

## Chapter 11: No Angels

Norma had just finished mopping the kitchen floor the following morning when Dylan walked in, looking visibly hungover. He ignored both her and the wet linoleum, leaving dirty footprints on his way to the fridge, taking out a beer out and sipping it while leaning against the counter.

“Really?” Her tone was irate as she thumped the Swiffer once against the floor. “Listen, dumbass, you can’t keep coming and going like this and doing whatever the hell you want! It is NOT going to fly!”

He sneered, “I’m surprised you’ve noticed, Norma. You’ve been so busy smothering Norman. You two have been fused at the hip ever since I got here.”

A icy lick of fear went up her spine, followed by anger. “He likes me! He just likes me, so we are close! That is the normal relationship between mothers and sons, not this crap!” she gestured between him and herself.

“He’s almost 18 years old; he should be out doing things with people his own age, not running home to you as soon as school’s out every day!”

“That’s none of your goddamn business! You should be knocking off the drinking, and get off your ass and go find a job!”

Her words angered him further. “You know what’s funny? You don’t seem broken up at all about Sam. Why’s that? Hm? I think it’s odd, considering how much you were scanking around on my dad with him way back when!”

“I was 17 when I met your father; I had no idea what I was doing. I met Sam and I fell in love. So what?! It’s in the past, Dylan, get over it already! I’m trying to build a new life here for me and Norman!”

“It always come back to your precious Norman, doesn’t it?”

Norma had reached her boiling point, “I hate you!” she yelled. “I really hate you! You’ve never had an ounce of kindness for me! And another--”

Loud knocking on the front door interrupted her. Norma strode fast to answer it, Dylan not far behind her. She opened it on Agent Rivera and two other agents whose names she didn’t know.

“Norma Bates. We have a warrant to search the premises of your motel.” He handed her several documents. “Here’re the income-compensation forms Agent Spoole requested for you as well.”

“Of course. Thank you.” She took the office key off her key ring and handed it to him. “Room keys are on the wall behind the desk.”

She saw Emma S. was nowhere in evidence. “Wait, where is Agent Spoole?” she demanded.

Rivera and the other suits were already heading back towards the hillside stairs. “There was an incident late last night. Agent Spoole’s in the hospital. Minor injuries; she’ll be out later today.”

“What happened?! Tell me, please!” Norma chased after him and grabbed him by the arm so he had to turn around to face her. Rivera pulled his arm away and looked at her with a puzzled expression.

“Agent Spoole was assaulted. Allegedly by one of the local talent. And she defended herself. You know that blonde pretty-boy deputy? Let’s just say...he’s not so pretty right now.”

“Oh my god, that’s horrible! Why would he do that?! What the hell is the matter with this crazy town?! Norma spun back around and flew into the house to grab her phone, car keys, and purse, Dylan still barely keeping up with her.

]“I’m going to see her. You can stay or you can come with me; I don’t care either way!”

“I’ll go with you.” Dylan thought of asking her whether they should stay home, since they now had a dozen FBI agents combing through the motel. But he saw the look in her eyes and thought better of it.

“Do what you’ve got to do.” She called to Agent Rivera in parting as she jumped into the car, trying Em’s cell number at the same time. “It’s going straight to voicemail.” Dylan got into the passenger seat and slammed the door. He was still angry (and hurt, deep down) over the hateful words she’d thrown at him. He didn’t want to reveal it to Norma, but he was as worried as she was about what had happened to his aunt.

Norma flew into the hospital and up to the nurses’ desk. “Is there a patient here named Emma Spooler?” she demanded.

The bored-looking nurse checked the computer. “Yes. Are you immediate family?”

“Yes! I’m her sister. He’s her nephew.”

“Room 5, down the hall and to your right. But she’s set to be discharged soon--”

Norma and Dylan were already halfway there before she could finish. They found Emma S. propped up in a hospital bed, still in her jeans and shirt from the previous night. She had a noticeable shiner on her left cheekbone and scrapes to the side of her face, close to her left eye, where she’s hit the pavement hard after Shelby pulled

her down. She also had another visitor: Romero. He was sitting in a chair next to her bed, and they were in the middle of a heated-sounding discussion.

