



Christi

(A Typical Wife)

by Warthog

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This is a story about a typical housewife, with a typical family in a typical suburban setting. The 32 year old housewife's name is Christi. Christi shares a house with her husband Mike, that's me, and our 5 year old son. Christi is an exotic beauty with long dark blonde hair and lovely big brown eyes.

During Christi's pregnancy with our son, she put on a few pounds. For years she struggled with diets in order to lose the weight and get back her shape. Recently, with determination and discipline Christi lost her weight. A good exercise program

helped tone her body.

Now let me describe the new Christi. She stands five and a half foot tall and measures 35D-21-35. As you can tell from the stats, Christi is stacked. I'm not sure whether it was the pregnancy, the extra weight or just getting older, but Christi had developed world class breasts. Christi's breasts are firm and stand out proudly, even with their above average weight. It is no problem for her to go without a bra. With the appropriate dress (bra-less of course), Christi's topside is the center of attention.

When seen from the rear, one might think that Christi's ass is her best feature. Her small waist flares out to two well-defined and separated ass cheeks. It amazes me that such a tiny waist can support Christi's top half. There's something about seeing Christi in a micro skirt. If it's tight enough, each cheek is outlined, pointing the way to one of the best pleasure spots around. If you're lucky enough to catch her bending slightly, you'll see the bottom of her ass cheeks peak out beneath the hem of her skirt.

Christi's long blonde hair reaches the small of her back. When she tilts her head back the ends touch the crack of her ass. Christi's bangs are cut level with her eyebrows and her hair frames her face on sides. Apart from her killer body, Christi's best asset is her eyes. One sultry look from those mysterious eyes will start the fluids churning in your groin.

A survey of Christi's legs, ass and tummy will find no ripples of fat. Her skin is so smooth that it feels like baby's skin. Christi's exercise program toned and firmed up her muscles. She didn't, however, go so far that her body has a hard muscular appearance. I like the cuddly result.

Christi worked on her tan along with her body. She wears a tiny bikini when she sunbathes. The result is the most remarkably sexy tan lines I have ever seen. The great thing about tan lines is that when you see them, you know your seeing things that nobody else has the chance to see. That would change soon enough.

Now, on with the story. A fellow I work with was about to get married. A few of our coworkers decided that a bachelor party was in order. We agreed that we'd go to a popular topless bar called 'Leather and Lace' for the party. Joe, our bachelor, was marrying Jenny. She was a nice girl but she was rather conservative. Joe was excited about the party, because he knew he probably wouldn't have another

chance to go out with the guys to a topless bar once he was married. It was to be his last fling.

The party was scheduled for a week from the upcoming Friday. I told Christi about the party. I figured she might want to do something with her friends that night. Christi was curious about the bachelor party, however. She didn't mind me going but she wanted to know what these parties are like. She asked if she might be able to go. I told her that I didn't mind but that the other guys might not like it. I said it was usually an all- male tradition.

Christi reminded me that there would be women at the bar. I granted her point but countered that they were part of the entertainment. She smiled sheepishly at me. I got the feeling that she felt there was more to this bachelor party tradition than a topless bar. Out of the blue she asked me to take her to the topless bar this weekend. I tried to hide my surprise but I'm sure Christi saw it. I reminded her that usually the only women there were dancers. She said she didn't care. She won the discussion, so we made plans to go Friday.

When Friday evening rolled around, we dropped off our boy at the baby-sitter and headed for 'Leather and Lace'. Christi wore my favorite red mini-dress. It was made of that stretchy material that fits like a glove. Every inch of Christi's shape was revealed with this dress. The hem fell a little above mid thigh. The neck line was low cut showing ample cleavage. She did not wear a bra. She finished off the outfit with red spiked high heels and a small red handbag. I told Christi that she could pass for one of the dancers at the club. She brushed off my comment as ridiculous.

