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WARNING: INCLUDES BODY HORROR!

I
am
Normal

by
Jack the Monkey

Julie closed her apartment door and slid the deadbolt into place. The familiar click echoed in the quiet space. Home. She leaned back against the door for a moment, letting the stillness settle around her shoulders like a warm blanket.

The apartment smelled of vanilla from a candle she'd burned earlier. Her cat-shaped mug sat in the drying rack. Everything was in its place. Everything was exactly as she'd left it.

And yet.

She pushed off from the door and padded across the living room, her sandals making soft scuffing sounds against the hardwood. Her body felt loose and warm, a pleasant ache lingering in her muscles. Jeff always had that effect on her. The memory of his hands, his mouth, the way he'd looked at her afterward with those wide, wondering eyes—it all hummed inside her like a favorite song on repeat.

A slow, dreamy smile touched her lips.

She reached her bedroom and flicked on the lamp. Soft amber light pooled across her dresser, catching the edge of a framed photo. Her and Jeff at the pier, his arm slung around her shoulders, both of them squinting into the sun. She traced the glass with her fingertip.

That was a good day.

She undressed slowly, letting her sundress fall in a whisper of fabric around her ankles. Her bra followed, then her panties. She stood naked before the mirror, studying herself with a kind of detached curiosity. Her breasts—fuller now, rounder—rose and fell with each breath. Her skin seemed to glow in the low light, smooth and luminous.

I look different, she thought. The thought didn't alarm her. It simply was.

She pulled her pajamas from the drawer. Soft flannel, printed with little moons and stars. Jeff had given them to her last Christmas. She slipped them on, the fabric cool against her skin, and climbed into bed.

The sheets were crisp. She pulled the comforter up to her chin and stared at the ceiling, letting her mind drift. The day unspooled behind her eyes like a reel of film. Brenda's warm smile at the door. The couple in the hallway, finally at peace. The way her neighbor's girlfriend had looked at her with those knowing eyes, something passing between them that felt like recognition.

And Jeff. Always Jeff.

His laugh in the café. The way he'd said "That sounds mysterious" with that crooked grin. The taste of coffee on his tongue.

She closed her eyes, savoring the parade of images.

Then—

A flash.

Not a memory. Something sharper. More vivid.

Tentacles. Wet and glistening, sliding out from her body like extensions of her own wanting. They curled through the air, seeking, finding. Jeff beneath her, his mouth open in a silent cry. One appendage pushing past his lips. Another snaking around his thigh, finding that tight, forbidden place. His body arching. Her body pulsing. The sensation of being inside him everywhere at once—his throat, his ass, his very cells—filling him until he overflowed, until there was no boundary left between them, until they were one single, writhing organism of shared ecstasy.

Her eyes snapped open.

She was breathing hard, her chest heaving under the flannel. Her hands had fisted the sheets on either side of her hips. The ceiling fan spun in lazy circles above her, its shadow chasing itself across the plaster.

What was that?

She swallowed. Her throat was dry.

The image had been so clear. So detailed. She could still feel the phantom sensation of those appendages moving, could still hear the wet, rhythmic sounds they made. It should have horrified her. It should have sent her scrambling for the phone, for a doctor, for someone to explain what was happening to her mind.

But it didn't.

She felt... confused. That was the word. Confused. The way you feel when you walk into a room and forget why you came. A mild puzzlement, nothing more.

It's just a daydream, she told herself. A weird, vivid daydream. People have those.

She shifted under the covers, turning onto her side. The pillow was cool against her cheek.

Jeff and I made love. That's all. Just normal, human lovemaking. The kind couples do.

The kind that ends with tangled limbs and breathless laughter and whispered endearments. Not with—whatever that was. That fever dream of flesh and fluids and impossible penetration.

Right?

The question hung in the air, unanswered.

A small part of her—and it was small, very small, barely a whisper—suggested that maybe the flash wasn't a daydream. Maybe it was something closer to a memory. Maybe the things she'd seen had actually happened, and her mind was only now letting her peek behind a curtain she hadn't known was there.

She waited for the panic to come. The cold dread. The racing heart.

Instead, she felt something closer to curiosity. The way you feel when you almost remember a forgotten dream, its edges dissolving even as you reach for it.

That's crazy, she said firmly. Silent words, but solid. I'm fine. Everything's fine.

And just like that, the doubt washed away. The tension in her shoulders melted. Her breathing steadied. The images receded until they were just a faint afterimage, like the ghost of a camera flash.

She smiled.

Everything's fine.

