

Fortunes

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Fortunes

by [CostumersDelight \(CostumerDelight\)](#).

Summary

Beauregard drags Caleb to his first Renn faire.

Notes

Widomauk week 2019! I've had this waiting about two months, but I heard about Widomauk week so I held it for today. Almost missed it because I didn't remember it was this week.

Thank you to fix at the Caleb Appreciation discord server for beta-ing this!!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The first time Beau dragged Caleb to a renaissance faire, he was entirely lost. On the hour's drive to the faire, he sulked and begged to head back home, claiming disinterest in the adventure. But as soon as they arrived and he began to wander around, he found himself lost in the enchantment of the event... and lost in the main thoroughfare. Someone had set up a widespread enchantment that seemed to alter the general atmosphere of the area; some dunamantic magic that he was still grasping the hang of in grad school, and it was throwing off his otherwise fine sense of direction and place.

As he walked around trying to find Beau, Caleb had wandered to the outskirts of the thoroughfare and found a tent, almost secluded in a patch of bushes and trees. It was an elaborately decorated tent, maroon with what seemed to be multi-colored embroidery of all manner of different religious and astrological symbology, a large sun motif mirrored to a similarly styled moon motif, with a small sign in front with a peacock, the tail feathers fanning out to make the backdrop of the name: Madame Tealeaf Fortunes, \$5.

Caleb pushed past the blue beaded curtain that, when the light hit just right, made crescent moons appear. The inside of the tent was also blue, with the same crescent moon pattern all over, but the walls were draped with a variety of tapestries, cloths, and scarves. The floor had a large rug or tapestry, blue with a large silver dragon design. Pillows littered the ground, some large enough to sit on. There was a table covered in a velvet cloth, deep purple and maroon swirls, the fibers crushed and making the surface look like waves crashing up and around whatever was set on top.

Sitting on the table was a jade box, more of the purple and maroon velvet inside, with large cards inside. The backs of the cards had an all-seeing eye motif, mirrored from the middle, beautiful gold leaf shimmering as he stared into the space. The candles scattered about the tent were the LED flickering ones, cycling slowly through the colors, casting the tent with a somewhat mystical aura.

"You look incredibly lost," a voice said from within the tent, making Caleb jump. A mound of pillows, or what he had thought were just pillows, shifted, a vaguely human-shaped pile of fabric coming to stand at height. "Would you like a fortune reading?" An arm gestured towards the pillow closest to the door at the table. Caleb couldn't see their face; they wore a scarf that seemed to intentionally obscure their features, and it wound around their head as well, the hood of the coat brought up to further shade their face.

"I... Sorry, I did not mean to intrude," Caleb stammered, thinking about leaving as he walked to the table and sat down. "Ah, sure? But, I was not expecting to be coming to a ren faire today and I do not have money."

"That's alright, dear, I'm actually not set up for doing readings," they said, waving a hand;

they wore a coat that was similar to the exterior of the tent they sat in, the lining similar to the interior of the tent. “I just was relaxing for a bit since I had set up the tent and everything else inside.” They moved around the tent and picked up a few items. Caleb made out what seemed to be a peacock on the back of the coat, feathers looking like swords as it cascaded down the back panels, crossing over one another to form a lattice pattern.

“Sorry to interrupt,” Caleb started, the fortune teller’s hand waving dismissively at him.

“No trouble. Now, I am Madame Tealeaf,” they said, voice trilling over the name. “What is your name, dear?”

“You do not know already?” Caleb asked, smirking a bit.

“Fortune teller, not mind reader, dear,” Madame chided him, “You’re a skeptic of fortune telling, though, that much I can tell.” They brought the items back to the pile of pillows and dropped down to sit, a little unceremoniously.

“Just a bit. One very bad reading a couple years ago,” he admitted, shifting more comfortably on the pillow. “My name is Caleb. It is nice to meet you.”

“Likewise, Caleb. Now then,” they said, placing the items on the table; a bag that tipped over, a few semi-precious stones spilling out, a book that read Tarot Cards: Meanings, Readings, and How to Divine with Them, and a phone, “do you have a specific question you would like to ask, or shall I do a general reading for you?”

“General is fine, I do not think I have any specific questions,” he replied. Madame Tealeaf nodded, removing the cards from the box and passing them to him.

“Go ahead and shuffle these for a bit. You could spread them around on the table if you would like, that usually gets better readings since the cards don’t remain all upright sometimes,” they instructed. Caleb nodded, shuffling in hand for a bit before spreading them out on the table. He turned one card intentionally, then hearing no objection, he started swishing them back and forth. He imagined it was like swimming, pushing the cards around like he was in water. After a bit, he pushed the cards back together into a pile, letting them straighten out on their own as he tapped the sides.

“There,” he said, pushing the neat pile of cards back to them. Madame Tealeaf nodded, flipping open the book; Caleb noticed little dog-ears on the corners of pages and cringed slightly.

“Alright, let’s see... Cardinal directions,” they muttered, picking up the first card and laying it on the table face down at an angle close to Caleb, but not quite directly facing him. Three more cards were placed down circling clockwise, and then they set the deck aside and shook their hands so the sleeves fell back; long, slender purple fingers danced over top of the cards, dark talons trimmed neatly to a fine point, almost perfectly rounded otherwise. One had was tattooed with a snake devouring it, large red eye staring up at Caleb.

