

Right and Honourable

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*Summary: Trudeau is caught in a tricky situation and owes Bill Morneau a favour. This leads him to betray the one he loves the most. Andrew Scheer is the leader of the Opposition, but he never thought he'd have to oppose the one he loved. *Chapter 1*:
Right and Honourable*

“Yes! yes, yes!”

“non, ce n'est pas comme ça que tu parles quand tu es avec moi.”

Heavy breathing filled the darkened office. Hands dug into thighs still clad in navy slacks, loosened but not off.

“C’mon Justin, fuck - please - just don’t stop.” Andrew Scheer, leader of Her Majesty’s Loyal Opposition tried to lift himself, push his hands into the desk and arch his back, increase the movement and stop the slow torture of not getting exactly what he wants.

If The Right Honorable Justin Trudeau was any less of a man, he would have caved in and gave the blonde man standing - no, bending over - in front of him everything, but Prime Minister Trudeau knew Sheer and he knew that the picture was too pretty to mess with. Here he was, the man that critiqued him, hassled him, and vexed him in the worst way. His foe in the House of Commons, bent over in front of him, begging. Majestic flags bookended the desk that Andrew Sheer was digging his blunt fingers into.

Justin cleared his throat, moving so, so slowly. “Que dis-tu?”

Andrew buried his face into the crook of his arm, but Justin could see the heat radiating off in the moonlight that cascaded in through the large window behind him.

Justin withdrew from Andrew, his Right Honorable Member turgid. He easily flipped Andrew over, other man’s ass now on the desk and facing Trudeau. Justin grabbed Andrew by his chin and leaned in. “Qu’est-ce que tu dis?”

He tried to look away but Justin’s hands were too strong, the byproduct of signing so many important documents.

“S’il t-tu plait...”

Justin leaned his forehead against Andrew’s. “Non, pas avec moi, montrez du respect pour votre Premier ministre.”

Andrew looked Justin right in the eyes. “S’il vous plaît.”

The Prime minister had just grabbed Andrew’s Member of Parliament when the door to his office opened.

“Sorry to bother you but I heard you working and there’s been some bad news -“

The Honorable Bill Morneau walking into the Prime Minister’s office, hair askew and dozens of papers stacked in his hands. He froze the moment he saw the two men on the desk. Nobody moved for a moment, nobody breathed.

Bill opened his mouth; it gaped fish-like for a few moments before the words bubbled to the surface. “I didn’t mean to interrupt, I just thought that you were getting some work done. I mean I guess I wasn’t wrong, but - nobody works in the government after six. I should have known better.”

Babbling followed the man as he backed out of the room and shut the door.

Justin began to cloth himself clumsily. His hands shaking as he did up the buttons on his shirt.

Andrew began to pat the Minister’s chest. “No, please, don’t worry about it. He’s not going to say anything.”

“Andrew, I can’t just take that - I have to talk to him. I have to do something.”

“Justin, you don’t - you’re the most important man in Canada - can’t I just be the most important man to you? Just for tonight?”

No eye contact

Two figures sat on a bench, overlooking the Ottawa River.

“Bill, I heard you had some troubles.”

Justin Trudeau sat, one ankle crossed over the other knee. His demeanor calm, though tension was set between his sparkling eyes.

Bill Marceau’s eyes pierced the side of Justin’s face. “I didn’t know you were bi-“

“Lingual? That’s preposterous. I’m a francophone of course you knew.”

The air grew colder as Bill rolled his eyes. He adjusted himself to gaze forward at the city he loved, Gatineau.

“Listen here, kid. I know you’re doing an apology for years of discrimination but this is too much-“

“That’s not it and you know it-“

“-And you’re married and he’s married and-“

“I know.”

“And it’s never going to work out.”

A hand settled itself on Morneau’s shoulder. “It’s not about working it out. It’s about making the most of today. You know how close nuclear war is- fucking Trump-“

A fist raised and bill chorused, “Fuck Trump”

“-I’m the most important man in Canada. Can’t I have one thing?”

“Yes, you can have this one thing, but at a price.”

October was a cruel month, and apparently for Justin Trudeau the days were only getting colder.

“You know what trouble me and my friends are in. We need you turn your eyes.”

Yes, of course. Everyone knew what trouble Morneau was in, but there were 5 other Minister’s who remained unnamed.

“I’ll keep this quiet if you keep quiet too - is that a deal Mr. Prime Minister?” Bill said as he extended a hand.

Justin stood up and walked away, not even bothering to turn his head as he replied.

“Oui.”

“Order! Order!” cried Geoff Regan. “If you all would like to remember - not everyone here gets to ask questions, so not everyone should be speaking.”

The heckling settled down and Regan quickly took advantage of the quiet. “The Honorable member for Regina-Qu’Appelle.”

“Thank you - I don’t know if the Liberal’s are paying attention but this is the fourth time we’ve asked. Canadian’s want to know who is above the law while the Liberal’s friends get to exploit the system that they sit upon. So we’re going to ask again. Who are the five ministers abusing the system?” asked Andrew Scheer as he stood before a nearly full House of Commons.

