**My Girlfriend Joins the Rugby Team**

by[WrongWriter](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2008546&page=submissions)©

I couldn't believe my luck - somehow I was dating one of the hottest girls on campus. Jess was certainly the most attractive girl I had ever been with. She had dark hair, big brown eyes, and a tight gymnast body that caught every guy's attention. Part of her allure was her perfect C-cups, and part was her small and curvy ass, but mostly it was her charming and flirtatious personality that had guys hanging at her every word. Altogether, Jess was one of the most irresistible and sought after girls in the whole university.

So when she said yes to being my girlfriend I was thrilled, and a bit surprised. I mean it helps that I'm a Junior and she's just a Freshmen, but while I'm a good looking guy I'm certainly no jock, and I had never been with a girl as sexy as her. I think a big part of the appeal for her was me being the nice guy. She seemed to have been a bit wild in high school and came into college with a similar attitude. I think with me she saw some consistency, a sweet guy to settle down with.

Our first few months dating were incredible. We began spending all of our time together, and I was genuinely convinced I had tamed this firecracker of a girl into a sweet and caring girlfriend. Sure, she was still a little more friendly with guys than I would've liked, but she made it very clear I shouldn't be jealous and I had done my best to obey. She assured me that even if she did get a bit flirty, she had never crossed the line of cheating before, and never would.

Best of all, the sex was amazing. Beyond amazing, I had never had anything life it. I was feeling on top of the world, until things took a little turn when Jess decided to join the rugby team.

I was pretty shocked when she told me about it. For starters, I didn't even realize our school's team was co-ed. Still, I had no reason to have a problem with it. Even if I wasn't much of a sports guy, she was an athletic girl and rugby was supposedly an exciting game.

Over the next couple of weeks Jess was practicing a lot with her new team. She would come back to my dorm room every evening muddy and sore. She'd strip off her short black athletic shorts, her white tank top and her sports bra before asking me for a massage to help make her feel better. Of course I was happy to oblige, and lucky to have my own room. Each night I would rub her down as she gave me the play by play from practice. She seemed to really like her teammates, and always had fun stories to tell about their shenanigans.

"You wouldn't believe what happened tonight," she started one evening while my hands rubbed her quads. "So we're in the scrum, everyone on top of each other, and Rick gave Matt a wet willy!" I laughed politely, more focused on the tantalizing body in front of me.

"And then in the next scrum, Matt got him back by trying to stick his finger up Rick's butt!" she continued with a smile. "So I told them to stop messing around, and that we should focus with our first game coming up. And guess what they did?"

"What'd they do?" I asked, though I was still only half listening.

"They started tickling me, right there in the scrum!" Now she had my attention.

"They tickled you? Like under your arms?"

"Under my arms, on my sides, my legs. Then a couple of the other guys started too and suddenly the scrum turned into a tickle fest with me as the target!" I could tell she was loving all the attention she got. That's one thing about Jess, she certainly loved to be the center of it all. "They tickled me so much I almost peed myself."

"Then what happened?" I asked anxiously.

"Well Jeremy tried to tickle my butt at the bottom of my shorts, so I told them enough was enough and they all stopped. But it was really funny, everyone was cracking up."

Needless to say, I didn't particularly find this humorous, but I knew better than to act jealous. Jess hated jealousy, and let me know on multiple occasions that she had dumped her last two boyfriends because they got too jealous. Instead, I simply smiled and replied, "hey, how about I come to your next practice?"

"Oh, sure," she said before placing her foot in my hands to continue in her massage.

The following day I attended class and then made my way to the rugby field. By the time I got there they had already started. I looked around the field and realized, not too surprisingly, that Jess was the only girl on the team. I'm sure standing out like that made it that much more fun for her.

As I watched them play I started to notice that her teammates would make a conscious effort to get Jess the ball. At first I thought that was nice - looking out for the girl on the team and keeping her involved - but soon I noticed their hidden motivation. Every attempted "tackle" looked more like a chance for these guys to put their hands all over my girlfriend. As she ran with the ball, one teammate wrapped his arms around her and got a great feel of her sides as he let her pass through. The next was even less subtle, and his hands traveled from her stomach to the top of her short black shorts before letting her pass. Finally the last defender came at her head on. She tried to juke past him, and he seemed to let her get the first step. As she went past, he reached out and I swear his hands glided clearly across her chest.

Jess crossed the line to score and celebrated. "Haha, never had a chance!" she called out to her grinning teammates. Then she looked over and saw me watching from the sideline. "Hey honey, did you see that?" she called out to me.

"Yeah, I saw it," I replied.

"Oh is this the famous boyfriend?" one of the guys asked, walking toward me with Jess. It was the guy who had just "accidentally" groped my girlfriend's breasts on the field.