“Because I wanted to get it translated and dusted for prints first, that’s why!” she was saying. “Whether it’s me or another agent in charge, we’re not obligated to immediately share every piece of evidence with you, and do we really have to get into this-- Oh, Norma, Dylan! Hi!” she turned to them and smiled brightly, the look of annoyance evaporating from her face.

“Alex, you remember my sister. This is my other nephew, Dylan.”

Dylan reached across the bed and they exchanged a quick, firm handshake. “Dylan Massett.”

“Sheriff Alex Romero.”

“Emma, what happened? Are you okay? What did he do to you?” Norma pulled up a chair on the other side of the bed as she fired off the questions.

“One: Deputy Shelby attacked me in the parking lot when I was on the way back to my motel room. Two: I’m fine, I just have a minor concussion along with the scrapes. I’m not supposed to lay down flat or sleep for another five hours. I also can’t drive for another 24 hours. And three: He had me in a chokehold, but I fought him off.

Norma and Dylan both glared at Romero. “And where the hell were you while this was going on? How could you let this happen?! Your own deputy? Does he make a habit of trying to beat people up?!” she ranted at him.

“Your sister’s more than capable of defending herself!” he retorted. “She did more than that; he’s in bad shape, had to go into emergency surgery to stop some internal

bleeding. He's also got a hairline skull fracture, a broken arm, and three cracked ribs."

"Hey! Still in the room here!" Em snapped at both of them. "I reacted; it was an automatic thing. I've been trained to do that if I'm assaulted."

Dylan added to Romero, "So why don't you go arrest him? He can't go around doing that!"

"I just finished taking her statement. I'm going to go get the parking lot surveillance footage from the King's Motel last night. If it shows him doing what she said, I will!"

"Well, what are you waiting for? Go do it!" Norma added.

"You don't get to order me around, Mrs. Bates." his voice was icy.

Em reached over and briefly touched his forearm. "Alex, they're just worried. Don't take it like that. They ARE my family."

The gesture didn't escape Dylan's attention. He was surprised it made him even madder. But he resisted the urge to make another cutting remark; it wouldn't help anything.

Romero got up and headed for the door. "Right. I'm heading over there now. After I review the footage, I'll call you. Okay, Em--Agent Spooler."

"Sure. As soon as I can charge my phone. Damn nurse wouldn't let me use it in here and the battery's gone dead. See you soon."

After he left, Norma turned to Em with raised eyebrows, "So it's 'Alex' now?" she asked, unable to keep from smirking.

“It’s not like that. We’ve got more in common than either of us thought, when it comes to the job. Being in this profession is not easy, obviously. Ideally there’s a certain level of fraternity, though not always across different departments.”

The smirk didn’t leave Norma’s face. “Riiight...whatever you say..” she couldn’t help the teasing; she’d never gotten to taunt her sister when they were kids. Another thing they’d missed out on. Now, it turned out to be fun.

“Norma, for god’s sake! The last thing I want to do is get involved with another fellow law officer! I’ve sworn off doing that! Believe me, that kind of mess is THE LAST thing that needs to happen!”

This conversation was making Dylan extremely uncomfortable and even more annoyed. “When are you getting out of the hospital?” he wanted to know, desperate to steer them away from the subject.

“As soon as the doctor brings in the discharge papers for me to sign. Which he’s taking his sweet-ass time doing.”

“You’re not going back to that motel room alone.” Norma declared. “Not with a concussion. You’re coming home with us and resting up. When you need anything, I’ll take care of it.”

“Oh Norma, I couldn’t put you out like that!”

“Don’t be ridiculous. You’re coming, end of discussion. I wouldn’t feel right about it otherwise. Even if it’s just for a night or two.”

Four was going to be a crowd in the Bates house, but Norma was willing to put up with it, for the very short term. It was her sister. Now it was Norma’s turn to take care

of her, right after she'd gone through something terrible. Em had rescued her from Summers; now she had the chance to repay the favor, at least to this extent. Besides, she'd thought of a plan for her and Norman to get away for the evening, to spend desperately-wanted time alone together.

