

## Fluffernutter

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/46397986) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/46397986>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Our Flag Means Death (TV)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Blackbeard   Edward Teach/"Calico" Jack Rackham, Israel Hands/"Calico" Jack Rackham, Blackbeard   Edward Teach/Israel Hands/"Calico" Jack Rackham, Blackbeard   Edward Teach/Israel Hands</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Israel Hands, "Calico" Jack Rackham, Blackbeard   Edward Teach</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Alternate Universe - College/University, Trans Israel Hands, Sub Israel Hands, Insecure Israel Hands, Top "Calico" Jack Rackham, Top Blackbeard   Edward Teach, Porn with Feelings, Pining, Established fuck buddies, Drunk Sex, Threesome - M/M/M, Manipulation, Sexual Coercion, Mildly Dubious Consent, Getting Together, First Kiss, Light Dom/sub, Under-negotiated Kink, Dirty Talk, Israel Hands Has a Degradation Kink, Slut Praising, Biting, Hair-pulling, Rough Sex, Accidental Breathplay, Oral Sex, Vaginal Sex, Anal Sex, Spitroasting, Double Penetration in Two Holes, Creampie, Felching, Overstimulation, Multiple Orgasms, Frat boy shenanigans, Warning: Pizza Neglect, Horny Matchmaker Calico Jack, Author is Open to Hearing about Dead Batteries, Bottom Israel Hands</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Get Izzy Laid Day</a>
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-10 Words: 6,969 Chapters: 1/1

## Fluffernutter

by [tikli](#)

### Summary

Izzy planned for a quiet night in.

Ed planned to get drunk and have fun.

Jack didn't have a plan, but he's good at improvising.

### Notes

This story existed inside my head for months, until [Get Izzy Laid Day](#) finally motivated me write it down.

This is just pure filth, so make sure you are properly hydrated before diving in.

A huge thank you to [Jillian](#) for being the perfect sounding board, cheerleader and beta reader. You kept me going and gave me the instant feedback I needed to believe that this was actually worth writing <3 <3 <3 Also, thank you for coming up with the perfect title!

### **Additional information regarding the content**

Izzy is trans, and the following words are used for his genitals: hole, folds, cock, cunt, pussy.

The tags alone make it look like there are a lot of consent issues here. Nobody is being forced to do anything they don't want to do, and everyone is enjoying themselves—they just don't really talk about what's going on before it happens.

### **► SPOILERS: What does Mildly Dubious Consent mean in this case?**

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

It was one of the rare weekends when nobody was throwing a party. This was fine with Izzy, who had planned on spending the evening studying for next week's exam. He hadn't taken into account what a party-free weekend would mean for Ed, though.

Ed was bored and restless. He had wanted to get out of the flat and have some fun, but of course he couldn't do it on his own. He always dragged Izzy with him, insisting he didn't have as much fun if Izzy wasn't there.

Izzy knew the real reason was that Ed needed a sidekick, someone to use as a sounding board for his brilliance. Someone that made Ed shine brighter. Someone who was easy enough to forget when Ed had reached the proper party mood and was mingling with others effortlessly.

Izzy really needed to study, and he hadn't felt like being an emotional support animal tonight. No matter how much Ed pestered him, he remained adamant. He would stay at home tonight.

Unfortunately, Ed had stayed at home too. It would have been fine if he'd just sulked in his room, but apparently he decided that if he couldn't go out and party, the party would have to come to him.

So he called Jack, who appeared on their doorstep with way too much booze for two people. That's when Izzy knew his night was fucked. There was no way he could focus on studying if Ed and Jack were getting drunk in the next room. If they didn't cause any material damage when left unattended (the thought of the burning trash can still made Izzy shudder, it had been a close call), they'd probably end up having a loud fuck. It was a lose-lose situation for Izzy, so he admitted his defeat, collected his textbook and notes and moved into Ed's room. If he was keeping an eye on them, the flat had a better chance of staying intact. He might even be able to study a bit.

That was five hours ago.

Izzy started drinking four hours ago.

It wasn't that he wanted to get drunk. He just didn't want to be sober when Ed and Jack were drunk. It was easier to tune out their constant chatter when he felt like he had cotton stuffed in his ears. He was still keeping up the appearance of studying, hunched over his book at Ed's desk. Neither Jack nor Ed had noticed that he wasn't actually reading or taking notes. They were sitting side by side on Ed's bed, too focused on their stupid video game, taking turns playing and trying to distract the other when it wasn't their turn with the controller.

Izzy got up to fetch another beer from the fridge. He'd accepted a couple of sips from Jack's bottle earlier, but knows that he's a lightweight and is better off avoiding the strong stuff, or the others will drink him under the table. He grabs the bottle and figures he has enough time to go and take a leak before returning to his babysitting duties. They can't burn the place down in mere minutes, can they? Especially since Izzy confiscated their matches early on.

