It isn't fair

by Sanctitatem

Summary

At a team bonding weekend at Jack's cabin, Sam's tipsy revelation causes Jack to try and make the situation a little fairer.
First chapter is for general audiences.
Second chapter is explicit. If you don't like to read that sort of thing/are not old enough, then don't read chapter 2.

Notes

Started off as an answer to a drabble challenge. Second chapter was written by request.
I do not own any of this and it was written for fun.

I hope you enjoy and please leave kudos/comments if you did. Thank you for reading :)

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Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
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Fandom: Stargate SG-1
Relationship: Sam Carter/Jack O'Neill
Character: Sam Carter, Jack O'Neill, Teal'c (SG-1), Daniel Jackson
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Chapter 1

Poking Jack squarely in the chest, Sam held a bottle of beer in the other hand and had a confused look on her face. Wobbling slightly on her feet, Jack automatically reached out to hold onto her - to make sure she didn’t fall.

“What’s up, Sam? Why the look?”

Jack had invited the team to the cabin and they’d had a nice evening of drinking, playing cards and relaxing - something they’d all needed after their most recent mission. Even Teal’c.

The leader of their group had found Sam in his kitchen, a little worse for wear, and had raised an eyebrow at the finger pressing into his chest, waiting for an answer to his question.

“Sir … I …” She paused, seemingly looking for the words. “It isn’t fair,” is what she finally decided on. Precisely what wasn’t fair she didn’t elaborate on, though.

“Okay …” Jack said, not having a clue about what Sam was on about. He reached for the bottle in her hand and placed it on the counter top near them. “Maybe you’ve had enough tonight.”

“No!” Sam exclaimed. “No, that’s not … I’m not that drunk.”

Then, both her hands were on Jack’s shoulders and she was reaching up to press a kiss to his lips.

Kissing her back was automatic and all Jack could do was murmur a soft “oh,” after it had finished.

“It isn’t fair,” Sam said again in a whispered, half moan - staying pressed against Jack until the kitchen door started to creak open. Breaking apart immediately, they put as much distance between them as looked natural before Teal’c entered the room.

“Daniel Jackson wants more of the fermented liquid,” he said - nonplussed by what he may or may not have just witnessed. Clearing his throat, Jack grabbed more beer from the fridge and made his way towards Teal’c and the kitchen door - intent on joining the boys again.

“Here,” he said to Teal’c as he gave him the beer. For a moment, he turned and looked back at Sam: a lifetime of unsaid words clear in his expression. He hated the rules they lived by as much as Sam did.

“Sorry, Sam,” he said before exiting the kitchen and leaving Sam to herself.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Their attraction boils over in the middle of the night.
Don't read if you either don't like smut or are too young to be reading it.
Final warning.

The rest of the evening had gone by smoothly enough, albeit with some tension between Sam and Jack. Sam had rejoined the group about 10 minutes after Jack had – her beer bottle back in her hand. She had taken the time to compose herself and try to resemble some sort of normalcy. The watery eyes she blamed on the alcohol and no one questioned it. Daniel had suggested a game of Go Fish and Jack had rolled his eyes at him before agreeing. They all fell back into a comfortable silence broken by the occasional comment or joke.

Sam was the first to decide to go to bed and, having been given the only guest room by Jack, left the boys to decide on their sleeping arrangements. Teal’c stated that he had no need of a bed – he would sit and undertake Kelno’reem. Daniel volunteered to take the couch which left the last bed, and bedroom, to Jack.

As the night moved on, Jack tossed and turned in his bed: unable to forget what had passed between Sam and himself earlier on. Sitting up, he scrubbed his face with his hands before making his decision. Getting up, he quietly made his way to the guest bedroom – entering it as stealthily as he could as he was mindful of Daniel and Teal’c not too far away.

Making his way to the bed, he carefully reached out and shook Sam’s shoulder.

“Sam? You awake?”

The blonde woman opened her eyes and it took a few moments for her to realise who was there.

“Sir?” She asked as she sat up, the sheet falling down to reveal the tank top she’d been trying to sleep in. “Is something wrong?”

