Don't want the world to see

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Don't want the world to see

by FallLover

Summary

Horus is a company board member, Seth is a top manager, and everyone knows they hate each other. When Horus and his girlfriend, Hathor, arrive at a work party, Seth leaves in disgust. Horus, completely unrelatedly, excuses himself, too.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own.

The fanfic title is from "Iris" by the Goo Goo Dolls.

See the end of the work for more notes

“And the happy couple finally appears,” Neith commented from where she stood at a corner table with Seth and Bes at the hotel work party they were attending that Friday evening. She’d decided to wear a bright red suit that framed her figure well, and had just put her phone away to survey who was in the area.

Seth held a half-empty glass in his right hand, but turned to see where Neith was looking: the entryway to the room, which was already decently full of their coworkers. The place was generically decorated for a work party, with white and gold lights, vases full of large, multi-colored flowers, and fancy tablecloths. Waitstaff wandered around, offering hors ’devours and to refill or get drinks. People dressed in suits and nice dresses were chatting with friends, networking, or both. A pianist played soothing music in a corner, though few people paid attention. But all eyes turned to the entryway where tall, pale-skinned, buxom Hathor – daughter of the company CEO, Ra - strode in with her glittering jewelry and sheer silver dress, on the arm of the even taller and brown-skinned Horus, who wore a dark blue suit that fitted his broad-shouldered and handsome figure well. Hathor’s bright pink-purple eyes sparkled in the light, and greetings and calls for her attention sounded.

“Imagine being on the board and getting that kind of attention,” Neith said as she shook her head at the spectacle, while cameras flashed. “It looks exhausting.” She’d been at the company longer than Seth, and was comfortable in her position, but always ready to gossip.

Seth snorted as he pulled his phone out of his pocket and checked it. “You have to want some celebrity for the job. At least that seems to be what Isis is doing by putting Horus on the board.”

“Oh come on, Seth,” Neith said with a smirk as she looked back at him glaring in Horus’ direction. “I know he’s young and handsome, but you don’t have to hate *everything* the guy does.”

“His work should speak for itself,” Seth said as he turned away from Horus, clearly disinterested. “Not his mother or his fuckbuddy.”

“You don’t think they have the most *romantic* relationship you’ve ever seen?” Neith asked, sarcastically. “But all the tabloids *love* gushing over it. Or at least whatever dress Hathor’s picked.”

“I’m too busy for that sort of thing,” Seth replied, disinterestedly.

“Yes,” Bes, a shorter man who sat on a tall stool at their table and had been minding his drinks more than the conversation, said, “our Seth the workaholic, eh?” Bes had dark hair and a thick beard, and a prodigious tolerance for drink.

Seth shook his head and then raised his phone. “Speaking of, I need to take this.”

“Oh come on!” Bes exclaimed. “It’s a party!”

Seth waved as he walked into the distance and disappeared amidst the crowd, though quite a few looked after his sharp black suit and striking red hair.

“Don’t bother with him, Bes,” Neith said with a grin. “I imagine he saw the happy couple coming over and fled.” She shook her head. “He hasn’t been the same since the divorce.” She glanced pointedly at Nephthys, another member of the board, who was chatting with other high-ups in a different corner, and whom Seth had been pointedly avoiding all night.

“Bes!” Hathor cried as she stepped closer and clasped hands with her friend. She nearly tugged him off his chair entirely, though he was too solidly built for that. “You got started without me?”

“Only a taster,” Bes said with a grin. “Seth and I were comparing notes, but he went to do something for work.”

Hathor pouted as she looked over what Bes had been trying.

Horus nodded to Neith, who nodded back to him. “Where’d Seth disappear to?”

“Whatever fresh new emergency he’s decided is important,” Neith said with a polite smile. “You know how he is.”

“The best manager we have,” Horus replied, cooly. “And refusing higher promotion or a buyout from another company.” He looked irritable, like Seth refusing to fall in line with Horus’ plans was exasperating.

