

the math of love triangles

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the math of love triangles

by [superstringtheory](#).

Summary

Izzy overhears Stede and Ed doing kinky things with food. He's angry and horny about it--until Stede invites him to join in.

Notes

Title from [this fabulous song](#) from Crazy Ex-Girlfriend.

Big thanks to [skybluegh0st](#) for letting me talk through this!

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

Edward is getting soft. *Soft*. Soft! Like that nancy-boy prissy whatsisname.

(Stede. Izzy knows his name. It's Stede. Which is a prissy nancy-boy name if Izzy ever heard one. Nothing like *Edward*, a name a man could respect. Can respect. *Does* respect.)

It's sickening to watch- sickeningly sweet. Cloying on the tongue, like liquor distilled from sugarcane, tasting just as bad down the first time as up again.

Take this morning, for example. Izzy had come down to the captain's (singular possessive 's', thank you *very* much, no matter if Edward spends most of his nights in there with Bonnet, it's still not a shared cabin, if Izzy has anything to say about it) cabin to report on their current progress and he'd run into Bonnet and Ed doing... something.

Something a bit weird. It's weird, right?

Not as weird as standing there in the doorway watching them until his dick twitched, maybe, but that's not really Izzy's fault. His dick has a mind of its own when it comes to Edward, and it's never known what's good for it. He can't blame it. Izzy himself isn't so good at knowing that, either.

It shouldn't even feel that weird- they were just eating breakfast, after all.

Only it wasn't *just* – Bonnet had been sitting there, practically in Edward's lap, lifting a croissant to Edward's mouth and saying, "-- so good for me, love," and then giving Edward a little pat on the belly!

Ludicrous, the things these rich namby-pambies get up to.

Izzy had cleared his throat and knocked loudly before stepping in, saying, "Captain?" to which both of them had responded, the fuckers. And then Bonnet had wiped a bit of

marmalade off of the corner of Edward's mouth and let Edward lick it off his finger, as though that was a casual and normal thing to do.

Izzy had suddenly needed to leave, immediately. That mind-of-its-own dick again. He'd made his report as quickly as possible and then turned on his heel and left, back to his own cabin, back to a door he can wedge shut and a hand he knows like his own. Well. It is his own hand, so he should.

It shouldn't still be such a distraction, but then again nothing about Edward should still be a distraction, yet here he is. Fucking distracted. Again.

This time, by the way Edward's leathers are fitting him. Or perhaps *not* fitting him, depending on how one looks at it. Edward's always been partial to that godforsaken cropped leather jacket, except his belly hasn't always poked out of it quite so much, like bread dough rising over the top of a too-small bowl.

He's outgrowing his leathers and it's all because of Bonnet. Stede fucking Bonnet, who brings Edward marmalade and tea with seven sugars in it. Bonnet, who is forever seeming to materialize pastries out of nowhere and giving them to Ed wrapped in little lacy handkerchiefs or holding bites up to his mouth.

Watching Edward eat a pastry, his face creasing in pleasure, hearing him say, "Fuck, man, that's the stuff," shouldn't be so strangely titillating. Shouldn't bring to mind that strange moment when Ed had licked marmalade (*sucked* it, really) off of Bonnet's finger, like he couldn't stand to miss a single morsel.

By the looks of him, Edward could stand to miss more than a morsel- he already has the top button of his leather pants undone and his belly has fit itself into the space, spilling out between the pants and the leather jacket. It looks soft, the way a pirate should never be.

Soft is for gentlemen and whores, people who lie around for a living. Soft is where you get stabbed in the gut if you aren't watching your back. Edward is clearly not watching his back.

He's too busy chewing. It's a good thing Izzy's here to do it for him.

The second time Izzy overhears Bonnet and Edward doing... whatever it is... it's a few nights later, and he can't even remember what he came down to tell one of them. Something unimportant, clearly, because it's left his brain completely, replaced by what he hears through the door.

"You're doing so very well, darling," – Bonnet, clearly– and then the sound of rustling fabric. Perhaps a hand running over leather? Then a muffled groan (Edward?), and Bonnet's voice again.

"Don't hold it in, love, we've talked about that. Nothing to be embarrassed about. Don't want your tummy to be sore, do we?"

Tummy? Is this bloke fucking serious?

A pause, then a deep belch.

"*Good.*" Bonnet again, emphatic, and then some wet-sounding noises that might be kissing or might be eating?

"M'getting so full, Stede." Edward, his voice strangely... *flirtatious* ? What in the actual fuck is going on in there?

"Mm, I can see that. Shall we make you a bit more comfy, my love?"

