

your majesty, my love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14075889) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14075889>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Avatar: The Last Airbender
Relationship:	Sokka/Zuko (Avatar)
Characters:	Sokka (Avatar) , Zuko (Avatar)
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Oral Sex , Throne Sex , Insomnia , Established Relationship
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-03-24 Words: 3,845 Chapters: 1/1

your majesty, my love

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Summary

It should be obscene, the way he's sprawled out on the throne, the picture of debauchery as he stares down at Sokka with heavy-lidded eyes and a flush high on his cheeks, but instead it's just...elegant.

Zuko can't sleep. Sokka knows how to help.

Notes

happy (belated) birthday to my best zukka friend!! i've seen a lot of people come and go in the zukka fandom, but u are an unwavering constant, my rock, someone i can always turn to for amazing art and mutual yelling about my favourite ship. i don't know what i'd do without u. pls take this porn as a token of my appreciation.

on another note: no, there is no actual throne in the fire nation throne room. yes, i added one because i couldn't get the image of throne sex out of my head. ͇_('ヾ)_/_

The Fire Nation Royal Palace, for all its deep reds and yellows, all its plush hallways and lush tapestries, its small fires burning steadily in sconces along the walls, is a cold and unwelcoming place. Even more so at night, when all signs of life have been extinguished. No servants bustling about, no nobles come to grovel before the Fire Lord, no foreign dignitaries out of place in their alien colours. Even the guards, on constant vigil outside the Fire Lord's quarters, are nothing more than lifeless statues. The rich colours of the palace, so bright and vibrant in the light of day, are dulled into something sinister, harbouring shadows within their crevices.

The only sounds are the soft shushing of fabric and the quiet pad of Sokka's footsteps as he navigates quickly through the darkened hallways. It's a path he knows well—one he could probably follow with his eyes closed. A left here, a right there, down through the Royal Gallery... The curtains of the throne room rear up menacingly before him, the royal insignia a dark hulking shape stitched into the fabric. Sokka takes a breath and glances quickly around—no guards, not in this part of the palace—and then slips quietly inside.

It's dark. The only light comes from the Fire Lord's fires surrounding the throne, but they've been dulled down to gently burning embers, and the room pulses with a soft glow, a rhythmic cadence not unlike breathing. Sokka makes his way past the looming pillars towards the raised platform at the end of the room, where a familiar shape sits slumped in the throne.

"Can't sleep?" Sokka calls out.

He sees Zuko sigh, and the embers burn brighter in time with his breath. Sokka can just barely make out his face in the glow. He looks tired.

"You know, you have a perfectly good bed waiting for you back in your rooms. It even comes with a personal cuddler and space heater," Sokka says.

Zuko lets out a quiet laugh. Sokka grins, pleased. He climbs the steps to the throne, taking Zuko's hand when he offers it. Up close, he looks even more exhausted. Sokka can see the dark shadows under his eyes, the unhappy creases around his mouth, the ever present furrow of his brow. His scar looks like it's cracking, peeling and raw around the edges—obvious signs of neglect.

Sokka turns Zuko's hand in his own and presses a kiss into his palm. Zuko makes a quiet noise in the back of his throat, his eyes fluttering shut. There's a small tug in Sokka's chest, and he moves to sit on the arm of the throne next to Zuko.

"You need to take better care of yourself," Sokka says quietly. He lets go of Zuko's hand and cups his cheek instead. The scar is rough against his fingers. He sweeps his thumb gently over the uneven skin, beneath Zuko's eye. Zuko seems to practically melt into his touch, leaning into Sokka's palm and sighing.

"I know," Zuko says. His voice is rough and gravelly with exhaustion. "I'm trying."

Not enough, Sokka almost says, but he cuts himself off. Because he knows Zuko is trying, he really is. It's just that he's trying too hard at everything else. Picking up the pieces of a broken country isn't easy work, and Zuko has spent his every waking moment for the past few years working himself to the bone, elaborating peace treaties and trade agreements and countless other things that come with running a nation. He never stops working, Sokka knows. He wants so badly to do things right—fix every wrong that his ancestors were responsible for.

Sokka lets out a long sigh. “I know you are,” he says, and leans forward to press a kiss onto the top of Zuko's head. He stays there a moment, burying his nose in Zuko's hair, breathing in his scent. He smells like smoke and ash, which means he's been firebending recently. Sokka turns his head and presses his cheek against Zuko's hair.