"Why don't you go ask at the nurses' station about those discharge forms?" Norma told Dylan. He did as she said, without comment.

Em smiled at her sister, "You really like having someone to take care of, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. I like it as much as you like having people to boss around."

"HA! I'm not the only one; you do plenty of that yourself!"

"Maybe it runs in the family."

"It must. I really do appreciate this, Norma. It scared the hell out of me when he grabbed me, as hard as I fought him. I'd never admit that to anyone, except you. I know it's not the best thing for me to be alone right after this."

An hour later, the three of them were back home. Dylan stuck around long enough to eat a sandwich, then he was out the door. "Got stuff to do." was all he'd say.

Emma S. had changed into a pair of cream-colored satin pajamas and Norma's spare sky-blue robe, both of which she'd loaned her. She came into the kitchen as Norma was putting the tea kettle on the stove to boil. Em plugged in her cell phone and left it on the counter to charge.

"Have you got any frozen green peas or anything like that I could use?" she asked Norma. "This bruise is starting to swell again, doesn't feel too good either."

“Of course.” Norma pulled the exact thing out of the freezer and handed it over.

“How’s your head feeling?”

Em pressed the cold package to the left side of her face, enjoying the relief. “Sore, but I took a painkiller. Mostly I just want to sleep, but I need to wait a few more hours before I can lay down.”

“Would you like some tea?”

“Sure.”

The sisters sat quietly at the kitchen table, sipping black chai, enjoying this small moment of what felt close to normalcy.

Emma S. was the first one to talk, “It’s so bizarre, isn’t it? A week ago I shot and killed a man, and last night I beat another one halfway to death. Both of them would’ve hurt us terribly, maybe even killed us. The thing is, I don’t feel bad about either one of them. Not at all. I don’t feel anything.”

“I don’t feel bad either.” Norma told her. “Summers was a disgusting rapist piece of scum of the earth who was selling sex slaves out of this motel!. You did the world a huge favor. As for Shelby, he brought it on himself. Don’t you think it’s weird he’d do something so stupid? Could he really have thought he would get away with it?”

“I’ve thought the same. Either the guy is a total idiot...or he was panicking, because he wanted me out of the picture, whatever it took. It takes a kind of desperation to do something like that, to cover up something you never want found out.”

Those words brought her back to the deep secret of her own, the one she’d been carrying for years. Could she trust Norma with it?



Em looked her deep in the eyes. Those blue eyes that matched her own. “N-Norma, can I tell you something about myself? Something I’ve never told anyone? I mean no one, ever. But if there’s one person on earth who knows this truth about me, I’d like it to be you.”

Norma saw the look of fear and anguish on her sister’s face. Her heart dropped in sudden dread. Somehow, she had vague feeling she already knew what it was.

“Yes. You can. You can trust me.”

“I don’t remember most of what I did to Shelby. I remember elbowing him and breaking his hold around my neck, but not beating him in the head and chest with my riot stick. Hell, I don’t even remember getting it out. I blacked out until it was over. It’s not the first time. It’s happened before...only a few times, but-- hey, are you all right?”

Norma’s world was starting to spin that much more off its axis. She almost thought she was going to faint. Her body started shaking uncontrollably and her eyes welled up, tears spilling down her cheeks.

“Oh god!! I’m...Emma, I’m-I’m so scared! It’s-It’s not...I mean...you’re not the only one...not the only one in this family that happens to...It’s N-Norman! He goes into these trances, and he can’t remember anything after! It’s been killing me, worrying night and day about him! That he’ll have one of these blackouts and I won’t be there to protect him if something bad happens!” Norma buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Em clasped her hand over her mouth, stunned. “Oh shit...holy fucking Jesus...you’re telling me...oh god!” She was at a loss what to do, what to say next. Norma answered that for her, came over and put her arms around her shoulders, still wracked with sobs, burying her face in her older sister’s right shoulder. As if she

couldn't stand the weight of this anymore, she sank to her knees, still clinging to Em around the neck. Emma S. had no choice but to lean forward, wrapping her arms around Norma.

