

You were waking, day was breaking, a panoply of song

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You were waking, day was breaking, a panoply of song

by [MarsBar2019](#)

Summary

A quick and filthy Widomauk romp in a hot spring.

(Yes, I know I am captain of Team Wizards Don't Always Have to be Bottoms, but here's the thing: sometimes wizards want to be bottoms).

Notes

Title from June Hymn, by the Decemberists. As always, the author loves kudos, comments and feedback!

Outside the dome, the early morning sunlight began to filter through the trees. Though Caleb could maintain darkness in the bubble, when they were outdoors he often didn't, or the group would sleep too late. Caleb himself was one of the worst offenders. Given how poorly he slept most nights, he could sleep til midday once he finally nodded off. Unusually, he was up before anyone else.

Caleb rose, carefully so as not to wake anyone, and left the campsite. Though the dome vanished without him in it, the night passed by uneventfully and Caleb wasn't worried about any problems at this hour. Besides, he didn't plan to go far.

The soft sound of running water had formed a soothing background to their fire last night, and Caleb ambled off in search of the source. As he got closer, he could see steam creeping in between the trees. It would be too much to hope for a hot spring, but evidence suggested it might be there. Gods, he needed a bath and relief for his soreness. *You're an old man, Widogast. Sleeping on the ground isn't as easy as it once was.*

Finally, the beautiful steaming pool came into sight, a gorgeous hot spring gurgling peacefully in this little wooded enclave. Caleb sighed in relief and stripped, gingerly entering the water. The heat penetrated every muscle, washed away the dirt and stress. He laid out on his back and floated, weightless, serene.

"Ah, what a sight for sore eyes first thing in the morning!" a familiar voice came. Caleb moved to submerge his body in the water as soon as he heard Molly's mouth open, but his cheeks flushed regardless. The purple tiefling, hair still mussed from sleep, was at the edge of the pool, in the process of removing his own clothing. "Don't be shy on my account, Mister Caleb, I certainly don't plan to be."

Caleb tried to avert his gaze; the long sinews of muscle under Molly's skin, the colorful tattoos, the hard planes of his chest and stomach, were all mouth-watering, but Caleb knew that it wasn't fair to look at Molly that way when he was just undressing for a bath.

"Enjoying the show, love?" Molly asked with a wink of his red, long-lashed eyes, while he folded his clothes on a rock next to the pool.

"Well, you are ever the showman, Mollymauk," Caleb replied with a smile. Perhaps the heat relaxed him enough to feel brave, but he did give a very unsubtle once-over to Molly's body as the tiefling entered the hot water. Caleb would be lying if he said he hadn't thought about that body, that muscle, that *tail* at night, when he had moments alone in his room, but he wouldn't dream of approaching Molly. Their little flirting games were as much as he dared.

Molly gave a cocked smirk in return and sidled up next to Caleb, stretching his arms out on the rocky embankment.

"It isn't my fault I just have so much to show off about."

"That you do," Caleb said, leaning back with eyes closed and an amused smile on his face.

“What brought you here this morning?” Molly asked, lifting his leg up to massage the kinks out of his calves.

“Ah, I thought it might be nice to be alone the water for a while. And, if I must admit, I am not so young anymore. The nights sleeping out on the road are hard on my back.”

“Well I’m sorry that I interrupted your alone time,” Molly said, and though his tone was teasing, Caleb heard a hint of genuine apology.

“No, please do not be sorry. It is nicer with you here anyway. If it is just me...well, I get too in my own head sometimes.”

“That you do,” the tiefling agreed, echoing Caleb’s earlier words.

The two men sat in companionable silence for a few long moments, enjoying the warmth and relaxation as the early light shone through the mist from the pool.

“You said your back was bothering you, Caleb?” Molly asked.

“Ja, a bit. Even with the bedroll, I often have aches in the morning.”

“Let me see what I can do about that,” Molly purred, and Caleb could have sworn he heard something a bit deeper, a bit darker, in Molly’s voice, but put it aside. Likely just his imagination. *Stop it. He’s just being nice.* The tiefling gently shifted Caleb so that his back was to Molly, and began to work some of the muscles in the other man’s shoulders.

