

## Chapter 34: Let it Rain

Dylan was the one to break the locked gaze with Norma. Propping himself up higher on one elbow, he reached over and slapped Norman upside the head.

"Ow! What'd I do?!" Norman gave him a shove on the shoulder.

"You little shit. You slept with Aunt Emma is what you did! Don't bother lying about it. I see it all over you, how you two were trying to fake all innocent when we got back from breakfast that one day." He had to get that out of his system; in truth, it had been needling at Dylan for days in spite of his efforts to ignore it.

"Hey, knock it off! Both of you." Norma wedged herself further between her boys, creating an arrangement of their bodies that had even more potential. Emma put a hand on Norman's shoulder from behind, giving it a squeeze.

"I wanted them to." Norma admitted, "I..um...I wanted to watch. Wanted to see him take her." She twisted to face her sister, a downright lecherous look on her face. "And I helped him a little, like this." She dipped two fingers between Em's thighs, running them up through her slick wetness, stopping at her clit and giving it a brief rub, bringing out a moan from her.

"Ohh shit! Norma.." Emma had left any inhibition behind a long time ago, when it came to her sister pleasing her while they had an audience. "Fuckin' tease.." she exhaled. Norman was only further encouraged at her pleasure, caressing her bare hips from behind.

More of an idea was taking shape in Norma's mind. She pulled Norman's hand further around until he found his aunt's clit, continued what his mother started. As she arched and her hips gently thrust, Norma got up on her knees and pressed her body against her. In a bold move, she tugged on a handful of Em's dark locks

while she whispered in her ear. "I want you to take me up the ass with that one toy while I ride Dylan and Norman fucks you. How about that?" When had she gotten so brazen? When had she taken the lead on this? Emma must have brought out this hidden dominant side of her. Nothing was off limits anymore. She wanted it. Badly.

Emma's eyes popped wide, "Whaat?" She gasped. "Seriously? You want us to-ohh fuck! Norman, that feels so good!" Norman had chosen that moment to speed up the circles he was rubbing, taking her swelling clit between two fingers. "You want us to double-stuff you?"

Norma's lust-brightened eyes met hers, "Yess..more than anything. You wanna go get that vibrator, or should I?" She turned to a Dylan, "Get on your back. You and her are going to take me at the same time, and you.." Norma met Norman's gaze, "I want you to make her scream; I wanna hear it." Her astonished older son tried and failed to stammer out a coherent answer; finally he just nodded and obeyed.

"All right, you can call the shots this time." Emma told her, "Just know it won't last forever. I'll be right back." She reluctantly pulled away from Norman, stood up and threw on her robe. The toy Norma wanted was a thin purple beaded anal vibrator. Em grabbed it out of the plastic storage bin in her closet, along with a bottle of warming lube. Her heart was racing as she returned to the sofa-bed, to find Norma and Norman up on their knees, kissing in that extremely sensuous way only they could. Dylan had moved behind Norma and started rubbing her shoulders. Before he could touch her more, Norma reached back with one hand and took hold of his hard cock, giving it a squeeze that brought out a whine of pleasure mixed with pain from him.

"On your back." Norma growled at him, only briefly taking her lips from Norman's. Emma grasped Dylan by one shoulder and pushed him down.

"Listen to your mother." her voice was becoming menacing. Dylan did as he was told.

He gulped, "Are you sure about this?"

Norma gave Norman's lower lip a bite. "You're next, baby." she promised. "After you fuck her nice and hard for me."

"Oh yes, mother." Norman would always do anything for her. Any little thing at all. He could barely breathe at the fact Aunt Emma was about to take her up the ass. Norman had been wanting them to try that together, but he'd been afraid of hurting her. Now, it was all he wanted to see. It barely mattered that Dylan was part of the equation. Norma didn't love him. He seemed hardly more than a prop. She didn't love anyone the way she loved Norman, never would.

