want a dress that will go with what you’re going to wear, Daddy.” She hummed softly. “While we’re out can we look for a dress for the new baby to wear? Gray says that you’ll want to do a naming ceremony for the baby,” Misha said softly. “Gray said it was really important to name the baby just right.”

“It is,” Jack replied. “Are you okay with a baby coming so soon after Gray joining the family?”

“I don’t know, Daddy.” Misha shrugged. “I really don’t, but it’s important to you and Tad.”

“We don’t have to have a baby right now, sweetie.”

“Yes, you do,” Misha replied. “Tardis wants you to have a baby. And you want one. So does Tad.” She gave a little sigh and sniffled. “I just don’t want to be forgotten because of the baby and Gray.”

“Oh, I could never forget you, Misha.” Jack stretched an arm back and squeezed her knee. “You’re my princess. No one can take your place. Every child is different. I’ll love you all just as you need me to, but you’re always going to be my girl. Okay?”

“Okay.” Another snuffle came from the backseat.

Jack sighed, glanced about and pulled the car over. He twisted in the seat so he could face her. “Misha, sweetheart, while a baby needs a lot of care and attention that doesn’t mean your Tad and I will not pay just as much attention to you and Gray. We’ll still make breakfast together. Just like always.”

“Promise?”

“I promise,” Jack stretched back and kissed her cheek. “Ready to go shopping now?”

“Yep.”

*PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

“You are so like your Tad.” Jack laughed, turned back around and pulled back into traffic. “So a dress to go with my outfit? Any other details, Misha?”

“Nope.” Misha giggled at his groan. “I’ll know it when I see it, Daddy.”

“Can I make a suggestion, sweetheart?” Jack looked at her in the rearview mirror. He watched her squirm a bit before looking toward him from her spot in the middle of the backseat.

“Course.”

“Remember the white dress with the wide lace collar and the satin sash from Christmas time? The one that was too big for you then?” Jack asked. He pulled into a lot and started seeking out a place to park. “That would be a wonderfully classic dress that you can wear for both the wedding and Easter later in the spring. We can get a different sash for it to match what I’m wearing.”

“Oooh,” Misha cooed. “We can do that.”

“Excellent,” Jack replied. “Now all we need to do is figure out what I can give your Tad as a gift.”

Parking the car before the shop, Jack hopped out, helped Misha out, and took her hand. He led her into the shop, smiling at the owner, and letting Misha go looking for the dress they’d been talking about in the car. He leant on the counter, watching Misha and the owner of the small dress shop talk, and nodded when the woman took Misha in the back to try on the dress. He gazed about the shop and grinned when he found the small selection of ribbon sashes hanging on the wall. Jack picked through the sashes until he found one in the exact shade of blue as the clothes he was going to wear for the ceremony. As sound from behind him caught his attention and he turned to spy Misha standing just in front of the dressing area looking shy in that silk and lace dress. “You look beautiful, princess.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” Misha murmured softly. “Did you...?”

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“One matching sash.” Jack waved the ribbon in the air, grinning. “Just as requested.”

“Yay!” Misha bounced in place before listening to the urging of the shop owner to go back and change again. “Thanks, Daddy.”

While he waited for Misha’s return, Jack wandered the shop getting the other accessories she would need: shoes, tights, and a small jeweled tiara. Each item was placed on the counter with the sash he’d already picked out. Jack leant on the counter, smiling, and wrapped his arm around Misha’s shoulder when she returned to his side. He combed his fingers through her hair, teasing the knots out, and handed over his credit card when it was requested from him.

“Daddy?”

“Yes, sweetie?” Jack asked, looking down at her snuggled into his side. “What is it?”

“Can you find a coat like this to fit Gray?” She looked up at Jack with a hopeful look on her face. “He really wants one.”

“Does he?” Jack asked. All the while he was mentally jumping for joy at the thought of Gray wanting a greatcoat like his own. “Why would he want one?”

“He was talking about being scared so much and how he hated it. He said maybe if he had a coat just like yours, he’d feel braver and be a hero just like his dad.”

“Really? He said that?” Jack asked. He knew he likely had a sappy grin on his face, but he couldn’t seem to contain himself. Gray thought of him as a hero, as his father, and all he wanted to do was sing his joy from the rooftops. He struggled to compose himself, accepted his credit card back, and tucked it away before taking the bags containing Misha’s dress and accessories.

“C’mon, Daddy,” Misha ordered, tugging on Jack’s hand and pulling him toward the door. “We still need to find something for Tad.”

## CHAPTER TWELVE

“I can’t believe you talked me into this, Ianto,” Owen snarked without any real heat to the words. He tugged at the tie around his neck and sighed. “I haven’t worn a tie since marrying Kate. Is this a deliberate torture?”

“One – you owed me for that tacky tuxedo you let Kate choose and insisted I wear. Two – no, I told you the tie was optional. We wanted everyone comfortable. This is a really small wedding.” Ianto bit his lip for a moment. His eyes scanned the small gathering of guests while his heart wished others were there to join in the celebration. Jack’s Rose, Grandfather’s Donna, and even Gwen despite her slip down dark paths. He wanted everyone who’d ever touched their lives in some way to be a part of this moment. Ianto’s gaze settled on Jack, standing at the back of the room with Martha, Misha cuddled against his side. “I suppose intimate would be a better term, yeah?”

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“Yeah,” Owen replied. He reached out a hand and rested it on Ianto’s arm. “You ready for this, mate?”

Ianto looked down at Owen’s hand before returning his gaze to Jack. His gaze locked with Jack’s. The other man’s feelings plain to see in those brilliant blue eyes. Ianto took a deep breath, swallowed and nodded. “I am,” Ianto murmured. “I’m just shocked it’s finally happening.”

“So am I,” Owen retorted. When Ianto whipped about to stare at him, Owen sighed. “Look, you know I thought he was toying with you. Teaboy. Captain’s part time shag. But...” Owen trailed off, shrugging. “Anyone with half a brain can see that you two belong together.”

“Well, that explains what took you so long to see it then,” Ianto snarked.

“Are you picking on my husband, Ianto?” Kate said, wrapping her arms around the two men’s waists. “The registrar is ready when you and Jack are.”

“Do weevils breed in the sewers?” Ianto retorted. He took in a deep breath, nodded and let it out slowly. “Would you let Jack know then?”

“Of course,” Kate murmured. She kissed Ianto’s cheek, smiled, and laughed. “Stop worrying. Everything’s going to be fine.”

“Kate, don’t say things like that.” Ianto rolled his eyes and groaned. “We’re Torchwood. You’ve pretty much guaranteed something will happen to mess up the ceremony.”

“You have no idea, Kate. No idea whatsoever,” Rhys muttered as he wandered by with his kids. He was closely followed by Andy demanding explanations. Moments later, Andy’s laughter rang out across the room as Rhys told him the tale of the Nostrovite.

With Owen following closely, Ianto crossed the room to stand before the fireplace where the registrar, Ms. Erdman, waited for them. He watched, intent, as Jack came to join him. His husband was

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

followed by Martha and the children, who at her quiet urging settled down on either side of John. Ianto looked into Jack's eyes, smiling, and listened with half an ear as Ms. Erdman went over the introductory statement. He didn't care about what Jack had referred to as boring legal stuff, only about the promises they were about to make each other. Everything was a blur of softly asked questions and murmured responses until the moment Jack clasped his hand to return to his hand the ring slipped off that morning for the first time since Jack had given it to him so many months before on the roof of Millennium Center.

