

Chapter 8: Two Parts of the Same Person

"Wait down here, honey." Norma lifted up on her toes and gave him a teasing kiss. "I'll call you when I'm ready." Norma was so light on her feet as she went up the stairs to the bathroom. As water filled the spacious old-fashioned bathtub, she lit a handful of votive candles and placed them around the bathroom counter. It took a minute to decide on which bath foam to add to the steaming water. She finally settled on Ocean Sky foaming bath salts that turned the water deep turquoise when she dropped in a handful. The lovely, sensual scent of jasmine filled the bathroom. Delightful little shivers went through her body as she unbuttoned her pink, white, and blue blouse, slipped it off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor.

Her light pink skirt followed, as Norma stepped out of it and let her gaze fall over her reflection in the mirror. The candlelight cast a warm glow on her bare skin. All she was still wearing was a low-cut, lace-trimmed black bra and matching panties. She traced her fingers along her sides, under her bra cups, as more quivering spread along her inner thighs. Her eyelids softened and her breath quickened. Only a day ago, Norman's hands had been stroking and caressing along the same paths over her body. There was going to be more, soon. She undid her bra and rubbed one of her stiffening nipples. With her other hand, she circled her clit, teasing herself. This exquisite tormenting anticipation couldn't be kept up much longer.

After tying her blonde curls off her neck and taking off her panties, she settled into the scented water and let it relax away any last bits of tension. "Norman!" She called out, her eyes still closed. "Come in here, honey."

He must have been waiting and probably pacing back and forth at the top of the stairs. Norman stepped into their warm sanctuary seconds later, closing the door behind him. A deep blush still colored his cheeks, even now. Seeing that made a rush of arousal go right to her core. "Take off those clothes and get in here. This tub feels too big and empty by myself," Norma's voice had grown thick as she watched

him get undressed. She could watch him do this every day. He would, whenever she wanted.

His eyes were riveted on the water droplets running down her skin as she sat up, to give him room to sit behind her. Norman's pale skin looked so perfect in the candlelight, his lean arms enveloping her as she relaxed back against his chest. "Mother.." He gave her neck a slow kiss. "This feels like heaven."

"You're my piece of heaven, sweetie." She reached back to caress his face, twisted so her mouth found his. The kiss sent indescribable want throbbing between her thighs, so intense it nearly hurt. Norma dropped her head back to give him more room to kiss along her neck, giving a little gasp as his teeth raked over the soft skin. Norman had his hands resting on her upper thighs, now he started gliding one hand up her abdomen and cupped one breast. "Oh yess." His thumb circling her nipple was making her melt, her hips lightly jerking at the same time. She reached under the water and took his other hand, guiding it up her thigh and over her smooth mound. It was all the encouragement he needed.

Norma couldn't hold back her cry of pleasure when his fingers slipped between her lips, teasing her engorged entrance. Memories of him deep inside her came flooding back from the evening before. The hot water was making every sensation so much more intense. Her turn to kiss and softly bite along his neck. He slid upward ever so slowly until his two fingers surrounded her clit, began massaging. "Ahhh..oh god Norman!" She grasped a handful of his hair, growling into his ear, "You keep that up and I'm going to cum."

"Mmm. Cum for me, Mother." He kept up the motion with his thumb as he slid two fingers deep inside her, raking them back and forth. Norman kissed her roughly, loving the gasp she made down into his throat. She could feel his stiff cock pressing between her buttocks, driving her even wilder. It only took him a few strokes against

her sensitive g-spot, before her orgasm ripped through her, making her back lift away from him and her toes curl underwater.

"Norman!!" He held her, feeling her hot sweet depths that were clenching rhythmically around his fingers. Norma went slack against him, relaxing into a languor more wonderful than anything she'd ever felt. They were quiet for long moments, feeling each other's synced breathing and giving each other playful little caresses.

"Did Mama like?" He whispered, dropping a kiss to her cheek. She turned to see that sexy, boyish smile on his lips, as he looked very pleased with himself.

"God, yes!" She exhaled, rubbing her hips gently backward against him. Norman gave a groan of need at the delicious friction. "It felt incredible." She nuzzled her head against his neck. "I'm only going to want more." Norma got the body sponge and body wash from their holder hooked to one side of the tub. "Wash me down, baby." Her skin tingled as he soaped and stroked her legs, hips, breasts, everywhere.

