

Tricks and Treats for the Welcome Wagon

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Nikki takes revenge on the women in her neighborhood by fucking their husbands.

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I step off the curb and look appraisingly at my house, trying to gauge the reaction that will come from the street. It's the afternoon of October 31, and I have just put the finishing touches on my "haunted house." The windows are boarded up, caution tape accents the front porch, a cemetery nestles against the right corner of the house, outdoor speakers blast frightening sounds into the night, a fog machine emits a spooky mist, and strobe lights complete the surreal effect. Suddenly, I feel a hand on my shoulder. I look to my left and am slightly surprised to find my beautiful, raven-haired neighbor, Jackie, admiring my handiwork with me. "You went all out," she says. "Thank you," I reply, surprised to hear a compliment from this woman who is generally so aloof. "I'm sure it will be very frightening to the children, however. Perhaps next year you should tone it down a bit. And make sure you have everything taken down by November first. It looks trashy to let decorations linger." And with that, she's gone. I roll my eyes and watch her cross the street. As she reaches the porch steps, her husband, Stefan, opens the front door. He shifts to let her pass and winks at me as he closes the door behind her. Stefan has been an integral part of my revenge plot against the bitches that make up the neighborhood Welcome Wagon. When I moved here three weeks ago, their "welcome" message to me was fraught with jealousy, criticism and warnings against disturbing the peaceful nature of the subdivision by appearing too single or too appealing. As a result, I have carefully formulated a plan to seduce all of the husbands and significant others of the Welcome Wagon committee. Stefan was Phase I, and it has gone beautifully. In the past two weeks, I've fucked him seven times: four times in the guard shack, twice in his car, and once in my bed. He's incredibly hot, and I've enjoyed every minute of it. But now it's time to expand to Phase II. There are lots of other men to seduce, and I have a fantastic plan to take care of several at once. The plan will take shape against the backdrop of my second favorite holiday: Halloween. The fun will begin at dusk, in a few short hours. I head inside to start getting ready. Hanging on my closet door is my costume, which is sure to ignite the wrath of The Welcome Wagon all over again. It's a dominatrix outfit...black leather corset with garters, short leather skirt, fishnet stockings and spiked heeled boots, plus a riding crop and some chains as accessories. My plan is to make some eyes pop, some temperatures rise, and some appendages harden. The plan has taken a bit of preparation, but I'm ready, and I'm very excited. The best part of taking revenge on the Welcome Wagon is the gratification that usually comes from revenge, but a

close second is the sexual satisfaction. There are some very good looking men in this neighborhood, and I will thoroughly enjoy luring them in. I dress carefully, curl my hair, apply my makeup (very heavy on the eyes), and lace up my boots. I have two buckets of candy sitting by my front door: one full of assorted candy for kids, and one full of cellophane bags filled with Hershey's kisses and Mounds bars. Those are for the dads. Each bag has a special note attached to it inviting the dad to come back later for his own special treat. I have no idea how many will actually show up, but I'm willing to bet it will be a lot. And those that don't will still have a seed planted...one that I can continue to cultivate until I get my way. The doorbell rings, and I grab my whip as I hasten to the front door. Opening it wide, I'm greeted by two adorable princesses, three assorted superheroes, and a very attractive dad I recognize immediately as Will Benson from down the street. His wife, Chelsea, is the petite blonde who had chastised me for using foul language during the Welcome Wagon's invasion of my home. Will is medium height with brown hair and eyes, and looks to be in his mid-forties. He's got classic American good looks, and I am immediately aroused at the thought of stripping him naked in my bedroom and having my way with him. "Cool costume," says one of the boys. "Are you Catwoman?" "You're so smart!" I exclaim, smiling at him. "That's exactly who I am." "Then where are your ears?" asks the smaller princess. "They didn't fit right, so I'm not going to wear them. Don't I look okay without them?" I look pointedly at Will, whose eyes have been glued to my cleavage. He blinks and makes eye contact. I smile warmly at him, and he returns the smile. He has a nice smile. "You look great," he says, extending his hand. "I don't believe we've met. I'm Will Benson." "I'm Nikki St. Clair," I say, maintaining eye contact and leaving my hand in his just a second longer than necessary. "Nice to meet you, Nikki. What do you say, kids?" "Nice to meet you," they parrot, almost simultaneously. Will good-naturedly slaps Batman in the side of the head. "Not that. What do you say on Halloween?" "Trick or treat!" they all exclaim. "Oh, I definitely have treats for such polite and well-dressed children," I laugh, dumping fistfuls of candy into each of their treat bags. Then I grab Will's hand again and press a cellophane bag into it. "And I can't forget the polite and well-dressed fathers, either. They need treats as well." Suddenly, a thought occurs to me. "Will Benson...isn't there another Benson in the neighborhood? I'm sure I've heard that name." "Yes...my brother Mark. He doesn't have any kids, so he and his wife are home giving out candy." I remember Mark Benson's wife. Another member of the Welcome Wagon. "Well, I wouldn't want Mark to miss out on a treat. Would you give this to him for me?" I hand him another cellophane bag. "I hope you and your brother are good at sharing. That's an important skill to model for your kids." Will is staring at the cellophane bag, reading my note. His eyes widen perceptibly and he subtly reaches a hand down to adjust himself. I have to hide a smile. "We do like to share...and you're right, that's a very important skill," he says, meeting my eyes again and grinning at me. At that moment, I know I've got him. "I hope to see you again very soon, Will Benson. And maybe you can bring your brother so I can meet him too." "I'd like that too. Bye, Nikki. What do you say, kids?" "Bye, Nikki!" Will rolls his eyes. "AND?" he prompts. "Thank you!" they trumpet together, then they turn and race down the steps. Will backs away, still looking at me. I wink at him and close the door. Over the course of the night, I deliver six more cellophane bags full of treat invitations to salivating dads. Finally, the flow of trick-or-treaters slows to a trickle, then stops for the

