

Trust

by Pan

Fitness – 1

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 flirtatiousness 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 wasn't really listening; Anita loved how much her husband loved his job, but she really didn't care about that kind of thing. She was barely paying 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 to urgently come inside a potential property. 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!