“You were going through your forms?” Sokka asks.

“It helps clear my mind,” Zuko says. “Reminds me of Uncle.”

Sokka hums quietly and threads his fingers through the long hair at the nape of Zuko's neck. He knows Zuko can't sleep when there's something on his mind. “What were you thinking about?”

“A lot of things,” Zuko says. There's a pause. “You, especially.”

“Only good things, I hope,” Sokka teases. Zuko's hair is soft and silky between his fingers.

“Of course,” Zuko says. “But there are other things, too.”

“Like what?” Sokka lifts his head and looks down at Zuko. The embers have dimmed, leaving his face obscured by shadow, his expression unreadable.

“Well, I mean, you're leaving soon.”

“Mm-hm.”

“And I know you have responsibilities in Republic City, and you can't stay here forever.”

Sokka opens his mouth to answer, but Zuko cuts him off, the words tumbling out of him in a rush.

“Not that I want you to stay here, I mean, I would never ask you to do that, because you have a life outside of—of this.”

“Of what?” Sokka asks.

“Outside of me,” Zuko amends. “And I know it's not important, but I don't know how long you'll be away, or when I'll see you again, and I just...” Zuko fidgets, his fingers twisting together in his lap. “I'll miss you, when you're gone,” Zuko says, his voice quiet. “I miss you all the time.”

Sokka feels something in his chest melt at his words. “Zuko...” He gently grasps Zuko’s chin and tilts his head up towards him. Zuko’s eyes are closed at first, but then he slowly blinks them open, and Sokka’s breath catches in his throat. Zuko eyes look like they’re blazing, a bright gold that burns from within, but at the same time they’re so...*sad*.

Spirits. Zuko is so young, too young to be ruling a country on his own, and Sokka wants nothing more than to stay by his side and lift some of the weight from his shoulders...but Zuko is right. Sokka can’t stay. He has a life of his own, beyond Zuko, no matter how much he wishes that Zuko could be a part of it.

“Hey,” Sokka says, softly. “I’m still here. I’m not gone yet.”

Zuko lets out a long breath and closes his eyes, leaning forward until their foreheads touch. He wraps a hand around Sokka’s wrist, and Sokka’s skin feels like it’s burning where they touch.

“I know,” Zuko says. “Doesn’t change how I feel, though.”

“No, come on, Zuko” Sokka says. He pulls back a couple of inches to look down at Zuko’s face. He looks calm at first glance, but Sokka has known him long enough that he can recognize the unhappy set of his brow, the subtle downturn of his lips. “Don’t think like that. I’m here now. Can’t we focus on being together, right now, instead of thinking about what it’ll be like when I’m gone?”

“I don’t know,” Zuko says, his voice barely a whisper.

“Hey.” Sokka presses a kiss to the corner of Zuko’s mouth. “Zuko, baby. Look at me.”

Zuko’s eyes are like liquid gold when he meets Sokka’s gaze. Sokka feels a shiver run down his spine, electrified. No matter how long they’ve been together, something about Zuko’s eyes always manages to make Sokka feel so helplessly exposed.

“I’m here. I’m with you, right now,” Sokka says. He swallows, his throat dry. “I’m not going anywhere. Okay?”

“Okay,” Zuko says. Sokka kisses the corner of his mouth again, and when he pulls away, Zuko follows him, pressing their lips together. It’s soft and chaste, but Sokka feels warmth bloom in his chest nonetheless, as if Zuko has lit a spark between his ribs.

“Will you come back to bed now?” Sokka says against Zuko’s lips. “It’s late.”

Zuko pulls away and slumps back onto the throne with a tired sigh. “Not yet,” he says, rubbing distractedly at his scar. “I still have a lot on my mind. Not because of you, though. Not anymore.” He gives Sokka a small, grateful smile. “Thank you, by the way.”

“Of course,” Sokka says. *Anything for you.*

“You can go back to sleep if you’re tired,” Zuko says. “You don’t have to wait for me.”

“It’s okay, I’ll wait.”

“Sokka, you don’t have to—”

“Zuko, hey, no. I’m staying. Let me take care of you,” Sokka says. “Please?”

