

Trust
by Pan

Labor

“Don’t you worry about a thing,” the nurse said, grasping Anita’s hand tightly. “You have a whole team here to take care of you.”

Anita was laying in bed in the labor ward, hooked her up to several monitors to monitor her vitals. Another nurse had helped her undress and change into a hospital gown, while a third was reading over her chart.

In fact, looking around, the room was awash with nurses. Anita didn’t know why there were so many (they surely couldn’t all be here to take care of her) – fortunately, her husband had taken charge, hugging each new nurse as they came in and introducing himself.

For a moment, Anita wondered if her husband’s family were donors to the hospital...they’d been given one of the largest private rooms (definitely not something they could afford). As well as her hospital bed, it had a privacy screen with Ted’s cot (if you could call it that, it looked large enough to fit three!) behind it.

“It’s so that I can get some sleep,” Ted had explained. “We don’t know how long this is going to take, and I’ll need my...rest.”

As he spoke to Anita, all the nurse’s eyes were on him.

“But why do we need the screen?” Anita asked. In response, one of the nurses bit her lip and gave a moan. Another stepped forward to check Ted’s saliva, drawing him to her and thoroughly exploring his mouth with her tongue.

“Sorry?” he said, when he finally pulled away.

“The screen,” Anita repeated patiently.

“Childbirth can get messy,” he said. “You know that. If I’m trying to rest – remember, this might be the last good night’s sleep I get in a long while! – and I sit up and sees the ‘miracle of birth’...well, that’ll ruin my chances of getting back to sleep, won’t it?”

Anita was forced to admit that the explanation made sense. And when one of the nurses grabbed Ted and took him behind the screen – and two other young nurses followed – she couldn’t see a thing, so she knew he couldn’t either.

“What are you doing behind there?” Anita asked, when they didn’t reemerge. All she could hear was panting and moaning, almost like...

No. No, that wouldn’t make any sense. She was literally *in labor*, there was no way her husband was...

“Honey?”

After another moment, Ted’s voice rang out firmly.

“The nurses are talking me through what’s going to happen. What the birthing process is like.”

Anita nodded. Of course; with how nervous her husband was about the whole thing, it made sense that they’d be giving him a quick refresher. Although...

“Isn’t that what Dr. Steinmetz ran you through last week? It made the appointment run over

by an hour, remember?”

She remembered it well. She'd been sitting in the waiting room, fatigued and heavily pregnant. When Ted had finally emerged, sweaty and mussed, he'd told her that the explanation had been *extremely* thorough.

There was another long pause before Ted replied. “Yes, but...you know what a scatterbrain I am!”

His wife couldn't help but smile at that. True. Almost every year, he forgot their wedding anniversary – Anita would come home to find not the flowers and surprise dinner that she secretly hoped for each year, but her husband with a guest. Earlier that year, while Anita was in her second trimester, it had been their accountant, an attractive woman named Cathy.

Ted explained to Anita that Cathy had come over to run the couple through some numbers (not realizing the significance of the date). When she'd found Ted alone, she'd been about to leave, but Ted had insisted that she stay and have a glass of wine.

“Of course,” Anita had nodded. She didn't want her husband to be rude to their accountant. Apparently the two of them had gotten into a bit of a friendly debate – Ted, for whatever reason, was convinced that lingerie was tax-deductible. To prove his point, he'd shown Cathy how much lingerie he'd bought Anita over the years.

Anita loved him so much. He was so kind and loving. She couldn't believe how lucky she was to have such a generous man all to herself.

“Apparently I was wrong,” Ted had explained. “Lingerie isn't automatically tax-deductible. But I still think it was a great investment, and I was determined to prove it to Cathy.”

That's why, on the night of their anniversary, Anita had come home to find their accountant in her bed, wearing her lingerie. She'd been shocked – and furious – until Ted had explained it to her, and Cathy had confirmed his story.

“But why was he on top of you?”

Ted and Cathy had exchanged a glance, but the explanation had been as simple as it was logical. As a bustier woman, Cathy had been stretching out Anita's favorite bra – Ted had hoped that by stripping down and getting on top of the accountant, he'd be able to force it back into shape with his body.