"It's okay..it's..hey, can you tell me something? Let's talk about this, Norma. Stop crying, just for a minute, okay? How long has this been going on with him?"

Norma reluctantly disentangled herself from the much-needed hug, wiping her eyes. "Since right before his dad died. How long has it been happening to you?"

"The first time was the night my partner died. I told you what I did right after, to the guy who'd shot him. I blacked out and still don't remember chasing and shooting him to death. He shot me four times in the bullet-proof vest and I didn't even know it 'til I came back from..whatever this thing is."

She wanted so badly to tell Norma what she'd hallucinated that first night she came to dinner, but she was too terrified. She couldn't. She knew it would freak her out a lot worse, probably scare her (and the rest of the family) away from her forever. Em couldn't let that happen; it would crack her heart into pieces if it did.

There was no way Norma could tell her sister the whole truth, about what Norman did to Sam that first time he'd blacked out. She settled for part of the truth:

"When he saw his dad pinned under the shelf, he blacked out and just stood there. He wouldn't move or talk or look at me. It scared the hell out of me. I had him lay down in his room, and he didn't come out of it for hours."

Norma got up from her kneeling position and rummaged through the pantry for the vodka bottle. "I need something stronger right now." She poured a shot's worth in a glass.

“Pour me one too.”

“You’re not supposed to--”

“Fuck that. Just one.”

“You’re right. Fuck it.”

They both tossed it back. It immediately took the edge off.

“So, does Norman know about it?” Em wanted to know.

“No! That’s the thing; I’ve been trying to figure out how to tell him. I’m so scared to, but I’m more scared not to!”

Em was quiet for a minute, staring at her empty glass. “It strongly suggests this might be genetic. It might sound crazy, but maybe..maybe we could help each other, you know, figure out what it is.”

Norma looked panicked, “I don’t want him put in some institution! I couldn’t handle that! Neither could he, ever!”

“I’m not talking about that; I’m just talking about both of us getting some tests done, you know, brain scans--things like that. The doctors might find something in common between us, and that’d help them a lot in figuring out what’s causing this.”

“I--I guess...that could work.. Just promise me, he wouldn’t ever be taken away!”

“I promise. If we work together, if we stick together, we CAN do this, Norma. We can figure this out! And we can beat it.”

*She has such...what would you call it?...authority..gravitas..this assurance I've never run across in anyone else. She makes me so sure everything will be okay...even this..*

“Okay. We’ll do it. I just need to tell him, the best way I know how. Tell you what, I’m going to pick him up from school and we’ll go for a drive up the coast. I’ll tell him what happened to you. Then I’ll tell him the same thing’s happened to him, far as the black-outs. He takes things that are stressful a lot better when it’s just him and me at first.”

“I think that’s a good idea.”

“We’ll probably stop for dinner somewhere along the way, so you and Dylan will be on your own for that tonight. Assuming he comes home at a reasonable time.”

Em smiled, “I’m sure we’ll manage.”

Norma texted Norman: “I’ll pick you up after school and we’ll go for a drive, just us. How’s that sound?”

He texted back, “Great! :-D Can’t wait!”



A few hours later, Norma had showered and changed into a pretty blue and white flowered dress. She curled her hair, fixed her make-up, then checked herself in the full-length mirror to make sure everything was in place. On the way to the stairs, she looked into Dylan’s room. Emma S. was sleeping deeply in his bed, had been for a while. The exhaustion, the stress, the Motrin PM, and likely the slug of vodka had finally done her in. No one had asked him if she could sleep there, but both had a feeling he wouldn’t make too much of a fuss about it when he showed up at home.

Norma headed downstairs, put on her coat, got her purse, and tied a plastic hood over her head; it was starting to drizzle again and she didn't want to mess up her hair. When she pulled the car up the the front of the school, Norman was already waiting for her. He jumped in just as the final bell rang and other kids started spilling out of the classrooms.

“Did you leave class early?” She made an attempt at chiding, but her voice was more exuberant than anything else.

“Yeah. I told the teacher in my last class that I needed the restroom really badly. Then I just waited out here for you. You're not mad, are you?”

