

Soft, golden hues radiated through the stained glass as the head priest crossed the halls of the church. The other priests, nuns and patrons were all gradually retiring for the day. His eyes scanned the patrons who passed him, ogling them not-so-subtly. He remembered the previous hour with them. How they had poured out their sins while being ritualistically ravaged. The thought gave him a sense of delight. Maybe he could, *ahem*, 'squeeze' one before the day is officially done.

It was at that moment, Oleander felt a tug at his robes from behind and glanced downward. There before him stood a short, dark individual whose yellow hues illuminated softly around his curled horns and his wings fluttered when given attention by the priest. This isn't the first time Oleander had seen this individual- Or at the very least, *heard* them.

"Well, if it isn't the starred songbird? Somnius, is it? Come again to share your voice with the church once more?"

Somnius nodded and moved with his radiant-tipped fingers to say, *Something like that*. The stout bun continued silently with their hands moving back and forth to communicate, *I was wondering if I could confess something*.

The pink haired priest blinked. Thankfully, as head priest, he was taught this distinct way of communicating with buns in all manners. What the other said was not lost on them. Oleander made some meager attempt to not have an eager smile crawl on his lips. It seems Murmur had indeed blessed him. He attempted to contain himself, for now.

"You wish to take confession? The confession booth is always open, dear brother. However, forgive me for asking, but how will you intend to confess with your...vow of selective silence? May I call it?"

Somnius's lip upturned a grin as he let out a chuckle. With a touch to his round nose he responded, *That's the best way to describe it*. Then he curled his finger to motion the priest to lean down so they could whisper something.

Curious and very willing to play along, the priest did so. Oleander felt his rosary bead necklace being fondled with a curled around Somnius' large index finger. The starry man's voice whispered in a low, playful hum, "I was thinking I could confess with you *face to face*. That won't be an issue, will it?" The short man gave a cheeky peck on the cheek.

Oleander seemed *very* pleased by this and couldn't hold back that lustful grin with a devilish twinkle in their purple eyes. His tail coiled into a loop with glee. "Not at all. Who am I to deny a fellow brother *in need*?"

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"Haaa..."

A hot sigh escaped Oleander's lips as he placed his hand on the back of Somnius' head to guide them up and down his cock. His fingers mingled in their blue hair, scratching their scalp tenderly with their fingertips. The priests' neck craned back in delight as Somnius rolled their tongue at the base of the priest's shaft with a hum, rewarding the scratches to their scalp. In turn, there was a brief buck from the priest, causing Somnius to gag for a moment before continuing. "Ghk!"

Despite the church halls getting darker as time waned on, the confession booth was in constant illumination from the other's natural, golden glow from their horns and tail. *Someone was bound to notice soon.*

"Nnn...Now then," Oleander tugs Somnius' hair to pull their lips away from their cock with a wet pop. The head of his erection still lingering at the corner of the smaller man's lips. "Tell me what you wish to confess."

With lidded eyes and a bit of drool, the star-freckled man whispered against the priest's warm, inner thigh. "I had a dream about you."

This piqued a little interest. "Oh?~ What kind?"

The other bit their lower lip and nuzzled into his pale thigh, kissing it. His cunt felt sore already.

Oleander squeezed both his thighs around Somnius' face, smooshing his freckled cheeks together with his erection right in front of their eyes. He was mindful of the horns. "Focus, please. Do I have to make you sing to tell me?"

The starry bun's glowing tail stood up in attention and his eyes focused on the priest's cock in front of his face as he hotly breathed, "A very, very lewd one." His blue eyes stared up at Oleander in infatuation, "For the past few nights."

Oleander was no stranger to such a look from the other followers. And why wouldn't they look at him this way? After all, his sole duty was to help indulge other's desires. And he had a lot of *indulgence* to share.

*Well that was obvious,* The priest thought. "You poor, *sinful* thing. Do you wish to tell me more about it? Even the most sinful dreams are nothing to be ashamed of. You know that." Oleander opened his legs once more and ran their fingers up his cheek and through the other's spiked blue hair. "Tell me. Every. Single. Detail. Hm?"

Somnius finally took this opportunity to remove his trousers and wasted no time in crawling into Oleander's lap. Immediately, the priest felt something hot and wet slip between his erection and the smell of something, oh so sweet. He shivered in delight as he grasped both of Somnius' love-handles immediately, squeezing the pudgy man.

*Oh, sweet hells. Yes.*

He moved the shorter man's hips even closer so they could add friction between his twitching erection and their very wet slit. There was the added feeling of Somnius' clit twitch against his shaft and violent trembling as the starry bun was being teased. Their fingers gripped the back of Oleander's robe as they muffled a moaned into his ear. He leaked more cum onto the length sandwiched between the lips of his cunt.

"H-Haaa..." Somnius bit his lower lip, trying not to moan any louder, the glow on their body flickered for a moment. He would allow himself to be more vocal during sex, but he wouldn't give the other satisfaction that easily yet. But it was hard. It was so hard.

They continued to grind against each other, Oleander teasing the tip to slip in ever so slightly, but making sure he didn't go all the way in. The fact the other was so wet made this action very difficult for the priest to tease. Somnius whispered sweetly into the other's ear, regalling the other of the lewd, lustful dreams they had of the priest for the past few nights. Their thin wings fluttered like paper with each word dripped from their lips.

As the starry man continued to regal their wet dream hotly into Oleander's ear, the grinds got progressively quicker into humping and the sound of wet clapping of skin from Somnius'

excessive cum. Even the wood of confession both itself moaned alongside them in harmony. Finally, Oleander had heard enough and slipped all the way in, feeling the smaller man's inner walls squeeze around him. The priest liked what he was hearing when Somnius cried out in brief delight with him all the way in.

They both took a brief moment of breath before locking their lips together in a tongue-filled kiss. Without Oleander's guidance, Somnius moved up and down their length and moaned into their mouth. It didn't matter how many times the starry man had cum, the priest would keep going until one of them was done (and it wasn't going to be the priest. Their insatiable hunger goes unmatched by anyone in all the Burrowgatory).

"Now I *really* want to hear you sing. Turn for me." Oleander devilishly grinned against their skin as he pulled Somnius off of him only to turn them around in his lap. Somnius was faced forward with their back against Oleander's chest, his large body trembled as he obeyed. Oleander easily slipped back in, coupled with his hand snaking forward across the illuminating marks on their thighs. Somnius felt their erect clit nestle between the priest' index and middle fingers, starting to stimulate them further.

"F-Fuck!" This broke the songweaver. Without being able to muffle their moans into his shoulder anymore, Somnius leaned back and let a long moan and their breath hitched with every rub. They obediently followed Oleander's fingers to start instinctively buck forward as their hips bounced on his wet cock.

The images of shadows started to gather around the confession booth with small murmurs. The sounds of their lustful confessions must have attracted more attention.

*An audience? Perfect.* Oleander gleefully thought. After a nibble on Somnius' earlobe, he murmured, "Cum as many times as you want. We have plenty of time."

Somnius grinned between his gasps as he felt eyes on them. His insides were shaking with arousal. "Y-Yes, Father..." He whispered breathlessly as they brought up their hand back to pet Oleander's cheek before running his fingers through their pink hair. "Thank you, Olea-Ahn!" The sweet spot was found and he would ride it out to his pudgy-heart's content.

Truly a dream come true. He hoped there would be more in the future, but knew it wouldn't be difficult to ask.