Jess introduced us as they got closer. "Babe this is Rick, he's the team captain. He's the one who made the exception to let me on the team." This was news to me, but I let it go.

"Nice to meet you Rick," I said, shaking his hand. Rick was about 6 foot 3 with dark hair and more muscle in one arm than I probably had in my whole body.

"Good to me you at last. We've heard a lot about you," he said with a grin. "You're a lucky guy to have this one, but so are we...she's got a lot of potential."

"Oh, great to hear," I sheepishly replied.

"Alright, see you on the field Jess," Rick said as he dashed back out there.

"Baby, did you see me score?"

"Um, yeah, I did. Seemed like some of those guys got a nice handful though, huh?"

"Well it's not my fault they can't keep up with me, didn't you know your girl was quick?"

"Yeah, it just seemed..."

"You're not getting jealous, are you?" she asked. "Because you know I don't like jealous guys."I knew all too well, and I was determined to not make the same mistake as her past boyfriends.

"Not jealous, just want to make sure it's a fair game," I replied.

"Thanks babe, I'll see you after." She gave me a kiss and ran back out onto the field.

That Saturday was the team's first game, at a college about 20 minutes from our own. I headed out and watched them play, cheering from the sidelines. Jess actually did ok, she at least wasn't the worst one on the team. Rick seemed to be the best player out there, and pretty much guaranteed the win on his own.

After the final whistle, Jess jogged over to me. "Sweetie we won!" she said, giving me a big kiss.

"I know it, you played great."

"So the team is gonna go out to a bar around here, any chance you'd be my designated driver?" Before I could even reply she said, "thanks hun, you're the best. I'll make it worth your while later." That was pretty much all the convincing I needed.

"Hey Jess, time to shit the showers!" one of the guys called out with an Australian accent.

"Ha-ha," she yelled back. "In your dreams Dave." She turned back to me and said, "I am super sweaty though, and they warned me there's only one away team shower."

"Well we could go back..." I started.

"No, no time for that. I'll just shower in my underwear and change after. "

"In your underwear?" I asked skeptically.

"Oh don't go getting all jealous again. I've got a sports bra and full panties, it's less revealing than a bathing suit silly!" I guess that was true, but I still wasn't comfortable with it. "Just hang here, I'll be back in a few minutes and we can go."

After she ran off, I paced nervously for what felt like an eternity, though it was probably more like a half hour. Finally she emerged from the locker room along with the rest of the team, all smiling and laughing. She hurried over to me with her clean clothes (a sexy blue dress) and wet hair. "Ready to roll babe?"

"Sure," I said, trying to be cool about it all. As we got into the car I couldn't help but ask, "what took so long in there?"

"Oh, just boys being boys. You know how it is."

"Did something happen?" I asked, trying not to reveal how much my stomach was turning upside down as I pulled the car into the street..

"Well as soon as I walked in there everyone cheered. It was just one big communal shower. So they started chanting for me to 'take - it - off' which was hilarious. Obviously I wasn't going to get naked, but I figured I'd play along. So I slowly took off my shirt, spun it around, and threw it at them. Then I turned around and wiggled out of my little shorts, as if I was like a stripper. It was hilarious, they were all laughing and cheering."

"And then what happened?" I asked, part horrified but somehow becoming a little aroused at the whole scenario.

"Well I threw my shorts and Dave - he's such a goof ball - he picked them up and smelled them! So silly. But then they tried to get me to take off more and I obviously I refused. I told them that's for my boyfriend only and he's right upstairs."

"Ok," I said, at least happy it stopped there. "And then what about the rest of the time?"

"Well, then all the guys stripped down. I didn't take into account that there would be 15 dongs all around me! It was so funny, I was just in the middle of all these guys showering naked. I tried not to pay attention but they were everywhere! It was really silly. Some of the guys even got erect which made me laugh."

"They got hard in a shower with the team?"

"Well, I think they were just watching me. I didn't realize at first but you can kinda see the outline of my boobs when my sports bra gets that wet. No one told me though so they all just kept trying to get closer and talk to me. I thought they were all just being friendly but then I looked down and could see my nipples poking through!"

"And did you cover yourself up?"

"Well at that point they had already seen it, so I just went on showering. But pretty soon a few of the guys were really close to me, chatting it up. Then Jeremy's dick actually hit my stomach as he turned around! It was hysterical, but I realized it was probably time to finish up. So here I am!"

Despite my initial horror, I couldn't help but be aroused by the whole situation, and Jess took notice of my erection beneath the steering wheel. "Oh baby, does that excite you? All those boys checking me out?" She reached over and began to rub my cock.

"No, just can't help but get excited thinking about you half naked."

"Liar" she said with a smile. She began to rub faster, but before I could be relieved she spotted the bar. "There it is! Oh, it's going to be so much fun!"

