



TG GORE

Ageless Desire

A Steep Age Gap Romantic Erotic Tale

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TG Gore

www.agelessdesirethebook.com

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For A. A.
*To the world you may be one
person, but to a person you may
be the world.*

Taylor Hanson

Short Reviews

Post by NewInBooks "Bold, unapologetic, and irresistibly steamy, *Ageless Desire* is a daring erotic memoir that defies convention, chronicling a decade-long romance between a worldly septuagenarian and a sensual younger woman—a testament to passion, connection, and love unbound by age.”.

Post by Oneceba “**Ageless Lust** is a well-written story that captures the reader's attention in a beautiful, captivating way. The love shared by these two characters, Gabriel and Vronica, is purely described as true love by the author, despite the visible age difference. The beauty of this author lies in the ability to make the reader feel what has been written with the same intensity the writer had while seamlessly giving life to the story, be it fiction or not.

I rate Ageless Desire 5/5

FORWORD

Ageless Desire (A Steep Age Gap Romantic Erotic Tale) is an authentic lust-morphed-love romance novel about a steep, even inglorious age-gap relationship. In this passionate memoir, a widower in his 70's and a surgeon by trade was ready to retire and leave the United States.

Five months earlier, in December 2009, his life intersected with a drop-dead gorgeous lass. The 42-year-old Vronica (an e-less Veronica) was a single mother of two kindergarten-age children. Here, it must be revealed that the surgeon is I.

The sexual attraction between us was meteoric. The revolting age difference (31 years) was not even noticed or discussed. Fast forward to five months of passionate *sexapade* of lust and love, the time for the farewell goodbye arrived.

Before heading for the airport, Vronica handed me a send-off card dated, May 23rd, 2010. The card ended with a few words of enchantress wisdom. *"Darling, we both know this will not be a final goodbye! I am leaving it open-ended and breathlessly waiting for your return!"*

Fourteen hours later, I was standing on the grounds of the Promised Land, 7500 miles away from my heart, which I left behind in Los Angeles. My sexual bonanza morphed into feelings of deep love - doomed, so it seemed, by an unbridgeable separation.

After weeks of phone calls, text messages, emails, and Skype-sex, Vronica came to Tel-Aviv for my 74th birthday. The twelve days of an insane honeymoon ended with her returning to the US called by her motherly duties.

Finding myself in a deep slump, I did not want to live without her.

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After lengthy deliberations, Vronica agreed with my plan to rejoin her for a trial period. Later that summer, I re-crossed a sea, an ocean, and two continents to reunite with her under the canopy of stars hovering above the City of Angels. My brief visit became permanent, and the rest is timeless history.

On December 20th, 2019, we celebrated a decade of love, lust, and togetherness. Neither time or distance nor the 31-year age difference succeeded in separating us. Her prophetic premonition, expressed in her farewell card, proved her right.

P.S. Scribbled sentences on paper or screen were never my cup of tea. Vronica and I have a unique story of devotion and lust that attests to the fact that genuine love has no age limit. “Amor Vincit Omnia” is the Latin saying. I’m sharing this steep age gap romantic and incredibly unbelievable tale with the bookworms interested in romance narratives. Hence, the concept of this book was born.

PPS. This book, named *Ageless Desire*, is much improved version of its previous publication, *Ageless Lust*. This is the reason the reader may find the previous name on top of every second page.

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CHAPTER 1



Two Fateful Days in December

Day One

It was almost 3 P.M. on a pleasant and sunny Sunday afternoon on December 20, 2009. Known to be a foppish guy, I shaved and dressed in more than casual attire but passed on a tie at the last minute. *'Hey, you're not going to a concert, I thought. You're just going on a date, and a blind one too.'*

Regardless of whether the date was blind or not, I needed to make a good first impression, especially since I was three decades older

then she. I assumed age and looks would represent a thorny handicap for her to overcome.

I chose black pants, black shoes, a long-sleeve white shirt, and a striking brick-red jacket. It was so distinct that not even a blind person could miss it. Before leaving my residence, I took one last look at myself in the bathroom mirror and embraced what I saw. With aviator-type sunglasses, I looked quite presentable, enigmatic, and somewhat James Bondish too. Yes, I admit, Bond had a full head of hair; I was bald. He was smoking, and I was not. Besides, truth be told, I never saw him in a splashy-colored coat like mine. However, I must admit that even the soft analogy made me feel good and desirable. Aside from these external embellishments, and with a little help from the man above, I intended to not only surprise but compel admiration in my date—inglorious age-gap or not.

Punctual as always, I entered the dimly lit restaurant named *Sports Bar*. To my astonishment, the place was empty. *'It must be because it's early on a Sunday afternoon, I thought.'*

The chosen venue for this upcoming date, located on one of the busiest streets of the San Fernando Valley, was just minutes away from my home.

A few televisions beamed several sporting events, but I couldn't care less. I was never a weekend sport spectator. I gave it up a long time ago. Quality time with family and friends was much more important to me.

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I lived almost 30 years in the City of Angels, yet I never attended a live Lakers, Dodgers, Raiders, Rams, or Kings game -- not even out of

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curiosity. Besides, crowds were not my cup of tea. American football and ice hockey were too brutal for my palate, and I considered baseball to be slow and boring—well, most of the time. For a notable Lakers championship game (in Kareem and Magic times), I would sometimes give in, but I would still just watch it on TV in the comfort of my home.

For a high-stakes box fight, an international soccer match, a Grand Slam tennis championship, or an Olympic level swim or athletic competition, I may have done the same.

However, active sports were part of my entire life. In high school (in Eastern Europe), I played soccer, I was part of the school's gymnastics team, and for years, I was also a competitive swimmer.

