

## Chapter 26: The Guardian

### The day after Romero's funeral:

"Mother, it looks like that security system you ordered is here." Norman was ready to leave for school when he saw the large box that had been dropped on their front porch. He hauled it into the house and ripped off the tape, opening it. It consisted of three video cameras, mounting brackets for them, and software to install on Norma's laptop. One camera would go on the light pole by the stairs, one over the doorway of the motel office, and the third one over Room 12, facing the parking lot. It would give them a total-360 view of anyone coming and going from their property, and the one by the stairs was a motion sensor camera. It would trigger an alert and a live feed on her computer whenever anyone came near the hillside stairs.

"That's great, honey." Norma joined him in the living room, looking through the equipment and accompanying instructions. She'd briefly thought it was being a bit paranoid, but she didn't want to take any chances. If they were in the middle of love-making and someone happened to be on the way up to the house, the camera would give them plenty of time to get up and dressed, put on a front to the outside world. "You and Dylan will get this set up, right? It looks complicated, at least to me." she told him.

Norman leaned over and kissed her cheek. "Of course, Mother. You don't have to worry about a thing. Even if he doesn't have time, I'll do it."

"I know you will, sweetie." she returned his kiss, then pressed her lips to his. "You're the man of this house, you know that? The only one there will ever be." she murmured.

Norman kissed her back eagerly, "Mmm...Mother..I wish I didn't have to go to school right now."

“Norman, I’ve been thinking about what you said. Maybe after school lets out for Christmas break, you could try taking that GED test.”

“Oh, Mother! You mean that?!”

“Yes, I do. Then we’ll be free to focus on other, more important things. Like you and me. Like on getting you some treatment for..whatever this thing is--”

Norman cut her off by wrapping her in a tight hug and swinging her around in his arms. “Thank you, Mother! Thank you so much! I’ll pass it, and that will be the end of it. Then we can really start our life together, and I’ll do whatever you need me to do, as far as running the motel.”

She squeezed her arms around him. “It’s the best thing for us, in reality. You’ve got a little while before the bus gets here. Will you do me one favor before you go?”

“Always; anything for you!” Norman was still giddy at the recent change of heart Norma had about the school issue.

“Will you rip off the lattice around the bottom of the house and throw it in the dumpster? It’s an eyesore. I want to get a new one. The outside of this place needs a serious make-over, and that’s only the start.”

Norman agreed and went outside, a screwdriver in hand to pry off the wood lattice. He’d gotten about halfway done when he glanced up and saw the ghostly-white, semi-transparent shade of a girl at the bottom of the outside stairs. Before he could speak or react, she faded out of existence. He felt the blackness crowding into his field of vision. Then..nothing..

Norma glanced out the front window to see how he was doing, and she panicked at the sight of him stalking purposefully across the highway and into the woods.

“Norman!” she screamed out as she raced after him, barely missing a couple of honking cars racing past her. She caught up with him as he reached the edge of the cliff overlooking the ocean. He turned slowly and looked at her with blank, empty eyes. “Mother?” his voice was toneless, vacant. “What happened? How did we get out here?”

She grabbed him, wrapped her arms around him. “It’s okay, sweetie! You’re okay! You had a black-out, but nothing bad happened; thank god!”

Norman turned and looked at her with vacant eyes. “I don’t remember any of it! I’m so sorry, Mother! I didn’t mean to, I didn’t know where I was going!”

“Shh..baby, it’s all right. Come on, I’m taking you to the doctor, right now! Never mind school.”

He didn’t want to, but Norman knew this day would come eventually. He nodded, “Okay, Mother.” Still feeling numb and partially detached from his body, he allowed her to guide him out of the forest and back to the house, her arm around his waist. Norma grabbed her purse and car keys, locked up the house before getting into the car.

“Remember, we say nothing about your fa--I mean about Sam, or about Aunt Emma. Not a word, not even a hint!”

“Of course not, Mother. We’ll say I’m having, um, what do you call it? Some kinda fugue problem, where I black out and can’t remember what happened?”

“That works, honey. No more than that.” Norma’s hands were tight on the steering wheel as they drove towards town.

