

The Son of Mars

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Based on "*The Martian*" by Ray Bradbury
from "*The Martian Chronicles*"

It had been so many years since the humans had come to Mars. They had explored, they had studied, and then they had begun the great work. An atmospheric barrier had been established, then a new atmosphere. Massive plants brought complex chemical reactions to life, and with that came water. The red planet had taken on new colors as some of the mountains turned blue, wildflowers were sewn, farms were planted and life established itself... though in some ways the world would forever be alien, inscrutable, unknown.

There were many different kinds of need that threaded themselves through the marketplace. The need for profit and goods was a vast current, but there were smaller eddies that swirled and collected. There was hunger, there was destitution, there was unfulfilled eagerness. It was complex and fast moving, not to mention extremely dangerous for a spirit like Cai. He could feel himself stretched, but the trick was not to connect himself to any soul until he was ready. It was amazing how much the humans had changed over the years, but so too had Cai's kind.

They had once been so malleable, unable to control what they became around the humans. A passing memory of one long lost was enough to reshape them so they only revealed themselves to remote, solitary beings in the name of forming a symbiosis that would nurture them both. To venture into the heart of a Martian city had once been a death sentence, a risk of being torn apart by the push and pull of every mind around them... but Cai had grown.

Hazy gold light swept down between the stucco buildings, filtered through the dust storm in the atmosphere. There was a fine layer of sediment that muted the otherwise bright tapestries and blankets that made up the shop stalls. A few of the patrons wore bandannas and masks, though many elected not to because of the warm temperatures. In a way, Cai almost envied the mortals. The conditions weren't comfortable, but at least they weren't numb to them. Still, if Cai found the right being, he would feel the waking world soon. All he needed was the right person, the right heart, the-

A shimmer of heat washed across Cai's arms and legs, his ethereal skin taking on a well tanned, mildly sunburned hue. He felt the brush of curly brown hair brushing the back of his neck, a whisper of a breeze across his upper lip which had a downy fuzz of invisible hairs across it. Brownish-green eyes blinked slowly and there was dryness to a throat that had not been there a moment ago. Cai inhaled slowly, filling lungs that were youthful, his fit, firm chest rising. Broad feet splayed out across sandals, each toe limber and distinct.

The crowds that had been passing through the spirit now started to split and curve, moving around him as if he was a stone that had been dropped into the river. A rosy blush came to Cai's cheeks as he realized he was being a disruption. He stepped to the side, almost bumping into a larger man standing off to one side of the path. As Cai looked up at the man, he gasped one more time. The same greenish-brown eyes were examining some of the tapestries for sale. The man was a little over six feet tall and almost three hundred pounds, a belly distending his oversized t-shirt despite carrying his weight fairly well. Even in the heat, he wore

long pants, although the fabric was thin. The older man's face was framed with a short shorn chinstrap beard, the middle of his cheeks shaved to keep a more professional appearance.

Cai shuddered softly as he felt a pinprick of pain in each ear shortly before a golden ring appeared in each. There was a tug at his shoulder as a backpack appeared, weighed down with purchases from the day. Even a leather bracelet manifested on his wrist - a wrist that was thick and strong, just like his hands, just like the hands of the older man before him... a man with the same eyes, the same ears. Perhaps when he was younger the man would have had the same hair, though now it was cut short, thinning a bit at the crown of his head.

"Ah, good! You brought your son to help you with all this. A good, strong boy!" The shopkeeper said with glee, comparing the two men. The older man turned in confusion, his eyes widening with a bit of shock when he laid eyes on Cai. In a way it was like looking at his younger self, except... he'd never have been allowed to get his ears pierced, or to let his hair grow long, and he was never that thin... The visage before him was too handsome, too perfect... and yet the resemblance was shocking. The older man opened his mouth to speak, but Cai reached out, resting his hand on the man's wrist.

"Sorry I got lost, dad..." Cai said in a perfect, soothing, almost melodic voice, "But it's okay, I'm here now." he said softly. The words wove their way into the man's soul, weaving and winding their way deep. Cai felt himself being flooded with memories, emotions, feelings and urges. He could feel what had been before, and what was becoming now. Jake... That was his dad's name... Jake had lived his life being a good son and a good man, giving everything he had to everyone he knew, wearing himself down and down and down until it snapped like a rubber band.

