

Tactile Stimulation

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14864465) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14864465>.

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:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Smut , Public Sex , Tails , Coming In Pants
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-06 Words: 1,660 Chapters: 1/1

Tactile Stimulation

by [SnubbingApollo](#)

Summary

Caleb is a fidgeter. It was one of the first things Molly noticed about him. He was always tapping his fingers or stroking his cat or bouncing his leg. Whenever they went somewhere new the first thing he did was run his fingers over every flat surface, walls, tables, chairs, windows. He was tactile and restless and never seemed calm unless he was rubbing, spinning, or twisting something.

Molly knows this about Caleb. So really he has only himself to blame for his current predicament.

Caleb is a fidgeter. It was one of the first things Molly noticed about him. He was always tapping his fingers or stroking his cat or bouncing his leg. Whenever they went somewhere new the first thing he did was run his fingers over every flat surface, walls, tables, chairs, windows. He was tactile and restless and never seemed calm unless he was rubbing, spinning, or twisting something.

Molly knows this about Caleb. So really he has only himself to blame for his current predicament.

Several moments ago Molly's tail had twitched close enough to Caleb to brush his hand and just as Molly went to apologize Caleb absent-mindedly wrapped his fingers around it. He didn't look up from his book and Molly can't be sure he even knows he's done it. That would have been bad enough, his breath stuttering out of him at the touch, but Caleb is a *fidgeter* so the simple hold had immediately turned into restless rubbing. Caleb's fingers tracing every inch of the sensitive appendage.

Molly has to bite his lip to keep back the noises that want to escape his throat. He's trapped because to ask Caleb to stop will be to draw his attention to what he's doing. He's worked so hard to get Caleb comfortable with closeness. With people being close to him. With *Molly* being close to him. The fact that Caleb can touch him without realizing it or think about it is a *victory* and if Molly implies that it's wrong or bad somehow he just knows Caleb will sink right back into his shell.

But the situation is quickly progressing to a point where Caleb's going to find out anyway. What he's doing feels so *good*, electric sparks shooting out Molly's spine with every stroke and squeeze. He's barely containing the urge to squirm, let alone the noises building in his throat. He hasn't done anything with the Tarot spread in front of him for a full minute. Caleb is *going* to notice.

Caleb's fingers slide along the length of his tail, caressing every curve and ridge until they find the tip, tracing the spade shape of it and Molly squeezes the edges of the table *hard*.

Speaking of hard, his cock is aching in his pants and he can feel himself twitch as Caleb's thumb flicks over the point of the spade. Gods, he's going to come right here in the inn's common room if Caleb keeps this up. He needs to say something. He *really*-

His back arches and he gasps weakly as Caleb squeezes just below the tip of his tail. Fucking *hell*. His only saving grace is that Caleb is too absorbed in his book to notice Molly slowly falling apart.

"C-Caleb," he chokes out, squirming in his seat just a bit. Caleb hums absently not looking up from his book. Molly squeezes his eyes shut and tries again. "Caleb, *tail*," is all he can get out before he loses the battle against his moans and whimpers just a bit.

That gets Caleb's attention because of *course* it does. Caleb looks up from his book and Molly can see him taking in the situation, realizing where his hand is and processing the

noise Molly just made. He watches as if in slow motion as Caleb comes to *exactly* the wrong conclusion. His eyes widen and he jerks his hand away.

“Tut mir Leid, Molly!” He’s rushing to get the words out and Molly doesn’t speak Zemnian but it’s easy enough to figure out what he’s saying based on the panic in his expression. “I didn’t realize- have I hurt you-?” He breaks off and looks down at his hand and Molly realizes why when he follows his gaze.

His tail has chased Caleb’s retreating hand and wrapped around his wrist. Damn thing has a mind of its own.

“It’s- it doesn’t hurt,” Molly says softly. “It’s okay.” Caleb looks from Molly’s tail wrapped around his wrist, up to Molly’s face and then back. He has that expression he gets when he’s thinking hard about something and Molly can practically see the wheels turning in his mind.

“Oh,” he murmurs and Molly watches with wide eyes as Caleb turns his hand so he can go back to stroking along the spade-tip of Molly’s tail. It’s even better now that he’s doing it on purpose and Molly feels his toes curl in his boots.

“Fuck, Caleb,” he gasps, eyes fluttering closed. He hears Caleb make a considering noise, and his fingers slide slowly along the length of Molly’s tail with more purpose than before. The motions are still light but they’re no longer absent. The weight of Caleb’s full attention on him is nearly a caress onto itself.

