

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.