

you make me feel (mighty real)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14097894) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14097894>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Critical Role (Web Series)
Relationship:	Mollymauk Tealeaf/Caleb Widogast
Characters:	Caleb Widogast , Mollymauk Tealeaf , The Mighty Nein
Additional Tags:	Smut , Porn With Plot , Porn with Feelings , Frottage , Making Out , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Feels , Fluff , with a bit of angst thrown in there , Slow Burn , they just really wanna have sex guys , Aftercare , because it's sexy as hell and we need more of it , Cuddling , Campaign 2 (Critical Role)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-03-26 Words: 8,420 Chapters: 1/1

you make me feel (mighty real)

by [cordsycords](#)

Summary

Caleb, Mollymauk, and the long road to intimacy.

Notes

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

one

It's two weeks into the month of Horisal and the barren trees are covered in bright white. The sky is a hazy grey, and snowflakes fall from it like lazy clumps of glue, gathering in the party's clothing and making everything wet and cold. Caleb's coat has already been deemed worthless by Jester, and with much prodding he was forced to take a cloak instead, covering up his shabby appearance in navy wool. Frumpkin curls into his hood, purring happily as he shelters himself from the warm material.

The point is that it's cold, cold enough that he can see his breath in the air. Cold enough that he forces a woollen hat onto Nott's head, ensuring that her ears are tucked in. It's cold enough that he should be shivering without his cloak on, as it falls to the ground, gathering around his ankles while the bark of a tree digs into his back.

Everything is cold, but all he feels the warmth. The warmth from the man in front of him, pressing him against the tree as Molly's hands cradle his jaw and neck. The tiefling's hood surrounds their faces, their shared breath making everything even warmer as their lips move against one another. They gasp in turn, moving together to connect their lips once more. Their tongues play against one another, not to overwhelm but to tease. What they have right now is new, and tenuous, and undefined. Molly plays off of Caleb easily, taking his lead in whatever he decides to do and rising up to whatever task he sets out.

Which is to say that Molly is a very good kisser, and Caleb is on the edge of regretting that they hadn't started doing this sooner.

With a sigh, Caleb backs away for a moment, resting his head against the tree behind him. The harsh chill of the air contrasts harshly against the sweat beginning to accumulate on his skin. His breath turns into a cloud of fog with an incredulous chuckle.

Molly follows him but doesn't move to resume their previous activities. Instead, he stops about one inch away from Caleb, eyes slowly taken in the other man's expression as his left thumb slowly circles the bearded skin of Caleb's cheek. They are both quiet, the sound of their breathing accompanied by the eerie seasoned silence of the trees around them.

Caleb doesn't know what to do with his hands. When they had first begun their little tryst in the woods a few minutes ago, he had thought to put them around Molly's wrists, absentmindedly trailing against his scars as Caleb finally spoke his mind. Then Molly had kissed him, and Caleb hadn't the mind to the remove them. Now they just felt awkward, as if he was one second away from tearing Molly away from him and leaving in a huff.

"Caleb?"

"Yes?"

"Where are you darling?"

"I'm just... thinking."

“But wouldn’t you rather be focusing on me?” Molly asks, pressing just a bit closer than he was before, but still not close enough to touch. Caleb can feel Molly’s breath feather light against his lips, and he leans forward to meet them. Molly backs away, but Caleb follows through.

He’s cold and Molly is very warm, much warmer than any man has any right to be. His hands all of the sudden get a mind of their own, trailing down Molly’s arms, along his chest, and then down to rest at the small of his back, pulling him closer so that the upper half of their bodies rest together.

“Why did we wait?” Caleb gasps between kisses, heart pounding in his chest as he presses harder into the kiss, bringing Molly’s bottom lip to bite it gently with his teeth before carrying on. He can feel Molly’s smile against his lips as the hands at his face grasp tighter, pushing them apart for another second.

“Love, I was ready to be doing this two months ago, it’s you who was doing the waiting.”

“What?” Caleb asks through the fog that stretches across his blissed-out mind.

Molly chuckles, placing another peck at the corner of Caleb’s lips.

“I… I never noticed.”

“I know.”

“We could’ve… for months?” He asks.

“Just be happy it’s happening now, love,” Molly consoles him, bringing them together for the third time.

And Caleb is happy. He’s fucking ecstatic. Delighted. Euphoric. And at least a hundred other words in Common, Zemnian, and Celestial that describe whatever he’s feeling. He can’t pick just one though, the emotions being so indescribable, so new compared to whatever’s come before. He wants to scream about, exclaim his happiness to the uncaring presence of the universe with reckless abandon of a man whose just leapt into something without looking for the first time in years. Simultaneously, he needs to keep it close to the chest. Needs to protect it, nurture it, and hopes that it will grow into something even more beautiful.

He hears Molly chuckle at the back of his throat, “Getting a little ahead of yourself?”

All of the sudden he notices that his hands, with a mind of their own, have been pawing at the back of Molly’s shirt, tugging it out of his trousers to get at his skin. Both of his hands are now pressed against the skin of Molly’s back, the tips of his fingers dipping just below the line of his pants. He gasps, backing away once more to rest his head back on the tree. He’s breathing heavily now, they both are, their activities getting needier the longer they went on. Once again, Molly doesn’t back away. He can’t, really, with Caleb holding them so close together.

