

i'll call you darling, hold you tight

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i'll call you darling, hold you tight

by [threerings](#)

Summary

“Do you prefer girls or boys?” the smooth voice asked Caleb, whose face went red before he spluttered feebly back at her. Molly knew he wasn’t the only member of the Mighty Nein whose head suddenly turned in the direction of the wizard. They were all curious how this would play out, though if he were honest with himself, Molly’s curiosity had a distinctly personal edge to it.

The Mighty Nein celebrate their latest successful adventure with the gratitude of an entire brothel. But as much as Mollymauk might want to indulge himself, he's more concerned with Caleb.

Notes

I've been working on this for weeks, constantly having to revise as canon keeps shifting on me. It's a little bit PWP and a little bit character study. Enjoy! It's set at some future point, in my mind months down the road.

Title from "Saying Your Names" by Richard Siken

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

“Do you prefer girls or boys?” the smooth voice asked Caleb, whose face went red before he spluttered feebly back at her. Molly knew he wasn’t the only member of the Mighty Nein whose head suddenly turned in the direction of the wizard. They were all curious how this would play out, though if he were honest with himself, Molly’s curiosity had a distinctly personal edge to it.

“Come, come, there’s no shame at Madam Henrietta’s!” the woman continued, her eyes sparkling almost as brightly as her many jewels in the candlelight. “You’ve all saved my business; I insist on rewarding you properly.”

The madam had spared no expense for this celebration dinner, that was true. The food was varied and superb, the wine flowed abundantly, and at least two dozen scantily clad women and men circulated around the room, doing everything in their power to tempt the members of the Mighty Nein. The group was eager for a moment of rest after completing their latest task for The Gentleman, destroying the creature which had been using Madam Henrietta’s brothel as a hunting ground. Molly was enjoying himself immensely, not only from the sheer rare hedonism of the scene, but also from watching his friends’ reactions.

Jester was in her element: not surprisingly at ease in a house of pleasure. She complimented the food and the company equally, shameless in her comments on the courtesans’ various attractions. Fjord sat at her side, at first stiff and awkward, but gradually relaxing over the course of the evening. The wine might be responsible for his current flushed laughter and the way his arm rested around the waist of a slim half-elven woman, but Molly thought it was more likely to be Jester’s influence.

Beau had been equally uncomfortable when the evening began, but the wine was definitely having an effect on her. With Yasha away on another of her customary personal jaunts, Beau’s eyes lingered on the curves of the female attendants. Currently there were three of them surrounding her where she lounged on a pile of cushions. Her face was flushed and she darted the occasional furtive glance at the rest of the group, as if checking to see if anyone were going to tease her.

Nott showed no interest in the more sensual indulgences on offer, but was proceeding through the feast and drink with an appetite out of all proportion to her size. If Molly was any judge (and he believed he was), she was well on her way to passing out in her chair.

Which left himself and Caleb. He’d naturally enjoyed eyeing the variety of delights on display. When pressed by their hostess, he’d told her he was having great trouble making any kind of decision. This had won him the company of several beauties that were, he had to admit, quite tempting.

Yet his eyes couldn’t keep from tracking Caleb as he ate and drank and either ignored or politely rebuffed the advances of the courtesans. When his seeming disinterest led the proprietor to bluntly ask his preference, the wizard looked taken aback. He stuttered for a moment, before finally managing, “Uh, no, no, thank you...I’m not...none for me, thanks.” He looked around, clearly noting the attention of the other members of the Mighty Nein, his face reddening.

Caleb stood. "Ex-excuse me," he muttered to the madam, before quickly fleeing the room towards a pair of doors which lead to a small courtyard behind the building. Molly frowned, hesitating. At that moment the young human man at his side place a hand on his inner thigh, rather high up. Molly shot him a fierce look, torn from his train of thought, and suddenly realized he had no desire for the attractive professionals that surrounded him.

"I'm sorry, I need to speak to my friend. Perhaps later." The man pouted a little, putting on a show of disappointment, and Molly shot him a cocked smile, remembering his manners. "You're very tempting. I just have other concerns," he clarified with a pat on his shoulder.

He found Caleb in the courtyard, facing one wall, hands pressed to the bricks. His spine was hunched, almost like a man in pain.

"Caleb?" he called softly as he approached, fearing to startle the wizard. The rounded spine straightened and Caleb loosed an audible huff of breath. "Are you alright?" It was an asinine question, honestly, but it was the best Molly could come up with in the moment.

It won him a dry cough of laughter. Caleb didn't turn away from the wall, just stood staring at it. "Mollymauk. You should go back to your admirers." Something tightened in his shoulders. "You deserve to enjoy yourself."

Molly frowned. "But you do not?" he asked, taking a couple steps closer to Caleb. "Do you feel that you don't deserve anyone's company?" Caleb was still and he closed more of the distance between them, wishing he could see the other man's face. "Or do you just not want it? It's alright if you don't want sex, you know. Some people don't." He was close to Caleb's shoulder now, and to his relief the wizard turned a little towards him.

