

# NOT NORMAL



BY  
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Joseph gets up as he normally does by slamming the snooze button on the alarm clock and groggily walking towards the bathroom. Everyday, he hopes his little sister Ashlee doesn't take forever in there.

The door is closed, and he sighs knowing that Ashlee is indeed taking forever like always. He knocks on the door.

"Ashlee, I would like to take a shower sometime today!" He thinks to himself about how much he does not understand his sister sometimes... or girls in general!

"I'll only be like 30 more minutes," says Ashlee.

"UGH!" Joseph cries.

Seeing no point in arguing, he moves downstairs to take care of his business. Since he already took a shower yesterday, he decides to go back upstairs to throw on a pair of jeans from the floor, a RVCA shirt, and a flannel jacket. He grabs his backpack and makes his way to the car to wait for Ashlee.

He enters his VW Jetta and turns the radio to his favorite Rock station. After waiting five minutes or so, he beeps the horn to get Ashlee to hurry up so they won't be late for school. If he is tardy one more time, he will not be able to start in the football game this Friday.

Looking up from his iPhone, he sees his 14 year old sister walk out of the house wearing her typical attire: leggings with a skater dress. She is carrying a large backpack. As she gets in the car, her brother responds, "About damn time. Geez, I can't be late!"

"Whatever big bro, I am here now," replies Ashlee snidely.

Joseph just rolls his eyes in frustration at his bratty little sister. He loves her, but damn she is a snob sometimes! He moves on and backs out of the driveway. After the usual 10 minute drive they arrive in the school parking lot, fortunately on time.

"Later bro," says Ashlee as she heads over to her group of friends.

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Walking through the hallway of Bridgeview High School, Joseph makes his way to his first period classroom. The topic of conversation amongst his peers before class starts is what female singer would look the hottest in yoga pants.

"Dude, you saw the video. Nicki Minaj!" says Jamar with much enthusiasm.

"Nah, I think Ariana Grande man," replies Joseph.

"Ok class, enough chatter! Let's get started. Please take out your homework from last night please," requests Mrs. LaBarbera.

Joseph reaches into to his bag and at first, could not find his homework. Fortunately, he finds it crumbled under his textbooks at the bottom of the backpack.

First period Contemporary Issues class goes as usual with Mrs. LaBarber going over articles in NewsWeek and Joseph day dreaming about what he will do after school, what girls in class he wants to see naked, and what after party he will go to after Friday night's game.

Finally the bell rings ending the class and he heads to his locker to get his stuff for his second period Accounting. On the way to class, he cannot help but notice all the cute girls at the school.

'Man, Steph's ass looks great in those tight jeans!' he thinks to himself as he enters Mr. Kilmar's classroom right before the bell rings again. Steph is about 5'5" and very skinny, yet has curves in

the right places according to the boys. She usually wears her dirty blonde hair in a side ponytail or curls it lightly on the ends when wearing something nice like a skirt with tights and heels.

“Hey Steph, what did you do last night?” he asks.

She responds, “Nothing.”

Joseph keeps his smile, “Well, what are you doing tonight?”

“Nothing,” she repeats.

‘Wow she’s hot, but this girl is boring,’ he thinks to himself, not realizing her total lack of interest in him.

“You know since you’re not doing anything tonight, maybe after school we could get a bite to eat?”

“Ehh, nah I am good,” she replies.

With that rejection, he decides to just take his seat and get ready for another boring class. The lecture goes just like always; checking homework, practicing terminology, and then some new material in the last 20 minutes of class.

Accounting lets out and his 11:15 AM lunch break begins. He walks down the hall with two friends, James and Mark. The board in the cafeteria announces the healthy lunch options for the day: Breadsticks and meat sauce or refried beans with white bread. He decides to go with the breadsticks option.

After paying for his meal he walks to the back corner where he normally sits with his bros. On his way, he sees Steph again which just reminds him of his earlier denial. However, as he walks by their table she surprises him.

“Hey sit!” she says with a smile on her face.

He is confused because just about two hours ago she rejected him. Now, she seems excited to see him. In fact, the whole cheerleading squad looks happy to see him.

“Excuse me for a minute guys,” he says to his friends as he takes a seat with the cheerleaders.

“So are you ready for Friday?” Carly, the head cheerleader asks.

“How is it big? We are just playing Hannock like we do twice a season,” he responds, taking a sip from his milk carton.

“Cause this routine is killer! It will take us to championship,” says Steph.

“Okay...” says Joseph, slightly confused.

“Yeah, plus you finally get to have the spotlight like you’ve always wanted!” says Rachel.

“True...” he says with a grin.

Joseph thinks that their statements seem a little odd, but he figures he is just misunderstanding what they mean so he continues to go along with it.

“So you’ve seen it before?” he asks.

“Come on, practice has been happening for weeks!” exclaims Steph.

“Did you not notice or were you not paying attention?” asks Monica.

“OH, I remember now. Haha just playing,” Joseph lies to make them not hate him.

Steph places her hand on her chest and lets out a breathe, “Great! You had me worried!”

