

Alien Space Babies (Man to Hot Alien Woman)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

A Sequel to Alien Space Babe

Ten years after the end of the original story, Serellis and Derek have to deal with their half-alien son's troublemaking at school. But when they decide to have dinner night with his most frustrated teacher, it becomes hard to keep the charade of normality up, thanks to a celestial event that keeps dropping their human disguises.

Alien Space Babies

Serellis went over her checklist with Derek.

"Dress?" she asked him, checking over her lovely purple garment, the one that looked deeply impressive on her curvaceous form.

"Check," he said, adjusting the cuffs of his own fine long sleeve button shirt.

"Makeup?"

"Check, and looking pretty too."

She smirked, wanting to kiss him on the cheek but not wanting to leave a mark.

"Jewellery?"

"Sparkling and complimenting you gorgeously, my love."

"Awww," she said, kissing him on the cheek anyway. She handed him a tissue chuckling as he was forced to get rid of the kiss mark, then quickly reapplying her red lipstick professionally on the spot.

"House all tidy? Everything in order? No three-cup bras or denim shorts with a hole for my tail present?"

"Check, check, and check!"

"And kids upstairs, making themselves all professional as well?"

Derek stuck his head up the stairs and yelled out. "Callis! Amari! Are you getting dressed up? Tell me you're getting dressed up!"

Their voices echoed down the stairs from their respective rooms.

"Of course, Dad!" Amari called out her voice pleasant and pleasing.

"Ugh, of course, Dad!" Callis also called out, his voice anything but pleasant, and rather snotty as well.

Derek shrugged with amusement. "Call that a check," he said.

"Thank the stars! And lamb roast cooking in the oven?"

"The one you just checked only five minutes ago? Yeah, I'd call that a check, honey."

Serellis breathed a sigh of relief, her impressive chest rising and falling rather tantalisingly on her chest. She embraced her husband, pressing herself against him.

“I know, this is a different look for me, but I want everything to just be *right* when Miss Trainor comes over. I don’t want our home to become an embarrassment or to give the wrong impression.”

“That is such an amusingly mom-like thing of you to do, you know?”

“Ugh, don’t say that! Stars, you’re right. Somewhere along the way I ended up becoming a total *mom!*”

Derek reached out and grabbed her by the waist, spinning her into his arms. He stared into her three eyes - the two regular ones, and the one in the centre of her forehead that liked to perv on him by looking literally through walls.

“Don’t say that, you’ve also become a very, very hot mom too. I love these curves, and I know you do too.”

She giggled, shifting her impressive buttocks against him and letting her tail slide between his legs. Derek chuckled as he held her. He wasn’t exactly an enormous athletic man, but since becoming a father ten years ago he’d started putting more effort into training his body, and it had been Serellis who had been the one to actually put together his workout regime and charge him with keeping to it. The results were rather pleasing to him and her alike, and so she loved the feeling of his muscles enveloping her. She wrapped her tail around him, its thick green length squeezing him in a second hug that made their embrace possess layers not unlike an onion. In fact, it was starting to make her horny, and her three breasts flushed with the warmth of desire. She could tell he was into her at that moment as well, because her antennae were very good at reading the heat in his system, his hormonal balance, and just exactly where that blood was flowing, too.

“Mhmm,” she teased, rubbing her tail against his butt. “Someone’s happy tonight?”

“Well, there is that big comet coming through tonight I can’t wait to get some peeks at. Besides, I’m always happy with my hot alien space babe.”

It was his favourite phrase for her, and one that reminded them of the crazy adventure they’d experience over ten years ago. Back then, Serellis hadn’t been a woman, or an alien. She had been a man named Chad, a college linebacker in his early twenties with a future in sports ahead of him. He’d also been a total jock bully who’d been infuriated to end up with Derek Mayes as his college roommate after his Dad forced the issue due to him nearly being expelled. Chad had decided to make Derek’s life hell, but that plan quickly went awry when he touched a device supposedly from a UFO that Derek had found the wreckage of way down south. What followed was a wild ride of a road trip as Chad’s body slowly transformed into a female alien, complete with a programmed desire to find a mate, one that took them all the way to New Mexico. The enormous alpha male became a sensual and

voluptuous alien woman, with green skin, three eyes, three very large E-cup breasts, wide hips, a prehensile tail complete with a little 'grabber' claw at the end, as she called it, and other changes including antennae and three fingered hands and the like.

Despite her freaky changes, the transformation also extended to her mind, making her identify as female, and even taking on a new name from her 'adopted' alien species: Serellis. The entire time, Derek aided her, risking life and limb to stay ahead of the Agency that hunted them. It was an act of bravery on his part, and soon their shared bickering turned into something more; Serellis began to see this kind, brave, and quick-witted nerdy man as her mate. When they were captured by the Agency, it was her new love for him that allowed her to develop the talents to escape and rescue him in turn, and when they finally came face to face with the UFO and she was nearly taken along with it, it was their connection that quite literally brought her back down to earth.

Now, the pair of them lived in a small city with a gorgeous lake and beautiful forest walks, their own home nestled partway up a forested mountain in order to preserve their secrecy. Derek had become a successful podcaster and novelist, focusing on cases and myths and urban legends connected to cryptids and aliens. Serellis worked as a sports commentator and columnist, still loving her old football past even if she couldn't return to it. The Agency kept tabs on them, but for a while they knew peace . . .

. . . until Serellis fell unexpectedly pregnant shortly thereafter, her three boobs getting even larger along with her belly in the following months. She gave birth to Callis not long after, and then two years later to Amari. Both births were done privately with Agency personnel, and both children looked like her, albeit not quite as . . . alien. Still, they both had tails, and green skin, and even three nipples. Thankfully, there were no three-fingered hands or three eyes, which made things a little simpler. Just a little though; try raising two children into human normalcy when they're both half-alien, right? Particularly since it didn't take long for them to realise they could walk and crawl on the walls and ceiling, or occasionally go invisible, or even read thoughts and see through walls when necessary. Not to mention that they were starting to develop antennae slowly and surely, though it was easily disguised in their hair. Somehow, they as a family had managed it, and didn't even pull out their own hair in the process. They'd even managed to keep up their frankly rather libidinous activities with one another, when there was time to spare.