She rolled onto her back again, her gaze drifting back to the ceiling. The fan whirled its gentle lullaby. Outside, a distant siren wailed for a few seconds before fading into the city's ambient hum.

Thanksgiving.

The word unfurled in her mind like a flower blooming in time-lapse. Warm colors. Rich smells. Laughter around a crowded table.

Her family.

She saw her mother's kitchen, steam fogging the windows, the big turkey resting on its platter. Her father carving with theatrical precision, telling the same corny jokes he told every year. Her younger sister sneaking bites of cranberry sauce when she thought no one was looking. The aunts and uncles and cousins, a chaotic symphony of overlapping voices and clinking glasses.

Her throat tightened with something that felt like love.

Last year, they'd all played charades after dinner. Her Uncle Roger had acted out "The Fast and the Furious" with such wild abandon that he'd knocked over a lamp. Her mother had pretended to be furious, but her eyes were laughing. Julie had laughed so hard her stomach hurt.

And the year before that—the snowstorm. They'd lost power for three hours. Everyone huddled in the living room with candles and blankets, telling stories. Her sister had confessed to a childhood prank that Julie had been blamed for. The room had erupted in mock outrage. Even her father, who hated the cold, had smiled.

This year will be the best one yet.

She could feel it. A certainty that settled into her bones. Not hope, not wishful thinking—certainty. The way you know the sun will rise.

She pictured herself walking through her parents' front door. The smell of sage and thyme. The sound of her mother's delighted greeting. The way her father would hug her, just a beat too long, the way he always did. She would help set the table. She would pour the wine. She would laugh at the jokes and pass the gravy and feel the warm, enveloping glow of belonging.

Family.

The word pulsed inside her like a second heartbeat.

Her family. Her wonderful, loving family. They deserved something special this year. Something more than the usual dinner and small talk. They deserved to feel as connected as she felt. As whole. As unified.

She blinked, the thought catching her off guard.

Connected how?

But the question dissolved before she could grasp it. The certainty remained. This Thanksgiving would be different. In the best possible way.

She snuggled deeper into the covers, her body heavy with contentment. The strange flash of images felt distant now, like something from a movie she'd watched years ago. Not her life. Not her reality.

Her reality was this: a warm bed, a loving boyfriend, a family that was waiting for her. A holiday just around the corner. Everything in its place.

Joy, she thought, as sleep began to pull at the edges of her consciousness. *That's what I feel. Just pure joy.*

Her breathing slowed. Her limbs grew heavy. The lamp on her dresser seemed to dim, though she hadn't touched the switch.

In the quiet of her apartment, Julie drifted toward sleep with a smile still curving her lips. The ceiling fan turned its patient circles. The photo on the dresser caught the last flicker of light.

And somewhere deep in her chest, something pulsed once—soft, warm, patient—and then fell still.

* * *

The morning light pressed through the blinds in pale slats, striping the rumpled bed. Julie's eyes opened without the groggy fumble of waking. One moment she was asleep. The next, she was simply *awake*, her mind clear as a bell. The pulse in her chest was a steady, patient drum. She slid her legs over the side of the mattress, her feet finding the cool hardwood, and stood.

Packing took no time at all. Her suitcase lay open on the bed, a maw waiting to be fed. Flannel pajamas folded with crisp edges. A blouse she liked, the one with tiny pearl buttons. Socks rolled into tight little bundles. She moved through the apartment with an efficient, silent grace, gathering toiletries from the bathroom, the charger from beside her nightstand. Her phone buzzed against the dresser. She picked it up, already knowing who it was.

"Hi, Mom."

Her mother's voice crackled through the speaker, warm and slightly too loud, the way it always was. "Julie, sweetheart! Just checking in. You're still coming today, right? You're not going to flake on your poor old mother?"

“Yeah, I’ll be there. Just a few more hours. I’m almost packed.” She tucked the phone between her ear and shoulder, zipping the suitcase with a satisfying *whirr*. “So, who’s all gonna be there?”

“Oh, you know. The usual suspects. Aunt Carol and Uncle Roger, your cousins, that stray cat your sister adopted last month. The whole chaotic mess.”

A pause. Julie’s hand stilled on the zipper. “What about Dad?”

“He’s got work, honey. You know how it is. But he’ll be there later in the evening, I promise. He wouldn’t miss your famous green bean casserole for the world.”

“Okay.” The word came out softer than she intended. “Well, at least he’ll be there later. I haven’t seen him in a while. I haven’t seen *any* of you in a while.” She swallowed, a sudden thickness in her throat. It wasn’t sadness. It was a swelling of something deeper, a tender, insistent blooming. “I just... I really miss you, Mom. And I think this Thanksgiving’s gonna be very special. I don’t know. It’s just a feeling.”