The ensuing decades have not slowed me down. I continue to be a daily early morning gym-rat.

I bike and still swim mainly on weekends, which keeps me fit, way above average, for my age.

I've been a non-smoker for decades. I've also been a social drinker, and seldom a hard liquor consumer. Bars and pubs were never my cup of tea either. Both my parents smoked but I seldom saw them drink.

On occasion, among friends or colleagues, I had no choice but to prove I was one of them. On such rare occasions, I would ask for a stiff drink.

My favorite was a Bloody Mary! But whenever I could, I would whisper to the waiter, *No vodka, please*, and in a loud voice I would add, *On the rocks, and do not*

“

forget the celery stick.

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On this Sunday afternoon, however, I needed to dazzle the much younger lady I was to meet. Therefore, I ordered a cognac— Hennessy. I knew the name, but I never had one before. At least, I can't recall the occasion.

The *sexplicit* website-negotiated encounter required me to show up at her place of choice.

The selection sounded odd, but I refrained from asking questions during the single phone conversation I had with her. Hostage to my lusting needs, I did not dare to inquire why, or God forbid, suggest a different venue closer to my taste.

With my drink in hand, I picked a table for two at the back and in the dimmest corner of the establishment. I sat down facing the narrow entrance.

I was full of expectations, was excited and anxious, and I kept my eyes on the door, while casually sipping my bitter drink. The flavor was not for my finicky palate, but I hoped that the alcohol would have a much-needed relaxing effect on me. There was no question that I needed it!

Seconds after 3:00 P.M., the mutually agreed time, a tall, elegant, black haired, darkish skinned, young, beautiful, drop-dead gorgeous, exotic-looking sexy lass, entered the facility.

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My chin dropped, and I forgot how to breathe for several moments. She was so stunning; I could gage my racing heart in my throat.

Surprised to my bones, I had to display an illuminating, cheerful grin on my bespectacled face. No, I didn't remove my dark glasses; the concocted scenario had to go on, rain or shine! My famished and frosted loins were on the line.

When I saw her coming through the door, I petitioned the Almighty, *'God, do not let me down. Assure me she is the one I am expecting. If that will be the case, I will obey all your written and non-written rules.'*

With a big beige handbag hanging on her left arm, she seemed poised and sure of herself. *A strong-willed woman*, I thought.

She stopped for a moment, then looked around and scoured the place. In a flash, she spotted me with no difficulties. Nobody else around me donned a red-brick colored jacket and dark aviator glasses. She knew what I was going to be wearing, I described my attire.

In seconds, she made eye contact, waved, and moments later, stood in front of me. My mouth was open, and I was dumb-founded. I could not comprehend what my bespeckled eyes were seeing. Mystified, dismayed, and overwhelmed for a good several seconds, I even lacked sufficient strength in my legs to stand up and greet her.

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It was a *"Déjà vu, deja vecu"* flashback for him. Twenty-five years beforehand, he and his first wife—a woman with a drill sergeant headstrong attitude—had called it quits after

21 years and three children. Just a few months after separation, he already decided the time was ripe to start afresh and look for a date. Cognizant of no better alternatives—the Internet in 1984 was nonexistent—he placed a personal ad in the complimentary Los Angeles-based Jewish Journal. In a short ad, he wrote: “*Versatile, 47-year-old surgeon is looking for an attractive, intelligent, caring, and soft-spoken lady for a long-lasting relationship.*” (His first wife was everything but soft-spoken!)

Attracted by his profession—a Jewish doctor—he received close to 50 replies in a four to five-week span. Quite a few included pictures, although he requested none. He mentioned his age, hoping to be a clear guide for interested parties. It was, in most cases, except two ladies, who were both in their sixties—almost 20 years older than him. One of them even had a 39-year-old son, just eight years younger than him! When he dared to ask questions, they both returned the favor with a rhetorical question of their own. “*Why can’t older women date younger men? Why is only the opposite acceptable?*” Touché. Out of respect, he remained close-mouthed.

In one letter, among the many, a 41-year-old woman, who was never married and had no children disclosed that she worked in the medical field, but that she was neither a nurse nor a physician. She finished her letter with a phone number and an invitation to call. They connected the same evening and agreed to meet on a blind date the upcoming Sunday afternoon, May 20, 1984.

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With a pipe in hand, and dressed in a beige summery coat, he waited for her in front of a well-known restaurant close to his residence.

In minutes, a white convertible sports car stopped, the door opened, and out came a striking-looking woman, barefoot, holding her high heels in her hands. He later discovered she had come from a wedding where she had danced too much and abused her feet.

Her name was Elaine, and she was a 41-year-old Canadian from Montreal. She was a dietician by trade who worked for a colleague he knew very well. She was a charming woman with a beautiful face and an attractive, sexy body. Elaine, too, left him dazed, paralyzed, and speechless when they met for the first time. Besides an MS degree in Adult Education, she played the piano (like him) and spoke fluent French, much better than him.

To his amusement, she admitted that she couldn't care less about the columns printed in the Jewish Journal. She was only interested in finally finding a potential husband.

After two years of dating, Elaine became his second wife and the mother of his fourth child.

After 24 years of blissful togetherness, he lost her to a rare autoimmune disease; his profession had no adequate remedies.

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With a genuine smile, looking straight at me, she extended her hand, and in a charming bedroom voice, she introduced herself, *"I am your date, Vronica, that is Veronica without the letter e."*

I finally regained some vigor in my lower limbs, stood up, and took her stretched arm into mine. Never taking my eyes off her, I bent my head and kissed her hand.

Vronica's eyes opened wide, and a surprising smile lit up her face by my unexpected greeting.

