

## **We Make the Hipsters Fall In Love**

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# **We Make the Hipsters Fall In Love**

by [i\\_claudia](#)

## Summary

Arthur hates his tutor.

This is actually like, fragments posing as almost drabbles pretending to be maybe a fic BUT WHATEVER THERE ARE BOWTIES AND BLOWJOBS YOUR ARGUMENT IS INVALID.

## Notes

Originally posted on LJ [here](#). (4 September 2011)

Shamelessly based off of [this youtube vid](#). It seemed like a good idea at fuckity-o'clock of the night. Morning. Whatever.

Arthur hates his tutor.

He drives thirty minutes out to the school because the tutor's actually a real teacher, and doesn't have a car to drive into town. Strike one against him, and Arthur hasn't even met him yet. Arthur is a busy man. He doesn't have *time* for this; wouldn't be doing it except that Morgana is forcing him. Arthur thinks they communicate just fine with pen and paper and cobbling together their own signs for things, and Morgana's picking up lip-reading faster than what anyone says should be possible, but she says she wants to actually *converse* with him again. Arthur thinks she's just looking for new and more fascinating ways to insult him.

The tutor's late, which leaves Arthur kicking his heels in a desk that's too small for his legs, staring at the motivational posters and world maps hanging crooked on the walls until there's a scuffle at the door and a *ridiculous person* flies into the room at the center of a veritable hurricane of books and papers and manila folders.

"Sorry," the man says, breathless, as Arthur stands up and smooths the wrinkles from his suit. "I'm so sorry, the math team meeting ran late and there were a few things to clear up in the office and—" Arthur watches, bemused, as the guy takes a visible breath and composes himself, dumping his papers on the teacher's desk in the front of the classroom and turning to face Arthur directly with a smile he obviously pulls out for open-house nights and parent-teacher conferences. "Merlin Emrys," he introduces himself. "Sorry to keep you waiting, shall we start?"

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Arthur can't believe Merlin actually exists. He wears horrible thick hipster glasses and a button-up in a color which makes Arthur suspect he found it at the back of a sale rack and a belt with a bedazzled buckle and is clearly an alien or a vivid hallucination.

"Gift from a student," Merlin explains when he catches Arthur looking at the buckle, shrugging a smile. Arthur just stares, horrified.

The man is wearing a *bowtie*, for Christ's sake. It has *polka dots*. He's a mutant alien who learned about acceptable human culture by watching all the wrong television shows.

Nevertheless, all of this washes pale and insignificant after they start the lesson, when Merlin gets up to scribble something on the white board. Merlin's handwriting is illegible, and Arthur should be paying attention to whatever he's describing with such animation, but Arthur can only gape.

He'd noticed earlier that Merlin was wearing dark jeans, tighter than Arthur feels are appropriate for a school environment—not skinny by any means but certainly not the sober trousers they should rightfully be, as Merlin is supposedly a professional—but nothing more than that. Now, however, sitting back down in one of the too-small desks, he's at an eye-level where it's impossible not to notice that Merlin is *seriously packing*.

Jesus *Christ*, this man is teaching impressionable youth. Isn't there a teacher dress code? Arthur wonders if he should bring it up to the dean. He tries to swallow, but his throat is so dry it hurts.

He tries to concentrate during the remaining hour of the session, but his brain has derailed, short-circuiting until all he can hear when he looks at Merlin is *penis*.

Blah blah, blah blah blah, Merlin is saying, pointing to a series of squiggles on the board and Arthur's trying, he really is, but nothing's getting through.

*Penis*, his mind whispers. *Penis penis penis penis penis*.

Arthur feels fourteen years old in all of the worst ways.

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Arthur keeps confusing himself or forgetting signs for things and saying them out loud instead, which makes Merlin purse his lips and look tired.

"We went over this three times last week," he reminds Arthur patiently, but Arthur is fed up with this, sick of struggling to learn new ways to say words he already knows; he feels like an idiot and he doesn't care what Morgana says, he's *done*. This is impossible, it's absolutely impossible, and Merlin's probably making it all up anyway, just to make Arthur's life a living hell.

He's drawing the breath to say this, all of it, but Merlin's looking over his shoulder at the door. "Take a break," Merlin tells him, standing, and Arthur twists around to see two teenagers peering in at them—students, he assumes. "This shouldn't take long."