Her mother’s laugh was a tinkling, delighted thing. “Oh, you’ve got me all curious now. What kind of feeling?”

“Just... a good one. Like something’s going to happen. Something we’ve all been waiting for.”

“Well, don’t you go getting all mysterious on me. Just get here in one piece, okay? Your sister’s already asking when you’ll arrive.”

“I will. I better finish packing. Love you, Mom.”

“Love you too, sweetie. See you soon.”

She ended the call and set the phone down. The suitcase was full. She tossed in the last stray sock, shut the lid, and yanked the zipper closed. The sound of it was final. Satisfying. She collected her purse, a light jacket, and pulled the wheeled luggage behind her to the door. A deep breath. The air in the apartment tasted faintly of vanilla and something else now, something that existed just beneath the fragrance—musky, alive, almost electric.

She opened the door and stepped into the hallway.

The lock clicked behind her. She turned, and her footsteps halted. She was standing directly in front of Brenda’s apartment, and from behind it came the muffled cadence of voices. Two women. Brenda, and someone else. The sounds were blurred, but they were *there*, a vibration that seemed to reach through the door and stroke the fine hairs on her arms.

A sudden pull. Not a thought, not a decision. A physical yank low in her belly, a heat that blossomed in her pussy and radiated upward until her breath came faster. She set her suitcase down, the handle still extended, and took a step toward the door. “

“Yes,” she whispered to herself, the word a feather of sound. “Yes.”

Her nipples tightened against the fabric of her blouse. The warmth spread, a liquid ache that made her thighs press together. She wanted to talk to Brenda. To whoever was with her. To *connect*. The word hummed in her skull. She was halfway to the door when another sound interrupted her.

Farther down the hallway, a door swung open. The arguing couple. They emerged one after the other—first the woman, then the man—in a fluid, synchronized motion that held none of their previous tension. They turned, as if in unison, and began walking toward her. Their footsteps were measured, soft. They stopped a few feet from Julie, and both of them looked down.

The woman was holding a cake. A simple white bakery box, tied with twine. They stared at the box for a long moment. Then they looked at each other and smiled. It was a slow, peaceful smile. They turned their gaze back to Julie.

In that instant, she knew. They would never argue again. The sharp words, the slammed doors, the bitter silences—all of it was over. They were at peace. They were content. They were *one*. A beautiful, seamless union. She felt a flicker of something like pride. She was glad she could help, even if she couldn’t recall exactly how. The thought— *how did I help?* —surfaced for a fraction of a second, and then she shrugged it away. It didn’t matter. Look at them. They were perfect.

The couple opened their mouths. No sound came out. Julie’s eyebrows went up, a faint confusion prickling at her, but then she *heard* it. A low, guttural clicking, deep in the back of their throats. A rapid, insectoid rhythm that made no sense and perfect sense all at once. The sound resonated in her own chest, a harmonic twin to the steady pulse that lived there now. The corners of her own mouth twitched upward.

They closed their mouths. The woman turned toward Brenda’s door and raised her fist. Three soft knocks. Julie waited behind them, her heart a steady hammer, the warmth in her core a living thing.

The door opened. Brenda stood there, her expression shifting from mild curiosity to a flicker of surprise. Her gaze swept over the three of them—the couple holding the cake, Julie lingering behind—and landed back on the woman’s face. “Um... hello?”

The female half of the couple spoke, her voice smooth and low. “Brenda. I just wanted to come over and say sorry.” She lifted the cake box slightly. “We got this for you. To apologize for all the noise. I know we can be loud when we argue, and it’s not fair to you. Is it okay if we come inside?”

Brenda furrowed her brow. One hand stayed on the doorframe, a subtle barrier. “I don’t know... I mean, we’ve never really...” She trailed off, her eyes darting to Julie.

Julie stepped forward, a warm smile spreading across her face. The lie arrived on her tongue as naturally as breath. “Hey, listen, they gave me a cake too. It’s actually pretty good. I mean, it’s the least they can do, right? For all that screaming and yelling.”

A laugh bubbled up from the couple, and Julie joined in. The three of them laughed together, suddenly, in perfect synchrony. The sound was almost a single voice, layered and strange. Brenda let out a half-hearted chuckle, but her shoulders relaxed. The strange familiarity of Julie’s presence, the easy confidence in her eyes—it was enough to lower the guard.

“Okay, yeah. Come in, I guess.” Brenda stepped back, pulling the door wider. “I’m just here with my friend, Danielle.”

