

## Chapter 29: Revelation

As soon as Emma signed out of Skype and shut her laptop on a quite sexually-frustrated Dylan, Norma gave her a playful slap on the shoulder. “Well, that was sure a white lie!” she said.

“What?” Emma responded to the slap by taking a throw pillow and lightly thumping her sister on the side of the head with it.

Norma snatched the pillow and threw it to the floor. “We most certainly were planning it. We’d been planning it since the other day in the park.”

Emma gave a wry smile, “Yeah, I know. I figured it’d be easier for him to take, if I put it that way. Then again, he doesn’t seem to mind..either way..”

Norma stroked Em’s cheek before bringing their lips together again briefly. “I never thought I’d say this, but he can watch all he wants. If it’s okay with everyone. So help me, I can’t get enough of you two..of this..right now.” Incredibly, the thought of her older son watching her fuck his aunt/girlfriend was making her extremely aroused.

She wasn’t the only one. Outside the bedroom door, Norman was in a quandary. He’d reached inside his slacks and started pleasuring himself at the loveliness of those two, both topless and kissing so sensuously..caressing each other. Should he stay and hope they’d keep going? Or jump onto the bed and join them? They did have a pact, after all: No sex unless it was all three of them. But damn..his brother wasn’t the only one who wanted to watch. He made his decision.

Emma-Christine and Norma weren’t surprised to see Norman barge through the door and jump onto the bed, onto his knees. The force of it almost knocked Emma off; Norma’s turn to grab her by the hand to steady her.

“Mother!” he pretended to sound stern, but the playful smirk on his face gave him away. “That was very naughty, spying on Aunt Emma and Dylan like that.” he leaned down and took his turn to kiss her, giving her lower lip a bite. “Now look where it’s gotten us.” His fingers found her bare breast, rolling her nipple, sending pleasure lower.

Norma turned to him, returning his sweet kiss, moaning into his throat. “Mmm...yes..I was bad.” she murmured. “What should you two do with me?” her heartbeat was racing as an idea was forming in her mind. She grabbed the front of Norman’s shirt and yanked it open, buttons flying onto the carpet. “I still feel like being bad.”

It startled Norman. And made him grow even harder, aching for her. She hadn’t been destructive towards his clothes before. He knew she’d fix it, sew them back on later. Now, he let her shove his shirt off him and toss it to the side.

Emma’s hand slid around Norma’s waist from behind, finding the zipper on her flowered skirt, lowering it. “I think she might need to be taught a lesson, don’t you think, Norman?” she asked, catching on to this new game they were going to try.

Norma gave a little gasp of excitement. She hadn’t yet seen the rest of her sister’s particular..preferences..in the bedroom, but she’d overheard plenty, back in the Bates house. She had a pretty good idea what they involved. “I do.” she breathed, “I need to be punished.”

Emma slid closer and buried her face in her neck, “Would you like us to spank you?” she whispered, nipping on her earlobe.

“Yeesss..I wanna try that..please.” Norma was breathless, nearly begging.

“Turn over.” Her voice took on a sterner edge. She knew her little sister was a novice, but she was still going to give her a taste of it. She knew how to ease a

newly-curious sub into being disciplined in the bedroom. Do it right and he or she would be hooked.

Norma obeyed her, turning over onto her knees and elbows. Em threaded her fingers into her blonde curls, gave them a light tug. “We need a safe word, honey. For when you’ve had enough.” she told her, still pressing her chest against Norma’s bare back.

“Umm..‘blue.’ Our favorite color.”

Both Norman and Emma smiled at that. “Perfect.” Em pulled her skirt the rest of the way off, and Norman slid his hand slowly down Norma’s back, giving her a delicious shiver. “Mm..such a bad girl.” he murmured before pulling her blue lace panties down over her hips, then slowly down her legs. He ran his hand over her lovely firm ass, then he slid two fingers along her wet, beautiful slit, not going inside, teasing that sensitive pink flesh. Norma gave a loud moan, “Ohh god..more..please..give it to me, both of you!” she pleaded.

Norman glanced at the approving, lusty look in Em’s eyes, then he brought his hand down hard on one ass cheek. Norma cried out, “Omigod!! Fuck!” It stung, and it felt so damn good. “Yes!” She was pulsing, throbbing with want, a drop of her sweet fluids running down the inside of one thigh. Emma-Christine slammed her hand onto the other side of her ass, as hard as Norman had. Then she gave him a gentle push to move aside so she could spank the other side of her. The moans and gasps Norma was giving kept spurring them on. She was building fast to a mind-reeling climax, never imagined she was going to cum hard from her son and her sister spanking her.

Emma paused and bent over against Norma, her own breath heavy. She ran her fingers again over her little sister’s disheveled hair, gently this time. Norma gave a

wordless whine of needy frustration, so close to release and they were holding back now, tormenting her. “You want even more? Hm?” Emma purred.

“YES!! OHH FUCK YES!! You’re killing me! PLEASE I want more!”

Em grinned at that answer, “All right. We’ll be right back. Don’t move.” she beckoned to Norman to follow her into her closet, him still shirtless and her wearing only her black lace panties. She got one of her leather belts and looped the buckle side twice around her hand, making a handle with the strap hanging loose. She slipped it around his hand. “Use this.” Then she reached into a plastic storage bin on the floor in one corner and brought out a black paddle. It was similar to the one she’d bought in Portland, except this one had “XOXO” on it in raised silver studs.

Norma pressed the side of her face to the mattress, the anticipation making her half-insane. Her sweet boy leaned over and kissed her cheek. “Mother.” he said softly. “Tell me if it’s too much. Say the safe word. I don’t wanna hurt you.”

