It had to be snakes...

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It had to be snakes...

by FallLover

Summary

While serving his sentence on Ra’s sun boat, Seth is kidnapped by the God of Chaos, Apep.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own.

The fanfic title is from "Indiana Jones".

See the end of the work for more notes

It was Seth's seventh day on Ra's sun boat, and he'd moved *beyond* hatred of the whole thing. Sometimes. Often he'd move into acceptance and emptiness and then the awful literal gravity of the place would make his back and legs ache again and he'd just move *back* to hatred.

At first the river of the sky had seemed an oddly beautiful distraction from the oppressive heat of the sun boat – even for a god of the desert, it was horrible – and the oppressive gravity that made Seth feel like he was wading through a soup made of large hammers. The stars twinkled in the water, and the ripple effect as the giant boat cut through was astonishing.

The boat itself was enormous, able to house Ra's many guards and servants and support their needs. Ra herself sat on the golden throne at the ship's center, sometimes with servants fanning her, sometimes listening to one of the other gods tasked with guarding the Mandjet chat about something that Seth couldn't fully hear.

Seth kept guard at the prow with his spear, ready in case the God of Chaos, Apep, or his followers emerged to attack, in their daily attempts to destroy the boat and devour Ra. Seth had fought back attacks every day and assumed today would be no different. His position wasn't so much one of honor as it kept him directly in Ra's line of sight at almost all times. He was the god serving the most active sentence here. Others either chose to come here willingly, were created for this position, or were serving older sentences, but had been accepted by their comrades long since.

Ra's servants were primarily golden-brown skinned immortals covered in golden ornamentation, who were tall and intimidating, and who handled food, drink, and occasional entertainment (mostly for Ra), who seemed to speak in strange screeches that initially made Seth's ears bleed. Seth ignored the latter when he could, and they mostly left him alone.

Wadjet – the goddess who guarded Ra personally – was intimidating: tall and muscular with the head of a snake, and who seemed to see straight through whatever Set was thinking. Though he hadn't done anything to her or Ra personally since he came aboard the sun boat, he often felt like she was just waiting to strike him with her fangs.

Tefnut and Shu rotated their positions on the boat, sometimes standing on either side of him, and sometimes sitting up with Ra, chatting away. Seth avoided his grandparents, though he knew they watched him at all times, fulfilling their duty of keeping an eye on him. He'd never been close with them, and the sight of them always together when they weren't working, sometimes holding hands or embracing, giving each other soft looks, twisted something up inside of him. He also knew they were far too close to Ra, and he had no interest in cozying up to *her*.

Seth wasn't familiar with most of the other gods there, and none of them were interested in getting to know him. The detail up here was harsh and unending, and from Seth's understanding the gods who took shifts protecting the Mandjet were a tough lot who had been comrades for centuries. They didn't need an outsider youngling here for punishment – even old as he was, the gods here were far older, and made *sure* he knew that – and often spoke in a language Seth had difficulty parsing, which made him feel like even more of an

outsider, though he *tried* to learn, and the rare times he spoke with his grandparents was to learn a little here and there, but it was a slow process.

At night, when he was off duty while the crew of the Mesektet took over, Seth would eat his meal – made by Ra's chefs and surprisingly not horrible, probably because keeping her guards alive was a very important task – and then curl up in a corner of the sleeping quarters – a shared room – away from the others, for a bit of rest, though being on the boat was hardly restful. The gravity was hard to sleep through, making him sometimes wake up gasping for air, and sometimes the high pitch screeching of Ra's servants speaking with each other, even quietly, kept him awake. He was getting used to it, but it was a slow process.

But now he stood, scanning the waters ahead, waiting for the next enemy to appear.

"You're good at this."

Seth didn't react when he heard Ra's voice nearby. He knew she wasn't *actually* nearby, but was instead still sitting on her throne, likely grinning at his back. Her voice reached across the whole of the boat. It had been disconcerting the first time he'd seen her do it, but he was used to it now.