“I see things that aren’t there.” Norman said quietly. “So does Aunt Emma. People I know aren’t really there. I’m scared, Mother.” Tears came to his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

Norma pulled the car over and gathered him into her arms. “Oh, honey! I know! I’m scared too.” She kissed away his tears, then held his face between her hands. “But we’re going to get through this, and I’ll be right by your side every step of the way. I promise! I’ll NEVER give up on you! You’re half of my soul, Norman. You always will be!”

Recklessly, she pulled his lips to hers. He kissed her back fiercely. “I love you, Mother. More than anything. I don’t ever want to do anything to hurt you, ever! I’ll do whatever it takes to get better from this!”

They made the rest of the short drive to the hospital. At the front doors, Norma noticed a flyer announcing an upcoming city council meeting to address the issue of finding a new sheriff. So far, no one had stepped forward to run for the position.

*I couldn’t care less who the new one ends up being. she thought. All I care about is getting Norman some help, and protecting our secrets. All of them.*

She and Norman had to wait almost an hour for the doctor, both of them tapping their feet impatiently and trying to distract themselves from the nervousness. Finally, they were called into an exam room. The doctor raised his eyebrows at Norma’s insistence on staying right there with her nearly-18-year-old son the whole time, but her icy expression made him refrain from commenting. After a routine physical exam, he asked: “What seems to be the trouble, Norman?”

“I’m having these, uh, fugue states. You know, where I lose time, black out, can’t remember what happened or anything I did.” Norman felt awkward along with nervous. He was never that great at conversations with anyone outside the family.

Plus he was getting a headache and the stress of the morning was wearing on him. All he wanted to do was get this over with, go home, curl up and take a nap. Preferably with his arms wrapped around Norma.

The doctor looked alarmed, asked a few more questions about how long it's been happening, any other symptoms, etc. Both Norma and Norman gave their pre-agreed-on answers that gave nothing away.

"I'm going to admit him and run a few tests, starting with a basic MRI that'll reveal anything physical in the brain that may be causing this."

Norma nodded slowly, though she was dreading the steep hospital bill that was going to come from this. Even with an uninsured discount and the money Emma-Christine had agreed to loan her, this was going to be far from cheap.

Speaking of which, Norma pulled out her phone as Norman was getting changed into a hospital gown. She followed as he was moved to a room with a bed, texting her sister along the way:

Norma: Norman had a black-out this morning. We're at the hospital getting him checked out.

Emma: Shit! How's he doing now?

Norma: He's fine, just scared and worn out. So am I. They're doing an MRI scan on him now.

Emma: Let me know how much \$ it is. My offer's still good!

Norma: I will. Thank you <3 We need to have a family meeting. Tonight okay?

Emma: Of course! We'll see you then. Love you!

Norma: Love you too :)

More time dragged on as she waited for Norman and the doctor to return with the MRI results. On her phone, Norma started doing some research on psychiatric treatment options, fugue disorders, and health insurance. She recalled how the psych ward in Seattle had practically rolled out the red carpet for Emma-Christine, once they saw what kind of insurance she had and who she worked for. Norma learned federal agents enjoyed federal government health coverage, which covered mental disorder treatments among pretty much anything else. Their children...and legal wards...had the same coverage up until the age of 26.

An idea was forming in her mind. *My god. Could this work? Would she be willing to do this? Could I go through with this?*

Part of her railed against the idea of giving up parental custody of Norman. But her more rational side pointed out: It would be on paper only. It's not like she and Norman would be separated, ever. Anyway, he'd be 18 in five weeks, then no law anywhere would have any say in who he lived with. And he'd still be covered by Em's insurance. If in fact her sister would agree to this plan. Norma had a feeling she would.

With a feeling of hope, she searched more info on treatment for conditions like what Norman might have. The most promising one was the Early Psychosis Intervention Clinic for Adolescents at Johns Hopkins Bayview Medical Center. It was in Baltimore, about an hour from D.C. Norma almost didn't notice the smile slowly forming on her lips. Things were starting to fall into place, the right way. For once in their lives. As long as she could get Emma-Christine and Dylan to agree to this. If it was going to work, they were all going to have to make some sacrifices in the short term.