He returns to Ed's room just in time to witness how the fight over the video game controller is rapidly turning into snogging. Jack is lying on his back and Ed is sitting on top of him, pinning Jack's wrists to the bed.

"Knock it off, you twats," Izzy snaps.

He doesn't actually expect it to work, so he isn't surprised when Ed leans in, presses his mouth against Jack's neck and bites down. Jack yelps and lifts his hips, making Ed giggle.

Izzy rolls his eyes, grabs the stress ball from Ed's desk and throws it, hitting Ed on his shoulder. He'd aimed for his head.

"Fucking behave."

"Awww, Iz, you're no fun," Ed whines and climbs off Jack.

Jack sits up and blows a raspberry at Izzy. Izzy flips him off and they just glare at each other for a moment. The mood has certainly shifted, and he hopes that Jack will take the hint and leave.

Ed interrupts their staring match. "Hey, are you guys hungry? I'm starving!"

"Ah, so *that's* why you tried to take a bite," Jack laughs. "Pizza?"

"Pizza!" Ed agrees. "Iz?"

"Sure," he shrugs. Might as well eat something.

Jack calls the pizzeria and places the order. Izzy actually appreciates his presence right now, because both he and Ed hate making phone calls. Usually Izzy is the one who is forced to do it, because Ed just plain out refuses.

"Okay, 15, maybe 20 minutes. Who's going?"

The place is just a couple of blocks away, but Izzy doesn't feel like changing into proper trousers. He's comfy in his pyjama pants and he isn't going to volunteer.

"Who took the order?" Ed asks.

"I think it was Steve or something... You know, the blond dude?"

Izzy sees the exact moment when Ed's eyes light up.

"Yeah, I'll go." Ed gets up and there's this giddy energy in his movements, like he's vibrating out of his skin. He practically runs to the bathroom and Izzy can hear him starting to brush his teeth.

Izzy tightens his grip around the neck of his beer bottle, clenches his jaw, squints his eyes shut. Stede fucking Bonnet. Fucking fuck. Just when he thought his night couldn't get any worse.

"Iz, where are my keys?!" Ed yells from the hallway. "Never mind, I'll take yours."

Ed leaves the flat, closing the door with a loud bang and Izzy is left alone with Jack. Jack, who takes a sip of whatever it is he's drinking and looks at him with a knowing smirk on his face.

"Shut the fuck up, Rackham."

"Didn't say anything."

Sure, he didn't say anything *this* time. He's been saying plenty in the past. It's a recurring topic, a familiar dance between them. Knowledge is power, and Jack has no qualms with wielding that power over Izzy.

"*You* should say something, though," Jack continues, doing his "supportive friend" act Izzy is far too familiar with by now. "I'd hate to see you miss your chance."

Izzy grits his teeth.

"If you're too shy, I could tell him, help you out." Jack smiles at him, feigning innocence, as if he's not in the middle of blackmailing Izzy right now.

Izzy knows Jack is baiting him, but he's still going to bite at it. It feels easier to let Jack lead, to follow the path he's laid out for Izzy. That way he can at least pretend he isn't submitting far too easily. So Izzy does what he always does: gets up and invades Jack's personal space, grabs the front of his shirt and pulls him closer, their noses almost brushing.

"You're not telling him," he hisses.

"Oh? I'm pretty sure I will." Jack's grin is all teeth. "Unless you can convince me to change my mind."

And there it is. His cue. Izzy's actually a bit glad Jack didn't drag it out this time, because he's really not in the mood. Jack can get so fucking annoying, playing this stupid cat-and-mouse game for several rounds, before he moves in for the kill.

Izzy lets go of Jack's shirt.

"Fine, name your price," he sighs, defeated.

"A blowie, I think."

Izzy starts to calculate when they'll have the opportunity. "If Ed flakes out before you do, then—"

"No, I meant now."

Izzy stares at him. "Now?"

Jack waggles his eyebrows at him.

"We don't have time, Ed's gonna be back in—"

"Maybe you should get to it then. Tick-tock, Izzy."

"Fuck off, you can't seriously think—"

Jack has already spread his legs, his hands working on his belt buckle. He nods towards the floor. "Either you suck me off before Ed comes back or I'm telling him."

Izzy feels his knees hit the floor before he even realises he's complying. He curses himself mentally for being so damn easy. Curses Jack for knowing exactly how to press his buttons. Then he continues his calculations, trying to figure out how long it was since Ed left, and how long it will be before he gets back. It's not like Ed's just going to grab their pizzas and come right home. He's going to keep flirting with Bonnet for a while anyway, Izzy's sure of it. Maybe that's why Jack doesn't seem to be worried that Ed will catch them.

Also, Izzy's good with his mouth, knows that if he puts his back into it, he can make Jack come under two minutes, so it shouldn't be a problem. He can do this.

Jack's done the bare minimum of undressing to get his cock out. It's already half-hard when Izzy gets his mouth on him.

"That's it," Jack groans. "Knew you were just gagging for it."

