

Chapter 14: So I Don't Have to Dream Alone

"I can't do that!"

"Yes, you can. Come on, Norma. You're tougher than you think. Again." Em's voice was even, confident, and left no room for further argument.

Emma S. flipped the knife sharpener, which they were using as a knife substitute, into an overhead stabbing motion in her right hand. Norma raised up her left arm in the locked angle her sister had taught her, slashing her hand into Em's right forearm, grabbing and twisting at her wrist that was holding the knife.

"Strike at me with your right fist at the same time! Or grab my throat, whichever! The whole point is block and counter-attack!"

Norma let go and backed up, getting ready again. She repeated the same motion with her left arm, grabbing, twisting, and pulling her sister's knife hand down hard. At the same time, she jammed her fist in a mock motion into Em's throat. The motion pulled her attacker closer, letting her jam her knee hard into the space at the bottom of the rib cage. Em did a mock motion of falling to her knees, letting Norma yank the knife out of her right hand and flip it around so the blade pointed towards her former would-be attacker.

"Better! Way better!" Emma S. praised her. "Remember: strike like a rattlesnake. No hesitation. Some fucker attacking you will sense fear, even if it's for a nanosecond. You have to learn to shove that fear away and do what you have to do. It's you, or him."

"I know. It's tough. The first thing I want to do is scream for help if something like that happens."

“Don’t. You can’t rely on anyone else. Not even Norman. What if he wasn’t here? Think this in your mind a split second before you strike: ‘Come on, motherfucker. Bring it. Today’s a good day to die.’”

Norma shuddered briefly at that notion, but she nodded, “Got it. Let’s go one more time. Come at me harder this time.”

Em moved toward her with the knife sharpener overhead. Norma struck at her with her left forearm locked in the motion she’d been taught, counter-attacked with her right fist, jammed her knee at her mock attacker, and twisted the knife into her own hand.

“Do you really think it’s a good idea for you two to be sparring in the front yard?” Norman wanted to know. He’d been watching the forensics crew going about their work in the motel rooms, with a growing degree of interest. The fact they could cut out samples of carpet, bedding, whatnot, and pull DNA from them to find out if criminals had been there..and what they might have done..he had to admit it was fascinating. He only wished he were allowed in the rooms to see more of what they were doing.

When he’d moved closer to watch from the parking lot, his mother had admonished him to stay out of their way. He found that momentarily irritating, but he obeyed her and kept watching while seated on the hillside steps.

“It’s fine, honey. It’s not like we’re really hurting each other. She’s just teaching me the motions.”

“I’ll always protect you, Mother. You don’t have to learn how to fight.”

Norma and Emma S. abandoned the knife-disarming lesson and joined him on the steps. His mother sat beside him and laced her arm through his, clasping his hand in hers.

“Of course, sweetie. I know that. But what if--god forbid!--someone else broke in and attacked me while you were at school, while I was alone in the house?”

Norman frowned, thinking it wouldn't be an issue if she'd let him quit and get his GED. But he didn't want to revisit that discussion. When he was 18 in a couple of months, he'd do that and she wouldn't have any say in it.

“Yeah, I guess...I see what you're saying..” he admitted.

Em added, “Everyone should know a few self-defense basics, both men and women. 'Cause you never know. We have no way of predicting what could happen.”

She and Norman locked eyes at that loaded statement. No way anyone could predict what they might do either, in the middle of a black-out.

Norma sensed that heavy reality as well, and she didn't want them to get dragged down thinking about it too much, not right now. “Well, I should get dinner started.” she said brightly, standing up. “Norman, why don't you pick us out a movie to watch after? Emma, you can just relax too.” She smiled at them both, “We've got a new rule in this house: Don't let my sister cook. Because she thinks recipes are just general ballpark suggestions!”

Em gave a short laugh, “Well...touche.' Can't really argue with that!”

As Norma was preparing dinner and Norman started setting the table, Dylan came through the kitchen and grabbed another beer out of the fridge. He was in the middle of a conversation on his phone with someone; it sounded like one of the guys from

his job. It was quickly apparent they were discussing plans for a boys' night out, and Norma didn't like what she was hearing, not a bit.

"So it's ten for a table dance and twenty for a lap dance?" he was asking. "Okay, just wanna make sure I bring enough cash. And where's the place again?" He started to listen for an address, but not before Norma cut in with:

"Dylan! Outside with that! I will not have that kind of thing talked about in my house!"

Dylan glared daggers at her for the interruption. "Norma, I'm on the phone!"

"OUT!!" she yelled, jabbing her finger towards the door.

"Ethan, text me the address, okay?" he said as he stomped out through the back door, slamming it behind him, furious at Norma for making a scene over something so stupid. Especially when Emma S. was only in the next room, looking at something on her laptop. His face burned as he was positive she'd heard every word.

