

Chapter 16: Norma Louise and Emma Christine

Norma stepped out of the shower, toweled off, and pulled on a pair of her flannel pajamas since the house had grown too chilly to go around in just her robe. She really wanted a better heating/cooling system; the decades-old one was not up to the job anymore. As soon as they could afford it.

She wanted Norman's opinion on what she should wear that night to dinner with Emma S. He always said she looked gorgeous in anything, but she'd ask him anyway. In reality, she just loved seeing the admiration and adoration on his face. As she joined him on his bed, she noticed him quickly shut his laptop, a blush appearing on his face. Never mind; she'd find out about that soon enough. She leaned in and kissed his neck, both of them sharing a laugh and a giddy mood over the issue of Dylan and Aunt Emma.

I doubt Dylan would say or do anything inappropriate towards her. If he does, I'll throw him out on his ass. Well, if she hasn't flipped him on his back first!

"I'm going to dinner with Aunt Emma; she went back to her motel to change, and she's picking me up at 7:30." she told Norman, "Want to come help me decide what to wear, sweetie?"

"Of course, Mother. Though it's tough to choose; you're so beautiful in everything!"

She smiled, "I knew you'd say that. You're so sweet. I love you so much."

"I love you too." he said softly, cupping her cheek and stealing a quick kiss to her lips.

"Norman, what were you looking at on your computer?"

Norman's face reddened again, "Uh, I was..um.."

"Norman." Her voice took on a warning edge. "Give it to me. Let me see."

He reluctantly handed it over. She flipped it open and looked through his browsing history.

"I was looking up, um, 'ways to pleasure a woman,' and I found that." he said. It was a Kama Sutra site, and on it he'd run across something called the Tantric Triangle, complete with illustrations. Norman pulled her closer again, pressing his forehead to hers. "I want to try that on you. If you want to. I'd love it!"

Norma's breath and heartbeat sped up. "Oh, honey...that's..hot. Very hot. I'd love to. The first chance we get. Oh god..now I'm not going to be able to stop thinking about it!" Her hand slid around his waist, and she moved over until she was against him, feeling how hard he was getting under the covers. They paused for a second at the sound of the noisy old pipes; apparently Dylan was taking a shower.

"Come on, my room, quick!" she demanded. They made a frantic dash for it, locking both doors behind them. Norma dropped onto her back across the bed, pulling him on top of her, kissing him hard. He slid her pajama pants down, she kicked them aside, then reached into his and started stroking his very hard cock. Norman bit his lip to keep back a whine of pleasure.

"Shhhh, baby...quiet.." Norma breathed out. This was an extremely dangerous game they were playing. But it only drove their excitement to a fever pitch. Norman slipped two fingers along her slick wet opening, making her arch her back and stretch her legs even further apart. She grabbed a pillow and bit down on it to stop the sound of her crying out. He slid his fingers deep inside her and pressed upward, stroking her with the "come-hither" motion he'd read about on that site. Two fingers of his other hand moved up to find her swollen clit, teasing it with slow strokes before rubbing it

in circles. It took a bit of concentration to keep up the two motions at once, but he soon caught on. From the way she was thrusting, pulsing, getting wetter by the second: he was doing a good job. Her muffled gasps only encouraged him more. He rubbed and stroked her inside and out, faster and faster until her body went rigid and she throbbed so hard around his fingers, bathing them with a gush of her fluids. Norma clamped the pillow harder around her mouth, unable to stop the long keening moan as she came.

When her orgasm finally slowed, she took the pillow away. "Holy fuck...oh my god...oh my god.." she let out in breathless whispers. "Norman...so good..oh god!" She pulled him to her and kissed him, then: "Your turn, lay down. We don't have much time." Norman obeyed her, his cock still so hard it was almost painful. She knelt on the bed between his legs and pulled down the front of his bottoms, freeing him. She wrapped her lips around him and started sucking him at a quick pace, running her tongue back and forth on the underside of his cock's sensitive tip. She knew he loved that, and it made him cum hard and fast. She swallowed until he finished, the throbbing of his cock slowing. It was Norman's turn to bite down on the pillow to keep his sounds of pleasure from giving them away.

