

Trust

by Pan

Fitness – 1

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.