

Chapter 18: The Only Thing That Matters

Norma waited in the hallway until Dylan had packed up and left. At the final sound of the front door behind him, a huge weight lifted from her shoulders. He'd be fine. He could take care of himself; he had been for years. She and Norman had the house to themselves at last, and her elation canceled out her exhaustion as well as the lingerings of her hangover. Once Emma-Christine left in the morning, they'd truly be alone as they'd been dreaming of for seemingly so long. It had only been a week and a half, but to them it had been a torturous eternity.

"Mother, what happened?" Norman sat up in her bed as she returned, twisting the lock in the door again. The concern on his face melted away when he saw her beaming smile. She hopped back onto the bed, kneeling between his legs, leaning over and kissing his lips.

"Dylan moved out. Just now. I told him to get out and he did. No more of that. It's over."

"Really?! Oh Mother.." Norman wrapped his arms hard around her and pulled her down on top of him, her arms sliding around him as well. He was still shirtless, and still very hard. While she'd been downstairs, remnants of his dream still crowded into the corners of his mind. He'd reached into his pajama bottoms to give himself some relief, trying to be as quiet about it as possible. Though he pulled his hand away when she came back through the door, Norman was positive she'd seen it. She never missed anything about him; they were that much like the same person.

"Norman, what were you doing? Were you..thinking of me?" She gave him a mischievous smile.

He grinned, "Yes, Mother. I can't help it! I was--"

“What was I doing? Tell me, baby. I want to know.”

His breath was speeding up. So was hers. “You were on top of me.” He gulped once, “Riding me. Riding me good.”

“Mmmm..” Norma captured his lips with hers again, her tongue caressing his lower lip. “I think that can be arranged.” Her body was aching for him, refusing to wait any longer. “We still need to keep it quiet, just for this one more night.” They remembered his aunt was asleep (albeit more like passed out) down the hall.

“We’ve gotten pretty good at that, Mother.” Norman threaded his fingers through her hair, softly biting her lower lip.

She sat up and started untying her robe, then she paused to pull back the bed covers. Then she undid the drawstring on his pajama bottoms, pulling them off and throwing them aside. It left him naked, with his thick cock standing straight up, throbbing for her. It was the most beautiful thing she could ever imagine. He gave a soft gasp at the cool air on his member.

“Go ahead, sweetie. Get yourself even more ready for me. Just enough. I want to watch, and I’m going to undressed for you. Slowly.”

Norman gave a soft whimper of pleasure. He was going to have to hold back so he didn’t cum before he was inside her, before they were both at that perfect edge of climax. He stroked his hand slowly along the underside of his cock, his breathing becoming ragged. He watched as she took off her robe, revealing that black lace bra and panties she’d been wearing.

“Mmm...that’s it, Norman. Perfect. More.” she exhaled. She didn’t know how long they were going to be able to keep up this exquisite torment. Norma unhooked her bra and slowly slid the straps down her arms. The anticipation was nearly too much;

the pulsing need down below was making her half insane, her lovely view of him pleasing himself only driving her wilder. Her skimpy lace panties were already soaked all the way through. She lifted her bra the rest of the way off and cupped her breasts, rubbing and pinching her stiff nipples.

“Mother! Oh god..Mother..that’s so hot. You’re so fuckin’ gorgeous..ohhh..” Norman moaned, barely able to keep his voice low. He started stroking himself faster, “I want to come inside you. Now. Please.” he begged.

She smiled, a naughty glint in her eyes. “You like watching me touch myself, sweetie?”

“Yes, ohhh fuck yes!!” His cock was going to explode before much longer.

“How about here?” She lifted off him so she could slide her panties off. She was barely able to draw enough air into her lungs. At the sight of her shaven, dripping wet, swollen pussy, he let out a keening moan of desire. She slid two fingers over her engorged clit. The shockwave of pleasure nearly made her orgasm right then.

“Ohhh Norman!! oh my god.” She clamped her hand over his that was stroking his cock, gently taking over for him, loving the velvety skin and the hard pulsing of his shaft. She spread her legs over him and slid him deep inside her, settling on top of him as her slick channel instantly tightened around him.

“Yeesss..Mother ohh yes..” Norman grasped her hips, keeping her in place as he started thrusting upward, rolling his hips against hers, wanting to drive himself even deeper into her.

“Norman..I love you! God I love you!” Norma gasped as she thrust and pulsed around him, matching the speed of her movement to his. Her whole body spasmed hard as the most intense orgasm tore through her. Within seconds, he came, jerking

against her as his hands grasped her ass and held her tight to him. He bit his lip to keep from crying out, but Norman was right about this: it was unbelievably intense, so hot, so good, when they made themselves keep it quiet. She collapsed on top of him, spent, lovely aftershocks still making her pulse around his member.

“I love you too..so much..” he said when his breathing finally slowed. He lifted her chin and looked in her eyes, smiling. “I want to give this to you every night, make you feel this good.”

