

devil's tongue (talk dirty to me)

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by Anonymous

Summary

"Does Infernal have a case system?" Caleb cursed himself for not already knowing. He really had to study this language with more care, and also outside of bed.

"Sorry, a what now?"

"Well, do you see how *I* doesn't change? You can attach clauses to it to make new meaning around it, but it's always the same itself. But it sounds, ah, it sounds to me that you're saying *you* does take case prefixes, that it changes based on—wait—"

"Caleb?"

Wait. "...Molly, did you use the possessive case?"

Molly gasped in delight and turned his head to nuzzle against Caleb's palm, his forked tongue running over his sharp teeth before he moaned out in Infernal, so aroused and distracted he'd reverted to his first language.

But Caleb's eyes widened. He'd heard Molly speak Infernal before, but no part of it had ever registered to Caleb's ears besides the growl and the hiss. He'd never picked up any meaning or structure. Granted, Caleb still didn't know what Molly had actually just *said*, not by a long shot; while he might not recognize the meanings of the individual words, though, he *could* parse out where one stopped and another began. That was new, that was novel, that was exciting.

That was *interesting*. Caleb wanted to know more.

He hummed in careful thought, idly tracing his thumb along Molly's lower lip. Molly shivered and blinked up at Caleb with his red eyes wide and curious. "May—may I ask what you're doing there, love?"

"I'm thinking, Molly; only thinking. Give me a moment." He knew the first word without question, at least, and thought he could put his finger on the second. Whatever Molly had said began with a first-person pronoun (which were conveniently always uninflected in Infernal and therefore easier to pick out) and, from there, moved to a verb.

But after that, Caleb's familiarity with the forms broke down pretty much immediately. Having only picked up Infernal from his time in bed with Mollymauk, he didn't have the broadest vocabulary to boast of.

Meanwhile, Molly shifted around in his ties, trying to rearrange himself within the very small range of movement he had. His wrists and ankles were tied one each to all four bedposts, splaying him like a starfish. When Caleb frowned and raised an eyebrow at his fruitless wiggling, Molly managed about a quarter of a shrug.

"My arms got stiff! Sorry. Could you please tell me what it is you're thinking about, if you don't mind? It's starting to give me the heebie-jeebies, is all—your just kneeling there, staring like that," Molly said. "I can't tell if I've lost you."

Caleb sighed, feeling his cheeks faintly warm up from embarrassment. They did things like this to *stop* each other worrying. "No, I'm here," he assured him. "I'm alright, ah, forgive me."

"Nothing to forgive, nothing to forgive, but really, what's got your head so caught up?"

"Don't laugh," Caleb warned. His thumb found Molly's mouth again and ran across it gently. As if to reassure Caleb right back, Molly gave it a quick peck. Right. Alright. "The second word. Whatever you just said, the second word—was it a form of *to be*?"

There was a pause: silence between them as Molly knit his brow, his head tilting slightly. "Caleb. I'm not making fun, swear on my life, but what?"

"I want to know what you said to me," he answered in a rush, his cheeks burning pink, until he remembered who was tied up here and who'd been given the reins. It took Caleb another moment to breathe in consciously enough to gather his wits back together, but when he spoke again it was all snarl and snap. "So *tell* me what you said, Mollymauk," he demanded. "Tell me the second word of it or I'll leave you lying spread wide and wanting all day."

Molly had blanched a bit. Of course, lavender tieflings didn't really go white, but he was suddenly a rather handsomely surprised pale lilac. Slowly, he nodded. "Yes. Yes. *To be*."

Caleb nodded back down at him. To show his appreciation for that answer, he reached behind himself and curled his palm into a loose fist to give Molly's cock a few lingering strokes. Molly moaned loudly and tried to strain into the touch, but his ties held him down. "I, ah, haven't heard it formed that way before," Caleb admitted.

"What? No, I, I'm sure you must have, it's..." Molly trailed off, lazily rolling his hips up into Caleb's hand and luxuriating in what that did for him. Caleb let him keep indulging himself for now. "It's, um, I'll admit I don't know the words to properly, you know, to teach this, seeing as I just... know it."

