throughout everything

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/552.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Torchwood (TV)
Relationships:	Ianto Jones/Original Character(s), Ianto Jones/Juette Raynes
Characters:	Ianto Jones, Original Characters, Juette Raynes (Original Torchwood Character)
Additional Tags:	Self-Harm, Hurt/Comfort, Mental Health Issues, Torchwood Fest, Torchwood Rarepair Fest, Canon Autistic Character
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of TOGETHER
Stats:	Published: 2026-09-08 Words: 757 Chapters: 1/1

throughout everything

by juette

Summary

Ianto was quite familiar with the urge to isolate yourself, to drive everyone away so they couldn't see the worst of you, but— he never wanted Juette to feel this way. He brought a hand up to run it through the other's hair, and it wasn't long before he heard a choked-up, "I never wanted you to find out like this."

Juette sat on the edge of the tub in the cramped little bathroom, guilt weighing heavy on his shoulders. Ianto was leaning over him, tall, his face overshadowed. The neon lights above were harsh, bringing every detail, every shameful secret in focus.

Juette's shirt was on the floor, and Ianto kneeled down to carefully clean the wounds across his lover's ribs with a damp cloth.

"I'm sorry," Juette said, voice wavering. He kept his hands tightly clenched in his lap. Oh how badly he wanted to reach out, to touch Ianto, to hold onto him until the storm in his mind had calmed — but he couldn't. He'd lost that privilege the moment the blade had first touched his skin.
- "Don't be," Ianto said. "It's alright." His voice was soft, his touch unbearably gentle, contrary to Juette's fears.

There wasn't much blood to wipe away, but Ianto took his time, making sure not to cause Juette any more unnecessary pain. He glanced up occasionally, making sure his partner wasn't crying. (He wasn't, but Ianto could see the tears gathered in his eyes, ready to spill.)

"Here you go," he said, once he was certain he'd cleaned every scrape and cut.

Juette silently took the t-shirt Ianto handed to him and put it back on. He followed Ianto back to the bedroom, ready to gather his belongings and spend the rest of the night on the couch, until—
"Sit with me?" Ianto asked.
Juette ran a hand through his hair with a confused frown.
"You don't... want me to— go?"
- "Why would I?"
- "I don't know, I... I thought you'd be mad at me."
- "Oh, of course not," Ianto said. He took Juette's hands and pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth. "I would never be mad at you for this."
- "'m sorry, still."
- "I know," replied Ianto. "Now come here."

Juette let himself be pulled into Ianto's lap on the bed. He wasn't sure why Ianto was allowing him to have this — God knew he didn't deserve any of it after what he'd done, but Ianto— Ianto didn't seem to care, still so sweet, still so comforting...

The man had his arms loosely looped around his partner's waist. He was quite familiar with the urge to isolate yourself, to drive everyone away so they couldn't see the worst of you, but — he never wanted Juette to feel this way. He brought a hand up to run it through the other's hair, and it wasn't long before he heard a choked-up, "I never wanted you to find out like this."
- "I know," Ianto repeated.
He'd seen scars on Juette's body before, but with the dangers of their work, it was easy to pretend they all came from guns or Weevils or any of the other things they dealt with on a daily basis. And if he had matching sets of parallel lines all over his arms, it was easier to keep it all to himself. Maybe he should've said something then, when he'd first noticed — but

he'd chosen not to, and look where that had brought them.
Juette's voice interrupted his train of thought. "I'm sorry."
- "There's nothing to apologise for," Ianto said. "It's not your fault."
- "Isn't it, though?"
- "I know how you feel. It's— it's these urges, and Torchwood, and everything else, and... It's not easy to just— stop."
Juette nodded slowly. "Yeah."

Throughout everything, they *understood* each other.

"Now, let's lay down, alright? You need rest."
- "Okay," Juette nodded again.
Ianto wiggled around, trying (and failing) to find a way for them to stay close without hurting his partner — and Juette winced as every move made his wounds sting more.
"I'm sorry," Ianto said, pulling away slightly. "Did I hurt you?"
- "Hurts anyways," muttered Juette, laying on his back.
- "I don't want to make it worse," Ianto replied. "Now, is this alright?"
He scooted closer as he spoke, draping an arm over his partner's stomach.

This was comfortable enough, Juette decided, indicating it with a slight nod. It wasn't quite enough to satisfy his cravings, but— that was his own fault. As guilty as he felt... he was still somewhat glad Ianto was staying with him. He always knew just what to say or do to soothe him.

He hadn't been sure he'd be able to sleep, but his exhaustion was catching up to him and in Ianto's warm embrace, he could feel himself slipping into unconsciousness.

"Tomorrow will be better, I promise," Ianto whispered before he, too, closed his eyes and fell asleep.

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