

A New Life

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A New Life

by [XWingKC](#)

Summary

AU story of finding love again through tragedy. In any alternate timeline or universe, if Sam and Jack exist, their lives are destined to meet.

I did change the warnings on this. In Chapter 6 there's descriptions of gun violence and people dying. Chapter 9 is some awesome, graphic, totally consensual S/J sex.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The snow had been steadily falling. The snow in Colorado can be magical at times. When the skies are clear and the moon is out, the newly fallen snow sparkles like diamonds. Kids and big kids alike go sledding, skiing, have snowball fights, and make snow angels in the snow. But tonight, there was a cloud cover, and the snow was beginning to fall more heavily. The snow was accumulating. The yards in the surrounding neighborhoods already had about a good four inches. The forecast was for far more.

It wasn't supposed to turn into a blizzard. Just a lot of snow. It seemed that CDOT was keeping on top of clearing the snow from the roads. They were sending out plows two and three abreast, laying down salt and gravel. The potential for ice was always there. You can't really see ice anyways. Especially at night. The Emergency Room was not really busy. Not until that five car pile up on the I-25 heading north.

He was going home. He'd been off-world for two weeks. It hadn't been a hard mission, just a lot of waiting around while Daniel looked at walls and buildings. His F-150 was four-wheel drive, but he didn't think he'd need it. He took the main roads home because they were always the first ones plowed and cleared. He was right. He settled into driving a little under the speed limit, and was just a few more miles to his exit.

The next thing he knew, he was on his side in his truck. Not just him. His whole truck was on its side. He was disoriented and his brain thought he was still driving. It took a jolt of pain in his side, and ringing in his ears to pull him back to the reality around him.

He tried looking around his cab. The truck was on its side on the driver's side of the truck, the bed facing the jersey wall. The driver side window was broken, and glass was all around him. The slush from the road was soaking his clothes. He couldn't move to reach his seatbelt. Everything hurt. He was cold, he could feel the wind blow through his truck. Other windows must be shattered, he thought. He tasted blood. He smelled blood.

His left hip and arm hurt. He couldn't feel his left foot. He tried to move his head. Then all he remembers is blackness.

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"Alright, close up. Good job everyone," she said on her way out of the operating room.

She'd been in surgery all day. This was her normal day for surgeries. It was a relatively light day. Two gallbladders, liver lesion removal, gunshot wound repair, and an emergency appendectomy. She checked in at the doctor's station. No sooner had she sat down and she heard her name being called.

"Dr. Carter, it's the ER on line four," the head nurse said.

“Thank you, Kawalsky.” She picked up a phone and pressed the line number.

“This is Dr. Carter,” she said.

“Sam, it’s Dr. Brightman. We have a multi-vehicle coming in. Two critical with probable internal bleeding. Can you stay?”

“Sure, let me just call home. I’ll be down soon.”

She inhaled deeply, and ran her palms along her eyes, then undid her ponytail. She ran her hands in her hair a few times, scratching her scalp, before pulling the long, blonde strands back into place. She picked up the phone and dialed home.

“Hi dad.”

“Hey, kiddo, how are you?” he asked.

“I’m fine. Listen, dad, I’m going to be late. There’s a car accident coming in and they may need me. Can you stay up?” she asked.

“Of course. Don’t worry.”

“Thanks dad. I’m sorry.”

“Sammie, stop. Don’t be sorry. This is why I am here.”

She inhaled deeply and tried to relax. She looked at her watch, then decided she needed to get to the ER.

“Kiss Rebecca for me. I’ll see you guys when I can. Love you, dad,” and they hung up the phone.

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The fire department had to break out the windshield of the F-150 to extricate the driver. They cut the seatbelt and dragged the large man out of the truck. They placed him on a backboard and put a brace on his neck. The paramedics came with a gurney, and they all lifted him up. Then the paramedics rolled him to the waiting ambulance.

As they were underway, the paramedics started a line, and took his vitals. He was cold. Too cold. They put heat packs under his armpits and between his legs. They turned the heat on to try to get him warm again. They put blankets on him. He was still unconscious when they got to the Emergency Room.

The ER was already buzzing with the patients from the car accident, as well as other patients who needed to be seen. The ambulatory patients were triaged by the nurses, and told to sit in their respective rooms or back in the waiting room. Those that could called their families. The other patients in the waiting room had to be put on hold for the two critical patients coming in by ambulance. Dr. Carter was sitting in the center of the ER’s information hub.

When the ambulance arrived, he was immediately brought to a room. A flurry of nurses, along with Dr. Brightman surrounded him in the room. His clothes were cut off of him. A nurse inserted a catheter. They gave him oxygen. He was hooked up to every monitor they had. They put warm blankets on him to try to get his temperature back up. The ER doctor noticed abdominal bruising and ordered a CT scan. He had a gash on his head that would need stitches.

Sam went to check on the critical patients that came in from the car accident. The first patient she checked on had a compound fracture in the lower leg. They would have to call in an orthopedic surgeon for that. She went to find the other critical patient. He had already been wheeled back for the CT scan. She spoke with Dr. Brightman while she waited.

“Patient is a 45 year old male. He is in the Air Force. No known next of kin, but a contact card found in his wallet. He presents with multiple injuries, and hypothermia, but we are most concerned with internals right now. He is in with the CT tech. So, abdominal bruising, head wound, probably broken bones. Still unconscious.”

“OK, I’ll wait to see if you need me. The other critical one is a compound fracture. You’ll have to call ortho for that one. Has anyone called Air Force’s contacts?”

“I don’t think so,” Dr. Brightman said.

“OK, I’ll take it since I have to wait anyways,” Dr. Carter said.

“OK, better you than the resident. He still fumbles with words with these emergency cases. Go see Dr. Ferretti. He has the card,” Dr. Brightman smiled, and Dr. Carter left the room to make some calls.

She took the card from Dr. Ferretti. She tried the first number. The man’s name was Murray. There was no answer. The second number on the list was Dr. Daniel Jackson. This time it rang and was answered.

‘Dr. Jackson,’ the voice said.

“Dr. Jackson, this is Dr. Samantha Carter at the UCHealth Trauma Center. We have Mr. Jonathan O’Neill here. He was in a car accident. We found his contact card in his wallet. You were the first person I called who picked up the phone.”

‘Yes, of course, yes. How is he?’ Dr. Jackson asked.

“Not good. I’m the on-call internal surgeon. He may have internal injuries, he definitely has a head wound, and probably broken bones. If you could contact his next of kin, it would be good to come,” she said.

‘Oh my god. Yes, um, well, he has no next of kin. It’s just us. I’ll tell the others and we’ll be right over. UC Memorial, right?’ he asked.

“Yes, Memorial. OK, come to the ER,” she said.

‘OK, we’re on our way,’ and he hung up the phone.

Daniel went straight to General Hammond's office to see if he was still there. And of course, he was.

"Sir, um, Jack's been in a car accident. I just got a call from the hospital. It's pretty bad," Daniel told Hammond.

"Alright, get Teal'c and Mitchell and let's get over there," Hammond ordered.

Daniel stopped by the infirmary to see if Janet was still there. She was at her desk doing paperwork. He walked in and stood behind her.

"Hey, are you about done?" he asked, caressing her shoulders.

"Hey, in a bit. A little more paperwork. SG-7 came back tonight. Why? What's wrong?" she asked.

"Jack was in a car accident. It sounds bad. We're all going to the hospital. Do you want to come?" he asked her, a little desperate.

"Oh, Daniel, yes, of course. I'll finish this tomorrow." Then she grabbed his hand on her shoulder and squeezed it. They went to get Teal'c and Mitchell to go to the hospital to check on Jack.

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Jack was wheeled back to the ER after his scans. Dr. Brightman and Dr. Carter went to the information hub to read the CT scan results.

Sam whistled when she read the initial results.

"Broken wrist, broken foot, oh, and look. Intestine laceration. I can fix that," she said smiling to Dr. Brightman.

"Dr. Brightman, O'Neill's friends are here in the waiting room," Kawalsky reported.

"Want to come meet them with me?" Brightman asked.

"Sure, I'll have a few minutes before he has to be prepped to move," Sam replied.

The two doctors walked to the waiting room and found the General and Dr. Frasier still in their uniforms, and figured that was O'Neill's friends.

"Are you Jonathan O'Neill's friends?" Dr. Brightman asked them.

"Yes, Colonel O'Neill is under my command," Hammond said. "How is he?"

"Hello, I'm Dr. Brightman, one of the attending ER doctors. This is Dr. Carter, the internal specialist. Colonel O'Neill has multiple injuries, and a lacerated colon."

“Wow. OK. Hi, I’m Dr. Frasier. I’m the Chief Medical Officer where the Colonel works. I can help with any prior history you may need. Please let me know if I can help in any way,” Janet offered.

“We will, thank you. I’ll go get ready for surgery,” Sam said, and gave them all a slight smile.

Chapter End Notes

This story popped into my grey matter as I completed Under The Sun. I have not given up on my Ba'al story. I have half a chapter written to continue that one. But this story was dying to be unleashed. I have three chapters for you now. More to come. I'm not sure how far this one goes quite yet, but shouldn't be too long of a story.

Chapter 2

The surgery for Colonel O'Neill lasted about two hours. Sam found the laceration in the colon. She cleaned it and cut off the edges around the laceration. She sewed the cut ends back together. She rinsed out the abdominal cavity, and they all counted sponges and tools before closing him up.

While she had him in the OR, she had the intern stitch up the large gash on his face. It was above his left eye. They shaved down the eyebrow, cleaned the wound out, then put in five stitches. She figured he hit his head somewhere in the car during the accident.

She let the nurses and the intern do the closing for the abdominal surgery. When that was completed, they moved him to the recovery room. It would be a few hours before he was moved to a private room. She went to the side of the operating room and peeled off her mask, gloves, and paper gown. She went to the surgical floor nerve center and made her updates in the system before making the walk back to the ER to update Dr. Brightman and the Colonel's friends.

When she got to the ER, Dr. Brightman was with other patients. Sam found Kawalsky still on duty and updated him. She walked into the waiting area to find O'Neill's friends still waiting. They all stood as they saw Sam walk towards them. She gave them a tentative smile before she spoke to them.

"Hi. The surgery went well. I found the laceration and fixed it. He is stable and in recovery right now. I don't anticipate him waking up tonight. His broken bones will have to be addressed with an orthopedic doctor. Dr. Brightman was busy when I came back, so I don't know if one has been called or not. But, right now, he is stable and warm."

"Thank you, Doctor. Where does he go after recovery?" Hammond asked.

"He will go to a room where our surgery patients are kept until released. I will be checking in on him for the next few days to make sure my handiwork sticks. If you call my office, or the main hospital number, they'd be able to tell you what room he is in when he is moved. Um, General," she said, turning to Hammond, "Dr. Jackson mentioned he has no next of kin. Do you know who his legal guardian is in these cases?"

"Yes, Doctor. It's me. Next is Dr. Jackson, Murray, and then Dr. Frasier. We're a tight unit. We each are named in his advanced directives, as well as his will."

Sam smiled at the comment, and looked around at the Colonel's friends. She remembered having a group of friends like this in her recent past. She missed it.

"OK, great. Then I am going to go home. I'm glad I could help your friend," Sam said before turning to walk back into the ER spaces.

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Sam drove home and found the snow had stopped falling. There was still a cloud cover, but the roads were clear and not as treacherous. Her mind wandered to the number of friends that showed up to find out how the motor vehicle accident patient was doing. She did miss having friends like that around.

She'd always associated her patients as the result of why they needed her care. It was just easier that way. Earlier in the day were two gallbladders. Tonight was an MVA. However, tonight she did notice the soft lines on the face of the MVA as he lay asleep on her operating table. What was his name?

'Colonel,' she thought to herself. 'No, you dummy. Name. Not his Air Force designation. Gah. I'll just ask tomorrow if I can't remember.'

She parked her car in the garage and walked inside her house. Her dad was asleep in his recliner and the TV was on low. She smiled at him, then made her way to the back bedrooms. She cracked one of the bedroom doors and looked inside.

Her daughter was three years old now. She was growing so fast. She walked in and quietly lowered the sleep rail on the bed. Sam sat down on the bed next to her sleeping daughter. She had very light brown hair, with the cutest curls. She must have gotten the curls from her father. Her eyes, when they were opened, were the bluest of blue, just like her mother's. Sam brushed her fingers through her daughter's hair, then kissed her cheek before leaving her to sleep.

She went back out to the living room to wake her dad up. He had been living with them for over a year now. He had given up his life to help her. Deep down she knows her dad *wants* to be here to help. But still. Sometimes she felt guilty for needing to ask for the help. It wasn't supposed to be this way.

She fell asleep that night thinking about her daughter and her dad. She thought of the sacrifices he made to be here with them. She thought of the way her daughter laughs. Her daughter's laugh sounds just like the child's father. She smiled as she closed her eyes. One day Sam hoped to be happy again. Right now, her daughter was her focus.

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Sam allowed herself some time to sleep in. She didn't have to be back to the hospital until 1000. She padded out to the kitchen to start the coffee. She looked in her fridge and found it full of food. Dad must have gone shopping, she thought. She grabbed the bread and began to make toast. She grabbed the peanut butter from the cabinet, and got a knife to spread the peanut butter onto the toast. Then she grabbed a coffee cup and waited for the dark brew to get done.

"Mommy," she heard from behind her.

"Hey baby girl! How's my Rebecca today?" Sam asked as she knelt down to pick up her daughter and hug her.

"Hungry," Rebecca said.

“OK, let’s sit and eat. Then tell me all the fun things you and Pop Pop did yesterday.”

Sam got food ready for her and her daughter. She drank coffee as Rebecca drank goat's milk. Sam ate peanut butter toast as Rebecca ate Cheerios off of her high chair platform. Sam loved to watch the toddler pick up each Cheerio one at a time, look at it, then put it in her mouth. The child’s mind was always thinking, and very analytical. Sam loved the sound Rebecca made as she chewed the Cheerios. Sam just loved her daughter. Very much.

Her dad came out a little bit later to join the breakfast brigade. Sam got him a cup of coffee just how he likes it. He declined the offer for toast, and proceeded to help Rebecca eat Cheerios off of her high chair. Sam smiled as she watched her family eat.

“How’d it go last night?” he asked.

“Pretty routine. One of the guys from the MVA is in the Air Force. A Colonel,” she said.

“Oh really. Wow. Is he going to be OK?”

“Ya, he’ll be fine. Has some broken bones they’ll have to set this week, but he should be just fine.”

“You do good work, kiddo. What time do you have to go in?”

“I’d like to be in by 10.”

“Why don’t you go get ready. I’ve got the munchkin.”

“Thanks, dad. For everything.”

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Sam arrived at the hospital at 10 AM, and went straight to the shared doctor’s office on the 7th floor. All of the surgical patients are brought to this floor for their aftercare. She checked her schedule for the day so she could start her rounds. She looked down the list of names and room numbers. Then her eyes found his name.

“Ah! Jonathan! That’s his name. Duh,” she said out loud to herself.

She printed off her schedule and folded it. She put it in the pocket of her white Doctor’s jacket, and proceeded to make her rounds. Today she wore dark blue dress pants, black boots with a small heel, and a cream shell covered by a dark blue, thin cardigan sweater that matched the hue of her pants. She let her long blonde hair down today. No need to tie it back if she wasn’t going into surgery.

Jonathan O’Neill was in the middle of her list of patients. She arrived in his room around 1 PM to find the room already occupied by Dr. Jackson and Murray, whom she met last night.

“Good morning, Dr. Jackson and Murray,” she smiled as she walked in.

Daniel and Teal'c both stood to greet her as she came in. She looked to Jack and noticed he was awake, but a bit groggy. She had a nurse with her. The nurse came in and checked Jack's lines and his vitals, and marked them in his file. The nurse handed the file to Dr. Carter.

"Dr. Carter, hello. Good to see you again," Daniel said. Teal'c sort of raised an eyebrow to her and bowed his head. She just smiled at the gesture.

"Mr. O'Neill, I'm Dr. Carter. I'm the surgeon who put your insides back together last night. How are you feeling today?"

Jack opened his eyes and looked at Sam. She immediately felt a jolt inside of her as he looked up at her. His eyes were a dark brown. He looked tired, but he had a sparkle in his eyes, even under the fluorescent lights in the hospital room. She'd have to file that feeling away for a later time.

"Hey, Doc. I'm tired and sore. Can't move my left side. Other than that, I'm great," he said, trying to smile at her.

Sam checked his chart. He had a very routine night, probably because he was out like a light. She saw a nurse note that he woke up around 3 AM in a lot of pain.

"How is your pain now, Mr. O'Neill?" Sam asked.

"Please, call me Jack. And I got a really cool drip last night, so I'm doing OK now," he said referring to the morphine pump the on-call doctor ordered for him early this morning.

Sam smiled at his offer to call him Jack, but protocol and her ethics would not allow that.

"Jack? Your records say Jonathan," she said.

Jack smiled a little and winced when he tried to laugh.

"My parents named me Jonathan. I never thought I was a Jonathan. I've been called Jack since the end of high school," he said slowly, staring into her eyes.

"Ah. I see," she gave him a nervous smile. "Uh, back to work. Your notes say that the orthopedic specialist has been contacted. Have they been by yet to discuss your broken bones?" Sam asked.

Jack looked at Daniel as if looking for the answer.

"Um, yes, he was here around 10 or 11 today. He said the fractures won't require surgery. So I guess that is good," Daniel said, smiling at Jack's drugged up state.

"That is good news. Alright then, Mr. O'Neill. Looks like you will be getting another CT scan as soon as your casts are on. Do you have any questions for me?" she asked.

Jack looked straight at her again, and again his look was so intense it made her jump a little. She covered her jump by pretending to lose balance on her boot's heel.

“No, doc, I don’t think so. At least not now,” Jack replied softly.

“OK, here is my card,” she said, handing it to Daniel, “call that number and they know how to get a hold of me if you need me. My office address is on there too. Once he is discharged, please make an appointment to come to my office to have his stitches removed. All of this information will be in the discharge papers. This paper has a list of what he can eat. Please do this,” she said, looking to Jack, “or you will be rather uncomfortable and may do damage to the surgical site. I’d hate to have to open you up again,” she said.

When she said that last sentence, his eyes flashed up to her. She blushed under his scrutiny. She saw humor in his face when he saw her blush.

“Alright, Doc. Anything you say,” he said with a smile.

“OK, then I’m going to finish my rounds. I hope you all have a wonderful day,” she said, looking at each of the men in the room and smiling at them. She let her gaze settle on Jack for a moment longer than the other two. She quietly said goodbye, and went about the rest of her day.

“Jack,” Daniel said.

“Daniel,” Jack replied.

“What was that?” Daniel asked, smiling over to Teal’c.

“What was what?” Jack asked.

“Come on. Flirting with your surgeon? I mean, she is beautiful and all.”

“I don’t know what you mean, Daniel,” Jack said with a smirk. “I need a nap,” he said. Jack smiled as he closed his eyes. The last thing his mind pictured as his consciousness escaped was the long blonde hair cascading over the shoulders of his surgeon.

Later that evening as Sam was getting ready to leave for the night, she decided to stop by Colonel O’Neill’s room. She wasn’t sure why the hell she was doing this. She has never stopped by a client’s room for a social call before. She had not felt drawn to someone like this since, well, since she was married.

She stood in the doorway. Teal’c and Daniel were gone. Jack was sleeping. She crossed her arms in front of her as she decided what to do.

‘Do I leave a note? Do I just leave and come back tomorrow or the next day after my surgeries? Do I just leave?’ she asked herself.

“I know you are standing there,” Jack said. His voice startled her. She got caught.

“Oh. Hi, Mr. O’Neill. I, uh. I was just on my way home and your room was on my way out,” she lied.

Jack smiled and tried to open his eyes.

“Come on in, Doc. Take a load off,” Jack offered.

“I really should be getting home,” she said.

“Doc, come on. At least let me thank you for saving my life,” he said with his boyish grin.

“Alright,” she said, walking slowly into the room and sitting in the chair next to his bed.

“Let’s take it from the top. I’m Jack O’Neill. Colonel in the US Air Force. Nice to meet you, Doctor Carter. Thank you for saving my life,” he said, looking over to her in the chair.

“Nice to meet you, Jack. I am Dr. Samantha Carter, but you can call me Sam. It’s my job to save lives, yours included,” she said, a bit bashful, and giving him a big smile that also lit up his face.

She mentioned that his casts looked good. He chose blue. For the Air Force, of course. They chatted some more about general things that happen after his surgery. He asked her if she knew what happened to him

“No, I didn’t get to see the police report. I know they found you and your truck on its left side,” she said.

Jack just stared at her now, and she stared right back. She now took time to really look at him. He had bruises forming on his head. His eyebrow was swollen. He had scrapes and nicks on his face, probably due to the glass. If she had to use a word for him right now, it would be handsome. This unsettled her a little bit and she rose up out of the chair.

“Well, Jack, it was nice to meet you, again. I should get going. I will swing by after my surgeries when I’m on rounds on Thursday. I’ll read your CT scans as soon as you get them done. I can also swing by on my way home this week. I mean, if you want me to, or if that’s OK, or whatever. It’s fine if you don’t want me to,” and she stopped herself from babbling.

Jack just smiled and laughed. It was nice to be able to smile again with a woman.

“You can stop by anytime, Doc. I’m not going anywhere. Yet,” he said.

She walked to the door and turned back around.

“Goodnight, Jack,” she said.

“Goodnight, Sam,” he replied.

The way he rumbled her name made her stomach tighten. It’s been a few years since she’s felt that pull of desire. It was even more difficult for her to understand given Mr. O’Neill’s current state of being laid out in a hospital bed. She’s never even seen him stand up.

That night, Sam went home to her dad and her little girl, with the thought that Jack looked like he’d make a great dad. She swallowed that thought, and went inside her home for the night.