Norman turned his attention to Aunt Emma, pulled at the end of her robe belt, untying it before he pushed her robe down her shoulders so it fell to the floor, leaving her naked along with the rest of them. Norma slid over Dylan, her thighs straddling his. "Yes, I'm sure. You know where we stand." She gave his reddened member a few quick strokes before she sank down, impaling herself on his cock all the way to the hilt. Both gasped at the suddenness of it, but Norma barely had the chance to squeeze around him once before Emma was on her from behind, spreading her firm ass cheeks apart before slathering the warming lube on her much smaller pink round hole. She'd already coated the beaded vibe with more of it.

The toy had beads that got bigger along its length. Norma gave a sharp little cry when her sister pushed the first two inside her. It was uncomfortable for a few seconds, then the warmth started as Em slowly worked it back and forth, just enough.

"Ohhhh my god!" Sensations she'd never felt before were coursing through her. Norma gripped and thrust harder against Dylan, clamping her thighs tight around his, making him give out another loud groan as his hands found her hips as she rode him faster. "More! Please!" Norma gasped, "Fuck!"

Emma hesitated before pushing the vibe in halfway, bringing on an animalistic keen from her sister. Norman had wrapped his arms around her from behind, kissing and biting on her neck as two of his fingers pinched and rolled her stiff nipple. His other hand slipped back into her soaked pink folds, two fingers pushing inside her. "You heard Mother," he murmured into her ear before nipping on her earlobe. "Why don't you turn it on?"

"Mmmm...I like how you think, Norman." Emma twisted back and planted a kiss near the corner of his mouth. She slid her thumb on the switch, slowly pushing it in further as Norma screamed out, "ohh jesus fuuck!! So fuckin' good! Give it to me, both of you!"

All Dylan could do was hold on, as his mother jammed her hips faster, squeezing him rhythmically, so hard it almost hurt. When Em turned on the vibrator, he could feel it too. He dropped his head back, arching into her, his cock throbbing. "Ahh..omigod.." he exhaled. This was beyond insane; he'd never felt pleasure like this. He looked around Norma at that wonderfully wicked goddess who was driving both of them to the edge. "I love you, Emma!" he managed to get out. Em responded with a wink, before she slammed her hand down on Norma's ass, making her cry out again.

"I love you, baby. Your mother's gotten a filthy mouth on her. You're telling me she's kissed you with that mouth?" She slapped Norma on the other ass cheek before driving the vibrator all the way into her tight, slick back door.

This was too much for Norman to hold off any more. He took his hand away from pleasuring his aunt's clit, pushed her upper thighs further apart. She got the hint and leaned further forward to give him better access. Norman took hold of his pulsing cock and thrust all the way inside her. "Oh yeah! That's it, that's what I need, honey!" she moaned as he stretched her open, pumped his hips back and forth as his hands dug hard into her hips. Echoing what he was doing to her from behind, Emma slowing pulled the vibrator halfway out of Norma before pushing it back in. Norma clenched and went rigid, screaming out has a hard orgasm tore through her, that fullness and the vibrations reaching deep nerves she never would've known she had. Her warm fluids gushed onto Dylan, and her throbbing around him was all it took. He felt that sweet release build fast, starting from the base of his spine before he exploded deep inside her.

Em barely had a chance to pull the toy free from her body and turn it off before Norma collapsed forward, her body going slack against Dylan's as both struggled for breath, hardly registering the gasps and moans coming from the other two. Now able to finish off, Emma sank back further onto Norman, straddling him backward as he pounded into her. Maybe a dozen thrusts...maybe a few more..later, her body jerked and spasmed almost violently as more filthy oaths escaped from her luscious lips. Norman cried out as his own intense climax ripped through him, spurting hard and filling her.

Norma lifted her head and glanced around in time to get the beautiful view of her younger son--her love--bring her sister to a screaming orgasm. Just as she'd wanted him to. Such a good boy who always obeyed his mother. Norma gave her older son a kiss on the cheek. "Take good care of your own woman." she reminded Dylan before rolling off him, his spent cock withdrawing from her. She lay down on the remaining free space on the bed

"Always." he breathed out, unable to take his eyes off that look of bliss on said woman's face. As her orgasm slowed and his brother pulled out of her, he reached

up and caught her by the hand, as she was already melting into his arms. Dylan would always take care of her, in every way she wanted. He was the one who could satisfy her best. Soon enough, it would be just the two of them.

