

## power & control

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# power & control

by [minyoongmeme](#)

## Summary

taehyung is a good employee and provides his boss namjoon with some, *assistance*

## Notes

back at it with the smut because it seems to be the only thing that i can finish! this has been something i've been slowly working on for a while now, so here you go, some saucy office sex with one of my favourite ships!

title inspired from the marina and the diamonds song of the same name

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

Namjoon huffed as he pushed his body back into his desk chair, it's usual creak from his weight sounding louder due to the stillness that came with still being in the office at this hour. Most other companies would be long gone at this point, closing for the night allowing their employees to be at home with their loved ones, enjoying the comfort of their own homes and sleeping after a long day at work. Namjoon didn't have that luxury at his firm, his department working longer more strenuous hours than most to the point where their lives were a never ending loop of work.

The numbers on Namjoon's screen blurred together. They didn't make sense an hour ago and they still were yet to. He truly doubted that he had what it took to take over from his father and run the company when a simple spreadsheet made his brain hurt. There had to be a thousand better candidates who could step up to the challenge rather than Kim's clumsy son whose only attributes that qualified him for the future position was the fact that he was his only son, automatically making him the heir to the throne that was large leather desk chair (one that didn't creak at the slightest movement) in the office on the top floor of the building. It wasn't his dream to run a multinational company, far from it actually, he was just in too deep to get out now - not that his father would let him. There was a lot riding on Namjoon. He felt a sweat build on the back of his neck at the thought along of the pressure he was under to succeed.

A soft knock at his office door shook him from his perilous thoughts, muttering out a strained '*come in*'. There was only one person who'd knock on his door, and so softly, so it wasn't a surprise when the blonde head his secretary poked around from behind the door with his usual smile. Jimin hadn't worked for the company long, it being his first job in the corporate industry adapting in straight away as if he was made for the job and never failed to make Namjoon's life that little bit easier on a daily scale. His last secretary was an elderly woman who always wore a scowl and never respected Namjoon's authority, treating him like a child. Letting her go was his first time putting on his big boy shoes and doing what benefited him. Jimin was everything she wasn't. Every morning he'd welcome Namjoon with a smile so big that his eyes would turn into crescents which would make his day great straight off the bat. He'd constantly surprise Namjoon with cups of coffee during the day, making sure that his cup was always filled. To some it may come across as the younger spending more time taking care of hospitality rather than what was required of his job but no matter the workload he'd get everything done and more, always being prepared for the following week before the current one was even over. Jimin wasn't particularly his type nevertheless Namjoon could admit that the blonde was very easy on the eyes and that tended to brighten his stressful days, he had the most calming and comforting aura about him.

"Kim Taehyung is here and is requesting to see you," Namjoon sighed and sunk down into his chair a little, Jimin shooting him a sympathetic smile as he agreed for him to let him in.

“What do you want Taehyung?” Namjoon pinched the bridge of his nose, not in the best mindset to deal with anyone, let alone Taehyung.

“Hello to you too,” the younger sat down on the edge of Namjoon’s oak desk with his back to him before twisting his whole body around so that his legs hung in front of Namjoon and then shimmied so that he was now on the opposite side from when he started. Apparently scooting across Namjoons’ desk like a dog with worms seemed like a better idea than just walking a few more steps around. “You seem stressed, still working on that big deal?”

Namjoon had hardly left his office over the course of the day which was unusual for him, always being the type to get breaks and socialise with his employees. Being friendly with the people who worked for and around him made the grand scheme of things easier, plus he tended to go a little stir crazy if barricaded in his office alone for too long. On the one time he had ventured from his office that day he had bumped into Taehyung on route to the bathrooms, the younger’s observant self of course had noticed his absence and questioned him about it. Namjoon decided that he had done enough work during the day to warrant himself a small chat before resuming where he left off. Much like Jimin, Taehyung was a comforting and easy going person, and to even be in his presence was enough to make you feel as if you didn’t have a worry in the world.

