

Chapter 19: Never Let Me Go

Four days later.

Emma S. woke with her head resting on his chest. She stirred, moving to get up. He tightened his arms around her. “It’s too early.” Dylan murmured, pulling her back down against him. She cuddled closer, kissing and lightly biting on his neck.

“I know. But I’ve got court today. Gotta get up. Damn it. I don’t want to.”

He cupped her cheek and gently captured her lips with his. “I could go with you, right? Sit in the back with everyone else.” he suggested.

She smiled, “You’re not going to miss anything. The judge will drone, the lawyers will argue, they’ll ask Romero and I a few standard questions, and whatever happens, happens as far as Summers’ bail. It’s a lot more boring than how it looks on TV.”

Dylan briefly frowned at the mention of the sheriff, but he let it go. The past four days had been the most blissful time of his whole life. No loneliness. No Norms. No arguments and cruel words. No feelings of being unwelcome and unwanted. Em had hung out at the Bates house while he was at work, staying for dinner more often than not. Then she’d come back to his cabin and help him get further settled. It had only four rooms: a large living room connected to a small kitchenette, with his bedroom and small bathroom off to one side. Even so, she did whatever she could think of to make it more of a home. His favorite night in the cabin so far was when she first stayed over, and they both realized neither of them could cook without possibly starting a fire. So it had been take-out from then on, and it was more than fine.

She’d started helping Norma and Norman paint the motel building a pale yellow, and at least once she’d come back to the cabin with a streak or two of paint on her face, where she’d brushed her hair aside without thinking about it. He found that the most adorable thing ever. One of the many things he loved about her: she was unpretentious, unafraid to get her hands dirty. In more ways than one.

Dylan came back to the present as she rolled on top of him. “We have a little time.” she murmured before kissing him. He winced slightly as the deep scratches on his back rubbed against the sheets. “Are you okay, baby? Was it too much?” she asked.

“No, I’m fine. Come here.” he pulled her tight against him as he slid his hard length inside her. “Ohhhhh jesus fuck..Dylan..” she clamped her thighs around him and started jamming her hips so he pounded hard into her, Em gasping out further strings of dirty expletives as they both rode to a hard climax. He’d never thought he’d find a woman using such filthy language so hot. And that hadn’t been the only surprise she’d had in store for him.



Meanwhile, the same morning:

Norman was between sleep and wakefulness as he felt her warm, smooth, perfect body spooned close against his. Last night they’d fallen into blissful, much-needed sleep after exhaustive love-making in his bed. Norma gave a wordless murmur of contentment as she felt his arm wrapped around her from behind, his hand cupping her breast. Her voice turned into a soft moan as his fingers slowly stroked her nipple, tightening it, sending pleasure immediately below. His lips grazed her neck, then her shoulder. She could feel how hard he was, and she gently ground her hips and ass back against him, wanting to feel that perfect cock between her cheeks even more.

“Mmm...Mother..” he kissed more along her neck and then down her spine. His hand slid lower down her belly, two fingers slipping along her wetness and finding her clit.

“Ohhh..Norman..yes..” she hissed out. He was waking up more, rubbing her in slow circles like he knew would drive her to the edge. Norma shifted her top leg, parting her thighs to give him even more access. He quickened his movement until she was moaning loudly; he could now feel when she was close to climax. He nipped at her ear and whispered, “Turn on your back.”

She shifted onto her back. "Come here."

Norman settled between her spreading legs and slid inside her to the hilt. The small room was quickly filled with their moans of pleasure. He pressed his body to hers, kissing her neck as they moved together. Slowly at first, both wanting to savor it.

"You take such good care of me!" Norman exhaled. "We've found a good way to wake me up in the morning." He grinned before kissing her lips.

"God yes we have...Mm." She kissed him hard. He snapped his hips faster as she arched into him, thrusting with the same rhythm until an explosive orgasm ripped through her. She screamed out his name; he loved that. No need for them to keep quiet anymore. Norman cried out as he came, only seconds later, his body wracked with spasms as he spurted deep inside her.

Norma wrapped him in her arms as he collapsed on top of her, both of them gasping for breath. "I love you..oh god I love you Mother!" He rested his head on her chest, feeling her thundering heartbeat. She gave him a kiss on his forehead, smoothing his bed-tousled hair. "I love you too, more than anything!"

It took a while for their breathing to slow, as they held and caressed each other, Norma playing with his hair and running her hands over his back. "Feel like some breakfast, honey? I'm definitely starving now."

He smiled, "Sounds wonderful, Mother."

Before she could move much to get up, Norman remembered what he'd been putting off talking to her about. He was scared how she might react, but he was more afraid to keep on avoiding it. It was only going to get worse.

