

LOVE'S LANDSCAPES



Don't Read in the Closet 2014

WE THE CALARI OF CALAR III

Wart Hill

Table of Contents

Love’s Landscapes.....3

We the Calari of Calar III – Information5

Acknowledgements.....6

We the Calari of Calar III7

Author Bio21

Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

WE THE CALARI OF CALAR III

By Wart Hill

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love's Landscapes?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the Goodreads M/M Romance Group. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

We the Calari of Calar III, Copyright © 2014 Wart Hill

Cover Design by Goodreads M/M Romance Group
Photographs from Stock.XCHNG
and Public Domain Pictures.net
[Strange Sunset](#) by [robertovm](#)
[Northern Lights over Northern Canada](#) by [dyet](#)
[Sea Sunset 3](#), [Arizona Sunrise](#)

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

WE THE CALARI OF CALAR III

By Wart Hill

Photo Description

A naked man is in a bare room in a spaceship. He is being held up by tentacles coming down from above. They are pleasuring him as well as supporting him.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Tentacles. Any creature with tentacles is a desirable creature. Those arms can go anywhere, feeling, grasping, sucking, soft, moist. This was at least what I believed before I met X, who claimed me as his before I even knew I had to leave my homeland and settle in his family's vast, wet land. His species claimed one man from my species every ten years, the joining of a man with tentacles and a human man resulted in peace between the two as the birth of a much longer for hybrid might be the result of the union.

I did as I was told. My family sent me off with great joy, it was a tremendous honor. I was scared, and when X pulled me into his arms, all eight of them, I knew that I would do anything, just anything, to avoid mating with this creature.

This story may contain non-consent, otherworldly experiences, deep, slimy penetration and, believe it or not, definitely a happy ending!

Sincerely,

Favory

Story Info

Genre: science fiction

Tags: farming, spacemen/aliens, interspecies, tentacle sex

Content Warnings: forced marriage, dubious consent

Word Count: 5,994

Acknowledgements

+ Thank you to the moderators of the M/M Romance Group for hosting this event and doing such a great job organizing it, and thank you to the volunteers who made it possible.

+ Thank you to Favory for the intriguing prompt, I hope you like where I've gone with it.

+ A thousand thank yous to my noodnik, Gaelyn, for her edits and for reading this over. And thanks to Jackson for giving it a look.

WE THE CALARI OF CALAR III

By Wart Hill

For Davin's family, it began with the relocation. He wasn't even an idea in anybody's mind at the time—it had been his great-grandparents who signed on to the colony project. The plan being to establish themselves there early, get settled, and reap the rewards of already having their land and their homestead when all the rest of the human race came rushing in—refugees coming to fill up the continents. They were one of many families of farmers who came on that first trip, learning this strange new land, getting ready to help the new colonists when they arrived. It should have been a lucrative business. And it was.

Except...

Davin didn't need a history book to tell him how that turned out—his grandfather, Max, never let him forget how it started, because it started with Max's own twin brother, Alexi.

They were young men then, just touching adulthood. Gladly helping their father in the fields. Helping their fellow colonists set up a small government amongst themselves. Forging a life they could recognize in this strange new world: Calar IV.

They wouldn't know to call it that until one strange night, not long into their first year there. A couple of months, Max had said. That was when the first ones came.

The humans were celebrating. *Celebrating*, Max would emphasize, leaning forward and looking Davin right in the eye, his own blue ones cloudy with age. Nearly blind, the man could still make Davin shiver with a look. Just because he couldn't see didn't mean he couldn't *see*, he used to say. And when he looked at Davin like that, Davin knew he meant it.

Celebrating as though it was something to be proud of. As if we'd succeeded in taming this damned land. And I suppose we had. The land, anyway. The universe? The galaxy? They knew we were here. They knew we were coming here in the first damn place. Max would pause and sip his moonshine—his own special recipe that Davin's father insisted was what was causing Max to go blind in the first place. He would shake his head and look

out the dirty glass of the window beside his hard wooden chair at the night sky and the stars that had once been so unfamiliar to him, but which were the only ones his grandchildren knew, and he would heave a sigh.

Only then, after taking this moment to mourn the Earth no human would ever walk again, would he continue.

They came down from the night sky. Thought it was more of us at first. He'd bark out a laugh at the absurdity. We knew it couldn't be. Last advance ship had landed a month before. And now these lights were coming down not a mile out from where our little shindig was going down. He'd shake his head here, his brow furrowing, his eyes lidded, nearly closed. His shoulders slumped.