"The problem isn't that I don't want," said Caleb, lifting his eyes and actually looking at Molly. Looking into his eyes, meeting his gaze, and his eyes burned. Molly's breath caught at the intensity of the emotion he saw there. The desire. He felt pinned by the uncharacteristic sensation of Caleb's blue eyes on him. And then Caleb took a single step towards him.

"Caleb," Molly breathed, his knees feeling weak suddenly. Caleb held his gaze, his own breathing shallow. Not knowing he was going to, Molly stepped towards him, raising a trembling hand to almost touch his cheek. Caleb started, as if remembering himself, and his eyes turned downwards. For several moments neither of them moved, the only sounds their quick breaths. Then Molly continued his movement, resting the tips of his fingers against the scruff of Caleb's cheek, then slowly cupping the whole side of his face. He gently tilted Caleb's face up, watching closely for any reaction. Caleb didn't flinch or pull away. He didn't look back up either.

So Molly took a last breath and then let go, leaning down, moving what felt like ridiculously slowly, until his lips met Caleb's. At first Caleb seemed to shrink, going soft, melting a bit under the kiss. He didn't pull back, though. Molly thought he could feel the other man trembling against his lips. He kept the kiss relatively chaste, gentle. He was sure Caleb was a second away from bolting.

But then a hand clamped around his bicep, and another was reaching for the back of his head to tangle in his hair. And Caleb was kissing him back, lips hard and parting, hot breath

against his own. It was Molly's turn to melt, to give way and open up in invitation. Caleb pressed his tongue into his mouth, demanding, desperate, perfect. Molly whimpered helplessly, hot desire shooting through him, transfixing him where he stood in Caleb's grasp.

The kiss continued, panting and needy, both of them gripping at each other as if they couldn't stand on their own. Molly couldn't think of another kiss like this one. Not in his short memory, at least. He'd had sloppy kisses, and joyful kisses, teasing kisses and a couple of times violent ones. But Caleb wasn't any of those things. He kissed with focus, with intent, with a pure desire that set all Molly's nerves alight.

Molly's knees felt weak. His hands helplessly closed and then opened again on bunches of Caleb's clothing, wanting so badly to reach for skin under all those layers, but knowing he needed to restrain that impulse. Caleb broke away from the kiss, finally, and they both swayed, holding each other up and staring into each other's faces for a desperate and uncertain minute.

Molly smiled then, taking a single step back to steady himself, and said, "Right. Just hold on a moment, darling, and let me handle this." He let one finger barely tap Caleb's bottom lip as he finished speaking, and spun on his heel before the other man could do more than stammer in response.

He ducked back through the doorway to the common room and easily located the colorful Madam. He spared a moment's attention to note that Jester and Fjord had both disappeared. He hoped they were together, with or without additional company. Beau looked even drunker than before, and she made a vague salute in his direction which he returned with a grin. Nott was snoring with her head on the table.

He approached Madam Henrietta. "There you are...have you decided on a partner? Or two?" she asked.

Yes, thought Molly fiercely. *Just not one of yours*. Aloud he said, "Actually, Madam, I just came to ask if there's a room I can use." He leaned in closer and lowered his voice, "My friend," he gestured to the courtyard, "is a bit shy, you see, and he'd prefer we be alone."

"Ah!" she replied, eyes twinkling. "I did wonder. Very well, here is the key. You can have the room at the end of the hall, up those stairs and to the right."

Molly plucked the key from her grasp, using a flick of his fingers to replace it at the same time with a platinum coin. "For any of your people who may be disappointed." Henrietta laughed, pocketing the coin with a slight acknowledging nod.

He returned to Caleb, who was leaning against the brick wall of the courtyard, one hand close to his mouth as if chewing on his nails. Molly's belly tightened in worry about how Caleb might be responding to what had just passed between them. He crossed the space and stopped just shy of the nervous-looking wizard, a few inches of space between them. Caleb's eyes flicked up at him before turning away and his spine straightened.

"Alright?" Molly asked, taking in as much as he could of the unconscious signals Caleb's body was sending. Caleb's eyes flicked to his again and he lifted one shoulder in a shrug.

Molly waited another moment to see if he would speak. He did not. “Well, I’ve secured us some privacy, if that would be preferable,” he said, holding up the key.

Caleb’s gaze locked onto the key and then carefully and deliberately onto Molly’s eyes. “A bedroom?” he asked, voice slightly gruff. Molly couldn’t read his feelings clearly, wasn’t sure if it was hesitation or hope behind his question.

“Mmm-hmm,” he confirmed. “Just for us.” Caleb drew a breath at that. “Not that I’m...implying anything in particular,” he continued. “Just that it seems like we could do without any prying eyes and ears right now.” Caleb gave a slight nod and stood away from the wall slightly. “No expectations,” said Molly, to be as clear as possible. Caleb gave him a look then that Molly wished he understood. But something in it struck a chord somewhere in him, and he nearly shivered.

