



Janie's Cowboy

~K. Lyn~

Romancing Erotica Books

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Included in: Janie's Cowboy

- 1. Openers**
- 2. Introduction**
- 3. Janie's Cowboy**

Introduction:

Twenty-one and separated, Janie is determined not to get serious with anyone for a long time. There is one man, however, who Janie cannot resist and tonight she has planned his seduction. This man, the object of Janie's desire, has known Janie for a long time and thinks of her as nothing more than a kid. A determined yet inexperienced seductress, Janie quickly finds herself in unfamiliar territory and perhaps in too deep with a man whose maturity and experience are far greater than young Janie's.

Janie's Cowboy:

It has been said that if you have an affair and you don't get struck by lightning afterward, then you are free. Janie had been married for three years, and now she was separated. She hated being alone, but she did not miss her soon-to-be ex-husband. After only a year of marriage, he had begun cheating on Janie with her best friend. But there was really only one man who Janie truly wanted, and she was determined not to get serious this time. This time she was going to have fun, with no strings attached, or so she had convinced herself. All she wanted was to have sex with this man who she had wanted for a long time. Janie had convinced herself that this was the one and only way that she could have the man of her dreams and not get hurt the way that she had been hurt by her husband.

The man that Janie wanted was not someone famous, or a prince, or some super rich man. The man Janie wanted was a simple farmer, or cowboy to her, and she had known him for years. Janie thought this man was gorgeous with his jet black hair that went on and on, his deep set blue eyes, and of course the way he walked in his cowboy boots. It made his butt look sexier than ever. This man, the object of Janie's lust and desire, had no idea that she wanted him. She had hidden her desire for this man very well for many years. The two of them got together from time to time because their families were connected somehow. Janie wasn't sure how they were connected. All that was said was that it was in a "roundabout" way.

The only way Janie thought that she would have even the slightest chance of getting this man into her bed was to get him alone somehow and seduce him, and she had devised a foolproof plan.

The man's name was David Marshall, but everyone called him Dave. There were a select few, Janie having designated herself as one of them, who could get away with calling him Davey. But tonight Janie would call him Dave. David would surely think of her as just a kid if she called him Davey, and the last thing that Janie wanted tonight was for Dave to think of her as a kid. Tonight Janie was a seductress.

Janie had chosen tonight because she had heard through the proverbial grapevine that Dave would be at the new bar that one of his close friends was opening tonight. Dave didn't drink all that much, but he liked the country bar scene, country music, and well, anything country. After all, he was a farmer. But to Janie, Dave looked like a real cowboy.

Janie went through her closet three times before choosing on just the right outfit. She wanted to look mature tonight. She had a baby face that she would be thankful for later in life, or so she was told. But tonight she needed to look and act mature if she were to have any hope of seducing Dave. She decided on jeans and a button down blouse, and she straightened her naturally curly hair just a little. When she looked in the mirror, however, she still saw a little girl. Hmm, a little makeup and blush will help, and definitely lipstick. There, that's better. Lipstick appealed to those of Dave's slightly

older generation, though Janie was much more comfortable with the natural look. She fluffed her hair, but just a little. A light scent topped off her overall appeal which she hoped would appeal to Dave. Heavy perfume was definitely the mark of an amateur.

Janie looked at her driver's license. She was only twenty-one and already divorced. That's what I get for marrying right out of high school, she told herself. She felt as though she had missed those years of fun and goofing off, and had traded her freedom for a wedding ring. Not anymore, she decided.

Janie drove around the parking lot of the bar looking for Dave's truck. He has to be here, she told herself. On the second time around she saw him drive in. Janie pulled to the side and waited until Dave had disappeared inside the bar. He looked good tonight.

Janie parked her car and walked slowly toward the bar. She was wearing high heels which made her look older, but they were also harder to walk in.

If I topple over, I will just die.

There he was seated at the bar, straddling the bar stool. He looked good enough to eat. Janie watched as Dave ordered a beer, cracked some peanut shells, and talked with his good buddy. Janie watched as Dave licked the foam from the beer and the salt from the peanuts off of his lips. She took a deep breath and said, "Here goes nothing", under her breath.

"Hi, Dave," she said, sitting on the bar stool next to him.

Dave turned to her, the usual smirk forming on his lips, his deep blue eyes mesmerizing.

