

Inkblot

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Summary

Day Twenty-Four: sweat

As it is, though, Molly stopped caring about the ink a second after it spilled, and the paper barely registers, either. Not when he's got the salt of Caleb's sweat on his tongue, fresh from where it beads up on the back of his neck.

Notes

I feel like I haven't gone as hard on the irredeemable, context-free filth as perhaps a Kinktober challenge warrants, so, anyway: this.

Molly owes Caleb some high-quality paper. Quite a lot of it, possibly, though some did get swept to the floor and might still be salvageable. The ink is probably not, but fortunately, there was only a little left in the well as it tipped over. The paper caught some of it, the desk caught most of it, and Caleb's shoulder and arm caught the rest.

If Molly were inclined to visual art, he might be fascinated by the patterns that the ink is smearing all over the paper and the desk beneath it as Caleb's shoulder rocks back and forth over the surface. The paper is slowly working its way out from under him, stuck briefly to his skin by the sweat there, and then shifted forward across the desk with each slow push of his body.

As it is, though, Molly stopped caring about the ink a second after it spilled, and the paper barely registers, either. Not when he's got the salt of Caleb's sweat on his tongue, fresh from where it beads up on the back of his neck. He's pressed to Caleb from shoulders to thighs, separating only briefly at the hips so he can pull back maybe an inch and then slowly roll forward, burying his cock inside Caleb as deep as it can go. To call it "thrusting" would be entirely too energetic; Molly can't be bothered to peel himself away from Caleb long enough for that.

And why would he? He's got Caleb trapped so sweetly here, bent over his beloved desk where he spends so much of his time. Caleb's arms are spread to either side, gripping the edges to brace himself against the leisurely undulation of Molly's hips. His legs are spread, too, lowering him a bare few inches until he's just the right height for Molly to fuck, which is coincidentally the exact height of the surface of the desk.

And with Molly sealed tightly over his back, Caleb is slick all over, sweating profusely at every spot where their bodies touch. It's not always easy, making it work with their body temperature difference. What feels comfortable to Caleb is often too cold for Molly and vice versa, but they get by with compromise. Now, for example, Molly would feel chilled with the windows open, despite the late afternoon sunlight pouring in, especially without a stitch of clothing on. So they've kept them closed, trapping the sunlight inside where it can warm Molly and illuminate the freckles across Caleb's shoulders so Molly can kiss them one by one.

That might not be the exact definition of "compromise," but Molly's never been much of a stickler for semantics, particularly when he's balls-deep in his wizard boyfriend, fucking him so slowly that the normally-reticent Caleb has begun to softly whine.

"Molly," Caleb cries. "Molly, *bitte*, it's been ages."

Has it? Caleb would actually know, of course, but it feels like no time at all to Molly since he got Caleb naked and bent him over the desk and slid so deep inside him that he never wants to come out. "Don't want to stop," Molly groans, rubbing his cheek against the nape of Caleb's neck.

"You don—don't have to," Caleb says, shifting impatiently under Molly's weight. "But I need more."

Molly smiles and rolls his hips a little harder. With so little room to thrust, it's barely anything, but Caleb groans, thankful for even that much more. He's positioned with his hips a few inches out from the side of the desk, such that the tip of his cock isn't quite touching the edge, and it means he's getting no stimulation at all. He can't come without a hand on his cock, and that's what Molly's banking on.

"I could do this all day," Molly sighs, hands running from their grip on Caleb's hips up to his ribs and back down. "Fuck you deep and slow until I just melt into you."

Caleb whimpers at that, and Molly's grin goes wider. He's giving himself just enough friction to stay hard inside Caleb, and it's *superb*. He probably could keep fucking Caleb through sundown and beyond if he wanted to, drive them both out of their minds with it. Molly's often accused of impatience, but it's always by people other than Caleb.

"Molly, I am *suffering*," Caleb groans. He's trying to shove his hips back into Molly's, but he hasn't even got the leverage for that. "You do not have to let me come, but please, I beg you – fuck me properly."

Oh, what a lovely thing to say in that soft, cultured voice. Caleb deserves to be rewarded for such boldness, so Molly stops and rests his palms on the desk on either side of Caleb's torso to lever himself up.

