

Chapter 28: The Pact

Had he blacked out, hallucinated last night? Norman was disoriented for the first seconds of wakefulness. Then he felt the familiar, warm, smooth perfect figure of his mother as she was holding him to her, her bare breasts pressed to his chest. He'd fallen asleep with his head nuzzled into the crook of her neck. This was waking up to even more heaven. He moaned softly with contentment, dropping soft kisses just under her earlobe, causing her to stir and tighten her arms around him even more.

As the last of sleep was leaving him, he felt the second lovely female body wrapped around him from behind, her breasts against his back and her arm draped around his waist. Her legs were woven through his. So, it hadn't been a dream, not a product of his troubled mind. It had been real. It had happened.

Norman kept kissing along Norma's jawline, until his lips found hers. It was slow and soft, her favorite way for him to wake her up. His cock was stiffening, pressing against her. No question about it, they were going to start this day with their favorite morning ritual.

Aunt Emma gave a wordless sleepy exhalation and pulled herself even closer to him and Norma. They broke their kiss, and Norman twisted around to face her. What to say? What could they say? Before any words entered his mind, he leaned over and kissed her, tasting her sweet lips that were so different yet so much like his mother's. She had a gentle smile on those lips when they pulled back from each other.

Norma propped herself up on one elbow, leaning over him. His aunt did the same, as Norman rolled onto his back. His mother slid her hand over the back of Aunt Emma's neck, threading her fingers into her tangled dark locks. Norman watched their lips meet in a lingering, smoldering kiss that made his cock jump to full attention and press against both their thighs. "Ohhh yeah..." he encouraged them.

He couldn't think of anything more beautiful on earth than these two women he loved, kissing, pleasuring each other..

"I have no regrets." Norma murmured when they finally parted, looking into her eyes, keeping her close.

"I don't either." Emma-Christine exhaled softly.

"Me neither." Norman added. He stroked one hand each over their lower backs, causing the blankets to fall lower, to their waists.

They both turned and grinned, "Oh we know YOU don't, honey!" Norma told him, shifting so her leg rubbed against his throbbing member, causing him to let out a groan of need. The sisters exchanged a knowing, mischievous look between them. Em lay back down, on Norman's side, enough to give Norma room to move lower between his legs. His aunt started kissing, sucking, nipping on his neck, her hand running along his chest. His eyes closed as he arched back. He almost didn't have a chance to relish the contact before a hand closed around the base of his cock. His lids flew back open in time to see Norma's lips close over him, sucking on the sensitive tip, her eager tongue licking along the underside.

"Mother! Ohhhh god!!"

It only encouraged them, as Norma went deeper, rolling her lips expertly, taking all of his length into her warm mouth. She sucked him hard but slow, not wanting to bring him to orgasm just yet. Norma caressed his hips as he began thrusting them harder, then she achingly slowly pulled her lips off his cock, bringing a whine of both pleasure and protest from him.

“Shh..it’s okay, baby..” Norma moved up, caressed his face as she gave a glance to her sister, who began sliding her body lower, switching places. They didn’t even have to speak, knowing what they were going to do.

Emma pushed his Norman’s thighs even further apart and engulfed his aching, throbbing cock in her mouth. He got a lovely view of her head moving up and down, then he let out a gasp as her teeth raked gently along his length. Her nails dug into his thighs, and Norman knew he was getting a taste of her rough side. He moaned and whimpered, before Norma captured his lips with hers once more, kissing him nearly as hard as her sister was pleasuring him below.

“OHHHH FUCK!!” he cried out, breaking away from her. “I can’t..I’m gonna..” He couldn’t even find the rest of the words. He thrust and pulsed hard into her mouth, seconds from exploding.

Norma got up and gently but firmly pushed Emma on the shoulder, signaling her to move over. She took her place, wanting him to release into her mouth. Only a few more rolls of her lips around his cock were all it took. Norman arched his back, his hands clawing at the bedsheets, his orgasm rocking him to the core. He spurted so much that Norma couldn’t swallow it all; some of his warm white cum ran down her chin. She slowed down until he completely relaxed, melting into the bed right beside Emma-Christine, who’d already collapsed onto her back. Em looked at both of them with a satisfied smirk, then reached over as Norma finally released his spent member. She wiped a little of his cum off her sister’s face with one finger and licked it, tasting him.

