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Strip Steak

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The plan was dinner and a show. It would an adult themed steak house near the tracks on 3rd street and Ravine. They’d have burlesque and barbeque ribs, sexy girls serving sirloin, topless twits twirling T-bone steak platters. But dinner became the show as dancers dipped lettuce leaves into their own juices and fed customers. They offered calves and shoulders instead of plates and forks. Tempted watering mouths with filets laid between bosoms. The scratch of steak knives on flatware fell to the rising gnash of teeth gnawing on bones. Incited and ravenous, the men began to bite lips and fingertips of the dancers, tearing flesh and cartilage apart like baby back ribs. In a rush of hunger and passion the girls were devoured one limb at a time until each customer was satiated. They left licking blood and sinew from panty lace.