

I wanna feel you, I want it all

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14370036) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14370036>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Critical Role (Web Series)
Relationship:	Mollymauk Tealeaf/Caleb Widogast
Additional Tags:	Sex Pollen , possible dubcon (though all parties consent) , Anal Fingering , Oral Sex , Fellatio , Anal Sex , Kink , Mild Kink , Mild BDSM , Molly POV , Aphrodisiacs , We could jerk off but why when we're both right here , A little angst , just a touch , for flavour , smut and feelings , Hopeful Ending , Sex before relationship , Porn Without Plot , two messed up disasters try to figure shit out
Language:	English
Collections:	Myfavoritefic Critical Roll (GBOR)
Stats:	Published: 2018-04-19 Words: 5,374 Chapters: 1/1

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by [fiach_dubh](#)

Summary

When Frumpkin knocks over some kind of Aphrodisiac dust, Molly and Caleb find themselves in a situation where honesty suddenly seems desirable.

They fuck. I mean that they fuck.

Notes

OK, this features a variation on the Sex Pollen concept which has an inherent consent issue. As it stands, I've hopefully dealt with this properly - neither Molly nor Caleb are FORCED to have sex, and they're still in their right mind just very horny - but if you remotely think this will bother you, stay away, ok? No smut is worth your mental health.

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

Molly has a problem. Molly has a big problem, and that is Caleb's hands. Long, elegant fingers, dextrous and clever when he's casting a spell or reading a book or doing anything, really. Those fingers, they give Molly some ideas.

And those ideas wouldn't normally be a problem at all - Molly likes sex, and when he finds someone attractive he has no issues making a move - it's just. Caleb, of all people. Caleb, who is dirty and often smells bad, Caleb who doesn't trust Molly (fair, not a problem) and might not even like him (unfair, Molly is very likable). Caleb, who flinches when anyone but Nott gets too close.

So at least one of the problems (when did it become more than one?) is that Molly doesn't understand why he's even interested in the first place. Caleb is handsome enough under the dirt and bad posture, Molly supposes, and there is something about his milk-pale skin that makes Molly think about blushing and how a sex blush would clash terribly with Caleb's orange-red hair.

And when Caleb isn't... well, being very Caleb with his secrets and his trauma worn like a shield and his survival selfishness overriding his better self - when Caleb lets himself relax, even a little, there's a quiet gentleness that is quite appealing. A deep intelligence tempered with hard experience.

Molly's had a few hard experiences of his own. He appreciates someone who knows the shape of pain, who knows how it marks you and changes you.

Well, he supposes that explains the interest, then.

Perhaps it's not wise, though, to act on it (though since when was wisdom something Molly listened to?). He screwed around in the circus, with the performers and the people who came to watch them, and that was fine. Everyone knew what it was. But this, The Mighty Nein, them - it's a tenser, tighter, more unpredictable group. Who knows how an offer - rejected or accepted - might skew things in ways that could get someone hurt.

One thing Molly is not, though, is scared. He's been turned down before, being turned down by Caleb wouldn't be more than a passing disappointment. It doesn't matter, not really. He's just concerned how it might impact the group. That's all.

He lets it be; he lets it be and looks at Caleb's hands, and thinks about them on Molly's cock, in his ass, the few times he has enough time and privacy to touch himself. He makes himself come, all the while imagining Caleb biting down on his own lip hard enough to draw blood, Caleb's cock hard and red against his pale belly.

It's fine. It's fine. He's had worse than an unrequited attraction at an inconvenient time. It'll pass. It's fine.

It stays fine for a little while, and then - as things are prone to do, really, he should have known better - then things change.

They have some money in their pockets and another successful mission under their belts, and

Caleb has been off buying some essentials for his work. Molly doesn't understand them, but he loves how exacting and specific Caleb can be about them, which is exactly why he stayed behind in the inn this time. This attraction will only grow stronger if he feeds it, and he's determined to starve the thing away.

Fjord and Jester are flirting terribly at a table and Beau is laughing at them. Yasha is away on one of her jaunts. Nott is with Caleb. It seems like a good time to read the cards for himself; he's been neglecting them.

