

in the throne room

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in the throne room

by [thericeraven](#)

Summary

“Good.” Sokka gripped onto Zuko’s hips and pulled him away from the throne. “I want the whole palace to hear who their precious firelord really belongs to.”

in which Sokka fucks Zuko in the throne room.

Notes

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

“ *Sokka* .”

Zuko choked out a gasp at the firm grip that tightened around his jaw, forcing him in closer to Sokka's own until they were little more than a breath away. He could feel his own breathing picking up the pace as the motion flooded his every sense with Sokka. The smell of sweat and the sea clinging to his skin. The hot touch from his long, slender fingers wrapped around his own jaw. The intense gaze that bore into his soul. His head was quickly filling up with an overwhelming haze that screamed *Sokka* , *Sokka* , *Sokka* .

Now he had no choice but to stare straight into the growing lust in Sokka's eyes, the blue of his eyes darkening with an animalistic glint as Sokka pressed down harder against Zuko, grinding down on where he knew he couldn't be ignored. Zuko's dick was taking great interest in the sudden attention, heat pooling quickly at the base of his stomach. All he could hear was Sokka's breathing, and his own, quickening with the thump of his heart in his ears.

His nails were sinking deeper into the armrests as he struggled backwards, his back digging against the hard wood as he tried to find purchase. Zuko tried to wrestle out of Sokka's grasp, but his calloused hands only clamped down harder on Zuko's skin when he tried to look away. When he tried to escape what he knew was about to come.

“Look at *me* ,” Sokka's voice had simmered into a low growl, his other hand securing Zuko's right arm to the hard, gleaming surface of the throne. Strong arms bore down on his own, pinning him down to the throne as he let out an embarrassingly loud yelp.

The rough command shot a bolt of lust straight down to his dick as Sokka repeated the grinding motion, applying sweet, sweet friction with a torturously slow pace that turned Zuko into a helpless, whimpering mess. He was unable to move, to do anything except shiver violently against Sokka's hands and brace himself for every movement.

“Do you like being held down, *firelord* ?” Sokka drew out every syllable of the title, his voice smooth and heavy and dangerous. He closed the distance between their faces as he drew Zuko into a deep kiss, drawing his tongue slowly over the bottom of his lip, nipping lightly like he was trying to tease the life out of Zuko. “Like being helpless and needy and pathetic for me?”

“Sokka- *aah* !” Zuko keened, his hips bucking up involuntarily, trying to chase every bit of friction he could find. The pressure was just not enough, and it was *killing* him slowly every time Sokka drew out his pace, almost languid in his movement. Sokka's words were enough for him to feel the full force of just how achingly hard he was. Every time he addressed Zuko by his title, it sent shivers of heat flaring down his body, rubbing little promises of pleasure and torture into his groin.

“Already wet for me?” Sokka's breath was hot on his ear as he nipped at the sensitive spot along the lobe, causing Zuko to squirm and writhe below him. His cock strained against the thick, decadent silk of his robes, a dark and sticky cloud staining the red and gold with evidence of his own desire, his own need, his own want.

“Ngh-” Zuko’s groan was cut off by Sokka trailing his kisses down to his neck, marking the pale skin below his ear with bites and licks, tracing the curve of his neck down into dangerously good territory, nosing back the needless layers covering his arms and chest. The heat was building up inside him, rising and twisting through his gut at a dangerous level as he twisted and rolled, the contact good but also *not quite enough* .

“So needy...” Sokka released his grip on Zuko’s jaw and grabbed the hem of his robe instead, peeling the soaked fabric off his skin, exposing his unattended prick to the cool air of the throne room. He hissed when the fabric caught briefly on his cock, the light touch hardly enough pressure as he tried once more to rock up into Sokka.

He wanted to cry at his futile attempts.

Sokka’s own dick was hard in his pants, a smirk spreading easily across his face as he watched Zuko quickly melting into a begging mess. *His* begging mess. He could do anything he wanted to Zuko in this state, take him apart and please him like nobody else could, fuck into him so hard that he wouldn’t be able to sit right when he goes to those stupid fire nation meetings every morning, dick him down until he was *screaming* Sokka’s name into the rafters. The possibilities were endless, and Sokka had all night to play with them.

