

Chapter 1: 18 Minutes

Norma couldn't stand the pain and rage in his eyes. Ever since Norman had learned of her marriage to Alex Romero, she got nothing but constant reminders of how Norman saw this as a horrid betrayal. Nothing would change his mind, no matter how much she'd pleaded with him that she'd only done it to get the much-needed health insurance. She had to make him see reason, had to convince him of one unchangeable truth: he would always be the most important person in her life. Norman was locking up the motel office for the evening, when she slipped around the corner and moved up close to him. "Come on, honey. We're going for a drive. Just you and me. Right now."

He looked too surprised to argue, or even give her the silent treatment. "Okay, Mother. If you insist." Norman flopped into the car and slammed the Mercedes' passenger door behind him. "Though I don't see what good it'll do."

"Honey, please! Can't we just forget about him for a few hours? Spend some time together like we used to?!" she pleaded, taking his hand as she drove them north on Highway 88, towards the coast. Norman squeezed hers, his thumb stroking the top of it, sending a little shiver through her.

"I want that, Mother. It's all I want, every day. Just you and me again. I'll get a second job and pay for my own insurance. I'll keep going to Dr. Edwards, every day if you want! Whatever it takes, I want HIM gone! That's all I'm asking!" Norman might have worked himself into a black-out, but the meds kept it from happening. So far. He thumped the back of his head against the car seat, exhaling loudly as he stared out the rain-splattered windshield.

"It's not that easy, Norman." Her voice was cracking.

"Then explain it to me."

"He roped us into that marriage quick. Moved himself into the house. Made us get a joint bank account. He won't let me out of it without a fight. What we did is against the law, sweetie. I'm so scared of what might happen if I try to divorce him." Norma cared for Norman's unwanted stepfather, was grateful for the help he'd given them in the past, but this had gone too far. Tears rolled down her cheeks, blurring her vision of the road in front of them. "I wasn't thinking clearly. All I could think of was you, about getting you the help you needed! I was desperate, baby! Don't you see that?!"

Norma pulled the car over to an observation point overlooking the dark grey, stormy-looking ocean. It was past twilight, and the rain didn't look like it would lessen any time soon. She laced her fingers through his and pressed his hand to her heart. Her breath sped up at his touch, even through her buttoned-up sweater. "Norman, look at me." He slowly turned to lock his wintry eyes with hers. "Do you remember that day you took my gun into the woods, and I chased after you? I still think about that."

He tried to concentrate on her words, rather than the juncture of her full breasts under his closed fist. He tried to hear more than the sudden thumping of his heart in his ears. "Yes, Mother." his voice was barely above a whisper.

Some deep, primal part of her shoved aside any more rational thought. Her true feelings for him burst to the surface at merely at the sound of those two words. Norma grasped the back of his neck, lacing her fingers into his chestnut hair as her lips sought his. Norman gave a small sound of surprise before he kissed her back, shy at first, but it quickly got more passionate, almost rough. His hand slid from on top of her heart, down to cup one breast. "Mmm..." Norma parted her lips, her tongue finding his. Her body thrust closer to him, as much as the confines of the car would allow.

Her soft moans of approval let any last inhibition of his slip away. "Mother," he breathed against her lips. "I love you." Norman's fingers found the buttons on her sweater, undid them one by one. "I've loved you for so long." He hesitated, needing

to know it was okay to keep going. He didn't need to worry, as she pushed his hand into the scoop-neck of her dress.

"I love you too," her breath was heavy, "Norman...please...just kiss me. Touch me." She shifted even more to face him, giving a gasp as the tips of his fingers stroked her hard nipple. A jolt of desire went right through her core, so much that it ached, settling between her thighs. She guided his other hand up her sensitive inner thigh, under her flowered skirt. His mouth dropped to her neck, sucking and nibbling the warm silken skin as he pushed aside the wet lace of her barely-there panties. "Ohh god!" She gasped as he explored her, two fingers stroking all the way up her engorged slit. "That's it, baby..a little more..right there!" His thumb found her clit and rubbed it in slow circles as he slipped two fingers inside her. The pleasure was mind-bending, causing her to bite down on his neck just beneath his earlobe.

