

A Useful Little Spell

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15891090) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15891090>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Other
Fandom:	Critical Role (Web Series)
Relationship:	Mollymauk Tealeaf/Caleb Widogast
Characters:	Mollymauk Tealeaf , Caleb Widogast
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Smut , Mollymauk Lives Fest , prompt: fun with magic , Nonbinary Mollymauk Tealeaf , male pronouns used but still nonbinary , ok , Anal Sex , Oral Sex , Ritual Sex , Bottom Caleb , Don't copy to another site
Language:	English
Collections:	Mollymauk Lives Fest
Stats:	Published: 2018-09-04 Words: 4,577 Chapters: 1/1

A Useful Little Spell

by [threerings](#)

Summary

Caleb uncovers a promising new spell but unfortunately it requires two people. Two people having sex.

A little silly smut for Day Three of Mollymauk Lives Fest.

Notes

I ran out of time when this got way longer than planned. So forgive any mistakes. Also posting from a phone is difficult. Will clean it up later.

NOTE: Do not reproduce this work in any form on any site or app. Rights belong to myself, the author and no permissions are given. If you are reading this anywhere but [archiveofourown.org](#), you are reading a stolen copy.

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

When Caleb had found the spell lying in a stack of loose pages under a century's worth of dust on a library shelf, he'd briefly felt as if all his wishes had been answered; as if all the hours he'd spent searching book stores, curiosity shops, and libraries had finally paid off.

And then he'd actually read the full spell and his heart had fallen. It was just what he'd been looking for: an actual spell to control the flow of time. To actually *reverse* it.

Except it wasn't drawn from any of the school of magic as Caleb had learned them. This wasn't wizardry. It was, to his chagrin, a much older and less controlled form of ritual magic. Sex magic.

It was probably nonsense. A remnant of superstition, or the ravings of a madman or maybe a charlatan. That's what he told himself, and he tried to forget about it.

Except he couldn't. Weeks went by and he was still thinking about the possibility that there might be something to it. He told himself it was ridiculous, impossible. But some part of his brain just kept on working at it, coming up with ways he could test it.

And one night when he was on watch with Mollymauk his mouth just opened and he was asking before he fully realized he was going to.

"Mollymauk, you enjoy sleeping with both men and women, correct?" Molly stiffened and turned to him.

"Ye-es?" he replied, the word drawn out in a perplexed manner. Caleb flushed and had to look away, down to his hands. He took a deep breath and plunged ahead.

"Alright, *ja*, look, there's this spell," he began, eyes flicking up repeatedly to check on the state of Molly's face as he spoke, seeing the confusion and amusement warring for supremacy. "It's probably nothing, probably stupid, but if it worked it could be...really important."

"I'm not following you, darling," interjected Mollymauk. Caleb held up a hand for patience.

"It's...the spell, it requires two people. Two people having sex." Molly's eyebrows climbed as high as they could go. Then his lips curled up into a crooked grin.

"Caleb, are you...propositioning me? I'm flattered, but, I'm not a wizard."

"Ja, ja, of course, I know," Caleb returned, frustrated. "Clearly. No, the spell only takes one person, one caster. But it must happen during sex. And, uh..." He hesitated, his face going hotter. "And the caster must be, uh, the passive party. The *receptive* party, if you follow me."

Mollymauk blinked at him a couple of times, evidently at a loss for words. "Oh," he said. "I see? Are you...Caleb, are you asking me to *fuck* you?"

Caleb ducked his head, but pushed past his embarrassment. "Like I said, it probably won't work, it's probably nothing, but I can't stop thinking about it, and...it...it would mean a lot to

me if it *did* work.”

“What is this spell supposed to do, exactly?”

“Oh, well, it’s meant to sort of...extend the moment, I think? It’s meant to slow down time, mostly. I’ve been working on something related, and so, it could be very useful...” He trailed off, not wanting to go too much into detail.

Molly was quiet for a few moments, brow furrowed. “Okay,” he said, “First of all, I’d love to. But I need to know some things first...like, have you ever done this before?”