Noticing an opportunity since Steph is actually paying attention, Joseph makes another move,

“Hey Steph, what about tomorrow night? Are you busy? Maybe we can get together?”

“OH SURE! That will be so fun.”

“Wow, really!? I mean... Yeah, of course!” says Joseph stumbling to not sound surprised.

The bell rings and lunch ends. “Can’t wait to hang out with you tomorrow night!” says Steph to Joseph with a smile as she walks out the cafeteria. He cannot help but have a huge grin on his face because she finally accepted his invitation to get together. Although he forgot to ask for her cell number, he knows he’ll see her tomorrow in class as well and can just get it then.

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He heads to his locker to get his books for the third class of the day. Since he is kind of late, he doesn’t seem to notice the attention he is getting as he walks through the hall to class. Some people were standing still just eyeing him down as he walked. He takes out his cell phone to check his reflection to make sure his hair isn’t messed up or if there is any meat stuck in his teeth.

Biology gets weird about 40 minutes into the class. Joseph notices Alex staring at him for about 10 minutes straight and Amanda who shares a table with him keeps whispering gossip to him about everything from who is dating who now to what people at school just lost their virginity.

Unfortunately for him, he is so distracted by the two weird occurrences that his teacher Mrs. Black notices he is not paying attention and decides to call on him.

“Julia, what is photosynthesis?” asks Mrs. Black looking directly at Joseph.

“Huh!?” replied Joseph confused why she just called him Julia.

“I asked you: What is photosynthesis?”

“Um... that thing Wal-Mart uses to take images from memory cards.”

The class erupts in laughter.

Mrs. Black starts to turn back to the board, “Maybe you should pay more attention Miss Sims!”

Joseph looks at Mrs. Black confused, “Why are you calling me Miss?”

“That’s enough! Photosynthesis is the process...” Joseph lets the teacher’s voice fade out as he worries about why she would make a mistake like that when he’s been in that class for over two months.

He eventually brushes off what Mrs. Black said because once again Alex is ogling him! He gives him a dirty look hoping that he will stop, but he just smirks at her.

Finally, class ends and Joseph is relieved because the awkwardness is finally over. He glares at Alex once more and heads to the final class of the day; German. Joseph loves German and quickly heads to Frau Schwarz’s classroom.

Joseph sits by Alyssa Patterson in the class. They usually exchange only a few words, but today she’s extra chatty.

Alyssa looks excited as Joseph walks to their shared desk, “Oh my god, I love that shirt!”

“Thanks I guess... I think I’ve worn it here before.”

“Really?! I never noticed. It’s cute.”

Joseph has admitted that Alyssa is a pretty girl, but not really his type. To be polite, he responds, “Cute? If you say so. Thanks!”

“So you excited for the big game on Friday?”

“Big game is just against Hannock. Not like a big rival school or anything.”

“Not that silly, I heard about the routine!” she says lighting tapping his hand.

“Why does everyone keep talking about this routine? Oh yeah, I guess it’s special because of the movements on field we are doing now.”

“Are you doing your hair a special way?” asks Alyssa.

“Not really, just a new gel,” Joseph replies, thinking Alyssa is mentioning the way it looks right now in the moment rather than Friday night.

Before he could clarify with Alyssa, Frau Schwarz begins the lesson. Joseph is trying to pay attention, but Monica from the cheerleading squad keeps texting him even though their cell phones are supposed to be off during class. He is really confused because he never gave her his number to his knowledge. However, he’s not complaining about a hot petite brunette texting him. To his disappointment, she keeps blabbering about what makeup she wants to get for the weekend.

‘Perhaps she’s hinting at a date as well?’ he wonders.

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The 2:30 PM bell is a heavenly sign at the end of every school day. Joseph makes his way back to his car to wait for Ashlee to come out.

Entering his car, he notices two odd things: A North Face Jacket and pink gym bag in the front passenger seat.

‘What the hell is this? Did Ashlee leave these in here? She did bring a lot of stuff out with her today,’ he thinks to himself.

From a distance, he notices Ashlee walking towards the car with a smile on her face.

As she enters the car, Joseph is holding the belongings in his hand, “Ashlee, did you leave this bag and jacket here all day? I don’t remember you bringing these out of the house this morning.”

Ashlee smiles, “They aren’t mine silly!”

“Then whose are they?” asks Joseph curiously.

“Haha, you are funny.”

“Whatever,” Joseph says, throwing the stuff in the backseat.

He puts the car in drive and begins to go home. After having such a weird day, he is in a rush to get home and just have some normalcy. He gets home and runs in the house just wanting to play video games to relax.

As they enter the house, Ashlee runs upstairs to her room and Joseph throws his backpack down to make his way to the kitchen to grab something to eat.

Approaching the refrigerator door, he noticed a photo he had never seen before attached to it with a magnet. It was Ashlee being hugged from behind with a girl with long, lightly curled dark hair with a very big white smile.

‘Damn, that girl is hot and looks about my age. Ashlee never mentioned having a new friend. Hope she comes over soon!’

