

Chapter 31: No One Knows Us Here

It was nearly one in the afternoon by the time the trio had finally gotten out of bed. First sleeping late, then Norman woke up first, giving Norma those soft kisses on the neck he knew would gently wake her up, in every way. She gave a soft, content moan and molded her nude body even closer against his.

"Still tired, Mother?" he'd whispered, before giving her a lingering kiss.

"Mm..I'm never that tired, baby. Come here." she wrapped her arms around him and slowly rolled onto her back with him on top of her. Their lips met again, the kiss quickly getting deep and passionate. Norman stroked his fingers up her side, up to her breast. He cupped it, rubbing her nipple with his thumb as he teased her lips apart, slipping his tongue along hers. It was all it took to drive her want to a fever-pitch. She parted her legs, reached down and grasped his hips, as he slid his hard cock inside her.

Their rocking motions together and soft cries of pleasure didn't fail to wake up Emma right next to them. She stretched out under the sheet, smiling as she turned her head towards that gorgeous sight. If there was anything sexier and lovelier than those two pleasing each other, she couldn't think of it. The love they had for each other radiated off them. She could feel it, had always been able to ever since that night she'd walked in on them and seen the truth. It seemed forever ago. It was such a wonder how much had changed, how much a part of her this family had become. They'd been linked by DNA for their whole lives, and now that was only one part of how tightly they were all bonded together.

Norma arched her back and let out a long, loud cry as she came, her hips jamming hard over and over against his. Em couldn't help it; her hand slid down into her warm wetness and rubbed along it, finding her way up to her clit and rolling two fingers along it in slow circles. She was more than halfway to climax when Norman

collapsed on top of her sister, his hips jerking as he spilled his seed deep inside her. They lay slack on top of each other for long moments, before Norma kissed his face and gently indicated Emma with a side thrust of her head. Norman got the point; they didn't even have to speak. He pulled out of her and lifted himself, moving over his aunt, hovering and leaning down to kiss her before settling on the other side of her. Now she was in the middle.

"Good morning, guardian." He said with that smirk he knew made both women melt.

"Good morning, yourself." She smiled, returning his kiss.

"I think you could use some help," Norman cuddled even closer, pressing his fingers along her jawline and tilting her head up so he could gaze into her eyes, then Norma slid over close to her, started running her hand down her sister's flat stomach.

"I think you're right, honey." Norma had a similar wicked grin on her face, as she moved her hand between Em's parting thighs, gently but firmly pushed her sister's hand away and took over, holding her clit between two fingers and working it in those same circles. She started trailing kisses and soft bites along Emma's shoulders, her neck, then lower towards her breasts. At the same time, Norman had her lips captured with his. The kiss was slow, leisurely. Em gave a moan that vibrated into his throat, as her sister found her sensitive nub.

"Ohhh." she gasped out when the kiss finally broke. "Fuck.." Her slick pink folds grew more swollen, pulsing around Norma's now-skilled fingers.

"Cum for us. Now." Norman's voice was low in her ear before he raked his teeth over her earlobe. Norma sank two fingers deep inside her while keeping her thumb rolling circles over her clit. Seconds later, Em's turn to scream out as her back arched against them both, her warmth gushing over Norma's hand.

"Holy fuck! My fuckin' god, Norma!" she gasped, "You've...you've caught on quick...ohh god.."

Norma kissed her lips, giving her lower one a bite. "You bet I have. Love you. And good morning." This time that playful smirk was on her face. "Well, afternoon. We should get up and get ready if we're going to make it on time to get Dylan. I'm going to take a shower. Norman, help Emma make brunch okay? I don't know about you two, but French toast sounds great to me."

"Sure, Mother."

"Same here," Emma sat up and leaned over Norman, reaching for her robe.

Their very late breakfast passed in a blissful mood for a while, though reality was crawling in for Emma especially. It seemed an eternity since she'd seen the man was in love with. Unbelievable it had been only four days. He was the one she WAS truly in love with. She loved the Norms, to the point where the new physical side to that love was wonderful, but it was still not the same. Things were not going to go back to the way they were before, not completely. It would be smartest for all of them to start focusing on what was most important: getting Norman better, and getting herself better, as much as that was possible.