The wet, sticky sound they make when their bodies peel apart is obscene, and Molly loves it. So many hidden things about Caleb are positively obscene, and Molly always delights at discovering new ones. Now free of Molly's weight Caleb's back rises with a deep inhale, soft indents left in his skin from the prolonged pressure of Molly's nipple rings, and Molly plants a hand right between Caleb's shoulder blades as he shifts his own feet into a more appropriate stance.

The first real thrust in has Caleb moaning, the muscles in his shoulders and back tightening and releasing under Molly's hand. It's more difficult to keep the pace slow like this, but Molly compensates by thrusting hard. Caleb is so tight around him that if Molly is deliberate enough with his movements, he can feel as each ridge of his cock breaches Caleb's hole, popping inside him one at a time. *Like Beau's punches*, he thinks ridiculously as he pulls back and then drives forward again. *Pop. Pop. Pop.* Caleb's breath holding as he awaits the last one. *Pop.* Exhale.

Even Molly could predict that it's not long until Caleb's restless under him again, teased mercilessly by the sluggish pace. Molly watches as he tries so hard to be good, to take what he's given without asking for more. The skin of his back is flushed with the heat, glazed with sweat and growing slippery again under Molly's palm. Truth be told, Molly's beginning to grow impatient himself, but if Caleb can stand it, so can he.

Under the agonizingly slow onslaught, Caleb breaks first, though it's a near thing. "Mollymauk," he pants. "What do I have to do?"

Molly grins, repositioning his hands so they're back on Caleb's hips. First, though, he has to wipe at his own forehead – all this self-denial is making him break out in a sweat, too. "What

do you mean, love?" he asks, trying hard to keep his voice light and casual, like the pace isn't deliciously excruciating for him, too.

Caleb lets out a low, animal sound that Molly doesn't even have a name for. "*Scheisse*, Mollymauk, to make you fuck me!"

"I am fucking you, dearest," Molly says innocently, and on the next thrust, he snaps his hips hard enough to drive the breath out of Caleb's lungs. "Can't you feel it?"

"Not enough," Caleb wails, and the sound makes Molly's cock twitch hard where it's buried in Caleb's body.

"Greedy boy," Molly growls, hips speeding up before he consciously can make the choice to do so. "I give you my cock and you still demand more."

"*Ja, ja*, just like that," Caleb wails, his voice cracking. "Fuck, Molly, don't stop."

By digging his talons into Caleb's hips and gritting his teeth, Molly can just about keep the pace a hair slower than normal. Still, at the rate they'd been going, it now feels like they're hurtling out of control, and Molly has to bite back on a moan when Caleb clenches around him.

Molly finds himself curling down over Caleb's back again, eager for another taste of his sweat. It's not as sharp a flavor as blood, but there's still a hint of something metallic. Maybe it's the essence of Caleb's magic, so ripe and full in him that it's leaking out of his pores. Molly imagines that it tingles on his tongue, the tiniest bits of arcane fire passing into him and lighting him up on the inside.

He's so taken with the image that he nearly crosses the point of no return. In the absence of concentration, his thrusts have sped up of their own accord, his body working toward the conclusion it so desperately wants, but Molly isn't ready. He doesn't want this perfect moment to stop, not while the sun is painting Caleb's hair a burnished copper, while Caleb himself is so given over to his own pleasure that he clearly doesn't care about the paper or the ink or the time that could be spent copying spells. Caleb is moaning steadily, his cheek smearing across the desk and the one eyelid that Molly can see fluttering as his eyes roll back in his head. How can Molly ever want this to end?

So, counterintuitively, Molly reaches down deep and forces himself to stop. He can't quite make himself pull out of Caleb entirely yet, but he manages to get his hips to judder to a halt.

"*Molly*," Caleb wails, loosening one hand from the edge of the desk to make a fist and pound it twice into the desktop.

"I know, I know," Molly gasps, and braces himself as he does pull out. "I'm sorry. But I need to see you. Turn over."

"Mollymauk Tealeaf," Caleb says through gritted teeth, craning his head around to glare Molly in the eye. "When it is my turn, I will *torture* you with my mouth. I will keep you hard and aching for *days*."

