

[Knocked Up!](#) by [lopaka tanu](#)

Summary:

After the fall of Torchwood One, Ianto slept with a stranger in a trench coat. Now strange things are happening to him.

Fusion: Knocked Up-Torchwood/Doctor Who.

Categories: [Torchwood](#), [Movies](#) Characters: Ensemble

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Alien Conception, Angst, Complete, Implied Sexual Situation, Language, m/m, Violence

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 2695 Read: 523 Published: 07/17/2011 Updated: 07/17/2011

1. [Chapter 1](#) by lopaka tanu

Chapter 1 by lopaka tanu

Title: Knocked Up

Author: Lopaka Tanu

Disclaimer: I do not own Doctor Who/Torchwood.

Characters: Ianto, Doctor, Jack, Owen, Tosh, Gwen.

Words: 2702

Prompt: 37. Ianto slept with a stranger in a trench, now he's feeling weird.

Fandom: Doctor Who - 10/Torchwood

Pairing: 10/Ianto, Jack/Ianto UST

Rating: Adult

Warnings: Language, Violence, Sexual Situations, Mpreg.

Summary: Ianto slept with a stranger, now strange things are happening to him.

Author's Note: Knocked Up/Torchwood Fusion.

---

1 Week Post Torchwood 1.

"Are you certain about this?" Pressing his soft lips against Ianto's throat, he kissed him under the chin. "Once we start, I may have a hard time stopping."

"I don't care, I just want to forget." Passion made Ianto breathless. Gentle hands held him tight against the man. He didn't know the stranger's name, didn't care to learn it.

"Good." Groaning, the stranger laid back on the bed, pulling Ianto with him. He hissed as Ianto's firm bottom slid down his erection. "Oh, that's heaven right there."

Ianto gasped, the girth of the stranger's cock unexpected as it entered him. "Mhmm." Biting his lip, he eased himself down completely until their hips met. "Make it hurt. I want to feel you deep inside me."

"Gods above. Then that's what's your going to get!" Growling, he surged up against Ianto. His sharp teeth nipped at the younger man's nipple as he latched on.

With a loud groan, Ianto let go of any second thoughts he might have had left.

~~~~~

Lulling in bed, Ianto hadn't the strength to move. His entire body felt slightly numb. It was a good thing.

He hummed softly to himself. Last night had been perfect. It was everything he had wanted and more. He would have told the man, but he couldn't get his lips to stop tingling long enough to form the words.

Sighing softly, the dark haired man bent over to pick up a pink sock. After he had it, he sat down on the bed to put it on. "That was certainly a memorable evening."

Ianto could only moan in agreement.

"Thank you doesn't quite seem adequate, but I'm afraid it's all I can think of." Putting on his shoe, he tied the laces in to quick knots. "May be we will do it again some time, probably not. But I never rule anything out, what with my life." With a soft twitch of his jaw, he grinned back at Ianto. "Cheers."

"Nggh." Those were the only sounds Ianto could make as he drifted off.

~~~~ Two Weeks Later ~~~~

Holding the kettle, Ianto had to lean against the wall to hold himself up. The wave of dizziness would pass in a second. The others had done just the same.

He couldn't believe it. Less than a week on the new job and he was already sick. His new boss was definitely going to frown upon this. Unless he played it up to the man somehow. Playing Doctor seemed to be right up the man's alley.

Jack Harkness was everything his dossier had warned and more. The sexual innuendo alone was beyond reprehensible. He had done everything except appear on his desk with a ribbon around his dick.

Ianto had a strange sense of foreboding over that one.

With a deep breath, he braced himself. Then he pushed off the wall. The world held steady and he realized with some relief that it was passed.

That was a good thing. The others were expecting their coffee and there would be hell to pay if he was late. As it was, they barely tolerated him. But it would pass, he would be accepted and then he could begin his real work.

~~~~~

"Ow, damn it!" The annoyed grunt came from down in the autopsy bay.

Putting a hand to his gut, Ianto braced himself for what would come next. He wasn't disappointed.

"Oi! Jeeves!" Owen's caustic voice rang out loud and clear in the hub, making everyone wince. "Get your pale ass down here and bring a spare bulb!"

Ianto sighed. His job was never done with that annoying little troll around. One of these days he would get around to it and just put him in his place. There were several bridges in the country side he would definitely feel at home under.

Groaning, Ianto finished clearing away the last of the cartons from the briefing room to the rubbish bin. The smell made the task almost impossible. How these people could stomach the decayed flesh on a daily basis was beyond him.

"Now, Ianto!" Apparently the doctor wasn't content to wait today. It might have something to do with the smell of the body he was autopsying.

That meant he was going to be a bear to be around if Ianto didn't hurry up. Shaking his head, he put on a burst of speed as he headed down the steps from the briefing room. Upon landing in the central platform, he smiled at Toshiko in greeting.

"Hello, Ianto." Her soft words were barely audible over the clanging and clamoring from the autopsy bay.

He gave her a tiny wave and pressed onwards. The dizziness was no worse today than it had been before, but the stress made it seem that way.

"Oh, Ianto!" The sing-song tone of voice came from back the way Ianto had come. "Can I see you for a moment?"

Ianto had to bite back a sigh. Instead of acknowledging his boss, he continued on across to the supply area. There was a supply closet that could be locked from the inside that called to him.