It hadn't worked, but Anita couldn't fault her husband for trying.

“Well,” she reassured him from the hospital bed. “I'm glad you're getting a refresher course. Just make sure to come out in time for the birth itself!”

Anita laughed, expecting her husband to join in. Instead, he let out a low moan – a strange response, but everyone reacts to the stress of childbirth differently.

It was immediately joined by the soft moans of the three women behind the screen with him. Before she could wonder too hard about what was happening, Dr. Steinmetz entered. Anita was thrilled to see her OB-GYN; the doctor said something, although Anita couldn't make it out over the increasingly-loud moans coming from behind the screen.

“What was that?”

“I said that you're almost done,” the doctor said, smiling. “You're at nine centimeters now, and it shouldn't be more than an hour or two until we can start pushing.”

Anita could barely contain her excitement. Her contractions were becoming more intense, but after checking her vitals and saying hi to one of the nurses still in the room, Dr. Steinmetz joined Anita's husband behind the screen.

The next few hours were the most intense of Anita's life. Her husband (eventually) emerged, sweaty and red-faced, to hug his wife and hold her hand as she began to push. She felt so loved and cared for, especially when her family returned and joined Ted by her side.

The birth was fast and easy, and it wasn't long before the two of them were holding their daughter in their arms. The nurse handed the infant to Ted; she was perfectly healthy, and already crying.

"Hi baby," Ted whispered, his voice cracking as he gazed down at the tiny bundle. His first words to her. "My little princess."

Anita just watched, grinning, as Ted kissed the top of their daughter's head.

"You should get some rest," Maria told her – the doula had taken the birth itself as an opportunity to get a few hours of sleep in – and the nurse removed the newborn from Ted's arms

Anita wasn't tired, though. She'd never felt so proud in her life. She felt like she could do anything. But as Anita watched, smiling, as Maria leaned forward to give Ted a long congratulatory kiss on the mouth, she felt the weariness overtake her, and she fell into a restless sleep.

When she awoke, it was to a room full of smiling faces. Apparently word had gotten out that the baby had arrived, because it felt like her entire extended family was gathered in the room with her.

There was a broad smile on her face as she looked around, freezing when she saw them.

Antia felt bad for her reaction upon seeing the twins. They were about a decade younger than her, and she'd spent a lot of her high-school years babysitting them: she'd thought of them as the Terror Twins.

Not particularly original, but completely accurate.

Anita didn't hate anyone. She was generous, kind, thoughtful – she loved her husband, she loved her family, she loved her friends...

But her cousins?

They'd been a pair of blonde devils. No amount of money had been enough to justify spending her evenings watching them as they derided her looks, talked back, and generally caused chaos wherever they went.

She'd been paid fifteen dollars an hour – far more than any of her school friends made from their part-time jobs – but as soon as she'd started college, she'd happily given up both the responsibility and the income.

Even at the age of eight, the two girls were...precocious. That was a polite way to put it.

And now here they were, all grown up. Anita hadn't seen them in several years, but it was clear that the pair had blossomed when they'd turned eighteen. They could've passed for twenty-somethings: they were both tall and pretty, with long blonde hair, bright smiles...and two sets of the largest tits that Anita had ever seen on teenage girls.

She hadn't *wanted* to notice, but the two of them were dressed to show them off, wearing

low-cut tops that left little to the imagination.

Anita shot a glance at her husband – sure enough, he'd noticed as well. She tried to get his attention, but he was staring straight at the Terror Twins' chests, practically drooling.

"Ted!" she said, more firmly than she intended. She knew that her husband had a wandering eye, and she didn't mind. She knew that he'd never cheat on her.

She trusted him.

But something about the way he was staring at her cousins bothered her. The twins weren't even old enough to drink!

"Hi girls," he said, a huge smile on his face. "Great to see you again."

"Uncle Ted!" the two girls exclaimed, running over to hug him from both sides at once. Anita had never been able to tell the two of them apart – they were not only identical twins, but their personalities were identical too.

