**Andi Becomes a Stripper**

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**Andi Becomes a Stripper Pt. 01**

I have been married to my wife for almost 3 years. She's a smokin' hot little blonde, if I do say so myself. She's 22 years old, 5'4", 34C-23-33. We have a great young relationship together, or at least that is what I had thought. I loved my wife a lot, maybe too much. My wife's name is Andrea, but prefers Andi and she is a full time college student at the moment, while she finishes up her degree to teach. She wants to teach junior high school kids and already had a position lined up close to our home. I knew, if I was a horny junior high kid and had a hottie of a teacher like Andi, well, one of two things would have happened. Either I woulda had a lot of problems concentrating on school work, OR... I would study even harder to try and impress her. But, one of the two was a lock!  
  
My wife's newest best friend at college was Krissy. She was a couple years younger at 19 and was equally gorgeous. She was a little taller at 5'6" and a freakin' brick house, too at 34C-22-34. When I first met her I thought she was a model and it turns out, I was right! I didn't know what kind of model, but assumed, wrongly, fashion. My wife and Krissy became close quickly, exchanging secrets like sisters. They would go out on Saturdays and have a girls night out at the movies or a local dance bar. I didn't mind, as I would do the same with my buds. What I didn't know initially, was how drunk they'd get. I almost always got home first and crashed right away. I like to party as much as any 24 year old, but I'm not really a night owl. I've always been a morning person.  
  
So, I was never up when Andi got home until one evening I cancelled with my friends, because I needed to finish up a report for work due the following Monday. I got it done around midnight and was uncharacteristically too wired to go to bed. So, thinking Andi would be home soon, I decided to wait up and maybe have some sexy time with my hottie. So I just turned on the Golf Channel and occupied myself with the tape-delayed broadcast.  
  
1:00 came and went. 2:00... still no Andi. I didn't want to appear to be one of those overbearing husbands, so I decided not to call her. Hell, for all I knew, she always got home that late. But, no longer wired, I couldn't stay up any longer and went to bed.  
  
When I woke at 6:30, as usual, she was asleep right next to me. I smiled and kissed her, as usual (she never moved a muscle, as usual) before padding to the kitchen to make coffee and get myself alert. I knew the 4-1/2 hours of sleep I'd had, would haunt me after lunch, but I never sleep in and knew I'd catch a relaxing Saturday afternoon nap at some point. With all my work done, I felt great though, not having to worry about it the rest of the weekend.  
  
Andi got up sometime between 10 and 11, because, when I was done mowing the lawn at 11:30, she came outside dressed and looking like a million bucks to tell me that I was wonderful and the yard looked great. I told her I was just finishing up and invited her to join me in the shower.  
  
"Oh, sweetie. I already showered. I'm sorry. I'm meeting Krissy again, to go shopping with her. We're picking out clothes for her next modeling shoot, remember?" I honestly didn't remember, but that's not unusual. Lol.  
  
For the next few weeks, when Andi wasn't with me she was most assuredly with Krissy. They were almost like twins and frankly, I liked it! They'd been going to the spa, the gym and tanning at the beach together much more frequently. Andi'd even accompanied her on several photo shoots, which I knew, had to be exiting for her.  
  
Andi was beginning to wear more sexy makeup, like Krissy. She dyed her hair more blonde, like Krissy. And she began to dress just a touch more slutty, like Krissy. What was there for me to complain about? She was coming home to me every night... eventually!  
  
Our schedules being a little off was the only thing I could bemoan; she was a night owl and I was an early bird. But it was working, and morning sex with Andi became the solution. Every damned morning without fail, I'd wake up, begin kissing her neck, her breasts, her thighs or even her ass. Lol. She would stir and we'd fuck ourselves sweaty. I'd shower and start my day, while Andi would go back to sleep for a few hours until she had classes or other plans with either me or Krissy.  
  
Andi staying out late evolved into more of a nightly thing, than a weekend thing and her grades were suffering. We'd talked about it and even though, she was so close to graduating with her teaching degree, she wasn't ready to start that career. She told me she thought she wanted to explore modeling first, like Krissy. She reasoned, once she started teaching, she'd never be able to try it. "Plus," she said, "Some of Krissy's photographers have told me, they'd love to shoot me." And she backed it up, showing me a couple of really sexy candid proofs they'd given her.  
  
