

Trust  
by Pan

## Family

When Anita came home from work, the first thing she noticed was her sister's car parked out the front.

She'd never been particularly close with her sister, but ever since marrying Ted three months earlier, it felt like Bianca was always visiting. Often when Anita was out, strangely. As she approached the house, she noticed that the front door was open. *Not great for the environment*, she told herself – Ted liked to keep the air conditioner on. Leaving the door like that open was so wasteful.

Closing the door behind her, the next thing she noticed was the clothing strewn throughout the hall. She recognized her husband's suit and tie, of course – it was the tie that she'd gotten him for their one-year anniversary – but the dress on the floor wasn't hers, and the bra laying just a few feet away from it was far too big for Anita.

*How odd*, she thought to herself, trying to work out why there would be another woman's bra on the floor.

Many women would've immediately been suspicious, but Anita knew her husband. She trusted him.

He loved her. He'd never cheat on her.

Even as she walked into the living room and found Ted sitting naked on the couch, an equally-unclothed woman laying face-down beside him, she still knew – she *knew* – that there had to be a reasonable explanation for it.

There always was.

"Ahem," she said, and at the sound of her voice, Ted looked up, his face red. *It's funny*, she thought to herself. *That looks like a used condom in his hand.*

But of course, that couldn't be what it was.

Ted would never do that to her.

"Anita!" he said. "You're home early."

"The meeting ran short," she said, craning her neck. Sure enough, that was her sister, laying naked beside Ted on the couch. That must've been whose bra it was – Anita's sister was far bustier than her. Younger, too, by half a decade. It had never quite felt fair, having a younger sister who was several cup-sizes larger than you...but, Anita thought smugly, *she'd* landed Ted, while Bianca was still single.

"Hi, sis," Bianca said sheepishly, and Anita gave her a small half-wave.

"I suspect you're wondering what we're doing..." Ted said, running his hand through his head. He was sweating, as he often did after sex. Not that this was 'after sex', of course – she'd been at work all day, and Ted would never cheat on her.

He would *never* cheat on her.

"I was a little curious," Anita admitted, hoping she didn't sound too possessive or jealous. She loved her husband, and he loved her – they had a great sex life, making love three or

four times a week. She'd never been so happy in a relationship before.

She trusted him completely.

"Your sister, uh, came over because her back hurt."

"That's right," Bianca nodded, causing her large chest to bounce. "I needed your husband." As she spoke, she moved her hand to Ted's bare leg. Anita couldn't help but smile – it was so good to see her sister and husband getting along so well.

"So, um..." Ted said, smiling nervously.

"You gave her one of your famous massages," Anita interrupted. "Say no more."

"That's right," Ted beamed, and Anita felt relief spread throughout her body.

Not, of course, that she'd suspected anything untoward.

Ted would never do that to her.

She trusted him.

"It must have been urgent," Anita continued thoughtfully. "If you stripped off in the hall, Bianca."

"Oh, I needed it *bad*," her sister said, and Anita nodded. That made sense. Except...

"But why were you naked, honey?" she asked, her mouth twisted.

The couple on the couch – well, not *couple* – looked at each other with an expression that almost looked like panic. After a lengthy pause, Ted turned back to her.

"I was in my suit," he explained. "And if I was going to...massage...your sister, I couldn't risk getting any oil on the suit."

"Of course," Anita said with a nod. That explained everything.

"Actually, sis," Bianca said, a look on her face – one that Anita hadn't seen in years, a sort of 'I'm can't believe I'm getting away with this' look that she used to get as a kid – "my back is still feeling a little sore, would you mind if your husband gave me...another massage?"

"Of course not," Anita replied immediately, standing up from the couch. "I'll give you some space."

"Great," Bianca said gratefully. "Maybe don't come back for...forty minutes or so?"

"Better make it an hour," Ted added. "I might even have two massages in me."

"Say no more," Anita chuckled. Her sister really did love Ted's massages. She headed downstairs to collect their clothes and start cooking – perhaps Bianca would stay for dinner.

It wasn't until she'd finished chopping the vegetables that something occurred to her.

Neither of them had massage oil on them?

Before she could finish the thought, the sound of her sister's obvious pleasure came from upstairs, distracting her.

Ted really was a *very* good masseuse

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"Can you drive?" Ted asked. "I'm going to sit in the back with your mother."

"Oh!" Anita replied. The drive to the beach house was almost an hour, and she'd just assumed that...well, her husband would be sitting beside her as they travelled.

As soon as the word came out of her mouth, she realized how selfish she was being. Ted was just being a gentleman, as he always was. She didn't want to be sitting by herself for ...such a long drive so obviously her mother would feel the same way.

"Of course," she said, forcing a bright smile to her face. Really, she should consider herself lucky that her husband liked spending time with her family. A lot of her friends would kill to be married to a man who voluntarily went and visited his mother-in-law, sometimes several times in a week.

"Thanks, honey," her mother said, squeezing her arm gently. "You've got a good man."

"I know I do."

As they began the long drive up the coast, Anita tried – several times – to make conversation, but...well, sound traveled surprisingly badly between the front and back of the car. And despite her husband's height, she couldn't even see him in the rear-view mirror; it was like he was leaning directly over her mother, whispering in her ear.

A few sounds did make their way from the back seat...it almost sounded like gentle moans of pleasure.

"Are you okay, Mom?" Anita asked, and it was several moments before her mother responded.

"Mmm-hmm," she moaned. "Just, um...just talking to your husband."

"Oh."

For a moment, Anita wondered if she should be hurt. She could easily have been included in the conversation, but her husband and mother were...it was almost felt as though they were deliberately excluding her.

*No, she told herself. They've got their own relationship, separate to yours. Of course they'd have things to talk about that don't include you.*

To distract herself, she put on some music.

"Oh!" her mother cried out, a few minutes later. "Oh, *god*."

Anita couldn't help but smile. She really knew her Mom – she'd put on a David Bowie album, her mother's favorite artist. And it sounded like her kindness was paying off; her mother was enjoying the music loudly from the back seat.

"Oh, *fuck*," her mother cried out, and Anita blushed. She had underestimated her mother's love for Bowie, apparently.

In the few seconds of quiet between tracks, she heard a long, satisfied sigh from her mother.

"Having a good time back there?" she teased, but was met with nothing but silence.

Silence, and an occasional moan of pleasure from her mother.

A less trusting woman would've found the entire situation quite suspicious. But Anita knew her husband, and she knew her Mom. When he went over to her house, she knew that they were just catching up. Even the time she'd dropped by her mother's house after work and been surprised to find Ted there.

She'd been even more surprised to find her mother in front of him on her knees, both of them naked...but she'd waited for the explanation before jumping to conclusions.

And she was glad she had. The explanation, when it haltingly came, had been so simple

that she would've been embarrassed if she'd assumed the worst. Ted had spilled some soup on his pants (and had to remove them, of course) – and when Anita's mother had taken the pants, she'd gotten the soup on *her* clothes. Then, when she'd stripped off and handed them back, Ted had gotten the soup on his shirt...and of course, once they were both naked, Anita's mother had realized that the soup might have burned Ted's crotch, and gotten on her knees to check.

Even now, Anita chuckled thinking about it. *What a pair of fools*, she thought fondly.

Eventually, she reached the end of the Bowie album – the last song was a slow, melancholy ballad that allowed her to hear some strange noises coming from the back set – a sort of wet, sucking noise.

Looking in the rear view mirror, she realized that her husband was sitting up straight once more...but he must have been tired, because his eyes were closed.

Anita tried to keep her focus on the road, but it was hard. She was just so in love! She and Ted had a connection like she'd never had with anyone else, he got along so well with her family, and she trusted him. Unconditionally.

As she watched, she realized that her husband must drifted off...and in his slumber, he must have been having a *very* good dream. Every now and again, he'd let out a small sigh or a moan, and the smile never left his face.

Her heart was full. He worked so hard – sometimes staying back late with his secretary three or four times a week – and deserved to relax. She just hoped that he wouldn't be awoken by whatever that strange noise was. It sounded almost like...

