

### Chapter 33: Nothing We Can't Finish

When the apartment doorbell rang with their dinner orders, it jolted Norman awake as he'd been dozing with his head on Norma's shoulder, their arms wrapped around each other. Since he'd been taking the anti-psychotic medication, he'd collapsed onto the sofa bed as soon as he got home from Bayview every evening, napping for an hour before dinner. The family's Saturday of sightseeing had caused him to skip that nap, now he'd been struggling to keep his eyes open as he snuggled into her arms and Norma pressed "play" on a DVD of another '80s movie from Aunt Emma's collection. He was too tired to follow the story closely though. All he wanted was to rest up enough for what might happen--what he hoped might happen--later tonight. Both Aunt Emma and Dylan had joined them on the pullout, making it kind of a tight fit, but with all kinds of potential.

Em was wearing that same navy satin robe she'd worn on that unforgettable night with him and with Mother. As some of the fog of sleep left him, Norman couldn't stop the thoughts of what she might be wearing under it. He already could venture a good guess what Norma was wearing under hers. He was sure he'd seen every lacy naughty piece of lingerie she owned, and pulled all of them from her succulent body. The medication might tire his body out quicker, but it was proving no match for some parts of his imagination.

Aunt Emma stirred, kissing Dylan on the cheek. She'd been laying pressed against his side, partially on top of him, their legs intertwined. "Will you go get that, baby? Money's on the counter." she asked him.

"Of course," Dylan leaned down and dropped a soft kiss to her lips. "Want to help me carry the bags, Norman?" Carrying three take-out bags wasn't really a two-man job, but Dylan had the idea of leaving Norma and Emma by themselves while their boys served up dinner. His thoughts echoed his little brother's, hoping something

would happen between the two beautiful women they loved. Both of them lounging back in those robes, looking delectably sexy without even trying.

"Sure," Norman slowly hauled himself up. "You two relax, Mother. Aunt Emma. Let us serve you dinner this time. You always do it for us." He winked at Norma before joining his brother, bringing the food to the kitchen and getting out plates for everyone.

Emma rolled fully onto her back, stretching out. Then she turned onto her other side, facing Norma, who'd already slid closer to her. Her lovely little sister gave her a knowing smirk. They were onto their boys, knew exactly what they wanted to go down. Emma reached over and threaded her fingers through Norma's soft blonde curls, as Norma slid her hand over Em's upper thigh, up under her robe.

"I've missed you," Norma said softly, before sliding closer and capturing her sister's lips in a slow smoldering kiss. Em kissed her back just as eagerly, giving Norma's hair a gentle tug before trailing two fingers lightly down the soft skin at the V-neck of her robe, stopping right at the juncture of her breasts. It made Norma give a delighted little shiver.

"I've been missing those sweet lips of yours," Emma murmured, "And your sweet everything else. Come here." Her last two words came out husky, almost a growl. She wrapped an arm around Norma's waist and pulled her tight against her, rolling again onto her back as Norma got on top of her. Em slid her hand lower over the warm silky fabric of Norma's robe until she cupped her ass, gave it a rather hard squeeze. Norma gave a sharp little gasp before pressing herself to Emma, straddling her and sealing their lips together once more. The noise she made caused Norman and Dylan to turn their way, both freezing and going slack-jawed.

Emma's hands found their way between them and loosening the belt on Norma's robe. She parted it enough to see that Norma was wearing a deep red matching bra

and panties overlaid with black lace. "Damn.." she breathed out. "You are so fuckin' hot, baby sister."

"Mm..are you gonna show me how hot you think I am?" Norma teased her, then gave Em's lower lip a soft bite. Then she sat up, kneeling over her and starting to slowly peel back her robe, letting it fall away from her shoulders. She met Norman's-then Dylan's-eyes, giving them both of them a searing, inviting gaze. At the same moment, Emma reached up and tore the robe the rest of the way off her, threw it aside. She slid her hands over Norma's hips, grabbing them as Norma started grinding against her, slick wetness already soaking through her panties.

Norman didn't need any further encouragement. Dinner could wait. Clearly they were hungry for something else. He stashed the take-out boxes in the fridge and went to his mother, kneeling on the bed next to her and Aunt Emma. "Mother, I haven't seen you wear this before. God, you're gorgeous." He ran his hand up Norma's back, giving her bra clasp a tug.

"It's a little surprise I bought while you were at Bayview." she said.

"Even I haven't seen her in it until now," Aunt Emma told him, playing with the lace at the edge of her sister's bra.

