

Delightful Interruptions with Questionable Timing

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Delightful Interruptions with Questionable Timing

by [ThreeGremlinsInATrenchcoat](#)

Summary

Caleb has been waiting for Essek to finally use that new item he had acquired.

He does. But his timing could have been better. Or was it just right...?

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Or: Essek and Caleb talk over an item using a heavily edited version of the Sending spell. Smut ensues.

Notes

Hey ya'll. Just a quick note here: Essek and Caleb have a pre-existing relationship in this with a negotiated dom/sub dynamic, so all of this is consensual fun. The narrative treats it as such but it felt important to mention. Carry on!

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

Caleb stared at the stone in his hand.

Its surface was smooth against his palm safe for the familiar runes that had been carved into it. His eyes lingered on each line, tracing the looping and angular shapes. The Sending spell. Or, rather, a heavily edited version of it.

“It allows for about an hour of communication between its bearer and the bearer of its match.” Essek had explained over a week ago. “Unfortunately, there is a limitation. It requires its users to at least whisper out loud. And, er, only this one can initiate the communication.” With that he had held up a similar stone, though its engravings were filled in with copper.

That one was still with Essek. Or, so Caleb assumed. He didn’t know for sure because Essek had not decided to use it, yet. Caleb knew that it would have been different if he had been in possession of the copper stone. The passing days felt like they were putting more and more space between the two of them - at least in his mind. If nothing else, it seemed like such a waste to have this powerful magic quite literally in one’s palm without employing it. The potential hour of each day going unused with every new sunrise.

“What’s that?”

Caleb shot up straight where he was sitting on the stairs of the Lavish Chateau. He turned to Beau who was eyeing the stone with interest over his shoulder. He quickly slipped it into his pocket. “Ah, nothing. Something for a spell. Dumb nerdy wizard shit.”

The look Beau tossed him in response was stuck somewhere between scrutiny and absolute disbelief. And it lasted for an uncomfortable amount of time before she apparently decided not to pursue what she had obviously identified as a lie. “Sure. Aaanyway,” She looked aside. “I came to get you. Dinner’s ready.”

“Right. Thank you.” Caleb got up as Beau marched off into the direction of the dining hall. He caught up and fell into step with her.

He would have told the Nein about the stone. He really would have. After all, there was nothing inherently romantic or even noteworthy about having reliable means of communication with Essek. The only reason he hadn’t was that limiting factor of it being a one-way deal. Essek could call on him. Not vice versa. That not only rendered it meaningless to the rest of the Nein, but would have raised some questions. After all, what were they going to think about Caleb holding onto something that put him at Essek’s beck and call?

Caleb followed behind Beau to enter the hall, his arrival met with several greetings of varying levels of enthusiasm. The rest of the Nein were already seated at a table. Aside from them, a moderate amount of patrons filled the room. The Ruby was not scheduled to perform for another hour, leaving the hall comparatively pleasantly empty.

Caleb claimed an empty chair beside Veth, putting him at the corner of the table with Fjord on his other side. Both of them were currently wrapped into conversations but gave him an

acknowledging nod as he sat down. Almost as soon as they were all seated, dinner was served.

It was an opulent affair, as was to be expected for the Ruby's daughter and that daughter's friends. They discussed their next steps between bites and requests for seconds. Caleb interjected when necessary and provided his thoughts and insights when he thought them applicable or valuable, but his mind betrayed him by drifting nonetheless.

He really missed Essek. It was foolish. It hadn't even been two weeks since they had last seen each other and Caleb was distinctly too old to behave like a lovesick teenager. But he couldn't shake that feeling of longing nonetheless. It was made worse by the fact that they feasibly *could* visit each other. They had the arcane means to. But Essek rarely had a minute to breathe away from work these days and Caleb had obligations with the Nein. And they had agreed that what they had – whatever that was – was not to interfere with public appearances. For the time being.

As the dinner concluded, the conversation tapered off from important strategy to ... whatever they were talking about that moment. Caleb realized he'd dropped the thread somewhere. Oh well. He was just about to excuse himself to his room when Jester persuaded the entire table to stay for the Ruby's performance. And, well, that did sound somewhat better than going upstairs and studying while missing Essek. So he found himself convinced to stay almost as soon as Jester had drawn breath to speak.