We went to dinner first then arrived at the club about eight thirty. Everywhere we went men snapped there necks when they saw Christi. I know she was aware of the attention, but she didn't let on. The club was crowded with people. We managed to find a table, sat down and ordered drinks. Upbeat music, usually Rock and Roll, was played continuously by a disk jockey. I notice several guys around us gawking at Christi. It made me proud to be with her. She smiled politely at the men, but she was distracted by what was happening on the stage. A rather top-heavy lady was stripping to a slow hard-driving tune.

Christi watched the show with great interest. The dancer peeled down to her brief bottoms and began to take tips from the men surrounding the stage. She would pull her g-string out slightly so that the dollar bills could be placed under the straps. When she finished her routine there was considerable currency stuck in her

bottoms. Christi commented on all the money. I informed her that this kind of work pays well. Christi's interest was peaked.

Christi noticed that the men did not touch the dancers. I told her that touching would get you thrown out. It was a strict rule. Christi commented that it sounded like a good job if you had the looks and didn't mind showing your body to a room full of men. I called Christi's attention to all the guys around our table looking at her. I speculated that they were waiting to see Christi on the stage. She grimaced at my speculation and said, "No way." I reminded her that most of the women there were dancers or waitresses. Naturally, these guys figured that Christi was a dancer based on the outfit she was wearing. She brushed it off.

After we watched a few more dancers on the stage, Christi informed me that she was going to the lady's room. She was gone for a few minutes and when she returned she was excited about something. I asked her what was up. She told me that a man in a business suit had approached her and asked if she would do a private dance for a group of his friends. She said she told him that she wasn't a dancer. He said it didn't matter to him. She said he stuck a twenty dollar bill between her breasts and said it was a down payment. Christi said he went back to his table before she could return the money.

Christi looked excited as she handed me the twenty. She asked me what to do. I told her to do what she wanted to do. I don't know if it was the money or Christi's curiosity, but I knew she wanted to pay this guy another visit. Christi got that little girl look and asked if I would be mad if she danced for the man. The idea kind of excited me. It made me proud that other men thought my Christi was sexy. I told Christi that I wouldn't be mad and that she should go ahead and dance for the guy if she wanted to.

Christi flashed me a big smile then as quickly she frowned. I ask her what was wrong. She said that she wasn't sure what to do. I reminded her that she had been watching these dancers for almost an hour. I told her to do what they do.

She developed a concerned look then asked me if they expected her to remove her dress. I nodded. She asked again if I minded. I told her to go have fun.

Christi's smile returned. She told me where she would be. She took off, wiggling her ass as she walked. Necks turned as she made her way across the room. I got up and moved closer so I could see Christi's show. She walked up to the man

sitting at the table and said something to him. He smiled and pulled up a chair for Christi. She sat down.

After two songs had passed the men around Christi's table cleared an area on the floor beside the table. A little stool was produced from under the table for Christi to stand on. The song playing was perfect for stripping. The tune had a steady slow hard-driving beat and the female singer had an alternating sweet then rough voice that had a sexy quality to it.

Christi stood up on the little platform and began to swing her hips to the beat. She put both arms in the air, drawing attention to her large breasts. This action also raised her skirt to the point where the bottom of her ass was poking out. She played with her hair as she looked into the eyes of each man at the table. Her sultry eyes paralyzed each man as she looked them in the face.

Men at other tables began to notice Christi's show. They all stared with growing lust. Christi's now tousled hair was evenly distributed in front and back. In front, her hair caressed her big tits on each side. Christi lowered her arms and pulled down her skirt. With her arms at her side, her tits were forced together deepening her cleavage. Christi reached up with both hands and cupped her breasts. She hefted them, showing the men their considerable weight. Her audience was staring with their mouths wide open.

Christi turned her back on the men and bent over slowly, finally touching her ankles. This caused her skirt to ride up. The men could now see her panty covered pussy. Slowly she worked her hands up her legs to the hem of her skirt. She turned back to face the men and grabbed the hem of her skirt with both hands and stretched it outward. Christi's face gave a personal 'fuck me' invitation to each of the men. With her skirt stretched out and her lusty look, I had the impression that she secretly wanted to be filled with cock.

