

After a long day at the office, all Michael really wanted to do was turn his brain off for a few hours. Honestly, he did mean to just browse social media, but after stripping off his cubicle-monkey uniform, he had too much access to himself to focus.

Posts and pages fly by, one hand slipping further under his briefs every click of the trackpad, the other driving the deep dive into his online friend circle. Old flings, old friends, work colleagues, and a few complete strangers. One of which is yelling into the void of the internet about too-easy prey.

“Back in my day, you had to wine and dine your prey into you, or at least hunt them down and lie about getting consent if you got caught, but now some stupid future-fat went ahead and put their consent on flash-drives to leave laying around all over the place. It’s disgraceful, and blah blah blah.”

Michael turns his attention from the multi-paragraph rant to the hyperlink at the bottom of the post.

A curious click takes him to a forum dedicated to the art of ‘vore bombing.’ The posts were broken up between prey and pred, and a pinned post warned new users to read the rules and FAQ before posting. He opens both links in a new tab, before clicking on a post at random.

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‘Birthday Bash - NYC Central Park - F27 - Red’

“Hey y’all, it’s my birthday tomorrow, and to celebrate I’ve decided to drop off a little surprise somewhere in the Wonderland that is Central Park.

The lucky hunter will have plenty of pictures and videos to ~ruin me~, so if you’re in the area, keep an eye out for a pink flash-drive.

Your starting clues are ‘Hat, Rat, Cat’ and your lucky number is three!

And if no one happens to win, you’ll all have to wait until next year to try again ;)”

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Michael peers, confused, at the title of the post, before alt-tabbing to the FAQ.

Apparently, challenge titles are strictly regimented, requiring the prey’s location, gender, age, and the severity of the challenge.

Red is the most severe, often ending in complete digestion, and claiming all the prey’s worldly assets afterward. Amber challenges either required reformation or else had other stipulations that prospective hunters had to follow to not be banned from the community. Green challenges were ultimately just a bit of a tease, but were seen as good ways for challengers to start small to try the game out.

A few more rules for becoming a confirmed player, as well as lots of legalese to protect the forum members from illegal predatory behavior rounded out the rest of the FAQ and rules.

Back on the homepage, a moderator updates the birthday thread, appending 'Lost (Digested) - Happy Birthday Lisa!' to the title.

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Michael shivers. In the time it took him to read about the game, someone had found Lisa's flash-drive. Their post on the thread included several of the pictures that she'd taken nude, as well as a short video of her sliding down a man's throat, furiously masturbating as she sinks deeper and deeper.

Scrolling through the homepage, he sees dozens of similar posts, all throughout the world.

Some have moderator edits, some are closed by the challenger themselves, but the majority are still open, their drives still floating out somewhere just out of public eye, waiting to be claimed.

Switching his sorting to 'Most Popular' reveals a library of the most slippery prey, those that have challenged ten or twenty times and escaped scot-free, finally meeting their match. Almost every top post has been edited by a moderator, or a predator. One user, jeXxXebell, is still active, their most recent challenge reading 'perma-slave.'

Another massively popular user disappeared from the forums after their last challenge, the title change 'Flushed' gave a good reason for their absence. Michael starts, surprised to recognize the man in the photos posted to the thread.

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The thread was only a week old, and Andrew hadn't been in to the office in just about that long. The triumphant predator's post crows about finding his drive in the office café, taped to the bottom of a chair, as well as sharing evidence of his victory. A lot of evidence.

The most erotic of which, Michael feels, is Andrew failing to fit his mouth around the pred's massive rod, reduced to suckling at the tip while stroking its length with both hands.

Michael shivers again, the fear of being so close to a predator all this time, one actively hunting people, warring with the overwhelming desire he feels for that predator's cock.

And what a cock it is. Long and thick, pubes shaved close to the skin, and frightfully erect. A pair of fist-sized testicles swing below, heavy with cum.

The shots of the two fucking in a bathroom stall, Andrew braced against the toilet as the stranger slams into him, and the video of Andrew's feet bulging down the stranger's shaft as he finally slips completely inside, fill Michael with excitement. His mouth feels dry, and his fingers tingle gently as he browses further.

The final picture, the toilet overflowing with cum, reminds Michael of how dangerous this game is. To abstract it to a few lines of text on a forum was one thing, but he'd been friends with Andrew. They'd had drinks together, gossiped about office politics, hell, they'd even house-sat for one another over the years.

