New Sights

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New Sights

by Anonymous

Summary

22 years ago, Osiris - head of a powerful crime family - imprisoned his brother and right-hand man, Seth, in Osiris' home, and no one's heard from Seth since. Now, Osiris' son, Anubis, brings his grad school friend Horus to look for a job. But they have plans for Seth, too.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own.

Chapter 1: Breaking Out

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You'll be fine," Anubis said as he clapped Horus on the back while they waited in one of the main sitting rooms in Osiris' principal residence: a mansion in the rich part of the city. "He's a bit weird on a first meeting, but he'll like you."

"I'm still not sure I'm dressed well enough," Horus said as he tried not to fidget. He'd bought a new suit for this, though it was a bit on the cheap side, given what little funds he had left after dropping out of school. It was dark blue and professional. His short hair was brushed, and he hoped he looked neat. None of the guards around the place had given him any odd looks about it, anyway, but they were all focused on their jobs, not whether or not some random 20-something was up to their standards.

Anubis wore a very expensive tailored black suit, and had his long wavy hair tied back for once, rather than just down. The suit looked very sharp on him, and emphasized his musculature. But then again, he looked good in most everything. Now he chuckled at Horus' discomfort amidst their rich surroundings and said, "He'll be fine with you. I promise."

Horus smiled awkwardly at him as someone new stepped out of the nearby hallway. Horus automatically straightened.

"Ah Anubis, you're home. And who's this?"

"My friend from grad school I was telling you about. Remember? Horus?"

"Ah yes. A pleasure to finally meet you, Horus." Osiris put out a hand, which Horus shook, and Horus met his eyes and smiled, which Osiris returned. Osiris was a little taller than Horus, with slightly paler brown skin, and long hair that he tied back. He wore a well-tailored dark green suit, and Horus could see something of Anubis in his facial features. "So, you've been looking after my son while he buried himself in his legal studies?"

Horus' cheeks warmed. "Well… we looked after each other, Sir."

"So formal," Osiris said, his smile widening. "I like that. Now what can I do for you?"

"I was hoping to get him a job," Anubis said with a smile. "Remember? Like we talked about? He just needs a start."

"I'd be honored to work for you, Sir," Horus said, meeting Osiris' thoughtful gaze. "If you'll have me."

"Horus is taking a break from school," Anubis said for clarification. "He's trying to rethink things…"

Horus grimaced.

"…Or maybe not planning to finish at all," Anubis said. "But he's a really good chef. *Really* good." He grinned at Horus. "Kept me alive through some all-nighters."

Horus smiled back at him.

Osiris raised an eyebrow at Horus. "Do you know what it is we do here, Horus?"

Horus' expression didn't twitch. "Yes, Sir."

Osiris looked at Anubis, the smile still on his face but a hint of warning in his eyes. "Loose-lipped, are we?"

Anubis' gaze was a bit shadowed, but he kept a smile, too. "We can trust Horus. He's good people."

Osiris looked back at Horus. "Hmm… Anubis said you're a chef? I already have one."

"I'll do whatever you need me to, Sir, even if it's just taking out the trash."

Osiris chuckled. "I don't think we'll need that. But… I might have you make some special meals, depending on how things go." He clapped Horus on the shoulder and pulled him over. "Come, let me show you the kitchen."

Osiris introduced him to the kitchen staff, and he and Anubis showed Horus around the mansion. They paused by one hallway and Osiris smiled at Horus, "Perhaps, if you're good enough, I'll let you go to the west wing. But that's off limits for the time being, understand?"

"Of course, Sir," Horus said.

Osiris grinned. "I think we'll get along very well, Horus."

Horus bowed his head in acknowledgement.

Later that evening, Osiris locked the second door of the west wing behind him and carried in a covered tray to the bedroom, where Seth lay on his back on the large bed with his eyes shut. He wore white short shorts and a tank top. Osiris smiled and sat on the bed nearby. "I brought you your dinner. Did you have a good day?"

Seth scoffed without opening his eyes. "It was no different than usual, Osiris."

Osiris sighed. "Now, Seth, you know I just want to make sure everything's okay here."

Seth turned to glare at him, his bright red eyebrows bent in annoyance. "I didn't destroy the room today if that's what you want."

Osiris chuckled. "Yes. Would you like some dinner?"

Seth’s stomach rumbled and he frowned as he sat up, suspicious.

Osiris didn’t pick up the tray, but simply looked at him. “Have you been a good boy?”

Seth’s cheeks warmed.

Osiris reached his left hand behind Seth and poked under the waistband of the shorts.

Seth jolted as Osiris’ hands moved over his ass and pushed between his cheeks, but he knew that if he tried to get away, Osiris would be *worse*, so he didn’t move away.

Osiris grinned. “Aw good, you kept it in. That’ll be fun later.”

Seth gasped as Osiris’ fingers played for a bit longer with the toy he’d put in that morning, before finally pulling away.

Osiris reached back to pick up the cover of the tray and revealed a collection of good-smelling hot plates. “We have a new chef today. He’s pretty good. I think we’ll have him make your food from now on.”

Horus had been working at Osiris’ home for nearly three months when Osiris let him enter the west wing with a cart of food. No cutlery, but an assortment of foods to try out. Osiris had taken a liking to Horus, as Anubis had said. Or at least his food.

“It helps that you have no one pulling your strings,” Anubis said as he hung out with Horus in the kitchen one day. “You rely on him to keep a roof over your head. People in his line of work like people like that. Makes them easier to control.”

Horus snorted as he continued cleaning, recalling Osiris’ detailed background check. “I’m grateful.”

Now Osiris opened the double locked doors for Seth’s wing to let Horus in, and Horus wheeled the cart in obediently.

Inside the second locked door was a giant apartment of some kind. There were windows here and there, but it looked like a whole other contained living space. There was an open door showing a gym room with different equipment, a lounge with a large TV and a big couch, and a small dining area with a fridge and a large table. Beyond that was a hall that Horus assumed led to a bedroom.

“Set it up on the table,” Osiris ordered, before going to the gym and locking the door via a fingerprint lock.

Horus obeyed, quickly arranging the dishes neatly.

“Osiris?” a male voice asked.

Horus couldn’t help but glance up. His eyes widened at the sight of the strange, lithe, pale-skinned man with long, bright red hair in a green silk nightgown.

The stranger frowned at Horus.

“Seth, this is the young chef I was telling you about. We’re setting up a meal for you, based on a new menu I’ve worked with Horus on. You need to try all of these to tell Horus which you like.”

Seth frowned at the table where Horus got back to work, then turned away. “I’ll take whatever you want, Osiris.”

“*Seth*,” Osiris warned.

Seth froze, took a moment, and then turned back and came to the table, where he sat down, his expression blank.

Horus finished setting the table and then stood back. Osiris had him explain what each dish was.

Seth obediently tried each dish and gave minimal feedback. He seemed to like a small tray of jam cookies, though.

“I can use any jam you’d like,” Horus said, smiling at Seth. “I have access to a lot of different kinds.”

Seth gave him a skeptical look then, and then scoffed. With a grin he said, “Surprise me, then.”

Afterward, Osiris led Horus and the cart out. Once they were out of the room and the doors locked again, Osiris smiled at him and said, “My brother is… a troubled man, you see. The foster home he came from had some… problems. He stays in the west wing for his own protection.” His gaze was sharp as he said, “I don’t need to remind you that anything you see here remains a secret, correct?”

