

The Work Wife

A Friend Zone Story

By Isaac Byrne

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“I can’t believe you have energy to not just *eat* breakfast, but *cook* breakfast every morning, dear,” Jerry said gratefully as he settled in across from his wife.

“Most important meal of the day,” she said, giving him a peck on the cheek. “Besides, I know you have that big pitch to the senior partners today. Wanted you to start off right.”

“You’re so thoughtful. But hey, I know you have your big review today with Paul. You always get so worked up over these, but I’m sure it’s going to be good news.”

“I wish I was,” she said, lifting a forkful of souffle to her lips. “Sometimes I just feel like I don’t know how to impress him.”

“Have you tried sleeping with him?”

“Why, did that impress you? ‘Cause I’ll be honest, I haven’t really been trying,” she joked.

Jerry took her hand in his and squeezed it softly. “It’s going to be great. Because *you’re* great. Seriously, how did I get the perfect wife?”

“Right place, right time?”

They ate their breakfast, smiling across the table at one another, then kissed each other goodbye.

“I love you,” said Jerry as his wife made to leave.

“I love you. So, so much,” Olivia said. With a heavy heart, she set out for work.

Two hours later...

Olivia tried not to think of it as a demotion. Paul had said it wasn’t. And really, her new area did have a lot of high-priority projects, ample opportunity to make a name for herself if she wanted to. The money was the same (better, really, if she could improve her bonus by impressing her new manager), and because she’d be working with clients, there was even more flex time built in.

Really, the only thing that made it feel like a demotion was being consigned to the Dungeon with Todd.

Not that she really knew Todd. Nobody really knew him, except that he was the new guy who’d seemingly made best friends with Paul and disappeared into his own little nook. Rumor had it that he’d been offered his own office and secretary but had turned it down to remain in the creepiest part of the office. A dimly lit windowless dead-end corridor, the Dungeon gave one the impression of being the sort of thing the architect forgot to finish after stopping for lunch, and none of the construction workers had the guts to point it out. Down a long hallway, through a creaky double door, around a corner, and then... dead-end. Just a little nook with only enough space for two desks

back-to-back, so the workers assigned to them could pretend they had a semblance of privacy.

It had once been a storage area, and the custodial crew had constantly complained that it was so remote that lugging things around put a big dent in productivity. Todd had provided a solution, offering to turn it into an office area (by which he'd evidently meant add two desks) and letting custodial take his proffered office and use that.

Todd was out handling a client when she moved in, so by the time he came back after lunch, she was settled into her desk. A photo of her and Jerry and their cats adorned her desktop, as did her potted plant. She had little hope for it back here in the Dungeon, but she'd do her best.

"Hey -- Olivia, right? Todd Vernucci."

"Olivia, Olivia Janson," she said.

"So how bad did you screw up to get sent back here?"

"Oh, I've just been reassigned to this division is all, so they needed me a little closer. Why, did you hear something?" she laughed.

"Only good things," Todd assured her. "Now just promise me you won't fall in love with me."

For just a moment she felt rather affronted, but then she remembered her predecessor. They'd put Darryl Ludlow down there, but word soon got out that Darryl was ranting and raving about how infatuated he was with Todd that he'd been let go for sexual harassment. Paul had long had a soft spot for Todd, it was said, and it had taken Todd's direct intervention to stop the company from pressing charges.

It had been a couple months since then, so the scuttlebutt hadn't been fresh in her mind. "Oh that's right. That must've been just awful. I can't imagine. I heard it got... pretty severe." (Which was putting it mildly; she'd heard Darryl had shown up wearing a long coat with nothing under it to show Todd that his name now adorned his colleague's buttocks. She didn't fully believe it, but it was a very popular rumor.)

"Yeah, I guess some people just can't get enough of me. But hey, looks like you already got yourself a handsome beau at home -- that your husband?"

Olivia nodded, and soon they fell to introducing themselves at length. She was immensely relieved to find he was actually fairly personable, and they got along right away. They wasted most of the rest of that day chatting it up. She could see why people thought he was a little strange; he was eccentric, and a little forward. (He even told her he practiced hypnosis, and offered to help her with her weight loss goals.)

Still, she was relieved to find out that all in all, he seemed like a nice guy. By the time she went home to her husband, her story had changed from a woeful reassignment to a literal dead-end had become one of her pleasant new office-mate.

Two months later...