It's tempting to cheat, even in readings for himself. His cards are marked and he could do it, but he'd know it too and what is the point in cheating on a tarot reading for himself?

A simple three card draw - himself, what is currently affecting him, a hint for future action. For himself he draws the devil, which seems altogether too on the nose. Temptation and seduction, and hasn't he made himself the embodiment of the idea? Hasn't he played up and down to every stereotype and assumption people might have? But also, the risk there. He could end up imprisoned, chained down (and not in the fun way) by his own fears, his own behaviours.

For the energy in his life currently he draws the two of cups. Not as obvious as the lovers at least - but still, attraction, togetherness, the desire for company (True Love is another meaning; but that's not what Molly gets, that's not what Molly is, that's not what Molly feels. If he were in love, he'd know it, surely). Molly rolls his eyes. He knows this, already. He knows he's full of want and desire that can't be realised; he wants to know how to fix it, stop it. It's getting tiring now.

Finally, he turns over the Knight of Wands. Molly looks at the card for a little while. The card doesn't look back, because it is a card and it doesn't have eyes. But it feels like it is mocking him, laughing at him.

He taps his claws against the card for a moment, before shuffling all his cards back into the deck. The Devil, Two of Cups, Knight of Wands. Knight of Wands.

He wraps his deck back up in its silk scarf. As he puts it in his bag, Caleb walks back in the inn. Molly watches him, watches Nott trailing him, her hand clutched tight in Caleb's coat, lets his gaze snag on Caleb's tired eyes, good strong nose, sharp jaw. Knight of Wands.

Caleb makes brief eye-contact with Molly, before he drops his eyes back to Nott's grasping hand. His smile is barely a smile, just a slight curve of his lips, but it makes Molly's heart beat faster all the same.

The Devil. Two of Cups. Knight of Wands.

Molly looks away. This is getting out of control, and not in the sort of way he likes. Still, he keeps an awareness (carefully trained into him from years of surviving and escaping) of how and where Caleb moves to.

When Molly follows Caleb up to the bedroom, he would be happy to swear to any gods you like that he has no intention of seducing Caleb. He only wants to be in the room with him

when Caleb is fixing up his purchases. Keep an eye on him. Make sure he's not keeping too many secrets. He just wants to know (and he wants to be near Caleb, see him move, hear him breathe).

When he gets up there, Caleb is sorting - things. There's a small table in the room and he's laying his purchases out before they disappear into the various wonderful pockets in his terrible coat. There's some sort of powder in a glass jar that he handles very carefully, those clever delights of fingers gripping the jar so softly, so firmly.

Frumpinkin is circling Caleb on the table, tail high, tilting his little cat face up for scratches and kisses. It's sweet; it makes Molly feel soft and tender. He leans on the doorframe and watches this cute little display for a while.

But then (ah well, he is the devil; temptation itself, bad choices made flesh, bad choices that people want to make, and it's fine) he can't stay there watching Caleb love his cat forever, so he steps in. The door stays open behind him, because Caleb hates to be trapped, hates to be closed in, and Molly wants -

What does Molly want? Only for Caleb to react in some way above muted.

(Only to have him groaning and sighing and writhing, naked, in Molly's grasp.)

"Caleb", he says, putting on his most don't-you-want-to-fuck-me voice. Caleb's thin shoulders tense, then relax. He looks at Molly without turning his head.

"Molly. Some of these things are very expensive and powerful. Please don't distract me."

"Distracting you is so much fun," Molly says. He stays in the doorway all the same.

Caleb picks up a small glass vial filled with a pretty, shimmering kind of dust.

"What's that?" Molly asks, ever curious, heading closer into the room. On the table Frumpkin headbutts Caleb's hand, all demands.

"It is... ah. Multipurpose," Caleb says, and Frumpkin headbutts his hand again, and Caleb's wonderful hands lose grip. Perhaps the lid fitted improperly, because as the vial drops the lid clatters on the ground. Caleb and Molly both grab for the vial at once - Caleb catches it, but not before Frumpkin streaks out of the room and a puff of shimmering dust escapes the vial and lands on both Molly and Caleb.

