

Trust

by Pan

Discipline

Anita returned home from the store to find that Ted had unexpectedly come home during lunch.

Their daughter was three years old, and Ted adored her almost as much as he adored his wife. He spent every moment he could with Kitty (despite Anita's best efforts, the nickname for their daughter had stuck).

Not that he had that many spare moments to spend, of course. His job still kept him busy – late nights alone with his team, sometimes even needing to pull an all-nighter to get everything done. But she knew he was doing it all for her, and for Kitty; all the time he spent at work was to set up for their future, to make sure that their beautiful daughter got everything she wanted in life.

Anita was hardly overflowing with spare time of her own, of course. 'Sleep when the baby sleeps, is, it turns out, borderline useless advice: when the baby slept was the only time the new mother was able to feel vaguely human, accomplishing vital tasks like 'the dishes' and 'having a shower'.

Having a nanny helped, but not as much as she'd expected; she'd left Kitty with Ryleigh, the eighteen-year old they'd hired, and used the opportunity to get some shopping done.

Ryleigh was sweet, and Kitty loved her (sometimes it felt like she loved her more than her own mother...though Ms Rachel would always be number one in Kitty's heart) but she seemed to get overwhelmed easily, so Anita tried to only leave her alone when the toddler was asleep.

When she arrived home, she was surprised to hear a loud noise coming from the living room. She put down the groceries and crept forward, not sure what to expect.

Had Anita been asked to list all the possibilities, what she saw wouldn't have made the top hundred. Even the top thousand!

In front of her was Ted, sitting on their couch. That wasn't the surprising part. Ryleigh was bent over his lap as he repeatedly spanked her, the "SMACK, SMACK, SMACK" sound being what had caught Anita's attention.

Strangest of all, Ryleigh was completely naked, her bare bottom growing increasingly red as Ted spanked her.

"Uh, honey?"

Once upon a time, Anita would've thrown a fit at the sight, leapt to the obvious conclusion. And when she noticed that Ted's pants were around his ankles, his hard cock nestled between

Ryleigh's bare body and his own shirt, that would've been enough for Anita to huffishly declare that she was not only leaving, but she was taking Kitty with her.

But over the years, Anita had become aware that she had a horrible tendency of jumping to the wrong conclusions. For example, when Kitty had been just six months old, Anita had woken up from a nap to find Ted on the phone. That would've been fine...except he was standing buck naked, his cock erect, his hand languidly pumping up and down it.

"And what color panties?" he growled, and Anita was shocked. He was clearly, clearly having phone sex – while his wife and infant daughter slept in the next room!

"Ted!" she shouted, and her husband turned around immediately.

He moved the phone to his chest and looked at her inquiringly.

"What the fuck are you *doing*?" she asked, blushing slightly at the look her husband gave her.

"Sorry about this, it's my wife," he said to the other caller, before returning the phone to its muffled position. "Anita, I'm on a call with your aunt."

Anita's mouth fell open. She had no idea how to respond to that – her aunt, Lily (the mother of the Terror Twins) had only met her husband briefly at the hospital. What's more, she was happily married, and had been for decades.

Why was Ted cheating on her with *Aunt Lily*, of all people?

Ted continued to stare at her, and Anita began to blush. She'd clearly gotten something wrong. But the sleep deprivation of new parenthood had messed with her executive function, and she pushed on stubbornly.

"Why are you..."

She gestured to Ted's cock. She knew he masturbated, of course – all men did. But she'd never actually *seen* it.

Anita's husband leaned in conspiratorially. "You know how little spare time we get, honey. I have to use the time when Kitty's asleep as efficiently as I can."

The new mother's blush deepened. Of course. That made total sense. She'd found herself doing similar things, saving time however she could. Ted needed to masturbate, so of course he was going to line that up with something else if he could.

"And...her panties?"

Ted rolled his eyes. "Not *her* panties. *Your* panties. I was asking her for advice on what I should get you, because you've been such a great co-parent. It was *meant* to be a surprise."