And now he's gone. Nothing more than a few photos, memories, and maybe a clogged pipe.

God, it was so hot.

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Michael finally slips his hand fully under his briefs, and a few strokes bring him to complete, aching hardness. He bookmarks Andrew's page, before turning to the stories of total strangers.

Their distance to him turning a disquieting demise into a titillating flight of fancy, replacing the undercurrent of unease with incredible erotic power.

He finds another top post, a boy celebrating his 18th birthday, legal at long last. He lasts just a few hours as an adult, his hiding spot too obvious, his clues too specific. Five hunters pounce on his drive at once, and decide to split him between themselves.

A game was decided, eros forward, with the prey ultimately deciding their predator, but not their fate. And all five predators, men and women, barge into the young man's home that night, cornering him.

The challenge was simple: whoever didn't manage to cum by dawn would get final dibs on the prey, and it was his decision how hard to try and slake their varied lusts.

Twelve hours later, four dejected, but satisfied, people left the apartment, while one lucky, yet frustrated, woman stayed behind. Her jaw sore beyond belief, her stomach stretched taut over the solid form of their stupid slut of the evening.

He lasted another two days before he finished digesting, and the woman left him clogging his apartment's toilet for the landlord to find.

Michael pants with lust, reading this thread. The videos blur past, an orgy of desperation, the young man yearning to experience as much as possible before his end.

The various other preds also chime in, boasting about the positions they took the boy in, posting pictures of his degradation at their hands. The boy blindfolded by cocks draped across his face. Gagging as one pred fucks him onto the cock of another. Being ridden cow-girl, the female pred using his hands to masturbate the others. The entire group licking him all over as he squirms against his bedsheets.

What finally drove Michael over the edge was that final woman updating the thread months later, her obvious pregnancy swelling her stomach, the gentleness of her cradling her child at complete odds with her earlier treatment of the father.

She struts towards the camera after showing off her new additions to her body, and in the background, a skull inhabits pride of place on the mantle, the previous owner obvious.

He cums, cock throbbing under his fingers, muscles clenching as his seed splashes onto his stomach. He can't help but imagine himself in the boy's place as he does, under the beautiful and deadly woman who took him completely.

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Another day, another working lunch. Michael hunches over his computer, typing out invoices and emails, and watches the clock taunt him minute after minute, hour after hour.

It's been a week since he first discovered vore-bombing, and it's consumed his daily routine, the subway home is a bundle of anxious, arousing nerves, an impatience that feels like he's being squeezed from all directions at once. Getting inside is an exercise in speed-stripping, before he reads further on lost challenges and watches more prey meet their makers.

His work bores him. Data entry cannot compare to the attraction that's overtaken his imagination, his fingers itch to create his own drive, but still his worry holds him back. He still remembers carpooling with Andrew to lunch, when he wasn't keeping the department together after all of their recent 'lay-offs.' The thought of utterly disappearing, ceasing to be human any longer, haunts him.

A quick glance around the shared office shows that he's here alone, a newly-common state of affairs, and he knows the newest IT guy couldn't find his ass with two hands and a map, so he alt-tabs to his obsession.

He's created an account, 'cockFood96,' it's not really what he wants, he tells himself. It's just a fun bit of roleplaying, and so what if he focuses mostly on pred cocks while

masturbating nowadays? It doesn't really mean anything. His posts are mostly on the bland side, a few thirsty comments on newly-deceased posts, a few follows on some of the more active and attractive pred accounts.

He checks the clock again, it's closing, and no sign of his work-mate. His mind races with possibilities, the banal assumption that he skivved off early immediately discarded in favor of more tantalizing outcomes. Maybe Jerry met a nice woman in line at a deli, and she asks for his meat, instead of ordering. Maybe he didn't even make it to the deli, pulled out of his car at a red-light for a hungry motorist. Hell, maybe he didn't even make it out of the building, Craig looks absolutely massive these days, and just a gym membership can't be the only reason.

Michael squares his shoulders, and digs a flash-drive out from the piles of paper on his desk. It's time.

He decides to model his after one of his favorite pieces of dinner-bait, the only prey mod, jeXxXebell. He swaps some photos of himself from his cloud account to the drive, clothed and holding official-looking documentation.