“Of course not, sweetie! Who cares? Like a few extra minutes are going to make any difference anyway!”

She turned onto the highway and headed north from White Pine Bay. “I have a surprise for you. I got us a motel room up near Brighton, about an hour and a half away. We deserve a little getaway, at least for a few hours.”

The look on his face was priceless, so elated. Norma's heart swelled with love at seeing him this happy. She'd do anything, give anything to see that big smile of his. All the struggle, the stress, everything that had happened lately: it was all worth it, seeing that one look on his face. Norman reached over, cupped her face and kissed her lips hungrily, forgetting for a second she was driving. “Thank you! Oh Mother, I'm so excited! I can't wait!”

She had almost skidded the car into the other lane. “Norman, honey! Careful!” She pulled over to the side of the road, breathless and giddy. “Me neither!” She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed his lips. “This is going to be wonderful.” Her blue eyes were bright with promise. He cupped her cheek gently and pulled her

mouth to his, threading his fingers into her hair. "Drive. Let's go. Please." he breathed out when they finally broke apart.

She clasped his hand as they made the rest of the journey north. The ride was mostly quiet, but their love, their desperation for each other, could be felt all around. Norma found the motel from the directions on her phone's GPS. They had a room on the bottom floor. He was waiting outside when she came out of the office with the key, even though the rain was falling much harder than it had been at home. She'd barely unlocked the door when he pulled her in and slammed it behind them.

He pulled her hard into his arms, backing her against the closed door, kissing her deeply. Norma gave a little squeak of surprise at his strength. He was definitely not her little boy anymore. He was fast becoming a man, the man she loved with all her heart, body and soul. The man she'd do anything to be with, anything to protect. Anything. He jammed her hard against the door, slipping his tongue into her mouth, lifting her right leg around his waist. She could feel he was rock-hard. She started grinding her hips against the bulge in his pants, making him groan with desire even more. His hand lifted her skirt, slid up her bare thigh, felt the scrap of lace for panties she was wearing.

"Take me. Right now!" she gasped.

It was all the encouragement he needed. He ripped down her panties and plunged two fingers deep inside her, raking her slick wetness with a come-hither motion.

"Norman!!! Ohhh fuuccckkk!! oh god!! Baby..ohh that's it!!" She unbuckled his belt, undid his pants and slid them down, followed by his boxers. His deep red cock was beautiful, so nicely sized, perfect. She wrapped her hand around it, rubbed him starting at the base where she knew he was most sensitive. He let out a loud moan, so close to cumming, he didn't know how he was going to last. He slid inside her, thrusting up hard into her. Norma let out a long, drawn-out, keening moan of ecstasy

as they starting thrusting together. They moved so good together; they knew exactly what each other needed. She hadn't even taken her coat off, had barely dropped her purse to the floor, but none of that mattered. Her entire world was made up of that searing pleasure he was sending through her.

Norman pressed his lips to her neck, kissing, sucking, lightly biting her soft luscious skin. He pressed himself to her, holding her so tight against the door she couldn't move even if she wanted to. She was moaning, crying out in pleasure over and over, alternating his name with obscene words, which only spurred him on more. She rarely swore otherwise, and hearing her talk naughty was so damn hot.

"You like that, Mother?" he murmured in her ear, nipping at her earlobe. He grasped her bare hips, hiking her skirt up to her waist, snapping his hips quicker and quicker, pounding into her.

"YES!!! FUCK YES!!! Ohhhh godd Norman!!! Don't stop!!! OHHHH Fuuucckkk!!!"

He could feel her pulsing and tightening more and more around his cock, until she clamped down hard around him as she came. Norman gave a strangled cry at the incredible mix of pleasure and pain, but his voice was overpowered by hers as she let out a wordless scream, her body jerking and spasming all around him. A gush of her wetness hit him below, where he was still thrusting into her, riding her orgasm with her.

"I love you!!!" she gasped. "Oh god Norman I love you!!" She dropped her forehead to his, her body melting into his, her legs weakening as she clung to him.