Her energetic handshake did not surprise me. Based on my personal experiences, only assertive women with high self-esteem had handshakes like these. She looked like one from the moment she entered the venue.

Overwhelmed by her sexiness, and still holding her hand captive, it took me a few extra moments before I introduced myself.

"G... G... Gabriel," I said, and recollecting myself, I informed her, "*But everybody calls me by my sobriquet, Gabi, and so should you.*"

Pointing to the empty chair across the table, I invited her to sit down.

Vronica looked ravishing. She was much more than I would ever dare to expect. This smoking-hot sensuous dark-skinned woman turned out to be my type! She was tall and classy and had a very enticing body. I also imagined her to be an Amazon of a woman who knew what she wanted and knew how to get it.

I could only dream of landing a sensual lass like her. Let alone dare to hope that in some magic future constellation, I could also become an item of interest on her bucket list, even for a short time.

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Absorbed in those unfeasible options, I realized that the venue where I just met Vronica and the place where I met Elaine

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25 years beforehand, were less than one mile apart. To further spice up the mystery, I met both women on a Sunday, and both on the 20th day of the month. Destiny must have smiled on me twice. It is true that sometimes, history repeats itself. However, one can seldom expect it to happen in a short 25-year span.

Some may consider the number seven as a fortuitous one. It is true; I was born on the 7th day of the 7th month of the year, July, named after the Roman emperor Julius Caesar. Not one, but two 7s under my belt. Besides, the 25 years separating these two blind dates, when added together, make another... 7!

Was I born under a lucky star? I do not believe so. I was just a lucky bastard.

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At first impression, this awe-inspiring girl looked even younger than her stated profile; 42-years-of-age. This was a bonus for me, but not for her! Should she consider my looks much too mature, revealing the abhorring age difference, the encounter could be over before it even started. An unfortunate medical terminology, DOA, came to my mind in that instant. It is jargon used for someone who arrives at the ER too late and is pronounced 'dead on arrival.'

I did not want that!

Dressed season-appropriate, Vronica's tasteful choices were obvious. She wore jeans, knee-high boots, and a long tight body-fitting grey sweater. A wide black belt encircling her

waistline made her even sexier, accenting her beautiful round, curvy, hourglass big-breasted body.

With shoulder level, charcoal, long hair, big black eyes, thick eyebrows, beautiful facial features, luscious lips, and nipples that were visible through her sweater, she looked exquisite and tempting.

She revealed to me, and to the world, that she must have a profound interest in the pleasure's bedroom games can offer, a place I call *Sexodrome*. I hoped to convince her, and as soon as possible too, that I am a product of the same stock.

Fluent in the language, I was familiar that the French would call such a well-endowed carnality oozing specimen a '*femme fatale*.' Translated to English, the expression means a woman who brings disaster to the man who gets involved with her. Aware of the above, I decided, the moment I spotted her entering the premises, that I would play the game, win or lose.

There was no doubt in my dirty old mind that she was one of the most fuckable women I had ever seen, and that she must be a savage beast in the sack.

Overwhelmed by her sex appeal, I, this testosterone-soaked horny bedroom aficionado had in my fertile visionary mind one prayer and a very appropriate one for the end of the year. Yes, this time, I found himself petitioning Santa to deliver this sexuality-basted specimen down my chimney and hide her under the tree. No room? Under the bed, or even better, under the sheets!

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Amidst these romantic visuals that flooded my psyche, I continued devouring her sexy curvaceous body. I visualized her naked, big boobs with her two pointing nipples, soft-skin, flat belly, and her vertical slit, the gate to her *inner shrine* housed between her upper thighs. Full of desire, drooling, I recognized that when God created an erotic, carnality-oozing woman, the Almighty intended to show off. These fleeting dirty dreams, and the promise of a skin-to-skin encounter, brought back flames to my long extinguished, abandoned, moldy, wrinkled, and almost frozen loins. Inundated with these racy perspectives, miracle of miracles, I sensed his *Majesty* was awakening from his deep stupor.

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In the aftermath of my second wife passing, I had only two intimate encounters with much younger women, but none panned out long-term. The first one, a psychologist, was a clear mental case. The second one lived too far. My critical friends reprimanded me for not trying harder and for not investing more time and enthusiasm in seeking age-appropriate ladies, rather than pursuing younger women. I tried to no avail. For the most part, for the divorced or widowed age-appropriate women, their children and grand-children were their priority, not bedroom romps that interested me. The few who still desired intimacy, did not satisfy the sexual desires I had my late wife, that included sex toys, diversity of positions, unconventional love-making venues, light BDSM, to just to name a few.

A same-age septuagenarian friend, after years of negging him, agreed to finally visit with me a sex-shop for the first time in his life.

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He went home with a small simple beginner's vibrator. His out-of-her-mind wife labeled him a 'pervert' and ordered him to get rid of it on the spot. In the end, not that I needed another buzzer, the toy landed in my chest of pleasure enhancers.

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Not pleased with the situation, and determined to end my sexual drought, I decided to put myself out there for all to see. A quarter of a century beforehand, using a newspaper ad in the personal column, I landed Elaine, who became my second wife. This time, with distinctive plans to retire, even leave the US and move away thousands of miles, I wasn't interested in a long-lasting relationship. I was looking for just a loose sexual connection; call it friends with benefits (FWB) or a fuck buddy (FB). Both great choices for my needs.

With little thought and deliberation, using the convenient digital media, I enlisted the services of the Internet, and I became a paying member in an exquisite, well-known '*sexplicit*' website. The portal catered to people looking for casual partners, a potential win-win alternative.

Born on the continent, I chose the screen name '*Europeangntlmn*' and built a substantial presence.