"When did you have these taken?"  
  
"Last week they talked me into posing for a few shots, while Krissy was changing." She was beaming, "They told me the camera loves me!"  
  
I had to admit, they were awesome photos. I also had to admit, I wanted to see more! So, we agreed, she'd put school on hold and try to make it as a fashion model! She corrected me, "Well, it's not really fashion modeling, I'm not tall enough for that. They call it glamour modeling."  
  
I figured that would be great. Fashion... glamour... no difference to me. I was married to a hot blonde model!  
  
We hired Krissy's agent and almost immediately and within a couple months, she was published! Andi was in some local ads, even an insurance billboard! Her popularity continued to grow, and she got picked to model for national brands in magazines, hawking everything from hair coloring and other beauty products, to Chevys and even premium booze.  
  
I didn't think I could be any more proud, until I found out she was going to get to be one of the models in the "Blonde Beach Beauties" calendar! She was so excited for herself. And also for Krissy, who hadn't been quite as successful so fast. She, too, was also chosen to be one of the twelve blondes. It was a hot calendar with lots of sexy, fun scenes sprinkled throughout the pages of blonde babes frolicking on the beach in bikinis. They each got a month with a full size picture. July never looked better! And her agent promised, she'd have her own calendar the next year!  
  
Andi's days were filled with working out, tanning and then getting salon treatment before modeling into the evening and partying all night. Then she'd crash till noon. It was getting harder to wake her up for our morning romps and more than once, when we fucked, I don't even think she remembered it.  
  
We talked about it and I suggested, maybe she ought to dial back the late night partying and rest a little bit between assignments. I could see it was wearing on her... mind you, nothing a little makeup couldn't fix. But, still, she was really wearing down. She even lost a few pounds that she didn't need to lose. Andi told me I didn't understand. Adding the BS line that she had to market herself by going out and being seen. Her ego was growing, but I hadn't really begun to worry, just yet.  
  
A month later, it was like a switch had been flipped. Andi was still partying all night, but now she was waking me up for sex when she got home! She'd still be drunk off her hot little ass and slurring, but amazingly her energy level had returned in spades. I'd go to bed horny as hell, knowing that, soon I'd be roused and sexually mauled by my little blonde, drunk-off-her-ass, glamour model wife. Of course, you all know what she was doing, but my dumb ass didn't even consider that her new found energy came from coke that Krissy'd been sharing with her. She even got her own dealer and I was selfishly oblivious.  
  
It became seventh heaven for me, having developed a fetish for her alcohol laced breath and the accompanying slurring. In fact, I'd quit bothering her altogether about her all night partying. And in fact, I'd begun to keep a bottle of Belvedere vodka on my night stand and have her drink even more... at least a shot or three, while I fucked her beautiful drooling pussy. She was insatiable. I was fat dumb and happy.  
  
In another month or so, Andi came to me upset. She had just dropped under 100 pounds and her agent told her that next year's calendar shoot was off, unless she got breast implants. He said, "Andi, you're beautiful but glamour models need more curves and you're just too skinny."  
  
She cried on my shoulder, while I comforted her. It was true. Once a curvaceous 34C-23-33, she was now a little saggy 32B-22-32. Andi wasn't anorexic looking but fashion model thin, now. At only 5'4", that wasn't gonna cut it. I agreed, for her career, that we'd just have to get her some tits! She was feeling much better with my support and we even had a rare midday, sober, fuck session that left us both breathless.  
  
Andi's modeling assignments were just beginning to dwindle by the time the surgery was scheduled. She rationalized that it was her agent giving her a break to rest, before the titty ferry came. In reality, her modeling career had come to a fork in the road, just a few short miles before a dead end.  
  
Andi and I had, of course, discussed the size and everything, including material and the shape of her new "babies" as she called them. We agreed, as did the doctor, that she'd be back to normal and even a little better with about 400cc's of silicone added to each diminished breast.  
  
