

Under The Collar

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Under The Collar

by [CrunchyWrites](#)

Summary

At 12:14, Caleb receives a video from Molly. It's a very short video. It's a very good video. It's also a video that puts him in a particular state of mind, but unfortunately for him he still has to work for at least the next few hours.

Thankfully, upon arriving home, Molly is more than willing to help him unwind.

Notes

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

12:14.

That had been the time displayed on his phone the first time he'd open the video attachment that Molly had sent him to see Molly coming over his own hand on his tiny phone screen, Molly's gasped breaths and moans in the shape of Caleb's own name made tinny by his cheap earbuds. That had been the time when Caleb, carefully positioned with his back to the wall in his office breakroom, had abruptly found himself with the very urgent, very pressing need to get home as soon as possible.

That had been the time when Caleb had realised that he still had almost five hours to wait, and that it was more than likely that Molly was going to send him another video.

As it turned out, Molly didn't send him another video. He just sent him an eggplant emoji, a droplets emoji, a winky face, and a short text saying 'get home soon? I miss you xxxxxxxxxxxx'. After that, Caleb had barely been able to keep himself from feigning illness and dashing home as quickly as possible, but he had work to do and emails to send and so he'd forced himself to stay, watching the hands on the clock slowly tick by until, at 4:30, he decided that enough was enough and left.

He keeps replaying the video over and over in his mind as he hurries home, trying not to let it distract him too much, but it's *hard*. He remembers sitting in the break room at work, back to the wall and earbuds in, opening the video attachment Molly had sent with every expectation of seeing a particularly cute video of Frumpkin, or some sort of sweet message, but instead he'd seen- *that*.

He's not complaining. Far from it, in fact. Mollymauk is gorgeous, and stunning, and Caleb loves him so much that it almost catches him off-guard from time to time, and receiving a video from his husband of him gasping and shuddering his way through an orgasm, Caleb's name falling from his lips over and over again, and been a more than welcome distraction from the tedium of work.

What had been *less* welcome was Caleb's immediate arousal, and his complete inability to do anything about it.

He can do something about it now.

He's more grateful than ever that he's no longer dependent on public transport - he manages to get home in damn near record time, shedding his coat and dropping his satchel to the floor the moment the door swings shut behind him. He can see Molly already, sitting on the couch in- *Gods*.

Caleb feels his mouth grow dry.

He'd seen the hints of lace in the video Molly had sent him, of course, but he somehow always manages to forget just how damn *good* it looks on Molly in person. Molly's reclined on the couch, lazily trailing his fingers along the length of his lace-clad cock, dressed in nothing more than the tiny, beautiful panties that Caleb had spied earlier and one of Caleb

soft, comfortable sweaters. It's too big for Molly's slender frame, hanging loose off his shoulders, but Molly looks amazing all the same, caught on the cusp between soft and sexy.

Caleb wants to do so, so much to him. He wants to kiss him, wants to touch him, wants to take him upstairs and fuck him all good and slow, hearing Molly's moans and gasps and cries like the sweetest type of music. He wants to feel Molly beneath his hands, against his skin, lips pressed to his own and tongues twisted together. He watches as, apparently unaware of his presence, Molly slips his hand beneath the lace for a single, brief moment. He wraps his hand around his cock, giving a lazy squeeze, and drops his head back with a soft gasp.

Caleb must have made a sound at that. He must have, because barely a moment later Molly looks over at him, his hand slipping free from the lace to return to the slow, drifting touches, and grins. It's a sly grin, knowing and aware, but Caleb can see the excitement behind it. Molly knows what he did.

Molly knows how this game of theirs works.

"Hi, love," Molly says. His hand is still moving, is still stroking slowly, slowly, slowly over the clothed length of his cock. The actions are barely there, so light as to be teasing, but Caleb knows from experience that, for Molly, they're just enough to keep him hard.

They're just enough to keep him waiting.

Molly darts his tongue out, touching it to his lower lip, and glances down to the very obvious bulge in Caleb's pants. "I take it you saw my video?" he asks, lips quirking into an enticing, maddening grin, and something on them sparkles.

Oh, *fuck*. Gods bless him and gods curse him, but Molly is wearing lipgloss. Caleb feels his cock twitch in the confines of his pants - he can see the lipgloss shining and sparkling on Molly's lips, staining them just a shade darker than they are naturally, and the darkness and the shine makes him think of Molly's lips all kiss-swollen and shiny. It makes him think of how Molly looks when he's fisted a hand in his hair and kissed him over and over and over again until Molly is begging to be touched.

It makes him think of Molly between his legs, mouth hot and slick and perfect around his cock, and abruptly he can't think of anything else.

He swallows.

"Mollymauk," he manages to say. He takes a step closer, lured in as though by siren song, and starts tugging at his belt as he goes, unbuckling it and tugging at his fly. Molly licks his lips again, his eyes dark and hungry, and Caleb *wants* him, he wants him on his knees, on his cock, wants to see that lipgloss smeared over him as he fucks Molly's mouth.

From the look in Molly's eyes, Molly wants it too.

Caleb swallows again, waiting just for long enough to meet Molly's gaze. Much as he loves this, much as they *both* love this, he's not going to do anything until he has Molly's

permission. He's not going to do anything, or start anything, or slip into that one, particular headspace until he knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that Molly wants the same.

Until he knows that, today, in this moment, Molly wants to submit to him.

Thankfully, he doesn't have long to wait. Molly looks up at him after a moment, catching Caleb's eye and clearly recognising the look in it, and smiles. "Darling," he says softly, his breath coming just a little bit quicker even as his hand stills on his cock. "Tell me what to do."

It's all the permission Caleb needs. He starts fumbling with his fly, undoing it with fingers made shaky from lust and arousal, and pushes at his pants. He doesn't take them off - he doesn't have the patience for that - and he tries not to groan too loudly or too obviously when his fingers skim over his aching cock. He needs to- he needs- he needs to *think*, needs to figure out what he actually wants Molly to do, how he wants Molly to pleasure him, but then Molly licks his lips again, his gaze still focused on Caleb's cock, and Caleb very quickly makes up his mind.

He takes a breath, forcing himself to pause just for a moment, and feels his headspace... shift. It's a small shift, a tiny one, but in that moment he feels his spine straighten, feels himself relaxing into this subtly different dynamic.

"Mollymauk?" he says, the word softly spoken but still laced with command. Molly looks up at him. Beneath the feathers of the peacock tattoo, his skin is flushed a dark, gorgeous purple.

"Yeah?" he asks quietly, and in that single word Caleb can tell that, like him, Molly is already drifting into his own, respective headspace.