"I'm going to make you feel as good as you made me." She murmured into his ear, flicking her tongue over his earlobe and relishing the little shiver of anticipation she felt move through his body. "Rinse me off, Norman?"

"You know I'd love to," He helped her stand, Norma's hands grasping his shoulders as he took the shower nozzle from its holder and ran the warm water down both their bare skin. The sensation was erotic as hell. Once all the suds were rinsed from their bodies, he turned off the water and stepped out onto the bathmat, keeping a firm hold on her waist, steadying her as she followed. Norma reached down and took the two fluffy towels from where she'd placed them on the floor, handed him one and began rubbing the other over his body. Without even the need to speak, he unfolded it and began toweling her off as well.

Tucking his towel in place around his hips, Norma likewise wrapped hers around herself, slowly. Giving him one more long glance at her nude form. "Your room." She tugged at his hand, "Right now, sweetie."

He sensed how this control made her feel, and he gladly gave it to her as he'd give her anything. Norman let her lead him into his room, letting the soft light from the hallway spill through the open door. Heart pounding, he struggled to control his raging arousal as she loosened his towel and let it drop. "That's it," she breathed as she pushed on his shoulders, making him sit naked on the edge of the bed. He couldn't even form and exhale the word "Mother," before she pushed his thighs apart and knelt between them, her towel slipping enough to reveal most of her breasts.

Norman's knuckles turned white as the sheets bunched in his hands, his gorgeous mother's hand encircling the base of his cock. He was so hard. Her fingers rubbed along the sensitive underside as she took the tip in her mouth, sucking slowly, tasting him as he pulsed between her lips. "Ohh.." He cried out, his body shuddering with more intense pleasure than anything in his once-forbidden fantasies. The visual of her going deeper, moving her lips further along his shaft, would be seared into his memory forever. He let out rhythmic moans as she sped up, then swirled her tongue over the frenulum underneath. Norman couldn't hold on anymore.

"Oh god! Ohhh!!" Jets of hot semen spurted out, flooding her mouth as she slowed, not letting go of him. He felt her throat constrict, pulling him in further as she swallowed, some escaping down her chin. Norma finally slid her mouth off his spent cock as he slumped onto his back. She got to her feet, leaning over him with a satisfied smile, as she wiped her chin with two fingers and sucked them clean.

"You're delicious. I've never done that before: swallowed. Somehow, I know that. Just like I woke up and knew my own name, and when I knew we first kissed out in the woods." Her lips brushed his, letting him taste the salty sweetness still there. "Any other men from way back, I always said 'No.'" She dropped her towel, they lay

on their sides, Norma's arms around his relaxed body, their legs intertwining. "You're the only one, Norman. The only one there ever will be."

He could scarcely believe her revelation that was another fragment of her lost memory, however small. "Only me," his voice was a reverent whisper, before he met her lips in a longer, slow kiss. Not breaking it, Norman reached down and pulled the covers over them, curling into the warmth of her. Moments passed, full of caresses both sweet and daring. Finally, he stirred and slowly rose up on one elbow. "I should go take care of those candles," he pecked her on the lips one more time before getting out of bed and putting on his blue and white plaid robe.

"Come right back, honey." She smiled, pulling the comforter up to her chin and stretching out, loving the feel of the soft sheets against her skin. "Don't keep me waiting."

"Oh I sure won't." He winked before heading back to the bathroom.

Norman flipped on the light before pulling the chain attached to the bathtub's stopper, watching the turquoise water circle away. He turned to blow out the candles and jumped in shock, "Shit!"

I'm Still Here was written on the bathroom mirror in Norma's rose-colored lipstick. Shock gave way to anger as he grabbed the spray cleaner from under the sink and scrubbed it away. "Not for long, Mother!" He hissed as he wiped her words away. "She's back for good, we belong together, and it's time for you to go. Get used to the idea!"

Mirror cleaned and candles extinguished, he snapped off the bathroom light and rejoined her. Norma was in a peaceful slumber, a look of relaxed bliss on her beautiful face. Norman dropped his robe and joined her under the covers, gathering her into his arms. "It'll be okay." He murmured, glad she couldn't see his troubled

expression in the mostly-dark room. "I love you. More than my own life." Leaving soft kisses on her forehead, down her cheeks, over her neck. Sleep eventually overtook both of them. Norman drifted awake in the pre-dawn light coming through the gap in the curtains. His precious mother kissed and nibbled right under his earlobe as she buried her face against his neck.