Horus nodded, “Yes, Sir.”

“Good. Return to your duties.”

It was another two months later, and early morning, after Osiris left on a business trip, when Horus took a cart of food to the west wing again. The guards ignored him. He was a usual sight at this point, and had been allowed to take a number of meals to Seth, with Osiris’ supervision.

The entrance to the west wing was isolated, with no guards for that level of entry. Osiris was *very* private about it. And besides, there were guards at the exits to the building, and security cameras everywhere.

Horus stopped the cart near the door, glanced around, and heard a soft tone from the cellphone he’d left in one of the inner pockets of his uniform. He checked the phone and saw Anubis’ go-ahead: the cameras weren’t a concern. Horus put the phone away and walked up to the door. He pulled a small container out of his pocket, and opened it to reveal a delicate

finger-tip-sized piece of plastic, then carefully placed it on the fingerprint lock keyed to Osiris.

There was a click as the door unlocked, and Horus breathed a sigh of relief. It had taken some doing to get a full print of Osiris' fingers, even with all the dishes he handled, but thankfully they finally had it. Horus put the fingerprint away and then pushed it open and pulled the cart in with him. The second door was a simple set of keyless locks.

Horus tried to imagine the person who would need to be trapped by such efforts, and it didn't match at all with what he'd seen or heard of Seth.

Once Horus was inside, he left the cart near the door.

"Osiris? You're back ear—?" Seth stopped near the hallway entrance again, staring at Horus in surprise. He wore a black tank top and matching short shorts this time. "What are *you* doing here?"

Horus breathed in deeply and said, "Isis sent me. We're going to get you out of here."

Seth's eyes widened. "Isis… sent you?"

Horus checked his phone again. "We have about five minutes. Do you have anything more protective to wear?"

Seth blinked, looked down at his clothes, then grimaced. "No. It's bathrobes, short shorts, and tiny tops. He doesn't even give me socks or shoes."

Horus grimaced and pulled off his jacket to hand it over. "Wear that. It might keep you a little warmer."

Seth frowned but took the jacket. "What's supposed to happen in five minutes?"

Horus smiled. "A distraction."

"A distraction?" Seth frowned. "Osiris has cameras and guards everywhere, how…?"

"Anubis has the cameras covered."

Seth's eyes widened. "Anubis is—?!" But just then there was a giant *boom* from the front of the mansion that rattled the room.

Horus nodded. "That's our signal. Let's go." Horus walked back to the door – the only way in or out of the room, particularly with the latchless windows filled with bulletproof glass – and opened it, gesturing Seth over.

Seth padded over quickly.

Horus led him out of the room, pausing by corners to watch for guards, who were shouting in the distance. They stayed largely out of sight in the maze of hallways, and made it to one of the back entrances for kitchen staff.

Anubis was sitting in the driver's seat of a nondescript car there, waiting for them, with the engine running.

Horus opened the rear passenger door and gestured Seth inside, and Seth quickly obeyed. Horus got in after him and shut and locked the door. Anubis quickly but relatively unhurriedly drove out of the complex.

"Where are the guards?" Seth asked, confused why no one stopped them.

"Focused on the front lawn," Horus replied.

"…Ah." Seth looked between them both, and didn't know what else to say.

"We're going to a safehouse," Horus told him, quietly. "You'll be okay there. Osiris is still on a plane flying to Tanzania."

Seth breathed in deeply. "How are you doing all this? Even when I was managing Osiris' security detail, they could easily deal with an operation of this scale, and he got stricter after I left…"

Anubis snorted. "Not really. He got sloppier, in some ways, and he's pissed off a lot of family members. And in recent years it's allowed Grandmother to make a play for family leadership. And Aunt Isis has her support on this." Anubis glanced back in the mirror at Seth. "He relied on you more than he perhaps realized."

Seth paled. "Your grandmother? Good grief… She and Isis haven't gotten along in years…"

"Mother's worked at mending their relationship," Horus said, feeling the urge to glance behind them for cars, but knowing Anubis had things handled: Anubis liked racing cars for a hobby.

Seth frowned at Horus. "…Mother?"

Horus smiled at him. "Isis is my mother. And Osiris… is my father."

Seth's eyes widened in shock. "What?!"

The safehouse was another mansion, one of Nut's personal ones, out in the country where it was quiet. You could almost ignore the security cameras and armed guards. Isis had commandeered it for her own. She was waiting for the three men in the lounge, and stood up when they entered, with Seth walking between Horus and Anubis, still looking bewildered in his borrowed jacket. His feet were filthy by this point.

"Seth!" Isis said, before running to him and wrapping her arms around him tightly. "I almost thought we wouldn't find you alive…"

Seth was frozen, unsure what to do. But he slowly put his arms around Isis, still unsure she was *real*. After a while, when she didn't disappear, he hugged her tightly back, and felt his eyes water. "You got me out…"

Isis laughed softly. “I’m sorry it took so long.”

Seth squeezed her tighter.

After a while, Isis pulled him to the couch, where she sat with him, and had Anubis get them something from the kitchen. She met Seth’s gaze and said, “You’ll have to stay here for a while as things wind down with Osiris. Mother’s working on a full on-*takedown* at this point, with mop-up. She’s having people pick him when he lands in Tanzania.”

Seth’s eyes widened. “You’re kidnapping him? Not… killing him?”

Isis smiled. “Mother has questions about Father… Apparently his last exchange with Osiris was… suspect. So they’ll have a conversation. But she doesn’t plan to let him live long beyond that.”

Seth felt a chill settle within him. “Will you get evidence when he’s dead?”

Isis’ expression was cool. “Yes. I’ll see to it.”

“…Good. Good.” He didn’t even have anything to say about her seeing evidence her ex-husband was dead. He didn’t know that he had it in him anymore. After all, *she’d* gotten away. She’d had 22 years to mourn whatever was left of their relationship.

Isis raised a hand to Seth’s cheek, and he flinched away from her. He was okay with all the contact, to a degree… but some of it felt… too much. He was already overwhelmed from being in a car again after so long. So many people at once when he was so used to not seeing them at all outside of the television screen or his imagination, or the very rare times Osiris let a member of his staff visit Seth’s rooms… Even Horus had been an oddity.

Isis grimaced. “Would you like to see your room? We ordered you some clothes, but you can get an account and order things for yourself as you like. And if you’d like anything to eat, we have a good chef here. She’ll make whatever you want.”

“You trust the people here?” Seth didn’t know if *he* did. Had he gone from one captor to another?

Isis smiled. “Deeply. A number of them kept me alive after I fled. And the rest are Mother’s.”

Seth smiled. “Why now? It’s been over two decades…”

Isis grimaced. “Osiris’ grip on the family leadership is weakening, other groups are chomping at the bit to take our place in power here, and Mother’s medical treatments have given her a new lease on life. She wants to clear out old business anyway.” She smiled. “And Horus was able to find Anubis and befriend him, which made the whole thing a lot easier. That took some planning.”

Anubis walked in with a tray of snacks and tea.

Seth looked at Anubis. He hadn’t seen Anubis since he was a baby. It was strange to see this young man now. *I missed so much*. He could see Nephthys in Anubis’ features… and Osiris.