As I realized that a younger man had better odds to land a fresh-looking partner-in-lust, I shaved ten years of my age. As a result, my profile disclosed a distinguished '*63-year*' old Jewish self-employed surgeon of East European origin. I was never a cheater or conceited, but I believed I did not look my age. Personal overconfidence? Possibly. However, it was often validated by outsiders, the beautiful sex included. I mentioned I was a widower, a father of

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four independent grown children and also mentioned I am well versed in six languages.

I described myself as a romantic, generous male, interested in carnal romps and revealed that my bedroom skills could be addictive. Arrogant? I don't think so! But who cares? To be a winner, sometimes, the means justify the ends. I reaffirmed that I was buff, fit for my age, and mentioned that I went to the gym daily and that I swam, played tennis, and biked as well.

I also mentioned that I was a non-smoker, and a social drinker and that I never used drugs. I added several recent photos for those who came across my profile.

Since I was busy with my practice, I would search the database in the evenings, hoping to come across a suitable intimacy partner between the ages of 40 to 60. Much younger women did not interest me.

Browsing among the many names, some very original, while others were quite *sexplicit*, I came across a profile belonging to 'Armenianprincess'. The portrayal was short, but it was written in excellent English and described a college-educated, 42-year-old woman, a surgical RN, separated and heading for a divorce. She was a mother of two small kindergarten age children, with interests similar to mine, including an NSA (no strings attached) relationship with a mature guy!

The only photo she posted was obscured, which troubled me. Yet, for no detectable reason, it was intriguing and made me curious. '*Not divorced, just separated, she must have good motives,*' I argued with myself. Indeed, not going all out I believed she protected

herself from being noticed by family or friends. After all, it was a *sexplicit* website!

I liked her shoulder-length long black hair and big-bosomed curvy figure. Since I am a boob-man, it was enough to seal the deal for me.

I reached out using the website's direct email service and acknowledged that I enjoyed her lines and invited her to look up my profile. I ended my note, saying that I hoped she would honor me with a reply, no matter positive or negative.

After a day or two, '*Armenianprinces*' replied, revealing that my lines were an engaging read and that she liked my pictures too. To my satisfaction, she made no comments or asked questions about possible disparities between the photos and my stated age.

She ended her lines with a short two-word sentence rich in substance, "*Call me,*" and a cell phone number.

Delighted that I may have gained her trust, I waited to call her for several days to conceal my eagerness and excitement. It was a Saturday late afternoon when I finally dialed her number. A woman's voice on the other end of the line said, "Hello?"

"Hi," I said, "*You must be the Armenianprinces!*"

"Yes, *I am,*" she replied. For no good reason, we omitted to exchange our real names. After several introductory cliché sentences, she suggested, in a charming bedroom voice, that we meet up the following afternoon at 3 P.M. sharp. The proposed restaurant was ten minutes from my residence and near a sex shop, I used to visit from time to time. So, I remembered the place well. She ended

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the conversation with, *"Have no concerns, I have an excellent facial memory, and I will have no problem recognizing you."*

"OK", I replied, "But I will make it completely effortless for you. I will wear a red-brick-colored jacket, and I will have dark aviator-type sunglasses covering my eyes, a combination that's impossible to miss." A few seconds later, an audible click signaled that the short conversation was over.

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Seated and facing each other, Vronica was busy sipping her favorite drink, Captain Morgan, a rum I never knew existed. She asked for one and I ordered it for her. I mirrored her with my Hennessy already half-emptied glass.

We engaged in the customary small talk, peppered, here and there, with a few jokes. In a short time, we both sensed that we had known each other for God knows how long. Vronica told me trivial stuff about herself, and her life and I returned the favor, describing more-or-less the same. We were at ease with each other, and when she would express her amazement at something I said, like, *"Oh, you don't say,"* or *"No kidding is that so?,"* she would touch my hand even living it there for a few seconds. To my surprise, Vronica showed no objections when I returned the favor to her. *'Hopeful signs,'* I thought.

I was eager to close the deal from the moment I laid my eyes on her. However, it takes two to tango, and I had an insurmountable million-dollar challenge before me.

“Will I be able to convince her to take the bait and fall for me, at least once? One time is not much to ask,” I tried to convince myself. *Besides, she is interested in a sex partner, why not me?*

The lack of certainty kept me on my toes. Doubts followed doubts, and questions followed questions. *‘Is she interested? Does she find me appealing enough despite my years? Does she consider the chemistry between us to be right and try me? Is she curious enough to permit me to show her my pussy-worshipping talents?’* I asked myself.

‘Oh, yeah, if she knew my level of ‘sexpertise’, she would, and in a flash too,’ I reassured myself.

Her decision to meet me on a Sunday afternoon, just one day after our single phone conversation, was encouraging, but would it be enough? So many bones of contentions, all without a straightforward answer, made my head spin.

I tried to put myself in her shoes, and wondered whether the visible age difference between us was too much for her taste and comfort?

If yes, this dreamlike encounter would crumble like a card-castle I built so many times in my childhood with my father. One wrong move, and it was over!

To my delight, my age did not come up for discussion, and I let it float. No question, if the encounter would end in a positive tone, I intended to divulge the truth regarding my age. But not at that crucial moment when the promise of pussy was in my reach.

Content, Vronica asked for one more drink, and our exchange slowly turned business-like. Vronica inquired if I had already come across someone with *‘benefits’* included.