"You never had to study it," Caleb confirmed, giving Molly one last tug then letting his palm come to rest draped over the soft curve of Molly's inner thigh. "But you can still get the meaning across to me. I don't need to know the exact terms for everything, I only need to understand what it meant to you when you said it."

He could—and would, obviously—look up the exact terms later, on his own, so that he'd be able to fasten this knowledge firmly into his memory. But for now...

"Right, okay, okay. It's a kind of... so we're up to *I am*, I guess, but it's an, I don't know—a voluntary form. It's like, it's like..." His tongue flicked out as he wet his lips, pausing to think. "It's—gods, Caleb, the way it comes across—*I am because I choose to be*, that's the closest I can get."

Caleb blinked. It was quiet between them for one moment, then another. He nodded again, cautiously, taking that in. "Alright."

That was... Huh. Caleb liked that. He liked that very much, actually. It was a clever way to do it. There was an extra layer of connotation tucked right inside the verb itself; as poetic as it sounded once translated to Common, it was, admittedly, also quite long and a bit stilted. Caleb was guilty of plodding around in Common sometimes himself. It could be a difficult language to say things in with any sort of precision.

"*I am*," he repeated. There it was, there was every bit of what they'd figured out so far: two words out of the whole, so little and yet so much. "*I am*. So. What are you, then, Mr. Mollymauk?"

"What, right now in this moment? I'm so horny I think I might die of it, love, so if you'd like to get a move on I'd appreciate it more than you know. I'll tell you the whole thing, yeah? What I said is, *I'm*—"

He got nothing else out. Caleb's palm came down flat over his mouth, silencing him quite effectively. "You are *misbehaving*. And when I let go I want an apology from you." Caleb shut his eyes, counting silently in his mind, *ein zwei drei*. Enough time to still his rising heartbeat. He did not enjoy acting out of frustration. "You understand?"

Molly nodded quickly. Short and sweet. After counting one more beat of three, Caleb let go.

"I apologize, I shouldn't be rushing you. Not—not my place. Color? Green?" he asked, and Caleb heard it in translation: *are you okay?*

"Green, yes," he promised. "Green."

Lifting one leg free first, Caleb moved carefully out of his position straddling Molly's torso and laid out beside him instead, tucked against Molly's side with an arm draped fondly over his chest.

He kissed Molly's cheek, marveling as always as the clean skin there, his total lack of stubble. Molly *smiled*. Caleb felt the corner of his mouth turn up under his kisses.

Caleb moved his arm further up, letting his hand trail into Molly's hair. His fingers threaded between Molly's mess of curls and Molly took that as his cue to turn his head as much as he could, his hot mouth meeting Caleb's in a passionate instant.

"Love you," he gasped between moments of contact. "Love you, Caleb, love you, I love you."

In their enthusiasm, their noses pressed against each other, making them each laugh and change their angle—Molly as much as he *could*, anyway, but on the whole, kissing Caleb was one of the few things Molly could do just as well tied up as free. If not a little bit better, perhaps, Caleb thought, with the added motivation of Molly's wanting to prove himself.

Caleb's hand in Molly's hair bumped against the rough curl of a horn. Not bothered by that at all, Caleb in fact gripped onto the horn, and did so only slightly more tightly than necessary. It wouldn't be enough to hurt; just enough to make Molly very aware of the pressure.

Unsurprisingly, Molly groaned right against Caleb's mouth in response. One of the far bedposts creaked slightly with the sound of wood under stress as Molly made a desperate attempt to fold himself closer to Caleb.

Caleb couldn't help a tender smile as he realized what Molly was doing, or trying to do. He let go of the horn as he broke out of the kiss, then trailed the same hand down Molly's side instead, feeling the thin crisscrossing lines of his scars and the very faint curve of his ribs.

