

Mr Spaceman

Written by J A Konrath

Tuesday, 01 November 2005 00:00

"I have travelled many billions of light years to mate with an earth woman."

Debbi eyed the john and licked her bright red lips. Freak, she thought.

He was dressed up like some kind of gooey alien, and she had to admit the make-up was pretty good. His face had scales on it, like a fish, and his mouth had little dangly things that moved when he spoke. The spacesuit, made of some kind of metallic silvery fabric, was Hollywood-quality---not surprising, considering they were on the Sunset Strip. It was probably an old movie prop.

The only fake thing about the costume was the eyes; big yellow orbs that were attached to his head on stalks. They looked like tennis balls.

The freak leaned closer to Debbi. "Will you mate with me?"

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Any other night, she would have told him to take a hike. Weirdos were best avoided. But rent was due tomorrow, and business had been slow. Besides, her horoscope said today was a day for taking chances, and Debbi always put her faith in the stars. She launched into her pitch.

"Straight is twenty-five, half and half is fifty. And for seventy-five I'll take you around the world, sugar."

"I have already been in orbit around your world eight hundred and forty-two times."

"Couldn't find a parking space, huh?" Debbi smacked her gum. "How much money you got, Mr. Spaceman?"

Mr. Spaceman stuck one of his lobster claws into his tunic and pulled out a roll of cash that would choke a horse.

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"Don't flash money like that around here!" Debbi looked up and down the street, scanning for predators. "This isn't a nice neighborhood."

"I thought this was the city of angels."

"The angels carry knives and guns."

She took the john by the claw and led him down the block to the flop house. The desk clerk, a fat, greasy guy named Larry, raised an eyebrow.

"Does Mars need women?"

"Screw you, Larry. Gimme 214 for the rest of the night."

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Larry handed her the key and winked.

The room was dark, dingy, the bed still rumped from the previous rental. Debbi took off her halter top and hot pants, nudifying herself.

"See anything you like, ET?"

The john nodded several times. "I am aroused at the sight of your mammalian infant feeding vessels."

"You should be. They cost six grand."

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She sidled up to him, her hand seeking the front of his shiny outfit. The things I do for a buck...

"So, can Mr. Spock come out and play?"

"Who is this Mr. Spock? My name is Gnerlok. I am from the planet Norbulon in the second quadrant of the Xaldorgia Galaxy."

"A tourist, huh? I had a feeling. Isn't Norbulon somewhere east?"

To a Californian, everyplace was east.

Gnerlok narrowed his bulbous eyes. "Yes. It is east. Near the state called Florida."

"I can spot an out-of-towner a mile away. How about slipping out of those tin foil pants?"

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With the deft move of a pro, Debbi southicated Gnerlok's zipper. His outfit fell with a clanging sound.

"Oh my." Debbi bit her lower lip to keep from laughing, Fire Engine Red * * * *03 rubbing off on her teeth. "I've never seen one that small before."

Gnerlok frowned.

"I assure you, that this is an average size for a male from Norbulon. I'm actually a bit larger than most."

"Go ahead and think that, sugar. You want to take a shower, get all that make-up off?"

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“I am fine.”

You're about as far from fine as you can get, Debbi thought.

“Okay, Mr. Spaceman. What would you like to do first?”

“Please give my full access to your uterine cavity.”

Debbi laid back on the bed. “Like this?”

“That is perfect.”

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Gnerlok climbed on, then immediately climbed off.

Debbi frowned at him. "What's the matter, sugar?"

"Nothing is the matter. The coupling was most enjoyable."

"You're done?"

"Yes I am. Was our mating pleasurable to you?"

Debbi sighed. She sat up, giving him a pat on the claw. "You're a machine, honey. I'll never have better."

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Gnerlok pulled up his pants and dug out his wad O'bills.

"Here is three hundred earth dollars. Thank you for procreating with me."

Debbi reached for the cash. "Anytime, sug---"

Her words were cut off by a rumbling sound. It came from her abdomen, loud enough for them both to hear.

"Excuse me. I had a couple chili dogs for dinner, and it sounds like those dogs are barking."

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“That is not the sound of your digestive system.”

The sound repeated, louder this time. Debbi looked down, unable to comprehend what she saw.

Her belly was expanding.

"What the hell is going on?"

"We have successfully mated. My brood incubates inside of you."

Her stomach was now the size of a basket ball, and the growth showed no signs of stopping.

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Even worse, Debbi felt something deep within.

Something moving.

"You freak!" Debbie screamed. "Take off that stupid mask and tell me what you've done to me!"

She bolted to her feet and reached for Gnerlok's face, her fist closing around one of his eye stalks.

"Please do not tug at my face, earth-woman."

Debbi recoiled. That wasn't a mask.

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"My God! What part of Florida are you from?"

"I am not from Florida. I have used deception to gain admission to your birthing portal. Now my progeny shall be born, and we shall enslave the world and---"

"I'm not ready to be a mother!" Debbi cried. "I haven't finished Junior College yet!"

"Nor shall you ever, earth-woman. My species shall destroy---"

Debbi slapped Gnerlok across the face.