“Lead the way, Mollymauk,” said Caleb, voice even and calm. Molly blinked once and then turned with a quirk of his head in acknowledgment of the command. He led Caleb back into the common room, not looking around to see who was watching them, but quickly moving towards the stairs to the upper floor.



Caleb followed Mollymauk up the dark staircase, his feet dragging on the rough wooden edges of the steps. He only realized he had fallen behind when Molly turned then moved back down a step to catch a hold of his hand. He squeezed Caleb’s hand once, then turned and continued to lead, now pulling him along behind.

Caleb’s heart thudded in his chest, the hot feel of Mollymauk’s hand enclosing his own sending his brain whirling. By the time they approached a closed wooden door and Molly dropped his hand to insert a golden key into the lock, he was trembling. Shaking, maybe.

Molly opened the door and stepped inside, holding the door open and gesturing Caleb inside with a bow. Caleb followed, though part of him wanted to turn away. He gritted his teeth and made himself take hold of the door and close it behind him. Then he placed his back to the sturdy surface, letting it take some of his weight as he tried to control his breath.

Molly had turned to him, but stopped just within arm’s reach, not moving closer. Caleb was looking at his lower body, not his face. Couldn’t see Molly’s expression. Waited. But he didn’t say anything, didn’t seem to express any impatience or frustration. So Caleb looked up into his face.

Mollymauk was beautiful. That was something he’d realized only after a couple of weeks of knowing the tiefling. At first, his appearance had been overwhelming, with his lavender skin, colorful tattoos, shiny adornments, and loud manner. Caleb had been wary. So he was surprised to realize that what he felt when looking at the unique man was appreciation...attraction. It had been so long, he hadn’t even recognized the feeling.

And now. Now all this time later and he...he was a mess of confused feelings, sensations, desires. He wanted to run. All his instincts told him to run. Except for the ones that wanted to

reach forward and draw the tiefling to him, to kiss him, to bury all his feelings in that incredible mouth again, knowing Molly would be willing, knowing he could have...

He couldn't. He absolutely shouldn't. He didn't know *how*. "I..." he said, voice harsh. And stopped, mouth too dry. Molly cocked his head.

"Do you want to talk?" he asked, evenly. Caleb shook his head decisively. That, he definitely did not want. "Well, then." Molly took a step towards him, bringing a hand up to gently touch the side of his face.

"Mollymauk," he tried again, stopping to lick his lips, noticing the way Molly's eyes dropped to his mouth. "You should...leave me. Alone."

Molly's posture stiffened and after a beat he stepped back sharply, his hand falling. "Oh," he said, brows drawing down. Caleb winced, realizing how harsh his words had sounded. They stood in awkward silence for another beat.

"Do you want me to leave?" asked Molly. His voice sounded unconcerned, light, though Caleb thought it rang a touch false.

"This is a terrible idea," he said, unable to answer impossible questions.

"Is it?" Again, Mollymauk spoke as if they were discussing where to get an ale rather than...this.

"I..." His words stalled, his mouth working to form some explanation of all the reasons he should absolutely *not* be in this room with anyone, much less one of his companions.

"I...don't know how."

Another moment of stillness passed. "Well, if you mean that literally, that's a problem I can help solve," offered Mollymauk with a quirk of a grin. Caleb shut his eyes for a moment and then shook his head. Then he stopped and huffed a humorless laugh.

"Actually, that's...partly true, I suppose. But that not...what I meant." He tipped his head back against the reassuring solidity of the door. He imagined he could feel Molly's eyes on his exposed throat, his gesture almost inviting either violence or an embrace. For just a moment he wished the tiefling would close the gap between them, wished he was a more brutal type who would force things to progress.

Then Caleb could let go, let himself get lost in it...but Molly wasn't that type, not at all. Which was overall to the good, but just now Caleb couldn't face his earnest patience, his eyes which asked questions even when his lips stayed closed.

"You don't want this," Caleb said finally, not moving to look at him. "I'm not worth the trouble, I promise you." For several breaths he didn't hear any response from the space occupied by Mollymauk. Then he sensed the man take a step closer, the sound of his clothing shifting and resettling in a new posture.

“Caleb,” Molly said gently. “I...I don’t know what’s going on in your head right now, but...you *are* worth it.” He moved still closer, and despite himself Caleb tipped his head down to look at him. His breath caught at the closeness of the beautiful tiefling, and the plaintive expression on his face. “You’re...an incredible person, Caleb. We’re all lucky to have you. *I* would be lucky to have you.”

Caleb drew in a breath which caught on a sob stuck in his throat, making a hoarse croaking sound. He shook his head. “I’m a terrible person,” he whispered with what air he had, eyes once more looking down.

“Well, so are we all, one way or another.” Caleb shook his head again. Molly didn’t know. Didn’t understand. It was not the same. “I think I was a pretty terrible person before,” Molly continued. “You told me you didn’t hold it against me. Can’t I do the same for you?”