“Aw, no breakfast this morning?” Jerry was a little disappointed, but only just a little. He knew he was spoiled.

“Yeah, trying to watch my figure. I’ll just grab a cup of yogurt from the fridge at work.”

“Well, good for you. I’ve noticed you’ve been really disciplined about it. You’re doing great, honey. I can already see the difference.” He grabbed her around the waist and pulled her in for a hug and kiss. “Feel it, too.”

She grinned. “Thanks, Jerry. My clothes are already getting a little loose; this keeps up I’ll need a new wardrobe.”

“So that’s what all this is about -- another excuse to burn a hole in my credit cards.”

“*Our* credit cards,” she pointed out with a little giggle. “What’s yours is mine, remember? Who do you think I’m getting all these hot new clothes for?”

“Hey, if you’re going sexy, max ‘em out.”

She grabbed her jacket. “See you tonight, dear.”

“See you tonight.” Jerry found a box of cereal in the back of the pantry, and poured himself a bowl.

“Damn, Olivia, you are rocking that skirt,” Todd said as she entered the Dungeon. She was almost two hours late to work, but she knew Todd wouldn’t care. Only two months in and she already trusted him more than she’d ever trusted another co-worker. So when she decided to take her husband’s advice and stop to get a cute new outfit on her way into work (and let him pay for it), she knew Todd would support her decision.

“Ain’t I just?” she said, shedding her jacket and doing a little spin, then a walk to the end of their little nook and back like it was a catwalk. She always liked teasing Todd a little, and he was always cool about their playful exchanges. Today was more so than usual; she’d picked out a skirt that was several inches above the knee and incredibly tight, as she anticipated losing even more weight in the weeks and months ahead. The blouse was picked for similar reasons, and while she knew it made her bra quite visible through the fabric, Todd wouldn’t complain.

Then she’d stopped for a makeover, just for fun.

After all, it was his little hypnosis sessions that had been such a big help getting her going in the first place. She didn’t really think they accomplished much; she was too smart of a woman to think something as silly as hypnosis was a silver bullet for life’s problems. Still, it was some positive reinforcement for her goals, and Todd’s droning

voice always helped her block out the world and keep her brain from being quite so hyperactive.

It was amazing what she came up with when she just stopped thinking.

She settled into her station, happy to enjoy yet another day at her job. Not that it was a difficult one, or that it was especially stressful most of the time. Really, she counted herself lucky; the worst she could say of her employment was that it was one of those jobs that if no one did it, nobody would know. (She spent most of her day auditing software for compliance. It was so boring she literally couldn't explain what she did to people.)

And when she did stress out? Well, that's what Todd was for. He'd gotten better and better at anticipating her, swiveling his chair to give her a lengthy backrub, or massage her temples, or squeeze the tension out of her fingers. (For efficiency's sake, he'd often combine their stress relief with a little hypnosis session. Thoughtful of him!)

Of course Olivia was always too happy to return the favor. Yes, he was an attractive guy, although their relationship was purely platonic. Still, even if she was not going to fool around with Todd -- she was a happily married woman! -- but she knew she owed her cozy, private little nook all to him, to say nothing of her increasingly trim figure. Her solid mental health. Her stress-free work days.

She supposed Jerry owed him too, for the big upswing in her libido that had accompanied all the other changes. She didn't tell her husband, but sometimes she mentally thanked Todd as she climaxed for giving her the energy to have such an active life after work.

Sometimes she even imagined her husband *was* Todd, but that was between her and God.

That day, Todd was quite the gentleman, complimenting her over and over again on her appearance. How nice her hair looked, how her skin was positively glowing, how her lipstick was so red it was giving him ideas. He even got a little playful with her, which she always liked.

"You know, if you weren't married, there are things I would do that ass that I shouldn't utter in a place of business," he said, looking her over closely as they ended their morning hypnosis session. (They did one almost every day now.)

Olivia laughed. "You're so bad, Todd."

"Nah, what's bad is how bad a job your shirt's doing of hiding your nipples. I can see them right through!" he said.

"Nuh, uh!" Olivia insisted, looking down. Todd pointed directly to them, one finger accusing each nipple from only an inch or so away. "That's just the contour of my bra," Olivia lied.

"Oh? Then if it's just fabric, you won't react if I do *this*," he said, and then he took one hard nubbin in each hand and pinched down firmly.

