

Meow

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25585633) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25585633>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Critical Role (Web Series)
Relationship:	Mollymauk Tealeaf/Caleb Widogast
Characters:	Mollymauk Tealeaf , Caleb Widogast
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Fluff and Smut , No Angst , Established Relationship , Polymorph Spell , Caleb Widogast Deserves Nice Things , Cunnilingus , Vaginal Fingering , Penis In Vagina Sex , Sex Magic , Squirting , Multiple Orgasms
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-07-29 Words: 4,946 Chapters: 1/1

Meow

by [the_deep_magic](#)

Summary

“D’you ever miss pussy?”

Caleb – who has been known to keep copying spells when the curtains have been on fire – looks up from his books. “*Wie bitte?*”

Notes

Kink meme fill for the [delightfully straightforward prompt](#) "so how about caleb polymorphs himself a pussy for molly to fuck." Normally, I don't even like the word “pussy,” but I have a feeling Molly really, really does, so I ran with it.

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

“D’you ever miss pussy?”

Caleb – who has been known to keep copying spells when the curtains have been on fire – looks up from his books. “*Wie bitte?*”

“Oh, sweetheart, I’m not complaining,” Molly says, lounging on the bed and idly playing with the piercing in the tip of his tail. “I certainly have no intention of going to *find* some. Just, if you had similar feelings, I’d appreciate some commiseration. I’m having a moment.”

Caleb is silent for a long moment, just blinking at Molly.

Molly turns to look at him. “Do you know what I mean by—?”

“Yes, I’m familiar with the slang term in Common. I simply find I have no idea how to answer.”

“I didn’t think it was a terribly complex question.”

“I’m not certain I can agree on that point.”

With a sigh, Molly shifts over on his side to face Caleb. “I genuinely don’t mean it to come across as a complaint, love. I miss githzerai double cocks, too, but I’d rather be with you and only you. I was just sitting over here, thinking about pussy, and I felt a bit nostalgic.”

Still, Caleb says nothing, but he doesn’t look put off, so Molly continues. “It’s just… different, right? Like, assholes are tighter, but a cunt grips you all the way from root to tip.” Just the thought of it makes him shiver a little. “And as much as I love the prep, sometimes you just want to slide into something hot and slick without fumbling for the lube first. And without worrying you’ll choke your partner, of course.”

“You were just sitting there,” Caleb repeats slowly. “Thinking about pussy.”

“Well, I haven’t got a mind for the arcane like you do, darling. I have to think about *something*. And I was a little hungry, so then I was thinking about maybe going downstairs and getting some fruit, and then my mind naturally jumped to eating pussy, and how long it’s been. And I do miss it. Sucking cock is wonderful, but there’s something truly divine about a pussy getting wetter and wetter the longer you—”

Caleb’s chair makes a loud scraping sound as it pushes back from the desk, and Molly nearly jumps at the sudden noise. Honestly, this is more of a reaction than he expected to get out of Caleb – he’d been hoping for one of his cute little eye rolls and maybe a promise that Caleb would fuck him later. Now Caleb’s giving him actual attention, and it’s already got Molly a little aroused.

Without a word, Caleb crosses the room to retrieve his coat. He pulls something out of a pocket – his caterpillar cocoon, maybe – murmurs a few words, and swiftly draws a few glyphs in the air. For a moment, Caleb’s outline seems to go slightly blurry, but when he turns to face Molly again, nothing appears different.

“Caleb...” Molly says carefully. He glances around the room – nothing else seems to have changed, and Molly can make an educated guess, but he doesn’t want to get his hopes up. It’s possible that Caleb was thinking of something else entirely while conversing with Molly just now; it certainly wouldn’t be the first time, and there’s no reason for Molly to get all worked up over nothing.

Then Caleb stalks back across the room, takes Molly’s hand, and presses it to the front of his trousers, which are noticeably... flatter than they were before.

“Caleb?” Molly says again. If his eyes had pupils, they’d have turned into little dancing hearts like Jester doodles in between the dicks in her notebook.

Caleb’s grin is nothing short of wicked. “We have an hour.”

“You devious, brilliant man,” Molly says, more than a little awe in his voice. He scrabbles at Caleb’s belt, hands uncharacteristically clumsy in his haste. Unable to wait, he tugs Caleb’s shirt up and presses kisses to the soft, pale skin of his stomach.

Molly feels Caleb’s chuckle before he hears it, and then there’s a hand gently carding through his hair. “Let me. But I don’t want to be the only one naked, *liebbling*.”