He can't pull away, so Molly closes the gap, resting his forehead against Caleb's. At some point in time, his hood had fallen off of his head, exposing him to the cold. Their breath mingles together, making small clouds in the cold air, yet Molly shows no sign of feeling the chill.

"Perhaps we should prevent ourselves from going any further," Molly suggests, reaching behind him to bring Caleb's hands out from under his shirt. He steps back, holding their hands between them.

"We could keep going," Caleb says, almost pleading.

"Caleb--"

"Two months, Mollymauk," Caleb explains in not so many words.

"And two months more, love. Even more, perhaps."

"How can you be so sure?" Caleb asks.

Molly sighs, bringing Caleb's hands up to his lips. He presses a gentle kiss on top of each one, "I can't be. No one can. Doesn't mean I want to jump straight into deep waters."

It's odd hearing Molly skirt around words. He could say it without the metaphor, Caleb's heard him say it before, but he seems hesitant.

"Why not?"

"Because I think I'd regret it. Because I think you might too. And you shouldn't regret this, Caleb."

"So what are we waiting for, then? Some kind of sign?"

"No," Molly smiles, reaching his hand up to gather a piece of Caleb's erratic hair and push it behind his hair, "Just someplace better than this. Someplace you deserve. With a bed and a bath, and candlelight, and nice Marquesian bed sheets I can lay you out on and take my time with you."

"I don't even know what Marquesian bed sheets *are*," Caleb says.

"Me neither, but Jester swears by 'em," Molly replies. He takes a second to place a kiss on Caleb's forehead, "I'll see you back at camp," and he walks away.

Caleb waits until his breathing slows down and his heart goes back to a normal pace. Without Mollymauk, the bark that digs into his spine begins to feel uncomfortable, and he becomes painfully aware how cold it is without his cloak on.

He takes one final breath and gathers his cloak from the ground, placing it around his shoulders before returning to the others.

two

He's awake.

He doesn't need to be awake.

He's awake.

The tiny hut is transparent from the inside and looking through the top of the shimmering dome he can see the moon and the stars. It tricks him into thinking that they're sleeping outside, and they are, except there's no snow inside the hut, and it's so warm that he sleeps without any extra layers on under his bedroll. There's no need for anyone to be on watch while the hut is up, no person or magic can come inside without Caleb's permission. Everyone else sleeps soundly.

He closes his eyes. Beau snores. Jester mumbles. He sighs.

Turning on his side, he opens his eyes again. He can't see much in the darkness, but the light of the moon is enough to see the faint outline of Mollymauk's sleeping form only two feet away. He sleeps on his back, the most comfortable position for one with horns he says, one arm covering his eyes, and the other resting on his rising stomach. When it's warm enough he sleeps without his shirt on, and Caleb knows that if it was just the two of them there'd be nothing on at all.

The shape of him is enough to imagine what Molly looks like at that moment. Caleb has seen him naked after all, many times at various bathhouses throughout the empire, and he never forgets. He's archived every line and colour of Molly's tattoos in his mind's eye, along with most of the scars that run along his chest and arms. He finds himself picturing it, on occasion, receiving a very different reaction from his body compared to what he felt before.

Waiting is hard. Hard enough that when he's awake at night he dreams about seeing the man he's courting naked, in an entirely different context compared to previous nude encounters.

It's not enough to get him aroused, but it's enough for him to yearn for Molly's touch. Without thinking, he reaches out his hand to cross the distance between them. His fingertip connects with Molly's cheekbone, and he follows it up his face to the bottom of his ear and up to its pointed tip.

Molly shivers, in a flash he's awake, his hand wrapped in a fist around Caleb's wrist. It takes him a second to realize what's happened, "Caleb?"

He pulls his hand away, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"What're you doing up, love?" Molly asks, his words slurring together as he shakes off the effects of being awake at such an inappropriate time. His hand catches Caleb's as it leaves, and he winds their fingers together. Caleb's breath hitches. Molly's hands are rough against his soft skin. He's looked at them before, he knows that they're covered in calluses from wielding his two scimitars, along with little nicks at his fingertips and scars along the palms of his hands from activating his blood magic.

Molly's thumb begins to rub at the inside of Caleb's wrist, back and forth. Caleb closes his eyes, focusing on the gentle touch, "You are too far away."

Molly chuckles under his breath, "I'm right here, Caleb. M'not going anywhere."

"Too far," he repeats, his voice going hoarse as he tries to speak as quietly as possible while holding back the sudden swell of emotion running through him.

He watches as the outline of Molly's body suddenly shifts, scooting off of his bed roll and across the ground until he's only a couple inches away from Caleb's face, holding their hands in between them. In the limited light, Caleb can just see the details of Molly's face. The faint red gleam of his eyes in the moonlight, the curve of his lips, the top of his hairline where his horns protrude from his forehead. He breathes a sigh of relaxation, muscles he didn't even know were tense going slack. The smell of incense and sweat, accompanied by the faint scent of blood enters the air around him.

"Is that better?"

"Yes."

"Y'know, if you just needed a cuddle you could've asked before we went to sleep."

"The others-"

"Don't care about the others, and neither should you. Now c'mere," and with a gentle tug, Molly encourages Caleb to close the remaining distance between them. He moves until he's half on top of Molly's body, his head resting upon the other man's chest. Molly's arm goes to wrap around him.

