

Brandon
McYntire

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Secret Love



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Secret Love

This year, autumn has been extremely warm. On the one hand, I felt nostalgia for the flight, but on the other hand, I felt as if nothing was ending and moving on. I sat on one bench on a high hill and, as always, stared at cottages squealing in the cones between the trees. This is a beautiful sight when nature color autumn. It calms a person down and comes up with other ideas. I closed my eyes and set my face to the sun. I could see it was quiet around, just occasionally sewing fallen foliage on the sidewalks I remembered at and imagining it the way it looked at the last meeting at this place. I had no remorse or bad feelings about what's been going on for the last year. Aneta and I meet about once a month in this place. We're not in anyone's sight here. I don't know what we're going to figure out when winter hits. But I didn't worry about it that much. Since Aneta called me, I've lost my head completely. It was my old unfulfilled love. She didn't even notice me in the past, but now she's looking for me, it's about my presence.

She first wrote to me: "Hi, I don't know how it's possible that I didn't see you before. That's why I hate myself!"

After our first communication, we started seeing each other. Not often. We hold hands in love. Sometimes Aneta falls into my arms, hugs her, stares at her hair and whispers secret wishes and words that

no one else should hear. Especially since I've had a serious relationship with one good woman for five years and she's been married for ten years and has two relatively young children. She gave me deep kisses on my 42-year-old right here on this bench. Aneta celebrated her 32nd birthday last month. Our age difference doesn't bother her or me. We feel a lot of affection for each other as well. Love. When I see her coming, I always have butterflies in my stomach. It's a sincere and pure feeling that has so far only been left with touches and kisses. So far, neither of us has taken the courage to go further. Our secret relationship has been going on for almost a year. Basically, once a month, we meet here in this place. Even if someone sees us together and rings something up, each of us can argue that it was just a random encounter during a walk. Aneta is really very careful about such things. Although she's basically happy in her marriage, she just missed something. Something she found at my place. And I can't find words to express or define it all the time. You could say it's with me, too. I've been with my partner for the fifth year and I'm really happy. It gives me love and everything that belongs in such a relationship. I didn't need to look for anything. Nevertheless, I started seeing Aneta as soon as I the first time she wrote. I'm trying to distinguish whether it's short-term infamy or a little stronger. I'm confused about this for now. I remember today when I first saw her walking through our town with a graduation pane

in her hands. She was really beautiful and I couldn't tear my eyes away from her, even though I realised I was a lot older than her. She was as tall as I was, her hips were suing, and her milk chest was turning off as she walked. I immediately rebelled at the sight of her. Her long blonde hair was pinned to the back of her head with just one buckle, which is why they were a little shremed. But that made her all the more attractive. You just had to notice it right away, even if he didn't want to. I stopped in a small square by the fountain and watched a procession of squeauthing and singing seniors. Suddenly, this young goddess looked at me, grabbed a black hat and ran towards me. She smiled and showed me her hat.

"Hello. Will you contribute to today's graduation ceremony?" I stared charmingly at her and pulled out my wallet straight away. I threw ten euros into her hat."

"Oh, how generous you are! Thank you and have a nice day," she said politely, leaving me."

"It's okay, miss, I retaliated, and then I added even louder to make it clear: "Miss, you're really very pretty!" at that point, it was already out of ten steps away from me, but she turned around.

She didn't tell me anything about it, she just blinked at me with her left eye and gave me a sweet smile. After

this meeting, I only spotted her a few times in the city for the next fortnight, but I didn't get close to her. She was still charming and I couldn't take my eyes off her. I knew almost nothing about her or even her name. But I knew she had graduated from medical school. And I assumed he was working somewhere in the health care system. I was left with only the subconscious as a magical being that caught my attention. I didn't look for her at all, nor did I search for her after it existed. I never do things forcibly in my life. I think what's going to happen is going to happen without my efforts. And it really did. I had an accident at work last March and ended up in hospital. First I was in the accident ward and then I was transferred to the neurological ward. I spent almost a whole month there. There was always a young nurse coming for the afternoon shift, who was very familiar to me, but I couldn't put her anywhere. When the attenuating effects of all the painkillers came out of me and my mind came back, I realized that an old girl with a black hat was standing in front of me with infusions in her hands. The moment I found out, I was surprised to see her, and after a short while, he illogically yenchd out of me: "So that's you?! Ach, you're still as beautiful as the first day you came to me!"

She looked at me surprisingly and misunderstood her head.

"I guess you're still on painkillers," she said with a smile, while sorting the tubes on her desk.

