

## Make Yourself Useful

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## Make Yourself Useful

by [tikli](#)

### Summary

After Stede "Homewrecker" Bonnet is gone and Blackbeard is back, Izzy is determined to return to business as usual. It does not go as planned.

### Notes

This is the first fic I started writing for OFMD, the day after the final episode aired. Took me this long to finish it. My interpretation of Izzy has changed a bit during these months, but not radically.

This is also the angstiest thing I've ever written.

Beta by Epimeliad. Thank you once again! <3

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

"Izzy, more rum!"

Blackbeard's voice booms through the closed door of the great cabin. The barked order is slightly slurred, but that's nothing new. It's been like this for weeks now. Izzy's not complaining though.

This is certainly an improvement.

He sneers when he remembers the pathetic creature his captain had been reduced to after he finally got rid of Stede fucking Bonnet. Having to witness a snivelling and moping Blackbeard—*Edward*—had been excruciating and Izzy had started to entertain the thought of just putting the man out of his misery.

Of course he wouldn't have actually done it. He is loyal to his captain. That's why he had had to save the man from himself, to stop him from throwing away his legacy. And he had succeeded at it, too! He had made Blackbeard get a grip of himself and become more terrifying and awe-inspiring than ever, his fame restored. Once again, the crew is motivated and the merchant vessels they prey on are easy game.

No, Izzy is not complaining.

"Izzy! The rum! *Now!*"

He still rolls his eyes when he goes to fetch the bottle Blackbeard so politely asks for. He's not a fucking errand boy, but since Blackbeard doesn't let anyone else in his cabin, Izzy's stuck with all sorts of menial tasks in addition to being the first mate.

But he has no reason to complain, because Blackbeard *needs* him.

He doesn't knock before he enters the dimly lit cabin. It takes some time for his eyes to adjust, but he doesn't need them to find Blackbeard. Izzy knows he will be slouched on the bed by the window, hugging his knees, like he hasn't moved at all since Izzy's last visit.

"Captain," he greets. The cabin is empty, stripped bare of all the superfluous junk that buffoon had surrounded himself with, and Izzy can hear how his own voice bounces off the walls. Blackbeard doesn't acknowledge him in any way, so Izzy approaches, holding out the bottle of rum. "The rum you asked for."

Blackbeard is still staring ahead, but he does stretch out an arm, reaching out for the rum. Izzy hesitates. He's just so done with this shit. Sure, Blackbeard's not donning that ridiculous gown anymore, he looks like his old self again (Except for the beard, of course. Izzy misses the beard. He's sure Blackbeard misses it too). It's the lethargy Izzy can't deal with. The fire that used to burn bright within his captain is slowly being smothered with rum. He used to be cheerful when he got drunk. Izzy's never seen him like this.

The impatient snapping of Blackbeard's fingers finally makes Izzy move and give him the bottle. Blackbeard yanks the cork out with his teeth, and takes a big gulp. He cradles the bottle against his chest and keeps staring in front of him.

Izzy wants to grab him by the shoulders and just shake him awake. He wants to provoke at least some sort of reaction out of him. They should be terrorising The Spanish Main together, spreading death and destruction in their wake. Instead, Izzy's basically running the whole ship, coming up with excuses for why Blackbeard is so rarely seen. He's making decisions based on "What Would Blackbeard Do" and trying his best to keep his reputation afloat. He doesn't like it. He needs Blackbeard to take the lead.

"You're still here," Blackbeard grunts. It's a statement, not a question. "Did you want something?"

He's still not looking at Izzy. Why the fuck can't he look at him? Is he still mad at him? For doing what was right? Izzy is fuming now, because as much as he respects and admires Blackbeard,

there's only so much contempt a man can stand before he snaps.

"I want you to look at me."

Blackbeard turns his head slowly, like a great beast that's been woken up from its slumber. His mouth is a thin line when he finally fixes his eyes with Izzy's. His glare holds a flicker of that familiar fire and Izzy draws a shuddering breath.

"Well, I'm looking at you," Blackbeard retorts. "What now, *Izzy*?" He spits the name out like it's something poisonous.