night. I take a deep breath, congratulate myself on a job well done, pour myself a vodka lemonade, and curl up with a book while I wait for the visitors that I'm sure will come. At 11:15, the doorbell rings. I open it to find Paul Schmidt, a handsome older man married to Veronica Schmidt, the fake platinum blonde who first approached me about the neighborhood Welcome Wagon. Paul has salt-and-pepper colored hair (mostly salt) and piercing blue eyes. Although he's a handsome man, I suspect that Veronica married him for his considerable wealth as the owner of a successful grocery store chain. I wonder if they have a good sex life. I usher him quickly inside before he is spotted on my porch. "Hi, Paul," I breathe, leaning forward to kiss him lightly on the lips. "Would you like a drink?" "Sure," he says. "Do you have vodka?" "Vodka," I smile, "My kind of man." I pour his drink and hand it to him. He tosses it back quickly and I give him a refill. It's obvious he's nervous. "So...Nikki...what is this all about? Why did you invite me here?" "Well, Paul...to be honest, I didn't just invite you. Is that a problem?" "Who else did you invite?" "Just a few of the neighbors." "The neighbors can't see me here! If Veronica found out..." "Paul, honey, if the neighbors are here too, they won't be running to Veronica to tell on you because you could just as easily tell on them. It will be our little secret." That thought relaxes him, and he sets his empty glass on a side table as he moves toward me. I reach my arms around his neck and kiss him again, this time parting my lips to explore his mouth with my tongue. He responds with a soft moan and reaches his hands around my waist to cup my ass. Remembering my dominatrix outfit, I stop him, pushing his hands away. "Wait just a minute...did I give you permission to touch my ass?" I take a step back and pick up the black crop that's sitting on the couch. "Drop your pants." I tell him. Paul's eyes widen as he unbuttons and unzips his trousers, letting them slip to the floor around his ankles. I'm somewhat surprised to see he's not wearing underwear. "All the way off," I command. As he bends down to pull his feet out, I let fly a swift strike across his bare ass with the crop. He starts and sucks in his breath, but doesn't cry out. I don't think he is too new at this, although I certainly am. I'm not really surprised; I'd bet money that his bombshell wife wears the pants in the family. I wonder how often she whips him at home. I reach down and gently rub the red marks that my crop left on his ass. His breathing gets heavier and his cock responds to the sensations of my cool hands on his skin. "Do you like that, Paul?" I ask. "Yes, ma'am," he replies. I smile at the idea of an older guy calling me ma'am. I take his hands and draw him into the kitchen with me. Placing my hands on his shoulders, I push Paul to his knees by one of the ladderback chairs. Then I straddle the chair. My hands rest on the chair back, which is also forcing my knees apart. The ladder rungs of the chair back stop with about a six-inch gap at the bottom...just enough space for my exposed pussy to press through to the very edge of the chair. Paul's eyes widen again as I give him his next instruction. "Lick me," I say. He slides forward, grabs my hips and strains me tighter against the chair back, forcing my legs even wider apart. When he touches me with his tongue the sensation sparks right through me. He starts with my clit, brushing it lightly with his tongue, teasing me gently. As I moan my approval, he moves his tongue faster, flicking my clit as he runs his hands over my legs and back to my ass. He really knows what he's doing, and his tongue circles my clit, teasing, then flicks it faster and faster, building up an orgasm until I'm right at the edge, then he strokes downwards and inserts his tongue deep inside me. I want to push my body farther against him, to encourage his tongue to go