"Our agreement was for sex, not motherhood! You owe me a lot more money!"

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Gnerlok held his cheek, his bulbous eyes widening.

"But money will not be necessary when we take over---"

There was a popping sound, and a flood of green cascaded down Debbi's legs.

She stared, horrified, as her uterus contracted and a tiny yellow crustacean, the size of a golf ball, shot out of her and plopped onto the floor.

"Waaa," it cried.

Debbi's eyes got moist. She swallowed back the lump forming in her throat. "My baby."

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She bent down to pick it up, and the motion caused more creatures to shoot rapid-fire from her womanhood.

"Don't just stand there like an idiot!" she hissed at Gnerlok. "Pick my children up!"

Gnerlok didn't move until Debbi slapped him again. Then he moved as fast as he could.

It was hard to keep up. Debbie's body spit them out like watermelon seeds.

For five minutes, the room was a combat zone. Multi-colored alien crayfish flew through the air---BING! BING! BING!---Gnerlok scurrying after them, mindful where he stepped.

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Debbi finally expelled the last child and let out a huge sigh of relief. She felt like an empty corn popper.

"How many is that?" she asked.

Gnerlok placed the final three on the bed and tugged at his dangly mouth thingies.

"One hundred and seventeen."

"Did you get the one that flew behind the TV?"

"Yes I did."

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“Check to make sure.”

“I am sure.”

Debbi clenched her teeth. “Are you sassing back?”

Gnerlok checked behind the TV again.

“None of my progeny reside behind the TV,” he said.

“Your progeny? Don’t you mean our progeny? I’m the one that did all the work.”

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Debbi approached the bed and picked up one of the kids. Her kids. It looked like a crawfish, complete with lobster claws and a tail. But its tiny face was almost human.

"They're kind of cute. What do they eat?"

"They are supposed to feast on your rotting corpse until they are large enough to dominate---"

Debbi grabbed Gnerlok by the eye stalk once again, squeezing out a stream of tears.

"Let's get one thing straight, Mr. Spaceman. All this talk of taking over the world, it

ends right now. Got it?"

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"But I've travelled for billions---"

Debbie yanked. Gnerlok screamed.

"Enough! You're a father now. You have responsibilities. I hope you have a damn good job, because diapers alone are going to cost a fortune."

"My job is to dominate---" Gnerlok cast his free eye, fearfully, at Debbie. "I mean---I have no job."

"But you're rich, right? Where did you get that big roll of money?"

Gnerlok mumbled something.

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“Speak up, Mr. Spaceman, or I’ll tie these eye things into a big bow on your ugly head.”

“A scratch-and-win lottery ticket.”

Debbi scowled. “So that’s how it is. You come up to me all slick, flashing your cash like you’re a real player. Then you knock me up, and you don’t even have a job. Do you at least have a place to live?”

“I arrived on this planet only two earth hours ago, and have not had a chance to establish a permanent residence.”

Debbi sighed. Ugly, hung like a Chihuahua, and a homeless deadbeat.

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“How about a car? No! Wait! A space ship! You’ve got a space ship, right?”

Gnerlok glanced, one-eyed, at the floor.

“When I landed, a group of three disaffected youths assaulted me and absconded with my interstellar vessel.”

Welcome to LA.

Debbi needed to think, and she mentioned as much.

“While you are thinking, could you please release my---”

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"I got it! My brother-in-law works for a furniture place. I bet he can get you a job in upholstery. But first, we have to go to City Hall and get married."

"Married? But I am not ready for marriage. I still require a few more years to play the field."

"Should have thought of that before you started mating with earth women. This is your responsibility, Yoda. And you're not weaseling out of it."

Debbi released Gnerlok's eye and turned her attention to the kids on the bed. A feeling of pure joy welled up in her chest, a place she hadn't had much feeling since getting the implants.

"Hello, my darlings. I'm Mama."

"Mama!" several of them cried.

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"Yes. Mama. And this is your homeless deadbeat father. He's going to do good by you, or else your Uncle Joey will break his knees. Say hello to your children, Hubbie."

"Hello, children." Gnerlok frowned and gave them a half-hearted wave.

"Tracy! Jerry! Don't eat your brother! Daddy will get you some food." Debbi jabbed a finger at Gnerlok's chest. "There's a pizza place down the street. Get an extra large with anchovies. I bet they'll like anchovies."

"Anchovies," Gnerlok repeated.

"And I'm starving too. Get me a meatball sandwich. And move your alien butt, or I'm picking up the phone and calling the CIA. I'm sure they'd love to hear about your plans to dominate the world."

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"Yes, earth-woman."

Gnerlok slunk out the door.

Debbi sat on the bed and tickled little Alphonse under the chin. He giggled.

So did Debbi.

She'd always put her faith in the stars. And for good reason, it turned out.

"You know what, kids?" Debbi's eyes became moist. "I think we can make this work. We can be a big, happy family."

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And if it gets too weird, Debbi decided, I can always make a big pot of gumbo and eat the little buggers.

"Come to Mama, my delicious little babies. When your father gets home we're going house hunting. We're going to get a nice, big place in Beverly Hills."

With an extra large stove, Debbi decided.

Just in case.