But as the children had grown, certain distinct personalities had become more clear. Amari was just like her father; a sweet little academic in training. She was only eight years old, but it was very clear that she loved all things space and technology, as well as being eternally and abundantly curious about the nature of, well, *nature!* She was still a total girl, enjoying making her dolls get along - alien and human ones - and she was fascinated by her alien abilities, always trying to do interesting things with them. But she was polite and

respectful as a general rule, only getting up to mischief when her brother was involved, or getting confrontational and obstinate when believing her way was Right and Correct. These were issues that were, so far, pretty easy to navigate, even if she went invisible too often.

Callis, on the other three-fingered hand, was a bit trickier. He had inherited his mother's aggressive instinct, her desire to win at all cost (the bane of board game nights and days when an important game was on), and just like Serellis prior to becoming her alien female self, Callis was determined to become a football star one day, a dream that worried the parents greatly. Like a typical boy, he got into all kinds of messes and explorations, but his abilities to cling to walls and vertical surfaces made him a total terror to catch and punish. He was a good boy, but struggled to pay attention in class, and now that he was in elementary school it had caused a number of issues with teachers, some of whom seemed to be suspecting that something about him was a little . . . off. Namely, brief flashes where - for just a moment - his ability to mask his true form had failed him, despite so much training from his mom. Or, Serellis suspected, because he was doing it *deliberately* to freak them out and play pranks on them. It was only a good thing that he couldn't turn invisible yet, and that his telepathy was far less developed than his younger sister, much to his annoyance.

It was that behaviour that had led to this night. Callis and Amari both shared Miss Emily Trainor as a core teacher. She was Callis' tutor and maths teacher, and Amari's science teacher. Amari was most certainly her favourite, but much as the woman tried with Callis, he continued to misbehave. It was certainly worrying Serellis and Derek, especially given the risk involved, but they simply *had* to host Miss Trainor and sort these issues out, and let them see the better side of Callis so they could reconnect.

They could only hope it wouldn't be a total disaster.

Serellis wasn't too worried about that at the moment though, not with her husband wrapping her up.

A shame we've got their teacher coming over for dinner, right?" Derek said.

"And that the kids are awake."

"Being like this is what *got* us kids, I suppose."

She snorted. "Got *me* with a kid, remember? Don't forget that this former linebacker had to carry those hard plays!"

"You could always get back into sports again?"

She rolled her eyes - all three of them. "Please, I'd be the world's best athlete and you know it. And then everyone would very quickly discover that Serellis Mayes was actually a green-skinned alien lady walking among them."

"Hmm, that would put a damper on tonight's lamb roast. And the whole comet thing."

"I better go check it," she said, even though her antennae were informing her that the heat in the oven had not altered and that the dish was still on track. She moved away from Derek, only for him to cough loudly as her tail slid across his cheek.

"What?" she asked.

"Um, don't you think there might be one last item on your checklist, honey?"

She furrowed her brow. Technically, her mind was capable of engaging in telepathy, but she didn't do that too often out of fear of making it a habit.

"What am I missing?" she asked, planting her green hands on her hips.

"Well, how can I put this delicately? You know that I love your body, right? But perhaps you might want to cover up a little more."

"Excuse me!? Dude, I can show off my body however I - oh."

He grinned. "Oh, indeed."

The alien woman realised that she looked like just that - an alien. "Oopsie. Hang on a tick."

She focused one of her favourite - and most necessary - alien abilities, and temporarily morphed her body. She still had her default form nagging her to return to it - or at least it would be nagging soon - but for now she simply looked like a dark brown-haired beauty of the very human variety, no antennae or tail in sight.

"Aww, I really miss my tail," she said, wiping her hand across the empty air where it had been.

"So do I, but I think it might give notions to Miss Trainor that the little alien in her classroom is far more literal than metaphorical."

"Good point," she said, extracting herself to check the oven frantically one more time. The lamb smelled delicious, and that was coming from a woman whose olfactory sense was at least twice as good as a regular humans, if not more if one counted how her antennae could 'taste' the air around her. "Okay kids," she called out, "it's time to come downstairs! Miss Trainor could arrive any moment now!"

"Sure mom!" Amari called, dutiful as ever and appearing moments later.

"Ugh, *fine* mom!" Callis called, making a show of stomping his feet as he descended the stairs, as if he were suffering the worst of all possible fates. The two children presented themselves, and the cause of Callis' annoyance was clear; he had been made to wear a smart looking button shirt and pants that was far more formal than the shirts he preferred to sport. His tail - not as long relative to his body as Serellis' five feet monstrosity was, though still pretty large - stuck out over the band of his slacks, and his green skin was obvious, though he had inherited some cute freckles from Derek. His hair was black like his father's, but that frustrated pout was all Serellis.

Amari, on the other hand, stood there sweetly with her hands behind her back. She had a lighter skin tone than Callis, albeit still green in colouring, and she was beaming from ear to ear, tail happily curling around her legs. She was wearing an adorable pastel pink dress, complete with a little matching bow in her wavy brunette hair.

"I'm all ready, Mom!" she announced. "I just have to put on my disguise. Wanna see how quickly I can do it now? I can do it really, really quickly!"

"Not as quickly as me!" Callis announced. "And I can turn back quicker, too! In a blink and back!"

"That's what I'm afraid of," Serellis said, feeling the mischievousness echo in his mind thanks to her telepathic ability. "Why don't you both just wait until the door knocks, just so you don't tire yourselves out. Remember, we need to be on our best behaviour tonight."

Callis groaned. "But Miss Trainor is a really big meanie! I swear she is, Mom!"

"Now, I know you think that," Serellis said, getting down on one knee to hug her son. It was his weakness, after all; even at ten years of age he loved his big momma hugs. "But trust me, Callis, she only wants what's best for you."

"She says I'm always a distraction."

"She just means in class, buddy," Derek added.

"Nuh uh, he's always stopping me from reading my books as well!" Amari piped in unnecessarily. Serellis shot her a look, and she piped down. Her antennae were telling her that for all his frustration and bravado, Callis was feeling quite anxious at that moment, perhaps even scared in his nervousness.