“At this point I think I will be even on my deathbed,” Taehyung cooed sympathetically, his tone sounding a little off. Namjoon watched Taehyung look him over slowly from head to toe and back up again, not even trying to be subtle.

“Maybe I could help you a little,” his voice dropped a little and he slipped his foot into the gap between Namjoon’s legs on the chair, pushing it back until it bumped against the wall behind them.

“No Taehyung it’s okay, it’s not really your area of expertise anyway,”

“Oh Joonie,” he tisked, foot moving up to rest against the elder’s crotch, “I wasn’t talking about *that* kind of help.”

Taehyung and Namjoon’s relationship wasn’t exactly *professional* to say the least. There had been a mutual attraction between the two since they met, although knowing that by no means could they act upon their feelings, especially when Namjoon was Taehyung’s boss. Both their asses could be on the line if they got caught. Namjoon had never been good at self control and distancing himself from what he wanted, so when the two got a little too drunk at their annual christmas party and found themselves sloppily making out in Namjoon’s office it was not a shock to either of them. From then, the two had fooled around here and there, agreeing that doing it in the workplace was completely off limits, they both valued their jobs and didn’t want to ruin that by being caught with their hands in each other’s pants. There was no label on them, no strings attached - being easier to stick by when they hadn’t had sex yet. They had the occasional quick handjob while making out on Taehyung’s old couch or blowjob in Namjoon’s kitchen while Taehyung drank his morning coffee before work.



Namjoon cleared his throat to gain Taehyung's full attention back, "We agreed not in the workplace Taehyung," the smirk across his lips made Namjoon's voice waver slightly "I think you should go back to your desk and finish your work, I'm not paying you to sit on my desk like you own it."

Taehyung seemed surprised by the elder's confidence, Namjoon was himself.

"Where's the fun in that though?" Taehyung moved his foot up so that the middle of his sole was pressed right on Namjoon's crotch before applying more pressure. Namjoon's breath caught in his throat, pathetically throwing his head back at the slightest bit of pressure. His life had been beyond busy for far too long, not being able to remember the last time he got laid. His fooling around with Taehyung was fun and an easy way to blow off some steam, what he really wanted however was a dick up his ass and after seeing what Taehyung had hidden between his legs, he wanted *Taehyung's* dick up his ass. They had somewhat established boundaries, an unspoken one at that, and asking Taehyung to fuck him until he was seeing stars may be crossing the line. But *fuck* did he want it so bad.

Taehyung pressed his foot down harder, eliciting another sound from Namjoon,

"So responsive," Namjoon bit down on his bottom lip, mind swirling with pleasure and the heat pooling in his gut was growing at a pitifully fast rate. Taehyung pressed his perfectly polished Louis Vuitton dress shoes harder into Namjoon's crotch, the loudest moan yet pushing it's way past his swollen bottom lip, right hand flying to grab a hold of Taehyung's ankle, holding him in place and with that amount of force. His cock was so hard under Taehyung's foot and it hurt in all the best ways.

"Namjoon." a shiver of fear rippled through Namjoon's body. Taehyung's voice was lower than normal and stern, making Namjoon feel small. He whimpered as the other started retracting his foot away from Namjoon, "Did I give you permission to touch me?". Namjoon opened his eyes and looked at Taehyung still sitting on his desk, oozing in dominance and making him slip into a submissive headspace - the opposite of what he needed to be while in the workplace.

"Answer me." his grip on Taehyung's ankle tightened out of fear, not wanting to lose anymore pressure,

"No you didn't give me permission to touch you," his voice was low and his head dropped,

"Such a desperate slut. Getting off by me just rubbing my foot against your little cock. Pathetic really." the two had discussed their kinks and fetishes when whatever they were had started, issuing safe words and the colour system for if things ever went too far. Their flings were supposed to be fun for the both of them,

"P-please don't stop, it feels s-so good,"

Taehyung scoffed, shoving his foot back down hard onto Namjoon's cock and making him squeal, "Imagine if your employees could see you now, begging to grind against my shoe like a bitch in heat. I bet you'd like that though, for everyone to watch you be treated like just a hole for my cock-" Namjoon's whimper caught Taehyung's attention, "So you do like that?"

