

Chapter 6: “Are There Any More Secrets?”

Norman skipped taking the bus or getting a ride from anyone so he could walk home from school. It would take almost an hour instead of the 20 minutes of a ride, but he wanted the time alone to think. He knew Ms. Watson wanted to talk to him about his skipping the track team try-outs, but luckily a couple of other kids came up to ask her questions right after class, giving him the chance to bail.

Norma would be upset at him for being late; she hated that. He thought of texting her that he'd be walking, but then she'd just want to drive over and pick him up. He was willing to deal with it this time. As he started up the Beethoven on his iPhone and started towards Highway 88, he was mentally kicking himself:

Why did I tell Bradley I didn't have a girlfriend on that first day? But what the hell else could I have said? That I do, and..oh yeah, by the way: she's also my mom. Didn't think so!

Bradley was a nice girl, and she kind of looked like what he imagined a 17-year-old Norma might've looked like, with her blonde hair and everything. Norman didn't think it was a coincidence he found her attractive for that reason. But that's as far as it was going to go. He and Norma were always going to have to hide, always going to have to use other people as “covers” as far as dating went. At least until it got to a certain point of becoming serious with those people, then they'd have to find excuses to break it off.

Norman realized it was going to be more difficult than he'd anticipated. This was a small town. Everyone knew everyone else's business, and people gossiped. Plus, he thought it wasn't fair to those people they'd be using as covers, only to dump them. No one deserved to be treated like a pawn like that.

We've got to find another way, so we can be together and not have to worry so much. There HAS to be another way...somehow..

Everyone would think it was so wrong. Worse than that, Norma could go to jail. Even though they'd hurt no one and they both wanted this so badly it was almost physically painful. Norman himself had fought an internal war over whether it was wrong. That had gone on for almost four years, since he'd been 14 and the feelings, the attraction, first started.

Dylan had taken off for good around that same time. Norman couldn't say he was sorry to see him go. Both Dylan and Sam treated his mother horribly, and for that Norman hated them, fantasized they'd drop dead and leave her in peace with him. He'd never hurt her; he loved her more than anything. He'd do anything make her happy.

After that, he and his mother became even closer. She and Sam seemed to despise each other at worst and merely tolerate each other at best. More than a few times, he'd his own rage towards Sam threatening to boil over.

She turned to Norman for love and affection, and he wanted it from her more than he wanted air to breathe--it was what he lived for, each and every day. He'd always loved her, but over those years he slowly realized it was deeper, stronger. Fighting it or trying to deny it only strengthened it: he'd fallen in love with her. No words could begin to describe how much he loved and worshiped her. "Love" wasn't even enough of a word to describe what he felt.

His favorite thing in the world was having sleep-overs in her room, watching old movies while Sam was passed out on the couch. Crawling into his father's side of the bed and snuggling up with her made him so happy. He'd never forget the first time he'd gotten hard while she was softly kissing his neck as she curled into his arms. It was both mortifying and thrilling. He made a big show of lifting up and

adjusting the blankets, trying desperately to hide it. His face was flaming, and he was so grateful the room was dark save for the TV light. He couldn't be sure, but he thought he saw her gaze drop lower towards his lap for perhaps a second. He was so preoccupied with trying to hide his arousal, he failed to notice the small, knowing smile on her face in the dim light.

The close physical affection soon spilled over into every day. She hugged him much more often, much more affectionately than she did anyone else. Norman looked forward to those embraces so much. There was no one else in the world he'd rather be so close to.

He couldn't remember exactly what happened with his dad's accident. All he could recall was Sam hurting Norma, then the next thing he knew: his dad was dead after that shelf fell on him. It had been a shock, he wanted to think it was a tragedy, but things got so much better afterwards. Norma was so much happier, full of life.

Norman couldn't help but be hopeful things would be good for them now. It was true that his mother had impulsively bought that run-down dump of a motel and had no idea how to run a business of any kind, but all the same: part of him couldn't help but share her happiness. She was even more beautiful when she was that happy, if that was possible. All she had to do was give him one of her gorgeous smiles, and he melted.

Another thing about this town: how long would it take before the gossips starting talking about her? His guess: not long. He'd heard it since he was in elementary school: others talking about how beautiful his mother was. Only when he grew older did he realize how beautiful.

As he walked, he got lost in the reverie. On that first night in their new house, he realized she'd known, had known for some time. She'd been watching him every single time he'd been watching her.