"You know," Caleb fondly sighed, giving Molly a last peck on the cheek, "you've actually given me something else to wonder, now that I've stopped to think about it."

"Well that's your problem right there," Molly joked, his tone gentle.

"Excuse me?"

"We're in bed together. Stop thinking so much." As he spoke, Molly was shifting his limbs again, trying uselessly to stretch. Caleb couldn't begrudge him that. They'd been at this for at least a couple hours by now—the bondage, if not the linguistics—and the ropes were tied well. They were tight without pinching anything off; it was Molly who'd taught Caleb the knots in the first place, after all, some months back.

Caleb made a mental note to offer him a long massage later, with that cedar-scented oil he liked so much, to work the stiffness and soreness out. But he also tugged Molly's ear for speaking out like that, a quick sharp gesture, reminding him what the idea was here at least, um, nominally.

He could admit he had also fallen off track somewhat. Still. "Focus, Mollymauk."

"Yes, yes, yes," Molly sighed. It was a tired sigh, but deeply, deeply fond. "Where were we, then? You've a thought, but... from what? From nothing but *I'm*? I mean, what does that do you for; surely it's not getting you hard?"

"It was two words when you said it in Infernal: *I*, which I recognized, and *am*, which I didn't then but... can now, hopefully."

"Right."

Caleb pushed himself up by an elbow, moving back to sit between Molly's legs. "When you say it in Common, though, you're giving me *I'm*. It's shorter, when you translate it. Why? Is it just because *I am* sounds too formal in Common or is there something else to it?"

Molly seemed a bit taken aback. "Huh." He let his head fall back flat again, staring up at the ceiling. "It's a bit of that, yeah. Just isn't the way I talk, as you're well aware. But I'm afraid Infernal's just like that on top of it."

Caleb blinked, resting a hand on Molly's side and rubbing his thumb in a repeated stroke up his hipbone. "How so?"

"I mean, I couldn't've gone with a contraction instead even if I'd wanted one. There aren't any."

"For *I am*?"

"Not for anything," he corrected, once again shrugging as much as he was able. "Not the way I know it, anyway, and never in anything Jester's said that I've heard. Though it's not like we use the language for idle chitchat."

That made Caleb still for a second. "...do you really not? I'd always have thought—I just mean, it seems so useful for it."

Molly laughed aloud, full of lightness and good humor. "We really should, you know. You're right. But where was I—right, no contractions. Can't do it. It's a stuffy language, you'll find, too proper and businesslike for anything silly. Legalese, you know? It's a language of covenants, language of, ah, pacts and that sort of thing."

Caleb hummed as he processed that. "Got it," he said. "I, yes, I think I understand. That's... incredible. The lexicon, that is. Ah, there's things that are much easier to talk about in Zemnian, too."

"Neat. So," Molly asked, tipping his head down in an illustrative gesture toward the middle of his body, using his own jawline to point to his cock, "is that enough language study for me to get another few tugs down there before the damn thing falls clean off, do you think, love?"

Caleb laughed. Molly's forwardness took him by surprise but in an... expected way, somehow. The small routines and patterns of being in a relationship with someone.

He let his head come to rest against Molly's leg so he was comfortable himself when he reached up to run the most delicate possible touch of the very tips of his fingers up Molly's opposite thigh, from the outside of it to the soft inner flesh. "I don't know," he teased.

"Oh, fuck, *Caleb*—"

"What do you think? Do you think that was enough?"

Molly strained toward him, doing his absolute best to shift his cock toward Caleb's hand, aching and desperate. "Caleb, please."

With an innocent hum, Caleb simply moved his hand even further away. He let his fingernails ghost over Molly's skin now, not even a touch so much as the vague suggestion of one.

Caleb loved to tease this way. He liked control without cruelty, anger.

And, of course, of course, he also loved seeing Molly fall to pieces for the want of him. "Do you think," he emphasized, "you've done quite enough to deserve my hand?"

"Yes," Molly cried. He was begging. Unquestionably begging. "Yes, yes, please, I need it, *please*."