Zuko was trying to hold back the litany of groans and whimpers that came out of his mouth, the lewd sounds that sounded so *wrong* and weak as they echoed through the throne room, crawling up into the cavernous ceilings and bouncing off the pillars and walls. There was nobody here to hear him except Sokka, but it still made him shudder underneath the weight of his hungry gaze, as if he wanted to devour Zuko with a fire like none other.

“Can’t speak? Can’t ask for what you want?” Sokka leaned in, wrapping his long fingers around Zuko’s dick. Zuko gasped at the sudden contact, unable to string together a sentence through his haze of lust and pure need to express how much he wanted more. How he wanted to sink into the contact, for Sokka to undo him completely until he was sobbing under the pleasure-pain of it all, even if it was humiliating and dirty and embarrassing. His mouth was open and sounds were coming out but none of them were the words he wanted to say.

“Lost your voice already, firelord?” Sokka drawled, pulling another whimper out of Zuko as he stroked his cock nice and slow, working his wrist to angle the callouses on his finger to rub against the sensitive tip that was already sticky with precome.

“AaaH-ah-” Zuko tried to speak, but the pressure was so good and insanely mesmerizing. Ecstasy wracked through his frame as he started to build a steady pressure, chasing the delightful grip of pressure around his cock.

Sokka took his time, playing with the sensitive head, smearing the precome over his slit as he continues licking and nipping at Zuko’s neck. The intense sensation took over his senses, his whole body lighting aflame as his hips jerked up to thrust into Sokka’s fist. He was close now, he could feel himself being pushed right up to the edge, almost about to tip over, but he was not ready for the night to end.

“Wa-wait, *Sokka* ,” Zuko practically chokes out his name, and Sokka’s dick twitched at the way he said it. With such longing and want, like his name was a water to quench Zuko’s

thirst, and it made him heat up even further inside. His own dick twitched with neglect, and he wanted to just pull it out and relieve the unhelpful pressure that his tight pants provided, but he still had a firelord to undo.

“Use your words,” Sokka said, slowing down his pace and giving Zuko a chance to speak. There was a knowing look on his face, like he was waiting for this moment.

“Want-” Zuko breathes, barely able to speak up through the tight coil of heat in his abdomen, threatening to burst if he kept staring at Sokka’s lust-filled eyes and thinking about the heat of his lips over his neck. “Want it.”

“Want what?”

Sokka was going to make him beg.

“Want your cock---” Zuko’s voice hitched when Sokka applied a particularly delicious long stroke down to the base of his cock, rubbing against his balls.

“You’re going to have to be louder than that, *firelord*,” Sokka murmured, his breath catching on the inside of his ear and Zuko nearly came right there on the spot.

“Want you to fuck me with your cock--” Zuko moaned, his mind barely hanging on as Sokka removed his hand from his cock. He whined at the lost touch. Dignity be damned. He was too far gone, lost to the desire bubbling up inside his chest, a tight vice around his pride that loosened with every stroke Sokka made. He was starting to feel agitated, the lack of satisfying pressure breaking him down and opening him up until he was feverish with desperation. “Want you to fuck me until I’m sore, to fuck me until I’m screaming your name, to fuck me until I can’t breathe and I see stars. *Please*, just fuck me already!”

“So soon and you’re already begging for my cock,” Sokka said, looking too pleased with himself. Finally, *finally*, he could whip off his pants and release the aching strain of his own dick, but he wouldn’t give Zuko what he wanted that fast. No, he was not done yet.

In fact, the night was far from over.

“Get down on your knees,” Sokka directed, his voice still and composed, a stark contrast to the high and guttural sounds that Zuko had been making earlier. It only served to remind Zuko of how much control Sokka had over him right now, how much Sokka could give or take away from him. It made him shiver in anticipation.