Caleb has to force himself to relax again, has to calm down his heartbeat and refocus his breathing. The contact is too much and not enough at the same time. He has to remind himself that there's more to come, but he can't imagine anything that could be better than this. He can feel Molly's heart beat against his cheek and tries to count the beats as Molly's fingers slowly curl into his hair, playing with the wayward strands. Caleb's hand goes to rest at Molly's abdomen, where he can feel it rise and fall with Molly's breath. He times each breath, syncing his own to the rhythm to calm down.

He becomes blissfully aware of the skin-on-skin contact, more than they've done before, even though Caleb is still wearing his shirt. The raised skin of Molly's scars is so very apparent when they're pressed together like this. He can't help himself when his finger begins trailing along with them on Molly's stomach, finding its way from scar to scar like a path through a maze. He can feel every twitch of muscle underneath Molly's skin, every hitch of breath as Molly lets Caleb explore his body.

His hand becomes more courageous as time goes on, and Caleb does as well. He turns his head to place a kiss on Molly's chest, tasting the tiniest bit of sweat on his lips. He continues upwards, one kiss at a time, along Molly's collarbone, and over the skin of his neck. Molly offers his neck happily, stretching to give Caleb more skin to kiss, all the while holding back a gasp when Caleb's beard scratches against him. It gets to the point where Caleb is hovering

over Molly, his one free arm shaking from holding up his weight while the other continues to explore Molly's chest. Molly's hand is on the back of his neck, pressing Caleb down towards him as their lips finally connect.

Caleb hadn't intended for this to happen, hadn't meant for it to come to this. Their tryst in the forest was less than a week ago, but it feels like ages since they've been together. The occasional forehead kiss and light touches aren't enough for him anymore, he's discovered. He wants more. He wants everything Molly will give him.

His hand begins to wander again, further than where it had dared to go before. He slowly makes his way down Molly's chest, silently hoping that he notice anything is happening until it already starts. He makes it to the drawstrings of Molly's pants, pulling the knot apart as discreetly as possible. His breath quickens at the thought of reaching his goal.

In a flash, everything is put to a stop. Molly's hand reaches out, wrapping around Caleb's wrist and stopping him from going any further. He holds Caleb's wrist still against his crotch, and Caleb can feel Molly's erection straining against the fabric.

"Never took you for a voyeurist, love," Molly pants against Caleb's lips. They're still for the moment of hesitance it takes for Molly to painstakingly move Caleb's hand up to rest on his chest.

"Can you blame me?"

Molly sighs, "No, I guess not."

"Why are we waiting, Molly?"

"What were you going to do if I let you go any further?"

"I don't-"

"Get me off with our friends two feet away? Not the best plan."

"I just wanted to touch you."

"I want to touch you too, and hear you when you come, and watch you as you take me for the first time. I think about it every day," Molly whispers in his ear, every word creating a picture in his head that sends a wave of arousal straight to his cock.

"Fuck," he gasps.

"Exactly," Molly presses one last kiss to Caleb's lips and carefully moves him so that he can sit up, "Now I've got to go... take care of something. When I get back, I want to see your eyes closed. Try to get some rest."

"Okay."

"Good boy," and with that Molly gets up from the ground. Caleb watches the faint outline of his form step carefully over the sleeping bodies of their comrades, exiting the shimmering

wall of the hut.

three

They get separated from the others by a group of hooded figures that ambush them on the road. When things start going south very quickly, Fjord shouts out the order to scatter, and then suddenly Molly is pulling Caleb away through the surrounding trees, ducking and dodging the hail of arrows that follow them. From behind him he hears Molly shout out a groan of pain, and he looks back to see a crossbow bolt poking out of his shoulder. He reaches out behind him to grab Molly's hand and pull him behind a tree. The incantation falls out of his mouth easily as he puts a hand over Molly's mouth and they turn invisible.

Their attackers pass by only seconds later, each one oblivious to the two of them huddled together, holding back every possible sound with them only inches away from their quivering forms. Caleb struggles to keep Molly standing still and upright. He sags in Caleb's arms like a rag doll, and Caleb has to let him go, watching the snow below him displace as Molly's invisible body fell down.

He kneels down and ends the spell, "Mollymauk? Are you all right?"

"S'just a bolt-" Molly says as he tries to push himself up from the ground, but as soon as he moves his left arm, with the bolt protruding of its shoulder, he cuts himself off with a groan, muffling the sound into the ground, "No. Not all right."

Caleb kneels down on the ground, rolling Molly's body over so that he's on his right side. His eyes go to the bolt, "What am I looking for?"

"Can you tell if it's gone through?"

He moves Molly's robe and shirt, both already stained with blood, away from his shoulder, "No, I don't think so."

"Good. That's good," Molly replies, his words slurring together, "What about the wound?"

He has to take Molly's robe off first to get to the wound underneath. He moves Molly's arm as delicately as possible, wincing when another muffled groan of pain passes through Molly's lips. The shirt that Molly wears underneath is disposable, so he doesn't feel bad when he rips it open to get a better look at where the bolt had entered his body.

"Caleb, always in a hurry to get me naked," Molly quips.

"Shush," Caleb replies, looking at the skin surrounding the wound, "Molly, something is wrong."