More rustling, quite a lot of it, really, and then the creaking sound of someone getting up. Another belch, and then Bonnet again.

“Jostled something loose, hmm?”

“Reckon so... have a bit more room now, though.”

“I expect so.”

The sounds of two sets of feet moving across the cabin, then a pause before there's the clinking of fine china.

“Just a bit more left, love. You can finish it.”

“Mm... I want it, but I'm so very full. Might need a belly rub first... Please.”

A little exclamation of delight from who else, fucking Bonnet.

“Oh, darling! Of course.”

Izzy has his ear pressed up against the door now, and *God*, if one of Bonnet's little crewmates were to come along and find him like this, practically salivating over the sound of... well, as far as he can tell, the sound of Edward eating his way out of his leathers... Izzy would never live it down. He'd have to walk the plank immediately.

It's a strange thing to overhear, but there's something sweet about it, too. Bonnet and Edward both sound so... well, *aroused*. As far as Izzy can tell, Bonnet is feeding Edward and rubbing his belly, both of them getting off on it.

It shouldn't be so hot. And yet—

The sound of Edward hiccupping, and then more clinking china. Bonnet praising Edward, who lets out a groan that goes straight to Izzy's dick, uncomfortably engorged in his own tight leather pants.

Izzy has to leave. Seriously. Right now.

Back to his own cabin, back to the bed, back to... well. They don't call him 'Hands' for nothing.

The next morning, Edward and Bonnet are late to wake— or at least late to appear above deck. Edward's dressed in one of Stede's less fussy outfits, some kind of black semi-shiny pants and a puffy white shirt open to his waist, with that infernal pink flowered robe thrown over the top.

Izzy only realizes that he's been staring when Bonnet appears at his elbow, placidly sipping at a teacup.

"Looks good on him, doesn't it?" Bonnet notes, inclining his head at Edward. "Poor thing couldn't get into those leather pants today. *Not* that I'm complaining." He surveys Edward with a little smile and oh, if Izzy could just get in a room alone with Bonnet, he'd—

Good god, since when has Bonnet had such a penetrating gaze, and why does his stupid hair always look like that, like some kind of laurel wreath on the head of a Grecian statue?

"Fuckin' ruining him," Izzy spits at Bonnet. "Plumping him up and such." He throws a gloved hand out, gesturing at Edward, who does indeed look rather— *plump* .

Bonnet just swivels his head a bit and says, "I don't agree with that, and I don't think you do, either."

The sound of Bonnet's prissy little teacup smashing to the deck is incredibly satisfying, even more so than it was to knock it out of his hand.

Izzy avoids Bonnet and Edward for the rest of the day. Luckily, it's not that hard- the two of them haven't done a whole lot of "captaining" lately. Now that Izzy's overheard their exploits with food in the bedroom and seen Edward's expanding waistline, it's pretty clear as to why.

Still, it's a surprise, isn't it, when they don't reappear for dinner with the crew (Bonnet's big on "crew dinners," what a fucking annoyance, having to sit next to the twats that make up this crew while you're just trying to eat), and even more of a surprise when, after dinner, there's a knock on Izzy's cabin door.

It's Roach, holding what looks like... a small cake?

"So the Captains wanted me to give this to you and for you to bring it down to their cabin? I don't know exactly why, like it seemed like a whole *thing*, but--"

Izzy doesn't let him finish. He snatches the cupcake out of Roach's hands and stalks his way down to the Captain's cabin.

In the Captain's cabin, Izzy finds Edward, of course, and Bonnet, of fucking course.

Edward, and Bonnet, and a tray of cupcakes. The sight of which immediately makes Izzy feel a tingle in his nethers, a little sleep-twitch kick of his dick, because these fuckers have gone and made him get all horny over seeing decadent food. It's ludicrous!

Who gets aroused over seeing lushly frosted cupcakes, simply because he wants to shove them in Ed's face until Ed's too full to move?

Fucking hell.

“Oh, Izzy! I’m so delighted you decided to join us.” Bonnet greets Izzy from his spot on the couch next to Edward, who’s reaching for what must be another cupcake, given that the tray only looks partially full.

“Dunno what I’ve joined you *for*, Bonnet, but I don’t expect you to waste my evening by having random crew members tell me to bring you things you clearly don’t need.” Izzy gestures at the tray of cupcakes.

“Oh, Israel,” Bonnet says, his voice dropping low. “I thought you understood. Ed and I both”- here he pats Ed on the crest of his belly, and Ed makes a little *oof* sound.