Norman collapsed into his mother's eager arms, holding her tight and burying his face in her neck, kissing her lightly sweaty skin. "I love you so much, Mother. Forever. You're incredible."

Norma kissed his forehead, running her fingers through his sweat-dampened hair. "I love you, baby. For always." She whispered in his ear, "I want you to come in my back door next time." The look of pure love and desire on his face was everything.

It took a while for any of the four of them to gather enough energy to move. Not caring about the coating of sex-sweat or spent fluids on their skin. Simply holding the partners they truly loved and existing together was more than enough. Finally, Norman slowly got up and held out his hand, "Come on, Mother." he said with a loving smile, "Shower time."

She grinned, "What a perfect idea, sweetie."

They took their time in the small shower, while Dylan and Aunt Emma remained on the bed, spent and still trying to gather their thoughts about what had transpired. Dylan reached over and grabbed the edge of the sheet that was mostly on the floor but still caught on one corner. He pulled it over their bare bodies, as she wrapped herself around him, neither of them caring about the drying fluids coating their upper thighs, hers especially.

After long moments of silence, Em lifted her head from the crook of his neck, faced him. Soft loving smiles came over both their lips at once, as he dropped a kiss to her forehead.

"Any regrets, honey?" she wanted to know.

"That was wild." he said, still reeling at the recent of memory of the two of them fucking Norma from both ends. "Crazy. But no, I don't regret it. Feels like Norma and I got something out of our systems. The thing is, Ems..it doesn't need to happen again with me and her. I mean, we've patched things up as much as we ever can. I care about her, she's my mother, but I don't love her. Not like I'm so in love with you. It's as good as it's ever gonna get, with her and me."

Emma looked deep in thought for several beats, then "Yeah, I can see that. I do love her and Norman very much though. That's never going to change."

"If you and her want to have fun whenever we go back to visit, go for it. Far as Norman...I'd like that to be only rarely, to be honest. I prefer it just you and me." Dylan pulled her closer, their lips meeting in a slow, tender kiss.

"I love you," she murmured when they finally broke apart. "More than anything. That makes me so happy to hear, baby."

He squeezed her gently against him, "I'm really looking forward to it being just you and me here. Not gonna lie about that."

They savored their remaining alone time, holding each other until the Norms finally emerged from the bathroom, well-scrubbed and in their robes. They both smiled at them as they headed for the kitchen to heat up dinner. Emma disentangled herself from Dylan and the bed sheet, pulling him up by the hand. Their turn for the shower. After dinner, the two of them retreated to Emma's bed. Norma and Norman remade the sofa bed with clean sheets before the two of them dropped onto the mattress, curling around each other and falling into exhausted sleep.

As bizarre as it seemed at first, their intimate little family settled into something of a routine and started to get used to how things had become. Every weekday, it was up early for everyone except Dylan, who had gotten in the habit of sleeping in. Once breakfast was finished, Emma drove Norman up to Bayview, he and his mother switching off who rode shotgun. As much as Norma begged and cajoled her, Emma refused to let anyone else drive her Mustang. That included Dylan, and of course Norman didn't drive yet. After a few days of her stubborn refusal, Norma declared as they walked through the parking garage, "For god's sake, you let me below your belt plenty, but you won't let me behind the wheel of your car! It doesn't make sense, honestly."

Both Norman and Emma spun on her, Norman open-mouthed. "Mother! Could you say that any louder?!"

"Oh, there's nobody else around!" Norma waved a hand dismissively. Not entirely true; there were a couple of other apartment building dwellers getting into their cars, headed to work, but they seemed far enough out of earshot.

Before starting up the engine, Em leaned close to Norma who had taken her turn in the passenger seat. She gave the back of her neck a brief caress as she whispered in her ear, "If you're trying to provoke me into turning your ass red, you're doing an excellent job."

Norma winked as she pulled back, a playful smile on her lips, "I want that to be a promise, not a threat." she exhaled softly.

