Meet in the middle

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Meet in the middle

by FallLover

Summary

Seth and Horus go to a family reunion at a hotel in Cairo, much to Seth’s frustration. Worse, he ends up at a bar chatting with Hathor, of all people.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own.

See the end of the work for more notes

Seth hadn’t wanted to come to the family reunion near Heliopolis, since he knew it’d be miserable. The trip over hadn’t been so bad, and Ra had booked them all nice rooms at the nicest five-star hotel in Cairo, but that didn’t mean Seth was excited. He’d had sit down to chats with most of his relatives, the one with Isis being the calmest, and hadn’t seen Horus for most of the day, as he was busy with so much. And in Horus’ absence, seemingly everyone had thoughts about the relationship that he and Seth had still maintained for thousands of years.

It wasn’t that Seth was ashamed of the relationship, but that people still seemed shocked they were in one was a bit annoying. They still thought that Horus could do better and Seth should move on. He could tell in the way they framed it whenever they talked to him about it, with their faux thoughtful and sympathetic expressions.

Seth sat back in the fancy chairs of the lounges and bars he was stuck in for these talks, sipped his drink, kept his thoughts to himself, and wondered what Horus was going through. Probably more marriage offers, offers to go abroad and help with different projects. He was charming, smart, and very experienced as a leader. Everyone wanted their precious Horus somewhere. Whereas Seth’s presence usually just forebode strife.

Seth’s last chat was with his father, which put him in a bit of a sour mood. Geb had wanted Seth’s advice on gifts for Nut’s birthday, since Geb had trouble deciding. And Seth had asked why, after so many years, Geb couldn’t figure that out, which had annoyed Geb. Seth had then suggested that Geb seek out Isis’ advice: she was more creative on that front.

“Why not ask Horus?” Geb asked as they sat across from each other in the hotel steakhouse, which smelled heavily of cigarettes that bothered Seth’s nose. “He’s the thoughtful one.”

Seth had made up an excuse to leave and ended up in a different bar. It still smelled faintly of cigarettes, but he didn’t feel like heading back to his room just yet.

He ordered the strongest drink he could find - which wouldn’t do much with his being a god, but the bartender here was used to supernatural clientele, and they knew how to spike it a little for Seth’s liking.

“Ugh, what are *you* doing here?”

Seth turned after a time to see one of the people he most definitely did not want to see sitting nearby. He wasn’t sure when Hathor had come over, or if she’d already been sitting there when he showed up and he’d been so annoyed he ignored her, but she was sitting there, wearing a beautiful black and purple dress, her hair tied back in a modern style, her make-up as sharp as ever, and holding a drink as she glared at him.

“I’m just here for a drink,” Seth replied, refusing to move just because Hathor was there. He wasn’t a coward: he didn’t turn tail and flee. Maybe if he’d seen she was there before he’d noticed her, he’d have left, but here they were.

Hathor, for her part, didn't seem inclined to move either. So they sat there, nursing their drinks, glaring ahead, as the bartender moved on to other customers. It wasn't that crowded or loud in the bar, so it was a bit awkward, but Seth had come to fume quietly, so it didn't matter much. He actually appreciated how quiet it was.

"Why aren't you with Horus?" Hathor demanded when Seth had gotten halfway through his latest drink.

Seth glared ahead, wondering if he should leave after all. "I don't tie him to me like a pet bird and drag him around. He has a life and mind of his own." It was true that he missed Horus a bit, but he also respected that Horus had things he wanted to get done. They'd meet up again at the end of the day.

But Seth was also his own person. They'd get through this and move on with their lives, forgetting it all until the next unfortunate family reunion.

"Why aren't you with your latest suitor?" Seth demanded when Hathor made an odd face over his response. She was always pulling in someone from somewhere. She was the goddess of love and beauty after all, according to multiple religions now.

"I was meeting with Mother," Hathor said, clearly annoyed, too. "And I didn't feel up to company afterward."

"You're annoyed with Ra?" Seth asked, surprised. He thought Ra got along splendidly with her favorite child.

"Not that it's any of your business," Hathor said, snippily. "She thinks I still haven't moved on from Horus." She sounded aggravated about that.

Seth frowned, annoyed, too. "Haven't you? It's been thousands of years." It's not like she'd made many moves on Horus since Horus had put an end to things. *So why does Ra think otherwise?*

"I *have* moved on," Hathor insisted. "I can still be upset about it, though."

"So can I," Seth said, warningly, in case the goddess had ideas. All his memories of Hathor's interference and comments on his relationship with Horus were always there in his mind when he needed to bother himself. "It sucks to be the one who lost, but we can still fight about it if you want to." Maybe they'd both appreciate the work out.

Besides, Seth still hated the way Horus had been treated by her. Horus had pushed past some of it, but not all of it. Seth was willing to help make up for things.

Hathor made a face like she was actually considering it. Then she shrugged and said, "I'd rather just drink a bit."