Molly gets in one last gentle bite next to Caleb’s navel before pulling away and getting to his feet for easier clothing removal. To no one’s surprise, he’s naked first, and he’s back on the bed and leaning against the headboard before Caleb can get his trousers off.

He’s facing away from Molly, the view from behind as gorgeous as ever as he kicks his clothes away. Molly sees him glance down and make an indecipherable noise, his body language shifting into something like hesitation. After a moment, Caleb says, “This is... strange.”

“Never tried this before?” Molly asks innocently.

With a snort, Caleb turns his head to look at Molly. “If you made a list of the things we have done together, nine out of ten of them would be things I had never even *thought of* before.”

“Good thing you’re the fastest learner on the continent, darling.”

A slight look of worry creases Caleb’s brow and he says, “Will you promise not to laugh?”

Over time, Caleb’s gotten better at accepting compliments. He doesn’t try to argue when Molly tells him how handsome he looks or how sexy he is. Sometimes he doesn’t even frown. But it still wounds Molly to hear that Caleb thinks Molly might mock him now.

“Caleb, come here,” Molly says softly, holding out a hand. He’s careful to keep his eyes on Caleb’s face as the human turns around and takes the last few steps toward the bed. He puts his hand in Molly’s, and Molly brings it to his lips. “I will never laugh at you in a moment like this. You know that, right?”

Caleb nods solemnly, a flush spreading across his cheeks. Molly tugs at his hand and gestures for him to kneel on the bed. Caleb does, but he hesitates a moment when Molly tries to

position him straddling Molly's thighs. "This was a rather impulsive bit of magic. I did not expect to feel this... naked... without a penis," Caleb admits.

Molly smiles, still looking up at Caleb's face. "Now there's a sentence I bet you'd never thought you'd say."

"That is the truth," Caleb says with a nervous laugh.

"I'm not going to try to surprise you," Molly says, stroking the outsides of Caleb's thighs. "I'll tell you everything I intend to do before I do it."

As Caleb has turned out to be quite the fan of Molly's filthy mouth, this should double as an enticement, and it seems to work. He kicks a knee over Molly's legs and centers himself over Molly's thighs. "Okay," he says with a sigh. "You can look now."

Molly lets his eyes travel down Caleb's chest, past the surprisingly thick scattering of chest hair, down past his stomach. There's a thatch of auburn curls between narrow hips, same as before, but instead of a cock, Molly can see the barest hint of labia peeking out.

"Caleb, you are *gorgeous*," Molly breathes. He sets his hands on Caleb's hips, urging him to sit back on his heels. "Here, get comfortable, love. I need to kiss you."

Then they're in more familiar territory, and Caleb visibly relaxes as he leans forward to slide a hand behind Molly's neck to pull him in for a kiss. Any remaining nerves he'd been feeling seem to fall away, and what's left behind is intimacy that quickly turns to hunger. Molly lets his hands wander down Caleb's back, scratching his nails very lightly just above the cleft of his ass, a sensitive spot that makes Caleb gasp into his mouth.

Even as the kiss turns heated, Molly can tell that Caleb's keeping his lower body away from Molly's. Well, if he can't stop thinking about it, then Molly definitely needs to get him talking about it. "What does it feel like?" he murmurs into Caleb's ear, punctuating the question with a soft nip to his earlobe.

"It, ah... It is difficult to describe. I feel like I should be getting hard, but instead I am just... warm and... open. *Scheisse*, I am not doing this justice."

"If you're ready for it, I would very much like to touch you," Molly says, hands kneading at Caleb's ass.

"Y-yes. I think... Yes, I would like that."

Molly moves slowly, letting a hand drift to Caleb's hip and down the outside of his thigh. As his fingers drag back up the inside of Caleb's thigh, he slows down even more, waiting until Caleb is practically squirming before making contact with his center. Even then, he splits his fingers to rub at Caleb's outer lips before working his way in. He lets the pad of one finger press against Caleb's opening, and they both groan. "Getting wet already," Molly whispers, drawing idle circles with his fingertip. "Does this feel good?"

“*Ja*,” Caleb sighs, resting more of his weight forward on his knees and bracing his hands on Molly’s shoulders. “That is... very nice.”

“It only rates a ‘very nice’?” Molly teases, increasing the pressure slightly. “I’ll have to do better.”