"I love you too!! Love you so much. I'm so close...OHHHHHH!!!! Mother!!! omigod!!!" He slammed deep into her one more time as he came so hard, he thought he might faint, spurting deep into her, filling her. It brought her over the edge a second time, another orgasm ripping wonderfully through her body. Norman collapsed against

her, both of them struggling to catch their breath. She wrapped her arms tight around him, found his lips with hers, kissing him long and good. He slipped his tongue past her sweet, soft lips, tightening his arms around her waist and lifting her up, holding her off the floor, wanting them to stay this way forever.

They finally broke apart, looking deep into one another's eyes. "Wow..." Norman breathed out, caressing her face with his fingertips. Norma smiled, giving a quiet laugh of delight. "Indeed. Sweetie that was incredible! You're so good to me, make me feel so good." She brought her lips back to his. He lifted her up, starting to carry her towards the bed, but then felt his pants were still around his ankles.

"Here baby, I'll take care of that for you." Norma knelt down and pulled them off, throwing them aside along with his shoes and socks. She let her coat fall to the floor as she got back up and pulled his hands to the zipper of her dress. "Now unzip me."

He pulled her zipper down as they somehow managed to make it to the bed. She gently pushed him so he was sitting on the edge, her heart speeding up again as she slowly, teasingly pulled the top of her dress down, revealing her black transparent bra with lacy blue trim, a new one he hadn't seen her in before.

"Oh god, you're so beautiful..gorgeous, Mother!" Norman exhaled. He was very ready to go again, his member at full attention. She smiled, leaned down and kissed his lips as she unbuttoned his shirt, pulling it off him and tossing it aside. He brought his hands to her waist and tugged her dress the rest of the way off, letting it fall. It left her only in her bra, she'd long since kicked her panties aside right after he'd yanked them off while pinning her against the door.

"Mmmm..Norman..I want you..want more.." her voice was thick with desire as she straddled him, his hands wrapping around her, moving up to unhook her bra. He slid it off her and buried his face in her breasts, his mouth finding her stiff nipples.



“Me too. I can’t get enough of you, ever. I love you so much.” Norman relished the gasp she let out as he licked and sucked on her sensitive flesh. He fell back onto the bed, pulling her on top of him. She slid his cock slowly inside her, giving a hiss of satisfaction as she settled in place, kneeling with her legs on either side of his. Norman could hardly draw breath, it was the most beautiful sight he’d ever seen in his life: her perfect nude body, the motion of her riding him, his length moving back and forth into her beautiful slit. She was a goddess. His goddess. Nothing--and no one--was ever going to take her away from him.

The rain outside had grown to a full-on thunderstorm. The only sounds were the pounding water on the roof, their moans of pleasure, and intermittent thunderclaps. Norma had never experienced such incredible fulfillment, wouldn’t have thought it possible. Her brother, Sam, John..anything any of them had done to her, none of it mattered anymore. It was almost like it never happened, like she’d never been hurt at all. It was undeniable: she was in love with her son. To the point of madness. Nothing was ever going to change that. They had to be together. She’d do anything to protect him, protect them. Even if it meant hurting someone.

“OHHHHH..Norman!!” She was wracked with another climax, once, incredibly twice, as he grasped her hips and gave another keening moan as he came, right after she did.

She collapsed on top of him, her forehead pressed to his chest. He lifted her chin, a look of total bliss on his face, looked deep in her eyes. “I love you. I love making you feel that, love being inside you. I always want to make you feel so good, Mother.”

Tears of happiness sprang to her eyes. She kissed his lips and he wrapped her tighter in his arms, his hands running along her back. “I love you too, Norman. More than my own life. I never want to stop making love to you.”

“I wish we could stay here, never go back.” he said softly.

“So do I.” Their lips locked again as she slowly rolled over, pulling him on top of her. All they ever wanted: their warm bodies wrapped around each other, expanses of their bare skin, their limbs getting tangled in the bedsheets. Norma wanted to wring every second of bliss, of their love, out of these precious few hours they had alone together. She forgot about everything else: her sister, Dylan, the investigation at their motel, Summers, Shelby’s beating, the black-outs. She’d tell Norman later. There was plenty of time for that.