

The Sons of Mars

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Based on "*The Martian*" by Ray Bradbury

from "*The Martian Chronicles*"

Sequel to "The Son of Mars"

Rain was not a Martian concept, at least not before the humans had come. The world had bled off its atmosphere centuries ago. It had been cold, dim, given life only by the way its red stone reminded the humans of rust and blood until ultimately they had ventured to the planet itself and reshaped it from their memories, their needs and their collective memories. They did with purpose what the lonely spirits did by instinct, at least at first... the rain felt like an anachronism to the particular science the humans had used to terraform. It was unpredictable, seemingly unwelcome. The humans fled from the rain when it fell, and yet it brought life and nourishment and it altered the moods in most of the humans, making them feel cozy and content even while they were hiding away.

Silent feet fell, leaving no prints. Zac was, after all, a spirit. He was ancient and timeless. He was barely anything. There had been times in years past that he had been what people needed him to be, who they needed him to be. One of his favorites had been an imaginary friend to one of the earliest colonists' sons. He'd been a long lost husband, a best friend; he'd even had a short adventure running away from a law man as he became the fugitive he was so desperately hunting. In all of that, though, he'd been wise enough to avoid the human settlement, at least whenever it wasn't raining... but now? With the humans holed up? How could he resist?

Their settlement was fascinating in a way. The larger cities were made of glass and metal, but most of the citizens of Mars had made cities out of stone and dirt, giving the buildings an almost organic feel. The retaining walls were made of sand and stone that had been cured to resist the weather. In many places it had been patched up by hand, leaving the imprint of those that put themselves into the landscape. Zac wondered if in time there would be human spirits that wandered like he did. Maybe then he would have a friend, a companion, another like... him?

The thought fell away as Zac froze. Colorless eyes lifted up, looking toward the town's cantina. The structure had no door, nor window shutters, only open air cut outs in the wall and fabric overhangs that diverted the rain into the street. The interior was warm and cozy with strings of fairy lights webbed across the ceiling. There was a wall of glass bottles holding three dozen kinds of liquor. Most of the patrons had run away when it rained, but two remained, along with the old barkeep. Normally it wouldn't have been anything but a passing fascination, but Zac felt someone looking at him - not through him, but actually at him.

The eyes were an Earthly shade of brownish-green, a rich Terran hazel hue. They were set in a well tanned face with soft sideburns, a mustache and a long braided chestnut brown goatee. A mane of curly brown hair was barely held back by a headband and the glint of metal came from rings in his ears. It was impossible to tell how old humans were. He seemed to be a young adult, but... not with eyes like that. Not with eyes that saw Zac. The spirit had been

wandering as little more than a free floating concept, but now his shape was a darkened shadow, a silhouette of a young human man with glowing silver eyes.

No words were exchanged, but Zac knew that that young human was as timeless and ancient as he was. They were the same; they were wandering spirits... except that he had found someone to bond with, to connect with. All at once the rain sounded louder around Zac, falling heavier, making silvery puddles in the dirt. Zac felt even colder, even more alone. He envied the hazel eyed spirit for finding a place, for daring to exist in the heart of the humans. Sure, they had all gotten better at keeping their shape, but it was torture to be pulled in different ways by the urges and needs of so many different humans.

Zac wanted to leave, to run along the canals, to flee and sulk, but the other wouldn't stop looking at him. Even when he put his hands on the human's wrist, then his shoulder, he never completely looked away from Zac. Was he concerned that his human would be stolen? That Zac would worm his way in and displace the other? Zac sighed, a natural gesture that he made before realizing that such things required lungs... He looked down as if doing so would let him see his own mouth, but as he did he felt the chill of crisp raindrops running down the hair on the back of his neck. Silver eyes looked up before lids blinked slowly. When they opened again, they had taken on that rich hazel green hue.

A flash flood of memories and sensations began to crash through Zac's mind. He remembered playing with old Earth action figures and space ships, explaining long imaginary stories as his father wrote them down. He remembered learning to ride his speeder bike, falling and tumbling and getting his first scars. He remembered sneaking out of the house and getting caught after curfew and sneaking Dandelion Wine when no one was looking. He felt a strange rush of rebelliousness, and yet... and yet... his father had been proud of his wild ways, loving and accepting, even encouraging him. The warmth took root in Zac's heart.