“Circus folk get lots of injuries,” Molly explained while he worked on Caleb’s back. “And even if they aren’t injured, nobody turns down a nice massage after a strenuous performance. So I think you’ll find I’m quite good at this.”

Caleb could feel some of the tension in his body releasing, muscles he didn’t know he had turning to butter under Molly’s firm strokes. He felt a low moan escape his lips when Molly dug under his shoulder blade and immediately felt embarrassed.

“Sorry....”

“No need to be sorry,” Molly reassured. Caleb felt Molly’s tail snake around his leg. “I rather like your noises.” Caleb felt his pulse quicken, and a bolt of lightning shot down his spine when Molly pressed his lips to the base of Caleb’s neck. “I think I might know a few other ways to help those muscles relax,” a hot, sultry voice murmured in his ear.

One of Molly’s arms wrapped around Caleb’s chest, holding him close, while that devilish forked tongue played at the back of his neck, his ear.... Caleb leaned back into the touch, sighing and stretching his neck to the side to give Molly better access.

“I take it this is alright, then?” the tiefling asked.

“Ja, Mollymauk, it certainly is,” Caleb breathed. Molly’s other hand drifted down Caleb’s back and grabbed a handful of his ass. Molly’s thick cock was filling out slowly, and the heat

began building between Caleb's legs when he felt it pressed up against him. The wizard inhaled sharply and pushed his hips back into Molly's, aching for more contact.

"Needy little thing, aren't you?" Molly growled, nipping at Caleb's neck. Molly's fangs made the bite hurt more than Caleb was used to, and he shuddered at the edge of pain that bloomed into pleasure on his shoulder. He was intensely aroused at the idea that Mollymauk was leaving his mark on him, evidence he could look at later and remember who gave it to him.

Molly wound his tail around Caleb's hips and Caleb gasped when he felt the spade of the tail ghost over his embarrassingly hard cock.

"Mmmm," Molly hummed, kissing lightly across Caleb's jaw. "You're so ready for me...."

"Ja, *please*, Molly," Caleb stuttered. The sensory deprivation of the warm water only intensified Molly's touch, the drag of sharp nails over his torso, the strong, soft tail teasing between his legs. Molly turned Caleb around and Caleb wrapped his arms around the other man's neck, pulling him in for a hot, hungry kiss.

Molly opened readily, tail still winding around Caleb's waist, and claimed Caleb's mouth shamelessly with his tongue. Caleb felt that he might melt, between the warm water surrounding them, the fire in his lower belly, and the heat of Molly's mouth on his. Caleb pulled back, opened his eyes and felt his stomach flutter at the expression on Molly's face. The tiefling's red eyes were burning with lust, his mouth quirked up into a stupidly handsome smile. Caleb noticed the fangs peeking over Molly's bottom lip and found it strangely both incredibly hot and incredibly charming.

Caleb ran his hands over the hard planes of Molly's chest and stomach, rough fingers gliding over layers of scars and inked skin. He placed smoldering hot kisses over Molly's collarbone, his hand reaching down, down, to where Molly was fully erect now. Caleb felt a small hint of satisfaction when Molly's breath hitched at his touch. The ache in his cock grew more urgent. He wanted that inside him *right now*.

"I have never before wished for gills," Caleb purred into Molly's ear, and he was rewarded with a rakish grin and slap on his ass, though the sting was muffled by the water. Caleb could feel Molly's tail swishing through the water in his excitement. "But fortunately for us both, I am quite good at holding my breath." Molly drew his breath in sharply again and ran his tongue over Caleb's jaw, over his lips, into his mouth.

"That desperate to have my cock in your mouth, are you?" Mollymauk growled. "I never knew you so enjoyed being on your knees like a two silver whore, Mister Caleb."

Caleb groaned into Molly's mouth and pulled back, allowing the other man to thread a hand through his copper hair and pull, ever so slightly.

"Let's see that clever mouth in action, shall we?"

Caleb winked at Molly and submerged most of his body, taking a deep breath and guiding his mouth to Molly's cock. He wasted no time, knowing he would have about a minute and a half before his lungs would start to object, and took as much of Molly into his mouth as he could

manage without preparation. The tiefling's body jerked and Caleb hummed with satisfaction, palming Molly's ass, his other hand rubbing small circles into Molly's hip with his thumb. Molly felt bigger inside Caleb's mouth than he had in his hand, he thought as he worked its length over with his tongue, and he couldn't help but whine at the thought of how that cock would feel stretching him open-

Suddenly, he was being pulled up, out of the water.