Izzy searches for an answer, but he doesn't have any. It's been a long while since the last time he had Blackbeard's undivided attention. He's been starving without it, but now that he has it, it doesn't feel the same as it used to. It feels...cold.

Without breaking eye contact, Blackbeard swings his feet off the bed and turns to sit on the edge. He leans back, takes another swig from the bottle and spreads his legs.

"Make yourself useful or leave." Blackbeard sounds bored, like he doesn't really care what Izzy chooses to do. Like he doesn't already *know* what Izzy's going to choose.

Izzy's been denied this since that fancy idiot barged in and ruined everything. He's not going to leave.

He kneels in front of Blackbeard, places his hands on his leather-clad thighs and slides them upwards without delay. Izzy knows his way around the front of Blackbeard's trousers like they were his own and he's also eager to please his captain, so it takes him only a few practised moves to get his mouth on Blackbeard's cock. It isn't hard, not yet, but it's probably because of all the rum.

Izzy closes his mouth around the tip, licks the underside, sucks a bit and takes the cock deeper—and feels how it starts to fill his mouth, growing heavy on his tongue. He swallows the spit that's gathering in his mouth, because he knows Blackbeard doesn't want his slobber all over him.

He's missed this. Missed the moment when Blackbeard is all he can taste and smell, when his lips are stretched around his thick cock, when his jaw starts to ache. Izzy takes him deeper, fighting the urge to gag, letting his captain use his mouth, his throat. When he feels Blackbeard's hand on his head, grabbing his hair and pushing his face down, it sends a new jolt of arousal coursing through his body. Izzy's own cock is painfully hard now, but he won't touch himself, not yet.

Blackbeard keeps fucking his face, and every grunt, groan and hissed "*fuck*" is spurring Izzy on. He keeps his mouth still and lax, taking everything Blackbeard is willing to give him. Every shove of his cock feels deeper than the previous and Izzy feels pride that he's still not gagging, even if his eyes are watering and he's struggling with his breathing.

Izzy's not sure how Blackbeard wants this to play out. Will he spend in his mouth? Izzy doesn't mind at all, but he's also greedy for other things. But it doesn't feel like Blackbeard is taking suggestions at this point, so Izzy lets him lead, like he always does.

Blackbeard's pace slows down and then stills. He yanks Izzy by his hair, pulling his mouth off his cock. Izzy gasps as his lungs fill properly for the first time in a while. He looks up and doesn't even try to hide a smug smirk when he sees how wrecked Blackbeard looks. *I did that*, he thinks. The knowledge that he can turn this powerful man into a horny mess is satisfying.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" he drawls and curls his fingers around Blackbeard's cock, stroking it at a

leisurely pace. "To let go so completely. Did you miss it? I bet Bonnet couldn't—"

Izzy is cut short by a backhanded slap that makes him topple over on his side. His ears are ringing and half of his head feels like it's on fire. He flinches as he slides his palm over his cheek. At least the skin is not broken.

"Don't you *ever* say that name again," Blackbeard snarls. "I'll cut your tongue out. Make you eat it too."

*But you like my tongue*, Izzy thinks. He's not stupid enough to say it out loud, though. All he says is "Yes, sir." After all, he's also tired of hearing about Bonnet. *We'll never mention that fucker's name again.*

"Get up." Blackbeard sounds distant and he isn't looking at Izzy anymore. He's fumbling for the rum bottle, legs spread wide open and cock jutting out of his trousers, Izzy's spit glistening on it.

Izzy scrambles to his feet, swaying only a little, his head still reeling from the slap. He's looking at Blackbeard, unsure of what is expected of him now. The mood has shifted and he curses under his breath. *How can that fuckin' prick Bonnet cockblock me even when he's not even onboard?*

Blackbeard takes a swig of rum, waves his hand in the general direction of the desk. "Bend over and drop 'em."

Izzy perks up. He was already giving up, but apparently he was being too hasty. He complies, of course. Wobbles next to the desk and drops his trousers as quickly as possible, just in case Blackbeard changes his mind. His cock springs free and pokes at his shirttails, tenting the fabric. He looks at Blackbeard, who's still lounging on the bed, eyes closed, groping his own cock. They aren't that far away from each other, physically, but for some reason Izzy feels like there are several miles between them.

