Homecoming

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Homecoming

by FallLover

Summary

In the modern day, Anubis is busy fulfilling his duties as a god, but when Seth goes missing for some decades, Anubis finds old, confusing feelings he set aside blossoming as he increasingly misses the god of war. When Seth returns, Anubis refuses to miss out on his chance to stay by Seth’s side.

Notes

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Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had been 43 years since Anubis last saw Seth. Anubis was hardly free himself, with his duties in Duat taking up most of his time, so it wasn't like Seth's absence made all that big a difference in his life, or at least it didn't at first, when Anubis thought it just meant he could focus more on his work. Anubis kept a few apartments in different parts of the human world where he'd sometimes rest when he needed, and so he could travel among the humans as he wished. He often spoke to many of the gods of the living, and in Seth's absence, as time passed, Anubis found he often asked if they'd seen signs of the god of war. But no one had heard from Seth in decades. Osiris in particular fumed about it, but he'd been fuming for millennia at this point, and was ignorable.

Anubis and Seth had gone some way to repair their relationship over the centuries, but they still weren't close, despite Seth's clear wish to be. Anubis was still unsure at times, with all the history between them and Anubis' complicated emotions, and affection tied up in pain, and again tied up in forgiveness, hope, and things Anubis wasn't sure he understood. As the years passed, he found himself wishing he'd tried harder with Seth, to fix things, to figure out where they stood with each other. But it hurt to think he'd missed his chance.

He didn't think Seth had vanished entirely. For starters, Anubis would have *known* (at least he thought he would). But he did sometimes worry.

Egypt had changed so much in Seth's absence, even in such a short time, and Anubis wondered what Seth would think if he returned, or if there was some significance to his departure. The gods changed relatively little over time, and largely adapted to what the humans needed of them. Isis worked in hospitals and shelters, Nephthys often at her side, and Anubis saw both of them far less than he used to. He avoided Horus, and the feeling was mutual.

"You seem a bit sad," Khnum said to Anubis once, about 30 years after Seth's disappearance. Anubis was in Khnum's bed, watching the surface of the river they were under. He and Khnum had been bedfellows off and on over the centuries, though there was little other feeling behind it, at least on Anubis' part. Khnum leaned against Anubis' side, his long turquoise hair resting over them both. "What's wrong?"

Everything was going well. Anubis was respected among the gods, Duat was in order. The world was a mess, but humans were like that. Anubis had no reason to be unhappy.

But his mind often drifted to bright red hair, desert haze, and a warm smile. "…I think I miss Seth."

Khnum hugged him.

There was more to it than simply missing Seth, but a growing sadness filled Anubis at the absence, coupled by a deepening longing that Anubis increasingly saw for what it was. And if Seth returned, Anubis promised to do better to ensure he stayed. He would be honest, or at least try to be, and perhaps they could figure things out between them at last. All the mess of feelings inside of him... the aching. He'd bring it into the light.

Anubis wondered, in future, if it was because he finally started to accept his feelings, that the universe rewarded him for it.

Anubis was walking among the humans in Cairo one day after returning from a trip abroad to visit a particularly insistent follower of his, and he listened to street vendors hawk their wares, people gathered to buy lunch, and the sounds of car horns. He wore a light dark suit, and had his long curly hair down. His hands were bare, though he could call his tall gold and black heka staff if he wished. Most humans didn't see him, or if they did, they forgot him soon after. But they automatically walked around him, unknowingly detecting his presence and moving aside for it. A child ran past him, and as Anubis glanced that direction, he spotted a flash of bright red hair in the distance.

Red hair was more common these days than it used to be, and he saw so many of them that he'd long since given up hoping they were Seth. But this was particularly bright and the wind carried the particular scent of desert sand to Anubis.

Anubis easily found the person – they were markedly tall – and saw them head inside a martial arts studio. Anubis didn't want to hope, but he still followed.

The studio itself was little different than many others he'd seen; it was decently filled with mats and punching bags, mostly empty for the time of day, as people were largely still at work or on their lunch breaks, and smell faintly of cleaning solution. The humans inside would sometimes look at him and then away. He typically had to focus for them to notice him if he wasn't talking to them directly. He preferred when they didn't notice, most of the time.

Anubis explored the studio, following the scent he'd detected earlier, and found a side room filled with a class of students ranging in age, all seated on the ground to watch an elderly man at the front speaking. And there Seth was, sitting in a foldout chair near the man in a way that implied Seth was a supervisor of some kind rather than a student, watching the man speak.

Seth wore a plain gray t-shirt, his familiar gold wrist cuffs, form-fitting jeans, and what looked like comfortable and no shoes. His bright red hair was still long and fell down his back, and his golden rectangular earrings sometimes glinted in the sunlight from the windows. His bright red eyes, still lined in the black and red marks of his godhood, were sharp and attentive. Sometimes he glanced at to the students, to see if they were paying attention. Eventually, Seth looked Anubis' way, and their eyes met.

Seth didn't visibly react to him, but he did hold Anubis' gaze for a moment, before looking away and going back to the students.