Chapter 3

The next morning Sam was on call for surgeries. She got up early to go to her office before leaving for the hospital to do her rounds and wait for the calls to come in. She walked inside and her entire staff was smiling big at her. They all said good morning to her, but kept the big grins on their face.

“What’s up, guys?” Sam asked.

“Oh nothing. But, go look in your office. Apparently, you have a secret admirer,” one of her nurses teased.

“Jacqui, what are you talking about, I do not....” and she saw a large bouquet of yellow and orange roses on her desk.

“What the hell?” she gasped.

“Ya, and there’s a card, too,” Jacqui joked back with a huge smile on her face.

Sam blushed, but smiled back at Jacqui. Sam walked to the flowers and found the card. She read it to herself.

‘Thanks for saving my life, Doc. - J’ is all the card said. It took her a moment to put two and two together.

“Oh my gods,” Sam choked out.

“Do you know who sent these?” Jacqui asked.

Sam kept staring at the card in her hand. Then she leaned in to stick her nose in a rose and inhaled deeply.

“Ya, I think I know exactly who sent these,” she said with a smile she didn’t even know was on her face.

“Who? Doctor Carter! You have to tell us! Or at least tell me. Come on. You can tell me,” Jacqui said, nudging Sam with her shoulder.

“I don’t believe this.” Sam shut the door to her office. “So, a guy came in from an MVA about 2, maybe 3 nights ago now. He is a Colonel in the Air Force. I made the mistake, or perhaps a good decision? I don’t know. Anyways, on my way home the other night, I stopped back in his room. He invited me in and we talked.”

“Doctor Carter, this is so unlike you,” Jacqui joked.

“Jacqui, I don’t know what I’m doing. I have a responsibility to Rebecca. I love where my job is right now. Plus, he is laid up with broken bones and a healing colon.”

“Sam, listen to me. It’s been three years. I know it’s not been easy. I know you can’t possibly be over it yet. You have to learn to accept at least some thanks and gratitude from people. And Sam, you deserve a second chance,” Jacqui said, looking straight at her friend and boss.

“Jacqui, I can’t. Not now.”

“If not now, then when, Sam?” Jacqui grabbed her friend’s hand. “You deserve to be happy, Sam.”

“But there’s probably nothing to this. It’s just a school girl crush for all I know.”

Just then Sam’s phone rang.

“Doctor Carter,” she said.

“OK, I’m on my way,” she replied to the person on the other end of the phone.

“Here we go. I’ll see you later, Jacqui. Thank you,” Sam said, and hugged her friend goodbye.

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Daniel, Teal’c, and Janet went to the hospital to see Jack. He was feeling better and the pain management was better than in previous days. Jack was much more talkative, and started back to his deadpan humor and dry wit jokes with his friends.

The Physical Therapy folks have been by the past two days to help Jack find ways to move around with his left side extremities in a cast. He received a rolling chair contraption where he can put his left knee on, and propel himself with his right leg, and using his right arm to steer and brake. His left hand can sort of just rest on the handlebar, or keep it at his side.

He still has the catheter in, and he’s begging the nursing staff to remove it. He says it’s embarrassing to lug that thing around when it’s time for physical therapy. The nurses keep telling him it’s up to his doctor, not the nurses. Daniel and Teal’c roll their eyes every time they hear the request. Janet keeps threatening to take it out herself.

“What! It’s not like I haven’t seen yours before, Colonel,” she joked, which made Jack wince, and Daniel laugh.

Just then, Dr. Carter walked in wearing blue scrubs. Her hair was pulled back into a pony tail.

“Oh, excuse me, Mr. O’Neill,” Sam said, “I can come back later.”

“Don’t be silly, Doc! Come on in! Join the fun,” Jack said.

“OK, if you all don’t mind?”

All of them at once gave an answer. Sam walked into the room smiling at them all at how they replied at the same time.

“Hi everyone, good to see you again,” she said. They all said hello to her in some form or fashion. Then she turned to Jack.

“Mr. O’Neill, I had a delivery at my office today. Would you happen to know anything about that?” she asked, with a partial shake in her voice.

Jack sat up taller in his bed. He glanced at Daniel, who was giving him a devious smile.

“Well, Doc, I’m not quite sure I know what you are talking about. Would you be able to describe this delivery to me?” Jack said with a grin that Sam was starting to find very adorable.

“Well, sir,” she mocked him and they way he started his sentence, “Let’s just say it was yellow and orange, and made my office staff very happy.”

Jack raised his good eyebrow at Sam. Everyone else in the room was transfixed on the conversation happening in front of them.

“Made your staff happy?” he asked, then his eyes changed, and the look he gave Sam melted her insides. He lowered his voice a little bit and said, “What about you? How did it make you feel, Doctor Carter?” He held her gaze.

He watched as Sam blushed in front of him. He watched her fidget her hands in front of her. Sam could tell everyone was looking at her. It was that moment that she felt the rug pulled out from under her. She no longer knew how to react or handle these situations. Everything in her said ‘run’.

“I, uh. I’m on call, and they have already told me I have a possible appendix. I should go. It was very nice to see you all again.”

She gave one last glance at Jack, and he could tell she was made uncomfortable.

“Sam,” he said gently, as he watched her leave his room. He slammed his head back into his pillow and stared at the ceiling tiles for a while before anyone spoke.

“Colonel, are you OK?” Janet asked.

“Jack, what just happened?” Daniel asked gently.

“I don’t know,” Jack said, and rubbed his eyes with his one good hand.

...

“Dad, I think I messed up today,” Sam said after she checked on Rebecca and joined her dad in her living room.

“What happened?” he asked.

“Someone sent me flowers. It was a patient. I went to see him and thank him. I reacted...badly...when he asked if it made me happy.”

“A patient sent you flowers? Sammie, doesn’t this happen to you often?” he asked.

“Not like this.”

“What do you mean, Sam?”

She looked at her dad and wondered how much to tell him. She wondered if she made the right decisions. It’s not like she had a lot of friends lined up to talk to. And he was her dad. He knew everything that had happened to her and Rebecca.

“I went to visit him in his room on my way home the other night.”

“And that’s a bad thing? I’m not following you.”

She got nervous at what she was going to say next. She worried her hands in her lap, and averted her eyes to look at her hands.

“I think I’m attracted to him, dad,” she said softly.

Her dad smiled at her, and put one hand over both of hers.

“Samantha. It’s OK. You deserve to be loved and to love someone.”

“Dad, how can I? I have Rebecca. No one is going to want a single mother. What if I’m not over him yet? How can I betray him like this? It’s not his fault that he is gone.” She started to cry.

Jacob came over to sit next to her and took her in his arms. They sat next to each other on the couch. He held his daughter as she cried.

“Sam, you will find the right person again. Jonas will always be a part of you and Rebecca. Nothing will change that. Ever. He was so good to you. But Sam. He is gone. He is not coming back. It is OK to open that big heart of yours again.”

“I just don’t know how to do this anymore.”

“Then you take it one day at a time. You go at your own speed. If he’s worth it, he will also take it one day at a time with you.”

“I think I really upset him today, dad.”

“Then go see him and talk to him.”

“Why is this so hard?”

“Because you lost the love of your life in a horrible way. It’s hard letting that go. It was hard for me too.”

“He saved us, dad,” she said through sniffles.

“I know he did. I know. Why don’t you go to bed and then tomorrow go see your friend when you get to the hospital?”

“OK. Thanks, dad. For everything.”

“Goodnight, kiddo. I love you.”

“I love you too. And so does Rebecca.”

...

Thursday was Sam’s regular surgery day. She had 5 scheduled, and planned to go to Jack’s room in between the third and fourth surgery because she had 2 hours to spare. One thing she did today was try to recall her patient’s last names, instead of just why they were in surgery in the first place.

Her first case was an 11-year old who had developed a fatty tumor in the fat layer between his skin and the muscle layer. The kid’s last name was Gonzalez. The second and third were gallbladders. The first was a female with the last name of Johson, the second was a male with the last name was Martin. She smiled as she recalled trying to remember Jack’s name, first or last, on that first night she went home. Now she’d try to remember them all. After completing Mr. Martin, she went straight to see Jack.

She got there and Daniel and Janet were visiting Jack. She hung back at the door for a few moments trying to gain her courage. But Janet saw her and invited her in.

Daniel saw who walked in and stood up to stand near Janet.

“Hi everyone. Good to see you,” Sam said.

“Hey Janet, why don’t we leave for a little while,” Daniel said softly in her ear.

Janet looked at him questioningly, until Daniel motioned with his eyes to look at Jack and Sam. They both looked like they had something on their mind, and then Janet understood.

“We’re going to get something to drink. Do either of you want anything?” she asked politely.

“No thanks. I’m good,” Jack said.

“No thank you,” Sam said.

They left and Sam turned to Jack. She smiled at him first.

“Hi,” she said.

“Hey,” he said back.

“Listen, about yesterday. I’m really sorry how I reacted. Yes, the flowers were amazing, and they did make me very happy. Thank you.” He smiled at her.

“Did I say something wrong yesterday? I didn’t mean to hurt you or make you feel uncomfortable,” he said.

“No. You did nothing wrong. It’s all me. All of it. I am in the middle of surgeries right now. I wanted to come apologize to you. I see that you will be going home Saturday or Sunday. I don’t normally come here on weekends, especially when I’m not on call, but maybe, if you wanted, if it’s OK, maybe I could come Saturday to just hang out or something?” she offered.

He looked at her with the eyes again. The look that turned her into a puddle. This time she didn’t flee. She stood her ground until she heard what he had to say.

“Dr. Carter, I would love to spend time with you,” he said. She gave him a nervous smile and averted her eyes to the floor before he spoke again.

“My friends, and maybe the General will be in and out all day.”

“That’s OK. I’d like to meet them. Wow. I’m sorry. My words are sounding as if we are together or something. I, uh, should go,” she blushed as he was looking right into his eyes.

“Will I see you tomorrow?” he asked.

She looked at him to consider why he was asking, knowing she’d have to do rounds. But the look in his eyes begged for an after-hours visit.

“Count on it, Mr. O’Neill.”

“Sounds like a date, Doctor Carter,” he said with that low voice again.

“Maybe I’ll swing by on my way home today,” she said.

“Then I have something to look forward to. See you later, Sam.”

“See you soon, Jack.”

...

All of her surgeries and dictations were completed by 4 PM. After she cleaned up a bit, she got her things together, and then made her way up to Jack’s room. This time, his room was empty of his friends. They must have gone home or back to work. She would have some time alone with him.

“Hey,” she said as she entered his room.

“Doctor Carter, welcome to my lovely room,” he said, lifting his right arm up into the air. “Please, sit,” motioning her to the chair next to his bed.

They started talking about general things in life, like how much Jack loves The Simpsons, hockey, and yo-yos. She told him of her love of outer space and astronomy. His eyebrows shot straight to the ceiling when she said that. He then went to describe his astronomy platform he built at his house.

“So, do you believe in little green men?” he asked.

“What, like aliens or Martians or something? Ya, I think I do. I find it hard to believe we’re alone out here,” she said, smiling at him.

He wasn’t sure what his reaction to her statement was, but he was sure it went straight to his heart. His mind wandered to seeing if there were any jobs available that she may qualify for. But he was jostled from his thoughts by her standing up. They had been talking for almost 2 hours.

“Well, Jack. This was nice talking with you. I do have to get home. I will see you tomorrow.”

“Yes, you will. Goodnight, Sam.”

If there was one thing Jack learned about Samatha Carter tonight, it was that he wanted to learn more.

Chapter 4

Friday morning Sam woke to Rebecca standing next to her bed staring at her. The child had a smile on her face. Sam instantly woke up to the presence of her daughter.

“Hey Becks, what’s up?” Sam asked, running her fingers through Rebecca’s hair.

“Hungry, mommy,” she said.

“OK, let’s go. Show me the way,” Sam said.

Sam and Rebecca walked into the kitchen. Sam lifted Rebecca up to the sink so she could wash her hands. Sam was very patient as her daughter washed her hands. She learned it takes a three year old a long time to wash their hands, and Sam loved any opportunity to hold her daughter close to her.

Sam helped dry off tiny hands, then placed her in her high chair. She poured some Cheerios on her tray, and went to get a sippy cup of goat’s milk. They found out Rebecca was allergic to cow milk. After trying different types of milk, they just left all cow products out of Rebecca’s diet. Goat’s milk was easy on her system.

Sam started the coffee, and went to get bread to make her peanut butter toast. She was talking to Rebecca, who had a great story, spoken in 3 year old language, about coloring with Pop Pop. Jacob came out to the kitchen as Rebecca was telling her story. He smiled at Sam and Becks.

“Good morning, dad,” Sam said.

“Pop Pop!” Rebecca exclaimed.

“How are my two best girls today?”

“I’m actually good, dad. I’m feeling good today,” Sam said.

“Nice to hear it, Sam. I’m glad.”

“Can I ask a favor?”

“Sure, kiddo. What’s up?”

“So Saturday is Mr. O’Neill’s discharge day. I’ve been invited to come hang out with him and his friends in his room before he leaves,” she stopped talking to let her dad catch up.

Jacob had a huge smile plastered on his face.

“Yes, of course I will stay and watch Becks. No problem Sam. Go. Have fun. Make new friends.”

“One of his friends is also an MD. I don’t know what type of doctor she is, or if she has a specialization. But there may be potential for a friendship. I’m nervous.”

“You will be fine. It’s time, Sam. Have fun with them tomorrow. Will you see him today?”

“Ya, I will, dad,” she said, blushing a bit and smiling up at her dad.

“Good. Then go get ready. Me and munchkin will be fine.”

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Sam saved Mr. O’Neill’s visit on her rounds for the last. No surgery today. No on-call the entire weekend. If she chose to stay and hang out in his room, then she’d have the freedom to do so. She’d play it by ear.

She grabbed Mr. O’Neill’s chart, and went to his room at about 2:30 PM. He had no visitors in his room. The nurse had just come out of the room, and was looking for the chart to update. Sam handed it to her, and the nurse gave her a smile and rolled her eyes as she handed the chart back to Sam. Sam rolled her eyes back, took in a deep breath, and walked into the room.

“Good afternoon, Mr. O’Neill. How was your night?” she asked.

“It was wonderful. I had great dreams,” he said, staring at her, intentionally trying to make her blush. It worked. He loved watching the fair skin on her face turn different shades of pink and red.

He thought she was beautiful. Today her hair was down, and she was not wearing scrubs. She had on black corduroy pants, topped with a dark blue turtleneck shirt. Her doctor’s jacket covered her curves, but when she moved, sometimes a side would open slightly, giving him a glimpse at her shape inside the jacket.

“That’s good to hear,” she said bashfully. “I see you had another CT scan today. Did the radiologist come by to discuss the results?”

“No, only the nursing staff has been in to see me today.”

“OK, well, your surgical site looks very good. The stitches I used inside of you will dissolve in a few more days. We’ll have to keep you on the clear liquid diet for at least 7 more days. That will be more than enough time for that portion of your colon to heal up. Starting next Wednesday you can call my office to come in to get your outer stitches removed. I have my normal surgery day on Thursdays, so I don’t take office visits on that day.”

She paused to let him ask questions or anything else.

“Will you be the one taking out my stitches?” he asked quite playfully.

“Well, sir, I think I can arrange to be the one,” she smiled back at him.

They both got a laugh out of that. They were both still laughing and looking at each other when General Hammond walked into the room. He was wearing his dress blues, carrying his cover under his arm.

“General, sir, you’ll excuse me if I don’t stand,” Jack joked.

“At ease, Colonel,” he said, smiling to Jack. “Doctor Carter, nice to see you again.”

“Thank you. I was just telling Mr. O’Neill that he looks good to go home tomorrow,” then she turned back to Jack. “But, what I didn’t finish following up is that you do need to speak with your orthopedic doctor before you leave. I’ll make sure to contact him so he knows to follow up with you today or tomorrow. I’m sure you’ll still have physio to do,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack said with a smile.

“I will leave you two alone to talk. It was nice to see you again, sir,” she said to Hammond.

“Will you be coming back today?” Jack asked. Sam just looked between Jack and the General. She could tell the General had a little smirk on his face as he looked at Jack. So maybe it’s not just her. Maybe Jack is interested in her as well.

“Doctor, you don’t have to leave on my account, please,” Hammond offered.

Sam smiled at Hammond, and said she’d be right back after putting his chart back. No sooner had she walked out of the room that Hammond started right in.

“So, son, I guess the rumors are true,” he joked.

“Not sure what you mean, sir,” Jack said with a smirk.

“Right. Anyways, I was on my way home and wanted to drop in to see how you were doing. But, from the look of things, you are fine.”

“Ya, I’m quite alright. However, not sure how I’m going to navigate my house with all this crap on me. I think they will have to at least give me crutches.”

“I can also let Teal’c out of the hole and live with you while you recover if you’d like.”

Sam walked back to the room, and hung outside for a moment to give the two men a chance to talk.

“Sir, that would be great. Thank you. I expect the others to drop by after they are done today. And tomorrow, I think they are all gathering to see me discharged. And, the kind doctor is even going to drop by for a while,” Jack said with a smile.

She knew his comment was about her, and it did make her smile.

“I’ll see what I can do. I’m supposed to have my grandbabies this weekend, but maybe I’ll bring them by, too.”

“I’d love that, sir. You know me and kids.”

“That I do, son. That I do.”

Sam came back into the room. For the next two hours, the three of them talked. Daniel and Janet stopped by, as well as Walter Harriman and Sly Siler. At around 5:30 PM, Sam needed to get home. She said goodbye to everyone, and that she’d see them all tomorrow morning.

She looked each of them in the eyes as she left, then allowed herself to linger on Jack’s eyes. She smiled at him, and didn’t feel any fear or trepidation this time. For the first time in a long time, she was looking forward to spending time with a man.

...

Saturday came and went faster than she wanted it to. She had a wonderful time spending time with Jack and his friends. She got a chance to sit and talk with Janet. She found that Janet was someone with whom she could form a friendship with. The General stopped by for a short visit with his grandchildren. Sam watched how Jack interacted with children. It seemed as if he may be a parent. Or at least that he loves children. She spent a lot of time sitting in the chair next to Jack’s bed, at his insistence, of course.

She hadn’t laughed as much as she laughed that day. It felt good to laugh with adults again. It felt good to be around this group of people. She looked around the room at all of Jack’s friends and smiled as her eyes finally fell on his. He looked at her and smiled as well.

She had an overwhelming urge to reach for his right hand. And she did so as she stood as the discharge nurse came in with his orders. When she touched his hand, her core tightened up. She squeezed his hand and immediately let go. But he did not take his eyes off of her. He felt it, too.

Teal’c helped Jack into his wheelchair. Daniel took the paperwork from the nurse. Everyone said goodbye to Doctor Carter. Sam took the papers from Daniel, and wrote on the top page. She handed it back to Daniel, and Daniel cracked a huge smile at Sam. Daniel handed the paperwork to Jack, who read what Sam just wrote.

‘ Doctor Carter 719.555.3281 ‘

Jack glanced back at her with his shit-kicking grin on his face. Ya, he’d be calling her. No doubt in his mind.

Chapter 5

Like clockwork, Jack called Sam at 8 PM every night. She would always start the conversation asking about his injuries and how he was adjusting. He would always start by telling her how she made his time in the hospital more tolerable. She described her home to him. He described his home to her. They discussed hobbies that they liked, and each of them mentioned that they ride motorcycles, or at least used to.

He tried asking her about family. But each time she'd deflect the question. Eventually she admitted that the subject is a bit more personal, and she'd be more comfortable talking in-person with him to talk about that. She also tried asking him about family, but got the same answer. So Jack figured one day when he could walk again without a cast, he'd ask Sam out on a real date.

Jack called Sam's office to make his appointment to get his stitches out. He couldn't get in until Friday. Sam said that was OK. Teal'c drove Jack to his appointment at 11 AM Friday morning. Earlier that week, his ortho had swapped out the cast on his foot for a boot so he could walk.

Jack walked into the office on Friday with Teal'c, and Sam's entire staff stopped what they were doing and stared at the two men. The receptionist gave Jack a huge smile. She had him sign in, and then paged Jacqui and said that Mr. O'Neill was here. He figured that they all knew by now that it was him that sent the flowers to Sam.

Jacqui came to get Jack to take him to a room. She had him sit up on the table, took his vitals, and had him remove his shirt. Jacqui told him that Sam would be in shortly.

Jacqui went straight to Sam's office and shut the door behind her.

"Oh my fucking god, Sam. Mr. O'Neill is gorgeous!"

"Jacqui! Keep your voice down," Sam said smiling at her.

"Holy shit, Sam. I hope this works out for you. How are you with all of this?" she asked.

"He has called me every night this week. We have both been putting off talking about our families. I think we both have had a rough life. It's funny because we both admitted that talking about family should be done in person."

"Then that sounds like he wants to take you on a date!"

"And I would accept. Alright, so let me take this one, OK? Give me some privacy?" Sam asked. Jacqui just stared at Sam with a huge grin on her face.

"You're the boss! Now get out of here and go take some stitches out."

Sam and Jacqui left her office. Sam walked to the exam room where Jack was. She grabbed his chart, and knocked on the door before opening it. She opened the door and walked in. She saw a shirtless Jack on her table. They both smiled at each other when they made eye contact.

“Good morning, Mr. O’Neill,” She said with a grin.

“Hey Doc, nice to see you,” he replied.

“How have you been this week?” she asked.

“Well, as I said on the phone, a person can truly take for granted the act of taking a bath,” he said laughing. “I’m feeling much better now that I can walk,” he said proudly raising his left leg in the air so she could see the boot.

“Nice boot. And I bet that bath was heavenly. So let’s have you lean back, let me raise this end up so you don’t have to lie all the way down.”