“Hey, man, gentle on the merchandise,” Ed says, all fake-annoyance, but he pushes Bonnet’s hand away incredibly gently. Izzy finds it hard to believe that his Blackbeard could be so- *relaxed* ?

“-- both wanted you to join us for dessert.”

Ed takes another bite, then swallows, tipping his head back against the top of the couch. His belly gurgles audibly and he burps loudly.

Izzy shivers, unable to help it, and Bonnet fixes him with that stupidly penetrating gaze.

“Very good, darling,” Bonnet says, ostensibly to Ed, although his eyes never leave Izzy’s face. “You’ll have to make more room if you want Izzy to feed you the rest of these.”

Izzy’s brain— well. There’s no such thing as internal combustion engines yet, but Izzy might have invented them just now.

“As you can see,” Bonnet is explaining a few moments later, “we’ve already had our dinner. Ed’s had quite a lot, haven’t you, my love? And since I knew you were also... *appreciative* ... of our exploits, I thought it’d be nice to invite you to join in.”

Izzy has to splutter a bit. It’s really kind of a spluttering type of proclamation. “How the fuck would you know that?”

Bonnet’s mouth forms a little moue and he shrugs. “Lucius saw you, quote, ‘*practically with his ear glued to your cabin door, Captains,*’ end quote, as I believe he put it.”

That little fucker– Izzy is going to *end* him.

“Always fucking sneaking around,” Izzy spits. “I wasn’t *spying* on you. You two were loud as fuck, by the way.”

“Spying is your word, not mine,” Bonnet sniffs, and then his face softens. “Now Israel. Come along, I know you want to.”

“You don’t know me, Bonnet.”

Bonnet gives him a long glance, something shrewdly calculating. “Perhaps not. But I know you want to touch Ed, don’t you?” His voice gets soft and gentle at the end, a little vocal caress. No one talks to Izzy like that and it makes him feel like his heart has been scooped out of his chest and plunged into cold water.

Fucking Bonnet.

“Fine.” Izzy stalks over to the couch, stands there awkwardly, hands at his sides.

“Oh, Israel, you can do better than that, can’t you? No need to be shy. Ed loves a good belly rub, don’t you, darling?”

Ed looks up, makes eye contact with Izzy, still chewing. “Mm. I do. That I do.”

“See?” Bonnet says it triumphantly, as though everything has now been settled.

It’s awkward, too, to have to sit on the fussy little couch next to Edward, who’s got his legs spread out wider than usual, accommodating the gravid bloat of his stomach.

Izzy thinks for a moment. Opens his mouth, then shuts it again.

“I don’t...”

“It’s okay,” Edward says, his voice soft.

Fucking hell, they’re both so— *attentive* . Looking at him, fucking *waiting* for him to speak. Ed’s taking another bite of cupcake, eyes not leaving Izzy’s face.

“I don’t know how.”

There. It’s out.

Bonnet laughs first, of course he does, the arrogant little prick. And Edward, too— even though he lets out a bit of a wince, pressing his hand to his side, as if he’s too full to be laughing.

Izzy starts to stand up. “I’ll just be going, then. Fuck both of you—”

“Oh! No, no, Izzy! I’m so sorry. We’re laughing *with* you. Not at you!” Bonnet does look genuinely apologetic, and Ed lets out a hiccup, the hand on his side jumping with the motion of his belly.

“Just touch,” Ed says then, pushing his belly out a bit further. He reaches over with the hand that isn’t occupied with cupcake and tugs Izzy’s wrist until Izzy allows his hand to come over to rest on Ed’s belly. “Then rub,” Ed says, as though it’s that simple.

Izzy has to fight back a shiver– being here, touching Edward like this– it’s like a surreal fantasy he doesn’t want to have to wake up from.

“It’s all right, Izzy,” Bonnet says then, even more gently. “I’ll guide you through it, hmm?” He nods, then speaks in a more affected tone, like he’s reciting something. Izzy’s sure he had plenty of practice with shit like that, going to his fancy little boys’ school and whatnot.

“Okay,” Bonnet starts. “You’ll want to start with a flat palm, like this, see?” He holds up his hand to demonstrate, then moves it in the air. “Then massage it around in a circular motion. Helps with digestion.” He grins, making eye contact with Edward, and Izzy suddenly feels like he’s intruded on something private, something special.

“I’m not–”

“C’mon, Iz, I’m dying for a rub.” Edward, blinking those stupid doe eyes up at him. “My belly’s getting sore.”

“We can’t have that,” Bonnet chimes in, and so Izzy sighs and starts working his hand along the top of Ed’s belly, using the kinds of motions Bonnet had just demonstrated.

