

PLANS CHANGE CH. 01

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A love story between a son and mother.

Incest/Taboo

4.58

5.6k words

If you're looking for a fast past sex story with wicked incest between a mother and son, this isn't it. This story was a request made by a fellow reader that I accepted to write. It's a love story with some tragedy that slowly develops over time.

I would like to thank 'younghrted2' for taking the time to review and edit my story.

All characters are fictional and 18 years or older.

I once heard, "If you want to make God laugh, just tell him your plans," and found out how true that was.

You see, my name is Chris, and this is my tale of how that happened to me.

It all began back when I was naive and young. Right out of high school at the ripe old age of eighteen, I married my high school sweetheart, Jessica.

We were on top of the world, and Jessica was the love of my life. She was the woman who melted my heart, and I had the rest of my life to enjoy how happy she made me.

Jess and I worked out a way to finish our education. I worked full-time for a construction company that supported us, while she attended the local college. After she got her degree and a good job the plan was that I would go back and get mine.

We'd been married two years when we had our first significant change. Jess told me she was pregnant and nine months later gave birth to a wonderful baby girl we named Jennie, after Jessica's grandmother.

Jennie resembled her mother, with just a touch of me. I was pleased about that, since I never consider myself to be handsome even though Jess claimed I was.

So with the birth of our daughter came new life challenges. Jess took some time off school and raised our daughter until she could be left with my mother, Lauren, or the daycare, which was expensive but necessary. I had to take on another part-time job in the evening just to make ends meet.

Things started to look up for us. Jess was just four months away from finishing her classes, and this heavy burden would soon be merely a memory. At least, so I thought.

I'll never forget that horrible day. I got a call at work from the police telling me Jess was in a car accident and had been rushed to the hospital. I raced to be by her side, but was greeted by a doctor who gave me the news. My wife was gone...

I fell to my knees in horror as the thought of her not being by my side left me numb. Words could not express the emptiness and pain I felt.

My parents and Jess's tried to ease my grief, but it was clear I was lost in self-sorrow. I struggled through the funeral and dealt with all the impossible details that came with it.

Jess's parents had an insurance policy on her, and they helped with the funeral expenses. They even offered to give me what money was left to help with raising Jen. However, while I was so lost and confused, I didn't want to talk about it.

Six months later, I still struggled with not continuing, and I fell into a dark place that I didn't want to leave. If I didn't have Jennie, I'm sure I would have ended my misery at my own hand.

Mom did her best to help me out, but she was going through her own hell at the time. You see, my father had been diagnosed with cancer which, after several treatments, went into submission.

You would think that would have made him appreciate his family more. But in reality, it did the opposite. He spent more time away from home. And on numerous occasions, Mom caught him cheating with younger women. I'm not sure why she stayed with him after that, but she did.

Mom wound up spending more time over at my small apartment watching my daughter than she did at her house. I offered on several occasions to drop Jen off at her place, but she liked the idea of getting out of her empty home.

Mom tried her best to shake me out of my slump, and would pester me into going out on dates. The problem was I didn't feel up to it. The thought of finding a woman to replace my Jess didn't interest me. In my mind, there wasn't a woman in the world that could fill her shoes.

However, to please Mom, I did make an effort, and of course, they all ended horribly.

Finally, after months of Mom pushing me to enjoy life again, I stood my ground and challenged her.

"Mom, you're so worried about my happiness, what about yours? Why don't you go out and enjoy life, yourself?" I demanded.

I think I shocked her with that comment, because she fired back with how she was too old to enjoy life.

My mother is only twenty years my senior, which I wouldn't consider old by any means. I knew I wanted to help her out for all she's done for me, and decided to get her involved whether she wanted to or not.

"Mom, if you want me to go out and enjoy myself, then you have to, too! If you'd like, we can see a movie or hit a club for a short time this Friday. I'll find a sitter for the night."

Mom thought about it and finally caved. We settled on seeing a movie, and that was the start of my life taking another turn.

I picked Mom up at her house, and as she stepped out, I had to wonder when the last time was that she went anywhere. She looked great, but was overdressed for just a movie. Mom wore a long dark-blue dress that nicely swayed as she walked. I also noticed how her face and hair were done, and I commented on her appearance.