Anubis knew those eyes anywhere. That face. They'd haunted him more years than he could say. He almost walked up right then to talk to Seth. To ask, *Where have you been?!* If Seth

had been hiding in a martial arts studio all these years right under Anubis' nose…

But Anubis didn't. He waited. He watched the class begin and move into practice exercises, first practicing to breathe and then learning to fall. Seth helped with demonstrations, and then walked around, correcting form. The students listened to him, and when the class was finally over, a number of students thanked him. He even smiled at some of them.

Anubis felt something in his heart clench at the look. He recalled Seth smiling at *him* after weapons practice. Some of his memories were still fuzzy, but some were as strong as they'd ever been. Seth had a way of making even the smallest practice gains seem monumental, and Anubis had an odd longing for that gaze to rest on him. For Seth to praise him again, like he'd used to.

After the students had left – all ignoring Anubis – Seth stayed to speak to the instructor for a moment, and then walked over to Anubis, his expression blank again. He stopped nearby and met Anubis' gaze. This close, Anubis could tell he was a bit nervous. Anubis used to study Seth's moods all the time, trying to learn more about his close-lipped father, and later, the close-lipped and sometimes overwrought stranger he'd been hunting, and then the god Anubis didn't quite know what to think of. Something different than an uncle, but not quite a stranger. Seth kept his true thoughts to himself more often than not, hiding them behind bluster and upset, but Anubis had grown skilled in detecting some of the subtler shifts in his moods.

"Seth," Anubis said.

There was a slight flinch in Seth's shoulders, but Seth replied, "Anubis."

"We should talk," Anubis said, keeping his expression neutral. "You've been gone for some time."

Seth nodded, and smiled ruefully. "I know. I'm sorry. But I'm happy to catch up. There's a café I like nearby, if you'd like to come with me." He seemed to expect Anubis to say no, despite the fact that *Anubis* had asked to talk.

"Okay," Anubis replied, smiling slightly back. There was no way he'd pass this up.

The café Seth picked wasn't too busy, and they were able to grab a two-person table in a corner, where it was quiet. They were right next to a window, where they could easily see the street. Anubis got a hot chocolate and Seth had a bottle of water that he didn't touch, and he just watched Anubis, like Anubis might attack him. In Seth's defense, Anubis had done that a number of times. But now Anubis mostly wanted to drink in the sight of Seth before him. Every part of his own body seemed to vibrate and itch, and it was only with careful restraint that he didn't explode.

"Where have you been?" Anubis finally asked. It was an obvious start, anyway.

Seth smiled. "Around. Here and there. Just wandering. I visited Japan for a decade, then Australia. Then Peru. Then…" He grinned. "It was a long list. I just went where I liked."

Anubis studied him. “Did you like it? The traveling?” It sounded like he had, but…

“…Yes,” Seth said, finally, his expression softer. “I missed home, though.”

“Why stay away so long, then?”

Seth looked down at his unopened bottle of water.

Anubis grimaced. He could imagine why, with everything that happened to Seth here. The pantheon was never far if Seth needed to get in touch, but if nothing else, leaving Egypt’s borders meant Osiris was a lot farther away. “Well, why go now? You had millennia to leave.”

Seth spun his water bottle around idly. “I’m not sure. I was by a port one day, there was a boat, and… I got on it.” He shrugged. “And then I didn’t come back until I found a plane back here by accident. It just seemed time to come home.” He smiled. “There really wasn’t a specific reason for any of it.”

“Horus was wondering about you.” Horus and Seth hadn’t been on speaking terms for a bit, but Horus still worried about him at times. And the rare times Anubis saw him, Seth often came up. It was yet another reason they avoided each other.

Seth grimaced. “Yes, well… I’ll have to see him at some point, I guess.”

“I’m not telling you what you have to do,” Anubis said, leaning back in his chair to better study Seth’s profile. “I’m just saying. He’s asked me a few times if I knew where you went. I didn’t know.”

Seth smiled at him. “Would you tell him if you did?”

“…No.”

Seth snorted. “I see you two get still get along *swimmingly*.” But he didn’t admonish Anubis to get along better with his half-brother, like he sometimes did in the past.

Anubis smiled back at Seth, and it felt almost like it used to. Sharing secrets they kept from Nephthys or Isis.

Or Osiris.

“What’s wrong?” Seth asked, a hint of worry in his voice when Anubis’ expression sobered.

“…I missed you,” Anubis said, deflecting with alternate honesty. There was a hint of want in his voice, and he didn’t care. Seth would likely interpret it another way than Anubis intended. Seeing Seth now drowned out so many of Anubis’ doubts. Perhaps Anubis had been too quick to assume gods didn’t change all that much: it was clear that in the relatively brief time of Seth’s absence, Anubis had changed, too.

Seth blinked, clearly surprised. His cheeks reddened. “I’m sorry, I… I didn’t think…”

“You didn’t know,” Anubis said, smiling again. “I hardly made it apparent.” They’d still fought over the years, over things they’d both done, to others and each other. Things had been a little easier the last time they’d seen each other, but *that* had been after Anubis had started avoiding Seth to try and figure out his own feelings in regard to the god of war. And Anubis later blamed himself when Seth took the choice of visits out of Anubis’ hands and vanished seemingly for good.