Caleb ignored the way his heart pounded in excitement at Molly’s agreement, however conditional it might be. “Uh, you mean this kind of ritual magic? Sex magic? Yes, I have, when I was younger. I experimented a bit. A few times.”

Molly huffed a small laugh and shook his head. “No, Caleb, that’s not what I meant. Although I guess it’s good to know. I *meant* the...receptive part.”

“Oh.” His face was doubtless bright red now. “I...uh...no,” he admitted. “I haven’t, exactly.”

“Ah.” Molly sighed. “And what do you *feel* about trying it?”

Caleb took a deep breath. “I...guess I’m excited? About the spell?”

“Again, my dear, that’s not what I meant, and I think you know it. I meant what does the thought of me fucking you make you feel?” His tone was as blunt as his words and Caleb instinctively turned a little away from him.

He considered his answer. His heart was pounding fast and loud in his chest, his breathing shallow. He felt hot, warmth coursing through his veins. Embarrassment to be having this conversation, sure, but also excitement. Was that entirely for the prospect of the spell? Perhaps.

“I...I don’t know. I don’t know what you want me to say,” he said finally.

Mollymauk cocked his head to the side, studying him. He reached a hand out to touch Caleb’s cheek lightly, making him shiver. “I want to know if this is something you’re only willing to suffer because you want the magic, or if you are at all interested in bedding me to begin with. Forgive me, but the first option doesn’t sound very appealing to me.”

“Oh,” said Caleb. “I hadn’t...thought of it that way.” He looked at the concerned expression on Molly’s face. He swallowed, willing his tongue to not trip over itself. “It’s not...I don’t think it would be...*suffering*,” he managed. When Molly raised one brow at this, he realized that may have sounded less enthusiastic than he’d intended. “I mean...*scheisse*, this is awkward...” He covered his face with his hands for a moment.

“Mollymauk,” he tried again, voice controlled. “I very much want to try this spell, and I’ve considered various ways I could go about it, but the problem is that unless I myself am the caster, I won’t learn what I need to from it. And there are very few people I would...that I *could* trust enough to, not only engage in that level of intimacy with, but also to share the

magical knowledge with. In fact, ‘very few’ is entirely incorrect. There is only one person I can imagine.” He looked at Molly finally, locking eyes with his intense gaze.

“Hmm,” said Molly with a small smile. “I’m not sure if that answers my question.” He tilted his head to the side. “Let’s try one more thing.” And he bent his head close to Caleb’s, a hand coming up under his chin to tilt his face up to meet his kiss.

The touch of Molly’s lips against his was soft, inquisitive. They parted just enough to prod Caleb’s own lips into movement. After the initial moment of surprise he found himself responding, pressing more firmly to Mollymauk, lifting a hand to cup his cheek, chasing the taste of him. In another moment their tongues were twined together, Molly’s hand hard on the back of his head. Caleb felt himself begin to tremble as a sense of need arose in him, something deep and primal that he only remembered from distant memories.

After a few more moments he broke away, breathless, his heart pounding. Molly took in the sight of him and grinned, the firelight glinting in his eyes. “Ah,” he murmured. “There we go. That’s all I needed to know. So when are we doing this?”

Caleb licked his lips, his mind feeling slow to take in the question. “Uh, well, we need privacy, I’d think.”

“So next time we’re in a town for a few days?” Molly suggested. He nodded, mentally calculating how long it might be until then. Days, at least. That now seemed entirely too long to wait.



It was more than a week before they were back in Zadash to collect their rewards for tasks completed and get some much needed R&R. The rest of the Mighty Nein scattered in various directions and didn’t see Molly and Caleb leaving together one afternoon.

They started at the bathhouse, at Molly’s insistence. There was a current of something in the air between them as they undressed and slipped into the water. They weren’t alone in the public bath, so nothing other than looks passed between them. Molly couldn’t keep his eyes from tracing down Caleb’s thin frame, taking in his pale skin, so delicate looking.

