

Unwind

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Additional Tags:	Throne Sex , Body Worship , Praise Kink , Dirty Talk , Caretaking , zuko has a problem and that problem is that no one will get off his ass , so sokka will have to get on it instead , not that he's complaining much , or at all , the care and keeping of your fire lord , it's all fun and games til the pet names come out , then it's amazing , calling the fire lord sweetheart , Porn with Feelings , so many feelings , and yet no plot at all to be found , real talk y'all this is filth , shameless filth
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Unwind

by [Haicrescendo](#)

Summary

“I’m gonna make a suggestion here, and you can tell me where I can shove it if you don’t like it. I’m going to undress you, and then I’m going to blow you, on my knees with you in this throne. And then I’m going to fuck you in it until you can’t even remember your own name. Does that sound good, Your Majesty?”

Notes

THOUGHT Y’ALL’D SEEN THE LAST OF ME FOR A WEEK.

Ding dong you wrong.

Fun fact: I haven’t written anything even remotely explicit since 2013 and this flew out of me like somebody else wrote it. I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOY IT.

Zuko's getting bad again.

There's a tension in his shoulders and he hasn't come to bed in three days. The Earth Kingdom generals harass the hell out of him when they're here, even three years later, and Sokka wonders whether that has to do with the war and what they think they're owed, or whether it's an issue of cultural miscommunication. Three years in the Fire Nation have taught Sokka a lot about how they operate, and *everybody* who deals with Fire Lord Zuko knows that if he goes twenty-four hours without eating something, there's going to be a problem. As it is, he's going on three days without sleeping, and who knows when it was he last ate. He's lucky that he's gotten enough time to bathe properly, much less anything else.

They just don't *stop*, and it's rude as shit, and Sokka's not sure whether they know what they're doing and don't care, or if a three day rotating filibuster about bullshit is how things are done in the Earth Kingdom, but by the end they're all exhausted and nobody's gotten what they wanted, and Zuko's getting *bad* again.

He's even sitting on the throne. Willingly.

Zuko hates that throne. Always has, always will, and Sokka knows that it's because all he sees when he looks at it is his horrible fucking Dad. Seeing Zuko's surly, unhappy face every time he has to be on it makes Sokka want to go have a friendly, Water Tribe *chat* with Ozai. He won't, because it would hurt Zuko and that's not his thing, but oh does Sokka want to.

"Are you coming to bed any time soon?"

Zuko looks up from where he sits, tense and tight against the cushions, and something twists in Sokka's stomach. He looks *terrible*. Still beautiful in that insanely unfair way, but he's clearly exhausted and his hair's coming loose from where he's braided it up wet, and he can't even sit up straight despite the tension in his frame.

He doesn't answer.

“*Sweetheart*, are you coming to bed?” That usually gets him, but not tonight.

Zuko shakes his head very slowly back and forth, golden eyes half lidded.

“No, I’ve still got to take care of— the stupid thing, and I *just* got Kuei’s people off my back about the steel prices. What am I supposed to do, bankrupt my workers just so they can get a deal?” Zuko usually tries his best to be charitable towards his political guests, but he’s past it now, jumping straight to irritated and rustling through the packet of documents in his hands.

Sokka steps forward enough to close the doors to the throne room.

It’s late and Zuko’s sent all his guard away.

“You’ve been awake for three days,” Sokka says, voice gentle. Zuko’s temperamental when he’s like this, but fragile. Pushing too hard will mess him up. “Will you let me help you?”

His lover doesn’t reply, just closes his eyes with a tired sigh, and lets his head thunk against the back of the throne. Sokka approaches him and leans down to kiss Zuko on the forehead. He manages to extract the documents and sets them aside, then kneels, rubs at Zuko’s knees.

“I’ve missed you,” he offers when it’s clear that no answer will be forthcoming, “Please let me help you.” Sometimes, when Zuko gets like this, even yes or no questions can be too much for him.

Zuko sighs again and shifts gingerly in the ornate throne.

“I don’t feel good,” he says, finally. His voice is rough and hoarse from shouting. Sokka’s heart hurts to hear it.