"Honey," she continued, "we're doing this so she can see a better side of you, the real you that we all know."

He frowned. "You mean my alienness? The fact that I'm a total freak?"

"You're not a freak, honey. You're special. You're wonderful. We all are. It's just . . . the world isn't ready for us just yet. Perhaps some day. For now though, I know you can show Miss Trainor that, deep down, you are an ordinary, wonderful individual with a whole lot to offer. You can show her that she had nothing at all to worry about, and that-"

Serellis' antennae suddenly twitched. She focused her third eye on the western wall, and looked through it with her x-ray vision. A car was driving up towards the house, and the alert she received on her phone informed her that it was coming. It was important to be prepared; her husband also got the alert, as did her children on the little pagers they'd given them. Suddenly, it was game time.

Serellis clapped her hands together. "Alright everyone, it's time to get a move on! Into your human forms now, just like we practised!"

"Mom, we do that every day," Amari correctly, perhaps just a little condescendingly.

“But not often *here*, honey,” Serellis said. “This is an important test. Here is where your body feels most comfortable being its native self. But tonight, that changes, just for a couple of hours. You’ll need to hold onto your disguise form even though this place is where your body can relax. Trust me, I know, it can be difficult.”

“Nope, super easy!” Callis declared. He’d already changed to look like a regular dark-haired boy with a cheeky grin and rounded cheeks that only added to that impression.

“That’s not fair!” Amari said. “It was meant to be a race to see who could win!”

“It was, and I won,” he declared, jabbing his chest with his thumb.

It was then that Serellis and Derek noticed.

“Um, Callis?” Derek said.

“Yeah?”

“Your hands.”

He looked down, realising they were still green. “Oh, whoops! Sorry!”

“Just don’t make that mistake when she arrives, dear,” Serellis said. Her heart pounded, a little nervous, but soon both of her treasures looked like normal human children. “And remember the promise. If you behave yourselves well, you can stay up late and watch the comet with us!”

They beamed at that, Amari for the scientific brilliance of it, Callis for the possibility of seeing something *cool*. But it was conditional on them remaining in their human forms during the visit. Sure, being such wasn’t as exciting or *them* as their half-alien selves (technically quarter-alien, given her own half-alien status), but their disguises still carried their personalities with them. She used her x-ray vision again and noted that Miss Trainor had just parked her car and was walking up to the front door. Taking several deep breaths, she ensured that her own human disguise was perfect. She wiped some imagined dust off of her lovely purple dress, checked again that it wasn’t too showy with her impressive bust, and then strode towards the door.

“Okay, you can do this. We all can,” she said. “We’re all just one big, normal family!”

She flung the door open, easily able to see the woman on the other side of it thanks to her special vision, and even threw in a minor bit of telepathy to check what mood the woman was in.

Only to be hit by a totally unexpected tone: utter *sourness*. It was a powerful note, like a resounding horn that reverberated through Serellis’ mind and almost made her drop her transformed disguise. She struggled for words for a moment in the wake of that sour ripple. Miss Trainor was an older woman, perhaps in her late fifties, with shorter greying hair and spectacles that appeared perfect for glancing down her nose at people. Her eyes were cold blue, and her dress prim and proper, but black as if she were attending a funeral.

“Uh . . . good evening, Miss Trainor!” Serellis exclaimed, managing to recover a little. “I’m Serellis Mayes. We’ve met a few times in person and, well, talked over the phone more than once, I’m sure.”

Miss Trainor extended hand for a curt shake. Serellis took it, adjusting to having five fingers in this form; she had long-since gotten used to three in her alien form, to the point where it was often strange to go back to the five she had been born with.

“You may call me Samantha,” she said. “Thank you for the invitation, Miss Mayes.”

“Please, call me Serellis.”

The woman nodded as she entered at Serellis’ direction. She gazed around the house curiously, almost as if she were sniffing something out, or judging the mess that kids had left around the living room floor. Serellis blushed purple a little at the realisation that she should have got them to clean up more of their things, and then again when she hit the epiphany that she *had*, and they must have caused more havoc in the brief time they’d come downstairs and she’d answered the door. She switched on her telepathy, and noted that Amari had gone invisible, while Callis was hiding on the *freaking ceiling*, just out of sight.

“Good Lord, Miss Mayes!” Samantha Trainor suddenly said. “Your cheeks are purple!”

Serellis clamped her hands on her cheeks and focused on making the blush red.

“Oh, sorry, I have a - er - medical condition. I lack a bit of, um, iron. See? All better - well, look at that! It’s my husband. Samantha Trainor, meet Derek Mayes, my other half.”

She shot Derek a look of alarm that said *‘The kids! Distract her while I get them off the ceiling, please!’*

Well, she *also* communicated it telepathically, but she got the distinct sense that he knew what she was thinking even before she thought it *at* him. He gestured for Samantha to step forward into the kitchen, even placing a hand on her back a little to force her unexpectedly along.

“Well, that’s just wonderful to meet you, Miss Trainor! I’ve heard such wonderful things about you from Amari!”

“Hmm, I imagine so, she is a star pupil, and does well in my classes. Of course, your boy on the other hand-”

“Yes, tell me, tell me all of it while we go look at the rest of the house. Best give you the tour and show you where the bathroom is! And to show you where the turkey is cooking. I mean, lamb!”

Serellis used that distraction to enter the living room and hiss out loud, too furious to maintain her telepathy.

“Hey! Hey!” she ‘whisper yelled’, *“what in the stars are you two doing? I asked you to be on the best behaviour and you’re already going all alien on me!”*

"It's not our fault!" Amari whisper-yelled from the corner, still invisible. *"We lost our disguises?"*

"You what?"

"It's true Mom, we started turning back!" Callis called from the ceiling, and it was then that she saw that his human form was almost entirely gone. His skin was green, and his tail was grabbing onto one of the rafters, part of their 'chic mountain lodge' aesthetic.