Caleb finally began to jerk Molly off, pressing tender kisses to the jut of his hip when he could. Molly was gaspingly ecstatically, writhing in his ties but no longer trying to get out of them, too clearly delighted to bother. Caleb swiped his thumb over the slit of Molly's cock and felt a hard twitch run through his lower body, jostling Caleb's cheek where it rested.

Once Molly was fully breathless and lightly sheened with sweat, Caleb nuzzled against his leg, slowing his hand down. Molly groaned loudly, having been just about brought to the edge before having it denied to him, but still rolled his cock into a sedated fuck of Caleb's curled palm.

They stayed like that a little while, purely enjoying each other's presence and the fun of this unhurried contact.

It was Molly who brought up the words again. "Next one," he grinned, "do you know the next one?"

Caleb had to chuckle. He hadn't expected Molly to be the one to continue this, though of course he welcomed it. He let his thumb rest over the vein on the underside of Molly, giving it a gentle press now and then. "It's... at the back half, it's almost *you*, but I guess that's just coincidence? There's so much else at the beginning."

Molly shook his head. "Hot, then cold—it is *you*, or a form of it, anyway. The beginning bit's the change in form. It's like, um—"

"Does Infernal have a case system?" Caleb cursed himself for not knowing. He really had to study this language with more care, and also outside of bed.

"Sorry, a what now?"

"Well, do you see how *I* doesn't change? You can attach clauses to it to make new meaning around it, but it's always the same itself. But it sounds, ah, it sounds to me that you're saying *you* does take case prefixes, that it changes based on—wait—"

"Caleb?"

I am. You. Wait. "Molly. Molly, did you use the possessive case?"

With that, Molly broke into a wide, easy grin. "Oh, is that what it's called? I'm so glad that one's simple, I'd have had no idea what you meant if it was called anything else."

"*I am yours*?" Caleb pressed.

Molly smiled. "No, not quite. There's the rest of the words to think about, remember? Don't forget those. We're up to *I am your*..."

Honestly, Caleb thought he could broadly extrapolate from there, but he still conceded Molly's point. Besides, he really did want to work this out properly and not rush things. He was having a good time and Molly seemed to be having a good time, too. Caleb wanted to indulge that, to really make a day of this.

He glanced up at Molly from down between his thighs, watching Molly's face as he rubbed his inner thigh again. Molly let out a low moan and thrust his waist into the empty air out of desperation to rut against Caleb's hand.

Caleb decided to reward that enthusiasm, though admittedly, not with his hand.

Angling his neck, he put his mouth on Molly's cock. As soon as he did he realized how much he'd been longing for it and how much he'd missed it, too; it might have been Molly trying his best to leap off the bed and down Caleb's throat, but it was Caleb who moaned around the shape of Molly in his mouth. It was Caleb who licked a long stripe up all those ridges, tasting that soft skin stretched over hard flesh, the sweat and salt of it.

Molly's cock was not the first he'd ever taken in his mouth. But his was, admittedly, the only tiefling's. Caleb loved all the foreign texture and shape of him. It was transfixing, more than he could have ever predicted. Caleb could get hooked on this easily. If he wasn't already.

Above him, Molly was chanting Caleb's name, over and over and over like he hoped to write it into muscle memory, barely breathing in-between. "Calebcalebcaleb—gods, yes, right there, *that*, do that again—"

Caleb did that again; he did that again gladly: a drawn-out lave of his tongue up the length of Molly's cock from balls to tip, feeling the rise and fall of every ridge. But after that he pulled away, drawing his thumb across his mouth to swipe it clean of saliva and of Molly's pre-spend.

Molly, needy but abandoned, whined openly; Caleb ignored him. "Are you set to move along with the sentence?"

"Oh good gods, Caleb. You're gonna kill me here." Though it was near-breathless, Molly was laughing. "Fine, alright. Next bit."

Caleb thought back, but he couldn't quite find the echo of Molly's exact voice or phrasing. He hadn't been focused enough when it had happened to keep the memory exact, especially not when he didn't know the words. "Run the whole phrase by me again?"