At least she wasn't flirting. She often did that and he'd learned to ignore it. He knew she bedded any of the others on the boat, but he wasn't planning to join her line of conquests and lovers. Mostly she seemed to just like teasing him, and he found it… annoying. But it's not like he could make her stop. She was *Ra*, after all, and he was her prisoner. It wasn't easy to forget, given her presence was even more oppressive up here.

He didn't reply to her.

She chuckled. "I think we can agree Maat made the right choice, picking this punishment for you. You were *made* for this. A few more centuries, perhaps you'll believe it as well."

Seth grimaced and adjusted his hold on his spear.

He was almost grateful when he noticed a ripple on the water that wasn't from the boat. And then he noticed a dark shape. He shouted an alarm as giant purple and black scaled coils the breadth of multiple people shot from the water, scrabbling out over the sides of the boat, making it rock slightly with the power of the assault.

Other gods leapt into action, stabbing at the coils with their own weapons, fighting them back and keeping them from overly damaging the boat. Whatever damage occurred was fixed as day transitioned to night, thanks to the work of laborers who rested within the ship's center when not working, but if the Mandjet *broke* entirely, well… That would be a problem.

More coils emerged to replace those knocked or stabbed aside.

Seth hunted for the center of the creature, knowing they'd have to kill it to get rid of it fully.

His gaze eventually settled on an oozing mass of darkness, and two huge, bright red eyes with black pupil slits gazed back at him.

For whatever reason, Seth felt afraid. He'd only fought Apep once during his time on the Mandjet thus far, and Apep had struck one of the gods on the side instead of those in the front. The god in question had lost an arm, which had thankfully grown back overnight, but the point was that Seth hadn't taken the brunt of the assault.

Now he was faced with the God of Chaos himself.

Nonetheless, Seth fell back on his centuries of training and thrust his spear into that mass of darkness. He heard an answering roar of pain.

"Seth!" Ra cried.

Seth ignored her, focusing on the coils before him, which were threatening to rip the prow off. One had dissolved into dark mist when he'd stabbed the creature, but the others had renewed their attack.

He felt someone grab his headdress, smashing the mask into his face, surprising and blinding him momentarily.

The distraction allowed coils to quickly wrap around his waist, knocking his spear out of his hands. He was then dragged off the boat and into the water.

Seth formed his hands into claws and scratched at the coils surrounding him, managing mainly to hurt his hands as he barely made any dent.

He at least had no trouble breathing under the water. It wasn't quite water, after all, but the sky itself. But seemingly, even in his weakened state, he was in no danger of drowning.

A part of his mind wondered at this – Ra's enemies hadn't yet dragged any of the gods away from the boat, and he'd never been told this could happen. Usually they were just at risk of being maimed, killed, or eaten.

He had the sense he was being dragged *somewhere* very quickly, and had no interest in finding out where that was, or *why,* though being eaten was a likely choice. He'd never heard of Apep trying to eat anyone other than Ra, but he supposed there was always a first time. Though why Apep had targeted him over more powerful gods on the boat was anyone's guess.

Seth kept clawing and kicking as much as his mostly trapped legs could. His headdress had long since been lost, and his hair floated behind him, but it was difficult to see with their speed of movement.

<Such a wild little god. No wonder Ra likes you.>

Seth barely kept himself from screaming. The voice was like someone hammering on and inside his ears. It made him pause his scratching while he tried to push past the agony.

He had the sense of laughter, amusement, and then a slightly quieter voice said, *<You younger gods are so* weak. *There. It would be a shame if you died too quickly.>*

It didn’t hurt… as much. It still felt like painfully loud ringing. And they were still moving.

“Where are you taking me?!” Seth cried out, realizing he could speak normally in this odd not-water space.

Apep didn’t reply.

Seth grit his teeth and continued fighting. This may be the God of Chaos, a being he had no chance of winning against without any stronger weapon, but he’d go down fighting all the same.

At some point they slowed down, and Seth was able to look around and see they’d reached some kind of underwater island, covered in a sort of… giant nest. Made of… bones. Monster bones, it looked like.