Serellis blinked. *"What? How can that be?"*

"We don't know!" Amari continued. *"I was just telling Callis not to make a mess and then suddenly this . . . this signal came from the sky and we lost all focus! Mom, it's happening to you right now!"*

Serellis looked down and gasped. The skin on her arms was turning green, just as her tail was beginning to slide out from above her backside. The sensation of relief was immeasurable, almost *heightened* due to whatever signal was causing this. Her antennae began to likewise extend, immediately latching onto the signal. Her kids didn't have antennae, so she was able to realise where it was coming from almost immediately; far, far above the sky, over Earth's orbit.

Her eyes went wide. All *three* of them.

"By the stars," she said, moving swiftly, tail causing her purple dress to swish about. She flung open the curtain and saw the faint traces of a beautiful comet in the distance, at least with her enhanced vision. Humans wouldn't be able to see it yet, but she could. And whatever the comet was made of, this celestial event was making it hard to cling to their disguises.

"Oh, shit," she said. "We need to get Miss Trainor out of here."

"But Mom, you said this is the last chance for her to change her mind about me!"

"I know what I said, but-"

The oven timer went off, and Derek's voice boomed down the hallway.

"Honey! Lamb is ready!"

She cringed, trying to send a telepathic message to him. Only . . . it wouldn't send. Nothing would. She cursed mentally - the only place her telepathic voice could go - with the realisation that the comet was blocking her telepathy now, too.

"I'll - can you get it, darling!"

"Sure, I'll just send the lovely Samantha here your way!"

"No, don't do that!" she hissed under her breath.

Almost immediately, Trainor's footsteps began to head back into the living room, her voice chirping away to Derek.

“Yes, yes, I understand that, Mr Mayes, but the kind of freedom available here is exactly the opposite of what Callis needs. He needs structure. He needs discipline. He needs to change.

“Mom, I can’t change back!” he hissed at her. *“I can do my face but not my arms and legs! And my tail is out.”*

“You can do it, both of you can!”

“He needs to act like a human being,” Trainor’s voice echoed, even closer.

“Well,” Derek said, moving away from her. “Sometimes kids will be kids, you know?”

The woman harrumphed. “So long as they don’t turn out to be little green gremlins, of course. But I swear, that boy of yours spends half his time bouncing off the walls and is steadily making his way to the ceiling!”

Callis began to slip, his tail helping him cling on. He was focusing intently, trying to restore his human form. Amari was getting closer, losing the invisibility and quickly becoming human. But Serellis was too busy cheering them on that she didn’t even think of herself.

“Mom!” Callis said. *“What about yourself!”*

With a sudden ‘eep!’ Serellis realised she couldn’t turn back to human form in time. Trainor rounded the corner, entering into the living space, and for just a moment she might have caught a brief flicker.

And then Serellis was invisible, tiptoeing backwards to the stairs to focus on her changes and hoping against hope that her children weren’t going to give themselves away.

“Hmm,” Trainor said. Serellis watched her with her X-ray vision. “Where is your mother, Amari? And are you okay, you look a little green?”

Amari clasped her hands behind her back. “I was just . . . doing cartwheels. For dance, Miss.”

“I see. And where is that troublesome brother of yours I’m here to discuss?”

Like a comedic moment from a family film, it was at that very point that Callis fell from the ceiling, landing on a pile of toys and scattering them everywhere. Trainor turned, yelping in shock, and it was only that which gave Serellis’ son time to tuck his tail away - the rest of him looked normal, but his prehensile tail just wasn’t going away.

“There you are!” Trainor snapped, “causing havoc once more, are we?”

“No, Miss! I was just - I mean, I was climbing the walls and-”

“Just the behaviour I’m here to discuss, young man. Amari, would you mind fetching your mother for me, wherever she had dallied off to?”

An alarmed Amari ran back to Serellis, who was now visible and focusing on sliding her tail back in. The comet’s effects were making it damn hard, and Derek was still happily singing in the kitchen as he piled up the plates. Trainor was whispering something to Callis,

but Serellis could only hear portions of it. She raced around the corner, Amari in tow, and coughed lightly.

“Very sorry, I had to, um, change my dress.”

Trainor frowned. “It’s the same one as before.”

“Oh, I’ve got doubles of everything.”

It wasn’t even a lie. Serellis had her ‘human clothing’ and her ‘real me clothing.’ It was important that a cut top and bra could accommodate a three-breasted chest, after all, and that was to say nothing of space for a rather thick tail.

Samantha Trainor just adjusted her glasses. “Dear, you look a bit green in the gills as well. What have you been feeding your children? There isn’t something going around, is there?”

Derek entered, ready to notify them that dinner was ready.

“N-no, just that pesky medical condition!” Serellis said loudly. “I swear, that comet in the sky really feels like an issue right now! Almost like it’s making me feel a bit *green*.”

Derek’s eyes widened. Serellis fought the urge to open her third one. But Trainor just clasped her hands together.

“Well, let’s have this dinner then and we can all be a bit more hearty. Where shall I be served?”

Derek directed her to the living room table, setting her and the rest of them a plate.

“Um, just a quick family discussion before we begin,” he told his children’s teacher. “Sorry about this!”

“Well, I never!”

He ducked away from her wrath and into the hallway where the three part-alien family members were managing to get themselves looking as human as possible - except all three now couldn’t retract their tails and Callis was having to wear gloves over his hands, which had turned green but at least had all their digits.

“Okay, what’s going on?” he said.

“It’s your freaking comet, honey!” Serellis said in an exasperated voice. “Whatever it is, it’s making it hard for us to ‘present ourselves’ properly. We need to reschedule!”

“I’m waiting!” came Trainor’s voice, and demanding in tone at that.

“Are you sure?” Derek asked. “It’s just that, if things go poorly, Callis might be-”

“I can do it,” Callis said, looking up at them with an impressive determination. “I can stay in human form. If Amari can do it, then I can.”

Serellis placed her hand on his shoulder. “Honey, you’ve always had a little more trouble with transforming and keeping human form. It’s okay, we can’t risk it-”

“No!” he said, loud enough that Trainor might have heard if she wasn’t busy harrumphing and scoffing and probably making angry little notes for later down the line at

parent-teacher night. "I *can* do it. Make Amari go upstairs and pretend to be tired or something Mom, but I *can* do this. I can prove her wrong, and show you that she's wrong about me. I know I can be really full of energy and I don't always do things right and I use my powers too often and everything, but I *can* do this. Please let me do this."