"Norman!!" She didn't care how loud she was; there was no one else around as it was growing dark and a heavier rain was now falling outside the car with its fogging windows. Norman gave a low groan as he worked deeper inside her soaked pussy, finding her most sensitive spot and stroking it in a faster and faster rhythm. "Yess..." He whispered in her ear, "Cum for me. Cum for your sweet boy," That sent her to her peak. A long wailing cry escaped from her as her sweet depths clenched and spasmed around him, as his skilled fingers kept up their motion on her g-spot. Norman sped up his circular motion over her clit, as her sweet cream gushed over his hand. Not until she gradually slowed did he withdraw his soaked hand. He looked in her eyes, at her flushed face, with a satisfied smirk. Sucking her nectar off one finger, "You taste delicious, Mother."

She pulled him by the shoulders and hungrily locked her lips to his, tasting herself on his tongue. Norma reached down to feel the hard bulge straining at his trousers, making him give a keening whimper. "It's okay, Mama's got you." She grasped his hips and pushed him back into his seat. "Honey," She rose up and leaned over him, brushed his lips with hers. "Drop your seat back." Norman did as he was told, pulling

the levers that gave them as much room as his long legs allowed. His breath caught as she unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants, tugged them down along with his briefs. She closed her hand around his throbbing, deep red cock and stroked him slowly up and down.

"Mother! Ohhh god...fuck..so good.." He gasped, his hands clawing at the car seat. His member grew even harder, pre-cum glistening on the tip. Norma slid her fingers off him, making him give a whimper of protest.

"Shh..baby," She stroked a finger over his bottom lip, before slipping her panties the rest of the way off. Dropping them to the floor of the car, she moved completely out of the driver's seat and straddled him. Their eyes met, both full of desire too intense for either to put into words. They were two halves of the same soul. This would finally seal them together forever, with no room again for anyone else. Norma gently grasped his cock again and guided him inside her, sinking down onto his thick shaft. Both gave animalistic moans as he stretched her open. Her forehead dropped to his, and he held the sides of her face, kissed her slow and deep. Nothing and no one else could ever compare to this river of molten pleasure coursing through them. She squeezed his cock with those deep inner muscles as her hips began moving, slowly.

Norman's head dropped back, loud repeating moans vibrating in his throat as she rode him, his hips thrusting to meet her sweetly torturous rhythm. Her lips dropped to his neck, biting as her pace increased. He seized her bare hips under her dress, driving himself harder into her as he felt another beautiful release building in her. Norma seized and tightened so good around him, letting out a wordless scream as her second orgasm tore through her; this one even more powerful than the first. Seconds later, his cock erupted inside her, both their fluids mixing and spilling down her thighs, onto his bare hips. She collapsed against him, gasping to catch her breath, her hips still quaking with aftershocks. "God...Norman..." she murmured.

It took a while for them to completely return to earth. Norma finally lifted her head, smiling as she gave him one more lingering kiss. "No regrets, honey. None. I love you. We're supposed to be together, aren't we Norman?"

His fingers stroked along her jawline, "Yes, Mother. Forever." He was still bathing in the warm glow of their love-making, never wanting this feeling to end.

Norma slowly moved her spent, relaxed self back into the drivers' seat, feeling empty as he slid slowly out of her. She replaced her likely-ruined panties and sat back in the seat, her hand finding his. Both stared out at the sheeting rain falling on the windshield, and the now-pitch-black night. The only light was the small one above the rearview mirror that she'd switched on when they'd stopped. Her phone rang, and she dug it out of her purse with a look of disappointed annoyance at the interruption. Alex. She tapped "Decline" and fired off a text: *We'll be home soon.*

"I've had enough of it here, baby." she said after a few more minutes of mostly-content silence. "This isn't what I wanted at all when I wanted for us to start over."

"Me either. I'm so sorry, Mother."

She turned and cupped his chin, "Don't be, honey. It's not your fault all this trouble keeps finding us. It's going to be you and me again. I swear, I'll never send you away anymore!" Tears pricked her eyes, though he silenced her with a kiss.

"Let's get out of here, Mother. Move to Hawaii like you wanted to. We can get an apartment in Oahu, both get hotel jobs. Walk on the beach all the time and live on macadamia nuts." He said with a grin.