Olivia groaned at the sensation of his hands on her nipples, then found herself laughing at Todd's smirk of triumph. He'd never touched her like that before, but so what? They were buddies, and he did have a point. "All right, all right, you caught me," she conceded. "So what, so I'm a little horny. Sue me. Man, speaking of, I can't wait to get home. Jerry is gonna get the ride of his life the second he walks in the door."

(She felt perfectly comfortable talking about such things with Todd; he was always totally cool with her getting detailed about her sex life. It was almost part of their morning ritual, her describing all the things she'd done to and for Jerry the night before. Sometimes Todd would make suggestions for the coming night.)

She wondered what Jerry would think if he knew it had been Todd's idea for her to suck his dick right after he finished fucking her. Best not to tell him, just in case; she had always been a very firm believer (or had become one recently anyway) that work matters should stay at work.

Today, however, Todd frowned a moment at her words. It was only a moment, but enough that she wondered if she'd accidentally made him jealous. Hopefully not. What Olivia and Todd had was in many ways just as special to her as what she and her husband had. After all, she spent forty hours a week at her job (closer to sixty lately, as she and Todd had been taking on a lot of over-time together). After deducting things like sleep, commuting, and her daily hour and a half at the gym, and she spent as much time around her co-worker as she did with Jerry.

"Hey, don't be like that," she said soothingly. "C'mon, you can't twist a girl's nipples and not expect her to get a little turned on."

Todd's smile returned. "What, you mean like this?" He grabbed them again (thank goodness she's worn such a thin bra), and Olivia playfully giggled as she made a feeble effort to swat his hands away. She didn't actually care that he was touching her; it was just playful.

Before long, it actually felt good enough that she just let him do it while she sat back with a smile on her face. In fact, it felt a little *too* good. She'd better... "UnghmmmmmmeeeeeEEEEEP!" This was the sound that escaped her lips as she tried to hold off an orgasm, then it hit her anyway, then she realized she'd just come in her chair across from her office-mate. Mortified, Olivia ran to the ladies room to catch her breath, clean up, and try to pick up the pieces of her modesty. What would Todd think if she just started coming in her chair while he teased her? It would send entirely the wrong message.

Oh, and also Jerry probably wouldn't like it, if he found out. Not that she'd ever tell him.

"Feeling better?" Todd asked with a smirk as she returned a bit later.

"I'm so sorry -- that was SO unprofessional of me," Olivia apologized.

"Hey, don't sweat it. Water under the bridge, OK?"

She smiled. How lucky was she to have Todd around? “Thanks. You’re seriously the best.”

“Second-best.”

She grinned.

Six weeks later...

“Wow... big day today?” Jerry asked, inserting his pop-tarts in the toaster.

“Eh,” Olivia said, shrugging, and resumed applying her lipstick in the hallway mirror.

“Oh c’mon, you must have a heck of a client meeting,” he said, coming up behind her and putting his hands gently on her waist.

Olivia let him have it until she finished, then twisted out of his grasp. “Nope. Never hurts to make a good impression though, right?”

“I guess not,” he said. “Though you might want to, ah, get that top button. Unless you’re wearing that to your second job at Hooters.”

Olivia buttoned it. “Thanks.”

“Say, what do you think -- tonight, after work, let’s you and me hit the town. You won’t even have to change. Seriously, you look dynamite.”

“Oh sorry, I’m working late again tonight. I don’t know when I’ll be in. But you go on out, treat yourself to something nice.”

“Man, they sure can’t get enough of you lately. Any idea when your busy season will let up?”

“Beats me. Must mean business is good though, right? Anyway, don’t wait up for me.” She opened the door to the garage.

“Can I have a kiss goodbye?” Jerry asked.

Olivia thought it over for just a moment, then came back and gave her husband a peck on the lips. “Hey, and maybe those lips of yours will save a little energy for me when you get home?”

She made herself smile. “They’ll certainly try.”

Then she was out the door. As she started the car, she checked herself in the rear view mirror. Down went the button. She reapplied her lipstick, restoring it to its glossy red perfection. Then one more button.

“Morning, honey,” she called out as she rounded the corner into what she’d once thought of as the Dungeon.

“Morning, slutbag,” replied Todd, smiling at their jokey morning greeting. They had such good give and take, her flirting and hamming up his status as her work husband, him pretending she was just some tramp. It always made her smile. Todd was so funny.

Then she gave him his usual good morning kiss, only today she started on the cheek. “That’s all I get?” he asked, feigning offense. But Olivia had never meant to stop

there and trailed her kisses up to his ear, sucking his lobe into her mouth and teasing it with her tongue, nibbling it.

