Altars in convenient places

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Altars in convenient places

by FallLover

Summary

Seth and Horus are working their way through a labyrinthine ancient temple to get to its heart, which requires activating seven altars through unique rituals. The pair make it to the sixth altar, but Seth is embarrassed by the ritual to the point he almost doesn’t believe it’s real. Horus, however, is happy to perform it with Seth, and Seth is pleased despite the ridiculousness of the situation. If nothing else, it’s for the greater good.

Notes

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You don't really need to know anything about "Requiescence" for this, since it's just borrowing a scenario from the narrative. This is vaguely about "ENNEAD" Season 2, Episode 102, but not really.

See the end of the work for more notes

"…This isn't real," Seth muttered as he glared down at the altar. It was old, darkened stone and shaped identically to the other five they'd come across in their journey through the temple, with a message on how to complete the room's ritual marked over the top in ancient script. The room itself was nearly identical to the first altar they'd found entering this place, the pair of torches on the wall near the door only barely lighting it and giving little warmth to the otherwise empty place.

"What's wrong?" Horus asked, standing behind him, clearly uncomfortable at the altar, as he'd been at all of them. He didn't like when Seth risked himself for them.

Seth cleared his throat, wondering if his face could at all stay its regular shade rather than blushing crimson as he read the ridiculous message on the altar aloud. But Horus couldn't read the script, so it was up to Seth to explain, and they *had* to finish this, or else they'd never escape the temple, or get answers to the questions that brought them here.

"Carnal lusts of primal make…," Seth began, hating every word, "utter need will lift you higher…" He breathed in deeply, refusing to look at Horus' face, *knowing* the younger man was putting it together and figuring out what they probably needed to do. Through gritted teeth, Seth continued, "Give me all, and all you take… power born from dark desire." He was glaring at the damn altar, as if that would do any good. He reminded himself again that he and Horus *had* to perform whatever ridiculous ritual the things required, or they couldn't progress, and their companions waiting for them would be trapped and swarmed by monsters.

He just hadn't thought any of these rituals could be so *ridiculous.* Was whoever wrote this just really horny?

He dug his nails into the ancient stone, barely denting the damn thing, as if gazing down at the script long enough would change what they said. "Maybe I mistranslated," he said, knowing he hadn't, as he'd reread it a few times before speaking out. He still desperately wondered if his exhaustion and being around Horus was making his brain go strange places and making him see things that weren't there, like some too-real hallucination. "We should —!"

Before Seth realized, Horus grabbed Seth's hips and turned him around so they faced each other. Seth gazed up into those bright blue eyes and felt shivers go down his spine. There was a hungry light in Horus' gaze. Something Seth had felt earlier when they'd kissed in the illusory forest near the fifth altar. But back then, neither of them had acted farther on it, in part because time was pressing.

"We don't have *time,"* Seth insisted now, even as his face heated and he knew they didn't really *have* other options…

Horus pressed forward and cupped Seth's right cheek before he kissed Seth on the lips again, just as warm and good as the last time.

Seth twitched at the pressure, and squeezed the stone edge of the altar behind him. His heart raced. He knew what his ridiculous body was into, judging by how it was reacting to Horus'

tall, muscular form pressed against his. *But we can't do something this ridiculous,* he thought. *This is so much more than powering up an old rock by combining our abilities or dealing with an injured illusory animal…*

He knew what he'd wanted Horus to do in the forest, even though he'd never said it. Even if he was scared of the part of him that wanted such things.

Horus' right hand rested on Seth's belly before creeping up over the skin of Seth's chest. It sent goosebumps over Seth's skin, and made him murmur into Horus' mouth. Horus' thumb found Seth's left nipple, and lightly flicked it, making Seth grunt. Horus rubbed the bud in his fingers, making Seth shake.

Then Horus pulled away just enough to pick Seth up bodily and sit him on the cold stone of the altar. Before Seth could say anything, Horus was tugging at Seth's shendyt, yanking it down Seth's legs until Seth dissolved a little to allow Horus to toss it aside onto the floor.

Horus gazed down at Seth's nude form, a brightness in his eyes that made Seth tremble a little in worry and his own want. Seth's cock was already half-hard, aching to be touched.

"Horus…" Seth said, but couldn't really think of what else to say. Didn't have it in him to insist they not, because he wanted it, too. If Horus had already committed, that was that. But it was just… it was… *Surely,* Horus wasn't planning to just…? Surely he'd demonstrate his annoying greater strength and foresight and be the one to say that they should seek out other options...?

Even if Seth's traitor body didn't really want Horus to suggest they stop.