She moved up and kissed him. “Only once a night, Norman?” she teased him.

He smirked. “As many times as you want, whenever you want, you silly woman!” he gave her a light slap on the ass.

Norma gave a little squeak at his spanking her. “Then we’re going to do a lot of making up for lost time! We’d better rest up.” she grinned, kissing him again and snuggling into his arms. “Hm, tomorrow’s Thursday.” she said. “I’m going to call the school and tell them you’re sick the next two days. Then we’ll have the weekend too. How’s that sound?”

“It sounds like heaven, Mother.” he held her to him, so happy he couldn’t think of the right words. Wrapped around each other, they soon drifted into peaceful, content sleep.

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A bit earlier that night...

By some miracle, the commotion between Norma and Dylan failed to wake up Emma-Christine, and both were grateful for that, deep down. Dylan left the light off in his room as he quickly dumped the few drawer-fulls of clothes he had into his

duffel bag. In his now-former bed, she stirred, grumbled something incoherent, then yanked the covers over her head, turning towards the wall and away from him.

*See you in the morning. You're the one single good thing in my life. The only thing that matters anymore. I hope nothing ever has to change that.* he told her silently.

The next morning came, as slow as it seemed for him. The motel was deserted and eerily silent without any of the FBI squad around anymore. Dylan woke up a little after eight, washed off in Room 1's shower, and used the bed sheet as a makeshift towel, since there weren't any stocked yet. He noticed a few squares of different sizes had been cut out of the sheet. Forensics handiwork, undoubtedly, taken for DNA. But that was soon forgotten as he got dressed, for once looking forward to the day ahead. He even briefly wished he had some cologne to put on, but that would have to wait.

Dylan spent the morning at a diner frequented by the rest of the weed-growing family he now worked for. As he finished breakfast and ordered a second cup of coffee, he scrolled through the for-rent listings on his phone. One looked promising: a cabin outside of town that the owner only used one week a year and was looking to sublease. If he was careful with his money, he could afford the monthly rent. Dylan called the owner and left a voicemail, hoping he'd get the call returned soon. He wasn't looking forward to spending another night squatting in Norma's yet-to-open motel, or to telling Emma S. that Norma had kicked him out. He might as well man up and tell her the truth. If he lied by omission, she'd find out anyway. She and Norma were becoming thicker than thieves.

Overheard chatter in the diner soon distracted him from his thoughts. Several patrons were jabbering loudly about the looming possibility of total marijuana legalization in Oregon. The November voting sessions were fast approaching, and from what Dylan gathered, these White Pine Bay denizens were not happy about the idea of legalization. Not at all. There was too much money to be lost.

*Great, what's going to happen to my job if these growers pack up and ship out of town?* Just when it seemed he could get on his feet, this might happen. Dylan made a mental note to find out more details from Ethan, the next time they were on duty.

As it was, he reasoned that the only thing constant in his life had been change. Most often change for the worse, but there had been one very good and unexpected one: Emma S. For whatever reason, the thought of her in his life--in whatever way--made him worry less, made him think he'd survive, he'd figure something else out if he had to. Dylan finished his coffee, paid, and left. With nowhere else to go, he got on his bike, took it to the gas station for a fill-up, and then spent an hour giving it an unnecessary wash. But he wanted it to look nice for her. By the time he finished and arrived back in front of the empty Bates Motel, he didn't have much longer to wait for her.

Emma S. pulled up in her rental car shortly before 11, smiling and giving him a wave as she got out and met him on the motel porch. Suddenly nothing bad that had happened to him mattered anymore. It all seemed insignificant and manageable.

"Morning, Dylan." she gave him a brief one-armed hug around the neck, causing him to temporarily lose the ability to speak with any degree of intelligence.

"Uh, morning..Sleep okay?" he managed to get out.

"Not bad. Feeling the nightcap a bit from last night, but this is my hangover cure of choice." she said, holding up the large coffee she'd almost polished off. She was also finishing the last bit of a chocolate doughnut. Yes, she was a cop who did enjoy a doughnut every so often. Stereotypes be damned.

She'd gone back to her motel room earlier to shower and change clothes. She was wearing blue jeans, a light green sweater, and a tan anorak-style coat. She also had

on a pair of heeled motorcycle boots that made her nearly as tall as he was. She looked absolutely perfect.

“Shall we?” She asked. She grinned at Dylan as she took the second helmet from him and strapped it on her head.

He got on the bike and asked her, “Are you ready?”

She slid on the seat behind him and wrapped her arms around his belly, pressing her breasts against his back and leaning in close to murmur in his ear, “Ready when you are. Is this okay?”

He had to take several deep breaths. “Yes..um, that’s.. that’s good.” It was suddenly sweltering hot on this previously cool autumn day. He didn’t know how he was going to drive the bike without crashing, not with her body pressed against him, and her thighs spread right behind him, pushing against his legs.