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"Yes, but no benefits, there was no chemistry," I replied. After a moment of silence, I continued. *"You are the first lovely and sexy lass to take my lure and meet me face-to-face."* Looking into her big, dark eyes, I added, *"Many thanks, it is much appreciated, and I am delighted I made your acquaintance."* I reached out, took her hand in mine, and exclaimed, *"You are heaven-sent and stunning."* Delighted, she thanked me for the lauds and did not object to keeping her hands in mine for several seconds. That emboldened me.

After a deep breath, I dared to bring the topic of our exchange closer to the purpose of the meeting, so I confronted her. *"Can I ask you an intimate question?"*

"Sure," she replied.

"Am I correct in assuming that you enjoy the pleasures of good bedroom sexcapades?" Without wasting time, I followed my logic, *"It was the first thought that crossed my mind the moment I spotted you entering that door!"*

Vronica smiled, and while she did not address my query, she seemed to have liked my comments.

"Thanks, you are very kind, and observant too," she said in a warm voice.

Not wanting to embarrass her, I abstained from returning the question of whether she had met somebody else through the *sexplicit* website.

I wanted to see her between the sheets badly, and her old or recent sexual history had no bearing on my intentions. With her indisputable sex appeal, testosterone-soaked males, so I thought,

must have discovered her too. What I saw in her, other gents must have seen as well. Whether she shared herself with any of them was not essential.

As expected, in no time, our exchange turned specific. This open, erotic talk should come as no surprise. There was no point in hiding. We were two mature, experienced people. We met to find out if there was enough physical compatibility, attraction, between the two of us to engage in what I considered and called the *calling of the flesh*. Sensing interest from her part, I opened, put the cards on the table, and allowed the chips to fall as they may. In a calm voice, I asked her to give me a few minutes to make myself better known and appreciated and she he agreed,

"Go ahead, I am a good listener," she said.

"Vronica, as I stare at gorgeous young you, I am aware of the pressure our age difference is placing on your shoulders. Please note, I consider myself a sexual guy and I am eager to show it my partner. It seems to me that we fit the picture like two drops of water."

I kept going strong, thinking, 'now or never.'

"Advanced age or not, I know myself well enough to boast a little, if you permit me. It is in my power to offer steamy pleasures to my woman but watch out, my eroticism can be addictive." In search of better words, I ended with, *"As they say, money-back guarantee."*

Vronica seemed very attentive and showed interest in my narrative. During all this time, to further impress and bait, I was looking straight into her beautiful, big, dark eyes. Well, from time

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to time, not being able to resist my temptations, I would also rest my eyes on her enticing bosoms and pointing nipples.

"I will be honest with you, not having a woman in my life for some time, contrary to the expected, I seldom perceived the need for sexual release." And continuing "That is true, only once in a blue moon would I take my poor Royal Highness in my hands and choke the chicken as they say, for his and my selfish needs."

As I intended to evoke compassion in her, I kept pressing further. *"My poor neglected Majesty must suffer being shunned not just by a pussy, but by my hands too. I told him countless times 'mea culpa;' my doings, and fault. With me and him neglected for quite some time, I signed up on that 'sexplicit' website and here I am, facing a dream girl that you are."* Vronica started laughing loudly, but I kept going.

"If you permit a comment, I love your name. It is clever and unique: Vronica, that being Veronica without the e'." Only two exclusive names made an impression on me before all starting with the letter V, yours, one being Verona, a former patient of mine, and another Vernon, an old childhood friend," I told her

After excusing myself for the digression, I continued.

"I am sure you agree that to have a gratifying physical relationship, that vague item called chemistry or animal magnetism is pivotal."

"I fully agree with you on that," she replied, but I kept going. *"Please note that I am the quintessence of kindness toward all women. For my carnal pleasures, however, I am prejudiced when it comes to the physical attributes of the beautiful sex; the more eye pleasing the better."*

Without going into details, I mentioned that I would never go to bed with a non-feminine-looking woman, regardless of how horny I may be.

“You, Vronica, are a crown-jewel prototype of the gentler sex, so none of what I just said applies to you. In my mind, a man should look rugged; a woman, however, should be feminine, exposing her arousing curves, valleys, and peaks. These are pleasing features you have plenty of.”

Possibly content of what her ears perceived, she tilted her face to the side, raised her eyebrows, and smiled again. Not wasting time, I continued my line of thought, hoping to convince her to try me at least once. Life could be full of surprises, who knows, things may turn my way.

Pointing to the entrance I said, *“The moment I spotted you, that animal, carnal attraction became undeniable for me. In milliseconds, I was ready to kiss you, undress you, and make love to you, right here in public. But wait, just one or two more observations and then I will be done lecturing you.”*

After clearing my throat as anxious people might do, I told her, *“It crossed my mind that when God created a carnally oozing woman, he showed off with you.”*

Impressed by my candor, she reached out, took both my hands in hers, and held onto them until I finished. Eager to conclude with a slam-dunk, I took a few seconds of reprieve before concluding.

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“Vronica, I consider myself an unselfish lover and in my’ a la carte sexcapades menu, my woman’s pleasure comes first. To me, foreplay is the main play. To kiss, touch, caress, go down on my partner in sin, participate in light BDSM, use sex toys, and role-play are all games listed on the first page of my erotic menu. In my humble opinion, by doing so, the excitement and the arousal levels get a much-desired boost. Yes, I am a hedonist and do not practice sex for procreation, I practice it for pure pleasure for my woman and myself.”

Still not finished, I added, *“When I make love, I am looking forward to partaking in my partner’s cascade of ecstatic waves—waves that I, the master of ceremonies, brought to her with everything I have and know. It makes me feel like a peacock! My orgasm, the icing on my cake, is the last item on that tally.”*

She seemed impressed. *“Thank you so much for your detailed expose and honesty. I believe it is my turn now to reciprocate in kind, if interested,”* she said.