Norman had also been listening, with even more interest than he'd expressed at the forensics sweep. Norma gave him a look that was somehow both stern and promising at the same time. "Later." she whispered to him as she moved close, setting food in serving bowls on the table. "We'll talk about this later." He gave a small, sly smile. He read into that expression of hers. He had a good idea what she meant.

Dylan was sulky and silent during dinner, except when Emma S. was talking to him. She'd sensed his bad mood, and she was making an obvious effort to cheer him up. Norma looked back and forth between them, suspicion starting to nag ever so slightly at the back of her mind. Dylan liked her sister; he made no effort to hide that. Just how much did he like her? Norma shook her head slightly, as if to dislodge the

thought. There was no way. Emma S. was not like her and Norman--not in that way. She would NEVER go for that. No way. Impossible. Dylan simply didn't have any of the bad history with her; that's why he was so nice to her. That was it.

Her irritation only surfaced again as she gave Em a ride back to her motel. Without thinking, Emma S. pulled out what still appeared her favorite accessory: that black e-cig pipe. Norma reached over and snatched it from her hand. "No way, not in this car!" she declared.

"Norma! Careful with that thing; it's expensive!"

"I wish you'd make more of an effort to quit those nasty cancer-sticks. They'll kill you! I want--we all want--you to be around for a long time."

"Ha! Who's the big sister now? But yes, I know. I've heard it all before. You're right. It's tough when I get stressed or nervous, but I WILL try! I promise. I am wearing the patches."

It was evident Norma was upset, most likely from the fight with Dylan over the strip-club-phone-conversation. Em didn't want to push the issue. She figured they should just get some rest, and Norma would have forgotten it by morning.

"Thanks for dinner, as always. See you tomorrow night?" she asked as Norma pulled into the King's Motel parking lot.

"Of course." Norma's expression softened. "How many more days 'til you leave?"

"Three."

"It's gone too fast."

“Yeah. It has. But I’ll be back.”

Black-outs or not, Dylan or no Dylan, Norma did enjoy being around her. She’d never had any close girlfriends, and if she’d ever wanted one: Emma Spoole would be it. The fact they came from the same parents only added to things. And complicated them a hell of a lot more. Em was still a cop. And what Norma had with Norman was still against the law. Norma would’ve been lying if she said some distance--at least for a while--wouldn’t give her more peace of mind.

But those issues were pushed out of her mind as she drove home after they said their good-nights. She’d seen that look on Norman’s face as he’d realized what Dylan was talking to Ethan on the phone about. She didn’t like it, and she was going to make sure his interests never wandered towards one of those cesspools. Not while he had everything he could ever want at home with her.

Norman was on the couch, watching TV, when she walked in. He looked up at her with a hopeful expression. “Mother. I washed all the dishes. Dylan took off a few minutes ago, to go to that club, I guess...Um, still feel like watching a movie? I picked out *Laura*.” It was another one of their favorites, with Dana Andrews and Gene Tierney.

Norma strode in front of the TV and snapped it off. “That club.” she said with a tone of disgust, “Is exactly what we’re going to talk about. You’re not ever thinking of going to one of them, are you? ‘Cause I won’t stand for that, ever!”

“Mother--” he began, but she wasn’t done.

“You know what that’d do to me, Norman?! Just the thought of you with another woman, ever, even you looking at anyone else, it’d kill me!! Please don’t do that to me, baby...please!!” Her voice started to crack with a sob.

“Mother, stop it! You’re being silly! I was just a little curious what he was talking about, that’s all! It was nothing!” He got up and pulled her into his arms, holding her tightly against him. “I don’t think of any woman but you. Ever. You’re all I think about, every day, all day. How much I love you. How much I want us to be together forever.” Norman cupped her face in his hands, looking deep into her tear-filled eyes. “About what I’d love to do with you. In bed.” He lowered his lips to hers.

As soon as his soft sweet lips touched hers, Norma kissed him urgently. She threaded her fingers through his hair and parted her lips as he brushed his tongue against hers.

“We’re alone tonight. He won’t be back for hours.” she murmured against his lips.

“Thank god!” Norman captured her lips again, his hands dropping to her hips, keeping her pressed to him. She started grinding against the hard bulge in his pants, getting a deliciously naughty idea.

“Mmm..we can have more fun than you’ll ever find in one of those places. Would you like that, baby?”

“Yes..oh yes! I want you, Mother. Only you. I need you, so bad.”

She pulled him by the hand out of the living room. “Upstairs. Give me a few minutes to get changed.”

Norman waited several torturously long minutes outside her bedroom door, his heart pounding. He couldn’t wait to see what she had in store for them.

Finally: “Come on in, honey.”

He entered her room, shutting and locking the door behind him.

