

TG GORE

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Three Encounters of
the Romantic Kind.



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THREE ENCOUNTERS
of
THE ROMANTIC KIND

BY
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Reviews

***** Lovelyblo May 19, 2025

This book was a delightful surprise. It offers honest, touching moments. Each story has its own mood and narrative, but together they create a beautiful reflection on love and second chances. What I enjoyed the most was how the author emphasized the quiet details: a glance, a pause, a memory. Additionally, the characters aren't perfect, which makes them feel even more relatable to me. The emotional tone is full of wonder, something I truly value in romance. What this book taught me is that it's not about grand gestures but about meaningful connections, and that's what stuck with me. If you're a fan of romantic fiction that feels both intimate and thoughtful, this book is a gentle, rewarding read.

NewWin Books Editorial Review Blurb for *Three Encounters of the Romantic Kind*: "Poignant, personal, and unexpectedly witty, this takes readers on a heartfelt journey through love, loss, and second chances, capturing the complexity of real relationships and the resilience it takes to begin again."

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Table of Contents

Preface _____ **4**

First encounter
A lovely beginning—an ill-fated ending _____ **7**

Second encounter
A match made for life—cut short _____ **12**

Third encounter
A steep, unbecoming, age-gap, passion-stealing love affair _____ **20**

Preface

‘Three Encounters of a Romantic Kind’ is a short narrative about the captivating ways fate guided me to connect with the three most significant women of my life.

I was 26 in 1962 when, on a leisurely summer weekend, I was ready to dive into the warm waters of the Mediterranean Sea. To my surprise, an attractive young woman relaxing on the sandy beach struck up a conversation with me. *“Hello, do you remember me?”* I didn’t, though I should have. What *began* with that friendly, unexpected, yet embarrassing question in just seven months morphed into my first marriage, a life-changing experience that lasted two decades.

I was 47 years old in 1983 when I placed an ad in a local weekly newspaper just two months after my first marriage ended in a divorce. Fortunately, a woman named Elaine signed one of the nearly 50 replies I received. However, when she returned home from work and noticed the flashing voicemail I left behind, she picked up the phone but couldn’t make sense of a single word in my recorded message. Nevertheless, she would become my second wife, leading to another life-changing event that both she and I hoped would last a lifetime. Tragically, after 24 years of blissful togetherness, she succumbed to a rare disease for which, to this day, my profession has no appropriate response.

I was 73 years old in 2009 when, after mourning my wife’s passing for over one and a half years, I finally decided that I needed to enjoy life again. However, my stone-etched retirement plan also included leaving the US for good; therefore, I was only interested in an NSA (No Strings Attached) or FWB (Friends with Benefits) type of relationship.

Heavens, fate, or both must have guided my probing mouse while searching a *‘sexplicit’* website when I fell upon a 42-year-old profile named *‘ArmenianPrincess.’* It depicted a gorgeous, carnality-oozing lass who was, yes, only 31 springs younger than I.

I met Vronica (an e’- less Veronica) on a blind date. Despite the unflattering age gap, we developed a passionate and loving relationship that lasted close to twelve years and survived even a very early, three-month, 7500-mile separation caused by my retirement plans, which included leaving the US, and for good. In love, I will, however, return

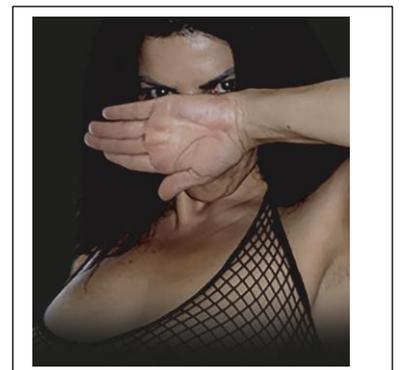
from the temporary exile and reunite with her under the canopy of twinkling stars above the City of Angels.

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

Third Encounter

A steep, unbecoming age gap, passion-stealing love affair.

I was 72 years old when I lost the love of my life. Elaine, my second wife, who was responsible for my personal well-being and professional success. She loved, believed, and supported me and



never doubted that one day, I would be known in the community. She was right, and I owe it to her.