“This card,” they pointed to the first one that was placed down, “signifies where you are on your path, your spiritual and emotional journey. This one,” they went around clockwise describing each card in turn, “deals with your financial situation. I’ll gloss over that since you’ve already told me some and I don’t want to let it color the reading.” Caleb smirked a bit. “This next one is about your ties to your friends and family, those you hold close to your heart. The last one is your love life. Are you seeing anyone right now?”

“That seems oddly invasive,” Caleb muttered, crossing his arms.

“There are two ways to read the card, based on whether you are romantically involved or not,” Madame sighed, an air of exasperation in their voice. “I don’t need details, just yes or no.”

“No, I’m single,” he said.

“Alright, thank you.” Madame stretched their arms and shook them out, sighing loudly. They flipped the first card, then looked in the book for a moment. “Death, upright. It may signify an upcoming transformation in your life, a transition from one thing to another.” They reached to the second card and flipped it, referencing something else in the book after a few page turns. “The Sun, reversed. It may mean you have been overconfident and you are having a difficult time seeing a way through the shade. You may need to push through some extra obstacles to achieve your goal.” The next card.

“Temperance, reversed. You may be feeling out of sync with your friends and family, reckless in your endeavors, and impatient with people. Finally,” they said, hovering their hand on the last card, “as a single person...” They flipped it. “The Hermit, reversed. You may have withdrawn into yourself, avoiding your problems as opposed to handling them like an adult. You are ready to put yourself back out there if you gave it a try.” Madame Tealeaf looked between the cards for a few moments.

“Is that it?” Caleb asked.

“No, this is an interesting reading. Very cohesive answers, I think,” they muttered. “My

intuition is telling me that you had been in a relationship that went sour very quickly and that you've been withdrawn since then. You're out of sync with your friends due to this, and need to be around other people, but you've refused to put yourself out there." They looked up at Caleb. "I'm ignoring the second card since you told me you have no money--"

"I just meant with me, my friend dragged me here without letting me grab more than my ID pouch," Caleb interrupted. "Ah, sorry."

"No, that's fine, I misunderstood. Regardless, it sounds like change is already happening for you," they said, pointing at the Death card again. "Your friend is trying to help you step out of the little box you've holed up in. Suffering at work or school because of it, I would say. Probably both, if the bags under your eyes are any indication," they chuckled lightly. Caleb touched next to his eyes and blinked, confused. "I recommend getting some proper sleep, don't study so much at once. Spread it out more." They hummed lightly to themselves, looking at the cards more, then into the book. "Yeah, that sounds about right. Let your friends help you out, Caleb. You have been holed up in yourself for too long and need to let go of whatever happened in your last relationship, or you will be stagnant. You could make matters worse in school and work and not achieve your goals."

Caleb just stared at the cards for a while, brows furrowed as he thought. He did indeed have a relationship that went bad, very quickly. The tarot reading he had previously had was with his former girlfriend, Astrid, and the fortune teller from then had said the reading meant Caleb was cheating on Astrid, so she broke up with him. He hadn't been seeing anyone else, but he had been feeling that things weren't working out anyways, and that he was partially putting on a mask to fit in with society more.

"You're a magic student, aren't you?" Madame Tealeaf asked suddenly, breaking Caleb from his thoughts to nod. "I thought so. You have calluses on your hands from repeated component use, and I don't think I've seen anyone quite as haggard as you who wasn't a magic user. Transmutation, if I could take a guess." Caleb's eyes went wide. "Yep, you twitched a bit when I flipped the Death card and mentioned transformation."

"That is cheating," Caleb laughed a bit. "But that's only part of my studies." His phone buzzed in his pocket, and he pulled it out to see a text from Beau.

"Hmm..." Madame Tealeaf leaned onto the table, as if eyeing Caleb up as he read and replied to the text.

"My friend is coming by so we can get going. Thank you for the... enlightening reading," he said, picking his words. "It was nice to meet you, Madame Tealeaf." Hurried footsteps ran past the tent, and a shadow was cast against the tent side.

“You can feel free to call me Mollymauk,” they said, extending a hand to him. He took it to shake, but felt a card get slipped into his palm. “I’m retiring this deck tonight, so feel free to take that card with you. Maybe you can bring it back next time and tell me what it is. Look it up if you would like, as well, so you can infer what you will of it.”

“Caleb, come on, we have to go!” Beau called out, and Caleb gave a head nod in acknowledgement to Mollymauk, then ducked out of the tent. “There you are. Why didn’t you just head to the gates?”

“I was looking around, Beauregard,” he sighed, giving her a gentle shove. “Have you ever been in that tent before?”

“Oh, plenty. Madame Tealeaf is a staple for the ren faire,” she explained, gesturing with her hands. “She’s about as common as turkey legs. Why, did you get a reading? Is that what you were up to?”

“She offered a reading to me, yes,” he said, fingering the card in his hand. “And let me take a card. She wants me to tell her what it is next time I come to the faire.”

“Awesome! Then you should totally come to the one this summer, it’s a whole week!” she said excitedly, looping her arm with his as they walked. “It’s in some horse track infield and everyone camps out. There’s sparring, a fighting tournament, couple of feasts during the week... It’s a ton of fun.”

“Ah... Let me think about it,” he said, feeling the edge of the card dig into his hand. “This was fun, but I do not know what will happen with school and work.” She nodded, not paying attention to him, as she rattled off the rest of the events the summer faire would hold. He just fidgeted with the corner of the card, gently reminding himself of Madame Tealeaf’s words.