"Ahem," Dylan had joined them, sitting on the edge of the bed on the other side of Norma and Emma. "If you two wanna..um..keep going, I don't think you should be interrupted." He swallowed hard, unable to tear his eyes away from them. Ever since Norma had moved on top of Em and her robe had parted, his arousal had been straining at his pajama bottoms; he didn't know how long he was going to be able to contain himself. Seeing them half-naked and fondling each other on the video chat had been nothing compared to this. "Emma," he said thickly, "What do you have on under that?"

Norma turned to him with a wicked glint in her eyes. Dylan was unaware he was echoing her same words from that first night with three of them together.

"Would you like your mother to show you, honey? Hm? You want her to undress me?" Emma demanded, her gaze also searing into him.

Dylan gulped hard, "Y-Yes ma'm, I want Norma to take that off you."

"Fuckin' bad boy." She exhaled, her voice thick with lust as she pulled Norma's hand to the dark blue robe tie. As Norma started to loosen it, Norman, unsure what to do started to get up to give them more room. His mother turned her attention away from Aunt Emma, her hand shooting out and wrapping around his wrist.

"Oh, no. I don't think so. Where do you think YOU'RE going, baby?" Norma slid her hand to the back of Norman's neck, threaded her fingers into his hair, and pulled his mouth to hers. Her kiss was hard, even rough, causing him to moan into her throat. His tiredness was quickly fading. With her other hand, she managed to pull open Em's robe, most of the way. At the same time, Emma started squirming a bit under Norma's weight, shifting closer to Dylan. Her little sister got the idea, moving up onto her knees and giving her more freedom to slide over and grab Dylan by the front of his T-shirt, giving it a rough tug so he had no choice but to move all the way onto the bed.

"You." She purred, "Your turn. You're overdressed for this. You want to watch? Then take this off." He did as she ordered. At the same time, Norman unsnapped his mother's bra clasp as Norma had turned around with her back to him. She reached over and took the shoulders of Em's open robe and pulled them down. It slid off her and fell to the mattress. Dylan got a full look at her black lace teddy that left little to the imagination. His eyes widened, but he had no chance to speak before Em caught his lips with hers, giving his bottom one a rough bite that hurt but somehow made him even harder.

Not to be ignored, Norma moved behind Emma and took the straps of Em's racy little one-piece and pulled them down, exposing her small but perfect breasts with their hard nipples that Dylan's hands immediately found. He thumbed them in circles, causing her to break the kiss and let out a loud moan. Norma's hands caressed her waist, and at the same time Norman has holding his mother from behind, nibbling and sucking on her neck as he ground his arousal against her ass.

"Sister, you're looking to get your ass smacked!" Emma gasped as she arched into Dylan.

"You promise?" Norma teased her, was teasing Norman at the same time. He got the hint and grabbed the waist of her panties, tore them down.

"Mother. You're being very bad." He breathed. "Get on all fours." His hand gently but firmly pushed on her back.

Emma turned to them, "I have a better idea. Get on all fours on top of me." She met Dylan's lust-filled eyes. "Would you like that, honey? Hm?"

"God, you're driving me crazy! Both you! Fuck yess.." He nearly pleaded.

Em reached over and untied the drawstring on Dylan's pants, pulling them down over his deep red, throbbing cock. "Lay down, on your back. Next to me." She ordered, "And you: get that pretty ass over here," she demanded of Norma. She seized Norma by the sides of the face and kissed her deeply as she pulled her on top of her. At the same time, Norman pulled her panties the rest of the way off, spreading her open from behind as she straddled and bent over his aunt. He slipped two fingers along her dripping slit, teasing her, flicking briefly over her swollen nub. Norma moaned into the kiss, Emma not letting her go, not that she wanted that anyway.

"Such a bad girl." Norman murmured, before taking his wet hand from her and bringing it down hard on her ass, once, twice, then more. Norma finally broke from her sister and cried out, "Ohhh God!! Fuck!! Yes!"

Emma gave a naughty laugh, "Told you so." She kissed her again, her turn to moan as Norma's now-practiced fingers slipped between her own soaked folds, rubbing her clit up and down with slow strokes.

This was too much for Dylan, was nearly going to kill him. Before he could grasp his rock-hard length, Em seemed to read his mind, reached over with one hand and gently swatted his hand away. She wrapped her hand around his cock, fingers stroking along the sensitive underside, bringing on a groan of pleasure from him as his hips started thrusting. It wasn't that easy at first, for her to concentrate on stroking him while Norma was sending such burning magic through her body, but they soon fell into a steady rhythm.

