

Chapter 22: Reinstated

The family made of two couples was finishing breakfast when Emma-Christine's work phone rang. At seeing "A.D. Stabler" appear on the screen, she grabbed it and went quickly into the living room. "I've got to take this."

Norman started upstairs to get dressed for his first day back to school after being suspended, dreading that part of his day. As he passed her, he caught bits of her conversation, mostly:

"Yes, sir...Of course..consider it done..." His aunt listened for a moment, then she smiled and went "Thank you, sir! I'll be there."

"Good news?" he asked her.

She turned to him, "Yes, well..yes and no. I've been reinstated; back to work. My boss said there's some new information about the Fieretti gang in Seattle, that they're bringing in a new 'shipment' up there soon. If my squad catches them then, I have a good chance of getting promoted. Stabler's already booked me on a flight up there tomorrow night."

Dylan and Norma had both joined them by that point, catching most of what she said. "You're leaving? So soon?" Dylan looked heart-broken, unwilling to face the reality of an abrupt, inevitable separation.

For once in their whole lives, Norma felt a pang of sympathy for him. She couldn't even imagine the pain of being separated from Norman, even for a single day. Let alone separated for who knows how long and sent into harm's way. These feelings of empathy and common ground were still alien to her, when it came to Dylan.

Em got up and slid her arms around Dylan's waist, holding him close to her. "We knew this was coming. Once my concussion healed and I did that therapy session, I

was always going back on this case. And I will be until it's over, until we arrest these bastards."

"It's going to be dangerous, and I don't like that!" He protested. "I'm going to go crazy worrying about you! What if you get shot again? Or.." Dylan's voice trailed off; he couldn't even continue and speak that horrible thought.

"Honey, stop! Calm down." Emma-Christine grasped the sides of his face. "I've been shot once in almost 17 years, and I know what I'm doing. I went through a hell of a lot of hard training for these situations, and it kicks in automatically when it matters most! Believe me, I'm these fuckers' worst nightmare. Any scumbags who kidnap women, rape women, abuse women: If they see me coming, they'd better start running the other way!"

Her tone left no room for debate, and it hit an already-raw nerve in Norma. *God, if she ever found out the truth about Caleb and then ran across him, it would be a bloodbath. We couldn't stop her, or Norman, from doing what they might do.*

Dylan nodded, though tears were forming in his eyes. He'd put off thinking about it, but it was a reality: every time she went into the field on a dangerous case, there was a small chance she'd never come back.

Norman cut in with, "Hey, Mother and I have seen Aunt Emma in action, more than once. The only people who should be scared are those who do bad things. They just might not know it yet."

Norma added, "In case we've forgotten: she saved ME from getting raped, possibly killed. I never thought I'd say this about anyone, but I'd put any of our lives in her hands."

Emma-Christine gave them a smile, then turned back to Dylan, gave him a brief kiss. "Try listening to your mom for once. It won't kill you." She teased him, "It's all

gonna be good. I'm gonna do what I have to do, then I'll be back. I promise. We'll Skype every day, as much as we can, all right?"

"Okay, Emma. I believe you. Go bring those animals down, then come back to me." he said softly.

Norman took off for school. The rest of the morning was spent packing up her stuff she'd left in both Dylan's cabin and in her motel room. Then Agent Spooler met with Agent Rivera over lunch and got up to speed on where the investigation stood. Any still-at-large members of the Fierretti gang had evidently cleared out of White Pine Bay and headed north. Much of her task force had already followed them. It would be a matter of the FBI waiting and watching for them to show up where they were reportedly holding shipments of trafficked women. Her favorite part of her job was undoubtedly kicking in doors and making arrests, but so much of it otherwise involved that patience-trying stake-out detail. Emma reasoned that Dylan would learn soon enough she and her subordinates spent a lot of time sitting around doing just that, and she hoped it would help put his mind at ease.

After wrapping it up with Rivera, she went back to the Bates house, changed into jeans and one of Dylan's old T-shirts, and joined him in more painting of the motel building. They were making progress, and Norma was pleased with that. Dylan and Norma appeared to have a tentative peace between them, for now.

Norman got off the school bus right before three, and his mood lifted at the sight of his family at work fixing up his mother's new little business. His mother avoided doing much of the painting, not wanting to ruin her flowered dress or get paint in her perfect blonde hair. But she was all too happy to supervise his brother and aunt, telling them where they'd missed spots. Dylan rolled his eyes a few times, but that earned him a warning glance from Emma-Christine. Though those two spent plenty of time flirting with each other, and Norma's orders didn't bother them all that much. Norman smirked as he came up to Norma's side and laced his arm through hers. He was getting a kick out of Dylan being so whipped by his aunt, and he had a feeling

more of that entertainment was in the future. It was almost enough to take his mind off the issue of his Language Arts teacher.