“I know you don’t. Can I take your boots off?” Sokka asks. “It might help you feel better.”

Zuko nods his permission and it’s with care and delicacy that Sokka lifts his left foot, gently removes his boot, then the right one too. Zuko’s body sags, and Sokka presses his thumb into the pressure point on the ball of his foot, and the Fire Lord relaxes, just a little.

“That’s nice,” he says softly, peering down at Sokka from underneath his bangs, “That’s really nice.”

“I’m really nice,” Sokka informs him, “but you’re nicer than me, I think.” He presses down hard on the other foot and is rewarded with a breathy little whisper of a groan. “I’d have told them all to go fuck themselves.”

“Not very diplomatic of you.”

“Not when it comes to you,” he replies. “If I needed to, I’d march myself to Ba Sing Se and tell King Kuei where he can shove it.”

“Please do not do that.”

Sokka doesn’t answer, but he does shift from massaging Zuko’s pressure points to working his hands up his calves, rubs the knots out of tense, coiled muscles that eventually relax under his ministrations. He’s rewarded with another of those gorgeous little sounds, like all of Zuko’s tension is being physically pulled out of him.

“That’s it, sweetheart, *good*,” Sokka croons, “Let me take care of you. It’s okay, you’re fine. You’re doing so good.”

Zuko’s groan pitches into a quiet whine, and he shivers. Sokka rubs his hands up his thighs, soothingly and with purpose. Zuko is a very, very easy person to please, a fact that surprised Sokka to no end when they first got together, but one that over time started to make *way* more sense.

He's easy to please because he doesn't expect anything from anybody and being treated with gentleness still seems to surprise him even after all this time. He turns to jelly over physical affection and verbal affirmation, which Sokka shamelessly takes advantage of.

For the greater good.

For Zuko's greater good, because how the hell could he not?

How's Sokka supposed to resist when something that should be *expected* is constantly taken as a surprise?

How's Sokka not supposed to push those buttons when he knows how much Zuko loves it when he does?

"I'm gonna make a suggestion here, and you can tell me where I can shove it if you don't like it. I'm going to undress you, and then I'm going to blow you, on my knees with you in this throne. And then I'm going to fuck you in it until you can't even remember your own name. Does that sound good, Your Majesty?" Sokka lets the pleasure drop off his tongue like a promise, and Zuko drags out a shuddering, hissing breath, whines high in his throat and reaches out, digs his fingers into Sokka's hair.

They twitch for just a second, like even after all this time he's not entirely sure that it's okay.

Sokka can't have that.

"You can pull," Sokka tells him sweetly, "You're very good at that too. I do need an answer, though. Shall we just go to bed and sleep, or would you like to help me defile this ugly chair?"

And oh, he wants to defile that throne.

He wants to do literally everything Zuko will allow on it, wants to sit on it, naked, with Zuko in his lap and open him up slowly and carefully, and then take him apart. Whatever he wants, however he wants, as much as he wants, but hopefully *everything*.

“Spirits, *please* ,” Zuko says, raggedly, dangerously close to pleading, “Please, Sokka. *Please* .”

“Sweetheart, anything you want. You only ever had to say yes.”

Sokka unties the sash at Zuko’s waist, and allows it to drop the floor, making quick work of his pants, pushing them down pale thighs and all the way off, leaving Fire Lord Zuko in his open outer robe with nothing below. His cock is already at half mast, and Sokka grins up at Zuko, easily meets his eyes before leaning down and swallowing him down.

Zuko arches up into his mouth and slaps a hand over his lips to muffle his startled moan.

“Stop that; I want to hear you, Your Majesty,” Sokka pulls off his dick just long enough to tell him, “I wanna hear all those pretty sounds you’ve got to give me.” Zuko hisses out something that might have been words but gets lost along the way, takes his hand off his mouth. “Very good.”

Zuko’s cock twitches at the praise and Sokka smirks around it, takes his time and just enjoys himself. He presses Zuko’s thighs down onto the throne, holds him still.