"Mother? I need to tell you something. Something that's been going on at school. Please, don't be angry; I've been scared to tell you, and I really didn't want to in front of Aunt Emma! I don't know what I'm supposed to do about it!"

“Honey.. Norman, calm down. It’s okay! Just be calm, and tell me. Whatever it is, we’ll deal with it! Just don’t get upset, baby!” Norma held the sides of his face gently in her hands, brushing the beginnings of tears from beneath his eyes.

“You know I thought I was going to have a black-out at school yesterday, and I came home after first period? Ms. Watson followed me and tried to stop me, and I pulled away. That’s why I got suspended for two days.” Norman drew a deep shaky breath. “And that’s not..that’s not all..” He looked into her darkening expression with frightened eyes.

“Norman, what else are you saying?” She asked quietly.

He fought for the right words to use, “I mean, I..I’ve felt myself start to have black-outs around her, in her class, before. The worst time was when I staying after school that day when she wanted to read my short story. Mother..she acts like..like she likes me. You know, how she looks at me, pays way more attention to me than anyone else..sat really close to me that day. I don’t want you to think I did anything to encourage it; I didn’t! I haven’t! I swear I haven’t!” Tears started running down his face; he knew he was blathering and probably not making much sense, but all Norman cared about was making her understand he had no part in it, that he didn’t want it.

Norma was quiet for a beat, then “Has she ever touched you?” Her voice was soft and deceptively calm.

Norman nodded, “Yesterday she grabbed my arm, and I pulled it away. And she’s done stuff like put her hand over mine, brush her arm against mine. I don’t know..it’s just the vibe I get, you know what I mean, Mother?”

She slowly nodded. “All too well.” She pulled him into her arms, kissed the tears away from his face. Possessive, protective rage was starting to boil inside her. But she controlled it; she didn’t want him to see that. It would only upset him worse. “Baby, I don’t want you to worry about this anymore. I’ll take care of it. I’ll make sure it stops. Whatever I have to do.”

It might be completely innocent on that teacher's side. But her instincts told her it wasn't. Beginnings of an idea were already forming in her mind.

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**Meanwhile:**

Dylan relaxed in bed, stretching out with only the sheet over him. He watched with a smile as Em came back over to join him, carrying two steaming mugs of the dark roast coffee they both preferred. Black for him, hazelnut creamer for her. She was wearing only the blanket she'd pulled from the bed, wrapped around her toga-style. Her hair was a tangled mess and she had a couple of sizable hickeys on her neck, already showing signs of becoming bruises.

"Thank you, Gorgeous." He took and sipped his coffee before leaning over and kissing her. He looked in her eyes. "I mean it. I've never seen any woman more gorgeous than you are right now, not in my entire life."

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Their first night together had been back in town, in her motel room after they'd gone out to dinner on the way back from Newport. The place was quiet; a few of her colleagues' vehicles were in the parking lot, but no sign of any curious eyes anywhere. After Dylan parked the bike, she swung herself off and opened the storage container on the back to retrieve her purse. She happened to move some other stuff around and thus uncovered an already-open pint of Jack D.

"Well, what have we here?" she asked with a mock chiding tone, holding it up, a mischievous smile spreading over her face.

"Don't tell me you're gonna bust and handcuff me for an open container, Aunt Emma." he returned the flirtation.

She moved closer to him, slowly shaking her head. "Don't call me that. I don't want you to. Not when we're..." her voice trailed off.

"I'm sorry. I won't." Dylan hated himself for momentarily ruining the mood. He moved to put his arm around her, but she quickly sidestepped him.

"Not out here. Someone might see. Come on." she headed up the stairs to her second-floor room, Dylan following her and the whiskey bottle still in her hand. She unlocked the door, stepped in, and abruptly grabbed his hand, yanking him inside and slamming it behind both of them.

After shoving the Jack onto the side table, Em grasped Dylan roughly along his face and kissed him hard before he could say a word. She raked her nails into his hair, her tongue invading his mouth, effectively stopping any further desire to think or speak. He clamped his arms around her, parting his lips and kissing her back, starting a little when she bit his lower lip rather forcefully.

Their breath was fast when they finally broke apart. "To answer your question.." she panted, "...I could cuff you..if you want me to..Dylan.." she looked him in the eyes. "I like to get a little rough in bed. Is that okay?"

He thought she couldn't further take his breath away, but she just did. "Yes. You can get rough with me. I'll tell you if it's too much." He kissed her again and let her pull him, backing them up to her bed. She shoved his jacket down his arms, letting it drop to the floor, then ripped his shirt roughly up and over his head.