"Oh. Oh no," Caleb says. And then - "Close the door. Lock it."

Molly does so, before turning and asking - "Alright, Caleb. Why did I just do that? Is this stuff lethal?"

"Not lethal, no." Caleb is looking down at the vial in his hands, cap still off. "It has some effects, however, that when undiluted -"

"Caleb."

“In small quantities it intensifies the qualities of -”

“Caleb. What does it do?”

“Oh. Yes. It, um. When at full strength, if breathed in, it um.”

Molly looks at Caleb, in profile, his wonderful proud nose, his sharp jawline. Caleb is still holding the vial. Molly tears his eyes away and bend to pick up the cap. He is getting worryingly distracted, and fast.

When he stands up, Caleb is looking at him. Caleb's eyes are very blue, and his lips are parted. Molly badly wants to kiss him.

“Where was I?” Caleb says

“What this rather pretty dust is going to do to us.”

“I suspect it is doing it already.” Caleb just keeps looking at Molly. “It is a powerful aphrodisiac, and intensifies-” he stops, and blushes faintly.

“Oh,” Molly says, for once completely out of words.

“Ja. Imagine the chaos if it were more than just us.”

Molly imagines it. It's actually a pretty fun imagining – he knows a lot of pretty people – until it goes to the logical extremes, and then it becomes a lot less fun.

“How out of control will we be?”

“It will not force us to anything. We will just have a very uncomfortable hour or two.”

Molly nods. That's better, more bearable. He feels hot and clammy already. His bloodflow is rapidly redirecting south.

“Well then,” he says. “How do we want to do this? We gonna just sit on opposite sides of the room and -” he makes a jerking off gesture with his left hand.

Caleb sits down heavily on the bed. He looks at the wall. “You are so unashamed.”

Molly shrugs. “What do I have to be ashamed of? I know how I look. And this is... necessity.”

More than. He's hard already, a kind of displaced, unfocused wanting nagging at him for something, anything.

Caleb stays staring at the wall. “I -”

“I've not got a problem if you want to sit on that bed and jerk yourself off.” Molly shrugs. “I'm considering it myself. This feels like it's going to be painful if I don't do something about it.”

“Ja,” Caleb says. He won't look away from the gods damned wall. Caleb swallows and Molly tracks the movement, wants to bite his throat, kiss it, fuck into it.

“On the other hand,” Molly says, like the idea just occurred to him, like it doesn't matter - “I could get down on my knees and suck you off.”

Caleb gasps, sharp. He looks at Molly then and Molly feels a mean pride in his success.

“That is – that is just the dust working on you. You would never -”

“Never what? Want to fuck you? I can assure you that's been happening since before our little episode here. If you don't want to, no hard feelings. Well, plenty of hard feelings, actually, but I won't be angry.”

Caleb's eyes are wide, his pupils huge and black. His mouth hangs open a little and he's gone the most delightful shade of pink.

“Whatever you want,” Molly says, as seductive as he can manage when he feels like all his feelings have concentrated in his dick. “However you want. Nothing you don't want.”

“Molly,” Caleb says. He sounds wrecked, fucked out already, and Molly hasn't even got to touch him. Molly lets his gaze roam, because he just plain likes how Caleb looks.

Molly figures that Caleb's going to take a while to decide, and his dick hurts now, trapped in his trousers, wanting some kind of friction. He turns slightly, to give Caleb a chance to look away when he realises what Molly is doing, and unfastens his trousers, pulling them and his smalls open enough to release his dick.

He sighs, licks his palm, and starts stroking himself. He lets himself moan, barely exaggerates it at all, really.

“Gods,” he says, with his hand on his own cock. He feels so sensitive, so responsive. Even if Caleb doesn't want to, this will be the best masturbation session he's had in a while.