He reached up to clutch at his chest as he felt it, black painted nails contrasting the well tanned skin. A gray tank top was soaked by the rain and splotches of rusty Martian dust speckled Zac's bare shoulders. Baggy shorts formed around fit, thin legs. Bare feet with painted toenails sank into the saturated Martian dust. The smell of wet dander came as the rain soaked into a thick, curly mohawk of chestnut brown hair that ran down the center of Zac's head while the sides of his head were shaved.

More memories, more love, more contradiction. How could one be a rebel and be so accepted? How could one be so wild and so pure? And how could such contrast feel so good? The stinging that came from his lower lip as two gold rings pierced through them sent shivers down his spine, making his manhood quiver. The sides of his head were shorn short, though his ears had an almost pointed quality to them that came from some of Mars' more questionable elective surgeries. Thick hair began to grow in under Zac's arms, matching the dusting of hair on his stomach. He reached up, feeling the tickle from his chin as a short patch of brown hair grew out from it, just like his brother's.

"Cai..." Zac murmured, knowing now the name that belonged to the eyes. Cai had been like he was, a wandering spirit with an instinct to fill the needs of a human and in turn grow stronger with that symbiosis. Cai had found himself a man to turn into his father, his lover, his forbidden partner. Cai had appeared exactly as the man's son would have looked as if he had one and reality had rewritten itself to accommodate them... and then, in turn, Jake had been reshaped into the perfect father and lover for his perfect child. The love and lust they shared

was like a blinding sun radiating its warmth. It would have been enough to nourish their kind for decades... but Cai had reached out to him, to his... brother...

Zac was panting as his new life took root. Rebellious, adventurous, playful, and as of recently a bit jealous. It had been after Cai's eighteenth birthday that he and his father had found themselves the perfect match for one another and they had embraced that truth over the last few years. Cai was twenty one now, and Zac was eighteen and a half. A slight grin crossed Zac's mouth as he felt the tingle on his lips, as memories of the hickies he'd given his brother after he wrestled and pinned him, asserting his own strength. The mohawked young man licked his lips slowly. He'd been many things to many humans, but he'd never been both family and lover... Cai had given him his new existence. It was time for him to act on it.

Cai reached for his Dandelion wine, tipping the greenish concoction back, letting it roll over his tongue with its oddly sweet and musky flavor. It helped to tamp down the unsettling feeling he'd gotten from reshaping one of his own kind. The long braided goatee hanging from Cai's chest rubbed comfortingly between his pectorals, a connection to his father - a father he would now have to selflessly share with another. Cai turned his head, looking up at Jake, admiring the masculine man he'd become in the role of Cai's father and lover.

Jake had once been merely an overweight human colonist in his late thirties, mild mannered and clean cut. He'd dressed mildly, cut his thinning hair short, kept his chinstrap beard neat and clean. Cai had woven himself into Jake's life as a son he'd 'always had'. Cai had changed to look like his father's son and his father had changed into the sort of man who could fall in love with his adult son. His brown curly hair had streaks of silver and reached his mid back. A long, billowing, bushy beard trailed all the way down to the navel of his full, round gut. He was tall, broad, strong and incredibly well endowed.

The pitter pat of bare feet running along the rain slicked street came moments before Zac sprung into the cantina, sliding over to swing one arm around Cai's left shoulder and the other up higher on his father's right shoulder. He leaned over to kiss his older brother's curly haired head and then nuzzled his father's back slightly. He held on to both of them, clinging. To either of them the affection came from being the youngest son, well loved by his family. To Zac, though, this was the first physical contact he'd had in decades. He inhaled slowly, taking in the sweaty, musky aroma of his father, feeling his freshly formed heart quiver.

"I'm surprised you didn't get washed away out there..." The bartender said with a smirk, realizing that he'd only prepared two bowls of Sabaeon Prune Stew. He frowned slightly at his mistake, giving Jake and Cai their bowls, before quickly moving to serve Zac.

