

We flashed puzzled glances at him.

"Cause if Helen should happen to get to grips with me later, I won't know if it's because she genuinely fancies me, or is just being polite."

'In your case, Paul...' Helen chuckled suggestively, neatly implying that she couldn't wait to get to grips with him.

Moving goalposts

The rest of the evening we got along famously together. Julie wore a slinky, figure-hugging pistachio-coloured dress over nothing at all, so her nipples and pubic mound protruded prominently through the material. Feeling comfortable, content and secure, Helen slipped into one of her 'I'm-going-to-ooze-my-best-ever-come-and-get-it-big-boy-sex-appeal' looks, which made Paul fidget all through supper wondering if she meant it – which I knew she thought she probably did... but under our previously agreed *Rules of Engagement*, only up to a

point! Julie, bless her, didn't seem quite so keen on coming across to me, but as I'm forty-seven and she's only twenty-six, I understood this.

Our conversation ranged freely from one sexual topic to another, until I sensed the time was right to ask whether they were in to partner swapping.

'We haven't – yet,' Paul confessed, 'but I guess that's the obvious next step we're working up to – and we'll get around to it eventually.' I caught Julie flash him a surprised sideways glance, which seemed to say: 'It's the first I've heard of it,' but she didn't contradict him, which I am sure he found encouraging. The whole time it seems it's the role of us guys to keep pushing the envelope out that little bit further.

After supper...

The four of us settled on the sofa to watch a red-hot DVD together. Helen snuggled into me with one hand placed pointedly over my crotch, first surreptitiously having

manoeuvred one of her breasts three-quarters and a-bit adrift from the top of her basque. Paul took the hint and reached out in the candlelight to begin caressing her, at which Helen smiled warm encouragement to him. In a few moments she unfurled herself from the sofa to kneel on the rug and undo my pants. Freeing my dick she put it into her mouth. When she glanced up at me for approval, I whispered, 'Take off your skirt.'

Standing up, she undid its tie and let the wrap-over slither to the carpet. Standing there proudly in just her basque, stockings and vertiginous high-heels, she brazenly started to fondle the dewy lips of her shaved vagina. Seeing her do this, Paul then lifted the hem of Julie's short dress to peel it (she seemed quite keen to help) from her body like a skin, leaving her naked in his arms. Helen reached across to caress our new young friend's lovely breasts, while Paul ran one of his hands up between Helen's thighs, making her shudder and smile nicely at him.

When Helen and Julie kissed, we knew the show was really underway. Paul and I both stood up to remove our own

clothing, secretly comparing our respective bits-and-bobs as we did so. (Evenly matched, I'm glad to say.)

Pushing the boundaries

Easing out of her embrace with Helen, Julie knelt down and slowly took my cock into her mouth; something which she had felt 'politely obliged' to do perhaps? I cast a worried glance at Helen and Paul, but on this occasion my lovely partner smiled and nodded approval, as did Paul. It seemed we were quickly graduating from the nursery slope of our pastime and moving on to the grown-up stuff.

Rules of Engagement (Helen) Number One: I'll never suck another man.

She lied.

Quickly breaking her own rule, she knelt down and took Paul into her mouth. (He looked ever so pleased.) I'd agonised over whether this would upset me.

Faced with it now, I found it didn't disturb me at all. A barrier had been crossed. The reason was simple: our relationship was secure, and – interestingly – really did seem to be becoming strengthened through these naughty extra-marital activities.

Rules of Engagement (Helen) Number Two: I'll never kiss another man.

She did.

She twined both arms around Paul's neck, and kissed him enthusiastically. Curiously, this did upset me a bit, but soon I got used to it.

Girls in control...

Helen then pushed my head down to indicate that I should perform gentle cunnilingus on Julie, who tasted so sweet I could have gone on lapping her Brazilian-trimmed pussy all night. With my heart thumping, I eased my way slowly up her body and whispered: 'How would you like it if Helen was to mount Paul?' Julie nodded.

Attuned to my thoughts, Helen smiled across at both of us, and asked, 'Would anyone mind if I was to slide on top of this gorgeous thing?'

'Be my guest,' Julie said croakily.

'Do you mind, darling?' Helen asked me. 'Not at all. Go for it,' I said, nearly having a small coronary of excitement.

Total Rules of Engagement (Helen): WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE... FORGET 'EM.

Her look of gratitude was mingled with glassy-eyed lust – plus a considerable degree of interest in

what she was about to do. No-one had asked Paul if *he* minded, but lying with his arms behind his neck it didn't *seem* that he did.

...and on top

Like a girlie-mag model, displaying every glistening pussy-fold for the punter, Helen cocked her leg and parted her labia with slippery fingers before easing herself gently on to the tip of Paul's engorged and twitching monster. Throughout our relationship I had blanked out the fact that she had performed this act five-thousand times before, with her husband and various other guys. When younger, my jealousy would have meant killing her. Mature now, I was urging her on.

Undulating her hips, Helen descended further and further on to Paul's prick, playing to an enthralled gallery of two and milking her exhibitionism for all its worth. 'Oh,' she gasped with renewed interest, forgetting us and concentrating on Paul. They gathered momentum. They kissed.

This time it was for real. Moaning and bucking they gave themselves up completely to the act, Paul slamming himself into Helen while she slapped her loins to meet each upward thrust.

With a shriek and a shudder they simultaneously climaxed and lay there, squeaking contentedly. My own ejaculate spurted hotly across Julie's hand, which triggered her own juddering orgasm. Helen disengaged from Paul and slithered off, palming her pussy retentively until she could reach a tissue.

Would she – or wouldn't she?

It had turned out that, given the mood was right, she most definitely *would*. (And did.)

I hadn't got to fuck Julie, but that didn't matter. I had enjoyed watching Helen enjoy herself, and being enjoyed. Those of you already further down this adventurous route of discovery, may counsel that we have opened a Pandora's box of potential trouble. Paul and Helen might develop an unstoppable attraction for each other, but given the Ground Rules, neither of us expects this to happen.

Needless to say, we both performed some more at home that night.

'How would you have felt if Paul and I had both had you simultaneously?' I asked.

'How do you mean?' she asked. I felt her flutter with interest.

'Well... I believe it's called double-entry.'

She lay silent for a while. 'Well?'

'Mmmmm. Maybe. Have to wait and see about that, won't we?'

