may i have this dance?

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/550.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Torchwood (TV)
Relationships:	Ianto Jones/Original Character(s), Ianto Jones/Juette Raynes, Minor Gwen Cooper/Rhys Williams
Characters:	Ianto Jones, Original Characters, Juette Raynes (Original Torchwood Character)
Additional Tags:	Dancing, Fluff, Episode: s02e09 Something Borrowed (Torchwood), Torchwood Fest, Torchwood Rarepair Fest, Canon Autistic Character
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of TOGETHER
Stats:	Published: 2026-09-08 Words: 686 Chapters: 1/1

may i have this dance?

by juette

Summary

"How— do we do this?"
Ianto pulled Juette close, guiding his free hand to rest on his hip. "Just think of it as a pattern," he said, "or a conversation. Call and response."
- "Okay."
Ianto took a step back, encouraging his partner to follow with a gentle pressure of his hand on the other's back. "And — because I'm leading — I call, you respond."

Gwen and Rhys' wedding had been more troublesome than any of them had planned, but they'd figured it out, and in the end, the damage had been minimal. Ianto had spent the better part of the day replacing Rhys' friend Merwyn as the DJ and now, feeling emboldened by all the alcohol he'd drunk, he walked over to the bar where Juette had been talking to the groom.

He'd been the one to help his lover pick his outfit for the day — contrary to what Owen seemed to believe, you couldn't just show up at your friend's wedding in an old pair of jeans and a t-shirt. After rummaging through the collection of clothes stored at the Hub, Ianto had found a red shirt and a nice waistcoat that suited Juette perfectly, and he'd helped him slick his hair back in a fancier fashion. Looking at him now, he had to admit he'd done quite a good job.

He cleared his throat as he approached, catching his partner's attention.
"Ianto," Juette said, a wide smile appearing on his face. He always smiled so beautifully; it made Ianto feel giddy to know he elicited such a reaction.
- "May I have this dance?" asked Ianto, extending a hand.
Juette's hand went up to run his fingers through his hair, but he stopped when he remembered how long it had taken for him to style it. "Oh, um, I'm not a very good dancer," he laughed awkwardly.
- "I don't mind," Ianto smiled.
Juette only hesitated for a moment before taking Ianto's hand and following him to the dancefloor.

"How— do we do this?"
Ianto pulled Juette close, guiding his free hand to rest on his hip. "Just think of it as a pattern," he said, "or a conversation. Call and response."
- "Okay."
Ianto took a step back, encouraging his partner to follow with a gentle pressure of his hand on the other's back. "And — because I'm leading — I call, you respond."
Juette nodded, intent on doing well, but— "Ah! Sorry," he said after stepping on Ianto's toes.
- "Don't worry about it," Ianto said gently. "You're only just beginning."

They tried again, Ianto taking a step forward— and their feet collided again. At first, they simply laughed it off; but as they kept on stumbling and stepping over each other, Juette grew increasingly frustrated with his own inability to do what seemed to come so naturally to everyone else around him.

He pulled away suddenly. "I just can't figure it out," he said a little loudly. "How do you even do this?"
- "I've had a lot of practice," replied Ianto, patient as ever.
- "Yes, well, this sucks." Juette turned away, wiping his clammy hands on his pants.

Ianto threw a quick glance around. Thankfully, it seemed no one was paying too much attention to them — he wasn't sure Juette would've appreciated being stared at by everyone. He caught his lover's hand before he could wander too far. "Hey, how about we try it differently?" he said.
- "*Fine.*"

Ianto pulled Juette close to him again as he spoke. "Let's forget about backward and forward steps. We'll focus on moving from side to side."
Juette nodded, so Ianto took a step to the left, still indicating the direction to take with a press of his hand, and his partner followed tentatively.

He continued then, stepping to the right — slowly, giving Juette time to catch up to him — then to the left again. Their dance wasn't perfectly smooth, but they bumped into each other a lot less often now. As Juette gained confidence he finally began to relax, letting his entire body sway to the rhythm of their steps, the smile Ianto adored so much returning to his face.

"I'm sorry I can't do this the proper way," Juette said.
- "You and I together, that's the proper way," replied Ianto.
- "Do you think?"
Ianto nodded. "I wouldn't want it any different."
He smiled softly, and they kept on dancing.

The world was reduced to this moment, nothing but each other and the soft music until the end of the night. It was... peaceful.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!