"I love looking at the town when it's raining." Zac said, moving to take a stool on his father's other side, all but snuggling in close as the bartender served up another bowl of the purple stew. Zac looked down at it for a moment as if contemplating the purpose of food before a rumble in his smooth, flat stomach reminded him that he was an eighteen year old boy that was far from done growing. He lifted the stew and began to shovel it into his mouth rapidly.

"I remember when I had a bottomless stomach." Jake smirked softly.

"I love your stomach, dad." Cai said softly, reaching over to rub his dad's belly. Ensuring that no one else but the bartender was around, Jake leaned over to kiss Cai, letting their lips

mingle and their tongues slip against one another. The kiss lasted several seconds until they naturally parted and Jake sat up, seeing Zac finish his stew. He had a bit of a purple line across his upper lip, a line that he quickly licked clean. He grabbed his glass of water and washed it down before looking up at his father.

“Can we go home now?” Zac asked a bit hopefully. Jake raised an eyebrow.

“It’s still raining pretty hard. Some of the canals might be flooded.” Jake said. Zac reached a hand out under the bar, resting it on the ever present mound that rose up from his father’s groin. He gave it a squeeze, never breaking eye contact.

“I really want to be at home... With you and Cai...” Zac said pleadingly, “Bro got his first drink now that he’s legal, and I want to celebrate in our own way...” he said.

“For a rebel punk you sure are needy.” Cai said, feeling his new sibling rivalry taking root.

“You’re just jealous because I give better head than you!” Zac protested. The bartender sighed wistfully, shaking his head as he looked at Jake.

“You are a very, very lucky man...” He murmured in envy.

Deep, resonant rumbles still cracked from the turbulent green clouds as they churned their way towards Xanthe but the rain had finally ebbed. Long streaks of pale silver light cut through the gaps, tracing across the orange hillsides and the fields of blue flowers. The canals glittered like ribbons of oxidized copper and a few gondolas drifted along. It was a bit far to walk, but Jake’s family had long proven themselves with endurance. Cai murmured as his father’s strong hands massaged his shoulders as they walked, squeezing and pressing the knots out of his muscles.

“You’re more tense today than I’m used to.” Jake said. Cai glanced over at where Zac was plodding along, his well calloused feet muddy and bare in the dirt.

“Just the stress of being a big brother I guess.” Cai admitted. Jake made a deep, thoughtful sound, massaging a little harder.

“Don’t take on too much of that responsibility, I’m the dad after all.” Jake smirked. Cai smiled softly at that and nodded. Cai closed his eyes and exhaled, though when he opened them Zac was right in front of him, looking into his eyes.

“I don’t want to stress you out, bro!” Zac said, reaching up to wrap his fingers around Cai’s braided goatee, “I can’t thank you enough for what an amazing big bro you are. I want to do everything I can to thank you properly.” Zac said before he leaned in, bringing his lips to Cai’s. They were plump, succulent, pleading and full. Cai’s lips parted as if in politeness only to be invaded by an insidious, almost inhumanly long tongue. It coiled and curled, slithering around his mouth, brushing and playing with Cai’s before it delved still deeper.

A strange, wistful peace began to sink into Cai. Zac leaned in tighter to the kiss, grabbing Cai’s head, curling his fingers in his brother’s curly hair. He kissed his brother harder, the lips tightening the seal. He slurped and suckled, pressing his lithe body to his brother’s stronger one. His other hand pet that long, strong braid that hung from his brother’s chin, caressing it and appreciating its length.

When Zac broke the kiss, Cai was left there stunned and taken aback. He felt like butter melted in the afternoon sun. He also felt incredibly aroused, a potent mix of surprise and conflict within him. He wondered if that was what Jake felt when he fucked his own son... In their new shared reality, Zac had been eighteen for a few months. Cai's little brother no doubt understood what was going on between his older brother and his father, but he had not been allowed to express it until recently. Since he'd come of age, he'd blossomed just as Cai had... except that it was a fiction, an altered continuity of time and memory.