Caleb smiles. "Get on your knees."

Molly's reaction is immediate. He lifts his hand from his cock as he slips off the couch, moving over to where Caleb still stands and immediately dropping to his knees in front of him. It's not the most comfortable position, seeing how there's only a thin layer of carpet cushioning Molly's knees, but Molly doesn't seem to mind - he just looks up at Caleb, his mouth already slightly open, and Caleb doesn't even think before he reaches out, wrapping a hand around one of Molly's horns, and tugs him closer. Molly moves easily beneath Caleb's hand, his breath ghosting over the fabric of Caleb's boxers and making him shiver. With his free hand Caleb reaches down, awkwardly tugging on the fabric until his cock springs free. It should be amusing, really, the way that he has to slightly contort himself to tug the bunched fabric halfway down his thighs, and it is, just a little bit, but that hint of amusement is immediately overshadowed by the look on Molly's face. He looks *hungry*, desperate, entirely fixated on Caleb's cock, bobbing before his face. As Caleb watches, he licks his lips again, his chest rising and falling beneath the soft fabric of the sweater.

Gods, but he's so, so beautiful.

Caleb tugs on Molly's horn again, pulling him closer towards his cock until it's just nudging at the corner of Molly's half-open mouth. Molly's eyes flutter shut, his hips twitching and rolling just slightly, and in the sudden, soft silence Caleb can hear his breath coming shorter,

can hear the way he himself is starting to breathe heavier. He reaches down with his free hand, stroking it down the side of Molly's face; Molly turns his head into it, letting Caleb's cock brush over his lips, and Caleb has to stop himself from groaning from just that single, gentle touch.

"Mollymauk?" he asks. Molly blinks his eyes open, staring up at Caleb as Caleb gently cards his hands through his hair.

"Mm?"

"Open your mouth," Caleb orders and then, between one breath and the next, he watches as Molly does exactly that, and he slips his cock between Molly's lips.

It's *perfect*.

Molly has always been good at sucking Caleb's cock, no matter the situation, but now, after nearly a full work day of pent-up arousal and *want*, he's better than good. Hell, he's better than perfect. He's *wonderful*, and Caleb doesn't even try to hold back his groan when Molly seals his lips around his shaft, smearing lipgloss along the length of it, and starts to suck.

Caleb knows it's not going to take him long to come. He's been wound up all day, has been ever since he watched the video that Molly sent (and then watched it again, and again, and *again*), and his patience is already worn thin. Molly's mouth is a tight, slick heat around his cock, his tongue stroking and caressing as Caleb thrusts into his mouth. He can see Molly squirming, can see him rolling his hips and can feel him moaning openly around his cock, but the moment that one of Molly's hands starts to slip towards his own cock, barely hidden by the lace of his panties, Caleb tugs hard on his hair and *growls*.

"*N-nein*," he manages to get out. "You do not- *a-ah*- you do not get to touch yourself, Mollymauk." He pauses just for a moment, just for long enough to catch Molly's eye and recognise the look in it. He knows that look. He knows that look very, very well. Caleb smiles. "Hands behind your back," he orders, hearing his own voice deepen and change. "*Now*, brat."

Molly's response is immediate. He swallows around Caleb's cock, just barely stifling his groan as his skin flushes a darker, dusky purple, and moves his hands behind his back, pressing his wrists together.

Caleb smiles. Gods, but he loves this. He loves Molly's mouth, and he loves Molly's submission, and he loves *Molly*. "Good boy," he murmurs, and feels more than he hears Molly's groan. "Good- *a-ah*- good boy, good pet, *M-Molly*."

He squeezes his eyes shut as Molly does something incredible with his tongue, hearing himself panting harshly as he starts to properly fuck Molly's mouth. He has one hand in Molly's hair and one on Molly's horn and he can feel Molly groaning around his cock, knows from past experience that Molly loves this, this feeling of being *used*, almost as much as Caleb loves doing it. He's careful with his actions, or as careful as he can be, making sure that Molly has time to breathe and isn't choking, but at the same time the noises that Molly makes are so, so good, and Caleb knows that if Molly were truly uncomfortable then he

would pull away, or tap his leg, or safeword, or *something*. But he isn't. If anything, with every roll of Caleb's hips he only grows more enthusiastic, spittle dribbling down his jaw as he takes Caleb's cock as deep as he can, his moans muffled, but still entirely audible.

"M-Molly," Caleb gasps again. He can feel himself growing close already, can feel the heat pulling close and tight in his gut, and knows that he's going to come soon. Molly moans once more and the sound sends vibrations along Caleb's cock, making him groan and swear. "*I-Ich, Scheiße*-" He pants harshly, his hands tightening reflexively in Molly's hair and around his horn. "I- *Ich*- Molly, I am- I'm going to- can I-"

He feels Molly shifting beneath his hands and loosens his grasp slightly, just enough to let Molly slip off his cock. Molly looks *ruined*, spit and precum shining on his jaw and his lashes beaded in tears, and he looks soft and beautiful and so, so fucking happy. "Yeah," he gasps. "Yeah, Caleb, sir, please, I want to- let me- *please*-"

"-in your mouth-"

"-yes, Caleb, *please*-"

And then Molly falls silent, because he's taken Caleb's cock into his mouth again.

"*Sch-scheiße*," Caleb gasps, feeling Molly starting to work faster. He's not holding back now, not in the slightest, and with every stroke of Molly's tongue, Caleb can feel himself burning hotter, can feel his thighs starting to shake and his breath turns to ragged pants. He tilts his head back, his thrusts coming shorter, and *groans*. "*Mollymauk*," he manages to say. "I- I love you, *Liebling*, you are- *ah- ah*- you are so good, so good, my good boy, I love you, I- *Molly*-"

Caleb swears as he comes, feeling his hands tightening as his orgasm takes him. Around his cock he can feel Molly swallowing, his tongue still swiping and touching everywhere it possibly can, and when he finally manages to open his eyes a few seconds later it's to see Molly licking a final drop of white from his lips.

Gods. This man is going to be the death of him.

Caleb takes a moment to catch his breath, feeling his heart slowly calm down as his cock softens and slips free from Molly's lips. "Good boy," he gasps, watching Molly's throat bob as he swallows. Molly's eyes are shut, his tongue darting absently over his lower lip, and he's just about the most beautiful creature that Caleb has ever seen. "My good- oh, my good boy, *Liebling*."

