



“Older women are beautiful lovers,” runs the lyric to a whiny ’80s C&W song, and for the longest time I didn’t want to believe it. Most males just aren’t tantalized by floppy wine-skin jugs, stretched-out chicken-rubber twats, parched-creek-bed crow’s feet, and thinning grey hair.

But lately, in the spirit of investigative journalism, I’ve been doing some hands-on research of the topic, and dagnabbit if the song isn’t true! It’s TWUE, it’s TWUE! Old babes got it goin’ on!

Most males are unaware that when it comes to the erotic arts, psychology is at least as important as physiology. Older women achieve their beautiful-lover status through the wonderful synergy of emotional hardness and sexual savvy. They’ve been through the drudgery of marriage and child-rearing; thus they suffer no delusions about pipe-dreams such as “love” and “everlasting commitment.” The “pipes” they dream about are of a much more literal nature. Holy Menopause, do they love to fuck.

With younger lasses, what you gain in perky boobs and taut skin tone is easily outweighed by minuses such as obsessiveness, babyish tantrums, high-pitched voices, that ANNOYING habit of snapping their bubble gum, and woeful inexperience in relationships...and in the sack.

Not only do young chix want babies and commitment and terrifying scenarios such as the Vaginal Exclusivity Clause known as marriage, they can’t smoke pole like the older ladies can. Can’t puff a peter with nearly the same finesse. Can’t gobble a bone with the desperate abandon of a shark in a feeding frenzy.

Although her body may be falling apart, at least the seasoned Woman of Age knows what to do with it. She knows what makes her feel good, and she knows what makes men feel good. Dicks have passed these hard-working Methuselitas like trains through Grand Central Station. And I’m not bothered by this. I’m not a jealous man. I’m confident of my skills in *les arts d’amour*. I’m actually turned-on by the idea that their vaginas have acted as airplane hangars for hundreds...or thousands...of penises before mine parked there. I’m not intimidated by the fact that enough cocks have been jammed in their mouths to stuff the Alaskan Pipeline. These are all good things.

Because the brutal fact, the one that younger women would like to keep secret, is that experience breeds skill. One of my mature partners manipulated my penis with her FEET while I was orally pleasuring her Venusian Mounds. And I don’t mean she just diddled the thing or tapped at it with her toes—she had my rod in a real fuckin’ MONKEY grip with her feet and was feverishly pumping the thing! Amazing! No younger chick on earth would even THINK of attempting such a stunt. Such feats of derring-do only come with hard, long, agonizing experience. A decades-long process of sexual trial-and-error stuffs an old bag’s Bag of Tricks with innumerable such erotic gems.

Looking for a mature lady friend? I usually meet mine in smoky karaoke bars. Their husky voices, their whisky breath, their yellow teeth (dentures?), their hard-luck stories, their pathos-laden attempts at shoveling makeup on their faces and whipping their hair into just-seen-a-ghost enameled perfection...these are all turn-ons for me. Buy ’em a couple drinks, hold them close on the dance floor during “Love Lift Us Up Where We Belong,” and in a few hours you’re in the bedroom of their spacious homes where they live alone with their cats and a truckload of bad memories, stroking their liver spots with your fingers and sharing tender moments.

And then, after you’ve plastered their sagging frames with cum a few times, comes the best part: They tell you to go home. They have business to conduct and doctor’s appointments to attend, and they have no time for cuddlin’ and cooin’. It’s what I’ve always sought in life: a woman who will kick *me* out of bed when it’s all over.