

The reason I've been standing on a wire

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/23010730) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/23010730>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Critical Role (Web Series)
Relationship:	Mollymauk Tealeaf/Caleb Widogast
Characters:	Mollymauk Tealeaf , Caleb Widogast
Additional Tags:	no beta we die like men , Light Dom/sub , Molly is a power bottom , and also a brat , Hair-pulling , Dirty Talk , Praise Kink , Bad past experiences , blink and you'll miss it but it's referenced , Marking , they're both switches , Houston they're in LOVE , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Friends to Lovers , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Porn with Feelings
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-03-04 Words: 5,540 Chapters: 1/1

The reason I've been standing on a wire

by [MarsBar2019](#)

Summary

Molly isn't very patient. Caleb teaches him the value of taking your time.

Notes

Yes, I keep writing Widomauk even though Molly has been dead for literal real time years at this point. Sue me. I love these boys.

Anyway, here's 5500 words of porn, ya filthy animals.

Marigold, orange, pink.

Molly thought this one might be his favorite so far, the best color combination to come out of one of Nott's homemade fireworks. As soon as it expired, he took another out of the bag Nott had given him, set it down, lit the fuse, and dashed back into the alley.

It exploded in the air not ten seconds later, in a shower of blue sparks: gray blue, cornflower blue, cerulean like the ocean. Molly wished he had thought to set this one and the last off together. The marigold and red-orange would have looked very nice with this blue one.

"Mollymauk!"

Molly jumped, startled by the voice coming from behind him. Turning, he was surprised to see Caleb, coming through the doorway of the inn, stalking towards him. Molly could tell he was pissed, but he couldn't help trying to rile the wizard up a little.

"Why hello, Mister Caleb," he said pleasantly, leaning against the alley wall. "To what do I owe the pleasure of your company on this cusp of the new year?" The frown didn't dissipate from Caleb's face.

"I was trying to sleep, Mollymauk," he said, arms crossed. Molly noticed then that Caleb's hair was mussed, his coat and even book harnesses left back in his room. He almost never saw Caleb without his books; he must have just woken up and thrown on his trousers and shirtsleeves to come down and berate Molly. Molly tried to tamp down the image of Caleb, in bed, nude, getting dressed only to come and give Molly a spanking. Verbally, that is. Molly was grateful the night hid his blush.

"And you've come to thank me for getting you up out of bed so you could join the revelry?"

"No," Caleb said sharply, "I have come to tell you to knock it off." Molly sighed dramatically and threw his hands up.

"Well it is ever so hard to tell you no, darling," he said. "But I'm trying to celebrate! I would be glad to leave these fireworks aside, if you had any other suggestions for how else I might occupy my evening." Molly could have sworn he saw Caleb's gaze flicker to his half open shirt, the tattooed and scarred lavender skin exposed to the night air. The split second of Caleb's attention wavering from his face made Molly shiver when those bright blue eyes - *blue, like the ocean, like the fireworks* - turned back to him.

"You are quite creative, Mollymauk, I am sure you can think of something. Just please do not wake me." Caleb started to turn away but Molly caught his sleeve.

"Come out with me!" Molly cajoled, pulling Caleb closer. "We could go dancing, or see what kind of parties are going on in the Trispire, I bet there's some marvelous carnival or something happening there-" Caleb's mouth quirked up into a smile, but he didn't pull away.

"You have not had enough of carnivals for a lifetime?"

“One can never have enough of carnivals!” Caleb’s expression softened, searching Molly’s face for anything to belie the eagerness he saw there and finding nothing. Caleb laid his hand over the one Molly had on his arm, and heat started to curl in Molly’s belly in a surprising but familiar way.

“I think I will stay here for the evening, Mollymauk, but I do hope you enjoy yourself. I am an old man, staying out all night no longer suits me.”

“Why, I think it would suit you quite well,” Molly said quietly, suddenly feeling a bit shy at the way Caleb’s sparkling eyes, his copper beard that looked so soft to the touch, and his adorably messy red curls, made Molly’s pulse hammer. It wasn’t that Molly hadn’t noticed that the wizard was attractive, of course he had, but in the way Molly noticed lots of pretty people around him all the time. It didn’t mean he was going to pursue each and every one of them. Tonight, though the heat between their bodies was palpable, Caleb’s touch electrified him and Molly thought he saw something wanting in Caleb’s eyes too. The combination was incredibly hot and the prickle of arousal under Molly’s skin made him brave. He lifted his other hand to trace Caleb’s jaw ever so gently, eyes and fingers drifting down to ghost over the other man’s collarbone.