Jack swung his legs up on the table, and leaned his body back into the raised table. He was in a somewhat of a reclined position that would give Sam enough room to access his incision. The right side of his body was towards Sam. She removed the dressing that was over his incision and tossed it in the biohazard trash can.

“This looks good. You should have a minimal scar here,” she said.

“I was hoping it could match all my other scars,” he joked.

She reached for her gloves and suture removal tools. She started by palpating his abdomen around the sutures. She heard him inhale deeply.

“Does that hurt?” she asked.

“Not at all, Doc,” he said softly. His tone made her look up at him. His eyes were following everything she was doing. His intense look made her blush. It may be her touch making him breathe that way.

“OK, good, I’ll continue,” she said gently.

She took out his stitches on his abdomen slowly one by one. She took her time, if nothing more than to have contact with his body. She was deliberate in her intention with him. She could feel his eyes on her. She would glance up at him every two stitches and smile at him. She was really starting to like him. He had 12 stitches she had to remove.

When she was done taking out all 12, she wiped down the scar area with Hibiclens, followed by a wet towel. Her touch sent electricity through him to areas he did not want waking up right now.

“OK, that looks very good, Mr. O’Neill. Now, let me get the ones above your eye,” she said with a smile.

She knew she'd have to lean over him a little bit. For any other patient, this would be business as usual. She would have laid the table flat, and moved behind the head so she didn't have to lean over the patient. But he was not a normal patient. Her skin was flushed with anticipation, and she knew he could see it.

"OK, here we go," she whispered to him.

She leaned over him and watched him close his eyes. She took the tweezers and pulled gently at the first stitch as she cut. He gasped and winced, and his right hand shot up to her hip. She froze.

"Did I hurt you?" she asked softly. Her core tightened as she felt his hand on her. She made no effort to move his hand, or even ask him to move his hand.

"It's a little tender up there, but I'm fine."

"I'm sorry I hurt you. But at least you only have five here. I'll be gentle," she said softly with a smile that he couldn't see, but she was certain he could feel the smile in her voice.

She slowly cut the other four stitches out. His hand remained on her hip. She let his hand stay on her hip. She was liking how she felt with the attention he was giving her. He kept his eyes closed the whole time.

She got done removing the final stitch. She had to move to get the Hibiclens and a new wet towel. He watched as she moved around the room. He saw her make eye contact a couple of times. He really liked her smile.

She leaned over him to wipe the eye down with the Hibiclens. She felt him put his hand back on her hip. Her body reacted by leaning into him a little more. It had been forever since that had that type of a reaction to a man. She saw his mouth turn up into a smile.

"Is something funny, Mr. O'Neill?" she asked gently, realizing how close her face was to his.

He caressed her hip with his open hand.

"Not at all Doc. Just appreciating the level of care I am receiving by my doctor," he said, still smiling, still with his eyes closed.

She got done wiping down his eye. She did not move when she was done, and pretended to inspect the suture site by touching around his eyebrow.

"OK, all done," she said softly. She still stood there and didn't move. She didn't try to stand up from leaning over him.

He opened his eyes to find her staring at him. His eyes looked like they were penetrating her, asking all sorts of questions that he wanted to find out about her. She was looking at him with eyes that were a deeper blue than when she first came in the room. He continued to caress her hip with his right hand. She wanted to continue to look into his eyes to try to answer the questions he seemed to be asking.

She was very turned on by this man on her table. Every caress he made had her wanting to lean into him even more. Every look he gave her made her want to kiss him. She was already very close to his face. She found him looking from her eyes to her mouth a few times, as if he were trying to make the decision to kiss her.

He made the decision. Without objection from her, he ran his hand up her back, and pulled her frame down to him. She pressed her lips to him, and felt a flood of heat fill her body. His lips were warm and silky smooth. She raised her left hand to the side of his face, and she held their lips in place.

The kiss was gentle and soft. She felt like it only lasted a few moments before she pulled back and looked at him again. He dropped his hand back onto her hip. She could tell he was a very affectionate man.

“Wow,” she said. “That has never happened before,” she said smiling at him. She released her palm from his face.

“Have dinner with me, Sam. Anywhere you want to go.”

“I’d like that very much,” she replied without hesitation. “When?”

“Tomorrow night,” he said. “I’ll come pick you up around 7.”

“Actually. Can you make it earlier? I’d like you to meet someone,” she said.

“Of course. How about 5, then?”

“Sounds perfect,” she smiled at him. “OK, but for now, I do have other patients. You are good to go, but if you have any itching or redness that spreads, call me or the office immediately.”

“I’d prefer to call you. Do you make house calls?” he said with a laugh and a smile.

“Not at this time, but I just might in the future,” she said, boring into him with her eyes.

He scooted himself off the table and stood in front of her. He made a slow effort to put his shirt back on. He looked at her one more time.

“I’ll see you tomorrow at 5, Sam. Have a good night.”

“See you tomorrow. Good night, or afternoon, Jack.”

Then he opened the door and walked to check out with her receptionist. Sam went straight back to her office and sat at her desk. She put her elbows on her desk, and dropped her head into her hands. She was so happy right now she couldn’t stand it. Jacqui came storming in and shut the door.

“So?” she asked, almost jumping in anticipation for Sam’s answer.

“I have a date tomorrow night,” Sam said, a bit more astounded than excited, or so she thought.

“Oh my god. Seriously? What about Jacob and Rebecca?”

“I asked him to come early so he could meet someone. Oh, Jacqui. He kissed me.”

“Shut the hell up! Sam! I am so happy for you.” Then Jacqui got serious. “You deserve this, you know. It is OK that this is happening. Right?”

“You sound like my dad. It’s still hard, Jacqui. But oh my gods, his lips. Just wow,” Sam said, dropping her head into her hands again.

...

She didn’t know how she did it, but she got through the rest of her work day. Her last patient cancelled, so she got to go home early. As she walked out of her office, everyone of her staff seemed to be smiling at her or congratulating her. Jacqui can’t keep her mouth shut. But Sam didn’t care. She was a good friend to Sam.

She got home and her dad was feeding Rebecca. They both smiled when they saw her walk in the door. She put her bag down and hung up her coat. She took off her boots at the door, then padded her way to the dining room area.

“Hi guys. How was your day?” she asked as she kissed Rebecca’s head, and tapped her dad’s shoulder.

“We had a great day. Lots of naps and coloring. We put our pictures up on the fridge. How was your day? How did it go with Air Force?” he asked, smiling at her.

“Dad. His name is Jack. And it went well. I kind of have a date tomorrow night,” she said, looking him in the eyes.

“Well, I’ll be. That is great, Sam. Do you trust him?”

“Ya, I do. His friends are also great. His friend Murray came to his appointment today. They all are so close to each other. Was it like that when you were in?” she asked.

“In my younger years, yes. But after your mother died, I sort of did my own thing because I had you and your brother to take care of. But, ya. Military life can be very fulfilling with friends. And those friends you will have for life. Even if time passes, there’s a bond you make with each other.”

“I told Jack to come at 5 tomorrow so he could meet the two of you. I hope that’s OK.”

“Of course. I can’t wait to throw it out there that I’m a retired Major General,” they both laughed.

“Thanks, dad. You know, you need to take some time off, too. Why don’t I put in for time off in a month or two and we can go out to see Mark? Or, you go see Mark and take a break from

Becks.”

“Sam, thank you, but I’ll think about it. I’m here for her. I’m here for you. Your brother isn’t going anywhere.”

“OK, but it’s been a year now. You deserve a break.”

“I’ll think about it.”

Sam took over Becks duty for the rest of the night. Jacob retreated to the TV room for the night.

Sam took Becks back for a bath and changed her into her pajamas. She got in bed with her and read her a book. She fell asleep fast in her mom’s arms. Sam didn’t move after Becks was asleep, and started to tell her daughter about the tall, handsome, Air Force Colonel who was coming over to meet her tomorrow night.

Chapter 6

Saturday went a little slower for Sam. And honestly, she didn't mind. She got to spend the whole day with Rebecca, giving Jacob the day off to go do whatever he wanted to do. When Becks took her naps, Sam got to do laundry, and decide on what she was going to wear for her date with Jack tonight.

She chose to wear a blue, long sleeved turtleneck sweater dress. The dress came to just above her knees. The dress molded to her shape. She paired that with black tights, and knee-high black suede boots. She left her hair down for the night. She hung her black wool pea-coat at the door, and stuffed her gloves into the pockets of the coat.

Jacob was home by 4 PM. He got himself ready to meet his daughter's new suiter. Sam dressed Rebecca in a cute red dress with black tights over her pull-up pants. She wore pint-sized dress shoes. They were all sitting in the living room talking and playing with Rebecca when Sam heard a knock on the door. It was exactly 5 PM. She looked at her dad.

"Well, are you ready?" she asked him.

"Shouldn't I be asking you that?" he asked.

Sam smiled at him. She picked up Rebecca and went to the front door. She opened the door and was stopped in her tracks. She was instantly aware of how attractive he was. Jack was wearing a sweater and jeans, and had only one black boot on his right foot. He looked to have put a wool sock on his left foot because it peaked out from the orthopedic boot on his left foot.

"Hi, Jack, please come in," she said with a smile.

"Hi, thanks," he said, looking at the little girl in her arms.

Jacob met them both at the door.

"Jack, I'd like you to meet my daughter, Rebecca. And this is my father, Jacob. Dad, I'd like you to meet Jack."

Jack extended his hand to Jacob, and accepted the greeting.

"Hi Jack, it's nice to meet you. I've heard nice things about you from my daughter," Jacob said.

Jack smiled at the comment and looked to Sam.

"Your daughter is beautiful, Sam. Thank you for letting me meet her and your dad."

"Would you like to come in for a little while before we go? Or are you ready?" Sam asked.

"We can stay if you like. We don't need reservations where we are going," he said.

“OK, please, come in,” and she led them all to the living room.

She sat down with Rebecca on her lap. Rebecca was looking at Jack and smiling. Jacob started right in with Jack.

“So Jack. I hear you are a Colonel in the Air Force? Where are you stationed?”

“I am. I am currently stationed at Peterson, but my job is up at Cheyenne. I’m with NORAD.”

“Ah, Santa tracker,” Jacob joked. They all laughed.

“Dad was also in the Air Force,” Sam started and smiled at her dad.

“Really? Where were you stationed?” Jack asked.

“I was all over the world for a while. I was Commander of Peterson for a while. Then I retired as a two-star out of the Pentagon 7 years ago. I moved here with Sam a year ago to help her out with Becks.”

Jack smiled at them all. He liked what he was hearing. He was a family man and missed having a family.

“I look forward to learning more about you and your family. If Sam lets me stick around long enough to find out,” he said, smiling at her.

Rebecca wiggled to be let down from Sam’s lap. She walked over to Jack and stood in front of him. She just stared at him for a moment. Then she reached her hand out to his cast on his left arm. She touched it and then pulled her arm back and ran back to her mom and buried her face in her lap. They all laughed at how cute she was.

“She’s usually so shy around people. She is getting so big so fast,” Sam said.

“Ya, they do that,” Jack said, quietly and averting his eyes to his lap. “Well, shall we go, Doctor?”

“Sure. OK, Becks, mommy is going out tonight. You stay with Pop Pop and I’ll see you tomorrow. I love you,” and Sam hugged her daughter.

They said goodbye to Jacob, and Sam and Jack left for their first date.

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“Whose car is this? Did you get a new one yet?” she asked.

“I had to borrow Daniel’s. He’s staying with Janet this weekend, so he didn’t need his car. I was planning on getting a new truck this weekend, but another opportunity presented itself,” he said smiling as he drove. His words made her smile.

“Do you like Italian?” Jack asked.

“I love Italian. What do you have in mind?”

“There’s a small, intimate place I know,” he said, glancing at her as he drove.

“Sounds interesting,” she smiled at him.

They talked the whole way to the restaurant. They talked about her growing up as an Air Force brat with a dad who became a General.

Jack parked at the restaurant. He came around to Sam’s side of the car to open her door. He lightly escorted her into the building with his hand on her lower back.

After they were seated, they started the conversation again. They talked about why they each picked the careers they have. Then moved on to other topics.

“So, you know how old I am, is it safe to ask how old you are?” he asked hesitantly.

“Well, Mr. O’Neill, under ordinary circumstances, I would say hell no, but, I am 29.”

He looked at her and did the math real quick. He smiled at her.

“Sixteen year difference, huh? How’d you become a surgeon so fast?”

“After my mom died, I stuck my head in the books instead of in the bottle or boys. I graduated high school at 16. I graduated college with my undergrad degree in Biology and Chemistry in four years. Med school was another three years. At twenty-three, I got into a surgical residency in Denver. They let me finish my residency in three years. I was married and pregnant in my last year of residency. So that’s me in a nutshell.”

She averted her eyes to the table, and got a little quiet after she shared that. He thought she was disappearing into her memories.

The server came to get their wine order.

“Is wine OK for me, Doc?” he asked, trying to lighten the mood at the table.

“Yes, one glass or two over dinner tonight will be just fine for you,” she smiled and looked him in the eye.

“Do you trust me?” he asked.

“Implicitly,” she replied.

“We’ll have the ‘99 Pinot Noir here,” and he pointed to the one he wanted.

“Nice choice, sir. I’ll be right back,” the server said.

“Hey, you OK?” he asked.

“Yes, Jack. I’m sorry. There’s more to my story, but now is not the time. How about you. How long have you been in the Air Force?”

“Well, I was actually retired at one point. But I was recalled as satellite technology became more prolific, and the bad guys started putting their own birds up there. So now I pretty much track other people’s satellites,” he said, giving his cover story for what he really did.

“Sounds interesting. Can your telescope see satellites?”

“My autotracker isn’t that fast. I can track Mercury, but that’s as fast as mine can go. I’d love to show you one night,” he offered.

“Maybe we will,” she smiled as the wine was delivered to the table.

They gave their order to their server. Jack was right about the place being small and intimate. They were separated from other customers. They weren’t sitting on top of each other. Sam felt she could have a conversation without others eavesdropping.

“Jack, have you ever been married?” she asked.

He paused and took a sip of wine before collecting his thoughts.

“Yes. I have been. We divorced about 5 years ago or so,” he said. He looked at her briefly before averting his eyes to his wine glass. She reached over to his left hand, which was still in a cast.

“Seems like we both have things locked up to discuss at a different time and place,” she said, drawing his eyes to hers. They both just looked at each other with a deep understanding of Sam’s words. He gave her a small smile before moving on to lighter topics.

“So, Sam. Do you like The Simpsons?” and from then on, the rest of the night they laughed and joked, and had a wonderful time getting to know each other.

They got done with dinner earlier in the night than originally planned. Neither one wanted the night to end so early. When they got back into Daniel’s car, they talked about what to do next.

“I’d like to share something with you. Do you like to watch hockey?” he asked her.

“I do, I just don’t really have the time. But I like it.”

“Good. Trust me. I think you are going to like this.”

He drove to a local hockey rink. They walked inside, and the man at the counter yelled at Jack and said it’s been too long.

“Hey Pops. Who is playing tonight?”

“Ridge and Apollo. Then the Bears and I think North. And who is this, may I ask?” Pops said.

“This is Doctor Samantha Carter. The top surgeon in all of Colorado,” Jack said, smiling at her.

“Oh please, he’s too kind, Pops. Please, call me Sam. It’s nice to meet you.”

“It’s been forever since you’ve been here, Jack. How are you doing with everything? And what’s with all that cast crap on you?”

Jack glanced at Sam, then to Pops, indicating to the man that Sam doesn’t know.

“Car accident. It’s all good now. All of it. Two tickets please,” Jack said, offering the man \$40.

“No way. This one’s on me, Jack. You two go enjoy yourselves. Come by more often, man. They are still always looking for coaches.”

“Really? Let me think that one over and get back to you. Thank you,” Jack said, his eyes brightening for a moment.

He shook Pops’ hand, then Pops kissed Sam’s hand. Jack took Sam up into the stands of the hockey rink. When Sam looked down on the ice, there were kids playing. They couldn’t have been more than 10 years old. Jack motioned for Sam to move into a row up towards the top where they’d have more privacy. He went in first so she’d be sitting on his right.

“Jack this is great. Did you used to coach kid’s hockey?” she asked.

“Ya, I did, back before my son...” and he stopped mid sentence, and grabbed his hands and worried them on his lap.

She waited for him to finish. She was expecting something like after the divorce, the wife got full custody of his son because he was in the Air Force, or his son got older and didn’t like hockey any more. Nothing could have prepared her for what he shared with her.

“My son loved baseball and hockey. I used to play ball with him all the time. I coached his hockey team a few seasons. He started to skate at age 3. He was good. He had a bright future. He got mad at me one day, I don’t even remember why. I got mad back, and we argued. For the life of me I cannot remember what we were arguing about.

“I stayed outside when he ran inside. My wife came out to see what was going on with us. I must have told her what we argued about. She got me calmed down, and we eventually laughed and joked about how one day all of our arguments would seem silly, and we’d forget them one day. Then she and I heard the gunshot inside the house.”

Jack heard Sam gasp.

“I ran inside and up to my room. I saw Charlie lying on the floor in between the bed and the wall. I was too late. Sara ran in right behind me and all I remember from that point on was the scream that came out of her body. I couldn’t think. I grabbed Charlie in my arms and told him he was going to be OK. But half his face was missing, and his brains were on the wall and carpet.

“Sara was hitting me, and yelling at me, and telling me this was my fault. We both ran down to the car. I laid Charlie on the back seat as if he were sleeping. How we got to the hospital, I

have no idea. But my son was dead, and I blamed myself. My wife blamed me for a long time. We tried to save our marriage, but I don't think you can after something like that."

Sam had tears falling from her eyes as she watched Jack tell his story. She couldn't relate to losing a child. But she could relate to losing a spouse.

"I used to come here, to watch the hockey games, after Charlie died. I stopped coming after I got recalled to active duty. I never should have stopped coming. Thank you for coming here with me tonight."

He grabbed her left hand with his right. She covered both of their hands with her right hand.

"Thank you for taking me here and telling me your story. Thank you for trusting me with that."

He looked at her and smiled. He raised his hand with hers in it and kissed her knuckles.

"So how about you. I sense you have a hard story as well?" he asked.

"I do, yes. It's still hard. Mine is a bit more recent and raw. His name was Jonas Quinn. He was an intern at the same time as me in Denver. I was surgical. He was cardiac. We pretty much dated through our residency, or as much as you can during residency. I really loved him. We had already decided to get married when we found out I was pregnant. His family was in Denver. My dad was still in DC after he retired. He hadn't decided where he wanted to live. So my last year of residency we got married, then a few months later, Rebecca was born.

"I got the job here at UCHHealth after my residency. Jonas took a job with a cardiac health team here in The Springs. Then a few months after Rebecca was born, I think she was 7 months old, Jonas and I were in the throes of passion when he heard someone break in our door. The alarm went off. He jumped out of bed completely naked and grabbed the gun. I went straight to Rebecca and grabbed her and held her tight.

"I heard Jonas yell something, then I heard the guns going off. Rebecca was screaming. I was trying to get her to stop. I didn't know what to do. I was naked with my baby and terrified to leave her room.

"After probably 15 minutes, I heard the police. I put her back in her crib, and went to get clothes on. I slowly walked down stairs and then I saw what was at the door and the foot of the stairs. Jonas had shot our intruder, but he was also shot. I ran to him to find him gasping for air. He asked if we were OK. I told Jonas we were fine, the intruder was dead. The police got there and found me holding my naked husband. With one last slurping gasp, he was dead.

"I waited too long. If I had moved faster, maybe he'd be alive. But Rebecca was my focus. And she still is. He died saving our lives. He was such a good man, and an amazing father.

"Jonas' parents moved here to help me for the first two years of Rebecca's life. Then Mr. Quinn got a job in Arizona. That's when my dad decided to move here to help me. It's been great having the support. I have needed it because it's been hard with my work schedule. It's

also been hard trying to let go. But I guess I never really had a reason to let go before now,” she said, looking at Jack with a face full of tears.

She wiped her eyes, and made herself breathe. Jack looked at her and took his thumb and wiped her cheek. He looked at her and she swore he had tears in his eyes too.

“C’mere,” he said, and wrapped his right arm around her shoulders. He just held her through the remainder of the games that night. They didn’t speak another word to each other. But they didn’t have to. They both realized that night they seemed to belong together. Their lives fit together like the missing puzzle piece both of them were looking for.

After the last game of the night, Jack and Sam walked back out of the hockey rink, saying goodnight to Pops. Jack drove Sam home and walked her to the door.

“Jack, I had a really wonderful time. Thank you. For all of it.”

“Me too. May I ask you out again, Doc?” he said with a boyish charm.

“Ya, I think so,” she smiled back.

“I’m having the team over next weekend. Bring Jacob and Rebecca. Are you on call?”

“If I am, I can swap. Let me get back to you. I really need to find a job where I’m not on call like this,” she said.

“The Air Force has civilian doctors. Have you checked into the Academy hospital? You should talk to Janet. See what you two can come up with.”

Sam just stared at him, lost in his eyes and his voice. The next thing she knew, she was wrapping her hands behind his neck and running her fingers through the back of his head. She pulled his head to her, and kissed him.

This kiss was deeper, and more passionate than the one in the clinic. He wrapped his right arm around her back, and let his left arm hang at his side. He ran his tongue along her bottom lip, begging for her to open up to him. As if his wish were answered, her tongue met his. Heat flooded them both, and a desire she had not felt in three years threatened to consume her standing on her front door.

He tasted like wine and smelled like the hockey rink. She tasted like him mixed with her, and he wanted it all. The noises he was pulling from her pooled in his lower abdomen, and further south of his anatomy. She felt more than heard him grunt as she ran her fingers along his jawline. She pulled back from the kiss and stood before him.

They stared at each other knowing the pieces of their lives that they shared earlier had not surfaced in years for either of them. They saw it in their eyes. They felt it in the kiss. Their pieces just fit. Sam and Jack both may be able to love again after everything they had been through.