Todd always did a morning inspection at some point, but evidently today she was good enough that he wanted to see her right off. He twirled his finger and she spun in place for him, his hands and eyes roaming over her. A scarlet red leather skirt came down to mid-thigh, beneath a cream-colored blouse that she'd eventually just unbuttoned all the way, the inner slopes of her breasts visible on both sides.

"Damn girl, they let you into the building like that?"

"Oh, I got chewed out by Paul last week for my wardrobe, so now I just wear a long coat into the building." She pointed to where she'd hung it on the coat rack.

"Ha, good ol' Paul. I'll have a talk with him, make sure he understands you're just trying to keep your man happy. Though... probably a good idea to keep wearing the coat. We don't need a bunch of people suddenly wanting to come down to our nook and hang out with us."

"You're the only one I want in my nook," Olivia said, giving him a wink and settling in at her desk. Todd gave her a playful smack on the ass as she did, as he so often did. She perched atop her stool and made sure she was practicing good posture -- butt back, boobs forward. (She'd decided to replace her old swivel chair with a stool, so Todd had better access to her. Olivia never tired of flirting with her co-worker.

As she started plowing through emails and bug reports, she couldn't keep a smile off her face. She just loved her job so much these days! Sure, maybe it wasn't the most fulfilling job, and ever since she'd move down here she'd been cut off of all her old projects. (Paul said he wanted her full-time assisting Todd on his caseload. Olivia was stoked to have an in with one of the boss's closest confidantes, though Todd said they weren't friends, he'd just hypnotized Paul through some of his problems.)

Still, even if the job itself wasn't great, the workplace had the most incredible atmosphere -- and she didn't even need to leave the Dungeon to get to it. They had their own mini-fridge, stocked with Todd's favorite beers and lots of healthy food to help Olivia stay fit. They could play whatever music they liked (and Olivia had increasingly found she preferred his taste to her own), and there was nobody around to interfere with their playful banter. Todd even locked the door to their nook to make sure, so she could totally let go and be herself without worrying.

This was especially good because Olivia was realizing that "being herself" involved a whole lot of behavior she'd prefer her co-workers not witness. (Except Todd, obviously.)

Really, she worried sometimes she was becoming too familiar with her co-worker. Not because of what Jerry would think (Jerry didn't need to know anything that happened in the office), and not because she didn't absolutely enjoy the harmless teasing and flirting.

Olivia was mostly worried about how Todd felt about things. She tried to be careful not to push the boundaries too far too fast, so every day she'd go just a tiny bit further. She'd been working so hard to improve her body (which had been pretty fine to begin with), and Todd was the perfect outlet for showing off her progress. She ran all of her new clothing purchases by him, even the new bikinis and lingerie she'd been getting, and he'd give her a thumbs-up/thumbs-down verdict. She trusted him more than anyone on such matters; Jerry would have just kissed her ass and say it all looked lovely (and probably remind her it was becoming expensive too, as he'd been bitching about more and more of late), but Todd was all honesty. He was her best friend, her confidante. Her work husband.

"Todd, is this OK?"

Her colleague was absorbed in his work, so he just held up a finger without looking. Olivia waited patiently -- she didn't want to bother him -- until he finally turned to face her. "All right, so what was that now?"

"I asked if you're OK. With things between us."

He arched an eyebrow. "How do you mean?"

"Look, Todd. I know... I guess I feel like we've become pretty close. Right?"

"Sure, I guess."

"So... sorry, I don't know why I'm so tongue-tied." She often got butterflies in her stomach around Todd. Usually in a giddy way. "I just worry..."

"Spit it out, Olivia."

"Am I making you uncomfortable?"

He stared at her for a long moment, then broke out in laughter. Olivia frowned. "What! What's so funny?"

"Olivia, why would you think I'm 'uncomfortable'?"

"I dunno. I mean, I know I'm kind of... flirty. And some guys might get weird about a woman so confident about her body. I guess I just want to make sure I'm not pushing things too far for you."

"C'mere, Olivia." Todd patted his lap. She grinned (he didn't often let her sit on him) and nestled herself into his lap, taking solace in the feel of his erection against her ass. It was a nice reminder that their attraction went both ways. She rocked slowly against it, wondering as she so often did what it would look like. Feel like. Taste like.

