

## Chapter 7: Meant to be Together

The afternoon was cool, but not as bone-chillingly cold as it had been in White Pine Bay this time of year. February had given way to March, and March was already half over. Before long, Norman would need to unwrap all the rose bushes and turn the earth in the garden, then add the specialty fertilizer he'd been buying for it. He was excited for them to start blooming in a few more weeks, couldn't wait for his mother to see them for the first time. Lacing his fingers through hers, he thought of that with a loving smile as they walked through the thick forest overlooking the grey ocean below.

“What did you want to tell me, Norman?” Her question was asked with trepidation, and the last thing Norman wanted was for her to worry any further.

“Well...you know how we haven't had much business at the motel, but I've still been able to take care of everything, money-wise.”

Norma had wondered that, casually. She'd assumed they'd had savings put aside. Plus, he was always eager to buy her anything she wanted, which made her heart swell with love for him all over again. “Norman, you haven't been involved in anything shady, have you? I mean, back when pot was still illegal, anything like that?”

“Oh no, nothing like that! I never did, but I found out Romero apparently was.” Norman drew a deep breath. It was safe for him to tell her this. She had a right to know, and it wasn't really a lie. “The same day he disappeared, I found a duffel bag hidden in your closet, on the floor way in the back. It was stuffed full of cash. When I counted it, it came out to three million.”

Norma stopped in her tracks and gaped at him, “Oh my god, Norman! That's a ton of money; where the hell did he get it?!”

“I don't know the exact details, but I put the basic pieces together. Apparently he stole it from some local drug lord. And just like in the movies...” Norman gave a rueful little laugh, “People like that get pissed off when someone steals from them. Sooo, I'm sure that's what happened to him. He got ‘disappeared’ as they call it.” Norman made a quote gesture with two fingers at that word.

For a moment, Norma couldn't do anything but stare at him in disbelief. “Honey, don't tell me you kept that money all this time!” She exclaimed, “What about you and me?! Wouldn't creeps like that come looking for it? People don't just let three million dollars go and then forget about it! Are we still in any danger, Norman? Tell me!”

“Mother, it's okay! Shh..breathe, calm down. It's fine! No one's coming after us. The guy I'm positive Romero stole the money from: he's long gone too. Either in prison or dead, most likely. That's what's happened to a lot of those drug bosses over the past five years. No one ever showed up looking for the money, so the guy must've thought it was somewhere else! We still have plenty of it left. It's locked up tight in the safe in the back office.”

She clasped both his hands in hers, taking in the strength of his words and letting them soothe her fear. The stress and terror that came with Mother-entity was bad enough. This was even worse. What the hell had been wrong with her, before the coma, that made her get involved with a low-life like that? He'd put all of them at risk. Norma took several deep breaths, “Okay, so nothing's happened and it's been this long.” She was reassuring herself as much as anything. Norman's lean muscular arms were encircling her waist; she let her body relax into his embrace.

“If any of those scumbags ever does show up, I want you to take care of it. Protect us, Norman. We won't call the cops. I don't trust them. Hell, I don't know if I trust anyone except you. Promise me?”

"I promise." He vowed, his face pressed into her hair. There was never another promise he vowed more to keep.

"Norman?" She reluctantly broke from their embrace, keeping hold of his hand as they resumed their walk.

"Yes, Mother?"

"Why didn't you make me go have my head examined for getting involved with a guy like that?"

That was unexpected, making Norman throw his head back with a laugh. It felt so good to laugh like that, over the same guy who'd once caused so much misery and trouble for him.

Still chuckling, he told her, "Because you were in a vulnerable place, emotionally, and he zoomed in. I wasn't doing well; I needed psychiatric treatment, and we didn't have insurance for it."

Norman's mood quickly darkened at the infuriating memories, "You ended up marrying him so we could get on his, but then he did everything possible to drive a wedge between you and me. Fed you a bunch of fairy tales about how he'd make everything perfect and wonderful, if only I was out of the picture and sent away to Pineview for good!"

Her warm hands cupped the sides of his face, "There is NOTHING that will ever come between you and me, Norman! Not in this world or in any other. If anyone else ever tries to again, they'll have no place in our lives!"

"It's you and me, Mother." His voice softened, "It always was."

Norma closed the gap between them and brushed her lips over his. Another intense, lovely feeling came over her, one of having been here with him before. "I almost lost you, once." She murmured, never wanting him to leave her arms. "We've been here, in this spot: a long time ago." Fuzzy visuals of the same forest edged into her broken memory, of her knees slamming into the ground as she tripped, running to catch up with him.

"I remember." She exhaled in wonder. The flashback was so brief, no glances at what happened before or after that moment. Yet she knew. "I kissed you for the first time, right here. Didn't I, Norman?"

His thumb stroked over the hollow under her eye. "Yes. I was about to end it all. I didn't want to have her take over and make me hurt you. I was so afraid she would. But you stopped me. I stayed in this world for you, Norma Bates. That's when I knew what we meant to each other."

"We're never going to be apart again. She won't have that control over your mind anymore, and her days are numbered. Whatever else we have to face, we'll face it together." Norma was getting tired of any more words, instead wanting to show him exactly what he meant to her.