"What are you doing here, kid?" he demanded.

"Is that your usual greeting, or did you save that one just for me?"

"I mean it, Janie. This is not the place for you."

Janie tried not to lose her cool. She knew that what Dave really meant was that she was too young to be here.

"This is exactly the place for me. I'm divorced now, remember?"

Popping another peanut in his mouth, Dave corrected her. "I believe that you are separated, my dear."

This was not going to be easy at all. Janie tried her pouty face on Dave. "I know," she said, looking down.

Dave took her chin in his hand. “What’s the matter? Is Janie sad?”

Dave returned to his beer, and Janie desperately fought the urge to smack him on the back of the head.

“I guess I’m just lonely,” she said, with an unmistakable sadness in her voice which she could produce on cue.

Dave felt a knot in his gut. Janie sounded sincere. He knew he couldn’t look at her right now. He had wanted her for years, but she had always been with someone else. Anyway, why would a woman as young as Janie want him, a man nearly ten years older? If I can just keep up with the somewhat sarcastic, somewhat condescending remarks, I can keep Janie at arm’s length.

“Excuse me, a beer please,” Janie said to the bartender.

“Water it down, Mike. She’s barely legal.”

Janie glared at Dave, and then she was mortified when Dave’s friend, Mike, asked to see her I.D. She opened her purse and searched for the piece of plastic that would prove her maturity.

“I’ve been married, you know,” she smarted to both Dave and his friend, Mike.

“You still are married, kid,” Dave corrected her once again.

Janie slammed the plastic card down on the bar.

“I’m separated, and that is as good as divorced.”

Mike handed Janie a beer and she tried to calm down. She couldn’t take her eyes off Dave as he drank his beer and talked with his friend, Mike. Dave was sexy. There was no other way to describe him. He was nice, too, nice to Janie anyway, most of the time. She knew that his smartass comments were just his way of teasing her. Janie also knew that despite his aloofness, Dave was easily hurt if hurt by someone he cared about. The last thing that Janie wanted was for Dave to get hurt.

Maybe I should forget the whole thing and go home. I will never forgive myself if I hurt Dave in any way, she said to herself.

Mike left them alone while he waited on a couple at the other end of the bar, and Dave half turned toward Janie.

“Why so quiet? It’s been what, three or four minutes?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Just thinking, I guess.”

Dave set his glass down and swiveled his stool to face Janie. “What’s wrong, kid? Seriously?”

Janie looked into the eyes of the sexiest man alive. They were sweet, his eyes, and did she see a vulnerability in those eyes tonight?

“Changing your mind about the divorce?”

When the smirk returned to Dave’s lips, Janie was ready to strike. She would have this man in her bed tonight, no matter what.

“I don’t have a place to stay tonight,” she lied.

“Oh, please. I know you live alone in that big house while your not-quite-ex lives in an apartment.”

Janie rolled her eyes at Dave. That’s what I get for living in a small town. Everybody knows everything about me.

“It’s complicated, Dave. We haven’t quite decided how to split the assets, and…”

Interrupting her, Dave quickly offered her a place to stay. “Don’t beat yourself up, kid. You can stay with me.”

Janie looked down at her lap, and then she slowly looked up again. “Thanks,” she whispered.

Dave then took the beer from Janie. “On one condition,” he added.

“What’s that?”

“No more drinking, and you leave now,” he ordered.

Dave laid his house key on the counter. “Here, now go, and don’t wait up. This is Mike’s big night, remember?”

“You won’t be really late, will you?” she asked sweetly.

Dave could never resist Janie’s pleading eyes. “No, I won’t be late, I promise.”

Dave’s smile was sincere this time, and Janie felt herself begin to blush. She took the key, stuck it in her purse, and dutifully walked out of the bar.

“Behave yourself, Janie,” Dave called to her.

Smiling, Janie walked to her car. He didn't call me kid this time, she said to herself over and over. Maybe he does think I'm a grownup.

Janie drove through the main part of town and up the big hill that led to Dave's house. The house was perfect as far as Janie was concerned. The closest neighbors were a mile away on either side, the perfect hideaway for secret lovers. Behind Dave's house was farmland as far as the eye could see, and Janie parked her car by the back door.