Let me guess, you'd let anyone bend you over your desk and pound into your pretty hole, fill you up and leave you, you're just that desperate for a fuck? Prove to me that you wouldn't want that." with a shift of the angle of his foot Namjoon let out a loud cry.

Taehyung leant forward, taking Namjoon's tie in his hand and tugging his upper body closer so that he could whisper into his ear,

"Give me a colour Namjoon."

"Green." the younger released his tie with a smirk, letting him fall back against his desk chair.

Taehyung continued stimulating Namjoon with his foot, alternating between rubbing circles and stomping down with varying force, watching the elder quickly become undone and thrashing around in his chair.

"Ta-Taehyung, I-" Namjoon hiccuped, knuckles turning white from his grip on the arms of the chair, not wanting to misbehave again. The other stilled his foot and hummed for him to go on,

"Speak up baby,"

"I-I, can you-" Taehyung yanked Namjoon closer by his tie again, cutting him off,

"Stop. I told you to speak up, not to ramble like the dumb baby you are," Tears began spilling from his eyes, choked sobs wrenching from his chest. Taehyung loosened his grip and switched to put his hand under Namjoon's chin, tilting his head up, "Colour?" his demeanor slipped, falling out of his headspace for a moment, not used to seeing the other cry.

"Green! Green, green, green-" Taehyung cracked a small smile,

"Hey, hey, calm down. Tell me what you want."

"I want-, can you please kiss me?" the younger wanted to coo over how innocent of a request it was, making it hard to stay in such a dominant and sadistic headspace.

"Only because you asked so nicely," he once again used the other's tie to pull him closer and finally let their lips connect. Namjoon moaned into the kiss instantly, whole body itching to touch Taehyung more. Resisting the urge, he dropped his hands to his thighs and digging his nails into his dress pants, enjoying the slight sting.

Taehyung pulled away, chuckling lowly at Namjoon, "You want to touch me so bad don't you?", Namjoon nodding furiously in reply, "Be a good boy and I'll think about it."

Namjoon gulped as he watched Taehyung slide off the desk and drop to his knees in front of Namjoon.

“Prove to me that you’re a good boy by behaving, mm?” his words were quiet as he leant forward, pressing a chaste kiss on the clear bulge in Namjoon’s pants. The elder muffled his moans with his hand as Taehyung left a longer kiss through the material of his pants, wanting to scream when he felt his tongue press against his aching cock. There was no way he’d be able to leave his office after this. His whole body trembled as the younger mouthed at his clothed cock, regularly looking up and making eye contact with his boss, feeling his cock twitch against his lips with every glance. It wasn’t long before he began to feel the wetness and heat of Taehyung’s mouth seep through his pants and underwear, adding to the dampness from his own precome, a shiver rolling up his body. Without warning Taehyung’s hands moved up and unbuckled Namjoon’s pants, pulling both them and his underwear down in one swift tug, making Namjoon recoil from the sudden rush of cold air against his heated skin.

“Such a big cock,” Namjoon watched as Taehyung’s long pointer finger traced his erect cock, cooing over it, adding “a shame it’s useless.” and flicking the tip, making the elder wince. Namjoon felt himself get light headed as Taehyung replaced his finger with his lips, lightly mouthing at the underside of his cock, occasionally letting his tongue slip out to lick and prod at his sensitive balls. Without warning Taehyung wrapped his mouth around his length completely and sunk down, his eyes locked on Namjoon’s - making his skin feel as if it was engulfed by flames. His pleasure was short lived, feeling like seconds before Taehyung was pulling back off of him completely, leaving his cock slick with saliva and still hard. A loud pathetic whine escaped past his hand as he watched the younger stand up in front of him, scared that he’d leave him exposed and unsatisfied.