Joseph grabs a can of Coke from the fridge and a microwavable Red Baron pizza from the freezer. After heating it up and munching down, he heads to his room with Coke in hand to play



some Xbox. Entering the room, he notices there is now a vanity full of makeup products and brushes with many photographs around the mirror portion of it.

“What the fuck is this doing in here?”

He assumes it is Ashlee’s makeup and stuff. She must be trying to play a stupid prank on him or something.

Joseph yells out his door, “Haha Ashlee! Thanks for putting all your girly makeup shit in my room!”

“What the hell are you talking about?” she screams from a distance.

“You know!”

“No, I don’t! All my makeup is my room because someone does NOT like to share!”

“What?... Whatever,” he replies screaming down the hallway. He shuts his door in preparation for destroying the makeup table and turning on the Xbox. As he walks across the room, stomach cramps flood his system and he bends over in pain.

“FUCK! What the hell...”

Looking up, he notices there is now a white teddy bear on his bed between two pillows with hearts on them.

‘Geez, what is going on with me today!’ he thinks to himself thinking he’s just seeing things and the pain will quickly subside.

He goes over to the bed to throw the teddy bear into the hallway but the pain intensifies. It feels like his ribs are breaking and he falls to the floor in pain!

Although the floor remains unchanged, he notices the end of his bed spread is now pink with lace running around the bedskirt. As he stands back up, he is frightened by the sign that his bed sheet and comforter is a darker pink with lots of pillows around the head board. The bed is obviously more fit for a snobby teen princess than a 17 year old boy.

Even more terrifying, he is much shorter than before. Maybe 5’1” at best which is a drastic jump from his former height of 5’10”. Since he receded in height, his weight is down by 30 pounds. Feeling scared, he extends his arms in front of him to double check. In front of his eyes, he witnesses the hair on his newly created shorter arms fade to a faint blonde color as his hands reduce in size as well. He blinks his eyes in disbelief but when he reopens his eyes, his nails are longer and manicured with french tips.

“What the he-ueak!” he says with a crackling, higher-pitched voice.

Inside Joseph’s throat, his vocal cords are being tightened and Adam’s apple is slowly regressing itself to form a smooth neck line. His mouth and jaw are becoming smaller as well. Having never worn braces before, a miracle is being performed since his teeth are now perfectly straight and white.

Suddenly, his legs are ridden with pain as he once again falls to the ground in agony. As he falls, his yell becomes a shriek with his voice no longer showing any trace of masculinity.

As he unrolls his pant legs on the floor because of a burning sensation, his jeans begin to tighten around his ankles and calves. As they shrink, his calves began to reshape, becoming less muscular. His legs continue to have a slight muscle ache as he tries to crawl to the door of his room. As he is maneuvering himself, he notices one of the pictures on his vanity mirror is of his friend Mark with the girl from the picture on the fridge. Joseph begins to really get a bad feeling

about what is going on, but before he can connect the dots in his head an immense pain in his face came out of nowhere.

Transformations to his face continue as his cheekbones became more defined and his nose reshapes itself to become more feminine and cute. Foundation and blush now cover his face as his lips become more fuller and covered in strawberry lipgloss. The taste of lipgloss disgusts him, although rubbing his hand on them has no effect of removal. Two golden hoop earrings appear on his newly pierced ears as another stud is added to the top of his left ear. Slowly, he regains strength to stand up by first getting on his knees.

His head is throbbing with pain as he grabs his head in agony with his new french-tipped hands. As he is pulling his hair to try to relieve the pain, his hair begins to grow in sync with the pulling. Slowly, his hair grows past his ears becoming marginally thinner in the process. It stays the same general color that he had before, but is more defined with a few different shades of brown. The hair makes its way down past his shoulders.

Joseph panics, 'What is that tickling on the back of my neck?'

He walks over to the mirror, noticing more stuffed animals on his bed, but notices something more disturbing. Watching the hair grow even more, he grabs a chunk and pulls it in front of him with a very disturbed and frightened look. Curls start to form at the end and he drops the chunk of hair out of his hand in fear. Growth stops once the hair reaches the middle of his back. He grabs it again with both hands and pulls some of it over his mouth to prevent himself from screaming. His hair looks like it belongs on a girl that should be modeling! He stumbles backwards in confusion, tripping over a skirt laying on the floor and falling on to his now completely feminized bed.

As he is laying there in shock, his very baggy RVCA shirt begins to shrink and tighten. As the shoulders and sleeves of the shirt are shrinking Joseph screamed in pain as his once broad shoulders began to contract inwards losing muscle mass. The shirt begins to taper from the waist down, but with the continued shrinking of his shirt, his waist begins to ache again but not with quite the same pain. His waist continues contracting, beginning to give him an hourglass shape. Joseph tries to reach for something to squeeze while his abdomen was once again seeming to attack itself, but all he manages to grab within reach is a white teddy bear.

The pain stops, giving him a second to gather his thoughts, 'What the hell is going on here? These changes make no sense!'