Anubis had taken the best of both of them, though, giving softness to Osiris' pointed handsomeness, and confidence to Nephthys' gentle beauty.

Seth looked at Horus, who was sitting quietly in a couch chair, observing. Isis had fled Osiris' home while pregnant, and Osiris had hunted her for some time. It was good to see that both mother and child had survived, and Seth could easily see both Horus' parents in his features. But here, too, there was a good blending of his parents, lending him a gentler and oddly supportive handsomeness his father lacked, and a sense of strength that Isis usually kept hidden.

Seth looked around as Anubis set up the tea. "It's hard to believe this is all real," Seth said, quietly, his hands tightening into fists. "I keep expecting… I don't know." Osiris kept him in the west wing with... Seth glanced at Anubis and away again... *threats,* and in place when Seth got rowdy with chains, drugs, and physical abuse as necessary. Seth rarely saw Osiris' underlings, and the one time someone before Horus *did* visit long enough for Seth to try to convince them to help, Osiris later gave Seth a video of the man's torture and execution.

Isis put a hand near his on the couch without touching him. "It's real. You're here. And you're not going back to him."

Seth swallowed and looked up, past Anubis to the window. "Could I… go outside?"

Isis blinked, looked briefly at Horus, then back at Seth. "There's a back garden. It's cleared for you to walk around in, if you'd like."

Seth heard *you will still be a prisoner* in that response, but knew it was for his safety.

Osiris said my imprisonment was for my safety, too. All those years ago when Seth had been eating lunch and Osiris had come in and said Seth needed to take shelter because someone put a hit out on him. And Seth had argued that they should go after it together, and Osiris had said that with their recent losses, Osiris didn't want to risk it, so Seth agreed to lay low for a bit... and a bit had become weeks, and then Seth had woken up one day in that apartment and Osiris had explained he needed to be extra cautious, and couldn't trust anyone, and Seth had demanded explanations and Osiris asked for *trust*.

And Osiris was his brother, but Seth didn't like being *drugged and kidnapped*, so Seth had fought back, and Osiris had tied him up for the first time and--

No, he was going to trust Isis. She'd always had his back when they were younger. His closest friend. Over the years he'd hated her for abandoning him, and he couldn't say that the hatred was entirely gone now, but she'd risked a lot coming to rescue him. He knew how far Osiris' hands stretched. After all, Seth used to be his right-hand man. There wasn't any criminal enterprise in their cities of power that they hadn't had a hand in.

Horus led him out to the garden in the back, which was a large space filled with flowering plants. There was a small, clean table and metal chairs. There was even a small vegetable garden. Seth walked to an open patch of dirt and shut his eyes as he turned his face up to the sun, feeling the warmth on his face, uncaring that Horus and Isis and who knew who else could see him. He just liked the feeling of sunlight directly on his skin, not through glass. He

could feel a slight breeze, hear insects buzzing, and even cars in the distance. It was a whole world he thought he might never touch again. Just something for television or books or Osiris' occasional wandering conversation before and after they fucked…

Seth felt something tighten in his chest and he suddenly felt too exposed, particularly with the stupid outfits Osiris' often gave him, which always made him easier to grab and disrobe. Years of training in combat made him constantly aware of exits, lines of sight, the number of people in his immediate vicinity. Now he was back out in the open, and suddenly those instincts were coming back…

But he'd *wanted* this so much…

He turned to Isis, who was standing by the door to the house, watching him with an unreadable expression. Seth asked, "I'm sorry, but… could I go to my room?"

She blinked, and then smiled at him. "Of course."

Seth sat on the bed in the wing of rooms Isis had given him and stared at the window nearby. He could tell the glass was bulletproof, but he could see latches to open it if he wanted. He had the key to the door as well, and there was a door to go out into the garden if he wanted. Freedom, in a sense... before Isis and Nut's guards caught him.

There was a bathroom of his own, with a door that *he* could lock. The shower was huge and fancy, and Seth spent some time with the instruction manual left out for him to learn how to use it, and then took a long, luxurious shower, where he tried to wash off a little of what he hoped would be his former life (along with the dirt he'd tracked everywhere), even though he knew the former was fruitless.

Still, it was nice to shower. Afterward, he looked at himself in the mirror, and thought he looked too pale, even for him. His hair was a little too long for his tastes, too, and he considered asking for a trim. Maybe Isis would let him go to a barber?

Osiris would cut Seth's hair himself. It always meant a subtle level of discomfort every time. Osiris never used scissors on Seth's skin - he preferred his fists and his teeth for that - but Seth was always worried that one day Osiris would change his mind. Seth had wondered if he'd fight it. At least things would be over.

Seth looked away from the mirror.

There was a slightly large set of men's pajamas on the counter in the bedroom: pale red, normal-looking. No weird holes cut into them anywhere, particularly the ass, and they were long-sleeved and legged. There was a set of generic underwear, clearly new, and a small assortment of men's clothing, as well, which looked normal and nondescript.

It was strange, to wear clothes that weren't tank tops, bathrobes, or short shorts after so many years. And *underwear*. The last time he'd had that, Osiris had barely left it on him long enough before tearing it off. Seth put on a set of too-big pants and a slightly too-large long-

sleeved gray sweater. His old clothes he dropped in the trash. Horus' jacket he folded and placed on the counter. He'd return it in the morning.

Isis had given him a phone before he went into the room and said Horus would help him set everything up when Seth felt more well-rested.

Seth had eyed Horus then, and Isis had explained, "He's going to be your bodyguard for the time being. He's had the best training Mother could find. Plus, he's younger, so he gets all the stuff us older folks don't when it comes to technology."

Horus was waiting outside the room, now, keeping watch. Seth tried not to be annoyed by it: trading one jailer for another. But he supposed… Horus had been the one to get him out.

Seth looked down at the phone, now sitting untouched on the counter. It was completely alien to him. He'd seen Horus' phone of course, and only knew it was a phone because of the rare occasions Osiris brought his in, or one showed up on the limited media Osiris let him have access to watch. It had been so long that Seth had forgotten some of the old phone numbers he'd memorized for his work, including the old network of people he'd relied on when he'd worked for Osiris, whether they were weapons or drug dealers, hired muscle, information brokers... Even though for years he tried repeating them in his head. But too much time had passed, some of them had run into each other over time. And maybe his contacts just changed their phone numbers, and it's not like Isis gave him a pager...

There was also an office with a computer, which looked intimidatingly different from the computers he was used to, but when Seth moved the mouse, the monitor screen lit up and he was able to figure out that it was connected to a network and wasn't password locked or anything. Seth considered trying to figure out how to send a message to his old contacts, maybe via email. But he didn't know how many of them were still working, or even still alive. Technology had changed so much, and they'd probably changed their emails, or just found new ways to communicate...

Freedom and isolation in one, staring at him calmly from a fancy wooden desk. For years, he'd planned out what he would do if he got out of Osiris' hold: which of his emergency storage caches he'd visit, who he'd contact... and then as the years passed he assumed they were dead or left him for dead. Life was just the tiny apartment Osiris gave him, and time between Osiris' visits, getting fucked, playing Osiris' boyfriend of being a loving husband or boyfriend...

Seth turned away from the computer in disgust. There was a television by his bed as well that was larger than what he was used to, and could easily let him watch things in bed. Osiris had password-locked the television most of the time, so often all Seth had to occupy his time was exercise, sleep, read a few of the books Osiris brought to him, or stare out the window at the closed garden Osiris let him look at, where even guards didn't cross. Sometimes he'd see birds, squirrels, or planes.