"Olivia, you're worried if you've taken things too far? Sweet tits," she smiled at his teasing nickname, "if anything, you don't take things far enough. I'm a little surprised you're this far along already."

She cocked her head to the side. "This far along? What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing, nothing. But I promise you, you're not being too forward with me. You know I like ya pretty well, babe." He patted her butt reassuringly.

"Promise? I just feel kind of like... I dunno. Like I'm being too slutty for you."

Todd laughed. "You are just a treasure, you know that? Tell ya what -- I'll prove it to you. Why don't you strip down to your underwear and work like that for the rest of the day. If I seem 'uncomfortable' about it even once, you call me on it and I'll treat you to dinner tonight."

She grinned. A work-date with her work-husband sounded wonderful. Only... "There's a tiny, um, problem there."

Todd narrowed his eyes. "You're not wearing underwear, are you?"

Olivia shook her head.

"All right. Then let's say topless instead. Show off those boobs you're always teasing me with."

She smiled and gave him a long kiss, purring into his throat as she tasted his coffee on his tongue. "You got it. But... what if you don't get uncomfortable?"

"Then tomorrow, we'll try bottomless and start over."

"Then naked?" She asked, a little too hopefully. Todd didn't need to know how much she'd fantasized about being naked around the office. She was technically naked in here a lot, changing into her outfits for him, but she did that around the corner, usually, or made him turn his back to her. And yes, he was pretty familiar with the feel of her body through her clothes by now, but would he still think she was sexy without them?

"Sure, Olivia. Then naked. Now c'mon, get that blouse off."

It was already unbuttoned, and she was already showing so much. Yet now, with her co-worker's blessing, she could be herself in a way she normally only could at home with Jerry, and even then only at intimate moments. Who would've thought she could be more open at work than she could at home with her own husband?

Todd made a show of being horrified at the sight of her bare boobs, covering his eyes and gasping. She smacked his bicep and he knocked it off, grinning and taking her boob into his hands and jiggling playfully. "See? If I were uncomfortable with this, would I be squeezing your tit?"

"No," Olivia conceded.

He buried his face in her cleavage and rubbed it back and forth. "And would I motorboat you if I felt uncomfortable?"

"Probably not?"

"Hell no. Heck, I'd be nervous treating a stripper like that without an invitation or a twenty in hand, but with you, I know I could do it whenever I felt like it."

She nodded. "You can. I just want us to get along."

The rest of the day, that's just what they did. Olivia sat there topless, and Todd periodically reminded her just how OK with it he was. He'd tell her to turn around so he could cop a feel, or stand behind him with her tits resting on his shoulders, or play with them while he watched. She pointed out that if he was really comfortable with this, he'd

be the one playing. So he told her to lay across his desktop, set his keyboard on her stomach and mouse over her crotch, and felt her up any time he wasn't typing.

She went home that night certain he was fine with her tits, and so horny she almost woke up Jerry to fuck the living daylights out of her. But she wasn't in the mood to fuck her husband tonight. Again.

Olivia couldn't wait to make Todd comfortable with her bottom half.

One month later...

“Olivia, did you go grocery shopping like you said you would? I can’t find a damn thing in this house to eat.”

“Must’ve forgotten,” she called out from the bedroom.

“Well with all the money you’ve been blowing on your new wardrobe, and now paying Dr. Samisek for the... laser surgery, or whatever you want to call it... Look, I’m working overtime and now my second job just to cover it all. The least you could do is follow through on the basics.”

“You got it, honey,” she said, admiring the results of said surgery with a hand slipped down between her legs. Which wasn’t actually a surgery anyway -- just a little laser-powered bikini line maintenance, after realizing how much her pussy hair bothered her. Todd had been very pleased.

“Promise? I’m serious this time -- if you don’t take care of your end of things... I’ll... I don’t know. I’ll be really hurt, honestly.”

Olivia emerged from the bedroom. “I’ll do it as soon as I get back, promise.” She fuzzed her husband’s hair, gave his shoulder an affectionate squeeze as she breezed past him.

“Get back? What do you mean, get back?”

“Oh, didn’t I tell you? We have this big week-long work retreat in Miami. I’m sure I told you.”

“No, you didn’t. When do you leave?”

Olivia glanced at her watch. “Shit, I should actually already be halfway to the airport by now. I’ll just have to drive with a lead foot, I guess.” She picked up her bag she’d left by the door the night before. “See you next week, dear.”