even deeper, and I grip the chair back and press my hips as far forward as I can. The chair is leaving red welts on the inside of my thighs, but I don't care. I'm panting with the exertion as my entire being strains and reaches for that elusive sensation. All I want is this orgasm that is so incredibly close. As his tongue returns to my clit with a newfound speed and frenzy I grab his head with both hands. "Oh, my God...yes...right there...fuck me with your fingers," I gasp. "Make me cum." He inserts two fingers and begins thrusting them into me while his tongue continues to work its magic on my clit, and I am quickly overcome. "Oh, YES!" I scream out, writhing in the chair as my body explodes with ecstasy. I collapse forward onto the chair back to regain my breathing as Paul sits back on his heels, watching me, waiting for further instructions. Just then, the doorbell rings. More visitors. I step over to the kitchen wall and press the intercom button. "It's unlocked, please come in." Paul looks at me in a panic and reaches for his pants, but I snatch up the crop and give him a quick swat with it. He jerks his hand back and apologizes, looking at the floor. I walk out to the living room to find Will and Mark Benson, and I'm thrilled to see them. I introduce myself to Mark and offer both men a drink, which they refuse, but they accept my invitation to sit in the living room. Paul is still standing in the kitchen, so I go back to check on him. "What's wrong, darling?" I ask. "I imagine you are going to ask me to fuck you in front of the Bensons," he replies. "I just don't know if I can. They're friends of mine, they're customers of mine, plus I don't know how well I would do with an audience." "Well, Paul, you did do a fantastic job on me with your tongue. Did you enjoy that as well?" "I did," he says. I take a step closer to him and grasp his cock in my hand. I can feel it growing beneath my fingers. "What if you just sit back and let me take care of you in front of our visitors? Would that be ok?" "I think that would be fine," he says. "I'd be more comfortable that way, if it's ok with you. Thank you." I loop my finger into the collar of his shirt and pull him after me into the living room. Will and Mark seem slightly surprised to find Paul, half naked, following me in from the kitchen. "Well, boys...I have some ideas for a really fun night. I hope you're up for it." I step over to Will and drop to my knees in front of his chair. Reaching behind his neck, I pull him towards me and plant a kiss on his lips. He's obviously surprised at first, and maybe even a little self-conscious, but he quickly catches on and responds to my kisses with passion and hunger that match my own. But as his arms reach for me, I step away and cross the room to Mark. He doesn't wait for me, but pulls me towards him and presses his lips against mine. Mark is cute, and definitely confident, but he's not as hot as Will. I'm anxious to get back to him, but I have to make my rounds. I have three men to satisfy here, and there's only one of me. I pull away from Mark and return to Paul. Putting my hands on his shoulders again, I push him down onto an armchair, then sink to my knees in front of him. I unbutton his shirt, running my hands up and down his chest and kissing his body. Then I grab his cock and begin to stroke it. Paul's eyes close and his lips part as his breathing speeds up. I wank him faster and faster, watching his face as his climax approaches. "Paul," I say softly. He opens his eyes. I pull down the top of my corset, exposing my bare breast. "Cum on my tits." He pushes my hands away and takes over stroking himself, furiously, until his body jerks and he shoots his white load all over my chest. All three men are drinking in the sight of me, with my large tits spilling out of my corset, covered in cum. "You've made quite a mess, Paul. You need to clean this up," I tell him. He bends down and licks his cum from my breasts. My

nipples harden beneath his tongue, and I am so hot I'm nearly shaking with anticipation of what is coming next. I turn to look at Will and Mark. They have their cocks in their hands, gently stroking as they watch me. I'm just hoping Will was right about the Benson brothers' ability to share...