Christi released her skirt and reached up with both hands crossed and lifted the straps of her dress off her shoulders. She slowly pulled the straps down. Her dress was so tight that she met some resistance getting the top of her dress down. Her firm tits stood out from her body requiring that the dress be stretched out to release her breasts from their confines. After a brief struggle they were freed, Christi's jerking motion causing them to jiggle. Several 'Wows' were heard once Christi's tits were in view. Christi's dollar size nipples were at full attention.

Christi continued to pulled her dress down over her hips and thighs. Finally it hit the platform and she kicked it to the nearest man. Christi's very sheer panties were all that stood between these men and her considerable charms. Most of the dancers wore a form of bathing suit bottom. Christi, however, had underwear on that hid very little. Her dark pubic hair was clearly visible through the panties.

Christi's audience began to make their contributions. She would eagerly pull her panties out to allow the bills to be inserted in the waist band. It was impossible for Christi to pull the straps out in such a way that her pussy was not visible. A few eager hands grazed her pubic hair as they paid up. Several hands brushed her smooth legs. None of the touches were overtly intentional. These guys knew the rules.

When the song was over they all applauded Christi. She wrestled her tight dress back on and sat down. It took a few pulls here and there around her breasts to get them back in their proper place. Christi pulled up her skirt and collected all the bills. She folded them up and held them in her hand as she made small talk with the guys. After a few minutes of chatting, she got up and looked around for me. I met her as she walked back to our table.

As we sat down, I noticed that Christi was very excited. I asked her how it went. She told me how exciting it was. She said there was sort of a feeling of power. Christi said she knew these men wanted her, but all she was going to do is let them look and wish. She told me that she was going to fuck the hell out of me when we got home. I told her I was looking forward to it.

Christi counted her tips and shocked us both when the total reached \$115. Her 10 minute intense sexual show had netted over one hundred dollars. She told me that the group of men were having a bachelor party. Christi said they invited her to a nearby hotel to continue the party. She refused, of course, but they offered her \$100 dollars a man, totaling \$600.

As we were leaving the bar the disk jockey announced that there would be an amateur stripping contest the following Friday. I reminded myself that next Friday was the night of our bachelor party. An amateur contest should be fun. As the disk jockey announced the particulars including a \$800 prize, I noticed that Christi had stopped walking and was listening intently. When the announcement was finished, Christi leaned into me and told me that she wanted to enter the contest.

We left the club and got into the car. Christi immediately begged me to let her enter the contest. I reminded her that the bachelor party was the following week. She reminded me that none of my coworkers had ever met her. She said they wouldn't know who she was unless I told them. I reluctantly agreed to Christi's request. The prize money did sound extremely good.

As the following Friday neared, Christi got more and more excited. She practiced her dancing every day. I told her that the show she put on last Friday could hardly be improved upon. We talked about that night and it made us hot. She seemed to dwell on the invitation she received to join the men at a hotel room. Christi asked me what I thought they would want her to do at the hotel. I told her I didn't know for sure, but that it was probably more than dancing. She pressed on, asking if they would want to fuck her. I told her probably so. I added that they might all want to fuck her at the same time. She looked confused but excited.

Christi was a virgin when we were married. She did not have any experience beyond our sex life. She was quite naive about some sexual practices. The actions of the past week had awakened a fire in Christi that I had never seen. She asked me how more than one man could fuck a woman. I told her that one might fuck her pussy while one would fuck her mouth. I added that she might take a third in her asshole.

I figured this would turn Christi off. We had played around with anal sex some, but she never seemed to like it. To the contrary, I notice Christi's breathing had increased and her face was flushed. This talk of ours was heating her up. Our discussion ended in great sex.