~~~~~

Tugging at his collar, Ianto groaned. He had nearly sweat through a second shirt since this morning. Thankfully, he kept a few spares around just in case.

Inside the supply closet wasn't the most ideal place to be when hot. At least it beat dealing with the heat from the two male members of the team. One wanted to roast him with his coffee beans, the other just wanted to eat him. At least they were predictable.

Exhaling slowly, Ianto moved a large box of spare dust pads out of his way.

Toshiko was a mouse of a woman. Whatever had brought her here had left her scared of her own shadow. It would take time, but she might be a good ally. There was no problem on her front.

He saw the box of spare lightbulbs ahead of him. Unfortunately, they were out of reach. Sighing, he grabbed the first of nine bins in his way and began to drag it back.

No, his real threat lay with the final member of the team. Suzie. Her name did the severe woman no justice. The ice glare she could level would freeze even the most hardened of criminals. She was too curious about alien tech for their own good.

Finally, Ianto had cleared enough of the bins away for him to reach the bulbs. As he leaned over to grab the box a full body flush hit him. Clenching his eyes shut, he groaned.

His cheeks started to burn. Panting, Ianto braced himself against the shelf and bins to keep from falling over. A wave of dizziness struck, making him stagger. The heat made the perspiration on his skin run in rivulets down his face.

Reaching up to wipe his forehead clear, Ianto opened his eyes. He frowned. The room was brighter than it had been a few seconds ago. Another wave of dizziness hit and suddenly the dazzling display became blinding.

Then the explosions started.

One by one, the bulbs in their boxes began to explode. As they did, the light in the cupboard grew dimmer. They finished with a quick succession of the final ten bulbs. Their deaths sounded eerily of a automated machine gun.

Ianto could only stare in shock at the shattered glass and scorched boxes where they had been. "Well, that had certainly been unexpected."

~~~~~

Carrying a cannula of air freshener, Ianto headed for the loo. Whatever had died in there had left a stench far fouler than anything had a right to be. If he hadn't known it was an alien insect, he would have accused Owen.

"Hey, Ianto!" Jack's soft croon echoed down the hall after him.

Ianto didn't bother to hide his annoyed groan. He didn't stop or slow down either. "What can I do for you, sir?" After three weeks of this, he had had enough!

"Well, you could slow down for a minute while I talk to you." Despite the warning tone, Jack was grinning when he came racing up to block the other man's way. He took in the rubber gloves, apron, and rubber boots with a grin. Opening his mouth, he found himself with a face full of air freshner.

"Oh my, sir, forgive me." Ianto didn't sound the least repentant. "My finger slipped."

Coughing, Jack gag. His face turned bright red and his eyes started to water. Bending over, he started to heave. They were painful sounding and full bodied.

"I will just get Owen for you," and he meant it! Turning around, Ianto rushed back the way he had come. He hadn't intended to do it, but the moment his finger pressed down he just went with it. If he did this just right, he might be able to score twice in one day, really getting Owen for Jack.

~~~~ Six Months Later ~~~~

Pulling the chair out, Ianto had to move slowly to ease himself down in to it. His lower back was starting to hurt him again from all the standing he was doing. The climbing up and down those stairs several times a day weren't good for him either. It wasn't exercise he needed, despite what Gwen had suggested.

He didn't understand her obsession with his waist line. It wasn't like he had suddenly ballooned out to fourteen stones. Well, not on purpose. And, besides, he wasn't fourteen stones, just shy of it.

Sighing softly, he lowered his head. He was a pig lately. If he even caught the whiff of something bitter, his stomach growled. It was a chore going out for something and not come back with his mouth full of something savory or nuts.

Bitter chocolate with almonds was a favorite.

Ianto shivered. Even now, his mouth was watering for something he would have avoided only a couple months before. He knew he was a mess, he admitted it freely.

It was all Jack's fault! If he hadn't left them alone, Ianto wouldn't be be so stressed all the time. Was it his fault that he ate when he was stressed?

