5 Times Sid ignored his feelings the wrong way. 1 time he didn't

by CaptainLokii

Summary

like the title says Sid goes about his feelings for Father Brown the wrong way by avoiding them and falling down a dark path. He gets his man in the end

Notes

This Fic was ENTIRELY inspired by Come Undone by evilsexdemon so blame them for putting filthy thoughts into my head ;) also go read their fic because its fabulous!

See the end of the work for more notes

Sid knew he was a queer when he was thirteen and it hadn't bothered him. When you live with the world's most accepting priest and work for the world's most adventurous Lady then you tend not to be bothered by such things.

He'd grown up as an evacuee during the war and never had a home to returned to so the new family he'd built around himself were made up of the oddest bunch of misfits you'd ever think to meet.

Things only seemed to take a negative dive about 3 years ago when he'd caught his eye wandering somewhere it definitely shouldn't've. If he had to develop an attraction to one of his friends this possibly had to be the worst one.

He'd been attempting to ignore the attraction by taking part in some illicit activities even Lady
Felicia would disapprove of.

He had to be honest it didn't start out as anything more than a bit of fun but when he got offered money for it who was he to turn it down? So maybe he didn't get to be so picky with who he slept with and often ended up with some slimy old man sneaking around on his wife but that was the times he'd find himself envisioning the person who had claimed his heart.

1.

The first memorable client he'd got shocked him more than any he'd had before. So much so that he'd worried he was about to arrested. He was waiting on the park bench he always used on nights he went out when Inspector Valentine walked round the corner with his coat collar pulled high and his hat pulled low. He'd sat down beside him before either of them realised who the other was.

"Carter?" he'd hissed "The hell are you doing here?"

"Same could be said for you 'Inspector'" he said sarcastically "Never took you for a queer"

"I'm not" he replied quickly "I'm simply out for a walk"

"At three in the morning?"

"And what may I ask are you doing out here at this hour?"

"I'm sure you've figured that one out by now Inspector even with your complete lack of detective skills" 

"I'll have you arrested for curb crawling Mr Carter" he threatened

"And how you gonna explain what you were doing out here at this hour? Bit suspicious isn't it?" the Inspector didn't say anything "Look, do you want something? If not do you mind pissing off before you scare away any clients I may get tonight"

Valentine grumbled something he couldn't quite make it and looked like he was about to leave then stopped "I take it I can rely on your complete discretion on the matter?"

"wouldn't be very good at my job if I told people about it would I?"

"What are your rates?" he explained what he normally charges and they negotiated terms and payment for a blow job and made there way in to a more secluded area of the park.

Sid didn't waste time in taking to his knees and undoing the inspectors belt and getting to work. It wasn't the most pleasant experience but far from the worst he'd had over the last few years. He was fortunate in a way that Valentine was a relatively good looking man.

Valentine had hold of him by his hair as he fucked into his mouth barely giving him time to breathe before his cock hit the back of his throat. He'd had enough practice by now that he didn't choke under the more passionate of customers unlike his first paid client where he'd gagged and thrown up all over the man's shoes. After that he'd practiced on various phallic objects till he'd trained himself to control his gag reflex.

Valentine's grip on his hair tightened and his hips thrust a final few times before he came down his throat, pulled out zipped up, shoved some notes in his hand and was gone before he'd even had a chance to spit.
Valentine hadn't stuck around in Kembleford for much longer and soon they had a new inspector called Sullivan who Sid had to admit was rather attractive for a copper so he'd been quite pleased when he'd approached him in the park one night just like Valentine had but with his mind set on what he wanted. Sid found himself being dragged by the back of his jacket through the streets till they reached an old abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of the main street and was pushed inside.

It was dark, dusty and cold in the empty room and Sid was certain he'd seen a rat or small of animal of some kind scurry across the cluttered floor. Sullivan didn't give him time to think over what he'd seen any longer as he pushed all the debris off an old desk and pushed him so he was bent over it.