Jack puts his hand on Izzy's head, pushes his fingers into his hair and Izzy fights the urge to lean into the touch. He feels his cheeks burn from humiliation, because he knows Jack is right, he *is* way too eager to be treated like this, to be pushed around, made to suck cock, used and degraded...

"Now, be a good slut and convince me to change my mind."

Jack's dick feels heavy on his tongue, the salty tang of it making his head spin. Izzy knows he's drooling but doesn't care, Jack likes it when he's a bit sloppy. He traces the veins and ridges with the tip of his tongue, swirls it around the cockhead, sucks and licks, lets Jack push his head down, lets him fuck his mouth. He can't think, he doesn't need to think, he is just a warm, wet hole for Jack to stick his cock into.

"You should see yourself like this, Izzy. On your knees, mouth full of cock... So fucking pretty."

Izzy moans around Jack's cock, tries to take him deeper, spurred by the praise.

"Doesn't he look pretty, Eddie?"

Izzy freezes. He's about to pull off when Jack's hand slides to the back of his head, warm and heavy, anchoring him in place. Not pushing, just keeping him there, feeling weirdly calming. Izzy opens his eyes and shifts his gaze the best he can without turning his head, finally registering that Ed has indeed returned and is standing at the door. Izzy fidgets, lifts his head a little, and feels Jack petting his hair gently.

"Down, boy," Jack murmurs.

The cock in his mouth slides deeper. Izzy swallows around it while he also tries to swallow down his rising panic. Surely Jack won't tell Ed. He got what he wanted, Izzy's sucking him off, buying his silence. Does it matter that he didn't make him come fast enough?

Izzy hears Ed drop the pizza boxes on his desk. Jack shifts a bit when Ed flops down to sit next to him on the edge of the bed. Ed's foot brushes Izzy's knee. Izzy keeps his eyes shut. He can't look, he won't look, Ed is so close, and Izzy doesn't know which is worse—the fear of Ed finding out about Izzy's feelings for him or the humiliation of being seen like this by his best friend.

Actually, the humiliation doesn't feel *that* bad. Izzy curses himself yet again. What the fuck is *wrong* with him?

"Come on, Eddie, ain't he pretty?" Jack prods.

”Yeah.”

Ed sounds like he’s having trouble forming words. His voice is rough, laced with arousal. Izzy’s not surprised. Ed’s always been a bit of a slut, he likes sex and he’s been fucking with Jack on a regular basis, so of course seeing Jack getting his cock sucked would turn him on.

Jack pats Izzy’s cheek to get his attention. Izzy forces his eyes open, lifts his gaze to look at Jack and very much not at Ed.

”Give him a proper show, baby.”

Izzy has a habit of reacting to cringe things with a clenched jaw. Either Jack hasn’t paid enough attention or he likes to live dangerously. It’s just a light graze, but Jack grasps Izzy’s hair immediately, stilling his head.

”Fuck, watch the teeth!”

”Watch the pet names, *baby*,” Ed snickers.

Izzy can’t help but smile around Jack’s dick.

”Haven’t heard any complaints from you, *princess*.”

”But I ain’t Izzy, am I?”

There’s no reply from Jack. Izzy doesn’t need to look up to know that Ed has shoved his tongue into Jack’s mouth, he can hear them kissing just fine, panting into each other’s mouths. He tries to steer his thoughts away from what it would feel like to be kissing Ed. Instead, he focuses on how Jack feels in his mouth, what he tastes like, how he smells. Uses that to drown out how much he wants to touch Ed.

There’s a faint clink of a belt buckle, followed by the sound of a zipper. Izzy had thought he was already drooling as much as possible, but apparently he was wrong. Fucking Pavlov.

”Fuck, yeah, lemme see,” Jack grunts.

Izzy hears the rustle of Ed’s jeans and suddenly feels like a third wheel. If Jack would just have the decency to actually come down his throat already and let Izzy get out of here before he gets it on with Ed. It’s bad enough that Izzy has to listen to it through the wall, he really doesn’t need to be in the same room when it happens.

Jack yelps, and that’s the only warning Izzy gets. The angle is wrong and Izzy splutters, narrowly avoiding getting spunk into his nose. It still stings a bit.

He can hear Ed’s muffled laughter. That stings more.

”You fucker,” Jack gasps. Ed is still sucking on his neck and Jack pushes him away. Ed giggles, gets up on his feet and swaggers out of the room.

Jack sighs. ”Fuck, Izzy, I was gonna... Didn’t mean to...”

Izzy stares at the bruise on his neck, sees the teeth marks Ed left on Jack’s skin.

”It’s fine. We done here?” Izzy keeps his eyes fixed on Jack’s, waiting to be set free.

Jack squirms.

”What the fuck, Rackham, we had a—”

Izzy startles when he feels Ed’s hand on his shoulder and forgets the rest of his sentence.

”Iz, I’m sorry. Here.”