Norman gave his mother's reddened ass one more hard slap before tearing his T-shirt off and fumbling with his own pajama pants, getting them off and kicking them to the floor. He moved between her spread thighs, pulling her hips up at an even better angle before sinking his cock deep inside her to the hilt. Norma let out a long keening sound before she thrust her fingers even harder back and forth into her sister's slick heat.

Seeing her nephew take his mother from behind, right above her made Emma lose it. She arched and bucked hard against Norma's hand, her fluids spurting up to the wrist as she screamed out a stream of filthy oaths interlaced with her sister's name. She could feel that Dylan was seconds away from his own intense release. Still breathing hard from her climax, she gave Norma a gentle push on the shoulder so she could let her up. "Fuckin' incredible," she breathed before giving her sister's neck one more lingering kiss. Then she rolled over, getting on her knees and straddling him, impaling herself on his member as he gasped,

"Ohhh fuck...Emma..god I'm gonna cum!!"

She rubbed her thumb along the center of his bottom lip. "Hold on, baby. Just for a minute!" She gripped his cock with a thrusting rhythm as his hands reached up and grasped her hips. Only a few times was all he was able to last for, then he erupted deep inside her, harder than he could ever remember.

"Jesus..that was...fuckin' hot as hell!" Dylan struggled to get the words out as he tried to catch his breath, Emma collapsing onto his as he wrapped his arms around her. They didn't have long to rest, as his brother sped up his own motion and brought out a scream of "OHHHHH FUUCK!!! Omigod!!!" It was tough to tell which woman was louder; they both had sets of lungs on them, and at one time Norma had never sworn like that in the heat of climax. It wasn't tough to guess where that influence was from. And at one time, no other man had ever brought her to that height. Norman followed with his own sweet release into her.

Norman leaned over and kissed her neck, then down her spine as her body relaxed into the mattress. "Turn over, Mother. I want to see you."

She slowly turned onto her back, gathering him into her arms. For a while, the four of them lay like that as they slowly returned to the present. Norma finally turned her head and smiled at Dylan, "Was that everything you expected?"

"God, yes!" He exhaled. "Damn..the two of you together..there are just no words.."

Norman gave him a piercing look, "You like seeing Mother and I together too. Don't bother lying about it. I've seen it all over your face." He said.

"Yeah? So does your aunt, for your information." Dylan retorted, as he gave Em a squeeze on the ass, making her jolt slightly.

"Ohh yes, she does! We knew that before YOU did!" Norman's turn to get a wicked look on his face, as he shifted over from a still-very-relaxed Norma, cupping Emma by the chin and giving her a lingering kiss. It momentarily shocked both his aunt and his brother, and it became clear quickly to Dylan this wasn't the first time his little brother had locked lips with their aunt. A pang of anger mixed with jealousy came and went as he realized: he couldn't condemn them for the same thing that had happened between him and Norma only a few days ago.

Norma herself reached over and gently rubbed Norman's shoulder as he pulled back from Em and Dylan. "Hey, let's not start anything we're all not willing to finish." She admonished.

Dylan gave her a wry look, "I think all this is nothing we can't finish, Norma." His turn to lean to the side and give his mother a very non-familial kiss on the lips.

"You two!" Emma exclaimed, "You didn't...you haven't...Norma!"

"No, we haven't slept together. Ever. Never considered it." Dylan assured her. For probably the first time in his life, he got the satisfaction of his mother agreeing with him and backing him up.

Norman added, "We all know who we really love here. Who we're really in love with, I mean. None of that will ever change. Anything else that happens...I dunno..Mother?" He looked to her, not knowing how exactly to navigate this new territory.

Norma threaded her fingers into his hair, brought his forehead to hers. "You are the other half of my soul, you know that." Then she twisted her head to look at Dylan, "The three of us made an agreement before you got here: We could have some fun in the bedroom together, AS LONG AS it's all of us! No sneaking around behind



anyone's backs. No swapping without all four of us here. It goes for ALL four of us. You think you can handle that, Dylan?" Her tone was getting sterner by the second.

Dylan was speechless for several seconds, blinking as he struggled to process this news. Emma ran her fingers along his jawline, turned his chin so he looked in her eyes. "I love you. They love each other. Yeah, the three of us did come up with those rules. No one's falling in love with anyone different here. It's just some harmless fun. We're all adults here."

He nodded, "I like it when you and Norma have fun together. A lot." He said, still sounding dumbfounded.

Em grinned, "That's extremely obvious, sweetie." she laughed and kissed his lips. "So, what do you say? Agreed?"

Dylan glanced over at his mother, meeting her intense gaze, "Yeah. Agreed."