

Pool bet

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Pool bet

by [pairatime](#)

Summary

David walks into a bar and makes a bet that gets him in a little over his head. Not that he minds.

Notes

Season of Kink 2018, Watersports

Along the beach near the industrial docks the bar was a real shithole. Peeling paint, only half the lights worked and it smelled of things he's rather not think about but as David scanned the room he liked what he saw even if he knew with his light golden polo and khaki shorts he stood out. Heading toward the pool table with its fade green felt and scratched up wood just as a game was breaking up David grinned at the loser as he stomped away, cursing everyone and yelling about back luck.

"Think you can do better," the winner asked drawing David's attention. Seeing his short hair, clear muscles, preference for the color green and the way he held himself David pegged him for a Marine, or given the lack of tattoos on his sleeveless arms maybe a soldier, almost at once. And given the empty pitcher likely drunk. Just what he wanted.

"Maybe I can. Depends on whether or not the wager motivates me to win or lose," David answered as he picked up a couple different cue sticks before settling on one.

"Winning money doesn't do it for ya?" the grunt asked as he drained his beer.

David smirked and called for a fresh pitcher and glass for them, "Everyone bets for money but where is the fun in trading a few scraps of green paper. It doesn't really cost you anything because once you decide to risk it it's gone. It's over. You've already decided you can live without it. A bet should be for something you want to keep. Something that makes your heart race when you think of losing it," David explained as he slowly walked forward, stroking the upper shaft of his cue stick as he openly cruised the grunt.

"Well fuck, is that the game you want to play? You beat me and you get to find out what a real man feels like when he fucks you instead of those queer boys you're used to," the grunt mocked with a sneer.

Letting out half a laugh David shook his head, "You get to fuck me if you win G.I. Joe," David as before stepping into the grunts personal space, "When I win I get to pound you into the ground," David challenged. Meeting the grunt's hard look without turning away even when the grunt took a half step forward putting them chest to chest.

"So you get what you want either way but I could lose big. No I don't think so. You need to offer something better when I win," the grunt declared a few moments later before pushing David back with a single hand before he started racking the balls.

"What...what did you want," David asked, starting to become unsure of himself.

After he finished setting the balls the grunt stepped back into David's space, wrapping a single hand around David's neck as he walked him back, stopping only when he had the younger man penned between his chest and the wooden walls behind. "I get you. Not just to fuck but to do anything I want tonight. Until the sun comes up you do, take, anything I want," the grunt said as he stared David down, using his hand to make sure David couldn't look away, "that making your heart race bitch boy?" he challenged in a whisper.

Swallowing hard David tried to answer but found he couldn't. He just couldn't seem to form any words either time he opened his mouth but he could barely even keep his breath until after the grunt smirked and shoved him back into the wall before walking away.

"You know the bet. My ass once for you all night," the grunt made clear before setting a quarter on the pool table's edge, "I call heads," he said as he refilled his glass from the pitcher that had come as the two had focused on setting their wager.

His hand still shaking a little David reached out and flipped the coin. His blood raced when he saw Washington's head face up on the back of his hand. "Your, your go," he said starting to get his voice back.

"Yes it will be," the grunt said with a leer as he chalked his stick.

David watched as the grunt broke, sinking three balls, two of his own and one of David's before going on and dropping a handful more before missing his shot.

Chalking his own stick David looked the table over and realized that the man had left him with almost nothing. The only shot that was even open to him ran the risk of sinking the eight ball too if he wasn't careful. Looking up at the grinning grunt David kept himself from reacting as he lined up his shot.

"You can always forfeit now and just admit your mine for the night," the grunt suggested as he finished his beer again.

Ignoring the taunt David took his shot and watched as the cue ball rolled forward and hit his six ball, rolling it into the corner pocket only to also clip the eight ball, rolling it toward the opposite pocket.

Toward it and right in, "Damn," David declared as he watched the eight go in. "Two out of three?" he asked turning toward the grunt

"And cut into my winnings?" the grunt asked, laying his stick on the felt as he walked forward, slapping and cupping David's ass with his hand, "I get you until sun up and billiards isn't one of the games I plan on playing," he stated as he took the stick from David's hand even as he pulled him into a bruising kiss.

It was quickly followed by the grunt half guiding half pushing David from the bar and toward the sandy bench just on the other side of the street, "You know I've always wanted to fuck on the beach but bottoms always want to complain about sand getting everywhere. But you're not going to complained are you?" the grunt asked once they were just beyond the streetlights that lined the street side of the beach.

"You have me to do anything you want and sand?" David asked the grunt, clearly amused.

"Oh I'm just getting started boy," the grunt challenged, shoving David to the sand before unzipping and pulling out his cock already more than half hard.

“David! What the fuck!” A yell cut across the beach as the owner of the yell marched over the sand toward him.

“George?” David called out as he looked over toward the voice to see George’s not as lanky as it used to be form march across the sand toward them, a scowl on his face almost as dark as the blue polo he wore.

“Well this must be my lucky day. Two frat boys for the price of one,” the grunt chuckled as he overtly cruised George.

“Fuck that, you aren’t getting any frat boys. He’s mine,” George declared, planting one of his flip-flop clad feet on David’s chest to put himself between David and the grunt.

“Yours? Really? I don’t see your name on him. Or anyone’s name. And since I won him for the night fair a square frat boy,” the grunt pointed out with a crooked smile as he stepped closer, almost but not quite chest to chest with George.

“Do I look like I care that you think, he’s fucking mine,” George countered bluntly as he glared down the grunt.

“George, I’m a grown man not a bone for two dogs to fight over,” David complained, pushing up on George’s foot slightly.

“Dogs hu. Names aren’t the only way to mark a guy,” George said with a half smirk, taking a step back, never taking his eyes off the grunt as he pulled out his cock and pointed it down at David before letting out a stream of light yellow piss. “He’s mine.”

The piss hit David’s chest just as he had started to try and push himself up, turning his golden polo darker and making it stick to him as it became wet.

“Maybe at home he is, but right now it’s mine too,” the grunt countered as a stream of recycled beer shot out of his already free cock, rapidly soaking David’s khakis as well as wetting David’s legs.

Blinking, David gazed at the two yellow streams showering down on him. His clothes and skin were already soaked and even the sand around them had become dark when one of the streams shifted higher-splashing him in the face and getting his hair-when the grunt grabbed George for a forceful kiss, “Fuck,” was all David could say as he took in the smell and feel of it.

David was almost disappointed when the two streams started tapered off, first George’s finishing leaving only a few drops while the grunts started to really weaken but his disappointment turned to amusement when the grunt shifted his hips to aim the last of his piss toward George. Spattering one leg of his khakis before running down the rest of his leg to pool on his flip-flop as the grunt slowly released George from their kiss.

“You got piss on my leg Colby,” George said, frowning at his mentor after catching his breath.

“I know,” Colby smirked.

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