"Mmm...you're so fuckin' hot, you know that?" she ran her hands all over his muscled chest and arms, lingering over the tattoo on his left bicep. "Nice..very nice.." she hissed out, pressing herself to him and whispering in his ear, "I wanna fuck you 'til you can't take it anymore."

Dylan could scarcely process what was happening so fast. He'd never been with a woman this sexually aggressive, not even close. She was looking at him like a starving she-wolf would look at a tender, bloody piece of meat. And he liked it. A lot. He untied the sash on her jacket, and she shrugged the whole thing off. Then he lifted her sweater off, revealing her black bra. Not a fancy one, not that she needed that to look completely stunning. Dylan slid his arms up her back, kissing her throat as she dropped her head back. When he unhooked her bra and slid the straps down her arms, he saw the bullet scar below her right collarbone. He felt her flinch at his gaze falling on it; he could tell it embarrassed her. He lifted her chin so she met his eyes. "You're perfect." He pressed his lips to the spot of damaged flesh before moving lower to her breasts.

With that, she gave a breathless gasp before roughly pushing him down on the bed. Both their jeans and underwear hit the floor within seconds, and Em reached onto her nightstand, picking up a pair of her handcuffs. "Can I? Please..We can have a safe word.."

Dylan's heart was racing, "Yes. I want to." He tried to think fast of one. "What about 'Harley'?" For his motorcycle.

She grinned, "Perfect." Then she snapped them around his wrists and locked them to the bed frame.

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Recalling that first night, Emma S. was grinning again as she gazed at him while finishing her coffee.

"What are you thinking about? Looks like something good." he asked, winking.

"About you and me. We have a great time together, don't we Dylan?"

He stroked his hand along her cheek. "The best time of my whole life. You're more than I ever could have hoped for. Emma, I love you."

Tears sprang to her eyes. “You don’t...you can’t...I mean, do we really have any kind of future together? Never mind this is against the law...such a stupid fucking unfair law in this case..but not only that, I’ve made a mess out of almost every relationship I’ve ever been in!”

“Not all that was your fault, and don’t tell me what I feel! I know what I feel! I’ve never loved anyone, never even knew what love WAS until I met you!”

Words started to come to her but then died in her throat. Em lunged back down onto the bed from where she’d been sitting, kissed him fiercely. “I love you too. Holy shit, I love you, Dylan! I’ve never felt anything stronger for anyone in my entire life!”

He pulled her tight against him. “I’d never try to hold you back, you know, with your career or anything. Anything at all you wanted to do, I’d be right there with you. You’re a goddamn hero. My hero. The world’s better and safer because of what you do.”

“And that’s just it. That career, everything I’ve worked for..it’d be over if anyone found out what we are to each other. And your mother...fuck, she’d kill me! Probably. Or at least I’d never see her or Norman again, and I don’t want that! I can’t have that! They’re my family as well, my real family! I care so much about them too. Shit, this is so unfair. I don’t want to have to choose, Dylan!”

“Who says you have to? Norma doesn’t give two shits about me or anything I do, so I don’t care what she thinks! We don’t have to let them know; we can keep it a secret.”

“We’d be living a lie. But as it is, I don’t see what choice we have.” she gave him a resigned, rather sad smile then kissed him once more. “Let’s not fight about it, okay? I don’t know what we’re going to do about this in the long run, so I think it’s better we don’t drive ourselves crazy with it right now.”



*I'm already living one lie with him: the black-outs. Dear god how am I ever going to tell him that?*

Dylan nodded, "Yeah, I know." But he was still thinking of a possible future, how they could ever make this work. While Em got up and into the shower, he lay there thinking about them. He could leave with her when she went back home to Washington, just pack up, get out of his sublease, tell everyone he was leaving White Pine Bay. He wouldn't have to tell anyone exactly where. He was smiling softly, thinking of this idea as he pulled on his jeans, made more coffee, and rummaged through the small fridge for breakfast.

The chiming of Emma's personal (not her FBI-issued) iPhone interrupted his daydream. She'd left it out on the kitchen table. He couldn't help his curiosity; he picked it up and read the incoming text:

Norma: "I need your help. It's Norman. Call me please?"

*Dylan gave an exasperated sigh. So this was how it's going to be. Every time her precious Mama's boy throws a tantrum or some other stupid problem she runs into, she's going to come running to her sister. he thought. Well, Norma's gonna have to figure out things on her own once Em's back home, 3,000 miles away. And it'll be just her and me there. God, I want that so bad.*

Emma S. was almost done getting ready, putting the final touches on her hair and make-up, adding a generous amount of heavy concealer to the love bites on her neck. Dylan admired her in her black pantsuit with a crisp white collared shirt.