Anita wanted to crawl into a hole and die. Ted had been planning a surprise, and her paranoia

had ruined it.

“I’m so sorry,” she mouthed, slumping onto the corner. To make matters worse, Ted’s face was full of the most sympathetic look she’d ever seen.

“Do you want me to call her back later?” he asked, and she shook her head. With a nod, he resumed the conversation, while Anita sat in the corner, feeling smaller than a single atom in a speck of dust.

She didn’t question anything else Ted asked on that call. “What color bra?” “What are you doing now?” “What would you do with me if I were there?” – clearly they’d connected more at the hospital than she’d realized, and were missing each other. He continued pumping his cock all the while, until finally, with a bellow, it erupted, shooting his seed across the living room.

Anita wondered how he was going to explain that to her aunt, but from the other end of the phone, Aunt Lily was making an equally loud noise for some reason. They said their goodbyes (again, more affectionately than she expected from their brief, single meeting) and as Ted went to clean up his mess, Anita stopped him.

“Please,” she said humbly. “It’s the least I can do.”

From that day, no matter how tired she got, she made sure not to jump to conclusions.

And so, when Anita walked in to find Ted spanking their eighteen-year old nanny’s hide raw, she didn’t throw a fit. She didn’t object. She just sat and waited for them to be done, for her husband to explain herself.

It would have made sense to be jealous, of course. The way that Ryleigh was wiggling and moaning with pleasure, her firm ass more than a decade younger than Anita’s...most women would’ve feared that their husband was comparing them as well, and that the middle-aged woman (who’d given birth just a few years earlier) would fall short.

But not Anita. She trusted her husband. Even now, they made love several times a week. She knew he desired her as much as she desired him; he’d always been insatiably attracted to her, and no teenager could ever compete with the love they had for each other, the life they’d shared.

No matter how pert Ryleigh’s glowing red ass was.

“Honey?” she finally asked, when the spanking had ended with what sounded like a long, loud orgasm from the teenaged nanny. If Anita had been a less trusting woman, she would’ve connected the orgasm with Ted’s non-spanking hand, which seemed to be buried in Ryleigh’s clean-shaven pussy.

But she knew her husband would be able to explain what was happening.

“Hello, honey,” he said, his face red with the exertion of what he’d just done. “I’m sorry, I didn’t

see you come in.”

“I was just shopping,” Anita replied with a smile. As a younger woman, she would’ve been bewildered by how calm they were both being. Hell, when she and Ted had first started dating, she probably would have shouted...

But now, after everything they’d been through, she felt no such jealousy or anger. Instead, she simply nodded, and asked with a smile.

“Is everything okay?”

Ted nodded, then glanced down at the teenager over his lap.

“Oh, yes. I was just demonstrating to Ryleigh what a firm, hard spanking looked like.”

Anita pursed her lips. “But darling, we agreed not to spank our daughter.”

“Exactly,” Ted smiled. “I was showing her what *not* to do.”

Anita felt a small wave of relief pass over her body. Of course; she’d known there would be a logical reason for what she’d walked in on. Although...

“And why was she naked?”

Ryleigh and Ted glanced at each other for a second, and Anita momentarily thought that a shared look of understanding passed between them. But it passed just as quickly as it arrived, and Ted turned his attention back to his wife.

“I’ve been spanking her with her clothes on for several weeks now,” Ted explained. Something about that seemed off to Anita, but she let him finish – she knew how much her husband hated to be interrupted. “But it hasn’t really been working. It’s softened by the fabric, you know?”

“It’s true,” Ryleigh nodded supportively. “It doesn’t even leave a bruise.”

“But...why do you need to spank her that hard?”

“To show her what *not* to do,” Ted repeated, looking at his wife as though she were stupid. “If I only demonstrated gentle spanking, she might get confused.”