Derek and Serellis looked at one another. She was having to focus to keep her form together but even then the tail was out. Derek gave her a shrug that seemed to say 'what else can we do but trust him?'

"Fine," she said. "Amari, you go-"

"No, I can stay. My powers are better than-"

"Fine, you can stay, but no comparing powers. You help your brother, and neither of you get into spats, alright?"

The two children agreed. Serellis brushed their hair, covering up their antennae, and she did the same for her own - they were too difficult to retract.

"We eat this dinner fast and get this woman out of here, and most of all *make a good impression, okay?*"

They agreed, and as one they entered back into the dining space.

"I'm beginning to see where Callis gets his manners from," Trainor mused, narrowing her eyes behind her glasses. "And his manners."

Serellis resisted the urge to use her super strength to throw the women out of the window and off the balcony. Instead, she forced a far-too sweet smile.

"Sorry, we were dealing with a *personal* issue we didn't want to burden you with. Let's eat, shall we?"

They each took their seats and were about to begin when Miss Trainor coughed quite obviously. "Aren't you going to say grace?"

Derek had to pat his wife's thigh under the table, then gently touch her tail and ensure it didn't reach out to snap the woman. Instead, she rested it secretly against his lower leg and grabbed onto his ankle out of frustration.

"Of course," she said sweetly. She placed her hands together. "Ahem. We thank you, divine presence above us, for bringing us change and a better future. Thank the stars for your guidance."

Trainor seemed to view this ambiguous worded grace as acceptable, as she proceeded to tuck in. Callis and Amari did the same, them being on the other side of the table lengthwise from Trainor. After a moment's hesitation, their parents also began to eat.

"Mhmm, this is delicious!" Amari declared.

"It isn't bad," Trainor said, though her tone seemed to indicate it wasn't up to snuff. '

They ate in silence for some time, the dour cloud of Trainor's presence making conversation difficult, and the intent required to keep hold of their regular shapes weighing

on the three part-aliens in the room. Several times Serellis fussed with her hair, as did the others, prompting Trainor to scoff and mention something under her breath like “likely lice out here in these infested woods.” Derek had to touch Serellis’ thigh and start the conversation anew.

“So, Miss Trainor. Samantha. We’re very glad to have you over to discuss our two children.”

“I only need to discuss one, really. Amari is perfectly behaved. It is Callis here - who for some reason thinks it’s *funny* to wear gloves at the table - who is the naughty child.”

“He’s not a naughty child,” Serellis corrected. “He’s just-”

She paused, noting a situation developing in the corner. Callis was getting nervous, and as a result his hands - which could normally let him cling to walls and ceilings - were now sticking to the table cloth and his plate respectively. He was doing his best to remove them, and Amari sneaking using her tail under the table to brace her brother for the effort, but it was quite the bizarre sight.

“He’s just going through a phase!” Serellis said, clicking her fingers loudly. “Um, if you’ll look *this way*, Samantha, you’ll see all the wonderful photos of his extra-curriculars. He’s involved in a lot of sporting events.”

“I never knew his father was the sporting kind,” Samantha said. “I thought he was a podcaster or whatever they call themselves.”

“I am,” Derek said with good cheer. “It’s Serellis here who’s the sports nut.”

“I’m a commentator and columnist,” she boasted proudly. “And I coach both their teams - football for Callis and netball for Amari.”

“I imagine you think you can go professional and skip school, Callis?” she spat.

Callis managed to free his hand, but the result was that his plate flipped, spilling food everywhere, and loudly at that. Trainor gasped, and Serellis and Derek cringed.

“It’s okay, just an accident!”

“Sure it is,” the woman said, drawing out a notepad and writing something. Serellis tried to read it with her special vision, but backwards writing from her perspective was difficult.

“It was,” she said. “I saw it. And I’ll have you know he doesn’t plan to go professional. He can’t.”

“Why not?”

“For - for reasons that are medical in nature. But he tries damn hard, and he tells me he has been trying damn hard in class too.”

“Oh, is that why he keeps playing pranks on me, hmm? Why he keeps climbing walls and disappearing when I try to sort out his behaviour? Miss Mayes, Mr Mayes, your meal is

adequate and your daughter is well-behaved, but I'm beginning to see why Callis is growing up to become a future juvenile delinquent!"

"Now that's ridiculous," Derek said.

"I mean, it," she continued. "Already I have seen lax rules around this house, poor manners, and excuses, excuses, excuses. At this rate, I feel more and more justified for recommending an ongoing suspension and *enrolment review* for your boy, especially after he left a *sharp tac* on my chair!"

"I didn't!" Callis said. "I know I can be naughty, but I never did that. I never would!"

"Someone did, and I reckon it was you," she said. "Even if it wasn't, Callis is often disappearing from sight, his uniform etiquette is terrible, his behaviour obstinate and rude, and his truancy rate terrible."

"That's just because I'm still struggling to learn how to . . . how to f-fit in," Callis managed. His voice warbled, and Serellis knew that sound well; he was struggling not to cry. She made to stand up but Derek put a firm hand on her thigh, gesturing with his face to her tail.

"Damn," she said, before looking back to Miss Trainor. "Listen here, Samantha. We have invited you into our home to discuss how to help Callis, not to throw cruel accusations at him. Every child can be naughty from time to time, but we want to discuss how to make things better for him so that he can fit in as best as he can, while letting his - um - unique traits shine."

She swallowed, trying not to sweat. Her cheeks blushed a little purple and she put her hands on them, acting frustrated instead. The comet, she knew, was going to be visible soon. It was passing closer and closer to Earth, which was making the effects on them stronger. Already, Amari was scratching at her tailbone, while her antennae began to poke through. Derek was in the midst of doing a series of gestures to get the pair to ruffle their hair again, which only made Trainor make another comment under her breath about 'lice.'

"I can be better," Callis said, before she could say anything else. "I know I can. But you're just . . . you always act so-"

Serellis shot him a look, and he adjusted his words.

"-so . . . not nice to me. Like you don't like me."

