

dirty work

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by [dickpuncher420](#)

Summary

*“Did you actually want me for something, or did you just bring me here to seduce me?”
Sokka jokes.*

Zuko smiles, and he leans forward to gently knock their foreheads together. “Can’t it be both?”

—

They have a little extra time before Zuko's next appointment.

Notes

zuko is trans, is on T, and has not had bottom surgery. zuko's clitoris is referred to as his cock.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

“You wanted to see me?”

Sokka raps on the wooden doorframe to Zuko’s office, nodding casually at the guards on either side of the open door. Zuko looks up from his parchment mid-brushstroke, and upon spotting Sokka, his face breaks into a wide grin.

“Ambassador Sokka,” he says, placing his brush to the side. “Come in. Close the door behind you.”

Sokka steps into Zuko’s spacious office, shutting the door with a loud click. ““Ambassador Sokka,”” he parrots. “So formal.”

“Well, I have to at least try to maintain the pretense of a professional relationship, don’t I?” Zuko says. He rises from his desk and makes his way around to stand in front of Sokka. His fingers toy with the lapel of Sokka’s tunic. “I can’t have my council accusing me of playing favourites.”

“Are you saying I’m not your favourite?” Sokka pouts.

“Of course you’re my favourite,” Zuko says, and curls his hand around the back of Sokka’s neck to pull him into a kiss.

Sokka hums happily into the kiss. He tilts his head, deepening the angle, and Zuko sucks gently at his bottom lip before pulling away. There’s a stray strand of hair falling into Zuko’s eyes; Sokka brushes it behind his ear for him, his fingers lingering against the curve of Zuko’s jaw before he drops it to rest on Zuko’s shoulder.

“Did you actually want me for something, or did you just bring me here to seduce me?” Sokka jokes.

Zuko smiles, and he leans forward to gently knock their foreheads together. “Can’t it be both?”

Sokka huffs out an amused sigh, trying not to roll his eyes. “Zuko, as much as I would like to fool around in your office, if there’s actual work that has to be done then we should probably focus on that.”

Zuko sighs dejectedly and drops his head against Sokka’s shoulder. “Fine.”

“Aw, c’mon, don’t pout at me.” Sokka wraps his arms around Zuko’s shoulders and sways them side to side. “Spirits, you’re the whiniest Fire Lord I’ve ever met.”

“You’ve only met one other Fire Lord,” Zuko grumbles, his voice muffled against Sokka’s neck.

“Not important.” Sokka releases his grip and grabs Zuko by the arms instead, holding him at arm’s length. He grins at Zuko’s disgruntled expression. “Alright, up and at ‘em, bud. What’s on the menu for today?”

“Fishing disputes.”

Sokka makes a face. “Ah. Those are always fun.” He walks Zuko back around to his desk and pushes him down into the chair. “Okay, walk me through it.”

They spend the next half hour going over complaints from some southern Fire Nation fishing villages as well as some strongly worded letters from the northernmost villages in the Southern Water Tribe. The waters around the Southern Air Temple have been more or less fair game for the past hundred years, but of course, with the end of the war and the ensuing border disputes, each nation wants to stake a claim on the area. Sokka rubs at his temples, trying to stave off the impending headache, and leans back in the chair that he’d dragged over to sit next to Zuko.

“I mean, I know that they’ve been fishing in those waters for the past hundred years or so, so like, I get why they feel that they have a right to it,” he says, tipping the chair back to balance on two legs. “But doesn’t it seem kind of disrespectful to like, I don’t know, take advantage of the Air Nomads’ land like that now that they’re gone?” He drops the chair back to the carpeted floor with a muffled *thud*. “Like, man, you should’ve seen how angry Aang was when we found those guys living at the Northern Air Temple.”

Zuko nods thoughtfully. “We could write to Aang. Get his thoughts on it.” He pushes the stack of letters to the side, pulling out a blank sheet of parchment. “In the meantime, I’ll write to the Fire Nation fishermen and order them to steer clear of the Air Temple waters until we can reach a decision. You should do the same for the Southern Water Tribe,” he says, sliding a brush and a piece of parchment towards Sokka.

