Allergic to Flowers

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Allergic to Flowers

by FallLover

Summary

Seth works at Osiris' flower shop, but when Osiris oversteps his professional boundaries, Seth fights back. Thankfully, Horus is there for support.

Notes

This was originally posted on Archive of Our Own.

This is for Day 1 of Ennead Week 2022!

See the end of the work for more notes

Seth sighed as he pulled his apron off and stuck it in his locker for the night, undid his hair, letting the long red locks fall for the first time since he got up that morning, and then pulled his empty lunchbox out, glad to be heading home. It had been a long day at the shop, with a surprisingly large number of customers, possibly related to upcoming school graduations, given the time of year. He'd fielded what felt like truckloads of bouquet requests.

"Heading off?" A silky voice called to him from nearby.

Seth startled and turned to see Osiris, his boss and the shop owner, standing, well… a bit closer than Seth liked, but not *too* close.

Osiris had a habit of always being where you least expected him, despite being tall and muscular. He kept his dark hair tied back in a bun while he worked, rather than wear a ponytail, like Seth. He also had a closely cropped beard and dark eyes that seemed to *glitter*, somehow.

Seth smiled awkwardly. He always felt like Osiris *wanted* something from him. And he was never sure *what*. But Seth was always professional, and they worked well together otherwise. "Yeah. Gotta go take my dog for a walk and feed my cat."

A slightly sad expression came over Osiris' face, and he took a step closer. "Ahh, that's disappointing. I was hoping to invite you out for a drink."

"Don't you have more work?" Seth asked, confused. Osiris always stayed late into the night to do financials, extra orders, and whatever other paperwork was involved in running the business. Seth barely got out at a decent hour himself, being one of the more senior staff. But he never left as late as Osiris did.

"I could make time," Osiris said, taking another step forward. He looked down at Seth and said, "Did I ever tell you that you have the most beautiful hair?" He reached out and took a few strands in his fingers before Seth realized what was happening. "So soft and red."

Seth pulled his head away and backed off with a frown. "What the fuck, Osiris?"

Osiris frowned. "What?"

"I don't… what? You don't just *touch people's hair without asking.*"

Osiris' eyes widened briefly in surprise, then narrowed. "Why not? You touched my *son* without asking."

Seth stiffened, and then felt his cheeks warm. "What?"

"You think I didn't see you in his car the other night, letting him—" Osiris' expression darkened, and Seth realized it was *disgust*, "Letting him *touch* you like that, like…"

"Horus is an adult, he's allowed to make up his own mind on what he wants." Seth had reminded himself repeatedly of that when he'd agreed to go out for a bite to eat with the man

after Horus had asked… which had quickly turned into something more, in the car and then in Seth's apartment. Rinse and repeat for about two months, now. Sure, Seth was five years older and wasn't used to dating younger guys, but Horus had just turned 22. It was normal. … Even if Horus' father was their boss.

"So you'll let *him* touch you, but not me?"

Seth frowned, utterly confused by the question. "Why is that any of your business? You're my boss, not my… my *owner*."

Osiris took another step forward, and Seth took a step back, bumping into the metal lockers, feeling suddenly closed in, despite the hallway being relatively open.

He was suddenly aware that most everyone else was gone for the night.

"You've worked for me for a decade, Seth, you *owe* me…"

Seth's anger warred with his fear. Osiris was taller, more muscular, and his *boss*. But… "I don't owe you *anything*. I *work* for you. You pay me *wages* for my labor." And he didn't want to drop the words *sexual harassment* into the conversation because it was always difficult to do that, but he was *ready* to…

Osiris laughed.

Seth froze. "What's so funny?"

"Seth," Osiris replied, now *smiling*, "One of the reasons I stay so late is to cover up your mistakes."

"…What?"

"I keep you here because you're pretty, not because you're *competent*."

Seth flushed. "What the fuck?"

Osiris leaned in. "You should be grateful. Not many places around here take high school dropouts."

Seth's face reddened even more. "That doesn't mean—!" Seth swallowed, trying to calm himself. "If my work is so bad, why didn't you tell me?"

"Like I said, I keep you for your face, not your intelligence." Osiris quirked an eyebrow. "And this is how you repay me? Fucking my son?"

The anger won. Seth reached out and shoved Osiris back. "Fuck off!"

But Osiris grabbed his left arm, and shit, he was stronger—!