He tries to remain calm but from the corner of his eye notices that there is One Direction poster on his wall next to a poster of cheerleading quotes! He heads over to rip it off the wall when he once again is stricken with pain, this time in his feet. He looks down to see his white ankle cut socks change to black socks with hot pink polka dots! As he watches in fear, the pain really intensifies as he watches his size 10 feet shrink to a size 4 in women's!

"Why the fuck won't stop!" he says with his feminized voice. He shrieks again because he forgot about his vocal modification after all the changes!

Back on his feet, he sees on the puppy calendar in front of him a date circled in red. Inside the circle around this Friday says, 'Routine Debut' with like 10 exclamation marks! 'Not this routine thing again!' sighs Joseph.

Out of nowhere, a chill begins to shoot up his very baggy jeans starting from his ankles. He feels his jeans hug his thighs tighter showing the lines of where his boxers are. The scratchiness from his jeans began to subside and replacing it is a smooth soft feeling as the denim material slowly

begins to change into a smooth spandex material. He can't help but slightly giggle as the smooth material rubs against his now hairless legs. Looking down, he was no longer wearing jeans, but a pair of Victoria's Secret yoga pants with 'PINK' written around the waist band.

Feeling a tingling sensation on his face, Joseph's eye lashes start to grow and become heavily covered in mascara. His eyebrows appear to be thinner and have some form of coloring to them now, slightly arched. Although his eye color remain the same, several other massive changes happen to his face. All remnants of facial hair recedes into his face as it becomes just as smooth as the rest of the skin on his mostly hairless body.

Meanwhile, as he begins to try and leave his room again, his very baggy boxers start to run up his ass giving him a wedgie. Lace forms on the edges of his boxers as they begin to contract upwards. His poor penis is hanging out of a pink thong after this clothing transformation.

The hips are killing him and they feel almost as if they are swelling. He looks down in curiosity and to his horror, sees his hips expand. The once muscular butt begins to lose muscle mass and round out becoming the perfect bubble butt that is great for partners to squeeze. His new shape leaves him at 98lbs, quite a jump from his former weight of 160lbs as he was losing throughout the entire transformation process. He feels weak and dainty placing his hands on his hips and then feeling his newly created hot butt.

As he backs away from the mirror, he begins to feel another smooth material under his new white shirt. Little bumps form in the front of the shirt from the B-cup bra, but the cups of the white Victoria's Secret bra are still empty.

"What the fuck!?! A bra where in the world did that come from?" he says as he begins to grab the cups of his bra.

Pain strikes his body once more in his pecs! Having a bad feeling about what was about to happen next, so he closes his eyes in fear. With his eyes closed, his chiseled pec muscular chest begins to lose definition and then gain a little mass. Feeling his new breast development, he sees his new bra beginning to support the newest addition to his body, 32B-cup sized breasts!

His hands grab his new breasts. There are sensations in all parts of his body, but he's not exactly happy about any of them. Feeling his own breasts is much different from any other boobs he had touched of girls in the past. Surprisingly, there is definitely no sexual arousal because of it.

After all the changes, he can't help but to be curious as to what he looked like now. He walks back over to the mirror because he thought the changes were finished since the pain has stopped. As he looks into the mirror, he no longer saw any resemblance of Joseph, he only saw a pretty teen girl, the same that was in the photos. Pulling down his pants, he notices that he still had his manhood, which is oddly poking out of his pink thong. Although his five inch non-erect penis looks very out of place on his newly shaped body. The thought is there that maybe he is safe now and can still change back!

He walks back with a small smile on his face, but the final inevitable pain strikes him in his groin! He falls onto the bed in absolute anguish! He feels his left testicle slowly suck up inside his body. Things move around inside as his left testicle begins to transform into an ovary. His right testicle then followed sort and form in the same manner!

"OH FUCK! WHY ME!" he screams in agony.

Inside of his body, a uterus is fully developing along with fallopian tubes with his new ovaries that are made from his testicles. His penis shaft becomes much thinner and slowly regresses in size. Panicking, he goes to touch it only to find it's becoming much more sensitive. The hair

around his pubic region pulls itself back into his body, resembling a groin area that has been freshly shaved. His scrotum vanishes as the rest of his penis pulls back into his body. A vulva starts to form as the head of his penis slowly reverts itself into a small sensitive clitoris. The transformation into 'Julia' is complete and he slowly gets to his feet.

'This whole day has been absolutely crazy! I cannot believe that any of this really happened!' SHE thinks to herself. 'I mean I got called a girl, checked out by boys, and turned into a girl! This sucks!'

'Julia' looks in the mirror once again. She can't believe she had just been transformed into one of those hot cheerleader type of girls. What will the boys on the football team say? This makes no sense! Her sister Ashlee doesn't even look or act like this type. Her facial features don't even look like a female version of her former male self. Her redistributed body portions are taking some getting used to as she walks over to her closet to do a further investigation of her new life. Inside her closet, Julia finds quite the horrific scene. The closet is now packed with clothes and is much more organized than before. Going through one of the racks, she finds an extensive collection of skater dresses, skirts, formal dresses, T-shirts, and worst of all... two cheerleading uniforms!