“Do you want me to stop?” Caleb asks and Molly shakes his head vehemently. He’s surprised that Caleb’s continuing. He’d thought the man would be shy about this sort of thing, hesitant. He’d certainly never imagined Caleb being willing to get him off in *public*.

“What does this feel like to you?”

Gods, does Caleb expect him to *speak*?

“It’s good,” he breathes, biting at his lip as a squeeze sends a shiver down his spine. Caleb strokes slowly down and Molly whines as he gets closer to the sensitive base. He bites his lip harder. There are people in this room other than them and as much as he’s getting off on that he doesn’t actually want to be thrown out.

“More sensitive further down?” Caleb asks and Nott is right he’s fucking brilliant, he’s perfect, he’s squeezing right at the base and Molly is *dying*. His cock twitches hard and his hand flies out to clutch at Caleb’s forearm.

“Yes,” he breathes his voice little more than a whine. He’s so hard he *aches*, heat settling low in his stomach and if Caleb keeps this up he’s going to make a mess of himself.

“You’re gorgeous,” Caleb murmurs and his voice sounds almost awed. Molly would usually preen under the tone but right now he’s too busy trying not to moan and arch too obviously. He can’t stop his little noises anymore, every breath leaving him in a quiet whimper. His tail unwinds from Caleb’s arm and presses up flat against his back and Molly would be

embarrassed about presenting that way in front of strangers if he could *think*. Right now it's just another thrill.

"Caleb, *please*," he gasps, squeezing his eyes shut as the other man strokes lightly along the base of his tail. He's *so* hard. He's aching and he can feel where the front of his pants is already damp with how much he's leaking.

"Can you come like this?" Caleb asks and he sounds surprised and Molly wants to laugh because not only *can* he, it's a foregone conclusion at this point if Caleb keeps up what he's doing. He nods instead, drawing a sharp shaky gasp as Caleb squeezes again.

"Are you close?" Caleb asks, voice a whisper and Molly realizes he's leaned in close. What a fucking *sight* they must make right now. He has no idea what his expression is doing but there's no way anyone can look over here right now and not know exactly what's happening. Molly moans breathlessly at the thought, keeping the sound soft and low by sheer force. He nods and Caleb gives a soft moan of his own. The sound of it makes Molly's cock twitch and he leans heavily against the table, feeling his thighs start to shake just a little.

"Do it Mollymauk," Caleb murmurs and he's so close now Molly can feel his breath on his neck. "Let go for me, I want to see."

Molly is helpless to do anything but obey. He leans forward, his forehead thumping against the cards on the table and his hips jerking as he spills into his pants. He bites his lip hard but still can't help the low groan that escapes him.

Distantly he hears Caleb make a soft noise of his own, sounding almost awed, but he's too busy twitching and gasping through his aftershocks to do more than make note of it. When he comes back to himself, Caleb has released his tail and Molly is grateful. That sort of thing gets overwhelming fast after an orgasm.

"Are you alright?" Caleb asks him and Molly smiles, sitting up. Caleb can say whatever he wants about himself, but he's unfailingly gentle.

"I am *so* much better than alright," he says with a shaky laugh. He licks his lips in a way that he knows is borderline obscene and smirks when Caleb shudders. "How are you?" His eyes flick down to Caleb's lap meaningfully and Caleb blushes.

Jerks off his tail in the middle of a public tavern and then blushes when someone mentions his hard-on. The man is a walking contradiction.

"I- I am alright, ja," he says, stuttering just a little. Molly's tail twitches and Caleb's eyes shift to follow it. Oh, that is adorable.

"We could go upstairs and I could make *you* better than alright," he offers. Caleb's blush deepens.

"You don't have to do that," he says, and he's already pulling back, turning his attention back to his book. "You do not owe me anything."

Molly's heart breaks just a little.

"I'm not offering because I think I *owe* you, Caleb," he says, reaching out to take the man's hand. "I'm offering because I *want* to."

Caleb's eyes flick over to him, scanning his face quickly as if looking for a lie. His brow furrows in confusion when he doesn't find one.

"Later, perhaps?" he offers and Molly forces back a sigh. Giving him an out. He just leans very close, kissing Caleb on the cheek and turning so his lips brush the man's ear when he speaks.

"I look forward to it," he murmurs and feels Caleb shiver.

This just gives him time to plan.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!