A liar who tells the truth

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A liar who tells the truth

by FallLover

Summary

Seth and Horus continue their conversation after the illusions in the desert temple are destroyed. Things grow more heated as Seth is anxious about new revelations and Horus seeks to reassure him.

Set after Season 2, Episode 106.

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes

Seth scoffed at Horus' comment, still feeling his face burn from Horus' ridiculousness. The room they were in felt a little too close, too, but Seth shouldered on, not sure how else to face Horus' intensity. "The illusion I saw said it was here to teach humans about procreation. That seems to be why it did what it did."

Horus was still watching Seth closely as he said, "The illusion I saw didn't mention that."

Seth scowled and asked, "Well what did *you* see, then?!" A thought struck him. "Was it an illusion of me?"

Horus shook his head, his expression unreadable.

Seth was unsure if Horus would have attacked an illusion of Seth. Or if Horus did, what that might mean: that Horus could tell the real Seth apart from a fake, or that he was actually an enemy, despite his behavior to the contrary?

Regardless, Seth sighed in exasperation and said, "I'm not sure why you think I owe you answers if you won't give me any." If they wanted to figure this place out, they had to pool their information, little though it was, especially as Seth couldn't see the altar anywhere.

Horus' gaze grew distant as he said, "I saw Nephthys. She questioned me about my relationship with you."

"Nephthys?" Seth asked, surprised, wondering why the temple and its keepers were so ready to use Nephthys in some form.

But ask about Seth and Horus' relationship? Seth thought that was odd… The idea also made Seth uncomfortable: he'd avoided thinking about Nephthys for so long, and the illusion had just been a sort of dream, not a version of Nephthys, so it hadn't broken that barrier Seth set for himself.

"She's after your man," the illusion had said. Seth wondered if that was something about why Nephthys had appeared… But he didn't think Nephthys cared for Horus all that much. Sure, they'd clearly interacted at some point around Seth's sentencing, but Horus never brought her up.

Horus kissed Seth's right cheek. "I got rid of it quickly, because I knew it was illusion. And I realized what happened to you when you walked off. This place tried to separate us forcefully, too."

"I didn't see *Nephthys*," Seth said, letting his hands rest on Horus' chest, reassuing himself Horus was real and not another illusion. "I saw something that was designed to sort of look like her. She's a sort of goddess Ra left here, apparently."

"And you wanted her more than me?" Horus said, sounding dejected.

Seth rolled his eyes at the pouty routine, knowing it was just Horus trying to get pity points. "No. We just *talked*. And then I tried to leave, but then you showed up." He frowned. "She

did say something odd, though. That… someone was after you?"

Horus' eyebrows rose in surprise. "Who?"

"A woman. Perhaps another daughter of Ra." When Horus said nothing, Seth said, "The illusion said she covets you."

"…She could mean Hathor," Horus said, very carefully. "Though I wasn't sure Hathor felt so deeply about me."

Seth frowned as he asked, "You think Hathor covets you? When did that happen?"

"During the trial," Horus replied. "She approached me with, I believe, an intent to court me. After your sentencing, she came to Heliopolis with an offer of marriage."

Seth's eyes widened in shock. "You're marrying Hathor?! Isis would never trust someone so close to Ra…" He frowned. "Unless it's some political thing to strengthen her rule, I guess…" Allying again would Ra could bring some form of stability… but it was risky, too. Very risk. And Seth knew that Isis of all people knew that.

"I'm not marrying Hathor," Horus said.

Seth's eyes widened again as things fell into place, and he ignored Horus' comment to ask, "Wait, is that why she was in Heliopolis?! Is that why you didn't kick her out yet?! Isis woke up and is trying to get you to marry her?!"

"I'm not marrying her," Horus insisted.

"So you say!" Seth said, angrily, shoving Horus a little. He felt like he was still being run around in circles. "But your mother is in charge right now, and you're here with me, hiding from your duties!"

"I don't care for Hathor," Horus said, firmly. "I've told Mother I have no plans to marry her, and Mother, at least to me, accepted my decision. She knows I have someone else in mind, and she's supportive of that."

Seth frowned at him. "She's supportive of…?" His eyes widened again. "Did you tell her who it is you're interested in?!" He could only *imagine* how Isis would have reacted to *that*.

He wondered if that was why Horus came back to Seth so quickly.

Horus shook his head as he replied, "No. She thinks it's a goddess, possibly a human woman."

Seth chuckled at the idea and asked, "And when do you expect to tell her? It's going to come up at some point." And he didn't want to imagine how she'd come after *Seth* for it…

"…When I return with you to Heliopolis," Horus said, simply.

Seth stiffened. The idea was so ridiculous… Seth going back at all was an issue, but to go back *with* Horus? People would talk, Isis would be murderous…

Horus pulled Seth closer and kissed his forehead. “I will tell her. She may be confused, upset… But I will be honest with her. I love you. And I will not marry Hathor.”

