

Title: Home

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Category: Angst. First Time.

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Season/Spoilers: Season 5. An episode tag for "Menace"

Synopsis: At last, Jack and Daniel are home.

Warnings: None.



Home

Moments Part Two

By Biblio

"Thank god," Jack announces with heartfelt sincerity as I straighten myself up and peer around muzzily. "I thought I was going to have to carry you across the threshold, there. Frankly, my back is not up to it. You're not exactly a featherweight."

"Home?" I say blankly.

"As requested."

"Not my home."

"You had no objections."

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but I think I was unconscious at the time."

"Napping," Jack agrees sagely.

I get out of the truck before he can offer to help me with my seatbelt or anything. I have on a neat wrist support and even if Fraiser said I couldn't drive, I'm far from helpless. Jack is not willing to concede this point. He may have faked me out over minor details, like

being in love with me for years and years, but I know this mood. He wants to take care of me.

"Should've got an airman to drive you home," Jack suggests blandly to me as he locks and generally fusses over his gleaming, precious baby.

He's waiting expectantly for some kind of comeback but I can't be bothered. In fact, I give up at this point. My heart isn't in the ritual bickering and Jack knows it. He's watching me closely as we walk up to his front door. The flower beds are rich with sun and colour, their scents hanging sweet in the warm air. There's a drowsy, evening feel to the place.

"Food?"

I shrug, not caring. I'm bone tired.

"I'm not planning to jump you the minute we get inside," Jack assures me quietly as he lets us in.

"No?"

"No. Although, to be fair, if Carter hadn't come looking for you, I would've jumped you right there in the shower. Thank God she's trained to knock."

"A pity you didn't show your appreciation at the time."

"I had you naked, slippery and interested," Jack retorts crisply, apparently all the justification he feels is required for being unforgivably rude.

"I'm not," I hesitate, suddenly chilled and shivering, hugging myself for warmth, "uninterested now."

Jack cups my cheek and looks at me intently. "I'll start a fire."

"Sounds good."

"Take a load off," he orders, brusque in his consideration.

I almost wish I had the nerve to walk right around to his bedroom. I don't exactly want to get it over with. It's not quite like that. I mean, I do want him. Very much. He knows it too. It's why he's standing too close. He likes my reaction to him. I'm deeply attracted but there's too much I don't know about the sex for me to be able to take it easy, just quietly sitting here waiting for it to happen. I don't know how far I can let Jack go. Or should I say I don't know how far I can let go? I want to linger. I want to kiss and touch. The rest, I don't know.

"Stop your worrying," Jack sighs, surprising me with a swift, hard kiss before he efficiently strips me out of my jacket and scoots me along with a stinging swat to my butt. I take a couple of stumbling steps before he changes his mind and his arms come around me, snatching me back to rest against him. "Do you want me to promise nothing will happen? Not tonight, not if you don't want it."

"I don't know, Jack. I honestly don't know what I want," I reply gruffly, surprised and touched. I rest my head back against his shoulder and he kisses my cheek, my throat.

"There are other ways I can warm you up," he whispers suggestively, slipping his hand between my legs, his touch burning through the thin linen of my pants.

I'm embarrassed how hard I get, how fast, my breath hitching as Jack softly strokes and squeezes me.

"God," he groans, "You are so gorgeous."

I can't speak. Shuddering helplessly, I'm arching into him, rubbing myself blatantly, insistently against his hand, my legs like water, feeling so good it's like pain.

"Want more?" He kisses my cheek and then he's holding me up, touching only my face. "You could do anything you like with me, Daniel. Don't doubt that."

I'm moved by his generosity in saying this when he can see what he's doing to me. Hard for me to believe him, though, when the mere touch of his hand is killing.

"Come to bed with me, Daniel. Please?"

"Why are you asking? You know the answer." I push away from him and walk down the hallway, a fine, brave gesture which could lead me anywhere. I'm cold through and utterly disbelieving as I push open a door I know and go into a room I've never been before. I look around at dark wood and rich autumnal colours as Jack closes his bedroom door behind us. He eases past me, turns, and starts to take off his shirt.