"You cannot possess me, for I belong to myself. But while we both wish it, I give to you that which is mine to give. You cannot command me, for I am a free person. But I shall serve you in those ways you require and the honeycomb will taste sweeter coming from my hand. I pledge to you that yours will be the name I cry aloud in the night and the eyes into which I smile in the morning," Jack said. His voice surprisingly strong considering the slight tremble in his hand as it settled the ring into place. "This is the vow I pledge to you. This is the union of equals."

Ianto took a breath, pulled out Jack's ring, and slowly slipped it into place. "I pledge to you that you may partake first of my meal. I pledge to you my living and my dying, each equally in your care. I shall be a shield for your back, and you for mine. I shall not slander you, nor you me. I shall honour you above all others, and when we quarrel, we shall do so in private, and tell no strangers our grievances," Ianto said. He let his joy and happiness in finally having legal recognition of their bonds. "This is the vow I make to you. This is the union of equals."

"In addition to their promises to each other, Jack and Ianto have formed a complete family each bringing a child into this union," Ms. Erdman said to the guests. "They have chosen this moment in the ceremony to acknowledge their new roles as parents to these children."

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Jack smiled, holding a hand out to Misha, and knelt on the floor. He waited patiently for her to join him and held her hands in his own. “Misha, you are now my daughter.” He paused for a moment, swallowing, and continued in a nearly broken voice, “I promise to protect and guide you, no matter what paths you take. You will always have my love today, tomorrow and forever.” Jack reached into his pocket and pulled out a thin silver chain from which dangled a ring matching the ones he and Ianto wore. He carefully fastened the chain around Misha’s neck, leant forward and kissed her cheek. “I love you, Misha,” he whispered in her ear. Keeping Misha’s hand in his own, Jack rose to his feet and watched as Ianto knelt on the floor in front of Gray.

“Gray, you are now my son,” Ianto said softly. His voice surprisingly steady given how his emotions were spilling all over the psychic link between he and Jack in a rush of joy and happiness. “I promise to protect you, offering you a place of safety, and to listen to your troubles. I will support you and aid you no matter what choices you make, for you are your own person.” Ianto silently offered to Gray the ring he held. It too matched the rings he and Jack wore as well as the one around Misha’s neck. “In token of these promises, I give you this, a reminder that we will always be family.” Taking Gray’s offered hand, Ianto slipped the ring onto his son’s hand. Then he hugged Gray, murmuring softly, “You will always have my love, Gray, today, tomorrow and forever.” Rising to his feet, Ianto guided Gray over to join Misha and Jack for the last bits of the service.

At the urging of Mrs. Erdman, Jack followed by Ianto circled the table at the front of the room. Ianto silently urged Jack to sit down. Misha leaned against Jack’s side while Jack signed the partnership agreement. Taking the pen offered to him, Ianto leant down and signed it himself. Being so close to Jack, Ianto couldn’t help himself. He tilted his head just a bit and softly kissed Jack before straightening and

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handing the pen over to Owen for the other man to sign as witness. As Martha added her signature, Ianto took a step back to allow Jack to rise from the chair. He just shook his head with a grin as Jack picked Misha up, setting her on his hip as he rose.

As the final words were said, announcing their new status, Ianto took Jack and Gray's hands in his. Together, they lead the small party out of the room where the ceremony was being held into the neighboring room where a small dinner was being set out for everyone. Pausing in the entranceway, Ianto dropped Gray's hand to reach up and pull Jack to him for a deep kiss. Breaking the kiss, Ianto murmured, "I love you, Jack Harkness."

"And I love you, Ianto Jones," Jack murmured in response. He shifted Misha on his hip and leant toward Ianto. He'd no sooner started to kiss Ianto, a soft hungry noise coming from his mate, then Owen had to put his two cents in.

"Oi! Save that for the wedding night, I don't have any retcon with me to erase the image of you two making out like teenagers," Owen snarked. Almost instantly, he yelped. "Ow! Kate!"

Without breaking the kiss, Jack pulled out a bottle of retcon and threw it in the general direction of Owen. It wasn't until a chorus of laughter surrounded them that the kiss broke. Both men looked over to see Owen holding a pair of pill bottles while ducking slaps from both Tosh and Kate. Joining the laughter, Jack and Ianto continued into the room to the head table for the dinner and dancing to follow.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Ianto reached across the Jaguar's front seat to rest his hand on Jack's where the other man's hand was closed tightly around the gearshift. "Are you all right, *m'gwr*?"

"Very," Jack murmured. He smiled over at Ianto and chuckled. "I'm being such a mom. This is the first time we've been away from the kids for any length of time since we all came together."

"They're with my Grandfather being spoiled rotten." Ianto chuckled softly. "As lovely as the toast from Gray was, I know that dance he asked you to join him in doing really got to you. Can you..."

"Tell you why?" Jack asked. He sighed. He stopped the car at a light. He glanced over at Ianto, leant over and kissed his mate, his husband, and pulled away only when he caught the change of the light in the corner of his eye. Settling back into the driver's seat, Jack started driving again. "That particular dance will be a traditional folk dance by the time Boeshane is settled. We learned it as children.

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Despite how difficult life in a colony on the fringe of the human inhabited space could be, we still gathered together for parties and celebrations. The dancing helped bond the community together, remind us there was more than the never ending work of establishing the colony.”

“And?” Ianto asked carefully. “It reminded me a bit of the Horah, but there was more to it than just the dancing. All I know was I’ve never seen you that happy, Jack.”

“I’ll admit it is similar,” Jack chuckled softly. “I was happy because of what Gray said. He called me... hmm, the closest translation is ‘beloved father’. Yeah, he’d called me dad when he did the toast, but this was different.”

“It was your native language,” Ianto replied. “He was telling you he accepted your new role in his life completely.”

“Yeah,” he said softly. Jack twisted his hand to clasp Ianto’s tightly in his own. His thumb rubbed over Ianto’s ring before he lifted Ianto’s hand to kiss the palm. “He did. He not only accepted me as his father, he claimed his place as our eldest son and protector of his sister and any other children we have in the future. You saw how he watched over Misha all afternoon, always close. That was why. I... I never thought he’d do that.”

“Speaking of Misha...”

“What about her?” Jack asked.

“You two looked adorable dancing together after our dance,” Ianto finished as if Jack hadn’t interrupted him. “I got Tosh to get pictures of it.”

A long laugh answered his comment. “I got her to take pictures of you dancing with Gray. We are a pair, aren’t we?”

“Turn here,” Ianto ordered, pointing in the proper direction. “At least you missed the lecture from my Grandfather. I have never been

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so embarrassed in my life. Owen seemed to find the shades of red I turned amazingly funny.”

“What did he tell you?”

“You do not want to know.” Ianto felt his face heat. “You’d think he’d know that I already knew everything he was telling me considering how long we’ve been together.”

“That good?” Jack asked.

“He gave me a Gallifreyan sex manual as a wedding gift,” Ianto snapped. “What did...?”

“Did you bring it with you?” Jack asked excitedly. “It could be...”

“Jack!”