Janie opened the door to Dave's house and breathed in deeply. The familiar smells of sweat, and food that had long been dried to plates wafted into Janie's nostrils, but in Janie's brain these smells were interpreted as fresh baked bread and fine men's cologne.

Janie made herself comfortable in the living room and looked around. Dave's house was fairly clean, though sparsely furnished and even more sparsely decorated. He needs pictures on the walls and fresh flowers in beautiful vases, she thought. He needs a woman's touch. Dave needs me.

Janie had packed a bag tonight hoping that this was the way things would turn out, and she pulled out the pretty pink nightie and nearly gagged. Pink is a baby color. She took off her jeans and her bra, and decided to sleep in her blouse. She tried out several seductive poses for Dave to find her in when he came home, but he was taking a lot longer than she thought he would. Janie yawned. I'll just take a little nap. Maybe Dave will kiss me gently on the lips and carry me to his bed. She found a tattered old blanket and slid down on the sofa. She fell asleep, a smile on her face, waiting for her prince.

Janie thought she was dreaming when she heard what sounded like a loud crash coming from the kitchen. She slowly lowered her blanket just enough to see Dave's shadow. At least it's not an intruder, she thought. Then she heard what sounded like a glass being slammed down on the table, and Dave mumbling something. She heard a cabinet open and then she heard something being poured into a glass. Is he drunk? No, Dave was not that reckless. After all, he was the man who had taken just half a beer away from her earlier tonight. I wish I could hear what he was mumbling, but Dave is making too much noise with other things for me to hear his words.

There was silence for awhile, and then Janie heard a glass shatter in the kitchen sink. Her heart beating fast, she tiptoed to the edge of the kitchen door. Dave must have heard her footsteps because he stared at her, his eyes glaring at her. Janie just stood there in her silk blouse, her nipples forming perfect points against the see-through fabric, and her panties in full view of Dave's eyes. He looked so different from before. Was he upset or angry? Janie was almost afraid to ask.

She slowly raised her eyes to meet Dave's. She barely heard her own whispered, "Are you okay?"

Dave saw Janie's lips move but he did not hear her words. He grabbed another glass and poured it half full with whiskey. He took a drink and then swiped his hand across his mouth. His eyes looked into Janie's, but not for long. Dave's attention was quickly diverted to Janie's perfect body, her young girl face and womanly curves. He noticed the nipples that seemed to be pointing at him, and he did not miss the panty covered crotch that he had wanted to touch and please and fill with his hardness for many years. Dave swallowed hard.

"Did you say something, Janie?"

"Are you okay?" she asked again.

Janie's repeated words were heard this time. Dave set his glass down hard and crossed the length of the kitchen to where Janie stood. He rested his hands on either side of the door, and instinctively Janie stepped back.

"Am I okay?" he asked, leaning toward Janie.

Janie took one more uneasy step backward.

"Where are you going, Janie? Are you afraid of me?"

Janie stopped and firmly planted her feet.

"No, I'm not," she stated, her voice unconvincing.

In a quicker motion than Janie was expecting, Dave stripped his hands from where they had been planted on the sides of the doorway and grabbed Janie by her tiny waist and pulled her to him. His feet were firmly planted on either side of Janie's feet, her breasts pushing against his waist, and her face pressed to his chest. He forced her slender body to his own, causing Janie to gasp for air.

"What's wrong, Janie?"

Did she dare say anything? "You're hurting me," she said, her words muffled by Dave's chest.

Not loosening his grip on Janie's slight frame, Dave slid one hand up and down her back. Janie felt her nipples growing harder as they responded to Dave's touch.

"You want him, don't you, Janie?"

"No," she denied. She knew that Dave was referring to her soon-to-be ex.

"Your body wants a man, Janie. I can feel it and you can, too."

Janie tried to move so that she could breathe better, but she could not move under Dave's strong hold.

"No," she denied again.

Dave lowered his head and rested it on Janie's shoulder. Finally able to breathe, Janie inhaled deeply. Dave lowered his hand to Janie's butt, taking his time as he felt along her butt cheeks.

"You're wet, aren't you, Janie? The woman inside you is begging for a man, isn't that right, Janie? How long has it been since your husband took you as if he could not get enough of you?"

Janie shivered.

"You shivered, Janie. Are you cold?"

"No," she said.