“Oh, *das is gut*,” Caleb says, his breathing starting to deepen. When Molly looks up, he sees that Caleb’s eyes are closed.

“Mmm, getting there. But I still think there’s room for improvement.” Molly gets another finger involved, spreading the growing slick around. Caleb is beginning to rock his hips in tiny increments, and Molly grins. “Got a good grip on my shoulders, love?”

“Yes, what—?”

Molly brings his fingers forward to slide over Caleb’s clit, and Caleb *shouts*, his knees threatening to collapse. Molly gives him just enough time to steady himself before doing it again, a quick pass with the tips of his fingers. Caleb’s cry is softer this time, but just as desperate, and he shoves his hips forward for more.

“*Gods*, Molly,” Caleb gasps, sinking down onto his heels until their eyes are level. The blue of his eyes has nearly been swallowed by the black of his pupils, and there’s an expression of astonishment on his face. “I did not expect it to be that intense.”

“Are you starting to understand why I miss pussy?” Molly asks playfully, kissing the tip of Caleb’s nose.

“*Ja*, fuck, yes,” Caleb moans. “It has been many years since I have...”

“...petted a kitty?” Molly supplies helpfully.

Caleb groans at the terrible pun but answers, “*Ja*. I was young, and I was... not skillful.”

“It’s been a while for me, too,” Molly admits, sliding his whole hand between Caleb’s legs and pressing up with the heel of it until Caleb whimpers. “But I think I still know my way around one.”

As if nodding in agreement, Caleb drops his head forward and grinds down into Molly’s hand. Molly feels his fingers get wetter and he moans in sympathy.

“I have an idea, sweetheart,” Molly says. He pulls his hand away and Caleb grunts in frustration. “Get up on your knees again.” Caleb does. “I’m going to put my fingers right here—” He extends two fingers, palm up, hovering between Caleb’s legs “—and you’re going to rub against them to find out what this shiny new pussy likes.”

Instead of answering with words, Caleb kisses him, hard and deep, then pulls back to rest their foreheads together. He takes Molly’s wrist and puts his hand right where he wants, fingertips firmly against his clit, before starting to move his hips.

“That’s it, darling,” Molly coos. “Find the perfect rhythm, the perfect pressure.” It’s unspeakably arousing, watching Caleb work his hips. He starts with a thrusting motion, one that Molly’s delightfully familiar with, but it’s soon apparent that that’s not quite enough. He switches to quick, dirty little circles, which have his whole body shuddering, but the movement is too precise and tiring to keep up for very long. To switch it up, he occasionally lets Molly’s fingers slip further back to press against his slit, which is very nearly dripping by now.

Eventually, Caleb finds a rhythm he can sustain, short little flicks of his hips with Molly’s fingertips on his clit. He’s practically grunting with every exhale, and Molly has to sit on his other hand to keep from reaching for himself, because he knows he’d come in short order with a hand on his cock. Once Caleb can get past that block of anxiety in his own head, once he really loses himself, he’s absolutely shameless, and watching him work for his own pleasure is intoxicating. It’s particularly delicious to watch in the absence of other stimulation, when Molly can focus on the little things: every sound that comes out of Caleb’s lips, every quiver that runs through his body.

After a few minutes, though, Caleb’s grunts turn to soft whines of frustration, and his hips begin to slow. “Molly,” he groans, “I think... I think I must be close, but I can’t...”

“That’s okay, love,” Molly says, pulling away his hand and shaking out his wrist. “You did so beautifully. Why don’t you relax and let me take care of the hard work for a little while?”

Caleb nods shakily, his breath coming in gasps, and Molly helps him lay back and stretch his legs out. “You’re amazing,” Molly whispers as he capture Caleb’s lips for a series of quick kisses.

He puts his hand back between Caleb’s legs as he kisses down the human’s throat and over his chest, stopping to suck on each nipple in turn. He keeps his touch maddeningly light for how wet Caleb is, but it’s no secret that he likes his wizard a little strung out and desperate. Once he gets down between Caleb’s legs, he can finally get a good look. It may have been a long time since Caleb’s seen one, but Molly sends up a prayer of gratitude for his keen mind, because he got all the details just right. And the fact that this sweet, wet pussy belongs to *Caleb* is a delight that Molly hadn’t even dared to imagine before.

Molly’s so excited that he goes in for a long, luxurious lick without a verbal warning, and Caleb yelps.

