Jim and the Work Wife: Chapter One

Molly happily clacked away at her keyboard. Today was the day!

For the last couple years, she'd been sharing a cubicle at work with a guy named Jim. He was a super nice guy, and they quickly became friends. His sense of humor wasn't always her thing, and there were a few awkward moments in their past, like the time he got drunk at the Christmas party and told her he was in love with her, but overall he was about the best cubemate someone could hope for.

For the last couple months, Jim had been off work for medical leave. Today was going to be his first day back in the office. Molly had no clue when he'd be arriving, but she was glad that her friend was finally returning.

Around 10:30, Molly was working on a purchase order from sales when she heard a familiar voice.

"Merry Monday, Molly," Jim announced. "I thought I'd find you here." She immediately stopped typing and spun around in her chair.

"Jim!" She shouted, jumping to her feet and giving him a big hug. "Oh my gosh, I didn't realize you were already in the building! How are you?"

"Well, truth be told," he began, "I'm still pretty banged up, but I suppose an invasive brain surgery does that to a guy. Re-learning how to walk was a bit of a bitch, and the headaches aren't a picnic either, but what's left of me is glad to be back. What about you? How's life treated you while I was gone?"

"Considering what you went through," Molly began, "it's been pretty good. I guess I'm a dog mom now, so that's exciting. Brad and I adopted a puppy a couple weeks ago. The only downside is that my mother-in-law has practically moved in so she can play with him. That's driving me a little nuts. I can't imagine what she'll be like when we start having kids."

Jim chuckled at Molly's gripe.

“So,” Molly continued with a smile, “I heard you weren’t going to be my cubicle mate anymore. What’s the deal? Finally get tired of me?”

“Heh heh, never. You’ll always be my favorite person in this dump,” Jim joked. “It’s all about ADA stuff and making accommodations for my medical condition. Since the surgery, bright lights like the ones out here in the bullpen trigger my headaches if I’m under them for too long. It was easier for admin to stick me in my own office than to redo all the lighting for an entire cubicle farm. I was actually just going to head down there right now and check it out. Wanna tag along?”

“Your own office? Geez, lucky,” Molly replied. “I definitely want to see it, but do you mind if I wait until lunch to come check it out? I’ve got a ton of purchase orders that need to be submitted before noon. You know how it is.”

“Oh, come on Mol,” Jim said, looking her square in the eyes, “come on down to my office with me.”

Molly found herself reconsidering her decision. It was Jim’s first day back, and she hadn’t seen him in weeks. Plus it’s not like it would take that long to look at his new office in the first place.

“Oh fine,” she relented, “I guess it wouldn’t hurt to go see your new digs. Hey, are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Jim said, grimacing as he rubbed his temples. “It’s just one of those headaches I was talking about. Come on, let’s go.”

Jim and Molly made their way through the maze of cubicles, stopping every now and then to chat with colleagues as they worked their way through the building. Finally, they arrived at the building’s far back corridors.

“Man, they really stuck you out in no-man’s land,” Molly quipped as they walked down the quiet hallway. “I don’t think anything in this whole wing of the building has been used since the office staff started working from home in the pandemic.”

“That was part of the appeal,” Jim admitted. “Super quiet, isolated, peaceful. Perfect for a guy who’s still recovering.”

Finally the two arrived at the right door. Jim fished the keys out of his pocket, and with a turn of the lock, they stepped into a dark room.

“Whoa,” Molly remarked as Jim flipped on the lights, “you could play baseball in here. This office is huge!” Inside the spacious office, a solid mahogany desk sat toward the far wall. Near the door they came in was a large sofa that looked like the sort that folded out into a bed. Two additional doors on the side wall appeared to lead to a bathroom and a small conference room.

“Wow,” Jim added, closing the door behind him and stepping further into the room. “I asked for a big space with room to rest, and this is perfect. It must have belonged to one of the higher-ups.”

Molly nodded. “I bet it did. And look, it’s even got a mini-bar! How’d you even score this thing? I get making accommodations, but Kevin’s usually pretty tightly wound when it comes to giving us lowly serfs anything nice.”

“Oh, he can be a great guy if you know how to talk to him,” Jim said with a wink.

“Sure he can,” Molly deadpanned as she scanned the room’s bare walls and empty shelves, “but there’s a bigger problem than our high-strung boss. Just look at this old office. It definitely needs a woman’s touch. I’ll tell you what, I’ll pop over here during lunch and we can hit the storage room to see if there’s anything to dress up these walls.

