

Tear You Apart

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Tear You Apart

by [deckofmanythings](#)

Summary

Ever wonder what happened in the gem prior to the Vox Machina v. Mighty Nein one-shot? Here's your answer.

Notes

This is a prompt fill for a lovely anon who wanted something smutty and kinky between Percy and Mollymauk while they were in the gem prior to the VM vs MN one-shot dream-battle. Going off of the gem being a similar kind of thing to Vex's necklace where she kept Trinket in the latter half of CR1, only with some wibbly wobbly timey wimey properties to facilitate SMUT because that's *always* fun and has a foundation in canon what with the Happy Fun Ball/Halls of Halas thing too! Yay for canon compliant smut!

Also, This is... Kinky. You've been warned, please read the tags, etc. I assume no responsibility if you're offended or upset and so on. It's nothing too close to the knuckle but does have some edgeplay and gun kink stuff in it.

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

Percy wasn't quite sure how or why he'd woken up in a small room which seemed to be walled, on all sides, by semi-translucent glass or crystal. There was a throne-like chair in the middle of the room, sitting proudly atop a small mound of crystal.

His first thought was that this was some elaborate Vax'ildan fuelled prank or worse, some kind of Orthax related fuckery which he *really* didn't have the energy to deal with. He'd been in bed, sleeping rather soundly, and then in a dream he'd blinked and woken up there.

He was a proud man. Proud of his appearance and proud of his stature in society. Proud, in general, of who he was and all that came along with the de Rolo family name. So when Percy realised that his usual overcoat in a dapper blue was replaced by a tatty leather jacket with gun oil on it, his polished boots replaced by some kind of platform soled and stompy monstrosities, he cursed aloud.

"Who, and what, pray tell, the fuck is going on here!" Percy exclaimed, reaching a hand up to bang his closed fist off one of the roughly hewn walls.

"I'd like to know that, too." An accented voice spoke aloud, and Percy took a long moment to turn around and face the source of the sound. When he did, a flamboyantly dressed, (barely dressed, more like,) lavender Tiefling stood across the chamber from him. One of the other person's long fingers came up to prod the crystal wall, making a small 'tink tink' noise as he did so.

"And *who* are you!?" Exasperated, Percy huffed out a sigh he didn't know he'd been holding. He could see movement outside, just barely, and he slammed his fist against the unmoving wall again. A presence crept closer, and before he knew it, the Tiefling was standing next to him, manicured hand extended out for a handshake.

"I'm Mollymauk, Molly to my friends, and we are friends now, aren't we?" The Tiefling flashed a grin to Percy, and as much as he hated to admit it, the purple-skinned man was damn attractive. Cocky, though, and Percy *hated* that.

"No," Percy said curtly. He pulled Animus from its holster slyly, feeling a general sense of unease and an intense dislike for whatever fuckery was going on in that moment.

"Ah come on! At least give me your name?"

Percy thought, then rattled off his full name like a machine gun blast of syllables, hoping that his surname at least would be enough to shut up his new 'friend' for the time being.

Of course, he was assuming that this strange Tiefling, (who was looking at his reflection in the mirrored surface of the crystal surrounding them and applying some kind of tint to his lips,) *had* heard of him.

"Nice to meet you, Percival von... Something something de Rolo." Mollymauk grinned again, pointed little fangs inside his mouth glinting in the pink light that was omnipresent in the chamber.

“Percival Fredrickstein Von Mus-” Percy began to correct Molly, only to be cut off mid-way through.

“Yeah, I heard ya. Can I call you Percy?”

“No.” Thinking for a short moment, Percy’s fingers rubbed at the metal handle on Animus in its holster idly, and he took a little breath in through his nose. “You can have some respect, and you may refer to me as Sir, instead.” He smirked, lifting his gaze to the Tiefling’s red, pupilless eyes for the first time.

“Oh. Alright, *Sir* .” Molly wandered over to the throne and sat in it with a little ceremony, making sure his swords didn’t threaten to chip the seat. He crossed his legs and sat back in the large throne, leaning to one side and propping himself up on his elbow. “You can call me Your Majesty, in that case.”

“Oh, do fuck off and be quiet, or do something useful like helping me to figure out how to get out of here.”

“Ooh, testy. Good, I like ‘em feisty.”

Inhaling deep through his nose, Percy straightened up, his posture stiffening as he banged on the glass again. He pulled out Animus from its holster, and held it up, point blank, to the crystal wall.

“I’d cover your ears, if I were you,” he warned. Molly raised an eyebrow but did as he was told, shoving his hands between his ears and the underside of his horns.