“Sorry,” Molly gasps, looking up the bed at Caleb. “I know I said I’d tell you what—”

Caleb gestures at him frantically. “Do that again *right now!*”

“Yes sir,” Molly says with a lewd wink and lowers his head back down. He spreads Caleb’s legs wide to make room for his horns, but Caleb keeps clenching his thighs around them regardless. Caleb is so wonderfully soft against Molly’s tongue, the taste of him different but still slightly familiar. He stays away from Caleb’s clit at first, flicking his tongue everywhere else and then pressing into the source of the slick. He hears Caleb let out a choked gasp, so he spends some time fucking Caleb with his tongue as deep as he can.

As aroused as Caleb already is, things start to build quickly, and when Molly turns his attention to Caleb's clit, the pitch of Caleb's cries let him know that he's close. Some gentle suction and Caleb's whole body goes tight, quivering until the tension breaks and he bucks in Molly's grip, riding it out. Molly keeps going as long as Caleb will let him, enjoying every shudder of aftershock that runs up Caleb's spine.

When Molly finally pulls away, he sits back to rub at the marks his horns have made on Caleb's inner thighs, giving Caleb a moment to collect himself. Soon enough, Caleb calls his name and reaches for him, and Molly slithers easily up the bed and into Caleb's arms. Caleb kisses him long and deep, fingers digging into Molly's shoulders as though he expects Molly to fly away at any moment.

"That was..." Caleb gasps, and then mutters in Zemnian for a moment. "*Nein*, there is not a word I can think of in any language."

"Good, then?" Molly asks cheekily, smiling against Caleb's lips.

"Magnificent. You must try it."

Molly laughs gently. "Oh, you can count on it. Another time, though – there's still so much fun to be had."

Caleb rolls onto his side, pressing the full length of their bodies together, and he must feel how hard Molly is, because they both groan. "I am ready to have you inside of me," Caleb murmurs, reaching between them.

Molly catches Caleb's hand before it reaches its goal. "Is that what you want? It's certainly not a requirement."

"I want it very much."

"Me too," Molly sighs, bringing Caleb's hand up to his mouth and kissing his palm. "But not quite yet. After all, it's technically your first time, and I'm not done playing yet."

Caleb looks at him from under lowered lashes, and Molly sees some of the wicked humor from earlier glint in his blue eyes. "Then I place myself in your capable hands, *Herr* Mollymauk."

"Oh, I do love it when you get formal," Molly says, kissing him right between the eyes – the best things happen when Caleb gets comfortable enough to tease him. "Roll over for me?"

Caleb gives him a quizzical look, but nonetheless, he turns over so his back is facing Molly. As soon as he does, Molly takes him by the hips and pulls their bodies together once more, allowing himself a quick moment to rub his cock against Caleb's backside.

Chuckling, Caleb arches his back and presses into Molly. "If that is what you wanted, I am fairly certain we do not need polymorph."

Molly groans softly and forces his hips into stillness. "Forgive me, love. I have a weakness for your perfect ass." He slides his hands down Caleb's torso, guiding Caleb's right leg up

over his own to spread his thighs. He hears Caleb's breath catch as he caresses the human's soft inner thighs.

"I want to make sure you like having fingers in you first," Molly purrs against the skin of Caleb's shoulder. "We can go as slow as you like."

"I do not think 'slow' is the optimal pace here," Caleb says, wriggling in Molly's grip as the tiefling's hands approach his center.

"The better to savor the experience," Molly says, biting into the muscle in front of him as his fingertips play lightly over Caleb's spread cunt. He circles Caleb's clit and feels the breath rush out of the human's body.

"*Oh*," Caleb breathes. "Again so soon."

Molly sighs happily. "Mmm, pussies are wonderful." He takes some time to tease, to build Caleb's anticipation with frustratingly light, quick touches. He waits until Caleb's wriggling with frustration before giving him what he wants. He draws runes and glyphs in nonsense patterns over Caleb's folds, taking brief pauses to toy with his clit until Caleb is squirming in his grip.

Finally, Molly presses the tip of his middle finger to Caleb's opening. "Ready, love?"

"Yes, Molly, I have *been*—ohhhhhh."

His finger slides in to the first knuckle, and he moans as he feels Caleb clench around it experimentally. "How does that feel?"

"That was... easy."

Molly chuckles, rubbing his nose against the back of Caleb's head. "How's this?" he asks, sliding his finger further in and then back out, then once again.

"Mmm, friction is good," Caleb hums, rocking his hips against the motion of Molly's hand. After a short time, Caleb sighs, "More, please."

