

He's Still Not Fucking You

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He's Still Not Fucking You

by [tikli](#)

Summary

Izzy wants to sleep. Rackham wants to get his dick wet.

Notes

This fic exists because of [Jen's tweet](#). There was a poll about how it would play out, and I think I ended up blending the two different moods together and then throwing some feelings into the mix for fun.

Beta by [Epimeliad](#). I'm once again very grateful for your help <3

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

"Good, you're awake."

Izzy blinked, feeling the remnants of his sleep drifting away from him. It was dark inside his little cabin, but he didn't really need to see in order to know who had just shaken him awake from his

deep sleep.

"Fuck off, Rackham." He shrugged his shoulder, trying to get rid of the hand that was still grabbing him.

"You're up, Hands. Eddie already passed the fuck out and I need somewhere to put my dick."

"Fuck. Off."

"I figured you might have a hole or two I could use."

Izzy could hear the smirk in that smug bastard's voice. *Always so fucking cocksure.*

"I figure you can go fuck yourself," Izzy huffed and turned his back to Rackham, forcing him to release his shoulder.

Rackham clearly didn't get the message, because he leaned closer. Izzy felt a knee bumping against his back when Rackham hunched over him, breathing into his ear.

"That's not nearly as much fun," he rasped in a low voice. His hand was back on Izzy's body, fingers pressing into his hip, insistent and hot through Izzy's shabby shirt. "Come on, Hands, be nice and I'll show you a good time."

Izzy felt the first signs of his body giving in. It was hard to resist when Rackham's moustache was scraping his neck, and then there were teeth, and the hand on his hip crept lower, reached his bare thigh and started bunching his shirt up.

"I doubt it," he said through gritted teeth, focusing on his breathing, keeping it even.

The slap that landed on his bare arse made him yelp, more out of surprise than out of pain. It also went straight into his cock.

"Now, don't be like that," Rackham drawled, his teeth nibbling Izzy's earlobe. "I know you want it."

"You arrogant fucking—"

The rest of his sentence got garbled because two of Rackham's fingers were pushed into his mouth, pressing on his tongue. He sucked on them on instinct.

"That's it, get them nice and wet for me."

Izzy had started to sink into the hazy, lust-addled state of pure want, but he wasn't deep enough yet. So he bit down, making Rackham curse and pull his hand away from Izzy's sharp teeth.

"Hey, none of that!" Rackham sounded almost like Izzy had hurt his feelings instead of his fingers.

Izzy flipped on his back and glared at the general direction of Rackham, who had stood up to put some space between himself and Izzy. It was too dark to see his expression, but Izzy was sure he was pouting.

"You are *not* going to put your fingers into my arse just like that, you prick!"

Rackham let out a snuffle, and Izzy could hear him fumble with his clothes. "Fine," he grumbled.

Yes, definitely pouting.

"Can you at least get *this* wet for me then?" Rackham's question was accompanied by a slap of his cock against Izzy's cheek, smearing some precum on it, his smell filling Izzy's nose and making him salivate. Instinctively, he turned his head, trying to nuzzle the shaft—but Rackham pulled away from him.

"I'll let you have a taste if you won't bite this time."

"Do you want your cock sucked or not?"

"Yes, but I'm also very attached to it, and I'd like to keep it that way."

Izzy groaned in frustration. *Can't believe I'm putting up with this clown.*

"I changed my mind. Go suck your own dick."

"No blowies? Come on, Hands! You're gagging for it!"

Rackham was right, but Izzy wasn't going to confirm it. The bastard had a big enough ego already.

"What I am is tired of your shit."

"Do you want me to beg?"

"I want to go back to sleep," Izzy said. He almost believed himself, too. "But I can't, because you're such a fucking pest. I'll let you fuck my thighs if that gets you the fuck out of my hair."

"Whatever you need to tell yourself, babe."

"Don't call me that." Izzy gritted his teeth and turned to search for the oil he kept stashed between the mattress and the bunk frame. "Slick your stupid cock and get on with it." He gave the bottle to Rackham and turned to face the wall, hitching his shirttails out of the way.