“But if you’d rather stay in, I’m sure I can think of other things to amuse myself with. I bet you know lots of ways to keep a man entertained for an evening.” To Molly’s surprise, Caleb didn’t flinch away at his audacity or stammer and retreat the way he often did when he was nervous. Instead, Caleb held Molly’s gaze steadily and replied,

“I certainly have not had any complaints.”

How was it possible that this lanky awkward human who would normally rather die than engage in casual conversation was making *Molly* feel speechless? Molly, the born showman, the flamboyant, gratuitously hedonistic, sensual circus man, was actually at a loss for words at the boldness that Caleb had so casually tossed right back at him. His blood was roaring in his ears and he was sure he was an embarrassing shade of purple. He could feel his tail lashing behind him in his arousal.

“Goodnight, Mollymauk.”

Before Molly could reset his brain and come up with a quick witted, equally flirtatious reply, Caleb gently extricated himself from Molly’s hands and turned back toward the inn, moving with a cat’s gracefulness through the door.

Oh. Fuck.

Molly *wanted* this man.

And his chance was slipping away through that door because in all likelihood, tomorrow Caleb would be back to his usual uncomfortable, antisocial self. The peek of another side of him that Molly had gotten tonight, the flash in his eyes that made Molly feel like he was going to be eaten alive, would be back under wraps. Molly bit his lip and made a quick decision. He pulled out his last firework, propped it up in the dirt, lit the fuse and ran off back

to the alley. It exploded with a wonderfully loud bang, showering sparks of deep purple, lavender and greyish green.

Not a minute later, Molly felt his back pushed up against the wall of the alley and hands, hot hands, were at his waist and lips on his and *Caleb*, Caleb was there, kissing him, pinning Molly between his body and the wall, and Molly could hardly breathe when the other man pulled away and looked him in the eye.

“You wanted my attention that badly, did you?” his voice was low and rough and sent a shiver up Molly’s spine.

“You are the one who ran back out here to attack me,” Molly quipped with a grin, tossing his arms around Caleb’s neck and hooking one leg around his waist. “I think you’ll find I was just an innocent bystander.” Breath left Molly’s lungs when Caleb returned his hot mouth to his, and Molly squeaked with pleasure when Caleb nipped at Molly’s neck.

“Upstairs. My room. *Now*,” Caleb growled into Molly’s ear and he really was only too happy to oblige. Fortunately, the rest of the Nein were either holed up in their own rooms or out enjoying their own nights on the town, because even just walking up the stairs, Caleb couldn’t resist swatting Molly on the ass, eliciting a small yelp of surprise from the tiefling.

Surprise didn’t begin to cover it. Molly had *never* seen this side of Caleb before, sexy and bold and domineering. Well, actually, he had - when Caleb was learning magic. The way the mage took control of his spells, executed them without hesitation, belied unquestioned certainty in his arcane abilities. Caleb was bumbling, and Caleb was nervous, and Caleb was easily flustered, except when it came to what he knew he was very, very good at. Molly felt a shudder ripple through him at the thought that that incredibly *hot* confidence was in the context of taking Molly to bed. He was very much looking forward to Caleb demonstrating how he’d earned it.

When they entered Caleb’s bedroom, a dimly lit and simple tavern chamber, Caleb pinned Molly against the door and smiled, looking for all the world like the cat that got the cream. Molly was more than happy to be the cream. He expected Caleb to take his mouth again like he had in the alley, to toss him into bed and ravish him, but instead Caleb leaned into the arm that he had pressed across Molly’s chest and placed a teasingly light, maddeningly chaste kiss to Molly’s lips. Then, all of a sudden, he was gone, leaving Molly almost chasing the contact, heat turning in his stomach with the eroticism of being dominated so obviously and easily. It wasn’t physical - Molly was much stronger than Caleb and they both knew it - it was the way his heat and confidence and sheer will made Molly *want* to be submissive, obedient, and they had only kissed.

