

blessed be

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by [bluerosebouquet](#)

Summary

“Have you ever?”

Shane glanced at him, as though looking at him for too long was too much of a temptation.

“What?”

“Violated your vows?”

He watched his breath speed up. It would be imperceptible if Ilya wasn't so focused on every detail of him.

“No,” he said too quickly, so Ilya knew it was a lie. He leaned forward, so close that his chest brushed his shoulder.

“You are a bad liar, Father.”

Or, a sinner and a priest fall for each other in a house of God.

Notes

You expect me to see a manip of Hudson with a priest collar on and not write this filth? Come on now.

I am not Catholic and literally just went based on vibes and what I think is hot so...lol

Link to the photo [here](#)

Listened to [this song](#) essentially the entire time I was writing

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

Ilya was drunk. Lonely and drunk.

It was freezing in Boston, one of those nights where the cold bypassed all layers, sinking immediately to bone.

He had stumbled out of the bar he had been drinking in after last call, and was weaving his way down the pavement, trying to figure out his way back to his house.

His mother's voice echoed in his head, calling to him down a half-familiar tunnel.

Ilya. Ilya. Ilya.

"Fuck," he wiped his eyes as tears burned hot, before immediately freezing, rivulets of ice running down his face.

He wasn't going to make it home, not like this. He needed to find a place to duck into, even just to sober up so he could call a car.

As if from the divine intervention from God himself, Ilya looked up from the frozen sidewalk to see himself in front of a small, nondescript church.

His numb brain didn't even think about it before he was stumbling up the steps and trying the door.

He was surprised when it swung open easily, and he stepped inside, shaking uncontrollably from the cold and the sting of his own bitter memories.

It was a small place, just one room, with rows of old wooden pews on either side, leading up to a pulpit with an organ that dominated the center of the space. He could see a single confession booth to the side of the room, and a set of stairs leading to a choir loft on the other.

A stained glass mural of Mary and the baby Jesus glimmered mutely from the light of a street lamp outside, but besides that and the candles lit in corners, it was very dark.

He rubbed his forehead, everything feeling fuzzy. If he just sat down for a few minutes, he could pull himself together enough to call an Uber.

He had barely moved an inch before a voice made him jump,

"Can I help you with something?"

Ilya looked around, catching sight of a shadow next to a door nearly obscured by the organ. Ilya couldn't make him out in the darkness, but he had to assume that he wasn't happy that a stranger had just walked into the doors of his church at three in the morning.

"Sorry," he muttered, "I know you are not open."

“We’re always open,” the man moved closer to him, and the low light of the candles played across his face. Ilya’s breath caught in his throat.

He was the most gorgeous person he had ever seen. His hair was jet black, and long enough that it brushed down towards the top of his spine, and framed his forehead, so that Ilya’s gaze tripped down towards his eyes, which were brown and framed by long lashes. Ilya could see the glint of silver earrings in his ears, and his perfect, freckled nose pointed down towards full, pretty lips and a strong chin. He was dressed all in black, except for the white of the priest’s collar in the center of his throat.

Most of all however, there was a gentle sort of demeanor about him; someone that Ilya could see himself feeling comfortable talking to.

He realized he had been staring at him for far longer than was appropriate. He cleared his throat loudly and looked away, across the hewn wooden pews and up towards the pulpit.

He had never spent much time in church. His father had been more interested in getting him on the ice as much as possible. But he had gone a couple of times with his mother, when she had been able to sneak him out of practice without his father noticing.

He remembered her soft hand in his, her voice, clear as a bell, singing quietly beside him.

This place was nothing like the cathedral she would take him to in Moscow, but the quiet reverence remained, so that he thought he might see her sitting a few rows in front of him, listening intently to a sermon, the crucifix he now wore around his neck clutched in her hand as she prayed intently.

“Sorry,” he said again, moving back towards the door, not sure if he was trying to get away from the man or the ghosts.

“You don’t have to be sorry,” the priest said, moving closer to him. He gestured to a pew in the back of the church, “Would you like to sit?”

“Uh,” not really. Ilya should go. He should stumble his way home and collapse into bed and try to forget how fucking sad he felt. Instead, he met the priest’s eyes, and sank wordlessly.

He smiled slightly, sitting down next to him.

“I’m Shane,” he held out his hand, which Ilya took.

“Ilya.”

“Nice to meet you, Ilya,” Shane said, and he tried not to notice how nice his name sounded in his mouth.

“Hm.”

He was being rude, but it was either that or flirt, and he probably shouldn’t flirt with a priest in church. That was a bridge too far, even for him.

Neither of them spoke for a long moment, before Shane said,

“Do you live in Boston?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, in some surprise at the odd line of questioning, “I play hockey here.”