Molly gives a soft whine but doesn't move, just turning his head slightly to press up into Caleb's hands. It's tempting, so very tempting, to get down on his knees and join Molly on the floor, to reach out and take Molly's cock in hand and stroke him to completion, to shower him in praise and adoration and love and tell him just how wonderful and adored he is, but Caleb doesn't.

After all, their playtime is not yet over.

Caleb reaches down, gently lifting Molly to his feet. Molly whines a little as he's moved, loose and pliant in Caleb's arms, and when Caleb draws him in closer to press a burning kiss to his mouth Molly moans, his hips shifting in tiny, twitching motions as he tries to rub himself against Caleb's stomach. Caleb chastises him for it by nipping at his lip and Molly falls still, or as still as he can manage, and, in that moment, Caleb abruptly realises that Molly still has his hands behind his back. Even now, when he is whining and groaning against Caleb, his cock hard and heavy between his legs and the memory of Caleb's cock on his lips, he is still following Caleb's instructions.

Gods, but Caleb adores him.

"Good boy," he murmurs softly. "My good boy, my *Liebling*, my Mollymauk..." He kisses Molly, kisses him deeper, tastes his own come in Molly's mouth and feels his spent cock twitch. It is much too soon for him to get it up again, but he knows how much Molly loves for him to drag things out. If he takes his time, if he teases Molly, if he plays with him until he is whining and sobbing and *begging* to come, then he might be able to fuck him.

And what a wonderful, wonderful idea that is.

"Good boy," Caleb repeats. Molly whines quietly, stretching up into the kisses and pressing himself as close to Caleb as he can. Caleb can feel the hard line of Molly's cock pressing against him, can feel how hard Molly is trying to keep himself still, and he loves him for it. "Can you- mmph, yes, you will have more kisses later, *Liebling*- can you move, love?"

Molly nods, his lips never leaving Caleb. "I- yeah, Caleb, I can, I-"

"Come to the couch with me, pet. Now."

Moving gently, slowly, carefully, Caleb guides them over to the couch, kicking his pants and boxers off entirely as he goes. He slips his hands beneath Molly's sweater - *his* sweater - and stops kissing him briefly to take it off, letting it drop to the floor beside him so that Molly is clad in nothing but lace. He looks beautiful, the ink of his tattoos standing out against his flushed skin and his cock barely masked at all by the lace - already Caleb can see it darkening in one spot, made wet and sticky by Molly's pre-come - and Caleb is so very, very tempted to sit Molly down on the couch, and push his legs wide, and drop between his knees and blow him slowly and lazily as the sunlight paints the room in gold. He is so awfully, terribly tempted, but he doesn't. He can still remember why he's doing this, even in the wake of his orgasm. He can still remember what made him so hard and so worked up all day. He can still remember what Molly did.

And actions like that, well... they have consequences.

Caleb sits down on the couch first, pulling Molly down to straddle his legs. Molly moves easily, shivering delightfully beneath Caleb's hands as Caleb starts to stroke them up and down his sides, brushing his fingertips along his skin and marvelling, as he always does, in the reactions that it pulls out of him.

"*Liebling*," he murmurs, his eyes half-hooded and his voice slow and lazy in the wake of his orgasm. He stretches up a little, pressing a kiss to Molly's jaw, and then leans back, watching

Molly's face. "You did very well just then, pet, and, for that, you get a reward." He runs his hands down Molly's body, one hand coming to settle on Molly's hip as the other slips beneath the fabric of his panties, stroking gently along Molly's cock with a touch that is barely there but is still enough to be felt. Molly gasps quietly, squirming a little, and Caleb kisses his jaw again.

"C-Caleb..."

"Good pet," Caleb murmurs. "Very good, pet. So sweet for me, so *good*, so good on your knees, so good with your mouth. You are wonderfully talented, you know. You feel so good around my cock."

Molly gasps again, his hips shifting beneath Caleb's hand.

"But," Caleb continues, "you've also been naughty today, Mollymauk. You know you have been. Getting me wound up at work, trying to touch yourself when you know how unfair that is... how many times did you come today, *Liebling*? How many times did you touch yourself, thinking of me?"

Molly doesn't say anything, squeezing his lips together as he fights not to squirm and gasp. Caleb tuts, shaking his head a little, and somehow slows his touches even more.

"Mollymauk," he says disapprovingly. "You know that isn't how we do things." He leans in, mouthing lazily along the length of Molly's throat, tracing the pattern of the peacock with his tongue, and hears Molly whine above him. *Beautiful*. "How many times, Mollymauk?" he asks again, his voice little more than a murmur. "How many times today did you touch that beautiful cock of yours, and wish it was my hand? How many times did you think about me touching you, stroking you, maybe even sucking you off? Did you think about me blowing you, *Liebling*? Did you think about me fingering you, fucking you, bending you over the table for being so terribly, awfully naughty?" He twists his hand suddenly, tightening his grasp enough to be properly felt, and Molly *moans* now, true and loud, and Caleb loves him so. "You are a *menace*," Caleb breathes. "So I will ask you again, Mollymauk... how many times?"

There's a long, long pause. For a moment, the only sound is Caleb's hand, slick with spittle and what remnants of his own come he had wiped from Molly's lips, sliding slowly over Molly's cock.

"F-five," Molly says eventually. "I- five times, Caleb."

"Language, Mollymauk."

"...Sir."

"Better." Caleb grins. He loves this, adores this - he loves how willingly Molly submits to him, turning soft and pliant beneath his touch even as he tries to maintain his composure, turning all prickly and delightfully bratty until Caleb has teased it out of him, until he's *fucked* it out of him. "Five times?" he muses quietly. "All while I was stuck at work, unable to do anything. You know, you could have gotten away with it if you had kept it to yourself,

Mollymauk. If you had not sent me those videos, we would not be in this predicament." He twists his hand again, hearing Molly gasp, and almost absently moves his other hand to Molly's back, trailing it down his spine. "Naughty boy," he says quietly. In the soft light of the living room, Molly's throat shines gold as he swallows. "You have been misbehaving, *Liebling*. You know that that means."

"I- *a-ah*, Caleb-" Molly moans again, his eyes squeezing shut as Caleb starts to stroke him faster. He squirms desperately in Caleb's lab, his tail starting to lash from side to side as Caleb abruptly increases the pace, and Caleb can hear him panting, now, can hear the desperation and want in every soft *ah- ah- ah* punched out of Molly's chest.

He smiles. "*Liebling*," he croons. He leans in, kissing Molly's throat again. "Oh, my beautiful boy... You know I want to let you come, Mollymauk..." The hand on Molly's back skims lower, until Caleb's fingertips are trailing against the base of his tail. "You know I want you to feel good, love." He takes the base of Molly's tail in hand, starting to stroke it in time to his strokes of Molly's cock, and Molly moans again, loud and broken and desperate. "But you have been so very, very naughty. And that means, love, that you will be punished."