Cai could feel there were times Jake thought he wouldn't make it, but responsibilities had fallen away in the way they tragically and inevitably did. Jake had been reduced to a small seed, a kernel of life, but he had set out to grow himself again, to rebuild. It had been little things at first like going for walks, getting out in the world again. Each step rebuilt the stamina that had been eroded by years of selfless living, and yet there was still this need and longing... a longing for lost years, lonely years, time that could never be reclaimed. Cai's hand lingered on Jake's wrist as he looked up into his father's eyes, nourishing that seed, giving some of himself.

For the first time in years, Jake's shoulders began to relax. A soft smile played across Cai's lips. How much easier would Jake's burden have been if he had a son to help him out? A good boy to help the good man? How much joy would Jake have had sharing his childhood toys with his own son? How much joy would he have had sharing his favorite shows and movies? How proud would he have been to have a selfless son, except... that wouldn't have been what Jake would have wanted... Not exactly... Cai shuddered softly, feeling a stinging pleasure on his bicep as twin bands of tattoos ringed the flesh. In addition to his earrings, a metal cuff appeared on one ear. He murmured softly, feeling their mutual memories being shaped and reshaped by a push and pull between them.

Jake wouldn't have wanted a son to just follow in his footsteps. He would have encouraged Cai to get out there, to be himself, to have fun, to be rowdy and experiment and let nothing hold him back. Memories filled Cai's mind of having a mohawk in high school before growing his hair out, of all-nighters, of parties, and always coming home to a loving father, Jake's brows relaxed, his arms lowered, even his toes splayed out in his large shoes as the

stress rolled off of him. Cai's hazel eyes fluttered shut as he felt the currents change. Everything that had happened had happened in an eye blink, an exchanged glance, a heartbeat.

"A very good boy." Jake agreed with a grin, putting down two large bills for the seller. The seller grinned, not even bothering to haggle. He nodded and began bundling up the tapestry, tying it with twine. Jake turned and looked back at Cai with a grin, reaching out to rub his son's shoulder... and what a strong shoulder it was. "Did you find what you wanted?" Jake asked. Cai gave a soft smile.

"Oh yeah, just what I needed, Dad." Cai smiled.

"That's great... I'm kind of relieved too. I was hoping I'd be up for more, but it's just so damn hot. Maybe we can come back at sunset." Jake considered, bowing his head to the vendor as he accepted the tapestry. Cai exhaled a bit, realizing just how right his dad was. The pits of his shirt were soaked with sweat and his ass was particularly moist with sweat. He nodded a bit at that, though he still edged closer to his dad, staying in his personal space.

Jake smiled, finding a comfort in how clingy Cai was. He knew he'd done everything he could to encourage his son to get out there, to have fun, but was that Cai's way of rebelling? By staying close, by being affectionate? Jake knew he wasn't going to mind. The two took the relaxed path through the marketplace, navigating the serpentine route between alleys and side streets until they found the small flat they were renting. Jake led the way, Cai following, the young man's eyes watching the way his large father's calves worked to propel him up the sandstone steps. Once they were inside, Jake set the tapestry down and shut the door behind his son.

The air was much cooler, the room lit only by waist high lamps of bamboo stretched in an ovoid shape with canvas diffusing the light inside to cast a parchment colored glow across the room. The lone solitary bed in the room seemed more out of place now that it had two occupants, though a framed picture by the bed now showed both Jake and Cai despite their comparatively recent meeting. A loud thump came as Cai dropped his backpack, reaching to brush his curly hair out of his face. His piercings glistened in the dim light and when Jake turned and looked at his son, the dim light made his peach fuzz mustache look darker, as if it was real. Jake felt a most unwholesome stirring when he looked at how mature his nineteen year old son had become.

"Would you like some iced tea?" Jake asked, refocusing himself. Cai nodded.