“Next -- when did you pack your -- Olivia...!”

Olivia finished her shower, drying off with the hotel’s ultra-fluffy towel and heading naked back into the room where Todd was waiting. “Thanks again for taking me along to the conference, Todd,” she said. “Seriously, you have to let me pay you back for my plane ticket.”

“Sure -- you still have your hubby’s checkbook, right?”

She did, and quickly wrote him out a check for the fare. Then she thought she ought to show some gratitude, and wrote another one to cover his ticket too, as well as the hotel room, meals for the week, and a little something extra so he could buy himself something nice. The least Jerry could do.

“So when do we head for the conference center? Do I need to register for sessions in advance? Is it someplace with an ocean view? Will we--”

“Hush, Olivia,” Todd interrupted, and she fell silent. “Look, you know I love your questions, and I realize I only told you about this conference yesterday so you haven’t had time to prepare. But... well, here’s a little secret, just between us.”

Olivia beamed with pride at being Todd’s confidante. “Yeah?”

“There is no conference.”

It took a moment for this to sink in, and she processed her thoughts aloud. “But if there’s no conference... then that means we’re just here... in Miami... sharing a hotel room... like a vacation?”

Todd grinned. “Exactly right, honey tits.”

Olivia was quiet a moment, trying to make sense of this. “Todd... I told my husband this was a work thing. That means... I lied to him. I lied to my husband.”

“So?”

Something wasn’t right here. Olivia went to her suitcase and began hastily rummaging through for something to wear. She hadn’t brought panties or bras, so she put on a bikini bottom, then a tube top she’d brought in case they went to a club or something, and was in the middle of putting on her shoe in a state of profound confusion when Todd took her by the hands and got her attention.

“Talk to me, Olivia.”

“I shouldn’t be here. I was naked! Sharing a hotel room with another man! I’m a married woman!”

“You’re naked around me all the time in the office.”

“That’s different. I’m your work wife, so if you see me naked there, it’s fine. But here, this isn’t work. This is like... cheating. On my husband.”

“Olivia, we haven’t even had sex yet.”

“Yet? We can’t have sex at all!”

“Right, that’s what I meant. So it’s not cheating.”

“Still, this doesn’t feel right...”

Todd nodded. “I understand, and you know I don’t ever want you to do something that makes you feel uncomfortable. I tell you what, why don’t we do one of our relaxation sessions, help you calm down?”

“I need to go.”

“Sure, and as soon as we’re done you can.”

“Todd...”

“Olivia, you trust me, right?”

She looked into his eyes. “Of course I do. With all my heart and all my mind and all my soul.”

“So c’mon. Let’s relax you.”

She let out a deep breath and nodded. “OK.”

It really did do wonders for her. Todd as always droned on and on, and she tuned him out and thought things through. He'd seen her naked every day for weeks now. There wasn't a part of her body his hands hadn't been on a hundred times. She'd seen him naked too, played with herself while he played with himself. He'd even cum on her a few times recently, and that had been exciting too. Just part of their quirky office relationship.

Was it so different to do it on vacation? After all, what was a vacation but working on relaxation? And nobody knew how to relax her like Todd. Jerry was always complaining, always demanding things, never understood her, but Todd always made sure she was good and happy. Vacationing with Todd actually made more sense than with Jerry.

Had Todd tricked her into this? Sure. But he'd done it because he'd seen how much she needed a break from the drudgery of her home life. It had come from a place of concern. So really, this was just him extending all the kindness and friendship he showed her at work into a temporary work-break. Relaxing was just the mind's way of preparing to work harder anyway, so this was the perfect place to let go for a while, really let herself go.

Her inhibitions were all so stupid, after all. She had a work husband at work, and a home husband at home. Why drag thoughts of one into the sphere of the other? She was with Todd now, so that meant right now, he was her real husband. Jerry was thousands of miles away, much too far to worry about. Todd was right here, flesh and blood.

Flesh.

Olivia gazed with glassy eyes at her work husband, still droning on in words she didn't quite make out. She hadn't had sex in... months? Had it been so long? She never had time any more, and she'd been driving herself to distraction with that stupid work/home boundary she'd invented. Jerry had just given her space, let her pussy rot on the vine. Todd had constantly encouraged her to pursue her appetites, nurtured her inner slut. He had been so amazingly patient and loving with her as she worked through all this.