Two fingers require a little more effort, but Molly takes his time easing them in, groaning at the way Caleb's body grips at them. Caleb seems to agree, the undulations of his hips growing bolder. He quickly figures out how to grind his clit against the heel of Molly's hand, and Molly focuses on the push and pull of Caleb's body in his arms to try to take his mind off his aching cock.

"Caleb," he says, panting a little, "hold still a moment and tell me if you like this." He curls his fingers as best he can, stroking against Caleb's front inner wall. He knows he's found what he's looking for when Caleb's whole body twitches. "Good?"

"That is also an intense sensation. It does not feel bad, but... I do not quite know if it feels good." After a moment and a huffed breath, Caleb asks, "Will you do it again?"

Molly does, massaging firmly, and Caleb groans, reaching back to grip Molly's thigh. "Keep—keep doing that. I think it's good."

This isn't quite the ideal position for it, but Molly does the best he can to drag his fingers over that spot on every thrust. Soon, Caleb is writhing against him, so wet that Molly's hand squelches obscenely between his legs. "Enough," Caleb moans, grabbing Molly's wrist. "I need your cock."

The aforementioned cock twitches at that. "It needs you, too, darling. You want to be on top? I think I'll last longer that way."

"Yes, yes," Caleb says hurriedly, pushing Molly over on his back and straddling him. He grips Molly's cock in a firm hand and begins to lower himself when something occurs to Molly.

"Wait!" Molly yelps. Caleb freezes and looks at Molly, who asks awkwardly, "You, uh... You aren't able to, I mean... I can't get you pregnant like this, can I?"

Caleb laughs and kisses Molly lightly. "*Nein*, I cannot polymorph myself that completely. Now be good, Mollymauk, and let me fuck you."

Molly grins. "Of course, *Herr* Widogast."

The process is sweet agony for Molly. Caleb rubs the head of Molly's cock against his clit first, making Molly go briefly cross-eyed with pleasure. The head is narrower than a human's, but this is still a new experience for Caleb, and it takes some careful positioning to get everything lined up correctly. But once he does, he sinks right down, impaling himself immediately on Molly's cock with a startled cry. Molly, too, can't help but yell out at the sensation.

"Good?" is the only word Molly can get out as he squeezes Caleb's wrist.

"Perfect," Caleb moans.

There's no waiting, no period of adjustment. Caleb takes a few slow bounces to learn the slightly new angle, but then he braces his hands on Molly's chest and quickly speeds up, clearly eager for the friction he felt earlier. It really is the most incredible thing to watch. Their positions are usually reversed, Molly being the unabashed exhibitionist that he is. Caleb needs to be in right headspace – or more than a little tipsy – to want to ride Molly like this, and Molly wishes he had Caleb's ability to record this sight with perfect clarity. Strands of Caleb's hair have begun to fall out of the short, neat braid he keeps it in these days, and they stick to the sweat beginning to bead on his temples. His eyes are closed and the flush on his cheeks has begun to spread down his neck. He looks utterly debauched.

Reaching up to touch Caleb's cheek, Molly gently smooths back the errant strands of hair, and Caleb utterly surprises Molly by turning his head and sinking his teeth into the flesh of Molly's hand. Molly yelps with delight. "You gorgeous, wicked thing," Molly groans. "Take whatever you need."

Caleb switches to a slow, swiveling grind and then to a rolling motion, finding the movement that feels best. Molly tries to let him set the pace, but he can only hold out so long before thrusting up into Caleb's eager body. At that, Caleb sits back on his knees a bit, and it takes a moment to get their movements synced up, but when it happens, Caleb's head falls back, his mouth opening in a silent groan. It's hard to look away from his face, but Molly's equally entranced by the place their bodies join, where his cock disappears again and again into Caleb's pussy. Unable to help himself, he reaches down and circles Caleb's clit with his thumb, gasping when Caleb comes almost immediately, insides clenching deliciously around Molly's cock.

After Caleb stops shivering, Molly slows down, needing to check in with Caleb but wanting to prolong things for himself, as well. "Okay?"

Caleb nods, sweat dripping down his neck. "Very."

"Still up for more?"

"*Ja*. My legs are tiring, though."

"Easy enough to fix," Molly says, sitting up and groaning as Caleb pulls off of him. "There's something else I want to try."