“Of course, I am, interested, and how,” I replied. Vronica had another sip of her drink before continuing. *“First, let me say that I appreciate that you perceived that I am fond of, as you called it, the ‘bedroom-sexcapades’. It is true, I am! Yes, I am very sexual; I love sex, I need sex, but quality, not quantity.”*

After a deep breath, and after another swig of her drink, she carried on.

“I married late in life, so I had enough partners. Some were very great, but others, not so. Some couldn’t get it up, others

would not go down on me, which is one of my preferred forms of release. "She ended the sentence on a somber note, "It is Russian roulette out there; you share yourself with someone, and that someone might let you down. I want to be sure that this time, I am choosing an appropriate partner."

Vronica reiterated that she valued my profile, liked my photos, but it was sheer curiosity that drove her to meet me. With a grin and a soft voice, she said, *"I wanted to meet that gutsy, sure of himself well-seasoned gentleman who dares to want to sleep with much younger women. If a man is considerate, treats me well, is generous, and fulfills my sexual needs, age is unimportant."*

She ended her side of the story, again emphasizing that she was interested in an NSA or FWB type of relationship.

A sigh of relief descended on me. It was the first time Vronica brought up the subject of age. She reassured me that the revolting, unbecoming age gap between us was not critical to her if I would meet her carnal wants and needs. That was music to my ears as the only way to find out was for her to share herself with me at least one time!

"A promissory note of pussy was in the making," I dared to fantasize.

"Tell me a few details about your late wife and the sex life you guys had together," she asked,

"I will be brief," I replied.

As a good raconteur, I told her that I met Elaine on a blind date after I put a personal ad in a weekly journal. I mentioned

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how attractive and sexual she was and that our chemistry could not be greater.

"Elaine loved and desired sex and she spoiled me with it."

I also told Vronica that Elaine would never have a headache. From a young age, her clever mother taught her that if she wanted to have a happy and lasting relationship, if she is not in the mood, she should get in the mood!

I also mentioned that Elaine detested the typical nighttime bedroom ritual, the *lets-just-do-a-quickie-before-falling-asleep* routine. Well, it happened occasionally, but she desired and wanted more.

The place and mixing of positions were our answer to maintaining a fulfilling sexual life during our marriage.

Yes, the living room, the kitchen counter, the bathroom, the pool, the pool deck, a parking lot, and a dark street were all erotic stops and part of our repertoire. Often, she planned skin-to-skin encounters much in advance, as she considered anticipation a very potent aphrodisiac.

I also informed Vronica about the up-down and tilt foot pedal-controlled hydraulic surgical table that I had in my medical office. With two dangling stirrups on its two sides, it provided a countless mix of ecstatic moments.

I ended with Elaine's comforting words she told me many times: *"Gabi, you will crave pussy well into your eighties."* To which I would reply: *"Amen, from your mouth to God's ears."* I am sorry to tell you, that after 24 years of happiness, I lost her to a rare and still incurable autoimmune disease."

"Oh, I am very sorry for your loss. She made you happy, and you made her happy; sometimes, fate can be cruel and inescapable," she said.

Suddenly, out of the blue, Vronica, changed the subject 180 degrees and asked me if I had sex after her passing.

"Yes," I answered, *"with two younger women, but it did not pan out for long."* And seconds later, *didn't tell you that?*

"Please be honest with me," she said, "When was the last time you saw a naked woman?"

"Well, let me think." I looked down, tilted, and lowered my head and the right ear toward my crotch, as I would listen to my abandoned and dangling dweller from within. Seconds later, frowning and looking up at Vronica's face, I said, *"If I heard 'His Highness' well, too many, much too many months ago."*

This time, Vronica peered down toward her privates, and correctly asserted, *"Wow, you and your manhood, must be two pussy-famished guys."* Surprised by her body language and words, I remained silent but nodded a big yes with my head. Vronica asked for a third drink, and I obliged again.

"Well, I listened to you, and I liked what you said. You seem to be a sexual man, you are masculine, you have good manners, and you are elegant. If everything you said, you also practice, it could benefit both of us. But do not jump the gun, we are not there yet."

'Yeah, but we could be halfway there!' I thought.

During our sexexplicit and arousing exchange, besides frequently touching my hands, Vronica also rubbed my legs with hers at least several times.

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At some point, during our exchange, she opened her bag and retrieved a light, red-colored lipstick and a small, rounded mirror. With slow, provocative, coquettish, enticing moves, staring at me more than at the mirror, she refreshed the color of her luscious lips.

"Do you like it?" she challenged me.

"Oh, and how," I replied. I appreciated her question very much, and if I could, I would have proved it with a passionate kiss. But I did not dare. I wanted her to start any form of real physical contact.

She peeked in the mirror one more time, and satisfied, she dropped both items back into her handbag.

Overwhelmed by the speed things may turn, a mild anxiety took over me, despite the alcohol I had ingested.

To show off, as I did, is one thing, everybody can do that. Implementing the elevated bars, I set myself up to, was what would count. I suspected I might get, if fortuitous one, only one single chance to prove myself.

Her explicit questions and overt minor physical contact encouraged me, yet I regarded that the stakes were still high.

It was glad to detect a sudden good mood; an aura Vronica radiated all around her.

With the third glass finished, Vronica stood up and guided me through a back door and led me to the backyard behind the bar. We sat side-by-side on a wooden bench. I quickly found out the reason for the sudden change of setting. Since the place did not permit smoking, she needed urgent help to

replenish her nicotine-depleted brain cells. This was a surprise I did not expect.

As a physician and a fanatic when it comes to smoking, I would never have a close relationship neither with males nor females who had this smelly and unhealthy habit.