Nearly on cue, thick raindrops splattered onto the shoulders of her sky-blue wool coat. "Come on! Back to the house before we get soaked!" Norma pulled on his hand as they rushed out of the woods and back across the highway. It was the kind of Oregon downpour that came on fast. They were wet and shivering by the time they burst through the front door, Norman throwing it shut behind them. He was about to tell her she needed to get upstairs and changed; she still had a weaker immune system and the last thing he wanted was for her to get sick.

Norma was already steps ahead, tugging him so he had no choice but to follow her up the stairs. She paused halfway up, smoothing wet strands of his hair away from his

eyes and warming up his chilled lips with hers. Norman let out a low groan of need, one arm reaching around her thighs and sweeping her up. Not breaking the kiss, he swiftly carried her the rest of the way, the bedroom door shut in an instant behind them. Norma was on her feet, her coat sliding off her arms and dropping to the floor. Her wet dress clung to her legs as she gave him a gentle shove against the door, "I'm freezing," she whispered against his lips, "Get me warmed up, Norman." Her lips captured his, harder this time, her teeth giving his lower lip a soft bite. Norman gave a little jump of surprise at her boldness, then seized her hips and pulled her against him.

"Mmm, Mother..." his breath was getting ragged as he bent down to her exposed throat, sucking along the soft skin. "Should we? I mean-"

"I told you, I'd get sick of waiting!" She hissed, rubbing her pelvis against the growing hardness between his thighs. "Unzip me." Her dress parted under his gentle fingers, slipping off her shoulders and falling around her ankles. She kicked it aside and stepped back, letting him drink all of her in as she began leading him towards the bed. Her bra and panties were a new set she'd gotten, bright blue satin trimmed with black lace. The lift it gave her filled-out breasts was perfect, but it was Norman's gaze that made her feel so beautiful.

Norma reclined against the pillows, about to draw him down to her, then she stopped him. Her hand rested on his chest. "You've seen so much of me, Norman. My turn now. I want to see you." The blush that spread over his cheeks made her want him even more.

"Anything you want," Norman's rain-wet jacket and sweater dropped to the floor, and his fingers trembled as he undid the buttons on his shirt. She reached up and helped him, tugging it from his pants and smoothing her palms down his chest. Her fingers worked his belt buckle loose before shoving his pants over his hips. He pushed them the rest of the way down and shoved them aside, along with his shoes and socks. Only his black boxer-briefs remained, and Norma gave a breathy little gasp at his straining arousal.

She cupped her hand around him, feeling precum wetness through the fabric and making Norman let out a needy whimper.

“I can't tell you how many times I've thought of this. Come here, sweetie.” Norma folded him into her arms as they lay on their sides.

“I've wanted you for so long,” He kissed her long and slow, threading his fingers through her still-damp blonde locks.

“You have me now, Norman. Forever. I love you.”

They explored and enjoyed each other's bodies. The only sounds were the falling rain outside and their soft moans of pleasure. None of their shared fantasies compared to the real thing, as bare skin was stroked, kissed, licked, and teasingly nipped. Soon, it was no longer enough. Norma pushed him gently onto his back and got up on her knees, the aching need making her gasp as she straddled his manhood, creating delicious friction that made even more wetness soak through her panties. Norman arched against her, both of them desperate to remove those last small barriers of fabric between them.

She reached back and unhooked her bra, her heart pounding as she held onto the cups for a moment before tossing it aside. The look of love and want on his face burned into her memory; she could tell Norman felt he was seeing her round breasts for the first time.

“God...you're so beautiful...” his hands slid over her bare waist.

“Norman, please...” She begged, “...touch me...”

He smoothed his hands up her sides and over her concave belly, then cupped her soft globes, his thumbs rubbing her hard pink nipples. “Ohh,” she couldn't form any further

words. The warm aching pleasure was more incredible than anything she'd imagined. Norma leaned over and brought her lips back to his, as she hooked her fingers under the waistband of his briefs, began lowering them over his hips. His cock was long, thick, perfect. Her sweet boy groaned, the sound from his throat animalistic as his member hit the cool air. He was so hard, shiny fluid running down his pulsing shaft. She gave a knowing little smirk as she threw his briefs to the floor, then sat back to admire him. Something new came over her: a sense of power she knew she held over him. He belonged to her; he'd do anything on earth for her. Norma was going to send that message home.

Her tongue licked slowly up the underside of his cock, teasing him and finding where he was most sensitive. Norman bucked his hips, struggling to hold his climax until he was inside her. If that wasn't soon, he was going to explode. She reached the deep red tip and wrapped her lips around him, sucking gently. Still taking her time, she brushed her stiff nipples up his chest, kissing him. "You taste wonderful," Norman grabbed her hips, his tongue gliding over hers. She abruptly rolled onto her back, taking hold of his shoulders and pulling him with her.