Janie had never seen Dave like this and she was both afraid and curious at the same time. What was he doing? What was he up to? Did he even know?

Dave's hand did not leave Janie's butt as he slowly ran his fingers inward along Janie's butt crack. She tried to move away, but Dave stopped her. Leaving her panties wedged between her butt cheeks, Dave raised his hand upward and through Janie's hair, and then he roughly pulled her head back.

Their lips nearly touching, Dave spoke sternly. "Where do you think you're going?"

Janie looked into the wild eyes of the man she thought she knew. "Nowhere," she whispered.

"Don't ever lie to me, Janie," he demanded.

"I..I..I don't know," she said.

Janie was confused. She wasn't even sure what question she was answering any longer. Dave's whiskey breath was strong as he spoke to her, but Janie found it sexy, and his words and his touch were making her wet.

"What is it that you do not know, Janie?"

"I don't know, Dave. Why are you like this?"

Janie's heart was beating fast and she feared that she might faint.

“Are you sure you don’t want him, Janie?”

“Yes.”

Dave looked into Janie’s eyes, and then he ran his hand through her hair just once before he pushed her head forward until her lips were forced to his. He held her head as he kissed her hard and forcefully, his passion uncontained. Janie tried to resist, but Dave forced her mouth to accept his. She was soon at Dave’s command, his passion welcomed by the love starved Janie. She wrapped her arms around Dave, her hungry body begging to be touched.

Then abruptly Dave stopped kissing Janie and demanded she look at him. “Open your eyes, Janie.”

Janie opened her eyes. She was dizzy. Was this a dream? She had long fantasized about a moment like this. But what if he stopped now? Was he trying to make a point? Why did he keep mentioning her husband? Dave can’t possibly know that he is the one I have wanted for years, can he? He can’t be getting me all turned on and then planning to take me to my husband? We’re separated.

“Do you want him, Janie?” Dave demanded.

“No,” she said, her eyes filling with tears.

Dave held her in his arms, gently this time, his strong hands moving along her back, now underneath her blouse and inside her panties.

“Your body wants a man, Janie.”

“Yes,” she admitted.

“Who is it, Janie? What is the name of this man that your body is begging for?”

“It’s you. I want you.” Janie had never spoken these words out loud until now and she almost wanted to take them back, her fear of being rejected by the man she loved now stronger than it had ever been.

Dave’s hand was between Janie’s legs at her crotch, searching for her wetness. He forced her crotch to meet his own crotch so that she would feel his hardness, his fingers at Janie’s wet entrance. Then he stopped and held Janie with one arm, watching her face for signs. What signs for which he was watching in Janie’s sweet face, Dave did not know. He forced her panties downward until they fell to the floor.

“Step out of them, Janie,” he ordered.

Janie obeyed and left her panties on the floor by her foot. She didn't know if she was supposed to pick them up or not. Janie could hear her heart pounding inside her chest as Dave continued to stare into her eyes.

Not letting Janie out of his tight, almost hurtful grasp, Dave forced his hand between her thighs, sliding them upward to her crotch. Janie gasped and closed her eyes when she felt the rough hand against her soft pussy lips. Dave spread her pussy lips apart with two fingers and slid his rough fingers between the soft folds.

Janie's body needed a man like this, a man who would take her as his and satisfy her womanly needs, demanding that her body receive the pleasure it was offered. Janie's legs felt wobbly when a thick finger found what it was searching for. As a second finger entered her, the first teased her swollen clit and then began to bring Janie slowly to a climax that she had not experienced in as long as she could remember.

Janie's body was being supported totally by Dave's one strong arm as she leaned back, hoping that Dave would take her hard nipples between his manly lips. Dave watched as the woman he wanted urged him on with her unmistakable body language. He knew that she was now his. He formed his mouth over Janie's left breast and exhaled.

"Dave," she moaned softly.

Dave was driving her crazy. When he left her breast wet from the heat of his breath, the cool air caused Janie's entire body to shiver once again. Dave moved to Janie's right breast and caused the same reaction from Janie's body.

Janie was writhing against Dave's expert fingers, but this was not the place for Janie's first orgasm with him, or so Dave had decided. He removed his fingers with an abruptness that caused Janie to open her eyes.

"Don't stop, Dave, not now."

Janie's pleading eyes were sexy to Dave. He lifted her easily into his arms and kissed her lips.