“Mm,” Ed says after a moment, exhaling. He pops the last bit of a cupcake into his mouth and talks with his mouth full. “Feels good.” He swallows and then lets out a little burp, sighing afterward.

“Good,” Bonnet says, beaming. Izzy can’t tell if the praise is for Edward or for him—Bonnet’s beaming at them both, really, he’s such a ray of goddamned sunshine, it makes Izzy want to drown him sometimes.

Not right now, though. Right now... right now, it just feels good to bask in those rays, to feel the heat of Bonnet’s praise, whether Izzy’s the one who’s earned it or not.

After a few minutes of belly rubbing, Bonnet declares that it’s time to move to the bed.

“To make Edward more comfortable,” he says. “Oh, and for any other *activities* we might like to try.” He raises a golden eyebrow and Izzy feels a jolt of arousal strike him in the groin, like Stede fucking Bonnet has eyes like a Greek god, throwing bolts of lightning.

“Mm, activities,” Ed says, like this is some kind of known joke between himself and Bonnet. He licks icing off of his finger, then heaves himself up off the couch with a groan. “Fuck, m’getting full.”

“You look it.” It’s out of his mouth before Izzy can stop it, and Ed just looks down at him appraisingly.

“I should hope so, I feel like I’m about half cake at this point, man.” Ed slaps his own belly and it’s another lightning bolt straight to Izzy’s dick. There’s an unmistakable jiggle to Ed’s stomach now, likely the result of many other such nights involving Bonnet and sweets.

“Come on over, you two,” Bonnet says then. Somehow in the last few moments he’s undressed partially and is down to some lace-edged undershorts with one of those silly robes open over the top.

“Don’t need to tell me twice,” Ed says, and makes his way over, belly-first.

Once they get over to the bed, Ed climbs up on it slowly, settling himself back against the side of the ship with some pillows behind his back. The pink robe has fallen completely open and he looks the picture of indulgence.

“Israel?”

Izzy realizes that he’s been staring, and he looks down at his feet. “Sorry.”

“Nothing to be sorry about, love, I just want to know if it’s all right if I— ah— *undress* you a bit.” Bonnet’s standing there looking solicitous, head inclined towards Izzy.

Well, fuck it.

Izzy nods, not trusting his mouth, and Bonnet— *Stede* — moves closer, slowly, like he’s approaching a wild animal, but one that he thinks might yet be tamed.

“Undo his buttons, love,” Edward says from the bed, and that’s— that’s ungodly, isn’t it. Hearing Edward tell Stede what to do with Izzy.

“Is this all right?” Stede’s asking, his fingers working nimbly at the buttons of Izzy’s leather vest. Stupid Stede Bonnet and his uncalledoused, soft hands, so gentle and spry, getting Izzy’s vest off practically before Izzy even knows what’s happening.

“Mm.” Izzy nods, and Stede goes further, tugging Izzy’s shirt up over his head until he’s standing there in just his tie and pants and boots.

“Fuck,” Ed says from the bed, and Izzy almost jumps when Stede’s hand traces his hip, his hand so very gentle.

“I don’t know how to–” Izzy starts to say, and then Stede’s making a kind of inquisitive expression at Izzy’s leather pants, and then Izzy finds himself shrugging and helping Stede get them off him.

“Fuck it,” Izzy mutters, and then he’s sitting down on the bed next to Edward, because you can’t get leather like this off without at least sitting down.

Stede doesn’t seem to mind, and he also doesn’t seem to mind that Izzy’s not exactly flat in the middle, either, because once Izzy’s down to his skivvies, Stede runs his hand down Izzy’s belly in that same kind of reverent way, like he’s some kind of fucking priest anointing the communion wine.

“Lovely,” Stede tells him, and Izzy has never– no one’s ever– it’s just. It’s a completely new thing, this. This– thing. With Stede, and with Ed. (Of course it’s always been something with Ed, something nebulous and frayed, but always there, lurking behind him like a shadow, a reflection he catches in a quick stride past the looking glass.)

“Hurry up,” Ed whines then, and Stede lights up, grinning like a Caribbean sunrise over calm waters.

“Israel,” Stede says. “Would you do the honors?”

It turns out, by ‘*the honors*’, Stede means ‘*feed Edward the last cupcake*’, which Izzy does by climbing back up on the bed and putting one knee on either side of one of Ed’s legs, earning a sound of approval from Stede.