Seth imagined Hathor swooping in with one of her ridiculous crushes, tearing Horus away, and his own arms slowly moved his arms around Horus’ chest, embracing the younger demigod.

Seth could see Isis keeping Hathor around to avoid getting Ra’s ire. He *couldn’t* quite imagine her coming around to the idea of Seth and Horus as a couple.

The illusion’s warning had a more sinister tone, now. Hathor was an ancient goddess, with more tricks up her sleeve than Seth and likely Isis knew. Seth wasn’t even sure Horus had really gotten away from her. And even if he had, it might only be temporary.

It was also surprising, knowing what Horus turned down to be with Seth. Sure, an alliance with Ra was risky, but Horus was a young demigod, and Hathor wasn’t ostracized by everyone Horus cared about. It was a tempting offer.

“I wouldn’t be with Hathor behind your back,” Horus said.

Seth looked up in surprise.

Horus reached up to brush back the red hair over Seth’s left ear. He was smiling gently. “I know my duties as king. But I have no intention of doing what Osiris and Nephthys did. I wouldn’t do that to you.”

Seth grimaced in discomfort at the memories. “If Hathor covets you still, you’re not out of danger. She’s a powerful goddess, she can use fire magic, she’s Ra’s favorite…”

Thought it was nice, on some level, to know that, given the option, Horus picked Seth over the goddess of love and beauty.

“You’re worried about me?” Horus said in a teasing tone. “Are you going to protect me from her?” The corners of his lips were turned up in delight.

Seth scowled up at him, unimpressed with the man’s nonchalance. “In this state, it’s dubious if I’d be a match for her. I’ve never formally fought her, but I’ve seen signs she could be a difficult enemy.” *All children of Ra are messy like that.* “Her sisters have certainly given me enough trouble…”

Horus leaned his forehead against Seth’s again. “If we stay together, we can stand up to them. Isis is wary of them as well.”

“Will she be *as* wary if I’m brought into the picture?” Seth asked, extremely skeptical.

“…If she knows I love you, I think she might change her mind.”

Seth just *stared* up at him, wondering if Horus had lost it. “You’re joking.”

“Mother’s feelings for you are complex,” Horus said as he squeezed Seth’s back a little. “And she loves me. After she learns what you’ve been doing, and if you can actually defeat the curse, which I believe you can, I think she’ll accept it.”

It was some odd cloud fancy, in Seth’s eyes. “…You are *far* too optimistic,” Seth said, hearing the exhaustion in his own voice. “No matter the records she kept of me in the past… I feel like she’s still going to insist Hathor is the better choice.”

“She’s not going to force me to marry someone I don’t want to be with,” Horus said, still sounding confidant. “And she knows I don’t want to be with Hathor.”

Seth still couldn’t put his worries aside.

“You’re really concerned about me,” Horus said with a grin. He leaned forward and kissed Seth on the lips.

Seth shut his eyes, breathing in more of Horus’ powerful scent. He hadn’t really noticed it before, and he wondered if something in the temple was amplifying it. If nothing else, it was nice to be held. Nice to be told how much Horus wanted him.

He’d heard Nephthys talk lovingly about him before, and part of him couldn’t get past that, given where it led: Osiris’ bedchambers and centuries of pain. After all, Hathor, like Osiris, was attractive and powerful… And there were plenty of reasons for Horus to choose her…

And Seth couldn’t really stand in the way of Horus and Isis solidifying their rule. Egypt needed the stability, especially with foreign gods eying invading while the country was weak. In some ways, it was the *better* choice to marry Hathor.

When Horus pulled away, Seth said, quietly, “But I don’t want you to choose her.” His face burned as the words moved right through him. He was being selfish. Conceited. Trying for things he didn’t deserve.

“I won’t choose her,” Horus said as he pressed kisses to Seth’s cheeks and neck, leaving a feeling of soft feathers behind him. “I’ll never choose her. How could I, when I have you?”

Seth sniffed in disbelief, but couldn’t bring himself to voice his insecurities.

Horus pressed Seth against one of the stone walls, moving his right hand down to Seth’s left hip. He murmured, “I love you, Uncle. I’ll say it over and over again, whether or not you believe me.”

Seth’s heart raced as Horus kissed him again, pushing harder, and licking into Seth’s mouth. Horus’ right hand moved around the curve of Seth’s thigh, prompting Seth to raise his leg and wrap it around Horus’ back, keeping him close, whether Seth could touch him, feel the realness of him. Seth’s left hand squeezed Horus’ side.

Horus grinned against Seth’s lips. “I really love how much you want me to stay by your side.”

Seth's cheeks burned, feeling far *too* seen as he said, "Well that illusion, for all you hated her, called you *my man*, so…" It was such a silly thing.