“Holy shit..ohhh my god!!! I love you two!!” Norman gasped when he caught enough breath to speak again. He was going to get addicted to this, to both of them. He never wanted it to stop.

Norma rolled onto the other side of him, then cuddled into his arms, resting her head on his chest. "I love you, sweetie." She looked over at Em. "This is the best way I know of to wake him up in the morning."

Emma gave a soft giggle, "Yes, I see it's very effective."

Norman lifted up his other arm, inviting his aunt to snuggle against his other side. She did. The three of them lay in content silence for a while, loving this beautiful afterglow. Finally, Norma spoke up. "I don't know about you two, but I really worked up an appetite. I'm going to make us breakfast. Want to help me, Norman?"

"Sure, Mother. That sounds wonderful. I'm starving too."

"Norma, you're the best." Emma smiled at her. "Careful, I might not ever want the two of you to leave."

Norma looked in her eyes, her gaze causing both their breath to quicken once more. "We might not ever want to leave." With that, she and Norman got up and put on their robes, her sky-blue silk one and his dark blue plaid one. They got up and walked the short distance to Em's small kitchen, started getting out the fixings for pancakes, bacon and eggs.

Emma fastened the tie on her own robe, as she went to her bathroom to splash water on her face. On her way back out through her bedroom, she noticed her black glass e-cig pipe and last pack of Marlboro Lights on her dresser. She picked up both and took them with her. Norma and Norman paused in their cooking, watching her as she put on her coat over her robe, against the chilly November morning. She opened the sliding door onto her balcony and stepped out.

Thinking her sister was going out to smoke one of those nasty cigarettes, as she'd promised to stop doing, Norma followed her.

“Emma, what are you doing? You’re not going to start smoking again, are you?” she demanded.

“No. I’m not. Norma, remember that day in the car when you said you wanted me around for a long time?”

“Yes, it’s true!”

“So, I’m done doing this. Never again.” Em held up her cigarette pack, where she’d already shoved the e-cig into it. “Done slowly killing myself. I want to be around for you, for this family. Always.” With that, she threw both off the side of the balcony, where they smashed onto the street below, to be run over by morning traffic.

Norma jumped into her arms. “Thank you! Oh thank you!” I can’t tell you how happy that makes me.” She caught her lips in a kiss that burned to their cores, the cold wind be damned even as it whipped their robes around their legs.

“Ahem. Will you two get in here? It’s freezing!” Norman called from the doorway. They noticed him scowling, his blissful mood having evaporated as they retreated into the warm apartment. Breakfast was finished and dished up soon enough.

“Honey, what’s wrong?” Norma asked him, as they sat down to eat.

Norman looked back and forth between them. “We’re supposed to go to Bayview this afternoon, right?”

“Yes, just to take a tour and meet with the doctor. It’ll only take a few hours. We’re not leaving you there, sweetie! You know that; you’re doing the partial hospitalization thing, so you’ll come home in the evenings.”

“I know, Mother. That’s not what’s bothering me. I mean, I’m kinda nervous, but the thing is: I don’t want the two of you having sex without me! I want it to be all of us! Don’t do it while I’m gone. Please? I’m not gonna like it if you do!”

“Oh good lord, Norman! It’s not like we’re a couple of sex-crazed maniacs!” Norma exclaimed, partly exasperated, but partly finding this amusing.

Emma was biting her lower lip, stifling a laugh, evidently sharing the humor with Norma. “I think that’s fair.” she added, “We won’t, honey. We promise. Right, Norma? We can contain ourselves for eight hours or so, until you get home every night.”

“Yes, we do promise, baby.” Norma clasped his hand. “We’ll make a pact right now.” She took Emma-Christine’s hand in her other one. “No swapping. No sleeping together unless it’s all of us.”