She jumped out of the car as soon as I hit the parking spot. She hurried inside to greet the team, leaving me to wait for my excitement to pass by. After about a minute I headed in. Jess was surrounded by the team, about a dozen guys had shown up, and they were already taking down shots.

"Ben, over here!" she called out to me. The bar was decent enough, and it had a couple pool tables and even an old mechanical bull. As I walked over the team greeted me, and kindly offered me a shot. "None for him," Jess yelled out over the music, taking the shot out of my hand and drinking it herself.. "He's my DD tonight."

As the night continued I watched on as my girlfriend savored being the center of attention, and the guys were happy to indulge her. They kept asking her questions, telling her jokes, and finding reasons to playfully touch her arm or hug her. After awhile the bar got pretty packed and soon enough the mechanical bull was up and running. I knew it was only a matter of time until...

"Jess, you've gotta ride!"

"What? That thing? No way!" she responded.

"What are you scared??" Jeremy called out.

"No, but I don't see any of you jumping on."

Rick wasted no time accepting the challenge. "Fine, I'll go on first, and then you have to go on!" I hoped she wouldn't fall for such a ploy but as soon as the team started cheering I knew it was too late. After a few minutes, Rick had taken his ride and gotten half the bar to start chanting "JESS! JESS!" She was blushing and clearly loving her spreading popularity, especially in her drunken state.

She stepped through the gate and climbed on top of the bull. She gave a rather silly "yee-haw!" as the operator started it up. It didn't take long to realize that the operator was well trained at one thing in particular - providing the best show possible. He worked the bull slowly from front to back, causing Jess' dress to gradually ride up her legs. She hadn't realized this yet, and was obliviously acting proud at how well she was staying on when Rick had been thrown off.

The guys in the bar all pushed closer, with her teammates front and center. Suddenly my view was becoming obstructed, and I hurriedly moved for better positioning. Once my line of sight was clear I could see that things had escalated and the her dress was right at the bottom of her butt. Worse yet, her boobs were dangerously close to popping out. I began to get worried, wondering if she'd regret it considering all the camera phones that were now out and pointed her way. I contemplated jumping in, but I knew she wouldn't forgive me for it. Instead, I just watched.

The dress rode a little higher and now her red lace panties were visible, along with most of her butt cheeks. The bull began to move faster and faster, and I could see just the slightest bit of my girlfriend's eft nipple become visible. Before things could get too much worse in that department, the bull jolted forward and Jess fell off frontwards, with her dress going completely upside down in the process. Once she hit the soft landing mat, it took her a few seconds of half mooning the entire bar for her to adjust her clothes. She stood up and everyone cheered. She threw her hands into the air, soaking it in, and then was handed another shot from Rick.

After some time the bar cleared out a bit and the party died down a little. There were about 6 members of the team left, not including Jess and myself, and we had been spending our time shooting some pool. Jess was pretty drunk at this point, and still her usual charming and flirty self. She would occasionally say a few words to me like "baby, isn't this so much fun?" or "did you see me up on the bull? I was on it so long!" Otherwise I just stood around drinking some soda and hoping she'd tire out soon enough.

"Hey Ben, how about some pool?" I looked up to see Rick offering me a stick.

"Ah, no thanks."

"Come on baby, show him how good you are!" It was the first time Jess had acknowledged me in about twenty minutes, so I couldn't help but enjoy the encouraging words.

"Oh, you're good are you?" Rick asked. "How about a little wager then?"

"Nah, I'm not that good, and I don't play for money anyways."

"That's too bad," he replied, "be fun to raise the stakes here."

"Oo, I've got an idea!" Jess yelled out. "Winner gets to see my boobs!" Rick smiled ear to ear and the rest of the team got quiet in anticipation. Jess looked at me and winked. She clearly thought this was something that I would enjoy.

"Babe, what are you doing?" I asked, pulling her to the side.

"Come on, have some fun. Show him how good you are!" She started to walk back to the group. "If you don't play then it's a forfeit!" she called out, echoed by loads of cheers from the team.

I figured I might as well play. After all, in her drunken state she probably thought that because I was aroused in the car that I might like this. That, or she was just eager to show off her goods tonight after all this attention. Either way I was set on winning.

The game didn't take long. I knocked a few in, but Rick was clearly the better player and he knew it. As he lined up for the 8-ball he looked at me and smiled smugly. "Sorry Benny boy. Corner pocket." He hit it without question.

"Aw, Ben!!" Jess yelled out, at least feigning some disappointment. "Alright, time to pay up!" she yelled, turning to Rick as the rest of the team gathered behind him.

"Um, the bet was with Rick, not the whole team!" I said to her.

"Oh don't be a sore loser babe, you get to see them all the time and there's not even that many people here." She grabbed one arm of her dress and stepped directly in front of me so everyone could see but me. She turned back to say "and no peaking!"

