Summary

"The council is concerned about how you're using your manservant. In fact, they believe you aren't using him...properly."

Notes

For the kinkmeme prompt - "forced to fuck in public - the council wants to make sure arthur is using his servant properly". de-anoning here :D

Arthur slouches in his chair at the head of the council table, his hand rubbing his temples. The council meeting has droned on particularly today, with no real results. All Arthur wants is to train with his knights and go to bed.

"We have one, final item to discuss with you, sire," a lord pipes up from the other end of the table.

"Out with it, then. What is it?"

"It's about your manservant, sire."

Almost instantly, Arthur straightens up in his seat, frowning at the rest of his council. A few feet away he feels Merlin shift uncomfortably.
"Merlin? What about him? Did I forget to send him to the stocks?" Arthur scoffs. Honestly. The nerve of his council right now. Why must they drag this bloody meeting out over Merlin, for fuck's sake?

"Sire," Agravaine pipes up from his seat next to Arthur's, "The council is concerned about how you're using your manservant. In fact, they believe you aren't using him...properly."

The silence in the room is deafening as Arthur sighs and shuts his eyes. Stupid, stupid traditions. There was no denying that his father had given Merlin to Arthur to be more than just a 'servant', but he'd never liked the idea of forcing himself upon someone purely because it was a custom. Luckily, his father had always turned a blind eye to such a thing, and now him and Merlin were...friends. And though Arthur can't deny that perhaps, over time, such friendly feelings have turned into something more, it is something he knew he can never act upon. Nor did Arthur want to use Merlin in such a way for his own emotional and sexual gain. Merlin may be many things, but he deserves better than to be used like that.

"He is my servant, and I use him in the way I see fit. Are we done now?" Arthur snaps.

"I'm afraid that's not enough for your council, sire," Agravaine says, looking at the rest of the Lords in the room.

"What more do you bloody well want? A public demonstration?"

"Well. Yes, sire."

Oh, fuck.

Arthur feels himself turning bright, bright red as the blood runs to his face. Nearby, the water pitcher Merlin is holding clatters to the floor.

"You've got to be joking."

Another Lord clears his throat and begins to speak. "Sire, until we see evidence of you using your servant correctly, we cannot adjourn this meeting."

Arthur raises an eyebrow. "So, you're saying that if I...take Merlin, this meeting will finally be over?"

"Yes, sire."

Arthur turns his head to look at Merlin, who is frozen to the spot, face, ears, and even his neck gone completely red.

"Merlin?"

"Sire?" Merlin responds, voice all scratchy and croaky.

"I-If you can...um..."

But before Arthur can even get anything out, Merlin has walked over to his chair and gotten down on his knees in front of him. He places a hand on Arthur's thigh, and gives Arthur a demure look.

"Merlin, I'm sorry-" Arthur whispers, but is cut off by his manservant squeezing his thigh gently.
Much to Arthur's embarrassment, the tiny movement is enough to have his cock hardening.

"It's fine, Arthur. You have no need to worry, I'm more than happy to take care of you in this way."

Arthur splutters, but before he can say anything else, Agravaine cuts in. "Actually, we require a demonstration of...penetration, if you will."

"You can't be serious!" Arthur exclaims. The council just murmurs to each other in response.

"If you don't take your manservant, then there will be serious doubt amongst the council about your ability to reign over Camelot."

Arthur looks back down to Merlin, who looks nervous yet determined. He gets up, standing in front of Arthur. Immediately, he drops his breeches and small clothes, leaving his lower half entirely exposed.

"Merlin!" Arthur hisses, trying to regain some control - or common sense - over his manservant.

Instead of listening to his master, Merlin merely bends over the council table.

Arthur has to stop his jaw from dropping at the delectable, desirable sight. Yes, he'd fantasised about Merlin, about what it would be like, but never had his imagination had come up with something as hot as this. His cock is almost fully hard now, and despite his inner monologue warring against his own moral code and sanity, Arthur knows he can no longer help himself.

"Sire?" Agravaine says, snapping Arthur out of the lust-struck reverie he had entered into with the sight of Merlin's round arse, wiggling in the air, ready for the taking.

"Huh?"

Agravaine doesn't speak, merely he hands Arthur a small vial of oil. Right, for the penetration. Of course.