Norman looked at her with curiosity when he was finally wheeled back in, in a wheelchair. He got on the hospital bed, pulled a blanket up to his waist, and turned on his side so he was facing her. Norma had been seated in the chair right next to it. He didn't get the chance to ask her what she'd been up to, because the doctor came in with the scan results.

"Well, from this, he's a perfectly healthy young man, physically. Since we can rule out any physical disorder, it's most likely a psychiatric disorder. I'm going to give a tentative diagnosis of 'fugue disorder not otherwise specified.' Would you like me to refer you to a psychiatrist?"

"No, it's fine. I want to pick the psychiatrist for him." Norma responded. "I assume we're done here?"

"Yes, unless you have any more questions. You can pick up the diagnosis papers at the front desk on your way out."

"Thank you. Come on Norman, honey. Get dressed so we can get you home."

"Yes, Mother. Nothing I'd like more." Norman got into his clothes quickly as soon as the doctor left.

After getting the papers and a notice she'd get the bill in the mail in a few days, Norma took Norman by the hand, smiling as they headed for the car. "I thought of a way to get you the help you need, baby. And to get it covered by insurance so it won't bankrupt us."

"How, Mother? I thought we couldn't afford insurance. We just bought the motel, and we're not exactly making a lot with it, so far."

“It involves your aunt and your brother, and we’re all going to talk about the details with them tonight. Let everything to me, sweetie. I don’t want you to worry about any of it. I would never, EVER send you away! We’re going to do this together”

Norman rewarded her with a tentative smile, then he kissed her cheek as they drove away from the hospital. “That’s all I need to know. You know best, Mother. I know you’ll take care of me, take care of everything.”

When they got home, Norman headed towards the upstairs and his bedroom, still holding her by the hand. “I need to lay down for a while, Mother. I’m tired and my head hurts. Will you come lay down with me?” he asked hopefully.

Norma smiled and wrapped her arms around his waist, pulling their bodies close against each other. “I have an even better idea. You feel like soaking in a hot bath? I’ll give you a massage too, get you nice and relaxed.”

“Mmm..that’s a wonderful idea.” Norman brought his lips to hers again, teasing her lower lip with his tongue as they shared a slow, lingering kiss. Unmistakeable desire was in their eyes as they went up to his bathroom, locking the door behind them. Norma ran him a steaming bath, dropping in a handful of eucalyptus bath salts into the water. Norman took two aspirin for his headache, then he met her eyes as he kicked aside his shoes and socks, then slowly unbuttoned his shirt, shrugged it off.

Norma reached a hand out, beckoned him to her. “Come here, sweetheart. Let me help you.” Norman was up close to her in roughly one second, as she sat on the edge of the tub, unbuckled his belt, then unfastened his pants. His cock was twitching, coming to happy attention quickly. She slid her fingers under the waistband of his boxers and pulled them down, freeing him. Norman gave a soft moan of pleasure at the air on his hardening arousal. This would never get old; he’d never get tired of her undressing him, looking at him, putting her hands all over him. As if reading his mind, Norma ran her hands leisurely over his hips, starting close to



his cock but not yet touching it, teasing him. "I'm going to take very good care of you. Get in the water first, okay?" She gave her upper lip a small lick, her blue eyes bright with lust. She could look at his beautiful nude body all day.

Norman did as she asked, stepping into the water and sitting back against the tub as she knelt behind him, started massaging his shoulders. "Ohh Mother..this feels amazing." All the tension and worry drained out of his body. Her hands worked their magic, kneading out all the knots. Then she moved to his neck, working him there until it felt like absolute bliss. When she stopped, he thought she was finished and going to leave him to go start dinner. But instead she brought her lips to him, kissing the sides of his neck, his ears, along his jaw, then down to his shoulders, everywhere she could reach. "Mother..you're incredible..ohh god.." he moaned.

Norma reached down into the water, running her hand slowly down his belly, wrapping it around his raging erection. "Would you like me to get in with you?" she breathed into his ear, giving it a soft nip with her teeth.