Jim grinned. “So I’m not back with you for thirty minutes and already you’re trying to sneak off to the storage room with me? Nice.”

Molly groaned and rolled her eyes. If there was one thing that sort of annoyed her about her work friend it was his stream of flirtatious comments. Sure, he was just joking around, but besides being very happily married, she wasn’t remotely attracted to Jim, so it always rubbed her the wrong way.

“Clearly the surgery didn’t impact your sense of humor,” she observed.

“You know you like it,” Jim replied, looking Molly in the eyes, “just like you know you’ve always had a crush on me. You love it when we flirt.”

For an instant, Molly found herself on the verge of scolding Jim for his off-base comment. Before she could fully process her thoughts, however, she paused. Really, she thought to herself, he's not wrong. She did have a crush on the guy since the day they met. Plus it was so much fun to be a little flirty. Sure, she was madly in love with her husband, but what's the harm in some playful banter with her work crush? As the new realizations dawned on her, Molly found her lips curling into a smile.

"You are SO naughty, mister!" Molly laughed. "Maybe you're right, and maybe I do like it, a little. But let's keep that our little secret, 'kay?"

Jim nodded as he winced and clutched his head. "Sure thing hot stuff," he nearly whimpered.

Molly's smile vanished. "Hey, seriously, are you okay?" she asked, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Oh yeah," Jim replied. "It's just more headaches. They're way better than they were when I started doing this."

"Doing what?" Molly asked, her brow scrunched.

"Looking for ways to get your hands on me," Jim smiled.

Molly laughed at Jim's comment, taking her hand off his shoulder.

"You ARE naughty today!"

"Nobody ever said I wasn't," Jim grinned, still holding his head. "But hey, I think I'm going to sit down and rest this headache. Why don't you take that cute little butt of yours back to your desk and finish those purchase orders, and we'll go sneaking off to the storage room this afternoon."

Molly felt her cheeks flush at her coworker's compliment. She grinned at Jim and gave him a wink.

"It's a date," she agreed. "Rest that head, stud, and I'll see you in a bit." With that, Molly turned toward

the door to head back to her office, being sure to give her ass a little sway as she went until she knew Jim was out of sight.

Molly practically floated through the rest of her day. It was almost electrifying having Jim back. She hadn't realized how much she missed him until he was right there in front of her. She was a little bummed that the guy she was crushing on was no longer working right next to her in her cubicle, but she still managed to have some fun with him as they dug through storage looking for pictures and plants to dress up his office.

Jim was definitely glad to see her too, she realized. He found excuses to pop by her cubicle several times in the afternoon. He had a couple more minor headache spells while they were working together, but he seemed to snap back pretty quickly.

That night at dinner, Molly and Brad caught up on each other's days while Brad's mother quietly snuck table scraps to the puppy.

"So of course, the big news was that my coworker Jim is finally back from his medical leave."

"That's the guy who's in your cubicle, right?" Brad asked.

"Was in my cubicle," Molly corrected. "They moved him into an office due to his health issues. I'm a little jealous. The thing is huge. It's even got its own bathroom."

"Wow, that must be nice. I'm sure that has to be a bit of a relief to get some distance, considering how awkward you said things had been after the Christmas party."

"Oh, um, right, definitely," Molly lied. In reality, she was a little bummed out that she wouldn't be right next to her work crush every day. They had so much great playful banter today, and all their flirting had her absolutely horny as fuck. Of course, she left those details out of her story. She also decided not to mention that she gave Jim a kiss on the cheek at the end of their shift. It was just harmless fun, but Molly knew Brad and his mom wouldn't understand.

As dinner wrapped up, Molly decided that she needed to do something about her pent-up arousal. She leaned over to Brad, putting her mouth next to his ear.

“Hey stud,” she whispered, “do you think you can get your mom out of here? I’ve been thinking of you all day, and if you get me alone, I might just rock your world.”

Brad took the hint and when his mom announced that she’d go start doing dishes, he found himself telling her not to worry, doing his best to usher her on her way home. After a few goodbyes, his mom grabbed her bag and headed out the door. The door had barely clicked shut before Molly was wrapped around her husband, her tongue exploring his mouth.

As they worked their way to the bedroom and shed their clothes, Molly couldn’t help but appreciate the return of her coworker. Jim just seemed to know how to press all her buttons, and now that she was home with her husband she could reap the rewards.

Putting Jim entirely out of her mind, she pushed Brad down onto the bed and climbed on top of him.