And with that he pulls both hands away, and Molly *sobs* when his bucking hips meet empty air.

"*Please*," Molly gasps. He sounds broken, his voice trembling and tears already starting to coat his lower lashes. Caleb loves him, loves *this*, and he knows how this game of theirs works. He reaches out, settling his hands on Molly's side, and presses a soft kiss to Molly's lips.

"*Liebling*," he says softly. "Oh, Mollymauk, my boy... You did so well at sucking me off earlier, love. You did so very well." He kisses him again, just for a little bit longer, and feels Molly moan against him.

"I- I- please, Caleb-"

Caleb nips at his lip. "*Language*, Mollymauk."

Molly groans again. "*Sir*," he says, and the heat in his voice makes Caleb shiver. He's soft now, but later... later, when Molly has taken his punishment, and is finally ready to be looked after, well. Caleb thinks he might just make good on one of Molly's fantasies.

"Good boy," he says softly, and then, after a moment, he adds, "...colour?"

"Green," Molly replies immediately. "I- green, so green, the most green, sir, *please*, I- I'm- *please*, sir, I need you to-"

"You don't *need* me to do anything," Caleb interrupts. He shifts one hand round to Molly's back, trailing it over the base of his tail before giving a quick squeeze, and Molly moans again, the sound of it hanging in the air like silk. "As you made abundantly clear earlier, *Liebling*. You only seem to need yourself. It seems that you don't need me at all."

"No, no, sir, I- I do, I do need you, I- *a-ah!-*"

Caleb hums, squeezing Molly's tail again as he kisses him, slow and lazy like syrup. "You don't *need* anything," he repeats, the words whispered against Molly's lips. "You *want*. You *want* me to touch you, *want* me to fuck you, but you do not need it."

"I do, I do, I *need* it, sir, *please*-"

"How badly do you need it, Mollymauk? How badly do you need me to touch that pretty cock of yours, to stretch you open, to fuck you until you can't think?"

"So badly, I- *please*, sir, please, more than- f-fuck, *Caleb*- more than- I-" His voice breaks off into a groan the moment Caleb touches his cock through the lace of his panties. The fabric is soft against his fingers, warmed by Molly's skin, and beneath it he can feel Molly's cock twitch.

"Mollymauk?" he asks softly.

Molly opens his eyes, sparkling with tears, and pants as he looks at Caleb. "Y-yeah?"

Caleb smiles. "Beg for me."

Molly has always sounded so, so pretty when he begs. "Please," he says again, his voice half-choked by tears. "I- please, sir, please, please touch me, I- I want it so bad, I need it, I- I need you to touch me, sir, *please*, I- I-"

Caleb leans forwards, stealing the words with a kiss. "Good boy," he murmurs, and slips his hand beneath the lace. He doesn't stroke, not yet, but the mere touch of his hand is enough to have Molly sobbing into his mouth.

"*Thank you*," Molly whispers. "Thank you, thank you, thank you-"

"Tell me more," Caleb instructs quietly. Just for a moment, Molly pauses.

"Wha-what?"

"Tell me more, Mollymauk. When you were touching yourself earlier, when you were thinking about me and being so very, very bad as to distract me from my work, what were you imagining? What were you thinking of?" He tilts his head, nipping at Molly's jaw and tugging on his tail, and Molly *gasps*. "Tell me, *Liebling*. And maybe, if you tell me enough, if you are good for me, I might let you come."

For a moment, there's no sound beyond Molly's heavy laboured breathing. Caleb leans back, glancing up to check on him, but despite the tears on Molly's cheeks and the anguish on his face, he can tell that Molly is actually enjoying himself very much indeed. Molly's sad expression when subbing is very, very different to his sad face when he's *actually* sad or upset, and Caleb is very good at telling them apart.

Besides, if Molly truly wasn't enjoying this, then he would have safeworded.

Eventually, Molly speaks. "I-" he starts, his voice soft and shaky. "I- I was thinking about you, sir. I was think about you- about you touching me, a-and-"

"Touching you how?" Caleb asks softly. "Like this?" He squeezes gently around Molly's cock, making him moan, and then starts to stroke, slow and languid like he has all the time in the world. Gods, but he loves this - he loves seeing Molly, so pretty and lost in subspace; he loves feeling Molly beneath his hands, twitching and trembling with every touch; he loves hearing Molly, his voice all quiet and broken by tears until he's outright sobbing beneath Caleb's hands and Caleb's mouth, utterly lost to himself and resplendent in his pleasure. He loves all of it.

He loves Molly.

"Tell me more, *Liebling*," he instructs. "Tell me so that I can make you feel good."

Molly nods shakily. "O-okay," he says, his hips starting to twitch and roll again. "I- Caleb, sir, can I-"

"You can move, Mollymauk, so long as you do not touch yourself."

"Thank you," Molly says again, the words barely more than breath. "I was- I- I was imagining you pressing me against a- a wall, sir. Pressing my face against it and- and- *a-ah*- and pulling on my hair and- *ngh*, *Caleb*- and telling me how bad I had been, and wrapping an arm around me and grabbing my cock and- *ngh*, *ahh*!"

Caleb lifts his mouth from Molly's neck, freeing the skin he had been worrying between his teeth as he keeps on stroking over Molly's cock. "Don't stop," he says softly. "You were doing so well. You sounded so pretty, pet. Keep going for me."

Molly nods shakily. "I- o-okay," he says. "In it- you- you were- you grabbed my cock, and you- you started to stroke me-"

"Like this?"

"Y-yeah, just like this, but- but tighter- *ah*, *yeah*, like that, just like that, *fuck*, sir, I love you so much, thank you, th-thank you-"

"Of course, Mollymauk. Keep going."

"You- you pressed me against the wall and you- you were s-stroking my cock and I was- I-" He swallows, his throat shining as he drops his head back, gasping and panting as he continues to fuck up into Caleb's hand, half lost to pleasure. "You- I- you were- *fuck*-"

"I *what*, Mollymauk?"

Molly thrashes his head from side to side, eyes squeezed shut.

Caleb grins. "*Mollymauk*," he says again, his voice low and dangerous. "Tell me, or I will stop touching you. What was I doing?"