Apep chuckled in his mind. *<No fancy sun boat here, eh, little god?>*

“What do you want with me?” Seth demanded, still struggling as the coils dragged him onto the island.

<I wanted to see Ra’s latest toy,> Apep replied, and Seth had the sense of some malevolent force moving towards him.

He refused to look, watching the coils instead. He didn’t know what Apep would be able to do.

More amusement. *<I got such a wonderful taste of your fear earlier, little god. Don’t tell me a supposed God of War is afraid of a little snake?>*

Seth didn’t reply to him, knowing it would just egg him on. Apep and Ra seemed to get off on taunting each other. Interacting with them just fed it.

Apep chuckled before saying, *<Look at me, little god.>*

For some reason Seth felt his chin move up, and his face turned slightly to gaze forward. His eyes moved up as well, despite his attempts to *not* look.

<We are deep in my territory now,> Apep explained as his dark eyes came back into view, gazing at Seth. A long, forked, dark red tongue flickered out from where his mouth might be and licked down Seth’s cheek, making the war god twitch ever so slightly. *<I don’t even have to look into your eyes to control you… But it* does *help.>*

Seth didn’t even realize he’d stopped fighting until the coils dropped away, and he was standing in place on the island, staring deep into Apep’s giant snake eyes. He still couldn’t see Apep’s face, which might have just been a mass of darkness at the head of an enormous snake’s body, but the eyes were impossible to ignore.

A snort. *<Far too easy. A few of your peers have already paved the way for me. I merely need to slither along their footsteps.>*

Seth felt Apep literally slither around him, distantly, but stayed in place, unable to move, and finding it hard to reason *why* he wanted to move. Everything felt oddly distant, like there was a blanket in his mind over everything else. He knew, vaguely, that he was afraid, but he couldn't quite figure out what to do with it, other than shake, slightly.

<Not bad looking, for a little god. Simple. A bit boring.>

The end of Apep's tail reached forward and ripped off Seth's shendyt, but Seth stayed still.

<You'll make a decent enough meal,> Apep said, and Seth had the sense the other god was smiling. That tongue poked out again, slithering over Seth's neck. The tongue was nearly thick as Seth's arm. *<I can taste a bit of Ra on you. I wonder…>* The tongue slid around to his back, sliding along his spine. *<Perhaps a bit of sport before I simply rip you apart…? Perhaps I'll see what Osiris gets out of this…>* The tongue caressed his hips. *<Open up for me.>*

Seth reached back and grasped his asscheeks in both hands, pulled them apart to reveal his hole.

Apep's tongue slithered farther around him, dipping towards the small pucker, and quickly pushing inside, making Seth gasp and then cry out.

It hurt, but he couldn't move. All the while those eyes watched him.

<You taste… interesting. Like a bit of Ra, but also like… life itself, almost like…> The tongue thrust back and further, deeper, and too fast, and Seth cried out in pain, but didn't move, didn't let go. A sense of *hunger* overrode whatever Apep's thoughts were, and the thrusting grew harder, as more of the tongue was forced down Seth's channel. Seth fell to his knees from the pressure and pain, but kept himself spread, unable to move his arms away.

<So small. Look at yourself, filled with me already…>

Seth looked down at his stomach and was horrified to see the distortion in the skin there as that awful tongue thrust in and out, making him feel scraped raw.

<Perhaps I'll try fucking you with my tail before this is over. When you're so broken from me you'll take anything. But for now…> The tongue finally withdrew, leaving Seth with a feeling of emptiness, his stomach unsettled, his ass throbbing, his fingers digging into his own flesh.

Then Seth pushed himself up onto his feet and walked over to one of the coils, shaking a bit, his heart beating fast, trying to get himself to stop walking, and failing. The blanket of nothingness came back, clouding out anything but his goal.

Apep's large and thick hemipenes unsheathed from his body, awaiting Seth. They were pale purple, each cock covered in thick nubs, and the cocks themselves were thicker than Apep's tongue.

Seth straddled the coil and, his hands still holding his ass open, carefully pushed himself down on one of the giant cocks. He cried out when it was too thick, and he was literally unable to go farther.