He'd taken selfies with his passport, credit cards, and other wallet trivia one lonely night, and nearly blacked out from the orgasm that followed.

His nudes follow, products of dozens of hours spent in front of a mirror posing, of changing around light fixtures to get a good shade. Then, the videos, oh god, the videos. Him trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey, laying in front of an imposing oven while begging to be cooked. A naked tour of his apartment, including a few frames of the windows for particularly observant, or dedicated, predators. Videos of him riding dildos, each larger than the last, until it had felt more like a bedpost than a penis, moaning loudly throughout.

And the piece de resistance, a five minute video of him nearly passing out choking on his favorite imitation cock, before proclaiming his username and exactly what he wanted. A quick scripting session sets the video to auto-play when the flash-drive was opened, a fun surprise for whoever found it.

He finishes up with a list of usernames and passwords, his entire social media presence and his online services ripe for the taking. He removes the drive, and attaches it to his keys before he can chicken out.

Then, a photo of the keychain, and his proper introduction to this wonderful world he's stumbled upon.

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'First Contest - Chicago Metropolitan - M24 - Red'

“It’s finally happened. My last co-worker probably got himself melted in some slut this morning, and I’m tired of hefting this load all by myself.

The first hunter to find me can have me, no limits, no safe-words, nothing. My whole life is on my drive, and it’s yours to use, abuse, or destroy as you see fit.

I’ll let you know I’m constantly on the L, green-bound both ways. My drive’ll be on my keys, so you’ll have to look closely.

Good luck, and happy hunting.”

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He hits submit before he can change his mind.

The clock reads 5pm. It’ll be a long ride home.

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It’s Friday, the weekend looms, and after three days of wearing his digestive-consent on his hip, Michael’s surprised by how intense it still is.

He’s constantly aware of his keychain, in a way he’s never been before. The way the teeth of his keys press against his leg, rubbing against him through the thin fabric of the pocket. The faint jingle with every step he takes seems to echo in his ears.

He constantly pats at them, as if to reassure himself they’re still there, or maybe hoping that they’re missing.

Work flies by, the office quiet as the grave, and just as empty. Even his workload has fallen off, senior management dwindling by the day, sometimes by the hour. It seems like his entire department had been forgotten, Michael’s the only one working on the entire floor today, where just a month ago it’d been a hive of activity.

That doesn’t much matter to him now though, not on the homebound train, not when he’s one short ride from his computer.

He’d gotten a lot of attention after his first thread, enough to buoy himself to the front page, just barely scraping the bottom. It helped that he’d lasted longer than a couple of hours, and that he both left the challenge open, actively responding to every poster.

His favorite so far was HungryHank, he’d plastered him with replies, wheedling more and more information out of Michael as he did. Narrowing down first his timeline, then the range of stops he passed through each day, and then his usual clothing.

A private message got Michael to start wearing his keys in his front pocket, all the more

obvious against the cut of his slacks. They'd talked a lot, sent nudes to each other too. He licks his lips unconsciously, imagining that massive, uncut meat.

A chime, and a sudden deceleration, brings Michael out of his fantasy. This is his stop. He stands, taking his bag in one hand, and strides out the doors as they open. A short walk gets him to his door, and he goes to let himself in.

His keys.

Where were his keys?

He jiggles the doorknob, locked.

He pats down his pants, empty.

He digs through his bag, nothing.

The door opens, his roommate, bagel in hand, graveyard-shift glaze to his eyes, stumbles out the door, barely acknowledging Michael.

Torn, Michael enters. He doubts he could find his keys anyways. They were anywhere on the green line. At least the weekend would give him enough time to replace the apartment key, if not any of the smaller keepsak-

Oh no.

The drive.

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Michael turns distraught. He's dropped his bag, and his roomie's not due back until late in the AM Sunday. Unconsciously, he strips, routine taking over where consciousness fails, and by the time he shakes himself out of his stupor, he's nude, and harder than he's ever been.

The shakes start up, his teeth feel like they're buzzing, and his limbs start to tingle in time with his heartbeat. He's dumping adrenaline just thinking about the horrible situation he's found himself in, and yet, if anything, he grows even more achingly, painfully erect.