Arthur lays his head down on the plastic wood of the desk for a few seconds before straightening again and staring at the notes he's taken. *How much*, he's written, and *dog*—again, because Merlin keeps trying to make him talk about Leon because it's an easy topic but Arthur can't remember the sign for the life of him—and *glitter*, because Merlin had mentioned it and Arthur had thought it was funny. He'll forget all of it in a day, Arthur knows; he can already feel it starting—does he use these fingers or this motion, or is it clockwise instead—and there's nothing he can do about it; he just can't keep all of this in his head. No one can.

He turns around to see how Merlin's getting on, how soon Arthur can tell him he's quitting, and stops. Merlin's still talking with the students, but somehow, Arthur hadn't really thought about how he'd be talking to them. Merlin's hands are *flying*.

The students are signing, too, all three of them having a conversation without a single spoken word, but it's Merlin Arthur's entranced by, all these slow, jerky motions Merlin's been making so Arthur can copy him suddenly smoothed out, made fluid and beautiful in the expressiveness of Merlin's slender wrists, the bending angles of his long fingers. *That's* what Arthur wants. He wants to understand, to pick out more than a few signs here and there. Are they talking about Shakespeare? Integrals? Arthur knows Merlin teaches English but coaches the mathletes; it could be either, could be anything. One of the girls glances over at Arthur—

hell, are they talking about him? They could have long conversations about him, the shape of his nostrils, discourses he'd never understand.

Suddenly, irrationally, he hates Merlin for being so goddamn patient all the time, for smiling when Arthur gets something right like Arthur's a dog that's finally learned how to do a trick Merlin's known for years, like Arthur's a baby just learning not to spit up on his own clothes. It was simpler, Arthur thinks, when he didn't know anything at all, when he could barely sign the alphabet; that was enough for him when that was all he thought there was to learn. He turns away. Most of him knows these girls are legitimate students with legitimate concerns, that Merlin isn't doing this to flaunt his own skills or rub Arthur's nose in his own ignorance, but it's still easier not to watch.

He doesn't turn around again until he hears the door close.

"So," Merlin says, cheerfully coming back over to sit by Arthur. "Where were we?"

...

Arthur notices things about Merlin.

It'd be impossible not to; they've been meeting three times a week for a month now, even if they never talked about themselves Arthur would have learned things about Merlin.

Merlin throws his whole being into things. There's an energy that hums through him, trapped deep in his bones; it makes him fidget and leap about when he's explaining things, the springs in his elbows and knees wound tight. He tries to sit, because Arthur can concentrate better when Merlin isn't moving around, but he prefers to pace, waving his hands around and occasionally pounding one palm with his fist for emphasis. He tugs at his earlobes and fidgets with the device curved around his left ear Arthur hasn't asked about yet and takes his glasses off regularly to scrub them on his shirt, squinting at them before rubbing them vigorously again, chattering the whole time without missing a beat. Arthur wants to take the glasses away and clean them properly, lecture Merlin about the scratches he's undoubtedly putting on the lenses, but he secretly cherishes the thought that maybe Merlin will damage them so badly he'll have to get them replaced, which could only be an improvement. Maybe he'll get contacts, Arthur thinks, and has to stop that train of thought before he embarrasses himself.

The energy fizzles and crackles at Merlin's edges, and when he smiles—when he truly smiles, when Arthur's just nailed something complicated or accidentally revealed that he works in the soup kitchen every Saturday because he enjoys it, not because of the good press it gives him—all that trapped light and heat bursts through Merlin's face when he grins, too dazzling to look at for long.

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Merlin's sartorial choices don't improve with the growing winter, despite all of Arthur's hints and subtle attempts at influencing him. When he shows up with a purple zip-up cardigan over the habitual bowtie, Arthur gives up in despair.

...

Morgana's convinced they're having a torrid affair.

"Morgana!" Arthur yells, scandalized, but she only laughs and laughs and laughs, and hides specialty condoms and packets of lube in his pockets and the glove box of his car.

Arthur doesn't tell her about the dreams he's been having, where Merlin looks up at Arthur through his lashes, bites his lip and pushes Arthur slowly to his knees.

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Merlin's going away for Thanksgiving break. Arthur isn't angry about this. He is perfectly rational and unaffected. He isn't having more trouble than usual with simple signs, these are the ones he'd learned in *September*, for fuck's sake, he knows them and he doesn't need to fucking *review the basics*. He isn't shorter or more bad tempered than usual. Merlin is just too damn sensitive, that's all.

...

When Merlin comes in with speakers and fiddles with the computer at the front of the classroom before moving some of the desks around to clear a space, Arthur should have guessed something was up.