Horus' bright blue eyes widened briefly. He raised his left hand and pressed two of his fingers into his mouth.

Seth frowned at him in confusion. "What are you…?"

But Horus quickly withdrew the saliva soaked fingers and pressed them inside Seth's shendyt, snaking between Seth's thighs and under Seth's cock.

Seth shivered at the wetness as Horus' fingers pushed between his cheeks. When Horus' fingertips pressed at his entrance, Seth grumbled and leaned forward over Horus' left shoulder. The space between his legs felt tight.

"I *am* yours," Horus said, firmly, as he pushed the fingers deeper, gently thrusting back and forth. "All yours." There wasn't quite enough saliva on the fingers, but Horus' pace made the intrusion less bad than it might be.

Seth breathed in heavily, feeling very aware of his front and Seth's hand between his legs. His fingers tightened where they clutched Horus' arms.

Horus nuzzled Seth's left ear before wrapping his lips around the lobe, sucking on it.

Seth bit his lip and pressed his hips down on Horus' fingers.

Horus made a contented noise against him, and took note by increasing the pace of his thrusting. His fingers dug up into Seth, making Seth's leg shake a bit.

Seth could feel his hardening cock pressing against his shendyt, and the friction of the cloth was *not* helping his increasingly desperate state.

Horus eventually withdrew his hand, leaving Seth feeling too empty. But then Horus pressed his fingers back into his mouth.

Seth stared at him in shock, knowing where those fingers had just been…

Horus' eyes were bright and hungry as he met Seth's gaze, and he slowly licked the fingers, taking them deep.

Seth swallowed and then bit his lip again. *He really is a bizarre man.…*

Horus finally withdrew his fingers and lowered his hand again to push back inside Seth, spreading the digits inside Seth's entrance.

Seth gasped a little on each thrust, feeling his back press into the stone of the temple. He was a bit encouraged by the fact this place *was* seemingly designed, to a degree, for fucking…

He didn't think Teneher would take kindly to hearing about this. Though he didn't plan to tell her, either, at least not about this part, if it could be avoided.

Horus dissolved his shendyt and finally removed his hand again. He grabbed hold of his cock and pressed forward, pushing into Seth's ass.

Seth grunted at the intrusion and raised his right leg to wrap around Horus' back, urging Horus deeper. He knew he was clinging to Horus at this point, and didn't care.

Horus adjusted the grip of his right hand on Seth's hip, and moved on, squishing Seth against the wall. His cock bullied its way inside Seth, making Seth shiver and draw closer to the edge of release.

Seth's hands clutched at Horus as his arms wrapped around Horus' back. He pressed his face against the side of Horus' neck, feeling Horus' soft dark hair press against his skin. He could feel the delicious intrusion of Horus' cock inside him, and just wanted it deeper and harder, towards the very core of him. Every thrust sent crackles of energy through his body, making him shiver in Horus' hold.

If he's mine, then I want all of him, he thought as his back thudded against the wall. *Hathor can't have him. Nor can Ra. If I'm really a guardian god, and I'm tired of being protected, then… then I'll guard. If I can.*

He shut his eyes and gasped as Horus sped up. Horus' skin was hot beneath his fingers, and Seth felt like his insides were too tight and also not tight enough. "Fuck, there, dammit…"

"Better than an illusion," Horus said with a breathy laugh.

Seth gave a half-hearted chuckle and said, "Just focus, damn it… Ahh…" He pushed back the impulse to form his fingertips into claws, because he knew Horus' demigod skin couldn't resist it. But the focus and distraction meant that when Horus' seed began to fill him, he felt strangely stretched between pleasure and control, and not quite able to release himself.

Do I have to hold back forever? Seth wondered briefly, feeling a bit forlorn. *Is that better for us both?*

Horus half-crushed him into the wall and murmured against the curve of Seth's ear, "*Seth…"*

The sheer naked want of that word, coupled with the press of Horus' cock made Seth gasp as he came, making a mess of his shendyt.

Horus' breath was hot on Seth's neck, and he was heavy. But his hands kept Seth up, and despite a slight shakiness, were rather firm.

Seth leaned his head more on Horus, just breathing in, feeling too full and wrung out. Horus' cock inside him was a presence he couldn't ignore, but an oddly pleasant one.

Horus' fingers rubbed Seth's thigh over the cloth of the shendyt. Small, gentle, relaxing. A reminder he was still there, still paying attention.

And he still smelled nice.

Seth found himself smiling, of all things. "I was looking for you, when I came here."

“What?”

Seth shut his eyes. “You smell good. And… I wanted to find the source of the nice scent.”

“…Well I’m here,” Horus said.

Yes, Seth thought as he shut his eyes. *Somehow, you are. And I want you to stay.*

End Notes

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