Zuko complied, dropping quickly to the carpeted floor, his back to Sokka.

Sokka took a whole moment to himself to admire Zuko’s pale ass, positioned to face him like a gift, like something that was bestowed upon him by the gods. And he was going to take full advantage of it. The sight sent his hand shooting instinctively to his dick, but he resisted the urge.

Zuko buried his face into his hands, trying desperately to ignore the ache in his cock as he waited for Sokka to make his next move. The throne in front of him was a gleaming, shiny

gold, cleaned and polished to the point that he could see his own face in it. He could see the flush of red in his entire face and the dark marks littering his neck. He could see sweat beading on his forehead and his own hair pressed up against it. The sight of himself looking so utterly disheveled as he braced himself against the soft carpet made him even more turned on, the temperature rising under his skin. Something was seriously wrong with him.

He could hear the wet squelch as Sokka's fingers entered him, and the lewd sound sent a shudder up his spine. It echoed through the room, and for moment he tensed, cutting off all sounds that came out of his mouth. It was as if he was waiting for someone to just walk in and see him doing... *this* . To see him getting taken apart and absolutely giving himself up to Sokka. To see him at his most vulnerable state as he was prepared to submit to pleasure.

Sokka crooked his fingers as he started to thrust them deeper into Zuko's tight hole, his steady pace willing Zuko to relax. He massaged it open, his fingers working into the tight muscles and rubbing up inside the sensitive walls. Sokka had always been talented with his hands, and had gone on to pick up many skills that required dexterous and nimble finger movements. He just didn't specify exactly *what* kind of skills.

The moans coming out of Zuko were not doing anything to help Sokka's dick.

Zuko rolled his hips back onto Sokka's fingers, now three inside him, as he tried to get them to go deeper into him, to rub against his walls and against the right spot.

"You're so thirsty for my fingers," Sokka chuckled. "It's like you don't want to wait for my dick."

"Nnh--no-" Zuko gasped, his face lifting out of his hands. "Want--"

He couldn't finish his sentence when Sokka's fingers hit his prostate, eliciting a deep moan that cut off all coherent thought to his brain.

"You're so beautiful like this," Sokka continued. "Love to see you squirm and beg and moan."

"--need it now," Zuko groaned. He couldn't take this any longer. "*Please* , just fuck me already!"

Zuko was trying his best to stay upright, his thighs trembling from staying in the position, his cock throbbing with need. He was now in perfect view of the reflection, and he could see the depraved look in his eyes as he begged and begged for Sokka to fuck him, almost couldn't recognize the desperate face in the reflection. He could see Sokka smirking behind him as he worked Zuko's hole open, and that made him even harder, if that was possible.

"Do you want to cum by my cock?" Sokka leaned in, a breathy whisper grazing Zuko's ears once again. But this time there was a slight rasp in his voice, as if Sokka couldn't hold it in any longer too.

"*Yes* , I want it-" Zuko was panting now, his breath coming out in spurts. "Want to cum so badly, want you so badly, *please* just--fuck, fuck me!"

He almost shocked himself with just how loud his words were. They rang through the room, rang through his ears, clear as day.

“Good.” Sokka gripped onto Zuko’s hips and pulled him away from the throne. “I want the whole palace to hear who their precious firelord really belongs to.”

Zuko nearly fell forward, Sokka’s grip steering him towards the long, wide stairs leading up to the firelord throne. Now he had a clear view of the huge room, the ceiling high and the carpet long. The gilded pillars guarded both sides of the room, and he was facing the doors now. The same doors that anyone could walk in through, could walk in and see him at any moment. Surely his noises had woken someone up and it was at any moment they could come in and-

Sokka slammed himself into Zuko. He didn’t give Zuko any time to adjust to his length, the walls clenching around his cock as he pushed into his tight and wet hole.

Zuko nearly screamed.