“Sure.” He dips the brush into Zuko’s ink and begins writing, trying to sound as respectful but firm as possible. “I’ll probably have to send it through my dad first, though, so that he can sign off on it. I don’t think I have the authority to be issuing these kinds of orders.”

They take the time to draft up multiple copies to be sent to each fishing village. Zuko then pens a letter to Aang asking for his opinion on the matter; Sokka watches over his shoulder and interjects with helpful suggestions (“Oh, can you tell him to bring back some fresh moon peaches next time he visits? The imported ones are always kind of smushed by the time they get here.”) which Zuko ignores.

“You’re no fun,” Sokka whines. He leans back and stretches his arms above his head, watching as Zuko packs the letters into individual scroll cases and drops them one by one into the pneumatic tube behind his desk. The scrolls shoot away with a hiss, off to the aviary where they’ll be collected and then sent off to their respective destinations. It’s a system that Sokka helped design, and seeing Zuko use it always fills him with a quiet sense of pride.

Sokka waits for Zuko to finish, hands clasped behind his head as he lounges in his seat. When Zuko turns back around, his eyes immediately drop to Sokka’s biceps before he seems to catch himself and drags his gaze back to Sokka’s face. Sokka grins smugly at him.

“Well, looks like we’re done our work here,” he says, not-so-subtly flexing his arms. “How much time do you have before your next appointment?”

Zuko licks his lips, his eyes darting to the clock on the corner of his desk. “Half an hour.”

“That’s plenty of time!” Sokka waggles his eyebrows. “Still wanna fool around a bit?”

Zuko responds by climbing into Sokka’s lap.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Sokka laughs, and then Zuko’s mouth is on his.

They kiss languidly, their lips sliding together, unhurried. Sokka opens his mouth and licks at the seam of Zuko’s lips; Zuko sighs and wraps his arms around Sokka’s shoulders. The feeling of Zuko’s tongue in his mouth, Zuko’s weight on his lap, has heat stirring slowly to life in Sokka’s belly, like a breath blown onto a budding campfire.

Then Zuko lets out a breathy little whine, a flurry of sparks gusting out of his mouth and landing on Sokka’s tongue, and suddenly everything ramps up.

Sokka clutches Zuko tighter, using the grip around his waist to pull him flush against the hardness growing in his pants. Zuko responds by biting Sokka’s bottom lip and then grinding down, thighs clenched tight on either side of Sokka’s hips. Sokka pulls away with a groan; Zuko levels him with a heated stare, his lips pink and wet.

Sokka’s stomach flutters. He doesn’t always know how to react when Zuko looks at him like that.

“What do you want?” Sokka asks. His voice comes out a whole octave lower than usual. He drops his hands to cup Zuko’s ass through his robes, and Zuko arches into his touch, eyes fluttering shut.

“Fuck me?”

“*Spirits*, yes.” Sokka hauls Zuko back in for a bruising kiss. “How?”

Zuko deliberates for a moment. “Mm...on the desk.”

Sokka nods, and goes to lift Zuko out of his lap, but Zuko stops him with a hand on his arm.

“Wait,” he says. “I want to suck you off first.”

Sokka groans and tilts his head back, squeezing his eyes shut. “Tui and La, you’re going to be the death of me, you know that, right?”

Zuko sucks a kiss onto Sokka’s exposed neck. “You don’t seem to mind.”

“Definitely not,” Sokka says, fisting a hand in the back of Zuko’s robes. He sucks in a sharp breath as Zuko nips at his throat, and then sinks to his knees in between Sokka’s spread thighs.

“Been thinking about this since you walked in,” Zuko murmurs, nosing into the crotch of Sokka’s pants, where his erection is already tenting the fabric.

Sokka swallows thickly. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Zuko says. “Love your cock.”

He grips Sokka’s waistband, and Sokka lifts his hips, letting Zuko pull his pants down until they’re bunched around his thighs. Sokka watches, transfixed, as Zuko fists his cock with one hand, leans forward to lick at the tip. He chokes back a moan when Zuko wraps his lips around the head, his eyes slamming shut at the sensation.

