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I
am
Normal

by
Jack the Monkey

Writer's block. It had started with a stubborn paragraph. The cursor on Julie's screen blinked with a relentless, mocking rhythm, a tiny metronome keeping time with her creative failure. She sighed, pushing away from her desk. The home office was quiet, the only sound the faint hum of her computer and the distant traffic sighing five stories below.

A flicker of movement caught her eye. A moth, dusty and grey, batted itself softly against the warm glow of her monitor lamp. *Poor thing*, she thought. *It just wants the light*. Julie, a woman who carefully escorted spiders outside on pieces of paper, wasn't about to swat it. She rose, approaching slowly, her cupped hands poised for a gentle capture.

It flew erratically, a fuzzy little speck, before seemingly drifting right toward her open palms. She closed her hands gently, feeling the faint, papery flutter against her skin. A smile touched her lips. *Got you*. She brought her cupped hands close to her face, parting her thumbs just a sliver to peek at the captive.

It wasn't right.

Instead of delicate, segmented legs and powdery wings, she saw a pulsating, pearlescent little blob. It had no discernible features, just a surface that rippled and *moved*, like a droplet of liquid mercury trying to decide its shape. Before her brain could process the wrongness, the thing *jumped*.

It launched itself into the air, a silvery streak, and shot directly into her open, gasping mouth.

She choked, a raw, gagging sound tearing from her throat. Her instincts screamed to cough it out, to vomit, to reject this violation. But a deeper, more terrifying impulse took hold. Her throat muscles, *not her own*, relaxed and opened, *pulling* the thing down. She could feel it, a smooth, cool slide all the way down her esophagus, a sensation so utterly alien it froze her in place. She clutched her neck, feeling the internal glide until it settled low in her belly, a dormant, waiting heat.

Then it began.

A tremor started in her gut, a deep, internal vibration that quickly spread outward. Her skin prickled, then began to *roll*. It was a wave beneath the surface, a subcutaneous earthquake

that made her flesh ripple from her abdomen to her extremities. She looked down at her arms in stunned horror, watching the skin on her forearms shift and swell as if something were moving just beneath it.

A sound tried to escape her lips—a scream—but it was choked off by a pressure building in her throat. It wasn't the thing. It was something new, something *growing*. Her jaw was forced wide, a painful, unhinging stretch. From the depths of her, a warm, solid mass pushed upwards, erupting from her mouth.

Her eyes, wide with terror, rolled back as she felt it. Smooth, hot, and impossibly long, it filled her mouth, stretching her lips into a taut, obscene ring. It was a cock. A penis was growing out of her throat, its head surging past her teeth, its length thickening and lengthening, pushing her head back with its relentless expansion. She could only gurgle around its girth, a prisoner in her own transforming body.

The sensation was not entirely painful. An aching, rolling *pleasure* began to mix with the panic. It radiated from the invading member in her mouth, a deep, throbbing hum that resonated in her skull. The wave of transformation swept down her arms. She watched, mesmerized and horrified, as her fingers trembled and then *melted*, reshaping themselves into smaller, twitching replicas of the thing claiming her mouth. Ten tiny cocks flopped against her palms, sensitive and new.

Her blouse began to tent in two distinct places, the fabric pulling taut against her chest. Her breath hitched as she felt it—a sharp, insistent pressure building beneath her breasts. Her nipples hardened, then *expanded*, lengthening into slick, three-inch cocks that strained against the thin cotton of her blouse. The sensation was electric, each tiny erection pulsing with the same unnatural rhythm that coursed through the rest of her body.

But the greatest change was happening at her core. A pressure built between her legs, an insistent, demanding ache that made her hips buck involuntarily. Her sensible cotton pants strained at the seam, and then with a soft *rip*, a new cock, thick and veined and impossibly large, burst forth. It stood erect, a throbbing, fifteen-inch testament to her metamorphosis. It was *hers*. She could feel it throbbing.

The alien horniness crashed over her then, a tidal wave of need that drowned the last thoughts of fear and terror. It wasn't human desire; it was a pure, biological imperative, a screaming directive to *release*. The pleasure was a fire in her veins, a building tsunami of sensation centered in every new and altered part of her. It coiled tighter and tighter, a spring wound past its limit.

She couldn't hold it. She *had* to let it loose.

Her body arched, back bowing off the chair. A guttural, choked moan vibrated around the cock in her mouth as the climax tore through her.

The member between her legs pulsed violently, and a thick, hot stream of cum shot out, splattering across her keyboard with a sticky slap. The sensation was an electric shock, triggering the others. The cock in her mouth erupted next, some jets of release squirting into the air, some pouring down the back of her throat, a salty, musky flood she had no choice but to swallow. Her finger-dicks twitched and jerked, each adding their own tiny, pearly contributions to the mess.

She felt something squishy inside her shoes. She didn't know it, but her toes had before dicks too, and they were filling up and overflowing her boots with cum.

It didn't stop. Wave after wave of devastating pleasure wracked her frame. Her hips pistoned mindlessly, fucking the air as her cocks continued to pour forth, painting the desk, the walls, everything in glistening, opaque white. The room filled with the sound of her ragged, gurgling breaths and the wet, rhythmic splattering. It went on for minutes, an endless, mind-shattering eruption that left her trembling, drenched in her own juices.