"Don't drown yourself, love," Molly murmured, kissing his wet face. "More air." It wasn't a question. Caleb took another lungful of air and went back under. This time, when he took Molly into his mouth, he felt the head of Molly's dick touch the back of his throat, a sensation that sent a bolt of arousal straight to his cock, and he could have sworn he heard the tiefling groan out loud. Molly's hips jerked forward, suddenly, and Caleb sucked him down hungrily. Molly eased out gently and pulled him up again.

"More air. Sorry, I didn't mean to thrust into your throat there," Molly said, in between placing more kisses on Caleb's swollen lips. "That smart tongue had me seeing stars."

"You can fuck my face," Caleb panted. "I - I like that." He felt flushed, a little embarrassed at the words spilling out of him. Maybe that wasn't what *Molly* wanted-

Molly moaned into Caleb's neck and bit him again, hard. He felt Molly's hand on his shoulder, pushing him down, and he sunk under the water again, taking Molly as far as he could. The tip of Molly's cock was in his throat now, and Caleb steadied himself, relaxing the muscle. Molly began pushing his dick further into Caleb's mouth, slowly at first, then faster when it became clear that the human could take it. Caleb's lungs were burning, but he was so fucking hard from sucking Molly off, dizzy with the feeling of being *used* by this beautiful, ridiculous, charismatic man, and the edges of his consciousness began to grow fuzzy when Molly suddenly pulled out and yanked him up. When Caleb gasped for air, Molly pulled him close, and Caleb could feel Molly's chest heaving against him.

"Darling, didn't I tell you not to drown yourself?" Molly panted, holding Caleb's face in his hands.

"Ja, but...I told you I like that." Caleb felt another wave of arousal come over him, if it were possible to be *more* turned on, hearing his raspy, ruined voice. Molly gave him a soft, tender kiss, fangs nipping his bottom lip on the retreat.

"Well I was right about you enjoying being on your knees. Gods above. I haven't seen anyone go down that well since...well, the last time *I* sucked cock." Molly gave him a devilish wink and went back to mouthing at his neck and collarbone. Caleb knew that the freckled skin there was flushed red, and that the purple bruises Molly was leaving would be very visible against his pale complexion. The thought was incredibly erotic.

"I am glad to have earned such high praise," Caleb managed, letting out a soft whine when Molly grabbed his ass and lifted him up so that his legs were wrapped around Molly's waist.

"You knew you would, you boastful slut," Molly murmured, nuzzling into Caleb's neck. "A man doesn't go through life able to swallow cock like that without *someone* telling him how

good he looks doing it.”

“You are one to talk about being a showoff, Mollymauk Tealeaf,” Caleb teased, his arms wrapped around the tiefling’s neck and shoulders.

“I suppose you’re right,” Molly conceded with a low chuckle. “But, then again, I *am* quite inclined to reward for such an excellent performance. You’ve been so good for me.” Caleb inhaled sharply when he felt the tip of Molly’s tail teasing at his entrance. He knew he was already very relaxed, between the hot water and the heat in his core, but still needed some preparation. “Is this something you want, sweet thing?”

“*Ja*, please, Molly, I do-“ Caleb was too far gone to be ashamed that he was begging. Molly’s spade began circling his entrance, putting just the slightest pressure on it.

“Ah, well, we both know you can beg much more prettily than that,” Molly said, not pushing the tip of his tail in further, just teasing. The pleasure of finally, *finally* being opened but wanting so much more was making Caleb’s brain short-circuit.

“*Please*, Mollymauk, I need your cock inside me,” he mumbled desperately, clinging to Molly’s shoulders, “I am so empty, I need you to fill me, *please*, I cannot take it. I will do anything you ask for, I can be so good for you-“

Molly groaned and pushed his tail inside Caleb. The spade was the width of two fingers at the tip, three at the base, and Caleb let out a cry of pleasure that somewhere, in the back of his lust-intoxicated mind, he worried might just be a bit too loud.

“Oh, look how open you are for my cock,” Molly purred into his ear. “So ready, so hungry for me. What a good boy...”