She took my speech by reserve, after all, what she hears from patients who are drug-indended. It's quite common.

"No, it's not medicine," I said again, "I remember the day I stood in the square next to the fountain and you came up to me with a black hat. I threw ten euros in your hat. But that's not the point at all. I have to tell you, you're still just as beautiful. I've been thinking all along about your name."

After my confession, she looked at me and came closer to my bed.

"Well, I remember something like that. It was a long time ago. More than a decade, right? And what were you thinking about my name?"

"Hmmm, I don't even know. I really liked you a lot, which is why I watched you walk around town once with a white pane and once with a hat in your hand."

"So you followed me?" she asked with a smile. She was insemminated by what she just heard. Then we embarked on a longer conversation. We were

increasingly aware of our interseth, that we really have something to say to and that interest is mutual. She was very nice and described to me in short the last years of my life since the end of high school. I also explained to her my situation after the divorce and also how I found the woman of my dreams after a long time. I was happy that Aneta and I understood each other right from the start. She was very sympathetic to me and I confess that she was incredibly attracted to me. Both emotionally and physically. It was a woman's blood and milk. When she rushed up to me to reschedule the infusion, I saw her heavy breasts wave back and forth. There was really a lot to look at. It was endowed as it belongs. And then she started coming to me in the hospital room more often. Every time we talked, my butterflies in my stomach gathered and they didn't want to fly away. And it's stayed that way to this day. It's proof that it's natural and none of us are playing anything. The interplay of coincidences. Nature management certainly stands on the principles of the unknown. The principles of fateful encounters and subsequent love. It's predestined. After all, whether it takes shorter or longer, everything ends in the same bed.

Throughout my hospitalization, she came to me every time she had a moment. We talked about cadets, and sometimes for a long time, but she wasn't in a

hurry to get to know the official acquaintance very much, she was cautious after all.

About a week before my release, she came to my bed and whispered in my ear, "I'm Aneta."

You attached your left cheek to my right cheek. I felt her beautiful warmth. "I'm Noel," I whispered, too.

She took a deep breath and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"Nice to meet you," she politely added. "When you go home, Noel, I'm sure I'll write to you."

This situation did not need any comment or philosophy. Everything was clear above the sun. Something just started...

The sun was warming and I was completely in a relaxing state so I didn't even realise the presence of someone behind my back. It was Aneta and she hugged me around the neck. She pressed hard and whispered: "I'm glad you're here."

We stayed in a hug for a while, and then she sat down with me. Her thick blonde hair was glossy reflecting the sun's rays and sensual lips splashed as she set her face against the sun. She was incredibly attractive at that moment and it was really very

difficult to resist her. I was deciding whether to propose to her the plan I had prepared. I still wasn't sure.

"Any, we've been seeing each other like this for a year now, and I'm happy. Well, I'd like to move it a little between us. At least today. I'd like to leave it open. Whatever."

Curiously, she looked at me and smiled brightly.

"You prepared something? I'll tell you the truth, I've been waiting for this for a long time. Tell me, what are we going to do?"

After these words, I understood that it was a clear agreement. Even expected. I stood up and told her to come to me. She stood up and hugged me again. I whispered in her ear what I was up to. She didn't object at all. She stroked my face and kissed me. Then she turned around and walked alone down the hill towards the forest. I went down as well, but in the opposite direction. When I got to the sidewalk, I saw Aneta approaching the woods. I followed her, but I pretended to be alone on a walk. After about thirty meters, I reached a low wooden cottage. I unlocked the door and stayed at the door for Aneta to notice me. When you noticed me, he came in. Shortly after,

Aneta walked in the door. She looked around and conjured up a beautiful smile.

"Well, it's really nice here. So cozy. It was a good purchase. You can definitely relax here and maybe much more," Aneta said candidly.

I was standing in the middle of the room and Aneta came up to me. She hugged me around my neck again. She pinched her face to my right cheek. She was breathing heavily, but regularly and very Sensually. We stayed like this for a while and exchanged our thoughts with touches. I didn't even realize how and I kissed Aneta on the neck and I kept falling lower. She sming in my arms and there was a wave of excitement. I've been longing for this moment for a year now, even though I was so scared of her because she was expecting internal remorse and subsequent poor mental dissipatement. But I understood that what came up between us was stronger than everything I was afraid of. The affection of both of us is like a magnet. After a while, we sat on the couch and the passionate kisses continued. All the inhibitions were slowly disappearing and I threw myself at Ana's breasts. I stared at them for a while and massaged them poorly, and Aneta gave me deep kisses. She was sweet as a lollipop. I slowly went down to her breasts and started licking her erect nipple. She pinched my head hard towards me, and in doing so,

