Heaven is when I'm alone with you

by Youagain

Summary

Where doyoung goes to the church to suck his favourite priest's dick

Notes

Love how I wanted to post this on jesus day but I'm late as usual but not like I've written more fics anYWAYS please enjoy!

Also if there are mistakes in there I'm so sorry, I tried.

It was after midnight. The sky wasn't as dark as it should've been.

Doyoung's insomnia was getting worse. His favourite place to visit when he couldn't sleep was the church. yeah, it's weird but The church in some weird way always helped him get his sleep back.

He couldn't sleep, he kept staring at the ceiling but that wasn't helping. He kept think of him, he hated how he had so much control over his thoughts; So of course, to cleanse his mind, the first thing that came to his mind was to visit the church, which was a seven minute walk from his apartment.
He was walking alone, his arms hugging the sweater he was wearing, the streets were empty, just him and the howls of the wind. It was two after morning and he hadn't kept anything to protect himself but he couldn't care less, he just wanted to go to the church, pray enough times that he starts feeling droopy and go back home, lie down and sleep.

He opens the large, carved wooden doors of the church; the screech echoing throughout the empty room.

The unevenly placed candles were burning around the cross, and the way the light hit on jesus’ face was eerie, like he was judging you.

Maybe he was.

He walks down the hallway, he could never get tired of looking at how beautifully the church was designed; rows of black pews were aligned on either sides of the door, blood red velvet curtains hung on the sides of the stained glass windows, there were no lights, just candles. Two confession booths were at the corners of the room.

He had never went in there, he didn't even know what they looked like from the inside but he was too lazy to go explore now so he took a seat on one of the front pews. He looked around again nobody was here, it was so empty it felt like someone was watching him but he convinced himself that it was probably the side effects of sleep deprivation.

He joined his hands in front of him and started mumbling the prayers. There were no specific prayers, he just let out his frustration, everything that bugged him, he tries his best to confess his sins too.

Tries.

He basically rants to jesus.

He doesn't know why or when he started crying but his tears start rolling down his cheeks subtly.

Somewhere along the way his sobbing gets louder but he couldn't care less the church was empty. He wanted to scream at jesus. He was going to pull through with it when he saw someone move from the corner of his eyes.

Him. This was the second thing he could never get tired of looking. A man was walking towards him and he could not help but be mesmerized by his appearance (even though he looks at him everyday) and the way he was dressed: in a full foot length black robe with black embroidery it had a
flare to it when he walked, like the robe didn't dare come between his legs and disrespect him, he also wore a stole that ended at his chest with golden borders and two crosses embroidered at the end, the torso kind of sticked to his body but the lower part was open, free.

He hadn't realized he had reached him, he also forgot he had tears on his face, he wiped them by the back of his hand and suddenly stood up, to pay his respects, that his head started to get a little dizzy. The priest looked him up and down and gestured him to sit down when he saw doyoung squirming.

Johnny had a knack of finding out what a person wanted or what a person was feeling by looking them in the eyes.

Doyoung wouldn't dare meet his eyes.

He sat down and wiped his face yet again. He hoped his face wasn't all red.
The priest crouches down in front of him and asks, “are you okay, Doyoung?” He comes here often that Johnny knows his name but it still stings. He never calls anybody by their name, just him. Whenever he hears his name from Johnny's mouth, his heart starts to feel heavy.

“Yes, father.”

It doesn’t look like he believes him, Doyoung can feel his eyes on him. Johnny stands up, his robe swishing like it was a dragon waking up from his slumber.

He got distracted by the movements of the robe and didn't notice the hand in front of him, he looks at Johnny and he's staring at him, He tries to ignore the feeling in his gut, and looks at his hand again and takes it.

His hand is soft. So very soft. His hold is gentle and Doyoung's heart hurts. He's staring at his back, even the back is pretty; the wide shoulders and the waist- He decides he can't do this and focuses to where Johnny was taking him.

He's taking him to one of the confession booths, he isn't sure why.