They filed inside. Julie’s eyes swept the apartment: the worn sofa, the scattered magazines, a half-empty wine bottle on the coffee table. And there, rising from the couch, was Danielle. A woman with sharp cheekbones and a cascade of dark hair. She stood, offering a polite, cautious smile.

Brenda gestured. “These are my neighbors.”

Danielle moved forward, extending a hand. The couple shook it, one after the other, murmuring soft hellos. Julie clasped Danielle’s hand, and the contact was a spark, a tiny electric jump that made her fingers tingle. *Soon*, something whispered.

The female half of the couple held out the cake box to Brenda. “Here you go.”

“Oh, that’s nice,” Brenda began, reaching for it. But the woman didn’t release the box. Instead, she let it fall—a soft thud on the carpet—and in the same motion, she slipped behind Brenda and wrapped her arms around her, pinning her elbows to her sides.

“What the—what are you doing?” Brenda’s voice pitched high, startled.

Her boyfriend moved at the same instant, his body a blur of purpose. He seized Danielle from behind, clamping her arms down in a firm, unbreakable hold. Danielle thrashed, a choked cry escaping her lips. Both women struggled, their heels scuffing the floor, but the grips held them immobile. Facing Julie.

Julie's breath caught. The surge that rose inside her was not panic. It was a tidal wave of *togetherness*, a fierce, beautiful unity that obliterated any other thought. Her mind tried to form a question— *what are we doing, this is abrupt* —but the protest was mushed away, crushed under a sudden, overwhelming onslaught of sexual pleasure. Desire, instinct, a divine, obliterating need. It swelled up from her core and spread outward like a ripple in a pond.

A sensation bloomed in her face. A pressure along the center, from hairline to chin. She did not fight it. She *encouraged* it, leaning into the demand of her own flesh. And her head split open.

There was no pain. The two halves of her face peeled apart, slumping to either side, resting limp against her shoulders. The interior of her throat was exposed, a wet, glistening hollow. And from that hollow, two tentacles sprouted. They unfurled with a slick, squirming motion, thick as a man's wrist, veined and pulsing. At the tip of each was the unmistakable head of a cock, slick with some pearlescent fluid. They grew longer, writhing through the air between Julie and the restrained women, undulating like snakes tasting the heat of the room.

Brenda screamed. Danielle screamed.

Julie's body was shaking now, a full-bodied tremor that centered in her cunt. Fluid began to leak from between her legs, splattering onto the floor in thick, rhythmic drops. Her hips rocked, an involuntary humping of nothing, as the two tentacle-cocks swayed closer to the captives.

The tentacles stopped. One hovered an inch from Danielle's lips. The other quivered before Brenda's clenched mouth. The message was clear, though no words were spoken.

On cue, the couple tightened their grips. The woman slid her hands up from Brenda's arms, cupped her jaw, and *forced* her mouth open. The man did the same to Danielle, his thumbs digging into the hinges of her jaw until her lips parted in a reluctant O. The screams became gargled protests.

And immediately, Julie's cocks jetted forward.

They plunged into the open mouths, filling them, pushing past tongues and soft palates and down into the constricting tunnels of their throats. The sensation was indescribable. Julie's consciousness fractured into multiple points of ecstasy—the tight, wet heat of two throats squeezing her lengths, the frantic flutter of their muscles, the vibration of their silenced screams. A low, guttural sound clawed its way out of her own throat, bypassing the split halves of her face.

Bliss. It was a word too small to hold what she was feeling. An animalistic frenzy of pleasure, a divine ecstasy that made her entire being feel like a single, exposed nerve. Her hips bucked. Without thinking, her hands flew to her crotch, fingers plunging into her own soaking pussy. She sank two fingers deep, then three, fucking herself with quick, rough strokes that matched the rhythm of the tentacles thrusting down the women's throats.

The urge surged, clear and commanding: *Inject. Fill them.* Her orgasm built like a wall of water, and when it crashed over her, it did so with a violence that arched her back and curled her toes inside her shoes. She came with a choked, gurgling cry, her inner walls clamping around her own fingers. At the same instant, a hot, thick fluid shot up from the depths of her body, traveling down the lengths of both tentacles, and poured itself directly into the throats of Brenda and Danielle.

Their protests became wet gurgles. Their eyes rolled back, the whites showing. Their bodies began to writhe, not in resistance now, but in some deep, involuntary response that rippled through their muscles.

The couple restraining them were not idle. The man's cock had grown, an impossible lengthening that slithered down his pant leg, emerged from the cuff, and then arced upward between Danielle's thighs. It found her cunt and sank in with a single, smooth plunge. He began to fuck her, his hips rocking in a steady, mechanical rhythm, while Julie continued to pour more fluid into her throat, her belly already beginning to distend.

