Dear Goode Lorde, It seems at lis juncture that you’ve kept me snuffles. You’ve made me all snuffles while sending the rest out te work for ‘da Mann’. So, by xtension, me a say, ‘JaH BLESS’! AND THRU your blessing of me, I’m able to redeem Creation. Though, though Godd, One must admit, the fear of that lifelong needle jab still remains. I didde ask of thee not te force me back on to it. However, I don’t mind forcing my batty back on to your cocke should ye ask me to. O how I would do you ote, Godde Lorde. I’ll suck and lick and lips your DICK from root to tip. I’ll lick you from soul to zenith. I will suck the shit out of your batty ‘ole, Goode Lorde. Ote you require, Godde Lorde! Job Done in me, now and FarOver and away! Imin. And you know what? I FarOver want your chocolate CUM Inside me. And Gee’s watery scummage in my ball sack. Amīn. “Good, Yady. Goode, Son.”