Appetizer

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by FallLover

Summary

Seth is a bodyguard for the Life Foundation, and his symbiote, Horus, is antsy about constantly having to work to avoid suspicion, rather than having fun. Horus takes full advantage of one of Seth's work breaks.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own for _____.

See the end of the work for more notes

“I got you breakfast!” Horus said in Seth’s ear as Seth groggily opened his eyes to morning sunshine peeking through the edges of his old blackout curtains. Seth’s apartment was a semi-organized mess, given it kind of had to be, as Horus’ ministrations were more likely to break literally anything Seth left out, including Seth, when Horus pulled away and left Seth in control of their shared body.

Seth pushed himself out of their big bed – with nudges from Horus, as the symbiote was impatient to get Seth to said breakfast. Horus liked their bed just as much as Seth did, but when Horus *wanted* something, he was insistent.

“You had a bad dream again,” Horus said with a little sadness and cheerfulness as Seth brushed his teeth. Their connection let him invade Seth’s dreams, too, though Seth never recalled Horus actually in them. “You really shouldn’t think about Nephthys so much. She seems pretty happy with Isis now.” Horus of course knew everything about Seth’s ex and her new girlfriend, and the messy break-up when Seth had found out just how much Nephthys had been cheating on him during their relationship.

Seth contented himself with glaring at his tired reflection as he brushed his teeth. Horus didn’t like Nephthys at all. Seth and Horus had argued about it before, with Seth insisting he was letting it all go because hatred was exhausting and pointless at this point, and Horus insisting Seth should try with someone else, and then Horus insisting Seth should move on whenever the human was “sulking” about it.

Seth got himself somewhat cleaned up for breakfast and sat down at the table to a bacon, egg, and cheese biscuit sandwich and a tall glass of orange juice. Seth eyed the kitchen skeptically. Horus was getting more precise with his movements, and had learned to clean up after he used their body for his nonsense (he liked cooking in particular, though the results were varied), but sometimes he left a phenomenal mess it took ages to clean up, because cleanliness was still somewhat new to him.

“I ordered it while you were asleep,” Horus said. “The delivery person left it at the door. No one saw us.”

“I thought it looked too professional for what we could make,” Seth said, primly. “Stop using my money while I’m asleep. You know our rules for that.” Things were especially dangerous now that Horus knew how to type on a computer and had a firm concept of what a bank account was, let alone the various ordering apps Seth had made use of. Seth worried he’d wake one morning unable to make rent or buy groceries, and who knew what Horus had ordered while browsing random stores on Seth’s laptop.

“We like the way they make eggs,” Horus said, moving Seth’s hand to the sandwich. “Eat it! We have a big day!”

“A big day of *work*,” Seth said as he picked up the sandwich to start eating. It *was* good, but he’d been conserving some of his money for a nice dinner at week’s end. A morning sandwich wasn’t a big dent in his savings, but it rankled, especially since Horus hadn’t *asked.*

Outside the nearby window, he could see people and cars in the city streets, going about their day. There were shouts, bird calls, dogs barking… A normal Thursday.

Horus formed himself into a small blue bird to settle on Seth's shoulder. From a distance, he probably looked like some kind of fake toy bird, but up close, he was only a *shape* of a small American Kestrel, which Horus had taken particular interest in one day when they visited a local zoo. His actual form was made of somewhat gelatinous blue goo that he smoothed into whatever shape he wanted, and he always had to be physically attached to Seth's body to keep moving. "But you promised we could go walking!"

"On the *weekend*," Seth emphasized after he swallowed a bite of sandwich. "We have work today. You know that."

"But I'm tired of that stupid building…" Horus hated the Life Foundation – the people who'd captured him on his homeworld and brought him back to Earth. And Seth could understand that. That Seth still had a job working security at the Life Foundation rankled him, but Seth didn't have a ton of options without casting suspicion Seth's way about just *how* Horus had come to be attached to him.

"If you want us to keep money to have nice egg sandwiches," Seth said, tapping the sandwich, "and chocolate to keep you stocked up on phenethylamine, then we need to not miss work." Chocolate was one of their main foods now, since Horus needed phenethylamine - a common chemical in it - to survive, and Seth wouldn't just let him eat people, which was an alternate source for the chemical. Seth took another bite of his sandwich and chewed while Horus made annoyed noises. After Seth swallowed, he continued, "You know they've been tightening security, looking for whoever stole you. If we suddenly disappeared, no matter how briefly, they'd turn that spotlight of suspicion on *us*, and then what would happen?" Seth had been doing his rounds one night at the Life Foundation, when one of the human test subjects – whom he hadn't even known was *there* – had broken out of their cell and attacked him, transferring Horus to him. Seth had been terrified about losing his job, particularly with a mysterious dead body on hand, and used his security clearance to wipe the cameras and clean up his trail, and the incident had been blamed on a break-in that went undetected during the shift before his. When he'd discovered what Horus was, he thought his world was over all over again.

