The Rather Ridiculous Case of a Rambunctious Prince (And All the Recitings of a Manservant Who Wished the Prince Would Ram Him)

by MischievousMeh

Summary

(alternate title: Merlin Hits Arthur With Some Sweet Magic Dirty Talk)

"The way Merlin saw it, Uther Pendragon was ruining his sex life, and he wasn't about to let the king stop him."

Notes

this one was also written for my boyfriend so idk how well it is?
please give me tag suggestions in the comments i'm dying
i doubt much anyone else is gonna enjoy it and i'm not sure if i like how the ending turned out but
here it is?? ig??
Merlin had a gift, and that was clear. To be a sorcerer, with magic as the very essence to flow through his veins, was a gift. Yet, it was also a curse. It'd get him killed if he weren't cautious, considering it had been outlawed twenty years prior. It was a time of great tragedy for sorcerers, known to all as The Great Purge, in which King Uther Pendragon of the kingdom of Camelot began the systematic slaughter of everyone who practiced magic. It made a lot of enemies for old Uther, and Merlin couldn't remember a single good thing to come of it.

But, yes, the magic the boy had since birth was forbidden. He couldn't help what he was born as; It was his destiny. Speaking of destiny, it was destiny for the young boy to meet Uther's son, the young Arthur Pendragon. He was to be heir to the throne, and as Merlin learned, he was to bring magic back to Camelot. Was it also destiny, he wondered, for him to fall so far in love with Arthur? For him to divulge his greatest secret, his magic, to the future king? Certainly, he was destined to be at the blonde's side, but in that way? He'd doubted the young Pendragon would ever love him initially. It was only a few weeks after the prince learned of the sorcerer's talents that he'd taken it upon himself to court him. Merlin, swooning as he was, was quite shocked.

And perhaps they'd been together for a year. It bewildered Merlin how Arthur could stand him for so long, but he was beginning to believe he'd grown on the prince. In that year, they'd done many things. Perhaps Arthur, much unlike his father, discovered the good in magic. It was true - the son of Uther had found beauty and good inside his father's worst enemy. But he'd also discovered something he loved equally as much in magic, something that only lovers could share. His manservant loved to please him in every such way, and he often used his magic to do just that. Arthur had asked something of Merlin that he had been afraid to approach in conversation for weeks. "Your magic," The prince began, "may it have other uses, too? Something less... family-friendly?"

Of course, this began the spiral effect downward, with one thing leading to another, and another, and such and so forth. They learned (and explored) many things about each other following that, as lovers often do. Arthur held many pleasures, some often simple. He enjoyed public situations and Merlin teasing him relentlessly. He enjoyed the feeling of hot wax against his bare skin and a tongue at his neck. Merlin wasn't much different, really. He, too, had a liking for playing around in public, although to what he believed to be a lesser extent. The manservant was rather fond of being teased himself, but not really denial like the prince was. He preferred overstimulation and begging, and maybe he had a tendency to fixate on Arthur's mouth. Both men were quite knowledgeable in each other's preferences, but learning new things wasn't uncommon.

Now wasn't the time for learning new preferences. It was another opportunity for Merlin to please and tease, both things which he loved doing.
Meetings were far too common, if not for Arthur, then for Merlin. The manservant knew of the young Pendragon's responsibility as a prince, but must there really be a meeting for every single thing? There were sensible things for meetings, like patrols and ceremonies and updates on the welfare of the people of the kingdom. Those, Merlin understood. However, the sorcerer couldn't understand why there was a weekly meeting arranged by Uther on the evils of magic and sorcerers, or why there was a briefing each and every day on Camelot's standings with other kingdoms, especially if nothing had changed since the day before. It was annoying and took up everyone's time for no reason. Merlin didn't just tire from standing in the court, hands behind his back as they often were, looking unassuming to everyone else in the room as he had to listen in for perhaps hours at a time. No, no, he was used to that. It was the fact that it took up his time with Arthur that upset him. Often, it was intimate time that was interrupted, and that left the servant needy and frustrated and still wanting the blonde while the (usually lengthy) meetings took place.