"Tonight." that one word from Emma could be taken as either of those.

Norman simply smirked. It was a wonder how much he'd gotten used to that. Welcomed it more than ever. As they moved with the rest of the traffic, he pulled his laptop out of his shoulder bag and opened it to the journal he'd been writing since

the third day spent at Bayview. It had started as a bunch of half-true anecdotes about his life up until now, stuff that the psychiatrist would buy. His father died in a freak household accident when a garage shelf fell on him. He and his mother had moved to a new home in Oregon. There was a break-in at their house right after, but thankfully it was taken care of. His mother had been contacted by her sister who had been adopted before Norma was born. He wrote anything and everything he could think of, as much as he could think of, making it as detailed as he could and even practicing saying it in front of the bathroom mirror. Whenever he got the brief chance to do that, what with his mother and his aunt often taking up a lot of time in there.

Even so, Norman had managed to write a pretty good, detailed story about the Bates family's very edited history, plus about the weird visions he'd had and the voices he'd been hearing before the meds got rid of them. But much more intriguing writing material proved to be the other teenagers and young adults he'd been forced to get acquainted with through those meet-and-greets every morning. One who quickly latched onto him was Danny the Vigilante. Norman soon learned that even the hospital staff called this kid "Danny the Vigilante." behind his back. With good reason, because Danny the Vigilante had shot and killed 13 men, all of which had turned out to have committed atrocities of child abduction, child exploitation, and even child sex trafficking.

Danny was all too eager to talk nonstop to anyone who showed even the slightest interest in his colorful past, which Norman had done. Now every morning after meet-and-greet, Danny would head right up to him and start right up where he left off in the last conversation. The guy was definitely manic, and the doctors had been trying different medication on him for it, but so far none seemed to be doing much good. Norman had kept his distance from everyone else, observing and listening from that vantage point. He said as little as possible about himself to anyone, but that wasn't an issue with Danny, who seemed incapable of interest in other people's lives. All he talked about were the "monsters" he'd slain, and about his girlfriend who'd killed alongside him, had killed even more in fact. But she'd been too smart and fast for

the cops to catch. She'd escaped to Mexico, and once day soon she was going to come here and bust him the hell out. The way Danny the Vigilante talked, that teenage girl sounded almost as Wonder Woman as Aunt Emma. Of course, no one compared to Aunt Emma. The details, places, and orders of events changed in Danny's stories from one day to the next, and Norman found out right away that it did no good to call him out on it. It only got the kid agitated. So Norman just folded his arms, leaned against the wall in the common area where they were hanging out, and listened, with an occasional nod and "Um-hum." All during these long manic narratives, he tried to remember every detail because this was truly crime-fiction gold. Every evening at home, after he woke up from napping, he started up his laptop and got as much of it written down as he could before dinner.

After nearly two weeks of this, Danny punched another boy in the face because he'd told him he was full of shit. That got Danny put in Bayview's version of solitary for three days, leaving the rest of the daily routine very boring by comparison. The writing did help Norman in other ways though: he was getting better and better at painting a convincing picture of mostly "normal" family life. The doctor spent some time on Sam's death, but Norman had been ready for that. Yes, it had been horrible, but his father had been an abusive drunk who'd made life miserable for him and his mother. When he left those one-on-one sessions, Norman often marveled at how far away that seemed. Practically in another lifetime. He'd protected Norma, and he'd do it over again. Just as the family would all protect each other, by any means necessary.

It was only a few days until the start of their fourth week in Washington, hard for any of them to believe it had gone so fast. Time flew when they kept up the same harmless sexy fun most nights. True to all their words, there was no swapping or threesomes while Norman was at Bayview. There wouldn't have been time for that during the day in any case. Emma had been spending every day practicing for the FBI Precision Combat Pistol Championship. The competition had two parts, a qualifier and a final. Dylan went with her every day to watch her practice, sitting

there enthralled no matter how many hours she spent. Norma joined them, since it was either that or be stuck at home by herself. It was thrilling to watch, though on some days Norma got restless after hours of sitting in that darkened room, watching Em dodge, shoulder-roll, turn, and fire that simulation gun over and over at digital bad guys on those floor-to-ceiling screens. During a break, Norma teased her, "Hey why don't you do another back flip during that? Make things a little more interesting."