"Morning," her breath drifted across his skin, making him tremble as his arousal became evident under the covers. Thoughts of the latest troubling encounter with unreal Mother were pushed out of his mind once again, as Norma's hand wrapped around him, his back arching as she stroked his hardening length.

"You've got the most perfect cock, Norman. I want more."

"I won't ever get enough of you," he groaned, turning her onto her back and settling between her parting thighs. She gave a long moan as he slipped inside, stretching her open before she clenched around him, her wetness growing as they found a matching rhythm, slowly at first.

"I love you, Norman!" With some effort, she raised her thighs and wrapped her legs around him, crossing her ankles at the small of his back. It let her take him in deeper. "So lucky...I have you.." Her mouth found his and kissed him hard, her hips jerking faster and Norman sped up to match her. They could already sense how to work each other to their peak, truly becoming two halves of the same person. That exquisite pleasure was building in her, driving towards the inevitable even as she longed for this to last all morning.

Norman's tongue pushed through her parting lips, finding hers and circling it in a teasing motion. "I love you too." He broke the kiss as he thrust to the hilt inside her. "Oh god!" Her body pressed even tighter against his, her back arching. A warm gush of her fluids bathed him, running onto his thighs. The loud keening cries of pleasure from her throat were the most beautiful sounds he'd heard in his life. He came

seconds after she did, again releasing into her. Norman cried out himself, feeling his seed leaving his body. Filling her with his love. As his orgasm began to slow, he felt her climax again, a second powerful one.

"Omigod..ohh.." They collapsed against each other, enveloped in the heat of each other. He stayed deep inside her as Norma brushed her fingers through his hair, kissing his forehead before his head rested on the tops of her breasts. They felt each other's racing heartbeats gradually slowing, their rapid breath at the same pace.

"This is amazing, baby." Norman raised his head at her soft words, meeting her gaze full of satisfaction and love. It mirrored his own, his heart so full of happiness that he couldn't begin to find enough words.

"Yes, it was." His lips brushed hers before their foreheads touched.

"This is our world, Norman. You and me. No one else needs to know, ever. I want to be together for always."

"That's all I want in this life, or any other." His breath catching at her words; for a second he thought he might cry. "All I've ever dreamed of with you."

"I'll make us breakfast, just like you showed me how I used to." Norma didn't ever want to stop holding him, but she'd worked up an appetite. "I'm starving. As I'm going to be every morning after we make love." She took her time getting up, giving him a chance to see all of her as she walked to her own room to retrieve her silken sky blue robe.

"So am I, Mother." He grinned as he got up himself, went to the bathroom to take a quick shower before returning to his room to get dressed. As he fixed his hair and splashed on a bit of spicy cologne, Mother appeared behind him in the mirror. Her

lips were painted blood-red, and she was wearing the same slinky black sleeveless dress she had on that terrible Christmas Eve. Obviously taunting him further. Norman spun around, but she'd vanished without a word. Only his own reflection appeared in the mirror when he turned back. "I'm going to fix this." He muttered, "No more. Whatever it takes."

As she dropped bacon in the frying pan, then sat at the table to crack and scramble eggs, Norma's thoughts moved to another issue: the large stack of cash they had locked away in that safe. It brought a sense of unease, yet she wanted to see it. It would make it real. As she got up and set the bowl of eggs on the counter, she heated up a pan for them and made up her mind. She was going to get Norman to let her open that safe. Her legs were already so tired, and her gaze landed on the cane leaning unused in the corner by the wall phone. Norma shook her head. No way. She supported herself by grabbing the countertop instead. Nevertheless: she whipped up scrambled eggs, bacon, and pancakes before calling up the stairs, "Norman! Breakfast is ready!" Nothing ever felt better or more natural. Well, almost nothing.

He entered the kitchen looking perfect, in a blue button-down shirt the same shade as her robe, with khaki slacks and a navy blue and white argyle sweater vest. He took his seat to her left as she dished up his breakfast. "This looks perfect, Mother." She leaned down and gave him a sweet, lingering kiss.