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She'd sent him out to get her suitcases from the luggage rack on top of the car and bring them up to her bedroom. Coming up the hillside stairs, he saw her pass by the window with its transparent drapes. She was wearing an open robe with her black bra and panties showing. For several seconds, it was hard to move, let alone breathe. His eyes wanted to memorize every inch of her in that brief view of her body.

Norman came into her bedroom and dropped the suitcases by the door. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, one leg drawn under her and her robe tied shut but still open enough at the neck, showing the valley between her breasts. She got up, came to him, wordlessly glided into his arms, her hands running over the back of his neck and threading through his hair.

His arms circled her waist and pulled her against him. They'd had plenty of close, tight hugs like this before, but this felt different. An unspoken tension was in the air. Norma drew back from him, the side of her face brushing against his. Her body started to tremble in his arms.

"Mother.." But he didn't have to finish. The look in her eyes told him everything. Some fear, but much more than that: desire that she was powerless to fight anymore.

Norman wasn't sure who moved first, but the next thing he knew: he'd lowered his face to hers, and their lips met. This was not like he'd ever kissed her before; It was soft, lingering, and slow. And hot. So hot. His arousal was immediately apparent. She moved her hands to his hips and pulled him even tighter against her. He'd been dreaming for so long of kissing her like this. He wanted to savor this sweet moment forever. He hadn't wanted it to happen with some random girl, but until now he'd

thought it would never happen with Norma. He'd been wrong to think it would never be anything but a dream.

Her lips gently parted, and she slipped her tongue past his lips. Norma let out a soft moan into his throat. His mouth moved with hers; he let her guide him in this new, exciting love they were to explore together. When they finally broke apart, both were breathing hard.

“Norman..I love you..”

“I love you too. Mother, I..I mean I'm--”

“I know what you mean. I feel it too. Norman, I-I can't fight this! I tried, but it's only made it stronger. I'm..in love with you. I don't care anymore what anyone says is right or wrong! I need you, so much! ”

He kissed her lips again. “I'm so in love with you, Mother. I can't help it either; I don't care either!”

She answered by crashing her lips against his again. Then she pulled back from him and untied her robe, letting it fall to the floor. She was still wearing the same black lacy bra and panties.

“Come here, honey.” her voice was thick with lust.

His eyes drank her in. She was so perfect, so gorgeous. This was beyond anything he'd ever dared hope for. Norman slid his hands around her hips, moved them up and slowly caressed the soft skin of her lower back, pulled her tight against him.

Suddenly shy for a moment, he wasn't exactly sure what she'd like him to do next. He wanted to make her feel so good, but he had no experience at all. Sensing this, Norma brought her hands to the sides of his face and captured his lips in a deep smoldering kiss. She lifted up his sweater and pulled it over his head, undid the buttons on his shirt, pushed it off and slid her hands over his chest. A loud moan escaped his lips at her touch on his bare skin. They were both so breathless by now it was hard to form words:

"Sweetie, do you want to..keep going?"

"YES! oh yes..do you?"

"More than anything."

"I, um,..I've never.."

"I know. That's why I want to be sure."

"YES, I DO..please..I want to...So much!"

With that, she pulled him gently by the hands to the bed. She sat on the edge of it before undoing his belt and lowering his pants, having some trouble getting them down over his very hard arousal. He reached down and pulled them off along with his shoes and socks, kicking all those aside. She reclined on her side, he joined her, wrapping her into his arms. They kissed, looked deep into one another's eyes, simply relished the feel of each other's nearly-naked bodies.

Very soon, it was no longer enough. She felt his hardness pressing between her thighs, and it was driving her half insane with desire. Norma started to grind her hips against him. "Ohhh you feel good! So good..I want this...want you to make love to me, Norman."

She rolled over slowly until she was on top of him, then sat up so she was straddling him. She reached back and undid her bra clasp, then pulled his hands up to take it off her.

He'd fantasized about this so many times. Now it was real. She was real. He lifted her bra off her, slid the straps down her arms, tossed it aside, almost afraid he might pass out from ecstasy. She was so incredibly beautiful, even more than he'd pictured. Her round breasts were topped with lovely pink nipples that were growing harder right before his eyes.

"Norman, please!..sweetie..touch me..everywhere!"