“What would people think if they heard you and came to see what the fuss was about?” Sokka whispers with a conspiratorial grin. Zuko *whimpers* and yanks at his wolftail, loosens his grip, pulls again. “I think they’d be so *jealous* of me. I’m almost jealous of me, and I’m the one who gets to be down here on my knees taking care of your gorgeous self.” Zuko *loves* it when he runs his mouth. Why fight what comes naturally? “Do you think they’d stop and watch me fuck you, too? I know I would. You’re so fucking pretty when you’re sitting on my cock. Could watch you for the rest of my life.”

“You can’t just *say* things like that!” Zuko hisses at him, briefly scandalized out of his own pleasure, just for a moment. Sokka beams at him. “Your fucking *mouth* .”

He can, and he will; Sokka is excellent at multitasking.

“I thought you liked my mouth.”

Zuko scowls down at him, but the effect is ruined by the pretty, pretty blush that goes all the way down his pale chest and his wet, bitten lips. Snow and sea, Sokka loves him to pieces. Even when —especially when— Zuko half desperately pushes his head back down to his cock. Sokka teases him a little bit for being pushy, and does little more than kiss the tip for a moment, waiting for Zuko’s irritation to spike before dropping and letting him all the way to the back of his throat.

He’s rewarded for his trouble with a delicious, desperate cry, and his only regret about causing it is that he’s not in a position right now where he can swallow it down himself.

“Good, good, that’s it,” he mumbles and pulls off because he cannot handle not being able to kiss him easily anymore. Sokka gets up off his knees and leans down to kiss him just like he wants, sweet and loving and absolutely filthy, licks into his mouth, “You’re so fucking *perfect* , sweetheart. Like you’re fucking made for me.”

“Are you gonna...?” Zuko trails off. His eyes are blown out wide with lust, and his hands are digging into the arms of the throne. Sokka winks at him, and he squirms.

“Whatever you want,” he says, “But I think that you should ride me.” They’ve never done it *here*, but Sokka loves having Zuko on top; it means he can hold him and kiss him all he wants and even if his lover won’t admit it, he feels safer and more secure when he’s able to be held.

“ *Yes* ,” Zuko breathes and scrambles up enough to let Sokka sit down, throws himself into his lap. His flowing, decadent red and gold overrobe encircles the two of them like a cloak and Sokka pushes it down off his shoulders until it puddles on the floor, leaving Sokka completely dressed, and Zuko without a stitch on him, “Yes. That. I want that.”

“Whatever you want,” Sokka promises and kisses him again, both hands cradling his face and tilting him how he likes. Zuko’s putty in his hands, warm and languid and content. The happiest Sokka’s ever seen him in the throne room in three fucking years. He wants to keep him that way. “Here, lift up a second, baby, I need to—“

Sokka’s so hot he feels like he’s dying, and while he loves the idea of staying dressed with Zuko so scandalously nude, his body demands he takes some of his own clothes off before he roasts. Maybe next time, if they have enough fun here for there to be a next time. Zuko helps undo his own sash, and Sokka pulls out the little bottle of oil he’d brought before he shoves off his own ambassadors robes, wriggles his pants down his legs, kicks them off.

They go flying, but neither of them make a move to go get them.

Sokka’s been hard since he took Zuko’s boots off, and he winds an arm around his waist and pulls him close, grinds his dick against his ass. Zuko gives a soft little hiss of *lust arousal torture* and wraps his arms around Sokka’s neck, buries his face in the soft little spot where his shoulder meets his neck.

“Hey, it’s okay, I’ve got you. I’m gonna take care of you, sweetheart. I’ve got you.” Sokka mumbles and gives a hiss of his own when Zuko shudders and bites down, carefully but with just enough sting that Sokka’s hips rock up against him.

“Love you, *love* you,” Zuko mumbles, reverently, into his neck.

Sokka strokes a hand down his back and tries desperately to not explode with feelings.

“Oh, darling,” he breathes, “I love you too.”

