A year with you

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A year with you

by FallLover

Summary

After a year of being together as a couple, Horus asks to go on a chariot ride with Seth. It goes well, and then Horus gets extra handsy, which flusters and pleases Seth.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own in September 2024.

See the end of the work for more notes

“This is incredible, Uncle!” Horus said as he stood behind Seth on the chariot while they raced across the desert sands.

As Seth felt Horus’ warm arms around him, resting on his bare chest under the late morning sunshine, while Seth kept his hands on the reins of the sand crocodiles, he supposed it wasn’t so bad.

Horus wanted to celebrate a year since they’d come together as a couple, which Seth didn’t quite have words for. He wasn’t used to people wanting to celebrate being with him, since no one had really done that in hundreds of years. Not since Osiris and the mirror had brainwashed Nephthys, Isis had turned from Seth, and Seth had ruined everything else. Even now that Osiris was properly trapped in Duat, unable to interfere with souls or the world of the living, Horus was properly king, and Seth was revered as a god again, people were still reasonably a bit wary of him.

Horus had seemingly noticed Seth’s hesitation about making a celebration of it, and suggested they go for a chariot ride together. “I’ve never been in a chariot! And I always wondered what it was like riding with Uncle!” He’d used one of his fond smiles, too, which Seth knew was meant to guilt him into it.

So Seth said yes, humoring the other god. It seemed to be a lot of their relationship, and at least sometimes – most of the time, as Horus would argue – it turned out well for Seth, too.

Now, Horus was a strong presence behind him, which was a bit irksome, even as Horus’ touch were comforting. Seth had grown used to having Horus behind him in a variety of situations, including combat, but chariot rides were different. They were high adrenaline and dangerous, and decisions had to be made even faster than usual, while he let instinct carry him through the motions as his sand kept his mounts in line.

But the sun was warm on his skin, and as they drove along, the only life for some ways, Seth relaxed more into it.

A familiar warm nose nuzzled his neck and Seth reined in the sand crocodiles, slowing them down.

“You stupid pigeon!” Seth muttered in annoyance as Horus only leaned in closer and continued snuffling at him. “Do you want to get your face bashed in?” He knew Horus could use his abilities to keep himself balanced, but still…

“I couldn’t help it,” Horus said before he mouthed at the side of Seth’s neck, making Seth shiver. His fingers gently rubbed along Seth’s hips. “You look so handsome guiding the chariot, I just… I love that I’m here, with you. And that you’re mine.”

Seth’s face reddened, and he let his hands holding the reins rest on the chariot edge. “Well, you clearly don’t know how chariots work at all, becau-ahh!”

Horus’ right hand dipped under the waist of Seth’s shendyt, pressing along the cleft of his ass.

Seth shivered and clutched at the reins as he felt two of Horus' fingers press inside him. He braced himself as much as he could as Horus idly thrust those fingers back and forth, making Seth brace himself on the chariot bed.

"Still so loose for me, Uncle," Horus said, clearly pleased.

"Well you *did* keep me up all night," Seth muttered, trying to control his breathing as he failed to see anything before them while his brain focused on those fingers in his ass. It wasn't a criticism: he'd long since found that Horus being at his side at night meant he had better or no dreams, and overall slept better. He wasn't sure why exactly, and Horus had said he wasn't doing anything.

Nephthys, during a breakfast together, had suggested it was a sign of love, because, "I always slept better next to you."

When Seth had no response to that, Nephthys clarified, "Knowing someone you love and trust is nearby, holding you, can put your mind at ease."

He knew he easily fell asleep, but sleeping *well* was something of a new experience for him, which he appreciated. Not that he'd ever tell Horus, certainly with Horus taking advantage like he was now, even if his hand was making Seth shiver with pleasure and bow over the front of the chariot a bit more.

Horus' left hand reached around and down to press under the front of Seth's shendyt, wrapping around Seth's cock and gently pumping it. "You're so hard already. Does this please you?"

Seth breathed in shakily and muttered, "Impudent…" He still leaned his hips instinctively into Horus' movements, chasing the pleasure. His body hadn't been something that created pleasure for himself or anyone he cared about in so long, but Horus daily gave him compliments and warm encouragement about it, often until Seth hid his face in embarrassment.

Isis had caught Horus holding Seth by a balcony in Heliopolis once, whispering sweet nothings in his ear. Seth had met her gaze long enough to see her roll her eyes and walk away, muttering about "lovebirds" needing to find a *room* so the "adults" could work in peace.

