Love is literally in the air

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Love is literally in the air

by FallLover

Summary

Horus takes Seth on a picnic to celebrate their being together for a year. Things get hot and heavy, but Horus realizes something is wrong.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own for Valentine's Day 2023, for Ace_Of_Clubs!

See the end of the work for more notes

“It’s hard to believe it’s been a year,” Horus said as he and Seth flew away from the palace in Heliopolis, passing over the city while it was still active at midday. “I remember asking if you’d stay with me like it was yesterday…”

Seth was attempting to relax while Horus held him in his arms. Horus was thankfully using his powers to keep dust out of Seth’s face as they flew. Seth had his left arm wrapped around the back of Horus’ neck, squishing Horus’ bright blue khat a bit, and his right arm wrapped around the front of his neck. His knees rested in Horus’ left arm, and Horus gripped Seth’s back tightly. The warmth of the sun on Seth’s back and legs did little to offset the reality of how high they were flying and that Seth was relying on Horus to not just *drop* him.

Not that he ever did these days.

Seth would survive the fall of course, he could just turn into sand, but still. It was frustrating to have to rely on Horus for it. …But it made Horus happy, so Seth agreed to it. For whatever this special surprise for their *anniversary* of being together was.

Seth remembered when he and Nephthys had been married for a year. He’d brought her some of her favorite flowers and had some human performers sing for her. She’d enjoyed it. And Seth had been happy she was happy.

Different times.

“Uncle?” Horus asked, jolting Seth from the memory.

“What?” Seth asked, unsure if he’d missed Horus talking.

“You were really quiet,” Horus said, tightening his right arm around Seth’s back slightly. “I wanted to make sure you were all right.”

“I’m okay…” Seth said, idly. “I was just… remembering being with Nephthys for stuff like this.” *Absent the flying.*

“Ah, I’m sorry.”

Seth grimaced and leaned his head against Horus’ cheek. It happened less often than it used to, but sometimes the memories just *hit* him. “It’s not your fault. You know me. I just… get in funks sometimes. Sorry I’m ruining the mood.” He was *happy* at Horus’ side. He didn’t need to be haunted by how things used to be.

“It’s all right, Uncle.” Horus squeezed his back a little.

Seth breathed in Horus’ scent, reminding himself to stay in the present. In the *now*.

They drifted down far away from human settlements, but where there were still grasses and trees, along the Nile’s shore. The sun warmed their backs as Horus set Seth down.

Seth stretched and looked around, trying to discern why Horus had picked this location over others. It looked little different from other areas near the Nile.

“Over here, Uncle,” Horus said, dismissing his wings as he walked away in the grass. He looked tall and commanding, and Seth’s eyes watched Horus’ shoulder blades thoughtfully, admiring the sight of his strong back as Seth followed him.

There were, honestly, benefits to the way things were now.

Horus parted the grass for a clearing with a colorful mat set on the ground, covered with jugs of what Seth presumed were wine, and plates of an assortment of food. But more than that… there was a gap in the grass before the area as well, and the water was filled with white lotus flowers in full bloom.

Seth was surprised at the sight: he wasn’t used to so many at once. It was almost like the flowers had gathered to meet them.

“I know you dislike flowers…” Horus said, standing close, but not touching him. “But I thought… this way, you don’t have to take them, or even be near them. But they add beauty to the day, all the same.”

Seth glanced at Horus, who was giving him a hopeful, if slightly worried look, probably assuming Seth would grow angry or have a flashback or *something*, considering all of Seth’s messy memories with flowers. Seth looked back at all the lotus flowers, resting peacefully in the water, some event popping out on their stems. Seth could tell that Horus hadn’t moved any of them, that they were growing quite normally. As Seth looked around the area, he could see that Horus had done little other than perhaps cutting back some of the grass for the mat.

Seth imagined Horus coming out here, looking for an area particularly filled with flowering lotus flowers as the perfect spot for this picnic. He could have just cut them up, or even gathered them at the water’s edge. But he hadn’t. He’d left them to do as they would, and just brought Seth to admire them as he wished. But there were a dozen ways Seth could sit to ignore them.

Their anniversary and Horus’ message was, *You are always free to walk away. But I’ll be waiting here if you want me.*

Seth looked back at Horus, a fond look on his face. “You’re ridiculous.”

Horus smiled, then, truly, realizing his gambit had worked.

