

Play Of Words

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Summary

Mollymauk has been teasing Caleb nearly all day. Thankfully for Caleb, he is very patient. Unfortunately for Mollymauk, he is also very good at planning things.

Notes

Today in 'the widomauk server provides too many good ideas'.

It's been on-and-off, but Caleb knows that Molly's teasing has been practically constant all day. Whether it's been a hand lingering down his spine to the small of his back, or Molly's tail wandering up to Caleb's thigh for a curious exploratory nudge, or the whisper of teeth and lips at the back of his neck hidden in shop aisles. The teasing has come in breezes and smiles and hungry eyes when Caleb has looked back at Mollymauk, and it's been building up very slowly.

Molly's waiting for Caleb to break. Thankfully for Caleb, he is very patient. Unfortunately for Mollymauk, he is also very good at planning things.

They return home after the day of shopping and stocking, back to Caleb's apartment. Nott sticks around a while longer to help put things in the fridge, before giving her obligatory forehead kiss to Caleb as she heads out the door, back to her own husband. Leaving the other two husbands back in their apartment.

Caleb feels Molly's tail around his ankle, finding that sensitive spot of skin up his leg as the appendage sneaks under his trouser hem. The tiefling himself is turning to Caleb, his hands settling on his wrists, a wide smile on his face.

"So, love, we have the apartment all to ourselves-" Mollymauk's words cut themselves short as Caleb's hand twines itself into his curly locks and tightens. It's not even a pull yet, but it tugs on Molly's hair so sharply that he falters into a gasp of breath.

"You don't think I've noticed you teasing me all day, lieblich", Caleb murmurs, and it's that low rumble that turns Molly's insides into hot liquid tumbling down lower, lower. Now Caleb pulls, tilting Mollymauk's head backward and he can't help but move with the tugging, even as Caleb steps in close and steadies him with an arm around his hips.

"What were you thinking in that sweet head of yours? That I might break in the middle of the shop", Caleb continues, leaning up to Molly's excellent exposed neck and brushing his lips against the skin, and oh, Molly whines so wonderfully.

"No, you just wanted to rile me up so I would be all over you when we got home. You wanted me to be aching, wanted me desperate enough to take you over the table. Or maybe the couch." He pulls a touch more and Molly whines even more, pitched higher by some mixture of pain and need.

"Maybe I could just take you up against the wall. I imagine you'd be needy enough to let me get you off just there, dirty minx. You're probably wet already", Caleb murmurs, and he smiles when Mollymauk trembles under his hands.

He keeps a hand tangled in Molly's hair, keeping his head still while the rest of his body trembles. His other hand travels down Molly's torso, working a well-practised route over his shirt, so soft and silky and light for the hot weather. It's perfect for teasing Molly, Caleb has found, as the material finds hard nubs of Molly's nipples and the tiefling practically squeaks when Caleb drags a finger down over them, one at a time.

Down Caleb goes, rolling down as the momentum gathers, finally to Molly's trousers and his waistband. He teases the skin of Mollymauk's hips, chuckling as he finds the tail swishing frantically behind his thighs, a sweet target for Caleb to reach out and grab and for Mollymauk to buck and cuss in Infernal. At least, Caleb believes it's cussing.

"Language", he mutters, still with a wonderful not-innocent smile on his face, while he finds the ridges up along the bridge of the tail and gently worries them with his fingers. Mollymauk's face twitches, looking like he wants to bury himself in Caleb's shoulder, but his grip still keeps Molly still.

Finally, finally, Molly cries inside as finally Caleb's hand dips down under the waistband, past his pants to where he is most definitely wet. Caleb thumbs over Molly's dick, and Molly shudders and whines because the movement makes Caleb's grip on his hair send jolts of heat down his spine. It spurs soft whispers from Caleb, quiet "Shh, easy schatz, easy" like he's talking down a scared cat.

And then Caleb pulls away and Mollymauk wants to scream. He does, almost, but the sound bottles up in his throat into a needy groan.

"Patience, lieblich. I've had to wait all day with you teasing me, I'm sure you can manage another half an hour of waiting after some simple teasing of my own", Caleb tells Mollymauk, and the tiefling almost feels like he's being chastised. That feeling fades when Caleb's fingers slide across his cheek and Molly leans into the touch instinctively, even if it makes Caleb's grin grow even hungrier.

"Gods, you're so needy", he murmurs. "You're desperate for my touch, my fingers everywhere on your body. Desperate, needy, sweet Mollymauk. All mine, my beautiful." He carries Molly's head to himself where he can place a kiss on his forehead.

"Go to the bedroom schatz, and undress to your underwear, then sit on the bed. Do not touch yourself. I'm going to make us some tea. Are you alright with that?"

Mollymauk nods. Caleb tilts his head to the side.