Again, another scoff. "I love all my students equally, but behaviour counts for everything, young man. I suppose I could be convinced to withdraw my complaint, *if and only if* Callis admits to playing pranks and accepts Saturday detentions for the next month. Oh, and I can't allow him to stay on the football team."

"Now hang on," Derek said. "I may be the space nerd of the family and still be flabbergasted at how much my wife managed to sneak this sports obsession onto our kids," - Serellis smirked at this, then returned focus to her left hand, which was starting to go to three

fingers again - "but there's no way you can take that from Callis. That's got nothing to do with his behaviour in class."

But Miss Trainor just folded her arms and pursed her lips as if she'd just tasted something sour. "That's the best I can do, I'm afraid. Callis, you know you've been a very poor student and, frankly, your behaviour has been positively *inhuman*. If you quit the football team, get better grades, act better, go to your detentions on Saturday, and admit to *everything*, then I'll retract my proposal for suspension and enrolment review."

The table was briefly silent. Serellis in particular felt, even beyond the sweat and willpower to maintain her form, a deeply powerful embarrassment and guilt. Not for what her son had done or not done, but at herself for not believing him about this vile woman and her power tripping nature. Samantha Trainor was a totally different kind of person to Chad Penwick, the human male alpha jock she had been prior to being slowly transformed by the device Derek had discovered. She was old, he had been young. She was a strict, puritanical snob, and he'd been a party boy jock who loved to sleep with the hot ladies. He loved sport - and still did as Serellis - while she clearly disdained it, seeing it as lesser. But the person Serellis had been and the woman before her now shared one important quality that disgusted her more than anything else: they were bullies, plain and simple. Chad had stuffed a kid inside a locker overnight, his most regretted action ever. And Samantha Trainor was relishing the opportunity to bring Callis down a peg at every opportunity, diminishing his accomplishments and seeing the worst in him, just because it made her feel sick.

Well, *that* made Serellis sick to her damn stomach. Her tail trembled in anger, grabbing onto Derek's ankle so tightly he winced audibly. It had taken being transformed into a busty green female alien-girl to learn how to be better for Serellis, not to mention falling in love with a wonderful man who was also a total nerd. But as far as she was concerned, Miss Trainor had no excuse. She was old, and should have learned to be better by now.

Slowly, Serellis stood, making sure to shift her tail out of sight within her dress. It took great effort to keep her true form concealed, and she could tell that even Amari was struggling, while Callis was keeping his face down, about to cry but desperate not to show his newly green neck.

"Listen here, Miss Trainor. My son is not a bad boy. He misbehaves often, yes, and he drives me up the walls sometimes, literally! He has far more energy than I know what to do with, and yes, he can be loud and a little mischievous. But he is *good*, and he is *not* malicious. And he most certainly would never put a tac in your chair, or be cruel, or be deserving enough to be kicked off of the football team. I am happy for him to apologise, maybe even have some detentions - though Saturday ones are going too far - but he damn well isn't going to cop to anything he hasn't done, and I *believe my son* when he says he hasn't been doing these things."

She turned her head to look at her son, who was on the verge of losing it all.

"I believe you, Callis," she said, her voice switching from her hard-headed, aggressive sports coach mode to her lovingly maternal side. "And I'm sorry I didn't before. I love you."

He nodded, looking a bit fragile. Amari, for once, didn't say anything snarky at all. Instead she lifted a fist.

"You go, Mom!" she said, only to hide her hand in her sleeve - it was looking a bit inhuman.

"Hear, hear!" Derek added. "I agree with everything my wife said."

Trainor cleaned her thin lips with a napkin and made to stand. "Well, good luck homeschooling your foul little monster, then. Because when I'm through with him, he won't be welcome at any educational institute in the state. I have more pull than you would expect, and am on quite a few committees, Miss Serellis. No wonder your children have such ridiculous names and your boy such ridiculous behaviour, with a name like that yourself, and a permissive parenting style like your own. It's a wonder that both your children didn't turn out like monsters. Now, if you'll excuse me."

Something snapped in Serellis. Something maternal, something furious, and also something very alien . . . and damn proud of it. She stood before the exit from the room, seething, her battle with the comet becoming harder and harder.

"That's it. Derek, I hope you don't mind if I go a little green here."

Derek paused. "Oh. Um, are you sure?"

"Very, *very* sure."

"Well, I can't stop you."

Serellis stepped towards Trainor, who looked unimpressed.

"You've made one big mistake, Samantha," she said, grinning a little. "You see, Amari is a little monster, aren't you, Amari?"

Amari looked up, shocked. "Y-yes. Oh. Oh! Yes, yes! I am!"

"In fact, apart from Derek here, we all are. Monsters, that is. And very proud of it, too. The kind of monsters that are just out of this world, and can make your life very miserable if you don't get my son to another class and leave him alone for good."

Trainor snorted. "Well, the apple falls not far from the tree, I see."

"Oh, you don't see, not yet." Sereliss looked back at Callis, who was staring up at his mother in wonder. "Callis, I'm only going to say this once, but you can drop the disguise. We *all* can."

Callis beamed, and the moment he changed and stood to reveal himself, Trainor screamed. And then again when Amari climbed the wall to get a better view, her tail grabbing onto a light fixture. And then again even more when Serellis moans in almost delirious relief,

giving into the comet and shaking out her green hair, opening her third eye, and letting her antennae grow right out.

“Aah, that’s better,” she said.

Trainor screamed again. “What - what are you?”

“I told you,” Serellis said, going briefly invisible only to reappear at Trainor’s side to take her plate in hand. “We’re out of this world. Not from here. Still trying to phone home. Aliens. Extraterrestrials. Not from planet Earth. Put simply, monsters, as you would call us. Only, I’d say you’re a worse *bitch* of a monster than I could ever be, Samantha, and trust me, I used to be a real bitch. Well, *bastard*, but I won’t get into that.”

Trainor continued to back away, holding up her hands. Callis, seizing the moment for drama, skittered up onto the ceiling, grinning madly and giggling. Amari crawled across the wall, flickering into sight and then out, into sight and then out. It was a deeply chilling effect, one matched only by the way Serellis pushed through the comet’s effects, managing to unleash her telepathy into Trainor’s mind, even if only for a scant few seconds.