“Fuck, baby, you’re so good,” Sokka gasps, winding his fingers into Zuko’s hair, knocking against the crown embedded in his topknot. Zuko moans, deep in his chest, and Sokka’s control slips for a second, his hips stuttering and thrusting deeper into Zuko’s mouth. Zuko inhales sharply through his nose, his eyes widening slightly.

“Sorry, sorry,” Sokka chokes out. His free hand clutches desperately at the armrest of his chair. “Fuck, sorry.”

Zuko pulls back; a string of saliva stretches from his lips to the tip of Sokka’s cock and then breaks. “It’s okay,” he says, his voice rough. “Just wasn’t expecting it.”

“You okay?” Sokka asks. He moves his hand from Zuko’s hair to his jaw, stroking his thumb over the curve of his cheekbone, the rough texture of his scar.

“Yeah,” Zuko says, and turns to capture Sokka’s thumb with his lips. He closes his eyes, sucking and then biting at the skin, and it’s all Sokka can do to not combust on the spot.

“Spirits, you’re so perfect, so good to me,” Sokka babbles. Zuko releases his thumb and bends down to lip up the side of Sokka’s cock, his hand stroking leisurely. “*Fuck*—wanna give it to you so bad, gonna make you feel so good.”

Zuko stares up at him, his gaze burning. “Promise?”

Sokka nods feverishly, his heart jackhammering in his chest. “Yeah, baby. I promise.”

Zuko releases Sokka’s cock and leans up, slotting their mouths together. Sokka moans, feeling unraveled, and cups Zuko’s jaw with both hands to deepen the kiss. The wet slide of Zuko’s tongue against his—the blunt edge of his teeth—send heat curling deep into Sokka’s gut, and he pants hotly into Zuko’s mouth.

“Wanna be inside you so bad,” Sokka mumbles, and Zuko shudders beneath his hands.

“Yeah,” Zuko says, exhaling slowly, like he’s trying to steady himself. He presses his lips to the underside of Sokka’s jaw. “Bend me over the desk?”

Sokka swears, and grabs Zuko by the arms to pull him to his feet. He stands, crowding Zuko back against the desk, pressing him against the hard edge of it as he dips his head to suck wet kisses onto his neck.

He undoes Zuko’s sash without looking, parting his robes to dip his fingers beneath the waistband of Zuko’s pants. Zuko arches back, bracing his hands against the desk behind him,

and bucks his hips forward into Sokka's touch. Sokka pushes past the thick thatch of curls, brushing against his cock—which makes Zuko jolt and whine—and curls his fingers into Zuko's cunt.

"Agni, you're so wet," Sokka breathes, pushing his middle finger in all the way to the knuckle. Zuko lets out a shuddering breath, spreads his legs wider as he leans back against the desk.

"I want you, Sokka," Zuko says, his voice rough and desperate, and it sends such a heady rush through Sokka that he can't help but let out a groan.

"Fuck, yeah, okay baby. I got you," Sokka says, pulling his hand free. Zuko's eyes follow him as he brings his fingers to his lips and sucks them clean. He hollows his cheeks and winks, for good measure, and watches in satisfaction as Zuko flushes even darker. He pulls his fingers out with a theatrical pop, and then grabs Zuko by the hips, nudging him gently. "Turn over for me?"

Zuko goes eagerly, splaying himself face-down over the dark mahogany surface, unheeding of the papers that flutter every which way. He definitely knocked over the ink, but Sokka can't bring it in himself to care, not when he has Zuko laid out so willingly before him, strands of long hair pulled free from his topknot and spilling messily onto his face.

With a nod from Zuko, Sokka curls his fingers into the waistband of Zuko's pants and slides them down to bunch around his knees. He pushes Zuko's robe up and out of the way, gathering the thick fabric around his waist. "You want this off?" he asks.

Zuko shakes his head. "Not enough time."

Sokka checks the clock, knocked askew on Zuko's desk, and swears. "Fuck." He smooths his hands over the curve of Zuko's ass, spreads it apart to thumb lightly at his asshole; Zuko pushes back into his touch, overeager. "Wish I had time to eat you out, but I guess we'll have to make this quick."

Zuko sighs in disappointment. "Next time?"

"Next time," Sokka agrees. "You have a condom?"

"Third drawer on the right."