He blinked. If he didn’t stop that train of thought, he was going to embarrass himself. He couldn’t keep the image of his teeth sinking into that white flesh out of his mind, though. For his part, Caleb kept his eyes mostly averted. He dutifully cleaned up, including his face and hair. For all that Molly didn’t normally mind Caleb’s scruffy appearance, he was always surprised to see how truly *pretty* the man was under all that dirt. He supposed that was part of the reason he hid the way he did. Attractiveness drew attention.

They cut their bath shorter than Molly usually liked, but he didn’t complain this time. They headed to an inn in a different part of town from their usual haunt, taking the most isolated room the innkeeper had. She eyed them with a combination of suspicion and insinuation, asking for the money up front.

The room turned out to be in the attic, the only guest room on that level, with a large open floor but a lack of headroom under the sloping roof. Molly strolled around the room inspecting the walls and peering out the singular, small, round window. It was too dirty to make any details out through the panes.

“Help me move this bed,” called Caleb from behind him. Molly turned to him in surprise.

“Why?” he asked.

“I need to draw the ritual circle on the floor. The bed won’t fit.” He sent a quick apologetic shrug Molly’s way and went back to shoving at the heavy wooden bed. Molly joined him and together they finally managed to shift the bed to one side, though they were both left panting from the effort.

“So we have to be in the circle?” he asked, leaning against the mattress. Caleb nodded and crouched down, pulling white chalk from his coat pocket. “So we’re doing this on the floor?” he pressed.

Caleb stopped and looked up at him. “Is that a problem?”

Molly held up his hands in front of him. “No, no. I’m flexible. Just...we might want a pillow or two for our knees.

Caleb blinked at him for a moment, then shrugged. “If you want,” he said. “Now I need to concentrate while I draw this. It has to be exact.” His look was pointed and Molly held up his hands again and turned his back on Caleb to avoid distracting him. He shrugged out of his coat, laying it neatly across the bed. Then he sat to remove his boots, always a process.

By the time he was in his shirt and pants Caleb appeared to be finished drawing the circle, filling in various runes and symbols around the outside. All told it was about ten feet in diameter, enough to hopefully accommodate both of them comfortably. Molly studied the line of Caleb’s shoulders, wondering just how nervous the wizard was. For his own part, what Molly felt was more eager anticipation than nerves, but he was beginning to wonder what Caleb expected from this encounter. He seemed focused on the magical side of things, to no surprise, but Molly wondered if he would remain as business-like about the sex.

Molly didn’t have a problem treating sex as a simple transaction between two (or more) willing parties, but somehow he had trouble imagining Caleb having quite as casual an attitude towards things.

Finally Caleb stood and surveyed his work with a curt nod of satisfaction. Then he crossed his arms across his chest and looked in Molly’s direction without actually looking *at* him. “’s ready,” he said gruffly.

Molly nodded thoughtfully. Then he padded across the floor towards Caleb on bare feet. He stopped right next to the man, too close for comfort, but not actually touching. “Are you sure you want to go through with this?” he asked quietly. Caleb’s eyes flashed up at him in concern.

“Ja,” he replied with a touch of defiance.

“Wonderful. Just checking, you know.”

Caleb looked over Molly’s shoulder at the chalk circle. “I suppose we should get to it, *ja*?” he said.

“I’m at your disposal,” replied Molly with a shrug. He began the careful process of pulling his shirt over his head and horns. When he could see again, he saw Caleb had stripped off his coat and was beginning on the rest of his clothing. Molly turned to the bed and snagged a couple of pillows off it and tossed them into the circle. Then he retrieved the small jar from his coat pocket and placed it carefully within the circle’s perimeter.

“What is that?” asked Caleb, pausing with his shirt hanging from one shoulder. Molly was momentarily distracted by the creamy skin of his chest, dusted with reddish hair.

He forced himself to look back to Caleb’s face and smiled. “Mmm, just something I got at the herbalist’s.” Caleb frowned and opened his mouth as if to question him further, before suddenly flushing pink and shutting his mouth. Molly had known it wouldn’t take him long to figure out the purpose of the ointment.