“What?” Jack gave Ianto a mock innocent look as he turned again onto the M4. “Oh, all right, if you’re going to be prudish about it. I liked his toast, though.”

“You would. He threatened his own flesh and blood!”

“It was still a good toast.” Jack let the Doctor’s toast drift back through his mind. *“Jack, you have been a pain in my side since the day I met you, and I wouldn’t have it any other way. But as much as I care for you, if you hurt my grandson in any way I will make you remember why they used to call me the oncoming storm. Ianto, I’ve loved you from the moment I knew who you were, but if you hurt Jack...”* He shook himself out of the memory. “Hey, I got the oncoming storm thing thrown at me!”

“Was he really like that at one time, Jack?”

“Oh, yes. He was the most patient, kindest man, but when he was pushed he was terrifying.” Jack seemed sunk in memories for a while. Several miles of highway disappeared beneath the tires of the Jaguar. Finally, he sighed and refocused on the present, repeating, “terrifying.”

“Well, we’ve been properly told then.” Ianto stroked Jack’s knuckles. “We have to be good to each other or we’ll be in serious trouble.”

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"If I say something," Jack started and then fell silent again.

"Those are always ominous words, Jack," Ianto murmured. Silence reigned in the car. Ianto took a deep breath. "So, what?" Ianto prompted.

"If I tell you I said a little prayer for Gwen this morning would you be angry with me?"

"So did I, *m'gwr*." Ianto leaned over and pressed a kiss on his husband's shoulder. "So did I." He settled back into his seat, staring out the window at the passing scenery. "Would you believe I miss her? Not the Gwen we dealt with recently but the woman we knew before. As irritating as she could sometimes be, she was our friend."

"Yeah, she was," Jack replied. "We should look into visiting her. Maybe ask her therapist if he thinks a visit from us would be good for her recovery."

"Ask Owen. He's keeping tabs on her and her therapy." Ianto pointed out the next turn. "You know, I think I'm glad we decided on this hotel. I need the time to decompress from the wedding. I know it's hard being away from the kids, but we need this."

"I know," Jack shifted their hands from the gearshift to Ianto's thigh. "I'm starting to regret the length of the drive though." He ran his fingers up the inseam of Ianto's trousers until he could brush his thumb over Ianto's cock. "I'm certain you are, too."

"Oh, believe me, I am. Luckily, we're nearly there." Ianto picked up Jack's hand and put it back on the gearshift. "If I didn't have a plan in mind for this night, I'd be throwing you down and soundly fucking you as soon as we're alone."

"*Cariad!*" Jack yelped. The images that flooded his mind from his mate had him panting with desire. "Shit, Ianto, fuck the plan. Once we're alone...."

"No, *m'gwr*, I have a plan," he murmured. Ianto grinned as Jack parked the car in front of their luxury hotel. He leant across the car and

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soundly kissed Jack before opening the car door. “This is one plan I’m sticking to. Do you want to get the bags while I check us in?”

“Yeah,” Jack swallowed, pulled the keys from the ignition, and climbed out. He watched Ianto head inside the hotel. He rested his hands on the boot of the car and took several deep breaths to get himself under control. Once he was certain he was as settled as possible, he opened the boot, grabbed the bags, and followed Ianto into the hotel. He crossed the lobby to join Ianto by the desk, pressed against his mate’s back, and murmured, “I can’t wait to see what you’ve got all planned for me, *cariad*.”

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Ianto held the door to their suite open for Jack. He followed his husband into the room, closed the door, and leant back against it. Jack set their bags down on the small sofa and began to wander the suite. Ianto smiled softly as he watched Jack wander before he straightened away from the door, crossed over to his husband, and cupped Jack's face in his hands. He pressed his lips to Jack's in a slow teasing kiss which he slowly deepened. He slipped his tongue into Jack's mouth, tangling it with the other man's, and slid his hands along Jack's jaw to tangle his hands in the other man's hair. Ianto broke the kiss, took a deep breath and smiled. He gently nipped his way long the strong line of Jack's jaw and down the other man's neck before reversing his path back to Jack's mouth to claim it in another long lingering kiss. Breaking that one too, Ianto stepped back, slid his hands down his husband's arms to grasp Jack's hands in his, and lifted them. He pressed kisses to the palms and inner wrists.

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“Ianto,” Jack moaned softly. “What are you doing?”

“Seducing you,” Ianto purred. “Let me?”

“I...” Jack began, only to break off with another moan as Ianto dropped one hand in order to focus his full attention on the other one. His mate licked his way across Jack’s palm before taking one finger in his mouth to lick and suck the digit. Jack swore all the blood in his body just rushed to his cock which now stood at attention. “Yes...” Jack panted. “Oh, God, yes.”

Ianto pulled Jack’s finger from his mouth with a soft pop. He entwined their fingers and led the way toward the en-suite bath. Stopping just inside the room, he set the bag down and turned the taps, quickly sorting out the water to just the good side of scalding. Ianto opened the bag and pulled out a small, dark bottle which he opened and poured the contents into the tub. Leaving it to fill, he returned his focus to Jack while the heady scents of lavender and vanilla soon filled the steamy air.

“My Jack...” he murmured, just loud enough to be heard over the sound of the running water. He brought his hands up, gently undoing Jack’s tie and draping it over a small chair tucked into one corner of the bath. Ianto licked his lips before leaning forward to lick Jack’s with teasing flicks of his tongue until the other man opened his mouth, darting his tongue out to tease Ianto’s. Only then did Ianto turn the teasing into a proper kiss. His fingers flicked open buttons, slowly baring his husband’s chest. Ianto broke the kiss to bend his head and tease Jack’s nipples with his teeth while he stroked his hands over Jack’s chest brushing the shirt away to drape around his husband’s elbows. “You are so damned beautiful, *m’gwr*,” he whispered against Jack’s skin as he stepped back. Quickly, he flicked open cuff links to slip Jack’s shirt off. While the cuff links were set carefully on the seat of the chair, the shirt was merely tossed on top.

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Ianto circled Jack, running his hand over the other man's bare skin, and stepped up behind his husband to press against Jack's back. "Such a temptation," he purred. He wrapped his arms around Jack, delighting in the soft moan that came from the older man's throat, and deftly worked the belt buckle open. He left it hanging while he flicked open the button to Jack's trousers. Ianto pressed his lips to Jack's throat in sucking kisses and slid his hands beneath trousers and underwear to palm Jack's cock. He stroked the thick length several times before shifting his focus to slowly ease Jack's clothing off. He chuckled softly as Jack quickly toed off his shoes and socks. Ianto pressed kisses down Jack's spine, nipped the upper curve of Jack's arse, and licked the back of Jack's knees before rising to his feet again.

"God, Ianto," Jack panted. "Please, touch me..."

"Not yet, *m'gwr*," Ianto murmured. He glanced at the tub, nodded, and took Jack's hand. "In you go," he ordered softly. Once Jack was settled into the water, Ianto switched off the taps and stepped back to put a bit of space between him and Jack. "Watch me, Jack," he murmured. "See how much I want you."

