

Bless Me Father for I'm About to Sin

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25576414) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25576414>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Outlander Series - Diana Gabaldon , Outlander (TV) , Outlander & Related Fandoms , Lord John Series - Diana Gabaldon
Relationship:	Jamie Fraser/Lord John Grey
Characters:	Jamie Fraser , Lord John Grey , OMC
Additional Tags:	Warm and Fuzzy Feelings , Feelings , Confessions , Required Love
Language:	English
Collections:	Outlander Bingo Challenge
Stats:	Published: 2020-07-28 Words: 2,474 Chapters: 1/1

Bless Me Father for I'm About to Sin

by [LeviSqueaks](#)

Summary

Jamie Fraser is tired of lying. So he goes to see a Priest for guidance and absolution. For the "Bless Me Father For I'm About To Sin" Square in the Outlander Bingo Challenge.



Bless Me Father, For I'm About to Sin

By Levi Squeaks

Jamie stared up at the chapel and wrung the bonnet he had fisted in his hand. He scarcely remembered the last time he'd spoken to a priest. It had been before Culloden Moor and so much had happened since then he couldn't recall. He had written down all that he could remember and brought it with him as he contemplated the task before him. John, that was, Lord Grey, had arrived earlier in the day on his fifth quarterly visit to check on Jamie.

The years since their first meeting had allowed their friendship to blossom and Jamie found each visit was a happier occasion than the last. They spent the time, what little could be afforded with propriety, full of laughter and teaming with deep conversations and games of chess. Each visit, Jamie grew a little closer to the charming Lord, and each parting fell ever more poignant. It wasn't until their last meeting's part when Jamie watched John trot away that he felt the deep sorrow in his chest and realized what it meant. He had resisted admitting it, gotten piss drunk and sulked about the unfairness of it all in the three months hence. After all, it felt as if the entire world and God in one had decided to curse him with his desire. Was this his punishment? To love someone he couldn't have because he had lost his previous great love? Was this because of his willfulness? His failures to stop Charles Stuart? Getting his

kinsmen killed? Participating in the war? Murdering others? He could see no other explanation for it.

Jamie breathed out slowly and forced himself forward. It felt like he was walking up to be hanged. An execution rather than absolution waiting behind the heavy wooden doors. Clearing his throat and squaring his shoulders, he walked into the quiet chapel and went to light a candle in remembrance of the dead. He stared down at the small flame, wondering how it was that it's flickering, whimsical existence could brighten the room with it's wavering resolve. "Hello, my son," came a soft voice behind him and it was all he could do to keep from jumping and whirling at the unexpected greeting.

Jamie turned and took in the sight of the priest behind him. The familiar robes and lined face were a welcome sight and Jamie felt his body relaxing in the presence of the older man. The priest seemed kind, and it was a far cry from the stern faced fathers of Jamie's disreputable youth. Perhaps it was age and knowing the true horrors of the world that made him seem less foreboding? Or maybe it was the lack of fear Jamie felt at dying and burning. He wasn't sure there was another choice at this point. "Father," he greeted softly, "I hope the time is convenient?" He asked and sighed softly when he got an encouraging nod from the Priest. "I'd like to make confession, if ye have a moment to listen?" He requested.

The priest's gaze was penetrating in a way that all men of the cloth seemed to stare into your soul. But the Father only smiled again and motioned Jamie to the bench in the front. "I always have time to hear the confessions of God's children, my son. You seem troubled," he offered to Jamie as he followed the tall Scot to the bench and settled down. "I haven't seen you here before, are you new here then? I am Father Graham," he greeted and held a hand out to Jamie. Jamie nodded and took it with his own scarred hand, fingers stiff. "Malcolm, father. Malcolm MacKenzie." Father Graham nodded and motioned to him. He sat nearly a head shorter than Jamie and seemed frail but warm and inviting and it was something that Jamie desperately needed.