Norman’s face broke into that adorable smile again. “Okay, Mother. Aunt Emma. I trust you. We all have to trust each other, in every way. Speaking of pacts, I also promise I’ll never give them any hint about us. About what we really are to each other. I know that goes without saying.”

“We know you won’t, of course. The whole point is to get these black-outs and visions under control. Maybe even make them go away. Somehow.” Norma got up and hugged him to her. Norman wrapped his arms around her waist, pressing the side of his face to her belly.

“We can always hope, Mother. Hope for the best.” he murmured.

Emma watched their embrace, her heart brimming with love for them. Unbidden, a disturbing thought entered her own mind:

Fuck. How am I going to tell Dylan?

That night when she and Norma were dancing together in the living room back in White Pine Bay, the looks of lustful approval were evident on both her nephews' faces. When she'd draped herself across Dylan's lap afterwards, he'd whispered in her ear:

"I hope I'm the first to know if Norma's going to give me some competition. I don't want to be left out."

She'd giggled and kissed his cheek, "Oh, you will be the first to know!" she'd whispered back.

Now she'd crossed a line. Dylan was the first man in her life in a long time she hadn't cheated on, dumped, or otherwise railroaded..or wasn't dead. But the craziest thing: it didn't feel exactly like cheating. Yes, she'd slept with his mother, and with his brother. Yes, he'd likely be pissed as hell at Norman more than at her or Norma. But if they could make him see reason...he wouldn't have to be left out..not if they could all agree on some kind of..arrangement.

Her troubled demeanor wasn't lost on the Norms as the three of them cleaned up from breakfast, put away the fold-out couch, and started getting ready for the drive up to Baltimore, home of Norman's future psychotherapy.

After they'd all showered (them together, her by herself), Norman came up and put his arm around her waist, as Emma S. was starting to check her messages on both her phones.

"You're thinking about Dylan." he told her. It wasn't a question.

She nodded, “He’s probably not going to react well to this. Not at first. I don’t know what I’m going to say to him, what I’m going to do..” her voice trailed off as she began fighting tears.

Norman gently turned her and pulled her into a tight hug, her arms sliding around his shoulders. “It’s gonna be okay, Aunt Emma. We all wanted this. It wasn’t only you. He’s just going to have to accept it.” They parted enough so he could look in her eyes, “He’s not the only one who loves you. That’ll never change.”

“He’s not the only one I love either.” she whispered.

Norma joined the two of them as they broke apart. She’d been gathering up their coats and her purse. She grasped Em’s hand as the three of them headed out of the apartment. “It won’t ever change, Emma. No matter what he says or does.”

On the way down the corridor to the elevator, Em distracted herself checking her emails on her phones. A new one popped up on her FBI phone, making her brighten considerably: “It’s Almost Qual Time Again.” Referring to the Combat Pistol Qualifier in two weeks, which led up to the Championships two weeks after that.

“Hey you two, feel like watching me shoot down a bunch of hologram criminals and win this thing for the second year in a row?” she asked them, a smile breaking onto her face. She showed them the email as they waited for the elevator.

Norma enjoyed the sight of her sister’s lifted mood, but concern still washed over her features. “That would be amazing, but what about you getting some therapy too? It’s not just Norman, after all.”

“I’ll do it after. Both of us are likely going to be put on some type of anti-psychotics, and I can’t have that messing with my aim or my focus. I want to do this. I need to

show the guys I work with that I'm still on top of my game. Especially after all that's happened."

Norma understood. On one hand, she knew it wasn't always easy for Emma, working in that male-dominated career. She had to be better than them to even be thought equal. On the other, it was still troubling that Em was putting off getting help for herself. Norma had a vague feeling of dread surrounding it. All the same, she wouldn't miss seeing even more of Em in action, either. The thought of her with that Glock..let's face it: the woman would've made Annie Oakley look like an amateur. She'd demonstrated that time and again. The same thought was setting off a warm tingling between Norma's thighs.