He wondered what his limitations would be here.

Seth fell back on the bed and shut his eyes, then turned onto his side. He already had more freedom than before. He was on his guard. Isis had no reason to keep him prisoner.

But I thought that about Osiris, too…

Seth grimaced and opened his eyes to glare at the blue carpeting. Over the years he'd noticed that there were tells in Osiris' behavior. Little things he should have noticed, that went beyond a powerful crimelord keeping an eye on his underlings. There was nothing of the sort in Isis. She'd gravitated to Osiris and *only* him. She'd been furious about Nephthys and Anubis, and only stayed because of Osiris in the years before she became pregnant herself, before abruptly disappearing. Or at least that's what Osiris had explained. Seth had already been a prisoner for four months by that point. He hadn't even been able to say goodbye.

Seth swallowed and shut his eyes. He was exhausted by everything, but knew he should sleep, despite how early it was. He'd… deal with everything else later.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading <3 <3 Kudos and comments are love! If you'd like to read more of my work, you can subscribe to the fanfic and/or my author page! My Archive of Our Own page, when it is back up, has my completed archive of work, and will be the first to be updated with new works (usually), so that is the best place to subscribe to me.

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Chapter 2: Outside

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Seth woke up to a knock on his room door and a male voice saying, “Uncle, we’re going to have breakfast soon. Mother asked if you’d like to join us.”

For a moment, Seth had no idea where he was, and thought he’d left the TV on, or perhaps Osiris was in the other room waiting for him to wake up. But as Seth opened his eyes and he saw sunlight on the ceiling, he turned to see the large window he’d left uncovered, with a view of the garden beyond. He looked down at himself and recognized the pajamas he’d changed into after getting up around dinner time to answer the door when Horus brought him dinner, which Seth had eaten in his room, alone, amazed to be using cutlery for the first time in decades, and grateful he could be clumsy in private. He’d given his plates to Horus afterward and locked the door on his room and gone back to bed, where he slept in spurts, constantly surprised to discover he was alone, in a room at Isis’ mansion, and the whole escape wasn’t a dream, and Osiris wasn’t there thrusting into him, and there was no cock or toy in his mouth or ass keeping him awake.

The mansion was quiet, and Seth sat up, stretched, and went to the bathroom for his morning ablutions. Thankfully Isis had left him a regular toothbrush alongside the electric one, though he eyed the electric one thoughtfully. He brushed his hair out, again thinking about the barber, and then went to his small clothing collection to pick something to wear. He settled on a black t-shirt and jeans, both of which were a little too big, but functional.

As he moved the pants aside he was surprised to discover a little box he hadn’t noticed the previous night. Inside was a set of long gold earrings, much like the ones Seth used to wear when he was younger, particularly on special occasions.

Seth’s fingers went to his ears, where he could still feel the holes, and wondered if it was worth it to re-pierce them. He grabbed the box and went to the bathroom. It was a bit of a hassle, but largely painless, as the holes hadn’t entirely closed, and when he stared at himself once again wearing something like his old earrings, he felt tears in his eyes.

He swallowed and wiped them away, then headed out, collecting Horus as he left, who now wore a pale blue t-shirt and jeans.

Isis and Anubis were at the dining table and chatting as Horus and Seth came in, and Isis smiled at them, saying, “Good morning, Seth. How did you sleep?” She wore a light blue dress, bright red lipstick, and gold hoop earrings.

Anubis smiled at Seth, too. He wore a black long-sleeved shirt with white roses on it, and black jeans, and his long dark hair was loose, and fell down his back.

Horus walked over to kiss Isis on the cheek before sitting down himself.

Seth settled in the empty seat and smiled awkwardly at Isis. “I… slept fine, thank you.” He blinked and then looked at Isis, whose eyes darted to his ears before going back to his eyes. “Thank you for…” His hand reached to his ears. “This.”

She smiled. “I remembered you wore something like them. I wasn’t sure if… It’s been so many years.” Her gaze grew distant. “I saw them at an art fair around five years ago, and thought of you. But I was never able to give them to you, so I kept them… until now.”

Seth’s cheeks warmed. “Thank you. For thinking of me.”

Isis smiled at him again.

Breakfast was a range of foods Seth wasn’t used to. Osiris, despite his words, always picked what Seth could and couldn’t eat, and even when he was given “options”, they were limited.

“Osiris was picked up by Mother’s associates,” Isis said, her expression turning grim as she leaned back in her chair. “He’s been transported to one of her facilities for questioning.”

Seth imagined Nut’s people picking Osiris up at the airport. How furious he would be. Seth was as used to Nut as Isis was, and he knew she could be ruthless when she wanted to be, which was one reason Seth hadn’t contested Osiris taking over the family. Seth always wondered if that ruthlessness was why she decided to get her one son three adopted siblings as companions. Arranging his future far in advance. The only reason Isis and Nephthys had been allowed to pursue actual careers was to help Osiris’ organization down the line.

“Did his people send anyone after us?” Seth eventually asked, lowering his fork with bits of eggah on it. He hadn’t heard alarms, but…

Isis shook her head. “It’s not even clear they know you’re missing. They’re more intent on finding Horus, and the address they gave him is empty. It has been ever since they cleared it as legitimate when Osiris did his background checks.”

Seth blinked and looked at Horus, who smiled lightly. Seth looked at Anubis and asked, “Won’t they suspect you?”

“They might,” Anubis said, smiling, “But the group Osiris left in charge knows to leave me alone. They wouldn’t make a play on me without his say-so, and with him locked up, there’s no one to send word of what happened.”

Seth breathed a sigh of relief to himself, then asked, “What about… your mother?” Seth hadn’t spoken to her in years, but it was his understanding she still lived at the mansion. Osiris never spoke of her, and redirected whenever Seth asked, so he stopped asking.

“She was moved to her own villa several years ago,” Anubis replied. “Isis’ people are with her now. She’s safe.”

“It was part of why Anubis agreed to help us,” Isis said, her expression dark as she met Anubis’ equally dark gaze. “Nephthys’ protection.”

Seth nodded. It made sense. Anubis barely knew his uncle. Why go to the effort to help, especially when his mother was at risk?

“How was your room?” Isis asked, changing the topic. “Is there anything you want to change?”

“It’s good,” Seth said. No one had bothered him. The door was still locked when he woke. Nightmares and paranoia were hardly things Isis could change, and he imagined Nut wouldn’t let them get rid of the guards. And Seth almost agreed, if only to protect Isis, Anubis, and Horus. “Thank you.”

Isis smiled. “How about you pick out clothes today, if you like? There’s a few places that can ship them quickly. I can have a tailor come out in a week or so if you’d like better fits.”

Seth marveled at the idea of picking out his own clothes after so long. “I’m good with just store-bought things. Is there a shopping center that you’ve cleared to visit or…?” The idea of visiting a shopping center of any kind was intimidating, but he refused to let the shadow of Osiris keep him from living his life again.

He used to love crowds. Or at least disappearing into them. It was part of why he was so good at killing targets for Nut and Osiris.

Isis shook her head. “It’s safer if you stick to online purchases. I can help measure you for sizes, though, since you might have grown a little, and… I think you’ve lost weight. But you’ll probably need some help navigating the stores. The Internet’s changed a lot in 22 years.”