Jack stared longingly at her for a long moment. Indecision was clear in his eyes as his military side fought with his feelings.

“It isn’t fair,” he repeated Sam’s statement from earlier. “But maybe ... maybe for tonight ...? Whatcha think?”

As Jack spoke, he’d inched closer to Sam until his nose brushed hers – his lips tantalisingly close to hers.

Sam instantly understood. Knowing it was wrong, she couldn’t fight her feelings any longer. Nodding, the action caused her lips to brush against Jack’s and she met his gaze with an equally lustful look.

“Tonight.”

As soon as the word was out of her mouth, Jack was kissing her. Their lips met heatedly and
urgently. Pushing the covers back completely, Jack pushed Sam back onto the bed and pressed his body against hers. He needed her warmth, her touch, her passion. If they were ever going to make it through the rest of their careers, without being able to act on their feelings, then they both needed tonight.

“Sir …” Sam accidentally let slip, in the form of a needy moan, as Jack’s lips marked her neck.

“Jack. Call me Jack,” he urged into her ear before taking her earlobe between his teeth. The title sounded too close to work and he would never admit how much of a turn on it was to hear Sam say it the way she just had. Jack had a feeling that from now on, he’d think of this moment every time Sam called him sir.

Fingers clawed at skin and clothes, as years of unrequited feelings started to boil over. Their clothes soon littered the floor around the bed as they explored their new found level of intimacy. Moonlight shone in through the window, illuminating the slight perspiration on their skin as their actions got more frantic.

Sam cried out as Jack started to penetrate her and they both froze. Listening out for noises, all they could hear was the sound of both of them breathing – panting. No footsteps. No voices. It was safe, for now.

“Sshh,” Jack both warned and soothed as he moved his hips once more. Staring down at Sam, he couldn’t take how she was biting her lip. He didn’t trust himself not to be the next to moan and so he pressed his lips to hers again in the hopes that it would muffle any noise from either of them.

Hands gripped bedding and each other as they made love. They soon found their rhythm. It hadn’t been difficult – regardless of this being their first time, they knew each other too well.

Back and forth.

Back and forth.

Soon their panting got faster, their eyes spoke of the need of release and their movements became more desperate. Jack’s hand slid between their bodies, down to where Sam needed him. It didn’t take long. Sam’s eyes widened and her mouth opened in a voiceless scream as she clenched around her lover, over and over. Jack watched, awestruck at the sight. It was as if he’d been let in on the biggest secret of them all. The one he’d keep closest to his heart.

A few moments more and he joined her in bliss.

Laying side by side, their bodies still entwined, they smiled at each other – only able to focus on the now and not on what the next morning would bring. They fell asleep in each other’s arms, sated and happy.

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“Hi,” Sam said quietly when she saw Jack start to wake, a slight blush appearing on her cheeks.

“Mornin’” Jack replied as it took him a few moments to remember what they’d done and where they were.

They could hear Daniel and Teal’c in the kitchen but couldn’t bring themselves to care. If this was to be their last moment together, like this, then they wanted to enjoy them. Initiating a languid kiss, Jack was also the first to break it before slowly moving off the bed and collecting his clothes.
“I think I can get back to my room without them knowing,” he said matter of factly, unsure what else to say in this situation.

Sam gathered a sheet around her as she nodded and ran a hand through her hair.

“Did we do the right thing?” She asked, finally looking back up at him for the first time since he’d left the bed.

Jack paused, half dressed, and considered her question for a moment before nodding.

“It may not be fair, but it’s a little fairer now. Don’tcha think?”

“Yeah,” Sam said with a grin that could have powered the Stargate. “I think so too.”

“Good,” Jack couldn’t help grinning himself before turning to the door. “We’ll be heading back to the SGC in a few hours. You’ll be ready?”

“Yeah,” Sam repeated. “You should go. I’ll be out soon.”

Jack nodded but couldn’t help going back over to her for one final kiss.

“We’ll always have last night,” he whispered against her lips, not feeling as sad as he thought he might.

“Always,” Sam murmured back.

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