"Yes dad, that'd be great..." He murmured a little numbly, watching the bearded man head into the modest kitchenette the flat afforded its occupants. A subtle, sharp cramping came from Cai's stomach. The sensation was enough to make him pull in on himself. It would have been enough to sustain himself to become this man's son, to fill that niche, to love and be loved... but there was more there. There was something beneath that wholesome current, a twisted undertow. Cai could practically taste it and it made him so hungry...

Cai drifted to remain within eyesight of his father, studying Jake. Their connection had grown stronger, linking them even without touch as long as they were within a few feet of each other. Cai studied that hint, that glimpse, that clue. The thoughts and memories coalesced. Jake had realized he was gay a little later in life, leading to regret that he had missed out on the chance to experiment as a teenager or even go on dates as a young adult. Family had come first. By the time he'd been free to rehabilitate himself, he'd felt too old to pursue it... and yet there was a lust, a hunger, a need... and Cai fed on need.

Cai took a step closer, then another. His stomach rumbled, his eyes nearly took on an unearthly shade of honey. He could give this man everything he needed, everything he deserved. They would both grow stronger for it. They wouldn't just survive, they would thrive. Cai surged forward, standing on his tiptoes, bringing his lips to his father's. Jake inhaled as he was kissed, purely surprised, but when he felt his son's tongue plunge into his mouth, he dropped the jug of iced tea that he had been holding. The container toppled to the floor and bounced, sliding into the wall.

Jake looked at his son's face in such close proximity, but only for a moment. His eyes shut and he felt the tongue dancing and wrestling in his mouth, allowing his tongue to return the affection. Cai moaned into the kiss, wrapping both muscled arms around his father's neck, pulling him closer. They kissed and embraced, their waists pressing together. Jake moaned, feeling his son's wonderful erection pressing against him before feeling his own join Cai's. Cai shuddered as the forbidden need washed over him, reshaping him. His own pants grew tighter as his manhood lengthened, fattened, growing firmer and harder and larger... just like his dad's.

Cai felt his father's strong arms wrap around his waist, their erections bumping and grinding and rubbing. He smelled their beads of sweat from shopping in the marketplace all morning and he felt the warmth his dad's big body was radiating, but there was so much more. The nature of Cai's existence was working its way into Jake, into his life, into his history and reality. Both of the men were lost in a timeless moment as their relationship evolved in a new shared history. Cai's childhood had been healthy and liberated, just as they both had come to know it, but after graduating from high school and considering college, his urgency to spend time with his father had become something more...

It had started with falling asleep on the couch together during marathons, then helping his dad on his journey of self rediscovery, and then with their first forbidden kiss. One kiss had led to another, to cuddling, to massages, to jerking off together, and then to sex - a lot of sex. Cai bore his teeth as he broke the kiss, looking up at his father, panting.

"I need you daddy, I'm so hungry!" Cai growled. A powerful, self actualized grin crossed Jake's lips.

"Of course you do, you're a good boy..." Jake said with a huffy breathy voice. He reached down to unbutton his pants, drawing the zipper down. Cai was hit with the musky, sweaty, spicy scent of his father... and he couldn't have wanted anything else more. The curly headed nineteen year old dropped down to his knees, all but tearing his father's pants apart. He reached in to grab at the boxers, bringing them down. A very long, very fat cock swung out into view, bobbing before him. Cai couldn't believe how fortunate he was. One rarely found one true form of love, and he had found two in Jake.

Cai took a long, languid lick up the long length of Jake's member before he doubled back, working his way around the space where his skin had retracted from the puffy, thick mushroom shaped head. Cai's eyes were clenched shut as he let the flavor blossom over his tongue. It was the scent of masculinity, of prowess, of a virile man who had borne a son and a kinky bastard that had deflowered his son's ass when he had realized that was what they had both wanted. Cai felt that ass throbbing and clenching as it swelled and grew, rounding outward, ballooning larger and larger until he practically had an ass shelf.

"Daddy..." Cai moaned before he began lapping at the tip of his father's cock, teasing the urethra before his lips went wide and he began taking the large shaft into his mouth as if it

were an over-sized popsicle. He sucked and slurped, leaning closer. Jake groaned and grunted, his eyes squeezed shut, his hands gripping his son's shoulders. It was not in human nature to be able to sense the changes such spirits made to their lives, but something about their connection felt new and fresh despite the clear memories that they had been doing this for several months... months that were beginning to catch up with them both.