Enter... the agent. The manipulative bastard had an agenda... a 600cc agenda and intervened. I told her not to listen to him, but he was able to break down Andi's defenses, encouraging her, to the point of brainwashing, that the upcoming calendar shoot was her most important gig, yet. He reminded her that, "This thing was almost cancelled." He reminded her it was a solo calendar and would most certainly fail, if there wasn't something spectacular to look at on every page. In the end, he prevailed upon her that the whole thing depended on blowing people's minds.  
  
I was against it. Sure I'd allowed myself to behave somewhat depraved for my own enjoyment. But, I was really naive about the impending rabbit hole before us. I was truly in love with my beautiful, sexy wife and could feel this was a bad idea, but he'd beaten me. Andi's mind was made up.

**Andi Becomes a Stripper Pt. 02**

Andi had the surgery, indeed having had the 600cc high profile saline implants installed. They were fabulously big and round and awe inspiring, but I couldn't help but think they were a big mistake. I mean, once her modeling ended (I figured in a few years or sooner) and teaching began, she'd look ridiculous. What principal would put her in charge of teaching horny middle school kids? Obviously she'd have to have them removed. I wasn't looking forward to that reality for just about every reason YOU can imagine. We used to have such a logical, cut-and-dried plan for our future together. Now, I was filled with trepidation, whenever I considered the impending drama and the impact of all this.  
  
Andi was super excited, though. She loved her new tits, her friend, Krissy, loved her new tits, her agent loved her new tits... hell, I loved her new tits, too! But, I knew they had come with a price exceeding anything financial. And it was hard at first, but I had to force myself to quit thinking about all the negatives... just go with the flow, day by day... for my own sanity. For all practical purposes, I had to quit being so practical... nuts, I know!  
  
Though she'd had a fairly major surgery that brought her to an E/F cup, her recovery was surprisingly quick and it had to be, because the calendar shoot was two months later. Andi was back to partying and staying out late almost every night again. I was amazed at her resilience, but unbeknownst to me she'd had a lot of help with her recovery. Her asshole agent had impressed upon her the importance of following the doctor's prescribed recovery regimen so she'd be ready for the shoot. That regimen included strong pain pills. Now, I knew about them and really didn't dwell on it. I mean, after all, they were certainly a necessity after such a procedure, but I was unaware that she had refilled that prescription more than once and continued to take them whenever she felt a tinge of pain.  
  
Well, the shoot went off great and I was invited to join my beautiful, little, blonde wifey at the celebration banquet at a trendy, uber-posh club downtown. I was beside myself excited, because not only did I get the chance to be known as 'her' husband, I got the chance to mingle with the bevy of calendar hotties that also attended! Let me tell you, it was the largest group of the sexiest babes I had ever seen, let alone been around.  
  
Andi and I had taken a cab together, as did several of the other attached models. But several of the girls including Krissy had arrived together in a stretch-limo, making for one helluva grand entrance. Andi excitedly squeezed my hand and I knowingly nodded, as she jumped up to join her new 'friends'. I was not under any false pretenses that Andi would be by my side the whole evening. This was their thing and I was simply satisfied to be her 'plus-one'.  
  
Throughout the evening, Andi was flitting around the club with the other girls and even made sure to come back to me often, proudly introducing me to her friends and including me in the small talk and stories pertaining to the photoshoot. Apparently their were a lot of sexy outtakes that certainly wouldn't make the published version, that I was going to get to see in the near future. Overall, it was as fantastic an evening as I'd hoped.  
  
We drank and danced to the thumping music as a group and also one on one until very late into the evening. I was running out of gas, but Andi was in her element. She was very drunk and slurring her words badly by this time and it was then that I first noticed something. Andi had returned from the powder room with a couple of the other girls giggling and practically holding each other up. I was really getting turned on, because admittedly I enjoy seeing her like this for some perverted reason. But even in my inebriated state, I saw a trace of white powder under her nose on her upper lip. Immediately I knew, 'Holy shit! She's doing cocaine!' I thought, almost out loud.  
  
I had to get her out of there. I certainly wasn't going to confront her about it then and there in front of everyone, but I was truly gobsmacked. One of her friends discretely pointed it out and she quickly dabbed it away with her back to me. Then she grabbed me to go dance some more. Now, I knew how she had so much goddamn energy.  
  
