



Note from Klrxo:

Most people have heard the phrase “sexual peak.” It refers to a time in your life when you are most capable of wanting frequent sex that is high in quality. According to research, men and women have sexual peaks at different phases of life. Women reach their sexual peak in their late 30s, whereas men peak in their late teens. These facts set the stage for mother-son passion, since on average, most women have their first child at around 20. If this child is male, this means that the mother and son will be reaching their sexual peaks at the same time, living under the same roof. Let the naughty adventure begin.

Sexual peaking also includes your body being in the most perfect physical state for mind-blowing intercourse. According to research, a guy’s testicles in their late teens are producing the most sex-revving testosterone they ever will. His erections are rock-hard, and the refractory period is quick, allowing them to give a mother hours of body-trembling sex. In short, boys in their late teens can perform in ways men their fathers age are physically incapable of.

Mothers also are in prime physical condition for sex in their late 30s. Their breasts are full and their spreads are wide from passing children. Experience has also given them strong pelvic floors and well-pronounced rugae along their vaginal walls, giving their sons the type of pleasure they would never receive with girls their own age.

This sexual peaking is what makes mother-son passion so wonderfully exciting. They are two forces of nature coming together at that most quintessential time. The perfect storm. It is the driving force behind all my stories of the past and those to come. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I do writing them.

Be well.

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The Masquerade

By Klrxo

Jason had never been to a masquerade ball before, so he was pretty intrigued when he got the invite in the mail. It came in a fancy envelope with a old-fashioned wax seal. Even the invitation itself had a elegant look to it. The only thing he wasn't sure about was who sent it.

"So, who do YOU think sent it?" his pretty brunette mom asked, sitting across from him at the dinner table.

"I have no idea. I'm not even sure if I should go."

"You have to go," his mom urged him. "If anything, just to satisfy your curiosity. Besides, it at the old Bridgewater Mansion on the hill. I've heard that place is magnificent."

"Could the invitation be from an old girlfriend who wants you back maybe?" Jason's dad suggested.

"I doubt any of the girls I've dated would be going to a masquerade ball. A keg party, yes," Jason said, making his parents laugh.

"Well now I'm jealous," his mom Shelly said. "Masquerade balls have always intrigued me. There's such an element of mystery and romance surrounding them."

"We better change the subject before your mother starts geeking out on this," dad said.

"Oh, they sell the coolest masks on Etsy for these things. If you're serious about going, we should really order you one," Shelly said.

Jason's dad smiled over at him. "See what I mean?"

"Well, he's gotta have a mask," his wife said. "He can't just cut two holes in a sock and tie it around his head, he needs something elegant," she said, then her eyes got big. "And mysterious."

Jason was amused by how his mother seemed way more excited about it than he was. "I'll let you know if I decide to go," the teen said.

A few days went by without another word about the upcoming event. Jason got home from the gym to hear his mom greet him. "Jason, is that you?" Shelly called from the kitchen.

"Yeah, just me, mom."

She stepped from the kitchen with an envelope in her hand. "Something came for you today," she said handing it over to him.

"What's this?"

"Well, you'd have to open it to find that out, silly."

Jason tore open the envelope.

"Um, careful though... it could be fragile," Shelly said, making it obvious that she knew exactly what it was.

Jason pulled a beautifully ornate purple mask from the envelope. "Wow," he muttered, looking it over.

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's great, I just..."

"What? You DON'T like it?" Shelly asked, sounding disappointed.

"No, I do, mom, it's just that... well, to be honest, I decided I'm not going to that masquerade."

"Jason, you have to go. It'll be a cool experience. I mean, how many times in a person's life do they get invited to a masquerade ball?" Shelly told him.

"Yeah, but what if I don't know anyone there? It would just be awkward."

"Well, honey, first of all, that's kind of the mystique about going to something like this. Everyone's wearing masks, so they can remain anonymous and make new friends. Even so though, someone who knows you sent you this invite, so you know they'll be at least one person there that you know," his mom pointed out.

"And what if that one person is someone I can't stand?"

"Well, it's your decision, but I really think you should do it."

"Well, you bought me a cool mask, so now I'd feel guilty if I didn't go."

She looked up at him innocently, batting her eyelashes. "I know. You don't wanna hurt my feelings, do you?" she teased.

"I would never," Jason said.

The night of the ball finally came. Jason had gone back and forth on attending all week, but his curiosity finally got the better of him and he decided to check it out. Besides, before his mom left to meet his father for dinner, she'd placed a new blue dress-shirt she'd bought for him on his bed, along with a black tie and tan dress-pants. With all the work she'd gone to helping him prepare, and the fact that attending a masquerade was always something SHE wanted to do, he'd feel horribly guilty if he didn't at least give it a chance.