Caleb looked up again, just for a moment, to see what looked like sincerity in Molly’s face. He was difficult to read, though, with those red eyes. He stayed silent, at a loss.

“Look. I’m not trying to pressure you. I won’t push. If you want me to leave, say the word, that’s fine. But...I’ve wanted you for a long time, Caleb, and the way you kissed me downstairs...” Molly shook his head and leaned backwards. “It doesn’t have to be me, but I think maybe you need...a few hours to lose yourself with someone. You could pick one of Henrietta’s people. Maybe that would be easier... Just don’t go through life punishing yourself like this.”

Mollymauk took a step back and dropped his hands to his sides as if conceding defeat. He lingered, though, with Caleb still blocking his exit from the room.

His head spun. His heart ached, and there was a sour taste in the back of his throat. It was possible Mollymauk was right. It was so tempting to lay aside the never-ending memory, the guilt, the shame...just for a moment. To become lost in something. The only thing that did that for him was magic, was reading, was learning. Well, and the adventures of the Mighty Nein sometimes...there were times he forgot, when they were fighting or bickering or even joking. Something always made it come crashing back, though.

He realized he’d been still and quiet for a long time and so he looked back at Molly. “I don’t want anyone else,” he said, and then was horrified by how much truth had just escaped his lips. The tiefling’s mouth fell open slightly and his eyes went wide.

“No?” asked Molly, swaying slightly on his toes.

“No,” he replied, taking a step towards him. He could still step aside, move out of the way of the door and wave Molly through it. But he wasn’t going to do that. He took a second step and suddenly Molly was in reach, and they were holding hands, Molly’s long fingers curling strongly around his own. The tiefling’s other hand came up to cup Caleb’s cheek and his eyes moved frantically over his face, searching for something.

And Caleb just let go and leaned forward, reaching to press his lips to Molly’s, a moment later reaching out to grasp onto his shoulder, afraid he would fall otherwise.



Caleb kissed him clumsily, a forceful press of the lips followed by a slight stumble against his body. Molly held tightly to Caleb's hand, squeezing reassurance while he grabbed for the man's waist to steady him. The kiss built slowly, mouths opening and tongues exploring, testing. Heat gathered in Molly's core as it went on, as Caleb relaxed against him, as his hands tightened their grip. He could almost feel Caleb's mind shut off, feel him letting instinct and desire take over.

Molly steered them backwards toward the bed, without breaking their embrace. When he felt the edge of the frame against the back of his legs he stopped, giving Caleb's mouth a few moments more of focused attention before breaking off. He shrugged out of his coat and doublet in one practiced motion, tossing them off to the side. Then he sat down on the mattress, pulling Caleb down with him.

Caleb's eyes were blown dark and wide, his breath coming short between his reddened lips. He looked much younger than he normally did, his face missing the frown that so often creased his features. Molly watched him for a few seconds, looking for any reluctance, but found nothing, so he reached for the buckles of his boots to begin the lengthy process of removing them. Caleb's eyes followed his hands.

"C-can I?" he asked, eyes still focused on his boots. Molly quirked his head to the side, but spread his hands in a gesture of invitation.

"Sure," he said. Caleb reached for the leather straps, working the top fastening open with some fumbling. He glanced up at Molly for a mere instant and then moved, shifting himself off the bed and onto the floor at his feet. He glanced back up once more, as Molly drew in a breath at the sight of Caleb on his knees before him.

Neither of them spoke, and Caleb returned to his task of removing Molly's tall boots. He didn't include any extra caresses or sensual flourishes, but Molly's heart pounded all the same at this simple act. He didn't know quite what Caleb meant by doing it, what it meant to him, but it felt astonishingly tender and caring, the careful way he tugged the leather down his legs. By the time he was done, Molly had a strange lump in his throat he was struggling to swallow against, in addition to a dull throb in his cock.

When he loosed Molly's second foot from his boot, Caleb looked up the length of his legs, eyes pausing slightly as they traced past his crotch, with the clear sign of his arousal straining the front of the colorful fabric. He traced the rest of the way up his body, finally meeting his eyes with an expectant question on his face.

Molly reached a hand down to him and pulled him up until he was standing. "Take off your clothes," he requested in a low tone. Caleb's expression smoothed out at the words, apparently grateful for the guidance. If Caleb wanted him to give orders, Molly could work with that. He didn't know the extent of the man's experience, but he could steer things along.

Caleb first unwound his ragged scarf from its perpetual place around his neck, letting it fall unheeded to the floor. Then his coat followed, falling with a heavy thump of many full pockets. Molly pushed himself back a little to lay against the pillows, stretching out to watch.

Next Caleb unbuckled the leather harness strapped across his chest which held his spellbooks. These warranted more careful handling, and he turned to place them carefully on the small table against the wall. Caleb's eyes flicked once more over Molly's form as he turned back, only hesitating a moment before he returned to remove his remaining layers.