"Um," Merlin says, witty as always. "I did this last year at the faculty talent show; it went over pretty well. I thought, since this is our last meeting before break, I could show you. You know, just for fun, just so you can see that this *can* be fun."

"Fine," Arthur says, carefully picking invisible lint off the pressed crease in his trousers. He should get his shoes polished again; there are scuffmarks on both his toes. "Knock yourself out."

Merlin sucks a breath through his teeth, like he's holding back uncharitable comments, and taps a few keys on the computer. "You sort of have to look at me," he says. "That's the whole point."

Arthur rolls his eyes and raises his head to look at Merlin, who's bouncing on the balls of his feet and looking uncharacteristically nervous. "I'm waiting," Arthur drawls, but before he gets any further, Ke\$ha's already wailing through the sounds system. "Oh, *hell* no," he says, appalled, but Merlin—Merlin shuts him up *fast*.

Merlin's signing with his whole body: it's not just his hands and arms but his face too, his elbows and eyebrows and chest and legs and dear God, his *hips*. There's mindless pop blaring in Arthur's ears and Merlin dancing his own interpretation in his stupid tight jeans and Arthur still doesn't know a third of the signs he uses, is blown away by how seamlessly Merlin moves: as if for him this is as easy as shooting the breeze, as remarking on the weather or the NYSE or the latest in election antics, all of which Arthur can do like breathing. But this, what Merlin can do—is doing—this transcends it all.

Arthur has an erection before Merlin's finished grinding into the first *ha-ha-a-a-a-ard*, and he doesn't even care.

...

When Merlin finishes, the song clicking off into silence once more, he looks at Arthur, panting a little, and Arthur stares back, unable to move because then Merlin might look down, might see that Arthur's cock is straining against the line of his best trousers and probably making the sort of embarrassing damp spot Arthur hasn't had to deal with since he was fifteen and desperately horny and watching fucking *Full House* could give him a hard-on.

"Right," Merlin says, a little faintly. "That was... yeah. That. Um. I'll just—"

He flees before Arthur has a chance to group the scattered edges of his mind together into something resembling coherence, leaving Arthur to figure out how the hell he's going to get out of the school without looking like a total pervert.

Which, he reflects sadly, he probably is.

...

"You can do Gaga too, can't you."

"You're missing the point, Arthur."

"You *can*!"

Merlin sighs, but he's always been terrible at trying to hide his grins. "Don't make me get my pokerface on."

Arthur has to breathe slowly through his nose so he doesn't tackle Merlin backwards. He wants to jump Merlin's bones until he *breaks*.

...

"Until Tuesday, then?"

"Yeah," Arthur says, watching Merlin fiddle with his keys. They've stopped at Arthur's car, carried by their conversation until they can't stall any longer. Arthur will unlock his door and drive one way, and Merlin will walk back to the other side of the lot and unlock his bicycle and go the other, and they'll live separate lives until next week.

"Practice in front of a mirror," Merlin tells him. "It'll really help you get a feel for—"

"Have coffee with me," Arthur interrupts: sudden, no premeditation.

Merlin stares at him, mouth slightly open. His cheeks are pink in the cold. The weatherman's been predicting the first snowfall of the year tonight. "Coffee?"

"Tea," Arthur says. "Wine, dinner; fuck, I don't care. Whatever you want."

"Arthur," says Merlin slowly. "Is this a date? Are you asking me out on a date?"

“What do you think?” Arthur demands, because yes, *yes*, this is a date, he wants to take Merlin out to beer and football or candles and roses, whatever Merlin wants; whatever will guarantee that Arthur can be close to him, talk to him, touch him, because it’s not worth it, anymore; Arthur wants everything and it’s hopeless to think with time this need might weaken, might pass away like the mist that gathers on the river in the early morning. “Do you want it to be a date?”

Merlin looks at him a moment longer, his face blank with surprise still, and Arthur is just starting to think he’ll have to run, leave everything and move to a new city far away, before Merlin’s moving, trapping Arthur against the car door and ducking his head in for a kiss.

The metal is cold through Arthur’s coat and his back is bent at an uncomfortable angle and his fingers can’t quite get a good grip on Merlin’s elbows through his jacket, but Merlin’s mouth is hot and slick against his, Merlin’s hips are pressing hard into his own, and Arthur could die, right here, and be deliriously happy.

...

Arthur sucks Merlin off in the backseat of his Prius in the middle of the school parking lot.