Then there was the issue of who was watching, stalking, and menacing their family in White Pine Bay. Or would be, if Dylan was not safely on his way to D.C., away from that. At first Em would have assumed it was that teacher who'd had her sights on Norman, but that didn't make sense logically. What reason would *she* have for gratitude over Romero's murder? And the Bates family wasn't even directly responsible for that, for fuck's sake! It was Joe Fieretti who'd fired the deadly shot, and it had been a tragic instance of "wrong place, wrong time." No, Em's investigator's mind reasoned this was someone else, someone even more unhinged and dangerous. The family was not going to stay in D.C. forever. After Norman

turned 18 in another month, and once he'd made enough progress in therapy, it would be time to go home. For them to get back on track with their new business. As long as that threat was around, she was not staying behind in Washington. She knew the four of them were going to have to band together and take care of the problem. By any means necessary.

Emma came back to the present, as the three of them finished eating. Then she and Norman took their turns in the shower. After that, she tasked him with cleaning up the mess in the living room while Norma and Emma went to pick Dylan up from the airport. His flight would land at 5:45 eastern time that evening, but the two of them would need to leave three hours before so they could make it on time through the crawling Saturday evening D.C. traffic. Norman scowled at the idea, "I don't know why I have to be the one staying here," he complained.

"Because I asked you to, that's why." Emma told him, "It's going to be tight fit for all of our stuff in here. I want you to find somewhere for you guys' suitcases, where they're out of the way, and get all those clothes off the floor in the living room. Put them in the laundry, and we'll take care of that later. Now, come here and put this on my back, will you sweetie?" She handed him one of her nicotine patches. Both she and Norma were in their bras and panties because the small bathroom had gotten very hot and steamy, thanks to Norman purposefully "forgetting" to turn on the fan while he'd taken his shower, hoping it would cause them to put off getting fully dressed. It had worked.

"Sure," Norman took it and peeled off the adhesive backing. He placed it against Em's left shoulder blade, then gave it a firm slap, causing her to jump. "Just making sure it's on good," he said sweetly.

"Norman!" his mother looked over and scolded him, though with that naughty glint in her eyes again. She strode the three-step distance to him, took his shoulder and

spun him around, gave him an even harder slap on the ass. "Don't think you can start dishing it out without taking it, honey!"

Norman grabbed her playfully around the waist, "Oh, I'll take it Mother. So will you!" he dipped her lower in his arms and gave her a long kiss.

"Speaking of which," Emma informed them, "You two are going to be on your own for dinner tonight." she grinned. "I'm taking Dylan out. I'd tell you to stay out of my toy bin in the closet, but somehow I doubt that'll happen. Put back what you use, okay?"

They both looked at her with questioning expressions. Emma could tell what they were thinking; it was becoming so easy for all of them to read each other. "No, I'm not telling him about you and me, Norman. Not tonight. I know it'll come out at some point; it's just not the right time."

Troublesome as that revelation might be when she did tell him, the trio did agree it was better to hold off on it. Not long after, Norma and Emma were all dressed and ready to go. Norman gave both of them brief kisses in parting, then started on the clean-up.

The D.C. traffic was as bad as expected, and Em spotted Dylan already waiting outside the airport entrance. She parked the Mustang in the first empty curbside spot and jumped out without even bothering to turn off the engine. Dylan barely had a moment to smile before she jumped into his arms. He squeezed her back, holding her tight, lifting her off her feet and spinning her around once despite how she nearly matched him in height.

"Damn, I missed you! So much!" Emma pressed her cheek against his, her arms wrapped around his shoulders. Then she pulled back so their foreheads touched.

Dylan was grinning so wide it was making his face sore. He'd never had this enthusiastic a greeting in his life. Not even close. "I missed you, too. So much it was making me crazy!" He hesitated when she started to close the gap between their lips. "Emma, we're--"

"In a big city. No one knows us here. Nobody cares. Now shut up and kiss me!" she finished. He did, long and good. He never wanted to go that long again without the sweet taste of her lips, without her in his arms. Without that special way she could order him around and it was the biggest fucking turn-on ever.

They finally broke apart, Dylan realizing his mother was standing only a few steps away. He locked eyes with Norma for a couple of seconds, then he looked back at the woman he loved. His cheeks grew hot with the memory of the two of them, seen through video chat, and through those very hot photos they sent just to sweetly torture him. As exhausted as he was from the long and pretty turbulent plane ride, he felt a definite stirring in his groin. Maybe Washington was agreeing with her, but Norma looked at least twice as beautiful as she ever had before. Who the hell was he fooling? They both looked like goddesses because he couldn't get those images of them out of his mind.

"Uh..Hi, Mom," Dylan knew she'd like that, even if saying it felt all kinds of awkward. Emma stepped aside so they could embrace. He pulled Norma to him in a hug he couldn't remember them ever sharing before, not once in his entire 22 years.