Jamie licked his lips and stared down at the cap still clenched in one hand and carefully twisted the material in his hands. "Bless me father, for I have sinned... It has been, aye about 12 years since my last confession."

The priest stared at Jamie, shock apparent on his face at that admittance and he shifted to face Jamie more fully. "12 years? That is a very long time to be without God's forgiveness, my son." His weathered face spoke of uncertainty and Jamie nodded and tugged the paper from his pocket, still unaccustomed to wearing breeches even after a decade of them.

He opened the paper and glanced up at the man, "Aye weel, they didna let priests into the prison unless there was a man to be hanged and I have nay been able to get away until recently." His hands played with the paper as surely as he had the hat and he sighed and continued, "I've done a great many things in my life I'm no proud of, and many things that may have been a sin but I canna find myself truly sorry for most of it. I married a woman who had been married before. I lied and stole to try and stop a war and pointless killing. I fought in that same war when it became inevitable and killed men whose only crime was following orders. Boys and men alike."

He swallowed tightly. "I hid away, refused to follow the rules of men, refused to turn myself in. I lay wit a woman I wasna wed to. I escaped from prison but returned, I lied and took another man's punishment. I spoke in a foul manner and threatened someone I love dearly. That is what I am most ashamed of," he admitted quietly and shook his head. "I canna recall a time in particular but I am weel aware I've taken the Lord's name in vain, and have fought for petty reasons." He looked up at the priest and saw nothing but patience and understanding there. "But... none of these were the reasons I came to ye for absolution."

Father Graham made a soft noise of acknowledgement, "These are all sins, yes... but ones easily forgiven. What is it that brought you here then, Malcolm, if it wasn't the sins of your past?" Jamie ran a hand up through his red curls and he sighed softly as he tried to find the words to express what he needed. He stared down at the grooves and veins of the wooden floors and took a deep breath. "I've someone I love terribly whom I have not been truthful with. They've shown me nothing but compassion and trust and love and I've hurt them terribly. I cannae say why when I think back except that I did no think it came from pure intentions. My wife is gone and I've no ability to have her again in my life. She's past beyond now but my heart is opening up again and I know it is a sin to love again. Against them both. I swore to God above to love my wife until my dying breath and... I cannae ever forget her but I am so tired of being alone." He took a deep breath and tried to figure out how to continue. Father Graham was smiling wistfully at him and nodded for him to continue. "I... want to confess my love but I... am not a man of high status. I'm not a man who can make the situation alright. Society would... it would nae be good," he offered sadly. "If I am to confess, it would be a secret, a hidden passion. It would nae be one that the church could condone. Nae I would lie the rest of my life if I confessed. But I dinna have the strength to stop myself."

Father Graham laughed softly and hid it behind weathered hands. "Forgive me, my son. I cannot help but laugh because you've come to me in true turmoil and yet this is such a joyous occasion. If you love this deeply and your love is pure in the eyes of God then you should tell them. God will not truly punish love for society's sake. Moving forward will be your own decisions and that of your young love. But to confess is to remedy an untruth and that cannot be anything but pure. Go with God's blessings, my son be truthful and the truth shall set you free." Jamie opened his mouth to protest, he knew the encouragement was only through the misunderstanding between them, that the priest was sure that Jamie was speaking of a woman. Before he could correct the priest, Father Graham held his hands up and shook his head. "I need not hear further on the matter, go now Mackenzie."

Jamie sighed and stood, nodding to the priest before disappearing from the chapel. It shouldn't have helped. It shouldn't feel right. But now that he had the blessing, however misunderstood, his heart was racing in anticipation. He knew where John's room was and with his heart unburdened and his courage bolstered he snuck close to the house and stared up at second floor windows. It would be a climb and one he would have to take carefully so as not to be discovered. Especially by the wee Byrd who was liable to stab him with a letter opener as he was to turn a blind eye.

