

All dolled up in straps

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by [Mikaeru](#)

Summary

Control, the way Izzy intended it, made for capable pirates, and that was one of the reasons Stede Bonnet was an awful pirate; control, in the way Izzy used it to punish himself for not being enough, also made for exhausted, bitter men who couldn't see any solutions for themselves other than death, and that was why Stede Bonnet wasn't an awful man.

Tonight was an exercise in obedience: Ed had (carefully, slowly) stripped him of all of his clothes, kissing the x on his cheek after every removed item, like a renewed vow. He had then joined Stede at the table, and Izzy was instructed to kneel right beside Stede, and wait because Stede said he had to be trained to be more patient.

Notes

any historical inaccuracy is neither intentional nor unintentional, I simply follow the David Jenkins way of Not Giving A Rat's Ass. We're here, we're queer, blabla. Based on this [incredibly lovely art](#) to which I hope I did justice.

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

Israel Hands had learned about what control really meant the day he met Edward Teach: control was a wild beast he had to keep on an incredibly short leash at all times if he wanted Edward to survive, because Edward didn't care about himself enough to think about it - the only leash he was interested in was the one Izzy had around his neck and had willingly placed in Ed's hands; he cared to have Izzy at his feet, but just that. Control was making sure Edward ate somehow as right as it was possible at sea and drink something other than cheap alcohol, control was learning how to read and write to be useful to Edward, even when it made him so frustrated he wanted to set himself on fire, control was drowning his own needs because Edward's came first, second and last. Control, for Izzy, looked a lot like love, but in a more digestible form, a word that didn't scorch his mouth and didn't make him pathetic - something practical, something understandable. Control was an active service of devotion: he controlled everything and everyone around him so Edward wouldn't need to.

Control, the way Izzy intended it, made for capable pirates, and that was one of the reasons Stede Bonnet was an awful pirate; control, in the way Izzy used it to punish himself for not being enough, also made for exhausted, bitter men who couldn't see any solutions for themselves other than death, and that was why Stede Bonnet wasn't an awful man.

“Think your pet needs some attention, love.”

Calm waters had always put Izzy on edge: was it okay for him to relax? Should he be more alert because the tide could change at any moment? Should he spend the night on deck to check on the waves, on their rhythm, just to be sure, just to be the first to alert Edward? He couldn't control the sea, and that made him angry with dread.

Nowadays, calm nights mostly meant Stede and Ed's cabin, a soft bed, and teeth and tongues and kisses and shouting, but the good kind of shouting, when you're so full of another person you have to let something out, lest you suffocate on them. Calm nights were for abdication.

During a night like that, Edward would find him everywhere he was - not that it was hard, on a ship, but Edward once told him that he had such a familiar scent he could find him on the other side of the planet. With a kiss on his shoulder, Ed would take his wrist, sometimes his hand, and lead him to Stede, who would be waiting for him, a smile stretched on his face, the gentle light of the candles stroking his cheeks, and he would kiss him, and say "Here you are, darling," as if they hadn't seen each other for years, because he wanted Izzy that much, because Izzy was a person who could be missed by someone. Izzy would kiss him like he wanted to devour him, all the thunder the sea didn't unleash on the ship rumbling in their mouths; Stede would gently push Izzy down onto his knees and tell him what they would do that night, and Izzy would smile and accept everything.

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joined Stede at the table, and Izzy was instructed to kneel right beside Stede, and wait because Stede said he had to be trained to be more patient. Stede always chose his words, during those calm nights, as careful as he chose his clothes, perfectly aware of the potential effect they had on Izzy; and Izzy, of course, squirmed and bit his lips at the thought he needed training, like a disobedient puppy - but he liked that Stede cared enough to train him once more, to give him a beautiful collar made just for him. So Izzy was kneeling, grateful and full of the same calm, lulling water there was outside of the ship.

“Does he?” said Stede, not taking his eyes off Edward. “What makes you say that, darling?”

“He thinks he’s being sneaky,” Ed smirked, the tenderness in his voice once private and rare, now shared but just as precious, “but he’s been looking at you for a while.”

“Is he now,” Stede said, and Izzy could hear a smile. “If so, he’s being a very good boy, since he knows he’s not allowed to interrupt.” Soft, pink pride coloured Izzy’s cheeks. He liked being praised, he liked being good, and it wasn’t simple being good, but Stede made it desirable. “I ought to think of a reward, and I think something to eat would help me immensely. Edward, dear, could you -”

Before Stede had the chance to actually say what he wanted, Izzy had scrambled to the cabinet where Stede's tin of favourite biscuits was, and had brought it back to him; the rush of energy had him almost slamming it on the table, but he stopped himself just in time to graciously put it in front of Stede, and proudly so. He knelt again, hands on his thighs and head lost in soft, pink clouds.

