Above and Below

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Above and Below

by FallLover

Summary

Horus and Seth take a bath together. Seth faints. Horus doesn't.

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes

It took a decent amount of convincing to get Seth to take a bath with Horus. Seth thought baths were a silly concept and after his stint as a demigod, he thoroughly enjoyed the idea that he didn't *need* to take them anymore now that he was a god again.

"But I've been told you like them," Horus finally said, smiling softly at Seth as they stood near the bath together. They were alone in the baths, with the servants ordered away, as well. The water was heated, the way Horus knew Seth liked.

It was a quiet afternoon in Heliopolis. Isis was busy with her work, Nephthys was spending time with Anubis, and no other gods had started anything. The humans were working as normal. Horus and Seth had no commitments to keep them busy.

Seth looked at Horus suspiciously, which was quite normal. Seth had grown used to Horus having "random" requests to spend time with Seth just about all the time. But often Horus would go beyond the initial idea. A picnic that turned to feeding Seth by hand, reviewing records that turned to fucking on a desk, fitting sessions for clothes that turned into roleplay… It just *happened*.

"…Who told you that?" Seth said, cautiously, his arms crossed, his mouth turned down in a frown.

"Nephthys," Horus said, smiling softly down at him. "She said they used to relax you really well. And you've been a little tense lately. I figured you could use one." There wasn't really anything disturbing Seth, Horus knew. But he always looked for opportunities to help Seth relax, now that he was back to being a god but still adjusting to his place in the palace at Horus' side.

"I can just go hunting or something if I need to *relax*," Seth said, a little dangerously.

"But that's a lot of work! This is just something simple, for fun. Plus," Horus tilted his head in his best impression of being cute, "I just wanted to experience it with you, Uncle."

Seth's cheeks colored, as Horus knew they would. Seth was growing weaker to Horus' charms.

"…Fine. But a short one."

Horus smiled widely and grabbed his arm to pull him to the bath.

It was with some surprise only a short time later that Horus saw Seth sprawled mostly unconscious over the edge of the bath, his lower body in the water, his arms and head resting on the tiles. Seth's pale skin was warm and a little rosy from the heat of the water, and his eyes were hidden under his hair. Seth had barely been in the water for any time at all when he'd half fainted.

When Horus checked Seth over, he saw that Seth wasn't hurt, just a bit overwhelmed, and content even, with a loopy sort of half-smile on his face that was rather cute. Nephthys had told Horus that Seth just… really liked being in hot water.

But he doesn't like to admit it, Horus thought, pulling Seth over to sit in his lap so that the older god's head rested against his chest. Their headdresses were gone, along with their shendyts, and Horus leaned down to kiss Seth's head through his hair.

Seth murmured quietly, but Horus could tell he was asleep.

Horus rubbed Seth's right shoulder with his right arm and leaned back, listening to the quiet sounds of water moving, birdsong in the distance out the windows, and an occasional shout from the city beyond, far away. It was a nice moment to just hold Seth in his arms and appreciate how much they had now, together, with no worries to bother them.

Eventually, Horus' left hand rubbed small circles around Seth's soft left hip. Seth was still sleeping.

Horus watched his gentle sleeping face and smiled. This way he didn't look so intimidating, even if Horus could still feel his immense power, even now.

"You're so beautiful, Uncle," Horus said, placing another kiss in Seth's hair. His left hand ran over Seth's left thigh, feeling the musculature.

Of course, having Seth so close to him was having *other* effects on him, and having Seth's scent in his face was getting to be overwhelming. Horus was already half-hard in the bath, his cock rubbing against Seth's right leg.

Horus reached his left hand down to explore Seth's crotch, and saw Seth was soft, still.

"Uncle," Horus said softly, "If you don't wake up, I *might* not be able to contain myself."

Seth didn't say anything… and stayed asleep.

In the course of their many escapades, Seth had grown resigned to Horus having more stamina than he did, or at least more interest in fucking for long stretches of time, sometimes finishing after Seth fell asleep, or waking with morning wood. At times when Horus asked about his opinion, Seth had replied, with resignation, "I don't care. Take care of it. Whatever means you won't bother me as much when I'm awake, you overly horny pigeon…"

So now Horus nuzzled Seth's chin, placing gentle kisses on the left side of Seth's face, while his left hand curved back around Seth's leg and under his ass, moving easily between the soft globes there.

