

No Tricks, Just Treats

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Summary

They're at a Halloween party. They sneak into the bathroom. Come on, you know what happens next.

Notes

Happy halloween! I spent the evening writing this nasty lil thing while in costume and I have no regrets.

Caleb is a trans man and Molly is trans-femme and nonbinary in this fic. I use gender-coded language to describe their genitals.

“Molly, wait,” hissed Caleb, adjusting the cat-eared headband that had almost fallen off his head when his back had hit the bathroom door. Molly had him pinned with one hand against the doorframe and the other trailing one ruby red claw down the front of Caleb’s black turtleneck. “They will all wonder where we have gone.”

Molly pulled their lips away from Caleb’s neck with a devious grin. “Let them wonder,” they said. “C’mon, kitten, I want to hear you purr.”

Caleb cursed the way his spine tingled from Molly’s taunt. He sighed and pulled them closer by the hips. “Fine,” he huffed, “but make it quick.”

Molly slipped one hand down the front of Caleb’s pants and cupped his groin, chuckling as they felt the damp spot through Caleb’s underwear. “Oh, this won’t take long at all, sweetheart.”

Caleb’s faced burned under the whiskers painted on his cheeks. “Shut up,” he said. “It is not my fault that you were dancing on me all night in those.... *those*...” Caleb motioned to Molly’s tight red latex shorts that barely covered their ass. They wore a matching top with a window in the shape of a pentagram between their breasts and their natural tiefling features—horns, fangs, tail—made for a very convincing demon.

“Oh, is my costume working?” Molly teased, beginning to rub Caleb’s clit through his underwear.

“No,” Caleb gasped. “You are a real life succubus who has come to curse my dick.”

Molly laughed and kissed him, nibbling his lips and drawing his tongue into their mouth.

While Caleb was distracted, Molly pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees and stroked between Caleb’s dripping slit. He had been yearning for Molly’s touch all evening, but Caleb liked to think that he had some semblance of self-control. That all faded away when Molly pushed a finger inside his aching cunt.

Caleb ripped off his paw-printed gloves and shoved one hand down the front of Molly’s shorts to grip their cock. He gathered precum on the tips of his fingers and smeared it down Molly’s hardening length.

“Fuck, baby, that feels so good,” Molly mumbled against Caleb’s neck. Caleb shivered when Molly’s fangs grazed over the tender skin below his ear. Molly knew his body too well; they knew every spot that made Caleb’s brain short-circuit and they could bring him to his knees just by changing their tone of voice. Molly quite literally had to wedge their thigh between Caleb’s legs to keep him from sinking to the floor.

Molly added a second finger and rubbed Caleb’s clit with their thumb while Caleb pumped his fist around Molly’s dick. The combined sounds of their labored breaths and whimpers were drowned out by the pounding bass that shook the house full of costumed people, dancing and drinking and having the Halloween party of their lives.

Caleb mewled when Molly curled their fingers against his pubic bone. At the same time, Caleb felt their cock throb in his hand.

“Make that sound again,” Molly rasped, sounding desperate. Precum was dribbling down Caleb’s knuckles and he could tell from the uneven rocking of their hips that Molly was close.

“Make me,” Caleb purred with a cocky grin. His jaw quickly dropped when Molly thrust his fingers even deeper inside to relentlessly stroke Caleb’s g-spot. Caleb flung both arms around Molly’s shoulders and came with a wail, uselessly trying to muffle the sound in Molly’s neck.

“Shit, yeah, that’s it, that’s a good kitty,” Molly murmured little praises against Caleb’s lips. While Caleb rode out his orgasm on Molly’s fingers, Molly aimed his cock for Caleb’s underwear, stretched wide between Caleb’s knees. It only took a few more strokes for Molly to make themselves cum in short spurts, staining the black cotton fabric with streaks of white. Molly finally slumped against Caleb, all sweaty and tired and tingly.

“Get off,” Caleb whined, overheating in his long sleeves. He tugged his pants up and froze when he felt Molly’s sticky cum against his pussy. “*Arschloch*, ” he said with a scowl, but Caleb began to laugh when he saw the smudges of black paint on Molly’s face.

“Something wrong?” Molly asked, tucking themselves into their shorts and exaggeratedly licking their fingers clean.

“You have whiskers now,” Caleb pointed out, tapping Molly’s cheek.

“And you are wearing my lipstick,” Molly said, smoothing their thumb over Caleb’s lips.

“*Ja*, so much for being stealthy,” Caleb sighed, picking up his gloves and resetting his headband behind his ears. He kissed Molly once more before turning around to wash his hands. “One day I will learn to resist you,” he said.

Molly snorted. “Of course you will,” they replied, wrapping their arm around Caleb’s waist. They left together, out the door and down the hall.

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