Where we can go

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Where we can go

by FallLover

Summary

Seth uses the curse to deal with the slavers at the port. Horus returns from checking on Heliopolis, and reports about what he saw, but he worries about Seth, too.

Set after Season 2, Episode 81.

Notes

This was originally posted on Archive of Our Own, and is being posted here as a back-up.

See the end of the work for more notes

Seth sat down in a corner of the now largely empty fine house by the port he and Furball had picked to use for their journey. The slaver corpses had been cleared out already and most of the blood and gore was elsewhere. The place stank a little of wine and incense, but Seth knew it was better to stay in here where it was warm than outside, where he'd freeze in the desert evening. When the sun rose properly, he'd leave again and be done with this place, at least for today. *I can't believe we're stuck here for more than tonight,* he thought.

After negotiations with the slavers for passage had collapsed and Seth had unleashed the curse temporarily to rip the slavers and anyone with weapons apart, things had turned into a complete mess. When the rubble eventually cleared, Seth was tired, and there were a bunch of terrified humans whose former masters were all dead, and all of the living feared being Seth's next victims. Seth had surveyed the area, and then pulled the curse back in, and then quickly realized there was no one to hand authority to. He didn't trust the man he'd freed, who was groveling with the other freed humans, and it was possible the stronger former enslaved humans would try to take over the situation for themselves in the power vacuum. What humans did was their business, but Seth didn't want to leave a mess, or just create a new group of slavers.

The foreign god had stepped in and offered to help with organization. "I gathered those forces for you before, didn't I? Back when we fought the caravan at their headquarters? I know how to manage groups of tense humans." And then he'd smiled, and Seth had frowned at him.

But Seth was tired from travel and freeing the curse – though less than he'd been at Abu Gorab – and left him to it, before settling in this corner off to the side of the place. He had a small lamp and assumed he'd go to sleep when it went out. There were plenty of cushions and no sniveling humans, and it was quiet. He felt better able to breathe without all the leering from those slavers, and with the curse quieter in his mind. He *thought* it was crumbling ga little, just ever so slightly. They'd been satisfied with the slaughter here.

The gyrfalcon on his shoulder perked up and Seth looked up when he saw Horus walk into the room. Horus looked tall and imposing, but unsurprised to see Seth. His wings were gone.

Seth glared up at him, any semblance of calm gone. "What are you doing here?! You're meant to be in Heliopolis!" *This annoying pigeon always refuses to stay focused,* he thought with annoyance.

Horus smiled and said, "I was close to Heliopolis when I sent one of my birds ahead. Mother is awake and back in control. Things are okay. I saw you were dealing with some things here and came back to help."

"The situation is handled for now," Seth replied as he considered the news. Horus was unlikely to lie about things, even purely out of jealousy at Seth being with the foreign god. "You're sure everything is fine? You weren't gone that long; how much did you even *see?*" And then Seth's frown deepened. "Did you even talk to her?!" He could easily imagine Horus making up an excuse to turn back.

Horus shook his head. “I didn’t have to. One of my falcons is there and will keep an eye on the palace. Everything is fine.” He frowned. “Well…”

Seth gazed up, waiting. His arms and legs were crossed, and the gyrfalcon on his shoulder was still seated patiently.

“Mother said it’s okay for Hathor to marry me,” Horus eventually explained with somewhat tight lips. His hands were gripped into fists.

Seth’s eyes widened slightly. “Really?” That was truly an odd turn of events. He had the impression Isis hated Hathor as much as Ra.

Horus shrugged. “Hathor’s made her interests somewhat plain for a while. I’ve tried to avoid her, but it seems she decided to take a different tack and ask Mother directly.”

Seth scoffed, “She’s a child of Ra. Ra probably taught her to put her all into whatever she wants. They’re all pushy that way.” He recalled Sekhmet well enough. But this still didn’t seem right to Seth. “It’s odd that Isis would agree to it, as well. She doesn’t trust Ra or any of Ra’s children. It’s one reason we barely even talk to Tefnut and Shu.” Their grandparents cared for their grandchildren to a degree… but they were some of Ra’s closest advisors. It was too risky to be close to them.

“You also think there’s something else going on?” Horus asked.

Seth shrugged and replied, “Maybe. Though I have no idea what.”

“Well, I don’t intend to marry her,” Horus said, firmly.

Seth sighed and muttered, “Of course you don’t. You need someone less dangerous as your consort.” Ra wheedling her way back into the main affairs of Egypt in such a way was too risky.

“I only want Uncle,” Horus said.

Seth’s cheeks burned and he glared up at Horus, who was smiling down at him with that soft look of his. “That would never work!”

Horus tilted his head in a way he likely thought was cute. “Why not? I don’t recall Ra or Mother declaring I had to have a woman as my consort.”

Seth gaped up at him. “Because…! Because it wouldn’t!” Seth turned his face away, feeling his cheeks warm. “And forget Isis maybe preparing to get rid of Hathor. She’d *never* accept *this!* Heck, she might push you at Hathor to get out of it!” She’d be furious at *Seth*, in particular, probably convinced Seth had seduced Horus somehow. The idea of them together in some distant future, with the curse gone, was bizarre. It was too far-fetched to even contemplate.