Sad.

They came out of the darkness like some sort of nightmare. These great, hulking critters. He'd illustrate, holding his hands up, apart, as if that could adequately convey what he meant. *Like some sort of mutant squid. Almost floating, these big... gas bags. Tentacles trailing behind them in the air.* He'd shudder. He always shuddered. And Davin, unable to help it, shuddered, too.

They said we were invaders. He laughed. *Invaders! As if we could do anything to them. They said they were willing to make peace with us, on one condition.* Max would always spit into the fire then, upsetting Davin's father—though he'd stopped saying anything long ago. Then Max would lean forward again and hold Davin's gaze, and he'd finish the story in a low, raspy voice and words that never failed to keep Davin up at night.

They wanted one of us.

And they got one. Great Uncle Alexi volunteered. "We've worked too hard," he'd said. "I'm not letting anything stand in our way."

The history books went into a little more detail, but Davin preferred Grandpa Max's stories. He didn't like the way the teachers and the history books insisted this treaty was for their benefit as well as the Calari's—what the tentacled beasts called themselves, as they lived on the only other habitable planet in the system, Calar III. He preferred the truth Max gave him: That these were nightmares. That going with them was a horror story.

Because that's what Davin had thought the moment he learned of the trade. Every few years, a Calari would come and claim a human man as its mate in the hopes that the unions would result in a hybrid and save the Calari race from extinction. It was an honor to be chosen, the history books said. It should be

every young man's dream to help maintain the good relations between the Calari and the human colony.

Instead, at night, Davin slept restlessly as he dreamed of the things the Calari would do to him if they took him. Tentacles probing every part of his body. They slid into him as the Calari used its own slime to lubricate them, penetrating him and making him cry out in unwanted pleasure as it moved within him. It curled another tentacle around his cock, stroking him to hardness, tugging and groping, winding another around and around his balls in an alluring figure eight, while still another stroked his lips until his mouth gaped open with gasps and moans, then it would slide the tentacle into his mouth and press it deep into the back of his throat.

The rest held him up, cradling him in the air as he writhed in pleasure and horror.

And he would wake to darkness, sated and disgusted.

This, they claimed, was an honor.

For Davin, it was a constant nightmare. He dreaded the day the Calari would come and choose their victims. Personally, he was convinced it would have been better if they had asked for blood sacrifice. Death had to be better than being forced to mate with one of those disgusting, tentacled freaks. Still, the sooner they came, the sooner they chose, the sooner Davin could sleep easy because they *would not* choose him.

Rumor had it they were psychic. They chose their "mates" by feeling their thoughts—just another violation as far as Davin was concerned, and he was determined to keep his thoughts as unappealing as possible. Not that that would be hard—he couldn't stand the Calari. His disgust at the few he'd seen when he was a child, coupled with the facts of their relationship with humans, had festered within him. First they were the monsters that lurked in the dark. Then, as he grew older, they became the enemy. And he would make sure they *knew* how he felt, so they would not take him.

They came out of the darkness like some sort of nightmare.

It was twilight. The harvest was ending. Davin and his siblings were packing the crop of hybrid wheat away in the barn, and soon they would join the rest of the village in the town square to celebrate another successful year.

Gavin, the youngest of the seven siblings, saw the ship's lights. He pointed it out to Eva, the eldest, and she called the others away from their work. It was mostly done anyway, and they closed up the barn and stood before it, waiting for whatever came next, while Gavin ran to get their parents.

Grandpa Max came, too.

And the family stood, waiting to be honored. Davin stood in the middle of the line, the middle child, just nineteen and looking forward to the rest of his life. His posture was different from the rest. They were all relaxed, eager. Except Grandpa Max. Only he and Davin were stiff, closed off, arms crossed over their chests, heads bowed. Davin kept glancing at him, making sure he truly wasn't alone in this. It was a comfort, knowing someone in his family saw sense.

It glided out of the shadows and into the light. A hulking monster. A kraken out of its natural habitat. It looked so wrong, hanging in the air instead of plunging beneath the seas like the squids and octopi that had inhabited True Earth and now existed only in books.

It seemed to study them, though Davin had no idea where its eyes were, then it glided towards his father and mother and they *bowed* to it. As if it deserved honors. Davin didn't try to hide his disgust—it was better for him if it knew, he thought. Then it slid down the line, passing the two girls—Eva and Vane—and pausing before Marvin. Davin froze, afraid again. If his plan worked, it would take one of his brothers. Not Gavin, he was too young, but Marvin was well old enough and Xavier had just turned eighteen. Only Eva, Vane, and Ashlyn, Xavier's twin sister, were safe, because the Calari never took women or girls. Only young men.