"Other than the bolt stuck in my shoulder?"

Around the wound is a spider-web pattern of black lines stretching out of where the bolt sticks out of Molly's shoulder, "I think the bolt was poisoned."

“Well, that explains why my sight’s gone all blurry.”

“What do we do?”

They’re both silent for a second, “You leave me here is what you’re going to do.”

“What?”

“I need Jester, Caleb. And fast, it seems.”

“What if I’m not back in time?”

“And if you stay here? What are you plannin’ to do, watch me die and wait for those assholes to make their way back around? Cuz that’s what they’ll be doing soon enough.”

He has a point. A stupid, very good point.

This is why Caleb doesn’t like getting involved. Every decision becomes harder when you have to make them with someone else in mind. He doesn’t want to leave Molly behind bleeding in the snow, but if he doesn’t go there’s no telling if he’ll survive.

“Okay... scheiße... okay. I have something I can do, but... you have to be willing.”

“Anything.”

“It won’t be pleasant. You’ll basically be dead.”

“So nothing new then,” Molly says, smiling between his increasingly heavy gasps of breath.

“It will last about an hour, but the poison won’t spread while you are gone. You won’t be able to feel or see anything.”

“It’s fine, Caleb.”

“This is not *fine*, Mollymauk. This magic is banned by the empire, and for good reason too.”

Molly lifts his hand up, visibly wincing at the pain the shoots through his arm, to place it on Caleb’s cheek. Caleb leans into his touch, “It’s fine. I’ll be fine. We’ll all be okay.”

Looking into Molly’s eyes, all Caleb can see is acceptance in the face of the inevitable. He can’t understand how Molly can be so brave in the face of likely death, they seem to be unlike in that respect.

“I’ll be back,” he says, though the words feel false and meaningless.

“I know,” Molly replies, as though he believes every word that Caleb is saying.

He places two fingers into a pouch hanging from his belt, covering them in a fine powder of dust before bringing them up to his lips. He mutters the incantation of the spell he has in mind against his fingertips. They turn deathly cold against his lips. Reaching out with them,

he presses them to Molly's neck, right where he feels Molly's pulse beat unsteadily under his skin.

The effect is immediate, all of the sudden a violent convulsion wracks Molly's body as the breath is forced from his lungs. He gasps like a fish out of water, trying to bring in the air but nothing comes. Caleb feels Molly's pulse begin to quicken against his fingertips, which start to return to a normal temperature as Molly's skin turns cold as ice. Molly's hand falls from his face to the ground, and within another second his entire body is completely still as the pulse at Caleb's fingertips stops.

One-one thousand. Two-one thousand. Three-one thousand. Nothing.

It's enough for him to panic, to jump backwards from Molly to the tree behind him and just stare at the limp body of the man--

The man he--

His heart is in his throat. Every breath he takes is ragged and hoarse. His hand takes on a mind of his own and reaches out towards the body, but he has to stop it with every fibre of his being. Touching the body again will end the spell, and then they'll just be back to where they were before.

It's fine. I'll be fine. We'll all be okay.

Molly can't see him, but can he hear him? Can he hear Caleb's panicked breaths? Can he smell the tears leaking down his cheeks? Is he scared, trapped in his own body, aware but unable to do anything but wait? What would Molly do if their positions were switched?

"I'll be back, lieblich," he whispers, and with one last look takes off in the direction from which they came.

He doesn't have anything that resembles a plan beyond getting back to where they had originally been attacked and hoping to find the others from there. He knows that three minutes have passed since he cast the spell, the four more minutes will have passed when he gets back at the path. His mind is too focused on the all-too-fast passage of time to think of a plan. So, when he does finally arrive back where the attack had occurred to find nobody there, he is very glad to see a small cloaked figure dash out of the treetops and attack him around the waist.

"Caleb! Oh, you're all right! I was worried, I couldn't find no-one else. Now you're here, we can find them together, we can," Nott speaks into his stomach, words muffling against his shirt.

He kneels down to look her in the eye, shaking hands covering her small shoulders, "Nott, do you know where Jester is? I need to find Jester."

"Wasn't Molly supposed to be going with you?"

He shakes her, "That's why I *need* Jester, Nott. Mollymauk's been poisoned--"

“You left him alone?”

“No, well, yes, but I put him under a spell. He should be fine for just under an hour, but we need to find Jester.”

Nott shakes her head, “I didn’t see where they went, I turned the wrong way, and there were three of those men after me so I hid. They’re still out there, looking for me.”

“Can you try sending her a message? Tell her to come back?”

“She might not be close enough.”

“Just try.”

Nott nods, grabbing her piece of wire from her pouch and whispering the incantation followed by the message into the metal. They both wait for a second, Nott counting the seconds under her breath before the spell ended, “Sorry, she didn’t reply.”

“Just-- keep trying, keep trying.”

Nott continues, muttering the incantation, then counting the seconds, over and over again, shaking her head each time she doesn’t get a reply. In Caleb’s mind, the minutes Molly has left keep decreasing, a terrifying countdown that looms over every failed attempt.

All of the sudden, Nott gasps, “I got her! They’re coming this way!”