"Mom, you *do* know it's just a movie,... right?"

Mom smiled and replied. "I can't go looking like an old hag."

Her response got my temper going. I couldn't stand hearing her put herself down.

"Mom... Stop calling yourself that! I don't know who put that notion in your head, but believe me, you're far from being a hag. In fact, you're downright gorgeous!"

Mom blushed as I helped her inside the car, and we drove to the theater.

I can honestly say I enjoyed myself that night. Mom's presence next to me seemed to soothe my soul, and I felt almost like my old self again as we watched the flick. The pain I had felt was put aside, and I actually found myself wanting to do other things. As the night ended and I dropped Mom off at home, I admitted how much I enjoyed her company. She kissed my cheek and told me the same before she walked back to her front door.

The following weekend rolled around, and we decided to do it again. I was happy to see Mom dressed more casually this time, but she still couldn't help asking if what she had on was okay.

"Mom... You look great," I commented. I know most men would just say that to rush their woman out of the house, but the fact was, she did.

Mom wore a pair of blue jeans and a nice light-blue sweater top. Her hair and face, of course, were again done to the max. And I couldn't help but notice how the makeup had accented her blue eyes. I'm sure they were always that blue, but tonight they stood out more.

Again, we had a wonderful time at the movies. The show was a comedy/love story with a fantastic ending, and I found myself wishing it wasn't over. I enjoyed our time out so much, I suggested we should stop by a club and have one glass of wine before calling it a night.

I think Mom felt the same, as she happily agreed with my idea. We drove to a club that wasn't far from her house.

The club had a dark atmosphere and was set up nicely, with many booths surrounding the dance floor. The other great thing was that they didn't blast the sound system, so you could have a conversation while still enjoying the music.

Mom and I had our glass of wine and talked about everything and nothing. Time seemed to fly as our conversation went on. As an upbeat song played, I noticed Mom's foot begin to tap to the beat, and I asked if she'd like to dance.

At first, she shied away from my request, but our one glass of wine turned into two, and then three. By the fourth glass, she finally accepted my offer, and we hit the dance floor.

I never knew my mother was such a great dancer, and we tore up the floor for the rest of the night. We stayed until closing, and I called a cab since I was sure it wouldn't be safe driving in our condition.

As the cab pulled up to Mom's house, she gave me a kiss goodnight. I was surprised at first, when instead of on my cheek Mom placed her mouth on my lips, and a sudden rush of pleasure raced through my body. I swear it touched my soul! A part of me that I had forgotten about had just been awakened like a sleeping dragon.

Mom's kiss lasted only a fraction of a second, but it felt as if her lips were still touching mine as she walked away.

I thought about that kiss while the taxi driver drove me home, and once more, after I paid the sitter for watching Jen for the night.

There was something magical in that kiss that made me feel like a person once again. No, not a person; it made me feel like a *man*.

My mind was spinning as I plopped my tired body on my bed. I just lay there and reminisced over the entire night. However, the more I thought over our fantastic night, the longer I pictured Mom and how she danced flawlessly.

I'm not sure if it was the booze or not, but my psyche began to produce more intimate images of Mom, as her body moved to the music.

Then my attention drew to how her breasts bounced to the beat, and how her hips swayed to the tempo. My eyes in my mind slowly scrolled up from her chest until I was staring at her wonderful smile, as her shiny, long blonde hair flowed across her face and shoulders. I couldn't believe it, but I felt my penis twitch and increase in size!

I couldn't understand how I was getting hard picturing my mother, and I knew I should have been shocked by this unthinkable body response. Nevertheless, for some strange reason, it didn't feel perverted at all. As a matter of fact, it felt wonderful.

I fell asleep with those sultry images and awoke late the next morning feeling like a new man. My depression had all but disappeared, and for the first time, I didn't awake thinking back over what I had with Jess, but instead wondered what Mom was doing. I found myself wanting to see her again. I couldn't help but hop out of bed and give her a call.

Mom had just woken up, herself, and even though she said she had a great time, her voice told me another story. She couldn't fool me, and finally admitted that Dad never came home last night. She'd fallen asleep on the couch waiting for him to arrive.