This time, however, overpowered by my intense physical attraction, and sexual hunger, I didn't care. "*Oh yeah, good old enslaving pussy-power!*" I correctly concluded.

After just a few puffs, and maybe because of the three shots of rum, or our explicit sex talk, her body language changed. Vronica became fidgety. She came closer, turned toward me, and touched my thighs. In a few seconds, she even stood up and thrust her big boobs straight into my face. She reached out, grabbed my head, and pushed her face into mine, and her luscious, reddened lips met my hungry fleshy ones in a passionate show of attraction.

Surprised but much encouraged, I responded in kind, and we engaged in a long, eloquent French kiss for a significant time. Vronica devoured a stunned and mortified me.

She was an all-out woman, sure and proud of her sexuality. What you see is what you get. It was the centerpiece of her carnality, I remarked the moment I set my eyes on her as she entered the Bar. Yet her move took me by total surprise. Not in my wildest dreams would I foresee such a turn of events in such a short amount of time, and with a much, much younger woman, too. Never! To top it off, she was initiator, the aggressor, not me, the testosterone-soaked male.

Convinced of our bilateral chemistry, I became visibly aroused. As life returned to my icy loins, she became cognizant

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of my *mushroom* showing its full strength yet still hidden behind my pants.

Pointing toward the visible target, she addressed me, “Cowboy,” she asked, “*Is this your pipe in your pocket, or you are happy to see me?*” Aware of a famous line attributed to Mae West, I replied, “*Yes, I am thrilled to see you,*” and pointing to my visible frontal bulge, I finished with, “*And so is my buddy, His Royal Highness.*”

That was all I needed to understand that a must be aroused Vronica was indeed interested in me and could be ready to have a carnal romp too. The question was where, when, now, or another time?

Reassured by her obvious physical attraction toward me, I became courageous with her. Pointing to the displayed risen *pole* in its highest state of bravery, I asked her in French, “*Vronica, ma Cherie, voulez vous coucher avec moi?*” Not sure if she knew this well-known phrase, her swift reply came quick, loud, and clear, “*Oui, mon Cher!*” she said.

“*Yes?*” I asked this time in English just to be sure I understood her well. An authoritative, “*Yes,*” rang in my ears for the second time. “*Do you speak French?*” I asked her.

“*Well, I understand and speak a few words,*” and continuing, “*My father’s sister lived in Paris, and I often went to visit her.*”

Baffled and overwhelmed, it was difficult to comprehend what was happening to a guy like me, and in just less than two hours into our first and blind date, too!

I couldn’t believe what my eyes witnessed when she walked through that door, and I saw her for the first time.

But now, I couldn't believe what I sensed, when Vronica, out of her own will and out of the blue, glued her lips onto mine in a heated tongue exchanging kiss.

I also couldn't believe what my ears heard just seconds beforehand when she twice said "*Oui*" and "Yes." An ineffable dream was coming true!

Having my grown-up daughter, whom I fathered with my late wife still living with me, my place was a no-go. My office looked too miserly to me, at least for the first time. I suggested, and she agreed, to head to a close-by Marriot hotel very close to my house.

With the tab paid, we each got into our cars and headed to the destination. After parking the cars, we met in the lobby, and I went to the registration desk to get a room.

"Please," she asked me, "*Get a room at the end of any hall- way, and far from the elevators,*" she urged me.

Not understanding the logic behind her request, and being aroused, I remained silent and fulfilled her demand.

With the key in my hand, we headed to a studio room located at the end of a long corridor. It had a white pristine-looking king-size bed, a table bearing a vase with some artificial flowers, and two chairs. It looked cozy.

Seconds after locking the room's door behind us, both excited and curious, we were ready to go at each other. While I was aware that the substantial age difference could be an issue, a cocky me was already dreaming of future *sexcapedes* of the kind. But I was also aware, however, that I needed to impress Vronica for her to consider anything of the sort.

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On our feet, clothed and hugging, we got lost in each other faces for a long time as we engaged in tongue-trading kisses. Out of the blue, Vronica reached down and groped my erect hammer poking through my pants. To reciprocate in kind, still kissing, my hands fondled her breasts and crotch.

After a long and passionate necking, Vronica, ready to impress her new bedroom partner, took charge of the situation.

She dropped to her knees, unzipped my pants, reached inside, and after a brief scuffle with my boxer shorts, seized and retrieved my flaming red engine of love. She grasped its hard shaft and surprised at what she saw, looked up and in a soft voice, told me, *"Wow, what a nice-looking piece you've got here!"*

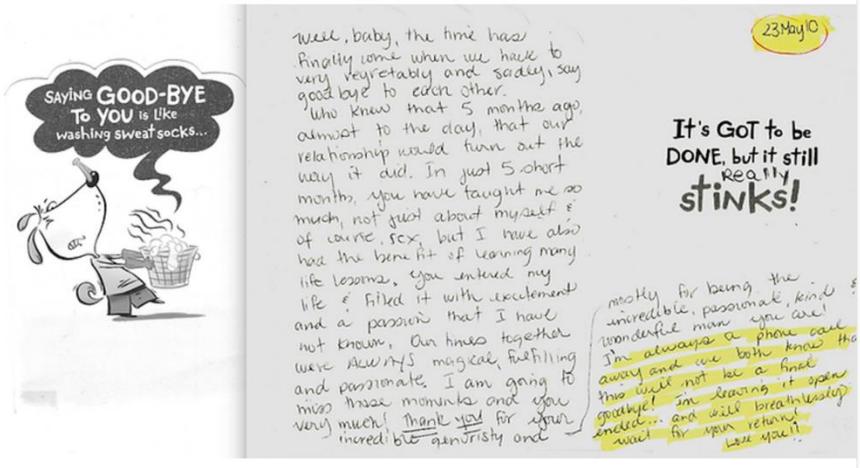
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PS Unfortunately, the above lines, belonging to the beginning of the first chapter, have a severe shortcoming. Yes, the reader may draw the wrong conclusion that this narrative is a simple pornographic book. It is not! It is a true steep age gap love affair that went beyond the decade.