As much as Davin didn't want to go, he didn't want his brothers to go, either.

When it moved on from Marvin, Davin let himself relax, relieved even though it meant the thing's scrutiny moved on to him. It hovered before him, tilting its whole body back and forth as it studied him with invisible eyes. Its tentacles writhed around him, and Davin shuddered, memories of his nightmares flashing through his mind, stiffening his cock even as his stomach roiled with disgust.

It stopped, freezing before him, then its tentacles dropped and it slid over to hover before Xavier. Davin stiffened again, fear for his brother replacing fear for himself. But it only stayed before Xavier for a second before it slid back to

hover before him again, reaching out and wrapping two of its tentacles gently around his shoulders.

I will have this, a voice said, echoing and sing-song in Davin's mind.

"No," he whispered.

His parents bowed again. "You do our family a great honor," his father said.

"Honor my ass," Grandpa Max snapped. "It's disgusting."

But no one paid him any mind, not even the Calari. It gently urged Davin forward, guiding him into the darkening night towards the glow of its ship. Away from his family, too afraid to look back and see their expressions—honored, blessed, *happy*. Away from his world. Away from his life.

And straight into his nightmare.

The ship was no surprise to Davin—he'd seen enough drawings over the years, had even seen one in person once, years ago. It was tall and conical with panels on the side that concealed the propulsion system. Davin had never seen one take off, but the Calari had very few secrets from the humans. Probably, Davin figured, because they knew humans were no threat to them.

Inside, there was a globe filled with water in the center of the ship and around it a walkway that led to different doors—engine room, the exit... and a small pod that had been segregated from the globe by added glass. There was no water there, just a chair and a bed. The Calari didn't have to say anything when it opened the door. Davin stepped into his room, glad to leave the tentacled thing behind.

For now.

It went into the globe. There were two other Calari on the ship. One came onto the walkway from another door, spoke (Davin assumed) with the other two and then disappeared again. Engineer, Davin guessed, if such a term could be applied in this case. He didn't even know how the ship worked.

The Calari were strange to watch when they were in the water. Their movements there made sense, unlike when they were on land. Davin found himself studying them, searching for differences between the two hulking masses as they worked controls he couldn't see and set the ship rumbling around them, taking off into space, steering for Calari III.

Prisoner transfer.

His mate—he shuddered to think it, but he had no name for the thing—was a strange brownish-purple while the other was more blue. Its tentacles were longer than the other's, Davin noticed, when they floated briefly side by side.

Then they drifted apart, Davin's Calari drifting over to the window that separated them. It stopped, floating there, tilting its body like a human would tilt its head. *You are comfortable?* it asked.

Davin shook his head. "No," he said, though he couldn't be sure it could hear him. "I'd be comfortable if you let me go home."

It tilted its body the other way, its tentacles curled up towards itself. *Home is our destination.*

"Your home," Davin snapped. "We're leaving mine behind."

The tentacles coiled tighter. *Honor*, it said. *Fate*.

"Disgusting," Davin answered. He had nothing to lose now, and the honesty rushed out of him with a surge of relief. "That's what this is. *Disgusting*. Couldn't you just mate with your women and leave us out of it?"

The Calari let its tentacles drop back down, and its body sank a bit. Disappointment? Davin wondered. Then he decided he didn't care, crossed his arms over his chest and turned away, staring at the sparse furnishings of the room. The bed was bolted to the wall, the chair to the floor. There were no books, nothing to occupy Davin during the trip. Not that he knew how long it would take. He knew how long it would've taken for a human ship, but the Calari were far advanced. Maybe it was like taking an airplane versus taking the train in the old days. On True Earth.

Home.

Davin shook his head and turned back around. The Calari was still watching him. "What do you want?" he snapped, falling back onto the chair. He regretted it immediately; it wasn't even slightly comfortable.

Name? it asked. It seemed more relaxed now, its tentacles floating easily beneath it.

"Davin," Davin said, seeing no reason not to tell it. Besides, maybe if he had a name it would see how wrong this was. Wasn't that how it was supposed to work? Make the victim a person and... And would that work with aliens?

Then again, Davin realized, *humans* were the aliens here.

Sea, the Calari said, breaking through Davin's thoughts.