He was thrusting his hips up against her, knowing she could feel how badly he wanted her. Norman rose up, rested his hands on her thighs, and buried his face in her breasts, his mouth finding her nipples while Norma was letting out increasingly loud moans. She reached down, grasping him through his boxers.

She moved off him, knelt beside him so she could take them off him. She saw he was quite nicely endowed, thick, perfect, beautiful..

She wrapped her hand around him and slowly stroked the underside of his very hard cock, smiled as he let out an almost animal-like cry. She moved his shaking hands to pull her panties off.

"It's okay, baby..I'll show you what to do..show you how I love it."

He didn't know how he was going to keep from climaxing right away at seeing her perfect, tight, nude body. He slowly slid them off her. Norma lay on her back and pulled him over her.

He kissed her lips, her neck, moved back to her breasts, cupping them and gently sucking her nipples. Then he started kissing his way down her belly.

She threaded her fingers through his hair, gently pushing his head lower.

He could sense what she wanted, knew what he wanted to give her. He spread her legs further apart, seeing how dripping wet she was. She was also shaved. He gently pulled apart all her lower folds. The skin was darker on the outer edges and light pink in her beautiful inner slit. He settled between her legs and pressed forward, giving a deep kiss to her warm pulsing center.

“Oh my god!! Norman!!! Yes that’s it! Just like that!! Keep going!” She’d dreamed of him doing this to her. He slowly ran his tongue up and down, picking up her juices, getting her even wetter. When he reached her sensitive clit, she arched up and cried out, “YEESSSS Right there, lick me right there, that’s it!!”

He loved this. She tasted so good. He kept swirling his tongue, feeling her getting closer, kept it up until she arched her back off the bed and her body went taut.

“OHHHH FUUCCCKKKKKKK!!! Norman!!! OH GOD!!! ohmigod!!!” She couldn’t remember having that good an orgasm. Ever.

He moved back up to face her, and she kissed him hard, tasting herself on his lips. “I love you..oh god I love you so much!” he exclaimed, running a hand through her blonde hair.

“I love you too, more than anything!” She gently grasped his shoulders, pulled him on top of her. “Make love to me, Norman. Please. I can’t wait any more!”

She reached down and grasped his hard member, slowly guided him inside her, then both of them gasped.



“I’m..I-I can’t last...uggghhhhhh!!!! He came--trembling and spurting his seed inside her right away.

“Oh god, I’m so sorry Mother--”

“Don’t! Don’t be sorry; that felt incredible! You were--”

“I wanted to make you, um...I want it to be good for you too. I’m sorry!”

She smiled and took hold of his hand. “It’s okay, sweetheart; that happens the first time. You’ll last longer the next time. You’ll have plenty more times. A lot more. In the meantime, come here. Let me show you how I like to be touched.”

She slid his hand between her legs, sliding his fingers into her engorged opening, getting them wet before she brought them up to her clit, showing him exactly what she liked. Soon she was again moaning with pleasure as his fingers swirled over her. She let go of his hand so he could continue on his own. He locked his mouth with hers as he felt her gasp and moan into his throat. Her back arched as she cried out in ecstasy once again.

Seeing her orgasm like that was the most beautiful thing he ever could’ve imagined. He rolled onto his back, wanting to give her time to recover--but that didn’t take long. He was hard again, and Norman tentatively got back on top of her, looking at her with questioning eyes, waiting for permission. What he saw in her eyes was absolute love, so intense it took his breath away. Norma seized him by the hips and pulled him inside her. This time, they didn’t stop looking into each other’s eyes. He started moving slowly, still careful and deliberate before picking up speed.

What Norma had only experienced in forbidden-seeming dreams was now real. Her consummate protector, her one constant, the one person she truly loved with her

entire soul, her entire being: what they had together was unbreakable and eternal; this was only the final step in sealing it forever.

Those fleeting thoughts were suddenly obliterated as another orgasm tore through her. This one made the others seem minor. Her whole body was convulsing, and she was letting out almost-screams as she involuntarily gripped and released him over and over.

Norman convulsed with his own release at the same time, letting out another loud cry before collapsing on top of her. She wrapped her arms and legs around him and held him tightly as he stayed inside her. Both of them took a long time to start catching their breath. Tears welled up in Norma's eyes and spilled down from the outer corners. When Norman saw them, he was worried:

"Mother! Did I hurt you?!"