The Bridgewater Mansion sat on a hill overlooking town. Jason had passed it a million times going back and forth to school, but never thought he'd be invited to an event there. When he

pulled up, a valet in a fancy black mask and tux took his keys.

"Thank you, sir. Enjoy the ball," the valet said.

"Thanks," Jason said, slipping on his purple mask and making his way inside.

The Mansion had a lot of old-world architecture, making it the perfect place for such an event. The main hall was full of decorations that really set the mood. Big elegant-looking lighted balls swooped from the ornate ceiling, and string quartet stood in the corner of the room, playing what sounded like a classical mozart piece.

Small groups of masked attendees were scattered about, talking and laughing. Jason was already feeling out of place.

"Champagne, sir?" a masked waiter asked as he approached with a platter full of half-full glasses.

"Oh, well, um... I'm really not old enough to..."

"Relax and have some champagne," the waiter said with a smile, handing Jason a glass.

"Thank you."

Jason had a sip, then surveyed the room, wondering if the person who'd sent him the invitation was there, and who the hell it was.

"You look lost," a pretty voice said from behind him.

The boy turned to see a beautiful woman in a purple dress, the same color of his mask. The first thing his eyes took in, of course, was her remarkable cleavage. She had long silky brown hair and her stunning green eyes peeked from her own feathered mask, into the boy's. "Are you lost?" she asked sweetly.

"No, I um... No, not really," he answered.

She giggled at the clumsiness of his words and the fact that he seemed so nervous. "I LOVE your mask," she said softly.

"Thanks, yours is beautiful also," Jason said, realizing that her mask was the same color as his shirt. It was almost as if they'd come as a couple, with their outfits complimenting each other's.

"Just the mask?" the woman asked with a flirty smile. "Is that all that's beautiful?"

"No, all of you actually. You're um, VERY beautiful," he confessed, quickly letting his eyes travel up and down her voluptuous body. Strangely, she seemed vaguely familiar, and he could tell she was older than him, but he wasn't sure by how much.

"Thank you... um...?"

"Jason," the boy muttered.

"Thank you, Jason," the mysterious woman said, then glanced over at the quartet as they started a new song. "Would you like to dance with me?"

"Sure," the boy said, knowing he'd be crazy to pass up a dance with such a beautiful woman.

They set their drinks down and joined several other couples on the dance floor. The mystery woman threw her arms over his shoulders, pressing her large breasts against his chest as they slow-danced.

"Magical, isn't it, Jason?" the woman asked, referring to their decadent surroundings.

"Yes, very."

"Did you know that masquerade balls date back to Venice, Italy, in the 15th century?"

"Really?" Jason asked.

"Yes, at the beginning of the Renaissance movement. That was a time where art, beauty and imagination reigned," the woman said, gazing into his eyes.

"Have you been to one of these before?" Jason asked.

"No, but I've always wanted to. Masquerades have historically offered a place for certain people to mingle in ways that their strict societal etiquette forbid them to," the woman explained.

"Oh, how so?"

"By creating an air of mystery and secrecy. We can anonymously act out our darkest desires, without the fear of judgement or consequence," she said, gazing at him longingly.

"So, are you saying that this was the motivation of the person who invited me here?" the boy asked. "To act out anonymously?"

The mystery woman's lips curled into a smile. "Yes, most likely this person wanted to be able to have their way with you, without doing it in the traditional way, where you both acknowledge who the other is."

Now Jason's brain was really spinning. Did the invitation come from someone who wanted to be with him, or maybe even just have sex with him, without him knowing who they were.

His eyes slowly drifted out among the scattered crowd, searching for anyone who might be watching him, but everyone seemed occupied with the one they were with. What he did find odd though was that all the guys at the ball seemed his age, although he didn't recognize them with their masks on. Also, the women flirting with the male attendees seemed the same age as the one he was dancing with.

"Tell me something, Jason," the mystery woman said, drawing his eyes back to hers. "Tell me about YOUR darkest desire."

"I um... don't have one really," he lied.

"Sure you do. Everyone has a forbidden desire. You've probably always been too embarrassed to share it with anyone, for fear of judgement. However, I'm just a woman in a mask, that you'll probably never see again after tonight, so there's no risk in telling me."

Jason looked into her beautiful eyes, still hesitant. "What's yours?" he asked.

"You haven't told me yours yet," she said with a playful smile.

"You go first."