She pulled the dress down from the top, presumably grabbing her bra along with it. I could see all their faces light up, but after about two seconds she pulled it back up.

"Oh come on, that's not enough!" one guy yelled.

"You've gotta do at least 5 seconds!" another said.

"Fiiine," she replied with a slur, pulling her dress down again. The audience counted slowly - One...Two...As they did multiple camera phones began to click. Rick of course was front and center, enjoying his triumphant view. "Hurry up you guys!" she exclaimed. Finally they hit five, and she giggled as she pulled her dress back up. Multiple guys from her team, guys who see her everyday, had just seen my girlfriend's amazing breasts right up close.

Thankfully the bartender yelled for last call, and the excitement of the evening ended. Jess said her farewells with close hugs and some playful high fives, and as soon as we got in the car she fell asleep. I brought her back to school and helped her back into my dorm before climbing into bed with her.

The following day Jess was quite hungover and very apologetic. "Oh baby, I'm so sorry I was a bad date last night, but you were so good to DD and take good care of me." At the least she made me feel a little better about the whole thing, and I forgave her soon enough. Of course she was more apologizing for not including me than for flashing half her rugby team. He defense was that it's not a big deal to flash people on special occasions in college, and a few seconds of looking was nothing compared to what I get from her. I supposed she was right.

Jess continued playing Rugby, but it didn't seem like anyone made a big deal about having seen her breasts. I'm sure secretly they were all picturing her topless while going for their tackles (or just enjoying whatever pics they got on their phones in private), but she didn't seem to mind their newfound intimacy.

I couldn't help but feel jealous though, how could I not? Here she was running around with all these athletes who had now seen her beautiful breasts first hand. And here I was, her boyfriend, getting to hear all the "hilarious" stories from practice while rubbing her back, legs and feet. Finally I knew I had to take a stand, for my own pride, but I didn't want to do anything too drastic and risk losing her.

So when she came back from practice one day and asked for her foot rub, I said "you know I'm actually a little tired of giving massages. I think I need a break for awhile." I was expecting her to get worried, feel bad, apologize for not being more considerate, something. But instead she played it completely cool.

She just said, "ok, no worries, I won't ask again." And that was that.

Until the following day. Per usual, she showed up at my room sometime after practice, dressed in her dirty rugby clothes. I couldn't help but stare at her short black shorts and want to give her a massage, but I knew I had to show at least a little bit of pride.

"Hey baby," she said to me.

"Hi hun, how was practice?"

"Same old, except I'm especially sore this week, my shoulders are killing me. I'm gonna need a pretty good massage today."

I couldn't help but enjoy that, this was my chance to have something she wanted, to keep a little bit of control. "Well, you remember what we talked about, I'm taking a break for awhile."

"Oh I know," she replied rather nonchalantly. "But I still need my massages, for health reasons. I found the perfect solution for both of us though - Jeremy from the team is training to be a masseuse!"

Uh oh. I knew this wasn't good. I tried to think of my response as she stripped down to take a shower. I was suddenly distracted as she pulled her shorts and underwear off and tossed them to the side. She still had on her high black socks as she removed her shirt, followed by her sports bra. I licked my lips staring at her neatly trimmed patch, thinking about how good she smelled head to toe even after a rough practice. Something about her just wearing the socks was getting me even more excited than usual.

\*I need to focus\*, I told myself. She was clearly better at these types of games than me. My choices were simple - backdown on my no massage policy, leaving me with a clear lack of vindication or control in this relationship, or let her get massaged by some guy from her rugby team. Well, I could tell her I wasn't ok with him massaging her, but all that would do is get her upset that I'm getting jealous...it was just a massage after all. But I also didn't trust this guy with her alone.

"Where is this massage happening?" I asked as she ran her arm under my bathroom shower. I watched as Jess slipped off her socks one at a time, naked as can be, looking up to me to answer.

"He's coming here in about ten minutes."

That snapped me back to reality. "Wait, what?"

"Well I figured you wouldn't mind. I mean I have a roommate and you don't, so it kind of makes sense. Don't you want me to get the treatment I need to stay healthy babe?"

While I wasn't crazy about the idea of her inviting a guy to my room, at least I could be there to keep an eye on it, and at least she didn't have any ulterior motives here. "Yeah, that's fine. I'll just get some work done." She smiled appreciatively before jumping in the shower.

About 10 minutes later, there was a knock at the door while Jess was still in the shower. "Baby, will you let him in?" she yelled from the shower. Begrudgingly I obliged, walking over and opening the door for Jeremy.

Jeremy was about 6'1 with dirty blonde hair, and was wearing sweats and a tank-top, carrying a backpack.

"Hey Ben, what's good?" he asked, walking right past me into the room.