Molly’s brain took a moment to catch up with him as he watched, confused, while Caleb paced over to his desk and began organizing his papers.

“What...are you doing?” he managed to ask. Caleb didn’t turn to look at him.

“I am busy. You may wait for me by the bed, Mollymauk.”

“You weren’t even working before you came down!” Molly protested, and he could have sworn he saw a small smile quirk up the corner of Caleb’s mouth.

“That is none of your concern. Kneel next to the bed and wait for me.”

Molly’s heart hammered in his ears. He wasn’t naive; he knew how this game worked. What Caleb didn’t know was that Mollymauk was a brat. He got on his knees eagerly, sucked cock like it was his job, spread his legs at the slightest provocation - until someone told him to. However, it hardly seemed fair to spring such bad behavior on Caleb, who, for all his astonishingly hot manhandling, hardly seemed like the type to enjoy beating the brat out of Molly. He resolved to be good, for now. Slowly, he peeled himself away from the wall - there was that stupid, sexy little smile again - and went to the edge of the bed to kneel on the ground. Despite his frustration, or perhaps because of it, Molly was ridiculously turned on. He bounced on his heels, listening to the infuriatingly slow shuffle of papers, the scratch of quill against parchment, glancing over at Caleb every so often impatiently.

After what seemed like an eternity, Caleb finally stopped “organizing” and paced to the bed, sitting on the mattress directly in front of Molly. Eagerly, Molly lifted up off his heels and pulled Caleb in for a kiss, tail thrashing behind him. Caleb was warm, inviting, his mouth opening for Molly’s tongue slowly but easily. When Molly lifted his hands to Caleb’s trouser laces and moved to undo them, he was surprised by Caleb’s fingers lacing in his hair and tugging sharply. Molly let out an obscene sound at that, his cock jumping at the pleasure-pain and craving more. Encouraged, Molly kept going, but Caleb pulled harder, forcing Molly up and back onto his heels.

“You have been very good, waiting for me, Mister Tealeaf,” Caleb said firmly. “But you need to learn to be patient.” Molly pouted.

“What for? We’re going to get there eventually, aren’t we? Why not skip the bullshit?” Caleb untangled his fingers from Molly’s hair and smiled, stroking the tiefling’s cheek.

“Because, *Schatz*, it is much better when you take your time. Let me show you, ja?” Molly ran a hand over his face. This wasn’t how he was accustomed to doing things, but he supposed if he wanted to bed Caleb, and this was how Caleb wanted to be bedded, he would just have to be *patient*. Clearly, Caleb liked to be in control in the bedroom; Molly found that insanely arousing but in his experience, that dominance came with a certain kind of rough, fast sex that was over quickly and left his head spinning. That did not seem to be the night he was about to have.

“Yes, alright.”

“Good. Now, you must know that you were very bad earlier, waking me up like that. I will not tolerate more bad behavior, Mollymauk. Do you understand me?”

“Yes.” Caleb’s long fingers reached under Molly’s chin and tilted his face roughly upward. Molly’s breath stilled at the lustful, predatory look in Caleb’s eyes.

“Yes, what?” Molly quickly felt his resistance fading as his blood fled southward.

“Yes, *sir*. I understand.”

“Good boy.” Molly let out a soft whine at those words, the novelty of hearing Caleb talk like that. Caleb smiled. “You like to be good, ja, Mollymauk? To be praised? To be told what a good boy you are, how pretty you look on your knees for me like that?” Molly moaned louder, his eyes fluttering shut. “You will get that, *Schatz*,” Caleb promised softly. “So long as you continue being good. Let me teach you how to be patient. Now, come join me up here.” Molly didn’t have to be told twice, practically jumping up into the bed next to Caleb. Molly swung his legs into Caleb’s lap and began mouthing at the other man’s neck, taking it slow like Caleb said, or so he thought. He was surprised by a sharp *thwap* to his ass and Caleb pressing him down onto his back, suddenly perched over Molly rather than under him.

“*Nein*,” Caleb reprimanded. “You are not in control here.” Molly groaned, in frustration and arousal. He was almost painfully hard already, the thrill of being denied coursing through his veins.