I forced myself to dance and have fun for the sake of her evening and just watch her in action. I excused myself after a couple more songs admitting I needed a coffee. Andi laughed, kiddingly, "Par'ry poooper! You go gedda cofffee, but bring me annozzer shot o' vo'ka!" I didn't argue, hell, she was letting me into her sexy little world, even if she wasn't completely honest about what she was doing in this fast little world of hers. I decided, we'd have plenty of time to discuss this later on.  
  
Well, we closed the joint and by the time we'd left and I'd hailed a cab, I'd finished the evening with three cups of coffee. Andi'd had several more shots of vodka and was crushed! Once outside, I noticed she could barely walk and couldn't talk, but her eyes were radiant, slightly crossed, but almost sparkling as she looked at me with a silly, longing grin, likely trying to figure out how many of me there actually were. I helped her into the cab and she put her head on my shoulder. I figured she'd fall asleep like that before we got home, though she never did. Her eyes were glassy, unfocussed and open the whole way and for some reason, I'd become hard as a rock!  
  
She never said another intelligible word the rest of the evening and we'd fucked three times by the time the sun was up. I'd been up all night and uncharacteristically, as the sun rose, I drifted into a deep sleep right next to her.  
  
When I awoke around noon, I'd heard her in the bathroom. Apparently she'd just gotten up. I stretched, yawning, lying there and listening, expecting to hear her throwing up. But, she'd merely peed. I'd heard her fumbling through her purse and filling a glass of water, perfectly consistent with dosing herself with headache medicine. Then there was a longish mostly silent pause and I heard two long deep sniffs, followed by a couple more short wetter ones, as she cleared her throat. I'm no cocaine expert, but my lazy eyes shot wide open. 'Oh, my God!' I thought, unable to finish the thought!  
  
She flushed the toilet and emerged from the bathroom. I'd re-closed my eyes, feigning sleep, as she crawled back into bed, snuggling up next to me. I stirred and pulled her close to me. Andi's hand slowly snaked down between my legs, as my morning-wood grew even harder. Taking me in her hand, she 'stroked me awake'.  
  
"Good morning, baby," she said, hoarsely.  
  
I hummed, "Hmmm-morning, sexy."  
  
Andi pushed the covers down, climbing on top of me. She sat, straddling my hips with her wet pussy flush against the underside of my hard-on, playing with the head, manipulating it against her clit. I stared up at her mesmerized by the wobble of her heavy, gigantic tits, as she ground herself against me.  
  
"I'm horny. Fuck me again, baby...' she drawled.  
  
I shifted my hips, as she raised and slowly lowered herself onto me completely and began to rock.  
  
My hands were caressing and weighing her big round globes as she rode me. "My God, Andi, you are a vision!" even with the dark circles under her eyes. "No headache?"  
  
"Nope!" with emphasis on the 'P'! "Now fuck me, Daddy!" she said in a fake babydoll voice.  
  
"Holy shit! That's a new one!" I let go of her tits and began to fuck up into her in earnest. "I like that!" I added. I struggled to hold back, waiting for her to cum. "Cum for me." I whispered.  
  
She closed her glassy eyes feeling every inch of me invading her depths for the fourth time in a matter of hours. I was concentrating on the ache of my dick... holding out for her, as we met each other's thrusts. And then it happened.  
  
"Oooohh, Gaawwddd! I'm cumming... I'm coming so hard for you, baby!" she whined.  
  
As her body vibrated and convulsed on top of me, I blew my load into the sexiest woman I'd ever seen in my life... my wife.

**Andi Becomes a Stripper Pt. 03**

Frankly, I'm not sure what's going on with me. It's been a few weeks since the 'calendar party' and my idiotically belated realization that my hot wife was doing cocaine. I had resolved to discuss it with her, but for some reason, I can't. Enjoying Andi's drunken partying and even encouraging her to drink for my own perverted pleasure is not good. But something darker in my psyche has awakened and likes this new development. I guess I'm waiting for... I don't know... maybe, a bigger red flag. I know this is so stupid. I know you're screaming at me to wake up and stop the madness (please keep in mind that this is wholly fiction), but I also know, I'm not ready to do that. As hot as she is physically, this only makes her hotter! I catch her doing coke all the time now, but pretend not to notice.  
  