"Not here, Janie," he whispered.

"Dave, you're not stopping, are you?"

Janie moved her hand to her crotch and began rubbing herself. She was too turned on not to see it through now. Dave carried her to his bed and laid her down. He removed Janie's hand and kissed her mound.

"Oh, Dave," she said, opening herself to him.

Janie's husband had refused to do what Dave was determined to do tonight, and Janie freely offered her wetness to him.

In his harsh, deep voice, Dave commanded, "Unbutton your blouse, Janie."

The heat of Dave's breath made Janie's pussy tingle as she felt his mouth nearing. The buttons of her blouse seemed eager to be released, and her blouse soon lay open, her breasts more than ready for a lover.

Janie's legs felt weaker and weaker as Dave brought her closer and closer to climax.

"Dave, Dave," she screamed, as she experienced her very first orgasm of this intensity.

Dave's tongue slowly left Janie's still wanting pussy and he kissed her inner thighs.

Dave stood up and Janie began to bring her legs together, but Dave stopped her. He firmly held her upper thighs one in each hand and commanded her again, "I need to see you, all of you."

Janie lay fully exposed to Dave as she watched him undress before her. Dave undressed slowly tonight. Janie felt as if Dave wanted her to see all of him, and that was exactly what Dave wanted. He wanted Janie to see the lover that would soon be hers and only hers. Dave's chest was broad and thick, his body well toned from hard physical work on the farm.

The full moon illuminated the room, and Janie could not stop herself from watching as Dave's jeans hit the floor. She stared at the outline of Dave's cock and she watched as Dave stood at the foot of the bed completely naked.

Dave kneeled on the bed and Janie waited to be entered. But Dave held off. He placed the head of his cock at Janie's entrance, but he did not enter her. He held her thighs apart, leaned down, and pulled a hard nipple into his mouth.

"Oh, Dave, yes," Janie urged.

She had waited too long to feel Dave's mouth on her breast. Janie pushed her chest upward, and Dave sucked harder, biting and sucking, bringing Janie to that erotic line where pleasure meets pain. Janie pinched her right nipple, trying to bring the same pleasure to that side. Dave forced Janie's hand away and took the right breast into his mouth, sucking and biting the hard nipple.

"Dave, do the other one again," she moaned.

Dave gave Janie what her body craved, moving from one nipple to the other one until Janie begged for something more. She moved down on the bed, trying to force Dave's hardness to enter her. Dave slid his tongue between Janie's breasts and then he kissed her open mouth.

"Is that enough, Janie?"

Janie opened her eyes.

"No, Dave. Put it in, Dave."

"Put what in, Janie?"

"You know," she pleaded.

"No, Janie, be a woman and tell me what you want."

Janie took Dave's face in her hands and looked him straight in the eyes.

"Fuck me, Dave. Fuck me hard. Fuck me long."

"That's much better, Janie."

Janie was so ready for Dave, just as he knew she would be, that his hardness slid in easily until Janie was filled completely. Dave kissed her passionately as he fucked her hard and long, just as she had demanded. Janie was filled more than she had ever been with her husband, and Dave thought that his cock had never felt harder or larger than tonight with Janie.

Dave leaned up as he continued pleasing the woman he loved. Janie was lost in ecstasy, knowing that this was the man she was meant to be with. She knew for certain now that she had married the wrong person. She wanted Dave.

"Oh, my God, Dave," she screamed, as her second climax surprised her.

Dave pressed his chest against Janie's and grabbed onto her hair as his own climax shook his entire body.

"Janie," he moaned as he exhaled.

Dave held Janie tightly, hoping to never let her go. He turned his head away from her to breathe, and then laid his head on her shoulder.

Janie closed her eyes, and then opened them quickly. She had to be sure that this had not all been a dream. Janie lay still, not wanting to disturb Dave. This had not gone as she had planned it, and she had no idea what was to occur next. She had planned to

seduce Dave, had planned it down to a science, but clearly Dave had been the seducer tonight. Dave had called all the shots. But why? Dave did not love her. How could he, the way he teased her so? Janie was the one in love. Janie had the most to lose here. She was the one at risk of being hurt, and yet, she had been more than willing to roll those dice. But now, all Janie could do was wait.