His cock demands his attention, and that means his computer. He flings his bedroom door open, laptop already on the bed, and falls into place. He opens up his favorite site, and glides his eyes across the page.

He has a message.

“Little pig, little pig, let me in.” —HungryHank

And then, a knock at his front door.

Michael’s heart stops.

He scrambles for his PJs, a pair of basketball shorts. They do nothing to hide his arousal, but it’s all he can do to not hyperventilate as he tugs them on and heads for the door.

He doesn’t bother with the peephole, instead opening the door wide. He knows who’s on the other side. And after today, it hardly matters one way or the other.

Hank looms in the well-lit hallway, a small keychain dangles in an upraised hand.

“Lost something?” He grins, boyish excitement at a game well won looking at home on a time-worn face.

Michael’s shoulder slump as his tent grows. He blushes at the man of his daydreams, mouth parted. He licks his lips, eyes trained on Hank’s trousers.

Hank bustles into Michael’s home, lightly pushing him to one side before closing the door. He reaches out, and pins Michael to the door, slim wrists held up in one large hand, he looks around the apartment.

“Cozy place; you got a computer I can borrow for a minute? I have something I wanna print.” Butter couldn’t melt in Hank’s mouth, and he leans in to kiss up Michael’s neck. Business casual grinds into half-nude house-wear. His stubble scrapes against Michael’s collarbone, his teeth nip at his ear.

A breathy whisper, “I know you said no limits, but I figure I’d give you an out, call it a favor to a newbie.”

Michael shakes his head, he doesn’t want an out. He wants whatever Hank can give him, whatever Hank can take from his needy little body. He wants to be destroyed, nothing he’s done can match what he’s built this encounter into in his imagination, and he’s desperate for the real thing. He arches his hips forward, his all-encompassing need sliding against both of their thighs.

“Yeah, that’s about what I thought, cock-food.” Hank drags him by the wrists into his bedroom, the door still wide open, and throws him to the ground. He pins him again, foot-on-chest, back pressed against the floor, before inserting the flash-drive.

Immediately, wet gags fill the air, the video maximized in an instant, and his humiliation complete. Michael’s voice, slightly distorted from the laptop’s speakers, moans despite the obvious obstruction. The screen fills with him, face down, ass up, completely nude



and choking himself on a dildo. Drool puddles on the comforter as he gags around the large imitation cock, and tears are tracking down his face as he begins to turn red from lack of air.

A minute passes. Two.

He pulls himself off roughly, gasping for air, saliva dripping from his panting mouth. He turns to the camera. "This is cockFood96. I'm a dirty slut, and I want to be taken and used. If you find this, look for me at 16th and 3rd, apartment 218. I'm willing to do anything you want."

Michael squirms with embarrassment over the video, but Hank has already tabbed away. He pulls up Michael's consent form, all proper documentation, and prints it. The wifi printer in the corner whirrs to life, and over the sound of machinery, Hank opens up the account page.

Tabs spring to life, each one efficiently sent to a different social media, a different bank account, a different utility. Each profile set to deceased, and left open. Each account drained of funds, sent to Hank's own. Each part of Michael's life is deconstructed, decommissioned, and soon all that's left is the sound of notifications pouring in, small chimes and tinkles and beeps, and his eventual digestion.

Hank stares down at him, before lifting his foot, and gesturing at his pants. Michael complies instantly, wordlessly.

How could he not?

He sits up, gently unbuttons the slacks, and pulls the zipper down almost reverently. Hank's cock springs out, the fat mushroom head, an angry purple-red, a muted *slap* as it lands on Michael's face.

The *snap-click* of a photo app going off has Michael look away from the cock laying across his cheek, to see Hank take another picture. He whines, piteously, before backing up, and stretching upward to take the cock-head into his mouth. It's warm, practically hot, and it fills his mouth completely.

The angle is awkward, and he's not used to how stretched he already feels, but he quickly begins bobbing up and down.

Not fast enough for Hank, though. A massive hand clasps the back of his head, and steadily forces him deeper. His gagging completely ignored as Hank hilts himself, pushing Michael's nose squarely into his pubic hair. It smells of stale sweat and Hank's natural odor, and Michael breathes it in deep.

"Ahhh, nothing like an inexperienced slut, huh cock food? You know, you're lucky I found you. Most guys, they want the muscle mass, they'd eat you as soon as look at

you.” Hank laughs “Not me. I got lucky being born this way. It means I get to enjoy you little cock-fillers to your fullest.”