“You make it sound like a bad thing,” Neith commented. “Don’t you want to keep him on staff *and* not pay him as much?”

Horus shrugged. “It’s not my problem, anyway.” He tried to make it sound like he didn’t care, but it was obviously not true.

Neith and Bes shared a look. It was well known that Horus and Seth could barely stand the sight of each other before getting into fights, and thus generally avoided each other. Most assumed it was generational, with Seth not liking that a young upstart was given such a position of authority, and Horus having no patience for an older status quo obsessive.

“Are you all right here?” Horus asked as Hathor was chatting with Bes. “I actually need to step out for a moment.”

Hathor waved at him and said, “Go, go. You’re keeping my admiring public away, anyway.” She grinned at the other workers who had been jockeying closer to the table to try to chat with her. Although the corner table would usually be ignored, it meant that she could face the crowd in front of a rather nice backdrop of clear wall and plants for photos, and if anyone rushed away to fetch her something, she wouldn’t be bothered.

Horus nodded before stepping away and vanishing into the crowd.

Neith sighed as she watched the table get a bit overwhelmed in newcomers and more cameras. “And here I thought it’d be a quiet night.”

Bes snorted and settled in his chair, used to this by now.

Horus walked quickly but quietly through the hotel until he used his key card to open the private room he'd reserved under an alias a week prior. He stepped inside and then quickly shut the door behind him.

"Took you long enough," Seth said as he walked over and pushed Horus back against the door and into a kiss, rucking up both their fancy suits as he did.

Horus put his hands up to press them through the long red strands of Seth's hair, bringing Seth closer and deepening the kiss. Horus then lowered his left hand to trail down Seth's side before squeezing the older man's ass.

Seth eventually pulled away to say, "You stink like her perfume." He was clearly annoyed.

"So we'll wash it off," Horus said as he pressed their lips together for another kiss, even as he pushed Seth towards the bathroom.

They discarded their suits on the floor and then stepped into the shower together, still keeping their hands and lips on each other.

Horus' short, dark hair was damp against his scalp under the shower spray as he crowded Seth against the shower wall for a kiss, and his right hand pressed between Seth's ass, thrusting inside him.

Seth's cock throbbed under Horus' movements, and he muttered against Horus' lips. "Hurry up and fuck me. We don't have forever."

"In the shower?" Horus asked. "The bed is—"

"Too far away," Seth said as he slung his right leg over Horus' hip. "I haven't seen you in a fucking week with that damn trip you were on."

Horus smirked and replied, "It was *your* idea for me to go on that trip with Hathor, just to make the press think we might be engaged." They'd gone traveling, and the press had always found them.

"Yes, I know I can make bad decisions sometimes," Seth replied, primly.

Horus pressed a kiss to the corner of Seth's mouth before grabbing his own cock and maneuvering it under Seth and to his somewhat loose hole. "It'll hurt this fast." He knew Seth preferred being treated a little more carefully.

"I don't care," Seth said, clearly impatient tonight. "We've fucked enough, I'll be fine." They'd been meeting like this for about eight months, so it wasn't like this was a new experience for them.

Horus thrust inside, making Seth flinch, even as Seth pulled Horus in for another kiss. When they broke apart for air, Horus slowly thrust deeper inside Seth's body, holding tightly to

Seth's hips. "You're angry. I told you I was happy to drive here together—"

"It would have raised suspicion," Seth insisted. "You knew that." He sounded angry as he said it.

Horus grumbled and pulled Seth's ass down lower on a thrust, making Seth groan against Horus' neck. "Well they definitely believed the trip. I've been asked when I'm proposing marriage all week."

"I bet Hathor ate that up," Seth said with a smirk as he wrapped his arms around Horus' neck.