As the months drew on, Caleb found himself excited for the week-long camping trip with Beauregard at the ren faire. He let her bring him to outings with their friends, even if he felt he desperately needed to study, but his grades only improved. With the stress of failing tests taken out, he was able to get proper sleep, and his duties at work were easier to complete; he even got a raise for suggesting ways to improve some of their operations.

Being able to hang out with everyone again also gave him a chance to discuss the faire, finding out that Jester was also going, and she offered to make him an outfit if he had a

persona; Beau explained the details, and Caleb was even more excited to be more involved with the idea. He had never thought about LARPing before, but it seemed interesting enough. Through a few late-night discussions, lots of coffee, and the occasional beers, they hashed out his persona as a mage in training; much like his life, which made it a bit easier for him to keep track of details since he was making them up as opposed to reading them.

Once the semester was over, Caleb turned his attention from his school studies to looking up the tarot cards; he had yet to look at the one he took with him from the reading, having put it in an envelope and tucked it away in his wallet. He decided he would look at it with Madame Tealeaf and get their impression as well. It seemed fair enough, and his interest was piqued.

The drive to the faire took most of the afternoon, arriving just before dusk to the venue at the end of the first day of festivities. Beau carried the tent and her luggage, Caleb trailing behind with just his luggage for the week. They found their assigned campsite, set up their tent, then changed into their garb. Beau wore a lightweight fighting outfit, easy to move and fight in; sleeveless, as she always tried to be. Caleb carefully unwrapped the garb that Jester had delivered to him just before she had left the day before.

A white silk robe with embroidered flames licking up the sleeves and front panels, the symbol of transmutation school of magic embroidered onto the back, missing some key details so as to prevent any magical accidents with his clothes. It was perfect, he thought, and put it on carefully. He finished layering on his belts and book holsters, then went to meet Beau at the fighting ring for her first fight of the week.

The spectator benches were fairly empty, so he took a seat at one halfway back from the ring, close enough he could see what was happening, but far enough back that he didn't worry about being a casualty if someone got tossed out of the arena. She was still registering, so he pulled out a book to read until the fight, undisturbed for about an hour.

"Well, hello stranger," someone said, sliding across the bench to him. Caleb looked up to meet blood red eyes, rubies embedded in soft lavender skin, framed with dark purple hair. The stranger smiled and nudged him a bit with their elbow. "It's been awhile, I was starting to wonder if you'd show up or not."

"Ah... Ich kenne sie nicht," he said quickly, raising a brow. "I do not know you, sorry."

"Hm? ...Oh, fuck, that's right, I was..." the figure turned away for a second, mumbling in another language, the gems in their horns dazzling Caleb as the light struck them. He blinked and tried to think back to where he would know a tiefling from, especially a lavender one. They turned to face him again; now Caleb was able to see a peacock tattoo spreading up into the tiefling's neck and face. "I was all wrapped when we met because I was a bit, ah... self-conscious, you could say. But I'm more confident now."

“I am very sorry, I am still not sure,” he said, shaking his head.

“Come on, Caleb, you can’t tell me you don’t at least remember my voice?” they asked, leaning in. Caleb knit his brows in thought, looking down at their hands; one was on their own thigh, the other edging closer to Caleb’s hip on the bench, with a snake engulfing the knuckles. “I’m not going to tell you because that would just ruin the fun. You’re going to make good on your promise, though, right?” Caleb looked back up.

“I... You’re not Mollymauk, are you?” he asked, and the joy that spread across the tiefling’s face was almost as warm as the fire that started in the pit of his stomach. “I... But Madame Tealeaf...?”

“A character, dear, like I said I was self-conscious,” they reminded him. “My name is Mollymauk Tealeaf, and I figured I would dip my toe in and have my character be a woman. Then after a few years I realized that wasn’t quite right for me, so here I am in all my glory, happily me, genderless.”

“Oh, uh... Well, I am very happy you are happy with that,” Caleb nodded along. Molly nodded as well. “I do have the card still, if that is the promise you mean.”

“Which one was it?” they asked, leaning in more; Caleb felt his stomach flip a little, resisting the urge to pull the tiefling into a hug.

“I actually do not know, I looked up the cards, though,” he said, showing off the book he had still holstered under his arm, “and I decided I would find out with you. Beau is about to fight, though, so afterwards?”

“Sure thing, I’ve seen her fight here before, she’s very good,” Molly said, linking their arm to Caleb’s and leaning on his shoulder. He spared a few glances to Molly during the ensuing fights, taking in their very simple garb; an open collared tunic with undone lacings down just above their navel, simple styled breeches, but with clashing patterns on each leg; one was harlequin, Caleb recalled from Jester’s ramblings, and the other was stripes; but the colors matched, so it wasn’t garish. Their boots went up to their knees, some elaborate leatherworking on the large planes of hide.

“Um... Mollymauk,” Caleb asked after Beau’s rounds were over and his arm had fallen asleep.

“Want to go eat with me?” Molly asked, standing up. “Then we can go to my tent and find

out about the card, sound good?”

“Um, ja, that sounds agreeable,” he replied, forgetting their arms were still linked and being yanked to his feet as Molly moved ahead. He caught Beau’s eyes as Molly pulled him away, and tried his best to convey an apologetic look to her, but she hid behind her hand, trying vainly to hide her laughter.