Stede’s reaching down those impractically lacy undershorts now and drawing out his cock, which makes Edward moan around a bite of cupcake. One of Ed’s hands scrabbles out and grips at Izzy’s thigh and Izzy feels his own cock twitch again. He can also see that Ed’s hard, too, and this is all a *lot*.

“More, Izzy,” Ed’s saying now, and so Izzy holds another bite up to his lips. He’s eating greedily, getting frosting on his mustache and in his beard and Izzy wants to clean it up for him, use his tongue there and in other places, too.

Ed belches after he swallows this time, and Izzy’s hips jerk forward seemingly of their own accord.

“Excuse me,” Ed says, unusually polite, and Stede’s voice says, “Good boy,” and *that* makes Izzy’s hips buck too.

“Izzy.” Stede’s voice again, in that same tone he’d used when he’d told Izzy to rub Ed’s belly. “Why don’t you show Ed just how well he’s done for us, *if* you know what I mean.” He raises an eyebrow as he strokes a hand down the length of his cock, and Izzy doesn’t need any further exposition.

He’s never done it like this before, never sucked a guy off while he was eating a fucking cupcake at the same time, his belly stuffed full and heaving, his hand fisting in Izzy’s hair and probably getting leftover frosting in it, but *God*, it’s good.

It’s better than good. It’s— everything Izzy never let himself think he might have. It’s Ed groaning above him, it’s Stede telling them both they’re doing a good job, it’s the way both Stede and Ed have run their eyes over Izzy in turn, like they’re going to sketch him for Stede’s infernal diary.

Ed doesn’t give a lot of indication before he comes, just shudders and goes boneless, and the sensation of it all is such that Izzy’s coming too, almost before he knows it.

He’s no adolescent, no barely-beyond-a-boy pirate anymore, creaming his drawers just because he’d caught a glimpse of tit or arse, but— it really shouldn’t be that much of a

surprise. This is *Edward* , after all, Edward here in his mouth and between his legs and Stede presiding over it all like their judicious god.

“Fuck,” Stede groans. “ *Fuck* , the both of you. Just—”

And Izzy’s never seen Stede speechless before, at a loss for words. He’s always running his mouth, chattering about this or that, never simply standing there with his mouth a little open, face flushed with arousal, staring.

“C’mere, love,” Edward’s saying then, and although Izzy never would’ve expected it, it turns out that there is room enough in the bed for three of them, especially once Stede regains the ability to speak and tell Izzy and Edward what to do, where to be.

This isn’t what Izzy would’ve expected, either, but somehow it works. Things that Stede plans out seem to make sense like that, to fall into place. They end up with Stede standing in front of the bed in between Ed’s legs, Ed’s mouth wrapped around his cock, and Izzy next to Ed on the bed, pressing soft kisses to his neck, lightly scratching his fingernails down Ed’s back.

Stede looks beautiful, too- his golden hair thrown around his face in disarray, and Izzy thinks, *I did that– at least, I helped.*

Watching straight-laced, highly-strung Stede Bonnet come apart at his lover glutting himself on pastries is wondrous- Izzy’s half-hard again just looking. Especially when he can also see Stede’s fingers wound into Ed’s hair, and when Ed belches around Stede’s cock and Stede shudders, the muscles of his buttocks tensing.

Ed surfaces to pardon himself and Stede just moans. Ed grins devilishly and reapplies himself– it’s not long before Stede is shuddering and then gasping, and Ed’s swallowing one more creamy treat.

“Oh, fuck,” Ed says after Stede’s come back to himself. “I think I need to lie down.”

Something else about Stede Bonnet: he likes to cuddle, and Izzy should've known that just looking at him. He likes to take care of his lovers, too, and maybe that's something he and Izzy can agree about, along with the idea that Edward should always be well fed.

Isn't it what Izzy's been trying to do for all these years, pester and cajole and hound Ed into taking better care of himself, and now here comes Stede to do it again, but better.

Maybe he doesn't have to be so upset about that, really, not when Stede's so willing to share the work; to do the parts that he does best and let Izzy do the bits that he's good at, too.

"Stede," Izzy murmurs when they're all in a kind of sticky, warm heap. "Did you know that when you were gone, Edward ate fifteen jars of marmalade in one go?"

"Good lord," Stede says. "I'm going to need... a moment to think about that."

"Mmph," Ed says against his chest, half-asleep. "That was sad marmalade. Gonna have to do it again, but happy."

"Oh, I think we can manage that," Stede says, and catches Izzy's eye. "Don't you, Israel?"

End Notes

I'm on tumblr [here](#) if you want to say hi! Pretty much my only thoughts nowadays are gay pirate ones

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