As Seth thrust forward into Horus' large hand, he supposed the middle of the desert wasn't a bad place for it. No one was going to bother them here, not without Seth – even in his present state – sensing it. But *lovebirds?*

Horus pulled his fingers out – leaving Seth feeling oddly empty – before pulling Seth's shendyt down further. Then he pushed his cock inside Seth's hole.

Seth gasped shakily at the intrusion, and twitched when he felt Horus' lips on his spine. Seth's distraction made him accidentally tug the reins, making the sand crocodiles start walking along slowly.

Horus chuckled behind him, and the feeling of the laughter on Seth's skin was strange. "Am I distracting you, Uncle?"

Seth pulled on the reins again, making the sand crocodiles go still. The momentum of the chariot halting, even at that slow a pace, caused Horus to quickly press deeper inside Seth, pulling a hard gasp from the older god. Seth leaned over the front of the chariot even more, panting around the feeling.

"Imagine what it would feel like," Horus said as he moved his head up closer to Seth's right ear, "if we were racing along the sands with me buried inside you, the bump of the chariot shoving me deeper and deeper into you." He withdrew his cock as far as he could in the small chariot space before slamming it back home, making Seth moan.

Seth's face burned. "I know you have permanent sex brain, but it really wouldn't be as good as whatever you're picturing."

"But you're picturing it?" Horus teased.

Seth grimaced and wanted to curse out the damned pigeon again. "I'd be more likely to be distracted and aim us at problem areas and crash, no matter how nice you think it might be." He shut his eyes in pleasure as Horus began slowly fucking into and out of him. His hands shook around the reins. "The sand animals are… nnn… Aren't… They aren't autonomous to that degree… Not while… ahh… Not while I'm distracted."

Horus squeezed Seth's left hip, pulling him back even more to meet Horus' hips on every thrust, and sending powerful waves of pleasure through Seth's body. There was only so much room in the chariot, so Horus could only move so far, but even his tighter thrusts were powerful, as always, and Seth knew he was already close to the edge. The long ride together had only encouraged it.

"It's okay to let go, Uncle," Horus panted. "I'll catch you if you crash. And you're the strongest god I know, you'll be okay if you give yourself over to your own pleasure." Horus squeezed the head of Seth's cock.

Seth cried out as he came, and his arms whipped the reins again, making the sand crocodiles start moving once more, this time a bit faster. The momentum shoved Horus deeper and deeper on every thrust, making Seth feel like Horus was pushing to the very core of his body. He stared at his hands gripping the reins and felt so distant from them as his release ripped through him. It seemed to take the most effort he ever had to pull the mounts to a stop again.

Horus hissed when he slammed inside Seth one last time, releasing his seed deep inside Seth's body. They both gasped in the quiet desert, the wind scattering their voices so no one would hear them.

Seth's chest was still shaky, and he felt full of Horus' come. The other god pulled Seth close, so Seth's back was fully against Horus' chest. Horus' cock moving in Seth's ass made him grunt, but he relaxed into the familiar hold.

Everything in their lives seemed so far away: their family still working at their duties, the humans carrying out their day-to-day business, the borders guarded by Seth's newly built-up army… Here, Seth was reminded just how much he belonged to Horus in a way he'd never really belonged to anyone else, not even Nephthys, because he was afraid of what would happen if he did. Horus accepted even the nastier parts of him, the things Seth hated, and packed love onto every part of Seth he could get to.

No wonder he wanted the chariot ride, Seth thought with a bitter smirk. *It's the only part of my life he really hadn't touched yet.* Every time he made a chariot in future, he'd probably remember this. And although Horus only theorized about it now, they'd probably go further if they ever did this again.

Assuming they didn't go further *now*.

Horus reached out to pull Seth's chin back so they could press their lips together.

Seth shut his eyes, relaxing even more into Horus' hold. This was familiar, and comforting in its familiarity.

When Horus broke the kiss, he met Seth's red eyes with his blue ones, and smiled, warmly. "Thank you, for this. And for every day. I love you." It sounded so warm and wistful. So happy.

Seth's heart raced to hear how someone could think so much of him. And his own heart was only fuller of this strange, incredible, younger god behind him. So he said, quietly, "Thank you. I… I love you, too."

Horus' blue eyes glittered and he pressed in for another kiss.

Seth gripped the reins a bit tighter, refusing to let go.

End Notes

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