"Come on, we're almost home." Jake said, coaxing the two boys to continue. His large, reassuring hands were enough to encourage them to continue on. Seemingly forgetting his incestuous kiss from a moment before, Zac sprinted towards the comfortable ironwood home that sat at the end of a vast field of blue wheat on one side and was situated on the edge of a canal in the back. Zac swung the front door open and disappeared inside. Jake looked at his home, the home where he now remembered raising two strong, vibrant sons. At least two of those years held real memories of Cai working the fields with his father by day and working on the computer at night.

As Cai and Jake crossed the threshold, they came across the sight of Zac disrobing. His wet, muddy clothes had been dropped onto the floor, his youthful and fit skin glistening with the residue of the Martian rains. His mohawk was thick and curly, as was his unusually dense pit hair. A long, pierced cock wobbled before him as he turned to look up at his father and his brother, one hand with black nails reaching to start tugging on his nipple ring. The other dropped down to slowly curl around his long shaft, stroking it slowly.

"I'm so glad we're home... Bro and I are so horny daddy!" Zac proclaimed. As soon as the words left his mouth, Cai almost stumbled forward. Blood rushed to his groin, his shaft swelling harder and fuller and fatter, becoming rock hard, then harder. It stung as it stretched longer than it ever had before. Cai started panting, fingers digging into his palms. Zac grinned deviously. "I don't know how bro managed to keep it together in town, you know he's such a slut for your cock." Zac added.

A startled moan escaped Cai's lips. His anus began to clench and unclench, tightening and then relaxing, the flesh getting puffier, swollen, almost... rubbery? It throbbed as much as his cock did until it released something slick, something silky, something like precum that ran down the cleft of his thick bubble butt. Cai looked up, catching a glint of silver in Zac's eyes and a faint sharpness to his canine teeth.

"You're both such good boys..." Jake murmured, looking slightly unfocused. His own nipples had grown as hard as diamonds, his cock making a painful tent in his pants. As much as Zac was affecting his brother, every change had an equal impact on their father. Zac walked up slowly, reaching up to remove the collar from Cai's neck, revealing flesh darkened by hickies and love bites. He took a hold of Cai's collar before he pulled apart. The tank top resisted for a moment before the fabric split, revealing his muscled chest, his pieced nipples and his hairy six-pack abs.

"We are everything we are because of you daddy. You raised us to be strong young men. We'd do anything for our family... Isn't that right, bro?" Zac asked as he knelt down onto the now muddy floor, unzipping his brother's pants. Cai's long cock swung out, slapping across Zac's face. Zac only grinned, parting his lips as a long serpentine tongue slithered out, slathering and slobbering along Cai's length before it began to coil around it. Cai grunted,

looking down as his younger brother's lips parted and he took in the head of his shaft, sucking and suckling on it.

"D-d-dad!" Cai moaned out loud, eyes clenching shut, "Fuck me daddy!" he begged suddenly. The need was real, the urgency coursing through his veins. He leaned forward, both hands on Zac's shoulders, keeping himself half upright as he began to gyrate his hips forward and back, sliding his cock deeper and deeper into Zac's mouth. Zac's long tongue fluttered and writhed around the rod, his eyes shut as he suckled with immense pressure on his brother's dick.

Jake murmured, power and virility coursing through him. Cai had already given him muscles and height and stature, taking his already large body and supersizing it... but to be a dad to two such sons? The rush was intoxicating. Without even closing the front door to their house, the large bearded man all but tore his shirt off, tossing it aside to reveal his large, round belly and his two thick man boobs. His arms were covered with a dusting of hair and some geometric tattoos. His hair was wild and his beard wilder, but none of that compared to the wild untamed forest of bush that emerged as he unzipped his pants, nor the trunk of his own massive wood as it was drawn out.

"Such big, strong sons..." Jake murmured as he swept in behind Cai, reaching down to rub his thumb over his elder son's most unusual sphincter. The flesh felt more rubbery, more pliant, and even slippery to the touch. It begged not just to be embraced, but to be filled. Jake brought up his huge rod, rubbing the massive mushroom shaped tip across that sphincter. Cai moaned out loud as it began to stretch and dilate, gaping and begging for more. Jake leaned down, his long beard brushing against Cai's back before he began to kiss and nibble on his son's well used neck. As he did, that huge fist sized cock head began to wriggle and push into that hungry ass.