The minutes trickled down and, perfectly on time, the Ruby of the Sea appeared at the top of the large curved stairwell as the lights dimmed to announce her arrival. Her divine voice filled the room as she descended slowly. She carried each tone to the next with a grace that was underlined by her gestures and her expression. Caleb took a moment to glance around the room. Everyone seemed to be equally mystified and amazed, eyes set firmly on the alluring performer. Caleb appeared to be the only one not completely captivated. Occupied with another quite alluring individual on his mind, as he was.

It was a slow song, filled with many long and held notes and shifting from a somber tone to a hopeful one gradually. Caleb did his best to pay attention. Her performance was punctuated with polite but enthusiastic applause and she accepted it with a light bow and a gentle smile before raising her voice in a different pitch, setting off into another melody. Caleb hoped that maybe this one would manage to distract him from his intrusive thoughts entirely.

"Caleb."

He startled, tensing in his seat as a voice spoke directly into his mind. His thoughts caught up a split second later to put a name to it. Essek.

"Caleb, can you hear me?"

He could, thankfully. Very well. And a warm sensation flourished in his chest as he did, touching on his longing and affections. But, no matter how much he wanted to, he could not respond. People would have heard him whispering to himself. His heart sank. Horrible timing.

He noticed Veth leaning over to him. "Everything alright, Cay?" He must have made a face.

He subtly slipped his hand into his pocket to take the stone into his palm. It was warm to the touch. "Ja, everything is fine, Veth." He whispered back to both Veth and Essek. "Apologies, please enjoy the performance."

"Ah." Came the soft reply in his mind, immediately followed by "Alright." From directly beside him as Veth leaned away again.

"I understand. You are busy." Essek continued. "Well, that is a shame." He lamented and Caleb was inclined to agree. "I was very much ready to listen to you pant and moan."

Caleb froze. He stared at a blank point in the air as he felt heat rush into his cheeks. *Oh.*

"I suppose I will just have to entertain myself then." Essek sighed dramatically.

For a moment, Caleb was sure that was the end of it and his disappointment began to grow. Perhaps he should have-

"Not that I imagine you faring any better. You must have been dreadfully lonely these past few days." There was a brief pause. "Do you think of me when you fuck your fist, I wonder?"

Yes. Caleb swallowed. He knew he could end the spell if he wanted to. But, and he loathed to think about implications of it, he absolutely did not want to. Not just because it was Essek finally speaking to him. But because of what he was saying and how he was saying it and the entire situation he was putting Caleb in.

"I can tell that you're still listening, pet." Essek teased, audibly settling into his role. "Is that what you're into? Me muttering into your ear while you're surrounded by other people?"

Apparently. Apparently, Caleb was *really* into it, if the heat spreading through his body was any indication. And the inability to reply or verbally defend himself was... a nice element if nothing else.

"I suppose this could be a good exercise for you. Sitting there, keeping yourself together while I'm in bed, very much free and able to enjoy myself however I please."

Caleb bit into the tip of his tongue as he tried *not* to imagine it. As he tried to focus really hard on the song in the air, which was terribly drowned out by his own thoughts. He stared at some pillar, not wanting to risk eye contact with anyone. But it was hard *not* to imagine. The image of Essek in the familiar bed was just so... enticing. Lying there, thinking about *him* of all people as he-

"It is truly a shame that I'm not there with you, you know. I would bend you over the next table and fuck you until there were no words left on your tongue but my name."

Caleb's breath got stuck.

“Or, perhaps, if you are surrounded by people, take you to the next room and pin you against the door while I take everything I want from you.” Essek mused. “Watch you try not to moan and scream while I have you come apart.”

Gods. It was a vivid image. To think of Essek completely taking him- Caleb bit down harder on his tongue. He realized that he had arrived at a juncture that left him two options: Terminate the spell or escape before he got himself into a terribly, horribly humiliating position.

“I’d make you beg for me. For seconds of my attention. Only a few feet away from unsuspecting bystanders.”

Not wasting another second, Caleb turned to Veth. “Ah, Veth.” He whispered. “I am feeling a bit... under the weather.”

Veth’s eyes shot open with alarm. “What’s wrong? Do you need help? Do you need to throw up?”

“Nein, I, er, I think maybe I am catching a cold.”

“You *do* look like you’ve got a temperature...” Veth pointed out and she reached out a hand to his forehead.

“Ja, I am feeling a little, ah... hot-“ He heard Essek chuckle. “- I will be resting up in my room, ja?”

“Do you want me to come with you? I could-“

“No, no, that is okay. I will sleep it off.” Caleb insisted. “I will be fine.”

Veth eyed him for a long moment and he feared his lie was as paper thin as it felt. “Alright.” She gave him a nod. “Message if you need anything, okay?”