He thought about that dead person, whoever they were, and how he probably should have done better by them. But absorbing Horus had screwed with Seth's logic processing, and he didn't remember much else of that shift, and only realized later part of that was Horus acclimating to his system. By the time Seth had been clear-headed enough to try and do something about it, the evidence had all been cleaned up, but there had been searches for intruders who'd stolen "important specimens" from the lab. Which Horus later explained to Seth in detail.

"I'd protect us," Horus insisted, cuddling up to Seth's neck. "You know I would."

"That won't get us money," Seth said after finishing his sandwich, even though he couldn't help a light touch of fondness getting into his voice. He cared for the symbiote, despite everything. Seth could feel Horus' feelings as much as Horus could feel Seth's, and there was a powerful affection in Horus for his human host. "And unless you want to keep sneaking

into chicken farms, we need that money to get by in this world." Chickens were another source of phenethylamine, but Horus found them a bit annoying to deal with.

Horus grumbled. On Horus' home planet, so far as Seth could tell, things were *very* different, and the idea of having to work every day to earn money wasn't a concept to them, particularly since their food sources were more readily available. But everything Seth had heard about Horus' home world made Seth very certain he *preferred* Earth, even if he had to work a boring and underpaying job. At least until he got enough money to go work somewhere else.

Horus would have to deal with it.

Later, as Seth was sitting on his red motorcycle and strapping on his black helmet, he said, quietly, "Look, we'll take the whole weekend. Maybe go to the beach. Swim or something. Would that satisfy you?" It was a rare weekend off, and Seth liked the idea of spending it with *someone,* particularly Horus, who cared for him.

Horus made happy noises in his mind, and Seth smiled.

Horus' good behavior lasted about two hours on shift, with Seth checking deliveries and people passing through the halls, and sometimes just doing basic patrols. Seth had requested to switch to earlier shifts a while back, because he missed being awake during the day, and was grateful for it, because earlier shifts made Horus easier to deal with, too. At night he was far too grumpy, which left Seth frustrated and annoyed when he came home, and usually made his dreams worse. Seth didn't want to dream about his ex-girlfriend, Nephthys, either, and how he didn't even look at the engagement ring she'd given back to him, still sitting in his desk drawer.

Seth imagined asking for the switch after the "incident" of Horus' escape might have also brought some suspicion on him, though Horus was skeptical. Seth was also just a little paranoid. It was one reason he was good at his job.

The low traffic for the day also led to Horus being more antsy, since he kept asking Seth to go home early, despite Seth repeatedly remarking, under his breath, "Do you *want* us to get caught and put under a dissection table or something?" Seth running across Horus had been informative for all kinds of reasons. Seth knew, just from working here, that not all the stuff they did was legal, but he wasn't sure who to talk to. He wasn't big on reaching out to reporters, and in his experience, the people always left in the lurch in these kinds of situations were people like *him*, or people like whoever was being brought in for these experiments. Whoever died to accidentally give him Horus.

The whole thing made him antsy, too, but he was antsy with no idea how to solve it. Who would believe him, especially with no evidence other than the alien inside Seth's body? And would they be careful about it? Seth's whole job was about being tight-lipped and quiet. Would he even be able to get another one if he spilled the company's secrets to some investigative journalist? Or would they lock *him* up as an experiment too? Maybe it was selfish, but Seth didn't even know if he'd end up *helping* anyone here by revealing stuff the wrong way.

Between that and thinking about his break-up with an ex who'd cheated on him because of his stupid dream, there was a lot of frustration running around his head as Horus said, "Let's take a breakkkk. You're due for one."

Seth sighed. "Fine." He should eat something, anyway.

After he reported in that he was taking his break and his relief had nodded to him, Seth headed towards the staff break room for his food… but then Horus began redirecting them to one of the corner restrooms no one other than janitorial staff went to. Seth had found it a year ago, and liked to go there because it was quiet.

Seth frowned, "Horus…?"

"I meant a *proper* break," Horus said gleefully.

Seth's cheeks burned. "Can't you wait until we get home? I'm tired of ruining my pants while I'm at work."