Anita blushed as she realized what it sounded like. God, she hoped her mother didn't have the dirty mind that she did, or else she'd be thinking the same thing. And if there was one thing that Anita never, ever wanted to consider, it was her mother thinking about...well, *that*.

"You doing okay back there, Mom?" she asked softly, when the album ended. The strange sucking noise stopped for a moment, and her mother responded with a cheerful "Yes, darling."

"Keep it down a little, okay?" Anita whispered. "I think Ted's having a little nap."

"Don't you worry," her mother responded, a cheeky note in her voice. "I'll take *very* good care of him."

For a brief moment Anita thought that the sound, whatever it was, had ended...but as soon as she stopped talking to her mother, it returned. Fortunately, it didn't seem to be disturbing her husband's sleep – in fact, the louder the noise got, the bigger his grin.

"Oh, *fuck*," he moaned, and – despite Anita's mother having a similar reaction to the Bowie album – the young woman felt like she had to say something.

"Language, honey," she admonished, and her husband opened his eyes, staring at her in the rearview mirror as he twitched and his eyelids trembled, almost as though he was having a stroke.

Anita was almost worried, but a few seconds later he stopped, and his eyes came back into focus.

"Good nap?" she said, and he just nodded, sweat pouring off his brow. "This is our exit!"

Distracted by the route off the highway and onto the beach, it was several minutes before

Anita noticed that her husband had disappeared from the rearview mirror once more. The noise was back, except...well, this one was subtly different. It was harder to hear, too, over the sounds of her mother's light moans.

"We're here!" she declared, turning around to find – to her great surprise – the source of the second noise. Her husband and her mother were making out in the backseat of the car! *No*, Anita told herself. *It only LOOKS like they're making out. I'm sure there's a completely rational explanation for this.*

"Oh, hey Anita," her mother said, her voice husky as she pulled back and shot her daughter a smile.

"We're here?" Ted said, as if coming back to reality. Whatever he'd been doing had apparently held all of his attention for the last several minutes.

"Whatcha doing?" Anita said, and Ted's charming smile immediately made her feel better. She trusted him. Completely.

"Your mother...never learned CPR," he explained.

"So we figured since we weren't doing anything in the back seat anyway..."

"Of course," Anita said, breathing a sigh of relief. "Perfect time for a lesson!"

"Now that we're here," Ted said, "why don't you go for a walk on the beach?"

"You're not going to come with me?" Anita pouted, and Ted shook his head.

"Your Mom is pooped. She wants to lie down, and...well, I could use a nap too. Maybe...an hour?"

"That's a long walk," Anita demurred, but Ted stuck out his lip pleadingly, and she couldn't help but laugh.

"Fine," she said, reaching out and ruffling his hair. Although it already looked quite ruffled, actually. "I'll go for a walk, you sleep with my Mom."

At that, Anita's mother burst into giggles. *Wow*, Anita thought. *She really does need to sleep. Laughing at an ambiguous phrase like that isn't like her at all.*

She was twenty minutes away from the house when she remembered the sucking noise. *I'll have to get Ted to look at that*, she thought to herself. *Maybe he can take it to our neighbor. She's always flirting with him, I'm sure she'll be happy to check it out for him.*

Many women would be reluctant to send their husband to visit a busty neighbor who clearly had a crush on him. But not Anita.

She trusted him.

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Work

Anita was glowing as she stepped into her office. She, like her place of work, was dressed up more than usual: it was her annual Christmas party, and she was excited to show her husband off to her coworkers.

The first person they saw as they came through the large glass doors was her boss, an Asian woman who was a little more than a decade older than her.

"Mrs. Teshima!" Anita said, smiling broadly. "This is my husband, Ted."

"Please," her boss laughed. "Call me Sue. It's a pleasure to meet you, Ted – Anita talks about you endlessly."

Anita stood back proudly as her husband, ever the charmer, stepped forward and took Sue's hand in his. Raising it to his lips, he planted a gentle kiss on it, maintaining eye contact with their hostess all the while.

"Glad to make your acquaintance," he said warmly, and Sue blushed.

"You've got a keeper here," she said to her employee, and Anita couldn't help but agree.

"Can you get your husband and I some drinks?"

"Of course, Mrs. Tesh– Sue."

As she walked away to do as she was told, she heard her boss's tinkling laugh, and sped up. She didn't want to miss out on the joke.

It took her longer than she expected to reach the bar – even though they'd barely gotten a few steps into the building, several of her coworkers had already noticed her husband, and she was stopped several times to answer questions. By the time she got back with drinks (Anita's boss enjoyed champagne, while Ted drank whiskey on the rocks), her boss was chatting happily with her husband, the two of them standing incredibly close.

Many wives would've said 'uncomfortably close', but not Anita. She knew her husband.

She knew she could trust him.

"Anita!" her boss said as she approached. "Your husband is simply delightful."

"Isn't he?" Anita replied, taking Ted's hand in her own.

"You stay here and greet people as they come in," Sue continued. "I'm going to give this fine specimen of manhood the tour."

Anita's first reaction was annoyance – she had come to the party to unwind, not do menial tasks for her boss – but she knew she'd earned a reputation for reliability, and she didn't want to throw that away.

And it certainly couldn't hurt for her husband to spend the evening charming the woman who signed her paychecks.

As Sue took Anita's husband away from her, the young wife noticed their hands were linked. *Wow*, she thought to herself. *They must have really connected!*

It made sense – like Sue, her husband managed a small team. There was his secretary, Ellen; his assistant, Jennifer; his bookkeeper-slash-accountant, Mary; and his most recent

hire, a new junior saleswoman named Kay. Oh, and their intern, Charlie.

For a long while, Anita had assumed Charlie was a man, especially with the way Ted had taken him (well, *her*, as it turned out) under his wing. But one day when Anita had dropped by the office unannounced, she'd met Charlie for the first time, and discovered she was a woman. Well, a girl – barely eighteen.

And definitely, definitely female – Anita had strolled into her husband's office to find Charlie on the desk, flushed and completely naked. She'd been shocked, of course, especially when Ted had emerged from his private bathroom, also naked, covered in sweat.

"I want you again, Charlie," he'd said, before noticing his wife's presence. "Anita!

"Hi honey," she'd said, a smile on her face. Her husband constantly got himself into situations that many – if not *most* – wives would've found extremely suspicious.

But not Anita. She trusted her husband.

And, as always, she'd been right to. It turned out that there was a perfectly reasonable explanation for the intern's nudity.

Charlie had been self-conscious about her body, and Ted took his role as the young woman's mentor seriously. He was more than just her professional mentor, he considered himself responsible for helping her out however he could.

And so he'd considered it his duty to convince her that she had nothing to worry about.

Teenagers are difficult to convince, however, and Charlie had believed his kind words were simply platitudes, and that her clothing covered her worst flaws.

Anita's husband had been left with no option: he'd had to convince the busty teenage girl to strip. And to help her overcome her shyness, he'd offered a quid pro quo, taking off an item of his own clothing for each piece of hers that she removed.

Soon enough, both of them were stark naked. And that was when Anita – always with the worst possible timing – had walked in.

"You really have nothing to worry about," she'd assured Charlie earnestly. "Your body is perfect."

Charlie had blushed and smiled at Anita's praise, and Ted had asked his wife to step outside while he finished with her.

She'd used the time to wonder why her husband had been so sweaty, and what he'd meant by his words when she first entered. As she waited, she couldn't help but smile – Charlie was apparently greatly enjoying Ted's compliments (he really did have a way with words), calling his name out passionately from behind the closed door for the better part of an hour.

Yes, no wonder he and Sue had got along so well. They were both excellent managers.

After manning the door for close to an hour, it seemed like most everyone had arrived, and Anita took the opportunity to go and find her husband. For a moment she wondered if her boss was doing something other than just showing Ted around the building, before slapping the thought back.

*No*, she assured herself. *Of course not*. If the tour was done, they would've come back to find her. Ted practically worshipped his wife – every morning, he told her how happy she made him, and even after three years of marriage, Anita was completely besotted by her man.