"I love you!" Norma whispered fiercely, moving up and kissing his lips.

"I love you too!"

"Go change those pants, to be on the safe side. Then come back here and help me pick out a dress."

"Yes, Mother."

Norma busied herself going through her closet for possibilities. They eventually decided on a sleeveless royal blue satin dress with a small floral pattern. More of their favorite color. Norman zipped it up for her, fastened the clasp of the necklace

she'd picked, then dropped a brief kiss to the hollow of her neck. "You're perfect." he said softly. His voice and his soft breath on her sent a rush of heat through her, heat that settled below, recalling their frantic quick one on the bed. No way Dylan or Emma S. would've ever guessed.

15 minutes later, Emma S. had arrived and joined Norma in her room. Norman went downstairs to put the pot pie in the oven for his own dinner.

Norma was still finishing curling her hair and touching up her makeup at her vanity table. She studied her sister reflected in the mirror. An idea occurred to her.

"Emma, don't you have something prettier to wear than those boring suits and those man-boots? You're so attractive. I think it'd be nice to see you in something more feminine once in a while."

Em looked indignant. "I'm not wearing 'man-boots'" she countered. "See?" she pulled up her pant leg. She was indeed wearing a pair of heeled black suede knee-high boots. The nicest ones she'd brought with her. "And I happen to LIKE these boring suits. I've never been much of a dress fan; it's just not me."

"Come on, just this once, please? Let me pick out something for you. It'll be fun. We never got to do this growing up!"

Emma S. had to acknowledge that. Norma seemed so enthusiastic; why not indulge her? So what if it pushed Em out of her comfort zone a bit?

"Okay, Norma. You can." she said with some reluctance.

Norma grinned and jumped up, headed for her closet. "I know exactly what'd look great with those boots, since we wear different shoe sizes." She rummaged around

until she found a rose-colored silk halter dress with a full skirt that twirled outward when the wearer spun around. "Here, try this on!"

Em stifled a groan at seeing it. She was definitely not used to showing that much skin, though thankfully the straps looked wide enough to cover her scar. "My mother Candace would love you for this. She was always trying to get me to dress like less of a tomboy." But Norma's good mood was becoming infectious, so she found herself smiling back.

She stepped into Norma's bathroom and got changed. The skirt was knee-length on Norma but a couple of inches shorter on Em. It was also a little tight in the shoulders, but not excessively.

"Come on out, Emma! I want to see this."

Em came out and stood in front of Norma's full-length mirror. "I feel like a guy in drag in this, I'll have you know."

"Oh, stop it! You look beautiful!" Norma zipped up the dress for her, noticing for the first time the lean-but-defined muscles in her sister's arms and upper back.

Wow, if they were any bigger, she'd start looking like one of those female body-builders. Thankfully she doesn't.

"That's sweet of you. All right, I'll wear it. Should we get going?"

"One more thing," Norma reached over and pulled out the clip Em was wearing her hair halfway back with. She took her curling iron and touched up her sister's dark locks. "There, perfect. Now we're ready."

Norman and Dylan were in the living room with the TV on, both making a point of ignoring each other. Dylan had since showered and changed, intending to go out for a few drinks later.

“We’re leaving, boys. Norman, remember to check on the pot pie after 10 minutes. We shouldn’t be back too late.” Norma told them.

“I will, Mother. You look lovely. Both of you do. Have a good time.” Norman got up and gave Norma another kiss on the cheek.

Dylan turned around on the couch to get a look at them. His jaw went slack at the sight of her in that sleeveless, scoop-neck, sexy dress. She was hotter in it than anything he’d ever fantasized her in.

“Whoa...you look gorgeous, Aunt Emma. Wow. You should let Norma dress you more often.” He was suddenly having a tough time getting enough air into his lungs.

Unbelievably, Emma S. felt her face grow hot. When was the last time anything had made her blush? She couldn’t remember.

“Thank you, Dylan.” she managed to sound at least somewhat casual. “Remember, you two: no parties while we’re out!” she joked, trying to diffuse the tension.