He turns to look at Ed. Ed, who is holding out a glass of water. Ed, who is towering over him, because he is *still* kneeling at Jack’s feet. Ed, who for some reason still has his cock out.

”Thanks,” he says and takes the offered glass. He drinks half of it, while he keeps staring Ed’s half-erect dick.

”Someone’s thirsty,” Jack notes.

”Oh, piss off,” Izzy snaps at him. His cheeks feel hot. He can’t stop staring.

”So... You wanna have a go?” Jack asks.

”What?” Izzy croaks, but it’s barely audible under Ed’s surprised ”Can I?”

Izzy doesn’t know if Ed is asking him or Jack. Hell, he doesn’t even know who Jack was talking to.

Jack snaps his fingers. ”Izzy, eyes up here, and gimme the glass. Eddie, pants off and sit your ass down.”

There’s something in Jack’s voice that makes them both comply.

Jack puts his palm on Izzy’s cheek, thumb rubbing over his lower lip, dipping inside his mouth a little when Izzy finally relaxes his jaw. ”Now, you’ll be a good boy for him, won’t you?”

It’s not like Izzy doesn’t want to be a good boy for Ed. Of course he does. This isn’t necessarily the optimal situation for that, but it might be the only chance he gets. So when Ed spreads his legs, he moves to kneel between them and latches onto his cock like that’s what he’s been doing his whole life.

Ed groans, his hips bucking up a little, and Izzy wonders how many different noises he can draw out of Ed before he runs out of time.

”Fuck, man, you weren’t kidding,” Ed pants.

”You ain’t seen nothing yet. Grab his hair.”

Izzy feels Ed’s hand on his head, but the touch is so light he might as well be imagining it.

”He’s not gonna break. Give him a proper tug, he loves it!”

Ed slides his fingertips against Izzy’s scalp, closes his fist around the hair and pulls. Izzy whines.

”I... was that...” Ed sounds hesitant and Izzy sucks his cock with added enthusiasm, to let him know that yes, it was okay. More than okay.

”Trust me on this, Eddie, he’s fucking gagging for it. Likes it a bit rough.”

Ed starts tugging his hair. There’s no specific rhythm to it, it’s unpredictable, and Izzy is sure he’s going to melt into a puddle right here, right now. Each twist and pull makes him moan around Ed’s

cock, makes his brain feel more fuzzy, makes it harder to concentrate.

"Fuck his mouth."

"Jack—"

"Eddie, look, he's barely doing anything anymore, so you can just use him. He can take it."

Izzy relaxes his jaw, sticks his tongue out a bit, massages the underside of Ed's dick with it. He looks up at Ed and nearly chokes on his own spit, because he's never seen Ed like this: a beautiful mess, his eyes wild, cheeks flushed, mouth hanging open. Izzy can't look, it's too much, so he nuzzles closer and gets Ed's dick deeper in his mouth. He wants to drown himself in Ed, doesn't want to smell or taste anything but him. And Jack's right, his fine motor skills have pretty much left the building at this point.

"Fucking hell," Ed mutters and thrusts into Izzy's mouth.

"Now make him choke on your dick."

Ed grabs Izzy's head with both hands, pulls him down and starts fucking his face. Izzy doesn't resist, he's floating, head empty, no thoughts. Ed's cock breaches this throat over and over again, and Izzy has never felt better. He could kneel at Ed's feet for eternity, he doesn't need anything else than Ed's dick, this is all he's ever craved. He feels lightheaded.

"Fuck, I forgot, he doesn't actually gag. Ease off a bit, let him breathe."

Izzy gasps when Ed pulls him off his dick and lets go of his head. Right, he might actually need air. And now that he's got it, he leans back in to lick and kiss the most beautiful cock he's ever encountered, slides his lips and tongue from tip to root and back up again, sucks the head, swirls his tongue around it, lets it rub against his palate. He's putting his whole skillset to use, wants to make it as good as he can without actually tipping Ed over the edge, because he needs this to last.

"Oh fuckfuckfuck, that's... Fuck, that's good!"

Ed's back hits the mattress and he scoots his hips closer to the edge of the bed, spreads his legs wider. Izzy moves his mouth lower and focuses on Ed's balls, gives them broad, slow licks before coaxing one of them into his mouth. Ed lets out a throaty moan.

"Okay, I'm getting horny again, just from watching you," Jack huffs.

Izzy glances at Jack, and sure enough, he's lazily fisting his half-hard cock.

"My turn now, Eddie." Jack pokes Ed's thigh with his free hand.

"You had him already!"

"He's sucked your dick for a while now."

Jack's grabs Izzy by the hair and pulls him away from Ed. Izzy revels in the feeling of being manhandled, but he's also already missing Ed's cock.

Ed sits up and punches Jack on the shoulder. "You already came!"

"And whose fault is that?!" Jack barks. "I can nut again, you know I can!"