Seth grimaced. He didn’t like the idea of having to learn so much. But he bowed his head, “I’d appreciate the help with measurements.”

She smiled sadly. “I’ll try to make it as painless as possible.”

When Anubis and Horus took the dishes away, Isis reached out to Seth without touching him, leaving her hand on the table near his, and asked, “Can we talk?”

Seth turned to her, a bit wary.

Isis grimaced. “Horus… told me about your cell. I thought it was odd you didn’t break out. With your skills, it would have been easy.”

Seth swallowed and gripped his arms. Seth had built a name over the years as someone not to be trifled with, who could get in or out of any situation, and kill anyone who got in the way of his boss. It was part of why Osiris saying that the isolation was for Seth’s protection had been so understandable: Seth had made a *lot* of enemies who would want him out of the way, particularly if they were targeting Osiris.

Isis’ expression was hard. “He was blackmailing you, wasn’t he?”

Seth grimaced and nodded.

“What was he blackmailing you with?”

“He’d kill Anubis,” Seth said, quietly. “He’d make it slow and painful. And he’d send the video to Nephthys.”

Isis paled, but a look of fury came over her, too. “That… that—!”

Seth sighed. “It was what he used to make sure I didn’t escape or… or kill myself. He promised that if I did, he’d kill Anubis afterward, and if I killed him and then myself, he ensured that his people would take care of Anubis on his behalf. And… probably Nephthys, too, considering how much she loved Anubis.” Seth snorted. “I knew I couldn’t get to them in time. He was stronger than me, always had been, and I… I couldn’t protect them.” The worst part was that sometimes he’d thought about escaping or killing himself anyway. Even if they were all dead, at least they’d all be *free*.

But his life had always been worthless. Isis… and Nephthys… had Osiris. He served Osiris. That was all. In his last act, he might as well protect the people he could. He had always been a tool for others to use, anyway, so it didn’t matter. Nothing did.

Isis shut her eyes, then reached out her hand again, but she still didn’t touch him. She just left her hand on the table near his. “I’m so sorry. All those years…”

“In a way it was more boring than anything else,” Seth said, laughing in an attempt to wave it off. “He was picky about what books he gave me. What exercise equipment I could have. I couldn’t cook. Everything was either edible from the fridge or he brought me meals. He rarely brought in staff to bring me something, and usually left me enough food to last through his trips. It was nearly a year before he brought in a television.”

“He let you watch TV?” Isis asked, surprised.

Seth snorted. “He’d pre-record things mostly. He liked… pretending we were dating. Or married. It depended on his mood.” He recalled watching the world pass him by, day after day, year after year, thinking how pointless it was. How he had no effect on anything other than existing. Perhaps if the mansion burned down or there was a flood or something... It all felt so distant and inconsequential. Osiris wanted it for a sense of normalcy, and every day the man felt more alien to him. Wanting a life Seth could never give him even if he had the ability and wanted to.

Isis frowned in confusion.

Seth laughed. “It was pathetic… Some days he’d pretend we were on a date. Or our honeymoon. Or he’d just sit and watch the news with me, and talk about work.” Seth scowled. “I asked him why he fucking *bothered*. Why not just tie me to a chair and fuck me to his heart’s content or something…” At Isis’ stricken look, Seth grimaced. “He said that he knew that wouldn’t work forever. He didn’t want a lifeless puppet. He wanted *me*.” Seth rolled his eyes. “He didn’t always get what he wanted.” Tiny victories, when Osiris was frustrated. Osiris could only push with Anubis so far.

Isis' expression was horrified. Seth wanted to comfort her, but… he wasn't sure how. Everything was too raw, and he still wasn't entirely sure he wouldn't be sent back. Would Isis get sick of him? Would Nut? Seth hadn't spoken to his mother since Osiris took over the family. He had no idea what she thought of him anymore.

"But it's um… yeah," Seth finished lamely, looking away. He had the urge to just jump out the door and run, damn the guards. If Anubis was safe, and Nephthys was safe, then… then things would be *fine*. Isis and Nut had no reason to threaten them. Did they?

Isis looked around, then leaned in closer. "Look… when I ran from Osiris, things were… well. Difficult is being *polite*. Terrible, quite honestly. And I had to get help for… Well. My mental health, too. But… there are resources out there you can use. Therapists, maybe."

Seth blinked. He hadn't… thought about that. He'd never visited one when he was younger. Such things were frowned on in their circles. A sign of weakness. Osiris thought they were stupid.

"When you're more settled, maybe," Isis said, smiling supportively. "Don't want to shove you at doctors or anything yet. If you're okay with it."

Seth looked down at where her hand sat on the table, and lightly reached a finger out to touch her hand. "…Okay. I'll… think about it." Then he pulled his hand away. He could make no real promises there. He'd never visited a therapist in his *life*. His father in particular had been skeptical of them.

Isis smiled at him. "Well… then let's go get your clothing situation dealt with."

There were things Seth still wanted to say, but there were two many years of them to decide where to start. So instead he smiled and stood up.

In the end it *was* rather painless. Seth still had a good memory for what he used to wear, and he hadn't lost *that* much weight. He'd kept most of his musculature with the gym equipment Osiris let him use largely only under supervision. Horus helped Seth look at different clothing websites for what to pick, explaining what worked and how, and Seth shortly had a small wardrobe ready to order. Things had changed online, but much was the same, seemingly.

Afterward, Horus sat with him and talked over using a smartphone, showing him apps and what to browse, settings he could turn on and off, and telling him a list of contacts that Seth memorized. It was a lot of information, but Seth wanted to *know*. This kind of information would be crucial to escape.

If he needed to escape. Again.

Horus also showed him how to use the television and navigate applications there. And then there were more lessons on the computer Isis had prepared for him.

"Mother got you a bank account you can pull from," Horus said, showing Seth instruction guides for different accounts and software, as well as account names and access information.

“It’s pretty large, but try not to buy too many buildings with it.” Horus grinned. “Or at least ask Mother, first.”

Seth snorted, and then glanced at the coat on the counter. “I have your coat. It’s not clean, I’m afraid.”

Horus looked at it and smiled. “It’s all right. It was just temporary.” He looked back at Seth and smiled. “Thank you.” His eyes were a beautiful blue, and the cut of his jaw was rather fine.

Seth oddly felt his cheeks warm. Then he was annoyed at himself. Here he was, just out of spending decades trapped with his rapist brother, and he was okay with being flirted at by the first attractive man he ran into? Didn’t he know better? Even when he’d been free, he limited his flings with one-night stands at best, and those were few and far between. When he realized Nephthys wouldn’t get over her crush on Osiris, Seth had decided that love and lust were things for other people, not him, and it was a range of feelings and wants to be managed and contained. Not that it had stopped him from *wanting* sometimes. And Osiris had only taught him the dangers of letting your lust run away with you.

Not to mention, Horus was Osiris’ *son.*

But Horus hadn’t known him. Isis explained more over lunch about how she’d fled into hiding, and finally, with no one else to go to, turned to Nut for protection. Nut was dealing with a personal medical crisis of her own, and had fobbed Isis off on their uncle, Thoth, who saw to Isis’ health and ensured her pregnancy went well.

