

Trip or Treep

by Pan

“Trip or Treep!”

Morgan opened the door, a confused look on her face. Had they just said...

No, they couldn't have. That didn't make any sense.

She was surprised to discover that the strangers who'd knocked on her door looked old enough to be in college. They lived in a neighborhood with a lot of young families; the majority of visitors she'd had that night had been children, excited both for the free candy, and for the opportunity to dress up.

At least the “trip-or-treepers” were in costumes. He was dressed as a pharaoh, while she was dressed as a sexy Egyptian handmaiden.

Emphasis on the “sexy”. Her midriff was exposed, revealing a flat tanned stomach, and her transparent veil covered her face, before ending at her ample cleavage.

Morgan was as straight as they came, but it still took her a few moments to tear her eyes away from the scantily-clad teenager in front of her.

Not that the pharaoh costume really covered much more. The young man standing in front of her was topless; he'd clearly chosen the costume for how well it would show off his broad shoulders and well-defined muscles.

They made an extremely attractive pair. It made the middle-aged woman long for her own youth - she and her husband had never been as fit as the couple standing in front of her, but in their younger days they had often spent Halloween wearing outfits that showed off their skin.

Lately, Morgan hadn't worn anything more revealing than a one-piece bathing suit to the beach. And not even *that* for...god, how long had it been?

She blinked twice, and focused her attention back on the couple standing at her doorstep.

“Aren't you a little old to be trick-or-treating?” she said with a half-smile.

“You're never too old to Trip or Treep,” the half-naked girl in front of her beamed, and Morgan narrowed her eyes.

There it was again. Had they just said...

“Well, you're a little old to be getting anything from me” she said, pulling her empty hand out of the bag. “Have a good night.”

They seemed to take it in stride, just nodding.

“Enjoy the rest of your Halloweep,” the boy said, staring her in the eyes.

Wait. Had he just said...

No. No, that was nonsense.

But it did sound like...

She paused, her mind racing as the two teens squeezed past her and made their way into her living-room.

Perhaps “Halloweep” was a young person trend, like “spoopy”? That one had confused her for a while.

“You have a lovely house,” the girl said politely, looking around with alavicious smile.

“Thank you,” Morgan replied absently. She watched as the girl picked up a picture of Morgan and her husband at Hurricane Harbor. When had that photo been taken? Fifteen years ago?

She was wearing a bikini in the picture. Nothing too scandalous - she'd been far from the only woman at the water park that day to be doing so. Her husband loved it when she wore a bikini out.

Did she even own that bikini any more?

If she did, she was sure she wouldn't wear it.

"You should," the boy interjected, and Morgan nodded. He was probably just being polite... but maybe not. Maybe she did still have the body to pull a bikini like that off.

Morgan made her way into her bedroom, the only room in the house with a full-length mirror. She stripped off in front of it, admiring her form.

She'd definitely put on a little weight. But she was far from a lost cause. A little more time in the gym, a little more attention paid to what she ate, and she was sure that she'd be able to get away with the bikini.

"More than get away with it," the girl said, looking up and down Morgan's naked body appreciatively. "You'd look slammin'."

Morgan's eyes widened, and her hands instinctively moved to cover her exposed swimsuit area. "What are you doing in here!?" she gasped, panicked. "Why are you in my house?"

"We're here for Trip or Treep," the boy responded quickly, confidently.

She wanted to shout at him that she hadn't invited them in. They were invading her house, her privacy. This wasn't how Halloween worked, you didn't just get to go *inside* each house on the block.

But as Morgan opened her mouth to object, she again got stuck on the young man's words.

Trip or Treep? That wasn't even a thing. Perhaps he had a speech impediment, or was trying to pull one over on her. Or was she the confused one? She'd always thought it was Trick or Treat, but...had she been getting it wrong all these years? Like when she discovered she'd spent more than a decade saying 'escape goat'.

As Morgan tried to process what she'd heard, the young woman stepped forward, put her hands on Morgan's bare hips, and moved her mouth onto the older woman's.

Trip was at least a real word, but...Treep? What was that?

Maybe she'd misheard him.

Her lips parted instinctively as the costumed stranger slipped her tongue inside, exploring Morgan's mouth with passion. The boy lowered his...robe? Loincloth? Morgan watched as his thickening cock came into view, trying to work out what you'd even call the lower half of a pharaoh costume.

No, she had to focus. She'd been thinking about something else. Something important.

Oh, that's what it was. "Trip". "Treep".

The young woman pulled away and gently guided Morgan to the bed, laying the naked woman down delicately. Megan felt the sheets she shared with her husband each night crinkle against her bare back as she watched the teenage girl strip, draping her veil across the nightstand, and shucking her skimpy outfit.