Opening the chocolate bar from his pocket, lanto took a bite. It was had no sugar and made his jaw hurt it was so bitter, but the grumbling in his gut was quickly silenced. As he finished it off, he moaned with relief.

He was going to have to stop doing that. If he didn't quit soon, his weight would hit a point where he couldn't bounce back without help.

Oh well, he had a job to do in the meanwhile.

~~~~~

"I say he's gotten himself up the duff with Jack's brat. That's why the annoying prick left us here alone!" Looking between Gwen and Tosh, Owen dared them to defy him.

Tosh pinked and dropped her gaze. "I doubt that."

"Why? Just because you haven't seen them shagging like rabbits doesn't mean it never happened." The doctor knew his voice was carrying loud in the hub, but didn't care. "You saw the way Jack was hounding after him, he was walking erection at the mere mention of his name."

"Enough!" Uncrossing her arms, Gwen pushed off the wall. She turned to look down in the hub for their fourth member. Not finding him, she sighed with relief. "What Jack and lanto have done is not in question."

"I notice you didn't deny they did it." Owen's triumph was clearly spelled out on his face and in his voice. "Glad to see we skipped that part of he self delusion."

"We have to talk to lanto about his weight problem." Pushing on, Gwen glanced back over her shoulder. "His sudden weight gain is not only putting his health in danger, it puts the rest of us at risk in the field. We can't afford to worry about if he will suddenly collapse in a critical situation."

"Fine, I'll call pudgy in tomorrow and go over a new diet plan for him." Rubbing his hands together, Owen's grin was down right devilish.

"You will not." Gwen's rebuke was sharp. "At least, not alone. Tosh and I will be there to make sure you stay in line. We won't have you hurting the poor man's feelings any more than usual."

Turning off the security feed, lanto smashed the controls. He had had enough!

~~~~ Three Months Later ~~~~

Sitting in Jack's chair, lanto spun it from side to side slowly. It groaned with every move he made in it but he didn't care. The damned thing could split its bolts before he got up.

He couldn't believe it. Who in the hell did Gwen think she was? Grounding him to the base like he was a common child, the very nerve! Just because he wasn't as skinny as he used to be didn't mean he couldn't climb mountains with the rest of the team!

So he had put on some more weight. He had been doing the exercises Owen had prescribed and cut back his intake of fats and sweets. There was no way he was giving up his bitter chocolate and nuts, though, he didn't care if they threatened to shoot him. They had no right to put him on desk duty.

Taking a bite out of his chocolate bar, he kicked at the paper weights within reach of his swollen ankles. It had taken a monumental effort to get his feet up on the desk. His legs were so bloated from all the water he had been retaining that it hurt. At least the diaretics Owen had left him

before they took off would be helping soon. He had taken one a few minutes ago.

He was considering finding a seat closer to the bathroom just in case when an alarm blared. Frowning, Ianto sat up. This had the negative effect of pulling his legs off the desk. His feet hit the floor like lead weights.

Hearing something crack under his feet, he winced. He hoped it wasn't something important to Jack. The alarm soon drew his attention back to it.

With a groan, he pushed himself up out of Jack's chair. His lower back protested the movement and he had to put a hand there to keep it from spasming. Walking slowly, he refused to call it waddling, he walked out of Jack's office and to the stairs.

He had to use the handrail to guide his bulk down the stairs. It took entirely too long for his pride to get down them. Then he had to climb a smaller set to get up to Tosh's station. By the time he plopped down in to her chair, he was winded and sweating like a pig.

He barely had strength to smack her keyboard to bring the alert up on the screens. If it was an alien incursion, he was going to kill them! Not because they were hostile or anything. It was because if he had to climb in the damned car and scoot the seat back again, he was going to kill someone!

Driving was a pain in the ass when your belly prevented you from reaching the wheel comfortably!

Thankfully, the alert came up without any further prodding. It wasn't a rift indicator or alien sensor warning. Much to Ianto's relief, it was something domestic even.

Just a few terrorists...Seeing the pictures made Ianto's heart stop. Not because of Jack being there on the screen. He couldn't care less if the lecherous bastard showed up with a big smile and a box of bitter chocolate. No, it was the man in glasses beside him on the screen and his name that made Ianto's blood boil.

The Doctor, Alien Terrorist Extraordinaire!

The last time he had seen that bastard was nine months previous. Putting a hand to his stomach, Ianto soothed out the sudden cramping. It would just figure Jack would find the only man Ianto had slept with and he would be an alien!

Growling, Ianto stood up and headed for the weapons locker. He wasn't sure what he was going to do when he found them, but he knew it would involve a lot of fire power.

THE END.....

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=111>