“I got my life back in order after that,” Isis said, grimacing. “It was hard, staying out of the public eye, leaving everything behind.” Isis had been working on becoming a doctor, but with Osiris ready to hunt her down if she ever showed her face anywhere, she couldn’t go back to that. She did paperwork for Nut’s offices instead, and started filling in admin roles as needed, though she learned what she could from the medical staff Nut employed.

While Isis and a young Horus were both largely stuck in Nut and Thoth’s safehouses, Thoth brought in tutors for Horus, training in him history, mathematics, literature, martial arts… A life similar to what Seth and his siblings had had, but without the young companionship of siblings.

“It sounds like a lonely childhood,” Seth said at one point, thinking of what it would be like if he hadn’t had Isis, Nephthys, and even Osiris (back before things… escalated) around growing up. His cheeks warmed when he realized he spoke aloud. He wasn’t used to being around others so much. Some days, talking to himself was all he had to keep himself *sane*.

Horus smiled kindly at him, again making Seth’s cheeks warm. “In some ways it was. We had to be secretive. But I sometimes got to attend clubs with local children, under an alias. I was part of a football club for a while.”

Isis grinned. “He was good, too. Good at everything he tried.”

Seth smiled. “So, when did you decide to become a chef?”

Horus hummed. “When I was young. I always liked the way the pretty desserts Mother would get looked, and wanted to figure out how to do it.” He smiled. “There was so much variety, as well, and that was exciting. I really wanted to be a dessert chef.”

Seth thought about the joy in Horus’ eyes, and then said, “And now you’re a… double agent and bodyguard.” He smiled crookedly. “I see Nut hasn’t changed.”

Isis grimaced. “Anubis is studying to become a lawyer. Nephthys was an accountant. You worked as a bodyguard and a hitman. Horus was at least… given the option to study a bit before Nut emphasized his need to support the family.”

Seth sighed. “And here it sounded like she’d changed at least a little in 20 years…”

Isis leaned back in her chair. “Not really. Once this is all over, maybe I’ll go back to finish my degree, though I’ll have to start over, probably, it’s been so long.” She looked up at Seth. “Mother is… more giving. But at the end of the day, we’re going to be possibly in a war with Osiris’ supporters, and bystanders won’t survive that. Plus, at the time, we didn’t think things would be so easy. Horus had to be ready to survive what was coming.”

Seth studied for a minute, then shrugged. “Yeah. I imagine.” He looked out the window. “So Mother still thinks there’ll be a war? Even with Osiris out of the loop?”

Isis sighed. “Yes. For all Osiris’ was losing support, he still had some. Mother thinks she can quickly mop them up, it’ll likely be a war nonetheless. It’s in our best interest to lay low for the time being. After that… you’re free to go where you wish.”

Free, Seth thought. What was freedom like? Would he recognize the people, the buildings anymore, after 22 years? The world seemed so much bigger and alien than it had before, back when he’d happily gone anywhere he wished, and made his way on his own terms within the needs of Nut or Osiris’ plans. Now he felt small and oddly fragile. He was out of practice, and out of mind for a lot of younger joiners in the criminal world. Would he have to start all over? Was escape even possible for someone like him? Or was he just as trapped as he’d been in Osiris’ home, only this time no one was threatening Anubis directly? After all, he was still relying on Isis and presumably Nut for money, clothing, and shelter. It could be a while before he figured out how to find his old accounts, assuming they weren’t already lost.

He hated it.

“You could go to school if you wanted,” Isis said. “Mother’s open to the idea, now. Your um… abilities as a bodyguard and hitman likely aren’t as up to speed as they were. You’ll need trainers if you want to go back to that.”

Seth recalled when he’d finished high school and immediately been tasked with looking after Osiris, the next family head. Isis and Nephthys had careers to develop, but Seth’s skills were in strategy and fighting, and a university degree was a waste of time to Nut when she had her heir to think of. “She’d let me go to university this time?”

Isis grimaced. “Yes. I spoke with her about it. There are all kinds of things you could learn.”

“I thought I wasn’t smart enough for them.” He remembered Nut’s comments in the past, noting that he would benefit more from the tutors she provided than university study. When Seth had asked why Nephthys, Isis, and even Osiris with his business degree were allowed, she’d said, “They’re different from you, Seth.”

Isis frowned. “You’re one of the most brilliant strategists out there, Seth, and you know that.” Seth recalled that no one spoke up against Nut’s decisions back then, but Isis had railed in private, even when Seth accepted his lot. He wasn’t even sure what he’d study in university anyway. He just wanted to be with his siblings.

He’d even wondered if Nut had somehow known that, and that’s why he wasn’t going to further his studies. Besides, he liked fighting. So it was fine.

Seth laughed, now. “Then how did I not see what Osiris was doing?”

Isis shut her eyes briefly, then said, “None of us did. Even Nephthys and I, with our vast intelligence, didn’t see it. That’s not on you. Osiris was crafty, and he abused his love of us for his own ends.”

Seth sat with that, knowing it wouldn’t undo 22 years of self-recrimination, but… it meant something that she said it, anyway. Eventually he asked, “Nut still wants to recruit me, too, then?” Seth asked, his expression as bland as possible. He could imagine it. Going right back to what he’d been doing before Osiris locked him up.

For your own safety, Seth. You made too many enemies. We both did. I don’t want to see you hurt.

“She recognizes your value,” Isis said. “Plus, she understands what you’ve gone through, she won’t—”

“She *understands?”* Seth laughed, feeling something in his chest *bristle*.

“I understand, Seth,” Osiris had said so many times when they were together, purring in his ear, fucking him or kissing him or doing whatever he wanted. “*You need this. You want this. And it’s hard for you to say. But I’m here. I’ll always be here.”*

And Seth had hated him.

“What does she understand? Was there some 20-year period where her brother raped her repeatedly in a prison cell that I don’t know about?” Seth met Isis’ shocked gaze coolly. He was ashamed of himself, too, recalling that Isis had only been kind to him, and giving. Even Nut was supportive in her own way, giving Seth a place to stay and monetary support for the rescue effort, and who knew what else. He hadn’t heard the details of the operation to rescue him, but he knew it had to be complex and expensive.

But he’d had a lot of time to be alone with his thoughts in his prison, thinking about how all his life, even with his *freedom*, had been in service of Nut or Osiris. A tool. A toy. Both of them treated everyone that way. Osiris had promised things would be different, and look

where that led. Seth knew he wasn't made for much else, but it was truly something to realize just how pathetic all his life had been.

Nut and Osiris had been safe behind their guards while Seth and his underlings went out and nearly got themselves killed time and again on behalf of the family. Neither of them understood anything.

And it was hard, sitting at this table with virtual strangers, talking about his past and his future, and the whole organization of monsters they lived in, as they continued to work for it, like it was *normal*. Like it would go back to business as usual with Osiris ousted. He hated *that* too. Nut had helped make Osiris who he was just as much as anything else. She certainly hadn't stepped in to help him in 22 years, other circumstances be damned.

Isis lowered her head. "I didn't mean… I'm not your enemy, Seth. I've argued with Mother to get her to back down. To give you time to—"

"What? Get over it? See a therapist or two so I can get back to *normal* after *twenty-two years as my brother's fucktoy?*" At Isis' wide eyes, he knew that was too far. He knew Isis had been *trying*, and he was burning bridges as fast as she built them. But there was something cruel in him, buried deep, clawing, screaming, and it hadn't stopped ever since he'd realized Osiris had trapped him. Perhaps it had always been there, under the life Nut forced him into when she pulled him aside after his high school graduation and told him that he had *important work to start*, and Osiris had promised would improve under his rule, but really hadn't. Watching Nephthys moon over Osiris, when Osiris already had Isis at his side. Trying to remind himself he was just a weapon. A tool. It didn't *matter*.