"Very well then," she smiled, looking straight into his eyes. "I wanna fuck my son," she said candidly.

Jason was a little shocked, unsure of how to respond. "You... have a son?" he muttered.

"I do, and I know he wants to fuck me too. Most boys want to fuck their moms, they've just never got over the initial fear of doing it," the woman explained.

Jason's phone suddenly started ringing in his pocket. "Oh, it's my dad," he said, recognizing the ringtone.

"Oh, your dad, huh?" the woman asked, breaking their embrace.

"Yeah, I should probably answer it."

"I'll grab another drink," she said in a sultry tone. "Come find me when you're done."

"I will," Jason said, watching her sashay away. The woman's thick swaying buttocks was set atop smooth luscious legs that Jason found it impossible not to stare at. Her dainty heels clicked teasingly against the hard floor.

He finally lifted his phone to his ear. "Hey, dad, what's up?" he asked.

"Hey kid, have you seen your mother?"

"No, I thought she was with you. She said she was meeting you for dinner," Jason said.

"Meeting me for dinner? Well, that's news to me. I'm still stuck at work and tried to call her, but she's not answering. Where did she say we were supposedly going to dinner?"

"She didn't really. She was gone when I left. I'm up here at that masquerade thing," Jason said.

"Oh, you decided to go? Cool. I didn't realize that was tonight. How is it?"

"Interesting," Jason said, looking over at the mystery woman, as she stood talking to two other women, while sipping from champagne and peeking over at him longingly.

"Did you find out who it was that invited you?" his dad asked.

"I think I know who the person is, but I don't know WHO they are. Does that make any sense?"

"Oh, yeah, of course... the masks, the anonymity, the mystery... it's all part of the experience, right?" his dad said.

"I suppose so, yes."

"Well, whoever it is must have a real thing for you, kid."

Jason watched the mystery woman stare back at him with lust-filled eyes. Her pink tongue

peeked from her mouth and slid teasingly between her lips. Her huge tits were stretching the fabric of her dress, her cleavage bulging obscenely as her jugs heaved heavily on her chest.

"You still there?" Jason's father asked.

"Yeah, I'm here, dad, sorry."

"Well, if you hear from your mother give me a shout."

"Will do."

"Be safe tonight. I hear those masquerade parties can get pretty wild," his father warned.

"Wild?"

"Yeah, well, I heard the party always moves into some secret back room, if you know what I mean."

"Thanks, dad," Jason said, then hung up.

Jason stepped over to a table and got himself a drink. The mystery woman moved over and joined him. "Your father checking up on you?" she asked.

"He's stuck at work; was just trying to get ahold of my mom."

"We moms can be so elusive sometimes," the woman giggled.

"She's probably just at the store or something."

"Or something," the mystery woman said with a grin, stepping forward and putting an arm around Jason, pressing her tits against him. "There's one thing I'm SURE your mom is though."

"What's that?"

She reached down and placed her hand around the hard cock-bulge running down Jason's leg, while gazing at him hungrily. "Horny for her handsome, big-dicked son," she whispered.

"You think so?"

"I know so," she whispered, then winked at him.

"Know so? That would be impossible unless..."

Jason's stomach suddenly sunk as the light-switch went on inside his head. There was a reason this woman seemed vaguely familiar. There was a reason their outfits matched, and there was a reason his dad was calling looking for his wife.

"Mom?" he whispered.

She fed him a big smile as the quartet started a new song. "Another dance?" she asked, pulling him towards the dance area.

For the next several minutes, no words were spoken, as Jason held who he knew was his mother, and rocked together with her in an intimate dance. His mom gazed at him the whole

time, searching his wondrous eyes, while keeping her large breasts firmly mashed against him.

"You two look like you need a room," another woman's voice said, as she danced with someone Jason's age nearby.

"So do you," his mom answered.

Jason would never have guessed who the lady was, but since he knew it was his mom he was dancing with, it had to be her best friend, Gwen. That meant that the guy she was dancing with was his friend Troy. "Hey, man," Troy said, smiling over at him.

"Hey," Jason answered, still in shock that these were all people he knew.

"You two know each other?" Shelly asked, even though she knew damn well they did.

"Yeah, we're friends, and both on the soccer team together," Troy answered.

"Ohh," Shelly sighed, then ran her hands on her son's chest. "Jock studs."

"Yes," her friend Gwen said, "and they probably have huge dicks and know how to fuck a girl's brains out."

Shelly looked into her boy's eyes. "Is that true, Jason? Do you know how to fuck the shit out of a girl?" she asked seductively.