"Suck me again and I'll be much more in the mood to tell you."

Caleb's mouth quirked down, approaching a frown. "Say it—"

"I'm *not* being contrary! I'm behaving, I am, I'm being very sweet, alright? But I mean it, I'm afraid. I can't just *say* it, it won't sound right at all," he explained.

"It won't... sound right?"

"Yeah, yes. Yes. Hell, have you never wondered how I can hurt people just with some mean words?"

"Sure," Caleb agreed. "Sure, yes, of course."

"Largely it's because it isn't just the words at all. It depends on wording a bit, but if I said the same things as in battle but in the way you'd recite something out from a book--nothing! Nothing'll happen. It's all colored by tone and intent."

"Ah, and... is that why it never does us, in your group, any damage even though we can hear you just as well?"

Molly nodded. After he did, his head collapsed back down into the pillows again. "Hell, more than that. If I got the sound wrong and another tiefling overheard, they may well have no clue what I'd said. And not just in the way where Jester teases that my legacy line makes it sound like I've got a potato up my nose."

Despite himself, Caleb laughed quietly. That was one of the few things he did already know about Infernal: that the two party tieflings spoke it with the same vocabulary but wildly different accents, sounding as unlike as if they were from REXXENTRUM and MARQUET.

"I used to goose around back and forth with a... friend... back at the carnival," Molly added. "Just to see how ridiculous we could make ourselves sound and still get anything across. But wrong enough and you may as well be speaking total gibberish."

Caleb tipped his head in acknowledgment of that. "I'm afraid my understanding of the language might be at the point that you may as well be speaking gibberish either way," he admitted with a sigh. He was quite amused, but well aware this was a lot of information to take in at once, as well as a lot of information to offer up. "What I mean is, erm—thank you. For taking the time to explain."

Molly snorted gently. "First of all, you're more than welcome and I'm happy to take any praise you'll give. But I feel I ought to remind you I wasn't exactly given an option here." When Caleb looked up to try catching Molly's expression, he caught sight of Molly moving against his ties again instead.

Caleb stuttered, unsure. "I, ah—color?"

"Oh! Green, love, I'm just pulling your leg. Everything's hunky-dory; I'm having a wonderful time. Wrists do ache like a motherfucker, though."

"Do you want me to untie you?"

"No, I—actually, you know what? Yes. Can we do the bondage bit verbally instead? I still want you being a bit bossy with me but I'm going all pins and needles here. Are *you* alright?"

Caleb nodded hurriedly, then, at Molly's raised and doubtful eyebrow, he sat up and took a little longer to actually think about it and to assess himself properly. After a moment, he answered, "...Yes. I'm alright," he assured Molly, "I'm enjoying this. Let me get you undone, *my*... ah, well, my something-or-other."

Molly snickered. "Oh, like you can't guess?"

"Um. Yes, I'm sure I have my suspicions. But that," Caleb pointed out as he stood off of the bed, being careful to keep his tone even and cool, "doesn't seem to be the way we're playing the game tonight, is it?"

"Ah. That's... No! No, I suppose it isn't. Fair enough."

The ties fastening Molly's ankles to the bed weren't terribly difficult to undo; it just took a matter of a minute or two to have both his legs moving freely. Molly took advantage of it instantly, splaying them out as wide as they'd go and cycling his ankles around in circles. "Good heavens, you can't imagine the relief I'm feeling right now."

Caleb raised an eyebrow. "I can hazard a guess, I think." It was Molly who'd introduced Caleb to the twin acts of tying and being tied. He certainly knew the relief Molly must be feeling as movement flowed back into his feet.

As if in apology, he lifted one of Molly's ankles and leaned in to kiss the very bottom of his foot. He caught Molly's toes twinkling out of the corner of his eye and pulled back to kiss

those, too, a quick peck on the tip of each. He switched feet after, doing all the same things to the other one and delighting in the sound of Molly's surprised laughter.