"Just getting some work done, Jess is actually in the shower..."

"No worries, I'll just get set up." He put his bag down on the bed and pulled out a few bottles of various oils, as well as a towel that he laid across the sheet. Suddenly it occurred to me this massage was going to happen on my bed, which I suppose I should've assumed.

I tried to focus on my books at my desk, but a minute later Jess emerged from the bathroom, wearing only her pink towel.

"Hey Jer, thanks so much for doing this, you're such a sweetheart," she said to him as she walked towards the bed.

"The pleasure is all mine," he replied, far too convincingly.

"Should I grab you some clothes babe?" I asked, rather hopefully.

"Don't be silly Ben, Jeremy is a professional, or at least will be soon." Somehow I doubted that. "I'll be fine in my towel. If that's ok with you Jer."

"Yeah, I think that will be fine," he said smugly.

She laid down on her stomach on the bed and pulled the towel out from underneath her. As she wiggled free I could see various glimpse of skin coming into view, and it was clear her towel wasn't her longest as she laid it flat across her back.

Jeremy grabbed the towel from the top of and folded it down to the top of her butt. From my angle I could see the sides of her breasts, which were pressed to the bed, but I at least took comfort knowing my view was a little better than Jeremy's. Of course as soon as I saw him start to lather up his hands my stomach my heart began to race.

As he started rubbing the oil on her back and shoulders, I decided my best bet was to focus on my studying. After about a minute I could hear some soft sounds of satisfaction from Jess as the hands rubbed across her back. I glanced over to see that Jeremy was straddled across her back now. It seemed rather unprofessional, but then again my bed wasn't a typical massage table.

I watched out of the corner of my eye as he rubbed her from the neck down to her lower back. As we worked his way back up his hands drifted a little to the outside, and soon was getting just a small taste of the sides of her breasts. He got back up to the neck, and then started back downwards again, this time even further out. His thumb was still on the back, but the rest of his fingers were completely on the sides. He took his sweet time around the breasts now, and as she rubbed she gave the occasional sigh of enjoyment and relaxation.

After a minute his hands worked their way back to middle of the back and I felt relieved, but only for a moment. As the hands worked downward they started to massage the lower back, and this brought out an even more positive reaction from Jess.

"Ohh, yes, that's been killing me."

Jeremy was happy to have the encouragement. He kept rubbing the area and then subtly started drifting just a little bit lower, touching the top of her cheeks under the towel. He then went just a little bit lower, and now was getting a rather good feel of the top part of her butt.

He then got even more daring, and folded the towel down even further, revealing a few inches of beautifully smooth cheek right in front of his face. I was tempted to say something, but she knew what was happening. Whether she was just trying to make me regret my stance or if she really just didn't mind, my complaining wouldn't get us anywhere.

"The glutes really get worked in rugby, it's important to take good care of them," he said to her, essentially forgetting that I was just six feet away.

"Well you're doing a vey good job of taking care of them for me."

"Would you like me to work the whole muscle?" he asked confidently.

"Oh that'd be great, three days of practice have me as sore as ever."

I couldn't help but turn my whole head to look over at this, but at this point neither one of them was paying attention to me. Jeremy didn't even bother to hide his smile as he folded down the remaining towel, completely revealing Jess' gorgeous ass to him. He then squirted some more oil into his hands, and dug right in without hesitation. He cupped her entire right cheek in his hand, giving it hard squeeze after hard squeeze. He then switched to the left, doing the same. For the next five minutes he continued to rub her butt from top to bottom, then on the sides, then back towards the middle. Her only response was gentle moans as she seemed to be getting blissfully lost in her massage.

I couldn't believe some jock was in my room, lying on my bed, rubbing my girlfriend's naked butt right in front of me! I felt awful and angry, yet somehow still considerably aroused by the situation. I told myself that I needed to be mature about this, she was a complicated girl and this was an adult relationship. I can't go crazy about every massage she's going to get. But if this didn't stop soon...

Finally she spoke up. "My feet are killing me too," she said. Jeremy paused for a second, gave one last squeeze of her butt, and then folded the towel back up over her butt and lower back. I felt incredibly grateful at her request. At least she really was doing this for the massage benefits, to some degree.

I was able to focus a little better on my work as Jeremy began rubbing her feet, since there didn't seem to be any harm. After about 15 minutes I was rather impressed that he was still rubbing them though, that was even more than I would do and I at least had the chance at sex afterwards. I looked up from my book to see what was going on, and it was then that I noticed why he was taking his time. His eyes were locked in straight ahead. When he repositioned the short towel he had raised it enough that now the bottom of her cheeks were just barely exposed, but from his stance he had a great view at her beautiful pussy between her legs.

I had to say something, but what could I say without sounding jealous or caddy? All I could come up with was, "hey babe, the dining hall closes in 30, it'd be great if we could make it in."