The inspector yanked his trousers around his ankles freed his own cock and spat on it for lube and pushed into Sid without any preparation. He'd had practice by now not to yell out even if it hurt if he was unfortunate to get a client who had no care for how Sid felt as long as he got his rocks off. He'd tried to move so the position was a little more comfortable for him in the hopes he could get some pleasure out of the encounter but the inspector had shoved his face back down and warned him that he didn't want to look at his face. He'd realised why later when the man was coming he'd moaned out the name 'Rory' before he could catch himself.

Like the inspector before him he'd paid him and then left in disgust leaving Sid to piece himself back together and limp back to his caravan.

He'd paid him several more visits till Mallory took over. Each time things weren't as rough as the last and the final time before he'd been arrested their encounter had been in Sullivans own bed with lubricant which had been a first for Sid even without the prostitution.

His next major client wasn't a surprise to him at all. They'd flirted since the first time they'd met yet never acted on it since he too seemed to hold a torch for Father Brown.

They'd just finished working on a case together when the man had eventually approached him with a request. He'd explained how he'd discovered his secret through the grapevine and had no intention of telling Father Brown and whether he'd be willing to try something peculiar. Sid couldn't make up his mind what surprised him more. The fact that the Flambeau hadn't bribed him with his secret or what exactly his request was. They'd agreed to meet at a cottage that one of Flambeau's associates owned but never used and Sid walked in to find a package with his name on it and inside was a cassock and pair of glasses just like the ones Father Brown wore.

He had put on the outfit and read the note left with it that said once he was changed to meet him up in the bedroom which he had and found Flambeau sitting on the edge of the bed with a bottle of very expensive wine and two glasses. He'd done this roleplay malarkey before for a few extra bob but he couldn't say he'd been wined and dined before in his life and it made him slightly nervous but the man had been gentle and kind with him the whole night.

They'd drank till the bottle was empty and Sid was red in the face as the alcohol warms him up and gave him the courage he'd lacked earlier in the night.

"What is it you want from me? Other than the cassock I mean?" he'd asked him as he'd put the
glass far away from the bed.

"You've probably guessed by now I find Father Brown a very attractive man as I'm guessing you do to. You are also aware that even if circumstances were different we could never act on such a matter so I have to make do with the next best thing. Would you object to me calling you Father whilst we are intimate?"

"Don't see why not" he'd shrugged as the man approached him and leaned in to kiss him.

His lips were soft and tasted like the wine they'd been drinking mixed with something he couldn't detect and he could feel the slight burn on his cheek from his five o'clock shadow rubbing against his skin.

Flambeau's entire focus that night seemed to not be for his own pleasure but rather that of 'Father Brown' as he'd made Sid come more times in one night then he had from all his clients in the past six months. They'd ended their trist by Flambeau holding Sid up with his back against the wall and fucking him till he's passed out from exhaustion.

He'd woken several hours later to find the man had no only cleaned him up and removed the soiled cassock from him but had carefully tucked him into the bed and left a drink, a sandwich and a note with payment on the bedside table.

The note thanked him for his services and that he hoped Sid didn't feel discomfort through any of it and that maybe one day they could do it all again. Given the large tip he'd left with his payment and his keen interest in making sure Sid was comfortable through the entire encounter Sid quite liked the idea himself.

4.

The encounter with Flambeau had spurred on his affection for Father Brown which only made matters worse when they were working on a case and had to 'accidently' allow themselves to be kidnapped so they could prevent the murder of one of Father Browns parishioners.

They'd planned most things about the kidnap to the letter but the one thing Sid hadn't thought of was the fact the kidnapper would remove their clothes.

They knew the whole time that the kidnapper wouldn't physically harm them and merely wanted them out the way whilst they committed their dastardly deed but little did they know that Father Brown was about twelve steps ahead of them and Bunty was on look out at the possible victims house ready to signal Inspector Mallory when the would be murderer arrived.

It seems the kidnappers reasoning to undress them had been to cause them embarrassment when they were rescued later that day but the thought of Mallory or Goodfellow seeing him in the buff didn't phase him half as much as having to spent hours chained up naked facing an equally naked Father Brown did.