In the new mother's arms, her baby stirred, drawing her attention. When she looked up again, she noticed that Ted's hands had moved down to the two girls' pert, perfect asses.

"Ted!" she exclaimed. He looked over at her, an innocent expression on his face.

"Are you okay, honey?"

She gestured at his hands with her eyes, not wanting to embarrass him in front of her whole family...but no one but her seemed even remotely perturbed as the new father practically groped the two young women.

In response, Ted just laughed. "It's okay, darling. The girls were just telling me about their new dresses. You should feel this material, it's amazing."

Anita blushed. She knew she was sleep-deprived from childbirth, but still...to jump to such an unreasonable conclusion was embarrassing. Obviously Ted wasn't going to do anything untoward with the pair of eighteen-year olds. In the room with his newborn daughter. And her entire family.

And *her*.

"Sorry, honey," she smiled. "Your dresses look lovely, girls."

"We know," they chorused in unison, and Anita bit her tongue to prevent another unjustified remark from passing her lips.

Another relative asked a question about the child, and Anita's attention was drawn back to the reason they were all there. She really was a perfect little baby.

When she looked up again, her eyes practically bugged out of her head. At a glance, it looked like Ted's pants were down, his dick was out, and the twins were competing to see who could get the most of it down their throats.

But she didn't want to jump to conclusions *again*.

"T-Ted?" she asked, and her husband looked up, a goofy smile on his face.

"Oh, hi honey," he said, as though he'd forgotten she was there.

He hadn't. She knew that. He loved her and she loved him. They were so happy together.

Especially today, the first day of their new perfect little family.

"What're you doing?" she asked, unable to stop a note of nervousness entering her voice.

Ted thought for a moment before responding.

"Well," he began, breathing more heavily than he had been a moment ago. "You know how

susceptible babies are to illness? Your cousins are worried they might...have something.”
“Okay...” Anita said cautiously. If they *were* sick, that would be potentially disastrous for the newborn babe.

“So I’m checking for, uh, phlegm. Or...polyps.”

Anita’s eyes dropped. As he’d been giving her the completely reasonable explanation, Ted had lowered the right-hand twin’s top, allowing her plump breasts to fall into view.

“Or discoloration,” he added, and Anita nodded, grateful that she hadn’t blundered into embarrassing her husband again.

With a smile, she let him continue his examination – it proceeded to get more and more thorough over the next half-hour. Soon enough, both twins were naked, the three of them covered in sweat. But whenever Anita tore her attention away from whichever relative was asking to hold the baby, Ted immediately caught her eye.

He was so focused on her, and so attentive to her needs. She loved him so much.

“Oh god oh god oh GOD,” one teen cried out.

“Can you keep it down?” Anita asked, her eyes widening at the sight of her husband’s cock sliding in and out of the teenager’s wetness. “Ted!!”

“Just...checking...for discharge...”

Oh!, Anita thought to herself in relief. *Gross.*

Her curiosity sated, she turned back to her family.

It wasn’t long before, with a loud bellow, the examination was done. Ted sounded *very* happy that the girls were cleared, removing his softening cock. It looked like there *was* discharge leaking out of the twin he’d just finished examining – a creamy substance, dripping out of her and coating Ted’s cock.

But Anita didn’t say anything. She trusted Ted to do a thorough job.

The three of them got dressed, and Anita’s husband approached the bed. Anita didn’t love the way the girls were hanging off him...but she knew that teenage girls got crushes, and she didn’t want to say anything.

At the sight of the cooing baby, the twin on Ted’s left asked the question that everyone in the room had been avoiding.

“What’s her name, Aunty Neat-Freak?”

Anita bristled at the nickname – she hadn’t thought about it in almost a decade – but answered proudly.

“We’re going to call her Katherine. Katy, for short.”

“You should call her ‘Kitty,’” the twin on Ted’s right chirped. “Because she’s so cute and cuddly!”

Anita opened her mouth to object, but before she could, her husband and the rest of the room burst into laughter, voicing their approval – and from that moment on, their daughter was ‘Kitty’.