"Words, liebbling. I need to hear you-"

"Yes", Molly says very quickly, and he can see something soothe Caleb's posture and his eyes.

"Good. Now go."

Mollymauk scrambles his way to the bedroom, leaving an amused Caleb behind in the front room of their apartment. He chuckles, a breath of air out through his nose that accompanies a smile on his lips, very much fond as he watches the tail of his husband vanish into the next room. Caleb wanders on through to the kitchen area, finding their tea tray and making a plate of fruit and biscuits, filling up a large glass of water and a couple of mugs of tea for later. Touching the enchantment sigil within the porcelain would keep the contents warm for as long as they needed.

Adding sugar and milk to Mollymauk's mug, he arranges it all on the tray and takes an extra drag of time in checking his phone for messages. Nothing hugely important, just a gentle barrage of texts and photographs from Jester who had found a wonderfully fluffy white cat during her day and flung her excitement over 'Yasha Two' into the group text chat. Reactions ranged from Fjord's "Please clean up when you get home" to Yasha's emoji smiles to Caduceus' regular soft "oh that's really nice". He sends out his own pleased comments, even though he gently scratches an attentive Frumpkin's nape and murmurs how much nicer Frumpkin was than this other cat. Frumpkin seems to appreciate the reassurance, purring happily away before going in search for the rest of his food bowl contents.

With cat satisfied and distracted, and a tray of food and drink in his hands, Caleb moves casually through from the kitchen back to the bedroom, where he finds a lovely sight before him.

Mollymauk, kneeling on the bed even though Caleb didn't tell him, his hands gently resting behind his back even though Caleb didn't say, his tail beginning to tap the sheets with rising excitement as Caleb enters the room. He's stripped down to his pants, and even sat kneeling in the slightly dim light of the bedroom Caleb can see the wet spot on the cloth.

"Good boy", Caleb tells Mollymauk, and the tiefling's eyes gleam in delight, the pride bubbling up of doing a good thing and receiving praise. Caleb sets the tray aside on a coffee table, and shuffles through the room over cushions and stray clothes to the wardrobe.

Rummaging through The Box at the bottom of the wardrobe, he can swear he can hear Mollymauk's interest rising in the hitch of breath and the rising *pap pap pap* of tail against bed sheets. When Caleb straightens back up, he has a length of black silk material in one hand and a ridged toy in the other.

"It's your choice, Mollymauk", he says with a hum.

"Can't I have both?", Molly replies, and Caleb does that little snort-chuckle, and Mollymauk finds it unfairly cute.

"Nein, only one tonight", Caleb replies. "You should be glad I am giving you any choice, otherwise I'd be having my own wicked way with you."

"And why don't you?" For a moment Mollymauk wonders if he's crossed a line because Caleb hesitates, his eyes going from focused to clouded in thought. He tilts his head to the side, like Frumpkin with a puzzle, and after a few more extended seconds of consideration that smile is back, and Mollymauk feels heat flow between his legs because Caleb's smile is *hungry*.

"So, that is your choice?", Caleb says, setting the toy and blindfold aside. "To let me have my own way with you." He steps over to the bed, and Mollymauk doesn't even shrink away despite the animalistic urge to. Instead he looks up to Caleb, delighting in that smile (he loves to see Caleb smile, it's such a good thing), and gasps as Caleb grasps the nape of his neck and squeezes.

"Beautiful, sweet Mollymauk. You are trembling in my hand from need." Caleb sits himself down on the bed right in front of Molly, nudging a knee in between Molly's legs. There's heat and amusement and a carnal glee rolling around Caleb's chest, watching as the smirk in Mollymauk's face fades to open-mouth pants. "Gods, you're so wet just from my teasing and waiting for me to come and finish you off. You're filthy."

"Caleb", Mollymauk gasps out. He wants to rock his hips against Caleb's leg, desperate for some kind of friction, but he feels like Caleb would not respond well to- oh fuck that, he presses forward and his dick rubs against the trouser and underwear and muscle of Caleb and Mollymauk holds back the shudder of pleasure. Abruptly though the hand at the back of his neck is up in his hair, a tight fist that seizes Mollymauk's movements entirely.

“You even try to hump my leg for some kind of touch?”, Caleb comments, and the fist tightens even more, and Mollymauk cries out because the pain is lightning across his scalp and the sudden vocal drop in Caleb’s words is so *very* hot. “Waiting for me in the bed, your legs spread open to show how wet you are. Trying to taunt me in to touch you. You’re debaucherous, Mollymauk. Filthy, dirty boy. Desperate for any kind of contact to get you off.”

“C-Cay-Caleb.” Molly’s tongue trips on his words, normally so fine and silken but now stumbling around sex-drunk and heavy.