Percy fired off two shots at the crystal wall, one due to the strong recoil of the first one, and all that succeeded in doing was sending two pellets flying around the room at high velocity. Mollymauk ducked as one nearly hit his shoulder, exclaiming loudly.

“Moonwaver take me, fucking hell! Could’ve warned me that you were making the room a fucking death trap!” Mollymauk stood up and drew one of his swords, threatening to draw it across his chest. “Are *you* the reason I’m in here?!”

“I could ask the same of you! In fact, I don’t know why I *didn’t* ask that first!” Percy threw his hands up in exasperation. “What do you even *want* from me!?”

“I could ask the-...” Molly stopped for a moment before a smirk came across his face and he slid his sword back into its sheath. “I can actually think of a few things I’d like from you, but given that you have numbers after your name I’ll assume that you’re ‘polite company’.”

“You’d be assuming correctly. And wrongly.” Frowning, Percy took a few steps towards this strange person. “What *do* you want?” He lifted up the hand holding Animus and pointed it squarely at Molly’s chest. “Answer me.”

“Oh, or else what?” Mollymauk stepped up towards Percy, until his chest butted against the barrel of the gun. “What’re you going to do to me if I don’t? Do tell, I love a good story.”

“You don’t want to know all of the ways I could ruin your day, I’m sure.” Percy pressed the gun forwards again, pressing Molly back until he was sitting in the throne again, pushing him down into the seat. “Stay. There’s a good boy.”

Molly pouted, sticking his bottom lip out a little and peering up at Percy from beneath his long eyelashes. “I’d love to know how you could ruin my day, big man. Depending on your idea of ruining my day, you might even brighten it a little.”

Striding forwards with an air of nonchalant confidence, Percy pressed the gun up underneath Molly’s chin, cocking his head back with the tip of the barrel. “I could dismantle you in ways you don’t even have words for.”

“Why don’t you prove that? I bet you couldn’t.” Molly was still smirking that stupid, toothy smirk, and *Gods be damned*, he was so attractive to Percy in that moment. The attitude, the almost alien-like features and his smart mouth... Percy wanted nothing more than to absolutely ruin this person’s day.

And so, he decided he was going to, consequences be damned.

Percy moved towards Mollymauk quickly, and in one swift, dextrous movement backhanded his companion across the face, hard. The same hand moved to replace the barrel of Animus, fingers closing neatly around the tattooed neck. He could feel Molly’s pulse pounding beneath his fingertips *Good*, he thought.

“Oh, you *are* a feisty one, Sir,” the violet Tiefling was still smirking, though a little less so than he had been before, on account of the firm pressure on his throat.

“Shut up.” Percy, despite not being the most strong of men, found it easy to move the other man’s body, on account of the little resistance he found he had, even when he pulled the Tiefling from the chair and forced him down onto his knees on the roughly carved floor.

Molly licked the tips of his fanged teeth, looking up at Percy with a wry glance as the human pulled him forwards towards his clothed crotch.

(Since when was Percy hard, too? Gods be entirely damned, hormones be damned too, and damn this good looking stranger who was doing everything within his power to *taunt* Percy.)

Percy tucked Animus away in its holster, using the hand that had been around the cold steel to unfasten his trousers. His digits tightened around the man's neck as Molly squirmed in his hand, finally putting enough pressure onto the others' windpipe for it to be entirely uncomfortable.

"Now, you can play nicely, like a good boy, or I'll blow your head off and we'll be done with this faster than I think either of us want to be," Percy threatened, earning a small groan from the Tiefling in his grip. "You're easy to please. I like that in a partner."

Mollymauk eagerly leaned up against Percy's grip, letting his head swim a little when Percy didn't move or relent upon his vice-like hold. Instead, Percy busied himself with undoing his

trousers nonchalantly, Mollymauk already parting his lips to receive Percy's cock as the white haired man freed his erection.

Percy twitched visibly when the warmth of Molly's mouth met his length, but he didn't hold back. Relenting his grip on the Tiefling's neck, if only because it was getting awkward to maintain at the angle, Percy looked over Molly's face - the closed eyes, the lips tinted and pulled taught around his thickness, the warpaint-like makeup around his eyes - taking a moment to drink him in. He slid his hands around the curved, purple horns atop Molly's head, and used them as grip to pull Molly forwards mercilessly onto his cock.

He held Molly down for what felt like, to the Tiefling, forever. Time swam and seemed to stop as he gulped and gagged slightly. He wasn't... Entirely a novice. Not by any means. But the roughness with which this mysterious stranger took his mouth *was* a little new. Molly had never had his face fucked quite so roughly before, and even as his jaw ached, he obediently held his mouth open, offering moments of suction and laps of his tongue even when Percy looked at him with disdain.

