

Trust

by Pan

Discipline

When Anita returned home from the store, she was surprised to hear a loud noise coming from the living room.

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, regularly even needing to pull all-nighters 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, 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, so she'd left Kitty with Ryleigh, their eighteen-year old nanny, 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 they both knew that Ms Rachel was 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.

At the sound of a strange noise coming from within the house, Anita 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, or 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 roused Anita's suspicions in the first place.

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, and leapt to the obvious conclusion. And when she noticed that Ted's pants were around his ankles, his hard cock resting against

Ryleigh's naked body, 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. On the phone while buck naked, his cock erect, his hand languidly pumping up and down it.

"And what color panties?" he growled into the device, and Anita was shocked. Her 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, not backing down 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 Ted briefly at the hospital. What's more, the older woman was happily married, and had been for decades.

How 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 that comes with new parenthood had messed with her executive function, and she stubbornly continued.

"Why are you...?"

She gestured to Ted's cock. She knew he masturbated, of course – all men did. But she'd never actually caught him in the act.

In response, 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, multitasking whenever she could. Ted needed to masturbate at some point, so of course he was going to line that up with whatever he could.

"And...her panties?"

Ted looked puzzled for a second, before rolling 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 gift, and she'd ruined it with her paranoia. He was the best spouse ever...and she was the worst.

"I'm so sorry," she mouthed, slumping onto the corner of the couch. In response, Ted did the worst thing she could've imagined – he shot her a look of pity.

"Do you want me to hang up? I can call her back later."

Anita shook her head, and so Ted resumed the conversation while Anita sat in the corner, feeling smaller than a single atom in a speck of dust.

The call continued for almost forty minutes. She zoned out a lot of it, but made sure not to question the tidbits she did hear.

"What color bra?" (clearly still trying to pick out a set of lingerie, although Anita thought they always came in matching pairs)

"How big are they?"

"What color are your nipples?" (Ted was amazing at many things, but terms for women's clothing apparently wasn't one of them)

"What are you doing now?" "What would you do with me if I were there?" (They must have connected more at the hospital than Anita had realized; it was sweet, how much they were clearly missing each other.)

He continued pumping his cock all the while, until finally it erupted, shooting his seed across the living room.

Anita wondered how Ted was going to explain the long moan that left his mouth to her aunt, but from the other end of the phone, it seemed Aunt Lily was making an equally loud noise. Perhaps she'd stubbed her toe or something; the moan seemed to go on for a long while.

When both of them had recovered, 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. Ted was a loving father and husband, and – unlike all of her Mom friends (who adored Ted as much as she did) – parenthood had done nothing to diminish their sex life. They still made love almost every night; their affection for each other had never waned, even with the combined stressors of Ted's career and raising a little one.

"Hi, honey," Ted said in response to her inquiry, and just the sound of her husband's voice was enough to make Anita relax. If he *was* cheating on her (which he wasn't, of course – she knew

that she could trust her husband) then he would never have responded so casually.

“What are you doing, my love?” Anita asked, gesturing at the squirming teenager laid over Ted’s lap. After pausing to acknowledge her, Ted had continued the spanking.

“Well,” – SMACK – “I thought” – SMACK – “that Ryleigh here” – SMACK – “needed some” – SMACK “discipline.”

“Discipline?” Anita asked, then repeated her question, making sure to time it between SMACKs this time.

Ted paused the spanking once more (to Ryleigh’s relief – the teenage girl let out a long, low moan at the abate) and turned to his wife.

“You mentioned that you weren’t happy with Ryleigh’s attitude,” Ted said, and Anita blushed.

“Ted!” she hissed. She’d mentioned that *months* ago, once, and frankly she hadn’t been sure he had been listening. Her aunt had been over, and Ted had been helping her with a new stretch; she’d had to lay down on the bed, with Ted on top of her. Anita had never been into yoga, but Ted had assured her that it was quite common to do it in the nude.

Well, it turned out that he’d not only been listening, but he’d internalized her comment and then chosen to bring it up in front of Ryleigh herself.

She couldn’t remember the last time that Ted had embarrassed her like this. Even when he’d gotten confused about foreign customs, and kissed the bride at the Indian wedding they’d been invited to (for several long minutes) Anita hadn’t been this ashamed.

(He’d gone to apologize to the bride personally, returning an hour later, covered in sweat. Some men just couldn’t handle spicy food.)

Fortunately, a glance at Ryleigh suggested that she wasn’t bothered by the revelation...Anita couldn’t see her face, but by the way the naked nanny was squirming on Ted’s lap, it was unlikely that she was listening to the conversation at all.

Which, ironically, had been the complaint that Anita had made about her in the first place – being a bad listener.