Straddling Molly’s lap, Caleb bent down to place measured, restrained kisses over Molly’s neck, his jaw, his exposed collarbone. Molly felt his eyes flutter shut and small whines escape him as he lost himself in the pleasure of Caleb’s soft lips, his hot breath and his tongue working over lavender skin. He almost jumped up in surprise when the other man laid a warm, open mouthed kiss just under his jaw and began sucking a bruise into it, eliciting a shuddering moan from Molly. Even with his eyes closed, he could tell Caleb was smiling, brushing against the tender skin - *the beard is soft, just like you thought it would be* - and nipping at Molly’s jaw.

“Please...” Molly heard himself say weakly. Caleb tutted and sat up straight, his fingers under Molly’s chin again, pulling the tiefling’s gaze to his. Molly’s breath caught with the change in pressure on his cock, was so quickly coming undone for Caleb-

“Please, what?”

“Please, *sir*, I need you to touch me, don’t make me wait, please...” Caleb shook his head.

“I will decide what you get and when you get it. Remember, *Liebling*, you are learning to be patient.” Molly wanted to scream. He felt like he’d been so patient already. But he sighed and consciously relaxed his muscles.

“Okay. Yes, sir. I - I can be patient.” Caleb leaned down again and kissed Molly, this time a little less chaste, a little less measured. Molly pushed his hips upward just the slightest bit, not seeking friction but to see whether this was affecting Caleb as much as it was him. The hard length that grazed his cock as his hips canted forward told him that despite the wizard’s collected exterior, he was just as turned on.

“Good boy,” he murmured in Molly’s ear. Caleb rewarded Molly’s patience by running his fingers up under Molly’s shirt, and the tiefling whined at the light, tickling drag of those long fingers.

“Are you enjoying this, *Katzchen*?” Caleb asked softly, the commanding tone gone from his voice.

“Gods, *yes*,” Molly choked as Caleb began to worry one of his nipples between two calloused, talented fingers.

“You know that you are really in control here, ja? If you do not want something, you will tell me?” Molly was touched by Caleb’s concern, his kisses turned tender and soothing. Molly, thankfully, had never truly gotten out of his depth with his bed partners, but he had found himself in situations where he wasn’t sure that his “no” would have been heeded. People who were rough, who didn’t ask first, who blew past Molly’s softly murmured, “I don’t know...” - until the claws came out and they backed off.

“Yes, love, I will,” Molly said, his arms around Caleb’s neck, fingers tangled in red hair. “I will say no if I don’t want something.”

“Good,” Caleb replied, nuzzling his nose into Molly’s collarbone. He lifted his head to look Molly in the eye. “I respect no. If you say no to me, Mollymauk, everything stops. I promise.” Molly smiled at the wizard’s tenderness, but his eyes flickered to the scarred forearms on either side of him and he felt a pang of sadness. Caleb respected no because Caleb had said no before, had begged it, screamed it, and still hadn’t gotten it. He felt safe in the arms of this man, knowing he meant what he said, but wished it hadn’t come at such a terrible price. Molly drew Caleb in for a lingering kiss.

“Now, if it’s not too much trouble, I’d like to be fucked into next week before I lose my godsdamned mind.” Caleb laughed briefly in surprise but slipped back into his authoritative role.

“You will get what I give you when I decide you can have it. Be a good boy for me, or I will have to punish you.” Molly shuddered in delight at the thought of what *that* might entail. “You were very bad earlier when you woke me and you are going to make it up to me. Now I am going to take my time with you, and do not forget that you are here to please me, not the other way around. Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” Molly breathed, slipping back into a haze of arousal and submission. Caleb smiled and stroked Molly’s cheek gently.

“Good. Now, you are wearing far too much clothing for my liking.” He continued to kiss over Molly’s chest, to trace the scars and lines of ink with his lips, his tongue, unbuttoning Molly’s shirt until the tiefling was able to shrug it off. Molly sighed into Caleb’s hair, peppering his head with kisses, inhaling the intoxicating, musky scent of the other man, vegetal, sweet and earthy. Meanwhile, Caleb lavished attention over Molly’s chest and played with his nipple piercings, eliciting small whines and gasps of delight. His arousal was still there, though it had dimmed to embers in his stomach, no longer urgent, but stoked with each pass Caleb made over his nipples and love bite sucked into his skin.

