New Hampshire towns definitely lived up to the New England aesthetic. The kind that I often found in old American movies portraying the perfect place to raise a family. Big houses with big front and back yards, a close-knit main street full of downtown businesses, and a quaint little park where everybody congregated on slow weekends. Typical American weekends.

The one I found myself in bordered near Vermont but happened to be near the center of the state. The town of ‘Rockwell’ seemed like any other. One other such structure typical of New England towns involved a chapel. A Protestant chapel, to be precise. Like the rest, it appeared rustic yet new with a recent paint job, with an old sign that required lettering to be arranged. As instructed, I parked on the side of the parking lot closest to the side door, then knocked on it before a conservatively dressed Malinois in his late twenties answered it. With a friendly smile hiding nervous disposition, he invited me inside to his office in the back.

I loved closeted religious types. At least, The ones who weren’t willing to cheat on their wives, preach hate, take advantage of their roles, or all the above. Pastor Michael was single, but claimed he made peace with his ‘latent bi-curiosity’ in his own special way.

When he closed the door and locked it behind him, Pastor Michael blushed as he approached me by his wooden desk. It conveniently lay empty without anything on top, not even framed photographs of paperwork.

“M-May I?” He timidly asked me, and I smiled with a reassuring nod, letting my paws rest against the desk. The pastor’s fingers gripped the bottom of my shirt, then peeled it upwards. “Oh...God.”

Pastor Michael slowly yanked up my T-shirt, pausing only to let me raise my arms up so as to give him room to pull it free, then discard it. Soon enough, he simply stared at my bare upper half in growing hunger.

He examined my broad chest and each earned muscle hidden under the layer of dark fur. His cold nose sniffed along the curves of my pectorals, each exhalation from the younger canine’s wet nostrils making me shiver, but also caused my member to stiffen further. What helped ignite my boner further was when he started licking between those curves. He nosed along my pecs, then licked them, all as he struggled with keeping his tail from wagging frantically.

“Nnngh!” I held back a whimper when his nose bumped into my nipple, then he licked on it. Testing the waters one more time, the bold Malinois hyper-focused on sucking it in feverish abandon. “Ohohoho, aren’t you a kinky lad?”

Pastor Michael ignored me as I hugged his head closer to my chest. He suckled it like I were a milk-giving mother, and he were my offspring, almost nipping a little too hard in some instances, but not to the point of leaving marks.

“Ahhh!” He pulled off, panting. “Holy…holy moly!”

“Mmmm, I know.” I chuckled, then pressed my bulging pants against his thigh. “Care to help me with this?”

He didn’t give it much thought, only collapsing to his knees. The younger dog impatiently unzipped my fly, then pulled down my jeans to the knees before marveling at the erect sight standing at attention for him. Visibly intimidated and blinking as if he expected it to disappear, I gently coaxed him to lean forward.

“Go on, give it a kiss, Michael.” I chortled playfully. “It won’t bite.”

The timid Malinois gulped down as his nose touched it. Then, he huffed against my rod while tracing the throbbing veins along the leaking crimson length. He licked from my scrotum up the underside, following to the mighty tip where salty prey touched the other canine’s tongue. He moaned in bliss at the taste. I chuckled at seeing the pastor relish, then felt myself stiffen in more ways than one when Pastor Michael no longer looked at my member in fear. Now, it was pure, divine lust.

“Go slowly,” I whispered between deep panting breaths, scratching between his warmly lowered ears as he bobbed on my dogcock. “There…that’s it. Nice and easy, savor it. Don’t forget to avoid the teeth and try letting it brush against all the roof of your maw. Ohhhh, nggghhhhhh! That’s a good boy…”

Those lips wrapped delicately around the shaft, tongue experimentally wagging underneath it and around it before letting it glide deeper back. Back as far as his inexperienced throat could tolerate. His nostrils flared against my pubic fur, only to grow still as he tried to avoid gagging, The younger canine rubbing his erection through his pants before finally unzipping the fly and fishing his own dogcock into the open air, stroking it.