“You really are desperate aren’t you?” Taehyung tutted as he stretched out his limbs, somehow making it look as utterly sinful as everything else he did. The world around Namjoon seemed to move in slow motion around him as he watched Taehyung’s slender hands start to unbuckle his belt whilst kicking off his shoes simultaneously. “I do wonder if that cock of yours does anything useful,” Namjoon felt his mouth go dry as Taehyung tugged his dress pants down in one swift go, by no means expecting to see that the younger wasn’t wearing any underwear and having shirt garters secured snugly around his thick thighs, leaving his own erect cock on full display.

“I got off to the thought of you in the employee bathroom earlier, ruined my nice expensive underwear but I couldn’t help it. Do you want to know what I imagined?”

“W-what?”

“Me riding you.” resting his hands on Namjoon’s thighs he leant closer, “Will you let me do that baby? Fuck myself on your cock?”

“Please ah-Taehyung, *please* . I-I’ve been g-good haven’t I?”

“So good baby.” Taehyung left a chaste kiss on the elder’s lips and stood back up. His finger swirled around the tip of Namjoon’s cock, collecting the precome that had gathered there and using it to lube up his own hole, hissing at the feeling of his finger pressing against it, still loose from when he pleased himself hours ago. “Be sure to use your colours Joonie yeah?” he reassured as he turned his back to him, using one arm to brace himself on the armrest of the desk chair and the other to hold Namjoon’s cock in position as he lowered himself down onto it, slowing letting it slip past his hole and stretch him open. It wasn’t the position

Namjoon had pictured himself in, although feeling how hot and tight Taehyung was around him almost made him come then and there. They paused for a moment to adjust, soft moans escaping both of them. There was just enough lube leftover from Taehyung's time in the bathroom to prevent the slide from being too dry - even if it wasn't as wet as either them personally liked - the spit alone not quite being enough.

Taehyung planted his feet on the floor and wrapped his hands around Namjoon's thighs, just above his knees, starting with small grinding movements and shallow thrusts. His movements slowly got faster and rougher, the sound of skin slapping starting to bounce around the office, wondering if the 30+ people on the other side of the large wooden doors could hear what was going on was the last thing on Namjoon's mind, too caught up in the intense pleasure he was feeling.

"Such a good cock, a real shame it's attached to someone who doesn't even know how to use it, needing someone to take control and get themselves off. Pathetic." babbled and incoherent noises fell from Namjoon's lips, unable to form words nor reply to what was being said, just speaking nonsense and drooling all over himself. He was a mess.

He could feel himself getting close, yet wasn't hitting *the spot* for Taehyung. He wanted to be the *best* boy for him. Using his last piece of energy and sanity he gripped Taehyung by the waist, standing them up for a split second before bending him over his desk and thrusting into him roughly, causing his lamp to fall to the floor with a loud smash. Namjoon would have cared or even been worried that someone heard it if it wasn't for the high pitched moan that came from Taehyung with the thrust,  
" *Fuck* right there Joonie, *fuck fuck fuck* . Harder."

The elder gripped the other's waist again, burying his face into the crook of his neck and began thrusting as hard as he could, trying to replicate the strong rhythm Taehyung had created earlier, being inexperienced in topping. However his movements were interrupted due to a knock at the door,

"Mr. Kim?" Jimin's voice called from behind the door, "Is everything okay in there?" Namjoon's mind went blank, not knowing what to do in the situation he was in, body trembling from being so close and mind polluted with lust.

"Answer the man Joonie," Taehyung cooed, looking up at him with a smirk, "Unless you want him to come in and see you like this? Fucking your own employee over your desk? Scandalous." The purely obscene words falling from Taehyung almost made Namjoon forget that he had to open his own mouth and play it off like nothing was happening behind his closed office doors, unknowing if he could trust his own voice.

"Everything is okay Jimin!" his voice only trembled slightly, having to still himself and look away from the way Taehyung's meaty ass took his cock so well, as if made for it.