"Let him go, Father."

Seth and Osiris both stiffened at the voice, and turned to see Horus standing by the door, watching them. Well, watching Osiris, with a glare.

Horus wore regular clothes – he hadn't worked today, and of course his too-tight t-shirt traced his muscles perfectly, just like his jeans always finely framed his ass. His short, dark hair was a bit of a mess as usual, begging to be tousled.

And Seth told his horny brain to *shut up* when he was trying to focus on possibly kicking his boss in the crotch.

Horus' eyes, though, were fierce as they glared daggers at his father.

Osiris scoffed and released Seth's arm. "What are you doing here? You don't work today."

"I came to pick Seth up."

Seth swallowed. It was true. Horus was supposed to wait for him. They'd been in the habit of waiting for each other after shared shifts, and even sometimes picking each other up on their days off, to go work off some steam afterward, and Seth had forgotten he'd texted Horus he might be a little later than normal today.

Seth abruptly felt embarrassed that Horus was seeing him like this. He didn't want to start a fight in someone else's family. "Horus, I—" He didn't know how to explain what was happening.

Horus looked at him, and his expression softened.

"This is wildly inappropriate," Osiris said, glaring at his son. "You're my employees. And you're my son, Horus. You have no business sleeping with one of my other employees."

"We work in different departments," Horus said with a frown. "He doesn't hold authority over me, nor I him."

"It's still inappropriate," Osiris continued. "This needs to stop. You two need to stop seeing each other."

"How—" Seth swallowed. "How fucking *dare* you!" He ducked underneath Osiris' arm and away from him, before Osiris could grab him again, and moved towards Horus instead. "I'm not your fucking *property*."

"Did you forget who's the boss here?" Osiris said, blandly. "I own this place."

"Yeah, well… I *quit*."

Osiris blinked.

Seth blinked.

Horus took Seth's hand and pulled him away.

Seth didn't fully recollect until they were already in Horus' car, driving away. He realized Horus had music playing. Some classic rock, as usual.

"Where are we going?" Seth finally asked.

"A restaurant he doesn't know about."

"Oh."

"Are you okay?" Horus sighed. "I mean obviously you're not, but—"

"No, I'm…" Seth swallowed. His eyes widened. "I quit my *job*, I… Gods…"

Horus reached over and squeezed his arm. "I'm sorry I wasn't there sooner."

Seth sighed.

"You were really hot, standing up to him, though," Horus added, smiling softly.

Seth snorted. "Yeah. Probably why he kept me on."

"Seth…"

"How long were you listening?" Seth asked, realizing he hadn't even noticed Horus come in.

"I heard raised voices when I was walking to the back, wondering where you were." Horus grimaced, still focusing on the road. "But I heard… the shit he said about you. About… staying late. Sorry."

Seth sighed. "Of course you did. Fuck. Did *you* know?"

"What? No."

Small mercies, Seth supposed. Then he frowned and looked at Horus. "You haven't been covering up for me, have you?"

"Seth, you cover roses and handle the store phone. I do trees and lift fertilizer. What in the world would I cover up for you?"

Seth snorted and leaned back against the headrest. "Fuck. He's not… he couldn't be telling the truth."

Horus didn't say anything.

"I mean if…? Who keeps someone around for their looks unless you're working at like… a strip club or something?" Seth glared at the dashboard, barely even seeing where they were going. "Why didn't he *tell* me? I could have worked on it, I could have…"

"Seth, don't blame yourself for his shit," Horus said as they finally pulled into a parking lot. "He's fucked up. That's his business. Not yours." After a moment, he continued, "You could sue for how he acted."

“Suing isn’t going to pay rent in the near future,” Seth said, quietly, thinking about all the bills that depended on his barely good paycheck. He shut his eyes. “Fuck, what did I do? I *need* that job. No one will hire me…”

Horus parked, unclipped his belt and turned to Seth, then put his hand on Seth’s shoulder. “Seth, look at me.”

Seth grimaced and looked up.

Horus was watching him, with a gentle look on his face. Gone was the glare he’d leveled at his father. This was the face of the man who’d sing to his trees, race the carts with Seth after hours, and slowly flirted his way into Seth’s pants.

It was grounding, somehow. And Horus seemed to know that.