“What?” Davin asked, wondering what it was saying. Was it saying it lived in the sea? That was fairly obvious—though how Davin was supposed to live *with* it in the sea was beyond him.

I am Sea, it said.

“Fine,” Davin said, wishing he could turn the chair around and face away from the tank. He could move to the bed and lie with his back to the window, but he felt like moving would give the wrong message. “Whatever.” He shook his head. “I don’t care.”

But he did. Kind of. He’d never realized the Calari had names. They all seemed like one entity sometimes—a collective of kraken come down from the skies. Some sort of hive civilization. But clearly there was individuality.

He supposed that was a good thing—it would have been far worse if he’d been forced to mate with the hive. One was bad enough.

Sea watched him a few moments more before turning and floating back towards the other Calari.

They left him alone for the rest of the trip.

Davin would never admit it, but the city was beautiful.

Most of it was under the surface of a vast ocean that covered the majority of the world. A few small islands were the only land he saw as they came in for a landing. But from beneath the seas, spires and structures stabbed up into the sky. Gray coral built up into sky-scraping buildings—partially beneath the water for the Calari, partially above for their human victims.

The ship docked under the water, and Davin got to see the vast spread of even more buildings of varying heights clustered and scattered along below. They docked halfway down one building, its bottom hidden somewhere in the dark deep where Davin knew he could not go, and Sea came for him. His little room detached from the rest of the ship and became its own submersible vessel, and Sea steered it up to the surface, where they docked alongside a door that opened on the water, and it led Davin into the room beyond.

It was simple, plain. Only a small sofa, carved from the same coral as the wall, decorated the place. A steep staircase on the other side of the room led up to another floor or down into the water. Davin followed Sea cautiously into the

room, stopping when it stopped and turned to him. It reached out a tentacle and stroked at his shirt. *Remove*, it said.

Davin shook his head. "Why?" he asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

Unnecessary.

"And if I refuse?"

The tentacle drifted carefully up under the hem of Davin's shirt, tightening around the fabric. Davin pulled his arms tighter to his torso, but Sea gave a quick pull and the seams tore with a quiet rip. Davin reluctantly let his arms drop and the shirt slipped from his limbs to the floor, leaving Davin bare-chested. Exposed.

He thought about avoiding his pants, but given the ease with which Sea had removed the shirt, he doubted they would prove much of an obstacle for the thing. With a sigh, he untied his rope belt and let his pants drop, toeing out of his shoes and stepping out of the fabric pooled around his feet, trying to ignore the way the cool air played across his bare skin, or the feeling that Sea was studying the hang of his cock with its unseen eyes.

It reached out its tentacles and Davin instinctively cringed away, trying to cover himself with his hands. Sea stopped. Its body tilted in that strange way again, like a squid taking on human mannerisms. It reached out again, and this time Davin managed to stay still, his body stiff like a statue, his cock limp and heavy between his legs as tentacles stroked, cool and slick, along his bare chest and arms and back and—

Davin stiffened further and tried to pull out of Sea's grasp as a tentacle slid slowly around his puckered anus. He clenched his ass, trying to close himself off to Sea's advances, but Sea kept circling the hole even as another tentacle slid around his traitorously hardening cock, and Davin felt himself relaxing into the unwanted pleasure.

He thrust his hips forward, into Sea's grip, a moan slipping through his lips as the tentacle worked into his ass, twisting inside him. He hated himself even as he relished the feeling of that slick tentacle, the tight friction of the one around his cock, the two that toyed with his nipples, suctioning and letting them go.

Davin had had sex before, with men and with women, but no single person could pleasure someone in this many ways at once, and Davin found it hard not to enjoy it.

He let his eyes fall closed, let himself sink into the moment.

He could be disgusted with himself later.

After, Sea left him, going down the stairs. Davin stood, naked, sated, covered in tentacle slick and his own cum, horror and disgust rising in him now that the pleasure had passed. He bent down and scooped what was left of his shirt up off the floor, using it to wipe as much of the remains of the tryst off his body as he could, then he threw it aside. Another reminder of how depraved he had allowed himself to be.

He considered putting his pants back on, but decided not to bother. Sea would likely only rip them off him if it saw he was dressed again, so he left them on the floor as he crossed the room to the stairs. He glanced down them and saw the water didn't encroach on the room below quite all the way; it was about half filled, water lapping at the walls and steps. He wondered if he would be made to go down there for another session, and he hoped not.