There was just something about him that inspired loyalty. For his thirtieth birthday, the girls at his office had organized a lingerie party. Anita had never heard of such a thing, and part of her had wanted to object – Ted and his employees (he'd regretfully informed her that it was a staff-only event) alone for an evening, all of the women wearing nothing but lingerie? But when Ted had explained it to her, it had immediately made sense. The real estate market was doing well, but the women who worked with him had gotten it into their heads that they needed to diversify.

Exactly why a real estate agent would diversify into lingerie sales was beyond Anita...but she'd never had a head for business.

And even after the party Ted must have still been considering it (or perhaps his staff just didn't know how to take 'no' for an answer) because quite often when Anita dropped by, she'd find much of his staff lounging around his office, half-naked.

Even after two laps of the party, Anita still couldn't find her husband. Or her boss. She asked a few of her co-workers, but they either didn't know or seemed to somehow misunderstand the question, dodging her query and asking how her marriage was going.

"Perfectly!" she answered honestly, a broad smile on her face, but for some reason they seemed to find her answer amusing.

Anita blamed it on the alcohol. She still hadn't had anything to drink – she liked to keep a clear head.

She hadn't had anything to drink for years, ever since one night – before they'd even been married – when she'd been drinking with Ted and her best friend, Rosie. When Anita returned from the bathroom, she'd been shocked to find the two of them sitting on the couch, making out.

"What the *fuck* is going on?" she'd asked, shocked. In these situations, she was normally calm and collected, happy to listen to Ted's completely reasonable explanations.

She trusted him.

But the alcohol had muddled her thinking, and in that moment, all she could feel was rage. Jealousy. *Betrayal*.

"It's, um, very simple," her fiancé (as he was at the time) had replied. "There was only one glass of wine left, so Rosie and I were...sharing it."

Years later, Anita knew that it made complete sense. They both loved wine, they were close, and so there was obviously nothing untoward going on. They were just sharing the last glass of wine. Ted loved her, and she trusted him.

She trusted him.

But at the time, Anita had – and the memory still filled her with shame – lost her temper, telling Rosie to get out, telling *Ted* to get out, telling him that the engagement was off, that they were never going to be married...

Rosie had left, but Ted had stayed. And Anita was so, so glad he had.

The next morning, he'd woken her up with a hot cup of tea (her preferred hangover cure) and sat on the side of her bed. In the light of day, she immediately realized how unreasonable she'd been. She'd wanted to call Rosie to apologize, but Ted had insisted that he go over to her house and explain it to her.



He was gone for several hours, and when he returned (strangely sweaty and disheveled; he'd been completely put-together he'd been when he left), Anita was relieved to learn that he'd smoothed everything over.

After that, she never blinked an eye at the sight of the two of them sharing beverages. It even became a bit of a running joke between them; whenever Rosie came over, Ted would immediately take her in her eyes and passionately kiss her, even if neither of them had a drink nearby. Anita knew it was his way of gently teasing her for her overreaction. She would just watch, a smile in her eyes, understanding the gesture for what it was: their way of saying they knew she'd been a fool, and that they forgave her for it.

Anita loved her best friend almost as much as she loved her husband.

And since that night, Anita hadn't touched even a drop of alcohol.

As she passed her boss's office, Anita realized the door was closed...and from inside, she could hear what sounded like Sue's voice. But it didn't sound like she was giving a tour, or talking about the company.

It sounded like she was moaning and gasping with pleasure.

Anita felt her cheeks heat up, but she kept walking. If her boss wanted to shut herself off in her office and touch herself during the Christmas party, that was her business! The real mystery was where Ted had gotten to.

She never even considered that Ted could be in there with her. That he could be the one giving her boss such pleasure, making her moan and cry out with bliss.

She trusted him.

It was almost half an hour later when she finally found her husband. He was covered in sweat, his formerly-immaculate suit crumpled, his hair messy. If it had been anyone else, Anita would've assumed that he'd just had sex...but it was her husband. It was Ted. He'd never cheat on her.

"Where have you been, honey?" she said, reaching up to give him a kiss. He smelled of whiskey and her boss's perfume, but Anita didn't give that a second thought.

"I was...well, I was with Sue."

Anita's eyes widened. If he'd been with her...oh, god. He must have seen the older woman masturbating in her office! Anita was so embarrassed; what kind of a workplace would her husband think this was?

"What were you doing for so long?" she asked, trying to keep the concern out of her voice. Her husband thought for a few moments before responding.

"We were sharing management strategies," he finally said, and Anita's body flooded of relief. Of course – that explained everything. Her boss was so passionate; when Ted had been telling her the specifics of how he ran his real estate business, that must've evoked the extreme reactions Anita had heard through the door.

Anita blushed. And to think, she'd assumed it was the sound of...well, of an orgasm. *I don't know where this dirty mind of mine comes from*, she thought to herself. Certainly not her mother, an absolute paragon of virtue.

"Actually," Ted began, catching the eye of a buxom redhead from the other side of the party – Sally, from accounting. Anita couldn't stand her, she was so loud and obnoxious. But in

the spirit of Christmas, she smiled at the accountant.

Sally didn't seem to notice. She only had eyes for Ted, it seemed. So, now that Anita looked around, did several other women in the office.

Many wives would've been jealous, but not Anita. She knew that her husband was a one-woman man. If anything, she felt proud – the attention he was attracting could only serve to impress her co-workers and raise Anita's position in the office. She clutched Ted's arm, showing him off to anyone wanted to look.

"It might be a good idea if I, uh, 'coach' some of the other employees."

"That's a great idea!" Anita beamed. Okay, so she'd spent the entire Christmas party alone so far...but Ted must have *really* impressed her boss, if she was asking him for help with the rest of the staff. "Go for it, darling."

Ted smiled at her as he made his way across the party and started talking to Sally. Within a few minutes, he was leading her away.

*Wow*, Anita thought, stars in her eyes as she watched her husband work. *Ted must have really left an impression on Sue, if she's letting him use her office.*

Curious about what kind of tips her husband was offering, she stood by the door for a few minutes, but soon had to step away.

Sally was just so *loud*. Anita couldn't stand it.

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Fitness

Anita smiled at the sight of her husband, Ted, standing beside their personal trainer. Five years into their marriage, the couple had started to put on a little weight. Possibly because of how often they went out to eat – there were a bevy of waitresses at their favorite diner who loved the young couple, and insisted they come back regularly. They both loved the food there, and Anita was especially grateful with how patient the staff were. It seemed like Ted's card never worked properly; he always ended up having to take their waitress out the back to sort her tip out manually. If the meals (and service) hadn't been so good, Anita would've found it quite frustrating. Sometimes it would take Ted more than half an hour to get his card working, while she sat alone at the table, patiently waiting for him to return. Or perhaps the weight gain was due to their regular wine and cheese nights. Yes, Anita and Ted had become *that* couple, regularly hosting half the neighborhood for a night of fine drinks and gourmet goudas. Anita never drank, but she loved cheese – perhaps a little too much. And Ted would insist on taking the neighbors' wives down to the wine cellar and showing them the new vintages they'd gotten in. Anita would be left upstairs, chatting to the local husbands as they enjoyed their wine. She often lost track of how long her husband spent showing off his collection. Part of her worried that he was becoming an alcoholic; he'd return red-faced and covered in sweat, hair tussled, and the women he'd taken down with him didn't look much better. But it wasn't hard to quash that thought. She trusted her husband. Whatever the reason, Anita was just glad that their declining fitness hadn't affected their sex life. Four or five times a week, Anita and her husband would still make passionate love. Lately, they'd even increased the frequency...while Anita was ovulating. Yet another reason to do what she could to get into better shape. It hadn't been hard to find a trainer who understood their goals. Her name was Marlene, and she was a former dance instructor. She'd recommended that Ted and Anita start with weekly sessions, but it hadn't taken her long to suggest that Anita's husband partake in additional one-on-one sessions with just her. Many women would've felt threatened by the suggestion – someone as fit as Marlene wanting alone time with her husband. But Anita simply didn't think that way. She trusted her husband. She knew that Marlene simply wanted what was best. And so every Thursday, Marlene would come over and talk the husband and wife through a simple exercise routine: strength training, cardio, flexibility exercises, breathing techniques. On Saturday mornings and Tuesday evenings, Marlene would come over and work out with Ted alone. She'd requested that Anita leave the house during their private sessions. She'd been unsure about that part until Ted had explained it to her: "She doesn't want me to feel self-conscious."