Mollymauk led him around the main paths, avoiding the largest throngs of people. They made a much larger loop to get to the feast hall than necessary, but Molly made the long trip seem short with their excited chatter. Caleb talked about his schooling when Molly asked, as well, finding out that while Caleb was nearing his thirties, Mollymauk was only twenty-two. The pair ate relatively quickly, Molly’s excitement over Caleb’s interest in the tarot cards prompting them to wolf down their food, and impatiently watch Caleb finish eating.

“You’re so slo-ow,” they bemoaned, laying across the mostly empty table. “Come on, come on... Unless you want to show me the card here?” Caleb shook his head.

“I liked having the reading in private, and I feel like this card is just finishing the reading,” he explained, finishing off the last bite of his dinner. He took a wet wipe and cleaned off the plate and his utensils, then set them back in his pack. “Da, let’s go.”

The tent was the same, inside and out, except for some of the tapestries and pillows being in new spots. He settled in on the pillows on one side of the table. Molly settled on the other, after gathering their book and some cups. They pulled a bottle of wine out from under the table, served up a little in each cup, and they both gave a little cheer and drank the wine.

“I make it at home, it’s a sweet dessert wine, low alcohol, lots of berry flavor,” Molly explained, setting the bottle away again. “Good for a little nip after dinner. Now, the card?” They leaned forward on the table, red eyes gleaming in the LED candlelight. Caleb pulled out his wallet and the envelope therein, setting it on the table. “This is exciting, I’ve actually never given someone a card before to take away from a reading.”

“Couldn’t you have looked through the deck to see what card was missing?” Caleb asked, carefully ripping the top of the envelope open with a pocket knife. Molly shook their head.

“I retired it, I told you,” they explained, leaning forward more. “It went in that night’s bonfire.”

“You burned the cards??”

“That’s how I was always told you release the extra energy when cleansing no longer helps,” they replied, waving their hand dismissively. “Just pull the card out, I’m dying, here!”

“You are very different when not in character,” Caleb laughed, pulling the card out face down. “Flip the card with me?” Molly nodded, picking up a corner. Caleb took a corner and they counted down, flipping it over.

“The Emperor,” they said in unison, looking at the card, then each other. Molly reacted first, pulling the card from Caleb’s fingers and looking at it.

“That doesn’t make any sense,” they said, opening their book to one of the pages and reading it closely. “That’s a card for a bold leader, someone in command. Which, no offense, you don’t seem the type, Caleb,” they laughed. “And I doubt you’re needing to stand up to anybody, you sounded like you were in a good place last time besides a few things, but nothing big enough for that.”

“And, ah,” Caleb butt in, his book also out and on the page for the card, “I have not had anyone much older show up in my life either, so that option is out. Was this another card in the reading you did for me, or just a random card you pulled?” he asked.

“I was just about to put the cards away when I noticed one of the cards was torn. That’s usually when I retire them. So I pulled the first undamaged card I found that, well... Intuition told me to pull it,” they said, slowing down. “Oh... Maybe it was a card meant for me?”

“Ja, maybe,” Caleb said, leaning back from the table. “Why did you want to give me a card when I left, anyway?”

“I... Well to be totally honest, I thought you were cute and I wanted an excuse for you to come back and say hi,” Molly admitted, also leaning away from the table. “I thought that just before I noticed the torn card, and decided to give you a card.” They were silent for a moment. Caleb counted off on his fingers, grinning slightly.

“I think it was your card, Mollymauk,” he said, pushing it across the table to them. “And, ah... maybe I am being hopeful, but I think it was foretelling you about me.” Molly covered his hand with their own and looked up at him, understanding clicking into place. “Would you believe that to be true?”

“I could choose to and hope my gut is right,” they said, giving his hand a squeeze. “Come over here?” Caleb got up, not releasing Molly’s hand, and settled into the pillows next to

them, giving their hand a small kiss. “What a gentleman, oh my,” Molly laughed, draping their arm over Caleb’s chest and pulling in close.

“Hallo,” Caleb whispered, nuzzling into Molly’s neck.

“Hello,” was their reply. “Is this alright?”

“Ja, I am good with this. What about you?”

“I wouldn’t have asked you to sit on this side with me unless I was okay with it, dear,” Molly murmured.

“I should let Beau know I’m not coming back to the campsite tonight,” Caleb said absently, pulling his phone out and sending off the text. For good measure, and perhaps to show off a bit for Mollymauk, he pulled out a piece of copper wire and traced a little sigil in the air. “Eh, Beauregard, I won’t be making it back to the tent tonight, do not worry about me,” he said into the wire. Mollymauk chuckled above him, leaning down to kiss his temple.

“You shagging with Madame Tealeaf tonight?” came the reply in his mind, causing Caleb to choke on his own breath.

“Beauregard that is absurd and entirely unfounded but maybe, yes, okay goodnight.” He sighed, giving Molly’s neck a kiss. “She is very astute, she asked if we were, ah, shagging tonight.”

“Good, because I am gonna need some space tonight myself anyways, so that works out, and I’ll catch you tomorrow,” was the next response. A few moments later, his phone buzzed, a finger pointing emote with a hand sign “OK” emote.

“I mean, we could? But I’m good right now just cuddling,” Molly said, chuckling again. “We’ll see how the night goes.”

Beau asked him the next day about what happened, and Caleb admitted they had started drinking more of Molly’s wine and passed out, curled up together in the pillows. Nothing further happened, as much as Beau tried to press him for more details, but he had no more to

give. Beau relented and stalked off when Caleb made a lip-zipping motion, flipping him the bird. He just chuckled and continued about his day at the ren faire.