"Yess! Oh yes, Mother. I'd love it. Please!" he gasped out.

That was all the encouragement she needed. Norma took off her sweater, let it drop, kicked off her shoes, then turned her back to him, kneeling down so he could reach the zipper on the back of her dress. She didn't even have to ask him to do that anymore. Norman pulled it down in one fluid motion. She faced him and slid it off her shoulders, then down over her hips, letting it fall. Both of their breathing was heavy as she unhooked her bra, tossed it aside, running her fingers over her stiffening nipples, eliciting a groan of desire from him and a soft gasp from her own throat. This teasing was so sweetly torturous for them; she knew how much watching her touch herself drove him wild.

“God, I want you. So bad.” Norman was close to begging, “Come in here with me, please Mother.”

She answered him with a naughty grin before slipping down her light pink lace panties, also quite slowly, giving him a great look at how slick and glistening wet she was. “One more second, sweetie.” She took deliberate slow steps over to the bathroom counter, found an elastic band and tied her blonde curls up off her shoulders. She never took her eyes off his as she came back to the tub and slid into the water, seated in front of him. Norman parted his legs so she could fit comfortably between them, then he wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her against him.

“Mm..I see what you mean, Norman. This feels like heaven.” She twisted her head around and kissed his neck more.

“It feels like heaven now that you’re in here with me. You were teasing me, you naughty woman. Now I’m gonna tease you.” He kissed along her jawline, nibbled on her neck. His hands moved exquisitely slow down her belly, over her hips and down to her inner thighs. He rubbed and stroked them, gently parting them, moving close to her throbbing, engorged sex. But not touching her there just yet.

“Norman...” she exhaled, “Fuucck..you are teasing me. Touch me...ohhh..please..more..”

He had a wicked grin on his face as he kept up his gentle massage of her inner thighs, rubbing in circles, gradually moving higher and closer. “Where would you like me to touch you, Mother? Hm?” he purred into her ear.

“Touch my clit!” she gasped, “Play with me; you know how I love it! Put your fingers inside me. Make me cum!”

“Ohh yeah..” Norman smirked, proud of himself for deliciously tormenting her to the point of talking dirty. She’d only ever talked like that with him, never with any of her past lovers or husbands. All of who were far in the past, where they belonged.

“I always want to obey my mother.” he murmured against her throat, kissing her there as his hand slid between her quivering thighs. Two fingers found her clit and worked it in circles like he knew she liked. Slowly at first, then gradually faster. His other hand cupped her breast, pinching and rolling her nipple.

“YES!! Ohhhh fuck yes, that’s it Norman!” she cried out, arching back against him. She thrust against his fingers, letting out more loud moans as he was bringing her closer to the brink. Norman kept up the motion on her clit with his thumb as he plunged two fingers deep inside her. He explored and stroked her sweet depths, finding that sensitive hidden g-spot, bringing on an even louder cry as she was getting so close. He sped up both movements on her, and that was all it took. Norma screamed out as she came, mind-reeling pleasure exploding through her. Her body shook and arched hard against him. He felt that lovely, warm gushing all around his hand, hotter than the water surrounding them. Norman slowed, then stopped as he felt her orgasm settle, holding her as her body completely relaxed into his.

“Did Mommy like that? Did I obey good enough?” he whispered into her ear, then flicked his tongue across it.

“Oh god yes, you did!” she exclaimed, her breath still ragged. She twisted her head around and kissed him hard. “You’re Mama’s naughty boy, in the best way ever! Tonight: your turn.”

“I can’t wait. You take such great care of me, Mother. I feel so much better.” he gave her the most loving smile and a gentle squeeze of his arms around her.

“Me too, sweetie. We should get out, though I don’t want to. It’s getting late, and we’ve gotta get dinner made by the time your aunt and brother get here. Want to help me with it?”

“Of course, Mother.” Norman held her hand so she wouldn’t stumble as she got out of the tub, then he got out himself, got towels for both of them.