All these changes are really messing with her and she begins to feel light-headed. She thinks that maybe this is all a dream and not only pinches her soft skin, but slaps herself in the face. After not waking up, she realizes that this is not a dream and is in fact; an impossible reality.

"Ashlee! Come here right now! It's an emergency!" screams Julia with her panicked feminized voice.

Ashlee comes through the hallway and walks into the room, "What's up, sis? Is something wrong?"

"That is what's up!" says Julia pointing to her breasts, "Why are you calling me sis!? I am Joseph, your big brother!"

"Haha Julia. You have been joking around and acting weird all day. In fact Monica, Steph, and some of your other friends told me that you didn't even remember that you have your new routine debut this Friday!"

"What routine!? I play tight end for the football team! Not cheer for the squad!"

"If you say so Julia, but I do not think all 100 or so pounds of you is going to be playing football anytime soon. The only tight end that has anything to do with you is your butt!" Ashlee says before bursting into her signature girlish giggle. "Why don't you just go to Mark's house. He always seems to know how to make you relax!" says Ashlee with a wink.

"Eww gross Ashlee. I am not gay!"

"I know that, duh! Hence why you're dating Mark."

"Ashlee, I'm serious! I don't know why I'm a girl!"

"That may be something to talk to Mom and Dad about. If you really want to be a boy, you can just shave your head and start like trying to put on a lot of muscle, but good luck with everything else. You are one of the most girly girls I know!"

"Ashlee! Really... this isn't a joke. I've always been a boy. I gave you a ride to school today like every other day and then some idiots at school kept referring to me as Julia. Then I came home and this shit happened!" Julia explains stretching her hands to showcase her new feminine domain.

“If you say so weirdo.”

In the background, they both hear the front door open and close.

“Mom and Dad are home! You can ask them if you were really Joseph silly,” she says sarcastically. “After all, Mom did give birth to you so I think she would know the gender of the baby that came from her,” she says continuing to tease Julia.

“Hey girls! How was your day?” asks their mom coming up the stairs.

“School was lame as usual,” replies Ashlee as both girls walk into the hallway.

“What do you mean ‘girls’!? I am your son Joseph! Something is wrong!” says Julia with panic.

“Oh yea forgot to tell you about Julia trying this whole prank thing that she is a tight end on the football team and some guy named Joseph,” says Ashlee with a laugh.

Julia stares at her mom like a deer in headlights and things start to make more sense. Her mom and sister swear up and down that she’s always been a girl and they aren’t the first or only ones that day. Everyone at school thought she was a girl as well and had apparently always been one. However, earlier in the day when talking to Ashlee in the car and with her friends in class... they knew she was really a boy.

Nothing was out of the ordinary until those stupid cheerleaders at lunch invited ‘him’ to sit with them. ‘Could those cheerleaders have been responsible for my transformation?’ Julia asks herself. Regardless, Julia starts to think that even if she could convince her family and friends that she was really a boy, there was little that could change her back now, especially if she now has a life as a girl.

“Ok now both you get some homework done before dinner,” commands their mother.

“Ugh!” groans Ashlee.

Julia grabs her now pink backpack and goes back into her room and tries to do her homework as instructed but just cannot focus. She decides to try to look for clues as to what happened around her new room. She starts at her dresser. It contains a box full of jewelry, a picture of Julia with her family, and a picture of her and Mark at the homecoming dance. She sees herself smiling with his arms wrapped around her waist and is wearing a short frilly pink dress with four inch silver heels.

She begins opening the drawers of her dresser. The top left drawer is full of cute socks and the drawer below it is full of about 25 bras! She blushes at the sight of so many sexy and cute bras, especially the yellow one with white polka dots and lace on top. The top right drawer is her undies and again there are a plethora of cute underwear including a matching pair to the bra.

Her hands grace the fabric of some of her bras, feeling their soft texture that will soon fill the cups of her breasts. The thought scares her a little so she walks around the room a little more, soon spotting that her iPhone now has a pink, faux-diamond case. Picking it up, she tries looking for more answers by texting a few people, the first being Mark:

*“Hey... Can you tell me something?”*

Looking through the phone, she spots Steph’s contact info and sends her a text:

*“I’m sorry if I did anything wrong! PLEASE HELP ME!”*

She looks for Jamar’s number, but sees it’s not currently in the phone. She also notices that instead of the 175 contacts she had before, she now has 637.

She doesn’t recognize a lot of the contacts, but assumes that most of them are people from school

since she now appears to be Miss Popular. She finds another cheerleader who was at the lunch table, Monica, and sends a text:

*"Hey, do you remember what happened at the last game by chance?"*

Seconds later, she receives a text back from Steph:

*"Of course :) don't be so hard on yurself! it's going to be amzing tis weeknd n we will practice when you come over tomorrow night!"*

She texts Steph back, *"Ok, but I do not know if I can do it Friday?"*

Monica texts back, *"Yay. We all watched as you were making out with Mark before the game. LOL!!!"*

Steph texts back, *"Don't say that!? Were is yur confidence!? Again, we'll practice tomorrow :)"*

Julia places the phone on her chest, depressed at the lack of clues the girls are providing. Suddenly, her phone bleeps again.