“I don’t want this to end. But if we are going to go any further with this, me and Rebecca come as a team. She is my priority. Like tonight, I can’t invite you in all the time.”

“Sam, I love kids. I remember what it’s like trying to have intimate moments when I had Charlie. It’s not easy, and I accept that. If you let me, we’ll figure this out together,” he said, touching her cheek with his hand.

She smiled at him and felt like she hasn’t smiled this much in forever. She felt good about the direction this was heading. She really liked Jack. She could tell he really liked her.

“Alright, then. Let’s see where this goes, then. Thank you for tonight. I had a really good time.”

“Goodnight, Sam. Thank *you* for tonight. It was nice to be able to talk to someone like that again.”

“Goodnight, Jack. I’ll let you know about next week.”

She kissed him again, albeit more briefly than the last one. She turned and smiled at him as she opened her door and walked back inside her home. Her smile lit up his night. She closed the door and thought that she wasn’t sure if she believed in love at first sight. But if she did, it would be with Jack O’Neill.

Chapter 7

Sam's week got incredibly busy after a relaxing Sunday with her dad and Rebecca outside in the snow. She was on call all week, and got called in to surgery every night. Her office hours were constant. Her regular surgical day on Thursday was, thankfully, cut short by cancellations. She had arranged to swap on-call duty for the weekend, so the day at Jack's was the one thing she looked forward to.

Jack did try to call her every night. But she just wasn't available due to being in surgery all week. He'd leave messages with Jacob, and with her office staff. Jacob would chat with him on the phone sometimes. Jack knew that Jacob was feeling him out, but Jack found he was really starting to like Sam's dad.

Jack sent more flowers to her office on Friday. Jacqui had put the flowers up on the main receptionist counter so everyone could see them. Her staff was full of smiles again.

Sam smiled as she walked in her office and saw the flowers. This time they were a mix of lilies. She knew she'd never told him, but Stargazer Lilies were her favorites. The smell in the office was intoxicating. Sam walked into the smiles of her staff. She took the card and read it.

' We are all looking forward to seeing you guys tomorrow - J '

Sam smiled and took the card into her office and got ready for the day. Jacqui came into her office as usual to ask about her week and her date. Sam gave her the short version, and said she and her family were invited to a group day at Jack's tomorrow. Jacqui raised her eyebrows at Sam.

"How serious is this, Sam?"

"It's not. At least not yet, I don't think. But it has potential," she replied.

"I'm happy for you. But be careful. Becks doesn't need a love-em-and-leave-em person, and neither do you."

"Jacqui, there's been no loving. Yet," Sam said, blushing as she smiled.

"Alright. I'll be watching out for you."

"I know you will, Jac. Huh. Jac. Jack. Now I have two of you in my life," Sam giggled. Jacqui laughed back.

"OK, the first patient is in room 3. Ready to start our day?"

Sam's Friday went well. No major issues, and no calls to surgery. She really would talk to Janet tomorrow about a new job. Maybe she could still serve the Air Force as a civilian.

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Sam woke up after Jacob and Rebecca on Saturday. She had an exhausting week, and was glad that Dr. Craig swapped weekends with her. She needed sleep and a break. Instead of rushing out to say good morning to her family, Sam drew herself a bath. She added lemongrass and sage bath oil, and stripped down and slowly sank into the hot water.

She realized she was a little nervous about today. Her dad and Becks would be meeting Jack's friends today. She would be with his friends again. She really liked his friends. She imagined what his house really looked like. He tried to explain it on their date, but it's never the same when you see something in person.

She was very curious about the astronomy platform on his roof. She hoped one day to go up there with him. Just maybe not so much in the winter. Although, it would give her an excuse to cuddle up next to him. She tingled at that thought, and knew she was in trouble. She was really attracted to Jack. But her child came first.

She got dressed and put jeans and a sweater on. She put some fluffy house socks on and padded her way to find her dad and Becks. They were in her living room quietly watching TV.

"Hey dad. Good morning. Thanks for letting me sleep. I really needed it."

"Not a problem, kiddo. What time do you want to leave?"

"Jack said anytime after 11. It's 10:30 now. So take your time. I'll get Becks ready."

They were all ready about an hour later. Sam got Becks all bundled up in winter clothes, and they went to the car. It was a gorgeous day out. No clouds were in the sky, and the sun made the snow sparkle. Sam started to drive while her dad read the directions written on a piece of paper.

They drove past a few neighborhoods, and turned into a long street that seemed to end at the address Jack gave her. Sam saw a few cars parked in the spaces outside of a house at the end of the road. She saw a brand new, black Ford F-150 and smiled when she figured out they were at the correct location. She pulled her car into an empty spot and put it in park. She got out and began to unbuckle Becks from her car seat.

Jack must have seen them pull up because he came out to greet them. He was smiling and looking very handsome in jeans and a black turtleneck. Sort of reminded her of Steve Jobs.

"Sam, Jacob, and Rebecca! Welcome. Thank you for coming. Can I help with anything?" he asked.

"Hi Jack," Sam said with a smile. "I, uh, didn't bring anything but us. Was I supposed to bring something?" she asked nervously.

"Absolutely not. We've got it all covered. Come on in," Jack motioned for them to go to the front door.

Rebecca wanted to walk, so Sam held her hand as they walked inside his home. The front door opened into a long, rectangular hallway. To the left, the hallway led to a few stairs that lowered to a living room space, with sliding glass doors that emptied onto a large deck. To the right of the hallway led to the kitchen, dining room, and bathroom.

Everyone was in the living room. Jack helped Sam take her coat off, and offered to take Jacob and Rebecca's coats. He put them in his guest room on the bed with everyone else's. Jack had them join everyone in the living room.

When they stepped down into the living room, Jacob heard his name called.

"Jacob?" a large, bald man exclaimed. Jacob looked to where the sound came from.

"George? What the hell? Small world! How are you?"

"I'm doing well. Still active duty in charge of this rowdy bunch here," raising his arms and extending his hands across the room to everyone seated in the small space.

"Looks like your dad knows the General," Jack whispered in Sam's ear. She smiled.

"Ya, seems like it," she said sarcastically.

"And who do we have here?" George asked, looking down to Rebecca.

"Sir, you already know Doctor Carter. This is her daughter, Rebecca," Jack said.

"Nice to see you all again," Sam said. "This is my father, Jacob Carter, US Air Force, Retired," she said with a little laugh.

Everyone said hi, and started talking again. Jacob and General Hammond started catching up. Daniel and Janet cornered Sam and asked her all sorts of questions about her date with Jack. They said he wasn't spilling the beans. Jack seemed to have all the attention of Rebecca right now. She was talking to him in her toddler language, which was actually pretty good. She could carry on a conversation pretty well. Becks was mesmerized by Jack's cast again. Teal'c sat and observed everyone as usual.

Sam had chances to talk with Janet throughout the day. She asked about jobs in the Air Force for doctors where she wouldn't have to be on call.

"I know the Academy hospital is always looking for doctors. What is your undergrad in again?" Janet asked.

"Double major Biology and Chemistry," Sam replied.

"Really? Well, if you can get a security clearance, you might even apply for a job at Peterson. There's some very interesting research going on there in both modalities. Let me write down the name and number of someone to call. Drop my name and Jack's name," Janet smiled at Sam as she said that. What Janet couldn't say was that the Stargate program was looking for biologists to help with alien physiology.

“Right now I’ll apply to anything as long as I don’t have to be on call any more. One thing I can say even just after these past two or three weeks is that I can’t have a love life with my schedule,” she said quietly to Janet. Janet smiled big when she heard that from Sam.

“So, what’s the deal with you guys? Jack is not saying a single word to us. Come on, spill the beans!”

Sam smiled and looked over at Jack. He was fully engaged in conversation with Becks. She couldn’t help the swell in her heart over the sight.

“Janet, there’s not much to say. We went on one date, and now here I am. My week was shit, and I’m exhausted. I swapped on-call weekends with another doctor just so I could be here today. I told Jack that Rebecca is my priority. If this ends up going anywhere, she and I come as a package deal. But I’m glad to see she is warming up to him. He seems so wonderful with children.”

“He used to be married, and had a son,” Janet said, averting her eyes.

“Ya, we spoke of that on our date. I also opened up to him about how my husband died. It’s like we are two broken souls who found each other,” she said that out loud not even realizing it until Janet put her hand on her shoulder.

“Jack is a good man, Sam. He won’t rush you or hurt you. I’ve known him long enough to know he doesn’t take relationships lightly. In fact, none of us can say if he has ever been on a date since his divorce. Daniel has known him the longest. He’s not seen it either,” Janet said.

Over on the other side of the living room, Jacob and Hammond continued to talk and catch up. After Jacob explained how he moved here with Sam, Hammond offered an observation.

“Jake, I’ve known Jack for about 5 years now. I can tell you that I’ve never seen him this happy before,” Hammond said.

“It’s been hard for Sam, George. She didn’t have the happy ending she deserved. Tell me. Is this Jack guy trustworthy?”

George looked over to Jacob. He thought about his words carefully before speaking.

“Jake, I have not seen a more honorable man under my command in years. Jack is a loose cannon, and rather irreverent to the command structure at times, but I consider that boy like a son to me. And you know I don’t claim family lightly. His word is everything to him.”

“Alright. Thanks, George. So. You still can’t tell me what you do under that silo, can you?” Jacob asked jokingly.

“Sorry, Jake. You know better,” he said laughing. “It’s good to see you again.” Then the two old friends went back to talking and catching up.

Teal’c got up to go outside to start the grill. Jack had outdoor propane heaters set up along the deck so it would be comfortable if people moved outside. Sam went over and sat next to Jack as he was still the focus of Rebecca’s attention.

“She seems to really have taken to you. I’ve never seen her do that before,” Sam said.

“I think she knows how much I like kids.”

“Or maybe she thinks you are just a big, tall, handsome kid yourself,” Sam joked.

“Handsome? Your mommy said I’m handsome, what do you think, Becks?” he asked with a smile from ear to ear.

“Jacqui!” Rebecca said, pointing to Jack.

“Well, yes, sort of Becks. Very similar name. Good girl,” Sam said, then turned to Jack. “My head nurse’s name is Jacqui. So she hears me call her Jac, and she hears me call you Jack. She’s getting to be so darn smart,” Sam said smiling.

Rebecca just laughed and leaned into his shoulder while looking at her mother. Jack, Sam, and Becks spent time together on the floor laughing and playing. They didn’t notice that every eye in the room was taking turns looking at them. The three of them were truly focused on each other. Teal’c came back in from the grill.

“O’Neill, it is time to char the meat,” Teal’c said.

“Coming, T,” he said.

Jack got up and kissed the top of Sam’s head without thinking. Then he patted Becks on her head. He moved to the kitchen to help Teal’c.

Sam looked to Daniel, who was a few feet away from her, with Janet sitting on the floor between Daniel’s legs.

“Why does he call Murray ‘T’?” Sam asked.

“Oh, uh, Murray’s tribal name is Teal’c. His family is from a small tribe in Africa. He came here as a boy and adopted an American name so people wouldn’t be confused by his tribal name,” Daniel said, using Teal’c cover story.

“Ah. I see. Makes sense,” Sam replied.

Jack and Teal’c got the food ready on the grill. Daniel and Janet prepared the food inside and spread it all out on the dining room table. They’d eat buffet style. It really was a family event today. Sam felt at ease here with Jack and his friends. Her daughter was obviously comfortable, and really took a liking to Jack.

Teal’c and Jack brought in the steaks, burgers, and dogs off the grill. Sam handed Becks to Jacob, and went to prepare the food for them both. She got Jacob a steak and salad, and she got Becks a hot dog. She cut the hot dog into toddler-sized bites, and put a small scoop of macaroni and cheese on the plate. She brought the food to Jacob, then took Becks and sat on the floor next to Jacob.

Sam put Becks between her legs and then watched her eat. Jack noticed that Sam didn't get herself any food yet. After about 15 minutes, Jack dropped down in front of Sam and Becks and asked if he wanted him to watch her while Sam went to get some food. She looked up at Jacob, who was still talking to Hammond.

"Ya, OK. Thank you, Jack. That would be great. Do you need anything while I'm up?" she asked.

"Maybe another beer?" he asked. It was only his second of the day, and the first one was about two hours ago.

"Sure. I'll be right back," she smiled as she used his shoulder to help her up from her sitting position.

Sam took about ten minutes before she came back with her food and Jack's beer. She had been sidelined talking to Daniel and Janet at the food. She was enjoying getting to know these friends.

Sam sat back down next to Jack, and facing Becks. Jacob and Becks were done eating, and Jacob offered to take empty plates to the kitchen. This left the three of them alone on the floor again. They just talked and watched Becks interact with people in the room. She walked to Teal's and was impressed with his biceps.

Around 3 PM, Becks was getting tired and cranky. Sam decided it was time to go home. Jacob said his goodbyes to Hammond, and offered to get Becks ready to go and start the car. This allowed Sam to make her rounds and say goodbye to people who she hoped she could now call friends.

Jack brought her coat to her, and helped her put it on. Then she turned to him in the hallway by the front door.

"Thank you for this. Rebecca really likes you, and is really taking to your friends, too," she told Jack.

"I'm glad you came over. I think they all like you and your family," He said, smiling as he went in to hug her. A peaceful warmth came over Sam as she fell into his arms.

"Hey, what are you doing tomorrow?" he asked her.

"Sundays are our family days. We normally take Becks across the street to the park there, and pull her in a small plastic sled as me and dad just walk around in the snow. Then we either cook or order in," she paused in thought for a moment.

"Um, I think it would be OK if you wanted to come with us tomorrow. I'm on call next weekend, so I won't be able to do anything with you. So why don't we just include you in our family day tomorrow?" she said with a huge smile.

Janet overheard Sam and let out an "Oh my god," on the other side of the wall in the dining room. They both heard Daniel smack her, and say, "Sshhh!" Sam and Jack both laughed.

“I’d like that very much. What time?” he asked.

“I’d say anytime after noon will be OK,” she said.

“Alright, Doc. Sounds like a date,” he said using his smoldering eyes. He moved his head down a bit and kissed her gently. Sam closed her eyes and let the sensation fill her from her head to her toes. She smiled into the kiss as Jack pressed his lips tighter for one second before pulling back.

“Good night, Jack. I had a good time today. Thank you.”

“Good night, Sam. I will see you tomorrow.”

Then Sam turned and opened the door and went to meet her dad and daughter in the car.

Jack closed the door and went back to the living room. Everyone was smiling and whistling at him.

“Very funny. And eavesdropping? Really?” he said, smiling to them all.

“Wow, Jack. She is something else,” Hammond said. Everyone shook their heads in agreement.

“Ya. She really is, they both are,” he said smiling.

“And Rebecca is so sweet and so smart,” Hammond continued.

“Jack, I know she’s already talked to you. She’s been through a lot. Just be patient and gentle with her, OK?” Janet said.

“Doc, you have no reason to fear. This one I’m definitely going to let slowly burn and let her decide where we go. I’m not sure if I really believe in all that hokey love at first sight crap. But if I did, *that* would be it,” he said, motioning to the door.

Everyone in the room smiled and looked at Jack at the same time. He smiled back and quickly changed the subject. But he knew they all supported him, and he was pretty sure they saw the same thing that he felt. Doctor Samantha Carter was probably perfect for Jack.

Chapter 8

Jack called Sam before he left his house to make sure it was still OK to come to family day. Sam assured him it was fine. He told her he'd be over shortly.

He arrived a little after noon, just in time for Jacob to put Rebecca's jacket and snow clothes on. The three of them walked across the street, Sam carrying Becks, and Jacob towing her sled behind them.

They got to a good and snowy spot and lowered Becks into the sled. Jacob began pulling her along behind them, sliding her along in the snow. She loved being outside, and was quite fond of snow, too. Sam and Jack walked behind the sled at first. Becks started getting cranky, so Sam took over from Jacob, then Jacob and Jack walked up front.

That didn't work on the grumpies either, so Jack tried pulling the sled. Becks stopped her complaining and looked up and smiled at Jack. The child really had taken to Jack quickly. This was only the third time meeting him, and already she wanted him to play with her.

"Well, would you look at that. I've been replaced already," Sam said jokingly.

"Never!" Jack said. "I'm just the tall, handsome, big kid, remember?" he said with a sparkle in his eye. Sam smiled and blushed, as she remembered making the comment yesterday at his place. Jack started pulling a little bit faster, and that made Becks laugh a lot. He started slowly turning her around in circles. He was smiling the whole time he was playing with her in the sled.

He ran ahead of Sam and Jacob. Sam started to say something, but Jacob touched her arm and turned to her.

"Sam, trust him. Just stand and watch," Jacob assured her.

Jack continued to play with Rebecca, making her laugh. Jack eventually slowed down, and began to walk with her in the sled again. Sam watched curiously, and everything she saw pulled at her heart. She was also certain he was going to ruin his orthopedic boot, but he didn't seem to care. Jack still had three more weeks in the cast and in the boot.

Jack's attention was fully focused on Rebecca. He was really having a good time with her. Sam wondered how much of his mind was on his son Charlie. Jacob looked at her and noticed she had a few tears in her eyes.

"You OK?" he asked her.

"Ya, dad. I think for the first time in a long time, I'm really OK, or at least I am really going to be OK," she said smiling at her dad. "I wish Jonas could see this. I wish he were still here.

"I know, kiddo. Me too. But maybe you are getting a second chance."

“Dad, look at him, and look how she looks at him. Do you think everything is going to be OK now?” she asked.

Jacob hugged his daughter and held her as she sobbed. Jack noticed them, and made his way back to them with Rebecca in tow.

“Why don’t I take her back to the house and you two can talk,” Jacob offered Sam. He released her from the embrace to look at her.

“Sam, it’s OK to let this happen. He would have wanted you to be happy,” Jacob continued.

“Hey guys, is everything OK?” Jack asked as he reached them. He noticed Sam’s watery eyes.

“Yes, it’s all good. I’m going to take Rebecca back to the house and get her ready for a nap. I’ll see you two soon,” Jacob said.

Then he took the sled from Jack, and walked back to Sam’s house with Rebecca. Jack stood a moment and just looked at Sam.

“You OK?” he eventually asked Sam. He wiped her eyes gently with his thumb, then held one of her mittened hands.

“Ya, I am very OK. Jack, you are so good with her, and she really likes you,” she said, looking at him. “I just feel, I don’t know, I feel like this is happening too fast, but then also that it’s not happening fast enough, and I wish he could know that I’m going to be OK. I don’t know. Am I crazy?” she asked.

Jack smiled at her. He brought her into an embrace and held her close.

“You are the furthest thing from crazy, and I know you are going to be OK,” he said softly into her ear as he held her. “If this is going too fast for you, then I’ll back off and let you figure this out,” and he pulled back a bit so he could see her face.

“But Sam, I like you. A lot. And I adore your daughter. This is something I haven’t had in years. I can wait for you. Let’s go back and then I’ll go home.”

Sam looked at him and smiled. She had a lot of questions. Is this what she wanted? Does she really want space right now? Her work schedule was crazy anyways, so she’d have her space built into her life already.

“OK,” she agreed, and then placed her hand into the bend in his elbow, and they walked back to her house together.

They got to his truck and stopped as he got his keys out. She turned to face him to say goodbye.

“Jack, I’m sorry. I’m just scared,” she admitted.

“I know you are. I sort of am, too.”

“I want to be with you, I just don’t know how. I mean, I know how, obviously, I have a three year old. Work is crazy and doesn’t give me a lot of time to build a relationship. Can you just walk with me as I figure this out?” she asked.

He looked at her starting at the top of her blonde head, to her eyes, then to her lips, and back to her eyes. He understood her meaning. His mouth turned up slightly at the sides.

“We can be standing still and I’m going to be right next to you figuring this out,” he said. Then he leaned in and kissed her gently. He stopped and looked at her and found her eyes piercing him. They both smiled.

“Doctor Carter, did I just hear you say you wanted to sleep with me? Because I’m pretty sure that’s what I heard,” he said, laughing. He made her blush.

“Ya, pretty sure I did,” she replied, smiling and blushing, and touching his arm.

“Thank you for today. This meant a lot to me, Jack. You are very good with Becks. To me, that means more than anything,” she smiled at him. “Call me, or I’ll call you.”

“You betcha. I’m not going anywhere, Sam. I’ll be in touch. Have a good night,” he said, tucking a bit of her long blonde hair behind her ear.

“You too. Drive safe.”

She watched him drive off and walked into her house with a huge smile on her face. She’d promised herself to call that number Janet gave her tomorrow. Perhaps a new job would give her more freedom to have a real relationship with Jack. Because now she knew more than ever, he was worth the effort if for nothing else than how he treated her daughter. She wanted this man. In every way possible.

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Monday at work was busy, but she’d have time to call the number from Janet at lunch. Jacqui came in and got the scoop on the weekend. Jacqui started crying when Sam described how Jack interacts with Becks, and how he has some magical power to stop her crankies and grumpies. Sam also told her she was going to start looking for a new job. Jacqui agreed that it’s probably time Sam found something more stable, not just for Sam and her lack of romance, but for her daughter, too. Becks needs mom around more.

Sam called the number at lunch time. The man on the phone offered her an appointment for an initial interview on Wednesday. She figured it was so quick because she dropped Janet and Jack’s name. She and Jacqui took Sam’s appointment list Wednesday and called everyone to either reschedule, or come see Jacqui for easy things like removing stitches or surgical site checks. Sam called to make sure she wasn’t on call this week. All of a sudden, Sam had Wednesday off.

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Jack asked if Sam would like him to drive her to Peterson on Wednesday and show her where she needed to go. The thought of spending the entire day with Jack was something she looked forward to. Of course she wanted him to take her.