I could feel the anger growing inside me. Again, Dad took advantage of Mom's loving and forgiving personality. I didn't care at that point if the old fucker came home! In my mind, the best thing would be for him to leave and never come back.

I tried to cheer Mom up, but it seemed hopeless, until I thought of something she couldn't turn down.

"Mom, it's a beautiful day outside. Why don't you spend it with Jen and me at the park? I know she'd love to spend the day with you."

I could hear Mom's breath over the phone as she paused for a couple of seconds before asking me a strange question.

"And what about you? Do *you* want me to come?"

I felt compelled to tell her my new-found feelings, but instead, I held back.

"Mom, there isn't another woman I would want to spend all my time with. Well, except for my daughter, of course," I chuckled.

I could tell that lightened her mood, and she agreed to do it.

I was happier than a pig in shit. But as I rushed to get my daughter and me ready, I vaguely remembered I'd left my car at the club, and once again had to call a taxi to retrieve my automobile before picking Mom up.

I found myself anxiously waiting to see what clothes Mom chose to wear to the park. I wasn't disappointed in her choice. Mom walked out wearing a pair of white shorts that hugged tight to her slim waist, with a pair of open sandals covering her feet. Her top was a light pink, buttoned short-sleeve shirt, and again, I caught myself watching Mom's hips sway while she walked.

I opened the door for her, and she slid inside. As Mom sat, my eyes caught a glance down her shirt that revealed the white lacey bra that covered her soft bosom. I quickly commented how nice she looked, as I closed the door and went over to the driver's side.

We went to the park located just outside of town, since it's close and had some kiddy rides that Jennie could enjoy. However, when it came time to ride on them, I insisted Mom should go with Jennie instead of me. I thoroughly liked seeing them both together and having fun.

Just like the night before, the day flew by. As we made our way back to the vehicle I put my arm around Mom as she pushed Jen's stroller, and overheard a couple as they passed by say how happy we looked together.

I wasn't sure if Mom overheard them, and quickly I blurted out, "So, Mom, did you have a good time?"

"Yes... Yes, I did. I can't remember the last time I've had so much fun as I've experienced over the last week with you."

Mom's words touched my heart, and I pulled her closer with the arm that dangled over her shoulder. I felt compelled to stop and embrace her body. I wanted to feel that magical kiss once again, but I didn't.

We engaged in more small talk as I drove Mom home and found myself interested in all she said. Mom began to tell me stuff she never mentioned before. She was opening herself up and telling me her hopes and dreams. It was stuff a mother and son wouldn't discuss openly, and I found myself remembering when Jess and I had these conversations.

Mom suddenly stopped her talking as I pulled up the driveway. I saw why. Dad was washing a bright-red corvette. I read Mom's face as her show of happiness quickly faded.

"Christ, what did he do now?" I heard Mom say, as she stepped out of the car without even saying good-bye.

Jennie was sleeping in the back, and I felt I should leave before Mom confronted Dad over his new toy. I was sure it wouldn't be a pretty sight.

What a selfish ass. I thought as I looked in the review mirror and saw my father yelling with his hands while Mom stood with her hands on her hips.

I made it home and gently carried my daughter inside. She was sleeping soundly as I laid her tiny body inside her crib. I stood over her and watched her as a tear tracked down my face.

I found myself thinking over how she would never get to know how wonderful her mother was.

I then thought of how much Mom had been filling those shoes, and wished she was standing next to me.

The phone rang and snapped me out of my trance as I quickly answered it before it could wake Jennie.

It was Mom calling to say how sorry she was for rushing out without saying good-bye. She told me everything that happened as I drove away.

Mom explained how Dad went off the deep end. Not only did he buy a new car, but he planned on renting an apartment in the city!

"Can you believe he thinks I should be okay with the idea?" Mom said as her voice cracked.

"Mom... Please calm down. I... I don't know what to say except that he's treating you like a piece of crap! I hate to say this, but you deserve someone who appreciates all you have to offer."

"Thank you, honey, but it's too late for me. This is the hand I was dealt, and I have to play it."

"That's such bullshit!" I said. "You're too much of a fantastic woman to have to settle for this. Toss Dad out and move on! The only person that thinks it's too late is you."

"Thanks, honey. At least, I have you to cry to."

