

Beef

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Lin was proud of her pussy. And well she should be. It was a minge in a million. The outer lips unfolded below her crotch and the inner lips further still. And the clit was thick and firm. It had to be after all the attention it had enjoyed. Once a dick passed through the portal and was gripped between the moist and dripping walls of her cunt, her clit shared all the pleasure of the hard thrusts against her cervix.

And not just dick, of course. Lin was never so lame as to confine her diet to only sausage. Anything the right shape was welcome: not only fists, either male or female, but also dildos, zucchini, tongues, toes and truncheons. And in case these weren't enough stimulation for her flaps, Lin had rings pierced through her inner vulva from which she could dangle weights for that extra special buzz when the need arose. She had sex any which way: long-nailed fingers squeezed inside her muff or a prick up her arse. And, of course, the nether orifice could tell another story altogether and a good one at that, but Lin was an old-fashioned girl in some ways and she preferred her sex in the front passage where her clit could join in the fun. Men, however... That was another story. They always appreciated special attention at the rear entrance however much they might initially protest.

Lin made a point of displaying her quim to its best advantage. She shaved it in the shower every day, together with the stubble on her armpits and along her long slim legs. The smoothness was set off by an all-over golden tan: natural in the summer, sun-bed in the winter. Never spray-on. Lin was a girl who appreciated nature best in its pure raw sweaty glory; even if she enhanced her natural assets with a few discrete piercings and some unflashy but expensive tattoos. No ink around her muff: neither on the gash nor the flaps. Not a trace below the navel and, God forbid, nothing so vulgar

as a tattoo near or around her tits. They were already just as perfect as her pussy and exactly as round and firm as the cheeks of her arse.

In case nature's bounty wasn't already enough, Lin was never so complacent as to allow her natural advantages to succumb to nature's ravages. When she wasn't working out in either her own bedroom or that of her lovers, fuck-buddies, girlfriends and the occasional one-night stand, she exercised in the gym. And this was most often the big, brash, noisy and brightly-lit one just over the road and down an alley from the office where she was employed as a Sales & Marketing Exec. And by fuck she needed the escape. There was only so much yelling at juniors, barking down the phone to reps and rattling off e-mails that a girl could take. There had to be some kind of a retreat for a high-powered girl in a high-powered job in an open-plan office that was normally silent only when the last Armani or MaxMara suit had quit the building and it became the preserve of the cleaning staff. Not that Toucan's was a gym where Lin could rest her tonsils if she wanted to be heard. Due to the constant Heavy Rock and EDM soundtrack in even the changing room, she'd have to yell as much in the gym as she'd already been doing all day in the office.

And then she could occupy herself on the running machines, the weights and the exercise bikes: her muscles aching from the strain of exercise and her eyes on the other men and women around her who were also working out.

Camel toes were so naff. Only women with absolutely no taste or style would allow the pinch of latex to reveal the contours of their beef curtains. Lin was careful with her choice of sportswear to ensure that her vulva wouldn't peek out or her bosom slip to one side. It wasn't always easy to get it right, especially when you'd been

running on the treadmill, jerking the weights or pushing on the pedals: hair tied back in an unfashionable pony-tail; sweat coursing down the cheeks and into the eyes; muscles tensing and aching; and a bottle of Evian close at hand. However, even though Lin would never let her private parts be anything other than private in a public space (there was always a chance that an intern or junior might admire not her muscular prowess but a glimpse of contoured clit), she was a voyeur for the indiscretions of others. Naff or not, Lin relished the unintended latex bulge of a fanny's contours, a firm nipple or, best of all, a man's packet.

But it wasn't what was between the thighs that first drew Lin's eyes to Col. It was the abs that did it. Col was well and truly ripped: a bona fide beefcake. He had the kind of body with which nature could never have blessed him without a tad of help: not only as the result of good strenuous exercise and a rigorous routine but supplemented by plenty of protein, a course of steroids and absolutely no carbs. Lin liked her men to have biceps that gleamed when oiled, could lift a man up high on the bar and, naturally, came with the stamina to show a girl a good time for as long a time as she was in the mood. And Col was clearly not a chav who'd just come off the building site or the type who paraded his privates at a hen party. He had expensively cut hair—possibly Toni & Guy—and just the right length of Advertising Exec stubble on his chiselled chin.