“Good girl,” Caleb says, rubbing her shoulder before planting a kiss on her forehead, something he definitely never used to do before. She looks surprised at the affection but quickly gets over it when Fjord, Jester, and Beau come running towards them from down the road, weapons still drawn in their hands.

“You called for the cleric?” Jester calls out, following Caleb as he takes off in the direction back to Molly, the rest catching up behind them.

They still have twenty-three minutes left on the spell when they get back to Molly’s body, lying in a patch of snow, drenched in his own blood. Caleb pauses at the sight, nearly falling over the edge of panic once more. Jester goes down on her knees beside Molly, fingers going to check his pulse. She gasps, putting her hand up to her mouth as she looks to Caleb.

“Caleb-- I-- He’s gone, Caleb.”

“No he’s not, he’s not, he’ll be back, just one moment, he’ll be back,” he mutters under his breath, more to comfort himself than for Jester. He needs the reminder.

He kneels next to Jester, and puts his fingers next to hers, releasing the spell that has its hold on Molly. The breaking of the spell is as immediate and violent as its creation. Molly awakes with a gasp and a cry of pain, shivering as he begins to hyperventilate. His body curls in on itself, his outstretched hand curling into a fist so hard his nails pierce his skin.

“We are here, Molly, your friends are with you,” Caleb says, taking Molly’s fist and holding it in his hands.

“Caleb?” Molly groans.

“Yes. I came back.”

“Glad to hear-- Fuck,” Molly shouts as the bolt is pulled out from his back. Jester is on the wound immediately, the holy symbol at her waist glowing as Molly’s skin closes. The black web-like poison disappears soon afterward. Molly breathes a sigh of relief, rolling onto his back, “That’s better,” he says, looking up into Caleb’s eyes.

Caleb gathers him in his arms, pulling Molly upwards so that he’s awkwardly leaning against Caleb’s chest with Caleb’s arms wrapped around his stomach, “Fucking *arschloch*, don’t do that again.”

“I will endeavour not to, but I can’t promise anything,” Molly reaches a hand up to pat Caleb on the cheek.

Caleb holds him tighter.

“Um... Caleb.”

“Yes.”

“Not that I don’t love this abnormal public display affection, but this is quite uncomfortable.”

“Apologies.”

four

It takes another three days for them to track down their attackers. They’re holed up in what looks to be some sort of mine, with tunnels going deep down into the earth. They spend the better part of the day cleaning it out, trying to find any trace of an explanation towards the attack. There are various notes and letters found among the bodies, written in code for them to figure out later. The best find, however, is discovered at the deepest part of the mines, in a cavern of dark black stone.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Fjord remarks as they step into the room, whose shape could only be made through the use of magic. The dark damp of the tunnels quickly change into a delightful humidity as they near the four ponds of steaming water.

“That’s absolutely *delightful*,” Molly chuckles as they near the crystal clear water. Looking down, the pools seem only to be a few feet deep. Within a second, Molly’s sword are clattering to the ground, their emanating light dismissed when they break contact from their wielder.

“Ah, dude, really?” Beau asks, over exaggerating covering her eyes as Molly throws off his robe and shirt in quick succession.

“Suck it up, princess.”

“Sorry to say, Molly, but I’m gonna have to agree, we’ve a lot more-”

“I’ve been shot,” Molly turns around to the rest of the group, holding up a finger to prove his point, “I’ve been poisoned, I’ve been everything but dead, and even that’s debatable. I’m covered in blood, much of which is my own, but much of it isn’t, I’m taking a damn bath.”

And with that he rid himself of his pants, tossing them towards the group as he sauntered to the pools, tailing happily swinging side-to-side. Caleb watches him as he goes, eyes taking in every detail of his back and ass. Molly sways his hips as he walks, no doubt putting on a bit of a show for those with wandering eyes.

“Well then... we’ll just check out that other path then. Be back soon,” Fjord says.

“I’ll be counting down the minutes.”

Caleb watches the others leave out of the corner of his eye, but his mind is still trained on the very naked tiefling currently floating in the hot spring pool. Something pulls at his hand, and he looks down to see Nott looking up at him, “Are you coming with?”

“I-- um. I will catch up in a moment,” he lies.

She nods her head and scurries away, which leaves him in the cavern alone, with a room full of steam, and one naked Mollymauk.

He doesn’t remember at what point in the past couple of weeks his body began doing the thinking before his brain, but he knows it something to do with man currently floating on his back in the middle of the nearest pool. Caleb takes one step, and his cloak falls behind him, his coat goes with the next step, then his shirt, his boots, his hand-knit socks, his pants, and then he’s at the edge of the pool in the nude. He shivers even in the sweltering heat, although it’s not from embarrassment like before. His cock lies in between his legs, unaroused but slowly beginning to gain interest.

Molly floats on his back, his arms and legs outstretched, with his eyes closed. He looks like he could be dead, if not for the strong movement of his chest that shows he’s still breathing, “Would you care to join me, love?”

“I cannot decide if that is an invitation or a command.”

“Take it however you like, I’m flexible.”

“So you’ve said.”

Molly holds his breath and sends himself plunging down to the bottom of the pool. Caleb counts the seconds until he emerges. It’s nearly a minute before Molly returns to the surface, heaving. He walks over to the side of the pool, placing his head in his arms at the edge.

Caleb's eyes go to look at the circular scar still healing on Molly's shoulder. He places his palm in between Molly's shoulder blades, feeling the tension in his muscles.