Horus yanked off his falcon headdress, tossing it aside, before he dissolved his own shendyt, baring himself to the air. Seth could see how hard *his* cock was, too, and Seth couldn't believe they were doing this for whatever entity had set up the altar system, demanding they perform and sacrifice bits of themselves for it. Something that could be *watching* them now, even if all the magic here was ancient and near-dead.

Horus stepped forward again and cupped Seth's face once more, pulling him in for another kiss.

"Mmm…" Seth said against Horus' lips. It was a nice kiss, just as good as the others. And it was so increasingly familiar. Their journey thus far had only brought them closer together, despite the awkwardness of it all.

And Seth found he didn't regret it. Especially when it led them to this.

Horus' hands curled around Seth's cock, and slowly began pumping it.

Seth gasped, and then gasped louder when Horus broke the kiss, leaning over Seth for a better angle to work him over. Pleasure raced through Seth's lower body, conflicting with the coolness of the stone and the mortification of what they were doing. Yes, he… he *wanted* Horus like this, he admitted it to himself, but it was just… *Did* they have time? What if Furball ran in here demanding to know what was taking so long? What if this was just Seth

being weak to his own bodily urges? What if his cock really *was* messing with his head, somehow?

It was hard to focus on those worries as Horus worked him over, though. Seth wrapped his arms around Horus' neck for better stability rather than rubbing his hands raw on the altar stone. Horus' hips were pressing against Seth's thighs while his strong fingers worked away.

It felt good, and they'd both committed, and Seth didn't have it in him to stop. *If this is me being weak,* he thought, *then so be it.*

When Horus squeezed *just* right, wringing a wave of pleasure out of Seth, and making him spill his seed over Horus' hand and the floor, Seth gasped loudly.

"Aaahh…" Seth's arms shuddered and he gripped Horus hard. He hadn't imagined any of the rituals would be *satisfying.* They were all either physically painful or exhausting. This, though… It was confusing.

Hypothetically, the rituals were meant to teach them something, but Seth couldn't fathom what getting each other off taught them.

Horus gave Seth a few moments to get himself together before pressing Seth back onto his back and then pulling Seth closer so that his ass hung partially off the edge. Horus pushed Seth's thighs back and said, "Hold these."

Seth disliked taking orders, but he supposed it gave him something to grab, and he obeyed, letting his feet dangle high in the air. His entrance was bared, as well, and Seth's face heated, knowing what was coming next.

He was rewarded with a warm smile from Horus. Then the younger man pressed two seed-covered fingers against Seth's entrance.

Seth jerked at the sensation. Everything seemed so much sharper in the room, possibly because it seemed like someone was watching them. After all, someone had to acknowledge when they completed the ritual. And how else would whatever it was know if they didn't watch?

The two fingers were too much, and it hurt a bit, but Seth used his abilities to make his insides softer and ease the way: he wanted Horus inside of him. The sooner they got this over, the sooner they could leave. The sooner Seth could chase the end of his own release.

His face heated as he realized what he was thinking.

Horus was still fast and a bit rough as he thrust his fingers in and out, and Seth's cock twitch in pleasure a bit under it.

Seth's grip on his thighs grew tighter, and his breathing was harsh.

"Does it feel good, Uncle?" Horus asked, smiling down at Seth, as if he was happy. As if they weren't trying to perform some silly sex ritual for an ancient stone and its unknown maker in the hopes the act would get them somewhere.

“Hhh,” Seth said intelligibly in reply. “H-Hurry up…”

In response, Horus pulled his fingers out, leaving Seth feeling empty. Then Horus stepped closer with his fully hard cock, glistening with precome on the tip.

Seth’s fingers tightened on his thighs. He wasn’t afraid, though it was a bit bizarre how full of anticipation he was.

Horus took hold of his cock and carefully pressed it to Seth’s hole, and then pushed it deeper inside.

“Ahhh!” Seth gasped out. He felt stretched open on the altar, like it was too much, too fast. But his own want let him push through the difficult tightness of it all, reaching for the dregs of pleasure still stirring in him.

Horus thrust in deeper and deeper, making Seth feel overfull. He pressed his hands over Seth’s, pushing Seth’s thighs back even farther to open Seth up wider.

“Nnn—Hor—ahh!”

On one strong thrust, Horus hilted himself inside Seth entirely, his head leaning over Seth’s stomach, his breath puffing out hot and fast. He gazed down at Seth with half-lidded eyes, his lips slightly parted.

Seth moaned as Horus pressed on something deep within him, triggering more waves of pleasure.

Horus began pulling his cock out a bit and thrusting quickly back inside, pulling Seth close for every thrust, filling the air the sound of slapping flesh.

Seth’s back rubbed against the stone, but he didn’t care. Biting sand was coarser, and his skin was strong. His long red hair bounced over his face, and he arched his head back on a powerful thrust, moaning into the empty space. His toes twitched, and his hands were hot under Horus’.