It was almost cute. Anita agreed without hesitation, of course. She just wanted what was best for her husband.

But after leaving on Saturday, Anita realized that she'd left her phone in the house, and doubled back to get it.

That was when she'd seen them. They were standing in the living room – Marlene must have been showing Ted how to hold his body, because they were standing close, their faces practically touching.

Anita hesitated. She felt bad interrupting a session, but she was curious to see exactly what techniques her husband learned during these private sessions.

To her surprise, Ted leaned forward and kissed Marlene, holding her head in his hands. Anita could barely believe what she was seeing as her husband pressed his lips against another woman's.

Part of her expected Marlene to push him away and object...but instead, the young woman's eyes fluttered with pleasure, and she wrapped her arms around him.

It would've been easy for Anita to assume the worse – that her husband was cheating on her, that these 'private sessions' were nothing but an excuse to be alone.

But Anita trusted her husband. And as she watched the two passionately make out, it quickly became clear what was happening.

Marlene had dropped a few hints about giving her husband a 'full-body workout' – well, that was clearly what was happening here. The tongue, after all, was just a muscle – it was obvious to Anita that her husband's personal trainer was simply demonstrating some tongue exercises. That sort of thing must have been difficult to explain in words; much easier to just 'get in there', so to speak, and show him exactly how it was done.

Their exercises led them to the couch, where Marlene again impressed Anita with the thoroughness of her training. Her hands were roaming all over Ted's body: checking for injuries and perhaps even performing some kind of massage. His clothing must have gotten in the way, because soon she was urgently tearing it off...Anita was impressed. She could've asked Ted to disrobe slowly, but...well, she charged by the hour, and she wasn't cheap.

By taking his clothes off as quickly as she could, she was basically saving them money!

Soon, Ted was naked, while Marlene was still wearing her tight workout clothes. Anita was slightly miffed to see that Ted's hands were running over her body, too. *Your job is not to massage her!* she wanted to shout, but she forced herself to calm down. Her husband was a tactile learner, she knew that – the only way he could know how to treat himself if he got injured was to practice on her trainer.

*Marlene is such a good sport,* Anita thought to herself.

She was about to enter and grab her phone when the couple tumbled onto the couch. Anita couldn't quite see what they were doing (the couch faced away from the door) until their upper halves came into view. It looked like Marlene was bent over, with Ted behind her, thrusting repeatedly.

A less-trusting wife would've assumed that the couple were...well, doing something entirely inappropriate. Everything about it looked like that – the passionate look on Ted's face, the

way he was grabbing Marlene's shoulders, her mouth opening with a pleasure that Anita could hear even outside the house...but it didn't take her long to figure out what must have really been going on.

Marlene, clearly, was showing him some kind of exercise – perhaps a yoga position? And Ted was putting 110% into it, just like he did with everything. It was one of Anita's favorite things about her husband.

She smiled at the sight of him thrusting, completing his exercises with complete dedication, and entered the house.

Ted and Marlene froze. "Don't mind me," she said with a smile, and after exchanging a glance, the two resumed their exercise.

"You're doing a great job," Anita cried out warmly as she exited.

She wasn't lying, either. Whatever yoga position Marlene was putting her husband into was really making him build up a sweat.

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Anita would never forget the moment that Ted had impregnated her – they'd been making love on their marital bed when he'd gotten a call. It had been a client – she'd gestured for Ted to take it (business was business!) and he had.

"Oh yes?" he'd asked, a purr in his voice. Anita couldn't help but grin; her husband had no idea how flirty he sounded, even when he was trying to be professional.

Some women would've found it annoying, but Anita only saw the upside. She wasn't blind or stupid, she knew women found him attractive...but her husband was so naïve, he had no idea. And even if he had, she knew he would never stray.

She trusted him.

Anita had the best of both worlds, really. A gorgeous, sexy husband (in the best shape of his life, thanks to his now thrice-weekly sessions with Marlene) who had no idea how attractive he was. She was the envy of every woman in town...and the cherry on top, his accidental flirtaciousness sold a helluva lot of houses.

"How wet?" he asked, his eyes nervously flicking to hers for a second, and it took Anita a moment to realize that he must be talking about the cellar of a house he was selling. "Oh wow – that's impressive."

Anita was sitting on top of him, her favorite position. When he'd gotten the call she'd stopped moving, but to her surprise, Ted was starting to thrust.

*Oh, I see what you're doing,* Anita thought with a blush. *Talking business while we make love. VERY naughty.*

She loved it.

"Well, I'm sure that's something I could help with," Ted said in a low voice, using his other hand to grab his wife's hip as she began grinding slowly on him once more. "If you think you could handle the size."

Anita couldn't make out what the woman on the other end of the phone was saying, but it sounded like she was very excited by the idea of a bigger house or apartment. Sounded

like her husband was about to make another huge commission!

"That's so hot," he groaned. Must've been a house without air conditioning. It was funny, if she closed her eyes, she could almost pretend her husband was talking to her about sex (something she knew he'd never do with someone else). It was so cute, the way he phrased things sexually without even realizing. "But I'm sure you can take it."

For the next few minutes, Anita ground on her husband's dick while he talked business with a client. She was barely listening; Anita loved how much her husband enjoyed his job, but she really didn't care about business. Anita didn't really pay attention as he spoke about filling his client up up (with hope, presumably) and taking her on the kitchen table (a little forward, to admit that he was going to get a huge commission from her...but her husband's straightforwardness was a big part of his charm, and why she trusted him so much) until one phrase caught her ear.

"You're such a naughty girl."

Anita froze. She really hoped her husband wasn't dealing with someone who treated the law with anything but the utmost respect. That was something she'd always liked about her relationship with her husband – it was built on trust, and you didn't get that with...insider traders or the like.

"No," he continued. "She has no idea."

This time, Ted's eyes stayed on his wife, and Anita almost gasped. He was talking about her!

As he continued thrusting into her, a smile crept across Anita's face. Perhaps her husband wasn't as naïve as she'd assumed. He must have picked up on the fact that this client was flirting with him, called her out on it, and then (in response to her concern for his marriage, Anita assumed) assured her that her flirtatiousness hadn't hurt his wife's feelings.

*Well*, she thought to him. *Better let him keep on thinking I have no idea. Men do need to think they have their little secrets, after all...*

She tried to keep her face neutral as she continued riding him, and – flirtation rebuffed – continued telling his client about the house.

"That's right, baby," he said (interesting name, Anita thought, but probably pretty common, considering the popularity of *Dirty Dancing*). "I'm gonna fuck you so hard."

*Careful, Ted*, she thought to herself. *There's charmingly honest, and then there's pushing it...*

She knew he was, of course. Her husband pushed a hard bargain, always getting what he wanted from the clients. He was so incredibly good at selling houses...especially to women, for some reason.

"Oh, god," he moaned. "I'm gonna...I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum inside you!"

Even though he'd somehow dropped the word 'with' from the last sentence, Anita was impressed. Her client must have needed him urgently. And so she was unsurprised when he finished what he was doing (her) as quickly as he could, so that he could go and service his client. Anita groaned with pleasure at the warm feeling of her husband's seed filling her. She'd never get sick of that feeling.

Many wives would've been annoyed that he'd ejaculated so quickly just to go and see a

client, but Anita understood. Her husband's business was important to him.

And, ever the gentleman, he reached between her legs and got her off with his fingers as soon as he was done with the call.

"I'll be back soon," he said with a smile, and Anita nodded. There was no rush. She knew, somehow, that he'd done it. That Ted had impregnated her.

He could go and spend a week with his clients, if he wanted. She knew that he only had eyes for her.

They were going to have a baby!

Trust  
by Pan

Health

“You’re due any day,” the gynecologist said with a smile. “How are you feeling?”

