Andrea  
  
At the Club on Friday nights, they had the “best legs” contest for women patrons. It involved the contestants parading up and down on the bar for a critical female, and appreciative male, audience. The best seats were the bar stools; a totally male domain.  
A spotlight was arranged to emphasise the lower limbs of the contestants.  
There were some shapely ones that night, a number on very beautiful women. They all had to be willing to show off their legs to best advantage for the audience, who notionally comprised the judging panel. The Club manager ranked each woman on the amount of appreciation and enthusiasm she could arouse the patrons to display.  
The more brazen ones had to fend off, or weave around, groping hands at the bar; not that it went above ankle or calf touching, in good humour. They all had to at least tolerate men peering up their skirts or dresses.  
Some participants strutted proudly - disdainful of the onlookers. Others minced like would-be fashion models. A few moved awkwardly, either shy or even embarrassed once they were on the bar top, despite being encouraged by their boyfriends or partners. The more confident women paused in their walks to pose, lifting the hems up their curvaceous thighs for full effect – and to encouraging cheers. The management frowned on any show of knickers, but allowed suspender straps, above provocative stocking tops, to be displayed. Only a few of the all-amateur performers were barelegged, and those generally tanned.  
It came to the point where the manager called for any final contestants.  
“You could get up there and spoil everyone else’s chances,” I encouraged Andrea.  
She turned her attention back to me, smiling at the compliment. Her curly blonde hair shone in the beam of the spotlight from behind us. I could see in her blue eyes that she really wanted to do it, and only required a little more prodding.   
“Do you think so?”  
“There’s no doubt about it! You’ll drive all the men crazy.”  
“It’ll just be another pair of legs.”  
“Not to me!”  
“What if I’m disqualified for showing my knickers?” There was a risk of that with the already short skirt she was wearing.  
“Just don’t lift it.”  
“I could take my knickers off.”  
I didn’t think she was serious; I’d never known my fiancée to be an exhibitionist to that degree. Even so, the idea excited me and I said. “Why don’t you?” If she called my bluff and went ahead, the guys at the bar would only be looking, after all.  
She giggled but did not need any more prompting. She slipped off her knickers surreptitiously, while still sitting in her chair, and passed them to me under the table. I stuffed them in my pocket, thinking of what the men at the bar were going to glimpse when she paraded on it. I wished I were on one of the stools at the front.  
Andrea was the last contestant the manager helped onto a chair and from there to the bar top. Her dress, a simple red, cotton shift, showed a gorgeous figure. High-heeled dress-sandals, with straps, set it off. She wore no stockings. Her legs were a warm golden colour, exquisitely exposed to mid-thigh by the high, loose hemline. The men at the bar were soon under her spell as she made flirting eye contact with them individually.   
She moved along slowly, keeping near the back edge of the bar, to the accompaniment of wolf-whistles and appreciative stares. She made sure each man at the bar felt like she was strutting her stuff just for him, giving a sexy smile or little toss of her head as she moved on to the next.  
She reached the end of the bar and started back, this time along the front edge. She paused and stood close enough to each man to invite inspection up her legs. Some were stunned; others let out whoops of surprised delight as they made the discovery she had intended.   
The manager had not yet caught on. Using the microphone he was holding in his hand, he asked the audience, “Do you want to see her do that one more time?” He assumed her willingness.  
There was a roar of enthusiasm for the idea.  
Andrea gathered the dress in front until the hemline must have come to just a little below her crotch. This time the men sitting at the bar were left in no doubt that she was bare underneath it, while those standing further back greeted her show of upper thigh with applause.  
She paused at intervals, in her walk back along the bar, taking even longer to pose with her feet a little apart and one knee turned outward. Each man received a smouldering look. She made him believe she wanted his cock to go where his eyes were – riveted at the top of her long slender legs.   
By the time she got to the end of the bar again, she was as turned on as they were. The manager, though, had caught on to the unfair advantage she was taking over the other contestants. “Thank you to our final contestant,” he announced in an attempt to bring the display to a close.  
He was drowned out by cries of, “More! More!”  
Andrea found it irresistible. She lifted the dress up over her head and dropped it behind the bar. It left her standing in just her sandals and a white camisole, with a trimmed triangle of light brown pubic hair pointing at a shaved cunt. I could hardly believe my eyes!  
The crowd went wild.  
Andrea began to parade up and down the bar for all to see, not pausing this time. The noise of audience approval was deafening. Andrea seemed intoxicated by their unbridled enthusiasm and attention - and by flaunting her forbidden fruit. The breach of the Club’s mores visibly aroused her. There were dozens of men craning up close to see the most private parts of her body. Best of all, she could see she was turning them all on!  
