

the mature one

In his job as a male escort, *Mitch Larsson* had to learn to date women beyond his “type” - and his age.

If someone had told me that I'd end up having sex with somebody old enough to be my mother, I don't think I'd have believed them.

In my regular life, I have a “type”. I can see beauty in lots of women but I've always had a soft spot for women with long, thick hair and nice skin, and I'm a sucker for kind, beautiful eyes. When it comes to age, though, as an officially middle-aged guy, I find myself attracted to women close to my age or slightly older.

Analysing my thoughts about how much older a woman would have to be before I saw her as off-limits was never something I thought too much about. If I hooked up with someone on Tinder who turned out to be a few years older than me, I wouldn't blink an eye. But would I ever actively seek out and date a 70-year-old?

Well ... no.

So, when I got a text from a potential client whose first question to me was about whether or not I had a cut-off for age, I felt my heart miss a beat before I gulped and tentatively replied: *Of course not! May I ask how old you are?* I wasn't stunned as such but more intrigued by her reply. *I'm 72.*

I wasn't quite sure what response was appropriate so I just kept it honest.

I'm sure you are absolutely beautiful.

She told me that she was looking for a relationship with an escort she could trust, who was as close as possible to her own age but not completely over the hill in the bedroom. She explained to me that her husband had recently passed away and she desperately missed

the feeling of a man's presence in her bed and in her life. She dangled the carrot of interstate trips (she was in Perth), overnight bookings and, sometimes, shorter dates as she passed through Melbourne for business.

For an escort to have any sort of long-term success it's vital to build up a base of regular clients. With regulars, however, there was an emotional trade-off in lots of ways and the giving of a service could wind up feeling like it was giving so much more of your real self.

The benefits included the financial security of guaranteed bookings and less stress in general about who you were about to meet. Regular sex could be more rewarding both for me and the client, as familiarity brought its own unique knowledge of each other's pleasure points and sexual preferences.

Conversely, that familiarity could also breed the sort of dynamics more associated with married couples if things weren't kept sexy and interesting. But with a 72-year-old? What would that bring?

I thought about my business goals and how I planned to work for as long as possible, and wondered if that meant I would eventually be having sex with someone who was almost 80. But then I slowed myself down and realised I was jumping the gun and overthinking things, as usual.

She told me that she was a successful business owner and that she reluctantly now controlled a construction company her recently deceased husband had founded in the '80s. She said she'd seen herself in the supportive wife role for the past 40-odd years and that the situation she now found herself in had reawakened sexual urges she had no idea she still had.

I then asked her when she would like to meet me, to which she replied with a confidence I've come to associate with older women: “The sooner, the better. When can you fly over?”

It was new territory for me and after we'd settled on the logistics of our first booking, I felt a kind of panic rise up as I started to worry about the potential pitfalls. What if the huge age gap meant we had nothing in common to talk about? What if she reminded me of my mother?

For me, the attraction was never just about the physical, although I'd be a liar if I pretended it didn't make a difference. Conversation can be a powerful aphrodisiac and, from what we'd chatted about in the pre-booking phone call, I knew she wouldn't be the type to run out of stories.

We planned to meet for dinner before heading back to her house, where I would stay with her overnight. I flew in early and had a few hours to

kill, so I booked a room at a backpacker's hostel to give me somewhere to prepare while also saving me a few bucks. That was actually quite an unexpectedly fun afternoon, which culminated in me regaling a few of the travellers with stories about work over a few beers.

My anxiety levels had hit new heights, though – and even adhering to my rituals of waxing, gym work and a cheeky sniff of pretty average white powder I'd procured in the hostel did nothing to calm me down. I knew she would be a strong woman who wouldn't suffer fools gladly, so my conversation skills also needed to be at their best.

When we finally met, it was very reassuring to see she that took pride in her appearance and had an air of confidence about her – and that was all I needed to start getting interested.

I would never say such a thing of course, but she did look in her 70s. She was quite short, stood slightly stooped and had thinning, curly dark hair that fell just below her shoulders in a very age-appropriate way. The clothes she wore were classily understated, and a sneaky look at the labels during dinner revealed they were very expensive.

Our conversation eventually became easy and relaxed. I could tell that she was quite nervous to start with by the way she repeatedly filled in the gaps of our conversation with graphic stories about her husband's illness, only to then correct herself for doing so. I didn't mind at all, as it was clear that she was still coming to terms with what she was doing, what was about to

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A 72-year-old client "was new territory for me".

happen, and the fact that it wasn't with her husband of almost 50 years.

We eventually finished dinner and she called her driver to take us home. Once we arrived at her place, and after we'd taken off our shoes and coats and poured some drinks, I began to relax. She lived in a lovely area of town, in a modern but cozy little house suited to an older lady living alone.

After a couple of hours of talking and slow dancing, I could tell it was time for me to help her make the leap, so I suggested that perhaps we could go to her bedroom where I could start by giving her a head and shoulder massage. So as not to be awkward, I reached out and held her for a while before I gently kissed her. She was so nervous and felt so fragile, our lips barely touched.

We moved to the bedroom and lay on her bed together, both on our backs but with her head on my stomach, which allowed me to stroke her hair and massage her temples and shoulders. She was strictly a lights-off woman, which is never my preference, but with her I could understand. It had been 12 years since she'd made love due to her husband's health issues and several decades since she'd been with another man – and she was petrified.

Beneath my fingers I could feel the softness of her skin. It was fine, like thin cotton, but in a beautifully feminine way. As I gently massaged her I could feel her skin mould against my hand, then just as easily slip away from my grasp in a way that seemed delicate and precious.

I see beauty in all different shapes

and sizes and in my client's case, a lot of her beauty came from the strength and resilience she'd shown as a widow forced to inherit the responsibility of running a huge company in an industry dominated by men. There was a definite sense that this lady wouldn't put up with bullshit and I quickly made my mind up not to give her any. I believe that's why we hit it off straight away and why she eventually trusted me with her near-naked body.

When the time was right for her and we finally made love, it was very slow going as I was being very careful not to hurt her. Being in total darkness and almost silent made the experience feel slightly disjointed to me, but I suspect that's how she wanted it to be out of respect for her husband. Nevertheless, she had a certain level of confidence

and knowledge of her body that was alluring, and I followed her lead and focused on what her body responded to in order to satisfy her. It worked, but a part of me was already wondering how much I wanted it to work again.

At the end of our booking, she told me that she definitely wanted to see me again and when she asked about my willingness to travel interstate again, I found myself nodding and smiling and telling her that I was quite happy to. In those early days in the job, I found myself saying all sorts of things that surprised me and I often wondered, was I evolving as an escort? Or was I devolving into a guy who would do anything for money? •

Edited extract from *Time for Her* (Shawline Publishing) by Mitch Larsson, out now.