In short, Col was prime beef and Lin wanted her slice.

Of course, Lin didn't know that the hunk of sculptured muscle pumping iron opposite her was called Col, any more than Col knew the name of the lithe, red-lipped, blonde-haired woman who introduced herself before he'd had the opportunity

to exchange weights for the running machine. He was clearly startled to be waylaid in this way, but flattered to be able to advise her on his choice of bottled water and the name of the shop where he'd bought his Giuseppe Zanotti trainers. And when Lin proffered her hand with a simple "Lin", he responded with the equally monosyllabic "Col".

"Col, eh?" said Lin, relishing the sound in her mouth just as she imagined she'd soon relish the taste of his cock down her throat. "There's an All Bar One just opposite. Fancy a drink after?"

"A drink? I dunno..."

"Just the one. Doesn't have to be something that'd bloat you. Me: I go for a Vodka & Lime. Nothing fancy."

"Well..."

"I'll meet you outside then. Fifteen minutes?"

"Yeah. I guess..."

"Fine," said Lin with a private smile. She strode off to the changing room with a nonchalant wiggle of her hips to clinch the date.

Lin was a good timekeeper, so she deliberately added an extra ten minutes until she ventured out the changing room. She had a long leisurely shower during which she soaped and shampooed off every last fragrance of perspiration and gave her twat a quick little frig to get her into the mood and to ready it for eventual action. Whereas in the gym Lin was careful to hide her assets, she was totally shameless in the changing room. She was hasty to tug off her shorts, trainers and top and tardy to pull on her evening outfit of J Brand jeans, Carvela Kurt Geiger heels and a Givenchy

sweatshirt. In the meantime and totally in the nude, she luxuriated in the shower, blow-dried her hair, painted her nails, plied on the rouge and lipstick, and eyed up the female talent as much and as surreptitiously as they did her. Although Lin considered herself to be straight—she was definitely no bull-dyke lesbo—she enjoyed making love with women and there were several who caught her eye while they also towelled themselves down or plucked out loose hairs from between their inner and outer labia. In particular, she took a fancy to a brown-skinned woman of indeterminate ethnicity who had a gorgeous pair of buttocks and a pussy to die for.

Maybe another day. But today she was otherwise engaged.

“Sorry to be late,” Lin lied when she emerged from the changing room to see a nervous-looking Col waiting beside the energy drink vending machine.

Neither she nor Col exchanged many words as they strode out of the gym: he with his bag slung over his shoulder and she with hers strapped to her back. All that was necessary were a few grunted questions and equally terse replies.

“Where’d you work?”

“PWC. And you?”

“Andersons. Live nearby?”

“Edgware.”

“Fucking feel for you,” Lin commiserated as she calculated the time of the last tube up to North London. “It’s not cheap anywhere these days, is it?”

“You’re telling me.”

To be honest, Lin barely cared what Col said. Fuck it! When was the last time she cared for what a man had to say. It was always the same shit anyway. Money.

Cars. Football. As long as it was none of that whiney ‘My girlfriend doesn’t understand me’ shit that usually predicated a limp dick and a fucking waste of time. What Lin wanted was those abs wrapped around her, that designer stubble brushing her shaven twat and a good long bedspring-breaking fuck. But formalities had to be observed.

“Single Vodka & Lime for me. No ice and no fucking umbrella,” Lin commanded as she pressed her bum onto one of the last few remaining stools in a bar jam-packed with expensive suits, even more pricey designer jeans and the aroma of celebrity-endorsed perfume. She could see from the crush at the counter that it would be some time till Col returned with her drink and whatever piss-tasting beer he’d choose for himself. Enough time for Lin to check Facebook, Twitter and her e-mail. And important time it was too. With Col living beyond the bounds of civilisation at the extreme end of the Northern Line, Lin needed to find somewhere nearby to stay the night. And she wasn’t going to let Col into her Docklands apartment until she was confident that he was more than a one-time fuck. Christ! For all she knew he might keep his shoes on and leave footprints all over her recently laid wood floor.