He stripped off the rest of his clothes quickly, with his back to Caleb. Once he was bare, however, he peeked at the other’s exposed body, noting a lack of physical arousal. His frame was stiff with tension. Molly didn’t know exactly the right play, here. Did he offer comfort, support, romance? Or did he follow Caleb’s lead and keep things...businesslike? As usual he couldn’t quite choose and decided to have both. He stepped over the chalk, careful not to smudge Caleb’s work, and knelt on one of the pillows. He tried to summon an air of dignity despite the lack of clothing. He heard rather than watched Caleb take a deep breath, and then he copied Molly’s movement and came to sit as well, legs crossed in front of him.

“How--” Caleb began, but his voice cracked and he had to break off to clear his throat. “That is, how do you...want me?” His face flushed a dark red color.

Molly had to suppress a shiver of desire at the sound of those words. Several different responses flashed through his mind of various levels of lewdness and flirtatiousness. He pushed them aside in favor of taking a lighter tone. “Well, for now,” he said, “I think this is fine to begin with.”

He leaned forward and closed the distance between them, losing the cushion of the pillow under his knees. He pressed a careful kiss to Caleb’s lips, guiding the wizard with one hand along his jaw. He felt a shiver go through him, thought Caleb’s whole body felt fragile and unsteady. As if he would fall over if Molly breathed wrong.

And yet he didn’t shrink away from the contact, and after several moments, he opened his mouth to let Molly explore more deeply. He felt another shudder travel through his frame, and a hand came up to grasp his shoulder, hard. Suddenly, Molly realized that it wasn’t fragility he was sensing in Caleb, but a very tight restraint. Caleb was holding himself under tight control, not taking charge, letting Molly lead, but not from a lack of desire, perhaps.

He acted upon this revelation by moving closer to the other, pulling him harder against him. He spread his knees and straddled Caleb's lap, pushing his arousal closer to the other's body. Caleb stiffened and then a firm hand settled onto Molly's ass and he was pulled closer.

From there things got properly heated, with Caleb kissing him back with as much hunger as he felt, their bodies grinding together, limbs uncomfortable tangled. Caleb quickly became as hard as Molly, his cock nudging between the tiefling's thighs.

"Fuck, Caleb, I want you," gasped Molly against his mouth. Caleb made an inarticulate sound of need in response. Molly pressed him backwards, working his mouth down his neck, nipping lightly. Caleb was soon spread out flat on his back under him, and he slid full length down his body, leaving a trail of kisses in his wake.

"I love your skin," he murmured in between wet, open mouthed caresses.

"My skin?" objected Caleb. "When yours is so..." Molly lifted his head and grinned up at him.

"So what?" he asked teasingly, tongue between his teeth.

"So extraordinary," said Caleb in a wondering tone. For a moment his face was soft and open, and then he looked to the side hurriedly.

"I love you skin. It's so pale and perfect," said Molly before seizing another bit of skin between his teeth lightly. Caleb gave a little groan but then shook his head.

"You don't have to do that," he said, a bit strained.

"Do what?" Molly asked, confused.

"Say...those things. You don't have to act like you...like I'm...you don't have to make things up," Caleb managed finally.

Molly looked at him for a few beats. "You think I'm lying?" he asked.

Caleb shrugged. "Isn't that kinda your thing?" He smiled very slightly as he spoke, but the smile didn't reach his eyes.

Molly pushed himself up. "I...I lie about myself, yeah, sometimes. I lie to marks. But Caleb, you're not a mark." He used a hand to turn Caleb's head so he was actually looking at him. "You're...my friend, Caleb. I'm not lying to you. I won't lie to you."

Caleb's eyes were troubled and Molly thought he didn't believe him. But that was more than enough sincerity for the moment. "I love your skin because I can't help wanting to mark it up and leave evidence of everywhere I've been. I've been thinking about it all night." With that he lowered his mouth to Caleb's shoulder and sucked and nibbled. Caleb groaned and juttet his hips up against Molly's so he kept at it.