He knew Father Brown wasn't what most people would call attractive. He was old enough to be his father and was more than slightly overweight thanks to Mrs Mccarthy's cooking and normally he wasn't Sid's type at all but there was just something about the man of god that did things to him which made the whole matter very awkward.

He'd had to spend the entire time until they were rescued willing himself to not get an erection every time he looked at the naked man before him. Father Brown didn't seem to notice anything was wrong and pleasantly carried out a conversation like nothing out of the ordinary was
happening. All Sid could think about was what it would be like to have the older man's cock fucking his mouth like there was no tomorrow.

He'd been just about ready to scream when Bunty finally showed up to rescue them. Of course she'd taken her time to untie them both so she could have a good laugh at the pair before she left to let them get dressed.

Sid had made his excuses as soon as they were done making their statements to the police so he could run back to his caravan and sort out the problem he'd been forcing down all day.

He'd barely removed his clothing again when his cock stood erect against his stomach. Sid pulled out a dildo he'd acquired many years ago from a tin box under his bed and wasted no time in lubing himself up and fucking himself till he came screaming Father Brown's name.

When he'd gone out that night he'd just managed to stop himself from calling his clients Father Brown as they used his various holes for their own sexual pleasure.

5.

In all the years he'd been whoring himself out to men around Kembleford and beyond he'd only ever been truly scared once.

Sure he was nervous his first few times out on the game but once he got to know what he was doing it didn't bother him a bit.

Then Mr Carson came along and Sid wasn't sure he was even going to make it out of the park alive.

He'd approached him like any other client did and seemed pleasant enough considering but it was when they'd gotten into the copse of trees he'd been in with Valentine that things took a dark turn.

The first punch had knocked him for six and he'd fallen straight down in confusion. He'd immediately tried to get back up and stand his ground from further blows but the world span and he stumbled back down again. The punches and kicks came hard and fast and Sid could feel his ribs and nose break under it all. Carson had yelled horrific things about how he was going to fuck him so hard he'd never walk again then parade him through town so everyone could see his shame. Sid tried to crawl away but there was no hope.

Carson knocked him to the ground again with a swift kick to the ribs and then Sid felt a sharp blade being held to his neck. "Try and escape again and I slit your throat" he'd growled in his ear and Sid froze terrified.

The man then used the knife to cut through the fabric of his trousers so he had access to his goals and he fucked Sid rougher than anything he'd ever experienced. He'd had self hating clients before who wanted to get off but despised themselves for how they needed to go about it. He'd had violent clients before who loved to rough him up a bit as things went along but never anything on this level.

He could feel his insides tearing from the rough friction of the man forcing himself inside him without even spit for lubricant. He bit hard into his lip till it bled trying to force back every whimper so the man didn't get what he wanted out of him.

When he was done he'd thrown coins at him that hit him hard on the face and he was gone.

Sid had searched through the long grass and blurred vision of his swollen eye trying to collect all the coins then staggered to his feet and out the park.
He let his feet carry him up the presbytery gates and he collapsed against the door with a thud. He had no energy left to knock and just hoped Father Brown was awake still as he often was preparing the weekends sermon.

"Sidney?" a shocked voice said as the door opened and he fell backwards through it in a bloody mess on the stone floor. "What happened to you?" he felt strong arms lift him to his feet and guide him to the nearest sofa. "Sid what happened?"

"Nothin" he slurred out through the blood that kept filling his mouth.

"Sidney Carter this isn't just some pub brawl as they closed hours ago. What happened to you?" Father Brown demanded sounding concerned.

Sid was suddenly overcome with a sense of shame. He knew what he'd been doing was wrong but he'd never felt guilty for doing what he had to do to earn some money before. He didn't have an education or any skills so if he could earn money just being a hole for someone to fuck then who was he to turn it down? Now though he felt worthless. Why had he come to Father Brown and let him see him like this? The man he loved so much but could never love him in return. Why would he even love him platonically now after seeing him like this. It wasn't like it would take him long for Father Brown to figure out what he'd been doing.