“Sure, ja. Of course.” With that, Caleb got up and headed toward the door, ducking out of guests’ lines of sight and weaving between tables. He hoped that people were enraptured enough by the performance to not pay him any mind.

“Apparently,” Essek raised his voice again. “You are much more eager than I thought. Leaving whatever you were attending just so you can get off to my voice.”

By the fucking gods. Caleb reached the door. He cast a quick glance over his shoulder to see some of the Nein lean over to Veth as a hushed conversation took place. Likely her informing them of his ‘sickness’. He grimaced lightly, but slipped out. The hallway was mercifully empty and its air cool against his already heated skin.

“I can speak now.” Caleb whispered and he started to walk toward the staircase that led to his and the others’ rooms.

“Delightful.” Essek replied and Caleb could hear the happiness underneath the sultry tone of voice. “Where are you?”

“I am in a hallway of the Lavish Chateau. I was attending a performance of the Ruby of the Sea.” He glanced at the door again, hoping that no one decided to follow him, after all. “I am headed to my room.”

“Hm...”

Caleb halted. “Everything okay?”

“Well... I was considering having you fuck yourself to completion in a closet, but perhaps your room will be better for now.” Essek explained as though it was the most nonchalant thing in the world.

Caleb walked, a bit faster than before, heading up the stairs. “Would you have someone walk in on me, then?” He challenged.

“I would have you risk it. But if someone did walk in they would get the wrong implication. They’d think that you belong to no one when you are entirely mine, pet.” Essek said and the possessive tone sent a shiver through Caleb’s body.

He arrived at his room and fumbled with the key granted to him to unlock it.

“Have you arrived?”

“Ja, I’m unlocking it now.” Caleb announced, realizing belatedly that he was going to have to somewhat narrate what he was doing. “I’m inside.”

“Good. Close the door.” Essek instructed. “Lock it.”

“Ah, I already have.” Caleb said.

“Right.” There was a hint of nervousness playing in Essek’s relatively controlled tone of voice. “Take off the coat then, make sure to keep the Stone in close proximity to yourself. Actually, go ahead and strip down entirely for me.”

“Yes, Essek.” Caleb replied dutifully as he took his coat off and started putting away the individual garments. He understood why Essek was a bit on edge. They had done a number of things together before. Being intimate with Essek was, among other things, genuinely fun. He was creative and extremely attentive to Caleb’s state of mind and just overall a good lover. That said, they had never done anything exclusively via speech. It was new. “I am undressed.”

“Beautiful.” Well, Essek couldn’t know that. “How does it feel to shed your clothes and make yourself vulnerable for me like that?”

“Good, Essek.” Caleb hesitated. “The only thing that would, ah, make it better would be your presence.”

“Oh?” Essek sounded amused. “Is that what you’ve been picturing, then, when you get yourself off? Me there with you?”

“Yes.” Caleb swallowed. “Or, ah, things we’ve done.”

“Like what?”

“Like, er-“ Caleb swallowed, he stared blankly at a wall. “You bending me over and, ah, taking me while you push me down onto your desk.” He hesitated, feeling his body grow hotter. “Or you having me tied up and doing- doing whatever you like to me.”

“And what is it that I like to do in your fantasies?” Essek coaxed and Caleb picked up on the dark undercurrent that spoke of his arousal.

“You fuck me. You take all my defenses and then you fuck me like that’s the only thing I have to offer.” Caleb felt his voice becoming heavier with breath. “You mark me and you take me like you own every single inch of me.”

“And don’t I own you?”

“No, you do.” Caleb took in a deep breath. “You own me. Every piece of me.”

“And if I were there with you, what is it that you would want me to do?”

Caleb imagined it, Essek’s slender body pressed against him. His lips against Caleb’s, his hands tugging on his hair before he was pushed to his knees. Essek having him open his pants and – “I’d want you to take my mouth. To grip my head and take what you want from me.”

“I would be rough with you.” Essek added. “Show you no mercy.”

“I would love it.” Caleb said honestly. He could already feel himself getting harder with each traded word.

“Well, if you do well, today, maybe I’ll have you like that next time.” Essek mused. “Get some oil and go over to your bed.” His tone whipped around to be more harsh and demanding.

It rippled deliciously through Caleb’s body. “Yes, Essek.” He knelt down by his bag to retrieve a vial before getting onto his bed as instructed, taking the Stone along with him. “I am on the bed.”

