

Chapter 17: Soulmates Never Die

Norman opened the oven and took out the turkey pot pie, setting it on the counter to cool. Dylan came into the kitchen soon after, razing him with: “Hi honey, what’s for dinner?”

“Screw off; Mom made it.”

“You don’t even see what she’s done to you, do you Norman? That bitch leads you around like a puppet.”

“Shut the hell up! She cares about me; she’s a good person. She’s just not perfect!” Then Norman thought for a second, realizing he now had some ammo against his brother: “What about you?! You’re one to talk! You turn to Jell-O every time Aunt Emma’s around. What’s up with that? Hm?”

Dylan turned a deep shade of crimson, made a move to hit Norman, then stopped. If he did, Norman would go running to Mommy, and then Norma would throw Dylan out of the house; he was sure of it. Then where would he be? How would he explain that one to Emma S.? He was going to meet up with her in the morning, and they were going for that motorcycle ride. For the first time ever, he felt he had something--someone--to lose.

“You know what? You’re not even fucking worth it!” Dylan stormed out of the house, leaving Norman alone. Norman breathed a sigh of relief, grateful for the peace and quiet despite his missing her. But Norma deserved to go out and have a little fun with his aunt. It’s not like she was out with another man. She wouldn’t even look at anyone else; her adoring eyes were only for him. He’d seen that for himself, and it made him smile with contentment. Besides, if any guy bothered his mother, she couldn’t ask for a better bodyguard. Norman fixed himself a plate and took it into the living room, then sorted through their DVDs until he settled on a movie to watch. He

had quite a bit of homework to catch up on, what with skipping school regularly, but he told himself he'd start it tomorrow, first thing. That was something else he needed to tell her: that other reason he'd been wanting to stay home. But so far the timing had been bad. It was Ms. Watson. She paid a lot of attention to him, more than to any of his classmates.

At first he thought it was innocent; she was simply being nice. But after his Language Arts teacher read a draft of one of his short stories, Norman saw the way she was looking at him. He knew that look; it was the same one of lust and longing Norma gave him so often. He'd felt his body responding to her interest automatically. He couldn't help it, and what followed were the terrifying beginnings of a black-out. The world spinning away and growing dark around the edges. Miraculously, he'd managed to keep from fainting. But he knew it was only a matter of time. He was still so innocent in some ways. He didn't know what he was supposed to do about this, how he was going to tell his mother without making it look like he was also interested in his teacher. Norma would be furious. Norman was furious at himself for the fleeting arousal he'd felt when he'd been alone in the classroom with Ms. Watson.

Norman sighed in despair as he turned off the TV and took his laptop up to his mother's bed. Screw it if Dylan or Aunt Emma saw him sleeping there again; he didn't care. He missed Norma, hoped she'd be home soon. She belonged there in bed with him. He needed her so much. He found another movie and started it, but he couldn't concentrate on the story. He soon drifted off into a fretful sleep.

A couple of hours later, his mother's sweet lips on his woke him up. Suddenly everything was going to be okay. He mumbled sleepy agreement as she promised to be up soon, after having a nightcap with Aunt Emma. That was another thing: Aunt Emma. It was still tough to process the fact she was like him. She had the same black-outs he had. And she'd killed people; granted it was in the line of duty, but she still had.

What is that supposed to mean? went through his mind. *Why us?*

Trying to process these probably unanswerable questions only tired him further. Norman rolled over and drifted back to sleep. Soon laughter and female voices in the hallway woke him up yet again. He waited while Norma retrieved pajamas and went back out to throw them to her sister. Lately the two of them seemed to lose at least 20 years each when they were around each other, acting more like a pair of silly teenage girls. Norman wasn't sure if he found that more endearing or more annoying. So far, a mix of the two..

Rubbing his face, he went to the bedroom doorway without making a sound, wanting to see what they were up to. What he saw startled him awake and shockingly sent a rush of blood into his member. His mother had her arms around his aunt like she'd only ever had her arms around him; they were clinched that close. He should be jealous. He should be angry. He should be disgusted with himself for these thoughts. But his cock was telling him otherwise. It was hot. Sizzling hot. Gorgeous. He'd seen a few things online about what two women could do with each other, but he'd never had anything close to a fantasy like that involving Norma. A primal part of him hoped they'd kiss. Just one time. It wouldn't mean anything. She wasn't in love with her, she loved him; she was the other half of his soul. He just wanted to see it. Norma could kiss her one time, and it would be okay.

But she didn't. They broke apart, and his mother started for her bedroom, a bit tipsy on her feet. Norman flew back into bed and pulled the covers over his rock-hard arousal. He was going to need some relief, one way or another. He heard the locks click as she secured the two of them away from the rest of the world. She slid into bed and wrapped herself around him, spooning him. He hummed with pleasure as he realized she was only in her lacy bra and panties.

“Mmm..baby..I love you.” she murmured before she fell into a whiskey-infused slumber.

Norman scowled as he turned off the light. Evidently Norma had quite a few more to drink, and she very rarely drank that much. He couldn't remember the last time she'd done that. This was evidently Aunt Emma's bad influence, and he didn't like that. He was going to say something to his mother about it in the morning, once she'd sobered up.

For now, all he said was “I love you too, Mother.” as he clasped her hand and held it over his heart, snuggling back up against her. He was still hard, but he didn't want to disturb her while she slept it off. He could be patient; they'd have time soon enough.