Todd was so wonderful for doing this for her. She owed him so much. So much. She owed him so, so, so much. So very much owed by her to Todd. This thought kept repeating in her mind until she realized she'd spaced off completely and her friend was waiting for her.

"Olivia, you with us?"

She nodded. "Sorry. You know how spacey I get sometimes."

"Sure. So hey, you ready to go? I'll call us a cab to take us to the airport, and we can get tickets on the way."

"Hang on." She gently took his hands in hers. "I want to stay."

“Really?” He didn’t sound at all surprised, but so often Todd seemed to know her better than she knew herself that she could hardly fault him for being a bit arrogant about it. In fact, she liked that quality in him.

“Yeah. You were right -- I need to relax, unwind. I’ve been so frustrated lately, and I just need to cut loose. Here, away from my home life, I can do that.”

“If you’re sure, Olivia...”

“I’m so sure. Todd, I owe you so much for this. Is there anything at all I can do for you to repay you?”

“Hey, a pretty girl in my hotel room asking me that... a man could get ideas.” He pinched her butt through her bottoms.

“So get some ideas, then,” she said, holding his hand where he’d put it.

“Well, you always say how you’re my work wife, right?”

“And you’re my work husband,” she answered, placing his other hand on her unattended buttock.

“So then, I guess this would be, like, our honeymoon then. Right?”

Memories of her non-work honeymoon in Hawaii flooded back, and she shivered with delight. “I guess so.”

“Then what say we get on with consummating our work marriage then, eh?”

In her first honeymoon, Olivia and Jerry had taken nature walks, gone to the beach, even done a few little cultural events. Touristy stuff. Back in their room, they’d had sex almost every night, Jerry wrapped up in his condom and Olivia alternating between top and bottom. It had been a very pleasant week. People had asked her about it, and she remembered growing tired of saying, “it was really nice.”

If someone asked her to summarize her second honeymoon in as many words, she’d have tried to condense it to “constant desperate orgasmic fuckathon.”

Todd fucked her day and night for a week. Olivia soon learned what impressive stamina her work husband had, but even so she made it her mission to drive him to his limit. On the bed, in the shower, on the floor, against the wall, bent over the nightstand, on the balcony... she couldn’t get enough, months and months of frustration from her boring sexless home life and her constantly charged workdays coming out in a flood. They seldom got out of the hotel room. The newly-work-weds ran up hundreds and hundreds in room service, too horny to get dressed and go out.

(Jerry paid, of course.)

When they weren’t fucking, Todd made it his mission to help her relax with his hypnosis sessions, and while she didn’t want to hurt his feelings by telling him how little it did to calm her sex drive, she had to admit it gave her time to reflect on her new relationship. She pondered how to make this work best, especially given her home husband.

They didn't have formal vows -- that would be silly -- but she did make it a mental point to extend all the same courtesies of marriage to Todd. To love and honor, cherish and obey. Especially the obeying. That was the most important one of them all, especially since Todd had such pull with the high-ups in the company.

It took some nudging on her part, but Todd soon got the hang of his husbandly duties -- namely, telling her what he wanted her to do.

"Do you want me to give you a blowjob, honey?" she asked.

"Yeah, that'd be great."

"Then you know what to do."

Todd chuckled. "Suck my dick, slutbag."

"Of course, my love." And she did. She gave him blowjobs until her jaw ached, long after he'd cum, right up until he ordered her to stop. Todd taught her sexual positions she'd never even heard of, things so contorted and uncomfortable she'd never have let him do it if not for the thrill of fulfilling her unspoken vow of obedience.

And was it ever thrilling. More and more as she surrendered herself to her surrender, she wondered how it was her sex with Jerry had never revealed this side of her. He was always so damnably respectful and polite with his wife, forcing her to make decisions and guess at his desires. When she ignored his phone calls that week, he didn't even text her to demand she call him back. What was wrong with him? Was he some kind of giant pussy? Why hadn't he ever realized how much she craved an assertive man to help control her?

Jerry never would have told her how to dress (and when to bother), or ordered her to suck his cock under the kitchen table while he enjoyed his morning coffee, or had her to bathe him without using her hands. Jerry hadn't ever even asked Olivia to take it in the ass; he'd mentioned it in a roundabout way once while they were dating, but she'd said No rather firmly and he'd never brought it up again.