"I'll always be there for you, Mom. Now pick yourself up and move on."

"I'll have another talk with your father when he gets back."

"Back!!!" Is he gone again? Jesus, Mom!" I said, but too loudly, and I heard Jennie begin to cry. So did Mom, and I was forced to hurry off the line. However, before I hung up the phone, I told her how she had to start thinking about her own happiness.

It took me an hour of rocking to get Jen back to sleep. I'd almost dozed off myself when I heard a tap on my door.

I was shocked to see it was Mom and waved her in, while I whispered, "What are you doing here?"

Mom entered my little apartment, and we made our way into the other room before she explained how she didn't want to be alone. What I told her had finally sunk in, and she didn't want to think about it anymore. She needed to be around people that made her happy.

"Mom, you can stay as long as you like," I said, as I went to Jen's room to check on her once again.

Mom followed, and we both stood looking over my daughter as she slept.

Mom whispered how content she looked, and wished *she* could feel that secure.

I needed to snap Mom out of this mood. I know the dark place she was heading towards, far too well. And I couldn't let her go there, not after she pulled me out of my own depths of despair. It was my turn to save her.

I waved Mom out of the room and closed the door behind us, before I motioned Mom over to my tiny sofa couch.

"Mom, we had such a fantastic time, last night and today. I can't let Dad steal that away from us. I think instead of just sitting around here moping, we should go do it, again."

"Do what again? Do you mean the club? No... I couldn't; not dressed like this."

Mom hadn't changed since the park, and I knew she was correct. Her light top and shorts wouldn't be that warm once the sun had finally set.

However, I remembered something. I couldn't bring myself to get rid of Jess's clothes, and had them nicely folded in boxes I placed in my closet.

"Mom, you can wear something of Jess's." I hesitantly said.

Mom looked surprised by my offer, and made another comment that put herself down.

"Thank you, Chris, but I'm sure I would never fit into Jessica's clothes. I'm nowhere near her size!"

This again wasn't true, and I surveyed her slender, firm body before I told her to at least try something on, before assuming that.

Mom and I both lightly bickered over her trying on Jess's apparel, before she finally caved and went into my closet.

I sat on the couch for about a half-hour before my bedroom door opened, and Mom came out.

My jaw dropped as Mom gracefully swooshed back into the living room. I couldn't believe how hot she looked, as she posed before me wearing Jess's little black sequenced dress.

The dress went high on her upper thigh, and had a deep plunge in the front that dipped between her bosoms. Mom spun around and asked what I thought, as I admired how the open back of the dress went to her lower back and exposed more of her soft flesh to me. It was quite obvious Mom had to be topless under the tiny material that taunted me, and my eyes focused on her plump breasts when she finished her spin.

"Earth to Chris," I heard as Mom's face blushed, and I noticed where she was looking.

Her sexy appearance so entranced me I didn't realize my trousers bulged, and it became quite visible.

It was my turn to be red-faced as I quickly apologized.

"It's okay, Chris. It's natural for a guy to, umm... have that happen. So, what do you think; too much?" Mom asked, as she pulled her arms out to her sides and slowly twirled again.

"Are you kidding me?!" I barely was able to say, as my eyes drank in her beauty once again.

Mom's finishing touch was a pair of black high heels, with long black straps that crisscrossed up her leg and stopped short just below the knee.

"Mom, you look extravagant," I said, as I did my best to conceal my unelected growth.

I excused myself and headed into my bedroom to change into something that would complement Mom's attire.

I felt giddy as I got ready and couldn't wait to show off the gorgeous woman that would be by my side.

I called the babysitter again, and expressed it might be another late-night. I was happy she didn't have a problem with that.

However, Mom made the suggestion we should also take a taxi, just in case we get carried away, again.

We went to the same club as the night before and even sat at the same table. The place wasn't that crowded since it was still early, and I began to notice how the other guys there kept glancing over at us. I was sure it wasn't me but Mom that drew their attention, and I felt like a million dollars knowing they wished they were me!

We started the night off with a glass of wine, and again we engaged in conversation, and I became engrossed with Mom's fantasy as she told me how she wanted to sail around the world and visit far exotic places.