"Thank you. I want to make everything perfect for us." Norma poured maple syrup over his pancakes, sucking a stray drop of it off one finger as she sat next to him. They ate in silence for a little while, both trying not to let worries crowd into the happiness of their love. Love that had always been there but was now in the open between them. Norman ran through mental lists of what exactly he was going to research online once they got down to the office, in terms of how to purge the house of the entity that had risen from his troubled mind. It was a frustrating shame Norma's little experiment with the sage hadn't worked, but Norman had felt deep

down it couldn't have been that easy. For a moment, he considered going back to taking the anti-psychotic meds that Dr. Edwards had prescribed years ago, but he quickly dismissed the idea. Who knew what effect that would have, if any? The last thing he wanted as to be rendered unable to see that false Mother while she was free to terrorize Norma. He'd have to try something else. "Mother-"

"Norman-" she began at the exact same time. Both laughed briefly at that. "You first, sweetie." She told him.

"That entity isn't gone. It, um...it still feels so weird calling it that. Something that looks like you and used to be only in my head. But anyway, she wrote on the bathroom mirror last night, after you were in bed."

"Honey, why didn't you tell me sooner?!" Norma's fork clattered onto her plate.

"I didn't want to ruin last night. It was so wonderful and I didn't want to upset you! We've got to find some other way to make her leave for good. I mean, there's got to be a bunch of ways to get rid of a bad spirit, right? Without going back to the psychiatrist. Fat chance of that helping anything!"

She squeezed his hand, "I don't care if we have to hire a goddamn witch doctor. We'll think of something, find some way that'll work. And it'll lighten up the house. I have that feeling. Make it brighter and let us finally let go of anything bad that might've happened before."

Norman relaxed, smiling that easy lovely smile of his. "I'll bring in more roses, when they start blooming. Every day. I can't wait for you to see them."

"I can't wait either, honey. I was also thinking...what if we put some of that money towards fixing up the house?" To her, it was a great window to bring up the subject.

"I'd love to have it refinished and repainted, so it doesn't look dark and dreary anymore. Maybe a nice off-white, with blue trim? Our favorite color.."

"That would be lovely, Mother." Norman had never minded the old house's grey, worn exterior, but if it made her happy: he'd have it painted any color of the rainbow. "I haven't spent that much of it, maybe eight thousand or so, total. Most of it on the rose garden, and bills during really slow times. I also got new shower curtains and new sheets and comforters for the motel rooms, a couple of years ago."

His devotion to their little business made her love for him burn even brighter. "Your stepdad opened a joint bank account, before he disappeared. I've seen the statements in the mail." She gave a slight shrug. "It hasn't been touched since, but there's no reason why I can't use it, right? Of course I won't put a lot of cash in at once, nothing that'd look suspicious."

Norman finished off the last of his bacon soaked in egg yolk, considering. "As long as we're careful, I don't see why not."

After the breakfast dishes were washed and dried, Norma kissed him before heading upstairs to take a quick shower and get dressed. Delightful memories of their beautiful night before flooded her mind as water droplets ran down her bare skin. Toweling off, she stepped on the scale out of habit. She still weighed 10 pounds less than she did before the coma. Her leg muscles were still stubbornly slow to build up their former strength, but she had every intention of keeping up the physical therapy "homework" until they finally did.

Norma picked out a white skirt patterned with black leaves and vines, pairing it with a black camisole and royal blue soft wool cardigan. Dark blue pumps and faux sapphire drop earrings completed the new outfit. Before leaving, she traced a hand over the dresses hanging in her closet, most of them still too loose on her body. *I should have them taken in. Why not? I'm okay with myself like this.* Come to think of

it, why shouldn't her wardrobe get something of an upgrade? Far as she was concerned, that big stack of cash was safer spent or even invested than stashed in the safe. It wouldn't be difficult to make Norman see reason about that, especially once he saw how beautiful she'd look in fancier outfits.

Those thoughts lightened her mood, as she made her way down the stairs. Norma gripped the bannister to steady herself, nearly losing her footing as she caught a glimpse of her fake self in the mirror hanging on the wall in the front hallway. That entity was standing in the kitchen entrance, glaring at her with arms folded. "Jesus.." Norma exclaimed, "You're not real." She reminded herself as she opened the front door and pulled it shut quickly behind her, before the false "Mother" could say a word.

Norman was busy on the laptop at the motel's front desk, "Hi, Mother. We got two reservations for this weekend, and we sure could use it."

She wrapped her arms around his waist, hugged him close from behind. "That's wonderful, honey. Now, about that safe. Will you show me how to get into it?"

He led her by the hand into the back office and pulled the chair away from the desk, revealing the heavy olive-green colored safe underneath. Kneeling down, he spun the dial, showing her the combination so she could do it herself. "Go ahead, Mother. Open it."