Zuko closes his eyes and leans his head back against the throne. It connects with a dull *thud*. “Fine.”

Sokka reaches out and rests his hand at the join of Zuko’s neck and shoulder. The exposed skin is warm beneath his touch, and Sokka strokes over it, gently massaging, trying to ease some of the tension in Zuko’s shoulders. Zuko exhales slowly, his body relaxing into the seat of the golden throne.

He really is beautiful, Sokka thinks. Even with the rumpled sleeping robe, his hair messy and coming loose from its topknot, and exhaustion written into every line of his face, he looks every inch the Fire Lord he is meant to be. There’s something about the way he carries himself that is irrefutably regal, even sprawled as he is in his ornate throne, lit by the glow of his own fires.

Sometimes, Sokka wonders how someone like Zuko fell in love with someone like him.

“Do you want me to help you take your mind off things?” Sokka says, out of nowhere.

Zuko doesn’t move from his position, but he narrows his eyes at Sokka. “What do you mean?” There’s a suspicious edge to his tone.

“Up to you,” Sokka says. He strokes his hand up the side of Zuko’s neck, and Zuko lolls his head to the side, encouraging his touch. “But I can make you feel good, if you want.”

“I’m too tired for sex, Sokka,” Zuko says, but Sokka can feel the way he perks up at the offer.

“You don’t have to do anything. I’ll take care of you, like I said,” Sokka says. He leans in closer, stroking his thumb over the curve of Zuko’s jaw. “Let me suck you off?”

He feels a shudder run through Zuko, and when Zuko lifts his head to look Sokka in the eye, his eyes are blazing. “Right here?” Zuko says, and darts his tongue out to wet his lips. Sokka feels a thrill run through him at the sight.

“Why not?” Sokka says. “There’s nobody around. Nobody guards the throne room, not at this time of night.”

“It’s *wrong*,” Zuko says. “This is where I meet with my advisors.” Sokka can tell that he’s caving, though, by the way the embers have suddenly burned brighter around them, betraying Zuko’s interest.

“Come on, baby.” Sokka feels Zuko take a deep breath at the use of the pet name. “I’m here with you, right now. Don’t you want to make the most of it?”

“Of course I do,” Zuko breathes.

“Then let me make you feel good,” Sokka says, and with that, he slides from his perch on the arm of the throne, onto his knees between Zuko’s legs.

Zuko lets out a shuddering breath, and the embers surrounding them react accordingly, the light wavering and throwing uneven shadows across the planes of Zuko’s body. Sokka gently nudges Zuko’s legs apart, and he spreads them willingly. Sokka tries to smother the pleased rush that flows through him at the prospect of Zuko so pliant and eager beneath his touch. From between Zuko’s legs, Sokka leans his cheek against Zuko’s thigh, slowly running the flat of his palm over the opposite leg. The fabric of Zuko’s trousers is smooth under his fingertips—the finest quality that the Fire Nation has to offer. Sokka can’t help but grin. Only the Fire Lord would have sleeping clothes that could rival a nobleman’s finest robes.

“You’re not too tired for this?” Sokka asks, because as much as he wants to help Zuko take his mind off of things, he doesn’t want to force him into it.

“No, I’m good,” Zuko says. “Keep going.”

“You want this?”

“I want it,” Zuko says, and reaches down to pull the tie from Sokka’s hair. His hair spills free from its hastily-tied wolftail and fans across his face. Sokka rolls his eyes and brushes it out of the way.

“Really?” he says.

“I like you better like this,” Zuko says, his lips quirking into a faint smile.

“You’re terrible,” Sokka says, but he can’t help grinning back at Zuko.

Sokka lifts his head from Zuko’s thigh, instead stroking both of his hands over the inside of each of Zuko’s legs. He knows from experience how sensitive the skin of Zuko’s inner thigh is, and he feels Zuko tense minutely as he draws closer with each pass. Zuko’s breathing is steady and even above him, but then Sokka leans forward and noses against Zuko’s crotch, and there’s a noticeable hitch in Zuko’s breath. Sokka grins to himself, smug with satisfaction.