It was bad enough in the dry air, he didn't know if he could stand being forced to do it in the water.

He shook his head and turned to go up the stairs instead, taking them two at a time up into a circular room perched on the top of the towering structure. A window set in the wall looked out over the water, shining in the strange light from the moon above. The two suns had still been shining when they'd landed. Davin wondered how much time had passed.

There was a bed in the room as well, and Davin collapsed onto it—it was much more comfortable than the furnishings on the ship had been—and sooner than he thought possible after everything that had happened, he was asleep.

Davin woke to find Sea hovering by his bedside, tentacles waving, reaching towards Davin but never touching. How polite. Davin sat up, giving the Calari a sleepy glare, though he wasn't sure the expression would translate. He still hadn't figured out where the thing's eyes were.

Now for me, it said

Davin shook his head, trying to clear it, still not fully awake. "What?"

Before, for you. The tentacles waved towards the stairs, then towards Davin again. *Now for me.*

It took Davin a moment to understand, but when he did, his stomach lurched, and it was all he could do not to throw up the nothing in it all over Sea. More sex. With this thing. And it was trying to claim their previous encounter had somehow been for his benefit? Sure, it had felt... amazing. Davin swallowed down the threatening bile, his cock hardening as he remembered the feel of Sea's tentacles, the care with which it had caressed him, the force of its thrusts into his ass.

And he thought he understood.

Before had been about pleasuring him. Now it was time for something else.

Fear and disgust and anticipation roiled together in Davin's stomach as he stood and followed Sea down the stairs. He stopped when they reached the first room, but Sea kept going. *I need water*, it said, descending into the half-submerged room below.

Davin took a deep breath, then slowly went down himself.

The water was warm and it felt good on his skin as he sank down into it. It came up to just below his shoulders, and he stopped at the bottom of the stairs, feeling it slowly lap at his over-sensitive skin. Sea floated to the middle of the room, turned so that its underside was facing Davin, and spread its tentacles.

Come, it said, *we must try*.

Davin took an unsteady step backward, his heel hitting against the step behind him. He teetered for a moment then fell backward, landing hard on the steps, his head submerged. He choked on water, frantic, panicked. Not thinking clearly enough to get himself back to the surface.

Then a gentle tentacle wrapped around his midsection and pulled him up. He sputtered, spitting water, gasping and retching. Sea held him steady, patiently waiting for him to be done. After a few minutes, when he found his footing and could finally get a full breath, he nodded his head and Sea released him.

Are you ready? Sea asked.

Davin blew out a frustrated breath and tried not to look at Sea. But there wasn't anything else to look at in the room. "Why can't you mate with each other?" Davin asked. "Why us? I don't want to carry your baby."

Sea floated quietly for a moment, then let its tentacles sink into the water and it settled still and quiet. Davin thought it was studying him, and felt self-consciously aware of his naked body. Which was silly, all things considered.

You will not carry it, Sea finally said. Davin held his tongue, though a hundred questions raged through his mind. He would let Sea control this situation. Our females inject us with their eggs, and our bodies fertilize them and nurture them until they are strong enough to emerge. But time has not been kind to us. Sea looked defeated, deflated, and despite everything Davin felt pity tugging painfully at his heart. We need new seed, but our planet no longer has a compatible species.

“So you thought we would be compatible?” Davin demanded, though his anger was lessened the more he thought about the struggles the Calari must have gone through to survive.

Not right away, Sea explained, but with enough exposure to the environment on Calar IV... after a few generations. Maybe.

“So you took us on a maybe?” Davin asked, the anger hot again, fists clenched at his side. “You tormented us without even knowing if it would work?”

We did not want to die.

Davin turned away, started up the stairs.

Please, Sea's voice was quiet in Davin's mind, pleading. Please, we do not want to die. Davin stopped, but he did not turn around. I will take you back After. Whether it works or not. I promise. Please.

Davin shook his head and continued up the stairs. “I don't want to be your guinea pig,” he snapped.

He slept because there wasn't really anything else he could do.

And he dreamt of Sea.

They were in the water, entwined. His cock was buried in Sea, thrusting into the tight space, smaller tentacles massaging him and gently pulling him in every time he pulled out for another thrust. Sea's larger tentacles were wrapped around him, touching him, suctioning his nipples, thrusting into his ass, coiling around his legs and arms, running through his hair, strangely gentle.

After, they floated together. Sea holding him so he would not sink beneath the water, their bodies pressed together.

I feel it, Sea said, I feel it starting. We will not die.