Cai's first appearance in the marketplace had been influenced by the genetics of the mortal he had connected with, then his subconscious. Now, however, the influence was becoming more direct. What had been a peach fuzz mustache was darkening, maturing and filling out across Cai's upper lip. He teased his daddy's slit with his tongue before filling his mouth so full of the bearded man's junk that his jaw felt like it might dislocate. He took in more and more, bobbing his head, feeling his cheeks tingle as a downy layer of fuzz began to spread down from his hairline to his jaw, growing willowy and longer.

Jake moaned softly, looking down at his son sucking him off, feeling the memories cement themselves as he encouraged his son to grow out his facial hair as much as he could, to embrace it... and in turn, Cai had encouraged his father. Jake groaned, reaching down with one hand to tangle his fingers in Cai's curly hair. He held him to his groin, guiding him back and forth, but all the while Jake was writhing in a half-imperceptible pleasure. The refined, manscaped edge of his chinstrap beard eroded. At first it was merely the open space on his cheeks between the edges of his mustache and his sideburns. Stubble pressed out before blunting, growing thicker and longer, sprouting at an incredible rate, but it was more than that... a lot more.

What had been carefully kept edges grew ragged and unkempt, the beard creeping up higher and higher on Jake's cheeks. The carefully squared corners grew round and the line under his jaw began to creep down his neck. He had gone from office acceptability to week long camper in moments. New thoughts of being manly for his son, to be a positive role model, to embrace his primal side took root in his brain. He grunted and groaned, holding Cai harder, getting his cock as deep into that greedy gullet as he could. He exhaled hard, feeling the tickle of his mustache brushing his lower lip as it grew past its perfectly maintained edge, thickening and growing bushier.

Cai slowly shifted positions, tipping his head upward as he brought his spine down. Jake's long, fat cock slid across the undulating tongue, brushing the back of his son's throat before slipping into the squishy, spongy esophageal passage. The transition had been so seamless that it surprised Jake, at least until he remembered that his son had shown him that trick before. He'd been so proud of his boy when he learned that... hadn't he? Jake groaned harder, feeling his balls swell and distend, sinking down lower along his lap. His testicles felt like they were tingling, then throbbing, working in concert with his prostate to cook up something amazing.

There was no way what they were doing was natural, in any sense of the word. No human would have been able to take that large of a dick that deep for that long. The amounts of testosterone surging through Jake were not just inhuman, they were stretching beyond the limits of humanity. Jake writhed and growled, holding his son to his groin as his cheeks bristled with dark new hair that grew amid the old. The follicles were almost glowing with energy as the hair unspooled. The last glimpses of flesh disappeared across Jake's cheeks as his beard filled in completely, rising up almost dangerously high.

With the territory conquered, Jake's beard began to push towards new horizons. Centimeter after centimeter, then inch after inch pushed out. It unfurled from his cheeks, dropped from the underside of his jaw, and cascaded down from his chin. His mustache obscured his mouth entirely, leaving him framed with a beastly mane about his face. The testosterone had other impacts as well. The sweat soaked shirt grew tighter as thickets of hair grew luxuriously beneath his thick arms and a field of wild hair spread across his full chest, his round belly and his strong shoulders.

Waves of energy rippled through Cai, nourishing him in ways he hadn't felt in centuries. His form had been so real, so tangible, but he could feel his bones hardening, his muscles firming, his skin becoming pliant and his curly hair becoming rich. He loved his new mustache and sideburns, as well as the thick pit hair he could feel pushing out and soaking up his manly reek, but he was but a small seed compared to the massive tree that his father was becoming. He looked up with wonder and pride - not to mention a throat full of cock - at the massive bearded man towering over him... a man who, in at least one way, was starting to look more like him again...