“Crowded at the bar!” exclaimed Col when he finally returned.

“Penalty of popularity,” remarked Lin with absolutely no sympathy as she eyed Col’s choice of drink. A bottle of Grolsch. Only one step away from a poncy Mexican lager with a lemon in the neck.

“Good here though.”

“It’s OK.”

“Must be even worse on a Friday or Saturday night.”

“Fucking heaving,” said Lin who didn’t know and didn’t really care. Bars weren’t really her scene. Beyond being a place to make an appointment or kill time before descending on a night club, what fucking use was a place where all you could do was drink and talk? And if that was all you wanted to do, why go to a bar? And, in any case, what kind of conversation was even possible over the canned music that was meant to get you into the mood for moving on to a club where there was always a chance for a quickie or a line in the loo (and usually both at the same time).

Col was trying his best to keep up the semblance of a conversation over the echoing sounds of Avicii and Robin Thicke, but Lin could scarcely hear a word he was saying. However, she nodded her head on occasion and said “Brilliant!” and “Awesome!” and “Fuck me!” whenever Col’s mostly bland facial expression appeared to require such a response. In truth her mind was elsewhere and only a part of it was distracted by the sight of four swanky execs boasting about their bonuses and choice of sports car.

“D’you fancy a fuck?” she said when she noted that Col’s attempts at maintaining the conversational flow had well and truly stalled.

“Sorry?”

“Don’t act so fucking shocked, Col,” said Lin with a broad seductive smile as she placed her manicured fingers on the ripped muscles of his forearm. “My mate Kath’s got a flat just a few streets here. She’s said she wouldn’t mind.”

“Are you serious?”

“I’m always fucking serious.”

“And...er...Kath’s OK?”

“Course she fucking is,” said Lin, already getting bored with this negotiation. Her pussy was itching for action and every minute of prevarication was a minute less she could fuck. “Drink up and let’s go.”

“You really mean it?” asked Col as he raised his half-finished bottle.

“Or you can just leave your beer,” said Lin. “I don’t care.”

“OK.OK,” said Col as he hastily guzzled down the contents.

There wasn’t much chat as Col and Lin walked away from All Bar One and strode across a few streets and down a few others. Not that Lin was encouraging it. She was furiously texting Kath on her phone and was quite happy for Col to follow her in whichever direction she led him.

“She’s gonna leave the door open for us,” Lin announced. “So we don’t have to ring.”

“That’s thoughtful of her,” Col remarked.

“I guess,” Lin agreed. “It’s ’cause she’s with Tone. She doesn’t like to be interrupted.”

“Tone?”

“You’ll like him. He’s a hunk.”

“Is that a recommendation?”

“For me it is. And he fucks like crazy.”

“I’m really not sure that...”

“Right here we are,” said Lin as they approached a non-descript but phenomenally expensive central London apartment block. She gently pushed the front door and, as she expected, found it wasn’t closed. The foreign residents in the

building, who made up by far its majority, had no sense of home security. That's why you need a good lock on your apartment door. "Come on up, Col."

Four flights up a carpeted stair-case that needed vacuum cleaning and, as Kath had promised, the flat door on the left was left on the latch. Lin pushed it open and signalled Col to follow.

"Hiya Kath!" yelled Lin. "You in?"

"Here!" shouted back Kath.

Lin carefully secured the flat door and strolled into Lin's bedroom where, true to her word, she and Tone were sprawled naked on the over-sized bed: Kath on top and Tone beneath with his prick deep inside Kath's lightly trimmed quim.

"Hiya Lin," said Tone good-naturedly, but not breaking off his famously slow thrusts.

"Don't mind us, Tone," said Lin. "You got space to spare on your bed, Kath?"