He dropped his clothing to the floor as he removed each piece, not looking up as he stripped down to his skin. He hesitated only a moment before sliding his trousers and smallclothes down his hips and letting them fall. Molly found his hand drifting towards his own erection as he took in the sight of Caleb standing bare next to the bed. Caleb's cock jutted forward, flushed pink against his pale skin. Molly licked his lips at the sight, but held himself back from moving to touch.

Caleb stood awkwardly, his eyes finally finding Molly's and communicating both need and nerves. Molly sat up and reached for his hand once more, pulling him down to the bed. "What do you want, Caleb?" he asked gently.

The other man's eyes flared, his eyes flicking around the room before coming to a rest somewhere on Molly's chest. "I...I want you," he said. "Want you to...take me. Have me." Molly suppressed the gasp he felt in his throat, the surge of wanting that the words sent through him.

Caleb continued in a quieter voice. "But I haven't ever...not with a man."

Molly sat back a touch at this, sudden uncertainty making him frown. "Really?" he asked. "Never...at all or just never...entirely?"

Caleb's mouth twisted in a wry smile. "I have very little experience at all," he said. "And only with...a woman." He met Molly's eyes for a fraction of a moment. "There...are reasons. I'd rather not explain them."

Molly took a deep breath. He felt suddenly afraid, unsure if he was making a mistake. Yet all his instincts wanted to reach for Caleb, to pull him into an embrace and show him just how great it could be. He thought the right thing would probably be to call a halt to things. But he was a bit selfish, and he wanted so very badly.

"Caleb," he began, trying to will the other man's eyes back to his own. "Are you sure this is what you want? I don't care about your past, I've already told you. But are you sure?"

Caleb released a breath he seemed to have been holding. "I..." He glanced up. "I think I am, ja. I only thought you should know..."

Molly nodded. "Yes, thank you. I..." He reached a hand up to Caleb's cheek, tilting his face up and bringing his own close. "I can make this very good for you. But you don't have to do anything you don't want. You know that?" For once Caleb's eyes were locked on his and it felt incredibly intimate. He nodded understanding. And Molly bent his neck and kissed him gently.

Once more he kept it slow, or he tried. Caleb surged forward, winding his arms around Molly's torso and pulling himself closer, nearly into the tiefling's lap. Molly found his hands

tracing down his bare back, feeling goosebumps rise under his fingers, all the way down to his ass. Caleb was thin, bones close under the skin, and Molly found himself worrying about hurting the much more delicate-framed wizard. But a hand buried in his hair, tugging his head back, and Caleb's mouth on his throat chased all such thoughts from his mind.

Molly moaned loudly as Caleb licked, sucked and nipped at his skin. He ran his hands everywhere he could reach on his naked body, enjoying the shivers Caleb gave in response. Caleb traced his mouth down the open V of Molly's shirt, tracing the lines of his scars with his tongue. Molly fell back against the mattress, bringing Caleb down with him, pulling him to lie across his body. He moaned as he rutted his neglected cock up against his stomach, still separated by the fabric of his leggings. Caleb squirmed over him, hands and mouth stimulating him in what felt like too many places at once. Molly loved it, wanted to simply lie back and let Caleb do anything he wanted, but he also remembered the wizard's earlier hesitation and his own promise to take care of him.

Besides, Caleb was thrusting his cock hard against Molly's thigh and it was really more than he could stand. So he took hold of the thin body and flipped them over in one easy move. The breath was driven from Caleb's lungs and he blinked up at him, startled. Molly just grinned and set to work with his mouth on the pale skin of his neck. Soon Caleb was moaning, louder and more shamelessly as Molly worked his way down, onto his flushed chest, across one tight nipple, and lower to the soft down on his stomach.

Finally he took Caleb's cock into his hand, admiring the red color of the head as he pulled back his foreskin. Molly flicked out his tongue, just barely tracing across the glands with the tip. He grinned at Caleb's reaction, the violent thrust of his hips. "Do you want me to suck your cock, Caleb?" he asked, grinning devilishly up at him, lips inches from his target.

The sound that escaped Caleb's lips was a strained gurgle. Then the wizard nodded, emphatically. Molly grinned once more and then opened wide, swallowing down half his length in one go. Caleb only gasped, as if he didn't have the air to cry out. He started working his tongue and mouth down and around the hard shaft, focusing on making it as good as possible. By the way Caleb twitched and thrashed and the noises coming from his throat, he was succeeding.

And then hands found his horns, gripping strongly and pulling him down farther as Caleb jerked his hips up. Molly's own cock throbbed in response to the rough handling, as he struggled to relax his throat to keep from gagging. He choked a bit, and the hands loosened, tugging him up and off Caleb's cock.

"Sorry, sorry, was that too much?" Caleb asked as Molly sucked in air and wiped some spittle from his lips.

"No," he assured him. "No, that was...good. I like it." He cocked a sideways grin up at him. "I just wasn't expecting it. But you can fuck my throat all you want, darling." Caleb's face flushed a darker red, but his eyes sparkled. "Now let me get back to it."