Seth swallowed. “We could spend more time together now if you’d like? I’m not planning to leave again any time soon.” There was a bit of hope in his voice. He’d wanted to try mending things between them for years.

“I’d like that,” Anubis said, and was rewarded with a smile. Then Anubis’ expression sobered. “But someday you will leave again.”

Seth’s smile faded.

Anubis kept his expression neutral. Some days when Anubis considered his feelings for Seth, he hated himself for how he understood other gods who’d wanted to tie Seth down. Seth was mercurial and loved the freedom he had to go where he wished. Anubis liked that for him, too, particularly after everything Seth had gone through, but Anubis wondered if Seth would one day travel so far that Anubis would never see him again. Anubis already wondered if Seth had done that when Seth vanished.

“…I don’t know. We’ll see.” Seth’s gaze was distant, and Anubis acknowledged that this was just who Seth was. He went where he wished. Like the wind. He had no reason to be any particular place, after all. “Sometimes I feel like… there’s more for me out there than here.” He smiled sadly. "Or at least... it's less fraught than here. Even though there are people I care for here." He smiled a little at Anubis.

Stay for me, Anubis thought. But he caught himself before he said it aloud. “How about lunch tomorrow then?” Even if Anubis could only spend time with him in brief moments like this, he’d take what he could get. Like this, they felt like work colleagues more than anything else (which was true in a sense), or friends who’d lost touch over the years. But Anubis had promised to try, and he would.

Seth blinked, and then he gave Anubis a smile. One of his nice ones, that warmed Anubis’ chest. “I’d love that.”

“Do you have a phone?” Anubis asked, pushing himself away from staring at Seth’s plump lips for too long.

Seth nodded and pulled his cellphone out. They exchanged information, and shortly stood up to leave the café. They stood near the exit together briefly, unsure of what to do. Seth reached for Anubis’ left shoulder, paused, and then lowered his hand. He smiled up at Anubis. “I’ll see you tomorrow, then.” There was pain there, and fear. If Anubis worried about reaching out, then so too did Seth. Perhaps even more so.

“Tomorrow,” Anubis said, smiling back. Then he reached out and wrapped his arms around Seth to hug him, tightly.

Seth was frozen for a moment, before he slowly wrapped his arms around Anubis to hug him back.

Anubis could feel Seth's strong back muscles, and his soft hair pressed against Anubis' face, smelling of some pleasant floral perfume, almost like what Nephthys used to put there. It filled Anubis with nostalgia and sadness, because Seth clearly wanted to not fully recall Nephthys, but couldn't quite let her go, either. Nephthys, for her part, stayed far away from Seth these days, though her relationship with Seth was cordial.

The scent still made Anubis long for times gone by, but also hope for the future. Because judging by everything Anubis had seen and heard, here was a Seth who embraced the new, in hope of different things, and new horizons.

Anubis could be something different, if Seth wanted.

But finally Anubis let Seth go, and smiled at him. Anubis noted that Seth's cheeks were still red.

"Tomorrow," Seth said, nodding at him, before turning around and walking off, disappearing into the crowd.

The smell of the perfume was still in Anubis' nostrils, and he tried not to salivate at it.

Seth was on time for lunch the next day, and they chatted amiably about Seth's work with the martial arts studio – he was a part time teacher there sometimes, helping people to learn to defend themselves in the times he wasn't walking amongst soldiers or traveling the desert for the lost – and people he'd met in his travels.

Anubis mostly listened, and only sometimes asked questions about different places Seth had been. What things he'd tried. After an hour, they split up again, promising to meet the next day, too.

Two lunches became four, became seven. They didn't see each other every day, but most days they did. They started walking through the city together, with Seth asking about Anubis' duties and how he was managing them. Seth was very curious about modern Cairo and how it had changed in only a few decades. He visited older places in Egypt on his own, but if he was in town, he'd send Anubis a text or call. Humans didn't always notice the pair of gods, despite their height, Seth's striking appearance, Anubis' threatening aura of death… but sometimes the pair would stop to pick up food or watch a street show.

They never spoke of Osiris, and seldom mentioned Horus. Anubis never brought up Nephthys, and Seth didn't ask. They *did* run into Khnum once: he was sitting on a pier chatting with an old fisherwoman. When she left, Khnum greeted Anubis and Seth in surprise.

"Seth!" Khnum was a bit nervous. "It's been a while!" His long, turquois hair shone in the sunlight, and his matching eyes were bright and open. He wore a simple white shirt and pants, and no shoes.

“It has,” Seth said neutrally.

Anubis sat next to Khnum and said, “How’s the day going for you?”

Khnum smiled warmly at Anubis. Over the centuries they’d built a warm friendship. Khnum was still a good lover when Anubis needed a bed warmer. “It’s been well! The woman who left dropped her wedding ring in the water, and wanted it back. So I fetched it for her.”