He was right "Sidney I don't have to know what you were doing unless you are willing to tell it but I need to know what happened so I can help you and your injuries." The man was kneeling beside him now wearing his night clothes and dressing gown.

"It doesn't matter Father. He paid me so he gets to do what he likes that's how it works" he said fighting back the tears that were building up around his eyes. The salty moisture stung painfully against his black eye.

"No Sidney. Nobody gets to do something like this to another person whether they paid them or not. He will answer to god for his crimes."

"Only one god's gonna punish is me Father. I did a terrible thing, I'm so sorry" the tears started flowing.

"I can't pretend to understand why you've done this Sid but god will not punish you for it. Did jesus punish Mary Magdalene for doing the same thing? No he befriended and helped her and loved her."

"It's different"

"How so?"

"I'm a man and they were men isn't that wrong in your book Father? Sodom and Gomorrah and all that shit?"

"That is one interpretation of that part of the bible yes but God also says to not judge others and to love everyone and those far outweigh anything else in my eyes."

"You're a strange priest Father"

"You've only just figured that out? Come on let me see to your wounds then get you into a nice warm bed" he helped Sid sit up in the chair so he could get a better look at his injuries. "You're
going to have quite the swollen face for a good few weeks I reckon" he said examining him "Nose is definitely broken to but seems to have gone back into alignment" He reached out to feel down his ribs and Sid winced and pulled away when he touched a particularly sensitive area "Probably broken something there to. Do you want to go to the hospital?" he asked cautiously feeling for any more broken bones.

"No! What would I tell 'em? Hardly gonna believe I walked into a door or some shit like that"

"I'm sure they'd be very discreet"

"No Father. I'm not going to no hospital"

"As you wish Sidney. I have to ask....are you hurt in...other...places" he asked clearly trying to be sensitive about the matter.

Sid nodded but couldn't bring himself to say anything as his cheeks burned red.

"Is there anything I can get for you to make it better? Scotch perhaps?" He was clearly uncomfortable being there and Sid could understand why.

"Just let me sleep Father and I'll be out your hair by morning" he promised turning over to face the back of the sofa without hurting his ribs further.

The Father sighed and stood up "Stay as long as you need Sid" he said putting a blanket over him and leaving the room.

Sid cried himself to sleep that night completely overcome by shame.

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"Oh god in heavens" Sid woke up suddenly to the startled cry of Mrs Mccarthy. "What have you done to yourself?" she asked and immediately started fussing over him getting him tea and searching for the first aid kit.

Father Brown appeared a few moments later dressed in his cassock and dog collar ready for the day.

"Good morning Sidney" he said pleasantly taking the seat opposite him.

"Father do you have nothing to say about the state this boy is in? Fighting at your age" she tutted shaking her head.

"Mrs Mccarthy I wonder if you could do me a favour? The new flowers for the church should be arriving soon and only your magic touch can arrange them perfectly could you sort that out for me?" Father Brown asked and Mrs M looked excited as she excused herself and hurried for the church.

"Thank you Father" Sid said the moment she was gone.

"You want to tell me what's been going on then Sidney?"

"It's better if I just go Father. You don't need to think less of me than you already do"

Father Brown looked at him shocked "Why ever would you think such a thing? I've never thought bad of you since i've known you why would this change that?"
"Because I'm a whore"

"And what did I tell you last night? To judge you would be a sin Sidney and would make me a very poor priest."

Sid sighed and sipped at his tea trying to figure out how he would explain everything to Father Brown. If he told him the truth about how it started because he was trying to escape his feelings for him then he'd blame himself but then if he lied to him about it then he'd be able to tell he was lying and Sid would feel eternally guilty for lying to him.

Both answers would turn out badly so he may as well just go with the truth.

"You know I'm a queer, I know you do" he started and Father Brown nodded for him to go on "And I know you haven't ever judged me for it. But I can't take no vow of celibacy like you did Father and there isn't exactly a good way of meeting other blokes like me round here is there so I want to the park and it just kind of took off from there when some bloke offered to pay me one night and I figured I may as well get something out of it all” he explained.