Molly took his cock back into his mouth, sucking hard and moving up and down several times. He reached blindly for Caleb's hand and pulled it into place on one of his horns. He evidently got the message, because he was soon gripping both horns again, pulling Molly

down as far as he could go. Molly let it happen, letting his throat open to take Caleb as deep as possible. Tears sprung to the corners of his eyes, but he ignored them.

When his nose touched the hair at the base of his cock, Caleb began pulling him back up slowly, until he almost popped free. Then back down. This time he stopped with his cock about halfway into Molly's mouth then held his head still, bucking his hips up to thrust against the back of his throat. Molly took it as best he could, digging his fingers into Caleb's hips to steady himself. After a few thrusts Caleb groaned loudly and he felt a hot rush in his throat as he came. A few more long seconds of tension, of Caleb holding him in place, and then he went limp, hands falling away.

Molly lifted his head dizzily and gasped for breath. He panted with one hand to his roughened throat, the other wiping away the tears that had been forced from his eyes. Caleb lay sprawled beneath him, looking stunned and debauched. His eyes watched Molly with concern, though.

"Oh, Caleb," said Molly, his voice cracking a little.

"Was it...alright?" he asked.

Molly grinned, licking his lips. "So incredibly good, you exquisite man," he purred, lowering himself to cover the body under him. He pressed against Caleb's damp skin, wishing he wasn't still fully clothed. He kissed Caleb, forcefully, a bit messily, humming against his mouth. He buried a hand in Caleb's thick hair, pulling back just enough to speak. "You're gorgeous, do you know that?" He knew his mouth was running, the intensity of the past few minutes loosening something within him. "So incredible. So hot, so passionate. Caleb, I want to do so many things to you. And have you do so many things to me."

Caleb's mouth opened as if to speak, but instead he just grabbed the back of Molly's neck and pulled him into another kiss. They stayed that way for long minutes, Molly grinding down against him hungrily.

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Caleb ran his hands down Molly's body to cup at his tight ass through his pants. His head spun with the aftereffects of his orgasm, the light-headedness of kissing Molly, the desire that still burned hot within him. His right hand found the base of Molly's tail, encircling it and reaching through the opening in his pants to feel the bare skin exposed there. Molly jerked as his fingers teased through the opening.

"Oh," he breathed against his lips. "Gods." Caleb let his fingers run further up his tail, from the skin at its base up several inches, making Molly shudder hard.

"Is that good?" he asked.

"Mmm-hmm." Molly rocked several times, rutting his cock against Caleb and then pressing up into his hand, seeking the dual stimulation. "Fuck, Caleb."

“You should take off your clothes,” Caleb suggested, adjusting his fingers so his nails ran up his tail. Molly choked, pulling to the side and away from Caleb. “Too much?” he asked, retroactively concerned.

“Uh, no...or yes...maybe...” Molly huffed a laugh and ran a hand through his hair. “Clothes. Off. Yes,” he said, and set to work lifting his shirt over his head and horns. Caleb watched greedily, taking in all the many details of the tiefling’s revealed chest, shoulders, and arms. He reached up and lightly traced along the line of the snake tattoo curling up his right arm. Molly shot a wink at him and reached for the waist of his leggings to unlace the closure. He moved off Caleb to pull off the last of his clothes, and Caleb moved aside to give him room to lie down.

Caleb knelt next to Molly on the bed, feeling overwhelmed as he looked down at the beautiful man below him. His eyes didn’t know where to look, whether to linger on the delicate bones of his face, or follow the colorful tattoos, or count the scars that criss-crossed his chest and arms. Or whether to roam lower, to take in his rigid cock, lying against his belly. After some time, he became aware of Molly’s eyes on him, though when he looked up the tiefling didn’t look impatient.

Caleb opened his mouth, wanting to explain, to convey how looking at Molly spread before him made him feel, but he only stuttered when he tried. So he shook his head and lowered himself down to place a reverent kiss in the center of Molly’s chest. He began to work his way down, letting his hands roam freely over his skin.

When he reached Molly’s cock he sat back once more to look. It was a darker purple than the rest of his skin, even in the low light of the room, and not shaped quite like his own. It curved up and inwards towards Molly’s belly, and when Caleb grasped it and pulled back the foreskin he saw the tip was narrower, nearly pointed. He swallowed a wave of nerves and ducked his head quickly to take it into his mouth.

He’d never done this before, never taken another man’s cock into his mouth, though he’d thought about it on a few occasions. Despite it’s distinct shape, the head of Molly’s cock was velvety soft in texture on his tongue, with a salty, musky flavor. Caleb wasn’t entirely sure what to do, but the groan of pleasure that rang out above him encouraged him.

“Gods, Caleb, yes,” Molly hissed, stretching his limbs out. Caleb lowered his head, taking him in further, before trying a bobbing movement. “Mmm.” A thrill shot down his spine, at the thought of pleasing Molly like this, the idea of making the worldly tiefling moan. He was probably being kind and exaggerating his enjoyment, but it still pleased Caleb even so. He kept going, concentrating on not letting his teeth get in the way. He remembered how Molly had taken him deep in his throat and he started working lower, until the head of his cock was striking the roof of his mouth. Molly’s noises grew louder, and in a moment of pride Caleb shoved down as far as he could, realizing his error too late as he gagged and had to jerk back violently, gasping and swallowing.