"You like that idea?" he asked. "Want me to mark you up?" Caleb nodded, slightly shakily. Molly grinned and set to work.

Eventually he worked his way down to Caleb's flushed cock. It was awfully pretty, too, the way it was pink and red against his pale belly. He licked up the underside, winning a satisfying cry from Caleb's throat. He kept going, using all his skill to suck and lick and stroke him, until hands reach down and pulled him up by the horns.

"Wait. Stop," Caleb hissed. Molly looked at him, licking his lips clean of drool. "I need to wait to finish. For the spell." Oh. Right. The spell. Molly had almost forgotten what they were doing there in the first place. He'd been lost and drunk on Caleb's skin, the noises he made and the way he writhed under his attentions.

"Alright," he said. "You still want to...continue?" He felt the need to check, despite all evidence in front of him. Caleb hadn't ever let anyone fuck him. He didn't know the full story, what his reasons might be, but he didn't feel the need to. He just needed to know he wanted this now.

Caleb nodded without hesitation. "*Ja.*" Molly smiled.

"Excellent. Then turn over for me. And up on your knees." He helped Caleb move into position, got a pillow under his knees. He enjoyed the way his blush spread across his shoulders as he settled into the very exposed posture.

Molly began by tracing his hands down Caleb's back and across the curve of his ass. He let his talons scratch lightly at the skin. Then he went to work with his mouth, kissing, sucking, and biting first at one cheek and then the other.

Then he spread Caleb's cheeks with his hands and exposed his opening. He touched it lightly with one finger, noting the way Caleb's whole body jerked but didn't pull away. After a few light strokes he moved in with his mouth, slowly, letting Caleb feel his breath close to his skin, not wanting to surprise him. When no protest arose, Molly reached forward with his tongue and made contact.

Caleb cried out and his head fell between his arms, breath coming in pants. Molly didn't give him a break, but kept swiping his tongue across the puckered flesh until Caleb was moaning in helpless pleasure. He began pressing inside, then, using the sharp tip of his tongue to work into the muscle, tiny bit by tiny bit deeper, Caleb's body letting him inside gradually. Caleb was speaking now, muttering under his breath and Molly wasn't sure if it was Zemnian or a magical chant. He thrust his tongue in fully, as deep as he could, and Caleb spluttered.

"*Schiesse!* Molly!" he cried, but it wasn't a complaint. Molly reached down and tugged on his own cock, aching now. He kept working Caleb with his mouth, until his jaw was in agony. He sat back, rubbing at his sore jaw with one hand as the other reached for the jar he'd brought. He unscrewed it and Caleb looked back at him, eyes still heavy-lidded.

The sweet scent of the oily substance joined the more earthy smells of their bodies as he coated two fingers thickly in the balm. It was a purpose-made blend of oils that Molly had talked out of a lovely herbalist one afternoon during a rather instructive conversation. He pressed one slick finger to Caleb's hole and began pressing inside.

“Tell me if I hurt you at all,” he said softly as Caleb sucked in air. He had trimmed two of his nails especially for this evening, and he thanked his foresight. Nothing so awkward as asking your partner if they have a strong pair of scissors or trying to hack at his claws with his own sword blade. He’d done it, of course, but it was far better to prepare in advance.

He worked his finger in slowly, massaging the muscle around the rim. “How is that?” he asked once he had a finger fully inserted. He didn’t know if Caleb had even had so much as this done to him before.

“Good,” Caleb spit before letting his head hang back down. Molly kept on, working the second finger in and then speeding up the pace of his movements, in and out. Soon Caleb was moving with him, pressing back against his hand slightly in rhythm. After a time he brushed against the sensitive spot inside and Caleb gasped, falling to his elbows as he pressed his ass back harder. Molly felt the last of the wizard’s reserve melt away, leaving only desire and need. Caleb moaned and gasped and made begging sounds as Molly kept working him with his hand. He was enjoying this incredibly, watching the layers of control fall away.