Sokka reaches around Zuko and gives his ass an affectionate squeeze, manages to finagle the top off the bottle, and pours a good amount into his hand. They’re familiar enough with each other’s bodies that Zuko relaxes further at his touch and Sokka takes his time with him,

spending way more time than strictly necessary teasing his hole with a fingertip, giving it to him bit by torturous bit, then another.

Rough and rushed is fun and fulfilling in its own right, but this time Zuko needs the gentleness. Sokka enjoys this process as much as anything else. He enjoys it even more when Zuko throws his head up and glares at him.

“Hurry up,” he snaps, “You’re taking *forever*. ”

Sokka kisses him silent and sharply crooks his fingers up inside him, nips at Zuko’s scowling lips until they soften.

“Be *patient* ,” he murmurs, “I’ll get you there.” Maybe it’s a little bit mean of him, especially when Zuko’s already worked up, for Sokka to rub the tip of his own dick with the free fingers of his business hand and make sure it brushes his lover *just so* , it’s *definitely* mean of him to time the gentle thrusts of his hand with Zuko’s shaky, trembling breaths. He’s so sensitive that he can barely hold himself up.

Sokka helps with that process, putting pressure on his lower back and encouraging Zuko to sag bonelessly against him. He goes, and his whispery whines are like beautiful music in Sokka’s ears.

“You’re being awfully fucking rude,” Zuko huffs, just a little brokenly, wrapping his arms tightly around Sokka’s neck and desperately grinding down on his fingers. “What do I have to do to get you to hurry up and fuck me?”

Sokka grins at him; It’s shark-sharp and toothy.

“Maybe if you said please, I might go a little faster.” He won’t, he’s already decided, but that’s part of the game and they both know it. Zuko *lives* for this shit, and when he’s in a mood like this, it helps for him, sometimes, to not feel like he has to be in control. He can just *be* and let Sokka take charge of him, now that he’s finally let himself get to a point where he can trust him not to overstep his boundaries.

It's a game, but it means something, and Sokka knows the rules.

Zuko does too.

Sokka uses his free hand to push dark hair out of Zuko's eyes, wrapping the strands around his fingers and holding very, very gently. He doesn't pull, because Zuko doesn't like it, but he likes the feeling that Sokka *could* and knowing that he *won't*. Like a lot of things between them, this is a trust thing, and Sokka's proven himself trustworthy. At the feeling of fingers in his hair, Zuko's stopped breathing until finally, a tiny whuff of air escapes him.

His back arches and he leans fully into Sokka's hands.

"Please," he whispers like it's a relief, "Please."

"Good, good, that's *perfect*," Sokka croons, pitching his voice low and silky with promise. "Good job, sweetheart." He emphasizes his words with a firm, solid thrust and gives Zuko another finger, gives him the chance to adjust to it, leans forward and presses his lips to the edge of Zuko's scar. The Fire Lord shudders in the same way every time it's touched and probably will for the rest of his life.

Sokka would like to drag this out for as long as he can but Zuko's starting to shiver from overstimulation, and his eyes are heavy-lidded and dazed. Briefly, Sokka considers just getting him off like this but almost immediately reconsiders.

He does that, after all this, and Zuko might actually murder him.

Sokka kisses him open-mouthed and pulls him close, warm chest to warm, pounding chest.

"I'm going to fuck you now, okay? You ready?"

All Zuko can do is nod and allows himself to be rearranged to Sokka's convenience, whimpering briefly at the empty feeling when he removes his hand.

"Shhh, shhh, we're not done, baby," And Sokka replaces that hand with the head of his dick, lubes himself up, pushes in gently. If this had been happening last year, he'd have had to go way slower than he does now, but Zuko's relaxed and loose limbed and the lack of tension means that Sokka can slide into him to the hilt, drawing gasps from his throat as obvious as words.

"Hah...fuck," Zuko breathes, muffles a High Court swear into Sokka's neck, gloriously hot and gloriously tight around him, "*Fuck* , you feel so good."

Sokka's glad to have both of his hands back because now he can hold him properly, adjusting himself to more easily rock into him steadily, giving him everything he wants.