He came to pick her up a little early on Wednesday so he could come in and have coffee and peanut butter toast with her and Jacob. Becks woke up while he was there, and she ran to him and hugged his leg. He lifted her up and hugged her back, both of them full of smiles. They finished coffee and toast, then Jack and Sam left to go do her interview.

After her interview, things turned into much, much more. She ended up taking both the Counterintelligence and Lifestyle Polygraph tests, blood was drawn, security clearance paperwork filed, fingerprints taken, and a litany of other paperwork filled out, some of which included beneficiary and next of kin information.

It was a long day and Sam's head was swimming with what took place after her interview. She didn't get done with all of it until after 3 PM. Jack was still there waiting for her. He did take time to eat and go talk to people he knew while he waited. He knew exactly why all the other tests and paperwork was being filled out. Someone in the Stargate program wanted her for the job. But he couldn't say anything. Yet.

He picked her up in the office where he dropped her off in the morning for the interview. He quickly called General Hammond to let him know that she was done, and he'd be leaving Peterson shortly. They hung up, and Sam and Jack started to drive back to Sam's.

"How would you like to come over for an early dinner? I know you have surgery tomorrow," he asked her. She looked hesitant at first, and glanced over to him with her mouth open as if she was going to say something.

"It's just dinner, Doc. Just dinner, and nothing more," he said smiling. That seemed to settle her nerves a bit.

"OK, you're right. Two adults having dinner, right? We can do this," she said, trying to convince herself more than anyone. They both smiled and laughed at her nervous commnet, and Jack drove the car to his home.

They pulled up to Jack's place, and walked inside. She quickly called her dad to let him know she'd be late. Jack took her coat and put it on a chair in the living room. She walked around some more in his living room. Last time she was here, the room was full of people. She was looking at the pictures and awards that were above his fireplace.

"Would you like something to drink? Beer? Water? Wine?" he asked.

"How about water now, wine with dinner?" she asked. He smiled at her.

"Sure thing, Doc. Be right back."

She sat down on his couch and waited. He came back with a glass of water for her, and a beer for him. She asked him all sorts of questions about her interview, and why they had to do so

many tests on her today. He explained what he could, and explained it would be a few weeks until they found out if she was selected. But deep down, he knew she was already accepted.

A little later on, he grilled some steaks for them. She went in the kitchen and made salads for them, and found some asparagus for him to grill as well. They sat at the dining room table and talked and got to know each other some more. She could feel the attraction to Jack building in her. She couldn't take her eyes off of him.

His eyes were a deep, chocolate brown. She noticed they changed intensity as the topics of their conversations changed. His eyes lightened and twinkled talking about hockey, family, or The Simpsons. They darkened when they trapsed the subject of physical attraction and flirting. They smiled and laughed until about 6 PM. She'd have to start making her way home. 3 AM comes quickly when your first surgery is at 6:30 AM.

They both got up and cleared the table off. They did the dishes, still laughing and flirting with each other. He washed, she dried. He flicked bubbles and water at her, she flicked the towel at his ass. When the last dish was done, and she dried it and laid it on the counter to the left of the sink, he turned into her personal space and backed her into the counter.

Their eyes locked, and her breathing increased. He put his hands on the counter on either side of her body, and stood there, taking her all in. He kept his hips away from her body on purpose. She looked from his eyes to his lips, then to his neck and shoulders. She wanted this man. She wanted this to happen.

Without thinking, she gently brought her hand to the back of his neck. She pulled him in and started kissing him. She immediately opened her mouth and tasted his tongue. She inhaled deeply through her nose so she could smell him and taste him at the same time. She moved her lips against his, as she ran her tongue along the top row of his teeth. She grew hot knowing she was the cause of his groans emanating from his belly. Then she remembered surgery.

"Jack," she whispered, arching up into his chest. She pulled his forehead to hers, and caressed the back of his head.

"Jack," she said again, this time looking at his eyes. They were dark with passion and want. She imagined hers were glassy and unfocused, too.

"I have surgery. I have to be up at about 3 AM. When we do this, I don't want to have to leave. I want to be able to stay close to you all night and morning long, and wake up whenever we feel like it, not because I have to leave," she said, closing her eyes and adjusting her legs to take some of the pressure off of the desire that had built.

He wrapped his arms around her and held her for a few moments. He caressed her back with his right arm and hand. She let one of her hands drop to his lower back, the other up under a shoulder, with her head tucked into his neck. He could feel her breaths on part of his neck.

"Sam, it's perfectly fine. I understand, and ya, your plan is way better," he said with a smile. "Why don't you three come here for Christmas? I have the guys over and we sort of just

hang out like we did the other day. I'm still going to be on limited duty, so no chance I'll be deployed for the holidays," he said, pulling back to smile at her.

"Oh. Wow. Thank you," she stiffened as she spoke. "We were supposed to go to San Diego to see my brother and his family, but they decided to go to his wife's family this year. Her parents moved to Roatan, Honduras, and as much as I'd love some beach and sun, I don't want to take Becks out of the country just yet. Let me ask dad. I'm sure it won't be a problem. This is very kind of you, Jack. And just know, my birthday is the 29th. I'll be the big three-oh," she said laughing.

He laughed too, then gave her one last kiss. He went to the living room to get their coats.

"You have a few more weeks before Christmas. You have plenty of time to decide if you'd like to join us here or not. I'd love to have you, but completely understand if you just need it to be your family. No pressure, but my team already adores you," he said, smiling at her, and holding her coat for her to don.

"Why thank you, sir. Just let me talk to dad. I already know Becks' answer," she said, smiling at him, and giving him a peck on the cheek. "OK, I'm ready."

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The next two weeks were a blur. Sam was on call during the weekends. Her office hours were short, and scheduled surgeries were light, but something must have been in the air because she was called in to surgery almost every night of the following two weeks. She didn't see her daughter except for about 10 minutes at breakfast each morning.

In the few moments of clarity that she had, she had Jacqui write her a script for Depo Provera. You know, just in case. But it would be a while before she'd even have a remote chance of being physical with Jack.

During the two weeks, she missed calls from Jack, and she'd forget to call him back because she collapsed when she got home. She felt like her life was once again spiraling out of control. Until she got a fateful call on Friday afternoon, more than two weeks after her interview at Peterson.

The man on the other end of the line was the same man who interviewed her. He told her they had a position open for her in a top secret facility in Cheyenne Mountain. But, before she began work, she'd need to spend one week at Peterson AFB in a secure facility where she'd be learning the history of the job, as well as the current situation about the job. She asked the man if she could call her dad to discuss her child care with him before making the decision. The man assured her that was OK, and really, required of her, before spending the week at Peterson.

Sam immediately called her dad and told him she'd been offered a job. She said they could talk more about it when she got home, but right now she needed to know if he'd be OK taking care of Becks for an entire week while she went for her orientation. He of all people understood classified work. He'd had a clearance at one point, too.

Sam even offered a suggestion that maybe Jack could come over for visits with Becks, as she hasn't been around him for two weeks due to her schedule. Jacob laughed and said that's probably a good idea. Even he liked the idea of his daughter involved with Jack. Becks liked Jack, and that was all the proof Jacob needed to know that Jack was a good man.

Sam hung up the phone with her dad, and called Jack. She filled him in on everything. She felt as if he already knew she got the job. But she was too excited to ask. She let him know that it would be OK for him to go visit Jacob and Becks while she was at Peterson. They hung up the phone, and promised to call when she was done for the day.

It was Friday, and she had an option to start at Peterson on Monday. Right now, she didn't care about the surgical rotation or finding a doctor to take over for her. The hospital would do that, and they had a pool of surgeons to pick from. She would not be missed. Except by her staff. This conversation would be hard.

She called the hospital HR and let them know that today was her last day. She let them figure out the logistics, but as soon as she made that call, she began to cry. She felt as if a weight had been lifted from her. She'd have more time for her daughter. She'd be able to develop a real relationship with Jack. She'd be able to hang out with his friends more. This was a great opportunity, and it all made her very happy.

She called in her office staff to let them know. Everyone but Jacqui cried. Jacqui knew this is what Sam has wanted for a while. She was happy for her friend. She hugged Sam, and then they shed some tears.

Jacqui had been there for Sam when her husband was murdered. She had kept Sam sane at a time when Sam could have easily thrown in the towel and given up. Jacqui helped Sam tie up loose ends that day. At around 6 PM, Sam and Jacqui left the office together. Both of them stood outside the door and looked in.

"One chapter closes, another opens. I love you, Sam. I'm very happy your life is moving again."

"Love you, to Jac. Thank you. For everything. You helped me when I needed it the most. I would like to keep in touch with you."

"We will. When the time is right. For now, go home to that tall, handsome man. Let him love you, Sam. It's time."

Sam smiled at her friend. They said their goodbyes, then got into their cars and went their separate ways. Sam drove home to find Jacob and Becks in her bedroom, with Jacob reading her a book. Sam smiled at them both.

"Hi," she said, kissing her daughter, and kissing the top of her dad's head. "Dad, if it's OK with you, I'm going to jump in the shower and head over to Jack's. Right now I am not planning on coming home. Is that alright with you?" she asked nervously.

Jacob smiled at his daughter. She was moving on. Finally.

“It’s perfectly fine. Just don’t give me details. You will always be my baby girl,” he said. They both laughed.

“Thanks, dad. I love you guys. I’m going to go get ready.”

“Be careful. But have fun,” Jacob said.

“Not really the words you want to hear from your dad!” she joked. Then got up to take a shower and head over to Jack’s.

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She pulled up to his house to find Daniel’s car parked out front. She grabbed her bag out of the back and made her way to the front door. The door was opened by the time she got there and saw Jack standing there smiling at her.

“Doctor Carter, to what do we owe this surprise?” he asked, reaching for her bag. “Does this mean what I think it means?” he asked softly.

She looked up at him in the door, and stepped up to meet him in the entrance way. She pressed up against him in his personal space, and kissed him. Then met his eyes again.

“Yes, it does,” she said smiling. She heard a grunt of approval come from his throat. It would be an interesting evening with guests.

He put her bag down in the living room, and Daniel and Janet saw Jack put her bag down. They gave each other a smile and a knowing look.

“Hi Sam,” Janet said. “Congratulations on the job!”

Sam looked at her strangely, but thanked her. Janet noticed her confusion so she followed up.

“The Colonel told us already. We’re excited for you.”

Jack was sitting next to Sam, caressing her back.

“Thank you, Janet,” Sam said, leaning into Jack.

Janet and Daniel saw the little move, and decided that was enough.

“Alright, we are going to leave. You two have a fun night!” Janet said excitedly. Jack smiled and made a laughing noise. Sam blushed and averted her eyes.

They all stood to say goodbye to each other. There were hugs and more cajoling about the festivities of the night. Then Daniel took Janet home.

After Jack shut the door, Sam had a rush of desire pass over her. She stiffened a little bit because of her reaction. It had been a long time for her.

“You OK?” he asked. She turned to him, and wrapped her arms around him. She exhaled loudly.

“It’s been a very long time, Jack.”

“For me too. But I hear it’s like riding a bike,” he joked, and put his hand on her chin, and pulled her eyes to meet his. “We’ll go slow. At any point if it becomes too much, then we stop. Remember, walking together,” he said, swaying with her in his arms.

She stared at him as he spoke. Desire pooled again in her belly, and emptied into her panties. She wanted him. She could tell he wanted her. He lowered his head to her and put his lips gently onto hers.

He pulled back to look at her again. He dropped his right hand along her arm, and ran his fingers down along her hand. He moved his hand to intertwine his fingers in hers. He squeezed her hand and waited. Then she smiled at him, and she let him lead her back to his bedroom.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

OK, folks. We now have achieved the Explicit rating :) I don't think I need to explain that to you. Enjoy!!

She bent over to unzip her knee-high boots. He watched how she moved, and ran his right hand over her lower back onto her butt. As she stood up, she saw his eyes penetrate her. She wasn't afraid as much as she was nervous. He seemed a little nervous, too, and took a hesitant step towards her.

"I've never done this with half my body in a cast," he admitted, and smiled a bit at her. He held her eyes.

"Well, as your official private doctor, and knowing these come off next week, pretty sure the boot can come off for this. As long as you promise me you won't put pressure on your foot."

"Doctor Carter, I can assure you, standing on my foot with you is the last thing on my mind," he said, taking her into his arms.

She smiled, knowing full well where this night would take her. She never took sex lightly. In fact, Jack would be only the 5th man she would share intimacy with. School, studying, and work never left much time for much else.

She briefly thought back to the first time she had sex. She was sixteen and graduating high school. She had no idea what she was doing, and all he seemed to have wanted was a nut. It felt good when he touched and licked her. But the sex itself was fast, it hurt a little, and she did not even have an orgasm.

The next two sexual encounters were late night study partners during college. She was seventeen and eighteen, respectively. She found out what it felt like to have an orgasm. But it still felt fast, and neither men were attentive to her needs. They were both one hit wonders. Neither of them were repeats. Until Jonas came along.

Jonas took his time with her. He had always made sure Sam received pleasure before he'd allow himself any sort of release with her. Jonas touched a lot. A lot. He knew her body and knew how to make it hum. He knew all the places she liked his tongue. He was all she knew and remembered for the past six or seven years of her life. She froze at the thought of another man touching her body.

As Jack pulled her into his arms, he felt her stiffen.

"Sam?" he asked softly.

She gently pressed his chest away from her. She stood trembling in front of him, all of a sudden acutely aware that she may not live up to his expectations. He was much older than she was, and with that came experience.

“Sam, we don’t have to do this,” he told her.

“No. I want to. It’s just,” she paused and gathered her thoughts. “I’ve been with one man for the past six or seven years of my life, and the past three have been just me. Before that I only had sex three other times. I don’t want to disappoint you,” she admitted to Jack.

He looked straight at her, and his eyes cooled to caring and compassion. He raised his right palm to her cheek, and caressed his thumb against her soft skin.

“Sam. There is no way you will disappoint me. I get that we will have to learn each other, what we like, what we don’t, maybe find new things we like that we didn’t know we liked before. But disappoint?”

He stepped closer to her and looked at her. His eyes roamed her face, her eyes, her hair, even down the front of her body. They locked back on her eyes. His eyes flashed again and changed into a look of trust and passion.

“Do you know how beautiful you are?” he asked her.

The edges of her lips began to turn up, and her eyes filled with tears.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve heard that from someone other than my own father,” she said, trying to laugh. It made Jack smile, too.

She took in a deep breath and looked up at him. He wiped a stray tear from her face. She ran a hand up his arm to his shoulder. She gripped it and gave it a squeeze, as if trying to feel the muscles beneath his sweater and his skin. She danced her fingers up behind his neck, and ran them through the greying hair on the back of his head. She looked in his eyes. She let out a soft mewl, then brought his head to hers and kissed his lips softly.

Her kiss started soft, gentle, probing. She opened her mouth to him. Her tongue found his, and they danced around each other for a while. He outlined her lips with his tongue. She tasted him and let her mouth move across him like she’d been doing this forever with him.

His right hand moved down her back until it got to the hem of her sweater. He reached under to find another layer of clothing. He pulled back and looked questioningly at her.

“I get cold easily. Plus, sweaters can be itchy,” she said smiling to him. Then she took her hands and slowly took her sweater off. She let it drop to the floor beside the bed.

She was standing in front of him now in jeans and a thin t-shirt. She placed her palms on his chest, and slowly moved her fingers down until she reached his waist. She ran her fingers through the waistband of his jeans from the front to the back, stepping closer to his chest, and embracing him as she moved. He hissed under her touch, but he remained still and unmoving, letting her touch and feel her way around his body.

She ran her hands up his back, finding nothing under his sweater but his soft, hot skin. The motion of her hands inched his sweater up to his armpits. He helped her by removing his sweater.

She stared at his chest. She noticed the grey hairs he had, and looked at the muscle definition in his abdomen. She ran her fingers through his chest hair. She picked up his dog tags in her hand and read the tags. She let go of the dog tags and stepped closer to him. Her eyes were taking him in, and she had the urge to put her mouth on his skin.

She caressed his skin with her hands, and reached up behind his back. She pulled him into her mouth, and she laid her lips on his shoulder. She opened her mouth fully on his shoulder, and ran her tongue in circles on his skin. She tasted him, and heard him grunt in agreement to her efforts.

She ran her mouth and tongue in towards his neck. She felt his right hand, and then the cast on his left arm reach around her. He lowered his left palm to her lower back, and pulled her into his body. She could feel him hard against her abdomen. Her tongue ran up his neck to behind his ear as he felt him grind into her. He exhaled loudly as his left hand found skin at her lower back.

He reached his hand up under her t-shirt and found the clasp on her bra. In one flick of his fingers, her bra was undone. She took her mouth off of him, and stood back a little bit. She looked at him with fiery blue eyes, filled with desire and want. He was a little breathless and was confused as to why she pulled back. She saw his question in his eyes and gave him a seductive smile.

It felt like forever since she has felt this confident, and rather powerful, if she'd have to admit it to herself. She put her hands under her t-shirt, and with one move, she removed her shirt and bra. They met up with her sweater on the floor. They both stood shirtless in front of each other. Jack took a moment to look at her. Her breasts were perfect and her nipples were hard with arousal.

She walked right up next to him, and wrapped her arms around his naked torso again. This time, pressing her chest against his. He dropped his head into her neck, and lightly bit her along her tense tendon. He exhaled, and she felt his hot breath hit the moist spot his mouth left on her neck. She arched herself into him, and his mouth claimed more of her neck.

She hissed out in affirmation, which had him moving his lips from one side of her neck to the other. He lifted his right hand to her breast, and ran her nipple between her fingers. He elicited a sound from her, and felt her grind her hips into his erection. He slowly walked her backwards until the back of her knees hit the side of his bed.

She sat on the bed, and slowly bent forward so she could lift the hem of his jeans on the leg with his orthopedic boot. She undid the straps and connectors on the boot, then slowly slinked herself up onto the bed towards the pillows. She laid her head back, and splayed her arms to the side, allowing him to fully take in her body from the waist up.

He removed his foot from the boot, and knelt on his bed. He laid down next to Sam on his bed, and they each took a few moments looking at each other and taking in what they saw. He

placed his palm on her belly, and stroked and lightly pinched her skin. He didn't hurt her, but he did send pulses of desire through her.

She lowered her arms to her waist, and undid the button on her jeans. She didn't take her eyes off of him as she unzipped, then started to remove her jeans. His eyes seemed to have gotten even darker as she moved. She left her panties on, but he didn't move his eyes from her face.

She put her hand on his hand that was still on her abdomen. She lifted his hand, and placed it on her mound. His fingers could feel her heat.

"Christ, Sam," and he leaned in to kiss her hard as his fingers started learning what she liked.

He ran his fingers along the seam of her panties, sliding them under in an effort to reach her folds. His index finger and middle finger parted her lips aside, and then he dipped his middle finger into her warmth. She was hot and wet and made his hips buck into her hip.

She moaned into his mouth as she felt his fingers dip into her. She felt him spread her juices with both fingers around her lips, and then pull some of her liquid up to her clit. He massaged and gently pinched her nerve bundle as her hand raised and grabbed one of her nipples. He pulled out of the kiss to watch how she massaged herself as he ran his finger gently over her bud below.

Her eyes were glassy and wanton. Her hips were raising into his hand as if she were coaxing him to fuck her with his fingers. Instead, he removed her panties, then brought his wet fingers to her mouth. She licked his fingers with her tongue and watched his expression as she did. She took his index finger fully into her mouth and sucked. Her right hand lowered to caress the erection that was trapped in his jeans.

"Please, Jack," she begged, his fingers still near or in her mouth.

He quickly removed his jeans, then leaned down to claim her right nipple in his mouth. Her left hand grabbed her left breast. Her right hand reached to touch his hard cock. She stroked him a few times, and ran her fingers along his tip before he grabbed her hand and stopped her.

"Not now. This will end quickly if you continue that," he said, smiling at her. She understood and let go.

He took her hand, and this time he put her hand on her apex, and covered her hand with his.

"Show me, Sam. Show me what you like," he said, and let her take over.

He followed her fingers as he felt her touch herself. She showed him how to touch her inside, what made her moan and mewl, and what will put her over the top and come quickly. He felt her hips buck up to fuck his fingers. But her strokes and movements were short, just to give him the instruction he needed. She removed her hand and massaged her nipples again.

Taking her cue as his fingers were learning her and fucking her, he dropped his lips to her breast again. She let out sounds that were going straight to his cock. A few minutes later, she

was writhing under his touch.

“Jack, Jesus, fuck, Jack. I’m going to come,” she said.

He sucked the nipple into his mouth, and then felt her body grab his fingers that were inside of her. She let out more erotic noises from her throat. He let his thumb gently rub her clit, which sent her whole body convulsing and moaning in waves. She let her head drop back to the pillows, and her hips bucked up into the air, taking his hand with.

He let her come down off her high, and was kissing her chest and neck gently. He moved his hand to her hip, then to her waist, and was now resting his palm on her belly. He was making small circles on her abdomen with his fingers. The same fingers that were just inside of her. He rested his face in her neck.

She put her hand on his right arm that was across her body. His hips bucked into her right hip. His motion made her turn and arch into him, and he moved his head to claim her mouth once again. She motioned with her arms for him to climb on top of her. She opened her legs for him, and she held him cradled between her, with the head of his cock up against her heat.

“Do we need anything?” he asked her, reaching over to his nightstand.

“No. Plus I want to feel you,” she said.

He looked down to her. Her words made him pulse with desire. She ran her fingers through his hair. She raised her hips and offered him an angle for his tip to slide into her. Her eyes went wide and they both exhaled at the sensation of him pressing inside of her. He dropped his head into her neck again, and took his time pushing himself into her sheath.

“Ah, Sam,” she felt him hiss into her neck. He kissed her and licked her neck as he entered her.

“Jack, look at me,” she whispered.

