

Trust

by Pan

Teach

“Kitty is so lucky to have you,” the beaming woman said.

Anita agreed, though not necessarily for the reason the teacher meant.

Kitty was almost six, and while Anita loved her daughter, she didn't always *like* her. In fact, it was difficult to remember the last time she'd truly enjoyed spending any time with her daughter.

She often felt guilty about it...especially when she compared herself to her husband. Ted worshipped Kitty, and he took every opportunity to spend time with her. He read books to her, played with her, cuddled with her...he did everything with her that she wanted.

Anita wasn't jealous – Ted had the exact relationship with their daughter that she wanted him to have. Hell, he had the relationship that *she* wanted to have; Anita had always imagined herself being as close with her daughter as she was with her own mother. Someone she could be girly with, someone who would see her as her world, and vice-versa.

Instead, whenever Anita and Kitty were together, there was a strange, undefinable distance. Like Kitty was just killing time with her mother until her father, the true center of her universe, returned home.

Anita wanted to sigh, but instead forced a smile. The teacher was right; Kitty was lucky to have a mother who loved her, who always put her first, who was there for her no matter what. She just didn't know that Kitty was also lucky to have a mother who was as good at hiding her true feelings as well as Anita was.

“Thanks,” she said. “I try my best.”

She didn't like having secrets, but...well, she didn't see any alternative.

The door opened, and Anita's face lit up as Ted entered. She still got a thrill whenever she saw her husband; there was just something about him that made women swoon, and Anita was no exception. After years of marriage, he still looked gorgeous, the hints of grey in his hair only serving to make him look more distinguished.

He stopped in front of her, and bent down to kiss her hello. His lips had a strange taste on them, and for a moment Anita thought it seemed familiar...before dismissing the thought. He'd just come straight from work, after all. Must have had fish for lunch.

“Hey, baby,” he smiled down at her, before turning to the teacher. "And you are...?"

“Mrs. Carras,” the teacher tittered, and Anita hid a smile. Sure enough, no woman was immune

to Ted's charm.

The smile disappeared as Ted leaned forward and kissed their daughter's teacher squarely on the lips.

"Ted!" she gasped, before she could stop to consider what reasonable explanation her husband might have for kissing a stranger.

He turned to her, an innocent look in his eyes. "Carras," he said gently. "That's a French name, right?"

Anita cocked her head to the side.

"French," Ted repeated, and when his wife's confused look persisted, added another word. "French *kissing*."

Anita felt her face go red. Of course. He wasn't being inappropriate; quite the opposite. He was respecting the culture of their daughter's teacher.

Should *she* have kissed the teacher on the mouth?

"Of course," Ted pondered, "French kissing normally involves more tongue..."

Mrs. Carras didn't resist as Ted reached out, gently pulled her towards him, and spent the next few minutes exploring her tongue with his mouth. Anita just smiled as she watched, rolling her eyes slightly as Ted's hands roamed the teacher's body.

She wasn't about to object, but Anita secretly felt like respecting culture only went so far.

When Ted's lips finally left Mrs. Carras's mouth, they were both panting, and the teacher had a slightly dazed look on her face. Anita checked her watch; they'd been warned that there was a strict time limit for each session, but that concern seemed to have completely left the teacher's mind.

When she finally got her wits together, she gasped something that neither Anita or Ted could understand.

"What's that?" Anita asked politely, hoping that it wouldn't distract them from fulfilling the main purpose of their visit – learning how Kitty was doing in school.

"It's Greek, actually," Mrs. Carras repeated, and Ted's eyes lit up, and he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small bottle of lubricant.

Anita wasn't sure whether it was more polite to watch or look away. She ended up pulling out her phone, scrolling through social media as Ted bent their daughter's teacher over her desk, pulling down her pants and panties, and gently lubricating her asshole before slowly sliding inside it.

The two of them were quite loud as they completed the traditional Greek greeting; this time, Anita accepted that she hadn't been expected to partake upon meeting Mrs. Carras. She didn't have the equipment, after all.

It was almost an hour before her husband grunted, and Anita looked up to see Mrs. Carras's entire body shaking as Ted let out a bellow, before slowly removing himself, having completed the culturally appropriate act.

"Good to meet you," Ted said, pulling his pants up and sitting beside his wife.

"G-good to meet y-you too," Mrs. Carras said, wincing slightly as she shakily lowered herself onto her chair.

"So," Anita said, trying to hide the frustration in her voice. "*Kitty?*"

Mrs. Carras opened her notes, before looking at the clock. "I'm sorry," she said, shaking her head. "We're out of time."

Anita took a deep breath, but before she could reply, Ted interrupted her. "Perhaps we could do this again at a later date."

Mrs. Carras blushed and nodded. "My husband is out of town on Thursday night," she replied immediately. Ted grinned.

"Perfect."

Anita wanted to remind Ted that they didn't have Ryleigh on Thursday night...but it only took one of them to do a parent-teacher interview, after all. Ted could handle it, and fill her in later.

At the age of seven, Kitty joined Scouts. Ted was excited – he'd been a Boy Scout throughout his entire childhood (Anita still thought of him as a big boy scout, in so many ways) and had insisted that both of them volunteer.

"We only really need one parent per group," the Den Mother explained. "But don't worry – it'll be fun teaching your daughter about nature."

Anita opened her mouth to object; she'd assumed that Ted would be the one accompanying Kitty, while she'd be taking care of some other children. But she quickly shut it again. Ted hadn't objected, and she trusted he had a reason.