Molly swallows. "You were- you- you were talking to me. You said- you were saying-g- *a-ah*!- you were telling me how b-bad I was, how I was- how- how naughty I had been and how- how you were going to punish me for- for misbehaving, and you were- you pulled on

my hair and my tail and you- you didn't- you- *Caleb!*" Molly sobs, his voice breaking into a loud moan as Caleb yanks on his tail, squeezing his cock hard at the same time. He can feel it leaking, can feel precum dribbling down his hand and adding to the lubrication, and knows that Molly won't last long if he keeps it up like this. If he keeps teasing him like this.

But *oh*, he loves it so.

"*Ja?*" he asks, keeping his voice dropped to that lower, softer, more dangerous register. He leans in again, licking over a mark he left on Molly's neck. "Is that what I was doing, *Liebling?*"

"Y-yeah, you-"

"I was telling you how naughty you'd been? How much you'd misbehaved? How angry I was at you for touching yourself when you know that that is *my* job?"

Molly opens his mouth but nothing comes out except a whine. Caleb grins.

"You cannot go around doing my job, Mollymauk. It is my job to touch you, and it is my job to make you come, and it is *my* job to bring you pleasure, *ja?* That is *my* job, not yours, and to touch yourself without my permission is so very, very *bad*." He emphasises the final word with a sharp yank to Molly's tail, biting at the join of his neck and shoulder until Molly *wails*. "Terrible boy," he mutters, stroking faster. "Brat. Whore. You don't even deserve this, do you? You do not deserve to have me touch you but I will, I will because I adore you, because you are so very, very beautiful and because I love you." He tilts his head, pressing a soft kiss to Molly's mouth that Molly can only pant into. "Beautiful boy," he whispers. "Beautiful, terrible brat of a boy. So talented with your mouth, so good with your hands, but touching you is *my* job. That is for me, and only for me, you understand?"

Molly nods, gasping against Caleb's mouth.

"Good boy," Caleb says softly. "You made me so *angry* earlier, Mollymauk, when I saw those videos. Gods, you were beautiful, but what you were doing... that was supposed to be *my* hand on your cock, *Liebling*, not your own." He kisses Molly again, feeling him trembling and twitching beneath his hand. "Brat," he whispers again. "Brat, whore, my beautiful whore, you terrible slut, unable to wait for me to get home before you started touching yourself. Whatever shall I do with you?"

"C-Caleb- *sir-*"

"Are you close, Mollymauk? Are you about to come on my hand?"

Molly nods desperately. "I- y-yeah, sir, I am, I'm so- *f-fuck-* I'm so close, sir, please, I just- I need- *p-please*, sir, please, don't stop, I- *ah- no!*"

Caleb wipes his hand on his shirt as Molly sobs in his lap, once against untouched and bereft.

"*Sir,*" he sobs. "I- please, please, I was being good, I was-"

"I said I was going to punish you, Mollymauk," Caleb says, even as he feels his heart sting at the sight of Molly with tears in his eyes. "You said you came five times, and I have only come once. It just did not seem fair to me." He pauses, waiting for Molly's reply, but none comes. "...Mollymauk?"

Molly swallows, looks up, and meets his gaze. "Yellow," he says quietly.

Immediately, Caleb drops whatever persona he had been wearing before. "Okay," he says, his voice no longer sharp and commanding but instead soft and gentle. "Do you want to take a break or stop entirely, *Liebling*? You can move now, do whatever you wish, it's alright."

Molly gives him a small, weak smile. "Just a pause," he says. "I- I was just..." he trails off, lapsing into silence, and gives a little sigh.

Caleb frowns. "Mollymauk?"

"...Could you touch me? Nicely? Just, like, on my waist or something?"

"Oh! *Ja, ja*, of course." Caleb reaches out immediately, settling his hands on Molly's waist, and feels Molly give a little shudder beneath him, breathing out a shaky sigh. "What happened, *Liebling*? Are you alright?"

Molly nods again, ducking his head, and Caleb meets him in the kiss that he's searching for. "I'm alright," Molly says softly. "I just- when you stopped touching me even when I was behaving, I didn't- I didn't know *why*, and I really didn't like that. I was being good, and I was doing what you told me to do, but you still *stopped* and that wasn't- I didn't..." He trails off, falling silent, and Caleb swallows. *Scheiße*.

"I'm sorry," he says quietly. "I- I was thinking of- I was planning on dragging this out a little longer. I thought it could be good if I, maybe, stretched you and then fucked you over the table until you came, and then I would take you upstairs for a bath and a hairwash and a snack and a cuddle. I didn't- I'm sorry, Mollymauk, I didn't know-"

"Not your fault," Molly murmurs. "I didn't- it was literally *right then*, Caleb. There was nothing earlier that I disliked, I can promise you that."

"...*Ja*?"

"Yeah. The rest of it... that was all really, really good."

Caleb smiles slightly. "You thought so?"

"Oh, *fuck* yeah!" Molly says, more enthusiastically. "That was- *fuck*, Caleb, that was so hot, I *loved* it, I loved it *so fucking much*, alright?"

"I am- I am glad to hear that, Mollymauk," Caleb says, smiling a little wider, and Molly kisses him again. Against his lips, he can feel Molly smiling. "I am- that is- *ja*, that is very good." He kisses Molly, and then kisses him again, and when he leans back it is to see Molly smiling. "If we- if we continue this, would you- do you want to-"

"I want to keep going," Molly says quickly. "I promise, Caleb. I just- yeah, I didn't know why you stopped, and that really upset me."

"I won't do it again," Caleb promises, and Molly kisses him once more.

"Thank you, love."

"Of course."

"... would you like me just to jerk you off here, *Liebling*?"

"Hmm," Molly hums thoughtfully, his tail swishing. "Actually, you know what, now that I know what you're planning on, I think I might be happy with that. Just possibly." He grins at Caleb, wide and cheeky, and Caleb feels himself smiling back even as he rolls his eyes.

"Brat," he mutters, but the word is fond.

Molly leans forwards, pressing their foreheads together. "Maybe," he says, his voice teasing, "but you love me."

"I do," Caleb admits immediately. "I love you so much, *Liebling*."

"I love you too, Caleb."

Caleb tilts his head in a silent request, and Molly immediately kisses him again. For a moment they stay like that, just kissing gently on the couch, until eventually Molly gives a soft sigh and leans back, shifting a little on Caleb's lap. "Alright," he says quietly, and then he repeats the word louder. "I- alright. I'm ready to get back into it." He glances down at Caleb. "You said fingering and then fucking over the table, right?"

Caleb nods. "*Ja*."

"Love it," Molly replies. There's a pause and then he takes a long, deep breath, and just like that Caleb can see him starting to slip back into that headspace he had occupied earlier. "...Sir," he says softly, after a few seconds.