He'd done his best to avoid her, which hadn't been easy. Not when she stood right up against his desk, resting her hand on it, for long moments while she talked about the current creative writing assignment. It made it hard not to look at her. After class, Ms. Watson stepped in front of him before he could make it out the door.

"Norman, honey, I want to know everything's all right with you. You were so upset on Monday, when you left school without permission. I think it would be good if you--

"I'm fine. Really, I'm okay." he cut her off. "I was stressed out, but everything's fine now."

"From what I've heard, you've got a lot of stressful things going on at home, with your family, your aunt, what happened to your mother that night, what was going on at your mother's motel. I can tell how deeply you feel things, Norman. I see it in you, and I read it in your stories. It might be good to talk to someone outside your family about all this."

Norman's eyes narrowed. She was so close to him. He could feel his body automatically responding to her beauty, and he hated himself--even started to hate her--for that. He didn't want anyone else except Norma, ever! So why did this beautiful teacher have to have this effect on him? He saw something in her eyes, not for the first time: a certain kind of hunger. One that he was nearly powerless to look away from.

"Instead of listening to people around town gossiping about us, why don't you listen to my mother tell you herself? You'll get to, soon. I've got to get to my next class." With that, he pushed past her and took off down the hall, not hearing her protests over the roaring of his blood in his ears. The rest of the school day was a fog, and it couldn't be over fast enough.

~~~~~

Blair Watson wasn't expecting Mrs. Bates to bring company with her to the parent-teacher meeting. But right behind Norman's mother: in strode the taller, imposing figure of her sister. It could be no one else; they looked remarkably similar, and Ms. Watson had heard plenty around town about the infamous female FBI agent who had shot Keith Summers, arrested Maggie Summers, and beaten Deputy Shelby badly.

Ms. Watson tried to hide her sharp intake of breath and ignore the prick of fear in her chest. She'd been fighting with the irresistible pull this sweet, sensitive boy had on her. Half hoping it would go away, and half hoping she'd get a chance to do what had appeared to her, in her darkest dreams. They could be discreet..no one would have to find out..

But those forbidden thoughts were shoved away, as she shook hands with Norman's mother.

"I'm Norma Bates. Nice to finally meet you. Norman's told us about you." The attractive blonde woman had evidently passed those intense blue eyes to her son. Her tone was cool, distrustful. Her expression was even icier.

Blair Watson returned the standard pleasantries, then turned to shake hands with the slightly older, dark-haired, suit-clad woman.

"I'm Special Agent Emma Spoole. Norman's aunt."

Not only was she as tall as some men, her handshake was as firm as a man's, and she held it for a second, staring into Ms. Watson's face. Searching, scrutinizing. When she let go and had a seat next to her sister, she shifted one shoulder slightly, so her jacket gaped open and the shiny gold shield hanging around her neck was visible.

Blair tried to cover up her intimidation and launched into her concerns about Norman, his recent disturbing behavior, his chronic absenteeism, how much potential he had, and how she thought he would benefit from seeing a psychologist, due to the stressful recent events.

Norma Bates' expression alternated between exasperated and annoyed during this monologue. Emma Spoule sat back in her chair--still watching, judging, evaluating. The wheels in her investigator's mind clearly turning, her face also unsmiling. Blair didn't want to look in her direction for fear of slipping up, losing her train of thought. When she got to the part about Norman ripping his arm away and reacting pretty violently when she tried to get him back into the building, she was cut off with:

"Excuse me, are you supposed to be putting your hands on students?" Norman's mother demanded.

The principal had joined them by them by that point. "Ladies, let's just stick to the point here."

Norma fired back, "I think that IS the point! My son told me he wasn't feeling well and went home. So he didn't have a pass; so what? He's been sick twice since we moved here. That's why he's been absent a few times. I think you're making too big a deal about all this."

"Mrs. Bates, Norman's missed school every week since you moved here; that's more than 'a few times' Blair argued, and the principal joined in with,

"Your son has gone over the maximum number of excused absences, and if this continues I'm afraid we're going to have to get the truancy office involved."

"That's ridiculous! He can't help it if he gets sick! And the only one who should decide if he needs a therapist is me." Norma shot back.

Emma-Christine broke her silent observation, “Ms. Watson, do you take this much close interest in all your students?” Her voice lifted over the arguing between Norman’s teacher and Norma, cutting them off.

“N-No..I mean, I have so many of them. I wish I could, but Norman’s a special case. He’s not like other boys his age; he’s very sensitive, and also gifted..I’m just trying to look out for his best interests.”

“The only one who should be concerned about that is my sister. She’s the parent, after all. And by the way, she’s right: there are rules against faculty members touching students in public schools, except under threats of immediate danger. My nephew leaving class early hardly qualifies as that.”

Before Blair could think of a response, Emma Spooler got to her feet and advanced towards her. Norma Bates took a cue and did the same, both of them coming closer.

“Tell me something else,” Norman’s aunt went on, “Exactly what kind of interest do you wish you could take in more of your students? Hm? Would that apply to all of them, or only to certain ones. Say, to boys like Norman?”

Norman’s mother looked ready to attack, claws bared. “Is there any truth to what she’s asking? Have you put your hands on my son any other time?” She sounded quiet but deadly dangerous at the same time.

“I don’t have to listen to these disgusting accusations!” Blair exclaimed, “No! I haven’t!”

“Liar!” Norma spat at her. “He sure told me otherwise. Who the hell do you think I believe?!” She got even closer, her eyes wide with rage. “If you even come near my son again, there will be consequences.”

Emma-Christine looked equally menacing, “Consequences you really won’t like. We’re done here.” she added. With that, the sisters spun on their heels and headed for the door.

“You can’t come in here and threaten me like that!” Blair managed to squeak out.

Two pairs of cold blue eyes met hers.

“We just did.”