"How old do Girl Guides get?" Ted asked, and Anita was amused to see the Den Mother blush at the question. She must have been in her sixties, at least, but Anita's husband seemed to have that effect on all women.

"Our oldest troupe are eighteen," she explained, and Ted nodded. "I'll take them."

Driving home a few hours later, Anita was cranky, and had questions.

“You know how Kitty gets,” Ted smiled, glancing in the rear view mirror to make sure their daughter was asleep. “If I was taking her, she would never have left my side. I wanted her to get to know the other kids.”

Anita had to admit her husband had a point. Her daughter had immediately bonded with the rest of the Scouts, and not once had her little girl hit Anita with the standard barrage of questions about where Daddy was.

“And the eighteen year-olds?”

Ted smiled, resting his hand on his wife’s leg as he drove. “I wanted to be a resource. The questions a ten-year old asks – anyone can answer those. I figured if I was working with older kids, my knowledge would be more valuable.”

Anita knew that she was sounding like a stereotypical ‘nagging wife’, but she couldn’t help herself. Like her father, Kitty was a natural leader, and she’d whipped the other kids into a rebellious mood. Anita’s last few hours had been spent trying to keep them in line, and she was tired.

“But why did you want to mentor Girl Guides? You were always a Scout.”

Ted laughed at the question. “Honestly?”

In response, Anita just nodded. The only explanation she could come up with wasn’t a fair one, and she wanted to hear her husband out.

She trusted him.

“The cookies,” Ted said with a laugh. “Boy Scouts are great, but the Guides have Thin Mints.”

Anita couldn’t help but join in with her husband’s laugh. Even now, his charm worked even on her. But when she remembered what she’d seen, she quickly sobered up.

“I came to find you,” she said quietly, trying not to jump to conclusions, trying not to sound suspicious. “When the kids were getting ready to leave, I popped over to your cabin to make sure you were ready to go.”

“Oh?”

Ted didn’t sound worried, and so Anita pushed on.

“You were...they were...”

With a gulp, she forced the words out.

“Everyone in the cabin was...was naked.”

Even though she knew there must have been a reasonable explanation, Anita had been quite shocked at the sight of her husband, stark naked, surrounded by a dozen teenage girls – and the other parent, a woman who looked to be Anita’s age – all similarly undressed.

“Of course we were,” Ted nodded. “We were running hypothetical camping scenarios. That one’s a classic – what do you do if all your clothing gets wet and rots away while you’re in the middle of nowhere?”

Anita nodded. She’d known there would be a reasonable justification for what she’d seen.

“But why were they all kneeling in front of you? With their mouths on your...”

Ted’s brow furrowed for a moment, and then he laughed. “First of all, they weren’t *all* kneeling in front of me.”

“Oh?”

“One of them was lying on her back; she’d been caught in a bear trap. Her clothes had been ripped off by the bear, and she had a wound between her legs. I had just finished demonstrating the best way to stop the bleeding.”

“Which was?”

“Block it with whatever you have handy,” Ted said, smiling at the memory. He didn’t go into detail, and Anita didn’t ask. “That took up a lot of the session; the rest of the girls wanted me to demonstrate that with them as well, but we didn’t have time.”

Anita remembered that there had been one girl laying naked on the ground, a blissed-out look on her face.

“So instead,” Ted continued, “I explained what you do in case of a snake bite.”

Anita nodded, extremely glad she hadn’t accused her husband of anything untoward. He’d just been educating the Girl Guides, exactly as he said. “Suck out the poison,” she said, and Ted squeezed her leg affectionately.

“Exactly,” he said with a smile. “After they demonstrated on me, I had them split into pairs and demonstrate on each other. Both at the same time, to be efficient.”

“Of course,” Anita nodded.

“That was fun to watch,” Ted said with a happy sigh. “And the troop leader – Belinda, her name is, I think you’d really like her – had a great idea.”

Anita wasn’t as confident as her husband that she’d get along with Anita; Ted seemed to get along with *everyone*. Especially women.

“Yeah?”

“Hypothermia is the other big danger when you’re out camping. She said that we should show the girls the most efficient way to preserve heat in a sleeping bag.”

Anita wrinkled her nose as she remembered what she’d learned from her own camping days. “Isn’t that just sharing body heat?”

“Exactly,” Ted nodded. “Naked, of course. So she’s going to come around later tonight and practice with me in our bed. It should only take an hour or two.”

For a moment, Anita wanted to object to the idea of a random woman coming over to lie naked in their matrimonial bed with her husband...but she couldn’t think of a single reason why it didn’t make sense, so she remained silent.

“And if it goes well, we’ll do it with the whole troupe.”

“All at once?”

Ted thought about this for a second. “That doesn’t really make sense, does it?”

Anita glanced at her husband. He was so smart, but sometimes he could get carried away with an idea.

“No,” she said with a smile. “It doesn’t.”

“You’re right,” Ted nodded. “We’ll have to do them one by one.”

Anita blinked. “That’s at least two weeks of nightly visits,” Ted continued, clicking his tongue. “Do you mind scheduling them out for me? I’ll get you the girls’ contact detail, you can see what works best for everyone.”

“Of course not,” Anita said automatically. “I’ll take care of that for you; don’t worry about a thing.”

“Thanks, honey,” Ted replied, shooting his wife a warm smile. “You’re the best.”