Oh, Mollymauk. Caleb smiles, likewise taking a breath, and lets himself resettle back into his own particular headspace. "Mollymauk," he replies, and the word is cooler now, firmer and stronger. "Are you ready to keep going, pet?"

Molly nods. "I am."

"Good boy." Beneath his hands, Caleb feels Molly give a small, soft shiver. "I'm going to touch you now, okay?"

"Okay."

"Good boy," Caleb says again, and he leans in to kiss over Molly's throat, still moving softly and carefully until they've more fully returned to the mood of earlier. Carefully, gently, he slips his hands back to their previous positions, one on Molly's cock and one on his tail.

Molly's cock is a little softer, now, but it doesn't take long for him to grow hard again beneath Caleb's gentle strokes, and within a handful of minutes he's starting to squirm once more, panting softly as Caleb keeps stroking over him. As Caleb watches, Molly silently shifts his arms, holding them behind his back and pressing his wrists together.

Gods. Caleb feels his own cock twitch at the sight of that. "Good boy," he says once more, and this time the words are a croon. "What a good, sweet boy you are being for me now, Mollymauk." It's easy, delightfully easy, to slip back into this particular cadence of speech. "So naughty earlier, so bad, misbehaving so very, very much, but you are being so good for me now. Have you realised that this is my job, hmm? Have you realised that it is my job to look after you because I am better at it?" He squeezes Molly's tail, making him gasp, and feels his own cock harden in response. "I think you have realised it. So stop being a brat, Mollymauk, and let me look after you. I want to get you so worked up you cannot think, cannot do anything but beg and let me have my way with you. Were you thinking of that earlier, pet? Were you thinking of me bending you over the table, pulling your tail out of the way and fucking you the way you're made to be? Because you are such a good cocksleeve, *Liebling*. My favourite cocksleeve, my favourite slut, my favourite whore."

"C-Caleb," Molly gasps, and Caleb doesn't bother to correct him. He doesn't need to be called 'sir' right now. Right now, all he needs is for Molly to be soft, and content, and happy, and writhing in his lap. "I- *Caleb*-"

"Do you like that?" Caleb murmurs. "Do you like the idea of me fucking you, stroking your pretty little cock and pushing you down against the table so that you cannot escape? Do you like the idea of me taking my pleasure from you, *using* you, only letting you come if you have behaved well enough? Do you like that, my whore, my pet? *Answer me.*" He yanks on Molly's tail, not as hard as earlier but enough to be felt, and Molly *moans*.

"Y-yeah," he pants. "I- yeah, Caleb, sir, I really- I really like that, I- please, please fuck me, sir, please use me, I- I *need* it-"

"I know you do," Caleb murmurs. "Needy little thing, so desperate for me, so base. Look at you, already panting and I have barely even touched you. What will you do when I get my fingers in you, hmm? What will you do when my cock is in you? Will you cry? You are so very pretty when you cry, pet. You sound so very, very lovely, all choked up. You sound almost as good as you do when you are choking on my cock. Gods, I would love to choke you on my cock again, Mollymauk. I would love to push you down to your knees and have you blow me right here, rutting against my thigh until you come. Do you really think you deserve to have me touch you?"

Molly shakes his head desperately. "N-no," he manages to say around his whines and pants. "I- I don't deserve it at all, sir, I don't, I'm-"

"You're filthy," Caleb finishes for him. He squeezes Molly's cock, twisting his hand roughly, and Molly gives the most beautiful, sobbing wail that Caleb has ever heard. "You're filthy, and disgusting, and I adore you so, Mollymauk. I adore you so very, very much, that I think I might just fuck you right now." He gives the words a moment to sink in, not wanting Molly to panic as he did earlier, and as soon as he sees the understanding dawn in Molly's eyes he slips his hand away from Molly's cock, pushing gently at his thighs until he stands with

trembling legs. Caleb is quick to follow him, reaching out to support his weight without even thinking about it, and he half-carries Molly over to the dining room table, kicking off his pants and tugging down Molly's panties as they go. "Good boy," he murmurs gently. He settles his hands on Molly waist, carefully pushing his back up against the table, and kisses him, hot and deep and filthy. Molly whines against his mouth, his hips jerking and his cock rubbing against Caleb's stomach, and so Caleb kisses him again, kisses him deeper, slips one hand down to play with Molly's cock as the other, already made slippery with magic, drops down to rub at his asshole.

Molly *gasps*.

"Good boy," Caleb says again. He grins against Molly's mouth, licking past his lips, and then between one breath and the next he grabs Molly by the shoulders and spins him round, pushing him down over the table. Molly's tail lashes wildly, the tiefling himself moaning loudly as Caleb pushes his shoulders against the polished wood, and the next time Molly's tail flickers past his face Caleb reaches out, grabs it, and *yanks*.

"*Caleb*," Molly gasps. Caleb tugs on his tail again, wishing that he had more hands, and after a moment lets go of Molly's tail so that he can keep on rubbing against his hole, pressing and prying slowly and carefully for all that his every other action is rough and harsh. He leans forwards as he starts to finger Molly, draping himself over his back, and beneath him Molly shivers, caught between the warmth of his husband and the chill of the table.

"Filthy," Caleb murmurs against his ear, and he feels Molly's hips give a little buck. "Filthy, disgusting boy. Such a brat, such a tease. You don't deserve this, don't deserve to have my cock, but you will have it anyway because I know how much you love it, and you are much, much too tempting sometimes, Mollymauk." Molly gives a little cry, the sound of it muffled against the table, and Caleb bites gently at his ear, worrying at the flesh until Molly groans. "So *needy*," he continues. "So needy for me, for my cock." He twists his fingers in Molly, adds another, and Molly shakes, trembling and moaning and whining as his hips start to shift and roll more desperately. Caleb wants to reach down, wants to take hold of Molly's cock and touch and stroke and squeeze, but he doesn't. Not yet.

"*C-Caleb*," Molly gasps again. "I- Caleb, I- *fuck*-" He breaks off into another moan and Caleb can't stop himself from groaning at the same time, feeling the tight heat of Molly's ass clenching down around his fingers. He- *fuck*, but he *wants*. He wants to fuck Molly, wants to bury himself to the hilt and feel that tightness around his cock, and he wants to fuck Molly until Molly can't think about anything but the feeling of his cock and his own desire to come. He wants to ruin Molly, wants to make him cry and sob and *wail* beneath him, and then afterwards he wants to kiss Molly everywhere he can reach and tell him just how good he was.