“Get on your hands and knees. Open yourself up as if I was going to take you.” There was a heaviness to Essek’s voice that grew stronger with each demand.

“Yes, Essek.” Caleb got onto his knees, following the command without question. He uncorked the vial and slicked up his fingers before fumbling it closed again. He bent over, propping himself up with one arm as the other went behind himself. He began to tease the sensitive skin around his hole. “Gods...” He exhaled loudly as the first sparks of pleasure hit him.

“Good pet. Do it like I would, imagine it was me.” Essek instructed, his voice torn with breath and neediness.

How could Caleb do anything else? Essek's voice was in his mind but it was oh so easy to close his eyes and imagine it was a breathy whisper against his neck as Essek hovered over him, slipping his beautiful, delicate fingers into Caleb. "Ja- Yes, Essek." Caleb replied quietly as he thrust a digit in and began to move and curl it inside of himself.

"This is what gets you off, isn't it, pet? Fucking yourself and pretending it was me." Essek's voice wavered with pleasure and Caleb was sure that he was touching himself, too.

"Yes, Ess- Essek." Caleb replied dutifully before adding a second finger. He pretended that Essek was there with him, looking at him pleasuring himself with a familiar smirk curling on his lips.

"Perhaps you don't need me, anymore, then. If you're so satisfied with your own hand." Essek pointed out sharply.

Caleb gasped. "No, I need you-" He pressed his lips together to stifle a moan, knowing that he was not allowed to stop his movements just to talk. That was the fun of it all. "I need you, Essek, I- I wish you were here."

"Is that right?" Essek challenged.

"Yes, I, ah-" Caleb swallowed and began to grip the sheets. "I wish you were fucking me. I want you to take me. Fuck, Essek." His own speech was interrupted with moans and breathing. His cock was fully erect and needy as he continued to thrust into himself. "Please- Please tell me what you are doing."

"Do something for me and I will."

"A-anything for you, Essek. Anything." Caleb said as he did his best to curl his fingers just so, though he knew it wouldn't measure up to when Essek-

"Lie on your back, then continue what you are doing from there and thrust your free fingers into your mouth."

"Yes, Essek." Slightly disappointed to lose the rhythm he'd already been building up, Caleb pulled out his fingers before quickly lying on his back. He spread his legs and angled them before reaching down and slipping his fingers back in with a gasp. He then thrust two of his free fingers into his mouth. Again he imagined they were Essek's. They didn't taste or feel like Essek's, but with the haze settling into his mind and the powerful craving of heat and touch and release it was easy to give in to the fantasy of it.

"Good pet." Essek replied as Caleb muffled his sounds with his fingers. "I'm in bed, undressed, as well." He inhaled sharply. "I'm touching myself and thinking about you doing every single little thing I want you to. And thinking about how I would take you apart if you were here."

It was about what Caleb had thought, but hearing it just made that sensation of desire in him feel more urgent. He thrust his fingers into himself harder and began to work his fingers between his lips in and out of his mouth. His cock was hard and desperate and he wanted

nothing more than to grab it but he had not been instructed to do so. So he writhed and panted and imagined his lover, miles away, doing the same with thoughts about him.

“Or what I would do to you if I were there with you. If I were there I would grip your hips and take you and *claim* you and make you feel so good that you’d forget where you are.” Essek said and Caleb had to muffle a moan at the mental image. Essek was breathing heavily right into his head. “And then I’d have you walk around the place collared and devoted so everyone knows your place.”

Another moan of pleasure. Caleb allowed himself to get lost in the sound of Essek’s voice, the thrusting in his ass and the thought of his lover doing everything to him. He went faster, his breathing became heavier.

“I want you to – fuck –” Essek sounded out of breath, as well. Which was wonderful. “I want you to jerk yourself off with the fingers from your mouth.”

Caleb wasted no time pulling his fingers out and wrapping them around his cock instead. He gasped loudly at the contact and pressed his lips together, hoping that no one in any adjoining rooms or the hallway had heard him. He then started stroke himself, teasing himself first – like Essek would have done – before enveloping his length with his palm and beginning to pump himself, friction slicked by the saliva on his hand. He continued to thrust into himself with his fingers and the dual pleasure thrummed hot and loud in his body.

“Yes, perfect.” Essek murmured and Caleb wondered what image he was entertaining, but only briefly as his own fantasies claimed the forefront of his mind.

Caleb moaned as he imagined Essek’s hands wrapped around him. Or perhaps, Essek sitting on top of him while he was restrained and only allowed to feel and nothing else. Or pounding into him while Caleb was bound and unable to do anything but take it. Or for him to lovingly, sweetly, hold onto him as their breaths mingled and their eyes met.