He knew why no one had saved him, and not just because they thought he was dead or it was too hard. Because they could see the thing in him, too, and wanted nothing to do with that. Better to lock it up with Osiris where no one had to hear from it. Where no one would have to whisper, "Be careful, or Seth will go after you." Because Seth was Nut and Osiris' bogeyman.

Seth laughed. "Nut just wants what I used to be. Or maybe she's worried I won't be him because Osiris fucked it out of me or something." Seth grinned, barely seeing Isis' pale face. There were times he'd tried this with Osiris, wondering if he could infuriate Osiris into letting Seth go or killing Seth himself. It never worked, but sometimes Seth still felt it was worth trying, because he stopped *caring* about it all. "I can go right back to it *now*. I remember how knives and guns work, I still have my fists and my feet. Who does she want dead?"

"Seth—"

Seth tilted his head. "I may be out of practice, but maybe that'll save her some money if I just off myself with a botched hit job…"

Isis stood up.

Seth looked at her, and saw she was *angry*, too.

“I’m going to give you space now,” Isis said, her words *very* careful. “Nothing good will come of you picking a fight with me, or me picking a fight with you because… I hate what you’ve gone through and wish you hadn’t, regardless of what Mother thinks.” She shut her eyes and breathed in deeply. When she reopened them, her expression was calm. “If you want to talk about what happened with Osiris, I’m here. You don’t have to be cool or collected for it, either. I know that’s not… that’s not something I should expect. But I’m not…” She grimaced. “I’m not your punching bag.” Then she turned and left.

Anubis stood up and followed her, leaving Horus and Seth alone.

Horus, Seth’s rescuer and bodyguard. Who was Horus there to guard Seth from? Himself?

Seth scoffed, and then looked where Isis and Anubis had disappeared to. “Are they fucking?”

Horus blinked. “No, not that I’m aware. Anubis has a boyfriend.”

Seth laughed. “Good.” It *was* good that Anubis had a life. Maybe he’d get to keep it for a bit before Nut put her claws in him for real, like she did everything.

Horus crossed his arms. “Is there something you need right now, Uncle? Besides someone to bait into a fight?”

Seth regarded Horus with a dark gaze, annoyed at the presumption. “Do you think you know me, because of all those visits Osiris let you make into my cell, to bring me food?”

Horus’ expression was still unreadable, but he said, “No. But you remind me of Mother at times. She’ll bait people into fights, too. She doesn’t do it as much as she used to, but she’s good at it when she wants to be.”

Seth was familiar with it too. When Seth had been younger, when *Isis* had been Nut’s most vocal critic, much of what Seth learned about strategy had been in debates with her. Now he scoffed and got up. “And you’re the calm one, are you?”

Horus huffed a laugh. “I try to be. I’m not very good at it.”

Seth walked over and sat on the edge of the table near him. Horus didn’t budge.

Seth leaned over him. “True. I can tell you’re lusting after me.”

There was a slight twitch of Horus’ eyes. Horus’ cheeks warmed.

It was a guess, really, based on a few things. But one visit, when Osiris had been focused on the food Horus had set up, Seth had noticed Horus staring at Seth’s bared hip peeking through the bathrobe as Seth leaned back in his chair. Horus had looked away when Seth glanced at him, but Seth knew, and didn’t say anything to Osiris.

Seth grinned. “You’re lucky Osiris was so focused on me when you were in the room, but you were better about it there. And now it’s obvious.” No one smiled like Horus did without wanting something. At least not at Seth. He’d seen it at bars and clubs over the years. He could tell. “Plus, sometimes… you look just like him.”

"…I'm sorry, Uncle. I'm young and you're… attractive. It happens. I'll work on better restraining myself."

Seth snorted. "Not been getting any lately?"

Horus smiled. "I've been busy."

Seth tilted his head. "So why don't you go for it? Just take me now."

Horus' eyes widened.

Seth grinned. "I'm weak. I don't know this place. You're Isis' son, and she's mad at me. Go for it."

Horus frowned. "Mother isn't mad at you. At least… it's temporary. And I'm not a rapist."

Seth grinned and moved forward to sit on Horus' lap, feeling an odd juxtaposition of his revulsion at the touch and hunger for something to make all the screaming thoughts in his head *shut up*. It was one reason he used to visit clubs and bars sometimes. A good fuck could quiet things for a while. And Nut wanted him back to how he used to be, didn't she?

And Horus felt nice and strong beneath him. And at least Seth *chose* him, rather than Osiris choosing him. Wouldn't that be funny, if Seth chose Osiris' son as his first fuck after 22 years of Osiris trying to get Seth to choose him *even once?*

Is it revenge if he's dead? Seth wondered. Would this be any different than Seth trying to get Osiris mad at him, using himself as the battering ram against others, when he had no other weapons on hand?

Horus flinched against him, but didn't push him away. He *did* slightly move his head back.

Seth wrapped his arms casually around Horus' neck. "It wouldn't be rape if I asked, would it? Ordered you to? *Bodyguard?*"

"Uncle…"

Seth leaned in and whispered into Horus' left ear. "You want to. I can feel your cock hardening in your pants."

Horus finally used his hands to push Seth back and frowned at him. "You're just trying to use me as a weapon against yourself. And to make me mad."

Seth snorted, annoyed that Horus saw through him so easily. "Maybe I'm just bored."

"There are other things to do. You could read a book. Or watch some television. Or go for a walk in the garden."

"My new prison," Seth said, smiling. "How *grand*."

"It's temporary. Perhaps a couple weeks at most, and then you can go wherever you wish."

“So long as Mother can find me again,” Seth muttered.

Horus sighed. “Yes.”

Seth raised an eyebrow, noting Horus’ grimace. “You hate it, too?”

“Like Mother said, despite what I wanted, I’d have to prepare for officially joining the family, be ready to survive the war. Maybe even lead a branch of my own. Mother is Isis’ current heir, and Mother’s heir can’t be stuck in a *kitchen* now can he?” Horus scoffed, his expression distant and sad. “It could be no more than a hobby. I focused on bodyguard and infiltration skills because it at least let me leave more often…”

Like me, Seth thought, thinking back to how at least his life of travel had let him see other places, other people. Even if it was brief. But he was never *truly* free.

“But… I’m still trapped here, in this life.”

It was what they were all doomed to, Seth though, staring at this young man, seeing the end of his life already, and the way it would be. Had Seth looked like this once? Did Seth look like this now? Anubis seemed more confident at least, but… was that temporary?

“And no one even had to lock you in a room for 20 years,” Seth said, smiling.

Horus gave him a sad look in return.

Seth snorted. “Don’t pity me. I don’t need your pity.” *I have enough of my own.*

“I’m sorry, Uncle.”

Seth scowled. “You know I slept terribly, actually.” He got up off of Horus’ lap and wandered to the hall leading to his room. “Maybe I’m just tired.”