Rackham didn't dawdle, so it didn't take long for him to plaster himself against Izzy's back, slotting his cock between his thighs, one hand gripping Izzy's hip and the other snaking under his ribcage and palming his tit. His teeth were scraping the back of Izzy's neck, with the immediate effect of Izzy arching his back and pushing his arse more firmly against Rackham.

"I knew you'd warm up to me," Rackham murmured, before biting Izzy's neck and making him moan out loud. "Babe."

"Get fucked."

"I'd rather do the fucking." He thrust his cock forward to emphasise his words, rubbing against Izzy's taint and nudging his balls. The fingers that were groping Izzy's chest found his nipple and pinched it through the shirt. Izzy's stifled moan made him chuckle. "I think you're the one who wants to get fucked."

Izzy was rapidly losing his ability to focus on disagreeing with Rackham, partly because his traitorous body was firmly agreeing with Rackham. Firmly and *stiffly*. He decided to just ignore Rackham's words. It didn't seem like he was expecting Izzy to reply anyway, because he had started thrusting his cock between Izzy's thighs at a leisurely pace.

It wasn't enough. Izzy couldn't stop tilting his hips so that the angle changed and Rackham's cock poked the base of his own prick with every push. The slick, heavy drag against his skin was becoming the centre of his attention, and with each shove the reasons of why he should not be

doing this floated further away from his grasp. He couldn't keep his breathing from turning into panting, and when the first whine slipped out, Rackham dug his fingers into his arse cheek and squeezed it hard.

"So it's like that, huh?" Rackham released his grip and took hold of his own cock instead, dragging it along Izzy's crack, nudging his hole with the blunt head. "You want some of this?"

Izzy could only groan and rub his arse against Rackham's cock, his head filled with a litany of *yes no fuck you yes fucking fuck*.

"Maybe just the tip?" Rackham teased, pressing his cock harder against him. "Think you've earned it?"

He had smeared the oil all over Izzy's hole, and his cock was still slick, so when Izzy pushed back, he breached him with very little resistance.

"Oi, greedy!" he huffed and slapped Izzy's arse.

The stretch felt so good. *Why fight this?* was one of the last coherent thoughts left in Izzy's head. The rest of it was a jumble of *finally more yes fuck me just fucking give it to me yes fuck more*.

"Fuck you're tight, Hands," Rackham grunted, rocking against Izzy's arse and pushing deeper slowly, so slowly that Izzy was sure he was going to die like this. Too much and not enough, agony and bliss all rolled into one overwhelming feeling. "He's still not fucking you?"

Izzy's jaw tensed and he swallowed the emotion that was threatening to spill out, pinching his eyes closed.

"He's missing out, big time." Having finally bottomed out, Rackham pulled Izzy tightly against his chest, into something that would have felt like an embrace, had it been someone else. "Don't worry, babe, I'll take care of you."

Rackham pulled back, then slammed his cock into Izzy, who quickly bit into his own fist to keep quiet. He needed this. He needed Rackham to fuck his brains out, so that he could stop thinking and feeling for at least a little while.

Keeping up a steady rhythm, Rackham pounded into him, continuing his monologue. "Maybe he hasn't realised that he could have you. Should I tell him? Oh, maybe I could *show* him? Drag you into his cabin, bend you over his desk, let him watch me open you with my dick? See what a slut you are?"

How the fuck does he always know? Izzy hazily thought. Rackham's words were poking and prodding his mind as effectively as his cock was plowing his arse. He was drooling around his fist, trying to keep his whimpering down—and failing.

Rackham pulled out, grabbed Izzy by the hips and hauled him up on all fours. Then he plunged his cock back into Izzy's arse with such force that it punched the air out of his lungs. Rackham was digging his fingers into Izzy's waist, his thumbs pushing against the small of his back, guiding him to slump forward and bury his face into the pillow.

"We could give him a proper show. Maybe watching me fuck his first mate would knock some sense into his thick skull."

Now that he had more freedom to move, he started fucking Izzy in earnest, with deep thrusts, his balls slapping against Izzy's taint with every push. Izzy arched his back and spread his legs, eager

to feel whatever Rackham was going to give him. His own cock swung between his legs, half-hard, neglected and dribbling with precum, but at that moment he only cared about getting rammed so hard he could preferably feel it at the back of his throat.