"Had no idea you were into that, love. I'll make note of it."

"Into *what*? I-I am just trying to be nice," Caleb protested, somehow to even louder laughter; he dropped Molly's foot now to shift to the top of the bed. His hands worked deftly there, too, freeing Molly's wrists from the bedposts. "Better?"

"*Much*," Molly agreed. He flapped his hands in the air, shaking all the tension out. "Are you set to get back into it?"

"Yes, just a second." Caleb stretched his own hands out, letting his knuckles crack; he wasn't sore and taut there like Molly was, but it was a decent enough way of getting his mindset to slip back into place, too. Shutting his eyes, he drew himself together so that when he looked down at Molly again he felt ready to be rough with him.

"Right. Lie down," he said, and then—when Molly took a leisurely place, straightening out the bedsheets and making himself comfortable—snapped his finger. "Lie down!"

Molly hurried up, beaming a smile as he flounced backwards, horns bouncing off of the mess of pillows by the headboard.

Reaching out, Caleb stroked along the curved path of one of the horns, following its rough texture from its base and along out to the gold-tipped point of it. Molly moaned, eyes fluttering half-shut, but his smile only grew. The sight of that smile wedged its way between Caleb's ribs and settled against his heart. "Oh, you do like that, don't you," he said, taunting Molly as if he didn't already know the answer.

"Y-Yes," Molly breathed, hard. "Yes. Gods yes, yes yes," he gasped, tipping his head to lean into Caleb's grip on his horn even as he reached an arm up to try to touch Caleb's cheek.

Caleb swatted his hand away. "Ah, no. Hands down. Arms out to your sides, lay them down flat—good, yes, just like that—and leave them there. Stay just like that. You're not allowed to touch me right now, or even to reach for me, not until I tell you that you can."

Molly swallowed. His throat bobbed. "Caleb. Caleb."

"If I see either of your hands move off this bed I will... leave you here," he ad-libbed. Shit, it was the same threat he'd given earlier. No, maybe that was better; at least he was being consistent. "You won't even have ties keeping you down if I leave, just your promise to me. Just that, and an empty room."

"I don't want that." Molly's hands worried against the sheets, smoothing them out in patches, but he didn't lift them an inch. "I don't want that, I don't want to let you down, love, promise. Promise I want to be good."

"Then stay still," Caleb reminded him. "Don't do anything I've told you not to do. That's how you'll be good for me tonight, Mollymauk."

"And my legs?"

Caleb thought. "Keep them still, too. Keep them down."

All the jewelry on Molly's horns made a noise like shimmering bells as he nodded. His smile still spilled out over his whole face, euphoric.

Once again, Caleb moved back down, situating himself between the join of Molly's thighs and taking his cock in hand to guide it to his own mouth. He played it faster this time, already bobbing his head down Molly's length and managing to swallow nearly all of it down, the texture of the ridges running over his tongue. Molly was writhing under him, wonderfully expressive.

"I-I think," Molly panted—Caleb realized now his claws had dug so sharply into the sheets that he'd poked holes through the fabric—"I think I should perhaps just, ah, gods, I think I should just give you the next bit."

Caleb hummed inquisitively around Molly's cock as he reached a free hand up to play with Molly's balls.

"It's profanity. It's not really, *nhnn*, guessable."

It was that which actually got Caleb to stop, at least partly; he let Molly's cock slide wetly out of his mouth, but kept rolling one of his balls between thumb and forefinger.

"There's profanity in a language built around drawing up contracts?"

"Of course there is," Molly protested with a breathy laugh. "Have you never met a lawyer?"

Caleb pressed his own fingers slightly closer together, just to drive a point home to Molly: serious answers only, and he'd mean it this time. "What is it? Or how, how would you translate it, I suppose?"

"Nnh. *Fucking's* probably the closest for what you want it to sound like once it gets to Common, though Infernal, to its shame and discredit, doesn't have that nice overlap in meaning where *fucking's* also about, y'know, *fucking*."