"But why? If you weren't getting enjoyment out of the sex that the reason you continued was for money then why did you continue? If money was the problem there were other options than something so dangerous"

"Because it stopped me over thinking things. It gave me some sort of release for a short period of time so I could try and live a normal life"

"What was it you were over thinking?" Father Brown asked in his usual warm manner that Sid found almost infuriating.

"It doesn't matter"

"It does Sidney. Your secrets are safe with me you know that. What are you trying to stop yourself overthinking?" he asked again and Sid had had enough of keeping everything bottled up so snapped at the Father.

"You! You and your endless niceness and your goodness and your face and that bloody cassock" he shouted and immediately regretted it and wished for the sofa to swallow him whole and never let him free.

If Father Brown was shocked or disturbed by his confession he didn't show it at all. His face remained in the exact same concerned smile it had been in all day.

"Say something Father" he begged after several minutes of silence.

"You are attracted to me?" he asked confused

"Yes"

"And you are hurt because you were to scared to tell me something was upsetting you?"

"No Father! Don't put this on you it was all my fault. I should've known better"

"I should've realised you were hurting. I've been a terrible friend and I'm sorry I didn't notice and I understand if you never forgive me for it."

Sid felt guilty for telling him now. He knew he'd blame himself he always did when one of his
friends were hurting but Sid hated being the cause of it.

"Father it isn't your fault I fell for someone I can't be with and it definitely isn't your fault I made stupid choices that came back to bite me. Please don't beat yourself up over my mistakes." He tried to sit up on the sofa but winced from pain and sunk back down again.

Father Brown looked at him in a way he couldn't read "You always have been a good lad Sid. I just wish you'd told me sooner."

"What good would it've done? You're a priest with vows and shit to think about whilst I'm a whore and a crook. Not exactly a compatible pair are we?"

Father Brown gave him that look again "I don't know Sid I really don't but whatever happened it would've been better than this." he stood up "I need to go to the church and pray for a while. Mrs Mccarthy will be back soon I'm sure to see to you so rest up till then" then the priest was gone leaving Sid more confused than ever.

+1

He'd healed fast from the attack and hadn't been back out on the game since. Half the reason being he was afraid Carson would be out there somewhere and he wouldn't be so lucky next time and half he didn't see the point anymore now Father Brown knew what he had done and why. He didn't get the same pleasure out of rebelling when he had nothing to rebel against.

Father Brown appeared to be avoiding him as much as possible since his confession and if they were left alone together he'd always make the excuse of needing to go pray and vanishing for the rest of the day. He could understand why really, who would want to hang around with a two bob whore who had the hots for you. No one was that forgiving.

In fact now as the only time he'd got to spend alone with him since that morning and it wasn't exactly the same as he was asleep in his armchair after a night of merry making following Bunty's birthday. One by one the others had filtered off home leaving Sid nursing another glass of whiskey and the Father snoring in his chair.

He sat and watched him for a little while before he started feeling a little creepy and decided now was as good a time as any to confront the man about it. Dutch courage made him much bolder than he'd realised before.

"Father?"

"Whu? Huh? The fruit bowls on the roof Mrs Mccarthy" he sputtered then realised where he was and who with and woke up properly. "Sidney. Where are the others?" he asked.

"Gone home cos its late. You fell asleep hours ago"

"Oh...I suppose I'd better get to my night time prayers and go to bed then.....goodnight Sid" he said heaving himself out the chair.

"Father wait!" he called before the man could escape him again "Can I talk to you? It won't take long..."

Father Brown stopped and slowly turned back to face him "Of course" he said but didn't sound to happy with the idea.

"You've been avoiding me" he said simply
"Not at all! I've simply been very busy lately" Father Brown objected

"Lyings a sin isn't it Father?"

"It's not a lie i've had a lot of things to think about"

"I need to ask...is the reason you've been avoiding me because i've offended you with my confession? I'd understand if it did but I'd like to know the reason why"

"I'm not offended by any means Sid it's just given me some things to think about" that look was back on his face that Sid couldn't read.

