Christmas with the Girls

By

A Cannibal

 Audrey stood there naked and her mouth agape. A man and woman stood in front of her in chef whites’ uniforms. She had just been told by the man, “you’re going to make a wonder roast tomorrow. Now come along with us so we can get you cleaned up first.”

 The woman stepped forward to take her to the kitchen.

 “Stay away from me,” she screamed.

 Audrey also tried kicking out at the woman, but couldn’t since hands and feet had been chained together.

 Chef Julia grabbed the girl by her hair and she was led out of the room down a hallway to the kitchen. She was hung on a wall so she had a view of it.

 There were also ½ dozen other children hanging beside her. Like Audrey they too were naked as the day they been born.

 She recognized them as fellow classmates from the Pine Ridge School for Girls. It was a private school for the affluent daughters of the very rich.

 “Aright listen up you’re all meats. Child meat is considered delicious in a cannibal restaurant and that where you are. There is no escape any of you are going to become dinner for the patrons. There’s nothing you can do about your situation,” Chef Wolfgang told them.

 All of the girls whimpered when they heard that. None of them wanted to become someone’s dinner.

 It started last week these girls were the only ones not going home on their winter break. That meant one person had to stay with the girls. As head mistress that was Mrs. Andrei thought she would stay there and watch them.

 She didn’t know why the parents didn’t want them but that was fine with here. If their families didn’t want them she’d take them to a place where families might enjoy them, as food that was.

 She would make money by selling them. The school would make money because there were now seven new midterm openings.

 The girls had been told they were going to Christmas dinner a restaurant. None of them minded this doing before being sent home on winter break.

 At home they didn’t eat as well as they did at school. While the food at the school was good, going out to eat was better.

 Mrs. Andrei had brought them to the restaurant promising them a good meal. The girls were given sodas to drink while she went to talk to the owner.

 There she negotiated a price for the seven rich girls who would never amount to anything. Once she returned to them Mrs. Andrei had the girls go use the powder room.

 They never made it that far. The kitchen door was right by it. She sent them off in groups of twos and as they passed the door to the kitchen the chefs snatched and gagged them. Once there they could scream all they wanted too the kitchen being soundproof. Diners preferred the end results their dinner, instead of hearing their food scream as it cooked.

 The girls were chained and then stripped naked. That done they were taken to the back of the kitchen and hung on the wall for the costumers to select.

 Chef Wolfgang stood back and admired the girls. He wondered who to start with. There was an 8 or 9 year old brunette, who was just beginning to pop, she looked nice. On the other hand there was a young teenage redhead girl with a nice pair of orange size tits. Well he had plenty of time yet; none of them would be cooked today.

 Today a couple of them would be tenderized by the two chefs, Julia being bisexual, after work. Very few wanted to pay the absorbent fee for virgin.

 They cost more because they were harder to find. The customers rarely wanted pay the extra $5,000 to dine on virgin meat.

 It was a few days until Charismas and there were a lot of costumers coming in for office parties. One costumer in particular always came in a few days before Christmas dressed as Santa. He had a white bead an Exception for his suit which was charcoal black and he always ordered a girl.

 Otherwise he looked just like the jolly old elf, being fat and having white whiskers. In actuality he was a relative of Santa who went out and collected the bad little boys and girls.

 He would take them home and make dinner out of them over the next year. The man would also enjoy them in other ways before dining on the scrumptious bodies. As for the sex of the meat/toy it didn’t matter he went both ways.

 Evil Santa always stopped by here on the 23 of December to dine. This was because at home he’d eaten all the meats he’d captured last Christmas.

 Rather than kidnap someone off the street he’d rather dine out. That and Evil Santa wouldn’t have time to dine the next day.

 Like the real Santa he a list too. He would spend the next 24 hours collecting the bad kids from around the world to fill his larder and be too busy to eat.

 Chef Wolfgang picked up a hose and began spraying the each girl with warm soapy water. Chef Julia then came up to meat with a stiff brush and scrubbed them until their skin turned bright pink.

 When all had been toughly clean the chefs let them hanging on the wall.

 Angela the youngest of the girls, at almost nine years of age, was hanging next to Audrey. The little brunette asked her, “What are they going to do to us next? Are they going to rape us?”

 “I imaged that’s on their agenda. Stop your crying. It’s not as bad as being roasted,” she told her.