“Are you feeling ready for me?” he asked finally. He saw Caleb’s eyes open and his neck craned around to peer at Molly.

A smile curved up one corner of his lips as he spoke, “*Ja. Bitte.* Please, Molly.”

“Good,” he said, before pulling his fingers free. He repositioned the pillows before coming to kneel right behind Caleb. He pressed his cock to him and slid forward, hands firm on his hips. He did it slowly, gradually, letting them both grow accustomed to the sensation bit by bit.

Caleb began speaking again, and this time Molly knew it was a chant of magical import. He couldn’t understand the words but the cadence and repetition was clear. He marveled at the way Caleb managed to keep from mangling the words, even though he was clearly having to work at it.

Once he was fully seated in Caleb’s body he paused, gathering his own breath. He stroked a hand down Caleb’s back. “You feel amazing, darling,” he said. “Are you alright?” Caleb nodded, not pausing in his chant. “Okay, well, just...tap me or look back at me if you need me to stop, alright?” Caleb nodded again, then gave a little shift of his hips as if to urge Molly into moving. So Molly obliged.

It was incredible. Caleb’s body felt spectacular and there was something about hearing his low, constant chanting that gave Molly an extra thrill. He marveled at his concentration, that despite the occasional gasp and shudder and the way Caleb’s hands clenched into fists as Molly fucked him, he never missed a word or broke off his spell. He’d had glimpses before of what a powerful wizard Caleb might one day be, but this was more indicative than anything else, in his mind.

For his own part, he felt his climax approaching more quickly than he might have liked. He’d spent a long time getting Caleb ready, easing up to this, and he had been hard as a board for ages. After doing what he could to delay the inevitable, finally he panted out a warning. “Caleb. I’m...Lords, I’m close. Is that okay?”

Caleb nodded, somewhat frantically, lips still moving, and Molly let himself go, snapping his hips hard into Caleb once, twice, thrice, and then...molten fire as he spilled, crying out loudly, heedless of the smaller body under him and the way he was shoving it down to the ground. Then he was lying on top of Caleb, who was still chanting, sounding strained and breathless.

And then his vision blurred. Everything went fuzzy, and he could barely feel the body under him, and then...everything was crystal clear again and he was on his knees behind Caleb once more. Still rock hard, still buried in him, but the chanting had stumbled to a halt.

“C-caleb?” he asked, his heart pounding. A moment ago he’d been lying flat out on top of Caleb, having just spent into his ass, and now he was...back up, as if it hadn’t happened.

“I think...” Caleb licked his lips and looked back at him. “I think it worked?”

“The spell?” he asked stupidly. Caleb had said something about ‘extending the moment’ but... A sudden harsh laugh cut off his train of thought.

Caleb had a hand covering his face and he was laughing. “It *worked!*” he said. “We...I think we actually...went back in time.” He looked to Molly again. “You came, right?” Molly nodded. “But now?”

Molly considered. He could still feel a vague echo of pleasure, of his release, but it was mental, not physical. His cock, his balls, they still felt tense and in need of release. “Yeah, no, I...I feel like I haven’t.” He stroked his cock once out and into Caleb, both of them shuddering with the feel of it. “We really...could repeat it?”

“I think so. This is incredible. It’s not a *long* time, of course, but the *principle*...”

“Caleb,” Molly interrupted him. “Uh, what now, though. Are we doing this again?”

“I wonder,” murmured Caleb. “You want to see if it works a second time?” Molly gave a laugh.

“Sure. I’m up for anything.” And to punctuate this statement, he pulled Caleb back onto his cock hard.

“Ah,” he said in satisfaction. “Alright, but this time, I want to come, too.” Molly grinned.

“No problem,” he said, and began to move. “I can make that happen. Get to chanting.” Caleb sent him a smile over his shoulder and then began the spell’s chant once more.

End Notes

If you haven't come check out all the awesome stuff at mollymauklivesfest.tumblr.com

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