Emma was mopping the sweat from her neck with a hand towel, which she threw at her sister and Norma dodged it. "Ha! This isn't meant to be entertainment, though I really like having you two here. Keeps me even more motivated. By the way, it was a back tuck." She threw them both a mischievous smile.

The day of the qualifier was actually pretty low-key. Em explained that hardly anyone except the competing agents, a score-keeper, and a few curious onlookers showed up to that. Both parts of the competition were held at the one of the training centers on the FBI Academy campus, a 45-minute drive south of D.C. It would be cutting the time close, far as picking Norman up on time up in Baltimore. Norma really hoped the late afternoon traffic would improve even somewhat once this was over. She hated the idea of her baby waiting outside in front of Bayview, even for 10 minutes. The hospital was helping him so much, but Norman still flew out of there and jumped into the Mustang at 5 every evening. And she didn't want them to have to wait a minute longer than that.

Norma and Dylan both were pulled away from any further distracting thoughts as they took their seats in Quantico's largest basketball court that had been converted to a combat shooting arena, complete with a padded rubber floor to make tucking-and-rolling a bit easier. No real bullets were used; it was all digital shooting at holographic suspects who were shooting at the competitors. Essentially a high-tech, live-action video game that had likely set the taxpayers back several million.

Dylan let out a low whistle, "This looks pretty Thunderdome," he commented. Norma had to agree there. As if the setting wasn't intimidating enough, they watched as Emma came out and joined the rest of the aspiring competitors on the arena floor. She was in the same khaki pants and dark blue FBI T-shirt as the rest of them, her hair pulled up in a ponytail. She was also the only woman. Nearly all of the men turned towards her with angry, even sulky looks on their faces. They were all going to be fighting each other for second place in the championship, and they knew it. Emma looked completely in her element, purposefully ignoring them all. Norma was still in awe of how her sister could do that, with the animosity of so many directed at her. Em gave off the vibe that it meant less than nothing. She had one purpose here only. The rules of the qualifier were simple: score a point for every target hit, lose a point if a virtual bullet hit you. End with a minimum score when time was called, to advance to the final round.

Roughly a third of the agents got knocked out of the qualifier, better luck next year. One agent didn't miss once and got hit only once: Agent Emma Spooler.

The Saturday morning of the championships, Emma woke up before Dylan as usual, gave his cheek a kiss before rolling out of bed, belting on her robe and starting the coffee maker. As soon as she switched it on to brew, a wave of nausea hit her without warning, causing her to grab the counter for support. Em took several deep breaths, certain at first she was going to throw up in the sink. Thankfully it passed. *It's just nerves, has to be.* She assured herself.

The rest of the morning was uneventful, as far as everyone having breakfast and getting ready. When they arrived at the Quantico arena, her family each hugged her fiercely before going to their seats. Em felt ecstatic as she waited in line with the rest until it was time to go out into the arena and get started. This was nearly as exciting as the day she graduated from this same school. The feeling didn't last, as that nausea came back with a vengeance, worse than ever. Emma had no choice this time; she bolted for bathroom and barely made it into a stall before throwing up

everything she'd eaten. In a cold sweat, she got up, flushed, and rinsed out her mouth at the sink. Her face became frozen in horror when her eyes met their reflection in the mirror. She was a day late, and she was never late.

No time for her to even begin processing that thought. At that moment, her work phone started vibrating and chiming with a bunch of incoming texts. She pulled it out of its case on her belt and looked at the screen:

**Deputy Harrison:** Agent Spoole, your family's property here was vandalized last night.

**Deputy Harrison:** I've reason to believe they're being targeted.

**Deputy Harrison:** Normally I wouldn't do this, but I need your help.

**Deputy Harrison:** This town is in chaos! I have enough to do all day just preventing shoot-outs in the streets! Please call me as soon as you can.