Ed changes tactics. He does his patented puppy-eyes thing, his lower lip all but trembling. "But I



haven't come yet," he whines, batting his eyelashes at Jack. Izzy is pretty sure he can see a tear glinting in the corner of one eye. "It's still my turn. Right, Iz?"

Izzy's about to scold them for being such brats, but Jack puts his mouth into better use.

"Your precious Iz isn't calling the shots here, princess," Jack laughs, petting Izzy's hair while he fucks his mouth with shallow thrusts.

Ed drops the act and falls back into the spitfire mode. "It's not fucking *fair*, Jack!"

"Dude, chill, it's not like he hasn't got other holes."

Izzy must be dreaming. Surely this isn't happening. Using his mouth is one thing, it's something that can be laughed off, just bros being bros, but to actually...

"I bet he's dripping already. Cock-sucking counts as foreplay for him."

A wave of humiliation washes over Izzy. Jack's words make him pay attention to his own body for a change, and true enough, his boxers must be drenched.

"Come on, let's get a bit more comfortable."

Jack gets on his feet, manoeuvres Izzy up from the floor and Ed shifts on the bed to make space for him. Izzy kneels on the bed, his back to Ed, because he can't bring himself to look at him right now. Ed's hand is on Izzy's back, he's rubbing it in small circles, moving lower and lower, until his fingers are tracing the waistband of Izzy's pyjama pants. Izzy might have forgotten how to breathe.

Jack slumps back on the bed and leans against the headboard, legs spread out and stark naked. He beckons to Izzy with one hand, while stroking his cock with the other. "It's easier if you get on all fours."

Izzy gets on his hands and knees between Jack's outstretched legs. He bends his arms and presses his elbows to the mattress, which in turn makes him arch his back and push his ass up. Ed's fingers slip under his waistband and he starts pulling Izzy's pants down. Izzy lowers his head and takes Jack's cock in his mouth, uses the familiar feeling to ground himself, to keep his head from spinning.

"So, how's our little cock slut doing?" Jack asks Ed. He's resumed petting Izzy's hair with one hand, the other resting on Izzy's neck.

Izzy's pyjama pants are bunched around his knees, but he still has his boxers on. Ed is kneading his ass with both hands and Izzy can't stop himself from wriggling his hips a little, pushing closer to Ed. One hand slides between his legs, rubs him through the soaked fabric, fingertips pressing against his slick hole.

"He's so fucking wet." There's awe in Ed's voice. Izzy grinds against his hand, desperate for more contact.

"What are you waiting for then?"

Ed grips the elastic of Izzy's boxers and Izzy can feel the hesitation, a slight tremble of his fingers. Ed's knuckles press against the small of his back, but he isn't moving his hand.

Izzy realises that Ed is indeed waiting for something. He lets Jack's cock slip out of his mouth, and

the way he says "please" sounds far more desperate than he intended. His voice is cracking, but then again, he's also been choking on dick for a good while now.

"You sure, Izzy?" Ed asks, and Izzy could just cry. Of course he's fucking sure, he's never been more sure of anything.

"Fuck yes."

That's all it takes for Ed to yank his boxers down. There's no hesitation when he slides his finger between Izzy's folds, smearing his slick around, and Izzy can't help but whimper at how good it feels.

"Do that again, Eddie, he likes it."

Ed gets bolder and starts touching Izzy with two fingers, maybe three, Izzy's not sure. He circles Izzy's cock, massages his folds, rubs the edge of his hole and Izzy is sure he is going to die if Ed doesn't fuck him right about now. He whimpers around Jack's cock and arches his back to give Ed better access to his cunt.

Ed pulls his hand away and Izzy lets out a broken sob.

"Gimme a taste," Jack demands. He leans forward, bending over Izzy's head. The sounds Jack makes when he licks Ed's fingers clean are obscene. "So fucking yummy, I could eat him out for days."

Ed pushes his cock between Izzy's folds, rubbing him with it like he did with his fingers, but it feels so much better. Izzy tilts his hips, tries to catch the cockhead, to make Ed sink inside, because he can't take this teasing anymore.

"Eager, are we?" Ed asks, sounding both amused and horny.

"He always is. Got a hungry cunt, that one."

"Better feed it, then." Ed stops teasing and pushes in. There's hardly any resistance, Izzy is so wet that Ed almost bottoms out in one go. His dick might not be as big as Jack's, but it's still considerable in both length and girth. Izzy feels stretched open and filled in the best possible way.

Ed fucks into him a couple of times, like he's testing the waters. Each thrust pushes Izzy forward, sliding Jack's cock deeper into his mouth. The angle is not optimal, and Jack notices it too. He pulls Izzy off his cock.

"I'll give it back to you in a sec," he comforts, when Izzy lets out a whine. He moves to get up on his knees and guides Izzy so that he's properly on all fours between Ed and Jack. Then he feeds his cock back into Izzy's waiting mouth. "Okay, we're good to go, Eddie."

