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A Sam and Janet vignette  
by romansilence

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Copyright: The characters of the show "Stargate SG-1" don't belong to me but the lucky guys at Showtime Productions, Gekko et al. I just take them out to play. No copyright infringement is intended. No profit will be made. The story however is mine, archiving only with my permission. Warning: This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting adult women. So, if you're not old enough, please put this story on the backburner and come back later. Basically this is a PWP story (Plot? What Plot?), meaning that there's a lot of loving going on but not much else.

Special thanks go to my beta reader Stephenie.

Summary: Janet administers her special kind of tender loving care when Sam returns home after a difficult mission.

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It had been Janet's day off when SG-1 had returned three days late from a mission.

The negotiations with the locals about the mining of their naqadah reserves had been interrupted by what the report called 'a cultural misunderstanding'. For once that had not led to the hasty abortion of the mission but instead had helped them to reach their goals. The locals took their willingness not let the behavior of one of their own count against their whole culture as a sign of a highly developed society, worthy of doing business with them despite the fact that the Tau'ri allowed their women far too many liberties. By all intents and purposes it had been a success. For Sam, however, it had been a close call and when she finally had arrived home she had not only been exhausted but also passed the seething angry stage in favor of being on a spiral to down and outright depression.

Sam had barely closed the door to their house behind her when Janet was there and took her into her arms. She pulled her head down and gave her a passionate kiss. Moments later Sam had been divested of her leather jacket which landed on top of her keys on the small dresser in their entrance area.

Janet then pulled her in the living room and pushed her down on the couch without giving her the chance to protest or ask a question. Her mouth was effectively sealed with another kiss while Janet straddled her lap. The kiss lasted long enough to make her dizzy.

Janet's hands were busy unbuttoning the blouse Sam was wearing and with pulling it out of her waistband. She growled in disappointment when she didn't find the smooth skin she had expected but one of the tank tops she normally couldn't get enough of seeing her partner in.

"You're way overdressed, Major Carter."

"We can't, Janet, as much as the fire in your eyes turns me on, Cassie is about due to come home from school."

"Cassie has softball practice and will eat with the Mastersons, she won't be home before 2000 hours. We have all the time in the world. So, are you turned on?" Janet asked, already knowing the answer to her question.

"How could I not be, my love? Being jumped by the most beautiful woman in the universe the moment I come home, seeing the desire and need in your eyes. I would have to be dead not to be turned on. But speaking of overdressed, baby..."

"No, my Sam, now it's my turn. You'll get your chance, later. Put your arms over your head, you're still overdressed."

Sam quickly obeyed with a twinkle in her eyes, her earlier depression completely forgotten. She soon found herself bare-chested on the couch. Janet leaned back and drank her in with her eyes. Seeing the hunger in those dark orbs caused Sam's nipples to stand at attention, and Janet wasted no time in attending to her breasts. She pressed her thumbs on the hard nipples and pressed down while the rest of her hand gently massaged the soft flesh. Sam pulled Janet's head down to hers and they renewed their kiss.

When they had to come up for air Janet once again took control. "Put your hands on my ass. This way I'll know where they are all the time and there will be no more surprises."

"But Jan-baby, there are so many things I could do with my hands, like getting you out of these troublesome clothes." Sam protested.

"Not a chance, my love. I spent ten days missing you and I only was supposed to miss you for seven days. It's my turn." Janet said and bent down to lick Sam's right nipple.

Sam arched her back into the touch. "I missed you, Jan, so much."

Janet continued to suckle one breast. One of her hands was fondling the other one while her other hand was busy opening Sam's belt. She slowly unbuttoned the fly and smiled around the nipple between her lips at the soft feeling of Sam's decidedly non-regulation silk boxers. She knew if she should venture further south she would find Sam all wet and it probably would not take long for her to find completion.

So, she returned most of her attention back to worshipping Sam's perfect breasts. The tip of her index finger retraced Sam's belly button; it dipped in and then slowly went all around. Her hand wandered, inch by quarter inch, to the side until it met something rough and Sam flinched.

Janet stopped her ministrations, her doctor's instincts quickly overriding her arousal. Looking down she saw an angry red wound and a few inches higher a fist sized colorful bruise.

"Oh god, Sammy, why didn't you say something? Daniel told me you were alright. I should have made sure before molesting you instead of giving you medical attention."

"Jan, please, don't stop. I'm alright. I told Daniel how to treat it on the planet and Doctor Warner gave me a clean bill of health. It's just a scratch and a bruise, nothing serious. Please, kiss me, it's not my doctor I need at the moment." Sam said and the pleading in her voice was more than Janet could resist.

She promised herself to give her partner a thorough physical later while she bent down further and put soft kisses on the knife wound. Sam moaned but it was not from pain. Janet began to lick her way upwards, bathing the whole length and breadth of the bruise with her tongue. Finally she returned to the breast she had worshipped earlier but only gave it a soft, fleeting kiss before turning her attention to the other one.

Sam's hands had started to squeeze Janet's buttocks and Janet matched the rhythm with her hand and her tongue. Her other hand was pressed against Sam's crotch, but didn't move.

"Please, Jan, please, I need you. Please, go inside." Sam pleaded.

Janet pressed harder against Sam's still covered mons but didn't change the rhythm of her ministrations. Sam squirmed under her and Janet revelled in the power of her lover's lean body. By now she could smell Sam's arousal but she wanted to push her higher before making her come.