*"Hey bae, whatz up"*

*"Ugh, I'm not your bae Mark!"* Julia shouts.

She texts Mark back, *"What if I told you I used to be a boy and my penis was bigger than yours?"*

*"Umm I would saying you are crazy Julia. Haha we have known each other our entire lives so I know that you are definitely a girl. What is going on with you, bae"*

She says to herself again, *"Ugh! I am not your babe, Mark."*

Instead, she responds to his message, *"Of course we have known each other our whole lives! We played peewee football together!"*

After sending the message she browses through her past messages when a flirty text catches her eye. It says, *"Oh really I am a hand full? If you meant a hand full as in this then you are right!"* following the text is a pic of her topless with only her hands for a bra.

*"What the fuck!"* she says out loud.

*"U R Funny. I've done enough with your body to know the truth ;)"* Mark responds.

Finally Julia hears her mother call her for dinner time. She texts Mark saying that she will talk to him a little bit later. Julia heads downstairs and sees salads on the table as a starter.

*"Ugh, I hate salad!"* she thinks to herself.

*"Hey sweetie, look I made you favorite salad with mandarines and ginger sesame dressing!"* says her mom.

*"I thought we were supposed to have Sloppy Joes and French Fries tonight!"* says Julia.

*"Yeah right, when have we ever had those?"* says Ashlee sneaking into the room.

*"Are you sure you are okay princess?"* asks her dad.

*"Ugh not you too Dad! I am your slugger remember!? Teaching me how to play baseball and football?"* says Julia.

*"Yea I wish Julia! I always tried to treat you like my son when you were young, but all you were interested in was dance and gymnastics so you could be a cheerleader! You would not even get near softball like I hoped,"* says her father with slight sadness.

Julia quietly tries some of her salad and looks down. All of her efforts are useless at trying to

convince someone, anyone, to believe that she used to be a boy. It seems all evidence had been erased and replaced with memories of a spoiled princess.

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The thoughts of how to escape continue throughout the night as she lies in bed, clutching a pillow tight. She had changed into a pair of shorts that were flannel and somewhat resembled boy shorts and a baggier shirt without wearing a bra. It took about five minutes to remove her bra after learning how to properly unhook it.

Finally, after thinking about what happened today for an hour or so, she finally doses off.

The next morning she wakes up to the sound of a fist pounding on her door.

“Julia, I told you three times already, time to get up for school!” yells her mother.

“I’m up!” Julia announces, still very disappointed that she is still a girl.

She makes her way to the bathroom and lifts up the seat to go to the bathroom when she remembers that she must now sit whenever using the bathroom. As she undresses, she is still blown away by her figure. After wiping her vagina, she hops into the shower and begins to think about the day ahead of her.

Her Axe body wash and cheap shampoo had been replaced by a collection of floral and fruit scented soaps along with four different shampoos. Washing her breasts isn’t as fun as she was expecting and she doesn’t even want to explore touching her vagina just yet. She dries herself off, declining to blow dry her hair and goes back into her bedroom since Ashlee was banging on the door to use the bathroom.

In her drawer, she finds a simple black pair of boyshort panties and a plain bra. She first tries putting her arms through the bands and latching it from the back before trying to make it easier by looking in the mirror.

She goes to the drawer full of jeans trying to find the baggiest pair but no matter which ones she puts on her butt pokes out in all of them. She gives up and tries to find just a regular T-shirt but the simplest thing she can find is a regular T-shirt with the cheerleading team’s name on it. She tries her hardest not to look feminine, but with a body like hers it proves to be impossible.

“Geez, why do I have to have such a perfect body! This sucks I just want to be a guy again, not some sexy cheerleader!” she says in frustration.

Julia doesn’t bother putting on any makeup, especially since she doesn’t know how. She brushes her hair straight with one of five brushes on the vanity table unsure on why she has so many. It doesn’t look perfect. It looks somewhat messy due to some random curls, but is functional. She thinks her hair today looks a little like if Lorde was a preppy cheerleader.

Going outside with Ashlee, she sees she now drives a VW Bug that’s yellow. She sighs once more at the embarrassment of now living life as a girl.

She buckles up, but is slightly uncomfortable with the new feeling of a seatbelt with breasts. She drives off to school but on the way notices that at every red light the guys in the cars next to them keep on honking their horns and cat calling to her through the window.

“Ugh, what pigs!” says Ashlee.

“If I was still strong like I was, I would totally beat their asses!” says Julia trying to sound threatening.

“Still strong? When have you ever?” Ashlee says laughing.

The lack of masculinity reminder makes Julia feel a little depressed, but at the same time is inspiration to stop with the negative comments until other clues arise about the reason for her transformation.