The 'Blonde Beach Beauties' calendar just went on sale and is selling well, they say. I have a copy fastened to the side of my fridge, locked on July! Out of all the gorgeous models in the thing, Andi is easily the slimmest and bustiest... and to me the most beautiful. I find myself wondering all the time, whether she was under the influence of something in that picture, and if something, what?  
  
At any rate, it had been weeks and she'd had no more modeling assignments... that just didn't compute with me. I asked Andi about it and she blamed her agent. When I pressed her on it she admitted that there was work to be had, but that she didn't like the jobs he'd proposed. I resisted the urge to probe deeper and went as far as to suggest that maybe it was time to finish her schooling, ya know, get that degree. Well, THAT pissed her off to no end!  
  
"Michael!" she only called me Michael, when I was in trouble. "I am nowhere near done with this! And, if you must know, the reason I've been turning down jobs is because of YOU!" Her eyes were beady, shooting daggers at me.  
  
"What!? Baby, I don't understand. I only—"  
  
She cut me off, "You wanna know why I'm not getting work? It's because I know you wouldn't approve!"  
  
"Approve of what? More billboards, more magazine adds? Babydoll, I don't get it."  
  
"Michael! It's because of these!" she said pointing to her tits with her thumbs. "These are big sexy tits! When was the last time you saw a billboard or a legit magazine ad with someone as stacked as me!?"  
  
I could certainly tell she was angry, but why the fuck was she directing it at ME? Now, I was pissed.  
  
"Fuck, Andi! You and your asshole agent picked those out! Not me, goddamn it!" sensing I was digging my own grave I figured I had better keep talking. "I mean, I love them. They're fantastic, but they would have been almost equally fantastic, if we'd stuck to the original plan." I defended myself. "400's would have been—"  
  
She cut me off again, "Oh, I see how it is!" she was crying, now. "You're just like, Carl (the agent). I have these ridiculous tits, because I wanted them, huh? No! You fucking asshole! I got them because I wanted to be a good model. I wanted that calendar job and so did you!... and... I didn't hear you complaining, when you first saw them!"  
  
"Babydoll, I'm not complaining, NOW. I just..." Shit... I knew what was going on, now. Fucking Carl! That bastard knew all along what he was doing. Now, she was typecast, as a floozie. The scumbag was going for easy money, trying to book her in soft-core porn. And, she was right. I wasn't at all inclined to approve! "...I just... want us to go back to the way we were." She was crying her eyes out, now.  
  
I went to give her a hug, hold her, but she backed away, slapping at my arms. "I WANT to model and I'm doing it! I don't care what you say!" She grabbed her cellphone and stormed out of the room.  
  
'FFUUUCCKKK!' I murmurred to myself. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that this IS what she wanted! I mean, she must have, right? It was funny how I was reading her mind so much better, now. She'd picked a fight with me so she could stomp out and accept work that I wouldn't approve! Well, two could play that game! Right about then, I realized I had a boner.  
  
We didn't talk for a couple days. She'd go out with Krissy or whoever, come home late and I'd wake up in the morning with her back to me, as far away as she could get without falling out of bed. Ravishing me in the middle of the night, high on whatever, had abruptly ceased. I was more than bothered. If we couldn't go back to 'the way we were', I at least wanted to rewind to the point, where she wanted me again. So, I did what most men would do... I caved.  
  
It was a Saturday morning, where I decided to surprise Andi with a perfect apologetic breakfast in bed that would rival Denny's. When I woke her, she stretched and smiled at me for the first time in days. My haughty little hottie actually said, "I accept your apology."  
  
We were finally talking again and she admitted that she wasn't sure she could do the new assignments, proving... though I was careful not to acknowledge, that my supposition was right. Against my better judgement, I found myself encouraging her. I even told her, "Hey, if you're nervous about a particular shoot, have a drink or two first. No one would have to know... Maybe it would take the edge off, ya know?"  
  
She was all but done with her breakfast, when she excused herself to the bathroom. As I was gathering the breakfast tray, I heard the familiar toot-toot and knew she was getting high. Undeterred, I took the tray to the kitchen to clean up. Moments later, Andi approached, wrapping her arms around me from behind and whispered in my ear from her tiptoes, "Come back to bed and fuck me, Daddy!"