And so, because he can, he does. He fingers Molly for a bit longer, his actions growing rougher the longer it goes on, but he knows from past experience that Molly likes this, that he likes the slight burn and the slight pain. When Molly's whines become louder, his tail going so far as to wrap around Caleb's thigh and squeeze, Caleb finally withdraws his fingers. "Good boy," he murmurs, the words spoken softly against Molly's ear. "Good boy, Mollymauk. So well behaved for me. So good. So pretty. I think you have earned this,

Liebling. I think you have made up for your transgressions earlier in the day. Will you be good for a while longer, pet? Will you continue to behave for me?" Molly nods, his face pressed to the table, and it's all the promise that Caleb needs. "Good boy," he whispers again, and then he tugs Molly's tail aside, lines his cock up with Molly's hole, and presses forwards.

Even with his preparation earlier there's still some resistance, but Molly only moans when Caleb's cock stretches him, his body arching as he tries to press his hips back against Caleb's cock. Caleb moves upright, keeping one hand pressed firmly between Molly's shoulder blades, resting on ink-adorned purple skin, as the other wraps around Molly's waist, tugging him back and seating him further on Caleb's cock.

"Good- *ah*- good boy," Caleb hisses. Molly is tight around him, burning hot and goddamn *perfect*, and it's all Caleb can do to hold himself back, just for a while, and let Molly adjust. "Oh, my good boy, *mein Liebe*, Mollymauk..."

Molly moans again. He doesn't seem to have any words anymore, doesn't seem to have any *anything*, and Caleb would be concerned if he didn't already know Molly's well-established non-verbal safeword. Caleb trails his hand over Molly's stomach, feeling the trail of hair, and then he drops his hand lower, takes hold of Molly's cock, and squeezes at the same moment that he draws his hips back and then snaps them back in.

This time, Molly *wails*. It's a word but only barely, lost and drowning in pleasure and want and *need*. "*Caleb!*"

Fuck. Caleb can't resist that. He *groans*, low and guttural, and strokes Molly cock again as he starts to thrust, quickly establishing a swift and brutal pace. Molly's body slides forwards with every snap of his hips, only the pressure of Caleb's hand keeping him in place against the table, and beneath his hand Caleb can feel Molly's cock twitch and dribble with every thrust, with every roll, with every hit of his cock against Molly's prostate. It doesn't take long for Caleb to feel himself growing close, a combination of Molly's heat and tightness and the mere sight and sound of Molly pushing him closer to the edge, making his gut grow tight and hot and his balls ache. He keeps stroking Molly, keeps fucking him, and as much as he can he keeps speaking, praising Molly and insulting him in turn.

"Good boy," he pants, trying not to groan. "Good- *ah*, *Scheiße*, Mollymauk- good boy, good boy, you beautiful slut, beautiful *whore*, you- *ah*- look at you, taking my cock so well. You are so good for me, Mollymauk, you disgusting- *f-fuck*- you disgusting being, you *brat*."

Molly moans again, his chest heaving and his nails scrabbling at the table as he tries to press back against Caleb's cock and up into his hand at the same time. He pants against the table, tears dripping down his face, and Caleb feels him starting to clench down around his cock, feels his cock twitching desperately in his hands, and knows that Molly is going to come very, very soon.

Fuck, *he's* going to come soon, but not yet. Not now. Right now, he's going to hold himself back, no matter how much he may want to grab Molly's hips with both hands and just *fuck him* until he comes inside him, marking him from the inside out. This, right now, is for Molly. This is about Molly, and about making Molly feel good, and about showing Molly how much he loves him.

Molly comes first, right now, in more ways than just one.

"Good boy," Caleb says again, his words little more than a growl. "So good for me, so pretty. You have- you- you have behaved so well, *Liebling*." He leans forwards as best he can, moaning when his cock shifts inside Molly, and slips the hand between Molly's shoulders up to his hair, tangling and yanking to pull his head back. "Mollymauk?" he asks, his words little more than panted breath.

Molly whines. "Y-yeah?"

"You may come."

It's all the permission he needs to give. The moment the words leave him Molly moans, loud and desperate, and twists his head in a blind search for a kiss that Caleb gladly gives. He feels Molly clench down around him, feels his cock twitch, and then Molly gives one last sobbing cry, and Caleb feels Molly's come coat his hand.

"Good boy," he murmurs, as Molly shakes and trembles beneath him, panting harshly against his mouth. "Good- good boy, *Liebling*, you beautiful boy, I love you so much, so- so good for me, so fucking good, you-" Caleb breaks off into a moan, feeling his own thrusts grow erratic as Molly's cock oozes the last few drops of come. "So *fucking good*," he growls. His hips start to roll faster, jerking furiously as he fucks Molly, and Molly moans again, soft and quiet. "So fucking good, so good, so beautiful, I love you so much- *ah!*-" Caleb squeezes his eyes shut, drops down over Molly's back, and feels his orgasm burn through his veins. He feels like he's burning, pleasure thundering white-hot through his body, and almost distantly he hears Molly moan again at the feeling of his come pulsing into him. "Good boy," Caleb pants softly, his hips jerking once, then twice, and then falling still. "Good boy..."

For a few long moments, they both stay there like that. Caleb shifts back just enough for his cock to slip free and then drops himself down over Mollymauk, smothering him with his body and panting harshly against his spine. He can feel his heart racing, can feel Molly's chest rising and falling with every breath, and after a few long, quiet minutes, he thinks he's ready to move.

"...Mollymauk?" he asks quietly.

Molly hums. "Mm?"

"You did so well." It's a little thing that he does every time they have a scene like this. Every time they finish, no matter what, the first thing he does is *always*, praise Molly. He doesn't know if Molly realises, doesn't know if Molly is aware that it's something that Caleb actively does, but Caleb doesn't care. He does it anyway. He needs Molly to know how good he is, now and always.

Beneath him, Molly hums again, but it sounds happier this time. "Mm?"

"*Ja*," Caleb whispers quietly. He tilts his head, pressing a kiss to Molly's shoulder. "You were so good, *Liebling*. You did so, so well." Another kiss. "I'm so proud of you." Another. "I love you so much."

Molly hums once more, giving a happy little wiggle, and Caleb laughs quietly.

"Alright," he says, every word soft and gentle. "Alright, how about we get you upstairs, *ja*? I will run you a bath, and you can choose a bath bomb for it, and then I will wash you and clean your hair and get you a drink, alright?" Another happy hum, another happy wiggle. "I thought you'd like that." Caleb pushes himself upright with a groan, waiting just a moment until his legs feel less unsteady, and then he reaches down, gently tugging Molly upright. "Come on, *Liebling*, I've got you..." He turns Molly around, tugging him into a close, tight hug. He feels Molly's arms slip down to his waist, feels Molly pressing his face against his neck, and gives a quiet laugh. "I've got you," he says again. "I've always got you, Mollymauk. No matter what."