Caleb blushed. "That's... a shame?" he supposed, though he couldn't imagine it really mattered. He doubted Molly did either, actually, except in that it made him smile like he'd told a very good joke. Regardless, Caleb kissed a line up Molly's cock, encouraging him to maybe give away a bit more, since such affections would be his reward. "And the next word is...?"

Molly went quiet. When Caleb looked up, he caught Molly chewing his own lip and thinking hard. "Complicated?"

"Ah—come on, come on, you've done so well so far," Caleb encouraged. Not a word of it a lie. He was delighted with how this had gone so far, not to mention Molly had finally sparked the flame of Caleb's desire to strive toward fluency, and pushing anyone into that kind of

dedication was an admirable thing. While he might have only been doing it for the touches it earned him, the hot hands and mouth, Molly really was being fantastically good today.

He still sighed, laid out flat on the bed and unable to move. Caleb stroked him unhurriedly. "There's a lot going into it, love."

"One piece at a time, then. We'll get there together." Caleb squeezed Molly's cock a bit hard to jostle him back into focus. "*Tell me.*"

Molly groaned. His back arched up off the bed then sank back down; Caleb upped the speed of his strokes in response, hoping to encourage Molly along.

"Well—*ooh*. Well. It's an insult, I'm sure you've gathered that much. It's... again, a *lot*, but at the core of it you're implying that the target is the type to cheat on arrangements without even doing the work of exploiting a loophole."

"Wait—"

"A bit of cheating is generally assumed, but not even trying to cover your tracks? That's the real insult."

"No, no, wait," Caleb raised his hand palm-up, amused. "I was going to ask how you know all this in the first place. You weren't—you didn't grow up with tieflings."

Molly snorted. "I didn't *grow up*! I don't care if you say it. No, but I did ask around with the few of us at the carnival. Some customers, too. But most of it, really, it's just in there. The whole language's inherited, did you not pick up on that bit?" he asked, tilting his head. "Genetic."

Caleb was speechless as he thought that over. That... was... wow.

"Anyway," Molly continued, not having noticed Caleb's linguistic fixation this time, "I imagine you can see how that doesn't map to the type of culture that puts their shames on sexual deviancy instead. Which is terribly boring of you all, really—but anyway, when it's translated, I'm sure you'll catch the intended mood of the meaning closely enough, yeah? *Some* things go far above language."

"Mmm, and why do I get the feeling you're playing this up, Mollymauk Tealeaf?"

"Because I am," he laughed. He flicked his tongue out again over the fronts of his teeth, all of them sharp. "Because I think you'll love it and I want to build up to it. Come closer? Come closer, let me tell you this one personally."

Caleb hesitated. He almost administered another rough tug to Molly's cock again, just for issuing him a command and tripping him up, but he wanted to take Molly at his word and so, despite his wariness, he did shift to lay himself nearly flat out atop his lover. "Alright," he pressed, "we've been at this long enough. Don't stall."

"I had no intention of stalling," Molly promised him.

All at once, Molly's hands snapped up onto Caleb's shoulders. He had just enough strength in him to wrestle Caleb over--Caleb was too startled to do anything about it, which helped--and push him over onto his back.

"Um."

"Hi, yes, yellow, by the way."

Caleb's eyes snapped wide. "What? Yes, what?"

"I don't want to get in trouble for this," Molly said. "It was plenty fun running this as a submission thing, and I am very much being sincere when I say that, don't worry—but I think I'm done now, love. I just want to fuck you."

Oh. Caleb swallowed and blinked hard. "I... Alright. Yes, that's fair. I think..."

"Mmmm?"

"I-I think we were both in and out of it anyway," he admitted, shifting one knee up to let his foot rest flat against the bed while Molly's hand ran up and down from his hip to his knee. "So. Yes. That's fair."