~~~~~

“Norma, get him transferred out of that home room, right now!”

They were barely into the school hallway before Emma-Christine went on in a low, frantic voice as they strode for the school’s front office. “That woman is a predator of teenage boys. Especially those like Norman: quiet, sensitive. I can read it all over her. She’s done it before, and she’ll do it again. She’ll keep doing it until she gets caught in the act. These people can’t help themselves; it’s like a drug addiction to them.”

“Can’t we go to the sheriff? Oh wait..yes, I know. We need evidence. Otherwise it’s, um, what do you call it again?”

“Hearsay.”

“Yes, that. It’s not like we have any chance to catch her in the act. But as long as she stays away from Norman, that’s all that matters!”

After waiting and being given the run-around in the school office, Norma got Norman transferred out of Ms. Watson’s class. Unfortunately, they rearranged his entire class schedule in the process, further irritating her. The last thing he needed was that added stress, and she started to half-consider letting him get his GED after all.

But all the same, it eased her mind somewhat, and she hoped more than anything this would be the end of it. Because if that bitch didn't listen and still came around her boy, she'd find out about it. And things could get very ugly very quickly.

That evening, Emma-Christine and Dylan went out to dinner, then they'd be going back to the cabin for their last night alone together for a while. They'd all be driving her to the airport the next evening.

After a peaceful, quiet dinner together, Norma surprised Norman with his favorite dessert: homemade apple pie. He grinned and wrapped his arms around her from behind, kissing along her face. "You're the best mother in the world. I love you more than anything!"

She turned and slipped into his arms, rubbing the back of his neck as she gave him a lingering kiss. "I love you too, honey. I'll do anything for you. That teacher should leave you alone from now on, but in case she doesn't: you'll tell me, right?"

"Of course, Mother."

He helped her wash the dishes, then Norma suggested "How about we get started putting the new mattresses and linens on the beds? It's still early enough, and we don't have to do all of them tonight."

Norman frowned. The idea was not appealing, and the only thing he wanted to do was curl up in one of their beds together.

She knew what he was thinking, and Norma put her arms back around his shoulders, smiling in that promising way that still made him soft clay in her hands. He slid his arms around her waist, pulling her against him.

"Norman, please? Just a couple of rooms. We'll do the rest tomorrow." She leaned in and kissed his ear. "We could see how the new bed linens feel." She whispered. It brought a flush of arousal through him, his hardening member becoming obvious

between her thighs. Norma started softly grinding her hips against his, causing him to let out a whimper of pleasure.

“Yes, Mother. Anything you say.” he exhaled. He’d do anything for her. Any little thing at all.

Before they exited the front door, Norman flipped the switch that turned on the new motel sign. They grinned at each other, then admired it as they walked down the hillside stairs. She’d gotten it in blue, his favorite color. He’d always think of how deeply he loved her, how much they belonged to each other, every single time he looked at it.

“This is all ours, baby. You and me.” Norma had her arm around his waist and squeezed him closer, kissing his cheek.

“Forever. I love you, Mother.” In a risky move, he stole a kiss to her lips. There was no more FBI surveillance van across the road; it was no longer necessary, but still: they chanced someone driving by and seeing them. Luckily, no one did.

“Come on, let’s get these beds made up.” Norman winked at her.

They opened Room 1, where the newly-delivered mattress was waiting, leaned against the wall. Norman and Dylan had stowed all of them in all 12 rooms a couple of days prior. Now he ripped the plastic sheeting off the Room 1 mattress while Norma pulled the old sheets off the bed. They deposited both in the dumpster before dropping the mattress onto the bed frame. Next came the new bed linens.

Norman ran his hand over the brand-new soft cotton. “These are lovely, Mother. You made a great choice.”