The fire in his eyes nearly takes Molly's legs out from under him, and now it's Molly's turn to beg. "Please, love. I need to see your face. I won't stop again, I promise."

Caleb seems to see the truth of it in Molly's eyes, the fact that Molly isn't going to be *able* to stop himself again, and nods, his expression softening with empathy as he tries to straighten his back and stand up. Molly has to help him to his feet, and it's gratifying to see the wizard's knees turn to jelly. Even more gratifying, though, is the sight of Caleb's cock, flushed so red it's nearly purple and dripping with precum, and if he hadn't just promised to fuck Caleb within an inch of his life, Molly would've wanted to taste that, too.

Instead, he helps Caleb onto his back on the desk, sweeping away the remainder of the paper and sending the inkwell to shatter against the wall. There's ink on Molly's hands now, and it smears onto Caleb's thighs as Molly lifts them to let Caleb's knees rest on his shoulders.

There's no need or desire for preamble, so Molly sinks right back into Caleb. With his ass hanging half on and half off the desk, it tilts Caleb's hips such that Molly is somehow even deeper inside him at this angle. On the first thrust, Caleb shouts, one hand shooting down to grip the edge of the desk near his ass and the other coming up to cover his mouth.

Slow is erased from Molly's vocabulary as he starts up, giving Caleb exactly what he wants. Caleb, for his part, sounds damn near triumphant as Molly fucks him, groaning extravagantly into his own hand until Molly bats it away. "Those sounds are *mine*," he growls, nearly dropping into Infernal. "Give them to me."

Caleb nods, grabbing the desk with both hands now so that Molly can fuck him harder. And Molly does, panting and groaning in harmony with Caleb. There's enough sweat on the inside of Caleb's thigh that Molly can have that taste in his mouth again as he drives Caleb toward the edge with sharp, forceful thrusts that bang the desk into the wall.

The end is rapidly approaching, and Molly will be damned if Caleb gets to last longer than he does, so he gets a sweat-slick hand around Caleb's cock and tugs. Caleb's body goes rigid in an instant, but it's a dozen more strokes until he wails and starts to come, erupting over Molly's hand and painting white across the black ink smears on his own belly and chest.

Molly follows, pulled into oblivion by the rhythmic pulse of Caleb's body around him. He throws himself into it willingly, coming deep inside Caleb with a silent shudder. After so much buildup, the release is exquisite, wiping Molly's mind of everything except the all-consuming bliss and the taste of Caleb still on his tongue.

He collapses on top of Caleb after that, Caleb's thighs slipping down around his sides, but Caleb is just going to have to forgive him. And besides, now Molly's all covered in ink and sweat, too. He comes to with a gentle hand carding through his hair. "You have made a mess, *Liebling*."

It's the only possibly thing that could have forced Molly to expend the effort to get back on his feet: righteous indignation. "I'm sorry, I thought you just said *I* made a mess. Me. All by myself. I must have misheard."

Caleb isn't smiling, exactly, but his eyes are twinkling, and his chest is still heaving with breath as he struggles to sit up. "*Ja*. Here I was sitting, innocently working on my spells, and you—"

Molly will hear no more of this nonsense – he cuts Caleb off with a hard kiss, whatever ink is left on Molly's hands now transferring to Caleb's neck as Molly tugs him close. He does his damndest to pull the breath from Caleb's lungs, licking into Caleb's mouth and sucking on his tongue until they're both shivering.

As soon as Molly releases Caleb's mouth and Caleb takes a breath in, the godsdamned wizard starts up *again*, with "—told me to strip and swept everything off my desk and—"

So Molly does it again. And again. After three times, it seems as though Molly's finally managed to kiss the words out of Caleb's mouth, leaving him dazed and gasping and clutching at Molly's horns, just how Molly likes him.

The desk is rapidly losing its appeal, though, so Molly sweeps Caleb up in his arms and carries him over to the bed, dropping him onto the blankets and following him down. For a long time, there's no sound other than their labored breathing and occasional brush of lips against skin.

Molly's voice is the first to break the silence. "Are you really going to torture me with your mouth?"

Caleb's laugh is hoarse and cracked and beautiful. "I did threaten that, *ja*."

"Sounded more like a promise to me."

"Days, though?"

Molly grins. "I can take it if you can."

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