"Gods, you're an animal," Percy murmured, voice a deep rumble, noting the long string of spittle which had begun to drip down from Molly's mouth to the floor of the chamber, some of it catching the overskirt of his outfit and staining the front of it with wet circles and strings. He tipped his head back for a second and timed his thrusts with the motions of his hands, still gripping Molly's horns even when Molly moaned around his cock at the stimulation from Percy's cool fingers atop them.

Molly gagged slightly as Percy pressed his cock down the Tiefling's throat, ignoring the gagging and just fucking into his throat now, a veritable torrent of spit pouring from Molly's stretched lips. His eyes pricked with tears and he let out an obscene guttural sound when Percy finally relented, pushing the Tiefling back firmly, the momentum and unexpectedness of the motion sending Molly onto his back, his swollen cock tenting his overskirt obscenely. Percy reached down immediately and had his hand pressing hard against Mollymauk's crotch, grinding the heel of his palm against the lavender skinned Tiefling's erection harshly.

"Ah..." Molly let his breath catch in his throat, and Percy let out an almost sinister chuckle. He didn't relent, didn't let up, putting pressure on Molly's testicles a moment later.

"Look at you. Whimpering. Disgusting." Nose curling up a little, Percy feigned disgust at Molly's mewling. (What he *really* wanted to do was to fuck the pretty boy into the floor, but oh ho ho, he wasn't done with this mystery stranger just yet.)

Grinding his hips up against Percy's hand, Molly moaned and spread his legs obscenely. He was no stranger to this kind of play, revelled in it rather, and even when Percy spat at him, the spittle landing on his bare chest, all Molly could manage was a throaty noise of pleasure.

"Snivelling. Practically *begging* for someone to fuck you, aren't you? You poor thing." Percy stood up swiftly, placing his one boot squarely on top of Molly's crotch. Partly to keep him where he wanted, and partly because it was fun to see the lavender skinned beauty squirm beneath his feet - literally.

"Please, Sir." Molly's voice was wrecked, spit drying on his face, eyeliner long since smudged and forgotten about. Percy thought he looked even more fuckable than he had when he'd first apparated within the chamber. "Please, nnn..."

Percy put some more pressure through the sole of his boot as he feigned thinking. "I could fuck you. I would string you up in here, ideally, let you suffer a little while, but alas I don't think I have any rope on me, nor anywhere to affix it..." Tapping a finger to his chin as Mollymauk bucked his hips up, Percy's cock bobbed as he thought of Mollymauk strung up, elaborate designs in hempen rope criss-crossing the Tiefling's body like the scars which peppered his skin. "Pity. You would be such a pretty little ornament as well. I could hang you in the lobby of the castle, let everyone get a good look at you. Let everyone in Whitestone watch you get fucked, let everyone have a turn. I think you'd rather like that. Wouldn't you, pretty boy?"

Molly *moaned*, an obscene, deep keen from within his belly. Percy's boot ground down again, and Molly moaned once again, the pressure becoming nearly painful. "Sir, I'll..." His mouth opened, jaw dropping slightly slack as he felt himself on the edge, cresting a wave as he bucked his hips... And the white haired stranger's boot was gone, as was the delicious, obscene pressure. Whimpering at the loss, Molly allowed himself to be hauled up onto his feet by Percy's calloused hands, letting the human entirely manhandle and twist him around as Percy pleased.

Percy turned Molly around and nudged him forwards. "Kneel, but face away from me. Don't bend over. Pull your shorts down, pull your skirt up." His voice was firm, as ever, and Molly obliged. "Good boy... See how nice I can be when you're not sassing me with that pretty mouth, hm?" Molly longed to touch himself, to reach underneath the clothes he'd been summoned here in and roughly tug himself to completion, but *Moonweaver*, he wanted this to continue forever.

"Ah!" Molly was taken off guard by Percy kneeling behind him and pulling their hips together in an almost painful clash. Percy's cock slipped easily between his legs, and Molly tightened his thighs together, ever a people-pleaser. "P-please, Sir..."

"Please what?" Percy chuckled, the sound deep and sinister. "Tell me what you want me to do to you, pretty boy."

"Fuck me. Take me apart, fuck me until I can't walk for the next week," Mollymauk breathed, feeling keenly Percy's hands up against his hip and his chest, as the human thrust lazily into the space between Molly's thighs. "Please."

"You ask so nicely," Percy mumbled against Molly's neck and shoulder, pressing his lips to the exposed skin where the Tiefling's robes had fallen away a little in a show of tenderness before he bit down hard on that same spot.

Molly whimpered. The pain was nothing new, but the vague idea that he'd have a mark there, for however long once he woke up, was such a delicious thought. He couldn't help but be aroused even further by the idea that this dream-stranger could mark him in real life too.