He didn’t have any time to react before Sokka was pulling out and slamming back in, pushing into Zuko at a bruising pace. He put all his power and strength into his thrusts, watching mesmerized as Zuko’s hips bounced up and down onto his own cock, smeared with sweat and precome and lube. It was an incredible sight.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” Sokka breathed out as he continued to build up his thrusts. Zuko was so hot and tight around him, the heat a delicious sensation on his hard cock. “What would your subjects say if they knew their firelord loved getting fucked by a water tribe peasant? What if they knew you loved the feeling of a dick shoved up into your dirty little hole? What if they knew you liked fingers thrusting up into your ass and making you scream? *What would they say if they heard you screaming my name ?*”

Zuko bit back a moan at his words. He could feel himself getting closer and closer, the tight heat building up inside him as he rocked his hips backwards onto Sokka’s cock, impaling himself on the impressive length. It felt so big and so filling inside him, pounding against his walls and angling to jostle his prostate occasionally, which made him scream with pleasure. He was so full with his cock, and with a rising blend of pain and pressure as Sokka was not giving up his speed. Sokka seemed determined to come before Zuko as he purposefully missed the sweet spot with his powerful thrusts, chasing his own release.

Tears were spilling out of his eyes, the noises that came out of him high and desperate. He was screaming and begging and sobbing all at once, the sounds tearing through his chest as he heaved in breath after breath. He wanted to cum so badly, his hips rotating desperately against Sokka’s own, his hands clawing at the carpeted floor, the scratching sound echoing through the room along with the wet squelches that rang through his own ears. If he hadn’t woken up anyone with his screaming before, he certainly would now.

“Sokka, *please* .” Zuko had been reduced to a sobbing mess, tears streaking down his face and onto the carpet as he threw his head back and tried to rock back onto Sokka. He needed to cum. He felt like he was going to explode, or die, whichever came first. He looked like an absolute wreck, and Sokka found it very hot.

“*Fuck*.” Before he knew it, Sokka sent one powerful thrust deeper into Zuko, angling it to slam against his prostate, which had him seeing white for a second. Then he was burying himself deep inside Zuko as he fell over the edge.

Zuko had never come so hard in his life. He could see sounds and hear colors as he felt the pleasure exploding inside him when Sokka hit his spot. His back arched impossibly high as his hole clenched tight around Sokka’s dick, and the next thing he knew he was coming so violently that he couldn’t take in any air. It felt like it would never end, his entire body convulsing and his elbows giving out. He fell face-first onto the carpet, spilling his cum all over the carpet, white streaks over red, damning evidence on display.

Sokka listened to Zuko screaming below him as he rode out his own orgasm, spilling his cum inside him. He was sweating too as he pulled out his cock. He was satisfied looking at Zuko’s flushed hole, his own cum leaking out of it. It was like a work of art, and when he looked at Zuko’s red skin and his now boneless body sprawled out across the carpet, he could definitely say that Zuko was a work of art.

“That was,” Zuko tried to get up, but Sokka patted him back down, letting him lie back down on the carpet. It was like all the energy had been sapped from his body and replaced with post-coital pleasure. “So good.”

Sokka made a noise of affirmation, trying to catch his own breath. Even he had to admit that was intense. He focused on his breathing, trying to absorb that they just *did that*.

He turned to Zuko.

“Did I hurt you?” He was a little quieter now that the room had turned silent once again. They were alone in the empty throne room now, no one having come knock down the door and looking horrified. Only their own panting and breathing filled the large space, both of them sitting in silence for a while, coming down from their high.

Zuko stared at him with a look that held such a tenderness it surprised Sokka.

“No, no you didn’t,” Zuko affirmed. “I liked it.”

“Good, good. I liked it too.”

Sokka turned to look at Zuko, still admiring the deep flush across his cheeks.

Zuko really was beautiful.

“You’re still dripping with my cum,” Sokka remarked, breaking the silence. “So is the carpet.”

“You kinky shit,” Zuko retorted, aiming a weak swipe at Sokka’s knee.

“You’re one to talk, *firelord*.”

End Notes

first nsfw work + not edited/beta read so we just die like that one dude avatar kyoshi killed I guess.

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