Caleb met up with Mollymauk around the same time for the next three days, going to get food with them while they took their break. One of those lunches, they sat out in the garden that some of the druids had cultivated just for the faire and ate their food, looking at the different flowers. Mollymauk rattled off different uses of the flowers in wine or spell application for their purposes, and Caleb retorted with his own knowledge, sometimes making a competition out of the topics.

When Molly went back to their tent to tell more fortunes, Caleb would wait around for a bit by the tent before something caught his attention and drew him away. When he wasn't watching Beau's fights, he looked in the library for information about spellcasting that he could take back to school, or information that he thought Mollymauk might find interesting. Sometimes Beau would go with him and steer him to the porn book collection, which he browsed only when she wasn't around; one he did borrow and take to read with Mollymauk if only to laugh at how poorly written it was. After eating dinner together, they would wander the faire and participate in the late-night activities if any were going on. Caleb didn't spend every night at Molly's tent, but he used his message spell to chat with them when they weren't together.

Mollymauk came back with Caleb to his tent one night to play card games with Beau, Jester, and a new friend Beau had made, Yasha, and drink some alcohol that Beau had brought with, everyone passing out in the tent together, and all waking up with hangovers. Caleb walked Mollymauk back to their tent and helped make an extra sign to state that they were not doing readings today. Jester came by a couple hours later and healed them both, helping remove the hangover, and wandered around the faire with them.

The sixth night of the faire, the night before Beau and Caleb planned to leave, he asked Mollymauk if he could spend that night with them; a strange request, since they had never really discussed if they would or wouldn't stay with one another, so far just letting the night take them where they may.

"I'm fine with that," Molly answered, letting Caleb enter the tent first. "It's your last night here, so I don't see why not." Caleb ducked down and went in, turning around to catch Mollymauk as they entered as well. "Hallo, Mr. Widogast," they said with Caleb's accent, standing up on their toes to kiss him.

"Hallo yourself, Mx. Tealeaf," Caleb replied against Molly's lips, curling his arms around their back to pull them closer and return the kiss. When Mollymauk pulled away, Caleb licked quickly at their lips, eliciting a giggle from his tiefling. "Molly... I was wondering..." He licked his lips, suddenly feeling his mouth dry.

“Yes, Caleb?” Molly asked, looking up at him through their lashes, batting them quickly.

“I know we have not really known each other that long,” he started, starting to rub circles into Molly’s back, “but I would very much like to...ah, shag?” Molly devolved into a tittering mess at the word, tears forming at their eyes from laughter. “That was not the word I should have used,” Caleb laughed, holding Mollymauk up and carrying them to the pillows to collapse together, still laughing.

“You should absolutely tell Beau to remove that from her vocabulary, no one uses that word to talk about sex,” Molly beamed, a string of hiccups following. As they calmed down, they relaxed into one another, hands exploring the comfortable areas they had already seen and touched; shoulders, chests, hips. Molly slid their hand around and into the back waistband of Caleb’s breeches, making him jump a bit.

“Mollymauk, what are you...” Caleb breathed, feeling his chest tighten and that same fire in his belly spark to life. Molly nestled their face in the crook of Caleb’s neck, kissing and sucking on the fragile skin there, tracing patterns into the flesh of Caleb’s ass.

“You said you wanted to have sex,” Molly mumbled into his neck, “and I ruined the moment. I’m trying to bring it back. Is that okay?” They bit gently into the skin, Caleb gasping and pulling them closer. “Can I take that as a ‘yes’, or do you want me to stop?”

“Bitte, Mollymauk, gods...” Caleb muttered, whining in the back of his throat. “I think the moment is back.” He dropped his hands to Molly’s ass and squeezed, pulling them up onto his lap. Molly purred in delight, grinding down onto Caleb’s lap. “Scheisse, Molly...” He could feel his cock strain against his breeches, and he bit back a moan when Mollymauk pressed down more.

“Please, Caleb, darling, I want to hear you,” Molly purred in his ear, gently nipping the lobe and pulling on it. Caleb growled softly, hiking Molly up further on his lap and bucked up into their pelvis. “Ooh! Fuck, do that again,” Molly pleaded, and Caleb obliged, thrusting up again and again, hearing more than seeing Molly keen. He flipped them over and pinned Molly into the pillows with one hand, growling again as he paid back the kisses and bites they had left on his neck. With his free hand, he slid down Molly’s body and into their pants, pulling the waistband down, pausing. “Fuck, Caleb, I’ll tell you if I want you to stop, just please keep going.”

Caleb nodded against Molly’s neck, pulling the pants down fully. He sat up, kneeling over Mollymauk to remove his own pants, looking at the disheveled tiefling below him.

“You look so beautiful,” Caleb breathed. Molly squirmed below him, whining for attention. “Ja, ja, I’m just... wow.” He removed his pants and kicked Molly’s off as well into a pile in front of the pillows.

“Caleb, you’re torturing me, please,” Molly begged, arching their back so they ground up against Caleb’s cock again, their own leaking precum into the material of their underwear.

“Do... Do you have condoms?” Caleb asked, leaning down to press hot kisses into Molly’s neck again, grinding their hips together. Molly nodded, pointing at the table.