Percy slid his hands over Molly's body, appreciating the slimness of his hips and how his nipples had hardened in the cool air, one hand sidling up Mollymauk's body to his mouth, swollen and fucked-out.

"Spit," he murmured, and Molly obliged again, slathering Percy's fingers with saliva as best as he could. Molly's lavender hand finally, tentatively, reached backwards, and Percy let him grip at his hips. "So obedient. You'd be a perfect little pet. Maybe I could start a Tiefling menagerie in the castle someday. You could be my concubine."

"O-oh, that'd be nice," Molly whispered around Percy's thick fingers, so deep into subspace he was fearful that he'd drop into the Astral Sea if he blinked for too long.

Percy removed his hand from Mollymauk's mouth, trailing the spittle down the Tiefling's body. He stopped to harshly pinch the tip of Molly's length for a moment, a touch which Molly leaned into rather than recoiling from. "Huh, a masochist too. Figures, with those scars all over you."

Percy shoved his hand between the two of them and pressed two of his fingers into Molly's entrance with no ceremony or pomp, just roughly fingering the purple skinned man's hole open. He added another finger and got a whining moan in response, as Molly bucked his hips back in an attempt to fuck himself on Percy's fingers.

"Mm, so eager. I bet you'd let me do anything to you right now, if I let you get off." Percy moved his fingers erratically, not giving Mollymauk a chance to get comfortable or fall into a rhythm.

"Mmmn, I would. Do what you want to me, sir." Molly let his head loll backwards, and even though Percy had to dodge Molly's horn, he let the other man's head fall back onto his shoulder.

"Careful what you wish for, pretty boy."

Pulling his fingers from Molly's wet heat, Percy rubbed his cock a couple of times before pressing it into Molly. Hard, fast, all at once, he ground his hips forwards and got a loud goran which echoed around the room in response. He started to fuck Molly vigorously, his hands coming to rest on the Tiefling's hips, where upon his fingers dug into Mollymauk's flesh and left little red marks which would be sure to fade into deliciously purple bruises. "Pretty boy," Percy breathed into Molly's ear, teeth nipping hard at Mollymauk's lobe. "Tell me how good this feels. How much you love being used. How much you love my cock inside you."

Molly moaned, his hands falling on top of Percy's, fingers sliding easily between the humans as he was fucked roughly, the only sound for a few seconds being the smack of their skin meeting and the heavy panting breaths they were both taking. He could feel every push and pull as Percy held him up against him, chest-to-back, and fucked into him, hips pistoning like a jackhammer. "I-I... Sir, you feel so good. You feel so, so good." Mollymauk moaned, an indecent sound falling forth from his lips when Percy's cock met his prostate. "Gods, fuck me," Molly panted, turning his head so he could look at Percy, being careful not to impale the

human with his sizeable horns. "Fuck me *harder*," Molly dared him, and who was Percy to turn down a dare?

Percy adjusted his position; rather than being on his knees, he brought his feet flat against the crystal, knees bent and hips still level with Molly's. He used his newfound leverage to fuck down into Molly, his cock striking against Mollymauk's spot like a hammer at an anvil.

Mollymauk felt it coming, felt the heat curling and unfurling in his stomach, and he had the good thought to ask permission first before he let himself spill onto the floor. "Can I cum? Please, Sir, let me," Molly rambled, and the only hint of recognition he got was Percy's hand wrapping around his cock and stroking, callouses rubbing in all of the right places as Mollymauk spilled his seed onto the purple floor.

He gasped in lieu of any other sounds, feeling like Percy had already fucked every sound out of his throat at that point. He fell forwards onto the stone, panting and holding himself up on his arms as Percy pulled out slowly, deliberately so.

"Oh, pretty boy. Look what a *mess* you've made," Percy whispered, taking his own cock into his hand. He stroked himself quickly, no elegance or flare, just the quickest route to getting off he could find. He let himself spill onto Molly's back with a groan, his breath coming in little puffs and pants as well.

There was a jostling sound from outside the crystal, and the room illuminated with more light than it had before. It was almost as though they'd been carried in a pouch or pocket, only to be pulled out into the light. Percy hurriedly sorted himself out, wiping his hands on his trousers and fastening them up again as Molly tried in vain to do the same process of cleaning himself up.

"Same time next week?" Mollymauk joked, and Percy *wished* he had ways and means of making that happen.

End Notes

Title from the song of the same name by She Wants Revenge. It's good, look it up!

My Tumblr is here! @[roll-a-d20](#) Come chat about stuff or just tell me that you're as into Molly being taken apart by Percy as I am, lmao.

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