“That was kind,” Anubis said.

Khnum grinned. “It was nothing.” He tilted his head, his expression curious. “What are you up to?”

“Just walking,” Anubis said, glancing at Seth, who stood apart, still.

Khnum nodded, clearly aware of the distance between the other two gods, and finally said, “I’ll leave you to it, then. It was nice seeing you!” He hopped off the pier and vanished into the water.

Once Anubis and Seth had walked away, Anubis asked, “Is something wrong? You didn’t seem to like Khnum much…”

“We haven’t been close in a while,” Seth said, evasively. “I avoid most of the other gods.”

Anubis could understand that, after everything that had happened. It had taken some years for Anubis to get over how *he’d* hurt Khnum with the curse and his own blossoming abilities.

“You two seem very close,” Seth said, thoughtfully.

“We’re friends,” Anubis said. “Sometimes fuckbuddies.”

Anubis was pleased to see Seth’s cheeks redden. “Oh.”

“There’s no commitment,” Anubis said as they walked down the street. Humans stepped out of their way without realizing. It was a busy afternoon. “He’s a good lay. And sweet. That’s all.”

“Ah.”

“And you?” Anubis asked, keeping the hunger out of his voice. He *had* to know. Even if he hated the answer.

Seth laughed. “No. No one.” Seth smiled softly. “There have been… a few one-night stands here and there. Nothing serious.”

Anubis was *not* annoyed at even that much, and focused on how there was no one permanent. “Ah.” After a moment he asked, “Did you think of me much while you were gone?” They’d avoided the subject by and large, focusing on the present or interesting stories from the past.

Seth’s expression darkened and his pace slowed, but Anubis stayed beside him. “I did. A lot.”

“What about?” Anubis asked. Around them, the humans were busy driving, walking, buying food and other items. Souls called for Anubis’ attention, and there was always paperwork to deal with. But all of his attention was on the shorter god next to him, walking with his shoulders slightly bowed.

“I thought about what you’d do if you were with me sometimes,” Seth said, quietly, glancing out at the water. Sunlight dappled the surface, boats moved along, people shouted to each other from the docks. “I thought of things you might like. Choices you might make. Souvenirs I might bring back to you.”

Anubis smiled, imagining traveling with Seth all over the world, seeing sights together. It was a heady thought. Ever since Anubis started leaving Egypt more regularly to look after souls abroad, he always went alone, and far more seldomly purely to sightsee, although he did sometimes play tourist. There hadn’t been anyone he wanted to go with. Well… “I think I’d like traveling with you.”

Seth’s cheeks warmed and he lightly leaned on Anubis’ right arm, sending threads of warmth through Anubis’ skin, even through his black shirt. “Maybe we can go together sometime.”

“I’d like that,” Anubis said.

Seth volunteered to cook for Anubis a few times, and so Anubis visited Seth’s apartment in Cairo, and watched Seth prepare things quickly and quietly. The food was always good, and it meant that Anubis had an excuse to just watch Seth move around. Sometimes they chatted about Anubis’ duties or news. Sometimes Seth just worked in silence, and Anubis sat at the kitchen table, studying him, admiring the careful movement of Seth’s hands, the focused expression on his face, and the odd but cute sight of Seth with his hair tied back.

Anubis returned the favor, which delighted Seth, who laughed to see Anubis cooking meals for himself. “Once upon a time, you’d have had servants doing that.”

Anubis shrugged and said, “I like control. Servants don’t always do things the way I want to.” After a moment he added, “After so many people trying to influence what I think, I like the privacy, too.”

Seth sinced. “I understand completely.”

Anubis gazed at Seth and said, “But I like when you’re with me. You like quiet, too.”

Seth’s cheeks warmed. “If it ever becomes a burden…”

Anubis grinned. “Never.”

Seth’s smile then was a bit fragile, but bright, and Anubis had to turn his face away to hide his own blush.

After the meal, when Seth had offered to clean, Anubis wondered if they’d go on like this forever. Trading meals, talking about the news, poking at old wounds in a gentle attempt to

feel out the shape of each other. Seth would still sometimes bump his arm or squeeze his shoulder. They never talked about sparring or hunting together, but the air between them sometimes felt like a chase or a battle anyway, with Anubis trying to figure out his way through Seth's avoidance. Seth, meanwhile, seemed to keep inviting Anubis on the hunt, like the dangerous moment when they were eating lunch and Seth laughed and said, "Anubis, you're still so messy," before wiping away some food from the corner of Anubis' lips.

Anubis had blushed and watched as Seth pulled his hand back and licked his fingers clean, his delicate tongue bright against Seth's pale digit. Seth had looked down afterward to focus on his own meal, so he'd missed Anubis' blush darken even more.