“Did you want me to fuck you? Was that your plan? To lure me in with your gorgeous body. With your swollen cock and dripping hole, with your heady gaze and plush lips.” Caleb pushes Molly’s head forward and the kiss he gives him is heavy, and Molly whines when he feels Caleb’s teeth drag over his bottom lip as he pulls away. “You’re irresistible, Mollymauk. You’re a work of art, you’re beautiful, not even the finest painter could map your colours with the finery they deserve, no poet could whisper sonnets that describe your figure beyond the celestial forms of the sky.”

Mollymauk isn’t entirely sure how, but Caleb’s praise, voice thick and heavy and the accent rolling into each breathy word, is turning him on so badly.

“You’re beautiful, and you’re all mine to ruin as I see fit. I’m free to take you and turn you into a mewling mess on the bed sheets, begging me for my touch as I turn you soft under kisses and bites, crying out my name as I fuck you from behind. I could paint you with my cum and you would still belong in a gallery. I could leave you boneless from orgasm after orgasm, and you would still be more beautiful than a sunset. Debaucherous, filthy, and glorious. Glowing and needy and gods, you’re all mine to do with as I please.”

Caleb’s hand, the one that’s not drawing Molly’s head back to gaze up at the ceiling, reaches down and grabs Molly’s arse, giving it a harsh squeeze that has Molly whimpering.

“I could tie you down and fuck you, then plug you up so my cum is there for when I want to fuck you again. I could blindfold you and have you begging for my cock while I tease you mercilessly. I could take you to the kitchen and fuck you over the table.” Okay, that last one they both know is just pure dirty talk. Caleb wouldn’t dare do anything in the living room without making sure Frumpkin and the litter box were in the bedroom.

“Best of all, you’d want it all. You’d be happy to take what I give you, you’ll sit around to be the prettiest cockwarmer or hole for me to fuck, because you need that touch, you need to be fucked”, Caleb groans out as he leans forward again and presses a harsh kiss to Molly’s collarbone, sucking at the skin until a purple bloom appears under his tongue. He takes a moment then, sitting back slightly although the grip in Mollymauk’s hair doesn’t loosen. It’s like he’s reassessing Molly and how the tiefling is doing, and he can tell by the flicker of red iris in Molly’s eyes that he is doing the exact same to Caleb, even in his sweating and desperate state.

“How are you doing?”, Caleb asks him. “Give me a colour.”

“Green”, Mollymauk pants. “Green green green, god, very green. But, fuck-” He shifts and his eyes close, and Caleb can feel Molly’s head shift and his fist is now in a tug of war between his position and Molly’s scalp, with the hair acting as the rope. The pull makes Mollymauk gibber out something in Infernal, something that’s mixed with a whine. “Caleb, I *need* you, I need to be touched, please, I need your fingers in me, your cock, anything.”

And the hunger slides back into Caleb’s face, although it is softened by fondness at Mollymauk’s begging.

“Anything”, he echoes back, and he releases Mollymauk’s hair. Molly feels like he’s floating on clouds from the light-headed sensation, and he lets himself be gently pushed back into the bed sheets. He’s aching now, his pants will need to go straight in the wash and Caleb does duly flick the underwear over to the wash pile as he shuffles the garment down Mollymauk’s thighs and away.

“So wet”, Caleb cooes, one of his fingers prodding Mollymauk’s slickness, and he bucks his hips as the sensation comes with the sweetness of being teased for too damn long. “You are so very desperate for something to fill you, aren’t you? Something to fuck you open.” Caleb is slicking something up, the sound of lube filling the air, but Molly’s too slack to look up and see what it is. He’s just glad when he feels a thick pressure at his entrance, cold from the lube but it’s beginning to push inside, and Mollymauk moans his pleasure. It’s when the first ridge hits his entrance that he realises that the discarded toy has been brought into play.

“How is that, liebbling?”, Caleb asks as he pushes the toy inside Mollymauk, watching as his husband dearest lays on the sheets and whines. “Didn’t you ask to be filled by anything? Isn’t this what you wanted?”

Mollymauk wants to explain he wants Caleb inside him, he wants Caleb's cock buried inside him and fucking him senseless, but he's too busy uttering pleased noises from the shifting of the toy as it settles deep inside him. When it begins to hum in vibrations he jolts in the sheets, and his tail thrashes from the unexpected buzz. Caleb catches the tail before it can accidentally smack his face.

Oh no.

Worst of all, Caleb makes deliberate eye contact with Mollymauk before he starts to (almost *casually*, the bastard) suck the tip of the tail. Molly writhes, crying out louder as hot pleasure rolls around his stomach, rising from the tail play and the toy inside him.