"No! No, sweetheart..quite the opposite. I've never...come more than once before. A lot of times I never did, and never like that! Not with your--not with Sam, not with anyone. You're my first for this!"

She saw that he was blushing and starting to grin, looking proud of himself for pleasing her that much. Norman gently brushed the last of the tears from her face before kissing her again.

"I love you, Norma Bates. More than my own life. Forever."

"I love you, Norman. Forever and beyond that. I'd die without you."

They'd been so swept up in the moment, they'd both completely forgotten that this was viewed as wrong.



They shared the same soul that night, and they had ever since. They hadn't been able to get enough of each other. Norman was definitely in the mood after recalling that unforgettable first night. It was still a few hours before dinner; they'd have plenty of time. More than anything, he wanted it to go back to how it was before he'd been such an idiot and snuck out, leaving her alone and vulnerable. He'd just thought it would be a good idea to start making some friends from school, to give an appearance of being "normal" to everyone else.

But look what happened: that piece of shit Summers broke in! Norman wasn't going to pretend he wasn't happy Summers had been shot dead. He didn't care if hypothetically the sheriff's office, the FBI, and the Vatican Police combined happened to be patrolling Wine Pine Bay; he was still never going to leave her alone at night again! He's make up excuses to others from school: he was sick, his mother grounded him, stuff along those lines.

Norman was still so lost in thought, it took him a second to realize his feet were crunching through the gravel of the motel parking lot as he made his way to the stairs. He noticed their car was missing and an unfamiliar motorcycle was parked near its place. Panic drove him to race up the steps and burst through the front door.

"Mother!"

"I'm in here, Norman!" she called from the kitchen.

Norman exhaled a huge sigh of relief as he met her halfway through the hall to the kitchen, dropped his backpack and threw himself into her arms. She returned the embrace with her usual hearty enthusiasm, dropping kisses to his face and then to his neck.

“Mmm...I’ve been waiting for you. You’re late; how come?”

“I walked home. I wanted the time to think.”

“About what?”

“About us. About what I’d like to do before dinner.” He pressed his lips to her neck, sucking and lightly biting his way down to her collarbone, in a way he knew drove her wild.

“Norman!” Her tone was a playful attempt at chiding, but her breath was getting rapid, and he saw that look in her vivid blue eyes, that look she got when she wanted him and nothing else mattered. She let him pull her by her good hand to the couch, straddling him as he dropped onto it and she caught his lips in a deep kiss. God, she loved kissing him! Of course she loved everything they did, but just kissing Norman was heaven on earth to her.

His hands found their way under her flowered skirt, hiking it up as he stroked her bare thighs and pulled her tight against him. His fingers slipped inside her panties, two of them gently slid inside her moist, waiting lips.

Norma let out a gasp; this going to make her come undone. The heat spreading through her lower body was exquisite as his fingers started slowly pumping in and out of her. She slipped her tongue in his mouth, locked her body to his and lay on her back on the couch, pulling him on top of her. Norman started pulling her panties down, easing her legs further apart. Suddenly Norma remembered they were in danger of getting caught; the house was no longer theirs alone.

“Honey, wait a minute. We can’t do this right here, not right now!”

“Why?! What’s wrong, Mother? What is it?”

She sat up carefully until they were side by side. “I have something to tell you, Norman. Two things actually. Dylan showed up this morning. He’s going to be staying with us, just for a little while until he can get on his feet. I sent him out with the car to get some groceries. He should be back in an hour or so.”

“Oh, shit! How’d he find us?”

“That’s pretty much what I said.”

“Why does he have to stay here? Can’t you just give him some money so he can go find somewhere else to live?” Norman’s voice was taking on a petulant whine.

“I would if I could, sweetie. But we’ve got most of it tied up in the motel. Until we can get it running and fill those rooms, things are going to be tight around here.”

Norman thumped his head against the back of the couch, visibly mad. “We can’t do what we want while he’s here. It’s OUR house, not his!”

“I know that, Norman! Believe me, I don’t like it any more than you do! But we knew from the start we’re going to have to keep this a secret. We can do that, honey. If we can hide it from the FBI, we can sure as hell hide it from your brother.”

Norma drew a deep breath, realizing how frustrating this situation was going to be, especially since her body was still thrumming with arousal, begging her mind to shut up and have Norman take her upstairs to her bed..