The wine flowed around the table, and we both became very relaxed. Finally, we again took to the dance floor and let ourselves go.

The way Mom danced and moved in that little devil dress was affecting me deeply, and my new-found passion for her was building into a sexual want. I once again found it hard to control my penis from showing my unacceptable desire.

I thought I had a reprieve when the music changed from a fast-paced beat to a slow, soft love song, and I turned to make my way to our table. But Mom grabbed my hand before I could make my escape, and pulled me towards her.

"Don't leave, I love this song!" Mom said, as she pulled me close to her. I moved my hands to Mom's waist as we slowly swayed to the music.

Mom's hands were lightly around my neck as she placed her cheek against my chest. My heart pounded there as her closeness filled my senses. I could smell Mom's perfume and her soft bosom pressing against my chest as she hummed the song.

Mom's body moved closer to me, and I felt the stiff dick, that I tried so hard to keep concealed, press against her body.

However, Mom paused for a second, and I knew my secret was out. But, instead of pulling away, Mom pushed closer as our bodies rocked back and forth to the music. My breath grew more profound, and my hands gripped Mom's hips. I was lost in the moment when Mom lifted her head and lightly spoke.

"I wish we could stay like this," she said, and I felt her pull on my neck, drawing our faces closer to each other until our lips pressed passionately together.

I felt that magical spark once again shoot through my body, as our kiss lingered without ending! Mom's hand pulled my head even tighter to hers as our tongues danced together. My hands

clutched her waist tight, and drew her to my body until my hard pole snuggled against her precious mound and drew a light moan from Mom.

"Hey, you two," A voice said, and broke our momentary escape from reality. "Song's over. Get a room!"

Mom and I looked at ourselves, and Mom chuckled. "Maybe we should sit for a while."

We ventured back to our table holding hands, and I held Mom's chair as she sat. We sat and held hands while we gazed at each other, and didn't speak a word until I finally got the nerve to break our silence.

"What are we doing, Mom?" I asked.

"I... I don't know, Chris. But it feels so *right*," Mom said, as she squeezed my hand in hers.

I didn't want this to end and selfishly wanted more. I needed to feel her soft body touching mine, and boldly asked if she wanted to go back to my apartment.

Mom didn't say a word as we gazed deep into each other's eyes, until I felt her pull her hand away from mine and she said, "I think we had enough for tonight. Maybe I should go home."

I felt my heart sink, but agreed to take her back to her house.

I was going to call a taxi, but Mom wanted to walk the short distance, instead. So walk we did. As we made our way slowly to her house, I put my arm over her shoulder while she wrapped hers around my waist.

We walked in silence the entire way as our hips connected with every other step.

Once inside Mom's home, I began to call for a ride, and Mom suggested I wait. At first, I wasn't sure why, but Mom suggested she would change and give me back Jess's clothes.

"Mom... That's okay. There's nobody I would rather see wearing that than you."

Mom moved close to me and moaned, "Oh... Chris..."

And once again, we stood and embraced passionately and kissed.

Our breaths raced as our mouths pressed tight together. I could feel my deep sexual desire building beyond my self-control until Mom put me over the edge.

Mom's hand reached down and grasped my stiff steel rod, and I couldn't help but gasp as waves of pleasure exploded out of me! My entire body quaked as I gripped Mom's waist.

"Oh... God..." I expressed, as Mom's hand rubbed up and down on my hardness. I quickly pressed my lips back against hers, and we wickedly kissed while my manhood came to life like never before!

I couldn't stop my body from pushing against Mom's hand as she brought me to the point of no return. My hands reached around her waist and slid down until I was kneading her firm ass in my palms.

Mom's breath raced, as her right hand toyed with my trousers, and I felt my zipper being tugged down. Her fingers worked inside my pants until my throbbing cock was pulled out and stroked

feverishly.

"Oh... God, Mom, Is this real? Is this really happening?" I asked as my body tingled with excitement.

Mom leaned into my ear and whispered, "I hope so," and then slid down my body until I felt her moist lips touch the tip of my manhood!

I couldn't control myself any longer, and as I grunted in crazed desire, my hands grasped Mom's head while I felt her take me down her silky throat.

"Oh... Ohhh... Ohhhh," came huffing out from me as I exploded inside Mom's mouth!