As suddenly as it began, it ceased. The tension snapped. Her body went limp, slumping back into the chair, unconsciousness claiming her.

She awoke some time later, panting, her body slick with sweat and... other things. She was herself again. Her fingers were fingers. Her mouth was just her mouth. She tentatively touched her crotch; her pants were torn, but the flesh beneath was familiar.

She lay on the floor, staring at the stippled texture of her ceiling, her body humming with a strange, satiated exhaustion. The room was a wreck, a map of her violation.

Julie lay there for a moment, her chest rising and falling in uneven, shallow breaths. The memory of what had just happened flickered in her mind—vivid, impossible, obscene. A spike of panic flared, but it was fleeting, snuffed out almost as quickly as it ignited. Something deeper, something foreign and instinctual, smoothed over the edges of her fear. It wasn't just calm; it was a quiet certainty that everything was... normal.

She sat up slowly, her movements deliberate, almost mechanical. Her hands—the ones she had watched twist into something else entirely—were hers again. Familiar, yet not. She flexed her fingers. *Not mine, but mine*, she thought. That should have terrified her. Instead, it felt like a fact, a simple truth she had always known.

Her clothes, especially her pants were in tatters, but all she could think to herself was, *oh no, my favorite blouse*.

Her gaze drifted around the room. Her office looked the same—desk, chair, monitor—but it was all draped in a layer of sticky, glistening evidence of her transformation. The monitor screen, once displaying her unfinished story, was now streaked with translucent white streaks, obscuring the words she had struggled to write. Her words. But not her words.

A strange detachment settled over her. She should have been screaming. She should have been clawing at her skin, desperate to undo what had been done. Instead, she felt an eerie clarity. *It's okay*, she thought. And it was. The calm didn't feel forced or artificial; it felt like it came from deep within her, a part of her that had always been there.

She stood up. The mess around her would need to be cleaned, of course. That was logical. *And no one could know*. That thought surfaced with startling intensity, carrying with it a weight that felt almost primal. Protect this. Keep it hidden. It wasn't just a thought; it was an imperative, as natural as breathing.

Julie walked to the closet, her steps steady, and retrieved cleaning supplies. She knelt beside the desk, methodically wiping away the sticky remains of what had just occurred. As she worked, a strange awareness settled into the back of her mind. There were new ideas there, new instincts, things she hadn't thought of before. Self-preservation. Secrecy. They felt urgent, vital, but they also felt right. As if they belonged.

She paused for a moment, looking down at the cloth in her hand, now soaked with the evidence of her violation. A faint tremor ran through her, but it wasn't fear. It was something else—something she couldn't quite name. She smiled faintly, a private, knowing smile.

Just a strange day, she told herself. Just one of those things you can't explain.

And it was okay.

There was nothing to worry about.

I am normal.

When she was done cleaning, she looked about her room. A sense of... not quite pride, but of a job well done. A necessary task completed. She put away the cleaning tools, slapped her hands together once, a soft clap in the quiet room. That's that.

A deep breath filled her lungs. The air in the apartment felt different. Still. Heavier. And yet, a new kind of energy hummed just under her skin, a low-voltage current that made her feel restless. Alive. The urge to be out, to move, to mingle was sudden and insistent. It wasn't a social whim; it felt more like a biological prompt, a deep-seated need to be near others.

A noise from the hallway. A door opening, followed by the muffled, musical sound of a woman's laughter. Brenda. Her neighbor. They were friendly, the kind of acquaintances who borrowed sugar and made small talk by the mailboxes. Julie liked her. She was warm, uncomplicated.

And suddenly, Julie remembered. She needed to give Brenda something. The thought arrived fully formed, a crystalline certainty. It was very, very important. She nodded to herself, a quick, sharp motion, and moved toward her apartment door without another thought.

The hallway carpet was a bland beige, the fluorescent lights humming overhead. Her own footsteps were silent. She stopped at Brenda's door, her heart beating a steady, confident rhythm against her ribs. She knocked, three firm raps.

"Brenda? You home?"

From behind the door, Brenda's voice, cheerful and slightly raised over other sounds. "I'll be right there!" Then, distinctly, another voice. A man's laugh. Then another, a higher pitch. A small crowd.

The door swung open. Brenda stood there, her smile bright and open. "Hey, Julie! What's up?" She held a wine glass in one hand, its contents a deep red.

Julie's smile was automatic, a perfect mirror of Brenda's warmth. But her eyes drifted past Brenda's shoulder, into the apartment. Five other people were scattered around the living room, leaning over a board game set up on the coffee table. Three women, two men. They were all looking at her, their expressions curious and friendly.

Too many.

The thought was cold, clear, and absolute. It wasn't her own anxiety speaking; this was a different voice in her head, a calm and logical assessment.

"Is everything okay, Julie?" Brenda asked, her head tilting.

Julie's gaze snapped back to her. "Oh yeah. Everything's fine." She gestured loosely with an empty hand. "I just wanted to give you something."