Apep chuckled. *<So weak. Come, come, we may have eternity, but I don't wish to spend it doing this.>*

The coil moved, pushing the head in and making Seth *scream*. Apep made Seth begin fucking himself on the thick cock. It was like trying to get fucked by a small chair. Tears poured from Seth's eyes as more of the cock slowly pushed its way inside. The nubs caught on his skin and raked him raw as they went.

<So warm inside… You can take more, though.> The first cock wasn't even fully inside Seth before Seth realized Apep was literally rearranging his own anatomy so the second cock could nudge at his entrance.

"Wait! Please!" Seth was crying now, more of the terror peeking in along with the pain, and he couldn't be ashamed of it. He knew he was going to die. He wanted a less pathetic end, but being fucked to death by a snake god of chaos wasn't exactly how he wanted to go, and if begging for his life made a difference…

<It won't.> Another chuckle. The second cock pressed forward, making Seth sob. The head pushed, grabbing on the wreck of Seth's entrance, and with a few more thrusts, popped inside along the first cock, and now Seth was fucking himself on two giant cocks, crying all the while.

<I've made this so hard for you,> Apep practically *purred* as he made Seth keep fucking himself on the cocks. *<Surely I can give you* some *pleasure from it.>*

That long forked tongue reached out again, and coiled slowly around Seth's far smaller cock, quickly squeezing and making Seth scream. One of the forks caressed the reddened head of Seth's cock, tracing the slit almost tenderly, before carefully pressing inside.

Seth felt his voice die at the sensation. He was purely moving on Apep's will as he pushed himself up and down on those giant cocks.

Apep's tongue starting thrusting at Seth's urethra, driving slowly deeper.

Seth made gasping noises as his arms shook hard.

<I can't say I see the appeal of this long-term, but I had forgotten how nice it is to do every few centuries, especially with that vague taste of Ra in you.> Seth could feel the snake salivating. Apep thrust harder both ways, making Seth yell continuously.

Eventually, the cocks were fully buried, and Seth wondered if his stomach would ever work again. He found himself staring into the distance, unseeing, even as that horrible tongue continued to thrust in and out of Seth's cock, making it burn, and the rest of the tongue squeezed the shaft.

Seth felt when Apep came inside him, and the filling sensation in his ass and guts became uncomfortable, then turned to cramps, and his breathing sped up again.

<I wonder how much better you'll taste when I eat you… Perhaps I'll keep you a while. Do this again a few more times. Let Ra think she's defeated me for good before I return even stronger and claim more of her pets…>

The thrusts in Seth's cock became lazier, but still made Seth grunt.

Abruptly Apep stiffened, and Seth felt a break in the wall of obedience that had been cast on him.

Thought returned, and the need to get out, to get *away* overrode everything else.

Seth yanked his hands out and drew his claws out to scratch at the tongue in and around his cock. The tongue was thin enough he was able to grab it, and yank it out – even though it was painful – and off, before he rolled off, crying out as the giant cocks popped out of him.

He could worry about healing later.

Seth expected Apep to grab for him, but kept crawling away, his legs too weak to carry him fully. His chest heaved, but he headed for the edge of the island.

An otherworldly *scream* filled the air. Anger, as well. But Seth ignored it and kept crawling.

"Uncle!"

The familiar smell of ozone filled the air and a strong arm wrapped around his chest.

Seth batted at it, crying out, "Get off me!"

But Horus held on, pulling him and carrying him away, lifting them both off the island.

The white noise of Seth's need to escape was soon eclipsed by the familiar beat of Horus' wings, and the feeling of wind and not-water around their legs.

"Uncle, if you keep struggling, Apep will be able to catch up with us."

Seth realized he'd been clawing at Horus, scrabbling around him for a better way to get off.

He also realized that Horus had… had *rescued* him… And they were heading… *away* from… from…

Horus grunted, but held him tighter as Seth clung more tightly to him in turn, feeling the younger man's skin, and the absence of those damn eyes… The way the god had so easily taken over and made him… *Made* him…

It was abruptly harder to breathe.