Sokka leans over to pull the drawer open, pawing through it until he lands on a small tin box. He brandishes it with a triumphant smile in Zuko's direction, which Zuko returns, head pillowed on his arms and watching Sokka over his shoulder.

Sokka opens the box and plucks a condom free, biting his lip as he rolls the thin material down over his cock. He's hard, achingly so, and the brush of his own fingers against his cock shoots bolts of hot sensation up his spine.

"This alright?" Sokka says. He dips his fingers between Zuko's legs, stroking through the wet heat of his cunt.

“Yeah,” Zuko says, sounding breathless. Sokka pushes a finger in, and Zuko’s breath hitches. “I—you can—you can give me more.”

Sokka obliges, adding a second finger. Zuko is so wet that it slides in easily, so Sokka thrusts in deeper, crooking his fingers to press against Zuko from the inside. Zuko moans brokenly, burying his face into the crook of his elbow.

“Another one?” Sokka asks. Zuko gives a jerky nod, and Sokka presses a third finger in, his other hand gripping Zuko’s waist to hold him steady. Zuko makes a noise, a breathy “*Haa..*” and spreads his legs as wide as they can go with his pants around his knees.

“You want me to take those off?” Sokka says, stilling his fingers.

“No, no, it’s fine,” Zuko says. He pushes back against Sokka’s hand. “Fuck, I want you inside me.”

Sokka’s cock twitches, a wave of heat crashing through his belly. “Yeah? You’re good?”

“Yeah. Give it to me, Sokka.”

Sokka lets out a slow breath. He pulls his slick fingers out, wipes them against his cock, and lines himself up against Zuko.

“Tell me if it’s too much,” Sokka says, and then begins to push in.

It feels like all of his breath leaves him at once. *Spirits*, Zuko is so hot and tight, and Sokka tells him so, his hands clenched tight around Zuko’s hips. Zuko moans wordlessly in response, as Sokka eases in, inch by inch.

He doesn’t quite bottom out, but Zuko doesn’t seem to mind, if the way he suddenly keens and scrabbles at the desk is any indication. Sokka pulls out a little and thrusts back in, and Zuko curses loudly, his profile screwed up in pleasure.

“Feeling good?” Sokka says.

“I—fuck, *yeah*,” Zuko gasps. He casts a hand backwards, gripping one of Sokka’s wrists, and guides his hand up towards his back. “Can you—fuck—can you hold me down?”

Sokka’s whole body flushes hot, and he gives Zuko a particularly deep thrust, making him gasp. “Yeah—*fuck*, baby, I can do that,” Sokka moans. He presses his hand between Zuko’s shoulder blades, pushing him down against the desk. Papers scatter in every direction as Zuko flings a hand to the side, gripping the edge of the desk with white-knuckled fingers. There’s a muffled *thud* as the clock falls to the ground.

There’s gonna be one hell of a mess to clean up later, but that doesn’t seem important at the moment.

“Spirits, Zuko, you feel so good,” Sokka says, falling into a steady rhythm. He feels Zuko try to push back against his hand, lifting himself off the desk to test the waters. Sokka puts more

weight into it, pushing him down more firmly, and Zuko whines, clenching around Sokka's cock.

"Your guards are going to hear you if you keep being so loud," Sokka warns.

"Fucking—let them," Zuko bites out.

"Are you into that?" Sokka slows the roll of his hips, letting Zuko feel the deliberate drag of his cock. "You want everyone to hear how much you love taking my cock? You want the whole palace to know what a cockslut their Fire Lord is?"

Zuko lets out a gusty breath and squirms beneath him, wiggling his hips to try to get Sokka to move faster. Sokka pushes him down against the desk again, increasing the pressure just a bit, and continues at his unhurried pace.

"Can you—fuck—can you imagine if someone walked in right now?" Sokka says. "Imagine what they'd say if they found their beloved Fire Lord getting fucked face down on his desk. Spirits, imagine their *faces*." He groans, the idea scratching an itch in the back of his mind that he didn't even know he had.

Zuko whines, loudly. "*Fuck*, Sokka."

"You like that, huh, baby?"