There's a soft moan and he turns his head to see that Caleb has followed his lead and is working on Caleb's own dick with a rough hand. Ah well, decision made, Molly, supposes, and it's not like the memory of Caleb fisting his own cock, cheeks pink, won't keep him warm on some lonely future night. It's just – he really does want Caleb. Really does like him. Wants not just to fuck him but to hold him after and -

No. That's not what Mollymauk Tealeaf is for. That's not what Mollymauk Tealeaf gets. He can even persuade himself it's not what he wants. It's fine. He knows what he is.

“Molly.” It breaks him out of his own thoughts. “Molly.”

“Caleb,” he gasps back.

“Oh, Molly, did you mean it? About – about -”

“Sucking you off? Oh, darling, I meant it. And I'll do more, if you want.”

“Please, Molly. Please. I want you to. I've been wanting -”

“Of course. Any other requests?” He can barely take his hand off his dick, he's so fucking turned on, but he will do anything Caleb asks.

“I want – to see you. All of you.”

Molly grins. He undresses himself as fast as he can, knowing just how gorgeous he is naked. Caleb reacts with a gratifying groan as Molly saunters over, dick hard between his thighs and tail lashing behind him.

Molly goes to his knees with a deliberate, showy grace and runs his hands up Caleb's clothed thighs. Caleb's hand stutters and stops on his cock when Molly's face gets close.

“That's mine for now, Caleb,” Molly says, and winks up at him. There's something about being here, naked between Caleb's spread legs while Caleb himself is fully dressed. It makes Molly feel dirty and slutty, in a very good way, in a way that makes the heat and want in him ramp up even higher.

Molly presses a soft, chaste kiss to the tip of Caleb's dick. Caleb exhales in a low, shuddery breath.

“Molly,” he says, sounding pleading.

“I know what I'm doing. I'm going to ruin you for other men, Caleb Widogast.”

Caleb says something in Zemnian under his breath, but Molly doesn't really care. He's focusing on Caleb's dick, which is hard and red in front of him, the tip leaking pre-cum. He sticks out his tongue to lap up the clear fluid and Caleb gasps, before biting down on his own clenched fist.

Molly flicks his gaze up to where Caleb is staring down at him, transfixed. Keeping his eyes on Caleb, Molly opens his mouth and slides down onto Caleb's cock, relaxing his throat so he can deepthroat it, first go.

Caleb's dick is nice, a good size, but Molly has practice, and he doesn't even gag. Caleb's eyes roll back in his head and he shouts around the fist still in his mouth.

Molly was right about the pink sex flush. It clashes terribly with Caleb's hair.

Molly likes this. He likes sucking cock. The contrast of the hard flesh under thin, silky petal-soft skin. The musky-salty taste of the skin and precome. He loses himself in it, moving his mouth up and down, flicking his pierced tongue against Caleb's slit, feeling Caleb twitch his hips underneath Molly's skill. Caleb is gasping and writhing and it is so satisfying, to be vulnerable but powerful at the same time like this.

Caleb's free hand flutters around Molly's horns. Bless, he's uncertain. Molly reaches up, without taking his mouth off Caleb's dick, and wraps Caleb's hand around his horn. When Caleb pulls on it Molly moans to encourage him.

And that's really working for Molly. He's not even touching himself and it's working enough to be close. Fuck, he'd quite like to use this powder deliberately sometime, it really makes things a lot more intense.

Not for the first time, he wonders why Caleb has it, but puts that in the back of his head for another time. Right now he's got a cock in his mouth, and it feels like Caleb might be getting close. His hips keep jerking, his hand keeps opening and closing rhythmically on Molly's horn and his gasps sound ragged. The fist has dropped from his mouth and his fingers twist in the sheets.

“Molly,” he says – sighs, really. “Molly, Molly, Molly. I'm going to – I think -”

Molly swirls his tongue around the tip of Caleb's dick then sucks hard, hollowing his cheeks and humming, and Caleb hips jerk hard pushing his cock into Molly's throat, and he's coming, he's coming down Molly's throat and it's fucking amazing, Molly is swallowing it all down like it's delicious, he's been wanting this forever.

When Caleb stops coming, he's still hard, and that's a nice surprise.