“You won’t hurt me, baby!” she breathed out. “I want this. I’ll tell you when to stop.”

The belt strap made a slight whistling sound through the air as he slapped it across her ass. Her tender flesh went numb for the first second, then that delicious sting was so intense. “Ohhh! yess..that’s it!”

Another slap from him, then another. “More!!” Norma screamed out. She was going to have bruises later, but she didn’t care in the slightest. She heard, “My turn.” from behind her. The studded paddle slammed down across her deep pink ass cheeks, bringing them to red. Emma-Christine paddled her again, her arm muscles flexing with the exertion. Once more, and Norma screamed out as she came, her juices gushing down her thighs and her body convulsing with indescribable pleasure.

“Blue!” she managed to gasp out before collapsing onto her stomach. “Oh god..” she took a while to slow her breathing. Norman gently put a hand around her middle and helped her roll over onto her back. She winced a little at her sore, tender flesh, but...holy shit..even the soreness felt so good. He lay next to her and gathered her into his arms.

“Was it okay, Mother? We didn’t do too much, did we?” his voice was full of only love and concern.

“Yes it felt good, honey! My god, I liked it..a lot.” Norma looked up at Emma, who had turned to drop the paddle onto her nightstand. “You. Come here.” Norma’s turn to boss her around a little, as she reached her other arm out to her. Em dropped her Domme persona as well, joining them on the bed, Norma in between. She smiled as she lay back, cuddling closer to these two who had become so much a part of her. In every way imaginable.

Norma clasped her hand and squeezed it, before she wrapped herself more around Norman, rolling so she was lying fully on top of him. They kissed slowly at first, then it heated up fast. She parted her legs around him and guided his hard cock inside her, bringing loud groans of satisfaction from them both. Norma got up on her knees, settling down onto him. Norman held onto her hips, breathless as he drank in the view of her body. She started to ride him, rolling her hips so his member slid back and forth, nearly all the way out of her slick entrance before she thrust back down onto him. Slow at first, then she quickened the pace ever so gradually.

“Ohhhh god..Mother..” Norman moaned. “You fuck so good..I love you..ohh..” he arched into her, wanting this to last, trying to control his orgasm until they were both good and ready.

“You fuck me so good..” she gasped, “Both of you. Emma, you’ve played with your clit enough. Come here. Now.” Indeed, Em had been watching them and doing just

that. She did as her naughty little sister ordered, being the obedient one for once. She slipped her soaked panties the rest of the way off, then got up on her knees next to Norma. She caressed the side of her face as Norma twisted enough to lock lips with her, their tongues doing a sensuous dance. Norman thrust harder up into her, gripping her as she kept up her motion. He moaned loudly...god this drove him crazy..the two of them. He was not going to be able to hold off much longer. He watched as Em slipped her fingers between his mother's thighs, rubbing her sensitive nub. Norma cried out, "ohhhhh FUCK!!" She could only hold on a few moments before an orgasm ripped through her, her slick channel spasming and gushing around his member and her hand at once. It brought on another keening whine of pleasure from Norman as he spurted hard inside her, their fluids mixing and some running out of her. Emma got some on her fingers, and she licked it off while gazing at both of them, a wicked smirk on her lips.

The three of them collapsed onto their backs, exhausted for the moment. Once her breathing slowed, Emma gave a chuckle and remarked "I WAS going to suggest we go to the Washington Monument this evening. It looks spectacular from the top at sunset. But now I just want to stay in."

Norma giggled, "Yeah, I'm too wiped out to do any walking now. That hot tub sounds wonderful though.."

Norman was still regaining his spent strength. The two of them were pushing his stamina, wearing him out. Not that he'd trade a second of this heaven they were giving him, that he was giving them.

*Later. He thought. After we get back from the hot tub..or even during..I'm not leaving either of these glorious creatures unsatisfied. I love them SO much!*

They eventually got up, put on robes, and Norma started going through the fridge, figuring out what to make for dinner. Emma was having a nicotine craving, but she

fought against it, pouring herself and Norma some wine instead. She promised: Never again. Her cell phone buzzed with an email from the social worker. Their home visit would be the day after tomorrow, which was a relief to know. Plenty of time to put on a front of “normalcy.” And get down certain answers they were to give if asked certain questions.

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On the other side of the country, the fourth member of the family was having a much less pleasant night. It was too quiet, and this old house could be damn spooky when he was alone in it at night. Sleep was elusive for Dylan, any little noise waking him up, then it was tough to go back to sleep. How many more days? He counted, and it was still more than a week and a half.

Shortly before midnight, he was startled awake by the chime of the security camera. He rolled out of bed, rubbing his eyes, fumbling around for his laptop. By the time he got it open and active, all he saw was a shadowy figure moving quickly out of the frame of the camera mounted on the light pole. He jumped up and scrambled for his pistol, which he’d gotten when he’d still worked for the Morgan family. Before they’d packed up and left town. He had to dig through his dresser drawers before he remembered where he’d put it. The doorbell sounded as he located it and then headed downstairs. But he wasn’t fast enough. By the time he’d gotten the outer front door open, the mystery visitor was gone. What was left was a large glass vase on the doorstep. It was full of pink and white flowers. Lilies, it turned out, though Dylan didn’t know that in the moment.

“What the hell?” he said as he picked up the flowers, taking them inside and locking both front doors tight. There was a typed card taped to the vase, and he ripped it off to read it:

To the Bates family:

Thanks for putting the bulldog to sleep.

We appreciate it, but others don't.

Word of advice:

Don't walk down side streets after sundown.

We're keeping an eye on you.