"We'll be there." Norma told her with a tone of finality. It was enough to momentarily distract her from the mission at hand.

The drive to Johns Hopkins Bayview took over an hour because of traffic. Norman got increasingly restless with nerves, to the point where Norma climbed into the backseat of the Mustang with him. Though falling into the back and into his lap was more accurate, as Emma made a fast lane change at the same time.

"Mother! What am I going to do with you?!" he laughed, catching her around the waist, suddenly not nervous anymore.

"Oh honey, I can't help if your aunt drives like a bit of a maniac! And I can think of so many things, as always." She kissed him.

"Hey! I don't drive half as crazy as some people in this city!" Emma called back.

"And I can think of a few things I'd like to do to you two for that!"

"Later. Careful what you wish for!" Norman told her, still grinning.

“I can’t wait.”

Norman stuck close to both of them as they arrived. It was nothing like the dark, creepy images of insane asylums he’d been picturing. It looked more like a college campus. The psychiatrist they met with showed them around, explaining that the treatment program was made of individual therapy, medical evaluations, and group activities. There was even a GED class. Norman would need to be there from morning to late afternoon, with weekends at home.

It became pretty evident to the three of them why this was one of best; the doctors didn’t give up until every teen/young-adult patient’s illness was at the very least manageable. The program was aptly named “Early Psychosis Intervention.” Not surprisingly, it was also one of the most expensive. For now, there was still some waiting: for the social worker’s home visit and for the guardianship to be signed off as permanent. Only then could she actually use her health insurance for him.

The rest of the day was spent stopping for lunch in the seafood-famous Baltimore, then running a few more needed errands. Norma wanted a rolling rack to hang her dresses on, and she made good use of Em’s ironing board once they got home, setting it up in the living room. Norman went for a walk throughout the building, doing some exploring, after promising to return in an hour. He took the elevator up to the roof, wanting to check out the glassed-in swimming pool and hot tub. It turned out, both were heated year-round. He smiled as he walked around it, thinking this could be very lovely, if he could convince Mother and Aunt Emma to brave the cold weather getting in and out of the water.

It’s so amazing. Seven months ago, I never could’ve imagined we’d end up here. Never dreamed of anything even close, he thought as he admired the cityscape spread out before him. Not only did he have the woman who was the other half of his soul, Norman could scarcely believe how happy this particular trio made him. Even with the looming daily hospitalization, he believed he could face anything, as

long as he had them. He never wanted it to end, never wanted anything to ruin it. Anything at all.

When he returned to the apartment, Norma was still busy with her ironing, and Aunt Emma was on the phone with the social worker's office, trying to pin them down on a day for the home visit. From the irritation in her voice, she wasn't having much success.

Norman hung up his coat and scarf, then went over to the sofa bed and unfolded it. He had to move a couple of Norma's suitcases out of the way first. Their stuff was all over the living room, but Aunt Emma didn't seem to care. He took off his shoes and got comfortable, turning on the TV in search of an old movie that he and his mother both enjoyed. She looked lovingly at him from the nearby ironing board. He patted the bed next to him, inviting her over.

"In a little while, sweetie. After I finish this." She straightened one of her freshly-ironed dresses on its hanger before putting it on the rack.

Aunt Emma finished her phone call, giving an audible exasperated sigh. Then she strode over to the sofa bed and dropped a couple of GED prep books next to Norman. It had slipped his attention that she'd bought them on their last shopping trip.

"If you want to earn this soon, I think you should start studying for it. I don't want you lazing around the apartment doing nothing until it's time to go to Bayview. It'll look better when the social worker shows up and sees you studying instead of laying in front of the TV."

"But they have a class for that at Bayview!" Norman protested. "Anyway, I can pass it. School was always easy for me."

“That class is for an hour twice a week, and you can’t go at all until after we deal with the social worker.” she pointed out. “I still want you to work through these, if only for an hour or two a day.”

“Mother!” Norman turned to Norma, his voice taking on a whine.