When Davin woke, his body was sticky with cum, his face wet with tears.

He didn't bother to clean himself off, just quickly got up and hurried down two flights of stairs into the water below.

Sea was waiting for him.

Davin swam slowly over to Sea. Sea reached out for him, wrapping tentacles around his arms and legs, even as it floated so that its underside faced him, the little opening where the eggs had been injected did have those tiny tentacles Davin had dreamed of. He must have seen them before. He licked his lips, watching them writhe, anticipating the feel of them wrapping around his cock. It hardened at the thought, and he moved forward, Sea helping him position himself to enter it.

Are you certain? Sea asked.

Davin only nodded, and a tentacle wrapped around his cock, guiding him to the hole. The smaller tentacles reached out and took control then, pulling him into the tightness, slick with water and Sea's own natural lubrication. Davin let out a groan as he slipped inside, relishing the feeling. But he stopped then, buried to his balls in the cephalopod before him.

It was nothing like his dream. Sea didn't move, only lay there in the water, letting Davin take it... *him*, but not reciprocating. Davin bit his lip, wondering if he should say something.

What is wrong? Sea asked when Davin didn't move for a minute.

Davin adjusted his grip on Sea's body, holding them as tightly together as he could so Sea couldn't pull away. "Fuck me," Davin growled.

What?

"Like you did before," Davin said. He ran a hand along one of Sea's tentacles, guiding it towards his ass. "Fuck me while I fuck you."

I do not understand your words.

Davin pulled out a little and then thrust back in. Out, in. "Fuck. Me," he said, emphasizing each word with a thrust. It took a few repeats, but Sea caught on quickly, his slick tentacle pressing into Davin's ass, thrusting in when Davin thrust into him.

And then it was like the dream—tentacles feeling, probing, sliding over Davin's body. Touching him and teasing him, the one in his ass sliding over that bundle of nerves, making him writhe.

Finally, he went rigid, one last thrust sending his cum into Sea's egg cavity to do what it would.

As he collapsed onto Sea's body, he found himself hoping this would work.

They floated for awhile, quiet, warm, Davin resting on Sea so he would not sink. He drifted in and out of sleep, smiling at the feel of Sea's tentacles stroking gently along his body. He didn't cuddle—not with his siblings, not with his lovers. Apparently extraterrestrial cephalopods brought out his soft side.

A little later—Davin wasn't sure how much time had passed—Sea gathered him up in its tentacles and carried him up to the bedroom, laying him gently on the bed and pulling the blankets over him as he shivered. Sea stroked a tentacle across his brow and said, *I will take you home.*

"No," Davin said, not thinking, just talking. He ran a hand along Sea's tentacle and looked up into the gray expanse of Sea's body. "No, I want to see how it turns out."

Certain? Sea asked.

Davin took a moment. *Was* he certain? Could he do this?

Sea waited, patient, kind, willing to take Davin back home.

But how could he walk away now?

He nodded once and smiled. "Certain," he said.

When it came time to name the child—a strange looking creature with the head, torso, and arms of a human, but tentacles writhing from the waist down—Davin felt like an idiot.

"What will we name him?" Davin asked.

Name?

"Yeah. You know," Davin pointed to himself, "Davin." He pointed to Sea. "Sea."

Sea tilted his body to the side, cradling the child in his tentacles. *Sea is not a name*, he said. *It is only what you call me, because we know humans use such things.*

“So what will we call him?”

Sea. As with all the Calari. It is only for humans.

“You all go by Sea?” Davin asked, reaching out to run a hand over the wispy dark hair on his son’s head. “Doesn’t that get confusing?”

It is only for humans. Sea raised his tentacles in an approximation of a shrug, something he had learned from Davin. *It seemed easiest to use a letter.*

And Davin realized. He hadn’t said Sea all those months ago, but C. And he felt like an idiot.

He recovered quickly.

“Well, that may be the Calari way, but humans use names and he’s half,” he said. “So I say we give him a name.”

And from that day on, to the Calari of Calar III, the child was just another Calari. But to his family, he was Alexi.

The End

Author Bio

Wart Hill is a queer Trans man who hails from the wilds of western New York. In 2011, Wart graduated from his university Cum Laude with a bachelor's degree in English and a minor in classics, both of which have helped him grow in his craft. Writing has been Wart's passion for much of his life, and he is thankful to have had the opportunity to participate in this event.

Contact & Media Info

[GoodReads](#) | [Twitter](#)