Caleb nods again, going over easily as Molly helps him lie on his back, head and shoulders propped up on the pillows. His eyelids dip and his whole body is trembling, making him look positively drunk on pleasure. But when Molly bends over him, he still reaches out eagerly. Molly kisses him and murmurs against his lips, "Want to keep going?"

"Yes," Caleb groans. "I want you to come inside me."

Molly shivers at the gravelly, wrecked tone of Caleb's voice. "We'll do this one together. First, though, I want you to tell me when I've found the right spot."

Caleb's brow furrows slightly, but it smooths when Molly lines up and pushes back inside him. Molly loops an arm under Caleb's hips and pulls up, changing the angle and thrusting in. Caleb hums happily, but it's not quite what Molly's looking for. Two more tries and Caleb seems to get what Molly's doing, shifting as best he can in Molly's arms until Molly's hips snap forward and Caleb hollers.

Molly's too focused on holding back his own orgasm to speak, but he takes Caleb's hand and positions it between his legs. Caleb doesn't need any further instruction to start rubbing his clit as Molly moves, fucking into Caleb with short, sharp jabs of his hips, cock ridges lighting up that sweet spot in his cunt with as much precision as possible. Caleb's making noises that Molly's never heard before, tight sobs of breath as his hand works faster, and Molly's fangs sink into his own lip. He's determined to get Caleb over one last peak, but fucking him like this has Molly on the knife edge.

His control starts to weaken, nearly at the point of no return when Caleb lurches up and wails, his body curling in on itself as his cunt clamps around Molly's cock, and Molly feels a

gush of hot fluid on his lower belly as Caleb comes hard enough that his whole body nearly lifts off the bed.

With that, Molly's gone, the simple relief of no longer holding back flowing through him like a climax in itself. He sinks deep into the soft, wet heaven of Caleb's body and lets his orgasm rocket through him like a shock wave, pulsing hot and sweet out to the tips of his fingers and toes. He feels Caleb's pussy still fluttering around him and shudders blissfully, letting the pleasure break him and put him back together all at once.

He comes to an indeterminate amount of time later with a finger jabbing him in the ribs. "Molly. *Mollymauk*. I adore you, but you are very heavy and I am easily squashed."

"Sorry," Molly groans, pushing up on his hands and wincing as he pulls out of Caleb. Everything, everywhere is so damp and sticky that he has to laugh at himself. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No, *liebling*, though you must give me some time to recover," Caleb says with a breathless chuckle.

"Are you done?" Molly asks, trailing his fingertips lightly down Caleb's belly. "The hour's not up yet, and just because I'm finished—"

"I do not think I can take anymore," Caleb groans, but Molly's utterly gratified to see the human's face relaxed into a soft smile. "And that final time was... more than enough. I, ah, did not know this anatomy was truly capable of that. I thought it was a fiction invented by writers of smutty stories."

Molly rolls on his back, hoping he's not smirking too hard. If he does nothing else with his life, he'll always have the time he fucked Caleb's magic pussy so well he squirted. "I told you I knew my way around one of those."

"Mmm," Caleb hums, curling up against Molly's side. "The next time you are nostalgic for pussy, I will polymorph you one of your very own. Or perhaps both of us at the same time."

With a happy groan, Molly pulls Caleb in tight and kisses him sweetly. "Thank the gods no one else knows how filthy you really are. I'd never be able to keep you for myself."

"It will be our secret," Caleb murmurs.

Gently, Molly pulls the tie from the end of Caleb's braid and loosens the strands until he can run a hand through Caleb's hair with ease. "You know I'm going to want you no matter what's between your legs, right?"

"Is that your clever way of asking me if I can polymorph a githzerai double cock?"

Grinning, Molly says, "No, that was a genuine expression of unconditional affection. But since you brought it up..."

Caleb's body shakes with quiet laughter. "I would have to see it... them? ...first."

“Ah, so it goes,” Molly says with a feigned sigh. “But you already indulge me plenty. Some would probably say too much.”

“I enjoy indulging you. It often brings good things for me, as well,” Caleb says, ending the sentence in a mighty yawn.

“Done copying your spells for the night?”

“*Nein*,” Caleb says, his eyelids already starting to droop. “But I think a brief nap is in order. Please wake me when my penis has returned.”

“You say the sweetest things to me, darling” Molly whispers, guiding Caleb’s head to rest on his chest, just above his heart.

End Notes

I made it through this whole thing without making a Frumpkin/pussy joke, and I'm not sure whether to be proud of myself or ashamed.

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