"Get to it, unless you want me to fuck you dry."

The threat goes straight into Izzy's cock, making it twitch. Izzy rips his glove off. He pushes three fingers in his mouth, gets them wet. Pulls them out and spits on his palm once, twice. Blackbeard still hasn't moved, but at least his eyes are on Izzy now.

Pleased with the attention, Izzy turns, leans his left elbow and arm against the desk and twists his back so that he can reach behind himself. His shirt is in the way, still covering his arse, but he manages to wiggle his messy hand under it. He traces the rim of his hole, exhales to relax himself and presses two fingers in. He soon runs out of spit, but that's easily fixed. After a few repeats of spitting and fingering he's fucking himself with three fingers. It just doesn't feel as good as it does when it's Blackbeard's fingers instead of his own. He's hungry for more.

Izzy is not a patient man, and he's starting to wonder how long Blackbeard is going to make him wait. He's about to ask when Blackbeard finally gets up from the bed and stalks towards the desk.

"Enough of that," he snaps, grabbing Izzy's wrist, pulling his hand away. Izzy is left empty and needy, but before he can lament the loss, Blackbeard's fingers dig into his arse cheeks and spread them apart. Izzy feels vulnerable, he always does at this point. He doesn't really want to be *looked at*, and he's relieved when he feels Blackbeard's cock nudging against his hole.

Izzy barely has time to brace himself against the desk before Blackbeard slams his cock all the way in. There's nothing tentative in his thrust, it's a precise stab that impales Izzy, makes him yelp. The stretch is too much and not enough, it stings and burns but in a way Izzy has learned to love. He's

been craving this, been aching for this. He will ache *because* of this, but he's not going to complain.

Blackbeard grabs Izzy's waist and the pressure of his fingers is a welcoming distraction. He doesn't give Izzy any more time to adjust before he starts fucking him. Izzy doesn't mind at all, but he can't stop a whimper escaping.

"Stop your whining," Blackbeard growls, without slowing down. "You said you serve Blackbeard, and now you're complaining?"

Izzy shakes his head. Blackbeard grabs his neck and pushes him down, forcing his cheek against the surface that's covered in deep scratches of a dagger. "I asked you a question."

"No, no sir. Not complaining," Izzy assures frantically, his head feeling all hazy.

"Then keep your fucking mouth shut and serve me." He lets go of Izzy's neck, moves his hands back on his arse and grips the muscle with such force that Izzy has to bite into his lip to keep quiet. He tastes blood.

Blackbeard drives his cock into Izzy with brutal thrusts, using him as he pleases. Izzy focuses on keeping quiet, pushes his own needs to the background, gives himself to his captain. He belongs to Blackbeard, he's happy to serve him, his job is to keep him content. Time slows down, and Izzy feels like he's floating, his head devoid of thoughts.

A loud moan echoes in the cabin and snaps Izzy back to attention. Blackbeard stills. With a cold dread, Izzy realises that he got carried away and his mouth has just betrayed him. He has disobeyed a direct order from Blackbeard.

"Sir..."

Blackbeard pulls out abruptly and Izzy winces at the sensation.

"Get out."

Izzy can hear Blackbeard stomping away from him. He straightens up and turns to look at him.

"But—"

"OUT!"

Blackbeard retreats back to his usual spot on the bed. Izzy stares at him, clenches his jaw and bends down to grab his trousers. Pulls them up, hisses when the clothes chafe his cock. He's half-hard and he wants to scream out of pure frustration.

He doesn't. Of course he doesn't. That's not his place. His captain gave him an order and he didn't follow it. So he swallows his displeasure, grits his teeth, utters "Captain" with as little emotion as he can. He takes his leave, stalling only for a moment when he's at the door, waiting for Blackbeard to change his mind. It doesn't happen.

When the cabin door is closed behind his back, Izzy pinches his eyes shut. "Fuck." His need to scream is slowly subsiding, but his frustration isn't. He considers his options. It's late afternoon, and he hasn't been on the deck for a while now. He lets out a deep sigh. "Fuck it." He can take care of himself later. Work doesn't wait.

## End Notes

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