Needless to say, it annoyed Merlin endlessly. He knew Arthur felt the same way from the deep sigh he took each time, the "I'm very clearly pissed off" expression he wore during the course of the meetings, and the fact that his discussion about the meetings themselves didn't end after the event. In fact, he'd complain for perhaps another hour or so if he was particularly inclined. All the while, his manservant would be undressing him with his eyes. Sure, he was still listening, but he was still needy. Sometimes Arthur would still want him afterward, but he was usually too exhausted to do anything. The way Merlin saw it, Uther Pendragon was ruining his sex life, and he wasn't about to let the king stop him.

So, when Merlin was between Arthur's perfectly soft and glorious thighs, gladly sucking him off, the knock at the door almost made him shudder with pure frustration. This was his time with Arthur, and it was being ruined yet again by none other than the prince's father. He wanted to huff as the cock was pulled from his mouth and the blonde man scrambled to get trousers on. Arthur wouldn't have to worry about an erection during the meeting; The very announcement at the door was a turn-off. He'd be soft by the time they'd arrive in the throne room. That was fine - the sorcerer would be too. He'd follow after the future king like the loyal servant he was - swift and obviously annoyed as he walked. He listened to the prince complain all the way there.

Merlin took his place beside Gaius, as he always did, while in the throne room. The older man wasn't surprised that he followed after Arthur. Sometimes, the warlock could swear the physician knew of their relationship, but he could never quite pinpoint exactly if he knew. Another mystery he wouldn't understand, he supposed, but sometimes it ate away at him. Today was not the time for that. Today was some form of striking back at Uther, whether or not the king would ever fully understand it. He wasn't about to let some elderly king ruin his fun. In fact, nothing would stop the sorcerer from playing around with Arthur. As the court assembled in a rather unorderly fashion, the servant shot his
lover a dark look, dripping with desire that anyone in the room would've been able to see, if Merlin weren't practically invisible. He watched the blonde prince swallow hard with wide blue eyes before turning to his father.

"Arthur," Merlin's voice entered the prince's head as a purr, sweet as sin, smooth as honey. Arthur knew what this was about; The servant was often left needy for the run of however long these very inconvenient gatherings lasted. Oftentimes, it was even longer than that. Maybe this was a shot back at him, or maybe Uther, or maybe the world. That part was sort of unclear. But that didn't stop him from trying to seek out the servant's eyes as he replied in his mind. "Merlin?" It was a question, indicative of surprise or confusion, but he was neither surprised nor confused. This was something he would've expected from the crafty servant. "How I do wish I was still between your thighs, love." It sounded like a wistful recollection rather than a reminder of what had happened moments before, but that didn't stop the blonde from remembering the image of his manservant sucking him off, those blue eyes filled with faux innocence and lust. The visage almost solicited a groan from the blonde, but he remembered he was in the company of the rest of Camelot's court, and forced his jaws together.

"Wouldn't you like that? I think I look much better with my mouth full of your cock." The sorcerer pointed out. "Merlin." It was almost a scolding tone, but the manservant knew better. Arthur was simply enjoying himself a bit too much for the terrible situation they were currently presented with, and it was more of a plea than anything. There was silence for a moment as he struggled to listen to his father, but that was so difficult to do when the sorcerer in his mind was practicing dirty talk. And appeared to be very talented at doing so. The future king cursed the servant for having such a way with words as to make him squirm. "Or you could have me however else you wanted me. I don't mind."

"You could always imagine me tied up, begging for you to fuck me." Merlin suggested, and Arthur knew it would've been with a shrug of his shoulders if he could have shrugged within reason. The same monotonous voice dragged on from Uther as he explained something that neither boy really cared enough to listen to. Was it important? Not to them, certainly. Internally, the prince groaned in response. That was an image that perhaps he wanted to make a reality. Maybe soon. He wondered if he could somehow convince Uther to let him depart for his chambers and catch up on the briefing later. It was unlikely, and he knew it. So did Merlin, it seemed. "Imagine how needy I would be, love. How I'd beg for you to use me, how I'd be such a good toy for you."