With that she drives to school without another word. Once she pulls into the parking spot, Ashlee rushes out and waves 'bye'.

"Have a good day at school 'Joseph'!" giggled Ashlee sarcastically.

She heads down the hallway for first period when an arm grabbed her shoulder and turned her around. "Who the fuck..."

"Woah, it's just me!" says Mark interrupting Julia.

"Oh HEY..." Julia says nervously with a fake smile.

Mark leans in for a kiss as Julia blocks it by backing up, "Um, how about just a hug? I... forgot to brush my teeth this morning."

"Haha. Very funny, like I care," he says as he leans in to try to kiss her again.

"No, Mark! Geez!" says Julia while storming off to her first period class.

She sits down in first period and overall class went like it always does just with one main difference, the fact that she could see like all the guys staring at her or whispering about her.

Despite being constantly reminded by her new body, she heads to second period Accounting without a hitch. In Accounting with Mr. Kilmar, she sits next to Steph but tries to ignore her. Steph keeps on talking about the routine and how she is excited for getting together tonight. Finally, second period ends and it is off to lunch. Julia was about to head there alone hoping to eat with the boys, when she hears Steph's voice.

"Hey Julia wait up, we can head to lunch together!" she says with a smile.

"Sure..." says Julia.

Walking to lunch, Julia thinks that maybe if she's invited to sit with a bunch of guys, she'll change back, although it seems unlikely. Mark sees her at lunch time but just winks at her. After standing in line for food, Julia sits down with her other cheerleader friends just as she did the day before.

"This lunch is disgusting!" says Monica.

"Always is..." says Julia.

"They should totally let us leave for lunch and go to like Panera or something. I mean we are seniors..." says Steph.

"Yeah totes! We could ride in Julia's cute Bug!" says Monica.

"I wish my dad would buy me a car like that," says Steph with jealousy.

"My dad keeps on calling me his princess, I hate it!" says Julia.

"Why? He like spoils you rotten Julia! He always gives you money to buy all the cutest bras and stuff from Victoria's Secret and you get the hottest clothes!" says Steph.

"Because I don't want to be pampered now that I am no longer my old self!"

"Yea, haha Julia! You have always been nice and dainty! The biggest part of your body is probably your ass," giggles Monica.

Julia smirks, "Just out of curiosity, did anyone notice anything a little strange with me at lunch



yesterday? You know, right before lunch began?”

“No,” the girls say in unison.

“And you all have never been angry with me or wanted any type of revenge?”

“Why would we do that? We aren’t like bitches or anything,” says Carly.

Steph looks at Julia, “I mean, you seemed a little out of the loop when it came to the stuff about cheerleading, but other than that you came to the table just like everyday.”

Julia thinks to herself, ‘I must have started changing as soon as I started walking over here! Stupid me! Wait, this isn’t my fault! My entire existence shouldn’t have been changed just because of that stupid mistake. Ugh, how can I change back! More importantly, what caused this to happen in the first place!’

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After lunch, she heads to third period knowing she will probably be called out by Mrs. Black as usual for not paying attention. Although she catches Alex is staring at her again, something else happens that’s a bit unusual. Julia starts to raise her hand voluntarily throughout class to answer discussion questions; something she never did in the past. Before the transformation, ‘Joseph’ had a generally good knowledge of somethings in the class but never once voluntarily participated.

She finds herself smiling when Mrs. Black compliments her for correct answers. These were some of the first smiles she has had since the transformation, which makes Julia not only happier, but also somewhat smarter since she is remembering more of the class material.

The bell rings and it is finally off to German class. She sits in her normal chair as Alyssa goes on about how cute she thinks her own outfit is today. Alyssa is wearing a brand new pink tissue thin sweater with a floral scarf. Her dark brown riding boots go very well with her tight dark denim jeans. Julia smiles and says how much she loves the boots and how she may wear them to school tomorrow. The words seem to come out of nowhere as Julia catches herself and then tries changing the conversation once Alyssa starts talking about where she bought her scarf.

Alyssa goes on to explain that her boyfriend and her are fighting so she keeps on telling Julia how lucky she is to have someone so nice and dreamy! Julia just nods her head and goes along with it. Nodding her head randomly brings back thoughts of her kissing Mark on the dock by the lake during summer, which was the perfect location for their first kiss. She remembers Mark putting his warm hand on her thigh while she was wearing very short white denim bottoms and a red tank top that gave Mark a very nice view of cleavage.

Another memory flashes of Mark and herself in her bedroom cuddled next to each other before she ran her hand down his chest to his waist. She remembers what it felt like to play with his belt buckle while kissing him and what happened afterwards.

The rest of the class rotates between writing down notes and flash floods of memories coming to Julia. At the end, she says goodbye to Alyssa and goes to her car to ride home with Ashlee.

She turns on her favorite Top-40 station and after waiting a few minutes, she sees Ashlee skipping her way to the car.

Ashlee opens the door, “Hey! How was your day?”

“Different...” responds Julia.