He raised his head to look into her eyes. He watched her as he pushed his pelvis completely against hers. He watched as she gave him her complete trust, knowing he was fully inside of her now. She saw something more in his eyes than passion as he began to move slowly in and out of her. She saw a tenderness move across his face.

“Jack,” she whispered, and a tear escaped her eye.

He saw it, and stopped moving when he was fully inside of her again.

“Are you OK?” he said softly.

She touched his face with both of her hands, and traced his jawline with her fingers.

“I didn’t know I could ever feel this way again,” she said almost silently.

He smiled at her ever so softly, and took his right hand under her shoulder to hold her. He dropped his head again to kiss her deeply again. He was always more of a man who showed

people how he felt rather than spoke about how he felt. But with Sam, he found he could talk, but right now, he needed to show her how he felt.

He felt her wrap her legs up around his hips. The angle let him drop even further into her channel. He felt his balls brush against her pucker, and it was little else that he could do but to continue to make love to her. When he realized that was what he was doing, making love to her, he lifted his head and watched her as he began to move faster inside of her. He took his time with her, and modified his moves between fast and slow, bringing her to the edge, then backing her down again.

She held her legs up and open for him, grabbing behind her knees and angling her hips for him. With each thrust, she could feel him rub against her already tender clit. But it wasn't going to be enough. She reached down with one hand and massaged herself as he continued to love her. She kept her eyes on him, knowing that he was watching her too.

"Come for me, Sam," he urged.

She came again moments later. She arched her hips up into him as she released. She reached down and grabbed the backs of her knees again, and let his motions push through her. Her sheath grabbed him tight with her contractions. He started to become erratic and uneven, and she knew she was pulling him along over the edge. He never took his eyes off of her.

With one final thrust he held her shoulder, and pushed into her. He held himself deep inside of her and spilled out everything he had inside of her. He dropped his head to her neck, and started to rock back and forth inside of her slowly as he regained himself. He felt her shake beneath him. He wasn't sure if it was all her, or if he was also trembling above her.

He lifted his head to look at her. She had tears in her eyes, but had a small smile on her face.

"I'm OK, I'm really OK," she assured him softly, caressing the back of his head to let him know she was serious.

He kissed her gently, and then just rested his lips on hers. He knew now they were both trembling. After just a few moments of his release, he started to move off of her. But she steadied his hips in her hands.

"No. Just a few more minutes, please," she whispered up to him.

He smiled at her and kissed her again and held her for a while longer. She felt him slide out of her.

"Sam," he said softly, kissing her again. "You will never disappoint me," he whispered to her.

"I'm glad. You are very good at this, by the way," she smiled at him. "What do you say we go take a shower and change these sheets? I'm pretty sure neither one of us wants to sleep in that wet spot," she said, smiling and giggling.

"Hey doc, no giggling."

She giggled again on purpose. He rolled off of her and he took her with him. She yelped playfully as she realized what he just did. She giggled again as she lay on top of him now. His casted arm now rested on her back, with both hands reaching for her ass.

She kissed him again, and got up to help him to the shower. His ankle was stiff, but they were careful. They showered and then got him back into his boot. She helped him change the sheets. They crawled back into bed without bothering with clothes. She lay on his right side, and he held her all night long.

They spent the weekend going between the bed and other rooms in his house. They took breaks for food, water, and for Sam to check in on Becks. Sunday afternoon came too quickly for both of them. Monday is when she'd check in for her week long orientation at Peterson. He wouldn't see her until Friday. So on Sunday after their last shower, he kissed her goodbye in his doorway, promising they would be together again soon.

She believed him. She trusted him. For the first time in three years, Sam truly felt that her life was changing for the better. Little did she know the life she was about to enter into.

Chapter 10

Sam went home Sunday afternoon fully sated, and happy for the first time in forever. She spent the evening with her dad and daughter, then packed her things for the week. Her new job orientation would take her away from her dad and daughter for a week. She and her dad speculated on what the job would be, but neither of them in their wildest dreams could have imagined what the job really turned out to be. They were wrong on every speculative guess.

Sam's week was spent learning about the Stargate and the Stargate Program. The Stargate is a device that was able to create a stable wormhole to another Stargate situated lightyears away. A person or things could go into that wormhole, and an instant later, they would be transported to that different, distant location. Her brain almost could not comprehend what she was learning.

She learned that the galaxy is not all filled with nice people. She learned of the Goa'uld, a sentient race of snake-like symbiotes who control their host bodies. She learned about the System Lords, types of spaceships, Jaffa, weapons, and the dangers the System Lords pose.

She learned of the Tok'ra, also the same snake-like creatures, but they live in symbiosis with their hosts and allow their hosts freedom. She learned of the Tollan, Nox, and Edorans. She learned of a very talented astrophysicist, and leading expert in Stargate technology named Meredith McKay. He prefers to go by his middle name, Rodney.

She learned that Jack and Daniel were part of the first and second missions to Abydos. They were key personnel in the current Stargate program. Daniel was the one who figured out the dialing symbols. She knew then that Jack knew exactly what Sam was going through during her interview. She smiled knowing he was part of why she was here.

Janet and General Hammond were part of the program, too. She also went through routine things like get her ID badges, file tax forms, register her car, and provide emergency contact information for her official record. In the middle of the first day, she and a group of others were sworn in together. Sam was now officially a Department of Defense Civil Servant with the US Air Force.

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By the time Friday afternoon came, she felt her brain was in a whole different world. In many respects, it was. They taught her ways to discuss the job without even mentioning it. Sam's new cover story was that she would be in charge of researching organisms that are found on meteorites. She'd also study any new strain of bacteria that may pose danger to the human body. In reality, she'd be in charge of a new Xenobiology Department at Stargate Command.

Sam got home Friday in time for the tail end of Rebecca's dinner. She hugged her dad, and kissed her daughter's head. Sam offered to bathe Becks and get her ready for bed, then she came out to discuss with her dad what she could. Jacob was very tired. About an hour later, he decided to turn in for the night. Sam knows he's been getting very tired lately, and he probably needs a break.

After Becks was settled for the night, she called Jack. She could hardly contain herself, and wanted desperately to discuss the new job with him. But, she could not discuss it over the phone. She'd just have to wait for Monday. He told her the cast and the boot came off. He is stiff, and has a brace to wear on his wrist. But he told her he feels so much better with them off. He invited her and Becks over for lunch the next day. The guys would be over at some point, and probably even Janet. She accepted, of course. He said he had something to show her. She was really looking forward to her Saturday now.

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Saturday morning, Sam got up early. She had a lot of anticipation for spending the afternoon with Jack. She packed a bag for herself, and for Becks, you know, just in case. She took a shower, and went to wake up Becks. She made them both breakfast, and got the coffee going.

Her dad slept in today. While not uncommon for him to sleep in, usually he liked to be up with Becks to make sure she ate. When she finally saw him, Sam checked his vitals, and everything seemed OK. He said maybe he has time now to relax knowing that Sam has a new job and a new man in her life. They both laughed at his comment. Sam had him sit at the table and got his breakfast ready. All three of them sat and talked and watched Becks eat. Jacob went back to bed.

Sam gave Becks a bath, then got her dressed in jeans, toddler UGGs, and a US Air Force sweatshirt that Jacob had bought for her. Jacob said now that mommy is now an Air Force civilian, Becks needed her own sweatshirt. He was really a great Pop Pop to Becks.

Sam wore jeans, short boots with a little heel, and a tight, dark purple turtleneck sweater. She let her hair down today. She even put on just a touch of makeup, which is something she hasn't done since she started med school. She felt sexy and powerful.

She checked on her dad before she left. He was still sleeping. She figured he may be coming down with something. She left him Jack's phone number on the kitchen counter, then loaded up the car, put Becks in her car seat, and off they went.

Sam pulled into Jack's drive around noon. She parked her car, then went to get Becks out of the car seat. Jack saw her pull up, and went outside to meet them. The moment Becks saw Jack, she fussed to be put down, and ran to him. He greeted her with a huge smile, then bent down to hug her and lift her with his right arm. She hugged Jack around the neck and said hi to him.

Sam watched the whole thing, and it made her heart very happy. She got the bags out of the car, then made her way to Jack. He was still holding Becks, and he leaned in to give Sam a small kiss. He welcomed her inside.

He noticed the bags and smiled.

"Dad's not feeling well, so I packed just in case," she said smiling at him.

"I like how you think. Let me take your things back. You two get settled."

Sam took Becks into the living room. She sat on the floor with her and was playing when Jack came back to the living room. He sat down on the couch and was watching Sam and Becks interact. Sam looked at him, and he looked like he wanted to say something. She looked at him waiting for him to speak.

“What?” she asked after a minute or so.

“I did something, and I hope that it is OK,” he said nervously.

“I’m sure it will be fine. What’s up?” she asked.

Just then, Daniel, Janet, and Teal’c showed up. They all knew about Sam’s week, and they all immediately started in with the questions and talked about work.

Sam now saw Teal’c Jaffa tattoo and understood now why he always wore a hat and called himself Murray. She smiled at him, and they got to talking about his life on Chulak and about his juvenile symbiant. Apparently, Jack had Teal’c symbiant Junior.

Jack told the three to take their coats to the back. Jack went to the kitchen to get a beer. Daniel came right back out from the guest bedroom with a smile on his face.

“Jack,” Daniel said, drawing out his name in almost two syllables.

“Daniel,” Jack replied.

“What’s going on back there?” he asked, grinning at his friend.

“SShh! I haven’t shown her yet!” he whisper-yelled at Daniel.

He considered waiting to show her until everyone else left. He was nervous at how she might react. Deep down he knew this was probably OK, especially after their talks at the hockey rink on their first date. And with the way Daniel was smirking at him, he knew it would be OK. But still. It could still go tits-up and he’d crash and burn.

Jack and Daniel walked back into the living room. Jack held his hand to Sam and indicated for her to stand.

“C’mere. I want to show you something,” Jack said to Sam. Everyone in the room looked at the two of them.

“I’ll watch the young one,” Teal’c offered. Sam smiled at Teal’c and thanked him.

Jack took Sam to the spare bedroom. He stopped her outside the door and took her hands in his.

“I hope this is OK, Sam. I just thought...well. Why don’t I just show you.”

Jack opened the door and had Sam step inside his guest room. He had rearranged the room to create space to put in a small child’s bed and dresser. Jack had also bought new bedding for a little girl. The sheets and pillowcases were a light, powder blue. The comforter had the same

powder blue tones, but had Disney Princesses on it. There was even a pull-up night rail that he installed just like the one at Sam's house. It kept the child from rolling out of the bed.

Sam stood there staring at the bed in the room. She felt Jack put his palm on her lower back, and she released a breath she didn't realize she was holding.

"The, uh, bed and that dresser were Charlie's. I had forgotten I stored them in the attic. I never got rid of them. While you were at Peterson, I painted them and got a new mattress and pillows. And the princess comforter. I hope this is OK," he said.

Sam put her hand to her heart and turned around to face Jack. His kindness overwhelmed her. Her eyes were filling up with tears. She put her other hand on his chest. She looked into his eyes and she could tell he was nervous. She smiled and then her tears fell over onto her cheeks.

"This is more than OK. Thank you," she said quietly. "How are you about all of it?" She moved her hands to his waist and waited for his answer.

He smiled and kissed her. He hugged her tight to him. He talked softly in her ear.

"I wouldn't have done this if I wasn't OK with it. He will always be a part of my life. This way, I can still share him with others."

"Jack," she whispered.

She pulled back and looked at him. Really looked at him. His brown eyes were gentle, but vulnerable. She knew it was hard for him to share details about his son. But he did share Charlie with her. Sam watches how he is with Rebecca. She knows Becks adores him. He has accepted her and Rebecca into his life. That he would share pieces of his son with them went beyond anything she could have imagined with their relationship. The look in his eye told her all she needed to know.

He remembered waking up after his accident to find that she was the surgeon that fixed him. He realized that the same gentle hands that touched and caressed his body on the outside, also touched and repaired his insides.

He remembered the first time he saw her. He was so doped up on pain meds he could barely keep his eyes open. And yet, he saw her. Laying on the table in her office getting his stitches out was the single most erotic thing he'd experienced with a woman. He is glad he no longer has the self control of a teenage boy, or she'd have noticed just how much he wanted her.

"I love you. I've loved you since you took my stitches out." He smiled and tucked her hair behind one of her ears. "I love your daughter. I love your dad. I love everything about you, Sam."

He kissed her deeply. She felt him press into her. His lips were gentle, warm, and soft. He kissed the tears on her cheeks. Then they heard tiny footsteps running towards them.

“Mommy! Jack! Look!” and she held up a potato chip that apparently someone gave to her. She had a huge smile on her face, then ate the chip. She was very proud of the potato chip.

Sam and Jack both laughed at Rebecca and then showed her the new bed and dresser that Jack had made for her. After a little while, the three of them joined the others in the living room.

“How is your dad, Sam?” Janet asked.

“He’s a bit under the weather, so he stayed at home. How are you guys?” Sam asked.

They all had a great time talking and catching up on the past week. They were able to speak freely now in Jack’s home about work. Sam had a ton of questions, and they were all happy to tell her what they knew.

Jack had ordered Chinese and pizza for everyone, not knowing which they’d be in the mood for. He went to the door to pay, and then laid the food out in his dining room. He told everyone that the food was here, and they could get plates and things from the kitchen. They knew where everything was located.

He took a piece of cheese pizza and cut it into toddler-sized bites. He got himself some of the beef and broccoli over sticky rice, then went to the living room and found Becks on the floor talking up to a seated Teal’c.

Jack less-than-gracefully lowered himself to the floor. He winced as his foot was still a bit stiff, and it hurt a little to sit down to the floor. He sat with his left leg straight out, and his right bent up in front of him. He sat with his back against the glass floor-to-ceiling windows in his living room. He put the plate with pizza in front of him.

He called Becks over to him as he showed her the pizza. She smiled and ran right to him. She sat in front of him in front of the plate. She picked up a piece and held it up to Jack, questioning if it was for her. He assured her that it was, and she ate the first piece. Jack picked up his plate and started eating.

Sam was sitting on the couch with Janet. Both ladies were watching how Jack interacts with Becks. They watched as the child tried to get Jack to eat a piece of the pizza, and how Jack tried to get Becks to eat a small piece of beef. Janet noticed how Sam couldn’t take her eyes off of Jack and her daughter.

“He really loves you, Sam. He talks to Daniel and Teal’c about you at work all the time. None of us have ever seen him like this before.”

“He just told me he loved me in the back,” Sam said quietly, with a huge smile on her face. “Did you see what he did for Rebecca?”

“No, I haven’t been back yet.”

“Janet, he repainted his son’s bedroom furniture and put it in his guest room for Becks.”

Janet's eyes went large, and immediately looked at Daniel. Daniel smiled at her before she looked over on the floor at Jack and Becks. Jack was still entertaining the little girl and trying to get her to eat her pizza. Jack's attention was solely on Becks. Janet and Sam both took a moment to just stare at them both on the floor.

Jack must have felt eyes on him. He tipped his head up to meet Sam and Janet's eyes. He smiled, but then trained his eyes fully on Sam. His face softened under Sam's gaze. His eyes were strong and loving at the same time. He moved his mouth as if to speak a million things at once, but he kept silent.

Sam's eyes softened with understanding. Sam looked between Jack sitting against the window, and to her daughter who was seated in front of him. Her daughter was comfortable with him. Becks trusted him, and Sam trusted Jack with her daughter. She let her eyes move and stay on Jack.

She felt like they were the only two people in the room. She wanted to melt into his eyes and stay there. A peace settled over her, and she smiled at him. And with a clarity she had not felt since her husband died, Sam knew. The words came tumbling out before she could stop them.

"I love you," she said, looking directly at Jack. "I don't care who hears me, or who knows. I love you, Jack O'Neill."

Janet watched as Sam and Jack just stared at each other for a few moments. She saw the flash in Jack's eyes when Sam told him that she loved him. Janet got up off the couch next to Sam, and went over to pick up Becks from the floor. Janet helped Jack up off of the floor, and he walked slowly over to Sam.

Sam stood up as he got to her. He took her into a tight embrace and held her for a minute or so. He whispered in her ear.

"I don't care either. I love you, Sam."

He pulled out of the embrace and gave her a light, tender kiss. He smiled at her as Becks begged to be put down and ran over to Jack and hugged his leg. Sam knew that no matter what happened now, her life would be OK.

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Sam's first week in the SGC was a bit crazy. She was shown to her laboratory. Her own lab. She had a staff of three other people, all PhD's of some sort, but no other MD. She got a crash course in Goa'uld biology, including the toxins they secrete when they die inside a host body. She did not get to go down below Level 25 yet. She did not have a need to know about Stargate Operations, even though she is cleared for off-world travel. That may come in time.

Christmas was just over a week away now. Jacob told Sam that he had been feeling a little better during the week, and had more energy. He thinks he just had the flu or some other cold of sorts. He was cold all the time, but it was winter in Colorado, so cold was sort of normal.

Jack came to Sam's this weekend. Sam decided it would be good for Becks to spend more time with Jack at her place. Jack had no objections to that, and ended up taking Becks across the street to the park to play in the snow with her by himself a few times. Sam and Jacob would watch them from her front window, which now also had an artificial Christmas tree in it. She sat with her dad and they both drank a cup of coffee.

"Sam, are you happy?" Jacob asked.

Sam turned her head from watching out the window to watching her dad.

"Dad, why? What's going on?" she asked.

"It's a simple question, Sam. Are you happy?"

"Ya, I think for the first time in a long time, I am happy. I really am."

"Is he good to you? Is he kind? Is he gentle with you?" Jacob asked, referring to Jack.

"Dad, what's wrong?" she asked.

"Answer me, please, Sam." She looked at him and was getting nervous about where the conversation was going.

"Yes, he is wonderful to me, and to Becks. He is kind, considerate, and I trust him."

She stared at him waiting for him to tell her the truth. He looked at her with so much love. She was his only daughter. And while she didn't follow in his steps as an active duty Air Force officer, she now held an Air Force Civilian position equivalent to a Colonel. So he was very proud of her.

"Sammie, I went to the doctor this week. I was feeling better, but, two days ago I passed out making Becks' lunch. Couldn't have been more than a few seconds, but it was enough that it scared me."

He stopped and paused, and looked outside again at Jack playing with his granddaughter.

"If you trust him, then I trust your judgment. I do like him, Sam."

"Dad," she pleaded.

"I have lymphoma, kiddo. It's pretty advanced. They don't know how much time I have left."

She looked at him with wide, surprised eyes that quickly filled up and overflowed with tears. She grabbed his hand and squeezed.

"Dad, you can't leave me. Things just got better for me. You can't go."

"I am not really sure I have a choice in that matter. I'm OK, Sam. I know you and Becks will be OK. It's all I need right now. As long as you are happy and taken care of, I can go."

“No. There has to be something we can do. Drugs have gotten better. They have to be able to do something,” she jumped up and began pacing. Her mind never stopped thinking in situations like this. She was always searching something in her brain when it came to medical things and biology.

Jacob sat in the window and watched as Jack held Rebecca and walked back across the street to come back inside. Rebecca waved at Jacob in the window, and Jack gave him a smile when he saw him wave at Becks.

Jack walked in to find Sam pacing and crying. Jack took off Becks’ winter coat and outerwear, and she ran to Jacob. Jack removed his boots and walked to Sam. She looked at Jack, then fell apart. He held her as she sobbed. When she quieted, he spoke.

“What’s going on?” he asked quietly.

She slowly brought her eyes to his. They were swollen with tears, her cheeks were flush, and her breath still came in hiccoughs.

“Dad has lymphoma,” she whispered in a shaken voice.

Jack glanced at Jacob who was still holding Becks in the window. Jack hugged Sam tight to him. He moved her a little further away from Jacob and towards the kitchen, but never letting her go.

“The Tok’ra, Sam. The Tok’ra can help him,” Jack whispered in her ear.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

A Christmas Miracle for the Carters.

Christmas rolled around a week later. Jack told Sam that General Hammond had reached out to the Tok'ra to see if they were in need of new hosts. They had no way of knowing how much time would pass before they got an answer. So life just carried on as if there were nothing more to be done for Jacob.

Sam went home every night after work to be with her dad. Jack came over most nights, and stayed overnight for a few. Rebecca understood that Pop Pop was sick, but didn't understand about dying yet. They tried to explain to her that it was a forever sleep, but she was just a bit too young to fully understand. Jack watched Rebecca on those nights as Sam and Jacob got his affairs in order.

Jacob did not want treatment for his cancer. He wanted to be at home with his family. Mark and his family came out for Christmas. Sam introduced her brother and his family to Jack, and the two of them seemed to be OK with each other. Mark was grateful that Sam now had Jack in her life, especially if dad was going to die.

Friday night came, and the Carter family was sitting at Sam's table going over the remaining things Jacob wanted done before he died. Mark and Sam would split his assets, not that he had much left now after moving in with Sam. It was primarily monetary. Sam quietly sobbed at the table as they signed papers.

"Hey, what's the matter, kiddo?" Jacob asked.

"Dad, this is all so final. You never even got to come to my wedding to Jonas because it was so fast because of the baby. I'll never have you give me away to anyone now," she cried.

Jack was in the back with Rebecca and Mark's kids and Mark's wife. He overheard that last bit. Marriage to Sam was not on his radar, although marriage to Sam was absolutely on the table. He has been more focused on Sam and Becks and making sure they had everything they needed since the revelation of Jacob's illness. Neither one of them had talked about it. They haven't been together long enough to bring up the subject.

"I'm sorry. That was very selfish of me. I should be focused on you and what you need," she said, wiping her eyes.

"Well, how about this. I like him, Sam. I think he is good for you. I think he is good for Becks. I don't know what your future will be like with him. If he makes you happy, he has my permission."

Mark touched her shoulder as Jacob spoke.

“I just want you to be happy, Sam,” Mark said.