"What did it feel like?" Caleb asks.

Molly sighs, "Must we have this conversation now? I'm naked for Bahamut's sake."

"Answer truthfully. For my own sake."

"It felt... awfully familiar. Like a loved one's embrace, I imagine."

"Did I hurt you?"

"No, of course--"

"Molly."

Molly sighs again, "At first, yes. You basically killed me, love, there's no way around that."

"At first?"

"For the short while I was gone, it was quite peaceful, actually. And then you tore me out of that and the pain--"

Caleb gags, bringing his hand up to his mouth. He hadn't realized how close he was to a panic, but here he is. Tears spring to his eyes and Molly is on him in a second, wedging himself in between Caleb's legs. His hands go to Caleb's face, thumbs wiping away the tears, "Hey, I'm still alive, yeah? That's all we can really ask for."

"I'm sorry I hurt you. My magic--"

"Saved me. Saved me, Caleb. And not just me," Molly whispers, pressing a light kiss to Caleb's lips. He wraps his arms around Caleb's waist, pulling him closer so that he's sitting right on the ledge with his legs in the water. Caleb wraps his arms around Molly's shoulders, in turn, giving himself an anchor as Molly plants kisses down Caleb's neck, then begins to suck at his collarbone.

Caleb's moan is enough for him to be very glad that everyone else had left, and were probably far enough away that they hadn't heard him. Molly continues with the sucking, and Caleb moans again. He's caught between several sensations: Molly's lips at his neck, Molly's hands at his waist, and the ever closing gap between their lower halves.

There's a definite shift in the air compared to their previous encounters. Before, Molly had talked a good game but was always content to let Caleb take the lead. Now he overwhelms Caleb with everything he can, forces Caleb to just sit there and take his forgiveness. It's a good ploy to bring Caleb back, to replace grief and panic with pleasure and affection. Caleb falls into the lie easily, embraces it until he's gasping into the air, thrusting his hips toward Molly with every touch of his lips. When it gets to be too much, he weaves his fingers into Molly's hair and forces his head back, pressing a messy kiss to his lips.

“More,” he gasps, voice so far back in his throat that it borders on a growl. Molly actually does growl when his arms wrap tighter around Caleb’s waist and lift him off the edge to join him in the water. Caleb moans at the move into the water, as well as the delightful friction against his cock. It’s the closest they’ve been to the final act, and Molly’s dominance spurs Caleb on to go further, makes him want to test the waters to see if he can make Molly break his own rules. He lets his moans go freely, moves his hips as much as he can, seeking whatever friction he can get. Molly’s hands grab his ass, urging him along.

“You just want to be touched, don’t you love? Just begging for it, aren’t ya?” Molly whispers between kisses. Caleb whines in response.

“I’d love to see you beg,” Molly continues, “You on your knees, me on mine, doesn’t matter. I’d bet you’d sound so pretty.”

“Mollymauk.”

“There he is, so pretty when he speaks.”

“Molly.”

“Come for me Caleb,” Molly demands, and Caleb speeds up as much as he can. The friction against his cock is heavenly, but it’s Molly mouth at his ear that does him over. He comes with a choked gasp, holding back as much sound as possible. Molly drops Caleb from his arms, and Caleb stands in the water on two shaking legs.

“That was, um,” he begins, just as Molly walks past him and towards the edge of the pool. He lifts himself up and walks over to his things still haphazardly placed on the ground of the cavern.

“That was lovely, dear, hope it happens again sometime,” Molly continues as he puts on his clothing, and exits the cavern without another word, leaving Caleb behind in the steaming water.

five

When they arrive in REXXENTRUM a week later, they have enough gold to afford a nicer place to stay in compared to the Leaky Tap: not as good as the Pillow Trove, but almost. They walk into wayward glances at the state of their attire, but the sound of Molly’s coin purse falling to the front desk, and the request of the biggest bed he can get is enough to send those stares elsewhere, as well as acquire wholly new ones.

He can see Jester smirk out of the corner of his eye.

They sit in the tavern together for hours, ale and conversation flowing freely. Caleb can’t take his eyes off of Molly, unequivocally aware of every move he makes. The sweeping gestures he makes as he tells a story, the bobbing of his throat with every sip of ale of takes, the looks

he sends Caleb's way whenever he thinks no one is watching. There's tension in the air, more than there was before, and it needs to be cut.

Molly excuses himself with a final downing of ale from his tankard before he slams it on the table. He leaves for the room without another word. Caleb feels the stares of his friends expecting him to follow, but he waits instead. He sips at his ale for another few minutes until it's finished, and then leaves. He expects to hear snickers or at least a taunt from Beau, but the rest of them remain quiet.

The room is on the top floor of the inn. When he enters, there are at least a couple dozens of candles dimly burning, the nice scent of chamomile encompassing the room. Molly is kneeling in the corner, his swords ceremoniously wrapped up in his cloak in front of him. He clutches the pendant that he wears around his neck, whispering into his clasped hands. Caleb takes off his coat and throws it into an armchair then goes to sit on the bed.

He waits until Molly rises from his knees and picks up his swords. He places the bundle with Caleb's coat on the chair, and then sits beside him.

"Were you praying to Bahamut for luck?" Caleb asks.