Suddenly, Caleb’s hand grazed over Molly’s cock, still clothed, but sensitive at having been neglected so long. Molly yelped and his hips jerked upward; he could feel himself leaking in his trousers like a teenager but was too turned on to possibly be embarrassed.

“That’s what you’ve done to me,” Molly moaned, pushing his cock into Caleb’s hand. “Isn’t it obvious how much I want you?”

He knew how good he looked like this, hair mussed, shirtless, covered in Caleb's marks. He had been told he would get what he wanted when Caleb decided, but he'd never been told he couldn't try to persuade the human to give it to him faster. Caleb grinned and lifted his hand up to tease lightly over Molly's chest.

"You do beg so prettily, Mollymauk. Are you always so sweet when you want something?"

"If you keep touching me like that I'll be as sweet as pie," Molly replied with a wink, noting with satisfaction the blush it raised in Caleb's cheeks.

"You have been very good for me," Caleb purred, gaze cast down, tracing Molly's scars with his fingertips. "Good boys deserve to be rewarded." Molly groaned, so fucking turned on by Caleb's praise and so desperate for more of it.

He sighed with relief as Caleb slowly, torturously slowly, unlaced Molly's trousers and released his painfully hard cock. He thought he might cum on the spot when he felt Caleb wrap his hand around it and stroke once, twice, then stop.

"*Fuck*, please, no, don't stop-" Molly begged, writhing on the bed, desperate for friction. Caleb silenced him with a kiss.

"Patience, *Liebling*," he murmured, swiping his tongue lazily into Molly's open mouth. He lifted off Molly's hips and stood, depriving Molly of the pressure and the pleasure. Molly almost cried in frustration, but perked up when he heard Caleb rummaging through his bedside drawer.

The human straddled Molly again with a jar of slick in his hand; Molly felt his cock twitch with interest and rolled his hips up with a grin.

"Why, fuck me running, Mister Caleb, I didn't know you were so prepared for guests." Caleb blushed a dark red.

"Ja, well, I have not had much opportunity to, ah, enjoy it with another." Molly couldn't resist more teasing and began running his hands over Caleb's thighs, dipping a finger below the waistband of his trousers and running it lightly over the sensitive skin there.

"Does seem it's been used, though, so I'm guessing you've had plenty of opportunity to enjoy it by yourself." Molly stretched out on the bed, knowing full well he looked good enough to eat, showing off his body like that. He hooked an arm around Caleb's neck and pulled himself up, covering the human's mouth in a nakedly sexual kiss.

"Have you thought about me while you're using it? All splayed out in your bed like this, needy for you?" Caleb moaned, for the first time all night, and Molly was encouraged by his words finally having an effect on Caleb.

"Did you think about me sucking you down like my life depended on it while you touched yourself? Or bending me over and making a mess of my pretty ass? I'm sure I begged so beautifully in your imagination too." Caleb was panting in Molly's ear now, reaching down to stroke the tiefling's cock, egging Molly on.

“Or, maybe, I’ve got you all wrong,” Molly teased, sucking on Caleb’s earlobe, enjoying the stutter of Caleb’s hips grinding against him, the quiet moans coming from the other man’s parted lips. “Maybe you fingered yourself open thinking about riding me, came three fingers deep, shouting my name.... Does that sound right?”

“*Mollymauk*...” The sound of Caleb’s voice, absolutely wrecked, shot straight to Molly’s dick. He forgot all about the little game they were playing and opened Caleb’s trousers, just as the other man moved to lift his shirt off over his head. Molly snatched the jar of slick off the bed beside him and applied it to his hand. Taking Caleb’s mouth with his, he took both of their cocks in his hand and began rolling his hips, heat pounding under his skin, his self control hanging on by a thread.

The feeling of Caleb’s fingers digging into his shoulders, the throaty gasp of pleasure he let out and the velvet soft skin sliding against Molly was absolutely delicious. Caleb’s control of the situation was slipping, and Molly took advantage of the other man’s ruined composure to grab Caleb by the ass and flip them over. Molly was suddenly on top of Caleb, Caleb’s legs wrapped around his waist, their leaking cocks still gripped in Molly’s hand.