“Hey, don’t ‘Mother’ me like that.” she said. “She’s your guardian, technically your parent now. Who I agree with, by the way. I think it’ll be good for you to spend your time at home productively.”

Norman got a wicked glint in his eyes, as he got up and took the iron from Norma’s hand, set it out of the way. Then he slipped his arms around her waist from behind, pulled her tight against him.

“So, this is how it’s gonna be? You carried me inside you, gave me life, but now you’re not my mother.” he gave her ear a soft bite. “You’re my girlfriend.” Norman kissed his way down her neck to her collarbone. “My lover..” he murmured against her skin. “My woman..”

Norma gave an exhalation, somewhere between a moan and a sigh. Her body quivered as she pressed herself back against him, feeling him getting hard. “Baby..” she breathed, “It’s been like that for a while...if...if you wanna see it that way.” She turned around and kissed him, slow and lingering.

“Mm...If I study..” Norman eagerly savored her sweet lips. “Do I get a little reward? Hm?”

“All you want, sweetheart. All of me you want.” she promised.

Emma-Christine had gotten up from where she'd taken a seat on the bed, looking to be taking her leave. The Norms turned to her, still wrapped in each other's arms. They weren't going to let her get away that easily. She'd started this whole thing.

"What about you, Emma? Do we both get rewarded if Norman studies?" Norma's voice was thick, as she gave her sister a very suggestive once-over.

Emma ran her tongue briefly over her upper lip, wetting it. "What do you have in mind?" Her tone was becoming husky as well.

Norman got that adorable smirk on his face, which they all knew made her knees weaken. "Could we go up and get in the hot tub, later tonight? All of us. I know it's cold out, but I can keep you two warm, I promise." He turned back to Norma, kissed her neck.

"I'd like that. A lot. That could be really fun." she exhaled. "Come on, Emma. What do you say?"

The mental image was making Emma-Christine melt. Oh yes, that would be extremely fun.

"All right. IF you study for a couple of hours. Then we'll go later tonight. Hardly anyone ever uses it after dark in the winter. We'll have privacy." She'd loan Norma one of her swimsuits if she hadn't brought one, but she was also sure that swimsuits would become a non-issue.

Norman gave Norma one more kiss, then grabbed the prep books and took them to the kitchen table, got to work with enthusiasm.

Norma and Emma remained facing each other for several beats, smoldering looks of promise on both their faces. Emma swallowed hard. This was damn difficult to keep

under control, when she'd like nothing better than to pull Norma onto that pull-out with her right then. The pact they'd made suddenly seemed on shaky ground.

"Well, I'm going to go Skype Dylan. I've been meaning to." she told Norma.

"Are you going to tell him?"

"It's going to come out eventually, Norma."

"I know. Maybe...um, maybe you could just tell him about you and me. Leave Norman out of it. For now. If it even comes up."

"Okay. If it comes up."

Em took her laptop into her room, pushing the door shut with her foot, though it still gapped open a few inches. She lay down on her side, getting comfortable in much the same way her nephew had done a short while ago. Sometimes their mannerisms and expressions were eerily similar. She braced herself for what might happen, then called Dylan's Skype.

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It had been a rough go for Dylan, stuck by himself keeping the motel open. He'd spent the past three days restless, lonely, bored out of his skull, and heartsick with missing Emma-Christine. Shocking enough to him, he also missed Norma. Maybe it was the fact of being in love, but his attitude towards his mother had softened since that day he'd shown up unwanted on her doorstep. The day that had ended up changing his life forever. If it hadn't been for Norma and her impulsive decision to buy this motel, he never would've met the love of his life. He felt that much gratitude towards his mom for that. Going forward, he wanted to make things better between them. However that could be possible.

In the meantime, he was in disbelief that only three days had passed since Emma and the Norms had left. It felt like three weeks, at least. He'd cleaned Deputy Harrison's room once, after she'd checked out, having found her own place. Two more days, and not a single reservation or walk-in guest. Norman's former teacher had driven by at least four times, her now-familiar red car pulling onto the outer edge of the parking lot and making a circle before driving off. Dylan had seen it three times from the office and once from the house on the security cameras.