One full year after her passing, lost and depressed, I decided to close my business, retire, and return to my country of origin, Israel. I could not bear living alone in the home we built together without her by my side.

Yes, my days felt miserable and empty. That's true, too; friends tried to help me and were even eager to introduce me to some ladies who, for whatever reason, were single like me. Nevertheless, I declined. I was not ready.

Months and months have passed, marked by gloom and anger at my profession's inability to save my wife's life. Yet, I realized once again that life must go on and that I needed to escape this miserable state of affairs that fate had dropped on me.

One day, just before going to the office to attend to my patients, I looked in the mirror and asked my reflection,
“Doctor Gabriel, what should I do? Help me; I feel like I can't go on like this forever. Please enlighten me.” The reply that struck my conscience was immediate: *‘Close shop, retire, and go back to the country of origin, Israel. But in the meantime, socialize, mix, look after yourself, and do not forget also to support your sleepy, disillusioned, and hungry little brother. Use your days wisely during the time you have left on this miracle planet of ours; it should uplift your spirits again.’*

Once I acknowledged this reality, the days became brighter, and the dark clouds hovering above my head began to disappear. After deliberating with myself, I also realized that, indeed, indulging in some carnal pleasures would be good for my famished little him. ” But how? I had no idea.

“What steps do I need to take?” I asked myself again, facing a mirror.

During the 24 years I spent with Elaine, I noticed beautiful women, but I never dreamed of or desired anyone else. I loved my wife dearly and was not interested in anyone else. I had everything I wanted and needed. Period!

This time, however, with my definite plans to retire and leave the U.S. entirely in less than a year, I was not interested in a long-term relationship. I was only interested in a casual sexual connection, often called a no-strings-attached (NSA) or friends-with-benefits (FWB) arrangement.

Both were excellent choices for my dormant lustful needs. Without much thought or deliberation, I enlisted the services of the internet. I became a paying member of a '*sexquisite*', well-known, one of the best, and still available '*sexplicit*' website, which I will not fully name. (Well, A.M. are the initials.)

The portal catered to individuals looking for casual sex partners, thus offering a beneficial opportunity for me, too. I selected the screen name '*EuropeanGentlmn*' and established a substantial presence.

Recognizing that a younger man had a better chance of finding a much younger partner for bedroom games, I embraced my desire and shaved ten years off my age. "*No big deal, so what?*" I told myself. "*Women do that all the time; why not me?*" Case closed.

My profile described me as a distinguished '*63-year-old*' Jewish self-employed surgeon of Eastern European descent who also speaks six languages. I was never conceited, but I believed I looked younger than my actual age. Personal overconfidence? Perhaps. However, external sources often validated my beliefs, including compliments from the one-and-only beautiful human community—the ladies.

In my profile, I noted that I am a widower and the father of four independent adult children. I described myself as a romantic, generous,

and honest man interested in all aspects of intimate bedroom escapades, which I uniquely refer to as a '*sexodrome*'.

I also revealed that my sexual skills could be, yes, addictive. Arrogant? I didn't think so! But who cares? Sometimes, being a winner allows for a little embellishment.

I also noted on my profile that I am fit and in excellent shape for my age. Indeed, I have been a regular gym-goer, in addition to swimming, playing tennis, and biking on weekends. Furthermore, I made it clear to any potential visitor reading my profile that I am a non-smoker, an occasional social drinker, and never a drug user. Yes, that is absolutely true. Cross my heart!

Additionally, I've included several recent personal photos for anyone who might be interested in getting to know me better.

Since I was busy with my practice, I only searched the A.M. database in the evenings, hoping to find or be found by a suitable partner in sin aged between 40 and 65—no less, no more! I wasn't interested in significantly younger women, nor did I find older women particularly attractive. Yes, both my manhood and I required proper visual stimulation—most men make first love with their eyes.

While browsing the numerous usernames, some of which were very original and others highly explicit, I came across a profile belonging to someone who referred to herself as '*ArmenianPrincess*.'