Okay. I walked in here. I meant to do this. I can do this. Jack's busily unbuttoning but his fingers are on automatic pilot. He's watching me as I undress. I know he saw me naked just a little while back but this is, I don't know why, but it's different.

I suppose it's fairly typical of both of us that Jack is poised and proudly naked while I'm still in my underwear and fixating on my best friend's bed.

Golden light is slanting over the deep coppery quilt as the sun begins to set. I glance inquisitively at the window, but Jack makes no move to close the Venetian blind. I'm slow on the uptake. It takes a while for it to sink in he's watching the light slanting over me.

I decide I'm as comfortable as I'm going to be, tug my tight, tight T-shirt down a tad and smooth it neatly over my even tighter trunks, then walk around to get in bed, my head held high and my teeth gritted.

"Black is a good look for you," Jack admits graciously, admiring the little I'm dressed in although I shouldn't be dressed at all. "Especially the way it," he makes a cupping gesture in the air, "hugs," he finishes, satisfied. As I slide into cool cotton, he tilts the blinds and climbs calmly into the near side of the bed, rolling over at once to face me. "Hi," he says gravely.

"Hi."

"Allow me." He carefully takes off my glasses and reaches around to put them down safely on the night table behind him. Then he settles down, comfortably propped on his elbow. All the better to watch me. "Whatcha thinkin'?" he asks, curious, when I don't rush to fill the silence.

"How beautiful you are naked." I realise belatedly I'm lying in the classic mummification pose and pull the quilt cosily up to my neck.

"Comfy?" There's a tremor of laughter in his voice.

"I'm in bed with my best friend."

"Stupid question, huh?"

Jack decides to rub my stomach, his confident hand heavy and moving quite low. Cotton jersey is a warm, easy fabric. I've never considered it specifically erotic, but then I never imagined I would have Jack stroking it slowly over my skin.

I close my eyes when he teases the T-shirt up and slides his long, callused fingers under it.

"Beautiful," he muses, "is not a word I'd apply to myself."

"You don't see what I do." I half-expect him to say the same is true of me but he lets it pass. He has other things on his mind.

"Speaking of seeing," Jack hints delicately, his voice careful. "I hate to rain on your parade, here, but I already saw everything you've got back there in the shower."

"Everything?"

"You've got a *lot*."

"That was an ambush and you know it, and I'm okay this way."

"You're in bed with me," Jack acknowledges easily. "That's very okay."

"This," I touch my good hand to his rhythmically circling one, "is making me ache."

"I'm going to kiss you now."

"Okay." I turn into his embrace, opening my eyes wide as our bodies meet and the heat of his cock pulses, extraordinary, against my hip.

"I can't tell you how sexy this is, Doctor Jackson," Jack growls, smoothing the fabric over my ribs. "Knowing I get to unwrap you later."

"Why Doctor Jackson?"

"Your highly educated ass is a blistering turn-on."

I don't entirely get this but then he doesn't care. All this talk of sex is just so much bravado, my heart thudding painfully at Jack's unguarded look of pure, incredulous joy. I don't think I'm worth that, not even close, and I can't even tell him how much I've longed for this moment. Words - fail me. He's smiling, though. He doesn't make a move to kiss me and I realise he doesn't want to rush.

"You've been waiting," I acknowledge quietly.

"A while."

Now I'm the one to smile and Jack likes this, he likes it very much. I reach across and rest my hand over his forearm, feeling his muscles flex and slide beneath my palm as he rubs perfect circles on my skin. My wrist aches, but no more than the rest of me now. I take his hand and move it down. Pleasure between my legs.

My good hand is in his hair and we're lying quiet, touching, arousal beginning to bite. We stare. Jack's smile is blinding when I'm the one to move. I kiss him. We kiss. I can hardly believe this is happening. An arm snakes beneath me to tightly hold my waist, Jack is nuzzling my lips, rhythmically squeezing my cock. Jack is gentle. Ecstatic.

"I love you." I can't think of anything else to say and Jack, well, he doesn't want or need more than this. There's a look in his eyes, triumphant, predatory, proud. Mostly what I see, though, is tenderness and for the first time I have no doubt.

"Going to make love to you," Jack promises thickly as he takes my mouth. "Going to turn you inside out."

I'm there.