Molly continued to stroke Caleb’s walls with his tail, biting and kissing at Caleb’s neck. Caleb was dimly aware that he was gasping, clenching around Molly’s tail, letting out whines and groans at the tiefling’s every movement.

“Listen to all your pretty noises,” Molly murmured, grinding his cock between Caleb’s legs. “I can’t wait until the next time we’re in town so I can hear how noisy you can *really* be.” Caleb’s heart skipped at the words “next time”, hoping so badly that Molly would enjoy himself enough to want a next time.

“Please, Molly, please,” Caleb sobbed. “I am more than ready for you.” Molly hummed with approval and retrieved his tail, leaving Caleb almost shouting in frustration at the emptiness. But then, blessedly, Molly wrapped one arm around Caleb’s waist to hold him steady, and used the other hand to guide his thick, flushed cock just inside Caleb’s hole. Caleb trembled and squeezed his thighs around Molly’s waist, trying helplessly to push forward and get more of the man inside him. Molly read his signals and pushed further, bottoming out in Caleb’s ass. The tiefling snarled and clutched Caleb tighter, shuddering himself. Caleb felt Molly’s nails dig into him and shivered with delight at being marked again.

Caleb truly had no idea what noises were coming out of him now, as Mollymauk thrust his hips rhythmically against Caleb. He felt like he might cry at the overstimulation, between the

delightful stretch of his rim over Molly's cock, its fullness inside him, the need burning in his own erection, and the press of the other man's body against his. He tried to focus through his haze on the absolutely filthy words Molly was panting in his ear-

"That's it, darling, you look so pretty taking my cock like this, like you were made for it, gods above, Caleb, you're so fucking hot. I knew you were a desperate little slut deep down, but I didn't know how *good* you were at being one.... You have no idea how long I've wanted to take you just like this, fucking you wide open on my dick, making you beg for more, what a good boy you are for me-"

-and Caleb came with a *definitely* too loud shout, totally untouched, clenching around Molly and shaking against the tiefling's body. Molly didn't slow through it, gasping out his own orgasm just a moment later, burying himself deep inside Caleb and releasing. The two held each other, breathing hard, for a moment, until Molly's cock began to soften and he slipped out of Caleb.

Molly pressed a chaste kiss to Caleb's lips and stroked up and down his back.

"What a way to start the day, if I do say so myself." Caleb hummed in agreement and let Molly pull him close, resting his head on the tiefling's shoulder. The two were only alone for another minute as Jester and Nott appeared through the cover of the trees. Caleb sank further into the water, hoping the steam would hide the bite marks Molly had left on his neck. Though he didn't think they'd seen anything, he felt like they'd been caught.

"Are you two alright?!" Jester asked, alarmed. "We heard sounds and when we woke up you were gone!"

"Ah, yes, not to worry," Caleb said, trying to clear his abused throat so it sounded normal. "Mollymauk and I found this hot spring and we were just relaxing in it."

"You sounded like you were in trouble," Nott said, eyebrows raised.

"I offered to massage some of the knots out of Caleb's back," Molly explained, cool as a cucumber. "I have a lot of experience with muscle strain from the circus. You wouldn't believe how noisy he is when he's getting the kinks worked out of him." Caleb flushed beet red and sank further into the water, but he couldn't help but smile when Molly's tail snuck up behind him to tickle the small of his back.

"A massage! I want one!" Jester cried, already stripping down.

"Of course, sugar, happy to be of service," Molly said with a flourish. Jester waded over to the pair and Molly began rubbing her back and shoulders, winking conspiratorially at Caleb. Jester leaned into Molly's hands and sighed.

"Cayleb, Molly is *really* good at this," Jester said. "I understand why you were being so noisy." Molly smirked wickedly.

"Do you agree, Mister Caleb? If I recall correctly, you told me *several* times how much you were enjoying it." Jester jumped up from Molly's arms to run out of the water and call to

Fjord, who was just now coming into view, apparently also looking for the group.

“Fjord! Over here! Molly’s giving massages!”

“Keep it up, and next time, I will bite you,” Caleb muttered, leaning in just slightly so only Molly would hear him. Caleb felt Molly’s tail whip around excitedly and *thwap* him on the ass.

“Don’t make promises unless you intend to keep them, darling.”

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