"Take these off me," Her tone was a breathless demand. Norman obeyed her, pulling the silky blue panties down her legs, his touch lingering over the smooth skin of her legs. His lips trailed along her throat, over her collarbone, and lower. "Ahh...god," she gasped when he gently parted her legs, one hand smoothing over her inner thigh. Then he squeezed one breast, two fingers pinching and rolling the nipple as his lips locked over her other one, sucking hard on the sensitive nub. He swirled his tongue over it, then gently raked his teeth over it. Not letting up on this sweet torment for a second.

"Norman...Ohhh god!!" She was letting out louder cries, screaming out at the exquisite mix of pain and pleasure. "Fuuuccck!!" He only gave her more, as Norma spread her legs even more, feeling drops of her wetness running down her swollen vaginal lips and into the cleft of her ass. Unable to take it anymore, she took a handful of his hair and pushed his head lower, giving him no doubt what she wanted.

Norman left a trail of kisses down her torso, his hands lifting and caressing her thighs as he settled between them. She was engorged and glistening, lately she'd taken to shaving so now he could see all of her. Tentatively, he ran his tongue up from the perineum, up one side of her slick opening, then the other. He'd never done this with any woman before; he savored her musky and vaguely sweet flavor, tasting and teasing her, discovering what she liked best. Norman moved up and spread her further apart, running his tongue over her clit. The sound of her reaction encouraged him, making him feel he was pretty skilled. He gave her swollen clit a long kiss, locking his lips around the hard little bud and sucking before flicking his tongue over it. Norma gave a scream as her orgasm slammed through her, her fluids gushing over his mouth and chin. Any embarrassment had long left her, her pussy clenched and pulsed as he lapped up more of her sweetness.

As her climax slowed, Norma reached down and guided him back up on top of her. One of her hands slid through her slickness and coated his engorged dick with it. "Make love to me, Norman. Now."

"I've dreamed of doing this forever," he eased himself inside her. Both gasped at the sensation. Never in her lost memory was there any such pleasure as this blooming inside her as now. Norma clenched around that fullness, pulsing around him as she pulled his body against hers, wrapping him up in her arms and legs.

"Mother...I'm not...I can't.." He thrust his hips in a steady rhythm into her, as he tried to hold back until she could cum again. He lost himself, spilling hot semen deep into her.

An inhuman cry tore from her throat as a second powerful orgasm hit her, seconds later. He collapsed against her, burying his face against her neck. Their hard breathing was in the same rhythm. "Baby.." she finally managed, "That was beautiful." She squeezed her deep vaginal muscles around him, still buried inside her. "This is where you belong, back inside Mama again." Norma kissed his face passionately, "We belong to each other."



"Yess," he exhaled, "We do...always." His body trembled, and she held him even tighter to her. Both of them relaxed, their bodies going limp into the mattress. They couldn't have said how much time had passed before Norma slowly detached herself from him. Her boy gave her a questioning look, thinking maybe she was getting up and leaving him. Instead, Norma made him roll onto his back once more. Ignoring her legs burning with exhaustion, she spread her legs on either side of his thighs as she straddled him, taking the base of his hardening cock in one hand and stroking it with two fingers as she slid down on him.

"Mother...ahh.." He cried out as she began riding him, his hands locking over her breasts. They began slow, finding a steady rhythm. Then she increased her pace, fucking him as her back arched, more of that glorious pleasure building until she gushed around him, screaming out indecent oaths mixed with his name. Norman felt his own built-up cum leaving his body, spilling hard into her, some of their mixed cream running down her inner thighs.

Her turn to relax fully against him, savoring their naked bodies melded together. She'd never get enough. He was going to please her this much every night; she'd see to that.

Holding each other tenderly, she folded herself into his arms with her head cradled into the nook of his neck. Both fell sound asleep for hours, until nightfall was long past and they were hungry enough to throw on pajama pants for him and a short blue-and-black robe for her and head down to the kitchen. Feasting on the last of left-over chicken-and-pasta casserole, Norma looked at him over her fork-full and smiled at his deep blush. For once, they put the dishes in the sink without washing them before going back up to what was now their shared bedroom.

She dropped her robe and slid naked into bed, patting the mattress next to her and grinning at his shy hesitation. "What are you waiting for, sweetie? Come here. Without those," She indicated his pants. Norman dropped them and joined her, folding her in his arms as they dropped into sleep more peaceful than either had ever known.

The next morning, both were scared things would be weird. After the extreme passionate love-making that was beyond any they'd ever experienced. Strangely, it wasn't. Even as her weak and tired legs forced her into the hated wheelchair, Norma still made most of their breakfast herself. Things were quiet and uneventful. The house even seemed lighter and more airy; maybe something as simple as the sage had really worked. That afternoon while Norman maned the motel office, she put in a vigorous hour of pedaling the stationary pedaler. Norma lifted her skirt and felt pride at the muscles slightly visible in her lean legs.

That evening, Norma and Norman cleaned up the dishes from dinner, both unsure of what might happen after. Putting the last dish-towel aside, she came up behind him and wrapped her arms around his waist. Norman turned around and kissed her slowly, shyly. The fact he still had that shyness made her want him even more.

"Honey, I'm going to go up and soak in a hot bath before bed."

"Okay, Mother." he sounded tentative.

"I'd love it if you'd join me."