“Yeah, we can pretend. Just pretend, just for a while.” Norman still sounded upset and dejected at the idea. She nestled her head against his shoulder and they wrapped their arms around each other, letting the reality sink in.

“What was the other thing, Mother? You said you had two things to tell me.”

Norma turned and looked him in the eyes, trying to gauge his possible reaction. She was worried these two unexpected events would upset him enough to push him into that dark place she knew he was capable of.

“Agent Spoole came to see me this morning. Turns out she had a DNA test done on me, and her. She showed me the results, and...she was adopted as a baby. She also showed me her adoption records. They listed her birth parents as mine and my brother’s parents ”

At first Norman looked puzzled at why Agent Spoole would do that, then:

“Are you saying--”

“Yes. The test matched, and she matched our names with my parents. Norman, she’s my older sister. I had no idea she ever existed, and she didn’t about me--about us--until this morning. My parents gave her up for adoption before I was born, and they NEVER said a thing about her.”

“Are you serious?! Agent Spoole’s my aunt, really?” Norman fell silent, staring off into space, letting this news process. Norma was getting scared he was going to black out, but he had a rather lopsided smile on his face when he turned back to her.

“That’s cool, Mother. I mean, I like her. She’s pretty cool, so far. I’m okay with it. It’s just...really unexpected. Why did they give her up and then act like she never existed? That seems like such a mean thing to do to your own kid.”

“Oh Norman, I’m so glad to hear you’re all right with it!!” Norma was overwhelmed with relief as she hugged him tightly once more.

“I don’t know why she was put up for adoption. Neither does she. Neither do her adoptive parents. She told me her mother told her that my father just signed the papers and dropped her with them at the hospital right after she was born. They never saw them again. The only people who can answer that are your grandparents, and it’s unlikely we’d get a straight answer from my mother. I haven’t seen her in over 20 years, and I have NO desire to!

My father was..so violent; I was terrified of him the whole time growing up. And my mother was sedated most of the time. She had some problems, but I don’t what they were. It was never discussed.”

“Do you think it could’ve been because she gave your sister away?”

“I thought about that. Maybe. It might’ve had something to do with it. I have a gut feeling my father made her do it, that she didn’t want to. I wouldn’t have put it past him for a second.”

This was the most detail Norman had ever heard her say about his grandparents, or about what it had been like for her growing up.

“I’m so sorry, Mother--that it was like that for you.” He couldn’t think of much else to say, except:

“It explains why you two look so much alike. If you weren’t sisters, that would’ve been really bizarre.”

Norma laughed a little, “Yeah, it does. I guess we’re going to keep getting that from people.”

“Does Dylan know?”

“Yeah, he happened to drop in while she was still here. He met her, and he was his usual charming self. You’re taking it much better than he did. It didn’t seem to bother her, though. Thankfully. I hope he isn’t rude tonight at dinner, ‘cause she’s coming over.”

“Cool. Would it be okay if I met her out front myself? Just so I could talk to her a little, let her know that I know, and I’m good with it?”

“That’d be fine, I suppose.”

“That’s one more person we’re going to have to keep us a secret from. It might be harder with her...”

“I know, Norman. But we can do it. I already told her about your dad’s accident, and some about what it was like living with him. I told her about Dylan’s dad, too.”

“Will you tell me something, Mother?”

“Anything. You know that.”

“Are there any more secrets? I mean, like any bad stuff that happened when you were growing up? Might I have any more aunts or uncles who might show up out of the blue one day?”

“No more aunts or uncles; Em and I checked and made sure. But there is something else that happened when I was a kid, something terrible. Not even Dylan knows about it. I was going to tell you, now that you’re almost a man. Now that we’re together. If one person on earth knows the truth about me, I want it to be you. But not right now, okay? I need some more time. This is all overwhelming enough as it is. I’ll tell you later when I’m ready, okay?”



“Okay, Mother. I don’t want there to be any secrets between us. There shouldn’t be, between two people who love each other like we do.”

“I don’t either. I love you more than anything on this earth, Norman. I always will.”

Norman answered her by lifting her chin and kissing her softly one more time.

“We still have some time.” he grinned at her.

“Yes, we do.”

She took him by the hand and they went up to her bedroom. Their clothes seemed to come off and fall to the floor of their own volition. Norma lay back and pulled him over her, kissing him deeply as he slid inside her. It was slower this time, but so passionate...so good..They belonged together. No matter what.