He dreamed he was laying naked on a large bed he didn't recognize. Everything else was pitch-black around him. Norma was on top of him, kissing his lips eagerly. She slid herself slowly down onto his cock until every inch was deep inside her. He let out a hiss of satisfaction as she started riding him; he grasped her hips and gazed up at her flawless nude body. She leaned back and quickened her pace, letting him see his cock moving back and forth, vanishing into her warm tight depths. Norma arched back and came, clenching and pulsing hard around his cock, bringing him right to the edge.

As soon as he came, he saw another hand reach from behind Norma and clasp her shoulder. His aunt moved up, kneeling next to Norma, both looking down at him. Norman slid one hand along each of their jawlines, gently pulling them towards each other. Smiling, they turned and locked lips, Norma giving Em a soft bite on the lower lip. Instantly Norman was hard again, so hard it hurt, pulsing and thrusting more into Norma. His aunt watched them with a smirk on her face, like she was letting him know they'd never fooled her. She reached over and slid a hand up his chest. Her blue eyes dilated until they were nothing but cold shiny black marbles. Norman saw

his reflection in them. His eyes had changed in the same way. The eyes of monsters.

“What are you?” he exhaled.

Her answer came as a guttural rasp. “I’m you.”

“No!” Norman jolted awake, coated with sweat and shaking horribly. He couldn’t draw enough breath.

“Honey, it’s okay! You were having a nightmare; that’s all. It’s all right!” Forgetting her beginnings of a hangover, Norma quickly sat up with him, wrapping her arms around him, holding him tight to her.

He clung to her, burying his face in her chest. “I’m sorry, Mother; I’m so sorry! It was so scary. It seemed so real. It was..I did..things I never..oh god Mother. I’m sorry!”

She kissed him over and over on his forehead, his face, his lips. “Norman, don’t be sorry! It’s okay, baby! Whatever it is, it’s okay! Whatever it is, it’s nothing but a dream! Dreams mean nothing; they’re silly! I don’t want you to be upset; it’s fine.”

“I..um..I dreamed I saw you..uhh..oh god! This is so embarrassing! And I’m so scared it’ll make you mad at me...might make you..” He couldn’t finish, broke into sobs.

“There is NOTHING that would EVER change the way I feel about you! You know that! I love you! We are the only thing that matters. You and me. We love each other more than anything! Nothing will EVER change that!”

Norman drew in a deep breath. He didn’t want to keep any more secrets from her. It was only a matter of time before he could tell her everything.

“Mother, I dreamed I saw you, umm..I saw you kissing Aunt Emma. And I liked it. I wasn’t mad; I mean.. I really liked it.”

Norma burst into laughter. “Sweetie..baby..” She had to take a little while to contain herself, then; “It’s FINE; it’s totally normal, honey. We all have strange sexual thoughts about anyone. I have them. Everyone has them.” She cupped his face and kissed his lips. “I know how much you love me. How much I love you. I don’t ever want you to second-guess ANYTHING about us! You are the only one I’ll ever love. We are the only thing that’s real.”

Her words struck his heart. “I love you so much,” he breathed out. “I’d do anything for you. Anything at all.”

“I know you would, and I’d do anything on this earth for you.” Norma leaned over and kissed him, softly at first. Then it quickly got harder. She rolled her body over against him until she was laying on top of him. She slipped her tongue past his sweet lips and slid one hand under his T-shirt. He gave a soft moan at her touch on his bare skin. She lifted his his shirt over his head and and slowly licked her tongue up his belly, started kissing her way up his chest. Then they heard loud music coming from downstairs. Most likely Dylan.

“Aw shit!” Norma cursed. “Seriously? I swear, he’s got me at the end of my rope! Stay here, sweetie. I’ll take care of it.”

She got up and put on her blue satin robe, belting it securely. Then she swung into her bathroom and swallowed two Exedrin to stave off the hangover she was starting to feel. When she got back downstairs, Dylan was playing a Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass record on the old turntable, sipping whiskey out of a glass.

“What in god’s name are you doing? It’s two o’clock in the morning.” she admonished him.

“I’m having a cocktail, and listening to some of the late owner’s old music.” he informed her.

Norma snapped off the stereo. “I’ve had enough of you staying here. You’re toxic. It’s time for you to move on.”

He glared at her, “How did Sam die, Norma? You know it’s funny, ‘cause I had to do a lot of research to find out where you guys had moved to, and I wound up talking to one of the insurance people in Arizona, and they talked about how sad it was, that Sam had died and what a wonderful husband and father he was. And then I thought, wouldn’t it be interesting if I told them what life with Sam was really like?”

Norma folded her arms. “What exactly are you implying?”

“Was it really an accident, Norma?”

“Of course it was! There was an investigation and it was ruled an accident! Case closed! What else would it be?!”

He stepped closer to her, “I don’t know...what else indeed?” his tone was menacing.

Norma’s eyes were murderous daggers, “I know what you’re thinking, and it’s nothing but your drunken speculation and conjecture.” She was not backing down, not from him. Not from anyone ever again, not when it came to protecting the truth about Norman, about what had really happened.

“Those are pretty big fancy words for you to be using, aren’t they?” he taunted. “It must be from who you’ve been hanging around with. Does she know what life with Sam was really like?”

“GET THE HELL OUT!!” she screamed, “Right now!! Or else I’m going to go throw your crap outside!” Norma started for the stairs up to his room. Dylan cut her off, grabbing her by the arm and pulling her out of his way.

“Fine. I’ll go.”

It didn’t take him long to pack up. As he was walking down the hillside steps, thick rain started falling. “Great.” he grumbled, pulling the hood of his windbreaker over his head.

He used the master key Norma had given him to open up Room #1 of the motel, and he crashed in the heatless room, pulling all the blankets he could find around him. This was it. After this night, he was gone. Never looking back.