"We'll be careful," Horus said as he walked them into the restroom. It was nice and clean, essentially sterile, like most of the Life Foundation.

Seth checked both stalls to find them both empty of occupants, and there was little other room to hide in the small white tiled space with its two mirrors, standalone stainless steel metal sinks, a small trash can, and a clean and empty urinal. There was only one small, opaque window next to the stalls, but easily ignorable if you closed the doors. Seth locked the door to the restroom itself, and then walked into one of the stalls, shutting the door behind him.

Horus was out in an instant, forming an approximation of an upper human torso made of that gelatinous blue goo behind Seth's back. "Gonna make us feel good." Seth had seen this almost-humanoid form before: it resembled a man roughly Seth's age, with an approximation of hair, large white eyes, and sharp teeth. Seth sometimes worried Horus would turn those teeth on Seth one day, especially because Horus could heal any injury Seth experienced, but for now, it hadn't happened. At least… not in a way that was particularly grievous.

"If *you're* volunteering to miss lunch, I should hope it's good," Seth said as Horus used their human fingers to open Seth's security guard uniform pants and shove them down, revealing Seth's black boxers and pale legs.

Horus' goo fingers moved down Seth's chest and into Seth's skin, making Seth shudder and gasp, and making his crotch feel heated as Horus worked him over from the inside. They'd found that Horus could make Seth as hard as the symbiote wanted just about whenever Horus wanted, which Horus took full advantage of until Seth put his foot down about it, nice as it was at times. He had to work, eat, and sleep, after all, even if the sex was the best he'd ever had.

But Horus wasn't inhibited now, and Seth's boxers fell to the floor, too. Something like ghost kisses covered the back of Seth's neck and went down his spine as a feeling like phantom fingers caressed his dick.

Seth put his arms out to the stall walls to steady himself as his breathing quickened. He was already painfully hard with barely any effort, but Horus wouldn't let him come just yet, making Seth whine a little. Horus liked teasing him too much. The ghost kisses moved to the base of Seth's spine, and then Seth jolted as he felt Horus' gooey tongue at his ass, licking Seth's rim.

"Hngh," Seth said, helpfully, as Horus pushed his long tongue inside Seth. Horus could form most any shape he wanted, and he liked making his tongue particular long, thick, and juicy, pushing through the resistance of Seth's ass. Seth's toes strained in his black uniform shoes, and he bowed over himself.

Gooey tentacles wrapped around Seth's hard cock, tugging back and forth, making Seth sob at the pain, and beg to come with a, *"Please, Horus!"* Horus' gooey fingers reached up from Seth's crotch and under his white undershirt, up along his neck and over his chin. They reached into Seth's mouth, making him gag briefly before Horus' modified their breathing. Seth still drooled over the toilet as Horus pushed his way down Seth's throat.

The tongue in Seth's ass worked deep inside him and began to trust back and forth as it moved, sending waves of pleasure through Seth's body.

"You're so beautiful, Seth," Horus said by his ear. "Ours. Mine."

When Seth didn't reply, too worked over to respond, Horus paused everything, making Seth blink in confusion.

"Say it," Horus said, and Seth could feel a bit of annoyance there.

Yours… Seth thought, knowing Horus was as much in his brain as in the rest of him. Horus knew everything Seth did. All Seth's loneliness and self-doubts. His fears. His hopes for the future, few as they were. Everything was shared between them. So Seth knew just how much Horus cared for him, and in a way, Seth liked that: being wanted. He'd never met someone who wanted Seth in that way. All of him, even the messy parts. It soothed something deep inside of Seth that he couldn't name.

Horus made delighted noises and went back to what he'd been doing with a gusto, practically shoving Seth into orgasm, muffling Seth's cries. Horus had firm control over them so that Seth didn't fall over as his knees went weak. Horus also drank down Seth's release, but continued fucking Seth while Seth's mind drifted.

When Seth finally came back to himself, with Horus' tentacles still down his throat and Horus still tongue-fucking him almost all the way to his stomach, Seth thought, *Horus, I need to rest*.

"No," Horus insisted. "We're needy. Need to wring you out to get through this shift." There was that usual greed in his voice. That desire to devour, whether it was people, a world, or just Seth.

Seth rolled his eyes and fell into pleasure again as Horus continued to work him over, making it so that Seth enjoyed all of it, and was even getting hard again already. *Whatever you want, I*

guess. He still had some time on his break, and at least he had a spare set of clothes in his locker, from experience.

End Notes

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