He’s not saying it was a good decision—it’s late but there’s always the chance some student will wander by and get an eyeful—but it was a *necessary* one. It was absolutely necessary to Arthur’s health and psychological well-being that he shove Merlin’s goddamn tight pants down his thighs and suck his cock in to the root immediately, not caring that the car is too small for this, that Merlin’s half-propped inelegantly against the door, his legs bent at awkward angles and still tangled in his jeans, that Arthur has to contort himself into a position that makes his back scream in order to get his mouth on Merlin’s dick.

Merlin’s cock is thick and long and curves just a little to the left as it fills, and Arthur crams himself into the gap between the front and back seats to get a better angle, because he needs it in him, he’s gagging for it, has wanted to taste it maybe ever since that first day, staring at Merlin’s crotch and wondering.

“Fuck,” Merlin swears, fingers twisted hard in Arthur’s hair. “*Fuck*, Arthur, yeah; take it.”

Arthur makes it messy, doesn’t care that as he leaves sloppy kisses along Merlin’s length and suckles at the head he’s getting spit all down his chin. He lips delicately at the foreskin, giving tiny licks until Merlin whines and bucks his hips: demanding more, demanding *now*. Arthur’s happy to oblige. He’s running his hands over Merlin’s skin, everywhere he can reach, wrapping his fingers around Merlin’s thighs and cupping his ass while he laves his tongue over the sensitive skin of Merlin’s balls, and Merlin hisses, grabbing another handful of Arthur’s hair before gripping his shoulder instead, fingers digging in hard between the tendons.

Arthur wants to take it all. He wants Merlin down his throat, wants Merlin to mewl and thrash and thrust, push his cock in until Arthur can’t breathe from it, wants to sink so deep he’ll never recover. It’s freezing in the car but Arthur’s boiling, blood singing molten in him, Merlin’s dick burning against his tongue. Merlin has one hand braced against the window now, leaving smeared prints across the glass; he’s brushing the other across Arthur’s face,



dragging his fingertips down over the bulge his cock makes in Arthur's cheek with his eyes wide in wonder, and Arthur shudders to think that Merlin can feel himself through this small flap of Arthur's skin, can feel the fever blush in Arthur's flesh. Arthur makes a helpless, guttural noise and Merlin echoes it, hips bucking forward as Arthur opens himself wider to take it.

When Arthur pulls off to breathe, there's a line of saliva that stays strung between them, tenuous and silver, from Merlin's cock to Arthur's swollen lips. "*Jesus*," Merlin says, ragged, and Arthur looks up. There's color riding high in Merlin's cheeks and his glasses are skewed; his bowtie is loose. Arthur can see his chest move with his breath: shallow, uneven, as if all the energy within him has been drawn up and wound tight within his breast, leaving no room for the air to move. His dick bobs against his stomach, leaving wet trails across the creamy skin which Arthur bends to press his mouth to, greedy, unwilling to let the chance to taste go by. He can feel Merlin's muscles quiver under his teeth, hear the hiss that hitches its way out between Merlin's lips.

"Arthur," Merlin whines, twisting under him, his hands in his own hair now, curled tight as if he's afraid to touch. "Shit, Arthur, please, *please*—" He chokes when Arthur slides back over his cock, rubbing his tongue over the slit hard. It slips in easy now; Merlin's dick and Arthur's mouth are wet, soaking, and Arthur's trying to lick it all, everything, pull the taste of Merlin into his mouth even as his spit and Merlin's precome go dripping over the hand he has wrapped around the base of Merlin's dick. Merlin is gasping, a high keening noise high in his throat, his fingers sunk white-knuckled into the seat, and Arthur pulls off again with a hollow pop.

Merlin looks down at him, disheveled and foolish with pleasure. "Let go," Arthur says, unable to control the need that's blistering inside him, making his voice tremble. He knows Merlin is holding back, from courtesy or uncertainty or whatever stupid fucking reason, and what he wants is Merlin wild beneath him, undone and blissed out and unable to remember his own fucking *name*. "Merlin, I want—show me—" He can't finish the thought, can't put the fire that's ripping through his nerves into mere words. He rests his head on Merlin's inner thigh instead, breathing in the smell of Merlin and teasing his fingers along Merlin's balls until he feels Merlin's hand in his hair again, tugging him back until his lips are brushing Merlin's dick again. "Yeah," Arthur rasps, with a shiver that starts at the nape of his neck and ends in his cock. "Fuck, Merlin."