 Audrey was the oldest, at 14 years, of the girls and new a little about sex. While she never experienced it firsthand but she was look forward to experience, just not the roasting in a hot oven part.

 “They’re going to kill us before they put us in the oven aren’t they, Audrey?”

 The older girl looked down the line to where the question came. She saw that it was 10 year old blond hair and blue eyed Heather who asked that question.

 “I have no idea. You’ll have to ask one of the chefs.”

 Before the next question could be asked Audrey said, “Don’t ask me anymore questions because I don’t know. What I think is going to happen is we’re going to be raped tonight. I have no idea when they’re going to roast us or how.”

 They all hung there wondering what would happen next hung when the chef escorted a man and woman back to the group.

 “Here we are sir, madam. This stock just came in about an hour ago. They will be ready to cook tomorrow,” Chef Wolfgang said.

 The couple looked at the meats over and the girls see the hunger in their eyes when they looked back.

 “Scrawny things aren’t they?” the woman said.

 “Sorry madam, but the stock on hand is a bit limited this time of year,” the chef replied.

 “Are we permitted to feel the meat’s quality?”

 Of course you may, sir and madam. However I do recommend caution around the face they do have tendency to bite.”

 “We will be. The only biting that is going to happen is when one of their roasted bodies are severed to us and it will be us doing the biting,” the woman chuckled.

 The couple walked up to Audrey first and the two began rubbing the teenager’s body. The teenager didn’t like what they were doing to her particularly rubbing her tits.

 The man enjoyed doing that. The woman however was more practical. She felt the girl’s stomach, ass and legs.

 She was a fine piece of meat but not what either of them wanted. Angela was next and got almost the same treatment as the older girl had.

 The almost none existent breasts were rubbed and the man was disappoint with them. She was flat in that area except for the nipples rising from the chest wall. There was nothing to eat there.

 His hands explored around the girl’s hips and thighs. He was allowed to look at but probe inside Angela’s virginal area.

 The couple moved on to the next in line. This one was blond with blue eyes. The couple studied Heather intently the small breast development was what the man liked. The woman felt her rump and thought there was plenty of meat there.

 The couple stepped away from the meats and the chef and whispered to each other. Heather didn’t like this. She was sure they were talking about her. They hadn’t done that with Audrey or Angela.

 “We’d like this one.” The man said in a loud clear voice so the meats could hear him.

 This was a relief to the other girls but not Heather who began screaming.

 He scribbled a note saying sold and attached it to the wall above the girl’s head.

 The chef led the couple out to the kitchen to discuss details of how and when they wanted their dinner.

 Let’s have her early tomorrow afternoon, Ben. Also is it possible to watch her being roasted alive?” the woman asked.

 “I have no problem with the time but the chef here may think were in the way, Delilah. After all he has to cook the other girls tomorrow.”

 She looked at the chef who nodded.

 “I’m afraid he’s right you can’t be in the kitchen while she cooking. However we try to cater to our customs by have close circuit TV. It’s actually better watching it on the TV than being here, because it will cover all the action. Even from inside the oven which you wouldn’t see if you were standing here.”

 That brought a smile to the woman’s face. The couple left promising to return in the morning to watch their food being cooked alive.

 The girls heard a loud voice say in a deep southern voice say, “I hear you got fresh meat back here. I’d like to have a look at the little fillies if you don’t mind,” Tex said.

 Chef Julia smothered a laugh and said, “They are back this way. If you’ll just follow me, sir I’ll show them to you.”

 He followed the Chef taking stock of the woman. She was around 5’4 nicely built blond in her mid to late 20’s.

 If she were say 15 years younger he might have a go at her. His tastes ran toward preadolescent girls so she was safe.

 They started at the opposite end from Audrey.

There a girl with red hair and cone shaped breasts by the name of Jenna hung. Tex felt the girl’s body and smiled

 “I hope you like BBQ little missy.” He said and turned to the chef. “I’d like to watch this meat as she’s barbequed alive. Could we get this little filly over the coals about mid-day tomorrow, if possible ma’am?”

 Chef Julia pulled a PDA from her apron. She touched a few buttons and nodded.

 “BBQ room number two is available. If you can be here around noon she can be cooked for your pleaser.”