After getting dried off and dressed, they got to work side-by-side in the kitchen. Norman cut up some red potatoes while Norma got out the chicken she’d had marinating in the fridge, got it ready to go in the oven. Her mind wandered as they worked,

*If we end up living with Emma-Christine for five weeks, I’m sure I’ll have something to say about what she keeps stocked in her fridge. Or lack thereof.* The thought made her smirk. Em was largely a disaster in the kitchen. But there was no way they’d go without home-cooked meals while Norma was around. She’d take care of that.

Once the chicken and potatoes were seasoned and baking in the oven, Norman helped her toss a garden salad together. “Another thing I want to do is plant an herb garden outside, eventually.” she told him. “It might have to wait for a while, but that would be nice.”

Norman nodded, “We’ll do whatever you want with the house and motel, Mother. All I want is for you to be happy.”

“Oh, sweetie, I AM happy!” she kissed his lips. “Happy as long as we’re together, and we will be, always. Whatever we’re facing.”

Her hopeful demeanor took away his worry over the thought of therapy, possibly medication too. Norman was in suspense over the solution she'd thought of, but he knew it needed to wait until all four of them were together.

As if on cue, Aunt Emma and Dylan arrived a few minutes before dinner was ready. Dylan had brought them a bouquet of flowers to put on the table, and Norma noted how he took Em's coat and pulled her chair out for her. He was also dressed in a new-looking black button-down shirt and brand-new jeans. She still got a kick out of this new Dylan: clean-shaven with a neater haircut, better-dressed, polite..and happy. It was all Emma-Christine's doing. She was so good for him. The news that he was going back to Washington and moving in with her had come as not much of a surprise. But now, Norma knew recent developments were going to throw a wrench in those plans.

"You look very nice, Dylan." Norma remarked as she took the flowers from him. "You too, Emma." Em did indeed look well-rested and refreshed, with a certain glow to her. Her vacation time was evidently agreeing with her. No stress of a criminal case to occupy her. So the timing was right.

"Thanks, Norma, so do you. Both of you." It didn't escape Emma's attention that the Norms had that same glow to them. All of them did. Ever since that morning in the motel room, when the four of them were together and things were quiet, the overall vibe felt..different. A faint electricity was in the air. She wondered if Norma felt it too. Though at the moment she was more concerned with what had happened with Norman earlier. She went to him and gave him a brief hug before helping him look for a vase for the flowers.

"Norman. How're you feeling, honey?" she wanted to know.

"Better now. The doctor said I have a fugue disorder, but he didn't know much more than that. He said a psychiatrist will be able to help me. Aunt Emma?"

“Yeah?” their voices were quieter, as Norma as preoccupied getting a bottle of chilled chardonnay and handing it to Dylan to open.

“I think this motel’s haunted. I think there a girl who died here, and I saw a vision of her before I blacked out this morning. I know it sounds crazy, but--”

“Shh. It doesn’t.” she whispered to him soothingly. “I saw her too. For the record, that did happen. Her body was found in Zach Shelby’s basement. It’s another part of the case. We’ll talk more about it later, okay?”

Relief washed over Norman. “Okay.” He smiled at her as he got the flower vase out of the pantry and helped her arrange the flowers in it.

In the meantime, Norma and Dylan had been serving up dinner on the table. “Looks fantastic, Norma.” Em told her. “As always.” She took her seat next to Dylan, across from the Norms. No one sat at the very end of the kitchen table anymore; that way the two couples could be closer to each other.

Norma smiled and handed her a glass of wine. “Thanks. So, I guess you were telling her about what happened today, sweetie?” she asked Norman.

“Yes, Mother. About the black-out and what the doctor said.”

Dylan looked at him with concern. “How long’s this been happening, bro?”

“A few times, since right before we moved here.” That was generally the truth.

Norma steered them away from that with, “The important thing is, he needs therapy and maybe medication. For who knows how long. We can’t afford that, not even close.” She drew a deep breath and looked Emma-Christine in the eyes. “Emma, we

need health insurance for this. You have insurance. The kind that would cover this for him. I know because I looked it up.”

Emma stopped eating her dinner abruptly. “Norma, what are saying?”