Sokka mouths over Zuko’s growing erection through his pants, his fingers continuing to stroke languidly over Zuko’s thighs, up and down, tracing slow, soothing circles. Sokka licks over the shape of Zuko’s cock with the flat of his tongue, soaking the fabric beneath his lips. He can’t find it in him to care, though, not when it’s making Zuko let out these small, pleased sighs, his legs spreading wider with each pass. With his right hand, Sokka abandons his ministrations on Zuko’s thigh, instead reaching up to pull at the tie holding Zuko’s robe closed. Zuko, understanding his intention, undoes it for him, and then Sokka is spreading the robe apart to reveal a smooth expanse of pale skin, marred only by the dull sunburst shape of the scar on his chest.

Sokka leans up to press his lips to the warm skin above the waistband of Zuko’s trousers, running his hands delicately up Zuko’s sides. Zuko shudders minutely beneath his touch.

Sokka closes his eyes, letting the heat of Zuko's body wash over him, listening to the quiet tremor of Zuko's breath as he follows the thin trail of hair with his tongue, down and down...

Zuko lifts his hips and lets Sokka pull his trousers down until they bunch around his thighs. Sokka then sits back, taking a second to simply admire. His eyes roam over the exposed skin of Zuko's thighs, the tight coil of muscle underneath; up over his cock, flushed and hard, nestled in a dark thatch of curls; the flat planes of his stomach and the dull pucker of the scar just above; the sharp cut of his jaw, the soft curve of his eyes, all the way up to the graceful splay of his hair, a glossy black curtain that falls just past his shoulders. It should be obscene, the way he's sprawled out on the throne, the picture of debauchery as he stares down at Sokka with heavy-lidded eyes and a flush high on his cheeks, but instead it's just...elegant.

Something heavy coils low in Sokka's gut.

Holding Zuko's stare, Sokka bows his head and licks a long, slow stripe up the underside of Zuko's cock. Zuko doesn't look away, an almost stubborn look on his face as he holds Sokka's gaze, but Sokka doesn't miss the harsh bob of his throat as he swallows. If it weren't so late, Sokka might take it as a challenge—draw this out for as long as possible, teasing, taunting Zuko with the promise of release, until he's practically sobbing, begging to come.

But that's not what Sokka is here for. He's here to make Zuko feel good, and by Tui and La that's what he's going to do.

Closing his eyes, Sokka takes Zuko's cock into his mouth, slipping down the length as far as he can go, and then back up again, slow and steady. With one hand, he strokes over the base of Zuko's cock, covering whatever he can't reach with his mouth. He smooths the other over Zuko's hip, tracing over the subtle jut of bone, the firmness of underlying muscle. Sokka takes his time, laving his tongue over the tip, tracing haphazard patterns up and down the length.

Zuko moans softly above him. Sokka can feel the heat pouring off of his body in waves, the fire beneath his skin burning hotter and hotter. It's dizzying, intoxicating. Just being near Zuko when he's like this has Sokka's head spinning.

Sokka pulls off with a careful scrape of teeth that has Zuko gasping out a curse. He continues stroking Zuko's cock with his hand, spit-slick and wet, and takes a moment to catch his breath and observe the tableau in front of him. There's a thin sheen of sweat covering Zuko's skin, which gleams in the low light of the fires around them. Zuko has his head thrown back, his hair spilling every which way, and Sokka finds himself captivated by the exposed line of his throat. More than once, Zuko has taken Sokka's hand and wrapped his fingers around the soft skin beneath his jaw, a feverish look in his eyes and a choked out, "*Please,*" slipping from his lips. Sokka swallows thickly, his own arousal growing as he watches Zuko bite down on his lower lip, a feeble attempt to stifle his moans.

"You can be loud, Zuko," Sokka says, his voice low. "There's no one else around."

Zuko shakes his head. "You don't know that," he gasps.

"I do know that, actually," Sokka says. "But suit yourself."

He wraps his lips back around Zuko's cock, and Zuko lets slip a low groan, his hips canting upwards. Sokka feels a twinge of smug satisfaction. He redoubles his efforts, intent on driving Zuko towards the edge. He can tell that it's getting harder and harder for Zuko to keep quiet—his breathing becomes more erratic, more curses and quiet moans slipping through despite his efforts to keep them contained. The noises only make Sokka hotter, and he wants desperately to reach down and relieve his own arousal—but this is about Zuko, so he ignores the ache in his jaw, takes Zuko in as deep as he can then back out again, his lips poised over the tip. One hand strokes steadily over Zuko's length, and the other moves lower to smooth over the sensitive skin of his inner thigh.