Molly sat up in concern, reaching for him. “Are you alright?” Caleb nodded through the watering of his eyes, his face on fire with embarrassment. Molly clapped a hand on his shoulder. “That’s okay; you don’t have to do that for it to be....really nice.” Caleb smoothed

his hair back, having mostly caught his breath. “Besides, you *did* say you wanted me to fuck you, didn’t you? Is that still on the table?”

Caleb canted his eyes sideways to look at Molly and nodded, heat flaring in his center again. “Excellent,” Molly replied and jumped up from the bed to investigate the chest of drawers on one side of the wall. Caleb couldn’t help staring at his bare back and swishing tail as he went. “I’m sure they have...ah, here we go...” He came back to the bed with a glass vial similar to a potion bottle. He sat back on the bed and handed the bottle over. “You’ll have to do it yourself. Prepare yourself, I mean...I don’t want to hurt you.” He held up his hand and showed his sharply pointed claws. His eyes moved over Caleb for a moment. “Have you ever? Used your fingers on yourself?”

Caleb’s face burned again, but he gave a small shrug. “Once or twice, perhaps,” he admitted. His heart was pounding in his chest, but he let Molly gently push him backwards to lie down. Molly lifted one of his legs, moving it to the side and then pressing his mouth to the sensitive inner flesh of his thigh. Caleb arched his spine at the sensation, letting Molly adjust him, spread his legs open, all while continuing to kiss and nip at his skin. Caleb was getting hard again, and Molly’s lips trailing higher and higher up his thigh accelerated the process.

With a brief brush of his lips against Caleb’s balls, Molly looked up at him. “Come on, darling. Get yourself ready for me. I want you.” Caleb sucked in a shaky breath, feeling momentarily dizzy again. He fumbled open the stopper on the vial and poured out some clear oil into his hand. Molly repositioned himself to one side to give Caleb room to reach down and press a finger into himself. He began planting kisses to his other thigh, eyes glued to where Caleb penetrated himself. “That’s it, love,” he breathed against Caleb’s skin.

Caleb couldn’t bear all the stimulation after a moment, shutting his eyes and focusing on the feel of his finger in his ass, the clench of the muscles of his entrance around it. It felt good, especially combined with Molly’s mouth on his thigh, but he wasn’t entirely certain what he was supposed to be doing. How much preparation was normal? Should he be trying to put on a show for his lover? Should he be stretching himself as quickly as possible so they could get on with it? His breathing sped up as he spun through the possibilities.

And then he felt a touch on his hand and he started. “Shh, it’s alright, it’s me,” said Molly softly, as if Caleb might have been genuinely confused as to who it was touching him. “Let me,” he continued, then started to move Caleb’s hand, working his finger in and out of him. Caleb exhaled a long breath and let his arm relax, allowing Molly complete control over his movements.

“Now a second one,” he instructed, and Caleb complied, moaning softly at the feel of the stretch as he sank a second finger inside. Molly continued directing his movement, using Caleb’s own hand like an instrument. “Press around the muscle to get it to open.” And Caleb did, his breathing syncing up with the push and pull of his hand. “Mmm, good. Good boy,” purred Molly as he pressed his fingers as far as they could go. Caleb shivered at the praise. He opened his eyes, finally, to inadvertently lock eyes with the red gaze of the tiefling. Molly seemed to see directly through him, but it didn’t feel uncomfortable to be seen. In fact, it was somewhat comforting.

“Please, Molly,” he whispered, not entirely sure what he even meant by it. “Please, I need you.”

“Soon, darling, soon. Add another finger for me. I don’t want to hurt you.” He complied, slipping a third finger inside with a little difficulty.

When he got his breath back and his fingers were moving once more, a little less easily, he spoke breathily, “I don’t mind if you hurt me...at least not a little.” Molly’s eyes and nostrils flared and he grinned.

“Oh, really?” he asked, and then drove Caleb’s fingers inside forcefully, as deep as he could. Caleb cried out in pleasure at the suddenly intense sensation.

“Yes,” he said. “Please, Molly.”

“Stars above, Caleb, you’re a picture. All flushed and desperate, begging for me. Temptation in human form.” Caleb shut his eyes and shook his head slightly, not able to find words in response.

After a few more penetrating thrusts, Molly finally pulled back on his hand and withdrew his fingers. Caleb let his legs fall open wide, silently begging. Clearly his message was received, as Molly quickly slicked his cock and positioned himself between his thighs. “Tell me if I hurt you,” he said, and then pressed forward.