 A sold sign was put over her head and they left. Once Tex had left a father mother and their young daughters were escorted back to the meats.

 The father looked at all the meats and stopped when his eyes landed on strawberry blond. There hanging in front of him was his 12 year old daughter.

 “Gina? Well I always knew you’d end up on someone’s dinner table. I just never thought it would be mine. By the way this is your half sister Debbie. Honey this is your sister better now as your dinner tomorrow night,” he said to his youngest daughter.

 Gina looked at the girl and noticed the family resemblance.

 “Dad, make them let me go! I don’t want to be eaten by you or anyone else.”

 “Sorry but your meat and now. Also I won’t have to pay your high tuition at your school. Oh and this is my girlfriend Stephanie. I can’t afford to divorce your mother. Also she’s boring in the bedroom after more than a dozen years, but Stephanie here is really fun here in that area.”

 “Bye Gina nice to meet you. I’ll see you tomorrow at dinner,” the woman said.

 The next person didn’t physically choose his selection. Rather he phoned his order into the chefs.

 Chef Wolfgang was surprise to hear his personal phone ring. Very few people had his number.

 “This is your old friend Chris I’m running a little bit late and want to call in my order before you sold out meat.”

 “Sure I remember you. What would you like this year?”

 “Ho, ho, ho. I was thinking about a girl in her early teens. That way I don’t have to put up with all this Santa stuff when they see me.”

 “You’re in luck I have one that just came in tonight. Looks me like she’s around 13 or 14 with a pair of oranges size tits,” the chef explained.

 “Sounds good and make sure she’s still a virgin when I get there tomorrow morning. I want to take care of that little problem myself.”

 Having a 1/3 interest in the restaurant he liked it when the customer wanted to have virgin meat. That meant more cash or in this man’s case Gold.

 He walked back to the girls and up to Audrey and put the sold sign above her head.

 “Santa coming tomorrow and he wants to have you for dinner, before he takes his round the world trip.”

 By the close of business all the girls had been sold. Tomorrow would be a busy day not to mention tonight. The girls with the exception of Audrey needed to be tenderizing.

 They were closed Christmas Eve to have their own little party. If they were lucky they’d find a child or two to munch on.

 They would have to keep an eye out for some troublesome kids. Every now and then the parents bought their children here not to dine, but to be dined upon.

 The kitchen was cleaned in record time and then it was time to play. Chef Wolfgang took Gina down off the wall. She was marched down, with her chains rattling, a hall to where the bedrooms were.

 She was screaming how she was too young to become meat and also to have sex.

 “Nonsense, you’re never too young to become meat. Occasionally we even get babies to roast. As for sex I’ve heard of men enjoying newborns” he said. To prove she wasn’t too little for sex, he deflowered the girl a minute later.

 The man toughly enjoyed her for a solid ½ hour before returning her to the holding where she was hung up once more. He noticed Julia had taken the youngest of the girls. He’d have her later then and instead took the blond back to his bedroom.

 Chef Julia was enjoying her toy. Angelia had delicious tasting pussy. It was too bad it was going to a customer and not her.

Hopefully there would be two meats for the Christmas party. She wanted the meat from his or her legs and hoped that it tasted this good.

 The woman sucked on the little nipples and found them aright. The problem was they had no real flavor until they got bigger and that wasn’t going to happen overnight, which was all the time the girl had left. Still she’d make sure they were tasty for the customer when they were eaten.

 When the girl was returned the woman chef eyed the others. She wanted breast meat after her time with the little one.

 Therefore she chose Jenna with the small ice cream cone chest. Hopefully they would taste the way they looked like vanilla and strawberries.

 She knew from experience they wouldn’t. Therefore she made a quick stop for flavor enhancers before returning to her bedroom with the toy.

 In the other bedroom Wolfgang plug himself into Michelle. She was a black hair and black skinned girl of 10ish. Her tits were good size for her long thin stature. What probably appealed to the Costumer how bought her was her big butt. That made up for ice cream cone shaped breasts with the cherry on top of each one.

 Since her backdoor was the most appealing part of this meat, that was where he started. He poured olive oil back there and pushed himself inside the tight hole.

 The girl screamed and bucked, much to the chef’s delight. This was why he had become a people chef. The fringe benefits before cooking the meal were fantastic.