Seth snorted and took another drink of his refilled glass. He wasn't drunk, but a bit buzzed. After he swallowed, he asked, "Why don't you find someone else who's interested in you? Surely you have an endless line of suitors." Even if she didn't want them clinging around her

at a family gathering. Plenty of gods, domestic and foreign, were interested in getting involved with her.

Hathor scoffed and said, “Of course I do,” rather haughtily. “But none of them are good enough.”

Seth rolled his eyes.

“You should know what that’s like,” Hathor insisted, which made Seth confused.

“What?” Seth asked. “You think I have an endless line of suitors like you do or you think I keep track of your love life?” He honestly didn’t bother paying attention. It was why he was unsure what convinced Ra that Hathor hadn’t moved on.

Hathor glared at him and said, “For all I fail to see the appeal myself, I can tell people find you appealing and want your body. I know Horus has had some trouble with that over the years.”

Seth’s face heated a little, probably from the alcohol. “Barely any,” Seth insisted. “I’m not like you, contrary to how I appear. I keep to myself and most people keep away.” He was more intimidating than appealing in his experience. No matter how handsome he looked, people felt safer with other people. Especially humans.

It didn’t bother him. He didn’t want other suitors. Horus was more than enough for him.

He missed Horus, honestly. For all they were fine and used to being apart at times, the day had been quite long, and Seth could use some comfort.

I wonder if he misses me, he thought, and then almost laughed. Of course Horus did. No matter the years together, Horus was happiest when they were near each other.

“You don’t have to rub it in,” Hathor muttered. “Just because you ended up with him and all… happy.” She sounded contemptuous.

Seth frowned and realized he’d spoken aloud. It wasn’t like it was a bad thing: he was happily in a relationship with someone he loved. And proud of it, no matter how weird his family made him feel.

But he’d been the odd one out before, and he knew how hard that was. It was strange to view the goddess of love and beauty as that kind of person, though. She’d had lovers, spouses, and children galore over the millennia. And it was hard to sympathize with her fully after everything she’d done to him *and* Horus. Plus, Seth knew that if he, even now, said he was giving Horus up for good, then Hathor would readily jump in to scoop him up.

Seth felt secure in his relationship with Horus, but this was *Hathor*, of all people, with all that she’d done, and Sekhmet waiting in the wings to cause more mischief. Even Horus wasn’t the safest with them working up trouble.

So Seth simply said, “I’m sure you’ll find the right one someday.” He had, after all. Twice, after a fashion. Although he’d lost Nephthys, he’d found Horus, in the end.

It wasn’t that great a sentiment when he thought about it. After all, Hathor had been looking for thousands of years, while Seth had been comfortable in his relationship for as long as that. But it was the best he could do for someone like Hathor, especially when he was a bit buzzed.

After a while, Hathor made a thoughtful sound and half-smiled. “That was almost nice. What are you drinking that’s making you talk like that?”

Seth scowled, but called the bartender to share his alcohol with Hathor. After she’d tried it, she was pleased, and started going off about Ra and the conversation they’d had, which Seth hadn’t exactly been interested in, but he supposed it was better than Hathor making snipes about Horus.

They were several more cups deep before Seth smelled the familiar scent of Horus’ wings and felt Horus’ hands on his shoulders.

“I think it’s time to call it a night, Seth,” Horus said, gently.

“You showed up!” Seth said, turning to Horus with a smile, the story Hathor had been sort of in the middle of forgotten.

Horus stood behind him in a nice suit, smiling fondly down at Seth with those bright blue eyes in the somewhat dim bar lighting. The lighting wasn’t flattering to anyone, really, but Horus looked good in most lighting. And Seth wanted nothing more than to run his hand through Horus’ short dark hair, over his cheeks, his skin. reminding himself that Horus was his.

Horus reached out to help Seth out of the chair and greeted Hathor with a curt, “Aunt, Bes was saying he’d be over soon,” which she vaguely waved her hand at before Horus pulled Seth to his side. He then walked them out of the bar.

Seth leaned against Horus’ side, smelling him and feeling the heat of him. He would have been embarrassed to be so shameless: what if anyone saw them, particularly Hathor? But he also didn’t care much.

“Let them see what happiness looks like,” Seth muttered. “And be jealous.”

Horus squeezed Seth’s side as they walked to the elevator. It was a bit dangerous for two men in a relationship like theirs to be like this, but Horus just explained that his uncle had too much to drink and Horus was taking him back to his room. It was rather simple that way.

The elevator ride was short and thankfully empty, with Seth seeing himself leaning on Horus in the elevator mirror. Perhaps he should have been embarrassed, but he was too happy Horus was finally with him. Soon enough, they were back in their room: a large place with a huge, plush bed with green sheets, and a view overlooking the Nile and late-night traffic. The glass was so thick they couldn’t hear the honking, and the place smelled faintly of a pleasant artificial cleaning solution. Gentle lights lit the space in a way that wasn't painful.

Horus carefully placed Seth on the bed before tugging his shoes off and setting them aside.