Jack whimpered from the tub. He stretched out an arm and pouted when he realized that Ianto was now standing just out of his reach. As he stared at his mate, Ianto lifted his hands and began to slowly strip off his clothing, turning the act of undressing into a slow, teasing seduction. Fingers teased nipples, palms stroked over skin, as clothes dropped away to be tossed onto the chair or kicked aside in the case of Ianto's trousers. "Gorgeous," Jack murmured, shifting in the tub to lean against the still cool iron. Now he could reach, just stroke the tips of his fingers over Ianto's erection and feel the throb of blood in the hard length. "Join me?" he asked, softly. "Plenty of room."

"Part of the plan," Ianto replied with a smirk. He reached into his bag again to retrieve a bottle of bath gel which coordinated with the bath oil already in the water. "Scoot forward, Jack." He waited for

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Jack to slide forward in the tub before climbing in behind his husband. He settled in the tub, wrapped an arm around Jack's chest and pulled the other man back to rest against him. "Comfy?"

"No, not in the least," Jack retorted. He took Ianto's hand, dragged it down his chest, and wrapped it around his cock. "I'm so hard I ache." He leant his head back and pressed his cheek to Ianto's. "I'm so wet for you," he murmured. "I want you inside me. It's been so long since I've wanted someone like this, *carriad*."

"I know, *m'enaid*," Ianto whispered. He set the bottle in his hand down on the edge of the tub. He stroked Jack's cock with one hand while running his palm back and forth across Jack's chest. His fingers found Jack's nipples, teasing them to even harder points, while he nibbled at Jack's neck and jaw. "But we're doing this my way," he purred into Jack's ear. "Remember, I experienced that moment with you. I won't ever hurt you. No matter how aroused I am or how much I want to just drive my cock deep into you, feel your body clench tight around me," Ianto murmured. He stroked Jack's cock harder and scratched the nails of his other hand down Jack's chest. He stroked and teased, caressing with his fingertips until he found his way beneath Jack's cock to the newly exposed territory beneath, soft folds of skin which yielded to his questing fingers.

"Oh, fuck!" Jack arched in Ianto's arms. "Ianto! Don't..." his voice trailed off in an almost obscene groan as he twisted his hips. He was torn between two equally intense urges. He wanted to fuck his cock into Ianto's fist yet he also wanted to screw himself down on Ianto's fingers. Jack whined in frustration as his mate somehow managed to sink two long fingers into his newly exposed cunt. He flung his head back against Ianto's shoulder, panting desperately in a vain attempt to catch his breath. Every move Ianto made was designed to shred his already tattered control. Long fingers pressed deep inside,

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thrusting in counterpoint to the rough strokes on his cock. “Ianto... Ianto... please! Oh, God, please,” he begged.

“Let go for me, Jack,” Ianto purred. He craned his head around to flick his tongue against the corner of Jack’s mouth. Soon enough, Jack twisted about to meet him in a wet messy kiss. “Come for me,” he urged, slipping another finger into Jack while he stroked Jack quicker, harder, rubbing his thumb over the head of Jack’s cock. “I’ll catch you. I’ll always catch you.”

Ianto had just enough time to claim Jack’s mouth in a deep hungry kiss, mimicking with his tongue what he was doing with his hands, and muffling Jack’s shriek as the combined stimulations threw Jack over the edge into a back arching, body clenching orgasm. Ianto worked Jack through the pleasure, slowly easing his lover down from the intense experience, until he could cradle Jack in his arms while pressing soft kisses to his husband’s neck and shoulder. Once he was certain Jack could hear him again, he whispered, “I’ve only just gotten started, *m’ gwr.*”

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Kneeling on the foot of the bed, Ianto leant back against the bed's post behind him. He smiled at Jack where his husband lay in the center of the mattress. Jack still had the slightly glazed post-orgasmic look Ianto so adored. He absently stroked his aching cock while he watched Jack. Ianto licked his lips. No matter how tempting Jack was at the moment, he had a plan and was sticking to it. "Turn over for me, *m'eniad*," he murmured.

Jack shifted on the bed. He rose to his knees, leant forward, and began to crawl down the bed toward Ianto. He moved slowly. He stalked Ianto with all the grace of a hunting wolf. Reaching his mate, he rested his hands on either side of Ianto's hips and grinned up at him. He rubbed his cheek against the length of Ianto's erection.

"What are you doing, Jack?" Ianto gasped out. He clenched his hands in the sheets and gritted his teeth. He had a plan for the night.

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He wanted to stick to it, but fuck if Jack wasn't tempting him to throw the plan out the window. "Jack?"

"You aren't the only one with a plan, *cariad*," Jack replied. The grin deepened. He lowered his head and laved the head of Ianto's cock with his tongue. He rolled the taste of Ianto in his mouth, savoring it much as he would a fine wine, and hummed softly. "It's just a delay in your plan," he murmured. He raised one hand, wrapped it around Ianto's cock, and held it steady for another long lick. "And it will make it so much better for both of us."

"Oh hell," Ianto groaned. He watched Jack slowly lap at his cock, quick flicks of Jack's tongue between the fingers gently holding his shaft in place for his husband's delectation. "You're so fucking with my plan," he muttered. He tangled his hands in Jack's hair. He pulled Jack away from his cock and up for a hungry kiss. "Want to suck me, Jack?" he murmured. He chuckled softly at Jack's eager nod. "Let me get comfortable. Don't need to give myself a concussion because I know you'll blow my mind."

"Oh yeah, you know I do," Jack replied. He slowly stroked his hand up and off Ianto's cock before he sat back on his heels. "And I will do just that, *cariad*."

Ianto leant forward, sank a hand into Jack's hair and devoured his husband's mouth in a wet hungry kiss. Breaking it, he shifted onto his hands and knees. He crawled past Jack toward the head of the bed. A groan escaped his throat as Jack's fingers stroked down his spine. He arched toward Jack's fingers as they pulled away from his skin and glared over his shoulder at his husband as the other man chuckled softly.

"So hot," Jack murmured. His fingers stroked over Ianto's spine, down over his arse and along the back of his thigh. "You remind me of a cat wanting petting when you do that."

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"I want more than mere petting," Ianto pouted. He sprawled on his stomach for a moment before rolling onto his back. He settled amongst the pillows at the head of the bed. Holding Jack's gaze with his own, Ianto trailed his hand down his chest to wrap around his cock. "You tempted me away from my plan. Suck me, Jack," he ordered softly. "And then I'll get back to the plan. *Duw*, I want your mouth on me."

"I'll get there," Jack murmured. He crawled back up the bed. He lowered his body enough to brush his chest over Ianto's cock. He smirked as Ianto's eyes drifted closed with a deep hoarse moan. He licked Ianto's nipples, teased them with his lips and teeth, and crawled higher, grinding his reawakened erection against Ianto's, and slowly kissed Ianto. "In my own time, *cariad*," Jack whispered against Ianto's lips. "I'll get there in my own time."

"So many places to taste," Jack hummed softly. "Where shall I start?" He caught Ianto's lower lip in his teeth. He tugged lightly before releasing it. He teased kisses along Ianto's jaw and down his throat. He sucked briefly on Ianto's pulse, scraped his teeth over the sensitive skin, and chuckled when Ianto arched his back, hands flying up to tangle in his hair. Jack shook off Ianto's hands and nibbled his way down to his mate's nipples. He captured one with his lips, sucking hard then flicking the taut flesh with his tongue until Ianto was whining and writhing beneath him. Only then did he switch his attentions to the other nipple, repeating the slow torment of Ianto's flesh. Lifting his head, he smirked up at Ianto for a moment. "More?"

