

Writer's block

It was around 2 AM and the apartment's lights were still on. He spent the last few hours in his little studio staring at a blank page, unable to put his thoughts into words. This didn't happen to him often, but when it did that meant something was eating him up inside. While he stayed up late trying to finish his work, someone else in the house was wide awake, endlessly awaiting him in bed to fill the empty spot by her side.

Growing tired of waiting, she decided to join her boyfriend in his office wearing his favorite black hoodie "Babe, it's getting late. Come to bed".

"In a minute, I just need to get this over with" he carelessly replied.

"Namjoon" his abrupt change of tone troubled her "Is everything alright?"

Set off by her question, he dropped his pen and glared at her "I don't know baby doll, you tell me".

His second response was even more shocking. She didn't know what has gotten over him all of a sudden and she was anxious to find out.

"Baby doll?" she inquired "Since when did you start calling me that?"

"Since I found out that's the name you go by at work" he scoffed.

Taken aback by his answer, she froze in disbelief "H-How did you know about it?"

"Oh, my bad!" Namjoon chuckled nervously "Was it supposed to be a secret? What else are you hiding from me?"

Unable to put up with his accusations, she faced him "You don't have to use that tone with me. You know that's not what I meant".

"Oh and what did you mean, exactly?" he taunted her "What does it mean when I go visit my girlfriend at work only to hear what sounded like an intimate conversation behind her office's closed door with a man's voice calling her "baby doll"?"

Finally getting the gist of the misunderstanding, she stepped towards her boyfriend and jokingly pushed his shoulder "Why didn't you come to me right away? I could've explained myself and spared you the trouble".

"Well, I'm all ears now" he looked away from her, flustered.

“Namjoonie” she grabbed his belt with one hand while turning his face to meet her gaze with the other “You look sexy when you’re jealous, you know that right?”

“Don’t change the subject” he seized both her hands and pushed them away “Enlighten me instead”.

“Fine” she sighed, succumbing to his stubbornness “Do you remember Nick?”

The name instantly triggered Namjoon but he decided to keep his calm “What about Nick?”

“Do you remember how all three of us met? Nick and I were having brunch in that coffee shop and you were walking in our direction but you ended up losing your balance and spilled your Americano on my blouse?”

Trying to connect the dots, Namjoon eyed her dubiously “Where are you going with this?”

“You see” she unveiled in a mixture of embarrassment and delight “Although you’re usually a walking weapon of mass destruction, that very incident wasn’t entirely your fault”.

“What do you mean?” her revelation left him in utter confusion.

“For your IQ, you can be really dense sometimes” she rolled her eyes “He purposely tripped you to get your attention silly!”

“M-me?” Namjoon choked “Nick was flirting with me?”

“Ah, Namjoonah!” she laughed at her oblivious boyfriend “Why else do you think I buy him brunch every other week? I apparently owe him for life just because you noticed me instead of him that day”.

Feeling cornered, Namjoon grabbed the back of his head in embarrassment. He has always been overprotective of his girlfriend but he never thought that his competition would actually turn out to be her runner-up.

“I’m sorry Jagi” he rested his hands on her waist and buried his face in the curve of her neck “I was blinded by rage and got carried away”.

“It’s okay babe, I love it when your jealousy gets the best of you” she whispered in his ear “That usually means I’m getting pampered later”.

“Aren’t you a fiery one” Namjoon tenderly nibbled on her collarbone “Just keep in mind that you’re mine and only mine”.

“You’re cute” she teased “But you’ve also been a very bad boy and you need to make it up to me”.

“Don’t worry babe” he cleared his desk with one stroke “I’ll be very good to you tonight”.

Namjoon lifted her and seated her on top of the desk. He then roughly sucked on her neck’s soft skin and caressed her inner thigh, causing her to whimper. Aroused by his stunt, she pulled his hair backwards to free his mouth and bit his lower lip while enclosing his resting hand between her thighs. Sensing his girlfriend’s urge, he swiftly removed his shirt and slid his hands under her hoodie.

“Well, well, well” he smirked, feeling nothing but skin underneath the cloth “What do we have here?”

“Just a little something to help you overcome your writer’s block” she sensually licked her lips.

“Good” he grabbed a seat behind his desk and spread her legs “I’m suddenly feeling inspired”.