

Oh my Lord.

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by [studyinblack](#)

Notes

I found inspiration on a rainy day.

It was a stormy day in Camelot which didn't want to ease any time soon.

King Merlin and Arthur retreated to their chamber.

"I could need a hot bath.." Arthur mumbled as he threw himself on the bed.

"I will get you some water" Merlin said as he sat down next to Arthur and stroked his hair.

"Merlin... you're not my servant anymore. Stay."

"I still love spoiling my King." He said with a clear smirk on his lips before he leaned down and captured his mouth with Arthur's. But Arthur wasn't having it. He took hold at the back of Merlin's neck and deepened the kiss.

Merlin sighed into Arthur's mouth, didn't want it to end.. but pulled away anyways.

"You can give me more when I'm back." Said the sorcerer mischievously.

"Merlin-!" Arthur called out, tried to grab him and pull him back into bed, but he was already at the door.

As Merlin came back, though with help of their maid, he entered the chambers and his jaw fell on his shoulder.

"What is this?"

"It's for you."

Scented candles were lit and Merlin scanned the room as he carried the buckets in his hands inside.

Not only scented candles were lit, but the bed was full of what seemed to be roses. Arthur took the other bucket from him and helped to fill the tub with hot water.

"It's beautiful." Merlin said after a time when hands wrapped around his torso from behind.

"A beautiful man deserves beautiful things."

Merlin blushed at that, even more when Arthur's lips were pressed against his neck.

Merlin hummed and craned his neck, taking in the scent and Arthur's warmth.

"Now you're spoiling me."

"Just a little."

Arthur slid his hand under Merlin's shirt, stimulating his body with soft touches, Merlin huffed and pushed Arthur away, but only to turn around and pull him into a kiss.

"You're so playful today, Arthur.."

"What can I say? The temptation is big."

Arthur started to untie Merlin's trousers, pulling it off and placing his hands against Merlin's groin through his undergarments.

"Arthur..."

Merlin closed his eyes and clinged to the blond man's strong shoulders.

"You will get more if you're willing to bathe with me."

"As if I could refuse a King's orders"

They grinned and stripped each other naked and helped each other in the tub. It didn't take long till Arthur was hovering over Merlin, sitting atop of his thighs and kissing his neck, pulling on Merlin's hair to he got some more skin to 'appreciate.'

Those things made Merlin weak and needy.. thinking about those strong hands and beautifully lips all over him and actually feeling it, too.

The thunder started to get louder outside, but none of them seemed to care as the rain knocked loudly on the castle's windows.

Merlin just wrapped his arms around Arthur to pull him closer, trying everything to get some more friction.

"Touch me.." Merlin breathed out, feeling all of the arousal flowing through his body, and so Arthur did.

He reached down under the warm water, to grab Merlin's semi-hard erection and moved his hands devilishly slow up and down.

Merlin whimpered and tried to rock his hips, but didn't succeeded because of Arthur's weight on him. He was sensitive and turned his head to chase after Arthur's lips. Impatiently, he took them between his own and slipped his tongue inside.

The kiss was wet and needy, the aura was filthy and steamy.

"Faster.." he demanded and bit down on Arthur's lip.

Arthur couldn't do else than comply his husband's needs. He loved every second of the desperate sounds Merlin was making, well aware that even the greatest sorcerer was powerless under his touch.

When Arthur grabbed him a little tighter and the pumps got faster, Merlin let a naughty moan slip, which would definitely haunt him in his wet dreams later.

Merlin's fingers were in Arthur's back, trying to communicate with him through body language. He knew the man beneath him wouldn't last much longer and he needed to do something about that.

With an abrupt movement he got up and took Merlin with him, walking towards their bed.

Arthur let go of Merlin to set him down on the bed, but got atop of him a second later.

"Arthur.."

More didn't need to be said for Arthur to grab the oil from the nightstand and coasting his hands with it.

Slowly, painfully slow he got hold of Merlin's cock and stroked him while spreading kisses all over Merlin's collarbone and chest.

He jerked his hips up into Arthur's hands.

Arthur wasn't having it.

The Once and future King removed his hand and moved it further down instead, parting Merlin's thighs.

Merlin knew what Arthur wanted and he wanted it too. The young warlock spread his legs and shook as his partner eased a finger inside him. He made his needs vocal and whimpered for more.

If he didn't close his eyes so blissfully, he would see the shit eating smile on Arthur's face and his erection if he looked further.. and maybe the second digit wouldn't have taken him by

surprise then.

Merlin's body launched up towards Arthur's with a groan as he gave in into the pleasure and did it again as he could feel the friction of Arthur's cock against his own.

It was beautifully quiet for Arthur, the thunder had faded in the back of his head. All he could think about and hear was Merlin.

Merlin, Merlin, Merlin.

When Arthur pushed his fingers further down and build up a rhythm, he got lost into Merlin's sobbing beneath him. That man was so far gone that only an orgasm could break this kind of enchantment.

They mostly shared, so what Merlin had, he wanted, too.

He removed his fingers which caused Merlin to complain, but before he could say anything, he was shushed by Arthur's tongue in his mouth.

Arthur had his talents, making Merlin love such as a man like him was one, making him squirm was another.

While busying Merlin with deep and needy kisses, he got some more oil out to stroke it over his own cock which spurred his will to take Merlin to heaven even more on.

Nothing was sweet now, Merlin wrapped his legs around Arthur's waist, urging him to finally get him to his climax.

"I need.. you... Arthur.." Merlin breathed out and that's all what it took for Arthur to ease himself into Merlin's body, but he did so slowly, with a little force. He didn't want to fuck Merlin, he wanted to make love to him.

Merlin's body lost the connection to their bed as Arthur was all the way in, his moans almost painfully needy.

Arthur began to move, slow, but hard and Merlin enjoyed every second of it.

The noise of sweaty skin slapping together in a rhythm filled the room and Merlin whimpered in unison with them.

It was beautiful, Merlin was beautiful.

His hair a little damp and messy, his skin wet from sweat and water, long lashes on his pink cheeks which shared the hue with the tip of his cock.

They didn't need words to say what the other needed, they just knew, they just felt it whatever the moment was right.

And now it was.

Merlin was shaking, overstimulated by the way Arthur dived into him again, again and again. Merlin was on edge and it was Arthur's time to show mercy.

He quickened the pace and pressed himself against Merlin, feeling his hard cock against his own and rocked his hips while biting down that perfect glistening neck.

It was all what Merlin took to let go, lifting himself off the bed and burying his heels into Arthur's buttocks, grabbing the sheets so tight that his knuckles turned white. He looked at the ceiling with his head thrown back into the sheets and his eyes flashed gold as he came

with a silent scream on his lips.

"Oh... my .. Lord.." he stammered.

Arthur continued thrusting into him to give Merlin all of it, little did he know that this perfect view pushed him over the edge. He came with him a second later, only to realise all the candles have gone out.

He pulled carefully out of Merlin and kissed him all over his face.

"It was you, wasn't it?"

Merlin grinned weakly in response.

"I love you."

"I love you too, Arthur."

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