Brenda's eyes flickered down to Julie's empty hands, then back to her face, a polite confusion touching her features. "Um, sure. What is it?"

Julie's attention was pulled back to the group inside. One of the men, dark-haired and handsome, smiled directly at her. A strange sensation, a faint, almost imperceptible quiver, passed through her.

“Well,” Julie said, her voice somehow even smoother than before. “It’s kind of personal. I see you have company.” She took a small step back, the movement graceful, deliberate. “Maybe I’ll... come by later? Tomorrow?”

Brenda’s expression softened with understanding. “Sure, yeah, that’s okay. Stop by anytime.”

“Okay, great.” Julie’s smile didn’t waver. “I’ll see you around. Bye, Brenda.”

“Bye, Julie.”

She turned. Her walk back to her own apartment door felt measured, each step a conscious placement of her foot. The hum under her skin had intensified, a reaction to the proximity of so many people. It wasn’t unpleasant. It was... normal.

Just as her hand touched her own doorknob, a ding sounded from her pocket. She pulled it out. A text from Jeff. Her boyfriend. Asking, *‘Hey, buttercup, you want to meet up for some coffee?’*

She smiled at his use of her nickname, that HE gave her. Jeff. She loved Jeff. He was steady, kind, with a smile that could still make her stomach flutter. Yes. Meet up.

The impulse to see him, to be near him, was suddenly overwhelming. It was more than her own desire; it was a gravitational pull.

She typed back, her fingers moving with swift certainty. *‘Sure. Same place?’*

The three dots appeared immediately. *‘Sounds good. See you in 20.’*

She pushed off from the door and strode to her bedroom, her steps quickening with a newfound sense of purpose. As she rifled through her closet, the hum under her skin seemed to focus, sharpening into a single, insistent thought. She knew she wanted to do something special for him tonight. Something that would make him remember this evening, something that would leave him breathless.

Her fingers paused on the soft fabric of a sundress, a favorite of Jeff’s, and she pulled it out, holding it up to herself in the mirror. A slow, knowing smile crept across her lips as she thought about what she had in mind. It had been a while since she’d given him a blowjob. Too long. She tilted her head slightly, considering. She could do it. She was certain. She could give him the best one he’d ever had.

Her mind drifted to the café where they were meeting. It was always crowded, bustling with people. That wouldn’t work. No, they’d need privacy. She pictured his apartment, quiet and

intimate, the perfect setting for what she had planned. We'll end up there, she thought confidently. He's going to love it.

Smiling to herself, she slipped on the sundress, smoothing the fabric over her hips. It clung just right, flattering without being overt. Perfect. As she adjusted the straps, her reflection caught her eye again, and for a moment, she saw beyond the surface. Something shifted in her gaze—a flicker of something. But, probably nothing.

Julie padded down the hallway, her footsteps muffled by the worn carpet. As she passed Brenda's apartment, the faint hum of a television drifted through the door. She continued, her path taking her closer to *the* apartment—the one with the couple who seemed to thrive on chaos. Their door was open again, as it often was, inviting the world to witness their latest squabble. Julie slowed her pace, her body instinctively bracing for the inevitable drama.

"Well, maybe if you picked something up once in a while, we wouldn't have this problem!" the woman's voice lashed out, sharp and venomous.

"I *do* pick things up!" the man shot back, his tone defensive but equally heated. "You just don't see me doing it!"

"Oh, that's convenient, isn't it?" The woman's sarcasm was palpable.

Julie winced, her chest tightening with discomfort. She hated hearing couples argue—it always left her feeling sad and unsettled. Just as she was about to quicken her step, the man stormed out of the apartment, nearly colliding with her.

"I'm going out. I'll be back later," he barked over his shoulder before noticing Julie. "Oh! Hey, Julie. Sorry about the noise."

"It's okay," she murmured, though it wasn't, not really. He brushed past her and disappeared around the corner, leaving Julie standing there like a bystander to a wreckage she couldn't fix. The apartment door remained ajar, and for a brief moment, Julie realized the girlfriend was now alone inside.

A strange sensation coiled at the back of her throat—sickly and unnatural. Her stomach churned, and she felt suddenly nauseous. She thought about turning around, retreating to the safety of her own apartment, but her feet refused to move. It was happening, and there was no escape.

Without warning, she hunched over, a thick, veiny appendage erupting from her mouth. It slithered out, slick and pulsating, before plopping onto the floor with a wet thud. Julie

gasped, stunned, her hand instinctively moving to wipe the slime from her lips. She barely registered the thing that had come out of her, too focused on the ceiling above as if it might offer answers.

The slug-like creature writhed on the floor for a moment before scuttling through the crack of the apartment door into the couple's home. Julie blinked, her mind struggling to process what had just happened. She looked down, noticing the glistening trail left behind.

Jeez, she thought, shaking her head. I must be coming down with something. Maybe food poisoning? She swallowed hard, trying to steady herself. *I feel better now. Probably nothing to worry about.*

With a deep breath, Julie straightened her shoulders and continued down the hallway toward the exit. *It's okay, she reassured herself. I actually feel pretty normal.*