Christi was all over me. She started with the most aggressive blow job she had every given me. She sucked and slurped and generally made a mess all over my cock and her face. I dumped my load in her mouth in record time. For the first time that I could remember Christi swallowed all of my cum after letting a little bit dribble out of her mouth. She cleaned up the mess with her tongue and continued sucking me until I was hard again. She pounced on my cock with her pussy. She rode me for what seemed like minutes at full thrust. She had two intense orgasms. We drifted off to sleep thinking about the next weekend.

Christi went shopping for a new dress and shoes. I asked her to model it for me but she refused. She told me I would have to wait until Friday to see it. Christi's teasing was making me anxious for Friday night. After work on Friday I went home hoping

to sneak a peek at my wife's outfit. Instead, I found a note indicating that she had already left.

I met my coworkers at the club at eight. Joe was joined by Tim, Walt, Jeff and Sam. They had arrived first and had already secured a large table. I sat down and ordered a beer. The stripping contest was scheduled to start at nine. We all settled down to some prime girl watching and beer drinking. Each of us brought along 25 one dollar bills for Joe the use for tips. He was having a great time distributing them to the sexy dancers.

By the time the contest started we all had a pretty good buzz on. Most of the amateur dancers were true to their status. They either couldn't dance or were not very good looking. Christi didn't have much competition yet. By ten-thirty I began to wonder if Christi had chickened out. The quality of the ladies was steadily improving. I speculated that they set the order up based on looks and ability, saving the best for last. When the disk jockey informed us that they had one contestant left, I figured Christi had decided not to go through with it.

I was quickly proved wrong when out strolled Christi. She was the embodiment of sex. Her hair had been loosely curled resulting in a fuller look. It looked as though she had twice as much hair. It was styled high on top and full on the sides. Her cute little bangs pointed the way to her sexy eyes. She had obviously spent a good deal of time on her eye makeup. She wore bright red lipstick.

The dress she wore, if it could be called a dress, was black and skin tight. It looked painted on. It had no straps over the shoulders. It did not have the typical 'V' neck cut that Christi usually wore to show off her cleavage. Instead it was cut straight across above her breast. The dress had a strategically placed hole, about four inches in diameter, situated between and slightly below Christi's breasts. The bottom inside quarter of both breasts were exposed. Her nipples were barely covered and the tips raised large bumps in the dress material.

Additional four inch holes were found on both sides of the dress and one exposed Christi's belly button. The skirt was just long enough to cover her ass-cheeks. She wore a thick gold chain around her waist accentuating her tiny middle. Christi had on a large pair of earrings that featured the male symbol with its arrow pointing through the circle of the female symbol. The meaning was unmistakable. She rounded out the outfit with black high heel shoes with 5 inch spikes.

Christi walked slowly around the stage. She did not smile. Her face showed intense concentration. She had the crowd's attention. They clapped to the beat of the music. My coworkers had big smiles on the faces and tents growing in their pants. Christi looked at each man with her sultry look, inviting each one to show her how much of a man they were. I had the impression that she would have taken on the whole crowd if allowed to.

Christi bumped to the music demonstrating the flexibility of her hips. I could visualize her stuffing a long cock in her box and bringing it off with those twisting hips. She bent over allowing everyone a peak at her black lace underwear. The only part of her panties visible was the material covering her pussy and asshole. They were the T-back variety. She straightened up and pulled her skirt down.

Christi cupped her big tits with her hands, pushing them together. She grabbed the material covering her nipples and began to pull out. She stopped and looked at the crowd trying to get a reaction. The hoots and whistles persuaded her to give the guys a peak. She stretched the material up and out allowing her nipples to breathe. The yells and whistles peaked. Christi quickly let go causing the material to snap back. Her tits jiggled for a few seconds in reaction.

Christi raised her hands above her head, then fluffed up her hair causing it fall every which way. Her skirt raised up showing the small triangle of her panties. Christi must have trimmed her pubic hair because it should have been visible around the small covering. She cleared her hair from her face by snapping her head forward then back. Christi succeeded in putting her hair in place but caused quite a scene when her tits bounced around. Several guys around the stage threw there heads back in disbelief.