"*Cachau!*" Ianto cursed. Ianto shoved his hands back into Jack's hair. He used that hold try to force Jack's head down where he wanted. "Don't stop, Jack!"

Jack blew a breath over the turgid length of Ianto's cock. He wrapped his hands around Ianto's hips, holding his mate down, and nibbled his way up the length of Ianto's cock. Reaching the head, he circled it with his tongue before reversing his course. He nipped his

### PRIMAL INSTINCTS

way back down Ianto's cock to the root and lower to lave the heavy sac below with his tongue. Jack sucked one ball into his mouth, rolling and teasing it with his tongue, before releasing it to repeat his actions on the other. He lapped at Ianto's perineum and briefly teased his anus before working his way back up to the thick cock he loved to suck.

He paused for a few seconds. Just long enough for Ianto to make that little begging whimper deep in his throat which Jack so loved to hear. He teased the head of Ianto's cock with his tongue for a moment, wetting it thoroughly, and lifted his head to blow a breath over the wet flesh drawing a sharp cry from Ianto's throat. He took one hand from Ianto's hips, lifted his mate's cock from where it lay against the quivering stomach muscles beneath, and held it steady. Jack looked up and held Ianto's gaze with his own. He never looked away from those stormy blue eyes as he relaxed his throat and swallowed the whole length in one smooth move.

"Jack!" Ianto all but screamed. Jack's answering hum vibrated through his cock driving another cry from his throat. "Oh, shit, yes," Ianto groaned. He struggled against Jack's hold. He wanted to thrust his hips and drive his cock deeper into Jack's throat. "Suck me, Jack," he begged. "Suck me hard."

Jack slipped a finger into his mouth alongside Ianto's cock. He wet it thoroughly before trailing that finger down Ianto's anus. He circled the opening, teasing it, and finally pressed that finger in to seek out Ianto's prostate. He stroked that small bundle of nerves with his finger and sucked harder on the firm flesh in his mouth. With his other hand, he dragged his nails over the scar left from his repeated marking of Ianto's thigh. Jack was not at all surprised when Ianto arched his back, thrusting hard into his mouth, and screaming his pleasure. He didn't resist when Ianto's hands sank into his hair, holding him still while he fucked his mouth, desperate to finally come.

"Jack... Jack... oh *cachau*, Jack," Ianto cried. "Gonna come..."

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Jack hummed and sucked Ianto's cock harder. He tongued the thick vein on the underside and worked his way back up toward the head. He teased the shaft with a barely felt graze of his teeth. He eased a second finger into Ianto's arse to press hard against the other man's prostate. One final run of his nails over the bite mark and the combined caresses drove Ianto over the cliff he'd been on in a screaming orgasm. Jack savored the taste of Ianto's come, sucking his mate dry before licking the other man's cock clean. Pulling his fingers free of Ianto's arse, Jack shifted up a bit to lay his head on Ianto's stomach with a soft sigh. "Still want to follow your plan?" he murmured.

"Yeah... once I recover from that..." Ianto replied, threading his fingers through Jack's hair. "You'll like my plan, *m'gwr*, I promise."

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The soft feel of Jack's contented breathing across his groin and stomach was reawakening his hunger for his husband. Ianto slowly slipped out from beneath Jack's head, replacing his body with one of the pillows, and eased his way off the bed. Standing, he considered his husband for a long moment. Despite all their previous activities, he could still see the lines of tension in Jack's body. The muscles were clenched, even twitching occasionally, in Jack's back. Ianto nodded to himself. He'd let Jack sleep for a while he cleaned up a bit, put their things away, and then he'd return to his planned seduction of his mate. Leaning down, Ianto pressed a kiss to Jack's nape before straightening. He headed for the bathroom, slipped on one of the heavy complimentary bathrobes, and started unpacking for their weekend.

While he worked, Ianto periodically glanced over at Jack. He hung up one of Jack's shirts, turned and sighed at the sight of his husband cuddled up to the pillow Ianto'd been laying on during Jack's delightful

### PRIMAL INSTINCTS

blowjob. Ianto sighed softly. He adored Jack but he knew what that clutch of his abandoned pillow meant. Jack was dreaming of losing him. Ianto put the last of the clothes away, grabbed the massage oil from his toiletry bag, and eased his way back onto the bed.

“My beautiful Jack,” he whispered. Sleek muscles, baby fine body hair, and lickable skin, he loved the long lean lines of Jack’s body. He always wanted to touch Jack, stroke his hands over those muscles, and kiss every inch of Jack. Now, with them alone at this secluded hotel, there would be no interruptions by the children. He could fulfill his fantasy of touching, licking and kissing every lithe inch of the body stretched out before him.

Ianto rose up onto his knees, tucked the small bottle of massage oil between the pillows at the head of the bed, and slowly crept his way across the bed to kneel beside Jack. Using just the tips of his fingers, he stroked his way up Jack’s spine from the slight dip just above his husband’s arse to the nape of his neck. He bit his lip to contain the threatening chuckle as a long shiver raced down Jack’s body as goose bumps appeared all across his husband’s back. With a barely hidden smile, Ianto leant down and licked the curve of Jack’s ear, murmuring, “Wake up for me, *m’gwr*.” He caught Jack’s earlobe in his teeth, tugged gently, and sucked on it.

A soft protesting sound slipped from Jack’s lips. Ianto took it as a challenge. He considered the position Jack was lying in. His husband lay at a slight angle in the middle of the bed, but there was plenty of space for him to do what he’d been planning from the moment he’d learned exactly how he could get Jack pregnant with their child. Rising to his knees, Ianto straddled Jack’s hips. He nestled his cock in the crack of Jack’s arse, lowered his body to press his chest to Jack’s back, and retrieved the massage oil from amongst the pillows.

Holding the bottle securely, Ianto rested his hands on either side of Jack’s shoulders. He rubbed his body back and forth against Jack’s

### PRIMAL INSTINCTS

back. He pressed his cheek to Jack's, purring softly, and whispered, "Shall I tell you what I want, my Jack?" He felt another shudder race through Jack's body and laughed softly. "How long can you pretend to be asleep while I touch you? Kiss you? When will you start begging, love?"

He received no answer, but then he hadn't really expected one. Jack was pretending to be asleep, yet Ianto could tell the other man was awake from the almost desperate silence in the depths of his mind. He lifted his head and slowly pushed himself up off Jack's body. A soft almost inaudible whimper escaped from Jack before being abruptly cut off. A low chuckle escaped from Ianto as he bowed his head to kiss Jack's nape. He opened his mouth against that soft skin. He sucked hard while teasing the skin with his tongue. Pulling away with an almost popping noise, Ianto smiled at the bruised mark he left just below where Jack's collar would lay.

Arching his back, Ianto worked his way down Jack's spine. He licked the knobs of the vertebra while pressing kisses to the hollows between until he reached the dip at the curve of Jack's arse. He licked and bit Jack's arse, palming the cheeks and kneading them for a moment. He debated the idea of rimming Jack, but that would mess with his long term plan for the massage. Rising up to his knees, Ianto opened the bottle of oil and brought it up to breathe deep of the combined scents of lavender and vanilla before pouring a small amount into the palm of his hand. He set the bottle securely on the bedside table, rubbed his hands together and stroked them over Jack's back. A long low groan of delight slipped from between Jack's lips. It was followed by a rueful chuckle. Ianto joined in the soft laughter even as he continued to knead the muscles of Jack's back, loosening the taut muscles, and getting more soft moans.