"You're so warm, Uncle," Horus practically purred into Seth's cheek. "Even more so than usual."

His fingers prodded experimentally at Seth's hole, and he smiled to feel it as tight as ever. A human would loosen with time, particularly with how often they fucked, but gods always healed quickly. He carefully rubbed at the muscle there, aided by the water in loosening it.

For a while he just sat there, occasionally kissing Seth's chin and hair, working his finger around and then into Seth gently and slowly. He moved up to two fingers after a while, occasionally making Seth bounce slightly on his lap.

Seth slept through it.

“I just love the way you feel around me,” Horus said, finally going up to three fingers, feeling the delicious resistance there.

Seth’s hair flicked water on him occasionally as he bounced, the red pooling in the water to create cascades of ripples.

Horus pulled his fingers out and picked Seth up slightly, then carefully lowered him down on Horus’ cock.

Seth made a soft grumble, but still didn’t wake up.

Horus wasn’t able to go all the way at first, but readjusted his hold on Seth’s hips, allowing his legs to splay, and, with the help of the water and some extra physical strength, slowly thrust Seth down on his cock, pulled him back up, and then down again, repeatedly.

Seth made more little grunts and grumbles, and his arms bounced with the motion, making splashes in the bath.

When Horus was finally fully seated inside Seth, he pulled the God of War close to him, hugging his arms around Seth’s chest, and leaned back against the bath walls.

He leaned forward and kissed Seth’s neck, sucking on the skin there.

Seth shivered and mumbled, “H-Horus…?”

Horus pulled away slightly and said, innocently, “Yes, Uncle?” He watched as Seth blinked his eyes open, clearly confused.

After a moment, Seth looked around, then glanced back… and then down.

“…Horus, seriously?” His voice was a little annoyed, but mostly resigned.

“Mmm… you’re just so cute when you’re asleep.” Horus leaned in and placed more kisses on Seth’s neck.

Seth shuddered against him, tightening around Horus’ cock, making Horus breathe hard against Seth’s skin.

“Horus you’re so… stupidly *large*…” Seth muttered, a little breathless.

Horus shifted his hips, making Seth grunt and moan quietly.

“Did you like that, Uncle?” Horus asked playfully, grinning as he hugged Seth tighter. “Do you like being speared on me?”

Seth snorted. “You’re so filthy.” But there was a note of fondness in that, too.

Horus smiled and pulled his arms away so that he could grasp Seth's hips, pulled out, and then thrust in, hard, making Seth gasp loudly.

"*Horus*…" Seth said, breathing heavily.

Horus took a firmer hold of Seth's hips and started thrusting for real, with a quick pace, making Seth grunt and bounce in the water, creating more splashes.

"The servants are going to have fun cleaning this up," Horus said with a laugh as he increased his pace.

"As if you *care*," Seth replied, leaning his head to the side slightly with his eyes shut when Horus hit that wonderful place deep inside him. Seth had told Horus in the past that the waves of pleasure were sometimes overwhelming.

Horus chuckled and squeezed Seth's hips, moving even faster.

"H-Horus, I'm close…" Seth said a short while later, gasping between thrusts.

"Come for me, Uncle," Horus said, focused on his thrusts. "Try not to pass out again." He thrust deeply, feeling Seth shuddering around him. "Though if you do, that's okay, too."

Seth snorted and then shouted in his release, tightening again around Horus' cock.

Horus groaned and pressed deep inside Seth's channel, following him into his own orgasm, filling Seth up with his spend.

After a time he pulled Seth close, peppering Seth's left shoulder with kisses, and hugging his chest tightly, still buried deep inside him. After a while he pulled his lips away and said, "I love you, Uncle."

Seth sighed and leaned back so that his head rested against the left side of Horus', his wet hair covering Horus' left ear. Seth's eyes were shut, and his limbs were limp.

"You test me, you silly pigeon," Seth said, with fond annoyance, his lips quirking into a slight smile. He turned his head so he could place an awkward kiss on Horus' lips, and then pulled away to say, "I love you, too, though."

End Notes

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