Every time moments like this happened, Anubis thought about speaking up, voicing the thoughts he'd had over the centuries. Thoughts that only burned hotter with Seth this close to him, acting the way he was. Things that had crystallized as Anubis wondered, *Are you trying to say something to me? Have you changed, too?* Perhaps Seth would allay them, make Anubis see sense, that Seth's actions meant something else. If it were Khnum they'd be in bed already. But this was Seth and…

But perhaps… *Perhaps.*

Anubis contented himself with being watchful. Seth was more open to touch as time passed, but very careful about it. Once, when they'd been sitting on a bench in a park, watching people play with their dogs in the early afternoon, Seth had leaned against Anubis' shoulder, clearly tired. But after a short time, he seemed to remember himself, and pulled back and apologized. Anubis explained he didn't have to worry, but secretly he'd been waiting for it to happen again. Clearly, Seth was becoming more comfortable around him, and that was a good thing (in Anubis' eyes).

With several months between them in this new friendship of theirs, Seth even said with a smile, "It's different between us now. But… although I used to think that was bad, I don't anymore. Sometimes, change is for the better." And his smile had warmed as he looked at Anubis. "And I'm glad you're with me for it."

Anubis had smiled back and thought he had all the time in the world to wait.

Things finally escalated when Anubis discovered that Seth had never been on the Cairo subway before. It was installed after Seth left to travel, and while he'd been on subways in other countries, this was new.

"Let's go somewhere together, then," Anubis said, pulling Seth down to a station. It was silly and a waste of time, perhaps, but he'd grown to enjoy his little excursions with Seth. It was all so divorced from their past. Just calm, simple things. Learning about each other again. It was nice to imagine he'd share a first with Seth.

Seth was easily encouraged and followed Anubis down, letting Anubis hold his hand. Seth's grip was gentle but firm in his. Anubis never wanted to let go, though he did eventually have to when the train arrived.

Since Seth had been on trains and subways before, he wasn't *that* overwhelmed, but he did have an air of excitement as the train started moving. His eyes were brighter and he seemed to vibrate a little, and not just from the train's movement.

It was cute.

Anubis smothered that thought.

The train ride was mostly uneventful, but when someone moved for a better seat, and Seth stepped aside, the train jerked, and Seth fell against Anubis' chest. Anubis instinctively grabbed him to support him, holding him close and out of the way.

…The main issue was that Seth's body rubbed against Anubis' crotch, and Anubis was already hard in his pants.

The rest of Anubis stiffened, particularly when Seth did as well. And they didn't say anything for a bit.

Eventually Anubis let him go, and they stood in silence for the rest of the ride, before getting off at a stop near where they started.

As they left the station, Anubis said, "I apologize…"

"It's okay," Seth said, smiling at Anubis with what was clearly a fake smile. "It happens."

Anubis didn't know what to say to that, other than he *should* be saying *something*. It just seemed like something had changed, and Anubis needed to handle it correctly, or else Seth might vanish before his eyes. They parted ways for the afternoon and Anubis felt… frayed.

Thankfully he *did* know what to say when he showed up an hour later at Seth's apartment and banged on the door. Anubis felt his face was warmer than usual, but his mind was clear. All he was thinking about was Seth in his arms, pulled close. That moment Seth had been surprised, and then leaned into him because of trust, his face against Anubis' chest, his left hand lightly holding Anubis' right bicep.

Seth's apartment door opened and Seth's wide eyes stared up at him. "Anubis? What's wrong?"

"Can I come in?"

"Of course…" Seth said, stepping aside to allow Anubis in before shutting the door.

The apartment was neat and clean, and smaller than most of Anubis' places. Seth didn't need much to live on, and traveled or slept more than he needed personal items, so decorations were sparse. There was a small collection of weapons and different statues from his travels, as well as a nice television in the living room. The doorway was a narrow place that the two large gods filled almost entirely. Sunshine peeked in from the open windows in the room nearby, and there was an overhead light in the hallway.

Anubis turned to Seth, studying Seth's curious and slightly worried expression before saying, "It doesn't just happen."

"…What?"

"Earlier. It doesn't *just* happen."

Seth's eyes widened.

"It's you," Anubis said, keeping himself from walking forward, though they were still standing close. "It's always been you. I want *you*." Over the centuries he'd wrestled with it, trying to understand what it was he felt. But the more Seth was around him lately, the more it became ever more obvious his earlier conclusion was right. It wasn't just missing Seth being around. It was wanting to make Seth *his*.

The question was, what did Seth want?

Seth merely stared at him for what felt like an eternity before saying, "Anubis, I'm… We're…" He swallowed. His cheeks were red. Anubis wanted to kiss them redder. "We *can't."*

"We're gods," Anubis said. "Nephthys was your sister. And Osiris' sister. Horus and I are brothers."

Seth's face paled then.

"I see the way you look at me sometimes," Anubis said, still watching Seth closely. "Your eyes linger." Anubis couldn't help but be hyperaware when he was cooking in the kitchen and felt Seth's hot gaze on him. Seth was always studying things, strategizing, and Anubis never fully knew if it was Seth just doing that because he had nothing else to do, or something else.

He always hoped it was something more, though, something about *them*.