He spins Michael around, bending him over backward, still kneeling, and grabs his head with both hands. He pounds against Michael's face, balls slapping a quick rhythm against his nose, the pungent smell only heightening his libido. He's constantly gagging, unable to breathe, but the strength of Hank's hands keep him from freeing himself.

He can feel himself getting faint, his vision tunnels, narrowing down to just that heavy sack, slapping away at his face. Even the impacts begin to fade, and Michael's last thought is that he hopes Hank enjoys his expiration.

He hears a faint *snap-click*, then nothing.

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A splattering wakes him up. He gasps, coughing as he sits up, warmth dripping down his face.

“Oh, you made it! I'm impressed, cock food.” His foggy mind chugs as he tries to source the voice. He wipes his face, cum. Why is cum on his face?

A slap brings the world into focus, a massive cock lays once more against his face.

“You still with me, boy?” His eyes trail past the cock, to Hank's face. Right, Hank had found him. This was it.

Michael turns slightly, to kiss the underside of the cock that had just choked him out.

“Alright, if you're up enough to tease, you're up enough to please.” Hank grabs him by the hair and forces his face into the comforter. His shorts are pulled down, and his lube is pilfered from the bedside table.

A finger presses lubricant into his sphincter, massaging his muscles, and working him loose. Another finger joins the first a few minutes later, and then a third. By the time Hank stops, Michael's a panting mess, drooling into the blanket, unable to hold back his moans. He thrusts backward in time with Hank's fingers, and lets out a needy whine when they pull out.

Luckily, they're replaced with cock.

Already lubed up, it slides in smoothly, a firm, growing pressure against Michael's prostate, filling his bowels. It's so warm. Michael can't stand it, and shifts side-to-side, rubbing the cock against himself from the inside, desperate for stimulation.

Hank huffs out a laugh, lightly smacking Michael's upraised ass, before pulling back, and thrusting inwards in a single furious motion. Michael's world stops. He can't breathe. His toes curl and his muscles quake and his cock explodes. The build-up too intense in the face of direct stimulation, and he cums volcanically against the side of the bed.

This time, Hank doesn't laugh lightly, and Michael's body shakes at the force of it. "That's a whole new meaning to the name 'One-Pump Chump,' huh boy?"

*Snap-click* again, and then a phone is lain down by Michael's face, already recording. He gazes into it, glazed and unfocused, as Hank slams into him again. His back arches, and his cock strains upward, already half-mast.

Then it begins in earnest. Michael loses track of time, of position, of everything except the slow oozing feeling of his near-continuous orgasm. He leaks semen like a faucet, pooling around his knees as he's constantly driven into the bed by rapid thrusts. All Michael can do is stare dumbly into the camera, watching more than feeling Hank hold him by the hips and slam into him again and again.

An indescribable amount of time later, Hank cums. It's hot, too hot. Michael begins to pull away before strong arms pull him back.

He leans in, "You're not wasting a single drop of my cum, cock-food. Not tonight, not any night." Michael nods, exhausted. His cock still drips his own semen as he's held up against Hank's bare chest. When Hank pulls away, he almost follows, before leaning down, careless of his puddle of lust. He raises his ass obediently, doing his best to keep Hank's warm load inside him.

"Attaboy," Hank idly rubs his cock against Michael, smearing cum all over his ass. "You'll have a great couple of weeks if you can keep that up."

A smile stretches his face, the expression at once confusing and comforting. "Promises, promises." He nuzzles the puddle, his own semen clinging to his face and hair. Michael wouldn't trade this moment for anything.

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Michael thinks a life as a live-in slave, at least until Hank gets bored of him, is perfect. He cooks, he cleans, and when Hank gets home, he services the cock of his dreams. Like right now, he's under a table, fellating, nude beyond a cheap nylon collar, and couldn't be happier.

It's been a lifetime of a week, and he's had more varied sex in the last seven days than he has in the last decade. Strong hands grab him by the hair while he's day dreaming and Hank cums down his throat. A full minute passes before Hank pulls him off and

stares down at Michael.

“It’s time, cock food. Not even two days in and you weren’t gagging anymore. And now you’re too loose to enjoy.” Hank doesn’t sound disappointed, though, more proud. Proud of him.