“Really good,” Anita answered honestly.

“And how about you, Ted?” Dr. Steinmetz asked, her eyes softening as she turned to Anita’s husband.

“I’m so excited to be a father,” he said, and Anita’s heart filled with joy at the pride in his voice.

“And you’re aware of the duties that come with it?” the doctor asked. It was all Anita could do not to sigh – it felt like they went through this in every visit.

“Well...” Ted said reluctantly, glancing at his wife.

“Go on,” she sighed, unable to keep the amusement out of her voice.

Without another word, Dr. Steinmetz moved to Ted’s lap. It was all Anita could do not to roll her eyes as their mouths met, and Ted’s hands began roaming the doctor’s body.

Anita and Ted were having a baby girl, and for some reason Dr. Steinmetz was extremely concerned that Ted wouldn’t be able to take care of his daughter – cleaning, feeding, changing...all that stuff. They already had a nanny lined up (Ted, god bless him, had taken care of the entire interview process by himself. Some candidates he’d had to interview four or five times, for up to an hour each time – her husband was so thorough! The group interviews, he’d told her, had been particularly exhausting, but at the end of it he was confident that they’d picked the right girl for the job) but obviously he still needed to know how to parent.

The doctor was particularly concerned that he wouldn’t be able to cope with the, well... biological differences.

As Anita watched, the doctor removed her lab coat, and Ted’s nimble hands began unbuttoning her shirt.

During one of their first appointments, Anita had returned to from the bathroom (the joys of pregnancy, she felt like she needed to pee every few minutes) to find her doctor and husband naked. Her eyes had widened, but as soon as Ted had explained what was happening, she’d calmed down.

Dr. Steinmetz had been giving him an impromptu exam, which was when she’d learned that he was (understandably) more familiar with the male anatomy than female. And so she’d stripped, to give him a thorough demonstration of the female form.

To help him be a better parent, of course.

Anita had suggested that her own body could be used for demonstration purposes – not that she was jealous, or anything like that. She knew that her husband wasn’t looking at their doctor sexually, it was purely educational. She trusted him.

But Ted had reminded her that since she was pregnant, she was no longer representative of the average woman’s form. Forced to agree, Anita had reluctantly sat back and watched



as her husband learned how the female body worked.

Then, as now, Dr. Steinmetz had moved Ted's fingers between her legs. "Washing is very different for girls," she'd pantingly explained. "It's not like a penis where you simply need to wipe it clean – you need to be very careful not to make sure anything enters the vaginal canal."

In Anita's opinion, that would have been explanation enough, but she wasn't a medical professional. And so she'd watched as Ted's fingers had (to fully understand the depth) begun moving in and out of Dr. Steinmetz's vagina.

"Oh god," she moaned, as Anita's leg bounced impatiently. Something always felt off about how much of their appointments was spent educating her husband. She was the pregnant one, after all...but she slapped the thought back as selfish.

She wanted Ted to be the best father he could possibly be. They were in this together, after all.

"You're so good at this," Dr. Steinmetz groaned, before her entire body tensed. "Oh, fuck, *Ted.*"

Anita didn't love the language her doctor used during these demonstrations, but she tried to take them as a good omen. If Ted was getting so much better at understanding the female form, perhaps future demonstrations wouldn't be necessary.

The doctor took a few minutes to recover, then turned to Anita's husband, fire in her eyes. "Time for your examination," she growled, and Anita sighed. Again: despite it being *her* appointment, Dr. Steinmetz had what felt like an inordinate concern for Ted's health. Every session ended in her insisting that he strip naked so the doctor could give him a thorough physical.

Anita pulled out her phone and began scrolling down her Facebook wall as her husband undressed. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy the sight of her husband naked – even after almost six years of marriage, she found him incredibly attractive, and they'd been making love regularly throughout her entire pregnancy.

Anita just didn't think that an OB/GYN appointment was the time to feast her eyes on her husband's form. It didn't feel appropriate.

Dr. Steinmetz apparently had no such compunctions; she stared at Ted with admiration in her eyes. For good reason, Anita was forced to admit – their time with Marlene had really paid off (especially since he'd doubled the number of private sessions he had with her each week) and her husband was in the best shape of his life.

The doctor's examination went the way it always did. She was a very hands-on practitioner, running her fingers across every inch of his sculpted form. "Wonderful," she purred, as her fingers slid down Ted's torso, tracing the contours of his muscles, before her lips landed on his once more.

Anita had been confused about why his doctor's examination required their mouths to meet, but as soon as Ted had explained it, the logic had been irrefutable. The human mouth served as a sort of barometer for the body's fluids and bacteria, and Dr. Steinmetz was so sensitive to the way her patients' mouths tasted, she could use them to diagnose diseases. A quick kiss would tell her more than a full set of labs would.

It must have been a skill shared by her staff, as well, because on more than one occasion Anita had caught her husband locking lips with an attractive nurse or receptionist.

*Funny*, she thought to herself. *She's never diagnosed me like that.*

As the doctor continued to check for changes in Ted's taste, her hand snaked past his abs and grabbed his erection. Before visiting Dr. Steinmetz, Anita hadn't realized how vital the male organ was to overall health. It felt like most of Ted's examinations consisted of their doctor inspecting it for one problem or another – her incredibly perceptive mouth even analyzed the 'unique sweat generated by the groinal region'.

Anita watched dispassionately as Dr. Steinmetz sunk to her knees and took Ted's entire erection in her mouth. With a sigh, the pregnant woman returned to her phone as the doctor began "inspecting" it in great detail, repeatedly lifting her head up and down, her eyes staring at Ted all the while.

The sound was a little distracting, but Anita amused herself by liking all the "congratulations!" posts they'd gotten from their pregnancy announcement. They'd gone all out, hiring a photographer for the occasion – she'd had some pretty wild ideas for the shoot, most of them involving Anita and Ted in the nude. Ted had insisted that Anita see exactly what the final photos would look like, asking the photographer to strip off and posing in the pregnant woman's stead so she could watch.

In the end, they'd gone for a classy, fully-clothed reveal, but Anita would never forget the hour she'd watched Ted and the photographer pose, their bodies pressed against each other, their mouths rarely leaving the other's, Ted's hands on her breasts and her ass and touching her between her legs. And when she'd returned from the bathroom, Anita had found the door to their bedroom (where the shoot was taking place) locked, and had to wait outside for over an hour. Ted and the young photographer must have gotten so lost in pretending that she was Anita, they hadn't even realized she wasn't with them.

She had no idea what they were doing inside the bedroom, but whatever it was, the photographer had sounded like she was having a very good time.

After ten minutes of the doctor's inspection, Ted's body tensed up, and Anita looked up from her phone. She'd never known her husband to be nervous about...well, *anything*, but after a lengthy examination of his groinal region, it was like he had a little panic attack. He got sweaty, tense...truth be told, it looked almost the same as when he had an orgasm.

But Anita knew her husband. He'd never do anything like that in a doctor's office, for one.

And more importantly, she knew he'd never cheat on her.

"Your turn," Dr. Steinmetz said, standing up and wiping her mouth. Anita sometimes felt a little uncomfortable when her doctor was anything less than professional. In this case, her attitude felt almost...flirtatious? Saucy?

"With pleasure," Ted growled. Great, now he was doing it too. At least from her husband's end, Anita knew it was completely unconscious. He wasn't flirting – he'd never hit on another woman – but he was so empathetic, he must have been inadvertently imitating the doctor's tone.

Ted sank to his knees in front of the doctor, and Anita sighed. He looked up at her, disappointed.

“We don’t have to do this,” he said, and the pregnant woman blushed.

“No,” she said. “Please. I’m sorry.”

“I mean it,” he said earnestly. “I don’t want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable.”

Anita’s face split into a wide smile. She just felt so heard, so respected. She loved her husband so much. “I mean it too,” she said warmly. “I want you to do it.”

“You hear that?” Dr. Steinmetz broke in, slightly (in Anita’s opinion) spoiling the moment.

“She *wants* you to do it. Now, if we can proceed.”