“It’s not the end of the world,” Horus replied. “My father is… from a completely different world.” He snorted. “It's not an excuse, actually. I honestly don’t know what his deal is. Something complicated with Grandmother. It’s a whole… thing." He waved it away. "Anyway, I know a lot of people at the businesses here, and I’ll help you look… particularly if I need to find a new job, too.”

“He’d never fire you.”

“Maybe I’ll quit, too,” Horus said, grimacing. “Don’t know if I can stomach being around him anymore. Plus, I stayed for you, really.” He smiled at Seth.

Seth flushed.

“Anyway. I’ll help. My mother would help, too. She loves you.”

Seth smiled at that. “She just likes when I bring you a fresh batch of kahk.”

“Well yes, that too.” Horus leaned in, pressing their foreheads together. “Just don’t stop baking them for us and you’ll be fine.”

Seth shut his eyes.

“I’m not leaving,” Horus continued, quietly. “I’m not gonna let him near you. Not that you even *need* my help in that department...”

Seth snorted. “You were helpful. The distraction was good. I think you scared him, too.”

Horus snorted. “He’s just afraid of Mother.”

“Have you seen yourself? You’re like a giant walking muscle.”

“Oh?”

Seth batted his arm lightly, smiling. “Oaf.”

Horus reached out to cup Seth’s cheek and pull him into a kiss.

“Mmm…” Seth murmured, leaning into it. When they broke it, Seth said, “Forget dinner. Take me home. I need to walk Sha, take a bath, and then I want you to fuck me.”

Horus laughed, his warm breath dancing over Seth’s lips, his fingers burning like the sun against Seth’s skin, “Yes, my King.”

Seth sighed as he sagged back into the small rectangular bath, feeling the wonderful warmth rush over his bones. The bubbles were a gentle relaxant that helped almost as much as the warmth. “I needed this.”

Horus walked in and sat on the edge of the tub, smiling down at him.

Seth glanced at him with a smile.

They’d gotten back to Seth’s apartment quickly enough, walked Sha, filled his and Simba's food bowls with dinner, and then Horus had dragged Seth over to Horus’ place, which Seth could appreciate: Horus had a nicer apartment, including a nicer bathtub.

“I still can’t believe you stocked up on bubble bath products,” Seth grumbled, sinking into the water a bit so that his chin was underwater, his long hair pooling around him. “I’d have come here more often.”

“It was to tempt you over,” Horus said, watching him fondly. “I’m glad it succeeded.”

Seth snorted, his knees popping up out of the water as he maneuvered a bit to get more comfortable. The contrast of warm water versus the chill on his knees was definitely interesting.

Horus watched him and reached out, placing a strong hand on Seth’s bare left knee.

“You’ll get wet,” Seth said, watching him coyly.

Horus chuckled. “Is that a threat?” His hand traveled along the slick skin of Seth’s thigh, then ducked under the water as he pressed inward.

Seth shivered, but didn’t move away.

Horus gently pet the soft skin of Seth’s inner thigh, and then his hand slowly skated over to Seth’s already half-hard cock. Horus slowly caressed it, watching Seth’s face.

Seth shut his eyes, groaning softly as Horus wrapped his fingers around the shaft and slowly pumped it. Seth’s right leg twitched on one particularly strong tug, making water splatter over the tile wall. “H-Horus…”

“Yes, Seth?” Horus murmured, keeping his tugs teasingly slow.

Seth reached for the wall with his right hand and grabbed Horus' thigh with his left, uncaring that he got Horus' pants leg wet or dripped water on the floor.

Horus, of course, wasn't destabilized by the grab, and continued teasing Seth, even slowing down.

"Horus…" Seth grumbled again, shuddering.

"You're so beautiful like this, Seth," Horus said, his smile widening. "You feel so wonderful under my hands." He squeezed, making Seth cry out. "Just imagining how you'll be later, crying on my cock… Then I'll plug you up for the night with one of the new toys I got for you, so you're squirming all night long…"

Seth gasped as he came, hard, spilling over Horus' hand. His fingers were clawing through Horus' pants' leg.

Horus pulled his hand away and licked the wetness from his fingers, locking eyes with Seth as he did.

Seth's eyes were lidded, but he was smiling. "You're ridiculous."

"You're going to have to take another bath."

Seth scoffed and pushed himself up, with Horus taking his elbow to stop him from stumbling. "And whose fault is that?"

"…I could use a shower," Horus suggested, smiling.

Seth snorted. "Come on, then."

End Notes

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