"Yes! Fuck me daddy!" Cai begged again, throwing his head back, exposing his neck, feeling lips and teeth graze the tender flesh. Jake grunted as he put a hand on each of Cai's hips and thrust forward, getting a good six inches in. The thrust made Cai jut his hips forward, sending his cock down Zac's throat. The eighteen year old only sucked harder, burying his face in his brother's crotch, sucking and gulping at the meat, his lips dancing around. One hand slipped up to massage Cai's balls, the other began to pet the hair on his brother's belly, stroking and caressing it, rubbing circles and patterns in it.

Jake thrust in again, getting several more inches of depth. It was enough that he was able to begin thrusting back and forth without fear of popping out, letting Cai's unnatural lube give him ease of speed and repetition. Jake pounded his son's ass, knowing his younger son was taking him from the other side. Jake was full of such love and lust, of sincere pride and profound taboo. It was against nature's law to have children and then to mate with them, but that was what made it so rewarding - not only to him, but to his sons as well. Those complex emotions and feelings poured into them both, nourishing and feeding the ancient spirits within.

To Zac it was a buffet, a feast after decades of fasting. He felt strength and vitality returning to him. To Cai, he'd spent a few years as a human. The roots had grown deep enough that Zac could feel his brother as if he were a mortal being, a mortal that could form the symbiosis. Even with Zac's mouth and throat full of cock, he was able to lift his gaze at his brother, threading new memories, new thoughts, and new variations into the cosmos. It was hard to grin with a cock in one's mouth, but if anyone could, Zac was.

'He's looking more like his father every day...' the words echoed in Cai's mind, along with 'they grow up so fast!' A few more thoughts, a few more memories and Zac could feel Cai's cock extending further down his throat as it stretched and grew. The balls in his hand swelled up larger and fuller, weighing heavier... but the most distinct changes came from Cai's youthful face. His braided goatee was well more mature than his years to be sure, but his cheeks had been rosy and youthful. The pink flesh darkened as chestnut brown hair began to sprout out in velvety waves, spreading like lichen across stone.

One of Zac's hands moved to start stroking up and down Cai's leg as it grew a new dense coating of hair - no, practically fur. It was thick and curly and dark, shadowing his legs. He'd already had a hairy stomach and a thick bush, but the dark pubic hair swept around his hips and across that round bubble butt. It sank down past his knees, spiraling around his ankles, even spreading part way down his feet. In the ancient myths of man he practically 'looked like a satyr, and yet he was the twenty one year old son of one of Mars most hairy bachelors.

Subconscious grunts of approval came from Jake's bearded mouth, his mustache thick enough that it hid his lips entirely. Reality was changing itself as fast as he was experiencing it. The ass beneath his fingers had never been that hairy before, but he practically kneaded them like twin loaves of bread as he felt how bristled they had become. He continued to nuzzle Cai's long hair, then his shoulder, grunting before he parted his lips and bit down. Cai nearly screamed in pleasure, feeling his cock engulfed in a black hole of oral fixation and his father's teeth threatening to break his skin, not to mention that long beard cascading down his back like a cape.

In and out, flesh and fluid, undulating and writhing. The three were a single unit, a cohesion, a family. Cai thrust down his little bro's throat while he could feel his dad's shaft rising higher and higher inside of his body. His anatomy didn't make sense anymore, but he didn't care. He wanted every inch of his father inside him, spearing him. His cock felt amazing, his ass felt great, and his face was tingling as if lightning was about to strike. Every follicle was pulsating with energy and life as it extruded thick brown hair. What was there grew long, what hadn't been there filled in rapidly.