After giving his wife another quick look of reassurance, Ted leaned forward. To most people, what followed would have looked like he was performing oral sex on the doctor, but of course Anita knew it was nothing like that.

Her eyebrows furrowed. What *was* he doing? When Dr. Steinmetz was inspecting Ted’s member with his mouth, she was doing it as part of a checkup. She was just applying her medical expertise.

So why was Ted’s tongue skillfully (and Anita knew exactly *how* skillfully) licking the doctor’s lower lips, her clit, occasionally burying deep inside her and tasting her wetness from the source?

Anita genuinely didn’t know. Perhaps it was a tongue exercise, or to better develop his knowledge of the female form.

Well, whatever it was, Dr. Steinmetz was giving him enthusiastic and unfiltered feedback.

“Yessss,” she moaned. “Oh god, yes! Oh, yes! Yes, yes, yes, yes!”

*I guess it doesn’t really matter, Anita told herself. They wouldn’t be doing it if it wasn’t important.*

The pregnant woman tried to bury her head back in her phone, but it was impossible to ignore the loud feedback that her doctor gave her husband, while she was sitting right next to them. “You’re so good at this,” she moaned. “I’ve never had anyone be so...fucking... good at this...”

It was nice to know that her husband was doing well. It felt like it boded well for what he’d be like as a parent.

Ted’s education continued, the doctor continuing to give effusive feedback until her cries of “Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck” were followed by her entire body tensing, her eyes rolling back into her head, and a long loud sigh of what sounded like pleasure (but Anita knew was just pride) emerging from her mouth.

When she was done, she pulled Ted up and inspected his mouth once more – presumably just to check that no bacteria had been transferred from her privates to his mouth. The inspection went on for several minutes before she was satisfied, releasing Ted from her grip and standing up in front of the married couple.

“Now,” she said brightly, completely unselfconscious about her naked state. “Anita, is there anything you’d like to discuss with me privately?”

As she always did, Anita considered the question before shaking her head. She was feeling confident about the baby, about her marriage – and of course, she trusted Ted. There was nothing she wouldn’t say in front of him.

“And Ted,” Dr. Steinmetz said, a sudden fire in her eyes. Part of Anita wondered if her

doctor had a teeny crush on her husband. It would make sense; she was almost as familiar with his spectacular body as Anita was, and the man had a certain charm. Women loved him.

If she'd been a jealous person, or had anything but complete faith in her husband, this attention from the attractive naked professional in front of her would've worried Anita. But she knew there was absolutely nothing to worry about. Her husband would never cheat on her. He probably didn't even notice how large Dr. Steinmetz's breasts were, even when he'd spent an entire session sucking on her nipples (as part of his education on breastfeeding.)

"I think we should continue discussing what we talked about last week, don't you?"

"Yes, Dr. Steinmetz," Ted said, throwing his wife an apologetic look. She returned it with a smile, unsteadily getting to her feet and returning to the waiting room.

Ted hadn't told her what he discussed with the doctor during their long, loud private sessions, and she hadn't asked. Their relationship was built on a bond of complete confidence in the other – if it was something she needed to know, Anita knew that he'd tell her. Since he hadn't, it obviously wasn't.

She trusted him.

Trust  
by Pan

## Birth

Anita would never forget the day she gave birth to her daughter.

The contractions started late in the afternoon, and although they were far from painful, they persisted throughout the night. By midnight, Ted had been so nervous that Anita had insisted they call in their support team: her sister, her mother, and their doula, Maria – a Hispanic woman with a calming presence and a reassuring voice.

Maria was the first to arrive; when she'd seen Ted pacing back and forth she'd taken his hands in hers and gently guided him to sit down.

Anita almost laughed; Ted was freaking out far more than she was (men!) but as Maria leaned forward and pressed her forehead against his, he seemed to calm down.

Maria's hand reached up to comfortingly rub Ted's temple; in turn, he reached forward and cupped her large breasts. Anita's brow furrowed for a moment, before reminding herself that it wasn't sexual. He was stressed, and everyone knew that nothing calmed a man down as quickly as getting his hands on a pair of big, soft breasts.

Looking down at her own chest, Anita couldn't help but sigh. Even now, at the end of her third trimester (her due date had almost been a week earlier) her breasts had never grown past a C-cup.

Her husband had never expressed a desire for her to be anything other than who she was, however. Even through nine months of pregnancy, they'd continued making love almost once a day. Anita was completely secure in how attracted her husband was to her; she felt utterly adored.

And she trusted him.

So Anita didn't bat an eye as Maria moved her hand down and unzipped her husband's trousers. Rubbing his temple had been so effective at calming him down, she'd clearly decided to apply the same technique to another sensitive part of the man's anatomy.

Ted let out a soft moan as the young woman's fingers snaked around his cock, and he let out a low moan.

"Relax," Maria said quietly. "It'll be alright."

Ted nodded, smiling at her. Anita sighed with happiness at the sight of them, her husband and her doula, both so focused. Everything was going to be alright, she was sure of it.

The young woman must have decided that the lower rubbing was more effective than focusing on the temple, because she dropped to her knees and moved her other hand to Ted's cock.

The door opened, and for a moment Anita's heart quickened – her sister's eyes widened at the scene she'd walked into: Maria, on her knees in front of Anita's husband, her slim hands moving up and down his erection.

It would have been so easy for her to get the wrong idea...but, not for the first time, Anita was impressed by how open-minded her sister was.

A few months earlier, Bianca had walked in while Ted was explaining to Anita how he'd ended up in another unfortunate predicament. Their busty neighbor had been having trouble with her sink (which was why she was naked, she'd had to strip off her wet clothes) and no matter how many times he'd tried to explain the plunging process, she just wasn't getting it.

Eventually, Ted had told Anita, he'd been so frustrated that he'd been left with no choice than to demonstrate how it worked. Using their sink wouldn't make it clear enough, so he'd used his cock to represent a plunger, and the neighbor's privates to stand in for the sink.

Anita had completely understood, of course (she secretly thought her neighbor had fewer brains than a field of carrots) and had sat at the kitchen table to patiently wait as the demonstration finished.

When Bianca had entered, Anita had worried that she might not be as accepting of Ted's explanation...but her sister had immediately accepted what was going on. In fact, she'd confessed that she didn't understand how a sink worked either.

It had taken almost two hours for Ted to properly explain the process to the two women, his wife watching all the while.

Anita's entire body felt like it was clenching as she was hit by another contraction. By the time she was able to relax again, Bianca's top was already off, her large breasts available for Ted's empty hands. Like Maria, she must have had an instinctive knowledge of what would calm Ted down...in fact, she took it even further, bringing Ted's mouth to suckle at her nipple.

"That's it, baby," Maria said, looking up at Anita's husband with a smile. "Suck on those tits. That's right."

She'd used similar language during one of her many breast-feeding explanations. Anita was so glad to have such a supportive team around her as she gave birth.

By the time Anita's mother arrived, Bianca was totally naked, grinding her privates against Ted's face (a logical extension of the comfort of sucking on big breasts, Anita told herself) and Maria was moaning with pleasure as her hands travelled up and down Ted's erection. Anita's contractions were strong but steady, still twenty minutes apart.

Again, the pregnant woman had a moment of panic at what her mother would think at the sight of the two women helping Ted relax...but she didn't miss a beat either, throwing her daughter a smile before going to join in.

*Of course, Anita thought to herself. She's given birth three times, she's very used to this.*

Anita's mother must have been overcome with gratitude for what the doula was doing for her family, because she knelt beside Maria and gave her a kiss of thanks.

Maria kissed her back with gusto, and soon the two women were...well, if it hadn't come from such a wholesome place, Anita would've been forced to call it making out. Her mother hadn't even batted an eyelid at the sight of Bianca, nude and riding Ted's face...perhaps to make her daughter feel more comfortable, the older woman quickly stripped off as well, and soon both the members of the pregnant woman's family were nude as the (still fully-clothed) doula rubbed the erection of Anita's husband.

What happened next was inevitable, really: Ted's body couldn't tell the difference between

help relaxing and...well, a hand-job! He moaned against Bianca's crotch as his cock throbbed and began shooting a huge load over the two women kneeling in front of him.