"Totally ruined the illusion of sleeping," Jack murmured ruefully. "That feels so wonderful, *cariad*."

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“You like?” Ianto asked. He focused his attention on one shoulder until Jack gave a soft cry the tension released. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

“Oh, God, yes,” Jack whispered. He shifted his arms until he could pillow his head on them. He watched Ianto’s body shift over him in the faint soft light cast by the single bedside lamp currently lit in the room. “It’s perfect. I didn’t know how tense I was until now.”

“I figured that. Between the wedding, your cycle, and the knowledge of what could happen tonight,” Ianto murmured back. He kept his voice soft, not wanting Jack to get tense again and ruin his work to relax him. “I’m not surprised you were tense.”

“It’s been a long, long time since...”

Ianto reached down and pressed a slick finger to Jack’s lips. “Shh, I know. I want this night to be a good memory... to overwrite that horror... trust me, *m’gwr*,” he whispered. He leant down and kissed Jack softly before shifting off Jack’s body. “Roll over for me?”

Ianto pulled his lower lip between his teeth. He sucked on it while he watched Jack. So much of their entire future depended on Jack trusting him now. He waited, tense, while Jack considered him. Finally, just when Ianto readied himself to put aside his desperate want for a child, Jack shifted on the bed. Jack centered himself on the bed, rolled, and reached out a hand to Ianto as he settled on his back. Ianto caught Jack’s hand in his and pressed a kiss to Jack’s wrist. “Okay?” he asked, softly. “Because I...”

“You what?” Jack shifted again reaching up with his other hand to stroke Ianto’s cheek. “Tell me, Ianto.”

“I want to explore,” he whispered, ducking his head a bit and looking up at Jack through his lashes. “Like I did that very first time, remember?”

“Oh yeah.” A low seductive chuckle rolled from Jack’s lips. A matching remembering grin settled on those lips. “I remember.” He twisted his hand to grasp Ianto’s and tugged his mate down onto his

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

body. He kissed Ianto, slowly and deeply, before again stroking the other man's cheek. "I love that curiosity of yours. Go on, Ianto," he almost ordered while shifting to spread his legs for his young husband.

Ianto kissed Jack again. He pressed their lips together and teased at the seam of Jack's mouth with his tongue until the other man opened to him. He deepened the kiss, stroked Jack's tongue with his own and teased it into his own mouth to suck the soft flesh. Only when he desperately needed to breathe, did he break the kiss to smile down at Jack. "Thank you, love," he murmured. He pressed another briefer kiss to Jack's lips and moved to kneel between Jack's legs. Ianto ran his hands down Jack's side to his husband's hips, around to press them to Jack's pelvis, and ran them back up the smooth skin before him to rub his thumbs over Jack's nipples.

"Yeah," Jack groaned. "Touch me, Ianto," he encouraged his mate. "Shall I tell you what this means to me? That you accept all of me? Even this..."

"Talk to me, *m' enaid*," Ianto replied. He nibbled his way along Jack's jaw and down his husband's throat. He paused over Jack's pulse to tease at the spot with his teeth before moving on to kiss and tease his way to Jack's nipples. He laved one with his tongue before sucking that taut bud into his mouth to suckle at it. Pulling away, he murmured, "Tell me, Jack." He shifted over to the other nipple and repeated his actions on that one.

"Oh fuck, that's good," Jack moaned. "Every time you touch me, you show me your love. Soft touches, gentle kisses, and even when you're rough and hungry, you never hurt me unless I ask you to." Jack writhed beneath Ianto's lips. His hands clenched on the bedding rather than sink into Ianto's hair and force his mate to his groin. He knew he'd get even greater pleasure by letting Ianto take his time exploring him. "Always thought you'd hate me for this... for being so different

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

from..." he broke off with a cry as Ianto once again slipped a finger into his now accessible cunt.

"Tell me more, Jack," Ianto ordered. He lifted his head from Jack's stomach where he'd been teasing the other man's navel with his tongue. He smirked at the glazed look in Jack's eyes and waited until his husband was semi-focused on him to pull his finger from Jack's pussy. He licked that finger than sucked it clean. "You taste as delicious there as you do here," he said, wrapping his other hand around Jack's cock to stroke it once.

"Shit, Ianto!" Jack gasped. "Want you..." He broke off as that finger was slipped back inside him. A second soon followed the first. He arched, twisting his hips to grind down on it, and whimpered. "Do you know how much I ache? It's been so damned long since anyone touched me like this... and you keep tearing me apart with your touches... your fingers inside me..." he panted out between groans.

"I'll put you back together again," Ianto murmured. He watched Jack writhe as he fucked him with his fingers. He curled his other hand about Jack's cock and stroked it slowly in counter to the movement of his fingers inside Jack. "Want to taste you, Jack," he said softly.

"Please, Ianto!" Jack begged. "Do it. Want..." he broke off with a cry which he quickly stifled by shoving one fist into his mouth and biting down on his knuckle. He couldn't believe what he was feeling: Ianto's fingers inside him, fucking him, while Ianto teased him with flicks of his tongue. Those fingers slipped away and he whined at the loss only to keen in pleasure when Ianto's tongue replaced them. "Yes! Yes! More, Ianto... Want... please... oh, don't...", he cried around his hand. Jack shoved his free hand into Ianto's hair, clenching tightly and thrusting his hips upward. He needed to come. "Don't stop, Ianto, so close..."

Ianto hummed softly. He flicked his eyes up long enough to catch sight of Jack so lost to pleasure as to be incoherent. He reached up

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

with one hand and began to stroke Jack's cock. He closed his eyes and focused on what he was doing, pleasing Jack, and pulled back against Jack's hold on his head to slip his fingers back into Jack's pussy. "You taste delicious, *m'eniad*," he purred. He thrust his fingers deep and fisted Jack's cock roughly. Soon he eased a third finger into Jack and smirked as Jack bit hard on his fist. A scream muffled by the flesh Jack was pressing to his mouth as Jack arched upward, head tossing on the pillows, as he came.

Jack collapsed back onto the bed. He slowly opened his eyes to stare at Ianto who was smirking down at him from between his legs. He could feel Ianto's hard erection pressing against him. A soft whimper escaped him even as he reached for Ianto to pull him in for a kiss. "Ianto..."

"I'm going to fuck you now, Jack," Ianto murmured against Jack's lips. "You ready for me?"

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The only reply he got was a soft incoherent whimper. Ianto smirked. He adored those moments when he could reduce Jack to a boneless, speechless mess. It had been the other way around so often that he still enjoyed the sense of power it gave him. “I’ll take that as a yes,” he purred. He shifted his weight slightly, leant down and pressed his lips to Jack. He teased those soft lips with his own, brushing back and forth, until Jack’s hands clutched at his head while his husband deepened the kiss taking it from a caress to a hungry statement of need. The kiss broke, both men panting, and Ianto raised a questioning eyebrow at Jack.

“Fuck me,” Jack ordered. “I want you in me so deep I can taste it when you come.”