Cai's upper lip disappeared beneath a thickening mustache, the sides of which descended down like creeping vines to anchor into the thick tufts at his chin. The cheeks grew in, dense and thick at first before the hair started to unspool. Despite being twenty one, his beard looked as if he had been growing it for years. The long braided plait he had been so proud of was not quite as distinct as his well groomed cheeks grew dark with an inch of thick beard, then two, then three. The hair swept back at the corners of his jaw in a wild flare before the cheeks billowed outward as well.

Zac watched like a predator, his throat bulging with brotherly cock but his eyes were glued on his brother's face as he watched his beard grow wild and thick and luxurious, growing out wider. As the hair uncoiled from Cai's chin, the braided portion sank lower, leaving a wider crescent to taper down to where it started. It was stately, practically royal and well beyond his years. To be so hirsute, he would have had to inherit the trait from somewhere, and Jake was the logical choice.

Jake had been reshaped time and time again by his sons, but the changes kept rippling back further. He hadn't just started growing his beard when Cai was born, nor growing it when he graduated. No, the changes crept back further and further. He'd been the youngest kid in

school to grow a beard, the youngest kid in middle school to have a mustache, and he'd never ever shaved. Having raised two sons to maturity, his massive beard was now salt and clove colored, the streaks of silver hinting at his wisdom.

Once more his beard began to grow, to stretch, to descend. It swept down past his belly button, reaching all the way down the slope of his belly to hit the root of his cock before it split to either side, dividing the unconquerable flesh. His long hair crept down his broad back, reaching to his waist. Jake felt alive, truly alive. He was the most manly man that side of Olympus Mons. His sons would grow up one day to be as manly as he was, if not more so. As they did, they would be by his side, nurtured and empowered by his presence. Jake moaned, groaned, grunted and then howled. His hands clutched Cai's waist tight as he drove himself as deeply as he could before his howl grew in intensity.

The eruption was white hot inside of Cai's stomach. He tried to gasp but couldn't. He threw his head back, leaning against his father's belly and chest. His eyes rolled into the back of his head and as he was filled, he came as well. The rush from his heavy avocado sized balls was fast, slippery and messy. The gooey tendrils of cum splattered and sprayed deep inside of Zac's throat, almost surprising him. His throat had been working in most unnatural ways to massage and milk Cai's shaft, but now it drew that cream down deep into his belly.

Somewhere across the plains, another crack of thunder sounded like a thousand drummers slightly off tempo from one another. There was a sharp tang of artificial ozone blowing in through the open front door. The rain returned and it returned hard, coming down in buckets. Zac drank his brother's bounty, gulping it down fast and greedily. He drank for every time he'd wistfully watched a human consume food when he couldn't. He drank for every drop of rain that could never touch his tongue. He drank in celebration of the family he'd gained. His stomach felt warm, full, then a bit over full.

The three relished in their mutual glow until their movements became clumsy, ragged and uneven. Zac unceremoniously detached from Cai's cock, giving it one last lick to clean it before he sprawled out on the muddy floor. Cai nearly collapsed but he felt his father's strong arms slip under his, hoisting him up as if he was a sack of blue flour. Jake carried Cai over and laid him down on the couch on his back so his full belly wouldn't be disturbed. Cai muttered gibberish in thankfulness before his eyes fluttered shut.

Jake murmured happily to himself, wandering over to collapse into his recliner. It groaned under his weight, especially as the footrest was kicked out and lifted up his powerful legs. His greenish-brown eyes swept across the room, seeing two spent and contented sons. Cai's beard was coming in so well, and it looked as if Zac had grown his first mustache and sideburns just in the last few hours... He was an incredibly lucky father. With such contentment in his heart, Jake leaned back and closed his eyes, letting his heart rate settle after such exertion. Before long the only sound in the room was of three men sleeping off their sexual afterglow.

The steady sound of rain fell away once more and this time the green clouds parted enough that the far distant sun cut through the artificial atmosphere, washing across the blue wheat. The humans had come to a dead world that was far from dead, reshaping it in their image - but it was not a world that could be tamed. It reshaped all those who walked along its surface just as they changed it. Cai and Zac were timeless, ancient spirits. They had found a

family with Jake, and by their connection to him he had changed to better suit Mars as well. They were one, now, and in their own way they were all the sons of Mars.