Sam moaned and Janet's mouth left the breast. She looked into her lover's blue eyes, darkened by desire and cut the next moan off with her kiss but didn't allow Sam to reciprocate.

"I'm yours, Sam, tell me, are you mine?" Janet asked after she had put some distance between their upp bodies; both of her hands now kneading Sam's firm globes.

"Yes, Janet, I'm yours, for now and for eternity, all yours."

"Mine, all mine." Janet repeated when she first kissed Sam's forehead, her eyes, her mouth, her left and then her right nipple. She transferred her weight from Sam's lap to her knees and said, "Raise your hips, Sam. I want to see my prize."

Sam's heart began to beat faster and in her haste she would have almost thrown Janet off, but luckily her partner had been ready and quickly pulled her trousers and boxers down. Sam's sex glistened in the early afternoon light and Janet quickly entered her with two fingers. She put her weight back down on Sam's knees to keep her from bucking too much, but it still left Sam enough freedom of movement to literally fuck herself on her lover's fingers without Janet even having to move.

Janet's other hand went to Sam's face. She stroked her cheek, her thumb retraced Sam's lips and was sucked in and gently licked and suckled.

"Do you know how beautiful you are, my Sammy? The most beautiful, most precious thing in the world. Especially in moments like this, when you give yourself to me completely, when you squeeze my fingers and I know that you're this close to coming and yet your big blue eyes plead

for more. You can give a girl such a power trip. So beautiful and willing, and yet so strong and independent. And all mine."

"All yours, please, Janet, I need more, please touch me, take me." Sam mumbled around Janet's thumb in her mouth.

Janet would not have needed to understand her words to know what Sam wanted, her eyes were speaking loud enough - and Sam knew of the effect certain expressions had on her lover.

"You are a tease, my love," Janet answered, "but I'll indulge you soon. For now I want you to move your hands from my ass to your breasts. Touch them, caress them gently. They're very precious to me, treat them as such. Give me a show."

Sam looked into Janet's brown orbs and was as always mesmerized by the tiny golden speckles that heralded her arousal. She also could see Janet's nipples straining against the fabric of her T-shirt. For a moment she contemplated to abandon her own breasts in favour of Janet's, but then her lover began to wriggle the two fingers still inside of her and she just did what she had been told.

"Yes, that's my girl. Go on; show me how much you enjoy yourself. I want to see my beautiful baby."

Sam's eyes never left Janet's and she tried to open her legs further to give her more access. The fabric of her pants bit into her thighs but she didn't feel it.

"Please, Jan, please, more."

Janet pushed her fingers deeper. The tip of her middle finger grazed Sam's G-spot and at the same time her thumb pressed down on the clit. Sam's hips bucked wildly and she cried out in ecstasy. Janet would have been dislodged had she not anticipated her lover's reaction.

Sam's inner muscles clenched again and again, and suddenly Janet somehow managed to turn her to the side and push her back until she was lying prone on the couch. Janet scooted backwards and closed her mouth around Sam's still engorged clit.

The scent and taste pushed Janet over the edge and Sam's new orgasm started before the last waves of the first had run out. Janet eagerly lapped up her juices and then crawled up the taller woman's body. Sam tasted herself on Janet's lips and pulled her closer until all of Janet's weight was resting on her.

"Thank you, my Jan. I love you. How do you always know what I need?" Sam asked after a while.

"I love you too, my Sam. Let's take this to the bed, love. We'll be more comfortable there, and I want to feel your skin on mine, all of you."

"I'm comfortable where we are, just like this, but you're right, and you're still overdressed. Besides, it's my turn now and we might need a bit more space than the couch offers."

"Sometimes you have a one-track mind, my love." Janet said with a bright smile while she stood up and offered her hand to Sam.

"Sometimes I do," Sam answered with a twinkle in her eyes, "but I somehow got the impression that you wouldn't want me any other way."

She pulled her trousers up to her waist but didn't bother with closing them. Janet grabbed the shirt, tank top and bra and they went upstairs to the bedroom where Sam set a new record for getting out of her boots and trousers.

Janet observed her eager lover with an indulgent smile. She closed the door but before she had a chance to turn around Sam's arms closed around her waist. She pulled Janet's T-shirt out of her jeans and over her head. Sam opened the fly and pushed the pants down to the floor together with her panties. She helped her to step completely out of the jeans and put two soft kisses on Janet's buttocks before getting up again. She pressed her body against Janet's back and once again closed her arms around her. Janet put her hands on top of hers and made small circles with her thumbs on the back of Sam's hands.

"Daniel, what did he tell you about the mission when he called you earlier?" Sam asked.

"Not much, only that you would need some TLC. Your eyes told me the rest." Janet answered.

"Will you hold me while I tell you?"

"Of course, my love, I will hold you as long as you want me to. Come, let's go to bed." Janet answered, extremely relieved that Sam wanted to talk without being coerced by her first.

Janet propped herself up against the headboard. Sam snuggled in her arms and pulled the comforter over both of them. Janet put one hand on Sam's breast and the other on her stomach, feeling instinctively that her lover needed more than simple skin contact. She needed to feel safe and protected and desired; and though she would never admit it to anyone else, there was nothing she would not do to make her Sammy feel this way.

THE END