"Harder?" He asks. Zuko shakes his head and drags his fingernails down Sokka's shoulders, leaves hot tingling sharpness wherever he scratches a bit too hard into dark skin. "Fuck, sweetheart, *fuck* ," And it's cliché as all hell, but Sokka would swear to all the spirits he knows that Zuko was made for him in just about every way possible. He's not going to last long like this, not when he's getting everything *he* wants too, but that's fine. It's not about dragging it out anymore, it's about intensity and fulfillment and tipping Zuko far enough off the edge that he can fall and let himself go.

He presses down on Zuko's hips, pulling him down hard on his cock, kisses him hot and messy and sloppy without caring about anything but how it feels, and when Sokka wraps his hand about his dick and jerks him off, he's already perfectly slick with precome.

"C'mon, Zuko, Your Majesty, come for me. You can do it, you're doing so good, come for me *please* ."

And he does, with a shriek that rips out of him, hoarse and almost pained, painting Sokka's belly with streaks of white and scraping teeth against his shoulder. Sokka fucks him through his orgasm and relishes in the quiet gasps that border on sobs, holds him close and tight.

“Oh, spirits, I’m almost there,” Sokka tells him, “How do you want me?”

Zuko whispers something.

“What was that?” Sokka asks. “Baby, I couldn’t hear you.”

“Come inside me, please,” he repeats, and that’s what does it in the end, because Sokka can fight through a whole hell of a lot but that’s something he can’t handle. He never stood a chance, and Sokka’s own orgasm hits him like a tidal wave, crashing down on his head and washing him out to sea.

For a while, all he can do is heave out breaths into Zuko’s long, sweaty hair. He’d stay here forever if he could, fuck what anybody said about it. Sokka waits until his erection leaves completely before pulling out, drawing a raw, tired cry from Zuko. He’s so tired he can’t even open his *eyes* , and Sokka finds that the image of him, head pillowed on Sokka’s shoulder and arms still wrapped around his neck, so overwhelmingly endearing that he can’t even contain it.

“How are you doing?”

“Good. I’m good. Tired,” is all Zuko can seem to manage.

“Yeah, buddy, three days without sleeping will do that to you,” He tries to sound chiding but fails miserably because Zuko’s fucking precious like this. “Bedtime?”

“Bedtime,” Zuko agrees, already mostly asleep. Sokka snorts.

Of course it’s that easy, now.

He’s lucky he’s fucking cute.

Sokka wipes them both off with the underside of his sash which, to be fair, was already due to be washed. He dresses himself, barely, then somehow manages to get pants on Zuko, bundles him up in his red and gold robes. He's not belting them back up, not when he's literally throwing the both of them into bed and passing out for the next 24 hours.

There's a sweatstain shaped suspiciously like Sokka's buttcheeks on the throne cushion. He stares at it, then flips it over.

Not like anyone would dare say anything about it.

"Come on, time to get up, we're going to bed."

Zuko is cooperative but also massively unhelpful and, in the end, Sokka just scoops him up and carries him down the hall to their chambers. A pair of guards meet him halfway there and Sokka silently dares them to say something about it to him, because Sokka takes a lot of liberties but carrying the Fire Lord, debauched and disheveled through the palace would generally be frowned upon.

Zuko's guards are nothing if not impressively professional. In the end, they say nothing outside of a protocol-perfect *Your Majesty, Ambassador Sokka*, and accompany him all the way back to their rooms, taking positions outside the door when they arrive. Zuko would *die* if he knew that he was seen like this but Sokka knows that they won't say anything to him about it.

Sokka puts Zuko in bed and, for a moment, just stares at him. Even like this he's gorgeous, messy-headed and cuddling around a pillow.

"...What're you looking at?" he mumbles, gold eyes blinking blearily up at him. Not quite as asleep as Sokka thought.

Sokka fights the urge to tease him and in the end, just shrugs.

“Don’t worry about it,” he tells him and slides into bed next to him. Zuko abandons his pillow and curls into him, warm and soft and pliant. Sokka snuffs the candle, pulls him in close. “Don’t worry about it.”

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