Anita blushed. It had been quite a stupid question, she realized.

“And your pants?”

“All this exertion,” Ted said, stifling a yawn. “It made both of us work up quite a sweat – I have to get back to work soon, and I didn’t want to do so with pants soaked in perspiration. Someone might get the wrong idea entirely!”

Anita had to admit that was an excellent point. Not everyone was as open-minded as she was. She was starting to feel bad, grilling her husband over such obviously-innocent actions,

especially while he was tired. But there was still one thing bothering her...

“But why are you...”

She gestured at Ted’s hand, which was still between Ryleigh’s legs. In fact, as she looked at it, it was almost as though his fingers were moving, slowly stroking the teenager’s most intimate area.

Ted followed her gaze, and laughed. “Like I said, honey – the sweat. Ryleigh kept almost slipping off my lap! Didn’t you, darling?”

The nanny nodded, and Anita tried to hide her reaction at Ted’s chosen word. She really hated it when he was overly familiar with people they hired. They’d had a maid for a time, and for the entire duration of her employment, he’d called her “his perfect little slut”.

Far too intimate, in Anita’s mind. If someone had overheard it, they would’ve gotten the completely wrong idea.

“I did,” Ryleigh giggled. “I just get so slippery...”

Again the two laughed, and Anita tried to force a smile. She and Ted were just different in some regards, and that was okay. If everyone was exactly the same, what a boring world it would’ve been.

“Well,” she said brightly, standing up. “Ryleigh, Kitty will be waking up soon. And Ted, you should get back to work.”

Ryleigh’s face fell, and Ted instinctively moved his other hand to her face to comfort her. A perfect example, Anita thought, of where their differences were strengths. Anita’s instinct would have been frustration at their nanny shirking her duties, but Ted was always thinking of other people.

Although Anita certainly wouldn’t have moved one finger to her mouth. Or if she had, she would’ve said something when Ryleigh took it between her lips and started gently sucking on it.

“I was thinking,” Ted said, turning his attention back to his wife, “that I might have a quick nap before returning to work.”

“You’re the boss,” Anita laughed.

“And...well, Ryleigh is so good at putting our daughter down. You know I sometimes have trouble sleeping – would you mind taking care of Kitty while Riley goes down on me?”

Anita didn’t even bother correcting her husband’s verbal slip; after all, he’d just said how tired she was. Part of her instinctively rankled at the idea of using her few precious hours off to take care of Kitty while their naked nanny stayed with Ted...but she knew how hard he worked, and if he said he needed this, she trusted him.

Besides, what kind of a woman reacts with anything but joy at the idea of spending time with her

daughter?

“Of course not,” Anita replied, hoping her guilt wasn’t obvious to everyone in the room. “You know I’d love to.”

“Thanks, honey,” Ted replied, but he wasn’t looking at her. Ryleigh had stood up, and his eyes were traveling up and down her naked body as Anita made her way upstairs, where she stayed for the next forty-five minutes, doing all she could to stop Kitty from throwing a tantrum.

She wished that she’d thought to ask Ted to sleep somewhere else, so she had access to the rest of the house. When her husband finally came to relieve her, he was completely naked (not unusual; he loved to sleep in the nude) and dripping with sweat (which was a little strange; the room he’d taken his nap in was fully air-conditioned).

“Thanks, Anita,” he said, shooting his wife a grin. “That was fantastic, I feel fully refreshed. In exchange for a job well given, I gave Ryleigh the rest of the day off – I’m going to take her out for dinner. I hope that’s okay!”

“Of course,” Anita lied, her heart sinking. She’d been so desperately looking forward to a few hours of peace before returning to taking care of their daughter. “We wouldn’t want to lose her!”

“Oh, I think Ryleigh is extremely satisfied here,” Ted replied with a wink. As he left, Anita tried to match his jovial tone, reminding him to put some clothes on before taking their nanny out on a date.

Sometimes she didn’t know what he’d do without her.