“In a box, down there,” they gasped as Caleb’s hand dipped into their panties and stroked their cock. They whined, arching up into his touch. Caleb made a symbol in the air, a mage hand appearing just in front of the tablecloth. He tried to focus on both Molly’s cock and the hand, managing to drag the box out part way. “You are, hah, so handy,” Molly panted when Caleb had to let them go to bring the box closer. He opened it and pulled out a handful of condoms, just in case, and shoved the box aside.

He took the moment again to take in Mollymauk. With their pants off, he could see more tattoos; he had already gotten very familiar with the ones on their back and arms, flowers and snakes and the similarities between their back tattoo and the back panels of the coat. But their decorated dick was a bit of a surprise, as well as the piercings. Molly whined again, and Caleb laughed lightly, leaning down to kiss them, swallowing the moans and little sighs.

“I am not as talented as you,” he said with a grin, ripping one of the condom packages open and rolling it onto Molly’s cock, much to the tiefling’s confusion. Caleb pushed himself back, watching Mollymauk’s expression change to delighted anticipation. “But I can try to match you.” And he lowered his mouth onto Molly’s cock and sucked.

Mollymauk threw their arms to the sides, fisting pillows and tapestries from the wall as they whined loudly, bucking up into Caleb’s mouth as he swirled his tongue around their cock head and the baubles pierced into it. He put an arm over Molly’s hips and pinned them down, keeping them from thrusting up again, and they keened.

“Caleb, I swear to the gods, I want your cock,” Molly wailed, Caleb coming up from their cock with a pop that made them moan. “Please, please, please, Caleb...”

“Ja, schatz, just a moment,” he breathed, slowly moving up to meet their lips again, gently licking into their mouth. “I need a condom.” He crawled back down.

“Hurry, gods, I want you to fuck me senseless,” Molly whined, their tail sliding out from behind them in the pillows and tracing up Caleb’s bare ass. He shivered. “Pretty please with a blowjob on top?”

“Molly,” Caleb breathed, mock scandalized as he turned around, sliding his own condom on. “What a mouth on you.” He smirked, straddling Mollymauk’s lap. They ghosted their fingers up to his cock and gave an experimental twist. “Götter verdammt, Mollymauk...” They pulled him forward by his dick, gently twisting and stroking as their tail trailed up and down his side. “If you keep that up I will not last very long,” Caleb warned, voice heavy with lust as he carefully straddled their head. Molly stuck out their tongue and giggled. Caleb growled low in his chest, nudging the head of his cock up against their lips.

Molly closed their eyes, letting their jaw go slack as Caleb slid into their mouth, humming against his cock. Caleb shivered, letting out a soft moan. At the sound, Molly looked up at him and smiled around his dick, hollowing his cheeks and sucking on him gently, moving their hands to his ass to slowly guide Caleb to thrust into their mouth and out again. Each inward thrust, they pulled him in deeper and let him pull out until just the tip of his cock was touching their lips, licking the tip before pulling him back in. When Caleb bottomed out in the back of Molly’s throat he groaned, hands dropping to their shoulders.

“Mollymauk,” he gasped out as they thrust him faster with their hands, bobbing their head to match the pace. He gripped their shoulders, trying to restrain himself from fucking into Molly’s mouth without abandon. “Molly, you are going to be the death of me,” he breathed; Molly looked up at him again and took one of his hands, moving it to their horn and winking. Caleb groaned again, pulling his other hand up to caress Molly’s cheek, then took their other horn and thrust himself into their mouth.

Mollymauk moaned around his cock and their eyes fluttered shut, dropping one hand to their own cock, stroking themselves in time to Caleb’s thrusting, both edging closer to their climax. Caleb pulled out completely and shuffled back, a dejected whine pouring from Molly’s mouth; the sound hitched to a moan when Caleb dropped back down to suck their cock, blindly feeling for the box again, finding a tube within and pulling it into view; he dropped it and blindly checked again, pulling out the intended tube.

“Do you want me to open you first, or...” Caleb asked, breathless as he checked the lube over quickly, then squeezed some out into his palm.

“Yes, but do it quickly,” Molly sighed, stroking their cock, lazily gazing up at Caleb, half a smirk on their face. “Start with two fingers, if you would, I don’t mind the stretch.” All the exertion had Caleb visibly flushed as it was, but Molly’s comment made him darken more, a giggle slipping from Molly’s lips as they pulled their knees up to their chest.

“You are lewd, Mollymauk,” Caleb chuckled, slicking his fingers and sliding two into Molly’s waiting ass, pushing gently. Molly keened, jerking their hand away from their cock to claw at their thighs, pulling them up more to grant Caleb better access. “You are very lewd

and I like it.” He slowly fucked Molly’s ass with his fingers, adding a third a little sooner than he thought was appropriate; Molly’s keening and babbling of praise told him it was more than wanted, especially as they started grinding their hips down into Caleb’s hand. “You are okay with a little pain, ja?” he asked, curling his fingers up into Molly’s prostate.

“Fuck yes please, gods,” Molly cried, their claws digging into the meat of their thighs. “You okay with that, dear? I – gods damnit, Caleb - don’t mind a little bit, up to a lot a bit.” Caleb pulled out his fingers and dug his thumb into the flesh of Molly’s ass, slicking himself up as he guided his cock to their entrance. “Oooh, fuck me please, Caleb,” they whined, eyes lidded and chest heaving. They started to reach up, but paused. “Do... do you care about scratches? I might tear up your back and I’d rather not if you--”

“Go for it, schatz,” Caleb interrupted, pressing the head of his cock inside Molly to shut them up, a whimper falling from their lips. “You are so good, so good...” he kissed along the length of Molly’s arm as it reached past him, taking his shoulder; he felt their claws gently scratch at his back, cautious even while beginning to fall apart. “Mark mich, damit ich dein bin,” Caleb breathed, sheathing himself in Molly’s welcoming ass, supporting himself with his arms in the pillows.