“Oh my god, Mother! You-you look...wow...beautiful..oh my..” he sputtered, unable to get a complete sentence out, his lower jaw slack and immediate heat rushing to his cock, getting so hard it was almost painful.

She was reclining on the bed, wearing a filmy black negligee that left nothing to the imagination, along with black lace thigh-high stockings held up with a garter belt. As if that wasn't hot enough, she'd put on a pair of her black high heels. Norma grinned, “I knew you'd love this. Come here.”

She got up and took his hand, leading him to sit on the edge of the bed. She reached over and pressed “Play” the song she'd already pulled up on her phone. It was one of their old Bobby Darin favorites. She moved close over him, swaying and rolling her hips to the music. She gently held his hands in place on the mattress as she straddled him. “Not just yet, baby.” she breathed, keeping up the grinding on his lap.

Norman gave a soft groan; he was going to explode if she kept up this teasing for much longer. “God, you're so sexy...so beautiful, Mother.” She was exquisite in that lingerie, gorgeous. He wanted nothing more than to start pulling it off her, running his lips and tongue all over her perfect body.

Norma slowly reached around to her back and untied the ribbon on her negligee that was holding it on. It was wrap-around except for its thin shoulder straps. She opened it even slower, still rolling her body against his in the first lap dance he'd ever had. He'd never want one from anyone else.

She peeled the straps off her shoulders and gave a little shimmy, letting the whole thing fall to the floor, leaving her breasts bare. She took his hands and ran them up her thighs, over her hips, up to toy with her nipples. “Touch me now, sweetie...everywhere..”

Norman reached around and ran his hands over her ass, grasping and massaging it, something he hadn't been bold enough for until now. She gave little gasp of surprise--and pleasure--at that. Norma kissed him hard again as she unbuttoned his shirt, pushed it off him. His pants were next, then she went back to rubbing his hard member between her thighs, less fabric between them now. "Ohhh I want you so much!" he moaned.

Norma wrapped her arms around him and moved slowly over until she was laying on her back on the bed. He leaned back, simply gazed at her for a moment, taking in all her beauty.

She took his hands and moved them to her lace panties, guiding him to pull them down. He realized she was wearing them over her garter belt, letting it stay on. She spread her legs wide, letting him see all of her slick swollen pinkness surrounded by black lace. It was infinitely more gorgeous than anything he'd ever fantasized about her. Giving a low moan, he bent down and ran his tongue up through her slit, seeking and finding that swollen nub he knew would send her over the edge.

"Norman! YES!! Suck my clit, right there! Don't stop..please.." she gasped. He didn't. He'd learned how she liked it. He kept up his motions, licking her clit and sliding his tongue deeper into her beautiful slit. Norma arched back and cried out as an orgasm tore through her. It was risky not keeping quiet, but she couldn't have cared less in the moment.

"Come here, sweetheart!" She pulled him up over her and kissed him, tasting herself, sucking her juices off his lips and his chin. She saw that cocky smirk on his face at pleasuring her that much, and it only made her want him more. She slid his boxers off and began stroking his cock back and forth, making him let out a soft whine of pleasure. "Put my legs over your shoulders."

He did as she asked, sliding inside her, finding it let him go even deeper. They both gasped at the feeling. He began thrusting his hips, sliding almost all the way out of her, then back in so deep. Norma let out a loud moan every time, “Ohhhhh fuck, Norman that’s so good...feels so good.”

He ran his hands up and down her stockinged legs. “You feel good...oh god, Mother, so good. I want to make you cum again.”

His words, his thrusts, that incredible fullness, all were bringing her closer. “I am! I will! OHHHHHH Norman!” That deep pleasure kept building until it exploded through her, her body shaking and her inner muscles squeezing his cock rhythmically.

“Mother!! ohhhh god!” Norman gave a loud cry as his body jerked and spasmed, spurting deep into her. He could barely breathe, it was so exquisite. She carefully unwrapped her legs from his shoulders and he collapsed onto her, burying his face in the crook of her neck, both of them gasping.

“I love you. So much. You’re everything to me. Everything I’ll ever want, ever need, Mother. Forever.”

“I love you too. More than anything in this world, Norman. Soon: it’ll be just us. Our life together. You and me.”

He grinned, moved his head up and kissed her lips. They lay across her bed for a while, holding and softly caressing each other.

“Feel like one more time, sweetie? It looks like it.” she smiled lovingly, seeing that he was hard again.

“Always ready for you, Mother.” he grinned, lifted back the covers so they could get fully in bed. Norma dropped her heels off, but Norman stopped her when she moved

to take off her stockings and garter belt. "Can you...leave them on?" he suddenly became a little shy again. "I..uh..I really, really like them. You're so beautiful...so sexy like this."

Norma caressed his cheek, kissed him again. "Of course, Norman. Whenever you want me to, I'll wear these."