"I'd love to serve you as I should, your majesty." A shudder almost ripped throughout the young Pendragon's body at that. It was no secret that he was fond of the black-haired boy calling him such a title, and the way it sounded was so dark and wonderful. It made him imagine the tightness of Merlin's hole, the warmth of his mouth as his lips were wrapped around the head of his cock, the feeling of the other boy's hand around him... So many scenarios came to mind, and it was driving Arthur wild. "You'd be a good toy for me, wouldn't you?" He thought to the sorcerer, and he could almost feel the smile that spread across Merlin's face from where he stood. He couldn't help but take the bait. "Oh, I would. I'd take it all in and beg for more. You could pound me as much as you like, do whatever you want with me. I'd be such a good slut for you."

Now, if old Uther was even slightly aware of all the naughty things the sorcerer was essentially whispering into his son's ear, he'd have him killed on the spot. But Merlin relished in the fact he didn't; Maybe he could stop them from getting it on physically, but he couldn't stop the servant from talking to Arthur in such a way, especially when it was something Uther would never be privy to. And it was obvious it was affecting the blonde, considering the growing tent in his pants that drew the servant's eyes south. That was a bit of a turn-on, he'd admit, but he wouldn't show it. Unlike Arthur, he had magic, and that was helpful in far too many ways. "Imagine me squirming beneath you, darling. You'd love that, wouldn't you, your majesty?"
Indeed, Arthur would. He loved the thought of it, of Merlin underneath him, the noises he'd make, the moans that would leave his wonderfully sinful mouth, maybe even a bit of magic involved... It was something so tempting and delightful. "You'd look much better that way." The prince replied quietly, biting his lip. He could feel the throbbing in his cock, and he knew it was visible to everyone else in the room. He knew the servant could see it, and would likely be amused at it. "Oh, Arthur! Please, fuck me harder!" The servant moaned into the other man's mind, and if Arthur had been drinking anything, he would've spit it out immediately. It was unfair, and he knew it, and he knew that Merlin knew it. It was terribly unfair, and if anyone else knew, they'd see it, too. But Arthur would be damned if he said he wasn't entirely in the mood to turn, drag Merlin by his hand back to his chambers, bend him over the bed, and pound him right then and there as hard as he could.

It took everything in his power not to moan then and there. The young warlock clearly noticed that his advance had fallen a bit short, so he took it upon himself to turn it up a notch. "Y-yes, your majesty! Right there! Oh, gods!" He cried out where only the blonde could hear him. It was funny how quickly the image of him bent over the soft bed of the prince formed into Arthur's head, and even funnier was how he could see it. He scarcely realized when the king had stopped talking and directed his attention to his son. "Arthur?" The older man's voice was filled with annoyance, as if the blonde was testing his patience. The prince swallowed hard, eyes wide and a blush on his face. He knew Uther could see his... issue, and that made him afraid and deeply embarrassed. Maybe even ashamed. His voice was deeper as he asked, "Yes, sire?" Merlin could nearly taste the desire in the future king's voice. "You aren't listening to anything I'm saying." He pointed out. It was barely enough to stop the subtle movement of Arthur's hips, the rutting against nothing that he couldn't help. "I a-am." The prince insisted, but it was more than clear with his hard-on and obvious lack of evidence (and more than likely his very bewildered and blushing face) that he was lying. Uther let out a ragged sigh, closing his eyes as a hand was brought to the bridge of his nose. He opened his eyes as he looked to Arthur. "Can you recall anything, by chance, that I've just told you?" The king questioned, and the court was eerily silent. Not that it hadn't been before, but it felt more impactful now. "I, uhm. I didn't hear that last part. Could you repeat it?" The blonde knew he was making a fool of himself (as he knew his father would agree), but he wanted to try his luck, just this once. "No, I can not, Arthur. Your... immaturity is staggering." He replied sharply, gesturing to the bulge that was obvious in Arthur's trousers. The blonde's face burned as beads of sweat began to form. "Your mind is simply on other, non-important matters. You'll have to learn to leave these things aside when you're king. Now would be a good time to practice." The king nearly barked, and it was clear that he was disappointed in the future king. For a moment, Arthur was worried. But then he recalled Merlin, and his magic, and all of the wonderful things he could do. "Yes, sire." He nodded as he replied quietly, looking down at the floor beneath his boots, but his mind was once again drifting away from the world around him. Uther's voice was drowned out by Arthur's thoughts as he resumed his annoying rabbling that, frankly, the prince was slightly irritated to hear. He tried his best to keep at least a slight grasp of what was happening, but Merlin wasn't letting that happen. "A-Arthur! Use me, your majesty!" The sorcerer's voice was a moan that echoed through his head, rattling around and occupying his thoughts. A new picture formed; It was the servant on his knees before the blonde, his body bare of all clothing, a desperate look in his blue eyes. A red collar was around his neck, reading "Property of King Arthur" in golden lettering. The boy was licking his lips, looking up at the hard member that hovered teasingly above his face. Arthur wasn't sure where this had come from - especially the collar, though he had to admit, it was a very nice touch - but he found himself thrusting subtly and shallowly against nothing but the fabric of his trousers. He'd get payback for this, certainly. It was
unfair for his lover to make him so needy.

