

Unforgotten

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Jack sat at his desk and typed the report of yesterday's mission into the computer. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed someone was putting a cup of hot, black coffee on the desk next to him.

"Thank you, Ianto." Jack said without looking up from the screen. "Christian, sir." replied a soft male voice. "My name is Christian."

Jack winced slightly. "Oh! Yes of course. Sorry." Jack answered quietly. "Nevertheless: Thanks for the coffee." "Don't worry, sir." replied Christian and left the office just as quietly as he had come.

As soon as the office door was closed and Christian's steps had receded, Jack pulled a key out of his trouser pocket and unlocked the top drawer of his desk.

He pulled out a blue envelope and took out an already crumpled photo. It showed a well-dressed young man with short dark hair, bright blue eyes and a mischievous grin. "Ianto." Jack whispered. "I miss you so much and I will never forget you."

Then he held the photo tight and a tear ran down his cheek. "I love you, Ianto. Forever." Now he kissed the photo and wiped the tear away with the back of his hand. Then he carefully put the photo back into the envelope, put it back in the drawer and sealed it. He just took a deep breath and continued typing as if nothing had happened.

The end