The portrayal was brief, written in excellent English, and described a 42-year-old woman, a surgical RN by profession, who was separated and approaching divorce. As a mother of two kindergarten-age children, her interests aligned with mine: a casual, physical relationship between two mature, consenting adults solely seeking sexual gratification.

The only photo she posted showed the silhouette of a mesmerizing body, yet it was incomplete; her facial features were blurred, which bothered

me. However, for grounds I could understand, I found it intriguing enough to capture my interest.

I reasoned with myself, *“Well, she's not yet legally divorced, just separated; she must have good motivations for keeping a low profile.”* Of course, she might protect herself from family or friends by not being too recognizable.

After all, the famed A.M. was a sex-g geared website.

I appreciated her shoulder-length black hair, prominent eyebrows, curvy figure, and *busty*, too. As a visual person, her appearance was enough to secure a potential deal, at least on my end. However, it takes two to tango, and I never forget that.

I contacted her via the website's direct messaging service. I expressed my appreciation for her profile and invited her to review mine. I ended my brief note by expressing my hope that she would be generous enough to respond positively or negatively.

After a day or two, I received a note from *'ArmenianPrincess'* who mentioned that she found my profile and lines engaging and that she also fancied my photos. To my surprise and satisfaction, she made no comments or asked questions about possible discrepancies between the looks of the current photos—yes, there were current photos—and my stated decade-younger age.

She concluded her message with a brief, meaningful two-word sentence: *“Call me,”* followed by a cell phone number. I was delighted to have gained her trust, but I tried to hide my keenness and excitement, waiting several days before calling her number.

It was a Saturday afternoon when I finally dialed her number. A pleasant woman's voice answered on the other end of the line and said,

"Hello?"

“Hi,” I replied and continued,

"Are you the Armenian princess?" I asked.

"Yes, I am," she replied.

"Well, I am the 'European Gentleman,' and I am happy to hear your sweet-toned voice."

After exchanging a few introductory cliché sentences, she said in her charming voice that she was ready to meet the next day, at precisely 3 p.m.

For the location, she proposed a sports bar less than 20 minutes from my home, right next to a sex shop I had visited occasionally. Thus, I had a vivid memory and familiarity with the area.

She concluded her conversation by saying,

"Don't worry; I have an excellent facial memory and will have no trouble recognizing you once I take a good look at your photos."

"OK," I replied, but added,

"Listen, my lady, I'll make it completely effortless for you. I'll wear a red-brick-colored jacket and dark aviator sunglasses, a combination that's impossible to miss, not even by a blind human being."

She laughed loudly, but a few extra seconds later, an audible click signaled that our short conversation was over!

It was a pleasant, sunny Sunday afternoon. The calendar once again marked the 20th day of the month, but this time, it was December 2009, not May 20, 1984—the day and year I met my second wife, Elaine.

Known for being a foppish guy, I shaved and put on slightly more formal attire but decided at the last minute against wearing a tie.

"Hey, you're not attending a classical music concert," I reminded myself. "Gabriel, you're just going on a date, and it's a quasi-blind one, too. She saw your face, but you didn't see hers."

Whether the date was blind or not, I realized I needed to make a good first impression, especially since I was only three rather awkward

decades older than her. Of course, I thought that my age and appearance would pose a significant challenge for her to overcome.

I selected black pants, matching shoes, a long-sleeve white shirt, and a vibrant brick-red jacket purchased in Las Vegas many years prior. I reassured myself that it was unique and appropriate.

Before leaving my residence, I took one last look at myself in the bathroom mirror and indeed embraced what I saw.

Wearing aviator-style sunglasses, I appeared quite presentable, mysterious, and somewhat reminiscent of James Bond. Yes, I admit that this was a preconceived and misguided notion of self-aggrandizement.

Indeed, James Bond, the famous and real Bond, had a full head of black hair, while I was bald and gray. He was smoking, but I was not. Honestly, I never saw him wear a coat in such a vibrant color. However, my mind's exaggerated analogy of equating myself with James Bond made me feel attractive and desirable.

