After Hours

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After Hours

by FallLover

Summary

Professor Seth finishes his workout for the day, and finds Horus waiting for him in the locker room.

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes

The head weight training professor at Heliopolis University always worked out late at night himself, when all of the students were gone for the day, and the special weight training room on the lower levels of the fitness facility was closed to the public. Seth always appreciated having the smaller and older weight room – with a larger variety of equipment – to himself, while anyone who really needed weights could go to the main gym, which was open 24/7, and multiple floors above the weight room. Seth always worked himself into a good sweat, clearing up the stress of dealing with students all day. They were mostly good people, ranging in age from 18 to their 50s on average, but he sometimes worried he wasn't doing enough by them to help them reach their full potential.

He finally cleaned up the equipment and then let his long red hair down from its ponytail, which always gave him a little relief, even when he was all sweaty. Then he went to the locker room for a quick shower, he found Horus there, sleeping on a bench of all things. Horus was so huge – nearly a full head taller than Seth, and far bulkier with his thick, muscular arms, legs, and torso – that Seth was almost surprised the bench didn't collapse beneath him. Horus' short, dark hair rested on a towel, and his arms were clasped over his bare chest, highlighting his warm brown skin. He only wore long blue gym shorts and sandals.

Seth sighed and walked up to him. He nudged Horus' right shoulder with a knee. "Wake up, Horus. You should have left ages ago." The old wooden benches were hardly comfortable, too.

"But I wanted to catch you after work was over," Horus said with a smile without opening his eyes.

Seth's cheeks warmed. "Why? Did you have something you wanted to ask me?"

Horus opened his eyes, gazing with those deep blue irises at Seth. He always seemed to stare straight into Seth's soul, somehow, in a way that made Seth's heart race. He smiled. "Kind of."

Seth crossed his arms over his chest and frowned. "Well, what is it? I need to take a shower and go home."

Horus sat up, which was frustrating because he was nearly of a height with Seth just sitting down. He reached out and grabbed Seth's hips, pulling him close so that Seth nearly fell forward.

Seth grabbed Horus' shoulders for a better grip and glared at him. "Horus!"

Horus moved forward and nuzzled Seth's white tank top with his nose. "Missed you."

Seth's cheeks warmed again. "You saw me a few hours ago, in class." It was Horus' second semester in it.

"Wasn't enough."

Seth swallowed. “I’m all sweaty and disgusting. You should wait until I take a shower.” They’d been seeing each other for months now, after Horus kept asking Seth out, and Seth finally allowed one date that quickly turned into several. Horus had come at the university to get his PhD in Astrophysics, and their last date had been to celebrate Horus’ 30th birthday. A birthday that had ultimately left Seth worn out and limp in Horus’ bed, because he’d made the mistake of saying, “*Fine, whatever the birthday boy wants.”*

Seth had come to realize he allowed Horus to do quite a *lot*. Perhaps *too* much, if his ass had anything to say about it the morning after.

“Mmm. Let’s take one together.”

Seth’s eyes widened as Horus stood up, grabbed Seth’s right hand, and tugged him to the showers. “Ugh, Horus I need to take my clothes off!”

Horus paused and quickly pulled off Seth’s sweaty tank-top – which he tossed on the floor – before tugging him into the showers. It was a large space covered in small white tiles, with several metal shower nozzles high along the walls. Horus turned on one of the nozzles to warm, testing it with his free hand, before pulling Seth under it.

Seth shut his eyes at the spray, but it really wasn’t chilly. That didn’t change the fact that he was still wearing *shorts* in the shower!

Horus was behind him, and kissed Seth’s right shoulder, making Seth shiver. Then Horus’ hands were at Seth’s ass, squeezing him through his black shorts. “You wore the shorts I bought you.”

Seth’s cheeks burned. Seth typically avoided the gifts because they were a bit *too* short for his tastes, but most everything else had been in the laundry, so he hadn’t had much choice. And thankfully he had his desk to hide behind when he felt like maybe he was showing off a bit much with them.

Horus pushed Seth against the wall as his hands moved under the fabric, making Seth gasp. It was tight and a bit uncomfortable. Horus’ grip was firm, and Seth couldn’t help but grunt a bit over it.

The water was mostly centered on Seth’s neck, so he wasn’t exactly getting a good shower. And they didn’t even have soap!

Horus’ thumb moved under the shorts, pushing between Seth’s ass cheeks to rub his rim over his underwear.

Seth pressed his hands against the wall. His body was already reacting a lot to Horus’ touching, and he could feel his cock taking an interest in it.

Horus’ left hand pulled away for a few seconds, and then Seth heard the sound of a bottle squirting.

Seth frowned and turned his head back. “What did you bring in here?”

“Some body wash. You wanted to take a shower, right? I kept a bottle in my pocket for you.” Horus had an innocent look in his eyes as he scrubbed his hand over Seth’s left shoulder. His right hand left Seth’s ass to rub over the same spots, coating itself in the body wash. Horus’ hands were gentle but firm, and rather nice, so Seth shut his eyes and let the man work. When Horus’ hands moved under Seth’s armpits, Seth shuddered at the ticklish sensation. His fingers were nearly heavenly as they massaged down Seth’s arms. Eventually Horus’ hands drifted to Seth’s hips. His fingers moved under the waistbands of Seth’s shorts and underwear, and gently shimmied the garments down Seth’s legs, pushing them down until the soaked clothing finally fell down Seth’s legs. Horus squeezed Seth’s ass as he cleaned it, and then his hands moved around to Seth’s front, carefully and seemingly *pointedly* ignoring Seth’s half-hard cock.