Seth walked up and pulled him down for a quick kiss, before pushing him away and looking down at the mat. “Let’s eat, then.”

As they sat down to eat and Horus poured him wine, Seth listened to the quiet sounds of the river, insects, and birds in the distance… the world moving along peacefully. He also noticed small bluish-purple flowers he wasn’t familiar with on the edge of the area, hidden in the grass. They looked rather pretty, he supposed, and he imagined Horus had considered them in

picking the spot. When Horus sat down himself to pick up his own cup to drink something, Seth asked, “What are those? I’ve never seen them before.”

Horus looked where Seth pointed and then blinked at them thoughtfully. “…I’m not sure. They look like a few flowers I’ve seen before, but the color and shape are slightly off…” He tilted his head. “I didn’t notice these before.”

“Well,” Seth said with a shrug. “They look nice, anyway.”

Horus moved closer to one of the nearby flowers and lightly sniffed the air, then he ran his fingers lightly over some of the florets, then sniffed his fingers. “It’s not poisonous, though it does have a scent.”

“Perhaps it’s why the lotus flowers are so populous here,” Seth said as he grabbed some olives.

Horus nodded thoughtfully, brushed his hand in the dirt, then moved back to the mat.

They lounged for some time, eating and chatting idly. Horus talked about negotiations he was making with different cities, plans for new temples… Seth spoke of some of the soldiers he was training, and new types of weapons one of the weapons masters he knew was experimenting with.

The air was warm, and a little heavy, and over time, Seth ended up laying next to Horus, skin to skin, listening to him talk and feeling Horus’ chest move up and down as he breathed through the contact. Horus had wrapped his right arm around Seth and sometimes gestured with his left hand in the air.

Seth dismissed his headdress and turned his face so he could breathe in Horus’ scent. It was especially nice today: a mix of the usual ozone, the wine, some of the food, a bit of bird musk, and heat haze. It drowned out the flower scent Seth had started smelling a while ago. The flowers weren't quite *cloying*, but certainly smelling Horus instead helped.

“I guess I’ll have to thank Hathor for today,” Horus said, his right hand rubbing gentle lines down Seth’s back.

“Hmm?” Seth asked, pulling up briefly to frown down at Horus.

Horus’ headdress was tilted back, revealing his exquisite face, and the slight change in his eyes that indicated he was interested in more than *food*.

Well, Seth was warm and *interested*, too. “What do you mean?” Seth moved down to press gentle kisses to Horus’ right breast, sucking on the hot skin there. His skin felt slightly itchy, and moving along Horus’ body like this sent a burst of pleasure through him.

“She helped me pick out a spot,” Horus said, letting Seth do as he wished. “I didn’t know there was an area quite like this before she pointed it out.”

Seth moved his face down to Horus’ nipple, wrapping his lips around it to suck *hard*, making Horus grunt.

Horus pressed his right hand down to Seth's back, only a reassurance, a wish for contact.

Seth could feel Horus' cock hardening through his shendyt. Seth then reached out his right hand and squeezed Horus left breast, feeling the thick skin there give so easily to him.

Horus made a soft sound at that.

Finally Seth pulled away, dismissing his shendyt so he could better feel Horus' cock against his ass. It felt full of *promise*. The way Seth wanted to be. "Stop talking about Hathor."

"…Uncle, are you all right?"

Seth blinked, and began to feel annoyed that Horus hadn't taken a hint and gotten rid of his own shendyt. "I'm fine." As an example, he pressed his ass down on Horus' cock, making Horus hiss. Seth grinned. "I could be *better*, though."

"You just aren't usually this forward," Horus said, reaching out to take Seth's hands in his, gently squeezing them. "Not that I'm not *pleased*, but… I was just wondering if something had changed."

It was true that Seth often wasn't the one to initiate their physical intimacy, though he was happy to take charge to an extent in the bedroom. And Seth was never so *quick* to take charge even on the days he initiated.

But he was *still* sometimes the initiator. Horus was worrying too much. Usually he was hornier than Seth was, why was he complaining like this? Seth pulled out of Horus' hold to palm his own cock, watching the way Horus' eyes went to the movement. Seth smiled, "I feel fine. Just… wanted to touch you." He felt warmer than before, and touching Horus was like laying on hot sand and letting it soak into him.

Finally, Horus' shendyt disappeared in a burst of wind and Seth felt Horus' hardness fully against his ass.