“I am. I really am. He’s a good man,” she said to them both. “Thank you. Both of you. Now, how about we go out to dinner? I really don’t feel like cooking,” she almost laughed as she spoke.

She walked to the back to find the kids and other adults playing in Becks’ room. She smiled as she got to the door to see Jack fully engaged playing with Becks, David, and Lisa on the floor. Julia was sitting on Becks’ bed supervising.

“Hey guys, we’re going to go out to dinner because I don’t feel like cooking,” Sam told the two adults.

“You OK?” Julia asked her.

“Ya, Jules, as good as I can be, I suppose. We can take the two cars, then you guys can go back to your hotel. I’m sorry I don’t have enough room for all of you anymore,” Sam said, still a little teary eyed.

“It’s OK. We’re fine. We’re just glad we could come to help,” Julia said.

Jack stood and picked up Becks and started to get her ready to leave. He took David and Lisa with him, and walked out to the living room to talk to the guys. That left the two ladies and the two kids in the room.

“You doing OK, Sam?”

“Um, ya, except for dad, I’m really going to be OK. New job. New man. It feels good, Jules.”

“He seems great, Sam. And hot! Jesus,” Julia said with a huge smile.

“Ya, he really is. And I feel good. He feels good,” Sam said, blushing.

“He is really good with Becks. And she really likes him,” Julia added.

“After I sold the house and moved here, I felt that I’d never be whole again. I was empty inside except for Becks. God, Jules, I loved him. I think I always will. He only knew her for about seven months. But he was such a good dad to her.”

“I still can’t even imagine what you went through. Are you still in therapy?”

“No, that stopped after a year. I have flashbacks every now and then. But I never thought I could feel like this again. I love him, Jules,” she said quietly.

“You two ready? There’s three hungry grown men and three kids out here,” Jack said smiling at them both. Sam hugged Julia and they all made their way to dinner.

David and Lisa were picky eaters. They decided on Olive Garden because both kids devoured the breadsticks, and both liked spaghetti. The evening was short, but nice. Jack ended up paying the entire bill.

Mark and Julia took the kids to their hotel. Jack drove the other Carters back to Sam's.

"How would all of you like to come over tomorrow for my work Christmas party?"

Sam glanced to the backseat to look at her dad.

"Why don't I see how I feel tomorrow. I'm very tired," Jacob said.

"It's OK, dad. We can always do something at my house," Sam said.

"Do you think maybe we could have them over to my house?" she asked Jack.

"I didn't want to impose," he said.

"Well, now I'm asking," she said with a smile.

Jack looked in the rear view mirror and saw Jacob smiling. Jack smiled as he drove.

"It's really nice to see you happy again, Sam. Jack, you'd better not hurt my girl or I will haunt you from the grave."

"You have nothing to fear, Jacob," Jack said, looking in the mirror again.

They got to Sam's and Jack helped everyone inside. He talked with Jacob in the kitchen as he waited until Sam put Rebecca down for the night.

"Would you ever consider a radical treatment for your cancer?" Jack asked.

"Oh I don't know. That depends. Will it make me sicker than I am now? Because if it will, then no. Just pain management as I go to the wild blue yonder."

Jack took that all in. He'd call Hammond tomorrow to see if anyone has heard back from the Tok'ra. And to let him know the venue has changed tomorrow. He was glad he was included in the Carter family. He really liked them all.

Sam came out and joined them still standing in the kitchen.

"I'm going to go home. But I will see you tomorrow. I'll call everyone and tell them of the change of plans."

He hugged her in front of her dad, then gave her a small kiss. He touched her cheek as he started to turn for the door.

"See you tomorrow," he said softly on his way out.

"Good night, Jack," Jacob said.

“See you tomorrow,” Sam replied.

He left and Sam started to cry. Jacob caressed her shoulder.

“I wish there was something we could do for you. It doesn’t seem fair.”

“Sam, I have had a great life. I had a short time with your mother. You had a short time with Jonas. I chose not to ever get involved again. You are young. You can have a wonderful rest of your life. Sam, he is a good man. Go with it and see where it takes you.”

She smiled at her dad through her tears. She hugged him.

“Thanks, dad. I love you.”

“I love you too, kiddo. Now, I am tired. I’m going to go to bed.”

“Good night, dad.”

...

Sam got up with Rebecca the next day and let her dad sleep in. She knocked out two birds with one stone and showered with Rebecca. She remembered earlier in her life this was the only time she would have to spend with her daughter, as her new job on a surgical rotation in a large hospital did not afford her much family time. She’d be forever grateful for the years that Jonas’ family took to help her with Rebecca.

They got out and she dried them both off. Sam put on a robe, and wrapped her daughter in a towel. She took her to Rebecca’s bedroom to figure out what to dress her in. As she was going through the winter dresses, she found a pretty green dress with ruffles on the end. She could not remember where it came from, but it would be perfect for a Christmas party.

She put on Becks’ pull up pants, and dressed her in white tights under the dress. She put on pint-sized black Mary Janes on her feet, and clipped a green barrette clip in her hair to keep it out of her eyes. My gods she looked like her dad, except her eyes. She got her mom’s eyes.

“I love you, baby girl,” Sam said, slinking her hands through the curls on her daughter’s head.

“Love you, mommy,” she smiled at her mom.

Sam heard the shower turn on in the guest bathroom and knew her dad was up and getting ready.

“Want to come help mommy get ready?” she asked, picking Becks up and walking back to Sam’s room.

Becks played on the floor as Sam tried to figure out what to wear. She had no idea what people normally wore to these things. She found a slim-fitting dark green dress in her closet. Why not match her daughter today? She smiled.

“OK, Becks, this is what mommy is going to wear. What do you think?”

Becks looked up and smiled, then went back to playing. Sam wore black lace bra and panties under the dress. She put on black tights and knee-high black boots with a two inch heel. She wrapped a dark red and green infinity scarf around her neck. She put a little makeup on, and pulled her hair back into a loose ponytail, with bangs down and a few strands down along her face. She smiled at her reflection and realized she was a little nervous.

Jacob was already tired after he got dressed. He was in a pair of jeans and a sweater. He came out to the kitchen and said good morning to his two favorite girls.

“I called Mark when you guys were in the shower. They are going to be here a little after noon, maybe closer to one. I’m sorry I get so tired, kiddo.”

“Dad, stop. Don’t be sorry. Let’s just enjoy these moments while we can, OK?”

“Pop Pop, Mer Kismas,” Becks said, wanting him to pick her up.

“Come here, munchkin. I love you,” he said, hugging her close to him. “You both look beautiful.”

“Jack said we don’t have to make anything ourselves. The team will bring everything over. Next year may be different, but for now, let’s just enjoy this day without worrying.”

“Next year? You already are thinking about next year?” Jacob said with a huge smile.

Sam laughed at his comment and rolled her eyes at her dad.

“Yes, dad. You never know. Let’s go.”

...

Dinner was potluck. Jack said it would be different than most holiday meals. Now Sam knew why. Christmas with Jack’s coworkers was a combination of all the foods they eat during the year during Team Nights, when they are hungry, or when they have to work late. They each brought in a large portion of Chinese, Thai, pizza, and beer. Cassie made mac and cheese. Teal’c brought Sprite and a Star Wars movie. Janet and Daniel made meatloaf just like the dining facility makes at The Mountain. Jack brought a cake. Somethings just don’t change.

After dinner, they all sat around the living room and dining room spaces at Sam’s, anywhere they could find and just talked and got to know each other. The normal protocol was no presents, but Jack couldn’t resist this year. He got up and went to his coat. He brought back a small box that had Rebecca’s name on it.

Sam called her daughter over to sit on her lap. Jack sat down next to them on Sam’s couch. He handed her the box and said it was from Uncle Jack. Everyone in the room smiled when she said that. Jacob looked at Jack. He gave Jack an approving smile.

Sam opened the box. Inside was an ornament with a snowman playing with a reindeer and an elf in the snow. It was inscribed with “First Christmas at Uncle Jack’s.” Rebecca touched it

and laughed and smiled at the two characters. The thoughtfulness of the whole thing made Sam tear up.

"I know it was supposed to be at my house. I figured it would be OK," Jack said, caressing Sam's back.

"Thank you," she almost whispered.

"Tank you, dad," Rebecca said. Her words stunned Sam. Everyone in the room got quiet.

"Oh my gods. Um, Becks, say thank you to Uncle Jack," she said.

Rebecca looked to Jacob.

"Pop Pop," then looked at Jack, "dad."

"Yes, Pop Pop is my dad. But Jack is not your dad. He is Uncle Jack," Sam said in a playful voice to try to lighten the room up a bit.

"It's OK. It may just take her time to figure me out. If you'll have me stick around long enough," Jack said. "And you are very welcome. I saw it and couldn't resist."

Mark and Julia asked to see it. They loved it and loved that Jack would take time to think of Rebecca. Jack stood to go to the kitchen. He kissed both Sam and Beck's heads as he stood.

"Does anyone need anything to drink?" he asked the room.

Sam put Becks down and said she'd come with him to help. She put the ornament on her mantle for now. They stepped through the people in the living room and into the kitchen. Jack grabbed her hand briefly as they went to get drinks for those who wanted one.

"Jack, thank you. You really didn't have to do that for her. And sorry she called you 'dad'," Sam said.

"C'mere. It's OK. And you are welcome. I saw that ornament and thought of the three of us," he said, hugging her close to him.

"Why, Colonel, that is quite sentimental of you," Sam said with a joking voice.

"Don't let my secret out. I have to keep up my macho image and all of that," he said smiling at her.

"Your secret is safe with me, Colonel," she said smiling. She kissed him and then helped him gather drinks for everyone.

After they all helped clean up, folks started to leave. Mark and Julia were leaving the day after tomorrow. They all agreed to have lunch tomorrow at Sam's. She'd have enough leftovers for sure. Jack decided to stay the night with Sam. Around 8 PM there was a knock on her door.

"I'll get it," Jack said.

He walked to her door and opened it to find General Hammond standing in the doorway.

"Sir. Merry Christmas, come on in," Jack said.

Hammond smiled at Jack, and his voice was laced with sarcasm and admiration for his Colonel.

"I see you are quite comfortable here, Jack," Hammond said.

Jack just smirked at his boss, and invited him in.

"Yes, sir. I believe that I am."

He brought Hammond into the living room where everyone else was sitting and talking, or more watching Becks play and talk.

"George, nice to see you again. How's the family?" Jacob asked. Sam gave the General a greeting, and Jack motioned for Hammond to sit in the chair next to the couch.

"Can I get you anything, sir?" Jack asked.

"No, I have some news, though. We heard back from our friends in Air Force medicine. There is one experimental treatment available, if that's what you want, Jacob," Hammond said cryptically, waiting to hear Jacob's answer.

"Why do I feel like there's something much more to this, George?"

"Because there is. It's classified. And if you agree, you just got read on."

"Alright. Tell me more about this experimental treatment."

"Jacob, have you ever heard of the Stargate program?" Jack asked.

"No, is that one of your satellites, or your Santa Tracker at NORAD?" Jacob replied.

"Well, obviously that's just a cover story," Jack added.

"No kidding. I never would have guessed. So tell me, what do you do that's so great you guys have to keep it classified?"

"Well, this is going to be a lot for you to take in at once," Hammond said.

"Stop beating around the bush. What do you guys do?"

"We travel to other planets. Much farther away than anyone ever could have imagined," Jack said.

"So you're not going to tell me the truth."

“He is telling you the truth, dad.”

“She goes to other planets now? What, like in simulations?”

“No. In reality, Jake,” Hammond said..

“We discovered a piece of alien technology. It can send us to thousands of planets all over the galaxy,” Jack said.

“You're not kidding, are you.”

“No. We are not, Jacob,” Jack said.

“Holy Hannah!” Jacob exclaimed

“So what do you want me to do?” Jacob asked.

“Well, sir, we'd like you to travel to one of these planets with us,” Jack said.

“Why? So I can die there?”

“No, dad. Actually, I'm hoping what we want you to do will cure your cancer,” Sam said, looking at her dad with serious eyes.

“They have a cure there? What's the catch?”

“It's a doozy, Jacob, I won't lie to you on that,” Hammond said.

They spent the next few hours talking to Jacob about the Tok'ra and the differences between them and the Goa'uld. Sam had taken Becks to bed, but came right back out to continue the conversation. They explained Jacob would end up having to stay with the Tok'ra. They would have to come up with a cover story, and maybe, if it's approved, let Mark know the truth and have him sign disclosure paperwork.

They explained to Jacob that the sybiant the Tok'ra are in need of a host is about 2,000 years old. It is one of the top leaders of the Tok'ra. The symbiant normally takes a female host, but since Jacob was available, she would have to take a he. Jacob did not have a problem with that.

“And you've been to other planets, Sammie?” Jacob asked.

“No, not yet. I haven't had the need to know, or the need to go. But I'm hoping that the General will let me come with you on this one. Janet has agreed to watch Rebecca. So I've already thought things through.”

“Wow, Sam. I guess this was perfect timing for this to happen in your life. First Jack, now aliens and other planets. Alright. Yes. I'll do it. Especially if this will help Earth form a friendly alliance. Do these Tok'ra have names, like we do?” Jacob asked.

“Yes, in fact they do. The one they need a host for, her name is Selmak. She is old and wise,” Hammond said.

“Alright. When do we leave?” Jacob asked.

“I’ll reach back out to the Tok’ra and see about Tuesday or Wednesday. This way you can spend the last day with your family before going on to a secret Air Force facility for your experimental treatment,” Hammond said, using the cover story they had created for Jacob.

“Thanks, George. This is exciting but a bit scary. I’ll see you all later. I’m going to bed. I have a lot to think about now.”

Everyone gave Jacob nightly good wishes, and he went to bed. Jack and Sam let the General go home. After the door shut, Sam immediately took Jack into her arms and held him.

“I thought they’d never leave,” she said with seductive eyes.

“MMmm, Doctor, so frisky tonight,” Jack said, kissing her by her door.

“You have no idea. First the gift for Rebecca, now my dad. Jack, my life has all changed because I met you. For the better. Now, will you let me take you to bed, or do you want to stand here looking at me all night?”

“I could look at you all night no matter what, Sam,” he said, his eyes turning darker as he looked at her. He ran his hands down the sides of her body. “But, if I can take you to bed, and look at you shatter under me, I’d rather do that,” he said, kissing her chin, to her jawline, and down her neck.

“Come on, fly boy, let me teach you some advanced anatomy,” she said, taking his hand and leading him to her bedroom.

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

This could actually stand as the last chapter. I might have one more in there to finish this up.

There's some detailed sex here :) And some kink towards the end of the sexy time.

Sam ran her hands along the walls. They were made entirely of crystals. She had never seen anything like this before in her life. Sure, she'd seen crystals on Earth. But not an entire underground structure created in an instant. She looked at the colors and the reflections of light on the walls. She leaned in to look at herself in the crystals. Some of them flipped her head upside down. Some elongated her head. She smiled and laughed as she continued to walk the hallway.

Jack stood and watched her. She caught him smiling at her more than once.

"Like what you see?" she asked him.

"Very much," he replied, staring at her with the eyes she has grown to love. She smiled at him.

"Do you have any idea how much longer?" she asked.

"No. It depends on how much energy has to be spent with Jacob's illness."

"I mean how much longer until we have to evacuate. Is this safe? Will we get him out?"

"We will. I promise."

"OK. I believe you. My first trip through the Stargate and it ends in an evacuation because the enemy is on its way. Life will not be dull with you, will it?" Sam asked, smiling up into Jack's eyes.

"No, I can't say my life has ever been dull. But I'm glad you are here with your dad. C'mon. Let's go closer to him and see how his transition is going."

...

Jacob felt funny kissing an old woman. But as he opened his mouth and leaned in, he felt a hot burn at the back of his throat. Then the pain was gone, and he felt like he was asleep, but not really sleeping. Then he felt a presence in his mind.

'Hello, Jacob. I am Selmak. It's nice to meet you like this.'

'Wow. This is strange. I'm sorry, hello. I'm Jacob. But you knew that already.'

'Jacob, I'm going to take control of you now. I need to fix some things in you before we can be moved to evacuate. It will be easier on us both if I just do it. Are you OK with that?'

'Um, I guess, I mean, this is a first for me. So I guess I just, what, take a nap?'

Selmak laughed.

'Yes, you do.'

'OK, let's do it.'

And Selmak took over Jacob to start healing them both to make a quick evacuation.

...

Sam and Jack returned to the space outside of the room where Jacob/Selmak now lay. Garshaw was walking by, guarded by a few other Tok'ra.

"They are close. We have started our evacuation. The tunnels are closing. Selmak has a ship that is cloaked on the surface. That will have to be your way out of here. When she is ready, go with her. She will know the rendezvous point. Thank you for bringing Jacob to us. He has given Selmak another chance."

"Understand. Thank you, Garshaw."

...

Sam had never been in a real spaceship before. The experience was beyond her wildest imaginations. But here she was. With her dad and her lover, flying through space.

Jacob was lying down in the back, still under Selmak's healing influence. They were able to get Jacob evacuated and onto a ship. The ship was taking them to the rendezvous point to drop off Selmak/Jacob. They had a few days of travel to get there by ship. Sam was sitting on the floor in front of the makeshift bed her dad was laying on. She heard him moan and turned around to face him.

"Dad, how are you feeling?" she asked.

In reply, she heard a raspy, almost symphonic voice speaking back to her.

"Samantha, it's Selmak. I am still working to heal your father of his diseases. He is sleeping right now. I just wanted to tell you that we are both OK, but this will take some more time. I'm going to put us both to sleep now," Selmak said.

"Oh, OK, sure," is all Sam could get out.

She felt Jack's presence before she saw him.

"Pretty strange, right?" he asked.

"It's different, all right. How long have you known of them?" she asked.

"We heard about the Tok'ra due to one of our own being taken by a Tok'ra during an evacuation mission during a Goa'uld Ashrak attack. The Tok'ra didn't act like a Tok'ra until the end. The Tok'ra, Jolinar, sacrificed herself to save the host body of Kawalsky. So that is why Kawalsky is alive. I have my reservations about the Tok'ra, but most everyone else has no issues with them."

Sam looked at him strangely, almost accusatory.

"Don't worry. I like your dad. I'm sure I'll like Selmak, too," Jack replied with a smile.

"This is all so overwhelming. So my dad has to stay with the Tok'ra now? Can he come visit? What about Rebecca? What do I tell her? He has lived with us all year, and now he will have to just be gone? I didn't realize this was part of the deal," she said.

"He can always come visit. He will have his own IDC. I don't know what sort of a schedule the Tok'ra will have him on, but Selmak is their oldest leader. He may be away a lot of the time."

"Jack. I can't do this. What if I need help with Rebecca? I'll need to hire a nanny. What if I have to go through the Gate?" Jack stopped her talking by putting a finger gently to her lips.

"Hey, it's going to be OK. I'm also here for you, Sam," he said.

"I can't ask you to give up your life for us, Jack," she said softly.

"Who says I'm giving up anything? I may just be gaining everything I've ever wanted," he said with his smoldering brown eyes.

She stared into his eyes for a few moments. She finally seemed to relax. She reached for his hand and held it.

"It's just so many changes so fast for us. She's not even going to get to say goodbye. She won't know or understand why he left her. No idea when she'll get to see him again."

"If that kid is half as tough as her mother, she'll bounce back and learn to roll with it," he said with a smile.

That did make her smile a little. She leaned into him and fell into his embrace. She felt safe in his arms.

"We'll find a way. It will be OK. Trust me," then he kissed the top of her head, and went to ask the pilot how much time was left.

...

They arrived at the rendezvous point a few hours after Jacob woke up. He got up and walked around the Tel'tak and started stretching, skipping, and jumping. He was laughing like a little kid again. Sam was watching him and laughing with him. He said he hasn't felt this good in years.

Jack was still up front with the pilot and wanted to give Sam some time with her dad. He eventually sat back down on the ledge that had been his bed. She came to sit next to him.

"You know, Selmak heard you and Jack talking," Jacob started.

"She did? Is it weird now, dad, having her in you?"

"It's not as weird as you'd think. She is very kind, and she wants to make our blending a success. And I want that, too. I think this is going to be a good life for me, kiddo."

"So what did she hear, exactly?" Sam asked hesitantly.

"Your fears of losing me, and not knowing when Becks will see me again. Sam, I'm going to be OK now. The cancer is gone. Selmak is fixing other things in me, too. I just want to know that you're gonna be happy," he said.

"I am happy, dad. Really. I am."

"Let him in, Sam. It's OK. Jonas would have wanted you to go on in life. He would want you to find love again, and find the safety you found in him. It won't ever be the same. But, you will make new memories in your new life. He's a good man, Sam, and he is crazy about Becks. Things happen for a reason. Maybe he was your destiny all along," Jacob said.

Sam looked at her father and started to cry. She fell into his side, and Jacob wrapped his arm around her and held one of her hands.

"You've been there for us for so long. We are going to miss you. Thank you for everything you have done for us. I couldn't have gotten this far without you. I love you, dad," she said, sniffling between sentences.

"I love you, too, pumpkin."

"You haven't called me that since I was a little girl."

"Seems it was the right thing to say right now."

"Hey guys, we're almost to the rendezvous point," Jack said softly, not really wanting to interrupt.

"Jack, come in," Jacob said.

Jack came in and stood in front of them both. Sam looked up and he could see she was crying.

“Jack, you know that I don’t know when I will see any of you again. Take care of my girls for me. Don’t break her heart. Or I will break your legs. I seem to be much stronger now,” Jacob said with a smile.

“I have no intention of hurting anyone, Jacob.”

“So what are your intentions towards my daughter?”

“Dad!” Sam exclaimed.

Jack laughed a little. Sam blushed. Jacob stared at Jack as any father would. It was an intense gaze that Jack wanted out of. Quickly.

“Jacob, right now, I am going at her speed. I’d very much like to see where this goes,” he said, looking at Sam.

