

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.