“Oh, that must be interesting.”

“Not really.”

He gave a shocked little laugh, and it made his eyes crinkle in a very attractive way.

“What brings you to this part of town tonight?” he asked when he had recovered himself.

“Drinking,” Ilya said shortly. It was perfectly true. Svetlana had just informed him that she was moving to New York, and though it was only a couple of hours away, Ilya had rarely felt so alone.

He hadn’t been able to stand his empty house, and had grabbed the keys to his favorite Porsche, jetting downtown until he found a bar that he was absolutely sure no one would recognize him, and drank until he no longer recognized himself.

The car was probably going to get towed in the morning. Fuck.

“Any reason in particular?”

Ilya stared at him, trying to figure out his angle.

“My friend is moving,” he surprised himself by spitting out the truth, “She is my only friend from Russia here.”

“I’m sorry,” he sounded sincere, “How far?”

“Just New York,” Ilya tried to head him off before he could tell him that distance was nothing, “But I- I am used to having her here. I will miss her.”

“That makes sense.”

“And now I am here, and I have not been in a church since I was a child. I am not even Catholic.”

“I won’t hold it against you.”

Ilya couldn’t help the laugh that escaped his throat at the joke. Shane beamed, bright and beautiful like a full moon.

“You can talk about whatever you’d like,” Shane continued, “We also don’t have to talk at all.”

Ilya’s eyes found his, clear and brown and beautiful. Fuck, he was *beautiful*.

“Are you the night shift priest?”

Shane laughed again.

“No, it’s just me here. But I leave the door unlocked in case- Well-”

“In case a sinner wanders in?”

His mouth lifted, even as his eyes dragged down Ilya’s face in a way that mirrored his own.

“Something like that.”

As the winter wore on, Ilya found himself going back to see Shane again and again. Always late at night, and almost always after Ilya had been drinking, at least a little bit.

He liked having someone to talk to. About home, about his father, about his team. He kept his mother away from their conversations, even though the temptation to mention her was growing by the day.

Shane, in turn, was quiet about himself, usually turning the subject back to Ilya any time he tried to ask something personal.

But Ilya was an astute person, and he had picked up some things, things that he didn’t think Shane even knew he did.

He played with the rings in his ears if he was listening particularly hard, and would scratch absently at his nose if he was thinking about the best way to respond. His leg bounced constantly, and he seemed determined to be perfect in his ministry.

It was endearing. Not to mention sexy as hell.

Ilya liked making him blush, liked making him turn away or shift in the pew. It was fun to play the game with him.

Because Shane *did* play back. An arched eyebrow, a cutting remark, the feeling of his fingers along Ilya’s arm...it was like a fire, hot to the touch.

Ilya was not stupid, he knew that Shane wanted him, maybe even a fraction as much as Ilya wanted Shane, but he was so dutiful, so devoted to his church; he didn’t think he could get him to break easily.

It wasn’t going to stop him from trying though.

“Can you kiss people when you are a priest?” Ilya asked the question out of the blue, one frigid January night, trying to catch him off kilter. Fortunately, he knew Shane well enough to know just how to do that, and Shane flushed scarlet, reaching up to tug on the silver hoops in his ears.

“I- No.”

“I kiss your hand,” he pointed out, scooting closer to him, “How is it different?”

“It violates my vows.”

He said it with such finality that Ilya nearly drew back. He thought fast, wanting to keep moving, but not wanting to scare him off. After a moment, he said,

“Have you ever?”

Shane glanced at him, as though looking at him for too long was too much of a temptation.

“What?”

“Violated your vows?”

He watched his breath speed up. It would be imperceptible if Ilya wasn't so focused on every detail of him.

“No,” he said too quickly, so Ilya knew it was a lie. He leaned forward, so close that his chest brushed his shoulder.

“You are a bad liar, Father.”

“*Fuck*,” the word was punched from his lungs, and Ilya grinned.

“Dirty mouth in a house of god.”

“You're one to talk,” his voice shook slightly, and he was still watching the pulpit resolutely, not meeting his eyes.

“You can tell me,” Ilya urged him, gauging his reaction, “What you did.”

“I didn't-” Shane's head swiveled around, even though they were quite alone, as usual, “I said I *didn't*.”

“And I said you are a bad liar.”

Shane opened his mouth, like he wanted to argue, but no sound came out.

Ilya watched him struggle, amused, before he said,

“What was it? Is like confession. I'll be the priest this time.”

He swallowed with a click. Then, all at once, he seemed to lose whatever internal battle he was fighting, and he spoke,

“I've-” he closed his eyes, “Succumbed to the sin of lust.”