The ever-present phone looks down on him, ready to record his coming demise. Hank hefts his cock meaningfully, and Michael smiles up at him.

“Thank you so much, Hank. I’m so glad you found me, and that you’ve shown me so much.” He strokes the cock lightly, a final touch from the outside, before slowly pushing his head forward.

The cock-slit resists for a moment, before widening to accept Michael in. The normal warmth of the cock is nothing compared to the interior, and the near-scalding temperature has Michael draw back a moment before pressing onward. He whimpers at the pain, but still pushes himself further in, until his neck is fully enclosed.

The sound of the table being scooted backward is loud enough for Michael to hear it over his heartbeat thudding, and Hank stands, pointing his cock downward.

Michael half-stands, half-crawls, as his shoulders are slurped down, followed quickly by the rest of his chest. Soon, the standing motion isn’t enough, and as the cock reaches his waist, Hank has to hoist him up by the legs to continue feeding him down to his testicles.

Inside, Michael has already had to curl into a ball amongst the semen, the heat nearly unbearable, but his own cock demands his full attention. He curls his fingers around it, and begins stroking, only for the feeling of pressure to fade as quickly as it came. Confused, Michael brings his arm to his face. The dim light outlines a caricature of a hand, all thin fingers with dollops of liquid oozing off of them.

As his feet slide down into the sack, Michael realizes that this will not be a slow digestion. Desperate, he thrusts his other hand into the cum that surrounds him, grips his dick and savagely masturbates. But quicker than before, that hand sloughs off of him, until even his forearm begins to bend and melt.

The heat is inside him now. He can feel sweat, or maybe cum, leak from every part of him still above the pool. His attention grows fuzzy, the muggy warmth distracting him as it pulses.

He throws himself forward, straining to grind against the firm sack walls. He closes his eyes and imagines his roommate finally coming home, tired after a long shift, to Hank and his massive cock. His friend would be overpowered, of course, and then made to worship, or even taken by force, before being drowned in what was left of Michael.

He can't feel his arms any longer, or his legs. All of him narrows to his cock, and his nearing peak, and the heat, consuming him from all sides. The thought of his roommate choking on his remains, of himself, cum, splattering against the ground, the walls, his roommate's face and body, drives Michael over the edge.

He cums, thrusting desperately against the sides of his grave, heedless to the rest of his torso beginning to fall away.

He slips under the semen, vision turning a milky white.

He gives in to the heat.

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Hank pushes against the sack as it begins to shrink, the roundness uninterrupted by any solid form. One hand fishes out his wallet, and then an extra large condom. A fleeting thought forms, to splatter his most recent conquest against the walls and floor, or shoot him into the next slut he sees, but he shakes his head ruefully. There was only really one fate for this little guy.

He rolls the condom down his cock, and jerks it twice. Immediately, he cums like a firehose, shooting what's become of Michael into pink latex. He fills the condom to near-bursting, before sliding his dick out and tying it off. He slaps a printed-out picture onto the side of it, scotch-tape holding it on. And a final *snap-click* before Hank puts his phone away. He heaves the condom up, before collecting Michael's laptop and heading down stairs.

He leaves Michael safely ensconced in his guest room, stored alongside three other condoms, each wearing a printed out photo, one with a gold wedding ring floating within.

He cracks open his newest laptop, and sets about finishing Michael's final post.

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'First Contest - Chicago Metropolitan - M24 - Red - cockFood is Cock Food'

"It's finally happened. My last co-worker probably got himself melted in some slut this morning, and I'm tired of hefting this load all by myself.

The first hunter to find me can have me, no limits, no safe-words, nothing. My whole life is on my drive, and it's yours to use, abuse, or destroy as you see fit.

I'll let you know I'm constantly on the L, green-bound both ways. My drive'll be on my keys, so you'll have to look closely.

Good luck, and happy hunting.

Update: I found this new little piggy, and offered to let him go. Instead, he showed me an amazing week, and practically dove into my cock. I almost want to reform the little subby slut. Maybe later.

For all those that missed out, you can find his original drive album [HERE](#), and the photos and videos of this weekend [HERE](#).

In case I ever do reform him, and he gets back online, his name's Michael Cardale, and he's gonna be mine until I say otherwise."

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