It was time for Christi to strip. She hooked her thumbs under the top of her dress and stretched the material out. She hesitated, trying to get a reaction from the crowd. When she was satisfied with the increased noise, she lifted the top of her dress over her tits and let the material gathered at her waist. She cupped her breasts with her hands and hefted them for the crowd. They cheered as she pinched her nipples with her long red fingernails. She then reached for the hem of her skirt and pulled it up to her waist. Christi made one more stroll around the stage before pulling the dress completely off.

The crowd had their tips ready. Christi made the rounds taking the tips, kissing some of the guys and mashing her tits into the face of a few lucky fellows. Several

guys managed to get some good feels of Christi's tits. A few patrons grabbed Christi's ass. One fellow managed to get his finger in Christi's pussy. She just stared at him as he put the finger in his mouth. The large crowd screened all this activity from the club management so no one was thrown out.

Unshaken, Christi went on. When I made my contribution she French kissed me right in front of the crowd. This generated one of the loudest rounds of noise of the night. Joe our bachelor, managed to get his face beat up by Christi's large breasts. When Tim gave her his tip he said something in her ear. She nodded positively and moved to Sam. I wondered what Tim had said.

When Christi finished, she blew a kiss, wiggled her ass and disappeared off the stage. She never once smiled during the show. With her lusty look who would need to. It was not surprising that Christi won. She finally smiled when the club manager gave her the \$800 check. Christi had managed to get dressed before the presentation. I still couldn't believe how sexy she was.

To my surprise Christi walked over to our table when the presentation was over. Without hesitation she jumped into Tim's lap and said in a coy way, "Hi fellas." Christi mashed her big tits into Tim's shoulder as she talked. She asked, "Did you guys like my show?" Everyone acknowledged in unison. Christi flushed at the response. She panted, "Would one of you guys buy me a drink? I'm so thirsty." She let her tongue rest on her lower lip, indicating how parched she was. Sam replied, "Sure Baby, anything you want."

When the waitress brought the drinks, Christi shifted to Sam's lap. For buying her a drink Christi rewarded Sam with a deep kiss with lots of tongue action. This surprised me for two reasons. First, here was my wife, passionately kissing one of my friends in front of me. Second, Sam was black. The last thing I expected was to see my wife swapping tongues with Sam. Christi stroked his leg and crotch as they kissed.

Every ten minutes or so Christi would crawl into someone else's lap. After Jeff had his turn he turned to me and whispered, "This fox is hot as a firecracker. I know she would let us fuck her. Did you see her grab my crotch?" Walt told me the same thing. Walt, who is also a black man, added, "Its been a while since I've had some white pussy." Christi appeared to be avoiding me. Finally, after everyone had their turn of Christi sitting in their lap, she came and sat in my lap.

Christi whispered in my ear, "I'm so hot, Mike. Your friends are quite aggressive. I've been stroked and patted. Two of your friends worked their fingers into my pussy and one tried to put one in my ass. It's taken all the control I have not to ride one of those hands to orgasm." I looked at her with a slightly disapproving look and said, "So, your having a good time, huh?" She said, "Please don't be mad, Mike." I smiled and said, "I'm just teasing, I'm not mad." I congratulated her on winning the contest.

Christi smiled and said, "Sam and Jeff both asked me to go to a hotel with the group. They said they would pay me \$500 dollars if my performance at the hotel was as good as the one here. What do you think?" I knew what would happen if Christi went to a hotel with these guys. I found myself excited at the thought. I said, "If you want to go its fine by me, but you know what is likely to happen." Christi trembled with excitement at my words, then whispered, "I know, Mike. This whole evening has gotten me hotter than the sun. All I have been able to think about tonight is being with all your friends. If it's all right with you, I would like to go to the hotel and let them have sex with me." I said, "It sounds like fun to me. Go for it." Christi gave me a big hug and a deep kiss.

This was going to be a profitable night for Christi. I figured when it was over she would be \$1500 richer. Christi passed the word, personally, to all the guys that the party would continue at a more private place. But that, of course, is another story.

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