Seth immediately sat up and maneuvered himself over, sitting on Horus' cock and fucking himself down on it, feeling the delicious and familiar pressure. He squeezed himself hard when he was fully seated, and began moving himself up and down, dropping hard every time, feeling lightning inside of him on each plunge.

"Uncle…" Horus said, reaching up to hold on to his hips, but not to stop him. Horus' cheeks were red and the lust was heavier in his blue gaze.

"You feel so good like this," Seth said, smiling shakily every time he felt that giant cock thrust inside him. "I want you to come in me so *deep.*…"

Horus grunted and squeezed Seth's hips, increasing the speed Seth fell before punching into him. Seth tossed his head back through his orgasm, and Horus cried out through his.

But the pleasant rush of orgasm disappeared quickly, and Seth had barely any relief. He wanted *more.* He *needed* more. He sat up, letting Horus' cock fall free, and then turned around so his back was to Horus. Then he pushed back at Horus' cock. "Again. *Again*."

Horus put his hands back on Seth's hips and lightly squeezed, but obediently pushed his cock back inside Seth. Horus always had a stronger libido, and wouldn't turn such an opportunity aside. Seth could feel the delicious way Horus took control of Seth's hips again, changing his thrusts to grind deep inside each time before pulling out and back in.

They'd long since knocked over all the dishes and Seth didn't care, he just wanted *more*. His hands resting on Horus' legs squeezed, cutting into skin, and making Horus grunt. He shoved himself back to meet Horus' thrusts, feeling Horus' come drip down his thighs and not caring, and felt Horus' second release, which sent sparks through him.

But it still wasn't *enough*. Seth felt hungry and thirsty at once, with a central way on how to deal with it.

Seth flipped around again, clearly surprising Horus, and leaned down to start mouthing at Horus' left nipple, leaving marks on it.

"Uncle?" Horus asked. He yelped when Seth bit him, drawing more blood. Seth moved down Horus' body, licking stripes down Horus' chest, sucking on Horus' belly before moving father down. His eyes rested on Horus' cock and for a moment he rebelled, thinking *No, I don't do that. He never asks me, because he knows*—and then he thought of how *good* it would feel, how quick he could do it. He wrapped his lips around Horus' cock, prompting Horus to loudly say, "Uncle, what are you—?!" Then Seth sucked hard, licking the come off the skin there.

Horus groaned almost in pain, and in barely any time Seth had worked him over, letting him come down Seth's throat. Seth licked him clean again, feeling his heart race, feeling a distant pain that he ignored. Then he pulled off, moved to Horus' balls, and sucked them into his mouth.

"Uncle, I think… I think something strange is happening."

The only strange thing Seth could think of was that his skin itched and getting Horus off helped it a little. It was what he *wanted*. All of this was *good* but it wasn't *enough* for some damned reason. He finally left Horus' ballsack alone and pushed Horus' legs up. Horus was already spread for him, and Seth pushed Horus' left cheek aside to press his face towards Horus' hole, licking along the rim.

"U-U-Uncle?!" Horus stammered, his legs twitching as Seth licked him again, pressing his tongue inside.

Shortly, Seth was on his back, with Horus holding his arms down, staring into Seth's eyes. There was a look of alarm on Horus' face. "Uncle something is *very* wrong."

"I just want you," Seth said, frustrated. He knocked Horus arms aside easily and grabbed his cock, pumping it almost absently, feeling the way it responded to his touch. He nearly drooled.

Horus shoved him away with wind and stood up, gazing at Seth with alarm, laying sprawled on the mat. "Something is wrong. Think for a moment!"

Seth blinked, annoyed that Horus was being so obnoxious. Perhaps if Seth caught him with sand… but that was…

That was odd. He was having trouble dissolving into sand. As he thought more about it, his behavior grew even odder. He was… doing too much. Far too much. And what was he saying earlier?

For a moment he could almost sense something… filling his nose with little else, drowning out reason…

Then he shook himself and leapt onto Horus, wrapping his arms around Horus' shoulders, his legs around Horus' waist. He leaned over and sucked on Horus' earlobe. "Need you…" he whined, squeezing Horus' hard.

Horus held him up lightly and drew out his wings, and then leapt into the air.

Seth startled a bit then, clinging to him. This usually bothered him a little, didn't it?

But Horus was still touching, him, so…

"We're going back to the palace. I think something is off about this place."

Seth hummed and focused on mouthing Horus' ear.