Seth bit his lip, refusing to say anything about it. Horus liked it when Seth begged for things, and Seth didn’t want to give in it to it so easily.

Horus leaned forward to kiss Seth’s right shoulder. Then he pulled back and knelt down to rub Seth’s thighs and calves. He eventually returned to gently rub Seth’s stomach, his pace slowing as he rubbed *just* over Seth’s crotch.

“Stop being such a tease!” Seth finally demanded, his lack of patience getting the better of him.

Horus chuckled. “Do you want me to do something specific?”

“You know what you’re doing,” Seth said, annoyed.

Horus laughed and pulled Seth back to him, so that Seth’s thigh was pushed against Horus’ hard cock.

Seth’s cheeks burned. Didn’t that hurt? But then again, Horus seemed to like tormenting Seth more than simply chasing his own pleasure.

Horus’ right hand wrapped around Seth’s cock, pumping him almost lazily. “You’re so *excited* for me already. Did you miss me too?”

Seth’s breathing was faster. “It was just a long day, that’s all.”

Horus squeezed harder, making Seth yelp. “You’re so obedient for me, though. You wanted me. You wanted my hands on you. In class, maybe?” Horus moved his mouth to Seth’s left ear. “I wanted to fuck you on that desk of yours, right in front of everyone.”

Seth knew he was already leaking in Horus’ hands. The idea was terrifying and exhilarating. “You’d break the desk!” Horus was just too powerful and the desk was too old. But that hadn’t stopped Seth from fantasizing sometimes, and then never telling Horus about it because the man was incorrigible and would somehow make it happen and Seth didn’t want to have to explain to facilities *why* he needed to replace the desk.

Horus laughed. “It’d be worth it.” His hand sped up. “To have you screaming my name where everyone can hear it.”

Seth gasped and his hips moved back against Horus and then forward into Horus' grip, wanting more friction.

"Everyone would see how beautiful the stoic Professor Seth is when he falls apart. And they'd know that I'm the only one who can do that to you." He squeezed *particularly* hard. "Just me." He leaned forward and bit Seth's shoulder.

Seth came *hard* at that, splattering his spend all over the wall.

Horus stilled his hands, but kept holding him, in a far gentler grip, as Seth shook through his release. Then Seth felt Horus cock moving into the cleft of his ass.

"Horus…" Seth said, tiredly. The day was catching up with him, too.

"Mmm. You're so delicious like this. All boneless for me." Horus was able to thrust inside Seth with barely any prep, and it was a bit painful, but they fucked so much every evening it was easy. "You fit me like a glove."

Seth shut his eyes, feeling his wet hair sticking to his skin, the slight sting of where Horus had bit him, the nearly painful fullness of Horus' cock in his ass, slowly thrusting back and forth in a way that bordered on too much as Seth still half-floated in his release. His feet made loud squishing sounds in his black sandals as Horus' thrusts increased in speed. Jolts and then waves of pleasure went through him as Horus thrust deeper and deeper, yanking Seth back hard every time. His fingers had a near-bruising grip on Seth's hips.

They had rules, to an extent. Horus was a bit of an exhibitionist, or at least liked showing Seth off, but Seth was more private. They'd already fucked in the locker room after the school day once, but not in the showers, and that was Seth's limit. No touching during work hours, other than maybe a kiss as Horus left class, where no one could see. Seth felt that he should be more worried that a janitor might come in and get horrified by the sight. But with Horus at his back, and his own pleasure nearing on overstimulation surrounding him, he found he didn't mind. The janitors usually came later, anyway. Though Seth would have to be sure to properly shower off the area beforehand, getting rid of the come on the walls and floor.

Their courtship was strange for Seth, who'd had many offers over the years from horny students and coworkers alike, but never followed up on any of them. Horus just had these oddly compelling eyes that drew Seth in, and when he talked about his studies, it felt like you were flying in the sky with him, reaching for the stars. It made Seth feel oddly special and excited in ways he hadn't in years. He liked his job well enough, and liked helping students and coworkers who wanted to learn about fitness, but Horus made him feel like he'd been missing out on something all these years, and now he'd found it, and could enjoy it.

Seth leaned back into Horus, pushing into the thrusts, wanting the slight pain of it. He felt *whole* with Horus inside him. And he was still sometimes afraid to give voice to the feeling. He hadn't exactly been successful in love before he'd started refusing any offers from potential partners, which was why he so often said no to them, and in the corner of his mind, he wondered if voicing his feelings would make the allure Horus felt towards him fade. Horus was so earnest, though, that Seth felt bad even thinking it.

"…I *did* miss you," Seth said, eventually. Surely this wasn't bad? Horus wanted it, too.

Horus groaned and pressed deep as he spent himself inside Seth.

Seth winced at the sensation, and was surprised when Horus wrapped his arms around Seth's torso, pulling them even closer together.

Horus reached around to kiss Seth's right cheek. "I'm glad." There was satisfaction in that tone, and Horus' grip was strong, as if he planned to never let Seth go.

Seth smiled.

End Notes

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