The sensation of Molly’s cock sliding into him was both similar to the feeling of his own fingers and also unique. He felt bigger, more solid, and Caleb moaned at the hot stretch of it. As he sank in little by little, taking it slow, the breath was repeatedly driven from Caleb’s lungs in short bursts. He felt dizzy, open and exposed, completely at the mercy of the tiefling above him. The idea thrilled him somehow, fear tingeing the pleasure he felt, making it sharper. It was entirely unlike anything he’d experienced before, unlike his long-ago previous romance.

When he was fully seated within him, Molly leaned down and kissed Caleb passionately. “Good?” he asked as he pulled back. Caleb could only nod, his words feeling far away. Molly smiled and began to move, starting up a rhythm out and back in, picking up speed. As he did, sparks of sensation danced through Caleb, teasing him, making him arch his body up, press into the thrusts, wanting more. He grabbed onto Molly’s waist, digging in his fingers, urging him to give him more, faster, harder.

He realized after a while that he was mumbling under his breath, in Zemnian, asking for what he needed. Molly couldn’t have understood his words, but he seemed to read his desires anyway, loosing some of his control, driving harder into Caleb’s body. He grabbed at his legs and pushed them up, folding Caleb nearly in half, adding the burn of the stretch of his leg muscles to the myriad sensations he was already processing. And then he hit something inside Caleb that made him cry out, a choked sob of surprise at the intense pleasure of it.

Molly grinned fiercely and repeated his movement, sending jolts of pure pleasure up his spine, almost too much, almost painful in its intensity. Caleb thrashed his head side to side, entirely unable to control himself, knowing he was making desperate, loud sounds. He was

lost, floating in feeling, his busy mind completely silent, merely an animal reacting to stimulus. It was fantastic.

“You’re beautiful. You feel so good. Perfect for me.” Words spilled from Molly’s throat, washing over him in time with the sensations shooting up his spine. “Caleb. Oh, lord, that’s it.”

He didn’t know how long that continued, he lost all track of time. He stared at Molly above him, his skin glistening with sweat in the firelight, his lips open in a fierce grin, red eyes burning into Caleb’s. After some time, when Caleb thought he couldn’t take any more stimulation, when he was nearly sobbing, on the verge of begging for it to stop, he felt the sudden surge of his release hit. He came hard, shuddering and gripping onto Molly as he thrashed. Hot fluid hit his stomach and all his muscles went rigid. Molly continued thrusting into him, groaning as he did, his mouth lowering to bite the side of Caleb’s throat. He thought the tiefling might pierce his skin with his fangs, but he seemed to stop just shy of doing so, and Caleb belatedly realized that Molly was coming as well, making short, staccato thrusts as he spilled inside him.

They held onto one another tightly as they both passed through the euphoria of release and slowly, gradually relaxed. Molly’s full weight fell onto Caleb and he experienced a moment of panic before realizing he could still breathe. As he relaxed he felt some comfort in the weight draped over him, the boneless way Molly sprawled. And the intimacy of his cock still lodged within his throbbing core.

Molly’s tail swished through the air, the only movement either of them made as they gathered their breath and their wits. Caleb floated behind his closed eyes, a sense of peace and satisfaction, comfort enclosing him. In the back of his mind he could feel his thoughts start to spin to life again, the ever-present rattle of worries and calculation, but he did his best to ignore it and continue floating.

Molly pressed a kiss to his chest, followed by another higher up, and then one on his neck. Caleb slid a hand into the tiefling’s hair, between his horns, pressing him close. Molly responded by moving up his body, his softened cock slipping free as he did. His lips pressed repeatedly to Caleb’s throat in a series of soft kisses. After a moment of stillness, Molly lifted his head and spoke. “Caleb? Darling? You okay?”

“Mmm, ja,” was his murmured reply as his eyes flickered open to see those red eyes peering at him curiously. He thought he could read genuine concern in his lover’s face, so he tugged on his hair until Molly was close enough to pull into a kiss. Caleb tried to put all he was feeling, the great swirl of emotions that filled him and for which he had no words, into the kiss. He had no idea if he managed to communicate any of it to Mollymauk, but it was a good kiss. It filled him with tingling warmth down to his toes and silenced the whisper of busy thoughts once more. He could get addicted to this. This desire and pleasure that overwhelmed everything else. The press of a body against him that felt comforting rather than irritating.

Their lips parted eventually and Molly slid partly off of him without moving away. His head rested on Caleb’s shoulder and their limbs intertwined. Caleb felt he should say something; there was probably something expected of him. But he felt too heavy, couldn’t make his lips move, and it was only moments before the darkness of sleep took him.



He had no dreams that night, did not wake once, and slept more soundly than he had in a long time.

## End Notes

Hope you liked it!

Seriously, originally this was going to be VERY different but then Caleb's backstory happened and I had to chuck a big part of it and insert the Way More Broken Caleb into it. And then it just kept getting longer. Hopefully this feels true to the characters and a potential beginning of something between these two.

Comments are GREATLY appreciated. Also you can come hang with me on Tumblr and yell about this damn campaign with me at [gentlysociallypinned](#)

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