"Take it," Merlin instructs, and god, he *moans* when Arthur swirls his tongue lazily around the swollen head. "Arthur—Arthur, finish it, finish me..." He groans again when Arthur stretches his mouth, jaw sore and lips a little numb, to suck him down. This time, Arthur doesn't stop, keeps going slow until he chokes and backs off for a moment before sliding down again. Merlin's babbling a string of words that don't make sense together: *fuck* and *Arthur*, *Arthur*, over and over, his voice going high and tight and breathy. He's pushing forward from the hips, shoving further in until Arthur can feel him nudging at the back of his throat, and Arthur lets him, lets Merlin hold his head and fuck his mouth, feeling himself go mindless as he luxuriates in the ache and strain of it. His own dick is aching, pressed hard against his trousers, and he fumbles at the zip until he can get a hand on it, still wet from Merlin's cock, and jerk himself feverishly.

Merlin's voice is stretched taut now, desperate, and when he pulls hard at Arthur's hair Arthur obeys without thinking, concentrating on nothing more than the brutal ecstasy building hot and ferocious in his skull. Merlin's come catches him unexpectedly across the face, spattering up his neck and over his cheeks, dripping into his open mouth. Arthur catches his breath at the surprise, automatically licking his lips to catch it, and Merlin moans at the sight, his cock jerking again; Arthur can feel the muscles in his belly spasming as his body tries to wring the last bit of pleasure from the orgasm.

Arthur can feel Merlin's spunk trickling into his eyebrows and down the soft skin just below his ears, and comes with a shuddering gasp.

...

The first time they have sex, Arthur accidentally elbows Merlin hard in the ear. Merlin yells, cursing, and the loose parts of his cochlear implant go flying, and they spend fifteen minutes shaking the sheets out until they find all the pieces.

The second time ends much more satisfactorily, though the carpet ends up permanently stained and Arthur nurses rugburn for a week.

...

Merlin keeps teaching Arthur, though they no longer have sessions at the school. They meet over Arthur's kitchen table, and Merlin knocks over mugs of Arthur's artisan pu'erh teas, and when Arthur can't think of the sign he grabs Merlin by the hand and tugs until he can kiss everything he doesn't yet know how to say into the easy slickness of Merlin's mouth.

...

After their first fight, Arthur doesn't see Merlin for two weeks. He flips aimlessly through the dictionary he'd bought himself months before, picking out signs to try, but the fun has gone from it, vanished with Merlin's smile.

When Merlin comes back, looking tired and a little grim but ready to give Arthur another chance, it's all Arthur can do not to hold himself together. He permits himself a tiny motion, just his fist rubbing a circle into his chest, and Merlin gives him a faint smile, brushing his lips quietly across Arthur's temple. It's a start.

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...

Arthur keeps finding Merlin in awkward-looking poses which he immediately drops as soon as Arthur comes into the room.

"Are you doing yoga?"

Merlin gives him a withering look. "Does this look like yoga?"

“I’m not sure what it looks like.”

It takes Arthur three weeks before he figures out that Merlin’s been listening to Katy Perry far more than is strictly necessary by any measure. He doesn’t say anything, just quietly goes about purchasing tickets to the annual talent show fundraiser. When Morgana questions him he tries to pass it off as pure philanthropy, but she goes with him anyway, because she’s a nosy harpy who’s too perceptive for her own good.

:::

“You were really good,” Arthur says. “In the show, I mean.” It’s a bit of a struggle to get the words out right; he has to concentrate on their order, careful not to slur them.

“Thank you,” says Merlin graciously, and flexes his fingers. Arthur groans at the stretch, the ache of it zinging out through his nerves, making him twitch. He’s loose and sloppy still, his ass and the insides of his thighs slippery with lube and come; the air is thick with the smell of sweat and sex and Merlin’s still not finished with him. Arthur shudders, wobbly, when Merlin digs deeper into the furred slackness of his hole. It feels like Merlin’s pressing on a bruise, the twinge of it sparking something primal in Arthur, buried somewhere deep between his belly and his spine. It’s not fair; Arthur’s limbs are still trembling from the *last* orgasm.

“*Merlin.*”

Merlin strokes a hand down Arthur’s ribs in reply, and Arthur buries his face in the pillow, trying to control his breathing through the hypoallergenic down. He remembers buying this bedding, new in town, convinced he’d never find anyone interesting enough to share it with for more than a night or two.

Merlin’s breath is hot and close, gusting close to Arthur’s hole, and Arthur’s whimper is muffled by the pillow but he’s sure Merlin sees the wordless plea written in the tension of Arthur’s back.