“I heard something break, are you sure? Do I need to come in and clean it up or perhaps call the janitors?” Damn Park Jimin and his persistence when it comes to doing his job to the best of his ability.

“Don’t worry about it really, I just- *ah* !” Namjoon’s head and confidence fell at Taehyung pushing himself back, burying Namjoon’s cock deeper into him and moaning lowly. He really couldn’t catch a break - yet what did he expect with having public sex in his office while all his employees were working away diligently just metres away?

“Mr. Kim?” a panicked tone wrapped around his secretary's voice and the sound of the door handle being turned put Namjoon into fight or flight mode immediately.

“Jimin please.” his voice was stern and demanding, stopping Jimin’s movement on the other side of the door and making Taehyung tremble beneath him. “There’s nothing to worry about, I simply knocked my lamp off my desk. I’ll sort it out once I’ve finished my business with Taehyung.”

“Yes Mr. Kim, my apologies.”

As soon as the door clicked shut his attention was back to the task at hand. His hands wrapped around Taehyung’s waist, attempting to get back to the speed he was at before they were interrupted,

“That was so hot Joonie, my dumb baby not being so pathetic for once hm?”

“I-ah-I wanted to be a good boy.”

“You’re the best boy.” being praised gave Namjoon the last push he needed, thrusts becoming sloppy as he approached his high, not being to hold off much longer.

“T-Taehyung Joonie’s c-close, *so* close, can I come p-please?” being so lost in his headspace, he hadn’t realised he slipped up and spoke in third person - which unbeknownst to him turned Taehyung a lot, making him constrict around his length with a moan.

“Yes Joonie, you’ve been so good for me, such a good dumb toy for me to use.” a burst of gibberish came from Namjoon in reply, head falling in between Taehyung’s shoulder blades and coming with one last hard thrust, burying himself as deep as possible and letting out a soft sob, it all just feeling so good and overwhelming for him.

“Is that all?” Taehyung’s question snapped the elder from his post orgasm haze, “You only care about getting yourself off?” It hadn’t even occurred to him whether or not Taehyung had came at the same time as him, being too caught up in what he was feeling that he simply forgot.

“I’m s-sorry Taehyung,” he attempted to thrust into Taehyung again, legs trembling having to give up and hold himself up against his desk, “H-hurts, s-sensitive.”

“So fucking useless.” tears began building up in Namjoon’s eyes, not resisting while Taehyung eased his now flaccid cock from his ass, grimacing as the feeling of come spilling down the insides of his thighs, “Sit down.”

Namjoon obeyed, throat tightening to prevent himself from crying again, needing to be punished for only getting himself off. His layed limply between his legs on the chair, skin covered in goosebumps and feeling exposed in front of Taehyung. The other’s eyes joined Namjoon’s gaze on his cock, a devilish smile spreading across his lips.

He couldn’t hold back the tears when Taehyung’s socked foot came up and started to rub against his sensitive cock and balls, choked sobs ripping from his chest while Taehyung finished himself off with his hand.

“You’re such a slut, I felt your stupid cock twitch when Jimin almost caught us. You wanted that to happen didn’t you? Wanted Jimin to catch us in the act, maybe let him watch or even join us? Just as I expected, you’re dirty slut, willing to let anyone have their way with you. I bet you have wet dreams about half your employees taking turns at plowing into that loose hole of yours, filling you up. Is one person not good enough for you little whore?”

It didn’t take much for Taehyung to spill into his fist, making Namjoon feel even more useless, and pressing harder on his now half hard cock as he came with a guttural groan. His words left Namjoon half hard and feeling oh so dirty.

The room fell silent, Taehyung turning around and grabbing a fistful of tissues to clean himself up with, Namjoon simply watching with watery eyes and hiccuped breaths.