The tiefling's cry was swallowed by Caleb as he kissed them, letting them adjust around him before moving. He could feel the warmth of blood trickle down his back from Molly’s claws, listening to them mumble when he released their lips in favor of nibbling their ear.

“Fuck, damn, that’s so nice,” Molly sighed, shifting below him a little; the movement squeezed Caleb’s cock inside of Molly and he groaned softly, starting to pull out. “Caleb, oh gods...” Molly squirmed below him, gasping and whimpering as Caleb started to slide back in to the base. “Come on, Caleb, senseless, not slowly,” they chided softly, dragging their claws down Caleb’s back.

“You are sure?” he asked, pulling away from them for a moment. “I do not want to hurt you so bad you hate me,” he murmured, nuzzling into Molly’s neck. “I quite like you begging for me, I would miss it a lot.”

“Caleb, you’re a charmer,” Molly whispered back, kissing his cheek, “but trust me when I say you’re not going to get close to hurting me bad enough to hate you. Now fuck me into these damn pillows or I will flip us and impale myself on your cock.” To emphasize, they drove their hips down onto Caleb’s cock, taking him even deeper; Molly cried out again and gave a soft sob, but made the movement once more, nestling into Caleb’s neck and nudging him with their nose. “Please, Cay?”

“How can I refuse that request?” Caleb answered, sliding his hands over Molly’s shoulders, down their chest, and gripping their hips. He turned his head to catch Molly’s mouth and

pulled out of their ass a bit, then thrust hard. He felt Molly go rigid and writhe below him, hands scrambling across his back as he started pumping himself into the soft, purple body below him. Molly broke away from the kiss, finding Caleb's ear instead; every thrust made a whimper fall from their kiss-bruised lips as they nipped at his ear.

Caleb growled possessively, leaning over Mollymauk, burying himself with each thrust, pumping into them and huffing hot breaths against their neck. He found a rhythm, needy and fast and pounding as much as his cock throbbed inside of Molly, feeling their pulse as he struck again and again, pressing against their prostate. He gingerly bit into their neck, questioning, and when Molly tilted their head to expose more of the slender, fragile skin, he bit harder; not enough to break the skin, but he sucked on the flesh, hoping he could mark them as they marked his back.

Molly's legs found their way out from between their bodies, wrapping around his waist and pulling him in for each thrust, driving their body up into him, keening, crying into his neck, muttering his name and praises and obscenities, falling into their devilish mother tongue; Caleb didn't understand a word of it, but the grating, deep, guttural language spilling from Molly's mouth like prayers to the gods felt like warmth washing over him.

He slid his hand between their bodies, gripping Molly's cock and pumping it one, two, three times before they began to cry out, burying their face into his neck; he felt the skin break, a small spot, and Molly moaning into the wound as hot seed spilled between them; in the back of his mind he realized the condom must have broken. The sensation between Molly's marking him and being the cause of their orgasm gave him a swelling pride, overwhelming his senses... just before moaning and falling over the edge of climax himself.

Mollymauk babbled still, words that made Caleb's skin grow hot as he slowed his thrusting as the sensation grew too intense. With a groan, he collapsed to Molly's side, making them turn onto their side with their interlaced limbs, supporting their head with an arm. After a few minutes, Molly licked their lips, leaning forward to brush against Caleb's ever so softly.

"Fuck, Caleb, that was wonderful..." they sighed, brushing some of Caleb's hair back out of his face. "Gods, you're a great lay, if I can be blunt." Caleb chuckled in response, leaning forward to kiss them again.

"How are you feeling, lieblich?" he asked, brushing his nose on their cheek, breathing in their scent; patchouli, sweat, and incense. "Do you need some water?"

"No, I'm perfectly fine just laying here with you right now, dear." Molly nestled into his embrace, Caleb watching as their eyes drooped, drooped, closed, then shot back open and gave a weak smile. "I'm going to fall asleep like this, if that's quite alright with you."

“Let me clean us up, first, we will be sticky and gross in the morning otherwise,” Caleb said, kissing Molly’s forehead. “I will be right back, mein schatz.” He withdrew fully, a rolling moan coming from Mollymauk as he did so. He stripped both condoms off, tying his so it didn’t make a mess anywhere, and tossing them both into the trash. Then, he moved to the side of the tent and grabbed a bottle of water he knew Molly kept with his cards and brought it back with him, focusing for a moment on his spell; Molly giggled as the effect took place, cleaning them up first, then Caleb.

He laid down again, passing the water to Mollymauk, who drank the majority of the bottle despite their little protest. Caleb smiled softly, smoothing their hair down before taking a few sips out of the bottle and capping it, setting it aside, and curling his arms around Molly’s body and pulling them close in.

“Caleb, did I tell you yet that you’re wonderful?” Molly purred softly, nuzzling into his neck. “Sorry about your neck...and back...”

“Nein, do not worry about those,” he cooed. “I will wear them with pride.” Molly flushed a dark purple, and Caleb felt his heart swell with endearment.

