

Chapter 3: Two Parts of the Same Person

Norma grabbed the edges of his coat and yanked it open, shoving it down his arms and to the floor, leaving him bare-chested as her hands slid up his fevered skin. Her tongue invaded his mouth before Norman could even catch his breath. She gave an animalistic moan of need as he grabbed both cheeks of her ass, lifted her off her feet and her legs wrapped around his waist. Norma let out a short, sharp cry, surprised and incredibly aroused at his strength. When did he become that strong? Needy wetness had already soaked through her thin silky shorts, and she was sure he could feel it.

Norman backed up against the motel bed, losing his balance and falling backward onto the mattress, with her straddling him. "Ah!" she cried out, followed by a playful laugh as she nibbled along his neck, reached down and undid the drawstring on his pajama bottoms.

"Mother!" he gasped, "Wait, shouldn't we talk about what-"

"Shh," She drew her thumb over his bottom lip, "No. Not now. Right now I want you." She caught his lips with hers again. "This is making me insane, Norman. Shut up and take me." Norma rose up on her knees, grinding his hardness between her thighs, making him let out a keening whimper. She lifted her pink satin top over her head, not bothering with the buttons, and threw it aside. His fingers hooked into the waistband of her shorts and yanked them down.

"God. You're so gorgeous." The first time had been in the dimly-lit confines of the car. Now he had a clear view of her swollen, glistening pink sex. He ran two fingers over her folds, shy at first, but Norma's loud gasp encouraged him. Norman quickly found her most sensitive spots and swirled around her nub with a perfect rhythm.

"Fuck! Ohh god!!!" An hard orgasm was building fast, before he had the chance to be inside her. That circular fuchsia tattoo between her shoulder blades was growing

warmer, and a weird vibration started up and down Norma's spinal column, sending her pleasure to unknown heights. "Wait, baby!" She lifted up enough to pull his bottoms down, grasping his engorged cock and stroking, her fingers getting wet with precum. "I want to come with you inside me."

Norman held her bare hips as he slipped inside her to the hilt, arching his back at the incredible sensation, even better than the first time. Damn, that thing on his back was growing hot. Though strangely it wasn't painful. His spine was humming with a vibration that traveled right through his cock. "Ohh!" he cried out as he could only last for a few thrusts. He exploded harder than he ever had, seconds after Norma clenched hard around him, their fluids mixing and gushing over their thighs.

She collapsed on top of him, his arms wrapping around her. Both were coated with sex-sweat, and neither cared. It took a while for that burning yet so lovely sensation to subside, until the marks cooled back down to a few degrees above normal body temperature.

"Norman." she breathed, "I've never felt anything like that, and I only want more," She twisted to face him and kissed his lips. Both could scarcely believe these new and incredible sensations they'd just felt.

"Me too, Mother. I love you, so much!" He turned her over so he was on top this time. She spread her legs so invitingly, then lifted them and crossed her ankles at the small of his back as he slid fully back inside her again. It felt so perfect, so sweet and like the most natural thing in the world. If anyone could place their hand on either of their spines, they'd feel the vibrations human spinal columns weren't capable of.

Norma gave a guttural groan as she again spasmed hard against him, more of her white fluids bathing his cock. When they both finally stilled, he lifted up and slid down between her spread legs, licking up all their mixed juices running over her thighs. Norma screamed out when his tongue massaged over her already-engorged clit. Norman

moaned, sending even more indescribable sensations through her. His tongue had already become skilled, far as what she liked. He swallowed all of her sweetness, sucked at her inner lips, thrust his tongue inside her. Norma gripped handfuls of his hair, enough to hurt but it only spurred on his delicious assault on her throbbing flesh. A third climax in the space of an hour erupted through her body. He cried out seconds later, lifting himself up and biting into her neck as his hips jerked. Warm streams of his seed coated both their thighs; neither cared. She cradled him to her, Norman's head resting on her bare breasts.

Norma gently shifted until they both rolled onto their sides. Euphoric, relaxed languor settled into them. "Baby," she whispered, "God...incredible.." before falling into a deep sleep, her arms still around his torso.

"Something...happened to us." was all Norman could mumble before the same slumber overtook him.

The motel room's digital clock read 6am when they woke, only two hours later. Norma's eyes fluttered open, and a satisfied smile grew on her full lips. It was the most refreshing sleep she'd gotten, in any recent memory. Possibly ever. From the blissfulness on his features, Norman had experienced the same. He snuggled even tighter against her, their skin growing warmer at the contact. Then reality invaded his mother's mind as she sat up, "Oh no! Sweetie, get up! We've got to get back before he wakes up!"