Todd fucked her in the ass for the first time on their fourth day in Miami. He didn't even ask; he just told her to lube up and bend over, then he'd butt-fucked her like a rag doll as she hung there suspended by his strong hands and massive cock. Her poor virgin asshole hadn't been ready for it, but he was good enough to do it over and over again throughout the rest of the week until she could take it like it was a second, tighter cunt. Then she couldn't get enough of being her husband's dutiful butt-slut.

It was the perfect honeymoon. Olivia wished she could replace the memories of her old one with more like this week's. Who needed to reminisce over swimming in a tropical lagoon when they could remember fielding a complaint from the hotel staff over the noise of her wailing while her husband was still fucking her ass just out of sight of the cracked door?

Olivia's only communication with Jerry came on Sunday, after she and Todd decided to stay one more day. She texted him that she'd be back tomorrow, and -- like a

good wife -- promised to go grocery shopping that evening, even though he'd only asked and not commanded. She even convinced Todd to let her stop by a souvenir shop to pick him up a t-shirt on their way to the beach so she could model her string bikini and fuck him in the ocean.

Three months later...

“Honey, please tell me you’re not thinking about going to work dressed like *that*,” Jerry said as he stood over the stove preparing breakfast.

“And just what’s wrong with what I’m wearing?” Olivia demanded, hands on hips. Bare hips; Todd liked it when she wore some of her old skirts from before she got in shape, as they fit looser and showed off the top of her ass crack. This one did so exquisitely, even showing the tramp stamp she’d gotten. It said “Trophy Wife”; Todd had said they’d get matching ones, but had backed out after she’d gotten hers. Jerry had thought it was for him, and she supposed technically it was. She let him bask in that feeling.

At any rate, the skirt was a perfect match for the blouse she had chosen, not buttoned but rather tied beneath her enormous tits. She’d been on the small end of a C cup when she’d moved into the dungeon, but Todd had ordered her to get a boob job, so now she sporting a set of EE’s that had made her completely re-learn how to strip tease for him. It had been agonizing waiting for it to heal so he could fuck them, but his enthusiasm had made it all worth it.

Jerry stirred the hollandaise sauce, giving it a quick taste test with his finger and shaking his head. “Needs more pepper,” he grumbled, then returned his attention to his wife. “No, you look great, honey, you really do. It’s just that... Well, you know...”

Olivia rolled her eyes, gesturing impatiently for him to finish the thought. Her home husband could be such a fucking wimp, always taking forever to just spit out what he meant. Todd would just say it plainly and expect results.

“Sorry. I just... well, I know how Todd likes that slutty secretary look you’re going for, but you’re really erring more towards slutty schoolgirl. The skirt’s all right, but the top should be showing cleavage, not midriff. And those tennis shoes are all wrong. Don’t you have those wine red stilettos I bought you last month?”

Olivia’s stern face defrosted into a lukewarm smile, grateful Jerry was contributing. Ever since she’d introduced him and Todd, Jerry had been getting increasingly supportive of her real marriage. (It had been so awkward at first, pretending Todd was a couple’s hypnotherapist she’d heard amazing things about, but after a few sessions they’d been able to drop the charade. Jerry had been totally cool about it.)

She went back to the bedroom and changed according to his advice, and this time Jerry was all approval. “Much better honey. Even the makeup, just the sort of attentive slut you’re dying to have leave lipstick rings around the base of your cock.”

Olivia squeezed her home husband’s shoulder. He really was a nice man, even if he was still struggling to control his jealousy about how she dressed for Todd. Someday they’d fill him in on everything, like how it was she’d gotten pregnant when they’d only had sex twice in the past half of a year and she’d made him wear two condoms both

times. (They'd done it once when he'd threatened to leave her after her honeymoon, and once as a quickie for their anniversary. Her work husband had told her to throw the poor dog a bone.)

"You have Todd's breakfast ready?"

"Eggs Benedict, just like he likes." He handed over an insulated food bag he'd bought just for this purpose. So thoughtful sometimes.

"All right. I don't know when--"

"--know when I'll be home tonight," Jerry said, finishing her sentence in unison with her. He laughed. "Sorry, you can be pretty predictable sometimes. You have fun today, OK? And tell Todd not to be a stranger. I could really use another session when he has the time. Not sure why, but I've been really stressed lately, and nothing seems to help but those hypnosis sessions of his."

"I know what you mean. I'll tell him," Olivia said as she made for the door.

"I love you," Jerry called out to his wife's backside.

"You're so sweet," Olivia replied, and jumped in the car. She couldn't wait to get to work.