"Arthur, please," This imaginary Merlin begged, the pleading look so difficult for the prince to bear. If he were in that position now, the blonde would tangle a hand in his black hair and force his cock into the servant’s mouth, roughly facefucking him. The feeling of Merlin's mouth was already heavenly, but being able to use it as he wanted was more than a blessing. He could hear the noises from the sorcerer so vividly, almost as if they were real and happening right in front on him. He knew his face was flushed and he hated it, yet he loved it all the same. "Merlin." His voice was stern in his thoughts. Despite such a firm voice, and pretending to be upset by the ordeal, both men knew otherwise. Arthur couldn't stop the gentle bucking of his hips, the near whine that came from him. It wasn't enough. Was it ever enough?

Merlin wasn't one to call himself skilled at such things, but with the reaction he was receiving, one could say he didn't need to be. His eyes were tracing over every part of Arthur, from the way his cock stood erect, from his perfectly round (and quite lovely) rear, to the way he moved his hips that no one could notice. No one but his servant. He'd tease the blonde prince about this for a while, and both men knew that very well. "Sir, you seem very needy." He pointed out in the special channel between their thoughts. He could practically hear the growl in the blonde's voice. "I am not!" Arthur insisted, but the future king knew it to be a lie. They both did.

"You are, my love. I know you can't help but think of my mouth on your cock." The servant's voice was playful and teasing and almost smug. He knew he was right, after all. The blonde subtly shot him a look of faux irritation. "W-What ever are you implying?" Arthur thought with a peculiar tone, but that didn't explain his stutter. The image of Merlin in his thoughts looking at him with those beautiful blue doe eyes was terribly wonderful, even as he imagined them staring into his while their owner began gently licking the head of his cock, swirling his tongue around in teasing circles that would drive him mad if he could feel it.

Arthur didn't seem to be aware of his own hips picking up their pace as he abandoned any thoughts of scolding the sorcerer who was showing him this. He watched the servant press kisses along the length before pressing a small, gentle kiss against the head just before he took all of the dick into his mouth. He fought back a moan - the sight was so real, it almost felt like it was actually happening. Merlin used magic to bind his hands behind his back as his eyes fluttering, only the whites visible, as Arthur's length entered his throat. The prince could practically feel the vibrations from the sorcerer moaning around him, and his own head nearly fell back.

Unfortunately, for Arthur, this image would draw to a close far too quickly for his liking. His release was nearing, and it was so sudden when he realized it. It was too late for him to stop, but it wasn't as if he had even considered it. Within an instant, he was biting his lip, and then moaning, quite loudly, in front of everyone in the room. He came in his trousers, a soon-to-be stain setting in right at the crotch, evident of exactly what it was. His face was red and his knees were weak, but as he came down from his high, his eyes went wide. Everyone was looking at him. Merlin wanted to laugh, but knew it wouldn't be his place to do so.

"Arthur." Uther's voice was a mixture of anger, disgust, disapproval, and disappointment, and how he'd managed to wrap all of those emotions into one word, Merlin didn't know. The prince's arms crossed in his own defense quickly, and he turned on his heels, walking swiftly and wordlessly out of the room. The king watched his son leave wordlessly at first, bringing a hand up to pinch the bridge of his nose. After a pause, he turned to the prince's servant, whose eyes were wide as he was met with an annoyed glance. He understood, and quickly stepped out of the room as well, following the prince hurriedly. He could hear the meeting continue, albeit Uther's voice seemed more drained than before. Merlin made his way to Arthur's chambers excitedly, not yet finished with his lover.
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