While the table of contents may indicate the correct genre of the writing, i.e., erotic romance, I have decided to also include the ending pages of the book as they are depicted in print and electronic versions of the entire narrative.

Our Love Affair

A. Enchantress Vronica's farewell CARD: May 23, 2010



Well, Gaby, the time has finally come when we have to very regretfully and sadly say goodbye to each other.

Who knew that 5 months ago to the day our relationship turned out the way it did? In just 5 short months you have taught me so much not just about myself & of course sex, but I also had the benefit of having many life lessons. You entered my life & filled it with excitement and passion that I had not known. Our times together were always magical fulfilling and passionate, I am going to miss these moments and you very much. Thank you for your generosity, and mostly for being the incredibly passionate, kind & wonderful man you are.

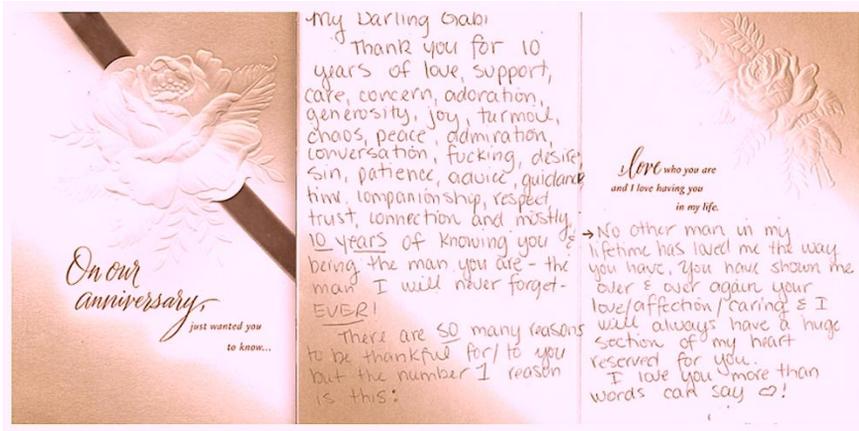
I am always a phone call away and we both know this will not be a final goodbye. I am leaving it open-ended and will breathlessly wait for your return.

Love you!

B. Enchantress Vronica's premonitions—

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stiff age gap or not—are still a
REALITY a decade after we met.



My Darling Gabi,

Thank you for the 10 years of love, support, care, concern, adoration, generosity, joy, turmoil, chaos, peace, admiration, conversation, fucking, desire, sin, patience, advice, guidance, time, companionship, respect, trust, connection, and mostly, 10 years of knowing you, being the man you are - the man I will never forget for EVER!

There are so many reasons to be thankful for/to you, but the number 1 reason is this:

No other man in my lifetime has loved me the way you have. You have shown me over & over again your love, affection, caring and I will always have a huge section of my heart reserved for you. I love you more than words can say!

PS Veronica's actual first name, which she signed on these two cards, was deliberately omitted from the two texts as



V
r
o
n
i
c
a



P.S. For the interested bookworms here are additional information about me, the author.

<https://www.agelessdesirethebook.com>

<https://www.versatile-octogenarian.com>

<https://www.tggore-romancebooks.com>

<https://amazon.com/author/tggore>

P.P.S My short novelette, *'Three Encounters of the Romantic Kind'* describes the unique ways I have intersected with the three most important women of my life. The third encounter with Vronica was developed in the 200-page book.

<https://www.romanticencounters-thebook.com>

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Ageless Desire portrays a notable romantic-erotic relationship between two age-unbefitting souls.

A widowed septuagenarian, TG was set to retire, leave the US, and return to his ancestral homeland. Ad interim, looking for a casual sexcapade, he solicited the guidance of a sexexplicit website. By the luck of the draw, he would intersect with a recently separated drop-dead gorgeous carnality-oozing lass.

Mother of two kindergarten-aged children, Vronica (an 'e-less Veronica) was 31 springs younger than him. Yet, the moment they laid eyes on each other on that crucial blind date the calendar chronicled December 20th, 2009, a meteoric physical attraction became unmistakably evident to both, age gap or not.

Five months later, by then in love, TG's year-old stone-etched retirement plan, will create a 7500-mile divide between them, fortunately, not forever.

Indeed, just short weeks after their final LA goodbye, Vronica unexpectedly pays him a visit for his 74th birthday, which leads to an insane two-week-long honeymoon.

After returning to her motherly duties, a grief-stricken TG, tuned in to his heart, decides to recross two continents, a sea, and an ocean, and reunites with Vronica under the canopy of stars twinkling over the City of Angels.

The inglorious generational difference could not derail their stable, lust-morphed love connection over a decennium of togetherness. They never tied the knot, never shared a roof, only pursued an amorous dating relationship.

TG never felt belletristic inclinations. To scribble words on paper, in any of the six languages he speaks, was never his cup of tea. This time, however, was an exception. An octogenarian, elated by his romantic conquest, could not resist the temptation not to share this fairytale decade-long steamy and unconventional relationship.

Considering that his mother tongue and schooling were not in English, authorship was at times a nerve-wracking task, but would never regret it.

Born in Romania, TG finished his medical schooling, and residency, in Israel. He has made his home in Los Angeles for 40 years and still practices his surgical craft.

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