“Would you look at that,” sighed Stede, and Izzy could picture his smile perfectly down to the smallest crease. “Exactly what I was craving. Rather clever, our Izzy.”

“He likes these biscuits too, y’know?” Ed said around at least three of them; he liked to stuff them in his mouth and only then drink his tea. Stede found it abhorrent, and Izzy wasn't too fond of that either, and that was why Ed kept doing it.

“Does he? Maybe they will be his reward then.”

Izzy successfully bit down a petulant whine - he didn’t want, nor need, food now, but something with deeper roots, heavier on his soul, he needed more, more, *more*, but he just had to wait; he trusted Stede. (what a terrifying truth, what a mesmerising thought.)

“Just that?” Ed snorted, still able to read Izzy between his silences and aborted sounds. “A handful of sugar? That ain’t fair, love. Not enough, not enough, poor Izzy.”

“Has our Izzy acquired a new layer?” Stede chuckled, dunking a biscuit into the tea. A faint scent of rose was singing around the room. “No, you’re right. That would rather be offensive. What do you think he deserves?”

“I’m sure you’re smart enough to figure it out on your own, love.”

Caught between a snort and a laugh, Stede said, “I think I may have an idea.”

His right hand, stripped of any rings, was now dangling at his side, tempting and intentional. Izzy looked at it, and felt the familiar urge to be touched, but he had not had permission to move, so he just looked in front of him, chewing on his bottom lip, waiting.

"*Oh*," and the tenderness of his voice shouldn't have the effect they had on Izzy - of something once foreign, impossible to even conceive, and now so incredibly real, as solid and precious as a chest full of diamonds. "Oh, my. Aren't you a darling." And now he was looking at Izzy, his smile warm and welcoming, and Izzy pushed against his fingers like a fucking cat and he felt so incredibly powerful at that moment, in the freedom giving away control gave him. "Oh, pet, aren't you marvellous."

"See? I was right, as usual."

"Shut the fuck up, Edward," Izzy purred under his breath even if he didn't have the permission to talk - but Stede was petting his head and gently, slowly stroking his jawline, as if creating him again from wet clay. "It wasn't that hard to get."

"Stede, your pet needs a muzzle."

"I won't muzzle him just because he tells the truth, Edward. Come here, pet, let me see you properly."

Izzy looked up, finally, and Stede took his face in his hands and said "Here you are, darling," because of course he said that with the most honest smile Izzy had ever seen on a man, and kissed him soundly, his fingers going from his cheeks to his jaw to his hair, grabbing a fistful of it, making sure Izzy wouldn't float away. Izzy took everything gladly, happily.

"Would you like your treat now, doll?" A nod. "Would you like it on my lap or Edward's?" As if he didn't know Izzy couldn't think of anything else but Stede's mouth, Stede's fingers, but he liked to be smug about it.

"Yours," he rasped into their kiss, "yours, please," he said again, and Stede smiled. He helped him up, kissed his wrist and sucked a bruise there, over one of the few spots of Izzy's body that was still soft, unarmed. He breathed a shaky moan out, burying his head in Stede's hair as he let Stede move him as he pleased. His lap was cool under his naked skin, more comfortable than Heaven. "Open up, pet," Stede softly ordered, feeding him little morsels of buttery, overly sweet biscuits. Izzy lapped the crumbs from Stede's fingers, moaning a little for good measure. Stede kissed him everywhere but on the lips.

"He's good, isn't he?" Edward chuckled as he got up, standing at Izzy's side, and he too was waiting for instructions, for permission. Izzy shivered; they were both under the same, inexplicable spell, once again sharing something ancient and deep, of which only they knew the words.

"He sure is." Stede's voice was as light as sugar, and Izzy could see how Ed had become dependent on that. "Why don't you show him some appreciation too, my love?"

"Gladly," Edward said, kissing Izzy's neck - devastatingly sweet kisses from Edward, slow and sticky, while Stede was biting his shoulder and collarbones, dotting the taut lines of his

muscles and bones with his tongue, pressing on the blooming bruises he had left in his wake.

"Feed him another biscuit, Edward, he deserves it," said Stede, his lips moving a breath away from Izzy's skin; Edward took one from the tin, slotting it between his teeth, offering it to Izzy, and Izzy took just one tiny bite, and stared at Edward, challenging him with a shit-eating grin on his mouth. He heard Stede snicker, his hands hard and delectable on Izzy's hips. "Oh, so we're doing *this*," Ed growled, falling for Izzy's trap, and taking his face in his hands, forcing himself into Izzy's mouth, the sweetness of the treat completely devoured by Ed's hunger. Stede sucked another bruise on his neck, at the base of his throat, and Izzy fleetly thought about Stede ripping his throat open, mixing their flesh together, his own blood dripping from Stede's teeth, Ed kissing Stede, biting him too; a baptism.

