rescue operation

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rescue operation

by juette

Summary

Ianto had already been more than ready to go home after having dismantled 'the weevil version of Fight Club', as Tosh had called it, so God knew how much he wanted to leave now. He checked the contents of his backpack one last time to make sure he hadn't forgotten anything, then slung it on his shoulder and—

There was a choked-up sound behind one of the shelves.

Ianto dragged himself down to the archives. He just had to get his bag, then he could go home, he repeated to himself.

Owen's undercover operation hadn't gone exactly as planned, but they'd managed to shut down the underground organisation that had been kidnapping weevils left and right. They'd driven Owen to the hospital to treat his wounds, then they'd brought the creatures to the Hub to watch them until they could be released back in the sewers of Cardiff.

One of the weevils hadn't exactly liked being brought to the Torchwood cells — it had managed to escape their grasp and wreck havoc on the Hub, and the mess had of course been Ianto's job to clean up once they'd caught the alien and locked it up properly.

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At least the weevil hadn't been anywhere near his desk, so everything was still in its rightful place. He checked the contents of his backpack one last time to make sure he hadn't forgotten anything, then slung it on his shoulder and—

There was a choked-up sound behind one of the shelves.

Ianto pulled out his gun, silently, carefully taking a step towards the source of the noise. Was there another rogue weevil there, or was it a different kind of intruder? Ianto slowly leaned forwards to catch a glance between the first two rows of shelves and—

There were no creatures here. There was only Juette, sitting on the floor, sobbing quietly.

Ianto lowered his gun. "Juette?"
Juette jumped at the sound of his name. He hadn't heard Ianto approach – the man had been trained to be discreet when the situation called for it, after all.
- "Is something wrong?" Ianto asked.
- "No," Juette first replied before correcting himself. "Well, yes, but it's not— don't worry about it." He got up on wobbly legs, wiping at his face with one of his shirt sleeves while clearly holding something hidden behind his back with his other hand.
- "May I see?" Ianto asked softly.
Juette narrowed his eyes at him. He looked at Ianto for a moment, the uncertainty clear in his eyes, but he eventually spoke. "Promise— promise you won't say anything. You have to."
- "I promise," said Ianto.
- "Okay," Juette said, and he revealed the two teddy bears he had been hiding behind him.

They were all in all very similar — nearly identical, in fact. However, one of them was clearly much older than the other: it was almost hairless and had been patched up several times with various pieces of patterned fabric. The second, newer one was pretty much immaculate, save for a large tear on one side that let stuffing escape from it.
"I think— I think the weevil tried to get the food in my bag," said Juette, already tearing up again, "and it— and Nounours II was in there too, and it— it— it *hurt* him."
- "Oh," Ianto said simply. "I think— I think I can help."

- "Can you?"
- "Yes," replied Ianto. He stuffed his gun back into his jacket pocket and set his bag down on the floor. "May I?" he asked, extending a hand.
Juette nodded and carefully placed the damaged plushie on Ianto's open palm, making sure it was sitting down neatly.

Ianto grabbed a little purse full of sewing supplies from his bag and got to work. Juette started smiling, the smile slowly widening as Ianto worked. It only took the man a few minutes to repair the tear despite its size, and soon Nounours II looked as good as new.

Juette hugged it tight as soon as Ianto handed it back to him.
"You're okay, Nounours, you're okay," he said quietly to the bear before adressing Ianto. "You have a sewing kit in your bag?"
- "My father was a master tailor," replied Ianto, as straight-faced as ever. "He taught me it could always come in useful."
- "That's really nice," said Juette.
Ianto nodded.
- "Say, um... If— if something were to happen to Nounours or his brother again, would you— will you help me again?"
Ianto smiled. "Anytime."
- "Thank you," Juette said. He did a little spin, then he left the archives without a word.

Ianto stood there for a moment, bag in hand. looking in the direction Juette had gone in like an invisible trail. He didn't feel that tired anymore after talking to him.

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