Mom sucked and slurped as my seed pumped and pumped. I could feel my legs buckle as waves of pleasure hit me, repeatedly.

In my weakened state, I braced myself on Mom's shoulders as she stood back on her feet. Once again we kissed, and I could taste my own self as our tongues played together, while my hands strolled over Mom's body until they found her beautiful breasts and I squeezed them in my palms.

Mom moaned as I toyed with her bubbly bosom, and I rubbed my hands up to her shoulders where the small patch of material held the dress in place and eased it down. The tiny dress slipped off her body and puddled at her feet. I drank in the sight of Mom's half-nakedness and her perky nipples caused my dick to stiffen once again.

The only material left on Mom was a pair of black satin panties that barely covered her most sacred spot. I lowered my head until my lips kissed her nipple. Mom again moaned, and reached for my tool that was already half-stiff. I worked my tongue and lips on her right nipple, while my hand played and pinched her left.

Mom's body twitched as I worked on her magnificent mammaries, and I felt her grab hold of my hair and pull me away from them.

In shock, I looked up into Mom's eyes and heard her say, "Take me! Take me to bed. I want you to make *love* to me, Chris!"

I quickly picked Mom up in my arms and carried her upstairs to her room.

It wasn't planned, but my mind quickly went to what I was doing. I was going to take my mother on my parent's bed. It somehow brought out a dark desire, knowing I was taking Dad's place, and Mom wanted me to.

I gently placed Mom on the bed and slipped beside her as we once again caressed and kissed.

I could feel Mom's hand once again stroking on me, and I slowly eased my hand down her body until I was only inches from her muff. I could feel Mom's body respond to my touch, and her hips were pushing up, moving my hand closer to her sex until my finger was lightly sliding across her wet folds. Soft whimpers escaped from Mom as my fingers pushed and parted her moist lips. I rubbed my fingers across her wet opening and found her little hard nub.

Mom moaned and wildly bucked as I tickled her clit. Her hand stroked tightly on my shaft as I felt her pull me to her. I rose from her side and slipped my body over hers. Mom's hand still held my cock as I felt her bush it against her pussy.

I looked deep into Mom's eyes and asked. "Are you sure, Mom?" And I felt her hips lift as my swollen head easily slipped inside her womb.

"Ohhh!!! Fuck!" I yelled, as I pushed back and felt my dick sink deep inside my mother.

Mom pushed up and wrapped her legs around my waist while her hands grasped my ass and pulled me towards her.

"Fuck me, Chris. Oh, God... Fuck me!" I heard Mom say, as the most intense feeling I ever had consumed my soul!

I pushed and pushed as our wicked desire intensified. We fucked madly, screaming and grunting as the sweat poured from our bodies. I felt my balls boil and knew I was going to blow.

"Oh... Mom... I'm going to come!" I said, and tried to pull out. However, Mom pulled me tighter and rocked her body harder.

"I want to feel you inside me," she said, as I felt her pussy squeeze tight against my throbbing cock.

I couldn't stop as my hot seed jetted out and sank deep inside her wonderful cunt. Mom was screaming and thrashing as I felt her orgasm mix with mine!

I crashed my tired body onto hers as our hearts and breath raced together. I didn't want this feeling ever to end, but knew I had to leave my new lover. My daughter was home and needed me. So slowly, I slipped away from our embrace. However, as I sat up, so did Mom.

"I'm coming with you," she said.

"But, Mom, are you sure?"

"Yes... I want to be with you," Mom replied.

We went back to my apartment and made love two more times that night. My phone rang the next morning, and it was Dad looking for Mom. I told him she spent the night over here with me, and he went silent.

I'm not sure if he ever figured out what took place that magical night with Mom, but I honestly never cared if he did!

Mom was going to divorce him, but his cancer came back, and he didn't last long after that. The sympathy he sought wasn't there, and he died without Mom by his side.

That was a year ago, and Mom and I are happily living together at Mom's house. Dad's insurance was enough for me to go back and finish school while Mom took care of Jennie.

She even called me at school when Jen spoke her first words. She said 'Mama' while Mom had her at the park.

I'm not sure where life will take us. Nevertheless, I enjoy every day with the ones I love right now.