“Well, I thought that as the man of the house,” – Ryleigh let out a strange moan at that – “it was up to me to take care of it.”

Anita nodded. While she wished he’d consulted her first (and definitely wished that he hadn’t announced her complaint in front of their nanny), she *was* glad that he had listened to what she’d said and decided to do something about it. This was the second nanny they’d had – the first had been wonderful, but had decided to move with her boyfriend to Philadelphia. Ted had gotten her a beautiful going away present – two nights in a five-star hotel. And when her boyfriend hadn’t been able to make the dates he’d booked, he even went with her, so she wouldn’t have to spend

the time alone.

There was only one problem.

“And...why is she naked?”

Ted paused, and for a moment Anita got the strange feeling that his brain was spinning, as though he was rapidly trying to come up with an answer – but as his hand landed on the teenage girl’s pert ass once more, Anita realized that he’d just been working out whether Ryleigh could handle any more punishment.

He was so considerate.

“The” SMACK “cloth” SMACK “would’ve” SMACK “softened” SMACK “the blow,” Ted explained, his spanking rate faster than before. Anita almost felt sorry for Ryleigh – her ass looked like it was warm enough to make toast, and the poor girl was squirming and bucking around more than before.

But Anita trusted her husband. If he was going to discipline her, she was confident he’d deliver the exact amount of punishment needed. From now on, ‘not listening’ would be a problem of the past.

“So why not just remove her pants?” she asked, and was surprised by the sheepish look her husband shot her.

“Whoops,” he said. SMACK, SMACK, SMACK. “Didn’t think of that.”

SMACK.

Anita couldn’t help but chuckle. He was a wonderful man, but he really could be foolish sometimes. Like the time he’d gotten her and another woman confused from behind at the supermarket, going up to a stranger and groping her ass. She’d been very forgiving, even though it happened five more times during their visit. The last time was even from the front, and he’d made out with her for several minutes before noticing.

How he’d gotten them confused, Anita would never know – their outfits looked nothing alike, and the stranger was a tall black woman. Ted had felt so bad, he’d insisted on helping her take her groceries home. When he came back, he had a hilarious story to tell about how far away she lived, and how even her bedroom reminded him of Anita.

The only remaining question was why his erection was out, but before Ted’s wife could ask, he resumed spanking their nanny, faster than before.

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK, SMACK, SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK.

He pulled his hand back and delivered one final, mighty *SMACK*, right on the eighteen-year old’s glowing ass. Anita’s eyebrows shot up at Ryleigh’s reaction – her entire body started convulsing,

and a single long, loud moan left her mouth.

“Ohhhhhh godddddddddd...”

For what felt like several minutes, the young woman trembled and pulsed, her voice reverberating around the room. If Anita didn't know any better, she'd have thought that the nanny was having an orgasm...but of course that didn't make any sense. This was a punishment, whereas an orgasm would distinctly fall in the 'reward' category.

Not that her husband would ever give someone else an orgasm, of course. Anita knew, with total conviction, that he was a one-woman man. She trusted him.

Anita was beaming at the love of her life as Ryleigh lifted her head up – her face was almost as red as her bare butt – and shot Anita a surprised look.

“Oh, hello,” she said, and Anita raised her hand to wave a greeting in response.

From the baby monitor came a wail, and Anita turned to return to the groceries...when her husband surprised her with a request.

“Honey, can you get Kitty?”

She opened her mouth to protest, but Ted continued. “I want to make sure that Ryleigh's punishment has really...sunk in. I have to get back to work soon – Ellen and Jennifer are insatiable lately,” (with their requests, Anita assumed) “and so I only have another forty minutes or so to make sure that Ryleigh has really learned her lesson.”

“Of course, honey,” Anita smiled.

“Oh, and...”

She paused at the door to see what her husband wanted.

“Stay upstairs until I'm gone, will you? Ryleigh will let you know when we've finished.”

Anita wanted to ask why, but Ted's hand had already moved to Ryleigh's naked body, presumably checking to make sure he hadn't injured her with his punishment. Her reaction to the spanking *had* been a powerful one – it was probably worth making sure he hadn't broken any bones or anything.

Although that didn't explain why the first place he checked was her breasts.

Kitty let out another wail (she hated waking up almost as much as she hated going to sleep) and so her mother made her way downstairs. Sure enough, about forty minutes later a sweaty Ryleigh came up to take her daughter off Anita's hands, and the housewife was able to rush down and make sure that none of the frozen foods had thawed.

*I'm so lucky to have Ted,* she thought to herself as she unpacked the food. *When our daughter*

*enters her rebellious stage, he'll be the perfect disciplinarian.*