Ilya's heart had started thumping loudly in his chest. He had never thought things would get this far, and found that, for the first time, he had no idea what to do next.

He waited for Shane to say more. He *needed* him to say more.

“I have-” his eyes opened, and cut towards him, “Lusted after a member of my church.”

Ilya felt like the entire world had ground down to a single point: where their knees were touching in the cool wooden pew.

“I have...broken my vows of chastity thinking of him.”

Ilya still said nothing.

“He tests me every time he walks in the door. Tests my resolve, my faith, my commitment to the cloth. But I am wavering. I waver every time we touch.”

Ilya decided to push farther. He reached out, sliding a hand up Shane’s thigh. He shuddered, and Ilya could feel the heat of his skin through the dark fabric.

“I long for him,” the tendons in Shane’s neck stood out as he clenched his jaw, and Ilya’s fingers moved to the zipper of his pants, “More than I have ever longed for anything.”

In one smooth movement, he slid off the pew, and settled himself between Shane’s legs, eyes on his, asking for permission.

“He could do anything to me,” he whispered, his eyes locked with Ilya’s, “And I would not be able to deny him.”

It was Ilya’s turn to speak now. He wasn’t going to move another inch if he wasn’t sure.

“Do you want it?” he asked, voice low, almost rough.

“Yes.”

“Will you take it?”

The moment hung in the air, suspended between them, and Ilya waited, holding his breath.

Finally, Shane leaned down, tilting his face upward, and brushed their lips together.

It was the only answer Ilya needed.

He kissed him back voraciously, tongue sliding in his mouth, and his hand coming up to tangle in his soft hair. Shane froze underneath his hands for a moment, before he was melting, pulling Ilya closer, fingers threading against his scalp.

It was more than he had dreamed of, and Ilya had spent a lot of time dreaming about this. Shane’s lips were soft and pliant against his, and he opened his mouth willingly, allowing Ilya better access. He licked a moan out from behind his teeth before breaking away, kissing his way back down to his previous position on the floor.

He looked up at him through his lashes. He knew what he was working with, and he was going to use the full extent of it right now.

He pulled down the zipper on Shane's pants, popping the button open, and reached his hand inside, freeing his hard cock from his briefs.

Shane pushed out a breath at the contact, and Ilya smiled.

It was hard to see details in the candlelight, but Ilya could tell that Shane's cock was as perfect as the rest of him. Experimentally, keeping his eyes on Shane's face the entire time, he licked slowly around the head, swirling the precum already beading at the tip.

Shane's hand tightened in his hair, and he rocked his hips up, trying to get Ilya to take more of him.

"Come on, Father," Ilya taunted, unable to resist, "Someone might think you're desperate."

"I am," he said through gritted teeth, "Fuck, *please*."

Ilya grinned again, thrilled at having him like this, already so close to coming apart under his hands.

Slowly, as slowly as he could, Ilya took Shane into his mouth. He knew he was good at giving head, but this was more important. His divine mandate.

He snorted to himself as he thought it, and Shane's eyes met his, wide and worried.

"What?"

"Nothing," he pulled off of him, reaching up to pat him on the cheek, "Stupid thought."

Without waiting for him to respond, he swallowed him down again, until his nose was pressed against Shane's pubic bone.

"Shit," he cursed, throwing his head back at the feeling of Ilya swallowing around him, "Fuck that- That's so good- Please more- I want- More-"

Ilya was more than happy to oblige, and began moving up and down, at times pulling off so much that he could spit on the head of his cock, others just holding still as Shane shallowly thrust up into his mouth.

"Oh fuck-" Shane's voice had taken on a higher pitch, and Ilya could tell he was about to come. He was tempted to let him, but...

He pulled off of him slowly, grinning as he saw the shock and disappointment crossing his face.

"Why," his chest as heaving, "Did you do that?"

"I want to fuck you, Father."

Shane's expression changed rapidly. At first, there was something close to fear there, before it shifted into desire, burning in his eyes.

He nodded jerkily, and Ilya sat up, kissing him deeply, so that he could taste himself on Ilya's tongue. He moaned, loudly enough that it echoed against the high ceilings, and Ilya could feel it in his chest, all the way down his fingers, zapping through every nerve.

He wanted to give him everything, right here, right now.

"I want-" Shane was looking down at Ilya's own hard cock, "I want-"

He didn't seem to be able to say the words, but Ilya didn't need him to. He shook his head, thumb rubbing at the crease between his eyebrows.

"I want to fuck you," he said again, more gently this time, "That can happen later, hm?"