With the eyes of his entire council watching carefully, Arthur stands up, stepping forward so that he is right behind Merlin. He gently pours some oil onto his fingers, and with the hand that's clean, he spreads the cheeks of Merlin's arse. He hears Merlin gasp at the touch and both the arousal and guilt he is feeling flare up. He presses one finger at Merlin's entrance, circling it gently before pushing in.

Underneath his touch, Merlin writhes and squirms. Arthur wishes he could see his face and garner his reaction. Yes, Merlin gave him his consent, but is he actually, truly, enjoying this?

Before long, Arthur adds a second finger, and a third, stretching Merlin to accomodate his cock. Though Merlin is trying to hold off from making noises, he is still loud in the quiet council room. He can hear every hitch of his breath and every bitten-off moan. Arthur can barely wait any longer. He has to take him, he has to be inside of him.

Arthur removes his fingers from Merlin's hole, which gapes at the loss. He wipes them on his tunic, then fishes out his cock from his pants, red and leaking in anticipation. With the last of the oil, he strokes himself, spreading it over his dick. Then he lines himself up, leaning over Merlin's thin body. But he holds off from pushing in.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?" Arthur whispers into Merlin's ear, the head of his cock resting
between Merlin's arse cheeks.

"You don't know how long I've been waiting for this. God yes, please, Arthur, fuck me!" Merlin pleads, then he cries out as Arthur slowly pushes in.

Suddenly, Arthur finds himself hyper aware of the audience around him. Blushing, he stutters to a halt inside Merlin, frozen with a kind of stage fright. It isn't until Merlin squeezes around his cock that his attention is brought back to the issue at hand.

"C'mon you prat, move already!" Merlin gasps out.

Arthur pushes in to the hilt, then drags his cock out until only the head rests inside Merlin's arse. Merlin groans at the slow pace. Arthur starts undulating his hips, picking up the pace. He shifts, and suddenly Merlin cries out, unable to restrain his sounds any longer.

"Yes, yes! There! Ah, Arthur!"

The pleasure Merlin is clearly receiving from this ordeal spurs a newfound confidence in Arthur. He drapes himself over Merlin, hitting the spot that makes Merlin moan loudly, and finds his own pleasure starting to build very, very quickly. Even he can't hold back his own moans of pleasure.

"I'm close, A-arthur, unghh," Merlin keens.

"M-me too, I, ah," Arthur groans as his balls start to tighten, reaching down to fist Merlin's cock. In a matter of seconds, Merlin is coming all over the table, squeezing tight around Arthur's own prick. Arthur can't help himself - the sudden tightening of Merlin's arse has him filling up his servant with his load, pressing in closer while he does.

Both men stay still for a moment, panting as they comprehend what's just happened. Arthur looks up at the council, cock still in Merlin. He pushes into Merlin's arse again despite his softening cock, then sneers at the surrounding lords. "Are you satisfied?"

The lords nod, and start to exit the room, Arthur's glaring at them all as they leave. He gently pulls out of Merlin, apologising softly when he hisses.

"Sire-" Agravaine starts, but Arthur holds up a hand. "As far as I'm concerned, my time for dealing with affairs of the state is over. Whatever you might have to say can be dealt with tomorrow."

Agravaine doesn't fight it. Merely, he nods and exits the room also. The doors close behind him and the room is empty, except for the King and his servant.

Arthur puts his cock back in his trousers, and watches as Merlin pulls up his own pants.

"Merlin, I am so-"

Before he can finish, Merlin whips around and puts a finger to Arthur's lips, silencing him. "You've never been the one to apologise before, and don't you dare start today. It's fine, Arthur. More than fine, really."

"More than fine?"

"You're not exactly...subtle, you know. I see the looks you give me, the lingering touches. But it's
not exactly proper for a servant to initiate such a relation with his King."

"You want this?" Arthur asks, eyebrows raised.

"I do. I really, really do. Please tell me this wasn't a one-off," Merlin says, watching Arthur carefully.

Arthur just smiles, grabbing Merlin's waist and pulling him into his own body. Then, he kisses him.

"Definitely not a one-off, if you don't want it to be," Arthur murmurs when he pulls away.

Merlin just grins and kisses him again.

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