“Such a messy slut aren’t you?” the younger finally spoke, tossing his soiled tissues into the trashcan and bobbing down in front of Namjoon with fresh ones in his clean hands, “You’ve drooled all down yourself and have stained your cheeks with tears.” with gentle touches he wiped the mess from the elders face, placing soft kisses as he went to calm him down. He whispered a soft “*sorry*.” as he cleaned his cock too, kissing his lips when wincing from oversensitivity.

Once cleaned up and the dirtied tissues were in the trash too, he sat back, looking up at his boss, calling “*Baby*,” to get his attention, “Colour?”.

“Green.” a warm smile found its way onto both their faces, sharing a soft and slow kiss.

“Let’s get dressed yeah?”

They may not have had sex before but Taehyung was well aware of how much aftercare Namjoon required after each time they fooled around, the elder being very pliant and sleepy afterwards. Falling into an almost little headspace that made the younger’s heart swell. Taehyung first adjusted his own shirt that had remained on the whole time, and scavenged for each article of their clothing that had been scattered across the room.

“Joonie?” Namjoon forced his heavy eyelids open at the mention of his name, hazy eyes focusing on Taehyung in front of him again. He hummed in response, “Is it okay if I wear your underwear? I wasn’t able to clean up as well as I could at home and I’ve got nothing to stop come leaking straight through my pants.” Namjoon’s heart swooped watching Taehyung pout, “I’ll clean them and return them to you, or buy you a new pair if they’re ruined-”

“Don’t worry about it, it’s-k.”

Namjoon knew that there was no strings attached between them, they weren’t anything official or had a label - but he thought that maybe he would want more. Maybe the strange feeling that brewed in his stomach everytime he watched Taehyung playfully flirt with the new intern Jeongguk or bat his eyelashes at Jimin when he needed something done for him was more than frustration at the younger not doing his job, perhaps being jealousy. Taehyung had always mentioned not being fond of aftercare, speaking of the easiness of being fucked and leaving, how simple it was. It was different between the two of them though, he wasn’t forced or convinced to help Namjoon dress himself or help him clean himself up in the shower before work, he willingly did it. Namjoon wanted the younger for himself, wanted to have sex in their apartments and stay over with each other overnight, maybe even label themselves as a couple.

“Taehyung?” the younger looked up from where he was doing up Namjoon’s shoelaces, nodding for him to go on, “Can you come over later for cuddles?”

“Of course,” his quiet giggle was like music to Namjoon’s ears, “You just have to make it through a few more hours of work okay? Can you do that for me?”

“I can.”

“Good boy,” being praised made Namjoon’s body tingle, even more so when feeling Taehyung’s lips against his forehead, his appearance now somewhat presentable, “I’ll call past home first to shower and change, then I’ll-”

“No,” he pouted again, “You can shower at my place and borrow some of my clothes. It’s Friday, we can sleep in tomorrow and not worry about work.” there was a slight pause from Taehyung, being surprised by what the other was insinuating, uncharted territory for them. But the day thus far had been a previous boundary for them, so what was wrong with seeing what else it had to offer?

“Okay, that sounds really good baby.”

Taehyung waited until Namjoon had completely woken up again, falling out of his headspace and back into reality, the reality where he was the CEO of a major company and had a report to finish before he could even think about what would possibly happen between him and Taehyung later in the evening. Taehyung left his office with a playful wink, closing the doors behind him. Namjoon could hear snippets of his conversation with Jimin on the other side, mostly muffled by the thick wooden doors which had turned out to be beneficial in their

favour. Taehyung's tone was sickly sweet and impossible to not trust, apologising to Jimin for keeping Namjoon for so long and for when he tried to come in, playing it all off as Namjoon being stressed over work - which to an extent he was - it was hard to hear Jimin's reply but it sounded that he believed Taehyung. He truly knew how to lay the charisma on thick and charm the socks off of anyone.

Namjoon had to admit, Taehyung's '*assistance*' really did help him power through the rest of his work, maybe he'd have to request his expertise in the workplace more often.



## End Notes

i love reading comments, so they're super appreciated if you feel like leaving one. thank  
yooooou uwu

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