Norman gave a frustrated and displeased grunt, but he obeyed her, rolling off the messed-up motel bed and retrieving his clothes. He looked at her with questioning eyes as he pulled on his pajama bottoms and coat. Before he could say anything, his mother turned to him as she finished replacing her short silky nightwear and pulling her maroon wool coat closed over them.

"I'll handle him, Norman. It's going to be fine. We'll just say we had an early-morning guest, and..uh..I didn't want to come out here by myself. Got it?" Lord, she was starting to sweat inside her coat, as she quickly smoothed out the rumpled sheets and blanket, ran her fingers through her disarrayed hair. Hiding that evidence of where their love had progressed. Then they had the other secret.

"Got it. Mother?" he asked as he locked up Room 1, "Did you feel anything different last night? I mean, in my back there was this really weird feeling."

She took his hand in on of hers and cupped his cheek with the other, "I felt it too. Norman, this is scaring me. I don't know what to say, really. But at the same time it's--" she couldn't help the wicked little smile that overcame her. "Exciting." Her son and now-lover couldn't agree more.

"We'll figure something out, honey. Somehow. I don't have any idea how yet, but we will." Her voice was full of such determined confidence that Norman couldn't help but believe her.

As they both could've predicted, they were ambushed yet again as soon as they reached the top of the hillside stairs. "What are you two doing out here so early?!" Romero didn't even bother to pull the front door closed behind him, to Norma's even further irritation. "Norma, you both have been acting strange since last night. I want to know what's going on!"

She rolled her eyes and once more stepped around him, "Alex, we just had a guest checking in at the crack of dawn. I don't feel safe going down to the office by myself at that hour, so Norman went with me. We do it all the time. It's not a big deal."

"That's the first time you've done that since I've been here," he argued, following mother and son into the house. "Why didn't you wake me? I would have gone with you."

"You were out cold. Now, do you want breakfast before you have to go to work, or do you want to keep asking these pointless questions?" she countered. "I'll be right back."

Norman followed her upstairs as before, watching as she tossed off her coat and replaced it with her blue paisley robe, belting it securely. "I'm going to take a shower. Call me when breakfast is ready?" he asked with a smile. Besides the mind-bending experience of their love-making together, nothing put Norman in a better mood than seeing his fake stepdaddy get shot down in an argument with Mother. So far, the sheriff was zero for two.

"Of course, honey." With the bedroom door closed, Norma stole a quick kiss to his lips before heading back downstairs.

Unfortunately, her husband didn't want to let the matter drop. Norma struggled to conceal the boiling rage rising inside her. When did he become so damn controlling and nosy? Just because he was footing the health insurance, it still didn't give him the right to dictate how she and Norman ran their motel. Or when and how they spent time alone together. She stuck slices of bread in the toaster and jammed the lever down hard, not answering his questions about who had checked in, what time, how had Norman been acting since Pineview, and yada, yada..

Norma took a stack of plates from the cupboard, set them on the counter with a loud clatter. She spun on Romero and jabbed her finger in the direction of the motel, "Whose name is it on that big sign out there, Alex?! It's the 'Bates Motel', NOT the 'Romero Motel', so I'll run it any damn way I see fit!" The toast popped out, and she turned and reached for the plate on top of the stack. When her left hand moved over it, it lifted. On its own. Hovered an inch or two above the rest, in midair. Norma couldn't stop the sharp little gasp escaping her.

This is impossible. This can't be happening.

Thank god her back was turned and she was blocking Alex's view. Her hand began vibrating, a feeling like pins and needles in her fingers. He'd come up closer behind her, and Norma grabbed the toast plate before he got a glimpse at what shouldn't be. She snatched the rest of the stack, turned and shoved them at him, "Here. Make yourself useful and set the table!"

She busied herself cracking and whisking eggs. It was a hallucination, Norma tried to convince herself. It had to be. To think otherwise was insane. Her self-control was serving her well, so far. On the inside: a growing feeling of terror. What if she started seeing things that weren't there, like her precious boy?



Norman wrapped his towel around his hips after drying off, wiped the steam from the shower off the mirror. He took his mother's hand mirror he'd filched off her vanity table, turned around and angled it so he could examine that pointed semi-circle with the dashes through it. Reaching over one shoulder, his fingers barely managed to touch it. The skin was smooth, so it hadn't been cut in. Branded? Lasered or tattooed on, somehow? And it stayed warmer even as the rest of his skin cooled off from the hot shower. "Who did this to us?" He said to no one, "Why?"