Zuko nods. His hair falls messily onto his face, into his mouth, and Sokka eases the pressure on his back for a second to sweep it back over his shoulder for him. Then, without warning, he picks up the pace again, and Zuko lets out a strangled moan at the sudden increase in intensity.

"You close?" Sokka pants.

"Mm-hm."

"Good." Sokka grins. "Me too. You want my hands on your cock?"

"*Please.*"

With his free hand, Sokka reaches around Zuko's hip, gathering the slick from Zuko's cunt against his fingers and then dragging them across Zuko's cock. Zuko lets out a broken moan, his hips stuttering as he tries to spread his legs even further. Sokka times the strokes of his fingers with his thrusts, and before he knows it Zuko is shattering apart beneath him, his entire body trembling as he bucks against Sokka's hand.

The way he clenches around Sokka—combined with the way Zuko moans Sokka's name, like Sokka is the only thing holding him together as he falls to pieces—is enough to send Sokka over the edge too, and he comes with a shuddering gasp, his forehead pressed between Zuko's shoulder blades.

The room is filled with the sound of their panting as they come down from their highs. Sokka laughs breathlessly, slumped over Zuko's back, and buries his face into Zuko's bunched up

robes.

“What?” Zuko asks. He sounds thoroughly fucked out, and something in Sokka curls in satisfaction.

“Nothing,” Sokka says. “Just—*man*, that was good.”

“Yeah.” Sokka can hear the smile in his voice. “Are you gonna lay on top of me forever, or...?”

“Give me a minute, damn. Can’t a guy catch his breath after coming his literal brains out?”

“Gross.”

Sokka gives himself a few more seconds, and then pulls out, with a sympathetic wince at Zuko’s expression. He ties the condom off, buries it in the trashcan in the corner of the room, and then comes back to put his and Zuko’s clothes to rights.

“Hey. Get up,” Sokka prods Zuko, who is still lying bonelessly across the desk. “We have to clean up, you still have another appointment after this.”

“Urgh.”

Sokka pats Zuko on the back, and then stoops to start cleaning up the mess they made. He gathers up a few stray papers, and then picks up the fallen clock, turning it over in his hands.

“Hey, what time is your next appointment supposed to be at again?” Sokka says.

“Four,” Zuko mumbles.

“Oh, great. Because thats—” Sokka turns the clock towards Zuko, “—literally right now.”

As if on cue, there’s a brisk knock on the door. Zuko shoots up and sends Sokka a panicked look. Sokka just shrugs helplessly in return.

“I—just one minute, Minister Shu,” Zuko croaks. He clears his throat. “Ambassador Sokka and I are just finishing up.”

Sokka snickers into his fist.

“Very well, my lord,” comes Minister Shu’s muffled voice. “I will await outside.”

There’s a mad scramble as Sokka and Zuko try to set the room to rights, picking up loose sheets of parchment and stacking them haphazardly on the desk, trying to wipe up the ink smeared across the wood—and, when that fails, covering it up with a strategically placed folder—and putting Sokka’s chair back into a more appropriate location, across from Zuko’s desk.

Zuko hastily reties his robes, finger combs his hair back into place, and sits back at his desk, trying to look thoughtful as he picks up a brush and stares at a random piece of parchment.

Sokka chuckles fondly, and leans down to press a kiss to his forehead before sauntering over to the door. After a nod of confirmation from Zuko, he swings it open, greeting the man outside with a bow.

“Minister Shu,” Sokka says.

“Ambassador Sokka,” he replies, and steps past him into Zuko’s office. Sokka tries not to grin as he watches his face pinch in first confusion, then shock as he takes in the state of the room, Zuko’s rumpled appearance, the unmistakable smell of sex that permeates the air. He whips around to shoot Sokka a scandalized look; Sokka plasters on his most innocent face and raises a single eyebrow.

“Is there a problem, Minister Shu?” Sokka asks blandly.

Minister Shu just narrows his eyes at him, then turns away with a grumble, slamming the door behind him.

Sokka allows himself a single twitch of his lips. Then, schooling his face back into a semi-professional expression, he salutes cheekily at the distinctly red-faced guards, dusts off his clothes, and strolls leisurely back down the hall.

End Notes

so i ended up making some art for this fic...oops? it can be found on my nsfw twitter [here](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!