“Or maybe he’d want to do more than watch?” Rackham grabbed a fistful of Izzy’s hair, making him arch his neck and lift his face from the pillow. “He could use your mouth while I fuck you.”

Izzy groaned and shoved three fingers into his mouth, sealing his lips around them. It was a poor substitute to cock, but he needed to suck on *something*.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you? We could skewer you between us like a little piggy, make you squeal. You’d be gagging on his dick, and I’d make your hole ready for him, all loose and wet.”

The fingers in his mouth were not enough, but Izzy tried to slide them as deep as possible, imagining what it would feel like if Edward was really fucking his throat. He was drooling and sobbing, Rackham was still pulling his hair and pounding his arse with a steady rhythm, and Izzy was desperate for things he couldn’t have.

“Do you think he’d mind my sloppy seconds? Maybe he’d take one look at your wrecked slutty ass and decide to just keep fucking your mouth while my spunk leaks out of your well-used hole?” Rackham let go of his hair and grabbed arse with both hands, fingers kneading the muscle, spreading his cheeks apart.

Izzy pulled his fingers out of his mouth and bit into the pillow instead. He feared that he was going to scream. His cock was now rock-hard, Rackham’s dick was punching into him in a way that made him see stars and the rapid cannon fire of filthy images was wreaking havoc on his mind.

Rackham’s rhythm faltered a bit, then it slowed down and his pushes became languid. He was still grabbing Izzy’s arse with one hand, and then Izzy could feel a finger tracing his stretched rim. “We could do something else, too,” Rackham mused, then pushed his finger into Izzy’s arse, right next to his cock. “You can take more, can’t you? I’m sure your captain and I could share your ass.”

The first finger made Izzy whimper, and when Rackham pushed in another one, Izzy was howling into the pillow. He had never felt so stretched, so open, so *vulnerable*.

“Fuck what I wouldn’t give for some light,” Rackham chuckled. “What a sight you must be right now. With a little training, we *could* both fuck you at the same time. We’d stuff you so full of dick you couldn’t breathe!”

Izzy was sure he was gonna pass out. Or die. Or both. He might have been crying. His cock was aching and he needed to come so badly.

“We’d bounce you on our dicks, use you just the way a cockslut like you is meant to be used, fill your greedy hole to the brim with our jizz.” Rackham pulled his fingers out, slid one arm around Izzy’s waist, grabbed his shoulder and yanked him up against his chest. “Ain’t—that—right?” he asked, ramming his cock deeper into Izzy’s arse with every word.

Izzy didn’t come with a bang but a whimper. He was so strung-out and on the edge that when Rackham finally pushed him over, he dropped like a stone.

“Fuck, Hands, that was wild!”

Izzy blinked. He was lying on his stomach, feeling like every muscle and bone in his body had just turned into liquid, which would explain why his shirt was all sticky—and why his face was wet. His arse felt empty and thoroughly fucked. He was about to turn over when Rackham’s hand

landed on his shoulder.

”Wouldn’t do that if I were you, mate. You’re back’s a bit of a mess.”

Izzy turned his head to look at him, and that’s when his brain finally registered that he could actually see Rackham, because there was a lit candle on the table next to his bunk.

”Might be best if you just took your shirt off,” Rackham suggested with a wink.

Right, it wasn’t just the front of his shirt that felt sticky. Izzy pushed himself up on his knees, pulled the shirt over his head and used it to wipe his stomach clean, or at least, cleaner.

”Get my back?” he asked, holding out the shirt.

”The shirt got most of it,” Rackham said, but did a cursory swipe anyway. ”There. You good?”

”Yeah,” Izzy yawned and slumped back down on the bunk

Jack threw the soiled shirt into the nearest corner.

”I’ll get the fuck out of your hair now, then?” He grabbed the blanket and threw it over Izzy. ”Iz?”

A gentle snore was all the answer he got.

He blew out the candle, plunging the cabin into darkness again.

End Notes

A huge thank you to the lovely people in our GC who kept cheering me on while I was writing this! I wouldn’t have finished it this quickly if it wasn’t for your enthusiasm, encouragement and suggestions <3

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