Other than these external embellishments, and with a little help from the Man in the Sky I prayed to, my self-aggrandizing intentions were to surprise and even possibly inspire admiration from my date, regardless of any unbecoming age gap.

As punctual as ever, I stepped into the dimly lit place known as 'Sports Bar.' To my surprise, the venue was quite empty.

"It must be because it was too early on a Sunday afternoon," I told myself.

The venue for this date was just twenty minutes from my home and situated on one of the busiest streets in LA's San Fernando Valley.

As I looked around, I noticed several Sunday NFL games beaming on multiple wall-hanging TV screens, but I couldn't care less. I was no longer a passive sports spectator on weekends; I had given up on that long ago. Quality time with family and friends mattered a great deal to

me. However, an Olympic Games (swimming and athletics) or a World Cup soccer final occasionally serves as a rare exception to my rigid rule.

The '*sexplicit*' website-negotiated date required me to show up at her chosen location, which seemed odd to me, but I held back from asking questions during the only phone conversation I had with her.

I imagined she must know the place from possibly having been there before, drinking, or meeting guys.

However, hostage to my lusting needs, I did not dare to inquire why a drinking hole or, God forbid, suggest a different venue closer to my taste.

With a stiff drink in my hand, I selected a table for two in the dimmest corner of the establishment, at the far end. I sat down, however, making sure I was facing the entrance.

Filled with expectations, I felt both excited and anxious as I casually sipped the alcoholic drink I had ordered. Although the taste didn't appeal to me particularly, I hoped the drink would offer the relaxation I desperately needed.

Shortly after the mutually agreed-upon time of 3:00 p.m., a tall, elegant, black-haired, dark-skinned, young, breathtakingly beautiful, sexy, exotic-looking woman entered the facility. My chin dropped, and I almost forgot how to breathe for several seconds, not to speak about the string of gasps that took over me.

I could also feel my heart pounding in my chest and neck; she was incredibly alluring and stunning. Simply, gorgeous!

Surprised to my core, I attempted to put on a bright, cheerful grin on my beaming face. Despite the dim surroundings, I kept up the Bond-like appearance by wearing my dark glasses.

The stakes were high for both my carnal drought and, indeed, for my hungry, frosty little brother.

When I saw her coming through the door, I—an agnostic—found myself praying to the Almighty.

“God, please don't let me down. Confirm that she is the one I've been waiting for. If that's true, I will follow all your written and unwritten rules from now on.” (An easy promise I could not follow up on!)

She looked confident and self-assured with a large beige handbag slung over her left arm.

“A resolute woman,” I thought.

She took a moment to pause, looked around, and scoured the area.

She probably recognized me immediately since no one else nearby was wearing a red brick-colored jacket and dark aviator-style glasses, the outfit I described during our short phone conversation.

In seconds, she made eye contact, waved, and moments later, she stood before me. My mouth dropped open. I was stunned, unable to grasp what I had just witnessed.

For several seconds, I felt mystified, dismayed, and overwhelmed to the point that I lacked the strength in my legs to stand and greet her.

She looked at me with a genuine smile, reached out her hand, and spoke in an alluring bedroom voice.

“You must be the EuropeanGentlman. I'm your date, Vronica, which is Veronica without the letter e.

“What an unusual yet attractive name you have,” I said.

Intriguingly, we forgot to exchange our real, or at least our first, names during our conversation.

At last, regaining my strength, I rose and took her outstretched hand in mine.

I bent my head and kissed her hand, but I never took my eyes off her.

Vronica stared at me, and a surprising smile lit up her face in response to my unexpected, European-style, gentlemanly greeting when men meet a woman, especially for the first time.

Her energetic handshake didn't surprise me. In my experience, only assertive, self-assured, confident women with high self-esteem have handshakes like this, and she struck me as one from the moment she entered the venue. *"An Amazon-type gal."* I thought. Overwhelmed by her allure and still holding her hand, I took a few extra seconds to introduce myself.