"Gorgeous", Caleb murmurs around the appendage, and Mollymauk moans his name, over and over, calling for him while he's right there at Molly's side with his fingers tracing over his stomach and his lips nipping at his tail. The thick presence and the vibrations of the toy begin to bring Molly's crest closer, closer, closer. His voice is pitching higher too, cracking as any remaining crumbs of dignity he might have had begin to fall away into mindless begging for Caleb to touch him, to fuck him. He needs Caleb closer. Caleb simply cards his fingers gently through Molly's hair, through the orgasm when it bursts behind Molly's eyes as he continues to plead. The hand stays in place while Caleb pulls the toy free, but it moves away in time for his tongue to lap at Molly's entrance, cleaning away his cum.

"Would you still like my cock?", Caleb asks him quietly. Molly nods, movements weak but his eyes are enthusiastic for sure. "I need to hear you say it."

"Yes", Mollymauk pants out. "Fuck, yes, Caleb. I need..." The words trail away into a forgotten whine. He needs all of Caleb. His hands, his cock, his chest, his shirt off his torso, his arms dotted with the past, his raggedy 'still in the process' beard, his long ginger hair that looks adorable in plaits and looks like fire in lamplight. He needs Caleb. He has Caleb too. He has him forever, and it brings a swell of adoration through Molly's heart that crashes out to expand his whole body.

For all of Molly's rampant thoughts, Caleb seems to read them on his face as he presses a long and deep kiss to his lips. Dragging his fingers up Molly's chest, he runs them across his nipples for that extra hitch of breath into their exchange, and gently raises his head above his face to smile so fondly down on him.

"You shall have all of me", Caleb whispers, his words aflame in honeyed warmth, the softest touch of heated affection.

Reaching off to their chest of drawers, he finds a condom and their bottle of lube, and rolls the cover down on his cock (aching and hard and practically blossoming red at the head). It's still amusing how Mollymauk always, *always* raises his head whenever he hears the condom wrapper crinkle. It doesn't matter what they've been doing, his interest will be hooked whenever he hears the sound. Slicking up his cock with lube, Caleb presses it at Molly's sodden, shining folds, and he hears the tiefling whine.

"Please Caleb, please, please, I need you, I need you inside me", Mollymauk begs for him, and Caleb obliges. After all, Mollymauk has been so well behaved for him tonight, despite all of his teasing in the day. The push of his cock is slow, sinking into Mollymauk at a leisurely pace that has Molly's fingers digging into the sheets as he tries not to moan too much. Caleb often tried to bite down his own groans in the beginning, but seeing how much his sounds helped to unravel Mollymauk had led him to lose the habit. His own moans ring out as he slides completely into Molly, taking a moment to sink into the heat that now squeezes onto his cock.

"So good to me, schatz", Caleb groans out, rocking his hips back before snapping forward, punching another moan from Mollymauk. Whatever sweet saccharine words Caleb may have been able to spew out before, they're lost under the heavy panting of their lovemaking as he continues to thrust into Molly in slow and fast motions, pulling out in his own time before thrusting back in deep.

"Caleb", Mollymauk gasps, whines, his voice is heavy with needing air and Caleb, he needs Caleb like he needs oxygen. He wants him in his arms, against his chest, but right now he clings onto the sheets for dear life as Caleb begins to rock faster into him.

Caleb could have Mollymauk like this all day. Unable to say anything beyond his name. Panting and gasping and moaning it like a benediction of sin. He loves it. Above all, he loves Mollymauk, and he wants to make sure he knows that.

"I love you", Caleb murmurs with each thrust. "I love you, love you."

"Th-There goes-" Mollymauk desperately wants to make a jab at Caleb's silver tongue, but Caleb's golden thumbs have found his dick and are starting to circle the sensitive nub. It cuts Molly's voice off into a strangled moan, his hips rocking up to meet the thrusts that fill him up so well. He could never get tired of feeling Caleb within him. Never.

Too soon his orgasm crests over him, sending a scream of pleasure through from his lungs and shuddering through his body. Caleb is not long to follow, thrusting with only focus on his

own pleasure until Mollymauk can feel the heat of his cum through the condom. Dropping forward, Caleb melts onto Molly's chest, his eyes fluttering shut. For a while, they breathe together. Caleb can feel fingers carding through his hair, the pointed fingernails dragging slightly across his scalp in such a nice manner.

"Thank you", he murmurs, and he feels Mollymauk's laugh bubbling up below him.

"Always so polite, even after fucking a man to a puddle of endorphins", Mollymauk replies, his voice a tired but delighted trill.

"Endorphins is new for you, schatz."

"You rub off on me in the best of ways, mister endorphin-man." Leaning up to the human, Mollymauk presses his lips against Caleb's, and he's entirely certain that he feels another burst of the happy chemicals swimming through his body from the love that gesture gifts him.

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