Whenever he got the chance, he went out to the porch in front of the office and stared at Blair Watson, his arms folded. She seemed to get the point and drive off, but she'd always be back. He thought of calling Deputy Harrison about it, but he figured he could handle one slightly-unbalanced woman. The sheriff's department was swamped with enough problems, more serious ones. She hadn't threatened him or anything like that. He only hoped she'd soon get tired of it and move on.

When Ms. Watson's unwelcome appearances weren't breaking up his day, he had long stretches of nothing to do as he sat at the front desk. Nothing to look forward to except the daily sweet and lovely phone call from Emma. They'd talked briefly over Skype, but she'd also been busy while getting the Norms settled.

It was nearly one in the afternoon, time for lunch. He flipped around the "back in an hour" sign on the office door, locked up, and went into the house. After eating some leftover pizza, he decided to pour himself a double whiskey.

*Screw it. Not like I have anything else to do around here.*

He'd just reclined on his bed and flipped open his laptop when his Skype lit up with an incoming call from her. Perfect timing. Nothing more he wanted to see than her beautiful face appearing on the screen. She was also laying on her side on her bed, right in front of him yet 3,000 miles away.

“Hi, baby. How’s everything?” she asked with a loving smile.

“It sucks here without you. I even miss the Norms, believe it or not.” Dylan told her.  
“How’s D.C. treating them?”

“It’s, umm..been going okay. We visited the clinic for Norman earlier today. And we’ve done a little sightseeing. I want to save a lot of that for when all four of us are here, though.”

“I miss the hell out of you, Emma.”

“I miss you too. So much.” Her voice was a mix of sadness and longing. Then a smile formed on her lips as she thought of an idea. She turned and glanced over her shoulder to the still-gaped-open bedroom door. She appeared to be alone. “Feel like having a little fun right here, honey?”

“Oh yeah, I do! What does a ‘little fun’ involve here?” he asked with a grin.

“Are you telling me you’ve never cybered with any of your past girlfriends?”

Dylan blushed. He could count the number of women he’d been with before Emma S. on one hand and have a few fingers left. None of those had lasted long.

“No, I haven’t.” he admitted.

This was going to be even better than she’d thought. She was not going to close that door, either. “Are you going to do what I say, baby?” she asked.

“Of course, I’ll always do what you say!” he promised.



Em turned onto her back and undid her jeans, then slid them slowly down her legs, giving him a nice look at her long legs and her black lace panties. “Now you. Take that shirt off.” she demanded.

Meanwhile, outside Emma’s bedroom, Norman was still working through the prep book, determined to make enough progress to satisfy his mother and aunt. Then he’d get to satisfy them how he really wanted to. Norma had finished unpacking for the two of them, as much as she could find room for anyway. She alternated between stepping onto the balcony for a look at late-afternoon Bethesda, and lounging on the sofa bed, flipping TV channels. She found nothing that kept her attention; she was getting increasingly restless and bored. As well as curious. Emma-Christine and Dylan were having an awfully long video-chat. Norma had a good idea what they were up to. She finally could stand it no more.

Norman glanced up at her as she passed by the kitchen table where he was seated. She held one finger to her lips, then jerked her head in the direction of the bedroom, winking. Norman grinned, the GED forgotten. He could tell what she was thinking, and he wasn’t going to miss a second of this.

Norma crept to Em’s bedroom doorway, pressing her back to the wall so she wouldn’t be spotted. She twisted enough to see through the gap, and she caught a breath-taking look at her beautiful sister in her lacy black lingerie. She was sprawled on the bed, one hand down the front of her panties. Her hips were slowly thrusting as her fingers worked her clit good. Video feed of Dylan was on her laptop, and he was stroking his engorged cock slowly.

“Can I go faster?” Norma heard him beg, “Can I see more?” Emma was evidently giving him some delicious visual torment, as only she could do.

“Not yet.” she breathed out, “Patience, darling. Or else you’re going to wait even longer.” She slipped one bra strap down her arm, pushing the cup lower on one breast, but not totally off.