Molly chuckles. His hand goes up to Caleb's hair, fingers gently trailing through it, "I don't think I need any more luck."

"Courage then?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"Just thanks. For putting me on a good path."

"You think Bahamut brought you here?"

"No, but sometimes it doesn't hurt to say thank you," Molly whispers, leaning to press a light kiss to Caleb's lips. Caleb takes his face, deepening the kiss as much as he can. It doesn't take long for him to crawl into Molly's lap, straddling his hips at the edge of the bed. Molly's hands go to his back, rucking his shirt out of his trousers to get in contact with the skin underneath. The hands are warm, but a shiver is sent down Caleb's back nonetheless. He's been waiting for too long for this moment, and he just wants to speed it along as fast as he can.

He leans back for a second to pull his shirt over his head and throw it to the floor behind him, going straight back to kissing Molly. Molly accepts the action as an invitation, hands beginning to roam to every bit of skin that's been revealed. Caleb's hands go between them, pulling Molly's shirt out of his pants until Molly gets the message and finishes the job himself.

The skin on skin contact is heavenly, and Caleb craves the touch. He pushes himself against Molly, forcing him back onto the bed. He grinds his hips down onto Molly's, his groan

mirrored by Molly from the friction. Molly's hands press down on his ass, continuing the motion as Molly thrusts his hips up to meet him.

But it's not enough.

"Take these off." Caleb demands in between kisses.

"You're gonna have to get off me for a minute there, love." Molly replies between the onslaught, hands at Caleb's hips trying to push him off. Caleb gives him one last kiss before rolling off of him. His body descends into the soft mattress, breath shaking from a combination of excitement and anxiety. He shuffles around on the bed, leaning against the pillows at the headboard. He watches Molly get up from the bed, admiring the noticeable bulge in his very tight trousers.

Molly grabs a glass vial from his stuff before returning to the bed. He motions for Caleb to sit near the edge, and Caleb follows. Molly then kneels down on the floor, like he did only three days ago, his hands going up to unbutton Caleb's pants. He keeps eye contact with Caleb the entire time, blood red eyes staring up into blue ones as fingers tug down on his pants. He lifts his hips up so that Molly can get them off around his ass, releasing his erection. Once Molly pulls Caleb's pants down to his feet, he puts his mouth around Caleb's cock, swallowing it down in one quick movement that has Caleb groaning and falling back to the bed, immediately overwhelmed by the sensation of Molly hollowing out his cheeks and sucking. Caleb has to take a second to gain his thoughts before one of his hands go to Molly's horns, pushing him off of his cock against his baser thoughts.

"We're not here for that," Caleb says through his heaving breath.

Molly smiles and Caleb crawls backward on the bed, making room for him. Molly follows, without taking off his pants, which is slightly disappointing to Caleb until Molly hovers over his prone form, his lips at Caleb's ear and his oiled fingers gently prodding at Caleb's hole, circling around his rim.

"You'll tell me, love?"

"Yes. Everything, Molly. Everything."

"Good boy," Molly kisses the side of his cheek before his finger gently enters Caleb. His head falls down onto the mattress as he closes his eyes and sighs, relaxing himself to the sensation. It's been awhile, but it's enjoyable. Molly presses in more and Caleb gasps at the stretch. He pushes against the finger, and Molly withdraws until Caleb puts his hips back down onto the mattress.

"Slow, love, nice and slow. We'll have time for fast later."

"I have no more patience for slow."

"But I want to watch you, Caleb, hear every sound you have for me as I slowly stretch you open, thrusting against my fingers like the greedy boy y'are."

Caleb groans at his words.

“Yes, just like that,” Molly says his single finger returns to Caleb’s hole.

Caleb forces his lower half to remain immobile, focusing on every single sensation that Molly wrings from him until the stretch isn’t enough for him anymore and he pleads, “More, please Molly, more.”

“Good boy, just like I told you,” Molly adds a second finger.

“Yes,” Caleb sighs.

“You like being good for me, don’t ya Caleb?” Molly’s fingers hit a certain spot in Caleb that forces his hips up from the bed no matter how much he’s trying to control it

“Yes,” he says with a gasp. Molly’s fingers stop for a bit, but when he goes back to lying down he prods against the spot once more, smiling when Caleb’s hips thrust involuntarily again.

“Oh you’re just begging for a good fuck, love. Don’t worry, we’ll get to it next time. One finger and a bit of oil before I’m thrusting into you, holding you down to stop you from getting away, not that you would though, I can tell you like it rough,” Molly’s voice is rough and grating, like it gets when he speaks in his native tongue.

“More,” Caleb whines, his body shaking from holding himself back. Molly adds a third finger, and Caleb moans at the burn. He feels Molly’s lips at his neck, the point of his teeth digging into the skin to plant a nice bruise just under his ear. Molly continues, placing bruises down his neckline to his collarbone. Caleb’s hand buries itself in Molly’s hair, encouraging him to continue.

“Is this enough, love?”

Caleb shakes his head, “No,” he pants, “No. Want you. Please.”