Soon, the three of them were completely naked. The rest of the boy's form was just as impressive as what he'd spent the evening exposing to the neighborhood.

Hadn't he said "Halloweep" earlier, too? Morgan narrowed her eyes. There was something going on with this pair, something unusual.

The naked young woman moved her mouth to the patch of hair between Morgan's legs, while the naked young man began kissing her neck, before moving his firm mouth to Morgan's. She instinctively wrapped her arms around his torso, and soon they were making out like a young couple in love, even as the girl's tongue found her clitoris and began expertly stimulating it.

Trick or Treat, that made sense. If you don't give us a Treat - candy - then we'll play a

Trick on you. Although the “Trick” part was basically a relic; maybe if you didn’t give out candy you’d wake up to find your house TP’d, but even that was pretty rare.

Not that Morgan had ever risked it. She was a people-pleaser, and giving out candy to adorable kids gave her almost as much pleasure as the children who received the gifts.

She shuddered in an unexpected orgasm. Her husband still went down on her, but only rarely...and if she was being honest, even when he did he wasn’t as talented as the girl between her legs. Perhaps women were just naturally better at going down on women? After all, they must have a better idea of what felt good.

No, she couldn’t get distracted.

Trip or Treep.

So if Trick or Treat meant “give us a treat or we’ll trick you”, what the hell could “Trip or Treep” mean?

“Spread your legs,” the young man ordered, and Morgan obeyed immediately. She wouldn’t let herself lose focus. She would work this out before Halloween ended.

Trip, that had a few different meanings. Perhaps it meant they’d trip her over, or take her on a trip of some kind? Exactly how the teenagers sharing her marital bed would have the resources to do that, she didn’t really know, but she wanted to make sure she considered every possibility.

She let out a small moan as the thick cock slowly entered her. The boy’s girth was larger than her husband’s - the only other man she’d ever had sex with - and a shiver went through her body as she adjusted to the stranger’s width.

The young woman who’d just gone down on her was sitting on her husband’s side of the bed, legs spread, playing with herself as she watched Morgan get fucked. She had a huge grin on her face at the sight of Morgan’s body being penetrated by a long, thick dick.

Okay, so she had some options for Trip. But...Treep?

It sounded sort of like someone saying “Trip” in an accent, but...that couldn’t be right. Part of Morgan wished she wasn’t pinned under the muscular man’s body as he slowly fucked her; she would have loved to jump on google and search for the word. Perhaps it was a technical term in an industry she wasn’t familiar with, or a regional thing.

The couple didn’t have an accent, but that didn’t mean much. Many people came to Los Angeles from elsewhere and quickly adapted to the local pronunciation.

Were they even a couple? Morgan had assumed so, but the young woman certainly showed no sign of jealousy as she watched her partner pick up speed, pounding into Morgan’s wetness with an increased passion.

She could feel another orgasm building as she got fucked harder than she had been in years, but she was determined not to let herself lose her concentration. She was trying to work out the couples' relationship.

No! Damn it, she’d done it again. She kept letting herself getting distracted. She was trying to work out what the eff “Trip or Treep” meant.

Morgan closed her eyes, trying to ignore the pleasure coarsing throughout her body, trying to ignore the huge rod between her legs, trying to ignore the smells of sweat and arousal filling the room.

Trip. Treep. Halloweep. They all ended with p. They all sounded wrong.

Her eyes shot open. Of course!

“That’s the trick, isn’t it?” she panted triumphantly. “You didn’t get any candy from me, so you decided to trick me.”

The boy beamed, even as he thrust forward. Morgan’s eyes widened - she could feel his

cock pulsing. Was he cumming inside her?

“You worked it out,” he said, reaching down with one hand to play with her clit, using his semen as lube. As he did, his girlfriend leaned forward, her lips meeting Morgan’s once more. “Good job.”

Morgan’s lids fluttered shut as she felt an orgasm overcoming her body, even as her soft tongue emerged to dance with the teenager’s. Now that the mystery was solved, she knew she could let herself relax, enjoy the best sex of her life. She’d been concentrating so hard, she hadn’t even noticed the young woman’s hands roaming her body, her nails tracing patterns on her bare skin, pausing to occasionally tweak her nipples and caress her sides.

And the cock inside her wasn’t just wider than her husband’s, it was longer, too. Even though he’d just cum, he continued to slide in and out, and Megan groaned involuntarily as he reached depths her husband had never reached.

But just as she was about to lose herself in the pleasure, a thought struck her.

Wait.

Jop?