Seth covered his mouth and looked away with a wince. "I… I apologize for my rudeness. I didn't realize… You're very attractive and striking, Anubis, that's all…"

Anubis frowned. "Is that really all? After everything else we've done together?"

Seth still wouldn't meet his gaze.

"I don't mind the looks. The lingering. The touches. The closeness. I'd even like it if there was more to it." He remembered Seth hugging him back, all the soft smiles, the touches, Seth's fingers touching Anubis' face, Seth squishing into his chest… Anubis wanted *more*. So much he thought he might *burst* with it.

Seth moved his hand over his eyes. "Anubis…"

Anubis stepped forward then, and Seth didn't step back. Anubis lowered his head and leaned in to kiss the fingers of Seth's hand, his lips lingering on the soft skin between Seth's knuckles that tasted like heat and earth.

Seth's breathing hissed, but he didn't pull away.

Anubis lightly held Seth's left elbow in place as he peppered kisses down Seth's wrist and arm, feeling his adrenaline surge.

"Anubis…" Seth almost breathed, so much quieter than before. His breathing was hitched, too. His heartrate was faster.

"I've wanted you for centuries," Anubis said, pulling Seth's hand away from his face to kiss the inside of his wrist, where the veins met. He looked up to gaze into Seth's red eyes and saw a bit of fear there, trepidation, and perhaps… *hunger*, too.

The desert was always stretching beyond the horizon, farther than anyone could reach. But that didn't mean Anubis didn't want to try.

"I'll stop if you tell me to," Anubis said.

Said swallowed, those pouty lips looking so tempting in the electric lighting. But he didn't say anything.

Anubis smiled and pushed Seth against the door, making it creak, kissed those lips again at last, tasting him after so long. The reality was even better than the memory. Seth was soft and warm, and his muscles flexed against Anubis. Anubis licked his way into Seth's mouth even as his left hand snaked down to undo Seth's jeans so he could push his hand into Seth's boxers and grasp Seth's cock. Anubis gently squeezed.

Seth moaned into Anubis' mouth. His right arm lightly grasped Anubis' left.

Anubis eventually pulled away from Seth's mouth and knelt so that he was face first to Seth's crotch. He yanked Seth's jeans fully down and wrapped his mouth around Seth's cock, swallowing as much as he could before he began bobbing back and forth, wanting every bit of the experience that Seth would give him.

"Anubis, I—!" Seth said before he groaned. His right hand flailed and ended up in Anubis' long curly hair, lightly yanking on the dark strands.

Anubis hummed and when his nose met skin, he sucked hard, trying to memorize the feel of Seth inside him, wanting to map every bit of skin he could reach. His right hand curved around Seth's bared ass, squeezing the tender flesh there. His left hand fondled Seth's balls, feeling all the tender places he could find.

Seth moaned as he came, and Anubis stayed close, swallowing all of his release, enjoying the way Seth shook against him, reminding Anubis that *Anubis* had done this to him. Not one of those mysterious one-night stands Seth had been with. Not Osiris. Not Horus. *Anubis.*

Anubis licked Seth clean before pulling off entirely. He redid Seth's pants and stood back up, studying Seth's lovely debauched expression.

Seth was still breathing hard. He gravitated towards Anubis, his left hand resting on the door, his right leaning against Anubis' arm.

“If you want more,” Anubis said, meeting Seth’s gaze, “come to my apartment tomorrow.” He leaned in so their lips nearly met. “I want you in every way I can have you. And if you come… I don’t plan to let you go anymore.” He kept their foreheads close, breathing in Seth’s earthy scent. Then he teleported away from the apartment, alone.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Anubis sat on the floor in his apartment, staring at his closed front door from the late evening after he'd been with Seth into the following morning. He wasn't sure if he'd pushed too far or too little when he'd been with Seth earlier. But Seth had been to this apartment, so he knew where to go, so really it was just down to waiting. And *reminding* himself to wait.

Because Anubis *wanted.* He wanted, wanted, wanted, and he seldom got what he wanted, particularly when it came to Seth. Anubis' thoughts were still stuck in the memory of Seth's soft lips against his, his cock in Anubis' mouth, the gentle way Seth gave in to him. And it made Anubis salivate.

And if Seth did this, then… then this would be a sweet sort of giving in, too.

Around lunchtime there was a quiet knock on the door, and Anubis smiled before opening the door to Seth looking nervous.

Seth wore black pants and a white t-shirt with a graphic of fireworks on the front. His bright red hair was tucked under a baseball cap, as if he meant to hide it. His hands were at his sides, and for a god so tall in comparison to the average human, he seemed strangely small.

Anubis took his hand and pulled him inside, shutting and locking the door behind him.

Seth stood there, clearly unsure of himself. His right hand clenched into a fist, and then unclenched, but he kept his eyes on Anubis.

Anubis smiled and squeezed Seth's left hand, feeling the thin but strong fingers beneath his. "I'm glad you're here. I'm going to take good care of you." He'd thought and thought about things he wanted to try, and had a range of options, depending on Seth's preferences.

Seth swallowed, and quietly said, "Okay."