Jeremy looked up at me, as if surprised that I was still in the room. Jess didn't both to open her eyes as she responded. "Oh, yeah, sure. We'll start to wrap up here." Jeremy didn't hide his disappointment. "Jer, can you work the legs too before we're done?"

"Sure thing," he replied. He began to work his way up her calves, one of Jess' favorite muscles to be massaged. He didn't linger too long though, and was up to the thighs soon enough. First the lower thighs, then he gradually began moving up further, and further, and further. He bounced from one leg to the other as he climbed higher. After a few minutes, he was rubbing near the bottom of the towel. He rotated to the outside of the thigh, then back toward the inside.

Suddenly I could hear Jess' breathing begin to pick up, her breaths just a little deeper, though she was clearly trying to control it. I looked over and could see what I hadn't noticed before - Jeremy's massive erection bulging against his sweats. As he let go of her left leg to switch to the right, he positioned her leg so that it was pretty much on top of his manhood. He then rubbed the upper inside of her right thigh, getting ever so close to her opening. As he did, it looked a little to me like her left leg was moving ever so slightly, slowly back and forth. Maybe it was my imagination, but I couldn't help but think she was rubbing his cock, perhaps even subconsciously.

Now he began to slowly move his hips back and forth against her leg, and while I couldn't see exactly where his fingers were they were somewhere under the bottom of the towel. I was immensely aroused and incredibly emasculated all at the same time. I checked my watch - saved by the bell.

"Hey guys, it's about dinner time, it's been almost two hours," I said.

Jess slowed her breathing as Jeremy stopped his movements. He coughed and sat backwards on the bed, trying to somewhat disguise the expansion in his pants. "Right," he said. "I'll just pack up and go then." He took another minute, clearly waiting for his excitement to die down.

Jess turned over and sat up, clinging the towel to her breasts as she did. "Jeremy, I can't thank you enough, that was just what I needed. And it allowed Ben to get some work done when he would've been massaging."

"Sure thing Jess," he said. "Same time tomorrow, full body?" he asked hopefully. I looked at Jess, who glanced at me.

"Well, we'll see if Ben is up for the challenge. He gets first dibs after all." She had made her play, and she had won. Of course I was going to massage her tomorrow, anything to prevent such an intimate experience with another guy again.

Jeremy packed his stuff up and headed out. I walked over to Jess and reached my hand out to pull her up to get ready for dinner. Instead, she pulled me down and started kissing me. I knew she was excited from her experience, but I also wasn't about to turn down amazing sex. So what if another guy did the hard work? I was the one who got to reap the benefits.

Before I could reap anything though, Jess pushed my head down to her crotch. "There's one more thing I need massaged babe, and no one can do it like you." I was happy to take the compliment as I started to eat her out. I licked her clit, softly at first, and then began to pick up. I was excited at where this was leading, but when I looked up Jess' eyes were closed, her head turned away, and her was covering her face with her arm. I couldn't help but feel like she was thinking of someone else. Maybe Jeremy's massage, or maybe Rick.

I went to move my head back up but her other hand kept me there. She began to moan, and she pushed my head hard into her cunt. I felt like I was being used, but she smelled so good, tasted so delicious, and looked some damn sexy as she built up to her orgasm.

She began moaning harder and harder. I picked up the speed even more, and suddenly she yelled "OH BABY I'M CUMMING!" Her screams of pleasure carried down the halls for about 20 seconds after.

Her breathing slowed and she gathered herself. "Thanks sweetie, you're the best. Let's go eat." She stood up and started to get dressed, leaving me unattended to.

The incident with Jeremy had me even more on edge than before. I started attending as many rugby practices as I could, just to make sure nothing else too scandalous went down without my knowledge. I had a twinge of jealousy every time Jeremy would tackle Jess or high five her after a play. All I could think about was how this guy had seen my girlfriend's ass, and groped it within his hands. Not to mention his long gander between her legs, or the flash at the bar.

All this pent up jealousy was beginning to get to me, but I didn't think there was anything I could do. She hadn't done anything worse than her casual flirting for a couple weeks, and the occasional sex I got was enough to keep me hooked. Above all else, I didn't want to lose her, which at least helps me justify what happened next.

It was about a month after the massage, and Jess' birthday was coming up. I had recently told Jess that I loved her, and she happily reciprocated. I genuinely believed it too, and saying so was the best way to really leave my mark. Since then, things felt great, but at this point we hadn't had sex in over a week, something I was hoping her birthday would help fix.

You see, on my birthday we had the best sex of my life. I had a particular role playing scenario that I had always wanted to act out, and Jess gave it 100%. It was amazing, and I was hoping for some something special for her big day too. As it turns out, she was thinking the same thing.