"What things?" he pushed.

The Father sighed and filled his glass back up and sat back down in his chair taking a long sip. It seemed Father Brown was in need of just as much dutch courage as he was. "You Sidney and what you said. It's making me reevaluate a lot of things in my life" well that wasn't the answer he'd been expecting.

"You've been thinking about what I said? How so?" Sid wasn't sure how far he should push this but the booze clouding his mind was messing with his judgement.

"It's made me had indecent thoughts not suitable for my vocation" oh, Sidney thought. Really wasn't what he'd been expecting at all. "I won't deny I find you extremely attractive Sid far more so than I should but I am also a priest and such things are forbidden"

Was he dreaming? Did Father Brown just admit to being attracted to him in return? "such things have made it difficult to be around you and uphold my godly duties" he admitted "It's why i've been avoiding you".

Sid thought for a moment "Father why are priests made to take a vow of celibacy?"

"Lust is a sin and priests must be without sin or at least try to be"

"but married couples 'lust' after each other and it's not considered a sin"

"it's different"

"how?"

"It just is. It's always been the way of things"

"Why can't you lust after someone then seek forgiveness after the fact? Doesn't god forgive all who seek it? Also if you wanted to have sex surely if it was against god's plan you wouldn't be able to desire such things in the first place? Isn't god's forgiveness what you preach every sunday?"

"It doesn't work like that Sid"

"Why doesn't it? Do you not want me? Did you not say yourself that you're attracted to me? If it's what you want why can't you act on it?"

"I do want you Sid but it's not possible"

Sid sighed and ran his hands through his hair frustrated "Father...can I try something?" he asked standing up.
"What is it?" Father Brown asked warily

"Just trust me that if you don't like it and want me to stop I will okay?"

Father Brown looked at him dumbstruck as he approached and stopped inches away from him as he waited for consent to come closer.

"okay" he said and suddenly all his alcohol induced courage from earlier was gone and he felt so small standing over the other man.

He sucked in one last breath and advanced on the man who sat there with his arms on either side of his chair looking both alarmed and intrigued. He straddled the mans lap so they were facing each other with their crotches pressed together through layers of clothes but the other could still very much feel what was going on. "Do you want me to stop Father?" he asked looking the man in the eyes.

"No" he said quietly and Sid could see his fingers twitching as he itched not to touch him. He reached out a hand to stroke across the older man's chest through the cassock that drove him wild and he imagined what lay beneath that he'd seen all those months prior.

"You know Father. I've dreamt about being where I am now for years but none more so then after we got ourselves kidnapped. Do you know how hard that was to get through? You were sat right in front of me with everything on show and I wanted to climb up on to your lap as I am now and ride you into oblivion. Do you know the struggle I went through to not give away the fact you turned me on so much just by sitting there? The things that went through my mind would make even the devil blush" He watched as the priests usually rosy cheeks went a deep red but he never objected or showed any desire for him to stop so he continued. "Do you know what I did when I got home that day?" he asked and watched as the wide eyed priest shook his head in reply "I went home and took my dildo from its case and removed my clothes. Do you know what I did then?" the priest shook his head again "I fucked myself on it thinking about how I wish it was your cock in me rather than some fake phallus. You see there's nothing like the real thing Father. Having a thick hard cock fucking you so hard you see stars as they pound against your prostate. I came so hard that night Father and I screamed your name so loud I'm surprised the whole village didn't hear and I kept fucking myself till I couldn't come anymore all the while thinking of you"

Now he could feel the priests cock starting to get hard and press against his own and he ground his hips down to see what reaction he'd get out of the priest. He was pleasantly surprised to see the man gasp and try and resist rolling his hips back in return at the touch. "You ever thought about what it feels like Father? To have someone ride your cock like a race horse? To have their hot tight ass enveloping around you and bouncing in your lap?" He ground down again with every question making the Father's eyes roll back in pleasure. "Do you want to find out Father? Do you want me to ride your thick hard cock?" he asked reaching between their legs to stroke the priests now fully erect cock through the fabric of his cassock.