After years and years of keeping his hair short and professional, the dark chestnut brown hair on his head was starting to grow out just like his facial hair. While Jake's beard had a head start, already tickling his collar bone as it sunk lower and longer, so too did the hair on his scalp. At first it was crazed and wild, one reason it had been kept short, but as it unfurled itself, the long curls began to form like ribbons and rivulets. There was an awkward phase at first where Jake's head seemed to be unusually round, but the hair sorted itself out as it descended, taking on a far more elegant cascade.

The hair slipped across the back of Jake's neck by the time his beard reached his sternum, and when his mane reached his shoulders, his bushy full beard was already slipping down the slope of his massive belly. The hair was full and luxurious, though there were strands of silver-white that wove amid the darker brown like leaves of dusty miller. So too was his beard infused with the color of age and maturity, giving the beard more variation and depth. Jake threw his head back and let out a deep, rumbling moan before his other hand grabbed onto Cai's head, pulling him in deep.

The young man was obedient and accommodating, letting his lips slide down an inhuman length to the root of his father's massive rod. He held himself there, the plump head nearly all the way down to his stomach. Jake growled, grunted and then screamed out in triumph. His massive balls quivered, his cock throbbed, and then came the hot rush of rich, potent, virile seed deep into Cai's belly. He could feel wave after wave of the thick jelly filling him. Cai welcomed the rush, his eyes shut, his skin almost pearly as the bond was sealed. He was, at least for this lifetime, Jake's son and lover. They would live the lives that had been re-written around them, bolstered and enriched by the shared symbiosis.

Cai suckled and fed from his father's cock until his fit, firm stomach was rounded and distended by semen. At last his father's flood tapered off. Cai remained a few moments longer, seemingly unneeding of breath before he finally unsheathed himself. A smear of the salty brine dribbled down his chin until he licked it up, looking up at his father's face - a face now entwined by long hair and an immense beard. Jake crouched down to collect Cai by his shoulders, pulling him up to his feet before he leaned in for a loving, lustful kiss.

Once more their lips played and pursed, parting so two strong tongues could wrestle and writhe. Their arms ensnared each other and Cai's temporary cum swollen belly sloshed and squished as it pressed against Jake's more permanent, warm one. The kiss was sultry and strong, but Jake broke the kiss to move his lips down Cai's neck, coming to suck and kiss and suck on the flesh. Cai gasped as the pressure grew from pleasure to the border of pain. The skin stung like nettles as capillaries burst, a dark spot forming beneath his father's suction. Jake kept going, sucking and sucking until the pressure ebbed, he pulled back and looked down, admiring the mark at the base of his son's neck.

"I love you, Cai." Jake said gently. The words were manifold. To Jake he would remember having a son, raising him, bringing him to age before something more began to take root and their relationship deepened. Cai knew that, but he also knew that Jake's soul would remember being tired, being alone, being burdened and then being lost. Jake's soul now knew companionship, love, care, and help. That soul could begin to heal. From that healing and love, Cai too would be nourished. His spirit would rekindle, his essence would go on, he would live as his kind had ever since the humans had come to that world and changed it in their image.

A deep bass rumble echoed across the horizon as green clouds churned. The air smelled of petrichor as heavy raindrops pelted the ground. The Martian canals had grown thick with the overflow of water and rivulets cascaded down from overhangs on the buildings. Jake sat at the bar of the cantina with a big mug of beer in one hand, his eyes glittering with delight. His beard was so long and so thick that only the upward crescent curve of his thick mustache revealed that he was grinning. So too, was his son.

The years had been quite good for the two. Jake carried himself with such confidence and joy. His hair now reached the small of his back, his beard reaching its full length at his navel. In emulation of his father, Cai had grown out the hair on his chin until it could be braided into a strong plait that dangled invitingly. His curly hair, also long, had been pulled back by a headband that kept his tresses out of his eyes. Similarly, a leather collar ran its way around his neck. In many ways he looked like a pirate of legend.

Light, melodic laughter twinkled across the air as it rained with Cai trying his first adult beverage now that he was twenty one. It was a green concoction, a fermented wine made from Martian Dandelions. He sipped it and murmured happily, his cheeks growing rosy. Aside from the rain, it had been a hot day so Cai wore a crop top that did little to hide his flat, somewhat hairy stomach. The fabric was sheer enough that it did nothing to hide the rings that now hung from his pert, plump nipples.