“I believe I have been patient enough, don’t you think?” Molly growled, his tail whipping behind him.

“Ja, please, Molly, let me open you, I need to be inside you,” Caleb groaned, palming at Molly’s ass. “Do you want that?” Molly felt his hole clenching in arousal, ready to be filled. He stood briefly to fully remove the remainder of both of their clothes and straddled Caleb. He pulled the other man’s hand behind him and let him feel the tensing of the muscles.

“What do you think?” Molly gasped, rolling his hips as Caleb’s finger circled his hole. Caleb grinned and pulled Molly down into an obscene, open mouthed kiss, slicked his finger and pushed it into Molly’s waiting entrance.

“I think you feel like heaven,” he murmured against Molly’s mouth, which pulled another needy keen from the tiefling’s throat. If he was worried that the others would hear, that concern was long gone. He didn’t care if he woke the whole town to let them know how well and thoroughly Caleb was ruining him. “I can’t wait to feel you cum on my cock, *Schatz*.” Molly was so turned on he could cry.

“If you don’t hurry up and put it in me already, you’re going to feel me cum all over your stomach,” Molly groaned, canting his hips against Caleb in a silent request for more. Caleb obliged gladly, slipping another finger alongside the first and stretching Molly maddeningly slowly. When those blasted, long, *talented* fingers found his prostate, Molly practically shouted, shuddering and collapsing over Caleb. He had just enough presence of mind to feel annoyed at the human’s nonchalant chuckle, as if he weren’t hanging onto his own composure by a fraying thread.

“Please, gods, darling, I can’t hold on much longer like this, just fuck me already, *please*—“

Mercifully, Caleb laid off his prostate and focused on opening him, laying short, sweet kisses over Molly’s brow.

“I know, I know, *Liebling*, you are doing so well for me, please be patient for just a little longer. I do not want to hurt you.” Molly almost sobbed in want but knew Caleb was right. He took deep breaths to steady himself and opened his eyes, his heart immediately jumping into his throat at the image of Caleb under him, eyes blown black with lust, gazing up at his face like he was a precious treasure. Gods, he could get used to that face. Molly couldn’t wait to see what it looked like when he came.

“How do you want me?” Caleb breathed as his third finger entered. His accent was thick and his voice deliciously wrecked. “Are you ready?”

“Yes, godsdammit I’ve been ready since I got up here! Take me on my back, please, I want to see you...” Molly waited for Caleb to remove his fingers, though he wanted to scream at the emptiness, and rolled over and spread his legs.

“Whatever you wish,” Caleb said softly, with a smile that Molly knew he’d never be able to see again without thinking of this. He climbed over Molly, shuddering as their cocks brushed against each other, and kissed Molly so sweetly the tiefling thought his heart might break.

“You are fucking gorgeous, Mollymauk,” Caleb murmured, slicking his cock before pressing to Molly’s entrance.

“And don’t I know it,” Molly sighed, winking, though he was touched by the sincerity of the compliment and couldn’t help but preen a little under that beautiful gaze. Caleb lifted Molly’s legs around his hips and glanced up at Molly’s face, silently asking permission.

“Gods above, Caleb, if you don’t get that cock inside me right now, so help me, I’ll flip you over and do it myself-“

Before he could finish, Caleb pushed forward and slid inside Molly’s tight, waiting heat, the pleasure of which caused stars to burst behind Molly’s eyes. Molly keened loudly and squeezed his thighs around Caleb’s hips, and after what seemed like an eternity, the other man began to thrust in and out of him, gently at first, and then with more urgency. Molly could hardly think, could hardly do anything but notice the bursts of pleasure radiating through him, the drag of Caleb’s thick cock against his prostate, the heat between their skin, the sound of Caleb’s heady, wanton moans.

“Molly, I am afraid I am not going to last very long,” Caleb panted, a hint of embarrassment in his voice. “It - it has been a while.”

“Me too,” was all Molly could manage in gasping breaths, his own cock dangerously close to releasing without even being touched. “Please touch me, darling, I want to cum for you-“

Molly barely got the first few words out before Caleb’s hand was on his cock, pumping in time with his thrusts into Molly’s ass and one, two, three, four strokes was all it took before Molly was gone, fireworks going off behind his eyelids, clenching around Caleb’s cock, spurting thick white cum all over their stomachs as he called Caleb’s name.

