

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

“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 muddied 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 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.

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!