“In my own time,” Ianto replied. He reached between them, aligning his cock with Jack’s pussy, and pressed forward just a bit. He locked eyes with Jack. He refused to have Jack in pain, would do

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

nothing to remind his mate of the last time he'd been taken with an eye toward getting Jack pregnant. Ianto rested his hands on either side of Jack's shoulders and rocked his hips slowly working his cock into Jack until he was fully sheathed in his husband's body. "*Duw*," he hissed. "So good, Jack, so tight. Okay?"

"Will be when you move," Jack whined softly. He shifted his hips and clenched his muscles around the thick cock buried inside him. "You've teased me enough, Ianto."

"Shit, Jack," Ianto groaned. "Don't do that unless you want this over in five minutes." He clenched his jaw for a moment, hissed in a breath between his teeth, and slowly pulled his hips back before thrusting forward again. Ianto watched Jack as he moved in a slow, gentle rhythm. He could see the shadows of memory beginning to darken those brilliant blue eyes he so loved. Ianto licked his lips, leant down and kissed Jack hard, delving his tongue into Jack's mouth to find his husband's. Using the kiss as a distraction, Ianto slipped an arm beneath Jack and flipped them both over. Now he lay beneath his husband and smirked up into startled blue eyes as Jack broke the kiss.

"What the...?"

"Shh," Ianto reached up to press a finger against Jack's lips. "I told you I wasn't going to allow those memories to invade our wedding night." He ran his fingers back and forth across Jack's lips before trailing them back to stroke along his husband's throat and tangle in the other man's thick hair. He pulled Jack down into another kiss, gentler than the previous one, and broke it to murmur, "Now you're in charge, *m'gwr*. Show me how you want it."

"*Cariad*," Jack whispered, dropping down for a brief kiss. He shifted back, sat up astride Ianto's hips and groaned as the movement shifted the cock buried inside him. With a low yearning groan, Jack reached for Ianto's hands, entwining their fingers, and used the leverage provided by that connection to rise up nearly off Ianto's cock

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

before dropping down hard. “Want this... want you... want your child...” he gasped out. “Move Ianto,” he ordered.

Ianto growled deep in his throat and thrust upward hard. “Do you have any idea how tightly I’m holding onto the last bits of my control?” he snarled. “All I want to do is throw you down and fuck you: see you writhe as you come on my cock. Bury myself so deep in you, feel you clench tight around me as I fill you,” Ianto thrust up to meet every one of Jack’s downward movements. He shifted their hands, pressed them to Jack’s stomach. “Can’t wait to see you all round with our child.”

“Fuck, *cariad*,” Jack panted. He rode Ianto harder, totally lost to the pleasure of his mate inside him. “Love those Welsh vowels.”

“I know you do,” Ianto replied. His voice hoarse as he struggled to control the urge to flip them back over and just fuck Jack into the mattress. “Why do you think I keep talking? I know just how much it turns you on. You’re so wet around me. Hot, tight, wet,” Ianto panted softly, arching up to kiss Jack. “I want you pinned beneath me and taking it, Jack, but I know that would bring back memories I don’t want to mar this night,” he whispered.

Jack groaned. His eyes closed tight as Ianto’s mental image of him pinned beneath Ianto as Ianto fucked him hard drifted across his mind. “Shit... shit...” Jack panted. Then he whined deep in his chest. “And would you claim me too?”

“You know I will,” Ianto growled. “You’re mine. Always mine.” He smirked up at Jack. “Do you want me to do that? Flip us over, pin you beneath me and fuck you hard while I sink my teeth into your neck, claiming you as mine again?”

“Oh, hell, yes.” Jack opened his eyes and stared down at Ianto. “Do it, Ianto.”

Ianto reached up, wrapped his hand around Jack’s neck and pulled him in for a long hot kiss. He thrust up and twisted his hips, turning them both and putting Jack beneath him again. Catching Jack’s hands

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

in his, he pinned them to the bed and gave a soft growl as he started thrusting hard into Jack's tight wet pussy. Breaking the kiss, he rubbed his cheek against his husband's until he could nip and suck on Jack's earlobe. "Wrap your legs around me," he ordered.

Jack quickly obeyed, curling his legs around Ianto's hips, and arched his hips. He dug his fingers into the back of Ianto's hands. He cried out in a combination of shock and pleasure as Ianto began to fuck him with hard driving thrusts. Jack could do nothing but cling to his mate while Ianto took him. "Yes, Ianto, harder," Jack begged. "Please, please, harder."

Ianto snarled softly. He nuzzled Jack's neck, licking at his mate's pulse, and snapped his hips. He thrust hard, driving deep and forced a sharp cry from the man beneath him. Ianto lifted his head for a moment, smiled, and ordered, "Come for me, Jack." He dropped his head and sank his teeth as hard as he could into his mate's pulse.

"Ianto!" Jack screamed. He arched his back and writhed as his body clenched tight around Ianto. His cock spasmed and come streaked their stomachs. He whimpered as Ianto continued to thrust hard within him.

Ianto lifted his head to watch Jack writhe beneath him. He loved to watch Jack so lost in pleasure as to be incoherent; it always put him on the edge. He thrust harder and rode his husband's orgasm to his own. He flung his head back with a hoarse groan of his own before dropping down onto Jack's body. Ianto didn't give a damn about the mess he was laying in. He felt too damned good at the moment. He slowly released Jack's hands, rubbing his palms over his husband's arms, and hummed softly. He was so exhausted, but happy, too. He could feel Jack's happiness. It was enough to get him to lift his head and look up at Jack. "Good?"

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

“Yeah,” Jack smiled at Ianto. He lifted a slightly shaking hand to thread it through his mate’s hair. “Very, very good. Do it again tomorrow?”

“Oh yeah,” Ianto murmured. He chuckled softly. “All weekend, but need a nap right now.”

“And a shower,” Jack replied. He craned his neck a bit to look for the covers. He twisted a bit, attempting to reach for them, and sighed. “*Caraid,*” Jack murmured. “Covers?”

Ianto yawned, dropped a hand behind him and dragged the covers up. “Better?”

“Yup.”

“Good.” Ianto lifted his head, kissed Jack, and smiled. “Nap time. Then a shower.”

“Play in the shower?”

“Only if you’re good and let me sleep,” Ianto replied with a grin. The grin deepened as Jack yawned large enough to crack his jaw. Brilliant blue eyes half-hidden behind thick dark lashes laughed up at him. Ianto shook his head a tiny bit and erased the developing pout with a final kiss. “Sleep, Jack. You’re going to need all the sleep you can get this weekend.”

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Ianto looked up from where he was packing their things to watch Jack lean against the window frame. He was staring out at the Preseli hills. Occasionally, one hand would drift down from the curtains to curve over Jack's lower stomach. The look on his husband's face, slightly distant with the vaguest hints of a smile, took his breath away. Ianto eased the digital camera from the bag he'd tucked it in and snapped several quick shots. "What are you thinking of, Jack?"

"A little girl with your eyes and curls," he murmured. He turned and rested back against the wall behind him. He almost shrugged, but smiled faintly instead. "Or maybe a boy with your smirk."

