

A new team for Jack

Von Teteiusu77

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Captain Jack Harkness sat in his office thinking about his two new partners: Christian Humberstone, son of a professor of Victorian history at Melbourne University, who has a sense of the psychic, and Angela von Faber, daughter of a musician couple, who has always believed in aliens, and when she was a little girl wanted to be an astronaut. Jack met Christian, a handsome fellow in his early twenties, on one of his adventures in Australia and brought him to Cardiff.

And Angela, a beautiful blonde in her early thirties, he met during the invasion of the Grkh-Chi, when they thought they had to build a base for their dark machinations in Cardiff.

As he was just thinking about which of the two should take on which task from now on, he was startled by a murderous racket. At the same moment his team members burst in and dragged a young woman into the office.

Jack started up: "Angela! Christian! What the..." He broke off when he noticed the young woman. "Oops! Look who we got there?"

Christian replied: "Angela and I caught her spying outside the secret entrance, sir."

Jack looked at the young woman and growled: "Hmmm. Ok!" Turning to his colleagues, he said: "You two please leave my office again. Confidently leave this woman to me." His colleagues gave him questioning looks, but did as they were told and left the office.

As soon as the door had slammed shut, Jack turned to the young woman, who had meanwhile sat down on the chair opposite his desk, hands behind her head and her long, slender legs crossed. He looked at her for a moment in silence.

She had black hair that reached down to her shoulders, dark shining eyes and a charming smile. There was a small gap between her two front teeth that made her smile even sexier than it already was.

"She is pretty," he thought. "And something about her sounds familiar to me. Only what? And why?"

After a while of silence he spoke to her: "With whom do I have the pleasure now?"

The addressed didn't even get to answer him, because suddenly a deafening noise came from the lower rooms of the Hub: Loud screams from Angela, wild curses from Christian and a terrible rumble that came up the stairs. Jack rolled his eyes. "WTF! What is this now?" He got no further with his thoughts, because at the same moment the door was thrown open with such force that it slammed against the wall, he also received a resounding slap in the face and an angry female voice roared: "JACK

HARKNESS! NOT. MY. DAUGHTER!" "What the...? Uwaah!" Jack lost his balance and landed roughly on his bum. "Ouch!" He got up from the floor again and turned his gaze to the person who had slapped him so hard. His gaze met two sparkling eyes in a face he knew well. A grin spread across his face. "Woohoo, Gwen Cooper! Still as fiery as ever, as I can see." Then he turned to the young female visitor, blinked at her and said in a friendly manner: "Now I know what looked so familiar about you. Just the mother: the same smile, the same eyes. Welcome to Torchwood, Miss Cooper."

The young woman got up from the chair, smiled even wider than ever, held out a hand in greeting and replied: "Williams, sir. My name is Williams. Eve Williams."

And so it came about that from now on Torchwood Cardiff was five again. Jack led the team. Christian took over the archive work and was the boy for everything – coffee making was also part of his area. Angela took care of everything that had to do with technology and computers. Eve, the medical student, did the work that required medical know-how. And Gwen, well, nothing about her job changed. She did what she always did best: detective work.

The end