“Come on, baby,” Sokka croons, darting his tongue out over the tip of Zuko's cock. “Come in my mouth.”

Zuko lets out a strangled moan. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I want it,” Sokka says. “I want you, Zuko.” He feels a shudder run through Zuko when he takes his cock back into his mouth. Sokka bobs his head, once, twice, lightly scraping his teeth along the length with each pass. Zuko cries out, his hips trembling beneath Sokka's touch, and Sokka braces himself for the sudden wave of heat as Zuko comes into his mouth, the flames around them blazing suddenly brighter.

Sokka swallows it all. It's the least he can do, when Zuko's having such a rough night. And it's not like he minds, anyways.

He sits back, taking a second to catch his breath, eyes closed against the light of the fires. He blinks them open again when he feels something brush against his temple.

It's Zuko, reaching down to brush Sokka's hair out of his face. Sokka gives him a small smile and leans into Zuko's touch, the palm of his hand warm against Sokka's cheek. Zuko's gaze softens, and he sweeps his thumb lightly over the delicate skin under Sokka's eye.

“Thank you,” Zuko says, his voice soft and slightly hoarse.

“You don't have to say that,” Sokka says.

“I know I don't,” Zuko says. “But I mean it.”

Warmth spreads through Sokka's chest, and he wraps his fingers around Zuko's wrist, squeezing once. “Well, you're welcome, then.”

Zuko smiles warmly at him. He still looks tired, but his face has lost some of its edge, his eyes brighter than before. Sokka turns and kisses Zuko's palm, and then he heaves himself to his feet, his knees protesting loudly.

“And here I thought I was getting old,” Zuko says drily, half a smirk on his face. He leans back in the throne, looking up at Sokka standing over him.

“Oh, shut up,” Sokka says. He stretches his arms over his head, feeling a satisfying pop in his back. “We both know you're the one who's going to end up as a cranky old man. I'm going to

stay a dashing young warrior until my dying day.”

Zuko snorts and rolls his eyes. Sokka grins and holds out his hand, which Zuko takes obligingly, pulling himself to his feet. He takes a second to put his clothes to rights, the cloth falling perfectly back into place, not a wrinkle in sight. Sokka can’t help but feel a little envious of the Fire Lord and his expensive pyjamas. He’s sure that he looks worse for wear, despite not having done anything particularly extreme.

“Are you feeling better?” Sokka asks.

Zuko leans up and cups Sokka’s face, pressing their lips together. Sokka leans into the kiss, wrapping his arms around Zuko’s waist to pull him closer.

“Much better,” Zuko says when they pull apart.

“Good to hear it,” Sokka says. He presses a gentle kiss against Zuko’s temple. “You ready to head back to bed now?”

“I think so.”

The walk back to the Fire Lord’s chambers is quiet, but not uncomfortable. Zuko holds a small flame in the palm of his hand, casting a warm glow over the walls of the palace. Sokka holds Zuko’s other hand firmly within his grasp, an anchor in the untethered hours of the night. The guards nod discreetly at them when they reach Zuko’s chambers. Sokka nods back.

The exhaustion seems to catch up to Zuko all at once the moment he climbs under the covers. From beside him, Sokka watches with a fond smile as Zuko struggles to keep his eyes open.

Sokka reaches out and tugs Zuko towards him. Zuko comes obligingly, nestling himself underneath Sokka’s chin, his breath fanning steady and warm against Sokka’s collarbone. He’s asleep in seconds.

“I’m with you,” Sokka murmurs, carding his fingers through Zuko’s hair. “I’m not going anywhere.”

It’s bittersweet. Sokka can’t stay forever, he knows that. He has other things to do, other places to be, his own life to live back in Republic City. His heart might always be in the Fire Nation Royal Palace, in the hands of a certain cranky, overworked firebender with molten eyes and a heart of gold—and that’s okay.

Sokka knows himself—he can’t stay away forever, either. He’ll come back to Zuko, with his rough voice and his calloused hands, his tired eyes and his quiet smiles. His unwavering dedication. His fire, burning bright, always. Sokka will come back to him.

He’ll always come back.

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