

Thou Shalt Not

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Shawn x HHH fluff. HHH has to know which means more to HBK: The bible, or his best friend, when he comes out as a homosexual. WWE. One-shot.

I do not own any of the characters mentioned, or the bible. Hallelujah.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/yamiskoi/41974/Thou-Shalt-Not>

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1 - Thou Shalt Not

Leviticus 18:22

Thou shalt not lie with mankind as with womankind, it is an abomination.

There it was. In solid black ink. It was God's word, his rules and law unto mankind, such that cannot be broken, such that are most important of them all.

Odd how such words meant so little to one man so desperately in love with another. Another who just so happened to take the word of God very, very seriously.

"Well?"

Shawn started as the silence was broken, his azure eyes locking onto his best friend's.

"Well what?" He demanded, his voice somewhat shaky. "You set this up, didn't you?"

Paul nodded – He couldn't deny that this had been organised beforehand. Not when those gorgeous eyes were gazing into his own, imploring, accusing.

"But it's right there." Paul said, gesturing to the book that Shawn lived by, its flimsy papers creasing as his friend gripped the page tightly. "It's living proof that your 'messiah'-" He hesitated beneath the challenging glare that Shawn shot him at the sarcasm in his voice, clearing his throat before continuing. "-Does not approve of gay people." He leaned back on the vast bed, propping his head on his hand. "What do you have to say to that?"

Shawn swallowed heavily, torn between his best friend and his beloved little red book. His mind and heart were raging a terrific war, it was evident from the look in his eyes – That such a decision was one he could not truly make – And suddenly, Paul regretted bringing up the subject.

It had only been recently when Paul confessed to Shawn the true extent of his sexuality. Naturally, the man had been overjoyed – Something that had confused but delighted Paul. Of course, the two celebrated, but a thought played on Paul's night for their first evening of, as Shawn put it, 'being at peace.'

Did the bible not condemn homosexuality? Although not a particularly religious man himself, Paul requested to look at the Holy Book, which had surprised his friends and colleagues greatly. And with some guidance from a trusted Internet source, he was able to find the exact verse in which God had blatantly refused to accept gay people, 'his words' classing such a thing as being a diabolical act of Satan. To do so would be to curse his afterlife.

With this evidence thrown into the light, Paul had knocked on Shawn's hotel room door, wordlessly entering as he gave his fellow degenerate the extract. He had watched closely Shawn's reaction, and

those that had been the most prominent were fear, outrage and sorrow. And so had followed a lengthy silence, in which neither man had said anything, and then Paul, who was filled with raw regret and nausea, broke it, needing to know which was more important to Shawn.

The bible, or his best friend.

“What do I have to say about it?” He repeated, as if he had not heard Paul at all, and he was actually talking to himself.

Paul nodded slowly, his eyes savouring the sight of his friend’s features... He may not get to do so again... Or at least not in the same way that he was now...

And then the tension in the air, as if sucked out by an invisible vacuum, was gone completely. Shawn smiled and set his precious little book aside. He then lunged forwards so suddenly and wrapped his arms around Paul’s waist, and they fell onto the bed, Shawn on top. He smiled down at the man below, before leaning down to kiss Paul, who immediately responded by wrapping his arms around the man’s neck, pushing his tongue into familiar territory, drinking in the little sighs that his best friend made above him. Paul brought a hand to the back of Shawn’s neck, deepening the kiss, holding the man close.

The two explored each other’s sweet mouths until the need to breathe tore them apart, and Shawn rested his forehead against Paul’s, panting but smiling.

“Does that answer your question?” He asked benignly, and his friend nodded.

“But there’s just one problem.” He said in a tone that suggested that Shawn had missed out a crucial point.

Shawn frowned. “What?”

A wide grin lit up Paul’s face.

“That I have to be on top.”