The palace was little better, though at least once settled on their bed, Seth didn't feel his skin was burning as much. Horus always fucked him here, so…

But then Horus pulled a blanket over his lower half, making Seth frown at him. Then Horus put ropes over his wrists, binding him in place. When Horus went to bind Seth's ankles, Seth said, "Are you going to fuck me in place, while I can't get away? *Please?*" His breath was too fast.

Some part of his mind thought this was ridiculous, that he didn't ordinarily ask for this kind of stuff. But it sounded so *appealing*, the idea alone was making him salivate...

Horus swallowed, tightening the bonds. "I sent for Mother. I want her to look at you." He stood up and reached out for one of his falcons, who flew up and dropped one of the small flowers from before in Horus' hand. He frowned at it.

In little time, Isis came in. She was dressed for court, in all her jewelry and fine clothing, and looked a bit weary, but also surprised when she caught sight of them both. Her cheeks warmed and she looked at Horus with a frown. "If this is some bedroom dispute, I—"

"Uncle is ill," Horus said, pulling her close and gesturing to where Seth was breathing too fast and lightly tugging on the restraints. Horus had spelled them to be strong, so they stayed in place. For now. "I think whatever is happening is stopping him from dissolving into sand, too, or else he'd have done it already."

Isis frowned and walked over to lean over Seth, raising her hand over his forehead. Her palm glowed golden.

Seth only had eyes for Horus, wondering when he was going to *do* something…

After a moment Isis pulled her hands away and shook her head, her frown even deeper now. “This isn’t natural. It’s like a drug of some kind. It’s put him into a frenzy.”

“I wondered if it was these,” Horus said, pulling out the flower to show her. “They were all over where we picnicked.”

Isis looked over and reached for it.

Horus pulled it back. “Be careful, Mother.”

She raised an eyebrow at him and he handed it over.

Horus looked back at Seth, who was still watching him with a hungry gaze. “The scent was all over the place. I found it cloying and used my power to keep it off my face, but Seth…”

“It’s possible it infected him with something. There’s traces of magic on these. Though I’m not sure what for.” She frowned at the plant. “Possibly madness.”

“…Or lust?” Horus asked.

Isis raised an eyebrow at him.

“…Hathor showed me where to set up the picnic. It’s possible--”

“…It’s possible she left some of her special flowers in the area. She has a few she experiments with.” Isis glanced at Seth. “It’s a question of if this was intentional or accidental. Since she showed you the area…”

“She might not have known they would affect gods,” Horus noted. “Perhaps she only knows they work on humans.”

Isis snorted. “It’s still worth questioning her about it.”

Horus nodded and looked back at Seth. “And… about Uncle?”

Isis watched Seth for a moment, then said, “I don’t currently have a cure for whatever this is. I can try sedating him, but even like this, it’s possible it won’t work. He’ll have to burn it out of his system.” She eyed Horus and her cheeks warmed. “That can mean… the obvious way or just… waiting it out.”

Horus understood, but he was worried. “Is it hurting him?”

Isis grimaced. “He’s still the god of the desert. He can re-form any broken bones and torn skin. He’ll be... fine, in the end. And he’s gone through worse mentally.” Her expression was unreadable then. “Just… stay with him. Keep him company. Whatever you decide.”

“Of course, Mother. Thank you.”

She patted his left arm. “I’ll study this plant. See if I can concoct an antidote. Or at least precision weedkiller. If this affects a *god,* who knows what it'll do to humans who stumble upon it...” Then she left the room.

Horus walked over to Seth and sat near him, his eyes moving to where Seth was still straining against his bonds.

“*Need you…*” Seth whined. He’d heard what Isis and Horus had said, but his brain wasn’t processing it. Right now, he wanted *Horus* and he was *right* there and being *aggravating as usual* by not *doing* anything!

Horus reached out and squeezed Seth’s right shoulder. “I’m not leaving you, Uncle. Mother says whatever the flower toxin was, it needs to be burned from your system. So… we’ll have to wait it out.”

Seth moved his knees, pushing at the blanket, bumping Horus’ hips.

Horus grimaced. “Uncle, I know your body is telling you that it wants sex, but—”

“You don’t want me, do you?” Seth snarled, pulling at the ropes again. “That’s why you’re refusing!”

Horus’ eyes widened. “Uncle, I want you! I want you always! But I don’t want to hurt you!”

“Coward!” Seth snarled. The bed creaked where the restraint for his right hand was tied. “Liar!”