Norma looked back and forth between Em and Norman. “I’m saying..I’m asking..would you consider becoming Norman’s legal guardian?” She went on in a rush before they could interrupt her, “Just so he could get on the insurance! Just until he’s 18, in five more weeks! It’s not that long! Sweetie, I’d still be with you, it’s not like you’ll be sent away, and--”

Emma reached across the table and grasped her hand. “I’ll do it.” The words were out of her mouth with no hesitation.

More understanding was evident on Norman’s face. “Would I have to live with her?” he wanted to know. “No offense, Aunt Emma. I can’t leave my mother. I won’t.”

Norma assured him, “I was hoping, not only you. Both of us, at least. Until you’re 18, then we can come home and you can continue treatment here; the insurance would still pay for it.”

Emma-Christine was looking rather dumb-founded. She felt a strange mix of shock, excitement, hope, fear,..and weirdest of all: pride. She cleared her throat, then took a swallow of her wine. “Y-You trust me THAT much, Norma? You have that much faith in me to make me legally responsible for him?”

“YES!” Norma exclaimed, “There is NO ONE else! Never in a million years, except you.”

Dylan cut in, “What about the motel you just bought, Norma? Who’s going to run it while we’re all in D.C. for over a month? Assuming this scheme of yours works and a

judge will give her custody of him.” On one hand, he wanted his brother to get the help he needed. On the other, it was looking to come at a steep price. For him and for Emma-Christine. He knew he was being selfish, but he’d been so ecstatic at the idea of a new life with her in a new city. Now it looked like that dream was going to be put on hold.

Emma gave him a sad, loving smile, then: “The rules of my insurance would cover him until he’s 26, if I were his guardian. But that’s different from the state laws in Maryland. There, I’d only be given official custody once I showed to the judge and a social worker I was providing a good home for him while he’s still a minor. So..Norma..Norman, if you’re truly willing to pull up stakes and put up with living in my one-bedroom apartment for five weeks, I’d be honored. As far as the motel..I don’t know what would be the best option.”

Norma turned this reality over in her mind. They would take another hit financially, but it was by far the lesser of two evils as far as the uninsured cost of treatment for Norman. “What if we kept it open for, um..say two of those weeks, just to get things settled up before closing it? One of us would have to stay behind and run it. It’s not going to be me. I’m not leaving Norman, not for even a day.”

It obviously couldn’t be Em either. That left only one other person. Dylan’s turn to clear his throat. “All right. I’ll do it, IF it’s only for those first two weeks! After that, I’m locking it up and jumping on the next plane out! I don’t care what else is going on then!” he declared.

“Dylan! You’d do that?!” Another shock for the rest of them.

“Yeah, I will. Remember what we all agreed? We’re looking out for each other and taking care of each other, no matter what. Sometimes, we’re going to have to make sacrifices to do that. This is one of those times.” He had another drink of his wine, then went on: “I want Norman to get better, as much as any of us do. I’m willing to



sacrifice those two weeks.” he moved his chair closer to Em and put his arm around her, kissed her cheek. “You’re giving up a lot too, to make this possible. One of the million reasons I love you so much.”

She squeezed him to her, “I love you. We’ll be okay, baby.” She turned to the Norms, smiling. “All right then. Monday morning, we’ll go to family court, Norma. You’ll petition to voluntarily sign over custody to me. Hopefully the judge won’t take long to come back with a decision. Until then, let’s all try to enjoy the weekend, shall we?”

Too overwhelmed for words, Norma jumped out of her seat, went around the table and pulled Emma-Christine up by the hand, then threw herself into her arms, almost knocking the breath out of her. “Thank you! I can’t thank you enough!” she choked out through tears. “You’re saving his life..in a way. You’ve already saved my life..saved all of our lives!”

Em hugged her back tightly, then broke the hold. She smiled and brushed a tear away from Norma’s cheek. “After that’s done, start packing your bags, little sister. We’re going to D.C.”

The two of them almost didn’t notice Norman hugging Emma from behind, as tightly as his mother was, squeezing her between them. “Thank you, Aunt Emma. So much.” he murmured. Fear was definitely replaced by excitement and hope.

