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Corner Pocket

by [HaughtBreaker](#)

Summary

Strip pool fic from a prompt on Tumblr

Notes

Tumblr Prompt: steamsales asked: strip pool!!! strip pool!!! strip pool!! (aka waverly wants to see a little more, so she suggests a game of strip pool)

Ok so I've been doing a bunch of prompts on Tumblr but felt like posting this particular one.

The ball sinks into the pocket with a soft clunk, barely heard over the music playing in the near-empty bar that had closed over an hour ago.

“Hah!” Waverly smirks, her fingers walking up the cotton covered arm. “Off.” She commands with a tug on the midnight blue material.

Nicole smirks, carefully undoing each button slowly. She peels back the uniform shirt to reveal the blue patterned bra that matched the boyshorts she wore, tossing the shirt on the messy pile of clothes that had been growing the past 30 minutes. Already most of her clothes had taken up residence in the heap, finding herself in just her underwear and bra,... and of course the stetson

the shorter brunette refuses to let her take off.

Stripped down to just her underwear, bra and shirt, Waverly takes a long sip from her beer, her eyes raking over the long form. Her mouth has gone completely dry, despite swallowing the blonde lager. She points her finger at the table covered in shot glasses, over half emptied.

The edges of her vision have already begun to blur but Nicole does as she agreed to, easily swallowing a shot of the Patrón Silver, noting that it no longer burned going down.

Her own heart beating erratically, Waverly finds it extremely difficult to line up the next shot. There are only two of her striped balls left while Nicole still has 3 solids on the table. There was one ball perfectly lined up but she's not the only one that notices.

Not one to lose, Nicole leans against the corner of the table, a hand braced on either side allowing her shoulders to roll, her back arched just slightly.

Waverly pauses, her eyes dropping to the cleavage that was suddenly enhanced. For the briefest of moments, she's frozen, enjoying the view to its fullest.

"You ok, Baby?" Nicole's voice has dropped an octave, a huskiness filling the air.

"That's... so not fair." Waverly leans over the table, trying to focus on the ball, her eyes darting back forth between the redhead and the cue ball.

She misses, the tip of the que scratching a line of chalk across the green surface.

"Shit!"

Nicole can't help but laugh. The brunette doesn't swear often, but every time she does, it's beyond adorable. Despite the abundance of cues in the bar, she moves over to the brunette, taking the stick from her hand in exchange for a quick kiss, her fingers brushing against the ones still holding on.

Waverly whimpers. Her body is on fire and in desperate need of the officer's touch. The last thing she needed was Nicole making this game longer than she needed to. Watching the woman line up a shot, she nodded to herself. If the redhead was going to play dirty, so was she.

Sudden movement makes Nicole freeze. "What are you doing?" She's a little worried as the brunette climbs onto the table, her movements careful of the balls that remained. When she realizes what's happening, her mouth drops open in surprise.

It's only because her form is as compact as it is that she's able to kneel on the rails on either side of the corner pocket, her thighs spread at a 90 degree angle.

"Ok... that's.. You can't be serious." Nicole tries to argue, but she falls silent as the woman's hand slide down the front of her shirt, lingering at the edge of her panties. "Wav..."

"Come on Officer Haught." Waverly bites her bottom lip, a mischievous look in her eyes. "Put it in the hole."

She wants to laugh. It's corny as hell and she swears she'd seen this scene in porn before, but her body is far from amused. Her heart was racing and in turn her breathing has picked up.

Waverly gets impatient. "Are you going to finish this game or do I need to help?" She slides her hand a little lower, pressing a fingertip against her arousal with a gasp.

It's all the motivation Nicole needs. She'd been drawing the game out, but the foreplay was over.

Taking in the positions of the balls, she tips her stool back for a better view before she quickly hits the cue ball with a powerful smack, not even watching the chain reaction as she's leaning the stick against the table and making her way towards the brunette. She reaches her just as the 8 ball falls into the side pocket, the last of 4 balls being sunk in one hit.

Waverly laughs as she scrambles to the center of the table, finding herself pinned to the green surface within seconds by the officer's long form. "Guess you win. 2 out of 3?" She teases, even as a hand slides under her back, unhooking her bra.

"Maybe later." Nicole answers before claiming her more-than-willing prize.

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