“I am going to Scry on you.” Essek said with a breathy voice.

The thought sent another spike of heat to Caleb’s gut. He looked around as though he could see the sensor of the Scry if he really tried, but he knew it was to no avail. He was at the mercy of Essek’s desires once again. Just where he wanted to be.

“Stunning...” Essek muttered into his mind and from the way his tone wavered Caleb had no doubt that he was getting closer. Gods, how Caleb wished that he was able to Scry, too.

Caleb’s body began to grow more tense and he felt the build-up, abandoned moments ago, return to his senses. He shut his eyes tightly and tried to stifle his moans.

“You’re just getting off on my instructions, pet. Miles away you’re still fucking yourself just how I want you to.” Essek said, more intensity in his voice as he seemed to be chasing his release, as well.

Caleb groaned at the words, unable to respond, and he gripped himself harder and pumped himself faster.

“Next time we meet I will take you and fill you up and you won’t walk in a straight line after.” Essek said, the words forced out between moans and breaths. “Harder, pet.”

Caleb nodded vigorously. He followed the order as best he could.

“Tell me you want me.”

“I want you.” Caleb said with honesty. “I want you, Essek. Always.” He groaned. “I’m yours.”

With that he heard a strangled, pleasure-filled cry in his head and he knew that Essek had reached his climax. “You’re mine.” He echoed, between breaths.

Caleb continued to tug at himself furiously, the image of Essek reaching his peak with a visual of him in his mind spurring him on.

“Come on, pet. Finish for me.” Essek coaxed, voice absolutely torn and ragged.

And it was enough. At an instant, Caleb bit into his bottom lip to muffle himself as well as he could while his muscles tensed and he spilled himself over his torso. He continued to pump, letting himself ride out his orgasm as he breathed heavily before his hands finally retreated. He slumped. Panting breaths dominated his lungs.

“Caleb, are you okay?”

“Ja. Ja, I’m... great.” He swallowed, breathing heavily. “Are you okay?”

“I’m wonderful.” Essek said and the tone in his voice was soft, though he was audibly exhausted. “Did you... did you like this?”

“Ja. I did.” Caleb replied. “A lot.”

“Right, good. Me too.”

“Are you still Scrying?”

“Er, yes.” Essek sounded sheepish at that.

“Where is the sensor?” Caleb asked, looking around once more.

“Right now? Over in the corner by the door.” Essek explained. Caleb turned his attention there, trying to pin point it with his eyes. “A little up... no too far... a bit to the left- Apologies, my left- There.”

Having found the spot, Caleb blew it a kiss.

“You are ridiculous and corny.” Essek commented, but his voice betrayed endearment.

“Ja, well. Better than being a big tease.” Caleb pointed out before willing his body to sit up. There was a pause. “.... Essek?”

“Forgive me, I received a Sending, I must head out.” Essek sighed.

“Alright, of course.”

“You will be okay?” Essek asked again, reassuring himself.

“Ja. I will-“ Caleb sighed. “I am... If you wanted to Send to me like this again... soon... I would not be... I would enjoy that.”

“Oh?” The smirk was back in Essek’s voice. “Perhaps I shall do that, then.”

“Perhaps.” Caleb echoed with a smile.

“Well, I really must head out. I am... glad you had some time.” Essek said, a bit of awkwardness in his tone.

“I love you, Essek.” Caleb whispered and his heart thrummed in agreement.

“...I love you, too, Caleb. Come by soon, yes?”

“I will.” Caleb smiled and he felt the gentle hum of the spell in his mind fade.

He sighed as he willed himself to get up. He had to clean up and get dressed. More likely than not someone would-

“Caleb? Are you talking to someone in there? Veth said you felt ill so I wanted to- Who are you talking to?”

Ah.

Great.

End Notes

And a big, humongous, fantastic and magical Happy Birthday to MissLadySky !! An absolute, wonderful, and absolutely wonderful deliquent, like 100%.

Not sure whether this is the MOST out-there birthday gift I've ever provided, but it's certainly up there. Like. Waaaay up there.

Anyhoot. I hope ya'll enjoyed these smutty wizards. If ya did, comments and likes are a wonderful way of showing it, y'know?

I mean you can also kudo if you hated it. I guess you can also comment if you hated it. Feels like a waste of time but you do you.

Join me next time when I write most likely these wizards yet again.

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