Norman grinned, “Don’t worry, we won’t.” After he saw them off, he went to the kitchen to check on dinner, avoiding letting Dylan see the smirk on his face.

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“Don’t you dare look back  
Just keep your eyes on me  
I said you’re holding back  
She said ‘Shut up and dance with me’”

-Walk the Moon, “Shut Up and Dance”

As they drove towards downtown White Pine Bay, Norma and Emma S. had to contend with backed-up traffic due to some kind of community event going on.

“The Wood Chuck Festival?” Norma read off one of the signs. Both of them snickered, “Sounds charming.”

“People here actually go out to watch a couple of guys saw on logs? Yeah, sure looks like you don’t have much in the way of culture around here.”

“So, what would you be doing on a night off back in Washington?” Norma asked.

“When I’m in the mood, I go out dancing at Ultrabar or The Huxley. Occasionally I have a date who’ll take me somewhere like the Kennedy Center. Come to think of it, that was the last time I got this dressed up. It was a while ago.”

“I really want the chance for me and Norman to come visit you. That sounds so glamorous to me. Exciting.”

“It was getting old to me, honestly. But it’d be a hell of a lot more fun with you.”

The sisters smiled at each other as Norma parked outside the restaurant they’d picked. It was crowded thanks to the festival, and they had a half hour wait after getting one of those electronic pagers from the hostess. They managed to find seats at the bar and each ordered a glass of wine.

They deliberately kept the conversation away from the black-outs, the investigation, Norman, Dylan, or anything else related. They learned some more about each other's favorite movies, music, books, and pasts. Emma S. told Norma about her high school boyfriend who'd dumped her when she wouldn't marry him right after graduation, opting to go off to OSU as she'd planned.

"He did you a favor." Norma concluded. She told Em about her and Norman's shared love of older movies and music from the 1940s-60s and got some good-natured ribbing about that.

"That's from our parents' generation."

"Yeah, well what do you like?" Norma wanted to know.

"Currently, a couple of my favorite songs are 'Broken Heels' by Alexandra Burke and 'Starships' by Nicki Minaji. I like to keep up with today's hits, what can I say?"

"You know most of that's prefab pop crap? It doesn't have nearly the same soul as music used to."

"Maybe we could both try expanding our minds a little, Norma."

"Maybe. At least I'll try. If you will. How about a refill? I'll get this--"

But Norma didn't have a chance to finish, because an expensively-dressed man sidled up to them.

"Excuse me, I noticed the two of you walk in, and I finally had to come over and say you are hands-down two of the most gorgeous women I've ever seen in my life." He was at least two drinks in.



Norma and Em both gave him tight smiles. “Thank you.” Neither welcomed the interruption.

Their uninvited guest held out his hand. “Allow me to introduce myself. My name’s Bob Paris.”

Norma shook it briefly. “Norma Louise Bates.”

Emma S. then returned the handshake, darting a glance to her sister. She hesitated, then: “Emma Christine Calhoun.”

Their blue eyes locked, an unspoken understanding passing between them. There was no going back to her old life as she’d known it. Not ever.

“You have got to be sisters; am I correct?”

“Yes, you are.”

“Listen, I own the most exclusive social club here in White Pine Bay. Dining room’s strictly invite-only, and nothing but the best. I was wondering if you’d care to join me for dinner there instead. It would be very private, just the three of us.” Paris was looking them up and down with a quite suggestive expression.

Their own expressions of cool disinterest didn’t change. “Thanks, but no thanks. We already made our own plans for tonight.” Em told him.

“We appreciate the thought though.” Norma added, with a lack of sincerity.

“I can make it very worth your while, ladies. I did hear you say something about expanding your mind, Ms. Calhoun.” Paris slid a hand onto Em’s bare shoulder. Big

mistake. Before he could react, her hand shot out and grabbed his wrist in a twisted, tight grip, one he couldn't break without also snapping the bones.

"Ow! Jesus! What are you, Spock?!"