Shane perked up at the idea of "later" and nodded eagerly, scrambling as Ilya shoved his pants down his legs, sitting back on the hard pew. It wasn't ideal, but he didn't really want to fuck him in front of the pulpit.

At least, not yet.

He pulled Shane into his lap, humming at Shane, who was naked now, all gleaming skin in the low light.

He seemed to crave Ilya's approval, and his pupils were blown wide as he settled onto his lap. It was almost too uncomfortable, but Ilya was willing to power through the discomfort if he got this.

"Are you going to let a sinner like me fuck you like this?" he asked, knowing he might be pushing too far, but unable to resist it, "In your house of god?"

Shane whined, panting above him.

"Yes," he was begging, and Ilya thought it might be the most beautiful thing that he had ever heard, "Please Ilya, fuck me."

Ilya groaned, fumbling in his pocket for his wallet, and drawing out a condom and a packet of lube. Shane's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"You just- Have that in your wallet?"

"You can never be too prepared," Ilya raised his own eyebrows at him suggestively, and Shane blushed.

"You don't have to-" he pointed at the condom before breaking off and looking like he wanted to disappear into the floor, "Never mind."

"What?" Ilya tilted his head to the side, trying to figure out what he wasn't saying.

It hit him like a ton of bricks.

“You want me to fuck you *raw*?” he could hardly believe his good fortune.

Timidly, Shane gave the smallest nod, and Ilya pulled him in for another kiss, messier and wetter than before.

“I’ll fuck you raw,” he said, using half the packet for his fingers, “If that’s what you want.”

“Yes,” Shane sighed, sounding nearly relieved when Ilya shifted them so he was nearly laying across the pew. He took his time, opening him up slowly, savoring the noises that came from deep in his chest. Ilya got him right there again, just to the edge, before he was pulling his fingers out and positioning a nearly boneless Shane above him again.

“So good,” Ilya crooned, pressing a kiss to the hinge of his jaw, “I go slow.”

Shane said nothing, but nodded frantically. Chuckling, Ilya lined up his cock, and brought Shane down onto him.

Their moans tangled together in the air, tied up with one another, and Shane’s hands were in his hair again. It was all Ilya could do not to just thrust up into him, fuck him with abandon.

But he may only get this once; he wanted to savor it.

“Please,” Shane said again, his voice high and thin, “More.”

“Greedy,” Ilya managed, even though he was nearly as wrecked, “Fuck, like that.”

He ground his teeth together, but did not stop until he was fully inside him. It was bliss, having Shane on his lap, feeling him everywhere, all around him. His breath was hot across his face, and his hands were pulling his hair so that it was nearly painful, but it was perfect, Ilya wouldn’t trade it for the world.

He lifted Shane up a few inches, then back down.

“Oh fuck,” he pressed his forehead to the top of Ilya’s head, “God- Fuck-”

Ilya started a steady pace, half moving Shane, half fucking up into him. He had never had sex like this, nothing had ever or would ever come close. He could tell that Shane was not going to last long, but then again, he wasn’t either.

He freed one of his hands, dragging his thumb across the head of Shane’s cock, and he gasped, pulling his hair so hard that he thought he might rip it out.

It’d be fine, he’d look good with a buzzcut.

“Oh- Shit Ilya- I’m gonna- Please-”

Ilya bit down on his shoulder, jerking in time to his thrusts until Shane was coming all over them both, and Ilya was toppling over right after him, his teeth pressing down hard enough to

leave indents in his skin.

They stayed that way for several minutes, clinging to each other, until Shane shifted slightly, and brought Ilya up to him again, kissing him softly on the mouth.

It was tender, completely at odds to what they had just done, and it left Ilya with a strange stutter in his chest, leaving him wanting more.

“Fuck,” Shane huffed out a nearly hysterical laugh, “I can’t- Believe that.”

“Good?” Ilya arched an eyebrow at him, because they both knew it was good. The best, maybe.

“God, yes,” Shane kissed him again, “But I- I guess we should.”

“I will clean you up,” it wasn’t a question, and he didn’t frame it as one, “Where is your bathroom?”

Shane jerked his thumb behind him, towards that door that he had walked out of all those months ago, when Ilya had stumbled in, drunk and cold and lonely.

“Come on,” he adjusted, pulling out of Shane with a groan, “We will shower, and then go to bed.”

“To bed?” he sounded almost disappointed, and Ilya let his teeth drag along his bottom lip as he looked up at him, as beautiful as an angel and far more perfect.

“Yes, to bed. Not to sleep.”

A wide smile lifted up one corner of Shane’s mouth, and Ilya kissed him. Because he wanted to, and because he couldn’t help it.

Maybe because he needed it.

End Notes

Love yall! Thank you for reading <3

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