Dreams

by Moonbeam (luvsbitca)

Summary

Arthur’s dreams about Merlin started after the funeral. Merlin visited him in his dreams.

*It’s sex with someone who is asleep during a dream but they wake up within the dream before the actual sex.*

Notes

**Disclaimer** - I own nothing.

Written for the summerpornathon challenge - Dream Sex

Merlin visited Arthur in his dreams. They started just after the funeral where a priest banged on about how amazing Merlin had been, how much he’d be missed.

“Arthur,” Merlin said running his fingers through Arthur’s hair. “You shouldn’t be so sad.”
“You’re gone.”

Gwen tried to cheer him up by dragging him to the park but he didn’t like the sun’s warmth or the scent of lake and grass without Merlin there next to him.

Morgana told him to get over it already, but she also ran her fingers through his hair so he didn’t listen.

He dreamed about Merlin every night.

They were at the park. Arthur was leaning against a tree with Merlin using his thigh for a pillow and pointing out shapes in the clouds.

“It’s okay to move on with your life,” Merlin said. “It’s what I want.”

“I just want you.”

Eventually, he had to pretend to be better. He had to go back to work and shop for food. He went back to running before breakfast every morning. He occasionally went to lunch, or dinner, with his friends but they never quite stopped looking at him with worry.

Arthur started going to bed earlier so that he could dream.

Merlin was burrowed under the blankets. Arthur pulled the top one off but Merlin clutched tightly at the rest, still asleep. Arthur would just have to go the other way. He slipped down beneath their blankets until he could slide between Merlin’s knees. Arthur kissed the inside of Merlin’s knee but he didn’t even twitch. Arthur smiled against the smooth, hairless skin beneath his mouth and slowly moved up. He licked and nipped and kissed all the way up Merlin’s thigh. Arthur could see the gap created by Merlin’s growing interest and smirked when he felt the muscle beneath his mouth tense.

Arthur stopped and went down to the other knee. He made his way up this thigh more slowly. He could tell Merlin was awake now but his husband was trying very hard to hold his reactions. Arthur enjoyed teasing Merlin but more than that he liked to win. He rose up and wrapped his mouth around Merlin’s balls.

“Shit, Arthur!”

Arthur pulled back from Merlin to laugh. “Yes, Merlin?” Then he set back to work, licking and kissing his way up Merlin’s cock robbing him of his will to speak.

Merlin slid his fingers into Arthur’s hair.

“It’s been too long,” Merlin panted. “I missed you.”
Arthur froze and Merlin’s hand curled down over his cheek.

“Arthur, I’m right here.”

Arthur shook the half formed memory away and dedicated himself to making Merlin’s cock as wet and slippery as possible. Merlin’s fingers continued to clutch, pulling Arthur’s mouth down with gentle fingers.


Arthur moved one hand up, slid a finger into Merlin’s mouth and moaned around his cock as Merlin made it wet. Arthur pulled it back down and used it to circle and then push into Merlin. Merlin arched up, his cock nudging at the back of Arthur’s throat. Arthur pulled his mouth away and Merlin pushed the blankets off until he could see Arthur.

“You’re not going to fuck me, are you?”

Arthur smiled and kept moving his finger inside Merlin as he slowly slithered up Merlin’s body. He kissed him, open mouthed and needy, before he pulled his finger away, straddled Merlin and sunk down onto his cock.

“Tight,” Merlin gasped.

“You know I never open myself up as well as you do,” Arthur said moving on Merlin’s erection.

Merlin slumped back for a few rolls of Arthur’s hips and then reached up, one hand curling around Arthur’s hip, the other gripping the back of Arthur’s neck to pull him down into a kiss.

The first press of Merlin’s lips made Arthur remember.

The police visit. The distant sympathy. The funeral. Arthur froze but Merlin kept kissing him pulling him back into the moment.

“I’m here now,” Merlin whispered into Arthur’s lips.

Arthur nodded and kissed Merlin again and then began to move. His hips rocking more slowly than they had the last time…their last time.

Merlin’s hand wrapped around Arthur’s cock.

“I want to last.” Arthur tried to push him away.

Merlin shook his head and started meeting Arthur’s thrusts pushing them both closer.

“I don’t want you to leave,” Arthur panted out just before his orgasm took him.

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Arthur woke – his sleep pants covered in come. Then he cried.

The End

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