“Bet I could make you come again,” Merlin says, his lips close—so close—to Arthur’s skin; Arthur can almost feel them brushing against him. “I bet it wouldn’t take me long at all.”

Arthur groans long and low in shameless desperation, because it wouldn’t, it *wouldn’t*, and fuck, he’s sore but he wants still, needs Merlin in him and on him, filling him past everything he thought he could take and pushing him through to the other side of consciousness. But Merlin—Merlin’s moving away, what the fuck; Arthur’s pushing himself up on his elbows to glare backwards because he’s already half-hard, just from Merlin’s fingers in his ass, just from Merlin *breathing* on him, and Merlin had better be planning to finish what he started.

Merlin laughs at the look on Arthur’s face, delighted, and pulls him in to kiss. “I want to see your face,” he says, and Arthur falls hard, collapsing back into the mattress while Merlin pushes at his ankles to spread his legs wide.

Merlin’s a mean bastard when it comes to sex. Not that it isn’t enjoyable, not that he doesn’t take every measure to ensure Arthur’s left quivering and bonelessly sated at the end, but he likes to drag things out, take his time when Arthur’s already strung out, going mad from the

slow burn turning him inside out. He likes to strip Arthur to bare emotion so he can watch everything Arthur is spread out in front of him; he loves to play Arthur like an instrument until Merlin's the only key Arthur knows. So Merlin doesn't immediately set to now, doesn't fill Arthur up in one smooth stroke like Arthur's hoping. He *licks*, instead, tiny flicks of his tongue around Arthur's stretched-out hole, tasting until Arthur's squirming, huffing out angry little breaths and spreading himself wider, pushing his hips up in what he thinks is clear invitation for Merlin to exert himself a little more.

Merlin laughs and presses his hands to Arthur's hips, holding him down, and barely brushes the tip of his tongue across the clenching muscle.

"Fuck you, Merlin! Goddammit!" Arthur's on his elbows now, glowering down at Merlin, who's grinning.

"Patience," Merlin says, and Arthur demonstrates how closely he's been paying attention in Merlin's lesson by using some of the more vulgar signs Merlin's taught him. Merlin smiles, dirty, and lowers his head again, and Arthur's spine snaps stiff when Merlin shoves his tongue deep in Arthur's ass, hot and filthy and altogether too much to bear.

...

Merlin bites kisses into Arthur's mouth while they fuck, both of them gasping, Merlin's glasses in danger of falling off the nightstand from the amount of shaking the bed is doing, mattress creaking as the bed frame slams against the wall. Arthur has his legs curled up around Merlin's waist, heels digging in hard, and he's sure he's left red scratches all the way down Merlin's back. He's overwhelmed by it: the harshness of Merlin's breathing in his ear, the sweat that rubs off Merlin's skin onto his own, the delirious ache of Merlin's cock splitting him open farther than Arthur can take.

Beyond the groaning mattress Arthur can hear the slick slap as Merlin drives harder into Arthur, sliding so easy into a faster pace, kicking them higher into a spiraling pleasure, every sound ringing too-loud in Arthur's ears. His vision is blurry, his muscles buzzing too full to handle independent motion. He's close, god, he can taste it, orgasm welling up salt-sweet in his mouth and curling down through his chest; he can hear the sounds he's making, the broken groans that escape like air, pushed out of his lungs hard by Merlin's thrusts.

Merlin shifts, pressing his hands and weight on Arthur's shoulders and arching back, lip caught between his teeth as he speeds up, both of them desperate now, reaching hard for release with every muscle screaming; their world narrowed down to this, to them, to Arthur's cock leaking on his stomach while Merlin plunges into him. Arthur can feel himself stuttering over the edge, and when Merlin traces his lips with one finger, tucking the two middle fingers down against his palm, something unbearably vulnerable behind the desire written clear across his face, Arthur falls apart.

...

"So," Merlin says. They're naked still, curled together in the corner of the bed that isn't wet with lube and sweat and semen. "You liked my act."

“It was tolerable,” Arthur allows. “As long as you don’t suddenly develop a hankering to cover Brittany Spears next, I can still be seen in public with you.”

Merlin’s smirk is a little too wicked. “Oh no, *Toxic* was only three years ago; it wouldn’t do for me to repeat myself.”

Arthur groans and shoves at Merlin’s shoulder, and Merlin slings a knee over Arthur’s thighs, leaning in to kiss him again, still grinning.

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