“Okay, love. Give me a mo,” He presses a kiss to Caleb’s forehead and gets up, leaving Caleb disappointedly empty. He pants, trying to get his breath back after going through the overwhelming experience that was Molly stretching him open. He weakly pushes himself onto his elbows, watching Molly remove his tight patterned leggings to reveal his lovely cock. Molly looks back at him as he grabs the vial of oil, pouring it over his fingers before he wraps them around his cock. He moans loudly at the contact, putting on a show for Caleb as he touches himself, throwing his head back in pure bliss.

After a few seconds Molly crawls onto the bed next to Caleb, urging to him to roll on his side as he hitches Caleb’s leg over his hip as his own leg goes in between, rubbing up against Caleb’s cock. Molly’s tail winds around Caleb’s ankle, leaving him open. Molly’s arms go around his neck and back, forcing their upper bodies closer together as they breathe each other’s air, the smell of incense and iron overwhelming Caleb’s senses.

Molly's hand goes in between them, positioning himself. He pushes into Caleb slowly, every inch pressing them closer together. Caleb goes tense, and Molly stops, "You okay, love?"

"Ja. It's just... overwhelming."

"What do you need?"

"Just a second," he says, closing his eyes. He can feel every bit of skin-on-skin contact, the stretch of his ass as Molly enters him, the delicate feather-light kisses that Molly presses to his nose and brow. He's not used to the extreme closeness, but he craves it. He can feel Molly's eyes on him, taking in his every twitch and expression, reading his thoughts, trying to suss out his mental state. With a final breath, he continues to move, thrusting himself further onto Molly, his cock rubbing against Molly's stomach. Molly takes it as his cue to move, matching the thrust with one of his own.

Caleb gasps and Molly continues to thrust. It's slow and shallow, and it doesn't actually press against that spot from earlier, but it's not the feeling of Molly moving in and out of him that makes the experience so pleasurable. It's the feeling of the friction on his cock, every bit of skin pressing up against each other, Molly's hand at his neck, his lips whispering sweet words of love and encouragement into Caleb's ear.

He opens his eyes, unable to do anything but moan and pant. Molly leans back, his red eyes looking straight into Caleb's blue ones as he presses their foreheads together. Caleb's always had trouble with eye contact, the overwhelming feeling of someone focusing on you and you alone. He feels himself get closer to the edge.

"Molly, I-"

"I know, love, I know," Molly replies, and suddenly he rolls them over so that Caleb is on his back, looking to the ceiling of the room as Molly's thrusts deeper into him, slowly pulling out before pushing in again, long and hard against that spot once more. He grabs at the leg which still has his tailed wrapped around it, pulling it up high on his hips. Caleb arches his back, moaning as incoherent babble goes running past his lips.

"Touch yourself, love," Molly commands him on a particularly rough thrust. Caleb's hand weakly wraps around his cock, which moves with every thrust from Molly. He doesn't even need to move his hand to get the friction he so desires, he just takes everything that Molly has, relishing in the way his body moves to Molly's whim.

"Mollymauk," he moans, his accent becoming more pronounced as his mind descends into absolute pleasure.

"That's it. I want to see you, Caleb. I want your eyes open, love."

He keeps them trained on the ceiling, unable to disobey Molly's commands.

"Good boy."

"I'm so close."

“Just let go, Caleb, love. Just for me. All for me.”

“For you,” he says with a gasp as he comes, arching his back one last time. He spills himself over his fingers and onto his stomach, each thrust from Molly prolonging his orgasm until he’s a shaking mess of limbs, the hand that was on his cock falling limply onto his stomach as Molly continues. Aftershocks continue to pleasantly ripple through his body as Molly comes inside of him, spending himself with a groan of Caleb’s name on his lips.

He stays inside Caleb until he’s fully soft, pulling out when a soft moan. He places Caleb’s leg back on the mattress. He then takes Caleb’s hand that’s on his stomach and puts it to his mouth, licking off the cum that’s still on it. Caleb moans at the sight of it, a sudden image of Molly on his knees, swallowing down his cock suddenly passing through his mind.

Another day, perhaps.

After he’s done, Molly gets up from the bed, and Caleb moans weakly at the loss of his presence. Molly presses a gentle hand to his thigh, a promise that he’ll return. Caleb turns onto his side, gathering a pillow into his arms and curling himself around it. Orgasms make him tired and touch-starved, and he shivers helplessly by himself. He can feel Molly’s cum slowly dripping down his ass, and he can just imagine how debauched he looks at this moment.

Molly returns with a warm washcloth that he runs over Caleb’s hole and stomach, sending more shivers down Caleb’s spine. The scent of incense then becomes even more apparent as he wraps Caleb in his beloved robe, working his limp arms into through the sleeves and tucking Caleb’s body into the soft silk. It sticks to Caleb’s sweaty skin, but it’s not uncomfortable.

He’s never seen anyone else wear Molly’s robe other than Molly himself. It makes him feel special, somehow. Loved, even.

Molly presses himself against Caleb’s back, curling himself around Caleb’s body. His natural heat immediately warms Caleb up, sending him even closer towards the threshold of sleep. He feels Molly’s breath tickly at his, “Aren’t you glad we waited, love?”

It’s the last thing he hears.

Definitely worth the wait.

End Notes

Whew! That was a long one. Definitely one of the longest things I've written. Full disclosure, I was into these two since the first episode, although I pegged their dynamic to be little different than what it is now.

Hope you enjoy.

I love comments and kudos as much as Caleb loves porn shops.

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