She deftly avoided reaching hands. The men’s eyes and lewd suggestions were enough to make her feel as if her cunt was being poked, probed, and palpated. She had the expression of a woman feeling her clit come to life - swelling where the pubic hair came to a point.  
Choosing one of the men sitting at the bar, she gracefully lowered herself, facing him. I had to elbow my way forward to the second row in order to see what was happening.  
Andrea had her knees thrust out and her thighs parted, balancing on her toes. Her exposed and hairless pussy was just a half-thigh’s distance from the guy’s face. His eyes were focussed there, his gaze caressing her fleshy cunt lips and the loosening slit running up between them. I could hear them talking dirty to each other.  
He was summoning up the courage to touch her.  
She stood up in one fluid movement of her slender body and paraded once more to the accompaniment of whistles and cat-calls. Keeping her camisole on just made her look more naked below it.   
The friends on either side of the lucky man ragged him.  
She paused and let a man stroke her ankles, moved on and took a glass from another and drank from it while he enjoyed a close-up view.  
Andrea was behaving like the most common of sluts. She had the men eating out of the palm of her hand. The more they wanted her the more I did!  
Still carrying the glass, she sat on the bar with her knees drawn up and pointing outward into the room. She handed the glass back to the man and favoured him with a smouldering look. Her eyes and his ran down her belly to her crotch in unison. She lent back on her arms, pushing out her cunt towards him. He read her wordless intent and let the alcohol from his glass trickle down slowly over her pubic mound and labia. Her mouth made a round, “Ooh!” The guy was fishing for the ice cubes at the bottom of the glass when she stood up again.  
Andrea’s pubic hair was wet and the slit of her cunt glistened in the spotlight. The crowd went wild again! The Club manager was beyond trying to stop what was happening. I guess he was just hoping, as I was, that no cops walked in on it. Everyone seemed to have forgotten that it had started out as a “best legs” contest. I doubted any of the other women involved wanted to match themselves against the competitive edge Andrea had with the male “judges”.  
Even just strutting up and down on the bar in her high-heeled sandals - with her little patch of pubic hair boldly displayed - she looked gorgeous. There was no more perfectly proportioned body, or smoother, firmer curves! She threw sexy smiles towards the men further out, acknowledging them too, and their consistent applause at each little pose or twirl she made.  
She bent to whisper in the ears of two men sitting side by side. The bar tenders gawked at the elevated rear view. When she straightened again, the two men started stroking her ankles and then moving slowly up her calves and thighs. She kept her feet just a little way apart. The audience loved the sight of them groping her. She must have instructed them not to touch her genital area, but there were soon ribald calls for them to do various things to it with their fingers. She moved on before they gave in to the temptation.  
After a few seconds of parading, she squatted in front of another man and gave him a look that must have come close to making his cock burst through his trousers. She led his eyes downwards with hers. After a moment, she bent forward and whispered in his ear. He relayed a message back to those behind. A chair was passed from hand to hand over the heads of the eager throng gathered at the bar. The seated man continued to visually enjoy the window of opportunity - opened in front of him between her parted thighs.  
The chair ended up on the bar top beside her. She positioned it then perched on the edge facing us, with her knees together. You could just see the top of her cut-back pubic bush, framed by the twin creases at the top of her thighs. The audience were her attentive subjects, all focussed on her throne.  
A gap opened between her knees. Then her thighs started to part. She paused, making eye contact with the men gathered in front of her. In a gradual, sweeping motion she spread her legs until they were wide apart and everyone but the barmen could see her exquisitely presented private parts. Reaching up she slowly removed her camisole.  
You didn’t have to see her erect, pale pink nipples, or her rising and falling breasts, to know she was in the same state as the men. It completed her indecent exposure, and added two more features of prurient interest.  
Closing her eyes, she slid both hands down into the area of her bare crotch. Using just her thumbs - her hands flat against her white thighs so as not to obscure our view - she started teasing her pussy lips open. We saw the pink petals of her inner folds begin to show. As they emerged, she caught them with her thumbs too, and spread them apart to draw them out. Andrea then used her forefingers, and managed to get her labia even further open than before. They spread wide. Her secret, pink, love-tunnel came into view, looking juicy.  
The audience let out their breath in a roar of approbation.  
Andrea kept the tension on her cunt lips for their benefit until the applause quietened a little. All the men had their own idea of what she should do next. They were virtually drooling.  
Then she straightened up, bringing her legs together at the same time. She stood up, gave her audience one last smouldering look, then let a barman help her down behind the bar. There, she put on her camisole and dress.  
Everyone, including the manager, had forgotten all about the contest. Andrea was cheered and clapped all the way back to my table.  
“Fuck! You’ve got a fabulous cunt!” I greeted her.  
“When we get home I’ll show you what else I can do with it.”  
It was a promise I anticipated her keeping, all the way there.