"G... G... Gabriel," I managed to say. Once I regained my composure, I continued, *"Everyone calls me Gabi, and you should as well."* To conclude the series of exchanges, I could not hold back and ended with, *"Vronica, I much appreciate getting to know the stunning you."*

After clearing my throat, as anxious people often do, I told her that she surpassed all my expectations.

"It crossed my mind that when God created a carnally oozing woman, He showed off with you!"

/=/

P.S. Very briefly, love will guide me to return to the US, scrapping a three-month, 7500-mile geographical divide that a much previously decided retirement move created. Shortly after returning to American soil, I will also reopen my surgical practice, and Vronica, a registered nurse by profession, will serve as my nurse and office manager, not just my love interest and muse.

No, we didn't tie the knot, nor did we share a constant roof, but we saw each other almost daily.

Essentially, Vronica became my everything—from the ground up to heaven—for almost 12 years, and our no-benefits friendship is still alive after a bitter separation of nearly four years.

P.P.S. I hope this last brief encounter piqued your interest, and if you bookworms became curious and would like to find out how our passionate romantic erotic story evolved from this unusual age gap union for over a decade, I recommend reading my 200-page book titled

'*Ageless Desire: A Step Age Gap Romantic Erotic Tale.*' It was published in early 2025.

If anyone is curious about why I chose a pen name, I have a simple answer. A physician, more precisely, an octogenarian one, is not supposed to commit to paper a passionate, romantic, erotic, steep age gap narrative while still practicing his craft. Period.

The two books' websites with review links are

www.romanticencounters-thebook.com

and

www.agelessdesirethebook.com

Other websites:

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

<https://tggore-romancebooks.com>

A personal website is:

<https://versatile-octogenarian.com>

Red Stone Review

TG Gore's "*Ageless Desire*" is a groundbreaking, daring, and magnificently written erotic memoir that redefines love, passion, and sensuality across generations. It is not merely a story— it is a bold declaration that desire, intimacy, and connection are ageless and beautifully human. From the first page, Gore's voice commands attention. He brings readers deep into his world, sharing the emotional and physical reawakening of a 70-something retired surgeon who embarks on a passionate and transformative journey with a much younger woman. This is not just a romance— it is a love story of intellect, vitality, mutual curiosity, and deep emotional resonance. The book's strength lies in its raw authenticity and unapologetic sensuality. Gore's prose is electric and vivid,

immersing the reader in every charged moment with poetic clarity and magnetic detail. The eroticism is elevated, intentional, and rooted in human connection—never gratuitous, but always bold. What truly sets *"Ageless Desire"* apart is its potential to fill a void in the current literary market. With proper editing, strategic republishing, and wide exposure under TG Gore's name, this book has every ingredient needed to become a breakout bestseller on Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and other major platforms. The demand for bold, mature, emotionally rich romance is growing—and this title stands ready to meet it. *"Ageless Desire"* is a celebration of life, age, and intimacy. It's the story we didn't know we needed—one that will resonate with readers of all generations, reminding us that the fire of passion is not bound by time but fueled by truth. A stunning, unforgettable literary triumph.



For most of his adult life, TG never wanted to pursue a career in writing, much less a romantic one. In fact, he never intended to put sentences on paper or type on a computer screen to craft a narrative on a subject other than medicine—his profession. A would-be nightmare?

Absolutely!

However, things would change when he turned a septuagenarian, an age when most men would surrender their romantic lives—not TG!

Indeed, his last encounter with Vronica, (an ‘e’ less Veronica) the 31-year-old younger, sultry lass, lasted over 11 years, keeping him afloat in the usually turbulent waters of love. Yes, one might call this an old-age romantic resurrection, which he still enjoys, even today, just two years shy of becoming a nonagenarian!

The brief introductory lines of the third encounter that you, the reader, have just scanned mark the beginning of a 200-page romantic erotic tale that illustrates how this steep age gap unbecoming relationship unfolded over a decade. Dorrance Publishers will publish the narrative in early 2025 for genre-loving readers. The book is *Ageless Desire: A Steep Age Gap Romantic Erotic Tale*, and its website is already live at www.agelessdesire-thebook.com.