“We’ll be safe soon, Uncle,” Horus said, holding Seth in a firm grip. “You don’t have to return to the Mandjet, either.”

Seth wasn’t fully processing whatever Horus was saying. He no longer saw the damn island retreating in the distance. Just stars. And he realized they were back in the normal world now, and it was daytime. The air smelled like sky normally did.

He was able to calm his hyperventilating a bit, taking in the fresh air.

He realized he’d stopped feeling that oppressive gravity after being dragged from the sun boat, but now he could fully feel just how worn down he was.

Exhaustion took over. He didn’t know what else to do, but he had nothing left in him. If Horus wanted to hurt him more, Seth knew he couldn’t stop Horus from doing it.

So he let darkness take him.

Time passed, and Seth opened his eyes to find himself in… a room. That looked… like Heliopolis?

Sunshine came in through the window. There was a soft mattress beneath him. Warm blankets above him. His sense of place was returning, and he knew he was back in Heliopolis. It smelled familiar.

He tried to sit up and grunted, falling back. All of his body felt sore. Because he…

Because Apep…

His throat closed up. He shook.

He shut his eyes and pushed it back. Thought of… the desert at night. Hunting. He couldn’t think of Apep.

Slowly, his breathing calmed a little. After Osiris, he grew a bit skilled at it, though he had more bad days than not. But being frozen in terror hadn’t helped him at any time in his life. Whatever awaited now—

“Don’t move so much,” Horus said from nearby.

Seth stiffened and looked over at him.

Horus walked over to sit in a chair next to the bed. Horus studied him, his expression as unreadable as ever under the headdress. And then he smiled. “Welcome back, Uncle. I’m glad you’re awake. But you need to rest.”

Seth noted Horus looked little different from when they’d fought. Seemingly obtaining the throne hadn’t made much difference in him. He felt no stronger, though Seth’s own powers felt strained and weakened beyond belief – fighting Apep, to what little extent he had, had drained him. Horus still dressed the same. Perhaps he carried himself with slightly more

authority, but in all the time Seth had known him, the annoying man had always moved with an odd self-possession.

After a moment, Horus asked, “How are you feeling?” Horus grimaced. “I imagine not good, of course.”

Seth remembered Horus holding him before the Ennead, passing over a chance to ridicule him. Remembered the many odd things Horus had said over the course of their interactions. He had a guess for *what* exactly Horus wanted from him, but going to fight *Apep* on his behalf? And perhaps *Ra*, as well? Seth had a hard time imagining even *Osiris* doing such a thing.

Seth could tell he wasn’t going far for the time being, considering the state of his body, so he settled for satisfying his curiosity. “Why…?” Seth’s voice was painfully scratchy, and he swallowed.

Horus leaned forward with a cup of water, and helped Seth sit up a little to drink it.

Seth was barely strong enough to keep himself upright, let alone push back against the familiarity.

The water at least was soothing. And it tasted like normal water. Normal, Earth water.

Horus helped him lay back again and Seth watched him, still wondering what the play was. That was the thing with Horus: he seemed simple enough at times, but he always had *something* planned. Often with Isis hiding somewhere behind.

Seth couldn’t sense her anywhere, and he assumed if she was around she would have dragged him out of bed and locked him in a cellar or something. Which begged the question of *where* she was, and why Seth had seemingly been left in the bed.

But Horus just sat there, staring back at him, cradling the cup of water.

After a time of silence, Seth whispered, “Why?” again.

Horus sighed. “Ra and I had an agreement before your punishment was instituted. If you left the sun boat, for whatever reason, you were to be returned here for the rest of your punishment. I felt the agreement kick in. So I went to collect you.”

Seth frowned. The memory of what had happened after his punishment had been decided was a little fuzzy. He’d been focusing on where Anubis had disappeared, and trying not to think of Nephthys crying.

But something didn’t make sense. “You couldn’t have known where I was. Where Apep…” He swallowed. “Where he dragged me.” He gripped the blanket tighter to hide his shaking. He wouldn’t slip. He couldn’t. What if Nephthys walked in? Did she know already? Had she seen him? Had Horus told her?