 Upon finishing Michelle's back door she was flipped over so he could do her front. Wolfgang not only banged her front door, but his hands massaged the tits tenderizing them for cooking in a few hours.

 Each had 3 girls that night falling asleep with the last bed warmers, Isabella Wolfgang and Jessie for Julia.

 At 7 am the alarm clock went off in each of their rooms. Both chefs crawled out of beds, took a shower dressed in their uniforms and returned the toys to the holding room.

 The chefs prepared a quick breakfast for themselves. Ground boy sausage and eggs were on the menu. This particular boy from hadn’t sold last week so he become chef food.

 With a yawn chef Julia asked, “why so early this morning?”

 The other chef chuckled as he answered, “It’s a big day today. There are six oven roaster and only three ovens. The first of the patrons will be here to watch the meal cook at 9am and we still have to clean them and the BBQ girl.”

 After they finished both chefs walked to where the meats were.

 “Leave us alone! It’s not time to cook us yet,” Audrey scream.

 “Your right big mouth and we’re not going to that right. You see we kind of dirtied up the others and they have to be cleaned in order to be cooked later on.”

Chef Wolfgang picked up the hose and sprayed each girl who screamed and sputtered. Chef Julia followed with a second smaller hose where she shoved into the asses.

 Sorry girls but as food you have to be clean on the inside as well as the outside. People want to eat your meat and not your shit.”

 Then the spigot was opened on tube and hot water filled her insides up to the busting point. The hose was pulled and she was allowed to drain.

 This was done to her three times before the water was coming out was clean. The chef repeated the process on each of them.

 While their back door was being clean by Chief Julia, Chef Wolfgang was cleaning their watering ones as well as their sex hole.

 Andrea was unhooked and taken into the kitchen proper. There she was laid out on the counter to await Chris’s arrival.

 At precisely 9 am a large portly man in a black Santa suit came in to the restaurant. He was guided back to the kitchen by the owner who also played waiter.

 He was shown his toy and future dinner.

 Running his hands over her he said, “Excellent! She’s exactly what I wanted.”

 He smiled at the girl and she saw large pointed teeth. Audrey gave a shudder knowing those teeth would be ripping the flesh from her bones later today. She had to do something now before she was sent to the oven.

 Chris picked up his toy and was guided by Wolfgang to a room with only a shower and a bed in it. The chef unchained her and Audrey made a dash for the open door.

 She never got close to it as Evil Santa grabbed her by the throat and tossed her onto the bed.

 “Don’t run away were going to have a good time before I have you for lunch later.”

 Chef Wolfgang closed the door and returned to the kitchen. The other chef had Heather tied to the prep table. The chains had been remove and replaced by rope. Her hands were pinned to her sides while the legs were spread wide.

 This gave the chef access to her pussy which was to be filled with stuffing. People loved girl cum stuffing. This was one of the advantages to cooking girls of a certain age alive.

 “Hold still while I get this stuffing inside you. Hey stop crying it doesn’t hurt a bit to be stuffed,” Chef Julia told the meat.

 “But I don’t want to be stuffed there or anywhere else for that matter,” the meat blubbered.

 “Sorry but girl cum stuffing is a must for any roast girl recipe.”

 “Miss Chef I’m too young to do that. You have to let me go because I can’t do that,” Heather said as tried to figure a way of not being roasted.

 No I roasted 5 year olds this way and they all did it before becoming meat. Yu look twice that age so you’ll end up cumming at least once as you turn to meat,” the Chef said and pushed more stuffing inside the 10 year old girl.

 Chef Wolfgang had watch a little of the exchange before going to select another meat. This time it was Brenda an 11 year old. She had made a good fuck at least that was what Julia had said.

 She was a family meal for 3 adults and a pair of kids, both preteen girls. They wanted to watch their meal be spitted alive and then struggle over hot coals.

 They were taken to main BBQ room two. The meat was brought in and saw what was in store for her.

 She let out a huge scream and began struggling to the delight of the customers. They watched as the girl was hoisted into the air.

 He asked the girls to spread Brenda’s legs apart. That done a long cylindrical pole with a point at one end was lined up with the entrance to her sex.

 Her chains holding the meat up were loosened and the girl dropped onto the spit. Gravity did the rest of the work as she slowly slid down it.