With his arms around Stede's neck, he started grinding against Stede's hard cock, his own body so hot he was about to melt. Ed started kissing him on the nape of the neck, going down his spine.

"I should have had you serve us tea," Stede whispered on Izzy's mouth, his hands on Izzy's hips as light as brushes; languid, soft caresses, his fingertips delicate on his scorching skin. "I should have you on your knees all day and all night. Would you like that, pet? I bet you would. You would be so sweet for us, so eager to please us. My faithful little maid, my pretty little husband."

Always the storyteller, Stede could never ever fucking shut his mouth, talking and talking and talking when he wasn't busy kissing and biting; but, oh, how Izzy loved that when they fucked. All the depraved fantasies Stede sew in front of him, threading them like a pearl necklace, and all those stupid idiotic rich boy dreams he painted - the three of them living together on the beach, in a little house they owned, dining using chairs and plates and cutlery they had bought together, the sun kissing Stede's tattoos as he read on the sofa, and those tattoos were Ed and Izzy's names, big and bold and heart-wrecking beautiful.

He wanted to say yes, he wanted to say thank you, he wanted his heart to explode and show all the lilies and sunflowers that were growing inside of it; he could only say, "Fuck, Stede," and barely that.

"Sounds good, doesn't it?" said Stede, kissing from the hollow of his throat to behind his ear. Edward's teeth teased bigger bites on his shoulders, his hands just over Stede's, pinning him into the moment between them. "Being owned and spoiled and cherished as you deserve. He deserves pretty things, doesn't he Edward?"

"Everything," Edward said, the only word he was capable of letting out trembling near Izzy's ear; he never was one to bear tension, to him sex wasn't something to savour like caviar, but to gorge himself with like a meal after a month of starvation, he simply chased relief in the form of an orgasm, like a fox would with a rabbit, making him a selfish, quick lover. He, too, had had his lessons in patience, but sometimes it was fucking hard still; Izzy enjoyed his annoyance immensely because it meant Izzy was worth it getting impatient for. Stede kissed his forehead and stroked Ed's jawline.

"You both deserve so much, my loves," Stede smiled, and his breath hitched in his throat as Izzy scraped his collarbone with his teeth, slithering his hands under Stede's shirt and

scratching his back, which was way too intact for his taste; he needed to break his skin, he needed to grow his nails to make Stede bleed.

“An’ you’re going to give us everything, captain, right?” Izzy’s voice was thick as honey, he could feel it dripping on Stede’s skin. “Everything we want?”

"All the riches I can plunder," Stede moaned, sneaking his hands under Izzy's ass, squeezing and kneading, and he suddenly stood up, holding Izzy's weight perfectly. Izzy knew how strong Stede really was, but every time Stede picked him up without breaking a sweat, a small little hiccup of excitement bubbled inside of him - a man so strong who had decided not to smite him, but to hold him tight. "All the land I can conquer." A kiss to seal his oath. "Everything that will be mine will be yours too."

Izzy found himself on the bed, against Ed’s chest, with Ed’s hands on his thighs, holding them open as Stede slotted himself between them. Edward was holding his legs open way too wide, and it burned, and it was heavenly. “You comfy, Iz?” Ed teased, and Izzy reciprocated grinding his ass on Ed’s cock, at this point aware that Ed wasn’t the one fucking him tonight. “Yes, captain, very.”

“Stede,” Ed whined, and Izzy only pushed harder, “your pet needs a leash, and like a very short one.”

“Your fault for being a brat,” Stede admonished, slightly stern, and Edward gulped. “Now prepare him for me, there’s a darling,” he purred, finally starting to remove his stupid clothes.

Edward thrust two fingers with almost no oil, hoping it would burn even just a little, but he didn’t consider that Izzy was so turned on a whole hand would have slid inside with little to no struggle. "You're such a slut, Iz," he teased, adding another finger immediately.

Izzy hissed, “Tell me something I don’t know,” as he pushed against him; Stede was just stroking his legs, from ankle to thigh, just waiting for Izzy to be ready for him, with an insufferable smug grin on his stupid handsome face.

Ed stopped moving his hand for a second, and then slowly kissed Izzy’s shoulder, and said in a low whisper, “Did you know you were my first love?”

Izzy clawed Ed’s thighs and growled, “Oh fuck you, Edward,” throwing his head back to receive the most passionate kiss of the night. He had cried so much the first time Ed told him that. “I fucking know that, you twat, you tell me every time you want something from me.”

“That was low, Ed,” Stede tutted, that smile of his never dropping. “Also, and I’m sorry to say,” he actually wasn’t, that much was clear, “rather dumb. You wanted to distract him, right? As if you don’t know that not even God himself could distract Israel.” Stede shifted close enough that his necklace touched Izzy’s chest, the rings Ed and Izzy chose for him from his first loot pleasantly cool on his skin. Izzy arched his back, their chests touching, and Stede bit his way from his nipples to his throat.