He pointedly looked right in front of him, trying to make eye contact with the Right Honorable Justin Trudeau. Justin had his hand to his ear, pretending to listen to the live translation of his question and gazing down at his desk in concentration.

This left Scheer in an awkward position. He had finished his statement and now he had to look at what he couldn't have. Dark, perfectly tousled hair - Superman hair - falling gently over shocking blue eyes. That jaw that he just wanted to run his mouth over, those lips that said the nicest things.

Geoff Regan directed attention to "The Right Honorable Prime Minister has the floor--"

Justin stood up, gracefully. The lithe form strong and muscly, Andrew Scheer knew every inch of it. He craved - craved? - Those strong hands. It had been a week since the night of the... incident and every day not speaking to the Prime Minister - no, his lover - was torture.

Earpiece removed, Justin began to speak. "The Liberal Government is committed to being the most transparent Government--"

Heckles drowned out the rest of his statement. Justin Trudeau gazed over at Regan, silent, waiting for his turn to continue.

"Order, order."

Trudeau finished his statement to polite claps from his fellow Liberals and angry jeers thrown over Scheer's head at the Minister. The chaos of the moment echoed his internal feelings.

"The Honorable member for Regina-Qu'Appelle."

"Let's try this again - who does the Prime Minister think is so important -"

At the mention of importance Justin made direct eye contact with him. He stuttered a moment before continuing his question, to wild applause by the conservative party.

The moment Justin used his Master Key to open the House of Commons door he knew he was fucked.

"Justin, you forgot something." called a familiar, low, southern Saskatchewanian voice.

It was at this time Justin began to ask himself why hadn't he just sent the nanny to pick up his phone?

Andrew Scheer stood just in front of his seat in the House, leaning against the wooden front. "It's on your desk."

Because it was past midnight, that's why.

Slow, steady footsteps juxtaposed against Justin Trudeau's fast beating, irregular, French heart. The room was silent as he approached his seat.

"Why don't you answer my parliamentary secretary's calls?"

Justin turned around to face the man, dressed in a business-dad suit. "Because I don't want anyone getting hurt. I- I want to do this right--"

Andrew took three predatory steps forward, and Justin's heart caught in his throat.

This man, this solid man - wholesome on the outside, but Justin knew what passion lay within. Golden sun hair and vibrant eyes matched his wild conservative beliefs.

Scheer continued to press upon Justin's personal space, filling the gaps that Justin's tall form left. "I know you like to play your part, the Right and Honorable, but we both know that there's nothing right and honorable about what we have." Scheer said, huskily. Justin Trudeau stumbled backwards until his French-Canadian thighs caught on the wood of the eleventh seat in the House.

He wobbled and fell back so he was sitting on the desk. Andrew traced a hand down the well-pressed shirt on his chest and spoke. "You really aren't good at balancing anything, are you?"

The hand continued down and started to feel Justin's member over the sensible yet stylish slacks.

"But hey, at least one thing is bigger than your deficit."

Their mouths collided and Justin tried to take the lead, the kiss becoming overpowering - each mouth bit and licked and sucked, fighting for dominance.

"No, not tonight -" Scheer said between heavy breaths. "Tonight the caucus is mine."

Justin let out a very governmental whimper as Scheer began to undo the Prime Minister's trousers.

"You- you don't have to-" said Justin.

"I want to." replied Andrew as he sank to his knees and began putting the dick in his mouth.

"This is the least contradictory I've ever seen you." whispered Justin as he let his head roll back.

He couldn't make out any words, but he felt Andrew grumble around his sizeable mini-Trudeau before doubling his efforts.

The earlier sounds of heckles were drowned out with Justin's moans.

Andrew pulled off of the Prime Minister's man stick and stood up, much to groans and complaining from the dark-haired man.

"Tonight we do it my way. Turn over."

Justin meekly obeyed, though his penis betrayed how turned on it was.

"You're already ready?" exclaimed Andrew.

"Sophie is a bold woman." said Justin

Trembling hands lined himself up and he went to town on Justin's beautiful French Canadian ass. Usually Justin topped, seeing as it was his predisposition as the most powerful man in Canada, but now that titled belonged to Andrew. The way Justin was moaning and his legs trembling with pleasure showed just how much it affected him. It wasn't long before the pace grew unsteady and Andrew knew he was close to finishing. He reached around and began to unsteadily jerk the Prime Minister's cock.

"Merci, merci, merci beaucoup." tumbled out of Trudeau's mouth.

"Does it make you think of your father? Being here?" Andrew said, caught off guard at the odd thing to come out of his mouth. By how Justin moaned the daddy issues were apparent. "If you're so close then come, come for daddy."

And together they exploded, mutual orgasms rippling through their bodies as they fell to the ground, holding each other on the green carpet of the House of Commons.

It was a long while before Justin broke the silence. "I am doing it for you - you know. I don't want to keep secrets."

"I know." was the only reply.

And together they kissed for a bit before cleaning each other up and leaving a mess for Geoff Regen to find in the morning.