Molly takes his mouth off Caleb's dick and says “Do you normally stay hard after, or is this the powder?”

Caleb doesn't answer for a moment. When he does his voice is rough and his accent thick. “It's the powder.”

“What a nice side effect.”

Molly stands up and stretches.

“Is there anything else you might like to do, Caleb? I'm up for... anything, really. Anything you want to do to me, or have me do to you...”

Caleb looks at Molly's dick, and then up to Molly's face. He looks... Molly can't say how he looks. He's not sure he's ever seen that look on someone's face before, like Caleb is swallowing him up with his eyes, memorising him... it's not a sex look. It's something altogether softer and fiercer than sex.

Molly shakes it off with a deeply sexual grin, showing off his sharp teeth. Caleb's face changes, becomes more lust. Better. Less unusual.

“Let me -” Caleb says. He shakes his head, frustrated at himself. “Why can I never say what I want to do?”

Molly reaches out for Caleb's face without thinking and cradles it in his palm, tilts it up to make eye contact with him.

“You can say anything to me. If I don't want to do it, I'll just say. I'll not judge you or mock you or hate you for it.”

It's altogether too honest and real, and Molly cringes from it even as he says it.

Caleb looks up at him. His eyes are so blue. Molly realises they've not even kissed yet, and more than anything he wants that. It feels threatening though, in a way that it never has with anyone else, in a way that the sex doesn't. Like kissing Caleb would reveal too much.

"I want to fuck you," Caleb says, slowly and carefully. "I want you on your back with your legs around me."

Clear enough.

"You'll have to take your clothes off, sweetness," Molly says. "I've got oil in my pack somewhere if you want it."

"It has been... a while, for me. I no longer have a supply..."

"Aphrodisiac powder and no oil, Caleb? Poor planning." Molly smiles to take the sting out of it before crossing the room to his pack and pulling out his own supply.

When he gets back, Caleb is frowning.

"I did not plan this."

"What's that, my - " Molly stops himself cold. "What's that?"

"I did not plan this. You said poor planning. I would not plan to put you in a position like this. That would be a terrible thing to do. To - drug you into -"

Oh, Caleb. He looks so worried, so concerned, and Molly feels soft and tender and warm in his chest looking at Caleb's frowning face.

"I know you wouldn't. It was an accident. And a happy one, in my opinion. I'm glad we're doing this, really."

A horrible thought hits him, leaves his stomach heavy and leaden.

"Are you glad we're doing this? Do you want this?"

Caleb reaches out, clasps one of Molly's hands in his.

"Yes," he says. "This could not make me want you. It doesn't make people want where there hasn't already been... desire." He flushes even brighter.

They make eye contact, which. Caleb is always so reluctant with it but he's been doing it so much here and now - and Molly nearly opens his stupid mouth and ruins it all. This is good. This is fine. He's not going to break it by reaching for things he can't even have.

He learned in the circus to take what he could get. He learned to live on crumbs, if he had to.

Desire. Mutual want. Friendship. He can work with those. Hell, he's almost never had all those things in one person, how greedy would he have to be to say it wasn't enough?

“That's good, then.” He tosses the oil to Caleb. He doesn't catch it; instead it lands with a soft thump on the mattress. “I want you to fuck me too, in case I haven't been obvious enough.”

He saunters past Caleb, putting a swing in his hips, and climbs onto the bed, arranging himself on his back. One leg bent, foot on the mattress, to give a lovely view of Molly's hard cock and a promise of more.

“I like it rough, Caleb, if that's something you like too.” He throws a wink at Caleb, taking in his stunned, turned-on face. Gods, he loves putting that look on someone's face.

“Alright,” Caleb says. “I can do that.”

Caleb undresses slow and awkward, and when he's naked he crosses his arms and hunches, as if to hide himself. And – well, he's too thin. There hasn't been enough time to feed him up, to cloak bone in healthy fat and muscle. His hips jut and his ribs are too visible and it makes Molly hurt in the part of him that wants to take care of people. But for all of that, he is beautiful, he is lovely here and now, dirty and skinny and uncertain. Molly wants him so desperately.