she made it clear that I would take as much of her part into my mouth as possible. So I pulled the maximum possible part of my nipple into my mouth, until Aneta snuiled and pinched me even more. I was excited by her lust and youth. After all, she's a lot younger than me, so she expected some experience and sensuality from me. She just assumed I could do it the way she portrays it in her most secret imaginations. Soon, it wasn't just Aneta who was in the early 2000s, but me. The excitement couldn't be hidden. I was determined to do whatever Aneta indicated to me. We were looking all over our bodies and showing where it excites us. Aneta took my right hand and slowly with her she was coming to her lap. She then squeezed her vagina with her. She gave me deep kisses again.

"Please, Noel, do this to me first with your tongue. I so long for it. Mine has never done this to me at home and will not do it to me."

I didn't hesitate and kissed her on the stomach and I kept coming down. I got to her thin black thongs. In it, Aneta spread her legs wide and I pulled a thin black comma of her knickers to the side to get to the vagina. All of a sudden I felt a smooth moisturize vagina asking for my own. I started licking it upwards with the tip of my tongue and then down again. Aneta sighed and was getting more and more wet. When I put my tongue deep in her vagina, she got out and

stopped checking. She sighed and moaned. My head was getting harder and harder to push to my vagina and I was pushing my tongue in as deep as possible. Occasionally I've seen her breasts shutting down as she sming from side to side. In the end, I felt it was coming. She started slashing with her and her vagina was expanding and moving again. She was approaching the top and sighing that it was echoing all over the cabin. Suddenly it matured and I got a dose of love juice right in my face from my vagina.

"Ayaya! God! Yes! Drink out of me! Oh, oh! Ahaas!" she moaned, shouting Aneta in an intoxication from orgasm.

It was slashing with her back and forth. I've been Excited so much that I didn't know what to do sooner. When Aneta came back together and stopped shaking under the rush of orgasm, I snu6ed closer to her and showed her my standing penis. She immediately grabbed him in the hand and began licking it. This time, I started to get into orgasm states. Aneta licked my penis and shoved it deep into her film-acting kiss. It was electrifying and I could feel the heat on her penis. It wasn't long before I found myself in seventh heaven. Doses of semen rolled on Ana's tongue. She worked professionally, and not a single drop came out for nothing. When I recovered, I lay down at Ana's on the couch. For a while, we stared at each other and

wandered together. I've been thinking about how it all unfolded after a year of meeting us. The funny thing was, I didn't feel any remorse. I knew Aneta wasn't a prospective partner for me because there's a pretty big age difference between us. But something brought us together and gave us the moment. It was a gift from space. It had to happen. We kept lying facing each other and looking at each other. I admired her sexy curves and stared at her all over her body. The sun's rays fell into the cabin through the window, multiplying the entire captivating atmosphere. At the same time, we were also pleasantly warmed up. We were great and we were both very much in love. After a while, we hugged each other and showed each other love. Then Aneta moved in and took the position over me. She moved her hips and I didn't even know how I broke into it. I had her breasts in front of me that waved according to the movement of her body. It was very irritating. Her deep sighs propelled me to the best performance I could give. I put my face between her beautiful breasts and i was at the pace she was setting. The whole act took maybe just two minutes to stop controlling myself and I felt a strong splash coming. I couldn't stop any more, and I mightily caught Anette around my waist. I was no longer able to run out of her vagina.

"Oh... my God... Ach, Anet!!! Áááá!!! Oh, my God!"

The whole seed cut ended up in Ante and she didn't resist it at all. It was a mark-up for the orgasm to take place in full quality. She didn't stop. Her big waved in front of my face, and I was in seventh heaven. The sexy one I've admired so much since day one, right now, she loves me at full power and without inhibitions. I longed for her love for so long, but only now has it come true. And with everything that goes with it. Aneta was left lying on top of me whispering in my ear how beautifully she had done and multiple times in a row. I was completely immersed in it all the way. I didn't plan to interrupt that right moment, which is why we stayed that way for a long time. We realized it was maybe the first and last time in our lives. We certainly didn't think about how each of us would handle it in that moment. Well, we knew that what was between by us, it will remain our secret. We're not going to waste the lives we've been building for so long. Aneta even fell asleep for a while. I got up and got dressed quietly. I sat down with her and stared at her long blonde hair. It's started to dine. Sunlight no longer penetrated through the window, but the cabin room dived into the shed. I had to wake Anta up so we could get back home in time so we wouldn't have the slightest suspicion at home. And so Aneta quickly got dressed and we cleaned the room. Then we walked out in front of the cabin and looked around. Far from it, there wasn't a single person. We had cars parked in the parking lot behind the hill. We got to the cars and