*Hot...and powerful. In charge. Goddamn, in that conservative suit, she puts any swimsuit model to shame.*

He went over and wrapped his arms around her from behind, kissed along her jawline. "Mmm..you're so beautiful. If you don't get going soon, we might--"

She gave him a playful push. "Later, baby. Tonight. I can't be late."

He pretended to look sulky. "I'll be counting the hours."

She gave him a soft kiss, "Me too."

Dylan handed her her purse and shoulder bag. "Oh yeah, you got a text from Norma while you were in the shower. She wants you to call her."

Em frowned as she looked at the message, trying not to let him see too much worry come over her features. "I'll do it on the way. See you tonight." She pecked him on the lips one more time before getting into her car and heading out of White Pine Bay for the county seat.

She called back Norma right after putting her phone in the hands-free set.

"Norma? What's wrong with Norman? Sorry, I was in the shower when you texted."

*A least that one's not a lie*

"That's okay," Norma responded. "Something bad's going on with Norman at school. It's one of his teachers. He told me a little while ago about her, that she's been acting..inappropriate..around him. At least it sounds inappropriate to me! It's been upsetting him to were he's almost blacked out, more than once!"

"Oh, shit. How long has this been going on?"

"For at least a couple of weeks. He was scared to tell me, thought I'd be angry at him. I feel so awful about it, Emma! I'm supposed to meet with this teacher and the school principal tomorrow. Will you go with me? I was thinking, you can tell when someone's doing something wrong, you know, sexually..like that. Maybe if she HAS done something like that, we could report it or something."

The vehement anger that rose in Agent Spooler surprised even her. The fact she hated nothing worse than a sexual predator was one thing. Now there was the chance one of them was targeting one of her own. She knew from experience that gender, age, occupation, and a bunch of other factors didn't matter. These people came in all stripes, and Em's raison d'être for years had been to bring them down. It was remarkable how quickly her mind flipped back to that automatic, well-worn pattern.

"Of course, Norma. Just text me the time tomorrow and the school address. I'll be there. We'll take care of it. Try not to worry, and tell Norman it's not his fault. Neither of you need to worry about this."

"I already told him that. He still feels bad about not telling me sooner, but with everything else that's being going on.."

"I know, but the important thing is that he knows he didn't do anything wrong. And that we'll fix it. We'll get to the bottom of it. You and me, Norma."

Norma sounded somewhat reassured. "Yes. You and me. We've got to look out for each other, and for him. Because god knows no one else will. Will you come over tonight?"

"I'd love to. I'll bring a bottle of wine and we'll dig some more through those old vinyls. Sound good?"

"Sounds wonderful. See you soon, Emma-Christine."

After Norma hung up, she sent Em the needed info about the upcoming meeting with Ms. Watson. She did feel better, even somewhat forgetting the nagging suspicion that wouldn't leave the back of her mind. Ever since she'd made Dylan move out and he'd found his own place, Emma-Christine had been spending an awful lot of time out at his cabin, supposedly helping him get settled there. Then

when she'd come out to help her and Norman with the painting, she'd been in a blissful mood, with a certain glow to her. Norma had seen her get texts on her phone a few times, and her whole face would light up. The look of a girl getting messages from a boy she's in love with. The previous evening, Emma-Christine had declined coming over for dinner. Norma had gone out to the grocery store to get some things they needed, and she drove by the King's Motel. Her sister's rented car was nowhere to be seen, further spurring on Norma's suspicion.

*I may not have the fancy education she does, but I'm not stupid, or blind. She's not doing a good job of hiding it, not at all.*

If it hadn't been for the trouble with that teacher wanting to get her hooks into Norman, Norma had been prepared to ask Em point-blank: "Are you sleeping with Dylan?"

But this all seemed a minor issue compared to what was going on with Norman and that teacher. Even if she was sleeping with who Norma saw as the enemy, Emma-Christine was still there for her when she needed her. Norma couldn't deny that.

She made her way up the stairs to Norman's room, where he was laying in his side on his bed and had been for some time. He'd always been there to comfort her, to make her feel better when she was in despair. This time, it was her turn. She lay down with him, spooning up against him. She wrapped her arm over him, and he clasped her hand, holding it to his chest. She kissed the back of his neck softly.

"It's going to be okay, baby. It'll all be okay. I don't want you to worry anymore. You did nothing wrong. Your aunt and I will take care of it."

Norman squeezed her hand. "I love you, Mother. So much." he murmured. "I know you will."