Maybe Johnny figured he was lying when he said he was okay.

They stand in front of it and Johnny, again, starts staring at him, doyoung tries to look anywhere but his face, he looks over his shoulders, oh, a candle is almost finished, he decides he'll buy it for the church as a thank you gift. The realization hits that Johnny is standing in front of him when he starts tracing his eyebrows pressing in between them and that's when he realizes he was frowning, this calmed him but at the same time raised his heartbeat to an abnormal level. He closed his eyes unconsciously and let out a shaky breath and that's when the fingers stop stroking and just stay there
until he moves his hand away. Doyoung opens his eyes and see Johnny frowning too and doyoung has an urge to do the same thing he did to him but he knew he can't.

Johnny doesn't like it when he tries to do something that is not allowed, he has his rules, even If they are alone in this church.

“Get in.” There was finality in his voice and doyoung didn't want to disobey him so he got in the confession booth.

It was a really small space two people could probably squeeze in. He was looking at the carved wood at the edges of the door when Johnny walked in the same booth as him.

Doyoung just stares at him, he knew what was coming but his heartbeat was ecstatic like all of this was happening for the first time.

Doyoung wanted to grab his stole and kiss the hell out of him when Johnny pushes him against the small wooden wall and connects his lips with Doyoung's. Doyoung takes two seconds to register what is going on and kisses him back with double force. Doyoung's hands snaking their way from his waist into Johnny's hair. He fixes his hand in his hair like his life depends on it and starts pulling, Johnny moans in his mouth but removes Doyoung's hands from his hair and pins them above his head, “you can't,” and Johnny moves back to his lips, his tongue hot and deep down his throat but doyoung whines into the kiss and Johnny pulls back, his lips red and shiny, saliva connecting both of them, his eyes dark and he looks beautiful than ever in the low candle light that he forgets what he was going to say and doyoung connects their lips again.

Their kisses were Loud and slippery. They madeout like their life depended on it.

Maybe it did.

Johnny moves to Doyoung's neck, when he runs out of breath, he moves lower to his collarbones he pulls the neck of his sweater enough so his clavicle is visible and then bites down on it, pulling the skin, licking it, kissing it, then pulling it again. Everytime he would do that doyoung would let out a strangled moan and Johnny would stop peppering his shoulders with hickies and smile against them.

Ghosting, panting, he moves up and down his neck, nodding aimlessly. Johnny's hot breath on his neck left goosebumps in his wake and he felt cold, his arms felt numb above his head but the pit of his stomach started to feel hot and to get rid of the feeling he started to move his hips against Johnny's. Doyoung moved his head away, giving as much room as he could but the kisses never came. He was going to open his eyes and look what's wrong but before that could happen Johnny's hoarse voice echoes in his ears, “get on your knees.” There's that finality in his voice again and he
wouldn't dare disobey him.

He couldn't.

Doyoung gets on his knees. Johnny lifts up his robe and supports his back on the small shelf. It was such a confined space his nose was practically touching Johnny's dick, but who was he to complain.

Johnny is staring at him and Doyoung tries to focus on Johnny's dick instead, he kisses the head a few times and then takes the whole length in his mouth. He bobbles his head, up and down, tongue swirling.

His eyes are closed in bliss, He feels so good but then he feels Johnny's hands sliding in his hair and he pulls on it so hard that the dick from his mouth slips out.

“Look at me.” And he pushes himself back again into Doyoung’s mouth, slowly, all the while looking him in the eyes.

Doyoung feels like he's going to combust any second now, he moves his head back and forth, the head hitting the back of his throat and maybe he looked away or closed his eyes because Johnny made him look him in the eyes again by pulling on his jaw.

His touch didn't feel that soft now.

Doyoung licks the underside and Johnny gasps. Doyoung couldn't help but smile, maybe looking at him while doing this wasn't that bad at all.

They both were having a staring contest now, waiting for the other one to break first, everytime doyoung worked some magic with his tongue or maybe it was the moans around his dick that would make Johnny go on his tiptoes but they both didn't dare look away.