Molly beckons Caleb with a clawed finger. He adjusts himself a bit, to get his tail into a comfortable position. He feels oddly nervous for a moment, which is ridiculous. This is sex. He's had sex before, lots of it in the last two years. He's about as far from inexperienced as you can get. He covers the moment with a smile as Caleb crawls back onto the bed to kneel between Molly's thighs.

Caleb looks over Molly's body, starting with his face, with such a look of awed lust it's almost impossible for Molly not to get off on the effect he's having. He drops a hand to his hard dick, stroking it slowly.

“Don't make me wait, sweetheart. I'm wet for it,” he says, rubbing a thumb over the precome on the tip.

“Molly,” Caleb says, and strokes a hand up Molly leg, his thigh. “You're so beautiful.”

Molly shivers and squirms under the words. “I know,” he says. “Touch me, Caleb, please.”

“I am touching you,” Caleb says with his hand on Molly's thigh, only a breath away from where Molly wants it.

“Who knew you'd be a tease,” Molly says, and is rewarded with one of those tiny half smiles, before Caleb removes his hand from Molly's thigh (shame) and onto Molly's dick (marvellous). He swipes his own thumb over the tip where Molly's was a second ago, gathering up the fluid there, and then sucks his thumb into his mouth.

“Hmm. You taste good, too.”

Molly moans aloud. Caleb looks up at Molly's face, characteristically serious.

“I-,” he says, swallows, and tries again. “I'd like to kiss you?”

And oh, yes, of course.

“Yes, of course, anything. Caleb, Caleb, please, kiss me, touch me, fuck me.”

The first kiss is oddly chaste, considering they're both naked in a bed and Molly just got done sucking Caleb's cock. A little hesitant, unsure. But Molly opens his mouth for it anyway, lets it get hot and wet and wanting. He reaches up and tangles his hand in Caleb's hair, a little rough but not too much. Caleb moans into Molly's mouth. That's good, that's perfect, Molly keeps kissing and rolling his hips, til Caleb is fucking his tongue into Molly's mouth, gripping Molly's hip with his nails, and rutting his still hard dick against Molly's hip.

It's good, it's good but it's not what he really wants, not what his dick wants, which is Caleb inside him, fucking him. Just the thought makes him moan. He's brought himself off to the thought so many times.

Caleb breaks from the kiss, breath ragged and face flushed.

“Do you like to be eaten out?”

“I love to be eaten out. It's one of my favourite things.”

“If we – uh”

“Do you still want me on my back? Because I'm flexible enough to make that work.”

“Gods, Molly. Yes.”

Caleb pulls back, face hungry, hands roaming everywhere.

Molly hooks his arms under his legs and pulls them towards his chest, baring himself completely.

“If you let me put my legs on your shoulders I can hold this... a while.”

Caleb swears in Zemnian and shimmies down to rest with his face at Molly's hole, his shoulders in the perfect position to support Molly's legs.

Molly writhes. Caleb laughs, all the way down there. “Patience.”

“I've been patient. You've already come once – oh!” he cries out at the first touch of Caleb's mouth to his ring, before letting out a ragged moan as Caleb's tongue breaches him.

“Gods,” he gasps, “Fuck, fuck, fuck-”

Caleb is good at this, super fucking good at this, Molly's mind is gone, this is like – there aren't words for what this is like only that he wants to melt into it and he wants to submit to it but he wants to struggle against it too, to make Caleb hold him down to take it. He slips into it as Caleb tongue-fucks him.

His legs shake over Caleb's shoulder. His hands twist in the sheets. He wants- he wants – he wants to come, but he wants to never come and have this be forever. Caleb is making obscene went noises between his legs, he is here, with Caleb who he wants so desperately, he is – he is

“Caleb, I think I could come like this.”

Normally he needs a hand (ha, get it?) but the aphrodisiac has made everything feel so much more and this is the whole fucking world and the stars above it and he really is going to fucking come.