Ed starts fucking him with deep, slow thrusts. Jack adjusts to the rhythm, and together they rock Izzy's body between them, pushing and pulling. Izzy can hear how wet he is, the slick slapping sounds mixing with the panting and moaning. He can smell himself too, the whole room must smell of sex at this point. Ed's fingers dig into his hips, his balls slap against Izzy's cock with every thrust and if Izzy dies now, he dies happy.

"Damn, Iz," Ed pants. "If I'd known you're such a slut I'd have done this sooner."

"Could have bent him over the nearest flat surface whenever," Jack chuckles. "He'd have dropped his pants and spread his legs faster than you could get your dick out."

Izzy moans. Once again, the truth feels humiliating and liberating at the same time.

"But don't worry, I've kept him warm for you," Jack continues. "Kept him from running around the city after some random dick."

And Jack has, hasn't he. Izzy has urges, and even when he had dreamt of doing everything with Ed, that hadn't been possible. But before he had the chance to look elsewhere, Jack had already been there. Sure, he had sort of blackmailed Izzy for sex, but Izzy had also been into it, partly *because* Jack had pushed him around. And it had been convenient. So, it wasn't that bad, was it?

"Hey, wanna see a neat trick?" Jack asks, and Ed stops moving. "You've gotten your dick plenty wet already, yeah? Put it in his ass."

"Dude..."

"But just the tip."

"I'm not sure if—"

"Trust me. Just the tip."

Ed pulls out and Izzy feels so empty. He arches his back and pushes his ass up, like he hasn't been doing this the whole time, being the needy slut he is. He feels the blunt head of Ed's cock pressed against his asshole and pushes back. It slips in, the stretch feels incredible and Izzy keeps moaning, muffled by Jack's cock. He's struck by the realisation that he's been on the brink of his orgasm for a while now, and a dick in his ass, even if it's just the tip, is suddenly too much. He clenches around Ed and then he's coming, pulling his mouth off Jack and gasping for breath, shaking and moaning.

"Fuck," Ed says.

"I know, man. Happens almost every time."

"And he just took it, I didn't even push that hard—"

"He's well-trained."

"You mean you...?"

"Nah, man, I bet he has a fake cock he uses to split himself open. Was like this when I started fucking him."

Izzy feels his face burn from embarrassment. He collapses on the mattress, muscles still twitching from the aftershocks of his orgasm. He tries to get his breathing under control. There are hands all over his back, petting and rubbing, and it feels *nice*. He calms down.

"Did we break him?"

There's a gentle rap of knuckles against his forehead. "Earth to Izzy, you in there, man?"

"Nnngh."

A wet, not-so-gentle slap of a cock on his cheek makes him finally open his eyes.

"Whaddyawant?" Izzy slurs.

"A warm hole for my dick."

Izzy rolls on his back and opens his mouth. Jack's knees bracket Izzy's shoulders as he pushes his cock into his mouth. Izzy tilts his head, letting him slide deeper. It's almost meditative at this point. Sure, Jack's balls keep bouncing against his nose with every thrust, but Izzy's past the point of caring.

Izzy's pants are bunched around his knees. Ed pulls them off and then his hands are on Izzy's thighs, spreading his legs wider, fingers pressing into the muscle so hard that Izzy hopes there will be bruises.

The first lick takes Izzy completely by surprise. His hips shoot up and the sound he makes is probably a squeak, but it's hard to tell because it's cut off by Jack's cock.

"Keep that up, Eddie, and he'll let you dick him down in no time."

Turns out Ed has a wicked mouth and he's not afraid to use it. He alternates between sucking and licking Izzy's cock, running a flat tongue over his folds, toying with his sopping hole. He presses his thumbs down on both sides of Izzy's cock while he nuzzles it with his lips and flicks it with the tip of his tongue. It's driving Izzy insane, he's a writhing mess. He's grateful that Jack's fucking his mouth, otherwise he would be babbling incoherently and wouldn't *that* be embarrassing.

Of course Jack chooses that moment to pull out. Izzy realises that he's been quite vocal the whole time, and now that the damper has been removed, he's mortified. He tries to stifle the mewling sounds he didn't even know he was capable of making.

"Your neighbours are gonna *love* you after tonight," Jack cackles.

Izzy presses his mouth into a thin line, bites his tongue, forces himself to quiet down.

"Hey Eddie, let's see if you can make him scream. Flip him over."

Ed grips Izzy by the hips and does just that, lifting him back on his knees.

"That's it, Izzy," Jack murmurs. "Ass up, face down, just the way you like it."

Izzy presses his face against the bed. His mouth is half open, he's probably drooling on Ed's comforter, but it's not like that's the only bodily fluid they should worry about right now, so does it even matter.

Ed snaps his fingers. "Jack, lube."

It doesn't take long before Ed is spreading his ass cheeks and nudging his hole with a slick cock. Izzy is desperate to be speared open, he needs this, he wants Ed to pound his ass properly, he needs to make Ed come. He's almost ready to beg for it when Ed finally sinks in.