He watched Father Brown debate his decision in his mind and Sid wondered if he'd pushed things to far and scared the priest off but was glad when Father Brown put both hands on his hips and ground back up against him "Do it" he said and Sid wasn't going to deny him. He took the opportunity to lean in and kiss the priest with all the pent up heat and desire he'd saved for the man over all the years and was now able to express fully. The kiss was sloppy from alcohol and inexperience but it was the best Sid had ever got so who was he to argue. He let his hands roam all over the holy man's body finally getting to enjoy the feeling of the older mans thick soft body. As his hands roamed over the man's belly he wondered what it would be like to fuck himself against it till he came over the large mound of flesh but that was a thought for another time as there were
much more pressing matters at hand.

He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out the small bottle of lubricant he kept for work purposes and unscrewed the lid and handed the bottle to Father Brown. "Hold this" he said as he stood up and he enjoyed the sad look Father Brown got when they lost bodily contact "Can't do this if I've got clothes on now can I?" he teased and slowly removed his jacket making sure the Father's eyes stayed focused on him the entire time.

He made a show of slowly undoing each button of his shirt till it hung open on his bare chest and he let it slip off his shoulders to the floor. He looked the priest straight in the eye as he looked at his erect cock standing to attention on his stomach. "That's better" he said stepping over the pile of clothes so he was back in front of Father Brown "Now it's your turn but if you don't mind I'd really like you to keep the cassock on" The Father nodded and let Sid manhandle him till he'd undone half the buttons on his cassock and his trousers joined Sid's on the floor leaving them both exposed. "There" he said "Isn't that better"

He took the bottle of lube from the priests hands and poured its contents out into his palm and massaged it between his fingers till it warmed up slightly then started to stroke the mans cock till it was thickly coated in the substance. "You ready Father" he asked when he was done lubing up his cock. He didn't want the priest to think he didn't have a choice in the matter.

Father Brown gave him a look that could make the devil blush which Sid took as a cue to continue. He climbed back up onto the chair with his knees on either side of the man's lap so he was firmly straddling the man's hips and reached behind him so he could direct the holy mans cock inside him.

There was a slight burn of pain as he sank down but the reaction Father Brown had to it made the temporary pain all the more worth it. His eyes were wide and his mouth hung open as Sid slowly began to rock his hips in small sharp thrusts. His chest was heaving and Sid could see he was using all his will power to hold still right now.

"Don't hold back on my account Father" he whispered into his ear and kissed the man again. Father Brown took that invitation willingly and finally wrapped his arms around Sid's hips so he could get a better grip and soon he was bucking his hips up to meet Sid's with a passionate intensity. Sid couldn't resist whispering filthy words into the holy man's ear and enjoyed when certain things led to him thrusting particularly vigorously inside him making Sid howl in pleasure.

Everything was quick and filthy and Sid couldn't see either of them lasting much longer as he thrust into his own hand to match the rhythm of Father Brown's cock.

"Sid" he squeaked out and his thrusts became more erratic and Sid knew it was time.

"Come for my Father. Fill me up with your beautiful cock. Do it" he moaned throwing his head back in pleasure as he felt the man's come coat his insides and soon he too was coming leaving thick streaks of white over the mans pitch black cassock. He could definitely see it becoming a thing to cover Father Brown's holy robes in their come.

They kissed slowly and adoringly as they both came down from their orgasm high and when they'd regained their breath Sid lifted himself off the priests cock but remained sitting on his lap leaning against his chest.

"See I told you Father" he said after several minutes of silence as they lay in each others arms "Lust doesn't bring about the wrath of god. If he didn't want us doing it he wouldn't've made it feel so
The man chuckled and kissed his forehead "Maybe Sid, Maybe. I think perhaps we ought to clean up and find somewhere more comfortable to lay though. For Now and future escapades of course."

Sid smirked and kissed him again before getting to his feet and allowing himself to be dragged out of the room.

Fin

End Notes

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