 The nonmeat girls had let go of the legs and watched as this happened. It took ten minutes for the spit to block the meats airway. Once again the girls were asked to help by the chef. One pull on the hair while the other opened their dinner’s mouth so the spit could come out which it did.

 Their work done the girls April and Mercedes took their seat and watch the meat be put over the coals. Once the crank and stabilizer were fitted BBQ sauce was spread over the meat.

 Brenda was amazed to be alive since she had a piece of metal running though her body. She hurt all over but the heat coming up was the worst.

 The girl only lasted 15 minutes over the coals. The internal damage from being spitted alive having taken their toll on the meat/girl.

 He asked if anyone wanted to help turn the meat. Immediately both girls jumped up. The three adults chuckled.

 André told the chef he was the family cook and he would supervise the girls if he had other things to do.

Chef Wolfgang did have like getting Chris’s meal stuffed and into the oven.

 He was just dragging his meal into the kitchen. The man plopped the barely concuss meat onto the table formally occupied by Heather.

 She was in the oven slowly roasting to the delight of the people who brought her. They sat in a private dining area watch the now plump girl struggle on a big flat screen TV.

 “How was she?” Chef Wolfgang asked.

 “Not bad but I’ve worked up an appetite for roast girl. How long before she’s ready to eat?”

 It’ll take about five hours until you can enjoy her once more, this time as food,” the chef explained.

 “Fine I have some running around to do, but I’ll be back around 2 pm for dinner.”

 He could have stayed and watch the meat cook but he’d seen it before. Instead he went to collect some special gifts for the chefs.

 Chef Julia was over at the oven checking on the meat she’d put in there. Heather had been cooking for ½ an hour and had slowed down.

 The chef opened it for her basting and not the happy smile on the meats face.

 “See? I told you that you weren’t too young to cum.” The girl was poked in a few places before being reassured she was coming along fine and then back into the hot oven she went.

 “This one doesn’t have long to live,” chef Julia said pointing at Heather when the other chef wheeled Audrey to the oven.

 She had been filled up with stuffing just like the other girl. The only difference was she didn’t care because Santa Claus had fucked her good and she had enjoyed the experience.

 It was once in a lifetime experience and she would die happy. Even as the oven quickly heated up to 350 degrees the smile remained.

 Since Chris was interested in the show it meant the girl could be cooked quickly.

 Marguerite was the one chosen by the older couple. She been watching the other two girls being prepared for the ovens and knew what was going to happen.

 The girl knew there was no escape for her. Later today that couple who’d examined her body would be eating it. There was nothing she could do about it so she went willingly to the prep table to be stuffed.

 She let out little whimpers as she was filled up but otherwise let the preparation proceeded.

 “Since you’ve been such a cooperative piece of meat I’m going to insert this inside you.” Chef Julia said show the girl a small battery operative dildo.

 It was small enough to go almost all the way inside her pussy without being noticed. It came to life and so did the meat.

 Then she was in the oven slowly being roasted alive. However thanks to the vibrating dildo she didn’t even notice her surroundings.

 It been 45 minutes when Chef Wolfgang returned to BBQ room one. The girls were painting what had been Brenda with sauce while André slowly turned the meat.

 I know this may seem to be in bad taste. Still I have to ask. If you ever want to get rid of your daughters would you consider selling them to us?”

 You can ask but the answer would be no. first their bad tasting and second they are doing a good job of collecting friends for dinner,” the man replied

 “I understand and that’s fine. It’s just that their so cutie and juicy looking I had to ask,” he told the parents.

 “Another few hours and she should be ready to eat,” the Chef said to the room.

 Once again he returned to the kitchen where both chefs took a break. All the meat cooking at the moment were that, meat.

 Returning to the BBQ room one later he was surprised to see the girls were naked. Looking at the parents he saw them shake their head.

 “They were hot so I suggested this,” she explained.

 The Chef chuckled and checked the meat. “She’s almost done, perhaps another hour over the coals.”

 He met Chris on the way back to the kitchen. “Your roast should be about done. I have you set up in a private dining area in back. There are a couple none meat kids who might bother you otherwise.”

 He guided the man back to it and went to get his roast Audrey.

 She was pulled out the oven and onto rolling table with silver platter.

 Gravy for stuffing Audrey held was made from the juices in the bottom of the pan. Although girl cum stuffing rarely needed that as it was already moist.