Simultaneously, a new cock sprouted from the female's mouth. It was thinner, more flexible, and it darted to the side of Brenda's head. Without hesitation, it drove itself into her ear canal. There was a wet, cracking sound—not bone breaking, but something softer, a yielding of tissue. The cock burrowed into her skull, and then began to thrust in and out, fucking her ear with a squelching, rhythmic obscenity.

More appendages sprouted from the couple's bodies. Dicks from fingers. Tentacles from torsos. They found every orifice—ears, mouths, assholes—and filled them. Brenda and Danielle were suspended in a web of glistening flesh, penetrated from every angle, their bodies growing pliant and receptive. Their bellies swelled, gurgling audibly, rounding until they looked pregnant, distended with Julie's juices and the ceaseless pumping of the couple.

Julie's own hips never stopped rocking. Her fingers plunged deeper, curling to hit that spot that sent white sparks across her vision. The tentacles from her throat continued to gush, filling the women until their bellies were tight spheres. The sight of it, the sound of it—the wet squelches, the gurgles, the rhythmic slap of flesh—built the pressure inside her to a point she could no longer contain.

They all peaked in unison.

A cataclysm of shared orgasm, so violent that the room seemed to blur. Julie's body convulsed, her cunt squirting a gush of fluid that soaked her hand and splattered the floor. The tentacles in the women's throats pulsed, releasing one final, massive torrent that overflowed from their lips and trickled down their chins. The couple cried out in sounds that were no longer human. Not screams. Screeches. Gurglings. Tickings and clickings, a chorus of alien languages that vibrated in the air like a tuning fork.

Brenda and Danielle convulsed in their captors' grips, their bodies twitching and jerking as waves of ecstasy ripped through them. Their bellies quaked, the fluid inside sloshing with each spasm. The man's cock erupted inside Danielle, a hot flood that joined the mess. The female couple's ear-cock and finger-dicks all pulsed, spilling their loads into whatever cavities they occupied.

And then, slowly, it subsided.

The appendages began to retract. The cocks slid out of holes—out of assholes, out of ears, out of mouths, out of pussies—with wet, sucking pops. They shrank back into the bodies they came from, returning to human-seeming forms. The man's cock retracted up his pant leg. The woman's mouth-cock withdrew and dissolved. Julie's two tentacles slipped from the women's mouths, each exiting with a soft, slick sound, and then began to retract down her own throat. The two halves of her face, which had hung limp against her shoulders, lifted and merged. The seam healed in an instant, leaving her features unblemished.

Julie inhaled deeply, a ragged, shuddering breath. Her eyes fluttered open. She stood there, panting, her body humming with a deep, satiated exhaustion. The mess was prodigious—the floor slick with various fluids, the cake box crushed underfoot, the air thick with a musky, bittersweet scent.

Before her, Brenda and Danielle stood where they had been released. The couple no longer needed to restrain them. They had stepped back, their bodies returned to human form, and they watched with patient, knowing eyes. Brenda's head was bowed. Danielle's head was bowed. Their arms hung limp, their chests rising and falling in shallow, uneven breaths. They looked almost unconscious, suspended in some liminal state between what they were and what they had become.

Then, slowly, Brenda raised her head. Danielle followed a heartbeat later. They opened their eyes.

Julie felt a sudden, overwhelming surge. Pure joy. Thankfulness. A connection so deep and so wide it seemed to encompass the entire universe. The newly converted women smiled. It was not a hesitant smile, not a confused one. It was a smile of arrival. Of homecoming. They felt it too. They knew that they were one. They knew that all was right. The fear, the screaming, the struggle of moments before—it no longer mattered. It was impossible to imagine why they had ever been worried. This was all that mattered. The connection. And the quiet, insistent imperative that hummed beneath it: protect this. Spread this.

Julie gave a single, knowing nod.

The four of them—Brenda, Danielle, and the couple—returned the nod in perfect, unhurried synchrony. No one spoke. The understanding was absolute.

Julie inhaled slowly. She held it for a beat, savoring the fullness in her lungs, the pulse in her chest that beat in rhythm with four other hearts. Then she exhaled, a long, slow release. She turned around, her feet carrying her out of the apartment and into the hallway.

Her suitcase stood where she had left it. The handle was still extended, the wheels waiting for motion. She wrapped her fingers around it, her grip sure and steady. The hallway stretched before her, leading to the stairwell, to the street, to her car, to the open road that would carry her to her normal family home. To a perfectly normal Thanksgiving.