Jason's heart skipped a beat. Never in wildest dreams did he think he'd hear his mom talk this filthy. As surreal as it was, he fucking loved it. "I do okay in bed," he admitted.

"Oh, a humble one," Gwen said, then looked at her friend. "I heard those are the ones that'll make your fucking toes curl."

Throughout the hall, more and more guys were coming to realize that the ones who were flirting with them. The ones who had anonymously sent them invitations were their own mothers.

Suddenly from somewhere down an adjoining hallway, the sound of a medieval-sounding horn went off three times, as if announcing something. One by one, the masked moms began to lead their sons out of the ballroom, and into the hallway.

"What were you saying about needing a room?" Shelly asked her friend.

"Sounds like one just became available," Gwen said, leading her son away.

"You never told me YOUR darkest desire, Jason," Shelly said, looking intently at him as they now stood there alone.

He shrugged his shoulders, a tad embarrassed to make a confession. "I suppose I've though I've thought about nailing my mom a few times," he said.

"Only a few times?"

"Only a few times THIS WEEK," Jason said with a smile, making Shelly giggle.

"I'm sure she would be shocked to hear that. It's so wicked and taboo for a boy to wanna fuck

his own mother," Shelly said in an exaggerated tone.

"And equally wicked for a mother to wanna fuck her own son," Jason added, then the two of them stood there a moment, gazing wickedly into each other's eyes.

"Let's go join the others," Shelly said, taking her son and leading him away.

By the time they arrived in the room down the hallway, all the other women were bent over getting fucked from behind.

"Oh my... doesn't this look like fun," Shelly said, leading Jason over to the cluster of humping couples.

The beautiful mother pulled up her dress, shed her dainty panties, then pointed her lovely ass back at Jason. "Shall we?" she asked, gazing lustfully back at him.

Just as the other boys had, Jason took off his pants and briefs, releasing his monster erection. He stepped up behind Shelly and mounted her haunches.

"Ohh God, yess!" the mother cried out as she felt the boy's huge cock stretch her hymen and plunge inside her.

Jason began pumping his hips, driving his prick deeper and deeper inside the smothering grip of Shelly's pussy.

"Oh shit!" the boy muttered, feeling her exquisite cuntal flesh chew at his cock, while soaking it in secreting fuck-oil.

The big cozy room was gradually filled with the sounds of flesh beating against flesh as the boy's hammered away at the mothers dripping pussies.

Jason gazed down at his own mom's bare buttocks as she threw it back against him. The fatty layer of flesh made Shelly's ass-globes ripple each time they smacked again Jason's humping crotch.

He looked over at his friend Troy, who had Gwen panting and whimpering like crazy as he fucked her with hard deep thrusts. Troy looked over with a big smile and gave Jason a quick thumbs up.

Over the next half hour, the room became a sea of naked, writhing flesh, as everyone's clothes were completely shed and they engaged heatedly in various forms of sexual intercourse.

Jason was now sitting on a sofa, with Shelly on top of him, fucking vigorously. Even though their clothes were off, their masks were still on, so their identities "technically" remained anonymous.

"Yess... fuck meee!" the beautiful mother cried out, her huge melonous tits leaping up and down as she rode Jason's cock.

She ground her pelvis against his, swiveling her wide hips and plowing his cock against her back wall, which initiated a very strong, and very vocal orgasm.

Watching this beautiful masked woman tremble in pleasure, while having his cock exquisitely

squeezed and spewed on was too much for the boy. With a deep guttural grunt, he began hosing out fat cords of hot jism inside her.

For several minutes, their sweat-sheened bodies humped and trembled passionately, as if the orgasm they were each having was but one mind-blowing release that they were passing back and forth between their grinding genitals.

The next morning at breakfast Jason's dad looked across the table curiously. "Well, how'd the masquerade go last night?" he asked.

It was all the boy could do to keep from looking at his mom as she sat there eating. "It was great. Better than I expected," Jason said.

"Did you find out who invited you?"

"Yeah, I found her."

"So, who was it?"

"Well, I still don't know her identity, Dad. Like you told me on the phone, that's kind of the point behind a masquerade ball. You wear masks so you can stay anonymous," Jason said.

"Well, she obviously knew who YOU were, otherwise she couldn't have invited you."

"That's true. Hopefully she wasn't disappointed, and had as good a time as I did," Jason said.

Shelly peeked up at her boy, gazing into his eyes adoringly. "I'm sure your "mystery date" had the time of her life," she said, then stood up, making her big boobies jostle beneath her robe. "Now, who wants more pancakes?"

THE END