The pastor closed his eyes in absolute bliss. I growled in bliss too, enjoying how he savored the taste of another man, responding to my pre and pulsing meat with his tongue as if it were the most natural thing to do in the world. He sucked that dick very well, vocalizing his growls around my cock while panting around the girth each time it thrust inside his welcoming, wetted chops. In fact, Pastor Michael wouldn’t stop loudly sniffing my musky scent, to the beautiful point of even drowned out our moans and the squelching drooling he made around my cock. The lad of God was intoxicated.

“Mwahhhhh!” My dogcock plopped free from his drooling, gasping maw. “Ahhhhh! Ah, ah! Sweet Jesus…that was…oh, God.”

“Are you alright, Pastor?”

“I’m fine,” he said, then gulped down some stray saliva.

Pastor Michael requested a minute or two to gather his breath, only to immediately perked back up and stand at his feet. He discarded his dress pants, then the modest pair of white underwear clashing with his tan fur and unbuttoning his shirt before tossing it to the floor. The entire time, I masturbated while using his coding of spit from earlier as lubrication.

We didn’t waste any time. Or rather, the sinful lad didn’t let us meander, practically jumping across the desk and shifting around to lay on his back, facing me. A slutty cloud of lust covered his piercing eyes as they stared in awe of me undressing, and he shattered once I flexed for him. Heh, Pastor Michael really wanted a taste of Doberdane dicking. Which he joyously earned as I leaned over him at the top of the desk and shifted myself into position. The tip of my throbbing canine member felt something slick when it lightly kissed that trembling pucker, however.

An amused chuckle escaped my throat. “Mmmm, is that lube I’m feeling? Already in there?” I asked, to which the meek but horny Malinois nodded. “You’re a naughty, sinful man, Pastor. What would the Lord say?”

He giggled, answering my question with an overwhelmed bark when I pushed in, slowly penetrated that velvet sphincter, and the younger dog rested his outstretched ankles on my hips as I thrust forward. His back arched over the old wooden desk as I filled him, leaving Pastor Michael muttering prayers to God above while fucking him silly.

During this, I lowered my muscle to kiss and pressed my nose along his sensitive neck. When I reached the collarbone and nipped it, the Malinois exclaimed the start of a prayer. He gasped like a preacher suddenly seeing God Himself. He relented any lingering resistance and let out the moans only a slutty dog like him could muster out, and his snarling became haggard as soon as I felt him clenched tighter around my shaft. Neither of us were able to last longer than twenty-odd minutes before ejaculating together in a euphoric haze. As I promised him during our earlier chats, I didn’t knot him. Despite the gay sex, he considered it sacred to only be knotted when you’re married.

As always, I enjoyed the afterglow with my partner. We lay together on his sturdy desk for what felt like forever. I almost nodded off once or twice as we panted together with our tongues hanging out and a thick, drying layer of spent cum and musky sweat bathed us.

“So,” I eventually asked the winning question, “how…are are you going to clean this up?”

“I’m…not.” He sucked back his extended tongue, then sighed. “I’m transferring to a more accepting congregation as of tomorrow. My replacement is more the ‘fire-and-brimstone’ type and made it clear to me that I deserve to rot in the bowels of hell for being a homosexual. He…even tried getting my pastoral ordination revoked using friends in high places.”

“So let me guess,” I quickly surmised, laughing as I caressed his stomach. “This is going to be his new office?”

The pastor didn’t bother to hide a guilty smile. “Definitely.”

At the very least, we did use the connected washroom to clean ourselves up. When Pastor Michael asked if I could join him at one of the pews to give us both a short prayer, I decided to amuse the dog. He didn’t seem hell-bent on spreading his cognitive dissonance to me, nor did the Malinois appear to have a self-hating agenda. He only wished to have me join him in quiet contemplation.

“Sure, why not?” I shrugged. “I’m alright with it.”

“Wonderful!” Pastor Michael led me into a pew, and then we clasped our paws together after sitting down. “Dear God, we come to you as humble men…”