“You think so, honey? I hope everyone else who stays with us thinks so.”

“They will. I know it. You’ve got the best taste, in everything.” Norman finished putting on a pillow case and dropped the pillow onto the bed. He fluffed it once, then took off his shoes and dropped himself onto his back on the bed. “Mmm..feels nice, Mother. Very comfy. Come here.”

Norma returned the same lusty look he had. She’d wanted to finish more than one bed tonight, but she no longer gave a damn; it could wait. She threw shut the room’s door, yanked the curtains shut over the window, and went to him, hovering her body over his and pressing a slow kiss to his lips. Norman gave a moan of desire, threading his fingers into her hair.

When their lips briefly parted, Norma murmured “I have something else blue I’ve been saving for us.”

“What is it, Mother?”

Norma grinned and stood up in front of him, at the foot of the bed. She started unbuttoning her sweater, slowly from the top button. She slid it off, let it fall to the floor. Then she stripped her camisole over her head before reaching back and unzipping her skirt, giving a little shimmy so it dropped as well. She was wearing a royal blue lacy lingerie set, trimmed with small bows. The color was stunning against her pale, soft skin.

“Oh my god..” Norman breathed out. “You’re so beautiful..wow..Mother..god you’re gorgeous!” His blood was rapidly leaving his brain and heading south. Within seconds, he was so hard it was almost painful, straining against his pants.

She gave a soft giggle and ran her hands over her lace-covered breasts, her nipples hardening. “You like, honey?”

“Yes! Oh god yes! I want you, right now. Please, Mother..”

“Your turn to get naked first, Norman.” With that, she unbuckled his belt and unfastened his pants, pulling them down and off, along with his shoes, almost in one fluid motion. She wrapped one hand around his freed member, slowly stroking him as she knelt between his open legs. She leaned over and kissed him again, her other hand undoing the buttons on his shirt one at a time.

Norman let out a long keening moan at her stroking his cock. She knew where he was most sensitive, and it took everything he had not to explode with an orgasm right then. He held back, only wanting that after he was deep inside her, after he'd given her more than the same pleasure. Norma moved lower, kissing down his chest as she pulled his shirt open, and he took it off, shoved it to the floor. He grasped her hips and pulled her closer against him. He could feel she was soaking wet through her thin lace panties, and he moved her hips so the wet lace rubbed against his cock. So close and so far away all at once.

Then he moved his hands up her back and unhooked her bra on the first try. Norma smiled, gave him another kiss. “You’ve gotten good at that, sweetie.” she gently teased him. Both of them recalling how he’d fumbled with the little hooks their first time.

“We’ve gotten some practice at it, Mother. But I think I need more.” He grinned as he slid the thin straps down her arms, then tossed her bra aside, his hands sliding up her belly and cupping her breasts, his thumbs finding her stiff nipples.

Norma’s turn to gasp with pleasure. “Ohh yes, baby! We’ll give you a lot more practice. A whole lot more.”

Norman rubbed her nipples in slow circles. “I don’t want to practice on anyone but you. Ever.” he vowed. His hands slid lower, and he tugged her panties down her thighs, his fingers slipping along her swollen dripping slit, teasing her. A loud moan ripped from her throat, encouraging him even more. He pushed two fingers inside her slick channel, gently pulling them back and forth like he knew she loved. “Feel good, Mother?”

“YES!! OH FUCK YES!!” she cried out. “Fuck, I want you. Right now! Good and hard.”

Norman found it amusing that she scolded him for using that word, when he could make her scream out the same one in throes of ecstasy. “I wanna fuck you so bad. Take these off, Mother.” he begged.

Norma lifted up just enough so he could pull her panties the rest of the way off. Then he grabbed her bare hips as she sank down on his cock all the way to the hilt, straddling him and giving him a gorgeous view of her entire body. She started moving her hips and squeezing his cock rhythmically with those muscles deep inside her. Both of them letting out more gasps, moans, and expletives as she rode him harder and faster. Finally she screamed out wordlessly as she came, a gush of wetness releasing around his cock. It was enough to bring on his own hard climax; he gripped her hips tightly to him as he arched up and came hard, filling her, crying out with his own mind-bending pleasure.

Norma collapsed on top of him, both of them gasping for breath. She buried her face in his neck, leaving soft kisses in between her hard breathing. “I love you, Norman. Ohh god I love you so much!”

“I love you too, Mother!” he exhaled, trying to slow down his pounding heartbeat.

They lay in each other’s arms for a while, slowly coming back down. Norman turned his face to hers, kissed her deeply, his hand cupping the side of her face. “The bed linens are perfect, Mother.” he said with a grin.

She gave a soft, delighted laugh. “I don’t know, sweetie. I think we’ll need to try out the ones for the rest of the rooms. Just to be sure.”

“Mm..I think so too.”