Horus knelt and sat on the floor near Seth’s left side. Then he wrapped his arm around Seth’s shoulders, pulling him close. “We’ll make it work.”

Seth glowered. “You’re ridiculous. Egypt will be doomed under the rule of such a distracted man.”

Horus chuckled, but then his expression grew cooler. “I saw you used the curse earlier. I’m sorry.”

Seth shrugged, but didn’t pull out of Horus’ hold. “I handled it just fine. Even that furball wasn’t that overbearing about it. For *him*, anyway.” He’d been mad again when Seth did it, but he’d backed off when Seth told him to fuck off.

Horus made a *face* about that.

Seth sighed and said, “What?”

“You’re still planning to go to Hermopolis with him?”

“Yes,” Seth said. *That* hadn’t changed, and it had already granted him an opportunity to unleash the curse more, and discover he was still better with it. If things were better in Heliopolis, that made his choice easier. “Once we get this mess sorted out anyway.” He gazed out to where Horus had come from. “How did it look when you came in? Things were getting better when I came in here.” But he was a bit tired and wasn’t sure if he’d missed something.

“They seem pretty organized and settling in for the night,” Horus said. His right hand rubbed Seth’s arm. The weight from the gyrfalcon disappeared as Horus dissolved it. “I can address them in the morning to see what they have in mind for this place, though. Isis would be pleased to ensure even a smaller village is secure.”

Seth leaned against Horus, glad there was no fuss over the change in government and someone else was going to be in charge of the humans. It meant less headache. And if Horus wanted to be a personal cushion, that was *his* choice. He was warm, which was pleasant. Seth hadn't realized just how cold the curse usage made him.

“You’re really all right after using the curse again?” Horus asked as he pulled Seth a little closer. “You’re still awake and not coughing blood, but…” He was clearly worried.

“I’m fine,” Seth insisted. “Just tired. It wasn’t a big deal, and I didn’t use it as much.” The souls trapped within it had been pleased when he’d dealt with the slavers. *Perhaps that’s why they’ve been leaving me alone since,* he thought.

Horus placed a kiss on Seth’s brow. “You should let me know if it bothers you. I can handle things whatever you wish.”

Seth frowned. “I don’t need to be babied.”

“I know,” Horus said. “But doing this kind of thing is *my* job anyway. I’m the king of Egypt, aren’t I?”

“Is that how you’re excusing it?” Seth replied, gazing ahead with a frown. “Running away from Heliopolis so you can cuddle up to me?”

Horus chuckled and kissed a spot on Seth's head just over his left eye. "My duty is to my subjects. You're one of them. Mother is handling Heliopolis just fine. She'll be happy I'm taking my duties seriously."

Seth grimaced, even as Horus moved to place more kisses over the side of Seth's face. It wasn't unpleasant, just slightly irritating. "And how many of your subjects do you do this to?"

"Only the handsome redheaded ones named Seth," Horus said, before pushing Seth down onto the cushions beneath them.

Seth glared at the ceiling. *This is too familiar! Presumptuous pigeon!* "So you think you can just come back and start this again?"

"I missed you," Horus whined as he dismissed his headdress and rested his forehead on Seth's shoulder. His arms rested around Seth's middle, and he was something of a heavy presence overtop Seth, but nothing too ridiculous. Seth could still have kicked Horus off if the older god wanted. "And I don't like that you spent so much time with that foreign god."

"You were gone for barely any time at all," Seth said as he rolled his eyes. "And your jealousy is pathetic. We didn't do anything. Your bird saw all that."

"He was too close to you," Horus groused. "He just wants to take you again."

"And you're different?" Seth asked, frowning at Horus. "Or is it fine because it's *you?"*

Horus gave him a pleading look.

"I'm not some piece of meat you can stake a claim to," Seth said. He pushed Horus off and turned over onto his side, putting his back to Horus. "Go to bed. If you want to be useful, set your bird guards to make sure that idiot doesn't sneak in here."

Horus watched him for a moment before asking, "Can I still sleep next to you?" There was a pleading note in his voice.

Seth sighed and replied, "*Fine.* But—" as Horus moved right up against Seth's back, "*just sleeping.* Nothing else. Got it?"

Horus nodded against Seth's shoulder. His arms wrapped around Seth's middle and pulled Seth flush against Horus' chest. Seth could feel the heat of Horus' breath on the back of Seth's neck. "Goodnight, Uncle."

"…Goodnight." Horus had slipped his arms under Seth's, and Seth resettled his left arm over Horus', unsure where to rest his fingers. The easiest solution was to put it overtop Horus' fingers.

That made *Horus* snuggle closer, and Seth sighed. But it wasn't a bad feeling, and Seth had to admit that Horus had nice hands.

Seth breathed in and out to steady himself. *It's better he's here, I suppose. I trust him more than Furball, at least.* He was already feeling drawn to sleep, and knowing Horus was watching gave him some reassurance. They hadn't slept like this since Anubis showed up in Abu Gorab, but the restless, irritating energy Horus had then was gone, and without Anubis being there, Seth had less to worry about, at least in the immediate vicinity.

Seth watched the small lamp fizzle out, and let the darkness wash over him. He shut his eyes, and wondered if Nut would finally bless him with peaceful rest, now that Horus was at his back. He wasn't given to hoping for things, but he was glad of the warmth, all the same.

End Notes

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