Anita blushed, but her family surprised her again. They weren't nearly as prudish – in fact, to make sure Ted didn't feel self-conscious about having an orgasm, Bianca began faking a long, loud orgasm of her own, crying Ted's name and arching her back. She even managed to simulate squirting, her faux girl-cum spraying across Ted's face and dripping down to his chest.

Anita had no idea how she'd managed that; she was just happy to have such a loving, supportive sister.

The two women at his feet continued to milk him for several minutes after he came, until he finally slumped back onto the couch, panting heavily.

"You doing okay, honey?" he asked as Bianca climbed off him, and Anita's heart swelled. Even with how stressed he was, she was still his first thought.

"Doing great," she replied through gritted teeth; he'd asked just as another contraction was approaching, and she knew in a few moments that was all she'd be able to think about.

"We're right here with you," Maria said from across the room, before lowering her mouth to clean Ted's seed off the naked body of Anita's mother. *She's so considerate*, Anita thought, as the new contraction began to hit. *Making sure that Ted doesn't feel guilty about the mess.*

An hour later, the contractions were starting to get stronger, and Anita began to moan in pain through them. She tried to keep it as quiet as she could – Maria had needed to strip off her cum-coated clothing, and the three women were making sure that Ted was as comfortable and well-taken care of as possible. Occasionally one of them would glance over at Anita, but she always waved them off.

She didn't want to be an inconvenience.

After Ted had shot his third load over the three naked women (rubbing his erection seemed to be the most effective way of calming him down) Maria suggested that this was the last chance Anita would have to get some sleep. Anita and Ted made their way to the bedroom while the three women cleaned up the living room (and each other).

She slept fitfully, worried that she was keeping Ted up with her moans of pain. Once, when she woke, she found her mother holding her hand, comforting her through a particularly painful contraction. She must have still been dreaming, because Anita could have sworn that she was sitting on Ted as she did, rocking back and forth, still naked.

Another time, Anita opened her eyes to see what looked like Bianca on all fours, Ted fucking her from behind, while she performed cunnilingus on a spreadeagled Maria. This one she *knew* was a dream, of course – her husband would never, ever cheat on her. The idea of him doing so while she was in the process of giving birth – with her sister, at that! – was completely removed from reality.

The strangest dream of all was one where her mother and sister were making out, making love – naked bodies intertwined on the bed beside her, moaning with pleasure – as Ted and Maria fucked. The four of them cried out in simultaneous orgasm, loud enough to wake Anita up.

It was so real, Anita could smell the women's arousal, her husband's sweat. It felt like she could reach out and touch them...but just as she was about to say something, to confirm to herself that it was real, Ted shot her a soft, comforting smile, and she fell back asleep.

By morning, she was already three centimeters dilated, and by lunchtime she was five. Ted slept for most of the morning; Anita guiltily realized that her cries of pain must have kept him awake. Bianca and Anita's mother slept late too, but Maria was awake (but bleary-eyed).

"Don't worry about it," the younger woman smiled, making herself a coffee. "Barely sleeping is part of the job."

Anita wanted to ask why Maria hadn't slept – the guest room they'd put her in was far enough away that she should've been insulated from the sound...but she answered her own question. *Because she was a professional.* This was her job, and she was going to prioritize Anita's comfort above all else.

And the comfort of Anita's husband, of course. The contractions were coming thick and fast, but the doula was amazing; as each contraction hit, she would kneel in front of Anita, pressing her palms against the woman's belly and humming softly. She was so good at this; no wonder she'd been so effective in calming Ted down the previous night.

When her contractions were four minutes apart, Maria made the call to drive into the hospital. Ted and the two other women were awakened, and after a quick shower (together, to save time and water), they got into the car.

Maria insisted on driving, with Anita in the passenger seat. Even through the pain, she couldn't help but smile as the streets and trees flew by, until her joy overcame her and she couldn't resist voicing it.

"I can't believe we're doing this," she sighed with happiness. "Ted; Mom; Bianca...I'm having a baby! I'm having a baby girl."

The moans of pleasure from the back seat told her that she wasn't the only one who was excited.



Trust  
by Pan

Labor

“Don’t you worry about a thing,” the nurse said, grasping Anita’s hand tightly. “You have a whole team here to take care of you.”

Anita was laying in bed in the labor ward, hooked her up to several monitors to monitor her vitals. Another nurse had helped her undress and change into a hospital gown, while a third was reading over her chart.

In fact, looking around, the room was awash with nurses. Anita didn’t know why there were so many (they surely couldn’t all be here to take care of her) – fortunately, her husband had taken charge, hugging each new nurse as they came in and introducing himself.

For a moment, Anita wondered if her husband’s family were donors to the hospital...they’d been given one of the largest private rooms (definitely not something they could afford). As well as her hospital bed, it had a privacy screen with Ted’s cot (if you could call it that, it looked large enough to fit three!) behind it.

“It’s so that I can get some sleep,” Ted had explained. “We don’t know how long this is going to take, and I’ll need my...rest.”

As he spoke to Anita, all the nurse’s eyes were on him.

“But why do we need the screen?” Anita asked. In response, one of the nurses bit her lip and gave a moan. Another stepped forward to check Ted’s saliva, drawing him to her and thoroughly exploring his mouth with her tongue.

“Sorry?” he said, when he finally pulled away.

“The screen,” Anita repeated patiently.

“Childbirth can get messy,” he said. “You know that. If I’m trying to rest – remember, this might be the last good night’s sleep I get in a long while! – and I sit up and sees the ‘miracle of birth’...well, that’ll ruin my chances of getting back to sleep, won’t it?”

Anita was forced to admit that the explanation made sense. And when one of the nurses grabbed Ted and took him behind the screen – and two other young nurses followed – she couldn’t see a thing, so she knew he couldn’t either.

“What are you doing behind there?” Anita asked, when they didn’t reemerge. All she could hear was panting and moaning, almost like...

No. No, that wouldn’t make any sense. She was literally *in labor*, there was no way her husband was...

“Honey?”

After another moment, Ted’s voice rang out firmly.

“The nurses are talking me through what’s going to happen. What the birthing process is like.”

Anita nodded. Of course; with how nervous her husband was about the whole thing, it made sense that they’d be giving him a quick refresher. Although...

“Isn’t that what Dr. Steinmetz ran you through last week? It made the appointment run over

by an hour, remember?”

She remembered it well. She'd been sitting in the waiting room, fatigued and heavily pregnant. When Ted had finally emerged, sweaty and mussed, he'd told her that the explanation had been *extremely* thorough.

There was another long pause before Ted replied. “Yes, but...you know what a scatterbrain I am!”

His wife couldn't help but smile at that. True. Almost every year, he forgot their wedding anniversary – Anita would come home to find not the flowers and surprise dinner that she secretly hoped for each year, but her husband with a guest. Earlier that year, while Anita was in her second trimester, it had been their accountant, an attractive woman named Cathy.

Ted explained to Anita that Cathy had come over to run the couple through some numbers (not realizing the significance of the date). When she'd found Ted alone, she'd been about to leave, but Ted had insisted that she stay and have a glass of wine.

“Of course,” Anita had nodded. She didn't want her husband to be rude to their accountant. Apparently the two of them had gotten into a bit of a friendly debate – Ted, for whatever reason, was convinced that lingerie was tax-deductible. To prove his point, he'd shown Cathy how much lingerie he'd bought Anita over the years.

Anita loved him so much. He was so kind and loving. She couldn't believe how lucky she was to have such a generous man all to herself.

“Apparently I was wrong,” Ted had explained. “Lingerie isn't automatically tax-deductible. But I still think it was a great investment, and I was determined to prove it to Cathy.”

That's why, on the night of their anniversary, Anita had come home to find their accountant in her bed, wearing her lingerie. She'd been shocked – and furious – until Ted had explained it to her, and Cathy had confirmed his story.

“But why was he on top of you?”