“You’re so beautiful, Uncle,” Horus murmured against him, sounding entranced. His eyes focused on Seth, almost burning through him. It was so strange to Seth how Horus never let Seth feel unseen. All the things Seth had done over the years to hide his thoughts and pain away, and Horus was still always watching him. And here he was now, clearly full of want, even after seeing all the dark parts of Seth’s life and psyche.

It made Seth want to grab on to the younger man and hold tightly.

Horus’ hips pounded away, making the stone shake a bit with his efforts. He seemingly had no care that anyone might be watching. That someone might find them. His entire world was about coring himself into Seth.

“Ahh… ahh… *ahh…*” Seth said, uselessly, tossing his head back and forth and squeezing his thighs.

Horus paused to reach out and pull Seth's back up, wrapping his right arm around Seth, tightly.

Seth wrapped his arms around Horus's neck again, letting his left leg fall. He sagged forward, breathing hard. It was grounding to have a grip on Horus like this, though he wasn't sure if he could avoid strangling Horus to death by accident.

Then Horus' left hand moved under Seth's right knee, raising it up, and he changed his angle slightly. He began thrusting again, and then finally came, fucking Seth through it.

Lances of pleasure ripped through Seth's core. He was shaking. His own cock leaked some of the seed he still hadn't spilled, and Seth's head rolled as the pleasure overwhelmed him. "Agh… nn…"

Horus pulled Seth close, his cock buried fully inside Seth's body, still filling him up. Seth could feel Horus' heart racing through the contact.

Seth pressed his head to Horus', trying to not get too dizzy with his head bobbing so much.

A soft thud sounded in the distance, startling them both.

Seth turned his head to the left so he could glance back, where the noise came from. A door in the stone wall that Seth hadn't seen before was now open, showing a passage beyond, which, like the other passages that opened up after ritual completion, likely led back to the bigger sealed door by their campsite. And the script on the altar now glowed red, signaling they'd completed the ritual to the ritual-maker's satisfaction.

Seth still couldn't believe what they'd done. It was so ridiculous and, when he thought about it later, he'd probably be embarrassed by the performance.

Then he realized he was still clutching Horus, who was still buried deep inside him.

"I'm sorry," Horus said, quietly, surprising Seth.

Seth turned back to him.

Horus' head was lowered. "I just…" he muttered, sounding pained. He breathed in deeply. "I needed to have you. I didn't want you to perform the ritual with anyone else…"

Seth scoffed, unsurprised by Horus' typical possessiveness. "It's not like there were other volunteers around."

Horus bit his lip, clearly not satisfied with this. He looked *genuinely* conflicted, though Seth wondered if it was just a game to get some praise, which Horus always loved. But Horus had also shown his own conflict, over what role he was meant to perform, what he meant to Seth, to his mother, to the world. And he'd performed his duty here, admirably, where Seth had balked.

That was deserving of *something.*

Seth sighed in mild exasperation and said, “There’s no one else I’d… do something like this with, Horus. You’re… You’re the only person I’d trust for this. That I…” He cleared his throat. “That I want…” It scared him, the wanting. So many years of avoiding relationships, of pushing everyone away, and he *wanted* again. But wanting had gotten him into this mess, hadn’t it? Trapped in a temple, trying to solve mysterious riddles and get everyone out alive…

Trapped with a man Seth wanted to wrap himself around and never let go of.

Horus looked up at him with those beautiful blue eyes and that handsome face that always messed up Seth’s head. Made him think of messy people and their problems, and like *Seth* could solve any of them rather than making them worse. Because Horus wanted Seth to be there with him. Because Horus believed in him.

“You did nothing wrong,” Seth said. He knew Horus wanted him badly, for some reason, when the demigod could have so many better options, and Horus demonstrated it by still holding him tightly. “I wanted it, too.” It was so strange to say aloud, and Seth wondered if he should be ashamed of it. If he was *allowed* to admit to such things, after everything he’d done.

Horus’ eyes widened slightly, and it was somehow cute.

Seth snorted and pulled his arms back so he could cup Horus’ face in his hands. He brushed his fingers through the soft, dark hairs around Horus’ head, gazing into those blue eyes. He tried to figure out what drew Horus to him. As if he could somehow quantify it.

As if affection worked that way, when he knew it didn’t. It was a mysterious thing that drew people to one each other. That made them want to sacrifice for each other, to be together, to claim each other.

Seth leaned forward and kissed Horus, tasting the younger man’s want, his affection, his… everything.

Horus tightened his grip on Seth’s back, pulling them even closer together.

Seth wondered if they’d make it back to the camp at this rate. But with Horus supporting him, he struggled to remember why that mattered.

End Notes

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