

The People Makers

By Gary LM Martin

The Earth was beautiful and healthy and vibrant (and very much not destroyed!).

The little marsh on the southwestern edge of Auburn Field outside of Perth, Australia was *gorgeous*. The tiny pond, the tall, thin reedy plants, the green lilies decorating the surface of the pond, the calmness and the tranquility was all very soothing. Only four or five times a day would the roar of spaceship engines remind one that this piece of beauty was a mere two hundred feet from the main Survey Service spaceport.

It *was* beautiful, but Survey Service Captain Michael Taylor barely noticed. He was too busy relishing the sensation of his first officer, Commander Sophie Astor, eagerly rubbing his cock through his pants.

"Michael," she whispered, kissing him passionately. "I want you, Michael!"

Sophie was a *Passive Observer*; at least, that was how Michael knew her when they first met, so many years ago. But there was nothing *passive* about her now. For Sophie Astor had fallen deeply, passionately in love with him. It was not a love that Michael could afford to reciprocate. Sophie was his first officer, and even putting aside Survey Service regulations about fucking your subordinates, Michael knew that sleeping with his first officer would simply be terrible for ship's morale and unit cohesion.

"Sophie, we can't be doing this," said Michael, between kisses.

She looked him sternly in the eye, paused, as if mock-considering for a moment, then said, "Yes we can," in that very sexy self-confident way of hers. And then she continued to kiss and fondle him as if nothing had happened. That's one of the many things he loved about her, her inner strength, her *resoluteness*.

Something had happened to them, or to be more precise, something had happened *between* them on the planet designated "New Eden." Their DNA had been altered and they had been turned into humanoid plant people. Their minds had been altered and their bodies had been used for reproduction by the sinister forces led by Marnie Glickman. Sophie, out of her love for Taylor, had allowed her mind and body to be transformed to help free her Captain from Marnie Glickman's sinister clutches. She remembered being made to fuck a jub jub plant which transformed her, giving her three internal vaginas, each one deeper inside her than the next; she remembered taking the wooden rod in the newly formed hole in the back of her head, conditioning her to be an obedient servant of Mama Earth; and above all she remembered making love to Taylor, Taylor not as he was now, but Taylor with an enormous 15 inch bendable penis which winded its way through her three sets of interconnected vaginas. When Taylor made love to her Sophie felt so utterly, utterly connected to him. She had lured him away from Marnie's evil daughter Ruthie and helped him regain his senses. They had overcome the Glickmans and even been restored to their original form by the Old Man from the Giant Tree, but the memory of what they experienced, of what they had shared with each other, had remained.

But once they had been rescued, Taylor acted like it never happened. He told Sophie that what she wanted was impossible.

But Commander Sophie Astor, who was normally logical to an extreme, *refused to accept the impossible*.

And so the normally passionless woman ground her body against him. Her firm, nuclear tipped breasts pressed against him while lower down she felt his stiffening erection pressed against her through his white Survey Service trousers.

"No, Sophie, we can't!" And with an effort he pushed her away.

Sophie looked sullen. "You seem capable enough." She glanced at the enormous erection in his pants.

"That's not what I mean," said Taylor, licking his lips. "You're my first officer! The regulations-"

"When have *you* ever cared about regulations?" And then she was on top of him again, kissing him furiously, rubbing his cock through his trousers once again.

"Sophie!" And then softer, "Sophie.... oh, Sophie....." A chill went through her body as Taylor groaned.

This time it was Sophie who pulled back, when she felt the time was right, with an uncharacteristic smirk on her face as she brought him to the edge of desire and then abruptly stopped. She sat next to him with a mischievous look as she smiled at him and stole glances at his very obvious erection.

Taylor listened to the sound of the sunset crickets and looked at her. She was *gorgeous*. Sophie had short straight black hair with bangs over her forehead. She had hazel eyes, a pert nose, a slender face, but big red lips. Farther down she had a wonderfully athletic figure, all slender, except for her breasts, which looked very different from her Academy days, now that she had gotten nuclear implants.

"You're so different now," said Taylor, *screaming* her appreciatively. He didn't really need his special skill to sense her attraction for him, but couldn't help but enjoy feeling the attraction for him oozing out of her. He could practically see it like a radiant glowing cloud. "What happened to the calm, reserved Passive Observer I knew?"

"She fell in love," said Sophie simply. She reached out with her hand and idly started to stroke his shaft again through the straining material of his pants. She smiled as he didn't pull back or tell her to stop.

"When? When we were on New Eden?"

"Uh uh." She shook her head.

"Earlier?"

"Uh huh." Her hand kept moving. She seemed fascinated by the imprint of the head of his penis on his trousers.

"Years ago, when we both served on the *Relentless*?"

"Earlier."

"Even Earlier?" Taylor frowned. "What's even earlier than that?" He gave her a puzzled look. "The Academy? No, it couldn't be."

"Yes," said Sophie. "It could." She reached for him again.....