“But what about your robe?”

“Ah... my goose is cooked. Jester will kill me,” Caleb said, looking over his shoulder to the pile of clothes they had left a few feet away. “Maybe I will text her in the morning to come by and heal my back before I put that on.”

“She’s going to lord this over us for a few weeks, I’m sure,” Molly groaned. Caleb shifted as he turned back.

“Wait, you know Jester?”

“Ja, Caleb,” Molly mimicked his accent, “she’s the one who made my coat, for starters. And secondly, she’s my roommate.” Caleb sat up. “Did I say something wrong?” Caleb crawled to his pile of clothes, digging around in the pockets for a moment until he pulled out a copper wire and bringing it to his mouth, then pointing where he believed his and Beau’s tent was.

“Beauregard, did you know that Mollymauk and Jester were roommates, please reply to this message.”

“Oh, oh no,” Molly started, giggling a bit that turned into full body-shaking laughter.

“Duh, Caleb, how else do you think I knew them, knew Madame Tealeaf would be here this week; man, you’re the slowest when it comes to this stuff, how did you not even ask them for their number yet?”

“Beauregard did you set us up?”

“No! Gods, I was planning on introducing you two anyways last time but you went over on your own and I figured I’d let you two figure it out.”

“Is that why you were so insistent on me coming to the faire this week??”

“Caleb just go back to fucking or whatever you were just up to, I’m trying to get laid myself, and I will punch you if you send another message to me!”

Caleb rolled his eyes, then dug his phone out, sending off a few suggestive emojis before dropping it in his clothes and going back to Mollymauk, who was coming down from their fit of laughter.

“Did you know?” he asked, crawling up next to them and dropping down, an arm casually draping over Molly’s waist.

“Yes, but when I brought it up to Beauregard and Jester they both told me it would be fun for you to find out on your own,” Molly explained, tracing circles on Caleb’s shoulder. “If they hadn’t said anything after that first day, I would have dropped by your place and surprised you.” Caleb reached up and took their hand, stopping their traces. “Are you upset with me?”

“Nein, mostly at the girls for making you promise such a thing,” he replied, kissing them softly. “And even then, not much. I can pretend I am mad at them though,” he grinned. “Would you like to help me play a prank on them?”

“Of course,” Molly beamed, obviously purring now. “In the morning, though, I’m entirely beat to shit and far too content to come up with anything.” They kissed him on the cheek. “What did you say in Zemnian, by the way?”

“Ah... one was ‘treasure’, one was ‘darling’, and I think I also asked you to mark me,” he admitted. “What about you? What did you say that I couldn’t understand?”

“Mostly obscenities and praises about your magical cock,” Molly purred, kissing him again. “Now, we should sleep.” And they snapped their fingers, dousing the LED lights in the tent with the flourish. “Before you ask, yes, that was magic, called Thaumaturgy, and no I don’t use it for anything other than special effects during readings.” They kissed him a couple more times before nesting their face in his neck with a content sigh.

“Guten nacht, mein liebe,” Caleb whispered. “Good night, my love.”

When Caleb and Mollymauk went back towards the tent he and Beau had brought, she was already outside, beginning to take it down. Yasha was on the other side of the tent, carefully helping to deconstruct it and smiling gently at Beau. Caleb saw his bag outside the tent, his blanket neatly folded around his pillow and strapped onto his duffel bag for easy carrying. He dropped a kiss on Molly’s forehead, who nuzzled up into it with a purr, then went to Beau.

“Beauregard, may I speak to you for a moment?” he asked cordially, hands stiff at his sides. Beau looked at him over her shoulder, her smile fading to a concerned frown, and nodded, looking back at Yasha; he couldn’t hear what she said, but Yasha nodded as well, continuing on the tent.

“What’s up, man? You okay?” Beau asked, stepping to him and patting his shoulder. “You look super uncomfortable.”

“Ja I am fine, but...” he looked to Molly, who had snuck around to behind Beau and gave Caleb a double thumbs up in encouragement. “Beauregard, I am upset with you.”

“For what?” She tilted her head a bit, like she did when she had an idea of what it was, but wasn’t sure. Caleb resisted the chuckle threatening to blow his prank plans and shook his head a bit.

“For not telling me about Mollymauk,” he accused. She crossed her arms and laughed. “It is not a trivial matter! And you made them promise to not say anything to me as well, which is putting a lot of burden on them.”

“You’re not really mad, Caleb, I can tell,” Beau chuckled, patting his shoulder again. “I can tell.”

“Well, I hope you have good ear plugs,” Caleb grinned, leaning up to her to continue in a whisper, “because Molly is staying with us for a week and they are very loud.” Beau tensed up and withdrew her hand, staring at Caleb. He gave her a cool smile and walked past her, meeting Molly with a slap on the ass. They squealed and wiggled in his hand with Caleb’s duffel in hand. Beau snorted, then groaned in dismay.

“That’s your prank? To have super loud sex when she’s around?” Molly leaned over to whisper.

“Part of it. The other part is because her family is going to be over this week, and I intend to be as loud as possible with you while they are in town,” he whispered back, giving them a kiss.

End Notes

Tarot readings are not an exact thing. The reading done here is one my mother used to do for my sibling and I. Card meanings were found from an online version of her book. The renn faire setup is sort of a combination of regular renn faires and my own experience at a belegarth camping event.

Thanks for reading!!

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