“Sam, trust him. Now, let’s go get you two home.”

They all walked out onto the new planet that would become the Tok’ra base. There was a Stargate, and the three of them walked to the DHD. Jack started to dial as Sam said her goodbyes.

“Dad, I’m going to miss you,” she said, hugging him.

“I know. But, I’m alive now thanks to Selmak and the Tok’ra. I’ll come visit when I can. Jack and Hammond can call the Tok’ra if you need me for anything. This is really an amazing new life,” he said, raising his arm and pointing to the Stargate.

“It sure is. It’s unbelievable.”

They all watched the Stargate complete the wormhole connection with the kawoosh that Jack has become so familiar with. He entered his IDC.

“Take care of her, Jack. I’m counting on you,” Jacob said, extending his hand to Jack. Jack shook the man’s hand and they said their goodbyes.

Jack turned to Sam and grabbed her hand.

“Ready?” he asked.

She looked one more time at her dad and smiled, then turned to walk up the few steps to the Stargate. The two of them walked through the blue event horizon, and ended up back at Stargate Command.

“Colonel, Doctor, welcome home. I take it the trip was a success?” Hammond asked.

“Yes sir, the blending was confirmed, and Jacob is cancer-free,” Jack said.

“How was your first trip, Doctor?” Hammond asked as they walked out of the Gate room.

“Something beyond my dreams, sir. Thank you for letting me go on this one. It meant a lot to me and my dad,” she replied.

“Colonel, your report can wait for the morning. Why don’t you both get your post-mission checks done and go home.”

“No argument from me, sir!” Jack said happily.

“I didn’t think you would. I’ll leave you to it, then,” and Hammond climbed the stairs back to his office.

“So, what would you like to do tonight?” Jack asked Sam.

“I don’t know. It’s kind of nice not having to worry about Rebecca walking in on us,” she said with a sideways smile.

“Doctor Carter, do I sense the need for more romance in your life?” he said with a huge grin on his face.

“Pretty sure I want more than romance, *sir*,” she almost purred as they entered the infirmary.

Jack looked around for anyone on duty. He backed her up gently against the wall and put his hands on either side of her head.

“Can you be a bit more precise?” he asked, putting his mouth close to hers, teasing her with his lips and eyes.

“I believe I can, *Colonel*,” she whispered, arching her breasts up to his chest. “I’m going to thoroughly fuck you, *Jack*, and you are going to fuck me back,” she said, lightly biting his lower lip.

He inhaled deeply and shook, realizing he’d been outsmarted by her. Her words went straight to his groin, and he was thankful to still be wearing his BDU pants, and not his jeans. His jeans hide nothing.

“Shit, Sam,” were the only words he could form.

“Let me call Janet to let her know,” Sam said, smiling at him, knowing full well what she just did to him. She ducked under his arm and out of his attempt at arousing her. Oh, she was aroused. She could hide it better than he could.

Phone calls were made, medical checks were done, and two hours later, Jack was driving Sam back to his place for the night. They walked in his door and Sam was all over him. They slowly made their way to his bedroom, leaving a trail of clothes behind them.

Sam went into the bathroom and turned the shower on. She walked back into the bedroom and found Jack standing with only his jeans on. She walked up to him and undid his button, and unzipped him. She pushed the jeans down his hips, and lowered herself to the floor to help him step out of each leg. She pushed them aside and ran her hands up his legs first on the outside, then on the inside.

Her hands found space to move in the leg of his boxers. She touched his balls with her fingers, and helped position his shaft to the north, giving it room inside to grow inside the unwanted material. She twisted her hands around inside his boxers, and grabbed the waistband with both hands. She peeled off the boxers, and helped him again step out of them. Her head was at the same level as his needy erection.

She had no desire to wait, and started placing soft, gentle kisses along his skin from tip to base, then running her tongue from base to tip. Jack hissed and put his hands on his head to keep them from touching Sam. He wanted to feel everything from her and not interfere.

“Fuck, Sam,” he said between his teeth as she put him into her mouth.

She wanted to taste him for so long. She wanted to inhale him. But it proved to be a bit much for him. After just a few minutes, he put his hand on his shaft and asked her to stop.

“I’m not going to last long if you keep that up. Maybe next time, but now, I want to be inside of you,” he said, eyes dark as night, and boring a hole inside of her heart.

She got up and stood before him. His hand immediately traced her body and his fingers found her heat. She walked backwards with his hand inside of her into the bathroom. When she got close to the shower, she grabbed his hand and put his fingers into his mouth, and watched him suck her off of his hand.

She backed into the shower and let the hot water cover her body and hair. She purposefully arched her back as if he were standing in front of her, beckoning him to join her. He watched her lather up her body. She made an effort to turn towards him slightly as she soaped up her hands, then put one up front in her mound, and one behind in her ass, and lathered herself up to give herself a good washing. She ran her hands up her body and grabbed both breasts.

“You coming in, or what?” she asked with her hands massaging her nipples.

“Fuck me, yes,” he said, getting in and closing the shower door.

“That’s the idea, I will fuck you, Jack. Or let you fuck me. In either case, I want you inside of me, hard and fast.”

His eyes flashed black and dangerous. She knew he must have had this side to him. She was more than willing to explore this with him.

“Remember, if it hurts or I get too rough, you tell me and I stop. Promise me.”

“Deal. Now, where were we?”

She grabbed his neck and brought his head to hers. She kissed him and let her tongue explore him. His arms wrapped around her back and he slid his body against hers letting the water lubricate between them. He felt her hard nipples against his chest. He ran his hands down to cup her ass. He slid his hands under her ass and reached his fingers in and around her heat. One of his thumbs circled her asshole and attempted to push in. He felt her tense and stopped.

“I’m OK, just been a while for that,” she said smiling at him.

He bent down and took a nipple in his mouth. He lightly bit it, then soothed it with his tongue. His hand went down her front and found her clit. He dove two fingers inside of her as his thumb massaged her. His mouth was still on her nipple when he stopped and spun her around facing the wall.

He took her hands and put them above her head and she rested against the wall on her forearms. He put his cock between her legs and rubbed back and forth. She tightened her legs against his length.

“Jesus Christ,” he whispered.

He took his foot and spread her legs wider so he could get to her. She bent down a little more to offer more of her backside to him. He used his hand to help guide him inside of her. One thrust and he was in his hips. She yelped in surprise at the pain, but it subsided as soon as he started thrusting hard into her. He put a finger in her ass.

“Oh fuck yes, just like that,” she yelled.

He was fast and hard and had to hold the wall to keep from slipping. He slowed to long penetrations, pulling almost all the way out of her, then pressing his cock back inside, watching as he disappeared inside of her.

“You are so fucking hot, Sam,” he said, then resumed the fast and hard.

He did that for a few more minutes then withdrew from her and spun her to him again. He claimed her mouth hard, and grabbed her ass so hard with his hands that he was sure he’d leave marks. He wanted to mark her as his.

He moved a hand down her thigh and urged it up around his waist. They were the perfect match in height for what he wanted to do next. He put his cock right back inside of her, and began pumping hard into her again. His foot slipped, so he picked her up and carried her to the bathroom sink. He put her ass down and continued to fuck her hard.

They were soaking wet, and the shower was still on. She held onto his neck with one hand, and reached down to massage her clit with the other. Jack angled himself to look down at her body and watched as he fucked her. She was the most beautiful woman he’d ever been with.

Then she came hard. She let out a moan and kept her eyes on him. She let out some creative cuss words as he continued to penetrate her without stopping. He watched as her hand stayed on her clit. He watched her stomach convulse in the pleasure he just gave her.

“Fuck, Jack, come inside me. You know you want it,” she said with her dark blue eyes, which did very little for his staging power.

“Jesus fuck,” he said, then thrust deep inside of her and held his hips still.

She wrapped her legs around him to hold him inside of her. He looked down to see him completely buried in her, and her hand was still massaging her nub. He put a hand behind her head and kissed her deeply again. He rocked in and out of her a few more times as his orgasm

released and slowed down. This was by far the hottest sex he had had in his life. He'd never watched as much as she let him watch tonight. He didn't want this to end.

He stopped kissing her and put his forehead to hers. He closed his eyes and just breathed a while as he held her. He could feel her breathing starting to slow. He could feel himself going flaccid again.

He withdrew from her and watched as he pulled out. He held her leg up as he watched for the first traces of his semen to exit her body. He reached down with two fingers and scooped it out. He lifted his fingers up to her and she opened her mouth. He put his fingers in her mouth, and she gladly licked and sucked his DNA and her juices from his fingers. When he watched her swallow, he claimed her mouth again.

"Fuck me, Sam. I had no idea. Where'd all that come from?" he said, smiling and kissing her in between words.

"Something I've wanted to try for a while. I guess I found the right person."

"The water is still on, but I doubt it's hot," he laughed.

"I guess we could turn it off and shower after round two," she said.

"I love you," he said, kissing her again.

She put her hand to his face. He was still standing between her legs and she felt comfortable, powerful, and protected, not vulnerable and naked. This will be different from Jonas. He also made her feel safe and protected. But, this relationship won't do anything to erase his memory or the years they had together. He will always be a part of her life. They had a child together. And it seemed Jack was absolutely fine with that. She realized she can move on now.

Her hand began to tremble. She was overwhelmed with emotion not just from the moment she just shared with Jack, but with the realization that it's OK to move forward with her life. Her lips trembled under his, and he pulled back to look at her face.

"Hey. You OK?" he asked softly.

"Yes, I think I'm more than OK," she said, looking straight into his deep, dark eyes. "But my ass is falling asleep."

He laughed and helped her down off the counter. He took her into his arms and held her. She wrapped her arms around his waist, and he held her around her shoulders. He dropped his face into her neck and kissed her softly.

"I love you, and I realized it is OK for me to move on with my life. Jonas will always be a part of my life through Rebecca and my memories with him. But I get to make new memories and a new life with you, if you'll have me."

He smiled at her, and ran his hand through her wet hair. They both were starting to shiver.

“Of course I’ll have you, Sam. I’d like that very much. Now, let’s get dried off and warm. I seem to recall someone saying something about round two?” he said smiling at her, then kissing her.

They dried off and put on warm clothes. He took her out to the living room and started the fireplace. They sat in front of the fire warming up and talking. Neither one wanted the spell to be broken. They both seemed to want the same thing. As the night went on, and the conversation went from serious to fun, Jack and Sam seemed to realize they were meant for each other.

Round two did happen that night, followed along a little later by round three. They woke up the next day and went to Janet’s to pick up Rebecca. When Becks saw Jack, she ran to him yelling,

“Daddy!”

Everyone’s eyes went large hearing her say that again. Jack picked her up and hugged her first, even before her mom could hug her.

“I guess some things will be easy to adapt to,” Jack joked.

“I actually don’t mind her calling you dad. Is it OK with you?” Sam asked.

“I love the sound of it. And I love you,” he said, leaning in to kiss Sam, still holding Rebecca in his arms.

Daniel and Janet both made ooohs and aaahs about the scene in front of them, then invited them all back inside for breakfast.

This was family. This was Sam’s new life. She finally felt she had come to a point in her life that was stable for her and her daughter. Her dad was right. She could let Jack into their life. She couldn’t wait to be able to tell him in person that she did let go and let him in. Sam was happy for the first time in a few, long, hard years.

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

The final chapter! This one was fun to write. I hope you all enjoyed it. I hope you are all staying safe and healthy.

Eight months later, Sam assisted Janet in triage and helped with medical treatment at the Alpha Site. Something went wrong on a mission with three SG teams, and they all evacuated to the Alpha Site. SG-1 went along because the other teams did find some interesting artefacts and did manage to get them through. They thought Daniel should look at them.

Janet and Sam sent those that were critical back to the SGC. Doctor Brightman would care for the incoming patients at the SGC. They were winding things down at the Alpha Site now, and reports were starting to be written. Sam and Janet were working on their report together. Daniel was off looking at all the things that were brought in. Teal'c was talking with some of the security personnel he had become friends with. Jack was hanging out with the commander of the site.

Rebecca ended up staying with Walter's family and kids. Sam had not been able to get the nanny lined up on such short notice. So Walter's wife had no issue taking Rebecca for a few days. His wife loved Rebecca and loved any chance to watch her.

Jack asked everyone if they wanted to eat here or go back to Earth and go out. He would buy dinner either way. They all laughed and rolled their eyes at him. Daniel had some things to wrap up before he could leave, but they all decided to go back to Earth for the night. Jack asked Sam if she'd like to go for a walk with him while they waited. Janet smiled at Sam and told her to go.

Jack took Sam to the edge of the perimeter to the spot where you could easily see the two moons of this world. She had never seen anything like this before in her life. It was beautiful. He watched her watching the moons. Her eyes were full of wonder and awe. The evening birds were out flying in silhouette of the moons.

"You are beautiful, Sam," he said, looking at her watching the world around her.

She turned to him and hugged him.

"Thank you, you are quite the handsome catch yourself," she said smiling at him.

"So things have been going pretty well with us, I think. At least I think so. How are you feeling with 'us' these days? Rebecca is almost four now. She digs me, too," he said with his boyish smile.

“Yes, she adores you. I’m glad she loves you. I love you, Jack. That hasn’t changed. I think things are very well with us. I like where we are headed.”

“And where are we headed, exactly? I mean in your mind. With you. Where do you think we are headed?”

He sounded so nervous to her tonight for some reason. Off in the distance they heard the Stargate engage. He didn’t seem too concerned about it, so she stayed and talked with him.

“Well, I don’t know all of it right now, but I can see us married. We have a lot to still talk about. Like more kids? Not sure if we do or not. Where would we live? I mean there’s a lot to talk about.”

He looked at her. She admitted she could see them married one day. He’d been married before. He loved being married. And kids? Is she kidding? He loved kids. He’d love to try to have another one. He smiled at her.

“That is good to know. And you are right. We do have a lot more to talk about. So. What do you think about the Alpha Site?” he asked.

“Jack, this place is beautiful. Can you see the moons during the day?”

“Only certain times of the year. The rest of the time they are hidden until night. The one on the right,” he pointed up, “seems to have bioluminescent water on it. See how it glows in streaks every now and then? We think that is surf, or living creatures in the water. We haven’t been able to get a ship up there to survey it.”

“Oh I see it now! It’s gorgeous,” she said looking up at the moon. “Thank you for showing me this. This is really beyond my wildest imagination. New worlds, new people, all coming from Earth. This amazing life is all due to me having to fix your colon,” she smiled, leaning into his side.

He smiled back at her and they both continued to look up at the moons. He turned to face her and wrapped his arms around her and kissed her.

“You know, we have been at this for, what, a year now?” he asked.

“I think so. What’s on your mind?” she asked with her big smile.

“Why wait? I mean, we’re adults. We’re old enough to know what we want. I adore your daughter. Pretty sure she digs me, too. What do you say?” he said, smiling back at her.

“Jack, use your words. What are you trying to say?”

“Marry me. Be my wife. Let me be a father figure to Rebecca. I want to come home to you every night and hold you all night long. I want to do your laundry, and hold your hair back when you are sick hanging over the toilet. I want to make love to you often, and have another child with you. You are it, Sam. You told me up front that you and Rebecca come as a package deal. I want that package. All of it,” he stopped talking because he heard a noise behind them. Sam did not seem to hear it.

“Jack. It’s been hard for me to trust again. I’ve been so busy trying to make a life after my husband died. Then you came along, and swept us both off of our feet. Rebecca adores you. She’s even calling you dad, and I don’t mind. You have been patient with me. You understand me. I feel safe with you wrapped around me. Yes. I will marry you. I will be your wife,” Sam stopped and looked at Jack.

He leaned down and kissed her under the lights from the moons. They both heard someone clear their throat. He smiled into her lips before he held her head in his hands.

“I also have another surprise for you. Turn around, Sam,” he said.

She turned around to find her dad standing there. She ran to him and hugged him. Jacob hugged his daughter and then let go.

“Dad! How long were you standing there?” she asked.

“Long enough. Congratulations, Sam. I’m very happy for you,” Jacob said. “So now your dreams of having me at your wedding are going to come true, too.”

“Jack,” she said, turning to him, “you knew?” she asked, starting to get tears in her eyes.

“Um, ya, I heard a little bit of your conversation a few months back. I talked to your dad. This was the soonest we could get him here or to Earth.”

“Jack,” she said, eyes filling with tears again. She grabbed his hand, then looked back to her dad, then back to Jack.

“Dad, how long can you stay?” she asked.

“A few days. We can arrange something for you guys, then I can come back. I am not missing it this time, kiddo. Not a chance.”

She looked back at Jack in deep thought. She lowered her eyes to gaze at his chest, but her mind was elsewhere.

“It’s Tuesday today, right?”

“Yup,” Jack said.

“There’s no waiting period in Colorado after you get a marriage license.”

“OK, where are you going with this, Sam?” Jack asked.

“Dad is only here for a few days. Let’s do it this week. Let’s get married, Jack. You and I can go to the courthouse tomorrow. Daniel can marry us wherever we want. Dad will be here.”

She looked back at her dad, then to Jack again.

“Dad?” she asked.

“Oh no, you don’t need to involve me in this decision.”

She looked back at Jack. He smiled at her and hugged her.

“OK, let’s do it. Let’s get married,” he said, then kissed her deeply in front of her dad. Jacob just smiled and looked down.

“Wait! One more thing. I almost forgot. How could I forget?” “

He reached into his pocket and took out a ribbon. A ring was tied onto the ribbon. It was a dark metal band with a round blue stone raised at the center.

“I didn’t know what type of ring person you were. I don’t think we ever had that conversation. I had the band made from trinium. It’s what our ships are made from. That stone is a tanzanite. I’m sure you can figure out why,” he said, removing the ring from the ribbon. She smiled as she watched him. He gave her the Stargate.

“So Sam, will you marry me?” he asked. He put the ring on her finger, and watched her look at it. She kissed him and said ‘yes’ again.

Sam hugged her dad, and Jack shook his hand. He took her hand, and turned around to walk back to the Stargate.

“Let’s go home,” he said.

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The next day, Sam and Jack picked Becks up from Walter’s house. They brought her with them to the courthouse to get their marriage license. The three of them went back to Sam’s house to talk to Becks about them getting married. Of course they knew that an almost four year old may not understand fully, but she smiled and then called Jack ‘dad’ again. So they figured that was a good start.

Jack spent the night so Becks could see him staying overnight, then seeing him again for breakfast. He stayed over before in the past, but now he’d be staying every night. Sam asked Jack if he’d be interested in adopting Rebecca. Jack turned to the little girl.

“What do you think, Becks? Do you want me to be your dad?” he asked. Not really sure if she would understand. She smiled at him.

“Yes. Love you, dad,” she said, and leaned into his side.

“We can wait until she is a little older and understands better if you like. But it would be an honor for me to adopt your daughter. I would hope that this is something that Jonas would have wanted, too,” Jack said honestly.

“Ya, I think he’d want this. For the short time he knew her, he really loved her. He was so good with her, Jack. You remind me a lot of him. Thank you,” she said, touching his arm before getting up to see if she had anything to make for lunch.

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Thursday afternoon, Sam and Jack got married. They decided to have the ceremony up on Pikes Peak. It was a place they both enjoyed, and the views up there were simply breathtaking.

Jacob was able to walk with his daughter to stand in front of Jack, and gave her hand to Jack. Sam wore a fitted long sleeve blue dress made from satin. Her long hair was braided, and adorned with tiny white flowers. She looked breathtaking. Jack wore a grey suit with a black shirt.

Daniel officiated, Rebecca was their flower girl. Jack kissed his wife, and dipped her down in front of everyone, drawing a nice rose color to Sam's fair skin. She was now Samantha O'Neill. Rebecca stayed with Janet and Daniel so Sam and Jack could spend the weekend alone at Jack's cabin for a little honeymoon.

The next few months were full of deciding on where to live, filling out paperwork to change names for Sam and Rebecca, and going to work. They decided to sell Sam's house, and move into Jack's because he had more space and the room to add on if they needed to. His yard was perfect for Rebecca to play in. Jack was teaching her to play baseball and how to throw a football. Sam could not have been more happy than she was with Jack in her life.

Jack was promoted to Brigadier General and put in charge of the SGC. General Hammond was posted in Washington DC. Jack was officially off of Gate duty, and able to come home every night of the week. He really loved his life and how it turned out. After losing Charlie, and the divorce from Sara, he did not think he would ever be happy or feel complete again. But Sam and Rebecca proved him wrong.

Jack also decided it was time to get back into coaching the little league hockey teams. He stopped by to see Pops and fill him in on life with Sam. Rebecca was four now, and Jack started to teach her to skate and play hockey. Pops loved having Jack back. He was one of the best coaches for the kids and when parents found out Jack was back, everyone clamoured to have their kid be on his team.

Six months after they got married, Sam got sick. Sam was a doctor, and she instinctively knew why she was sick. But she had Janet run the test at work anyways. The test came back positive. General and Doctor O'Neill were going to have another little hockey player in just about seven or eight more months.

Their lives were not perfect. But their lives were perfect for them. They argued over the stupidest things like any other couple. They disagreed on many topics. They each had things they enjoyed which the other did not. Just the normal things of life when you choose to live with another person. But they deeply loved and cared for each other.

They both loved Rebecca dearly. Jack did adopt her three months after they were married. He had a daughter now, and another baby on the way. On a cold rainy day, Sam gave birth to a healthy baby boy. Jack broke down as the doctor laid his son onto Sam's chest. Jacob Charles O'Neill would never take the place of Charlie. But Jack could not have been happier that he got another chance in life of having a son.

Later that night as Sam was feeding their son, she looked over to see Jack reading to Rebecca. Sam could never have imagined she would ever have a new life like this. Jack came into her world and taught her it was OK to love and trust again. She looked down at her son who was suckled to her breast. She loved her new life. She was finally happy again.

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