"Hi, Dylan." she responded with a smile. "I'm glad you're here. Away from there, and you're safe now."

"Me too. Well, I guess we should get moving." Dylan picked up his large duffel bag and slung it over his shoulder. Emma eyed it, hoping he hadn't rolled up and stuffed his new suit into it, though most likely he had and it would need serious ironing. She

smirked, knowing it would just make him horny if she scolded him. That would be for a bit later.

"Holy shit, Emma! That's your car?!" Dylan had caught sight of the Mustang.
"Whoa.." He had an even lustier look when he met her eyes.

Em laughed, "I'm really glad you like, honey. Yes, it's mine. We'll have to go for some drives, other than taking your brother back and forth to Bayview."

"Oh, yeah. Where is Norman, by the way?" Dylan saw the car was empty as he dropped his bag into the trunk and shut it. "Is he already at that place?"

"No, first we need to meet with the social worker tomorrow and have her sign off on the guardianship." Norma told him as she climbed into the back seat so Dylan could sit up front with Emma. "Norman's at home, cleaning the apartment." She gave a short laugh, "Your aunt can lay down the law, sometimes, when she needs to."

Dylan slid into the black leather seat next to Emma. He couldn't help letting out a low whistle. She looked smokin' hot behind the wheel of it. He knew he should enjoy the views of all those famous monuments on the drive home, but it was tough to concentrate on that when all he could think about was taking a hot shower and having Emma join him, then seeing just where he'd be sharing her bed. "Yeah, she sure can," Dylan took Em's hand and gave it a kiss, the look in his blue eyes smoldering.

Back at the apartment, Dylan got the basic tour, gave his brother a quick hello, then started unpacking in Emma's bedroom. It turned out, he'd done exactly what she's suspected with his suit. "What happened to the garment bag I got you?" she demanded, sounding stern. He smirked, knowing where this was going.

"I forgot it." he admitted.

Emma held up the wrinkled slacks and shirt. "These are going to need to be ironed, and you're going to need to be taught a lesson for that."

Of course, Norma would be passing by the open bedroom door, as she was taking a load of laundry to the washing machine. "Hey, toss them over here. I'll do it." She held out a hand and caught the pants, jacket, and shirt as Emma threw them. "And have fun," Norma added with a wink, pulling the door shut as she left.

~~~~~

Not surprisingly, Dylan and Emma took their time getting showered, ending up in bed, then eventually getting out of bed and getting dressed to go to dinner. To give them privacy, Norma and Norman went for a walk around the neighborhood, enjoying the sights and each other's company. She laced her arm through his, so content they didn't have to hide their affection for each other. Their age difference might be the only thing people took note of, but even then no one seemed to give them more than a passing glance.

"Mother?"

"Yes, honey?"

"What are we gonna do about tomorrow? I mean, won't it look weird to the social worker if there are four of us and only two beds in the apartment?"

*Oh shit.* He was right. She'd been so swept up in the passion and love of their time in D.C. so far, the reality of why they were there had been pushed to the back of her mind. They were going to be facing an outsider who would not be on their side if there was even a hint of anything off, and the stakes had never been higher.



"I know, sweetie, but I don't want you to worry about a thing. Aunt Emma and I will think of something. That social worker's only going to be here for an hour tomorrow morning. We only have to pretend to be like everyone else for that long. Maybe.."  
Norma thought for a moment, "Maybe tomorrow your brother and I could go out to breakfast while she's there. It'll make it look like only you and Aunt Emma are staying in the apartment, like the courts and stuff think it is. What do you think?"

Norman wasn't wild about the idea. He saw the kinder, sweeter attitude his big brother had towards Norma, ever since the little show that she and Aunt Emma had given him online. He almost preferred how it used to be, when the two of them did nothing but fight and insult one another. Oh sure, he and Dylan could enjoy watching the two women they loved, pleasing each other. He had a feeling it was going to quickly get more complicated. But it was just breakfast for an hour tomorrow; he was being ridiculous, he admonished himself.

"All right, Mother. I guess that'll work."

She kissed his cheek, snuggled closer against his side. The night air was getting chillier. "It'll all be okay, baby. I'd imagine those two have worked up an appetite and will be going out to dinner soon. How about we head back, order in and watch a movie while they're out?"

He smiled, then dropped a kiss to her lips. "Sounds perfect." It was so lovely, so freeing to be able to show their love for each other out in the open like this. Norman never wanted that to end. It made everything else feel so far away and insignificant.