Horus nodded. “I found Ra and the Mandjet, and then Shu pointed me in the right direction, telling me where Apep’s island was. So, I flew as fast as I could to you.” He frowned in

frustration. “I’m sorry it took so long.”

Seth merely blinked at him. “Why are you apologizing?”

Horus looked at him, his expression softening. “If I’d been faster, you’d have been hurt less.”

The warmth in Horus’ gaze was… unsettling, as ever. *No one* looked at him like that. Not even Osiris, with want in his gaze, had looked at him like that. Seth looked away. “I’m the loser in the trial. A punishment is *meant* to hurt. That’s why Maat agreed to it.”

Horus didn’t say anything to that.

After a time, Seth sighed and turned his head back, his expression resigned. “How did you fight off Apep? He’s the God of Chaos… Even Ra fears him, at least a little…”

“I’d show you,” Horus explained, “But the weapon is gone. When you went to your punishment, I knew that more than likely Apep or his minions would be the ones to drag you away from the sun boat if anyone did. So I obtained a sword blessed by Bastet – she once served on Ra’s sun boat, for a brief period – bathed in wax and flames. I drove it into Apep’s side, and he was in too much pain to stop our departure.”

“…Oh.”

“I’m just glad you were still alive,” Horus said, smiling sadly. “I worried I’d be too late…”

Seth grimaced. He wasn’t sure Horus *hadn’t* been too late. And perhaps Horus should have let him get eaten, anyway. Better than… than living with…

Seth started shaking again, and put a hand to his eyes, snarling an endless stream of curses. He was angry, he was cold, he was ashamed to be so weak as to be ripped from the sun boat, before all those other gods. To not have been able to fight Apep. To…

“Uncle, it’s…” Horus swallowed. “I can’t promise it will get better, but you’re safe, here.”

Seth had no response to that.

“…Do you want to talk about it?” Horus offered, quietly.

Seth snorted.

After a time, one of Horus’ hands patted the bed near Seth’s right shoulder, without touching him. “Rest, Uncle. Heal. There is time.”

“…What will my new punishment be?” Seth demanded, feeling his eyes already trying to shut. He was still so tired. He had no idea how long he’d rested.

“…I haven’t decided yet,” Horus said, thoughtfully.

Seth was reminded, distantly, that he’d been speaking to the *Pharaoh*. But he couldn’t bring himself to care. The whole ordeal with Apep – which he refused to think about – had

reminded him that his fate was not in his hands, and he had run out of terror for new threats.

“But it will wait,” Horus continued. “*Rest*. Apep cannot reach you here. You kept the Mandjet safe, and it continues its journey.”

For some reason, Horus’ words were reassuring, and the sunlight from window felt oddly comforting; the sun boat’s burning light and heat, and oppressive gravity almost felt like a distant memory.

He realized, distantly, that this was Horus’ power, too. This gentle, encompassing warmth. Other gods leaned on overwhelming others, crushing them with power. But Horus seemed to… cradle those he focused on.

Or at least Seth. Physically, in some cases, odd as it was. Seth *had* tried to assault him, beat him to death, and otherwise murder him a few times.

But Horus stayed. And that odd warmth stayed with him, forcing back the memories of what had happened. The awful uncertainty of what was ahead. Even now he just wanted to relax, like a cat sunning itself on a rock, absorbing the warmth.

He wondered if that’s why he hadn’t had a nightmare, like he did most nights.

“Uncle?” Horus asked, uncertainly. “Do you need me to get you something? Food, perhaps?”

“…No. I… I’m tired.”

Horus nodded. “Whatever you need, then. Just let me know.”

And Seth supposed he was weak, too. He swallowed. “Will you…? Will you stay?”

Horus stared at him for a moment, then smiled. “Of course, Uncle. I’ll stay.”

Seth swallowed, feeling his cheeks redden, and pretending he didn’t know why that was comforting. Then he twitched his head a little to get more comfortable, shut his eyes, and hoped not to dream.

End Notes

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