"For you, Lin," said Kath, "there's always space to spare."

"You heard the lady, Col," said Lin as she stooped down to unstrap her Carvela Kurt Geiger heels. "Take off your kit."

"In front of Tone?" asked an aghast Col.

"Fuck, Col!" said an impatient Lin, now stripped down to only her knickers and bra. "Tone won't mind. Him and me are long-time fuck-buddies, aren't we hon?"

"Fuck yeah!" said Tone poking his head to one side of the struts of Kath's supporting arms.

"Just don't forget that it's me you're fucking now, sweetheart," snapped back Kath who eased Tone's penis back inside her just as it was threatening to spring free.

“So, come on, Col,” said a now totally naked Lin sat on the edge of Kath’s mattress. “Get your arse in gear.”

Col was clearly reluctant but he had no choice in the matter now. He was careful about the order in which he tugged off his clothes. First off came his leather jacket and plain white tee-shirt. And this revealed the best of him. There were muscles on his torso far beyond what was necessary. It was evident that although Kath and Tone were occupied with one another neither could take their eyes off Col’s abs.

“Hasta La Vista, Baby!” Kath remarked approvingly, half-expecting Col to do some kind of body-building routine.

Next off were the trainers and jeans to reveal more visual treats in the shape of his calf-muscles and thighs. Tone was pumping Kath even more leisurely as he studied Col’s body: now naked bar his black cotton boxers. Although just as both Lin and Kath preferred the pleasures of the opposite sex but didn’t draw the line at gender alone, so too was Tone quite capable of sharing his intimate attention with another man if the occasion called for it.

And then the disappointment. And perhaps Lin should have been prepared for it by the evident reluctance with which Col pulled down his boxers.

“Is that all you’ve got to offer?” she cried in dismay.

“Fuck! It’s just like a little boy’s willy,” chimed in Kath who’d wiggled away from Tone, whose much larger dick was still fully erect and shining with vaginal lubrication.

“Dude! That’s not what I expected!” said Tone as he scrutinised Col’s undersized penis. It was of average thickness, but so short that it seemed abnormally

plump.

“My girlfriend doesn’t complain...” Col protested.

“Well, she fucking ought to!” said Lin. “What the fuck am I supposed to do with this little thing?”

“Suck it and see,” suggested Tone.

“Yeah,” agreed Kath. “Sometimes these small dicks get a lot bigger than you’d expect after a good blowjob.”

“It’s gonna need a fucking miracle!” Lin exclaimed.

“I’ll help you out,” said Kath. “You don’t mind, do you Tone?”

“Fuck no,” said Tone. “If the two of you can’t wake the fucking dead, I don’t know who could.”

Both Lin and Kath plied their red rouged lips to Col’s penis: taking turns to slip it between their teeth and wrap their tongue around it. The taste was no worse than any other man’s dick: Col had obviously given it a thorough soaping in the men’s showers at the gym. And with the equally expert attention from Lin and Kath, who’d often shared the same man at the end of a night out, Col’s penis was steadily pumping up in size.

But to no avail. Even fully erect, it was hardly better than serviceable. It was the same size as most men’s dicks when totally limp. It was stiff and there was no sign that it had any further to grow.

“You got any Viagra, Tone?” asked Lin.

“Not on me,” said Tone. “Anyway, it ain’t often that I need it.”

“Don’t talk shit, Lin,” said Kath. “Viagra doesn’t add inches to an erect dick.

It just makes a limp dick stiff. There ain't no more space for this little thing to grow.

It's as big as it gets."

"Is that so, Col?" asked Lin, still gripping Col's penis in her fist and gazing at him in the forlorn hope that he might say otherwise.

"My girlfriend says it's good enough..." he offered.

"It'll just have to do, Lin," said Kath sympathetically.

"Well, if it is then we better get on with it," said Lin now with little remaining expectation of a rewarding fuck.