He was coming down off the high of his orgasm when he noticed Caleb’s hips stuttering, the

spasms of Molly's hole bringing him closer to the edge of his own release. Molly propped himself up and pulled Caleb in for a sloppy kiss.

"Cum for me, love," he growled, putting his hand around Caleb's throat and applying just the slightest bit of pressure. That was all it took and Caleb let out a broken, gasping moan, his whole body shaking as he released deep inside Molly.

The two of them stilled for a long moment, pressing exhausted, tender kisses to one another's mouths, necks, shoulders, and once Caleb began to soften he pulled out of Molly gently, eliciting a shudder and sigh from the tiefling.

Caleb immediately got up to wet a cloth at the basin and heated it with his hands, holding it out to Molly. Molly was touched by the thoughtfulness, particularly that Caleb thought to warm it for him, but all he could do was smile.

"I can do this for you, *Schatz*, or would you like to do it yourself?"

"I can do it," Molly muttered, taking the cloth from Caleb's outstretched hand. "Sorry, you don't have to watch this. If you mind." Caleb laid down on the bed beside him, tracing patterns over his chest as Molly cleaned himself off.

"Why would I mind? And what do you have to apologize for?"

"Well, just, I know this isn't exactly the sexy part, dear." Molly felt, ridiculously enough, a bit self conscious all of a sudden. Now what? Would he just go back to his room? Would he and Caleb see each other at breakfast tomorrow and never acknowledge this ever happened? Was that what he wanted?

"As if anything you do could be anything but sexy, Mollymauk," Caleb murmured, one arm behind his head, eyes half closed already.

"I, um, I had a good time," Molly said awkwardly, returning the cloth to the basin and not looking at Caleb. *Where's that silver tongue when you need it?*

"I did as well," Caleb said, suddenly more alert. "I am glad I could please you. I am sorry it was, ah, over so quickly." The human blushed fiercely.

"It was perfect," Molly reassured him. "But, I, um, should I go?" He was glad his skin hid his blush a bit better than Caleb's pale complexion. *Gods, you sound clingy Get out of here.* "I mean, I - uh, I should go." Caleb sat up, brow furrowed.

"Well, if that is what you would like, Mollymauk. I would - I mean, you are welcome to stay. If you would like to."

"Would you like me to stay?" Molly felt somehow more vulnerable than he had a few minutes ago.

"Ja, I would very much like for you to stay," Caleb replied softly. Molly allowed himself a small smile and sauntered over to the bed, climbing in next to Caleb, who immediately wrapped an arm around him and pulled him close.

“You know, we will have to go down tomorrow separately or we’ll never hear the end of it.” Molly heard a low chuckle from behind him.

“Ja, you are right.” Molly wrapped his tail around Caleb’s leg and pulled it up over his hip.

“Do you think you taught me to be patient?” Caleb nuzzled into Molly’s shoulder blades.

“I am not sure any man could truly teach you to be patient, *Liebling*.”

“Well...if you’d like to keep trying.... I’m sure eventually I’ll learn something.”

“You are saying you would like to do this again, ja?”

“Yes, I would. If you would like to.”

“I suppose I could make time in my very busy social schedule for you, Mollymauk.” Molly laughed in surprise at Caleb’s joke.

“It’s a date then.” Caleb turned Molly’s head and took his mouth in a sweet, soft kiss.

“Ja, it is a date. Whenever you will have me.”

“I’m not sure you have the stamina for that, darling. But...soon. This was nice.”

When Molly didn’t get a response, he realized that Caleb had fallen asleep. He took a moment to gaze at the other man’s face, worry lines gone. He knew as well as anyone in the group that Caleb slept poorly, when he slept at all. Seeing him like this, breathing even, at peace, made a deep, unfamiliar ache bloom in Molly’s chest. He snuggled into the embrace, knowing he was probably in over his head, knowing his feelings were getting awfully close to crossing the line between friends and lovers and finding he didn’t care.

“Sleep well, my love,” he whispered, pressing a soft kiss to Caleb’s forehead and drifting off to sleep beside him.

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