Janie lay still, almost afraid to breathe. She heard Dave's breathing become louder and she shifted a little, hoping to get his attention. When he did not respond, and his body seemed to feel heavier on hers, Janie knew that Dave was sound asleep.

She thought about tonight. I don't dare wake him. He was so weird tonight. Maybe he was drunk. Maybe he thought I was some else. Did he forget that I was here when he came home?

With Dave's body on hers, at least Janie was not cold. She closed her eyes and tried to sleep, but the images of tonight continued to appear in her mind. Dave had given her exactly what she had wanted, but it certainly had not happened the way she had planned it. Then Janie thought about her marriage. What a waste of time. She never heard from him anymore, her ex, but she knew he was with the woman he had been seeing during most of their marriage. Dave had been there for her during every one of her heartaches, as usual, to pick up the pieces. Sometimes Dave could be so nice, and then other times he was mean. Janie knew that Dave was only teasing, but his teasing could be kind of mean. He didn't look mean now as he lay holding her. He seemed rather vulnerable really. Janie slept a little while until she heard Dave's stern words again.

"Janie, wake up."

Janie slowly opened her eyes. Then her eyes grew big when she realized that Dave had shifted and was leaning over her, staring into her eyes.

"I'm awake," she said, fear in her voice.

"Look at me, Janie."

"Dave, I'm right here."

"What happened last night, Janie?"

Janie thought the man had lost his mind.

"What?" she asked.

"I asked you what happened between us last night."

Janie could feel Dave's penis still buried inside of her.

“Dave, don’t you know what happened?”

“Janie, tell me right here and right now what happened.”

“We...We...We were together,” she stammered.

“Is that how you would describe it, that we were together?”

“Um, you know,” she said, and then in a whisper, she continued, “We made love.”

Dave stared at Janie for the longest time as if he were looking for something that he had yet to find. In a much softer tone, Dave continued.

“What do you plan to do, Janie?”

Janie was tired and all this thinking was not helping.

“About what?” she asked, hoping not to make him mad.

After another staring contest, Dave asked, “Are you leaving your husband?”

“Yes, Dave. Why don’t you believe me? He’s living with his girlfriend.”

“And if he were not living with her?” Dave demanded.

“We would still be getting divorced, Dave. We fought all the time. I guess I just thought it would be fun to get married.”

Dave was not impressed with Janie’s youthful retort.

“Marriage requires commitment, Janie. It requires two people who are willing to work at a relationship during good times and bad. It’s not a game, Janie.”

“I know that now, but I don’t want to go back.”

“Janie, do you have any idea what I’m trying to say?”

Janie had been confused about Dave for a long time.

“I guess not,” she admitted.

Dave ran his fingers through Janie’s hair and slid his hands along the curves of her face. He swallowed hard. He knew that if he were to be with Janie he would have to be vulnerable and Dave hated showing vulnerability. He prided himself on being able to

maintain a tough veneer. He looked down at Janie's neck and then lifted his eyes once again.

"I have wanted you for a long time, Janie."

"I guess you had me last night," she said, with a laugh.

"That's not what I meant, Janie. I want you with me. I want you to be with me, not short-term, but for the long haul."

Janie's eyes were big. She had no idea. It was as if Dave were reading her thoughts, feeling her feelings, and dreaming her dreams.

"Oh," she said.

"That's not an appropriate answer, Janie."

"Um, I guess I thought you knew that I wanted you. I thought that you saw me as a kid and nothing more, and you teased me so much. Why did you do that, Dave?"

"To keep you at arm's length, Janie. You were always with someone and so I thought that I could keep myself from wanting and loving you by teasing you, but it did not work."

Janie tried desperately to focus on Dave and to somehow make his words register in her brain.

"I didn't know, Dave. I'm sorry. You know I've always wanted you."

Dave had not known this. "No, Janie, I did not know."

Trying desperately not to make a joke of it, Janie admitted her love for Dave.

"I just thought that I was a kid to you, but I'm not a kid. I can take care of myself."

"I can see that, Janie. I can see that."

Dave kissed Janie with the passion of last night.

"Move in with me, Janie. After your divorce, move in with me."

Janie gently touched his face, and in her youthful voice said a simple, "Okay," which to Dave sounded much more grownup now than it had at any time in the past.

~K. Lyn~