Perhaps Lin's heart wasn't in it, but after several minutes of Col's ineffectual pounding between her thighs in the most boring missionary position imaginable, she was still no convert to the unsuspected pleasures of the smaller penis. Compared to what she was used to, it was like a little thumb poking inside her. It was almost more an irritation than a pleasure. Her pussy was still only as lubed as it had been before Col had started fucking and the only real thrill she got was from being gripped by a man with a truly god-like muscular physique and the buzz of pushing your bosom against unresisting abs. But then Lin had already been down the gym. She didn't need more exercise. She wanted a good fuck. And despite whatever his girlfriend might have told him, Col wasn't a good fuck.

"For fuck's sake, Col!" exclaimed Lin at last. "My cunt's still burning and you're fucking not doing it!"

She pushed herself off Col and addressed Kath who was still being desultorily fucked by Tone.

"You don't mind, Kath, do you?" she asked as she swivelled towards Tone.

“I’ve got needs that only Tone could satisfy...”

“Yeah!” said Kath good-naturedly. “Of course, Lin. Don’t worry.” She eased Tone’s prick out of her quim. “I’m gonna be with Tone all night anyway. And I can see you’re desperate!”

“That’s so fucking true, Kath!” exclaimed Lin as Tone slipped his prick inside her cunt and he responded to Lin’s hot burning desire by stepping up the pace of his thrusts. “What I need is a good-sized prick on a good-sized man...”

Lin really couldn’t care less how Col felt while Tone brought her slowly but surely to the orgasm she’d been hoping for all night. As Tone plied at her in his sympathetic and expert way, profiting from the many previous (and rather diverse) occasions that they’d fucked before, she was totally oblivious to the concerns of the man she’d so successfully picked up earlier in the evening. How did Col’s humiliation and shame at having a stunted penis compare with the sexual ecstasy she was receiving at long last?

And then not just a prick pumping her lovingly shaved vagina, but a tongue that could only be Kath’s licking her clitoris and a thumb slowly easing itself into her anus. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” Lin cried before Kath’s tongue thrust itself into her mouth while her hand shaped itself so that it could ease into her vagina as Tone transferred his prick to Lin’s arse.

Lin loved sex. It was the one time that her usual world of ruthless competition and pitiless one-upmanship could be forgotten and she could surrender herself to pure unmediated ecstasy. No drug had the same effect (beyond the extent to which it enhanced the sex act). Sex was all Lin needed. Fucking. Fisting. Bugging. Sweating

copiously on your partner. Not knowing and not caring who was fucking you and who you were fucking. When your back and your front was a sheen of perspiration blended with that of whoever you were fucking. And Kath and Tone were the perfect fuck partners. Unselfish. Uninhibited. Uncomplicated. And they never gave up. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. No fucking let up at all.

Time passed when Lin was making love as it should be. Not measured in minutes or hours, but climaxes, orgasms and moments of absolute pleasure.

Until the time came when Tone had no more spunk to give, Kath's tongue was red and raw, and Lin's cunt had lost its lubrication and was feeling sore.

The three of them collapsed together on the bed, with the lamps still shining but the window open and the glimpsed view into other apartments from across the road. A car drove by slowly in the way that was only ever noticeable well after midnight.

Lin looked around her.

"Where's Col?" she asked.

"That Schwarzenegger guy you came in with?" said Tone.

"Yeah, him."

"I dunno," said Kath. "He must have left after I jumped in. I'd tried to get some conversation out of him, but it was a fucking waste of time. The guy was crushed!"

"I bet he was," said Tone, half-sympathetically. "It wasn't his fault he was lacking in the dick department..."

"I don't fucking care," said Lin. "All I wanted was a fuck and he couldn't even

do that!”

“He tried his best, Lin,” pleaded Kath.

“I fucking expect more from a man,” said Lin. “I want a man to be able to do what a man is supposed to do. What other fucking point is there? If you want a fuck, a man should be able to give you a fuck. And Col couldn’t do it. His prick was a fucking joke!”

“You’ve got high standards, Lin,” said Kath.

“You’re fucking right I have,” said Lin. “And just like when I’m at work, when I want something I fucking want it now and I want it fucking good!”