He just needs a little more. He thinks he might moan something to that effect because Caleb grips the back of his thighs hard enough to hurt and gets really aggressive with his tongue and the small pain and the wet pleasure combining are all it takes before he pretty much folds in half with the force of his orgasm.

He falls back against the mattress, panting, and drapes one arm across his eyes.

“Gods, Caleb.”

Molly swears he hears a trace of smugness in Caleb's tone when he asks 'did you enjoy that?'

“Did I – couldn't you tell?”

There's come all over Molly's chest and stomach, and he feels like he was just hollowed out through the method of sex and incredibly, his dick is still hard, and so sensitive that just touching it would undoubtedly hurt, if how it's throbbing against the air is anything to go by.

And what a wonderful hurt that would be, he thinks, still desperate, wanting more, wanting that promised fucking and now.

“Caleb,” he says, “You still haven't fucked me.”

Caleb smiles at him, soft and hot all at once, before retrieving the oil from the tangled mess the sheets have become and immediately slicking up his fingers.

“Come on, do it. Do it, I want you to,” Molly tells him, and even to his own ears his voice sounds thin and shredded and soaked with sex.

Caleb starts with one finger, and his face creased up in such a look of – of – Gods, there's no other words for it than 'horny concentration' and Molly wants to laugh. But he doesn't want to make Caleb think that Molly is laughing at him. One finger is nice, but this isn't Molly's first time around the anal fingering block and he likes it to go a little faster, thank you very much.

Two is much better, because as Molly suspected Caleb's fingers are just as clever in his ass as they are doing anything else. They wriggle and stretch and open him up and brush gently against his favourite little bundle of nerves – not enough to get him really going just enough to have him panting and writhing and, yes begging.

Cause there it is, spilling out of his mouth with no blocks of filters.

“Please, please, please - “ all running together and slurring, his breath hitching and halting -
“Oh, Caleb, you're so good at this. So good. Please Caleb. Please. Fuck me, fuck me, please
_”

“Shh, Molly, shh. I'm going to. I-”

And then there it is, at last, Caleb's wonderful cock blunt and hot against him, pushing into him, just enough pain to make it sweet and have him arch his back. Slow and steady and so fucking hot.

Molly brings his legs up around Caleb's hips, has just enough presence of mind to gasp out “Don't go easy on me,” and then just gives himself up to it.

Caleb isn't unkind. He's fast, and passionate, but he's not interpreting 'rough' as 'treat me like I don't matter' and that's working. Molly feels so full, so satisfyingly split open, and when Caleb changes angle to hit his prostate on every stroke it's like lightning on his spine, it's like someone has reached inside him and turned his brain off, it's like he is very big and very small and all in his body and completely outside of it, all at once.

He thought the earlier orgasm was something. This leaves it twitching it the dust.

He's not there, for a little while, and when he comes back into his body he feels a familiar and rather uncomfortable ache and wetness in his hole. Caleb is stretched out beside him, with an arm draped over Molly's chest. That's... nice. It feels... right.

Caleb has his face buried in Molly's shoulder. He's panting. Molly's dick is softening. The aphrodisiac effect must be passing.

Molly reaches out absently, and pats Caleb's hand.

“That was -” he starts, and stops. He doesn't have the words. He is never honest, never open if he can possibly help it but then, Caleb doesn't often make eye contact, or be straightforward. If he can try, if he can risk, Molly might be able to as well.

“That was wonderful, Caleb,” he finally manages. “Next time, can we do it without the powder?”

There's a pause, and in it Molly feels his heart beating, painful in his chest.

“You want – again?”

“Well, not tonight, I'm all fucked out. But in future. A few times, maybe, if you're interested. Maybe a lot of times. Maybe we could see -” he stops himself there, though. Too much, too soon, Mollymauk.

Caleb turns his hand and laces his fingers through Molly's. He squeezes Molly's hand.

“I'd like that,” he says.

It's a start. Everything has a start.

End Notes

These characters are going to kill me, they just made me write my first ever M/M.

Come Scream at me on Tumblr @bisexualpiratequeen. And thanks to the widomauk server for enabling this, you're a filthy bunch of vile perverts.

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