“That’s your fault, you ponce, ’cause you taught him about feelings and shit, and now look at him.”

“I didn’t teach him how to manipulate, though.”

“That’s his natural talent, you just enhanced that.”

At that, Izzy found himself fucked by four fingers, and he *howled*. “You two talk too much.” His voice was low and dangerous, tinted with possessiveness, and both Izzy and Stede shivered - and Izzy started to tremble, everything in him on the brink of combustion, his throat dry and throbbing. “Fuck, fuck - Ed, fuck -”

Fucking Stede, somehow, kept his punchable grin, and stroked Ed's cheek in such a condescending way Izzy froze. "Aw, are you jealous, Captain Teach?"

Ed bit Stede’s hand - with no real intention of hurting him, but still bit him. “You have to remember,” he said, his teeth now sinking into Izzy’s shoulder, “I’m just lending him to you as a favour.”

Sneaking his arms around Izzy's thighs (how were these fucking arms allowed on the body of a fancy ponce who, in his life, had never lifted anything heavier than a book? Fucking hell) Stede pushed Izzy's knees against his chest as he lowered his head to lick a long stripe on his neck, to bite on the tense curves from neck to collarbone. Never one for bites, Stede was, before Izzy showed him how to bare his teeth and flick his tongue in the precise way to drive Izzy and Edward completely mad. "And you have to remember," he growled, as he eased himself into Izzy, making him and Edward both gasp in delight, "that I seized you both, and I have no intention to bow to anyone."

And, fuck, what could they say after that? Stede had their strings in his hands, he kept them in a golden cage, and they were so grateful for that.

Izzy coiled an arm around Ed's neck to balance himself - or, rather, to give himself the illusion that he was still an active participant, that he was able to still make decisions for himself; but the reality was that he knew (he fucking knew) all the decisions were Stede's, and the infuriating thing was that he was *content* that way, because Stede had their best interest in mind, and whenever he fucked up he rectified his errors, and that he tried, he tried so much, every fucking day, and Izzy was so mad about that, about how much it fucking *moved* him how much this stupid fucking idiot of a rich boy tried with them, as though they still mattered, as though they were still precious, as though -

“I hate you,” Izzy hissed, his burning eyes shut, because he refused to cry; Ed’s cock bobbed against his back, and he could hear him groaning and moaning, his strong arms around Izzy’s torso. “I fucking - oh, God, fuck, Stede -”

"I love you too, Israel," Stede smiled between a bruising kiss and a softer one, as he fucked into Izzy like nothing was more important than that, his thrusts strong enough that Izzy was sure he was leaving bruises shaped like his hip bones. "And I love you, Edward."

Ed kissed Stede over Izzy's shoulder, and Izzy, against his better judgement, whined for attention, and they took turns devouring his mouth, all teeth and thunders and tongues; Izzy came not being sure who was kissing whom.

Exhausted, he melted against Ed, who held him tight until he and Stede spent their orgasms on him. "My Iz," said Edward, "My Israel," said Stede, and Izzy wanted to say something as well, but everything in him had been thoroughly fucked out of him, and he just groaned something intelligible, and they kissed him for that, and then gently settled him on the bed, and he curled up against Stede the second he laid down on his side, while Ed pressed himself against his back, sweetly kissing his neck and shoulder. Stede carded his fingers through Izzy's damp hair, while Izzy's racing heart tried to go back to a normal rhythm; when Stede proposed a bath, he and Ed whined a loud "Not now!" and Stede laughed and went straight back to, *fucking hell*, cuddling with them. "Sorry if I worry about your physical well-being, loves," he smiled into Izzy's hair, leaving a kiss there. Izzy hid his face in the curve of his neck, where Stede's scent was stronger, headier - nothing short of a witch's potion, he was sure of that.

"We forgive you," Ed purred as he shuffled closer to Izzy. "We're generous like that. Right, Iz?"

He nodded against Stede's neck, tickling him. "Cuddles," he grumbled under his breath so quietly it was a miracle they heard him, but they somehow did, and he found himself surrounded by more arms than he had the brain power to count, more kisses and more caresses. "You two good?" he found the strength to ask, his eyes so heavy he couldn't keep them open, but he wanted to know - he *needed* to.

"We good, Iz," Ed smiled, stroking his thumb on one of the bruises on his neck. "Go to sleep, you're all fucked out."

He wanted to protest that he wasn't that tired, that he wanted to spend a bit more time with them, but Stede kissed him sweetly and he had no energy enough to kiss him back, so he yawned, "No fun without me," snuggled closer to Stede, and closed his eyes for the night, his soul calm and content.

End Notes

[I'm on twitter and I long for companionship](#)

[I have a cat! And her name is Izzy!!](#) (I'll have an Ed by September!!!)

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