Anubis reached out and pulled Seth's hat off, letting Seth's gorgeous red hair fall free.

Seth's cheeks reddened.

Anubis reached out and traced his left thumb over Seth's puffy lips, feeling the softness of them, the warmth of Seth's breath on his fingers.

Seth was quiet and obedient, clearly unsure what to do. There was heat in his gaze, though.

"Is there anything in particular you want to try?" Anubis asked, testing the waters, wondering.

Seth swallowed. “I… whatever you want.” When Anubis smiled at that, Seth’s cheeks darkened even more.

Anubis took Seth’s hand again and led him to the bedroom. There, Anubis had Seth sit, before Anubis carefully removed Seth’s shoes and set them inside, and removed his socks and folded them and set them aside, too. Then he pulled Seth’s shirt up and off, folding it and putting it to the side, revealing pale skin and pert pink nipples. Anubis pushed Seth to lay down on the black bed sheets, undid Seth’s pants, and pulled those off, along with Seth’s underwear, also folding those and setting them aside.

All the while Seth was quiet and clearly nervous still. Anubis picked up a pillow and said, “raise your hips,” which Seth obeyed, and Anubis set the pillow under them. “Now you can relax.” Then Anubis grabbed the lube and a couple toys he kept in his nightstand, knelt before Seth’s ass on the bed, wet his fingers, and pushed them between Seth’s cheeks, watching Seth’s expression.

Seth was still watching him nervously, but not looking away, which was a good sign. He’d tensed slightly when Anubis’ wet fingers touched him, and again when Anubis’ first finger entered him, but as Anubis began moving slowly, Seth relaxed ever so slightly.

“You can tell me if you’re uncomfortable,” Anubis said as he carefully moved in and out, listening for Seth’s breathing.

“Okay,” Seth said, quietly. He grunted softly as Anubis added another finger. Seth was tight and tense, and Anubis wanted him loose and welcoming.

“We can still try different things if you have something specific on your mind,” Anubis said, slowly. He returned to slowly thrusting, noting Seth’s grip on the bed sheets relaxed.

“I just want… you,” Seth said, grunting softly on another thrust. Anubis gentled his movements even more. “Just you. Whatever you want.”

Anubis smiled and continued thrusting, slowly easing the way. “I want you. All of you.” He took his time opening Seth up, feeling the tantalizing wet heat of Seth’s insides. He slowly felt Seth’s muscles relax a little bit.

Seth’s eyes were lidded a little, and he eased back on the pillows. “When did you start wanting…?” Seth swallowed, seemingly unable to continue.

“Wanting you? I don’t know. Centuries ago.”

Seth swallowed again, and Anubis continued thrusting in and out. He pulled out to re-lube his hand, and Seth shut his eyes, his breath even. When Anubis added a third finger, Seth didn’t even make a noise.

Anubis smiled, watching how relaxed Seth was. Eventually, he pulled out again and said, “This might feel weird.” He took the open lube bottle and gently pushed it inside Seth’s gaping hole, then squeezed the contents into Seth’s ass.

Seth jolted slightly, his eyes opening again. His right hand clutched the blanket.

Anubis smiled and reached out to gently rub Seth's right thigh, feeling the shakiness there. "It's okay, it's okay. It's to make things easier."

Seth still seemed a little alarmed, but he didn't move away.

Anubis lightly pulled the bottle out, and then went back with three fingers, gently massaging Seth's walls until Seth lowered his head and shut his eyes again. Anubis eventually added his pinky finger, moving ever so slowly. It was addictive, to feel such a powerful god relaxing under his ministrations. Seth would normally attack anyone who was so presumptive, but here he willingly gave in.

He wondered if Seth was dozing.

An eternity later, Anubis began carefully nudging his thumb in, with the gentlest of thrusts. Seth's breathing had picked up in reaction to Anubis' movements, but his eyes were still shut, and he was pretty relaxed. When Anubis' hand finally pupped in, it felt like a gentle acceptance, and Anubis watched as Seth's ass swallowed his wrist.

Seth still had his eyes shut, and was breathing a little harder than usual, but apparently relaxed.

Anubis grinned at the headiness of it all, at how deep inside Seth he was. He continued his slow thrusting, moving deeper into Seth's rectum.

Seth made a soft sound when Anubis eventually reached the sigmoid bend.

"You're being so good," Anubis said as he flexed his fingers a little. He hadn't done this with many gods, particularly without using his shadow form, which he planned to try with Seth at some point. Seth was, as usual, *different*. Particularly since Anubis wasn't sure just how aware of what was happening Seth *was*.

Seth smiled a little, his eyes still shut. He was shaky, but largely calm. "Feels… nice. Intense."

Anubis smiled and lay his head down on Seth's thigh, feeling relaxed too. He left his arm inside Seth, warm and comfortable. Like this, he knew Seth was *his*. And Anubis never wanted to let him go.

For a time they just lay there, together, letting the world move around them. Anubis wanted to grab onto this little corner of the world and make sure they always had it. Just the two of them.

Eventually, Anubis sat up again, and carefully removed his hand.