"You know how we did that special thing on your birthday?" she asked casually one day. "Well I was thinking we could do something like that for mine. Something adventurous."

"Ok, yeah." I tried to keep my cool. "What were you thinking?"

"Well I was wondering, does the thought of you with me and another girl turn you on?" Even better than I could've hoped.

"Y-yeah. Yes," I replied quickly.

"And that's something you would want to do with me?"

"Absolutely." Was this really going to happen?

"Great, then you wouldn't judge me if I wanted to have a threesome with another guy, right?"

"Wait, what?"

"Well if you're ok with another girl, there's no reason it'd be strange to try it the other way too. And since it's my birthday..."

"You want to have sex with someone else?"

"No! Don't get so jealous on me. I want to share in an erotic situation with you. Wouldn't that turn you on, having someone else get so aroused by you bringing me to an orgasm?"

"Jess, I don't want another guy with us," I said sternly. "With you."

"But you were ok with another girl, what's the difference?" My face told her I didn't agree. "You know I'm right, and if you want me to ever do that with a girl for you, you have to earn it. Plus, it's my birthday, so I get what I want." She walked out of the room and that was the end of the discussion.

When her birthday rolled around, we opted to have a nice dinner together, as opposed to any big party. I took her to a fancy Italian restaurant, and she wore this amazing black dress that ended well above her knees. We took down almost two bottles of wine over the course of the evening, and we were having a great time as I asked for the check.

"So, are you ready for it then?" she asked with a little drunken slur.

"Ready for what?"

"For my special birthday present silly." I couldn't believe what I was hearing. We hadn't spoken about it since that one time, so I figured it was forgotten about. Besides, we never even chose a partner.

"We're doing that tonight?"

"Yep, as promised. Rick's going to be waiting back at your room for us, I gave him my key." Rick. Of course it was going to be Rick. She'd been flirting with him all season long, this was what she really wanted.

My drunken protests were to no avail, and we took a cab back to the dorms. When we got to my room, she stepped in front of me to open the door. Inside was Rick, hanging out and reading a magazine on my bed. "Hey guys, how was dinner?" he asked cooly.

"It was delicious!" Jess exclaimed. "But I'm ready for the dessert." I could tell the alcohol had done it's job, she was already in the mood and ready to go. "Now, you two men are here to take care of me. It's my birthday, and I want to be pleasured how I want it, you understand?"

We both nodded yes, but her eyes spent the majority of the time looking at Rick on the bed. "Now, stand over here and take off your shirts," she said.

Rick stood up and walked over to me. He grabbed his shirt and pulled it over his head, revealing his large biceps and rock hard abs. He looked at me and said, "come on Benny boy, for the birthday girl." I'm not sure if it was the alcohol, my desire to please Jess, or both, but I took my shirt off as asked.

Jess walked over and ran her hand across my chest, then over to Rick's. She spent considerably more time with her hand on his torso. She'd probably been wanting to touch it this way for months, but she seemed to have her own idea of what constituted cheating, and she was determined not to cross that line. In her eyes, this was her chance to get what she wanted without being unfaithful.

"Now the pants," she said, and we obeyed. I dropped to my boxers, and Rick to his boxer briefs, which had a large bulge already forming beneath them. Jess approached me and softly kissed me on the lips. She knelt down on her knees and pulled off my boxers, revealing my 5 inch hardening cock. She seductively licked and sucked as I became pretty hard, despite my nerves. At least I was still first attended to, I thought, at least I'm still the boyfriend.

She pulled my cock out of her mouth and looked up at me with a smile. Then she turned toward Rick, instinctively licking her lips. She shimmied her way over to him, still on her knees. She reached up and pulled down his boxer briefs, and as she did his large cock came free. It must've been at least 7 and a half inches, but was also a good bit wider than mine. Jess clearly took notice, her eyes locked in on the prize before her.

After a moment of enjoying the view, she began taking as much of it in as she could. She slowly pulled his cock out and in, going a little further each time. She then licked it from the bottom to the top and back again. Rick's pleasure was clear in his face - he had wanted this for ages. He had probably been constantly jerking off to the pictures from the bar that night, getting crazy jealous hearing Jeremy talk about his massage. Now the girl he'd been flirting with all season was sucking his cock while her boyfriend watched on. As awful as I felt, I couldn't help but be turned on by her state of arousal, and all that wine was drowning out my protests.

Rick moved his hands to the back of Jess' head as she continued to suck faster and faster. After about a minute I couldn't help but feel it had gone on long enough. After all I was the boyfriend, I should be getting the star treatment here. I coughed to get their attention, and Jess snapped back to reality. She pulled Rick out of her mouth and looked over at me.

"Don't forget about me over here," I said playfully, trying not to sound as jealous as I was.