No matter what.

He lets them stand like that, losing track of time as he continues to stroke his hands over Molly's back, supporting as much of Molly's weight as he can. After a while - thirty three seconds, to be exact - Molly starts purring, rubbing his face against Caleb's skin.

Caleb laughs again. "You are a kitten," he teases softly. Molly just purrs louder, turning his head to kiss Caleb's jaw. "You are a little kitten, *Liebling*. Come on, kitten, let me look after you." Moving slowly and carefully, he starts to lead Molly upstairs. Molly seems loath to part from his side but Caleb is accustomed to this by now, and so without too much hassle he manages to get Molly upstairs and into the bathroom, laying his collection of bathbombs out before him as he runs him a nice, hot bath. Molly takes his time pondering over them, lifting each one to his nose and giving it a careful sniff, but after a while he makes a soft sound, catching Caleb's attention, and holds out a lilac, lavender-scented one to him.

Caleb smiles. "Lavender again?" he asks, and there's no judgement in his voice. He drops it in the bath, letting it fizz for a while, and then starts to move Molly to the bath as lavender-scented steam slowly fills the room. Molly doesn't let go as Caleb carefully helps him into the water but Caleb had no plans on leaving him alone and so he steps in after him, sinking down into the hot, steaming water. It's a bit cramped, the tub not exactly designed for two people, but the water is warm and Molly is heavy against his front, still purring softly as he twists and rolls a little, settling his head against Caleb's shoulder once again. "I love you," Caleb murmurs softly. He ducks his head, pressing a kiss to Molly's forehead, and reaches out for a soft flannel, starting to wipe Molly down and clean him off. "I love you." He runs the flannel down Molly's front, carefully cleaning every inch of his body, and the moment Molly is clean he wraps both his arms around him, ducking his head and pressing kiss after kiss to Molly's skin.

This, this moment right here, in the softness and silence of the bathroom... this is what Caleb loves the most out of all of this. He loves Molly being so relaxed and comfortable, cuddly and purring and so absolutely, entirely happy that he can barely speak for it. He loves the softness and the silence of it, loves the care that Molly takes with his bathbombs and the absolute trust and safety that they both have with each other. He loves how, even in the midst of a scene, Molly felt safe enough to safeword, to drop all pretence and openly and honestly state what he was feeling.

He loves Molly.

He loves Molly so, so much.

Eventually, Caleb starts to wash Molly's hair. He runs his fingers gently over Molly's scalp, making him purr louder, and when he calls him 'kitten' again Molly splashes him gently, making him laugh. He washes Molly's hair without too much hassle, pressing kisses to his skin between every action, and, slowly, he feels Molly coming back to himself. He feels him stirring, shifting; he's still humming, is still cuddly, but he's not quite as out of it as he was earlier, and just as Caleb finishes washing Molly's hair, Molly yawns, stretching as best he can in the confines of the tub and tilting his head up to capture Caleb's lips in a kiss.

Caleb smiles. "*Hallo*," he says quietly, and Molly smiles back. It's the most beautiful thing that Caleb has ever seen.

"Hey," Molly replies. His gaze darts down to Caleb's lips and he kisses him again, and then again, before sinking back against his chest with a sigh.

Caleb wraps his arms around Molly's waist, squeezing him gently. "Are you alright, *Liebling*?"

Molly hums. "Mm, yeah," he murmurs. "I'm great, love. That was- you- that was *wonderful*, darling."

"*Ja*?"

"Yeah." Molly turns his head, kissing Caleb's shoulder. "Really, love. That was incredible. I loved it."

"I love you." Caleb says the words without thinking. It's habit, instinctive and as natural as breathing.

Molly smiles. "I love you too," he replies, his voice soft. "Thank you for looking after me, Caleb."

"Thank you for letting me."

"You know I never say no to being pampered."

Caleb rolls his eyes at that. "Oh, *ja*, I am well aware," he mutters, but there's teasing beneath his voice. "I still remember your half-day massage."

"Hey, you loved that just as much as I did!"

"..."

"*Admit it.*"

"... I did."

"Knew it," Molly says with a grin, and he kisses Caleb's shoulder again before giving a soft sigh. "... I don't suppose it would happen to be cuddle time now?"

"It is *absolutely* cuddle time now," Caleb confirms. Against his front, Molly gives another happy wiggle, and Caleb can't help but laugh softly as he stands from the bath, towelling himself off and then helping Molly dry off with much more care. Within another few minutes they're through in the bedroom, Molly having drank the glass of water and eaten the small snack that Caleb had brought up for him, with Caleb climbing beneath the covers to join Molly.

Molly smiles. "Your hair is going all funny," he says, reaching out to brush at the strands as Caleb settles his head down on the pillow next to him. "It's going to dry all weird and then you'll look like a hedgehog."

Caleb shrugs. "It is an acceptable sacrifice," he says. He shifts across the bed, wrapping an arm around Molly's waist and pulling him close, tangling their legs together. "I would rather cuddle you than make sure that my hair is, ah, *non-* hedgehog-ey."

"Good," Molly mumbles. He snuggles into the embrace, cuddling in as close as he can, and gives a little sigh when Caleb starts playing absently with his hair, his fingers carding through soft, purple strands. "I should clearly be your number one priority."

"You *are* my number one priority, Mollymauk."

Molly wiggles. Caleb loves his wiggles. Caleb loves *him*. "You're mine too, Caleb."

"*Gut*," Caleb says, and he kisses him. Molly presses up into it, stealing a kiss of his own, and then he settles back down with a sigh, his eyes fluttering shut.

"Caleb?" he murmurs.

"Mm?"

"Can we just nap? I'm really tired..." The *and I don't want you to leave*, goes unsaid. They both know that it's there.

Caleb smiles. "Of course," he says quietly. "Of course, Mollymauk."

"You'll wake up with hedgehog-hair, though."

"It will be worth it."

Molly hums again, a soft purr rising in his chest as he cuddles in impossibly closer. "I love you," he sighs.

Caleb ducks his head, kissing Molly on the forehead once again. "I love you too," he says, and then he waves a hand, plunging the room into darkness, and kisses Molly again.

I love you.

End Notes

Thanks to the Widomauk server for inspiring this and reading the first 7000 words that I dropped into the server, and thanks to [Eileen](#) for beta-ing!

Comments are always welcome and appreciated!

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