“Yeah mine too, I actually scored a few runs during softball in gym class!”

“That’s cool.”

“Everyone complimented me and said I should definitely try out for the school team if I keep it up!”

When they arrive home Julia goes up to her room and is not surprised that it is still the same as when she woke up in the morning. She places her bag on a chair and jumps on her bed with her iPhone. Laying on her stomach, she crosses her feet in the air and checks her messages, seeing one from Steph that was sent about two minutes ago:

*“Heyyy, be sure to bring yur practice clothes with u tonight :)”*

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“And here we go, five, six, seven, eight...” Steph announces standing next to Julia in position with their hands at their sides and feet together inside of Steph’s equally girly bedroom.

Because it is the fifth time doing the same dance routine that night, Julia was feeling more confident with being able to execute it. She is wearing black yoga shorts with a G-string and pink sports bra with her hair in a side ponytail. Steph is wearing the same shorts but with a blue band around the waist and a white sports bra. Julia can see some of Steph’s nipples poking out from her tight bra.

After doing part of the routine, Steph announces, “MUCH BETTER! Oh my god! People are going to love this, you are doing some much better!”

Julia smiles and reaches for a water bottle, “Thanks, I guess it just took a little refresher.”

As she took a sip from her water bottle she got flooded with a bunch of memories of learning cheerleader camp as a girl and middle school. They decide to take a short break to stretch again and while she is stretching again, a bunch of memories flooded back to her in her mind. They are memories of Mark and her together; using her “flexibility” to excite him.

“Ok you ready for another go?” asks Steph.

Julia nods her head in agreement and they run through the routine a couple more times. Each time Julia does the routine it gets even better.

“Julia, that was perfect!”

“Thanks girl! You are great yourself.”

Steph picks up her cell phone to upload a selfie to Instagram. Cuddling up next to Julia, she puts her arm around her. Julia automatically makes a duck face and tilts her head to the side while having a hand on her hip.

“What filter should I choose?” asks Steph.

“Mayfair!” replies Julia enthusiastically.

Julia adjusts her breasts in her sports bra before practicing her splits again on the floor. “I think it’s coming back...” Julia says.

“Yeah, I think you just needed something to jog your memory!” replies Steph. “So what is going on with you and Mark? I heard that you two had a fight today at school!”

Julia smiles, “Well, I texted him after school apologizing. So I am pretty excited to see him again. Plus, he says he might have the house to himself Friday night!”

“Oh, that’s really cool!” says Steph.

“You know like, I’m in a much better mood than before,” Julia says while putting her sweaty

arms around Steph, pulling her in for a hug, their breasts touching from the movement.

“Yeah, I can tell! You are totally going to kill it on Friday!” says Steph.

“Thanks girl, but I could not have done it without my bestie’s help!” responds Julia.

“No problem! Did you want to go over anything else?”

“OH! I just had an idea, how about to end the routine, we have three of us do something like this!” Julia gets on the floor spreading her legs as far as possible while bending down and placing her head through her legs, then leans herself up so that all of her body weight is pressed onto her left leg while keeping immaculate balance.

Steph opens her mouth wide, “Oh my god! That’s not normal!”

### **Notes from the Authors**

We hope you enjoyed the story! To help with inspiration for the story, we create a Pinterest board for each story. The board may contain spoilers, so we recommend that you check it out either after you are finished or during a second read. You can find the board at:

<http://www.pinterest.com/courtneycaptisa/not-normal/>

Please check out our other titles:

**Not Another TG Story:** Dylan is your average teenage boy. Slightly overweight, lazy, plays video games, and dresses up in his sister's clothes! His little hobby soon gets him in trouble however and leads him into a path of femininity.

Under the cruel guidance of his loving sister and newly found boyfriend Nick, Dylan begrudgingly makes his transformation, which takes place over his entire senior year, including prom and senior week.

His transition into the female world doesn't go exactly smoothly however. Embarrassing trips to the mall, fighting off kisses from boys, and dancing like a sissy at cheer practice are just some of his tribulations.

Note: This is NOT a parody story, but is more of a homage to great TG Fiction the authors have read over the years. Contains cheerleaders, siblings, and prom scenes!

18+ readers only. Contains a few adult situation themes with consenting, legal adults.

Transformation Methods: Hormones, Makeup, Salon, Shopping, Implants, Surgery, Magic?

**Pageant or Prison?:** Warning: NO sexual situation, but some mentioning by teenagers.

To Anthony's dismay, the only thing available to complete his court-appointed community service in time is helping out at the Miss Heartland County Pageant. Although being around pretty girls all day seems like every boy's dream, it turns into a nightmare as he is forced to "help" at the pageant in more ways than one.

Themes: Teen, Beauty Pageant, Forced Feminization, Blackmail, Pageant Dress, Bikini, Crossdressing, Hormones, Surgery, Breasts, Friend, Makeup, Hair.

If you would like to contact us, please e-mail at [inyourdreamspublishing@gmail.com](mailto:inyourdreamspublishing@gmail.com). We love to hear from our readers!