"I think any son of ours would have your wicked grin. I wouldn't care if it was a boy or a girl. As long as our child is healthy," Ianto replied. He tucked the camera securely away and rose to his feet. He crossed the room to join Jack by the window. He rested a hand on

### *PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

Jack's belly, curling and relaxing his fingers, and leant closer to press his lips to Jack's in a gentle kiss. "Do you think we managed it?"

"It wouldn't have been for lack of trying," Jack murmured. He brought his hands up to frame Ianto's face with his hands, brushed their lips together in another kiss which he slowly deepened. They lingered in the kiss, savoured it, and finally parted when the need for air overwhelmed the need for connection. "I think we did. The cycle is over, but I feel we did it."

"How long do we need to wait until we can find out for certain?"

"A week," Jack replied. He pulled out of Ianto's arms to resume his contemplation of the distant hills. "We'll know by Valentine's one way or the other."

There was such sadness in Jack's voice. Ianto crossed the little bit of space between them. He wrapped his arms around Jack's waist and rested his cheek on his husband's shoulder. He didn't say anything, just held the other man. He knew when these kinds of moods hit Jack he was better off just holding and not pushing for answers. Jack would talk when he was ready and not before. Ianto shifted a bit, turning his head to press a kiss to Jack's pulse, and listened as Jack sighed softly.

"I wish..." Jack paused. He lifted a hand and pressed it to the window glass. "Doesn't matter. We need to get ready to leave, don't we?"

"What do you wish, Jack?" Ianto murmured, tightening his hold on Jack's waist. "Nothing you say will upset me or make me love you less. Tell me."

"I want my other babies," Jack swallowed. "I want them with us. My oldest... well, that was another surrogacy. Friends from Boeshane who couldn't have a child of their own, so I helped them get their wish." He looked back at Ianto for a moment. "That's how I know I can help Kate. I've done it before." Jack turned back to the window

## PRIMAL INSTINCTS

again. “It’s my daughters I want back with me. I don’t know what happened to either of them. Kerensa was ripped from my arms by...”

“That bastard,” Ianto snarled. “If I ever see him again, I’m shooting first and asking questions of his corpse.”

A bitter laugh escaped Jack. “Remind me to give you temporal bullets. It’ll kill him in all timelines.” He shuddered. “I can still hear her screaming as he took her from me.” A tiny sob escaped from Jack. He twisted in Ianto’s arms to bury his face in Ianto’s neck. Harsh racking sobs escaped from Jack as he shook in reaction to the memory. “She was so small. Too small to be taken through the Vortex, but he did it anyway. I doubt she survived the trip. If she did, she’d always be time-sensitive. Something the Agency prized. I never found her, Ianto... and I searched for millennia.”

“I know, *m’enaïd*. I know.” Ianto held Jack as tightly as he could and rocked them. He hummed softly, trying to relax his husband, and quietly asked, “You said daughters. I know about Kerensa because of our original link, but why the plural?”

“Kerensa was my youngest. I refused to have another child after that.” He snorted. “If there was one reason to appreciate being a head in a jar that was it. I couldn’t have children.” Jack straightened slowly, rubbed a hand over his face, and moved away to sit on the bed. “There was Menes. That was the name the couple gave my son. I think, but I’m not positive that I had another child during those two years I can’t remember at the Agency. I feel like I did, but I can’t remember for certain. Sometimes, before, I had dreams. Dreams of a little girl. Strawberry curls. Gray-blue eyes, a bit like yours actually. And the most infectious giggle.”

Ianto silently went back to packing. He knew his role in this little ramble down memory lane. He listened, took mental notes, and, if possible, would find the answers Jack sought. Ianto looked up from

*PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

where he was folding their clothes into a suitcase. “How old was she? In the dreams, I mean.”

“Hmm, maybe three at most,” Jack fell backwards on the bed. He draped his arm over his eyes as he rummaged through the fragments of dreams. “She’s a bit smaller than Misha is in that picture of you two on your desk. I think her name was Aimana. It means ‘moonlit beauty’.”

“About three then,” Ianto replied. He crossed over to sit by Jack’s hip. “If I can find her for you, *m’gwr*, I will. I’ll ask Eirian about her. She’s been in your head before and will know if those are memories trying to surface or just dreams.” Ianto reached out a hand to clasp Jack’s in his own. “Come on, Jack. We need to go, but I want to hear everything on the drive back to Cardiff, okay?” He gave a soft laugh. “I knew you had other children, but you never talk about them. I don’t want a memory coming back at the wrong moment and causing us all problems now.” Ianto tugged his husband up, shifting their clasped hands to Jack’s stomach and kissed Jack softly. “Okay?”

“Yeah,” Jack replied after a moment’s silence. “I should have told you a long time ago, *cariad*.”

## EPILOGUE

Jack looked between her and the computer printout several times. He grinned at Kate. He tossed the paper on the exam table he was sitting on and grabbed her. He swung her around in a circle, laughing, and finally set her back on her feet when she smacked him. Jack kissed her cheek, snatched the paper from the table where he'd dropped it, and bounded out of medical office toward the main Hub. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could destroy his good mood.

Okay, he was wrong.

Jack pouted at Ianto's dark office. He turned in a complete circle looking for his mate. He saw the kids on the sofa, reading. Tommy was at his desk, coordinating something with UNIT, while Tosh merrily hacked their servers from her own desk. Owen was sprawled at his desk, feet on a corner, reading a medical journal. However, there was no Ianto. "Where's Ianto?" he demanded.

### PRIMAL INSTINCTS

“Out with Detective Davidson,” Tommy reported, absently. He quickly finished his conversation with UNIT and closed the connection. Tommy then turned and looked up at Jack. “Andy said something about needing to do a ‘shakedown’ on a suspected alien artifact smuggler in the City Centre. He said Ianto was better at being intimidating than...”

“Ianto!” Jack gasped, interrupting Tommy’s explanation. He staggered a step as a moment of searing white hot pain lanced through his body. Automatically, his hand went to press against his stomach, worried for his child as his mind rebelled against the agony. A scream – part terror, part pain – ripped from him as his legs went weak, boneless. Jack’s vision went white then black as his mind shut down to protect him from the assault on his senses.

“Sir?”

Tommy’s voice, Jack’s mind catalogued absently as sight, sound and feeling returned to him. He slowly realized that he was laying half in Tommy’s lap with the young soldier between his side and the floor. Kate was examining his stomach with the Bekaran scanner. Jack held his breath until she looked up at him with a soft smile. His baby was alright, but what had...

*Oh, Goddess, no!* Not that, anything but that. He couldn’t lose his mate, not now...

Jack closed his eyes and screamed across the bond linking him to Ianto. Only silence answered his screams of his mate’s name, his begging, and a hoarse sob escaped his throat. He curled into a ball on the floor, uncaring of anything but the echoing emptiness inside him. An emptiness usually filled by Ianto. With tears running unchecked down his face, Jack looked up at Owen, sobbing, “Ianto’s dead.”

*PRIMAL INSTINCTS*

## **BETH MCCOMBS**

Previously published under a pseudonym as an erotic romance author, Beth McCombs has returned to her roots as a fan fiction writer in an attempt to recover from a severe bout of depression-induced writer's block. She still hopes to be published again someday, but isn't pushing herself in any direction instead she writes for the pure joy of writing.

Beth lives in South Alabama with her husband and young daughter. In her spare time, she studies history, anthropology, and mythology.

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