"Fuuuuuuuuck," Ed groans as he bottoms out.

"I know. Now, don't keep him waiting."

Ed pulls almost all the way out before slamming his cock back in. Izzy jolts forward and Ed tightens his grip on his hips, keeping him steady as his thrusts speed up.

"Taking it so well... what a good slut... fucking... made for my cock..."

Ed's filthy praise pours over Izzy, who doesn't even realise he's responding to it with his own

litany of "yesyesyes yours, fucking give it to me, fuck Ed, yes yes," gasping and grunting.

"Awww, you two are so *cute*!"

"Oh, fuck off, Jack," Ed snarls.

"Hey Izzy, that pussy of yours feel empty?"

Izzy feels his cunt clench around nothing just from the thought of Jack fucking him.

"I'm not done with him yet." Ed pulls Izzy towards himself, as if they could get any closer than they already are.

"No worries, you can keep fucking his ass, just take a quick break."

Once again Izzy laments the feeling of sudden emptiness when Ed pulls out.

"Izzy, you're gonna ride me," Jack instructs as he goes to lay down on the bed.

Legs shaking, Izzy moves to straddle his hips. Jack grabs his cock and rubs the head against Izzy's swollen cunt. He finds the right angle, pushes the tip in, then grabs Izzy's hips with both hands and pulls him down. Izzy is sure all the air was just punched out of his lungs. Jack's cock is *huge*, the stretch is delicious, yet Izzy needs *more*.

"Alright, Eddie, get back in there."

Ed settles behind Izzy. He radiates warmth and Izzy gets the urge to lean back, to press himself against Ed's chest. He wants to feel Ed's arms around him. He wants to be held. But this is not the time or place for that, so he leans forward instead, bends over Jack to give Ed better access to his ass. Ed pushes in, but this time he's being excruciatingly slow about it.

"So fucking tight... I can't..."

"Breathe, Eddie! No nutting yet!"

"Not gonna... Not yet..."

When his cock is fully sheathed in Izzy's ass, Ed drapes himself over Izzy, lips brushing the back of his neck. Izzy nuzzles his nose against Jack. He's utterly sandwiched between them. He feels *safe*, and the whole idea of that is so utterly ridiculous that a small giggle escapes his mouth before he can catch it.

"Eddie, move, you need to move, I'm dying here, man!"

Ed sets the rhythm, every thrust propelling Izzy forward, sliding him up on Jack's cock. Jack is gripping Izzy's hips, pushing him down on his cock when Ed retreats. Jack's cock has a nice curve that hits Izzy just right when he's almost lying on top of him, and his own cock is rubbing against Jack's stomach. He relaxes into it, lets them rock him between them like he's a rag doll.

"Ain't he just the best little fucktoy?"

"So fucking good... so pretty and pliant... such a slut for being used..." Ed is babbling again, gripping Izzy by the shoulders and ploughing his ass like he's getting paid for it.

"You gonna cum in his ass?"

”Fuck, do I have a choice, this slutty little hole is gonna milk me dry!”

Izzy is sure his brain has caught fire by now. He’s never felt this horny, he’s pretty sure he’s going to come a second time, he feels like crying and laughing at the same time, everything is so fucking surreal.

Jack starts thrusting his hips up when Ed pushes in.

”Fucking hell, you’re not helping!”

”Oh, but I am. Creampie time, man!”

Ed and Izzy both groan, but for different reasons. Ed, because he’s just shot his load deep into Izzy’s ass. Izzy, because Jack’s commentary is stupid as fuck and he feels his orgasm slip away from him. His frustration makes him clamp his teeth around Jack’s shoulder muscle. Fucking twat.

”Ow, fuck, someone’s getting feisty.”

Izzy growls.

Jack grabs him by the hair and pulls. ”Don’t be a brat.”

”You’re one to talk,” he spits.

”Aww, baby, let me make it up to you.” Jack pets his hair before gripping his hips again.

”Don’t you fucking ca—*aah!*!”

Jack shuts Izzy up by shoving his cock deep into his cunt. Ed’s softening cock slips out of his ass and Izzy feels a spurt of come dribble out.

”I’m gonna fuck you so hard you come on my cock, *baby.*” He punctuates the last word with another thrust. ”And the idea of sloppy seconds feels nice, so I’m gonna take your ass next. How’s that?”

”Fine.”

”What’s that? You have to. *Speak. Up.*” Again, using his cock to drive the point home.

”Yes, Jack, fuck!” Izzy wails. It’s like a dam has broken. ”Fuck me, take me, use me, do it, just please, let me fucking come! *Please!*”

”Jack.” Ed’s voice is low and threatening. He lies down next to Jack, tracing his earlobe with his teeth.

”Eddie, I promise, I’m gonna play nice with your boy. He needs this.”

”I can see that. Poor little slut,” Ed coos, turning his attention to Izzy, stroking his cheek. ”So desperate to be stuffed full of cock, aren’t you?”