Doyoung moved his head back, hands sliding up and down Johnny's thighs. He bought his tongue closer to the head but he didn't touch it. His breath fanning his dick, Johnny's grip in his hair tightens and when he licks his perineum, dragging his tongue all the way to the end that is when Johnny loses it and moves his head back so forcefully he hits it on the wall, He comes with a loud gasp and thick hot spurts in doyoung's mouth. Johnny pulls him up by his hair rather ruthlessly and kisses him. Johnny licks every inch of his mouth, he can taste himself in Doyoung's mouth. The taste of himself and doyoung combined could make him hard again and that is the thought that makes him pull away.

Doyoung looks at him, his brows furrowed. He moves closer to connect his lips with Johnny's but instead of kissing him he turns doyoung around and pushes him on the wall, a yelp slipping his lips.
“I can't believe you're doing this to me.” Johnny whispers in his ear and then bites the cartilage. His hand slowly slipping into Doyoung's pyjamas and cupping his dick, he starts stroking it slowly at first, taking his time all the while kissing the back of his neck, everytime Johnny's lips would touch the back of his neck, the hair would stand up.

“You're making me sin,” he says against his neck, the raspy, raw voice making Doyoung's dick twitch And he gulps rather loudly. Johnny jerks his hand forward which makes doyoung gasp. “Pray for forgiveness.” Johnny's hand starts moving slowly again. Doyoung doesn't know where to start, how to start so he says the first thing that comes to his mind:

“I'm sorry,” Johnny jerks him violently again, making doyoung arch his back against Johnny's chest.

“Keep going.” Johnny pushes him forward so he has no place for movements, his head was at a ninety degree angle and Johnny takes this moment to kiss his lips, it was a really uncomfortable one but with Johnny's faster hand movements doyoung could barely focus.

He knew he was going to hell but this felt like heaven.

“I'm sorry, please just-” he lets out a strangled moan “please forgive me,” his breathing was laboured now, the room felt stuffier and their hair started to stick to their forehead. The faster hand movements made doyoung want to scream. He raises his arms and places them on the ceiling of the booth to support himself. Johnny kept biting his shoulder. Doyoung could tell he was near but then Johnny slows down and he lets out shaky breaths.

Johnny hands moves from the shaft to the head and he starts fingering the slit, Doyoung's eyes roll back so hard he thinks he's going to faint.

Johnny lets go of his dick and starts circling his rim. His back is pushed against doyoung's and he can't even squirm, so he just stands there chest against the hard wall, his back against Johnny's chest and his neck at a weird angle that it had started to hurt now.

Johnny inserts in the two fingers at once and the whimpering is so loud it echoes. He starts scissoring and doyoungs hands on the ceiling were not enough support, his nails digging in the wood. Johnny starts thrusting his fingers in him and doyoung was sure he could climb the wall. Johnny kissed his lips while thrusting his fingers and every moan let out was swallowed by Johnny.

Doyoung came and broke the kiss, his mouth open, gasping for air. Johnny kissed the corner of his mouth, his neck, his shoulders, his spine, every part of his visible skin.

Doyoung's back hurt, his thighs hurt, his arms hurt, his whole body was feeling sore and he just couldn't wait to go home and lie down.

Johnny removed his fingers from inside him and turned doyoung around so he could face him.
Johnny licks his fingers, gives doyoung a peck on the lips, says “Goodnight.” and then strides out of the booth.

He tries to run after him but his legs were sore and he couldn't see Johnny anywhere, when all of a sudden a heavy door closes and the loud thud echoes throughout the room which makes it hard to place where the sound is coming from.

Johnny always does this, leaves him hanging. He knows Johnny doesn't have a morning shift, he may or may not have come to the church, in the morning, for a week, solely for this reason.

No way.

He looks around and his eyes meet jesus' and he was right, he was judging him. He tries to avoid him and starts moving in the direction of the exit as fast as his legs could carry him right now.

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