She gave him a bigger, sweeter smile. "You already heard our answer, Mr. Paris. Have a good evening." She flicked his hand away forcefully yet still subtly enough not to attract undue attention.

Paris straightened his suit jacket. "You obviously don't know who not to fuck with in this town." He stalked off, visibly pissed at being spurned.

When he was out of earshot, Em and Norma burst into fits of laughter. "You know what he was trying to do, don't you? Get us into a threesome."

"I gathered as much, the way he was looking at us. Never going to happen in this lifetime or any other!" Norma slugged the last of her chardonnay. "You know what, Emma? I wish I could be like you. Your picture should be next to 'badass' in the dictionary. Emma-Christine.." she mused. "I like that."

"Umm, thanks.." Just then, the pager buzzed and lit up, signaling their table was ready. With dinner, they each ordered another glass of wine and resumed their easy casual chatter.

Before returning to the car, they agreed to walk down the street and take a brief look at the goings-on of the Woodchuck Festival.

Em wrapped her coat tighter around herself. "Damn. I don't know how you don't freeze to death in this weather, wearing dresses most of the time!"

Norma chuckled, "You're tougher than you think. We both are. Remember?"

They meandered around for a while, watching the log-sawing competitions but quickly tiring of that.

“Agent Spoole.” said a familiar male voice behind them as they were leaving. “I almost didn’t recognize you. You look amazing tonight, if you don’t mind my saying so.”

Romero fell into step with them as they headed down the sidewalk. He nodded to Norma in acknowledgment. “Mrs. Bates.”

“Sheriff.” she nodded back. But his captivation was on the other Calhoun sister. Emma-Christine felt heat rushing to her cheeks for the second time that evening.

“It was her idea.” she said, jerking her head towards Norma.

“Well, it was, um..a great idea.” The two of them were a beautiful vision, that was for sure. Romero struggled to think of something else to say that would come off as charming.

“I’m wondering something, though. Where are you keeping your firearm?” he asked. “Oh, don’t tell me; let me guess.” He smiled and winked to let her know he meant no harm.

Em put one hand on her hip. “Yeah. Guessing is all you’re going to do.”

“You still owe me a raincheck on that drink, remember?”

She smirked, “I remember. Later. I’ll see you at the hearing Tuesday. Good night, Alex.” Em turned quickly away before he could see the full-on smile spreading over her face.

“Come on, Norma. Let’s go home.”

Norma gave a soft giggle. Maybe it was the wine, but that little flirtation made her feel like they were both back in high school. Even though Em would’ve graduated by the time Norma reached the ninth grade. “Let’s.” she agreed.

“Norma?”

“Yes?”

“Please don’t let me do something stupid in that area, little sister.”

“I’ll do my best. Though we both can be stubborn as all hell.”

“Even so.”

“All right.”

They’d gotten in the car and were starting for Highway 88 by that point. Norma got an idea as she saw a liquor store up ahead. It might not be the smartest thing, given they were children of alcohol abusers. But one time couldn’t really hurt. They deserved one evening to unwind, and anyway it was in the safety of her home.

“Feel like stopping and picking up a nightcap?” she asked.

“You read my mind.”

They picked up a bottle of Pendleton, then made the rest of the way back to the Bates house. It was almost 10, and neither of the boys were in evidence as they came through the front door. A quick look upstairs told Norma that Dylan was gone, who knows where, and Norman had fallen asleep in her bed after watching a movie

on his laptop. Norma went in quietly and kissed him on the forehead, the bridge of his nose, then quickly on his lips. He stirred with sleepy contentment.

“Mmm..Mother. Come to bed.” he murmured.

“In a little while, honey. I’m going to have a drink with Aunt Emma downstairs. I’ll be up soon.”

“Okay.” he mumbled, turning over into the pillow and falling back asleep.

When Norma got back down to the living room, Emma-Christine had already opened the whiskey and found a couple of highball glasses. She’d evidently already sampled it as well.

“Hey, I have an idea.” she said. “Why don’t we play ‘Never Have I Never’? Just for a few rounds. We don’t want to get too hammered.”

“What’s ‘Never Have I Never’?”