“Uncle, please…” Horus reached out to put a hand on Seth’s chest, rubbing there lightly. “It’s all right. This is Hathor’s magic. It’s messing with your head.”

“Why won’t you *help me* then?” Seth demanded, trying to turn into sand. He was crying for some reason. He didn’t know when that had started.

“Uncle…”

“I hate you,” Seth snarled. Then he whined again. “Want you, *please… Please, Horus…*”

Horus swallowed and glanced at the door, then back at Seth. “You’ll probably hate me more once this is over and you realize what happened.”

“Fuck you,” Seth snarled, even as he tried to curl against Horus’ side.

Horus sighed and looked away. After a time, he added, “Mother did say… there was an alternative to just… waiting. Perhaps I could even try speeding things up.”

Seth perked up at that.

“Your libido isn’t usually like this, which means the plant is making it different. It has to run out sometime. We weren’t there that long, and it took a while to activate.”

Seth grinned.

Horus smiled and rubbed his hand down Seth’s chest. “It’s all right, Uncle. We’ll get through this.”

Seth snorted, tugging at the ropes again. It was back to being what he didn’t like.

Horus’ hand moved slowly down Seth’s chest, making Seth’s skin tingle. When Horus’ hand dipped under the blanket, Seth grumbled. Horus’ hand wrapped around Seth’s cock, pumping it gently.

Seth moaned and bucked upward.

“Be good,” Horus said, smiling at Seth while his hand gently moved up and down Seth’s cock. “The more you struggle, the slower I go.”

Seth snarled and thrust up again.

Horus stopped moving.

Seth *screamed.*

But Horus only watched him.

Seth breathed hard, but forced himself to stay *still*. Still meant good, yes?

Horus’ hand started moving again, making Seth moan softly. But he didn’t buck. Didn’t push.

Horus moved his hand faster, and Seth moaned as he came, getting the blanket soaked. He was shaking so hard it almost hurt.

“Uncle?” Horus asked.

“M-More,” Seth groaned, still shaking. His skin still itched. “Want more.”

Horus hummed before bringing his come-stained hands to his mouth and slowly licking them clean while Seth watched.

“H-Horus…” Seth whined.

Horus considered him. “I can do something that might help tire you out. Would you like that?”

“Whatever you want, *please!”* He was begging and he didn’t care.

Horus leaned over him. “Just wait here for a moment. I’ll be right back.”

Seth’s eyes widened in alarm as Horus got up and walked away. Seth pressed his lips shut to hiss, *“Horus…”*

In only a little time, Horus was back with a small jar. He removed his shendyt and moved around to Seth’s legs, kneeling on the bed. He unstoppered the bottle and poured some of the liquid onto his palm, then reached down to rub it on his cock, grunting a little as he did so.

Seth was breathing heavily and a bit confused, but it seemed like he’d get fucked soon, so that would solve some things.

Horus applied some more of the liquid to himself, shuddering a bit more, then stoppered the jug and set it aside. He undid the bonds for Seth’s legs, then hiked up Seth’s thighs to his hips, and then stood up, raising Seth’s legs with him.

Seth yelped as the bonds on his hands held him down, leaving his torso and head hanging downward, his arms trailing beneath him. His long red hair hung down over the bed. He felt when Horus quickly pushed into him.

But then Horus just stood in place. “You look amazing, Uncle. Feeling all right?”

Seth’s arms strained to keep him from not falling down entirely, and he couldn’t exactly say it was the most comfortable, but Horus was *in* him, and he felt warmer, so—

The first tingle of *something* went through his ass and he twitched. “W-What?”

Horus pulled out slightly and thrust again, sending more tingles through Seth's lower body. The burning in Seth's body now seemed focused on where Horus' cock was.

“Ah-ah…” Seth said, shaking “What did you…? What…?”

“I kept some fresh garlic oil on standby in case you might… want to experiment sometime.” Horus started thrusting back and forth, sending more of those jolts through Seth.

Seth gasped. It felt like his ass was on fire. Every time Horus touched him, it was *so much*.

…It felt so *good.*

Horus fucked him slowly until Seth was a sobbing mess from the overstimulation. His rim burned, his insides were a twinging mess. Horus pistoned inside him. The bed shook. Seth’s legs still twitched and he thought… he thought…

“It’s okay to let go, Uncle,” Horus said, squeezing Seth’s legs. “I’ll catch you.”

Seth shut his eyes as another *big* jolt hit him, and lost himself to the blackness.