‘But now w-we’re here, T-Trainor. In your m-mind. And we kn-know what kind of p-person you ar-ar-ar-arrre.’

Samantha Trainor shrieked, backing against the wall.

“I’m sorry! I’m SORRY! I shouldn’t have acted that way! He was just so - so annoying! With his little smug grin and his lack of homework and his - his lower grades and - oh God, I’m sorry! Please don’t eat me!”

Serellis paused, looked to her two children, and then gestured with her tail for them to back up a little and ease up on the scares. She then twisted her prehensile tail - God, she loved letting it loose, and it worked so well with her dresses! - over to Samantha, grabbing her by the wrist and pulling the woman closer. She briefly looked at Serellis’ bust, clearly astonished that the woman now had a third breast, just as large as the other two and sandwiched between them, bulging out from her chest.

“Eyes up here,” she said. “I’ve got *three* of those too, you know, and they see right through you, Miss Trainor. Through the bullying. Through the sourness. Through the way you’ve treated my son. I see you.”

“P-p-please-”

“Relax, I’m not going to eat you. We’re people, just like you. But we also have telepathy. We can also go invisible. We can also stick to walls. And -”

She briefly turned herself back into a human, before the comet’s presence forced her back to her much more lovely, green-skinned alien form.

“- we can also look just like you. Like anyone, really. So I’ve got an idea; you act better, you get my son to another class with a more caring teacher. And you never, ever bring this up with anyone. We’ve got people everywhere, and we’ll be watching.”

Trainor was too terrified to even speak. She just nodded up and down. Serellis let her go, then gestured with her tail to the exit. The woman ran faster than she probably had out of the house and then slammed the door shut behind her. Seconds later, a car rocketed down the forest lane and onto the road that led back to town.

“Damn,” Derek said. “Talk about incurious. Meets alien life and all she can do is scream.”

“Well, she was rather intolerant,” Serellis said, rubbing her three fingered hands together for a job well done. “And you, my little ones, you can come right up into momma’s arms! I’m proud of you!”

Amari and Callis both leapt up into her arms, and with her enhanced alien strength she easily lifted them. “I’m so sorry I didn’t believe you, Callis. I had no idea she was like that.”

But Callis was already giggling and laughing. “That was awesome! She thought we were going to eat her! Mom, you were so badass!”

“Language kiddo, but you’re right, mommy was a total badass. And so were you, Amari. I loved the flickering effect.”

“I wish I’d recorded it,” Derek said, embracing all of them. “But please don’t do that again. The talks with the Agency will be endless.”

Serellis kissed her husband, wrapping her tail around him. “I know honey, it was a one off thing. Plus, the comet meant we had to; right kids?”

“Right!” they said as one, giggling mischievously together.

“And this way she won’t falsely accuse my son of -”

“I put the tac on her chair.”

The parents spun around, shocked at the words. But they hadn’t come from Callis. Amari stood there, scraping the floor guiltily with one toe and the end of her tail claw.

“Amari! What? Really!?”

“I shouldn’t have, I know! But it wasn’t a tac! I would never do that. It was just a rock. I wanted her to be all embarrassed with a rock up her butt or something. She was always mean to Callis, but I didn’t want him to *know* I’d done it, because he’d give it away. And besides, he can also be the worst.”

Callis cackled, wrapping his sister in a hug. “You’re the best, sis!”

Serellis could only laugh with them, and Derek too.

“By the stars, we’re going to have some long talks with a family! But for now, let’s take this dinner outdoors and enjoy this comet, why don’t we?”

It truly was a beautiful sight. The comet was vibrant green and blue, with a long tail that arced across the sky. Callis and Amari 'oohed' and 'ahhed' at it, the pair of them ruggd up for the cold night weather as they watched it pass. Serellis pressed herself into the warmth of her husband, also eagerly taking in the sight. With her alien vision, she suspected she and the kids were enjoying it even more than her husband, but she would never, *ever* tell him that. After all, he was the big space nerd, and sometimes she felt guilty about having a bigger connection to space than he actually did. So instead she asked him questions about it, what it was made of, why it interfered with their alien abilities if he knew, and then she teased him about what a total dork he still was as he made up all sorts of potential UFO theories.

"You haven't changed a bit," she said, turning her head to kiss him.

He teased her pointed, elf-like ears with his fingers, then held her around the waist.

"You certainly have. And so have they. They're growing fast, our little monsters."

"Mhm, and I'm proud of them."

The kids were further down the hillside, chuckling and buzzing and occasionally playfully insulting one another. As usual, Callis couldn't sit still, while Amari kept checking the telescope she'd gotten as a gift, and complaining that she wanted a third eye like her mother so she could see the comet even better. It left space for her to spend with Derek, and reflect on the craziest parent-teacher meeting anyone had probably *ever* had.

"I still can't believe Amari was the one playing pranks on Miss Trainor," Derek said.

"I can. It's obvious, looking back, isn't it?"

Serellis shifted to look up at her husband. She didn't like to feel his thoughts whenever; she liked the surprise of what he had to say.

"I'm missing something, aren't I?" he said.

"Hello? You were the nerd, remember? Well, you still are, but I thought the same about you, back when I was Chad the alpha male bro. God, that seems like a long time ago. After giving birth twice I can't even imagine being a man again, let alone not having my best friend; Miss Tail." She wiggled it twice for amusement. "But I took you for just a regular dork back then, didn't I? I even went to bully you, and it turns out you were a UFO hunting, deep state uncovering, Agency-evading badass of a nerd. Looks like our little girl doesn't *just* take after you in being an academic; she's got that neat little anti-authoritarian streak."

Derek kissed his wife. "And Callis has your sense of justice and bravery. He stands up for himself."

"Aww, I think I'll keep you around. Even if you are a total wimp when it comes to sports."

"Your fault for being a jock that married a nerd."

"A *sexy alien* jock who married a *sexy* nerd."

“Hey, no complaints on that description here.”

They returned to looking at the comet for some time, she sitting back in his lap again, letting his hands rest on her stomach just below her three heavy breasts. The comet’s rays were doing something for her, though. Even more than usual, she felt alive. Full of energy. It had certainly made her kids quite rambunctious for a time, but now that they’d been out here for over an hour, the inevitable had occurred, and it was making her quite excited.