Molly grinned. He suddenly reached between Caleb's legs and took him in hand with slow movements. "Well, there was a lot going on," he pointed out. His wrist twisted; Caleb groaned and stretched down to rut into Molly's curled palm, against those claws carefully touching the side of his aching cock. "No fault of either of ours that it's tough staying in the mindset with half your head in the dictionary."

"M-Molly," Caleb gasped. "Molly!"

"I'm your *dirty fucking whore*, Caleb Widogast. That's what it was, love, that's what I am." With that, Molly's grin turned manic and he let go of Caleb's cock but only for an instant, only to take hold of his own and line them up together length to length. They weren't a perfect match, of course: Caleb's was slightly longer and thicker, his thighs thatched with hair, whereas Molly's was neater and on the small side, but covered in all those fantastic bumps and ridges.

Bumps and ridges that Molly was laying over Caleb's cock and grinding down against him with. All that texture turned Caleb's thoughts to ecstatic mush. Gods, yes, he wanted this, just like this but more, faster, and when Molly *went* faster he realized, oh, he'd said that out loud, hadn't he—

"Do you like hearing that? You look like you do, gods, you look so good," Molly said, hips snapping as fast as he could and then—not, as he came with a yell and spent himself across Caleb's stomach. After he came back to himself, Molly fell forward to plaster kisses all up along Caleb's jaw from his chin to his ear.

Caleb was panting heavily, his chest rising and falling as they both caught their breath. He stroked Molly's back. Molly kept lavishing attention all up and down the side of his face. As

he did, he started giving off a low, vibrating rumble from somewhere deep in his chest.

It made Caleb smile. "You're purring."

"So I am," Molly acknowledged. "I guess I liked saying it." As exhausted as he clearly was, his tail was still waving excitedly, occasionally thumping against the bed like an overexcited pup.

"Ah. Yes? So I would assume." Caleb gave the back of Molly's hair a quick ruffle, mussing it. With his other hand, he reached down to finish himself off, but Molly interrupted, tail suddenly going prehensile to wrap in a double-loop around Caleb's wrist, calmly lifting it up and away. "Er...?"

"I've got it," Molly said in a huff. He shifted himself up onto one elbow so he could see what he was doing as he took Caleb in hand, the action feeling just as good as before, if maybe a little bit lazier. Though that was... quite understandable, all things considered. "Let me do this for you, Caleb, you deserve to lie back for a bit after all that. And I deserve to move again. It works out quite nicely for both of us, actually. Faster?"

"F-Faster," Caleb agreed, nodding. Molly always had a good sense of what Caleb needed. As Caleb looked down he saw that his whole lower body was flushed pink with desire—desire that Molly's skilled hand felt *built* to help him out with—and within a matter of just minutes, Caleb was gasping as stars burst in his vision, orgasm letting his mind go blissfully blank for a little while. There was nothing in the world but Molly's presence and the touch of his skin.

Slowly, Caleb came to. Molly was resting beside him, tucked neatly against his side, having carefully wedged his horn between Caleb's jaw and shoulder so he could press his nose to Caleb's neck.

Molly kissed him there, too wiped to move to anywhere else. Caleb could relate. Admittedly, he hadn't spent the first two hours of this night tied up to the bed, but still. He was getting older every day. His bones were heavy, weighing him down; he yawned, hastily covering his mouth with the back of his wrist.

"Tired?" Molly asked, sounding happy and satisfied as he fully settled next to Caleb, an arm wrapped in a warm embrace around Caleb's middle.

"Yes," Caleb said. "That was... that was rather a lot, I think."

"Agreed. You'll just have to stay in bed cuddling with me for a few hours yet, I suppose. There's nothing else for it."

Caleb let out an amused puff of air, bringing a hand up to tangle into Molly's hair again. He could certainly think of much worse ways to spend their evening. He did still worry about potential back pain on Molly's part, but no need to rush that; he'd offer his hands once Molly was, ah, awake enough for it. "Alright."

"Mm. Just one thing, Caleb, humor me for a second?"

"Ah—yes."

Molly grinned against Caleb's skin. "How do you say it in Zemnian?"

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