Ted and Cathy had exchanged a glance, but the explanation had been as simple as it was logical. As a bustier woman, Cathy had been stretching out Anita's favorite bra – Ted had hoped that by stripping down and getting on top of the accountant, he'd be able to force it back into shape with his body.

It hadn't worked, but Anita couldn't fault her husband for trying.

“Well,” she reassured him from the hospital bed. “I'm glad you're getting a refresher course. Just make sure to come out in time for the birth itself!”

Anita laughed, expecting her husband to join in. Instead, he let out a low moan – a strange response, but everyone reacts to the stress of childbirth differently.

It was immediately joined by the soft moans of the three women behind the screen with him. Before she could wonder too hard about what was happening, Dr. Steinmetz entered. Anita was thrilled to see her OB-GYN; the doctor said something, although Anita couldn't make it out over the increasingly-loud moans coming from behind the screen.

“What was that?”

“I said that you're almost done,” the doctor said, smiling. “You're at nine centimeters now, and it shouldn't be more than an hour or two until we can start pushing.”

Anita could barely contain her excitement. Her contractions were becoming more intense, but after checking her vitals and saying hi to one of the nurses still in the room, Dr. Steinmetz joined Anita's husband behind the screen.

The next few hours were the most intense of Anita's life. Her husband (eventually) emerged, sweaty and red-faced, to hug his wife and hold her hand as she began to push. She felt so loved and cared for, especially when her family returned and joined Ted by her side.

The birth was fast and easy, and it wasn't long before the two of them were holding their daughter in their arms. The nurse handed the infant to Ted; she was perfectly healthy, and already crying.

"Hi baby," Ted whispered, his voice cracking as he gazed down at the tiny bundle. His first words to her. "My little princess."

Anita just watched, grinning, as Ted kissed the top of their daughter's head.

"You should get some rest," Maria told her – the doula had taken the birth itself as an opportunity to get a few hours of sleep in – and the nurse removed the newborn from Ted's arms

Anita wasn't tired, though. She'd never felt so proud in her life. She felt like she could do anything. But as Anita watched, smiling, as Maria leaned forward to give Ted a long congratulatory kiss on the mouth, she felt the weariness overtake her, and she fell into a restless sleep.

When she awoke, it was to a room full of smiling faces. Apparently word had gotten out that the baby had arrived, because it felt like her entire extended family was gathered in the room with her.

There was a broad smile on her face as she looked around, freezing when she saw them.

Antia felt bad for her reaction upon seeing the twins. They were about a decade younger than her, and she'd spent a lot of her high-school years babysitting them: she'd thought of them as the Terror Twins.

Not particularly original, but completely accurate.

Anita didn't hate anyone. She was generous, kind, thoughtful – she loved her husband, she loved her family, she loved her friends...

But her cousins?

They'd been a pair of blonde devils. No amount of money had been enough to justify spending her evenings watching them as they derided her looks, talked back, and generally caused chaos wherever they went.

She'd been paid fifteen dollars an hour – far more than any of her school friends made from their part-time jobs – but as soon as she'd started college, she'd happily given up both the responsibility and the income.

Even at the age of eight, the two girls were...precocious. That was a polite way to put it.

And now here they were, all grown up. Anita hadn't seen them in several years, but it was clear that the pair had blossomed when they'd turned eighteen. They could've passed for twenty-somethings: they were both tall and pretty, with long blonde hair, bright smiles...and two sets of the largest tits that Anita had ever seen on teenage girls.

She hadn't *wanted* to notice, but the two of them were dressed to show them off, wearing

low-cut tops that left little to the imagination.

Anita shot a glance at her husband – sure enough, he'd noticed as well. She tried to get his attention, but he was staring straight at the Terror Twins' chests, practically drooling.

"Ted!" she said, more firmly than she intended. She knew that her husband had a wandering eye, and she didn't mind. She knew that he'd never cheat on her.

She trusted him.

But something about the way he was staring at her cousins bothered her. The twins weren't even old enough to drink!

"Hi girls," he said, a huge smile on his face. "Great to see you again."

"Uncle Ted!" the two girls exclaimed, running over to hug him from both sides at once. Anita had never been able to tell the two of them apart – they were not only identical twins, but their personalities were identical too.

In the new mother's arms, her baby stirred, drawing her attention. When she looked up again, she noticed that Ted's hands had moved down to the two girls' pert, perfect asses.

"Ted!" she exclaimed. He looked over at her, an innocent expression on his face.

"Are you okay, honey?"

She gestured at his hands with her eyes, not wanting to embarrass him in front of her whole family...but no one but her seemed even remotely perturbed as the new father practically groped the two young women.

In response, Ted just laughed. "It's okay, darling. The girls were just telling me about their new dresses. You should feel this material, it's amazing."

Anita blushed. She knew she was sleep-deprived from childbirth, but still...to jump to such an unreasonable conclusion was embarrassing. Obviously Ted wasn't going to do anything untoward with the pair of eighteen-year olds. In the room with his newborn daughter. And her entire family.

And *her*.

"Sorry, honey," she smiled. "Your dresses look lovely, girls."

"We know," they chorused in unison, and Anita bit her tongue to prevent another unjustified remark from passing her lips.

Another relative asked a question about the child, and Anita's attention was drawn back to the reason they were all there. She really was a perfect little baby.

When she looked up again, her eyes practically bugged out of her head. At a glance, it looked like Ted's pants were down, his dick was out, and the twins were competing to see who could get the most of it down their throats.

But she didn't want to jump to conclusions *again*.

"T-Ted?" she asked, and her husband looked up, a goofy smile on his face.

"Oh, hi honey," he said, as though he'd forgotten she was there.

He hadn't. She knew that. He loved her and she loved him. They were so happy together.

Especially today, the first day of their new perfect little family.

"What're you doing?" she asked, unable to stop a note of nervousness entering her voice.

Ted thought for a moment before responding.

"Well," he began, breathing more heavily than he had been a moment ago. "You know how

susceptible babies are to illness? Your cousins are worried they might...have something.”  
“Okay...” Anita said cautiously. If they *were* sick, that would be potentially disastrous for the newborn babe.

“So I’m checking for, uh, phlegm. Or...polyps.”

Anita’s eyes dropped. As he’d been giving her the completely reasonable explanation, Ted had lowered the right-hand twin’s top, allowing her plump breasts to fall into view.

“Or discoloration,” he added, and Anita nodded, grateful that she hadn’t blundered into embarrassing her husband again.

With a smile, she let him continue his examination – it proceeded to get more and more thorough over the next half-hour. Soon enough, both twins were naked, the three of them covered in sweat. But whenever Anita tore her attention away from whichever relative was asking to hold the baby, Ted immediately caught her eye.

He was so focused on her, and so attentive to her needs. She loved him so much.

“Oh god oh god oh GOD,” one teen cried out.

“Can you keep it down?” Anita asked, her eyes widening at the sight of her husband’s cock sliding in and out of the teenager’s wetness. “Ted!!”

“Just...checking...for discharge...”

*Oh!*, Anita thought to herself in relief. *Gross.*

Her curiosity sated, she turned back to her family.

It wasn’t long before, with a loud bellow, the examination was done. Ted sounded *very* happy that the girls were cleared, removing his softening cock. It looked like there *was* discharge leaking out of the twin he’d just finished examining – a creamy substance, dripping out of her and coating Ted’s cock.

But Anita didn’t say anything. She trusted Ted to do a thorough job.

The three of them got dressed, and Anita’s husband approached the bed. Anita didn’t love the way the girls were hanging off him...but she knew that teenage girls got crushes, and she didn’t want to say anything.

At the sight of the cooing baby, the twin on Ted’s left asked the question that everyone in the room had been avoiding.

“What’s her name, Aunty Neat-Freak?”

Anita bristled at the nickname – she hadn’t thought about it in almost a decade – but answered proudly.

“We’re going to call her Katherine. Katy, for short.”

“You should call her ‘Kitty,’” the twin on Ted’s right chirped. “Because she’s so cute and cuddly!”

Anita opened her mouth to object, but before she could, her husband and the rest of the room burst into laughter, voicing their approval – and from that moment on, their daughter was ‘Kitty’.