Dylan somehow managed to focus on the road as they headed down the coast. They stopped and toured a lighthouse outside of Newport, about an hour away.

“Dylan, this is just beautiful out here! So different from the east coast. I’m so glad I got this chance to see some of it.” Once they left the lighthouse, they wandered around for a while, admiring the ocean views, Em stopping every few minutes to snap photos with her phone. The sun had broken through the overcast sky by that early afternoon, and the weather was indeed gorgeous even with the chilly ocean breeze.

He gave her one of those smiles he’d been reserving only for her. “I’m glad I got to see it too.” he said. “With you.” he added softly, unsure if she heard that last part. They were at a cliffside railing overlooking the ocean. Em held up her phone and put

her arm around his waist, getting them both in the front-facing camera's frame.  
"Come here, I want a picture of us."

Dylan would've normally felt stupid being in a selfie like that, but this time he didn't care. He put his arm around her, and she pressed her side against his. She snapped a couple of shots and showed them to him. They were both smiling, and to him they looked so damn good together. He looked happy. The image of himself like that seemed foreign. Selfies didn't seem stupid at all anymore, as long as she was in them with him.

"Will you send those to me?" he asked. "I want to keep them." He wanted to frame them, hang them on the wall in his cabin where he'd see them every day. Leave them up forever.

"Of course." She emailed them to his phone. Then she realized they were still close; she hadn't moved away from him at all.

"Thank you." he said softly. "For everything, for spending today with me. I had to get away, clear my head. And..um..I'd..I'd rather spend it with you than with anyone."

The look in her hypnotic blue eyes was unmistakeable: Longing. Struggle. Fear. Desire. "Dylan..." she began. The next thing either of them knew, their lips had met. They couldn't have said who'd moved first. Em wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled herself tight against him. Dylan could hardly breathe as he snaked his arms up her back and pulled her to him. It was only soft for a few seconds, and then their tongues were intertwining. The heat traveling through her body was incredible; she'd never felt this when she'd kissed anyone else, not David, not Duncan, not anyone. His arms around her felt out of this world. It was the hottest kiss of her entire life; it felt almost as good as love-making itself. She felt him getting hard between her thighs. She didn't care who saw them. No one had any way of knowing what they were to each other.



They broke apart, both of them gasping and trembling.

“Oh my god...what am I doing?! What are WE doing?! You’re my...fuck..oh god!” Em needed to cling to something for support, and she briefly thought of grabbing the railing. But she didn’t. She clung to him harder instead.

“I know! I’m sorry Emma. I..I didn’t mean for--”

“Yes, you did. Yes, I did.” she silenced him with another, briefer kiss that was still nothing less than incredible.

“We need to...we need to talk about this, Dylan.”

Just then, his phone rang. Terrific timing. It was the guy with the cabin for rent. They reluctantly pulled apart, and Dylan answered it. While he discussed the rental details, Em did hold onto the railing, trying unsuccessfully to slow down her reeling thoughts and stop the tears from spilling out of her eyes.

*What have I done? Holy fuck, what is this family doing to me? What am I doing to them?! What’s this going to do to Norma, when she finds out her sister’s an incest-committing degenerate?! She can’t know..she CAN’T!! No one can!!*

Em turned and looked at him as he concluded the call. *But it feels so right. So good. Dear god, I can’t fight this! I want him more than I’ve wanted anyone or anything in my life. I think I’m..in love with him.* No, she didn’t think it. She knew it.

She hadn’t paid much attention to the whole conversation, but she caught the last bit:

“Then I’ll be there Saturday. Thank you so much!” Dylan ended the call and came back to her. “I found my own place. A rental cabin outside of town. The owner says I can move in Saturday afternoon. Um, I was going to tell you..I moved out late last night. Well..actually Norma threw me out. I drank too much and said some stuff I shouldn’t have. I know she’ll give you an earful about it when you see her, and...why are you smiling?”

Em hadn’t noticed the slowly growing smile on her face. She swiped at the tears in her eyes and slid her arms around his waist. She drew a deep breath. She really could use a drink. Or ten. No, that wasn’t right either. She needed him. Only him. A nagging voice in the back of her mind was chanting *illegal..illegal*. But the rest of her told it to shut the hell up.

“Because I think it couldn’t have happened at a better time. It’ll make everything so much easier for everyone. And I don’t want to have to sneak around the Norms all the time, always worrying about keeping this a secret. About keeping you and me a secret.”

Dylan could hardly believe what he was hearing. “You mean that?” He pulled her closer into his arms.

“I’ve never been more serious. What we’re doing is very dangerous. Against the law. The law I took an oath to uphold. But I can’t help this, Dylan. I can’t help what I feel about you.”

“I can’t help it either. I don’t want to.”

“You’re not going back to that house. Would you..stay with me..until Saturday?” Her question was breathless with the thought.

“Yes. I’d love that.” His answer was just as breathless.