"Of course," Jess replied. "I was just about to ask for your assistance." She stood up, reached under her dress, and pulled off her thin black panties. She tossed them to Rick, and then laid back on the bed. She looked to me and said, "now come over here and use that tongue of yours." I was happy to obey, moving over towards the bed and putting my head under her dress.

I began licking, first gently, then faster and stronger. I was getting really into what I was doing, and Jess' moans told me she was too. This was a scenario for the evening I could be ok with, if she really wanted someone to watch me pleasure her I could live with that. I pulled my head out from under dress to get a breath of her air, and I noticed Jess was staring lustfully at Rick.

Rick was watching us, staring right into her eyes while stroking his hard cock. Jess looked down at me. "I didn't say stop Ben, keep going," she said, pushing my head back down under her dress.

I continued licking, and she began moaning. I went faster and faster, and her breaths picked up. Suddenly she tapped me on the shoulder. I pulled my head out to see that her dress was pulled down from the top. Her breasts her out, and Rick was standing over her. His cock was in her left hand, and very close to her face.

"Ben, you know what would really turn me on?" she asked.

"What's that babe?" I replied, but I didn't like where this was going.

"I want to see you touch yourself. Go on, stroke it." I did as she asked, sitting back on the bed and beginning to rub my cock. As I did she turned to Rick. He pulled her up off the bed, then reached down and grabbed her dress from the bottom. He slowly lifted it upwards, first revealing her beautiful cunt, then finally pulling it off completely. She stood completely naked in front of him. My girlfriend, in all her glory, was standing next to the captain of her team, both of the completely naked in my room. How did this happen?

Rick looked over to me. "Hope you don't mind Benny boy, but I'm going to take a spin." I didn't know what to say in response, and instead just kept stroking myself.

Rick grabbed Jess and lifted her up in the air. She let out of a gasp, then wrapped her legs around his waist. After a little adjusting, he positioned his hard cock right at her opening. He stared straight into her eyes as he rubbed her clit with his bare tip.

Jess began to moan lightly. "Ohh. Go in. Please. Please go inside me." Rick just smiled, enjoying the power shift. He pulled her closer, putting just a little bit into her opening. "More!" Put all of it in!!" she said, having trouble controlling her volume.

"Tell me how bad you want it," he replied.

"SO BAD!"

She got her wish. He slid his cock all the way inside of her and she let out a huge moan. He stood here, just a couple feet away from me, fucking my girlfriend as I sat back helplessly.

Jess' waist continued to move back and forth and her moans kept picking up. She looked over to me, and smiled watching me jerk off. "You like that Ben? You like seeing me get fucked by a big strong man?" I came right then, all over my hand and the bed. Jess turned back to Rick and started moving faster.

"You're such a dirty slut," he said to her. "You've wanted this since the day I met you, haven't you?"

"Yessss, Oh I wanted you so bad."

"You've been dreaming of fucking me, huh?"

"All - ohh - all the time - ohhh"

"Have you been picturing me when you fucked your little boyfriend over there??" he asked with a beaming satisfaction. She was moaning so loud now the whole building could here her.

"Every - uhhhh - time - ohhhh. I cum sooooo hard - ohh - thinking about you."

"Your boyfriend every fuck you like this?" He had her against the wall now, pounding furiously.

"Nevvvver - OHH - you're SO - uhhh - much - better!!"

He threw her down onto my desk without pulling out of her. His thrusts became slower but harder, and her moans joined in rhythm.

"Are you my slut??" he asked.

"I'M - YOUR - SLUT!"

"Cum for me." Right on command, Jess started having an orgasm far greater than I had ever even imagined she could. Her screams couldn't be stopped, and carried on and on. Finally her moans turned to heavy breaths. Rick pulled his cock out and began to rub it fast. He positioned himself by Jess' face and shot his massive load across her face. Jess seemed unfazed, just in a blissful, drunken state of satisfaction. Her eyes closed with a big smile across her face, and for all I knew she was asleep.

Rick stood up and put his clothes on. He grabbed his phone from his pants pocket and took a couple of photos of Jess naked with his cum sprayed across her face. I was sure he'd be sharing it with his team, but before I could say anything he turned to me. "Enjoy what's left Benny Boy." He grabbed his magazine and took off out the door.

I wish I could say that was the end for Jess and I, but I chalked it up to a birthday fantasy and thought that would be the end of it. About a month later I walked in on her getting spit roasted by Jeremy and Matt while in my bed. Turned out after that night with Rick she kept seeing him behind my back, and then eventually fell to Jeremy's advances. It didn't take long for that net to spread, and after all that she ended up straight up cheating on me for weeks on end.

She looked up from her threesome to see me in the doorway, and before I could even react she pulled Jeremy's cock from her mouth and said, "Ben - ohhh - I think we should break up."