“Callis has something else, you know,” Derek said, noting a change.

“Oh yeah?”

“He also has your absolutely mind-boggling inability to sit still.”

“I’m sitting still right now, aren’t I?”

“In a manner of speaking, if ‘rubbing yourself up and down on my lap’ is sitting still, let alone how you keep sliding your tail across me.”

She smirked, then used her telepathy. *‘I can’t help it if my sexy human turns me on. Plus, this comet is making me very alien right now, and I really want to be your mate.’*

‘Is that so?’ he thought back to her, knowing she could receive his thoughts through her antennae. *‘Too bad the kids are staying up late.’*

Serellis chuckled. “Derek, our babies fell asleep several minutes ago.” She tapped her head. “Sleeping brain patterns. I can sense them.”

Indeed, the pair were slumped up against each other, half-covered in their blankets. The two parents exchange one *very* knowing look.

“You get them inside,” Derek said, “and I’ll get our bed ready.”

“Why do I get them inside?”

He grinned, smooched her, then squeezed two of her three breasts in a way that made her moan and giggle at once.

“Like you said, you’re the jock in this relationship. So you get the heavy lifting.”

Ten minutes later, and the loving human and his half-alien wife were making passionate love, and using that prehensile tail in very creative ways.

“Ohhhhhh!” Serellis found herself moaning. “Fuck me. I need you to fuck your alien gal. Hard.”

Derek was happy enough to oblige her. The comet passed by their window, bathing the loving pair in its blue and green light. Serellis had no idea how, but it made her even more libidinous than usual. She drained her husband again and again that night, relishing her alien form as she did so.

“Mmmmmhm - I love b-being your alien space babe!” she cried.

“And I’ll never let you be ashamed of it,” Derek replied, pressing his face into her chest as she rode him hard, her tail caressing his balls as they drew close to their third climax of the evening.

"I kn-know! I won't be! That Miss Trainor has got nothing on our f-family. Ahh . . . oh stars, this whole evening is m-making me horny. I need you to m-mate me! Our kids were s-so good today - ahhh - so why don't you - Mhmmm! - give me another one! I want you alien b-baby! Breed me a-again! Impregnate your alien wife, sexy!"

And, without thinking very clearly and still riding high on all their family success and joy in the night, Derek was happy to oblige her on that, too.

It was a little over a month later, and Callis and Amari were being delivered home by Serellis. The second they got home and the coast was clear, they rapidly slipped free of their disguises, freeing their tails and scampering up the walls of the house until their mother barked at them that climbing wasn't for walls, thank you very much.

"Ugggh, fine!" Callis moaned, but he wasn't really angry, just his usual overly enthusiastic self. Soon he was racing Amari through the house, though she stopped to hug her father and tell him all the ways she got to be the one to smugly correct her teacher on the nature of astronomy, a fact that pleased Derek to no small end.

"And no sign of our dear Miss Trainor?" her father asked.

Amari shook her head. "I think she's quit. Or retired. Are they the same thing, Dad?"

"Pretty much. Though judging from her attitude to Callis, perhaps that's a good thing. And hopefully she doesn't tell anyone about us."

"She won't," Serellis said. "I read her mind before she resigned. Suffice to say, she's pretty scared I'm going to eat her."

"And are you?" he joked.

"I could - I'm hungry as a black hole. This lady needs to stretch her tail, get into a more alien-friendly outfit, and eat a whole fridge-load of food!"

"Don't eat the pork belly! That's for our couples night with Amber and Brandon!"

Their children quickly piped up, demanding their own snacks, and Serellis left her husband to deal with that while she went to her room and got out of her uncomfortable two-cup bra into her three-cup one. Her lovely green breasts, already big E-cups, were starting to bulge out a little over the tops of the cups, and while she knew Derek would love that, it would mean she'd need to order new ones.

"Well, that's what I get for letting the comet make me so frisky that night," she said to herself. She examined her form in the mirror. She wasn't quite sure how long her lifespan would be, and didn't think about it most days, but damn if she didn't look beautiful. She'd often reflected that, as strange as it had been to become an alien girl, becoming a really hot

one was oddly more acceptable than becoming an average one. It appealed to her egotistical former alpha-bro side, she suspected.

“Only, I won’t be too ‘alpha’ in months to come,” she mused, tracing her fingers over her green belly button. Her stomach growled in response.

“Yep, I remember that too. Guess I better tell the Agency and the dude with the white hair before I start to show.”

She smirked to herself, deciding to do that another day. She could hear her children speak excitedly about school, and something about it being children *plural* made her confidence and aggressive heart just melt into a puddle of maternal goo. Callis’ new teacher was Mrs Barter, and she was as far from Trainor as you could get. He still talked too much, still got in trouble, and still lagged a little behind the other kids in English and Maths, but he’d get there, she knew. He had the drive, now.

Serellis emerged to see that Derek had caved and given them celebratory ice creams, though what they were celebrating was a complete mystery. She supposed she’d have to give them cause to celebrate.

“Looking stunning, honey,” Derek said, gazing at her as she approached in her cute modified tank top and yoga pants combo.

“Thank you, though I feel a bit too big for them,” she said.

“Nonsense. Your mother looks great, doesn’t she, kids?”

“She looks alright,” Callis said.

“I think she looks amazing,” Amari said, always the people pleaser.

“Are you sure?” their mother said, turning in profile. “Are you sure I’m not stretching it out? Even just a little?”

Derek paused, half-chewing his ice cream. Then his eyes went wide.

“No. What? Really!?”

She beamed, barely able to hide her nervous excitement. “Yep! Confirmed it this morning after I got to work.”

“What is it?” Callis said, hopping up and down.

“Yeah, tell us, Mom!”

Serellis lowered herself to see her children, then let her antennae do the work.

‘Let’s just say we’re going to have a little alien space baby joining us in eight months!’

She waited for their response. Her kids looked at one another, then back at her.

“Ew, gross!” the pair said as one, finally united on a subject.

Derek just cracked up laughing. “Human or alien, they’re definitely kids!”

The End