To her, he never looked more perfect in the dim yellow light. "That'll be paradise, baby. We'll do it. Pack up and get out of this cesspit. I'll divorce him. I don't care anymore what he tries to do, long as you're here to protect me. We'll have an ocean

between us. It'll hurt him, but..." Norma shrugged. "He'll move on. People do, eventually." She started up the Mercedes and drove them back into the night, headed for home. The clouds had completely blocked out the moon and stars, and she thought to herself she sure wasn't going to miss driving in these freezing storms. The rain in Hawaii would be different, she imagined: warmer and lighter. The more she thought about their new future together, the more Norma's excitement grew. The two of them were so caught up in talking about the details over nearly an hour, she didn't notice taking the wrong fork in the highway, leading them further north and inland from White Pine Bay.

Realizing they should have been home by now, Norma tried to ignore the growing worry. "Norman, pull up your GPS. See how much further we have. We should be almost back to our highway by now." Something was off, and the further they continued along this unfamiliar state route, the surer of it she became. She noted the first road sign they'd passed in a while:

Collum National Forest

Belle Fleur: 5 miles

Norman did as she said, but the directions were stuck, showing White Pine Bay a few miles ahead. He knew damn well they were headed in the wrong direction. "It's not working. Try yours."

The two-lane highway leading to Belle Fleur was deserted, so Norma didn't worry about stopping the car right in the middle of it. She'd no sooner pulled out her own iPhone when it went started flashing on and off, apps opening and closing of their own accord, and nothing worked no matter how she tried. Norman's was doing the same, the graphics disintegrating into jagged lines. The car's radio flipped on without either of them touching it, switching stations fast, as the clock on the radio flashed random times.

"Norman! What's happening?!"

"I don't know, Mother!"

She reached for the car door handle, but all the locked slammed down by themselves and she couldn't pull hers up. "No!" Norma started pounding her elbow against the window, trying to break it. Norman made a grab for her.

"Mother, stop! Calm down, please!" He pulled on her shoulder, managing to get her back down in her seat. The Mercedes suddenly cut off, dead. The engine, the lights, anything electrical: gone. Mother and son's heavy, terrified breathing was the only sound inside the darkened car. Norma twisted the key in the ignition: Nothing.

An explosion of blinding white light burst out of the sky, searing its path into the car. They were thrown violently back, slammed against the seat backs and instantly unconscious.

"Uhhh..." Norman groaned in pain as his eyes slowly opened, his neck killing him. They'd both have painful whiplash for the next few days, but that wasn't the worst of it. The left half of his face felt on fire, having been badly sunburned. The right half was untouched, a nearly perfect line dividing down the center. "Mother..." With great effort, he sat up and turned to her as she was also waking up. Before she could utter a sound, the car engine roared back to life, causing her to jolt upright and give a sharp scream. The headlights blazed, cutting into the blackness. Music blared from the radio: old Dusty Springfield favorite of theirs: "I Only Wanna Be With You." At any other time it would've brought smiles to their faces. Now it only added to the terror.

"Oh my god, baby!" Norma got a look at him. "You're burned! Let me see," she leaned closer, sounding like the worried mother back when he was a little boy who'd fallen and scraped a knee. Never mind that she had the same left side terribly sunburned. She'd gotten it even worse. Blistering second-degree burns were already

forming on the left side of her neck. None of the pain registered yet, though Norman was just as horrified at these unexplainable injuries of hers. He's barely gotten a look when both their phones lit up, hers with multiple missed calls from her soon-to-be-ex-husband.

Norma simply stared at the time on the screen, not calling him back. "Norman, before the car radio went crazy, I saw the time: 9:03."

"Why does that matter right now?! Look what's happened to us!" he demanded.

"Because it's 9:21 now." They let that sink in. "Honey, we were out cold for 18 minutes. I can't remember anything."

"I can't either." Norman's voice was hushed, as he struggled to process what no logic in this world could. Then he noticed something else. "Look, Mother. Come here, look at the road. He unlocked the car door and got out, holding his hand to her as she did the same. The rain had completely stopped, and the stars were emerging. A large circular patch of the road around the Mercedes was completely dry. About five feet in front of the car was the faded ghost of an orange "X" that had been spray-painted there long ago. Despite the pain and discomfort, the mother and son clasped hands, their gazes lifting to the clearing sky for yet another reason they couldn't yet comprehend.