Images of the previous night together flooded into Norma’s brain. Hot, pulsing, aching want started between her thighs, getting more intense by the second. Norman’s eyes were still riveted on her as she watched them, one of his hands moving to his growing arousal, rubbing it through his slacks. Her own hand pulled her skirt up one leg, until he had a clear view of her own lacy underwear. Blue rather than black like Emma’s. He gave a soft one-word whisper of encouragement to her, “Yess..”

Norma slid her fingers inside the already-soaked lace, moving along her swollen slick folds until she found her own sensitive nub. She rubbed her clit slowly between two fingers, biting hard on her lip to keep from making any noise. That turned out to be futile. She sped up her motion, giving it only a few hard flicks before a hard gush of her own fluids bathed her hand. “Ohhh!” Her climax caused a single short gasp to escape her throat. Too late.

“Norma!” Emma-Christine exclaimed, whipping around on the bed. “Were you spying on us?!”

Norma sank against the wall, mortified. Norman slapped his hand over his mouth, trying desperately to control his laughter. “You brought that on yourself, Mother! Couldn’t help yourself, could you?”

She give him a dirty look. “You weren’t exactly protesting, sweetie!” she snapped.

Steeling herself, she stuck her head into the bedroom. On the screen, Dylan had quickly covered himself with a sheet. Em was still in her half-on bra and panties. “Yes..sorry...I, um..” What the hell could she say, as far as any explanation?

Words also left her because she saw the burning look of desire in Emma's eyes. Norma was fast becoming familiar with it. She was going to do one of two things: go into that bedroom and give Norman his turn to watch the action, or she was going to grab him, take him to the sofa bed, and ride him hard until they both found release.

"Go on, Mother." he'd come up behind her quietly, caressing her waist and breathing into her ear. "I want to watch this time."

Norma had barely reached the edge of her sister's bed when Emma-Christine seized her by the wrist and pulled her close, Norma nearly stumbling as she fell to her knees onto the mattress. Em turned to a slack-jawed Dylan on the screen.

"I suppose we should let you know, baby: I slept with your mother. We didn't plan it. It just happened." Em put her arms around Norma's waist. Norma gave a wicked smile, then bent down and gave her a slow, lingering kiss on the lips. She knew this was going to torture the living hell out of Dylan, and she relished it.

"Holy shit; are you serious?!" Dylan gasped out. "Emma..Norma..jesus fuck.." His mind struggled to process this. "You couldn't control yourself, Emma? You have GOT to be the most sex-crazed woman I've ever met! Why couldn't you have waited for only two weeks?!" his voice was starting to rise to a whine.

Both of them scrutinized him, while still fondling each other. "What do you mean, 'Wait for you', Dylan?" Norma wanted to know.

"I mean, I..uh, I'd love to watch. Could I? PLEASE?! Oh god, I'll do anything you want if you let me. Norma, you can fuck Norman at the same time if you want; I don't even care anymore. Just..please?! I want to watch you two."

Emma smirked at him, "Don't whine so much, darling. It's not attractive. I'll tell you what: we'll give you a preview. You be good and take care of the motel until time's

up, and we'll arrange something when you get here." With that, she swiftly unbuttoned Norma's sweater, pushed it off, then ripped her camisole over her head.

"Mmmm.." Norma gave a loud moan as she unsnapped the hook on Emma's bra, pulled it off, threw it aside. She leaned down and took one of her nipples in her mouth, sucking and nibbling. Which brought a loud moan from Dylan as he reached under his bed-sheet and started stroking himself again.

Spurred on, Emma unhooked and pulled off her sister's bra, also throwing it to the floor. With Norma still on top of her, kissing and nipping on her neck, she reached over and hit the screen-grab button on her laptop, once, twice, then three times. The results were three very hot photos of them together, pleasing each other. Em rolled onto her side and shot them to Dylan in an email.

"This will keep you warm for a little while, sweetie." she told him with a wicked grin. "We'll see you in less than two weeks." Then she signed off.