Norma had a seat on the carpet next to him, tucking her legs under her skirt. She pulled the lever and the safe clicked open. Talking about that much cash was one thing, but seeing it was quite another. Almost involuntarily, her hand closed over a couple of thick stacks of bills and pulled them out -- increments of \$5,000 and \$10,000. The crisp cash was unfamiliar, colored with blue stripes and copper-colored lettering she couldn't remember seeing before. "My god.." Norma turned them around, looking vaguely hypnotized. She leaned against him so her head was

resting against his shoulder. "We'll be set for years and years, long as we're careful with this. As long as no one ever finds out about it."

She stuck all the cash except one stack of \$5K back in the safe, pushing to make room for them. Norma thumbed the bills, her gaze growing suggestive and drifting towards the couch.

"Mother, no!" Norman got the hint what she was silently insinuating. "It'll make a mess! Anyone could walk in and catch us."

Norma grabbed the edge of the chair with one hand and hauled herself to her feet. With the other hand, she playfully held the cash out of his reach. "You want it, honey? Come and get it!" she teased him. Then she ripped the paper band off the stack of 100s and dropped onto her back on the couch, letting the bills fall all over her.

"You're incorrigible sometimes, you know th-" Norman couldn't finish before she pulled him down on top of her by the front of his sweater vest, both of them giddy with laughter. They kissed hungrily, moving against each other as the money slid and scattered between them. Visions of making love on an even bigger pile of cash filled his head, especially when her hand lifted his vest and smoothed over the flat plane of his stomach under his shirt.

"What're you gonna do about it, Norman?" she breathed into his ear.

"Oh we'll think of something," he teased her right back, his voice low and full of promise. He kissed her ear. "Tonight,"

"Now I won't be able to concentrate on anything else," she pretended to sulk.

"That's just how I like it," Norman gave her another slow kiss. "But we have stuff to do first."

Norma groaned in disappointment, "I know. I'll get this cleaned up. I started it, and we'll finish this tonight. You go watch the front desk, sweetie."

He helped her to her feet, then shut the safe and went to settle himself in his motel manager's chair. Watching the parking lot for any signs of a guest stopping in the now-heavy late morning rain. Then he fired up the laptop and started doing the research he'd had in the back of his mind. Norma spent a while carefully searching for any stray bills, picking them all up, restacking and counting twice until the whole amount was there. Then she got the bank on the phone, then was put on hold, then learned she needed to come in before anything could be updated or deposited.

"So there's no way I can get his name taken off it?" she asked in frustration.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Rom- I mean, Mrs. Bates, unless there's proof of death or divorce there's nothing we can do." the bored-sounding teller informed her. "However, I can set you up with access to it, long as you come in to the bank with current ID."

"That figures." she grumbled, "All right. I'll be in when I can. Thank you." Another roadblock. Her driver's license had long since expired and they hadn't gotten around to renewing it. In the meantime, Norma retrieved her purse from its hook on the wall and shoved the money into the inner side pocket, zipping it firmly.

Norman looked up from his online research, concerned at her agitation. "What did they say, Mother?"

"I can't get that asshole's name taken off the joint account, even though he appears to have walked off the face of the earth." She griped, leaning on her elbows on the

front counter. "Not only that: I need to update my ID. You can get one of those that's not a driver's license, right?"

Norman stood up and put his arms around her waist, reassuring her as she turned and rested her face against his chest, "I'm not ready to learn how to drive again." She sighed, the admission making her dejected. "Will you teach me in the summer when this rain stops, Norman?"

"Anything you want, Mother." He stroked her chin between his thumb and forefinger, guiding her to look up into his eyes. "Don't worry about any of this. We'll take care of it, together." Her arms moved around his shoulders as they drew into a tight hug. "I remember you teaching me to drive," he chuckled. "It was pretty dramatic. I promise it won't be, this time." Such another unlikely role reversal. Yet another one that felt good to them.

She smiled, "You'll have to tell me about it sometime. I can imagine. You were a teenager then, but not anymore. You're a man now. And you're mine."

It was just hugging, perfectly innocent, on the slim chance someone should walk in. Norman gave her a kiss between her brows. "All yours forever." Those three words eased much of the stress out of her. "It's probably best we get your ID and the bank account taken care of right away." He turned towards what he's been researching, "We might have to order a few things, maybe even have someone come help us."

Curiosity overtook her as Norma joined him at his side, "Oh really? What did you find?"