 She was wheel in and Chris marvel at the roasted girl set before him. They always did an exceptionally fine job of cooking children here.

 He was left to dine while Chef Wolfgang returned to the kitchen and prepared pulled out the side dishes for the BBQ. Such things as potato salad beans and corn on the cob were wheeled in to room one.

 The Chef tested the meat and said she was ready to eat. The meat was removed from the coal placed on the table with the side dishes.

 He left the group who was already tearing the meat apart with their bare hands. He saw Chef Julia with Heather heading toward the private dining rooms.

 There the couple who had order her for dinner waited. They had enjoyed the show she put on, but it was too short. At home they would have tortured the meat until she begged to be roasted.

 They smiled and licked their lips as the roasted Heather was wheel into them. The Chef excused herself and left the couple to enjoy their meal.

 On her way across the dining hall she had seen Tex enter. There was no mistaking the big tall man with the Stetson hat who could easily weigh in at around 250 pounds.

 When she got back to the kitchen he was in the back room with two young girls of his own. The three were staring at Jenna.

 “Have you changed your mind, sir?” she asked eyeing his companions. She didn’t think either one was much over the age of seven.

 “No ma’am these here are my dinner companions. I’ve a midnight flight back home with these two. I just want them to see what a BBQ girl looks like.”

 She understood the implications. These girls had a one-way trip to Texas where he would BBQ them.

 “Well then the meat is ready and BBQ pit is waiting for her. If you’ll follow me this way sir, girls we can get things started.

 They were led down a hall to the last door. The room was not as huge the BBQ room one but it big enough for them all.

 Jenna was laid out on a table and the chains adjusted so they wouldn’t drag over the artificial coals.

 A spit was tied to her back. The girls were allowed to begin painting the meat with hickory flavored BBQ sauce. They got as much sauce on themselves as they did the meat.

 The chef could see the man’s mind working. He was thinking that since the two were all ready coated in BBQ sauce why not do them too.

 The problem with that was they weren’t ready, not to mention both BBQ rooms were occupied. There was no way she could do them until after Christmas.

 The girls had finished coating the meat and themselves. Jenna was put on the cross bar and the artificial coals turn on.

 The girl screamed, begging not to be barbequed. Unfortunately for her it had no effect on TEX.

 In fact he sat one of the girls on his lap and rubbed her flat chest though her dress.

 It was 40 minutes later when Jenna became meat. She put more BBQ sauce on the girl hooked a chain that would turn the meat automatically.

 “I’ll check back every now and then to make sure she cooking properly. In the mean time I imagine you’d like to be let alone with your daughters.”

The man smiled and nodded and as the chef left she saw him grabbed one of his “Daughters.”

 Gina had been left all alone in the room. She hoped that they might have forgotten about her.

 She had time to think also. Surly her dad didn’t mean it when he ordered her for dinner; she was his little girl after all.

 Half an hour after Jenna had been taken away the male chef came in followed by her father his mistress and her little sister.

 “Here she is sir ready for the oven just as you wanted. All that needed is to butter and season her.”

 “You can’t do this to me,” the meat screamed.

 Gina head her father laughing at her as he said, “You’re right I can’t cook you, but this nice Chef can and will do it for us.”

 The girl was dragged to the center table and stretched out.

 “Stuffing sir?”

 He nodded and Gina was quickly stuffed butter and season. Before the girl knew it she was on the wrong side of the oven door.

 The family stood there for several minutes until chef Wolfgang suggested they watch from the dining room where they would get a much better view on the TV.

 The new family did find this was a much better way to watch their dinner cook. They saw Gina struggle and scream for a while until she passed out. Then there was another 15 minutes of twitching until Gina was no more.

 Chris came out of his room saying, “excellent meal thank you very much. She had the sweetest tits I had in a long time. The filet was excellent both ways.”

 He was at the kitchen door when he turned back to the chefs saying, if you have a minute I have your tip for the both of you.”

 They follow the man to his car where he pulled out a sack and pulled out a boy around 10 and handed him to Julia. He then reached in the bag and came out with a young girl about the same age.

 “As my brother always says to everyone, ‘MERRY CHIRSTMAS AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT.”

 Then he was in the car and out of site in no time. The chef looked at each other and at the “tips” they’d just received. They shook their heads and guided the meat for tomorrows Christmas party into the building.

THE END