hugged for a while. We looked deep into our eyes and, with a short goodbye, we said what would happen next. I'm sure we'll write or call if we can. Aneta jumped into her Renault and quickly moved away. But I wasn't in such a hurry. I was going to go shopping at the mall. I got into my Honda and drove to town. I stopped outside Tesco Shopping Centre. I wasn't under that kind of stress anymore. There were constant repetitions in my head of words that Aneta was secretly whispering to me. I walked around the store trying to focus on the present. However, I couldn't do it after half an hour of walking between the books books. And so I came home. To my surprise, no one was home, so I prepared a tub of hot water. In the meantime, I received a text message on my mobile phone saying they were all visiting our family friends. So I had room for myself and I could straighten everything in my head. After the bath, I went to lie down in the living room on the couch and turned on my TV. There was nothing that caught my eye. There were scenes in front of my eyes again from my last meeting with my charming girlfriend Aneta. With a girl with a black hat in her hands that excited me so much. Thank you for sending it to me. Although it is a relationship of a special nature that cannot even be defined. We both understand each other and we know ours. We don't have to explain anything. The following month, in November, Aneta didn't hear from me at all. I took it he needed time to

arrange your thoughts. At the beginning of December, she only sent me esemeska.

"Hey, how are you? I'm pretty good. I'm already planning a tree for Christmas and I'm looking for gifts after the shops."

I was very pleased with the news because I knew straight away that her conscience was fine and her heart was in the right place. My life has flowed quite naturally over the last few weeks and nothing special has happened. I devoted myself to the work and responsibilities that resulted from my long-term relationship. The household operated at a full 100 per cent. In mid-December I decided to look at my new cottage. I was planning on cleaning up a little bit in it, and check that everything's okay there. When I walked in, I was immediately struck by a strange sense of nostalgia. I had a scene in front of my eyes that was going on in that room and on that couch. I sat down and moved around in time. I was back in the moments when Aneta and I made love and lay together on the couch in a warm embrace. After a while, I went back to the present time. I took a soaked cloth and wiped dust off the table and from the furniture. I rubbed all the blankets in front of the cabin. It was cold outside, but there was no snow, as has been the case in recent years. Gradually, I made order the way I planned it. I didn't even notice that a man

was walking down the hill in the meantime. I've been bitten into my thoughts and into cleaning up. Suddenly someone knocked on the door. I opened the door and, to my surprise, Aneta stood opposite me. It took my breath away. I didn't expect that at all. We looked at each other for a while and then she threw herself around my neck. I dragged her in the cabin so we wouldn't stand for the winter. At first, we were both wordless in a hug. Then Aneta whispered to me what I expected in the subconscious.

"Hello, darling. I couldn't take it anymore. I've been thinking about you the whole time. There's nothing I can do about it, even if I think I've forgotten. Please don't judge me strictly. I missed you so much!"

After these words, the same situation that took place in the cottage for the first time slowly began to recur...

Author:

I wrote this story based on real events. I only changed the place and name of the woman to Net. Maybe someone's story seems to be pulled by someone's hair. But we all know that these things happen in life. People are not perfect, and whatever resolutions they make, and even if they try to live by certain moral principles, sometimes they fail. Maybe it's better to let things run on their own as it is in this story. Perhaps just a departure from the normal rules, our disobedience is a purge of the soul. Nor will the age difference stop us if hearts flare up with truly pure love. We're made for a sense of love, we're here to make love. That is our most important task, given from the beginning of the world. Everything else is secondary. Love comes first. Without it, the human world would not exist. Infidelity, deception and betrayal make it hard to find an apology. But it is not for a man to judge, for the simple reason. Each of us is mistaken and made for love.

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Secret Love

When I first saw Aneta, I was enchanted by her beauty. I would never have believed that at some point

in my life I would meet someone like her. That such a woman would even notice me and that I would be interested in her. But it all started on the day she came to me a few years ago with a black hat in her hand and asked if I would contribute to the graduation ceremony. My secret love found me alone after 14 years, and I didn't resist her presence at all. Rather the other way around. I loved her too much to let her go and be able to forget her. But in our case, you can't forget the moment we spent together. It is very difficult to distinguish what is infidelity and what is pure love. Or are there circumstances in which an excuse for infidelity itself can be found?





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