Jamie waited until the rooms were dark on the first floor and the lights had dimmed in John's bedroom before stealthily making his way across the yard from the copse of trees. He cursed lightly under his breath as he stared up the wall and then forced himself to scale it. Fingers

aching as he pulled himself up to the ledge of John's window, he tested it and breathed a sigh of relief when he realized it was already unlatched and open a few inches.

Hoisting it up further, he slithered in the window and swore as he knocked over the side table underneath it with the edge of his boot. He tensed, hissing as he fell to the ground beside it. His heart raced in fear of being discovered by someone else as John sat up in bed, eyes wide in shock. "...Jamie?" He hissed. "What the devil are you doing sneaking into my window in the middle of the night, Fraser?"

Jamie froze, unsure of how to start as all of the passionate confessions in his mind evaporated. John struck a match and lit the candle beside his bed. John was undressed fully in his bed, his nightshirt flung across the chair beside the bed. Jamie swallowed thickly at the revealed musculature and soft hair that he hadn't expected on someone as wee as John. Further reflection told Jamie he was a clotheed for not expecting the man before him to be as well formed. Truly, did he think John was hiding breasts or was hairless as a babe just because he was small like one? "Jamie?"

Christ, he had gotten lost in the heathers. "I... my apologies John. I had tae see you and it couldnae wait until there were others about."

John's expression was concerned but he stayed anchored in the bed. "If you'll turn your back, Fraser we could sit?" The offer came dryly and John shifted to the edge of the bed.

Jamie froze for a moment as he tried to make sense of John's words until John stood. Jamie flushed and quickly whirled about but not fast enough to keep himself from getting a solid eyeful of the strong curve of John's backside. Jamie was shocked at the bolt of desire that lanced through him and he closed his eyes against it as he shakily stood.

He heard John's footfalls and he turned to see John clothed in a long shirt, milky thighs peeking out from the edge and he felt heat flushing his face as he quickly righted the table and followed John to the two chairs in front of the mantle. "Come now Jamie, what did you need to discuss so urgently that you had to break into my bedroom and wake me from bed?" John asked the question with a wry smile and a hidden yawn behind his hand. Jamie shifted to sit across from him and stared down at his hands. "I apologize, John," he managed carefully. "I had to speak to you and it wasn't something that could have waited. I... you've been very kind to me, despite our unfortunate meeting," he said as he fought to hide a smile. John blinked at him sleepily, eyes narrowing lightly as he nodded. Jamie cleared his throat and stared down at his hands. "I... there is... that is..." he frowned and tried to figure out how to say all that was in his heart but trapped there. He stared up at John whose hair was sprawled messily around his head and then shook his head. "Fuck it," he managed before reaching to grip John by the shirt and cheek and drag him across the space between them to kiss him heatedly. Jamie could feel John stiffen against him before the slighter man melted and Jamie took advantage of that to drag John closer and kiss him desperately. He tried to tell John through lips and tongue and arms snaking around his back how desperately he loved him, wanted him, needed him. Eventually John pressed lightly against his chest and Jamie loosened his grip so John could pull away. He searched the younger man's face for any hint of what he was feeling and felt something in his chest tighten at the dumbfounded look. "Jamie," the lord managed as a gentle hand came up to cup Jamie's cheek. "Good Lord,

Jamie. Are you drunk?" Jamie laughed and turned to press a kiss to the man's wrist, smelling the hint of lemon verbena. "No, at least, not on whisky or anything of the like. I just... I've grown verra fond of ye John. I cannae stand the notion of hiding it... not from you."

John stared up at him, eyes wide before a slow smile crept across his face as if the sun were breaking through clouds. "I never thought... well... honestly Jamie did you scale the house and knock over the table in the dead of night just to kiss me?" The query was followed by a soft laugh. Jamie shrugged and smiled, "Aye, I even went to the priest to confess before I came. So I could be... as worthy as possible for ye, John. If ye'll have me? Such as I am."

"Well this will certainly be an interesting adventure." Jamie felt his stomach seize before a soft kiss was placed against his lips, releasing the tension, "but yes Jamie, I will."

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