“Yeah, Norma, you’ve never been to college. Because you’ve never heard of ‘Never Have I Never.’ It’s a game that really lets you find out a lot about someone quickly.”

Norma frowned, “You know that’s a sore spot with me. But I can always go back, in the future some time. Anyway, how do you play?” She sat on the sofa and poured herself a shot’s worth, while Emma-Christine scrolled for some music on her phone. She settled on Lady Gaga’s “ScheiBe.”

“Here’s how it works: I say I’ve never done one particular thing. And if YOU have done that same thing, you have to drink a shot. Then it’s your turn to come up with an ‘I never’ statement, and around and around it goes.”

Norma grinned, “Got it. This sounds fun!”

“I’ll go first: I’ve never been married.”

“So I have done that.” Norma drained the whiskey in her glass. She gathered her fuzzy thoughts for a second, “Okay; I’ve never been to college.”

Emma-Christine poured and downed another shot. “I’ve never had any kids.”

“You’re going to get me drunk! I see how this is going.” Norma tossed back another one. “I’ve never..um..I’ve never had a one-night stand.”

They both had yet another shot.

Em’s turn: “I’ve never had sex with a guy who’s more than 10 years younger than me.”

Another shot down the hatch for both of them.

The whiskey was pleasantly warming her whole body. That last ‘I never’ statement hit a little too close to the danger zone. Still, Norma couldn’t have said where from the deep recesses of her mind this one came from: “I’ve never had sex with another woman.”

Emma-Christine refilled her glass and downed it.

“WHHAAT?!?! Oh my god! Are you serious?! When? I mean, how did that happen?!”

Em wagged one finger at her. “Uh-uh. If you wanna know more, you’ve got to make it an ‘I never’ statement.”

“That’s not fair! You can’t just drop something like that on me and not tell me more! Please?”

Her sister scrutinized her. “You seem very fascinated by that.” she observed.

“Emma! You seem so...I don’t know..worldly, I guess. Can you blame me for being curious?”

“Fine. It was a long time ago. My third year at OSU. I got into an affair with a female teaching assistant in one of my psych classes. It went on for that school year, then she broke it off and went with someone else. I haven’t seen or spoken to her in over 20 years.” Em shrugged. “That kind of thing is pretty common. I’m not gay, obviously. Always been a supporter, but that’s it.”

“Oh, of course. I’m a supporter too. That was really unexpected, coming from you. That’s all. Well...neither of us is in any shape to drive. Upstairs. Go sleep in Dylan’s room again.”

Em gave her a mocking salute, and both dragged their tipsy selves up the stairs. Norma stole into her room again, trying not to wake up Norman, found a pair of her pajamas, took them back out in the hall and threw them to her sister.

Em caught them as Norma met her outside the door of Dylan’s empty room. They caught each other in a tight and close hug, holding it for long moments.

“Norma, I can’t remember when I last had this much fun.”

“Me either. Ever. Keep the dress, okay?” Norma snuggled even closer, her chin resting on Em’s shoulder. When they finally pulled apart:

“You’re drunk.” they said in unison, then laughed. “Go to bed.”

Norma started back towards her room. "Good night, Emma-Christine."

"Good night, Norma Louise."

Unbeknownst to them, they had woken Norman up. He tip-toed to the doorway of Norma's room and looked down the hall at them. Aunt Emma had her arms around his mother's waist. Norma had her arms around his aunt's shoulders, and they were pressed very close together. If it had been another man, he'd have been furious, flown into blacked-out violence. But it wasn't. He didn't. It was his quite pretty aunt, holding her like that. He felt a definite twitch of arousal in his manhood, one that thrilled as much as surprised him. Before Norma could notice him, he dashed back into her bed, pulling the covers up and turning away from the door, shutting his eyes and pretending to be asleep. She shut and locked the door, turned on the small bedside lamp. Then she stripped off her dress, sliding into bed in only her bra and panties, curling tightly around him. "Mmm..baby..I love you." she murmured.

"I love you too, Mother." he said softly, before dropping into a deep sleep.