Seth pushed him away and began pulling his own clothes off a bit. But he only got his shirt undone before grabbing Horus - who was hovering worriedly - and pulling him into a deep kiss.

Horus put his hands on either side of Seth's body on the bed and leaned into it, and Seth lowered himself back until he was laying down, with Horus overtop him.

When they parted, Horus murmured over him, "Are you sure you don't want to sleep? You've had a long day." He was clearly worried.

Seth scowled and said, "I had to listen to people snip and snipe at me over my relationship with you all day, and then deal with Hathor, who's still bitter about things. I want you to fuck me until I forget it all." He wanted to forget they were still stuck here another two days, at least while he could. Family reunions weren't usually *always* terrible, and Isis would probably ask him to talk to Geb again, but he wasn't feeling very giving towards anyone else right now.

Horus smiled and leaned down for another kiss, moving his right hand to Seth's shoulder, then down his side, and finishing right near Seth's ass.

Seth reached down to undo Horus' pants, pulling them down around the interest he could already feel: despite so long together, it took rather little to get Horus into the right mood. Seth's hand moved to gently squeeze Horus through his underwear, making Horus murmur in frustration.

Horus pulled away and pushed Seth further up on the bed, yanking his pants and underwear off and pushing his legs back so they went over Horus' shoulders. Horus' mouth went down to Seth's cock, licking down to the root in no time.

Seth squeezed his legs around Horus' neck, and rested his left hand in Horus' short, soft hair, arching his head back into the blankets in a moan as Horus took his revenge and sucked hard on Seth's cock. His tongue was devious and Seth shortly was coming down Horus' throat, and digging his right heel into the meat of Horus' shoulder.

When Horus pulled off of Seth, he wiped his lips off with a tissue from the nightstand and then yanked his own shirt fully off before moving back between Seth's legs and then moving down for another kiss.

Seth put his fingers up to Horus' lips to pause and said, "I missed you all day." It sounded whiny, but it was true. "I hated how everyone talked about us. It was ridiculous." He wondered if they really *had* bothered Horus with all of that in any way. They certainly didn't bother him the way they did Seth, though Seth knew that there were plenty who shared Hathor's noxious attitude in regard to their relationship and Horus' involvement.

Horus had a sympathetic expression and lightly kissed Seth's lips before saying, "I missed you, too. Mother said I needed to get better at hiding it."

Seth smirked, even as his face warmed. Isis had grown used to them, even if she didn't always like it. But that others could tell, well…

Seth supposed he didn't mind, still, that others knew so much about them. It wasn't like it was a secret, especially given how much people were talking about it.

"It bothered me how many of them wanted me to give you up," Horus said, "and trade you like you were some bauble." He leaned down to press their foreheads together. "You're mine. Not theirs." He sounded a bit angry.

Seth blinked, confused. "Wait, someone was asking for me?!" He was surprised.

Horus nodded. "A few of them. They felt you and I have been together long enough and it's okay if you have a new spouse, or at least have new children. I said no." He looked up at Seth, worried. "Sorry, I spoke on your behalf."

Seth smirked and reached up to cup Horus' face in his hands. "It's fine. I'm not mad." He pulled Horus into another kiss, gently biting at Horus' lips. "I'm happy, even." After Horus smiled warmly back at him, Seth continued, "Now get a move on."

Horus moved his ready cock to Seth's ass, easily pressing the large thing inside Seth's body after all their times together. Seth's ankles were up by his head, and Horus pressed inward, moving Seth's thighs nearly to his chest on the first thrust.

Seth grabbed Horus' arms and tossed his long red hair back, moving up with each thrust to meet Horus' cock, wanting it inside him, deeper, where the waves of pleasure began to move through him, mixing with the dregs of alcohol in his system.

Horus' eyes were glowing blue-gold in the glances Seth sent his way, and his hair had bits of white-gold in it on certain thrusts. He was getting really into it, which made him go nearly straight through Seth's body. But Seth was able to turn into sand at a whim, and he wasn't bothered at all by Horus' abilities. He was a bit worried about the bed, actually, but they could always pay for it if they broke it, even as it creaked ominously beneath them.

The white ceiling with its soft lights shook as Seth moved with Horus, and Seth listened to Horus repeating his name over and over, hungrily, and with such blessed wanting.

"I'm happy you're mine," Seth said, quietly, after one powerful thrust that nearly made him come. He was just grateful after everything, that he had Horus to come back for him. To find him. He wasn't sitting alone at a bar, miserable. No matter what people thought about them, they had each other. They knew the truth.

They won.

Horus groaned and half-fell as he came, filling Seth's insides up with his seed.

Seth smiled contentedly and stroked Horus' sweaty hair, before placing a kiss on the top of the younger god's head. He knew every part of Horus' body. How it felt. How it tasted. It was indelibly marked on his memory.

Horus reached out to grasp Seth's cock and looked up at Seth, smiling happily. "Together this time?"

Seth smiled back and agreed. “As always.”

End Notes

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