After the dinner dishes were cleaned and put away, the four of them retired to the living room, Norman digging through the old vinyl albums until he found one with one of Norma’s favorite old Dusty Springfield songs on it. After dropping the needle on it, he held out his hand, “May I have this dance?” he asked with a smile.

“What do you think, sweetie? Always!” Norma took his hand and slipped into his arms, swaying with him around the living room. Emma smiled as she watched them for a moment, then tugged Dylan’s hand, pulling him off the couch and into the same

dance position with her. He was embarrassed for a second; he had absolutely no rhythm, though it hadn't stopped Em's determination to teach him to dance. Then he remembered the four of them had done much more in front of each other, seen each other at their most intimate, so being embarrassed about dancing suddenly seemed ridiculous.

Norman spun Norma around, and she grinned at them before he spun her back and pulled her against him. They danced for a handful of songs, trying out different ones on the old record player, then more on a couple of their smartphones. Norman darted a glance to his aunt, then back at Norma. They looked in each other's eyes. Both gave a little smirk; they could tell they were both thinking the same thing. Norman let go of her and sank onto the couch, taking a breather. Emboldened, Norma went over to her sister and her older son.

"May I cut in?" she asked with a smile.

"Sure, why not?" Dylan thought for a moment she meant him, but then Norma turned and slipped her arm around Emma-Christine's shoulder, taking her hand and moving in close. Her sister looked a bit caught off guard, but then she smiled at the expression on Norma's face: gratitude, admiration..and love. No question about the last one. Em was wearing a soft sky-blue sweater and navy jeans that hugged her lean form. Norma lightly stroked the velvety material as she held onto Emma's shoulder, the two of them moving to the bluesy beat of the song playing: some cover of "For Your Love," the name of the band escaping both of them at the moment.

Norma was wearing a dark blue dress patterned with small flowers, and with a V-neck that afforded a fair view of her cleavage. As he watched them, Norman's face grew warm. He soon had to shift his crossed legs to try to conceal his growing arousal.

*Damn, they are gorgeous together! I don't know how much more of this I can take, before I pick Mother up and carry her to bed!*

As if sensing how turned on he was getting, Norma let go of Em's hand and slid her other arm around her other shoulder, pulling herself even closer so their hips were touching. She murmured in her ear, "I'm so happy we found each other. So happy you're my sister."

Emma pressed a hand to Norma's back. She felt her sister's body trembling slightly. So, she wasn't imagining it. Maybe Norma was consciously aware of it, maybe not, but Emma picked it up: Her younger sister was becoming attracted to her. How much of it was mixed all with the other feelings, she couldn't tell. She did know this: it wasn't going to go away. She wasn't sure if she wanted it to go away.

"Me too." she murmured back.

"You mean so much to us." Before she could even think about it, Norma pressed a brief kiss to Emma-Christine's neck, just under her earlobe, giving them both a slight jolt at the contact. "I love you, Emma." she whispered, before stopping their dance and breaking away, moving to Norman on the couch and settling on his lap, nuzzling her head into his neck. She shifted, feeling how hard he was.

Norman whispered in her ear, "That was so sexy, Mother. I want you upstairs, in bed. Right now."

Emma had taken her own seat across Dylan's lap. He also whispered something in her ear, which made her give a soft laugh. "Well, how about we call it a night?" she suggested to Norma and Norman.

"We were thinking the same thing." Norma winked at her. "Dylan, will you come over in the morning and help Norman set up the video security system?"

“Sure, Mom. Good night, you two.”

The front door had barely closed behind Dylan and Emma-Christine when Norman pulled Norma to him, covering her lips with his own in a deep kiss that took her breath away. He grinned when they finally broke apart, “Washington’s going to be fun, Mother. I can tell. I’m so excited!”

She returned his suggestive smile, “I’m excited too! With a little luck on our side, it could be fun in all sorts of ways.”

“Mmm..oh yes..” Norman kissed her hard again. “I’m so ready for bed, Mother.” With that, he swept her into his arms as he’d been aching to do, carried her up the stairs to her bedroom.