A few of the other patrons had waited at the door of the cantina, trying to decide whether they could wait out the rain before they reluctantly pressed on, running from overhang to overhang. The cantina thinned out until only Jake and Cai remained. The bartender grinned at the two, having come to know and endorse their unique form of family love. He moved along the bar to collect the glasses and return them to the sanitizer. Jake reached up, curling thick fingers around the braided goatee his son sported, turning Cai's head to him. He leaned in, kissing his son in a soft and tender embrace for a moment.

“Are you happy, my son?” Jake asked. Cai reached to rest a hand on his father’s full pectoral. He smiled a genuine, rich smile.

“There are unfortunate spirits that walk this world, knowing only need and longing. I am fortunate that I need and want for nothing. I have everything I could ever dream of, and I hope I bring you the same joy, father.” Cai said gently. Jake’s mustache curved into another hidden grin as he nodded most vigorously.

“You do, you do my son. There has never been a better son of Mars than you, Cai. I am the luckiest father that has ever lived.” he said softly. Cai smiled warmly at that, letting his hazel eyes close as he leaned his head onto his father’s large, strong shoulder. He listened to the rain hitting the dust, a sound he’d heard for so long. It occurred to Cai that he had been wrong those few years ago when he had met Jake. He had not been able to feel the temperature of the air without a body, that much was obvious, but the rain had left him cold and hollow all the same. Finding Jake had brought him out of that, making him feel warm and full and complete.

“Can I get you anything else?” the bartender asked. Jake considered for a long moment.

“How about... Sabaeen Prune Stew, something hearty.” Jake said.

“And more dandelion wine!” Cai added, sitting back upright. Jake chuckled at that, reaching to massage his son’s shoulder. The bartender got to work to prepare their food, heading into the back. Jake took a good swig of his beer, enjoying the taste. As Cai sipped his green drink, though, he felt something tug at the edge of his senses. It felt dusty, old, bone cold. Cai turned and looked out of the open doorway of the cantina, through the falling rain. Beneath the green clouds and the swirling sediment was a pair of tired, silver eyes sunk in a shadow the shape of a human.

There were no other citizens moving through the streets, no other cantina patrons to see the wandering spirit - only Cai. Cai swallowed gently, feeling the warmth fade from his cheeks a little as he thought of where he had come from and what he had been before he met Jake. He remembered that hollowness, that ache, that need, that hunger. He felt his stomach, his human stomach, tense and tighten as guilt welled up in him. Had he been that selfish? That self centered? That greedy? He knew that he’d brought Jake every bit of happiness his dad had needed, and in turn he’d gained his own, but... was that enough?

“Dad, did you ever think about having another son?” Cai asked gently, smiling up at his father. Jake looked surprised, eyes widening a bit. He reached up to rub at one of the three rings hanging from his left ear.

“I mean, I had you before I really realized I was into men... I’m pretty lucky that in my confusion I wound up with the best son ever.” Jake beamed. Cai reached out and rested his hand on his father’s shoulder.

“Any son raised by a father as amazing as you would grow into someone to make you proud.” Cai said, taking a slow breath, “I’m sure my brother feels the same way.” Cai said. The shadow in the rain blinked its eyes, the silver irises disappearing before opening in a rich greenish-brown tone. The rain seemed to be washing the shadow away, revealing well tanned skin. The familiar chestnut brown hair was shaved short on the sides, though a curly frohawk formed itself along the curve of a scalp.

A milky, dreamy look swirled across Jake’s eyes as the connection began to form itself, threading and weaving itself into his soul. There was a faint pang deep in Cai’s heart. He hoped he was doing the right thing, that it would enrich them all. He turned his head and looked out

into the rain to see a smile curving on the mouth of a young man, his lower lip marked by golden rings on either side. Cai's concern suddenly blossomed into something else, however, as he felt the prickling, stinging pain of new marks appearing on his chest and collar bone, marks where his new brother had imprinted on him. An eyebrow arched at that, then a grin of Cai's own. Maybe there was no limit to how much love they could share, both Jake and the sons of Mars...