When Seth woke up, he felt more tired than he’d been in some time. He didn’t want to open his eyes, but he had the growing apprehension that he was forgetting something…

A familiar arm moved slightly around his chest, and in an instant, the picnic and *everything else* came back to him.

Seth opened his eyes to discover he was stiff in his and Horus' room. It was sunny. Late morning, judging by the sunlight. The palace was quiet. He looked down to see Horus' hand there, and he could feel Horus' familiar warmth at his back.

His skin didn't itch, though.

"Mmmn… Uncle?"

Seth blinked and sighed. "That wasn't all a terrible dream, was it?"

Horus sat up and set his hand on Seth's shoulder. "No. How are you feeling?"

Seth felt a slight twinge in his ass, but he used his powers to dissolve his body and reform it to normal, and the twinge went away. Otherwise… "Fine, I think." He snorted. "Mortified." Some of the stupid things he'd said came back to him...

Horus sighed. "I'm sorry, Uncle."

"…It's hardly your fault." Horus made the best of a bad situation, and had been considerate. Seth frowned and turned to him, meeting Horus' focused gaze. Seth watched him a moment, then said, "So… Hathor? I think that's what you and Isis said?"

Horus nodded. "She made the flowers. Mother questioned her. Hathor says she just disposed of them, and didn't realize they'd taken root. She's promised to clean them up. But Mother went along. To be certain." Horus smiled darkly at that.

Seth snorted and stared up at the ceiling. Was this revenge? Or just a petty prank? It could be anything. He had his own questions for Hathor.

"…Are you mad at me?" Horus asked.

Hathor could wait, and Seth sighed, thinking he was grateful Horus was the one who'd been with him. He couldn't imagine what would have happened if some human or random god had been there. "No. I'm not." It was hardly the first time. And... Horus had been thoughtful. Kind, even.

Except for the garlic oil, but that was hardly out of character. And it *did* tire him out. Without it, he might have been begging for more sex all night or something.

"…I shouldn't have done what I did."

"You did what you had to in order to keep me happy. And you burned through whatever it was quickly."

"You were desperate in the end. I thought if I did something relatively significant, that might end it faster…"

It made sense. Seth couldn't have breathed all *that* much of the flower stench, and back in the palace, there hadn't been any other than the one Horus brought to show Isis.

But still, Horus already *had* that oil on standby, which meant... "You really wanted to fuck me with garlic oil?"

Horus blushed, and Seth knew he did.

Seth rolled his eyes, but felt his cheeks heat. "I'm glad you were there for me. Someone else… well. I'm glad it was you. I'm sorry I was so… pushy." Really, it was just embarrassing. And he didn't want to think of the specifics, but knew he would…

Horus smiled. "I like you when you're pushy, Uncle. I enjoyed it all. I just didn't like to see you in pain."

"…At least when you're not the one causing it."

Horus looked away, embarrassed.

Seth chuckled and pulled him down for a kiss. When he broke it briefly he said, "Stupid bird, I like when you… catch me." Then Seth kissed him again.

Horus dropped more heavily onto him, almost covering him completely.

Seth entwined their legs.

When they finally broke the kiss, Horus rested his face in Seth's shoulder.

Seth stared at the ceiling again.

"Are you really afraid I don't want you?" Horus asked.

Seth twitched. Had he said that? He grimaced. Maybe he thought things like that sometimes, when he wondered if Horus would grow bored, or realize how foolish it all was, or get tired of all Seth's issues, but…

Horus moved his head up so that he met Seth's gaze. His expression was focused. "Uncle, I… I always want you. All the time."

"I know."

Horus watched him for a moment, then said. "I mean it, Uncle."

"…I know." *You caught me. Of course you mean it.*

Horus watched him again, then leaned down to kiss Seth's jaw, making Seth lift his chin up a little, giving Horus access to his neck. When Horus pulled away briefly, he said, "We'll have to redo our picnic. Somewhere without sex flowers." He kissed down the line of Seth's neck.

Seth snorted. “You don’t have to redo it all. It was nice.” He *had* liked it. The food wasn’t bad. And he was still touched by the lotus blossoms.

Horus looked up from Seth’s stomach and smiled with one of his extra sweet smiles he knew tied Seth into knots, the ass… “I want to, though.”

Seth smiled back at him, feeling warm and gently contained. Safe. “Okay. It’s a date, then.”

End Notes

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