He half-expected Mother to appear behind him and offer some reminder of how they belonged only to each other. But he remained alone in the bathroom. His mother remained downstairs cooking breakfast. The new conscious knowledge settled in his mind, gently as a caress: Sometimes he'd been seeing Mother when she wasn't there, seeing a version of her he'd made up. Now, Mother was gone. The only one left was his real flesh-and-blood mother. Norman swayed and had to grasp the edge of the sink, shocked yet never more certain of this truth. An image of her bared back came back to him. The circles opened facing one another, if he stood by her right side. "We're two parts of the same person," he whispered.

Norman got dressed in tan slacks and a navy-blue shirt, adding a splash of the cologne Norma had bought him not long after he'd arrived home, careful to avoid his sunburned side. The whole time he was muttering, "I didn't have a black-out. I don't see the Mother I made up anymore...can't even hear her." The lack of any black-out since last night made him recall something else: lost time.

What he did hear next were shouts from downstairs, Norma's shrill voice cutting off the deep one of Romero. After a couple of exchanges he couldn't catch the words of, they were quiet. Norman wanted to go downstairs and come to his mother's defense, but then again: she'd been doing fine on her own. The sheriff needed to go, one way or another. But Norman figured they needed to deal with one problem at a time.

Sitting at his desk, he turned on his laptop and searched for "missing time," and after some hesitation: "UFO encounters." The thousands of pages that came up painted a disturbing picture. What little he'd known before, it had seemed to crazy to be real. Now he had an exhaustive amount of material to go through: stories of people being abducted and experimented on, the supposed crash in Roswell, Area 51, the underground base in remote New Mexico, and finally: countless photos of markings, unexplained scars, metal implants in people's bodies, and much more. Something that caught his fascination and fear at the same time: supposed collusions between the government and extraterrestrials. A name that kept coming up on site after site on those conspiracies: Fox Mulder. Before Norman could read any further, his mother's voice called loudly from the bottom of the stairs: "Norman! I've called you three times already; come and eat!"

"Sorry, Mother!" He shut his computer quickly and headed down. Breakfast was a tense and silent affair. Norma looked stressed and Romero looked grim. Once he got up and left for work, she gave a noticeable sigh of relief. Norman went to her as she piled the dishes in the sink, slipping his arms around her waist and kissing her cheek. "We don't need him. Never did."

"I know, baby. He's being a dick. He said I'm on edge because of you, thinks you'd do something to hurt me, and I'm scared of him finding out about what happened to us. You were right: he thinks you should go back to Pineview. If I tell him about that light, or those things on our backs, or any of it, he'll think we're BOTH insane! Then there's no telling what he'd do!" She twisted around and wrapped her arms around his neck, burying her face against his shoulder.

Norman slid his arms around her waist and held her for long moments. "I would never hurt you. I love you." He dropped another lingering kiss to her right cheek.

She pressed her forehead the his. "Tonight. I'm telling him: Divorce. It'll be rough, but it'll get worse if we keep this up, and I can't take that. It's you and me. It's always been you and me, Norman."

"We'll make it work, I promise. I might've found some stuff online that can help explain all this." Norman took her hand, and Norma let him pull her gently upstairs. Settling on his bed and leaning against him, she scrolled through the search results, not speaking for long moments. Finally,

"Norman, this is insane. Science fiction. It's ridiculous, a bunch of stuff crazy people make up for attention." Even as her words fell flat, Norma gingerly felt the still-tender sunburned half of her face. She opened a photo of a supposed abductee with a sizable mark on his back, not the same size and shape as theirs but close enough.

"Then how else do you explain that light in the sky, these burns, how we were knocked out for 18 minutes, any of it?"

Norma had no answer for that. She clicked on a link titled "foxwmulder.com," and started reading. Norman did as well, going through the former FBI agent's autobiography and long history of investigating anything extraterrestrial. One page brought another familiar name of Belle Fleur: the name of the town they'd been just

outside of. The town was notorious for unexplained disappearances and strange happenings going back decades. "His sister was taken and never found. That's terrible." She said softly. "This guy's been trying to find out what happened for such a long time. If anyone could help us find answers..." Norma pulled the computer fully onto her lap, clicked on Fox Mulder's email link, and started typing quickly. Before she could talk herself out of it. "When I finish this, I need to tell you something else, honey. Or show you, rather." She was full of a mix of terror and wonder, scared to show Norman what she'd done with the plate, but more afraid not to.