Cocooned in cool sheets and firm pillows, in the warmth of early evening, we hold each other and kiss. Jack slips into my mouth and swallows me whole. His passion is aching. I have no defence against this and I think he knows, I think it's understood that he can do what he likes with me. I'm his but in his touch and soft, murmuring words, he tells me he's mine.

He strokes into me and I hurt all over, my legs are like water, pleasure and pain in exquisite sensation, sweat pours and I shake all over. Jack doesn't tell me to go easy, Jack is lost. He wants this, he wants everything he can do to me. He exults in what he can do, in what he means, just his hand and his mouth.

I can do nothing when he strips me, my body arched and eloquent. Begging. Tongues pulse deep, hot, rough fingers slide through my sweat, the barest touch of his hand and my cock thumps, my heart slams against my ribs, I clench, I'm blind, I shout out. Pleasure tightens at the base of my spine, I'm molten, I arch again and erupt. My semen shoots hot ribbons over my belly and Jack's hand. Jack is all I see. He's all there is for me.

Panting harshly, I quake as he touches me, my semen cooling on my slick, shivering skin, smeared by Jack's probing fingers. He touches every part of me, fascinated by the ridges of muscle on my belly. Sculpted, he says thickly. My fingers tremble on his broad shoulders as he strokes and whispers, the kindest of words. I'm perfect. Beautiful. Beautiful to him.

This man is my lover. It's hard to take in. Nothing I am is wrong for him. Jack loves me. He's talking again but I'm languid, sated, melting under his knowing hands. I watch his mouth.

Jack kneels and arranges my legs either side of him, still talking. Lecturing. I don't care. His fingers are oiled, glistening as he strokes my cock, my balls, my ass. Sure, knowing slides of skin, pressure where I need it, where it works. My cock throbs painfully and I harden again. Jack is smiling and rubbing circles, perfect, tiny circles that make me quiver, then with predatory eyes and soothing voice, he's pushing in. Jack is inside of me.

"Okay?" he asks, his face beaded with sweat and anxiety.

"I-" I don't know. The pressure of his one oiled finger is all I can take, at the edges of pain, moreso as he sinks deeper. He doesn't say to me we don't have to do this. I think he must. I can say no, but I don't. He's touching me, inside and out. He touches me like he knows me, and he does. Inside and out. The pressure deepens, broadens, but I don't know what it means. Sprawled among the pillows, sweat-soaked and shivering as darkness falls and the air cools, I watch Jack's strained, red face and I love him.

He takes my legs over his shoulders, bewildering me with his shaken intensity.

"Jack?" I ask uncertainly.

"I love you, Doctor Jackson. I love you more than you can possibly know."

His careful hands clamp at my hips, he lifts me a little and then he pushes into me. A shout crowds my throat and I choke it back with difficulty as Jack's knees and hips and bruising grip power a stunning, relentless glide into my body. There's a point I can't take it, where I need to say no, wait, and then he cries out exultantly and drives deep, his head thrown back and his lined face thrilled.

My ass rests on his thighs, my legs sprawl over his shoulders. My skin is pale compared to his and I can only gape, incredulous, where his golden body strains into mine. I see where we join, where he fills me, the slow rock of his hips a deep, fulfilling pain. Jack's back is arched in triumph, his eyes glitter and burn. He loves me and he wants me. Ferocious with need, he's tender as he's fucking me. Talking; tumbling, caressing words, as soft as his hands on my belly, my hips and thighs.

I'm transfixed at the slide of heat and skin inside me, my body clenched tight and driven by his cock, thrust after thrust shocking through me. I feel everything. I never knew.

"Oh, god," I whisper brokenly, biting my lip. I can't stand this. I can't feel this much. I'm drunk with feeling, moaning out loud again and again and again and again as Jack fucks me deeply. His whole body is taut like a bow, like he wants to toss back his head and howl because I'm his, only he has the power to move me, and he knows.

Jack closes his eyes and says my name, says it like he means it. I mean everything to him. It's blazing out at me in his eyes, his touch, in the drive and rhythm of sex, and at the last, with all his barriers down, my Jack is falling, falling, he's falling for me, and I'm there in his heated, stumbling words.

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