"She likes the idea of a wedding more than actually having one, I think," Horus said as he felt the shower pour down his spine and kept thrusting into Seth. He'd been honest with Hathor when she officially asked him out, and although Hathor had been initially upset, she also knew that people tended to flock to a taken woman even more than a single one, especially when an attractive man was involved, and decided to be Horus' beard, of sorts. "Though I suppose I can see the appeal… with the right person."

Seth reached down to pump his own cock. "And who, ahh, would that be?" He gasped louder and louder on each thrust as Horus bore into him, sending waves of pleasure through Seth's body.

"Who do you think?" Horus asked as he came , spilling inside Seth and out on the shower floor. If he had his way, they'd do this every day. Forget the party, he didn't care about them. He just wanted this.

Seth's hands clawed at Horus' back, pulling him close, and Seth's breath was sharp and fast.

"You're still pent up?" Horus asked, pressing Seth harder back against the wall. "You're the one who wanted all this…"

"I've been distracting myself with work for a week!" Seth half-snarled as Horus didn't pull out of him. "I've just… hnng…" He was clearly embarrassed.

"I'm right here," Horus said as he reached down to cover Seth's hand with his own so they could squeeze Seth's cock together. He was flattered that Seth had worked so hard for him, and wanted to pay Seth back for his patience. So Horus slowly thrust in and out, going at the pace he knew Seth liked. "Come for me." He pressed his lips to Seth's pale cheek, taking in Seth's taste, his scent. He'd been drawn to the man ever since their first meeting, and when things got heated and they began meeting like this, it was like a roller coaster Horus never wanted off of.

If only life would let them do so more easily.

Seth leaned down and bit at Horus' shoulder, making Horus grunt, but still keep thrusting in and out of Seth's body, pressing his cock deeper and harder.

Seth moaned loudly as he came, spilling between their stomachs.

Horus pressed a kiss to Seth's neck, shielding Seth from the showerhead.

Seth grasped Horus' back, holding him close. And for a while, they just stood there in the shower together.

"How much more time?" Seth asked, knowing they couldn't just stay here all night.

"Probably another 30 minutes," Horus said. "Hathor wanted to have fun without me for once." But Hathor could only command attention for so long. People would ask questions eventually, even if no one likely thought anything of them both being absent at the same time.

Seth sighed, annoyed they had other obligations. But eventually he said, "Fine. We'll make the most of it."

Horus smiled sadly, before saying, "I wish we didn't have to." He turned to move his lips over Seth's damp forehead. "I wish I could just go out there with you on my arm…"

Seth grimaced, recalling that Horus had been more like this lately: talking as if they could ever have more than these brief, secret moments together in a society that didn't like relationships like theirs. "The company stock would take too big a hit. You'd be out of your position…"

"I don't *care*," Horus insisted, holding Seth close. And he *sounded* ready to take on the whole world, just so they could be together.

And Seth couldn't admit that it was tempting. It was too dangerous, for both of them.

"I'm not going to be responsible for that," Seth said as he turned his head away, frustrated with life in general. He thought he wouldn't care for anyone after Nephthys, and that Horus would, at best, be just physical relief. But he'd started realizing maybe he was wrong, and it hurt. "Or losing my own job. I worked hard for it." And it wasn't quite a lie, because he did care about his work and how much he'd done for it.

He just wished the world cared enough about him.

"I know you did," Horus said.

Water pattered on the ground. Steam filled the room, along with the smell of flowery soap.

"Seth…" Horus began, "I just wish we lived in a better world." He sounded sad.

Seth sighed and said, quietly, "Me too." When Horus still frowned, Seth breathed in deeply before pulling him in for another kiss. "Maybe we'll make one." He couldn't do big promises. He couldn't bring about big changes. Neither of them was really in that kind of position. It was too risky.

But just being like this, well… that was something. So long as they were capable. So long as their friends didn't ask too many deep questions and covered for the odd issues, and they were careful… They made their own world, regardless of what anyone else thought.

Horus smiled back at him and leaned into the kiss. “Mmm…”

End Notes

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