”Yes,” Izzy whispers, unable to look away from Ed’s eyes.

”Let’s take care of you, then.”

Ed drags him off Jack and Izzy lets himself be arranged on the bed, Jack spooned against his back and Ed lying in front of him, so close that they are almost knocking foreheads. He sighs

contentedly when Jack pushes into his ass, inch by inch, spreading him open, setting his nerve endings on fire.

"Still so fucking tight," Jack murmurs. "Lovely little hole, gonna flood it with my cum."

Jack fucks him with a languid pace, like he has all the time in the world. He alternates between deeper thrusts and teasing him with just the tip of his cock; it's gentle and rough at the same time. Izzy has forgone the attempt to reign in the noises he's making. He'll never be able to face their neighbours again, but that's a problem for Future Izzy.

There are lips brushing against his forehead with a barely audible "oh, Iz" and he topples over the edge, his muscles going taut before they start spasming. He's probably screaming, but he can't be sure, can't hear anything over the pounding of his own heartbeat. He faintly registers Jack pushing deeper, shaking against his back, then pulling out.

Izzy feels the mattress dip when Ed moves.

"Iz? Come up here?"

He forces his eyes open, even when his lids feel like they weigh a ton. Ed is sitting against the headboard, legs stretched out. Izzy crawls up to him and Ed turns him around, pulls him down to sit on his lap, legs spread, back pressed against Ed's chest. Izzy leans back, rests his head on Ed's shoulder and closes his eyes again. Ed is so warm, he smells so nice. His hands roam along Izzy's sides and his chest and then he's snaking his arms around Izzy's waist. Izzy doesn't want to move. Ever.

Ed bends his knees and lets them fall open, forcing Izzy to keep his legs spread. He tilts his hips, lifting Izzy up a bit, like he's putting his wrecked hole on display.

"Look at the mess you've made, Jack."

"Fuck, that's hot."

"Clean it up."

Izzy's brain is so sluggish that the meaning of Ed's words sink in around the same time he feels Jack's tongue in his ass. He howls, tries to squirm away, close his legs, but Ed keeps pushing them open and hugging him like some fucked-up sadistic koala.

"Ed, please, I can't..." he sobs.

Ed kisses his temple, the corner of his eye, nuzzles his cheek. Izzy turns his head towards him, waiting and hoping and dreading.

Jack sucks his rim, moustache scraping the tender flesh, and Izzy *shrieks*. Luckily Ed chooses that moment to smash his lips against Izzy's, swallowing his protests and probably saving them from a noise complaint.

"Izzy," Ed breathes against his mouth, and then they are kissing, tongue and all, and everything is slick and smooth and wonderful, lips and teeth and the scrape of stubble and noses bumping and Izzy can't breathe, he doesn't need air, all he needs is Ed Ed Ed, *Edward-fucking-Teach* is kissing him like he really means it and Izzy's face feels wet.

They keep kissing when Ed slides his hand between Izzy's legs. He dips a finger into his cunt, rubbing and teasing, pressing the heel of his palm against his cock. Jack is still licking and tongue-

fucking his ass. Izzy is climbing, climbing, climbing, he's a trembling, whimpering mess, his heart is beating like it's trying to claw its way out of his chest and he is sure that this is how he dies.

Ed's other hand dives under his T-shirt, slithers up and finds his nipple, pinches it.

"FUCK!"

Izzy arches his back, bucks his hips, trashes against Ed who is hugging him now, kissing his neck, mumbling something against his skin.

Everything feels sweaty and sticky. He's not sure if he can feel his legs.

"Fuck," he wheezes.

Ed flips them on their side, tucks Izzy's head under his chin and doesn't let go.

"Fuck indeed," he whispers, squeezing Izzy even harder and throwing a leg over his hip. Izzy couldn't escape even if he wanted to. Which he doesn't.

"Oh fuck, the pizza's gone all cold!"

Izzy would roll his eyes if he wasn't so tired that he can hardly move. So fucking typical of Jack.

"Hey Jack?"

"Eddie?"

"Shut the fuck up or get the fuck out. We're trying to sleep here."

"But the pizza..."

"Don't care."

Jack laughs. "Right, I see how it is. Good for you. Both of you."

Izzy lifts a hand to weakly flip him off.

"Okay, lovebirds, I'll let you nap while I eat. But then you're gonna get up and grab a bite too. You're gonna need the energy."

"Yeah, sure, thanks mom," Ed mumbles sleepily.

Izzy listens to Jack's retreating footsteps. He hears him rummage around their tiny kitchen, recognises the faint hum of the microwave oven.

Then his focus shifts to Ed, who is breathing into his hair, arms relaxed but still curled around him. Izzy turns around, presses his face into the crook of Ed's neck and breathes him in. Their naked legs intertwine as they press closer to each other, slotting their bodies together.

Izzy dozes off with a smile on his lips.

End Notes



<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fluffernutter>

Come find me on [Mastodon](#)!

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