Seth made another soft sound, seemingly upset by the absence.

"It's all right," Anubis said, gently patting Seth's thigh. "I won't leave you empty long." Anubis undid his pants and dropped them, leaving himself bare. He got up onto the bed and

picked up Seth's thighs.

Seth blinked his eyes open, and his eyes widened as he caught sight of Anubis's cock. "Anubis, I don't think—"

"It's all right, you took my fist earlier."

"I what?!"

Anubis smiled. "You were dozing with my fist in you. It'll be okay."

Seth swallowed. "I thought it was…" His cheeks darkened. "I thought you were using your powers or something."

Anubis laughed. "No, that was my arm."

"Ah." Seth looked away. "It was… I guess I'm just… used to intensity down there."

"Was it bad?" Seth had said otherwise earlier, but…

"No. No it was good." Seth's cheeks reddened again. "Between my past experiences, I just sort of… breathe through it. But usually I notice. I can't believe I didn't even…"

"You're putting a lot of trust in me," Anubis said, smiling at him. "I won't let you down."

"I know," Seth said, smiling warmly at Anubis. "I know. I trust you."

Anubis carefully pushed his cock between Seth's cheeks. There was no resistance, not after his arm, and he managed to go inside.

Seth still grunted.

Anubis' breathing sped up. This was a whole new type of pleasure. He slowly thrust in and out, deeper and deeper. Osiris' experiments had fucked with his cock size, and only gods could take his real girth these days. Seth was no exception. Anubis felt the wet heat, the wonderful looseness, like Seth's insides had been made just for him. Finally he was all the way in, his balls slapping Seth's ass. He looked down to see a slightly bulge on Seth's lower stomach.

Anubis reached out for where Seth was clutching the blanket with his left hand, and took the hand in his own. Then Anubis moved it to place it on the bulge, making Seth blink in surprise and mild alarm.

"What?"

"That's me inside you, Seth. Deep, deep inside."

Seth's cheeks burned.

"You can feel me, right? Filling you up so tightly."

Seth swallowed, nodded, and didn't remove his hand.

Anubis thrust back and forth, watching Seth's hand move ever so slightly. Anubis wanted every bit of proof that he was taking Seth. Anubis, not anyone else. "You're mine, you know. All mine."

"…Yes, Anubis."

"I'm going to fuck you so deep and fill you with my seed, you understand? You're *mine.*"

Seth swallowed. "Yes, Anubis."

"No one else can have you. Not Horus, not Osiris."

"Yes," Seth said, quietly.

"Say you're mine."

"I'm yours, Anubis."

That hit Anubis hard and he pressed deep as he came, filling Seth full of his seed. He watched with a smile as Seth's expression went from surprise to mild discomfort at the amount.

Anubis pulled out slowly when he was done, noting that Seth was already tired. It had been a long day: Anubis had spent hours just opening him up, and they'd rested for a time, too.

Anubis grabbed a red, smooth butt plug from his pile of tools nearby, and pushed it inside Seth until it stayed in place, blocking any leakage.

"Huh?" Seth's expression was confused.

Anubis patted Seth's stomach over where Seth's hand still sat. "I want you full of my seed for a while. All right? I want you to go home like this."

Seth's cheeks blushed. "Anubis—"

"It won't show in your clothes if you walk, though it might change your gait a little. The plug is snug. And you can take it out once you get home." He grinned. "Or perhaps you'll sleep with my seed in you, letting it soak into you. Because that would make me happy. And you want to make me happy, right?"

Seth swallowed and nodded.

"Good," Anubis said, leaning down to kiss him. Seth's lips were so deliciously soft against his.

When they finally parted, Seth murmured, "What if I stayed?"

Anubis blinked at him.

Seth opened his eyes, and there was a firm expression there. “I want… If you want me to. I’ll leave if…”

“I want you to stay,” Anubis said, leaning his forehead against Seth’s. “Are you sure you want to?”

Seth chuckled. “Despite everything and how… I don’t know how I feel about this at times, a part of me feels more relaxed around you.” He wrapped his arms around Anubis, hugging him close, and kissed *Anubis* this time.

Anubis growled and pushed back into the kiss, rubbing his cock against Seth’s.

When they finally broke apart again, Seth had a dazed expression on his face.

Anubis moved over to lay on Seth’s right side, and pulled Seth close. He had Seth tuck his head under Anubis’ chin. Then Anubis combed his fingers through Seth’s hair. “You’ll stay, then. And we’ll talk about rules in the morning.”

“Rules?”

“For how this will work. Obviously you’re going to have change your schedule a bit. Probably not much. But in here, I have rules, and that will affect things.” Anubis smiled. “I think you’ll like them. And if you don’t, we’ll talk about it.”

“Okay.”

Anubis smiled when Seth’s left arm wrapped over Anubis’ side, and Seth’s left leg went over Anubis’. “As long as you’re with me, I’m okay.”

Anubis shut his eyes, and felt stars burst in his chest. “I feel the same.” He pulled Seth tighter, and thought of the future.

Chapter End Notes

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