“Is it the bed?” Horus asked, standing up. “I can get you a new mattress or pillows or…”

“I keep expecting to get woken up by him,” Seth said, then blinked, surprised he hadn’t been vitriolic in the reply. “It’s weird to be alone in the bed and realize he’s not going to be there.”

“Do you miss him?” Horus asked, his tone curious.

Seth was surprised at the question… and realized in a way, it was true. He laughed. “This is stupid. It’s so stupid. I hate him. I want to be the one that kills him.” There were tears in his eyes before he was aware of it. “But yes. I think I do, in a way. He wasn’t with me every night. Just most of them. But I still got used to him. And I still hate him. I…” He swallowed and wiped his eyes. “I hate him.” At least the trap had been obvious. It hadn’t been some lie to keep him quiet. No hope of a better future if Seth just did everything he had to. Osiris was never going to free him, but neither was Nut. And he wasn’t standing here, wondering just how much more he could hurt the few people left he cared about to make them give up on him properly, like they should.

He was broken. He always had been.

“I know. I’m sorry.”

Seth smiled at Horus and said, “If you’re so sorry, why don’t you keep me company? You’re my *bodyguard*, after all.” Anything other than pity. Seth didn’t need it. What good was it? It couldn’t *change* anything.

Horus blinked. “Uncle…”

“I’m sober, relatively calm, and an adult. I give my consent. What else do you want?” Really, Osiris would have been *elated* by now and pushed him up against a wall already.

And maybe Seth wanted someone else’s hands to drown those memories out.

“I’m still not sure it’s a good idea…”

Seth scoffed. “Coward.”

Horus frowned. “Uncle, I don’t want to hurt you.”

Seth walked over to him so that they were standing chest to chest and pushed up his feet slightly while yanking Horus’ head down to kiss him on the lips.

Horus was hesitant at first, then shut his eyes and leaned into the kiss. It wasn’t a world-shattering one. But… it wasn’t bad, either. It helped focus Seth in the moment, not whatever screaming thing was in his chest.

When Seth finally broke the kiss, he kept their foreheads together, so they breathed against each other, then opened his eyes, and gazed back into Horus’ slightly dazed blue ones. “Come to bed with me.” He swallowed. “You got me out of there, but I’m still… stuck.” Stuck anywhere. Everywhere.

“…Okay.”

Seth didn’t know what he expected: a clone of Osiris? Something worse? Something better? Horus was almost none of them.

As Horus pushed Seth back against the wall by the bathroom in Seth’s bedroom, his hand on Seth’s left hip to lift Seth’s leg out of the way as he buried his cock deep in Seth’s ass, Seth thought Horus unleashed was almost similar in his hunger, his need, the strength of him. The way he kissed now felt different, though, and he tasted different. Like gentle heat haze on a warm day.

Seth’s hands shoved up Horus’ shirt, revealing a wide, beefy chest with dark nipples. Seth grabbed Horus’ right breast and squeezed, letting his hunger drive him, even though he expected a slap or a harsh word – Osiris had always wanted things to go *his* way.

Horus only groaned against Seth and leaned into the touch. Seth fingers found Horus’ nipples and flicked them, making Horus shiver.

Horus' cock was deep in Seth's ass when he started thrusting back and forth quickly, making Seth bounce against the wall.

Isis is going to hate my guts, Seth thought distantly, even as everything was drowned out by the power tool Horus was working away with. It was a familiar feeling, but Seth hadn't been overwhelmed beforehand, like Osiris always wanted him to be. Osiris had been away, traveling, and Seth had slept on his own without any toys for a few nights. His ass was still loose, but he realized… he was empty, too, and wanted to be filled. He moaned into Horus' mouth as Horus worked him over, feeling waves of pleasure suddenly spike, and cried out as he came all over Horus' shirt.

Horus broke the kiss and leaned down to suck Seth's neck, still thrusting back and forth, even faster, making Seth gasp on every movement.

"H-Horus…" Seth groaned out, squeezing his neck.

Horus bit down, making Seth yelp, and then Horus was coming in his ass.

Seth lost track of time. When he came to, he was laying on the bed and Horus was gently wiping him off with a dry towel. Horus' shirt was gone, revealing his good-looking chest. There was a mark on his lips where Seth recalled biting earlier, but Horus hadn't complained.

Seth reached up to touch the bite on his own shoulder and winced.

"Sorry, Uncle," Horus said.

Seth snorted. He didn't *sound* sorry. Seth lowered his hand and shut his eyes. "Lay down with me. I'm tired now."

The toweling stopped, and then Horus lay down next to him. Seth rolled over to curl up next to him, feeling the warmth of him, the familiarity of someone else in the bed. A different body, a different scent, a different world, grounding him as his mind tried to yank him back to Osiris' home.

Horus wrapped his arm around Seth's back awkwardly, stroking the skin of Seth's shoulders. Even his fingers felt different.

"…Thank you," Seth said quietly, not opening his eyes. He didn't want to see what Horus was thinking. "For getting me out. For… for everything."

"…You're welcome, Uncle."

"…I wish…" Seth felt fingers wiping away tears on his face and didn't even know why he was crying.

"Rest, Uncle," Horus said. "It's been a long day."

Seth laughed. "It has, hasn't it?" He opened his eyes and saw a thoughtful look on Horus' face. "I learned how to use modern computers and phones… and yelled at the few people who care about me. What a day."

Horus grew sad at that. “It’s… We knew things would be bad. We just… It’s not something you can really prepare for.”

“What did you all think had happened to me?” Seth asked. He knew what Nut did to some of her prisoners. She’d raised them all on it, especially Osiris and Seth. Even if she’d given up on him, there had to be guesses about what Osiris had *done* with him.

Horus swallowed. “That he’d killed you. That you’d caught sick and died. That you… *wanted* to be his prisoner.”

Seth assumed that made sense.

“But, despite her doubts, Mother always insisted you would never disappear voluntarily like that, at least without saying. And Osiris… his behavior became strange, apparently. Erratic. He stopped seeing her and Nephthys. He took more visits to your wing. And what he told her about you wanting to stay in isolation didn’t make sense. It was when he refused to let her see you that she really knew that something was wrong.”

Seth swallowed. “Did she…? Did she try to get me out?”

Horus grimaced. “She thought it over, but knew it was futile. Not while she was pregnant. So she ran. And swore to get you back when she could.”

Seth smiled. “Well… that makes sense. It kept you both safe, anyway.”

After a moment, Horus replied, “It’s okay to be mad about it.”

“Oh I *am*. I just…” He might always be angry about it. But he *understood*. Years of being in their organization, raised around ruthless people, and being ruthless himself to get through what he had to do… he understood.

Seth sighed and shut his eyes. “I’m just tired, too.” He smiled. “I was quite well fucked earlier, if you couldn’t tell.”

Horus chuckled. “It was nice, thank you.”

Seth snorted. “Your mother is going to kill us both.”

“Maybe. But she hasn’t killed Nephthys yet for sleeping with Osiris. Even though Mother wanted to for years.”

Seth laughed. “I feel like it’s different when it’s your child.”

Horus’ fingers carded through Seth’s hair. “I’ll talk to her about it. I’m an adult, I make my own decisions. She respects that.”

“A self-respecting chef bodyguard.” Seth opened his eyes and looked at Horus. He was beautiful at this angle. And he looked nothing like either of his parents. Seth smiled. “I like that.”

Chapter End Notes

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