

## Quickie #33

Climax Haderach

*"Horny old men write the best science fiction."*

- Herb Frankert

The hour was late. The moon was high in its arc, casting its faint glow across Caladan and into the bedroom of the young master Paul. The sound of landing thrusters announced an arriving ship just outside the Atreides lavish compound. Normally, Paul looked into such matters, but not this evening. The noble heir of the planet's ruling family wasn't interested in whichever foreign dignitary had arrived in the middle of the night. He was passionately engaged in more carnal pursuits.

"Mmmmmm... Yessss!" Paul murmured as he stared at the magazine laid out before him and pistoned the dildo back and forth in his bum.

Paul shoved the slim toy he'd stolen from his mother's dresser a little deeper into his ass. He made sure it was buried in his tingling hole before releasing it and moving his primary hand back to his throbbing erection. He pumped his shaft up and down, his eyes half closed in delirious pleasure as he gazed down at the sinful smut on his bed.

The depraved centerfold image stretched across both pages, leaving little to the imagination. Two women clad in latex and leather were enjoying a bound male at both ends. One thrust her fat strapon cock into his tight ass while the other clasped his masked face to her pussy and forced him to worship her cunt. The man's hands were cuffed behind him and his cock was secure in a cage of shiny steel. The women's breasts protruded from their glossy black fetishwear, their nipples adorned with piercings that called extra attention to their glorious, sweaty mounds.

**"Oh fuck! ....Almost!!! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"**

"Paul?!?" a muffled voice came from the other side of his closed bedroom door.

**\*pound pound pound\***

His once relaxed eyes shot open wide. A thunderbolt of alarm buzzed down his spine, causing Paul to pause his masturbation mid-stroke. He was so close to climax, but the sudden intrusion of that familiar voice turned approaching bliss into shriveling dread. His orgasm was ruined.

"Ummmm... Hold on a minute!"

**\*pound pound pound\***

Panicked, Paul gathered up his blanket and flipped it over his body. He spread it out frantically, covering up the toy plugged in his rectum, the dirty magazine and his flagging erection, sticky with pre. Now, he just needed to maneuver the dildo out of his pucker and get his underwear back on...

**“I said wait a minute!”**

**\*KER-KLACK\***

The door burst open and his mother, the Lady Jessica, charged into the room. Her latex dress shined in the glow of the lighting drone that followed her inside. The floating lantern turned her thigh-high boots and tight fetishwear into shining beacons in the darkness. The moonlight falling from the overhead windows highlighted her look of concern.

“Mom! **What the hell?!?**”

“Paul! Are you alright? I heard yelling.”

“You ever hear of a thing called **privacy?!?** You can't just bust into my room. I'm not a boy anymore!”

“You could've been in trouble. I thought...” she began as she studied his position on the bed. It was obvious he was hiding something. “...oh.”

“Yeah...” he replied with a smirk.

Jessica looked embarrassed for a moment, but then she noticed something sticking out from under the blanket. She caught just a glimpse of the smutty magazine and her demeanor turned stern. “Paul... what's that?”

“Nothing” he said, pulling the corner of the duvet over the visible piece of the heavily stained periodical.

“Nothing, eh?” she said with icy eyes. **“ReMoVe tHe BLAnKeT!”**

The deep, animalistic sound that constituted *The Voice* blasted from Jessica's mind and mouth like a sonic weapon. She could use the incredible power as well as almost anyone in her order. Against his own will, Paul ripped the covers aside, revealing his naughty peccadilloes.

Jessica's jaw dropped open as she drank in the dirty mag, Paul's sticky penis and the end of her missing, purple dildo protruding from her son's ass. **“OH!** Someone's been going through my things again without permission!” Jessica shouted as she stalked forward. Her boot heels clacked off the hardwood floor as she drew closer to his bed. “And stealing!”

“I was going to put it back. I swear!”

“Uh huh... Sure. Just like you were going to put my dress back without trying it on!”

Paul looked incredulous. **“I WAS!** I was just curious what was in the back of your closet! I wasn't planning to wear them. You **made me** put it on with *The Voice!*”

“A fitting punishment along with the fifty spankings.”

“Do you really think it's **normal** to spank your twenty year old son?”

Jessica crossed her arms below her latex-clad bust. “Of course. Any good mother instills discipline in her boy.”

“Mom, you gave me twenty paddlings last night for using the wrong fork at dinner.”

“Dinner etiquette is important for a noble. You know that.”

“What about the birthday spankings?”

“Builds character.”

“Forty spankings for a twentieth birthday doesn't even make sense.”

“You're two decades old! You should get twice the spankings” she said with a shrug. “Anyway, stop trying to change the subject!”

Jessica reached down and swiped the magazine from his bed. She flipped to the cover and looked it over. It was the famous intergalactic smut rag **BUSTLER** only this was a '*Special Bene Gesserit Edition!*' The cover featured two of her Sisters in glossy, revealing Domina garb. They carried a whip and a crop, respectively.

“Where did you get this?”

“I'd rather not say--”

“**WhErE?!?**” the compelling sound of vocal distortion erupted from the depths of her throat a second time.

“Duncan hooked me up!” he blurted out. As soon as the words passed Paul's lips, his eyes closed and his head lulled back in shame.

“I see...” Jessica replied with a series of nods. She tossed the magazine back on the bed. “Guess I'll need to have a word with our young Swordmaster. As much as I'd like to give you the discipline you deserve, **right now**, we have more pressing matters. The leader of my order has come and she wants to see you.”

Paul's look of defeat quickly shifted to one of fascination. “The Reverend Mother... of the Bene Gesserit? Has come here?”

“That's right.”

“And she wants to see me? Why?”

“You'll find out shortly. Stop asking impertinent questions and get moving! Wash up, put on your finest uniform and meet me in the hallway. Quickly!”

Paul watched as the buxom matriarch turned and stalked off. Her ample ass flexed in shiny latex as she exited the room.

“Yes, mother.”

\* \* \* \* \*

As Paul followed his mother through the elegant hallways of the Atreides ancestral home, many divergent thoughts reeled through his mind. Why an unscheduled visit by the highest ranking member of the Bene Gesserit? Why did his mother belong to that scandalous order of kinky concubines and bizarre fetish nuns to begin with? And why, most of all, was he still stuck on this boring ocean planet, well past his coming of age, with nothing to do and no women to interact with other than family and the hired help?!?

Were these conditions, in fact, related? The more he thought about it, the more it seemed likely. The Bene Gesserit maintained a plausible facade of respectability and restraint, but he'd spent years watching their methods in real time and now understood their true purpose. They claimed merely to prepare women to be good partners and advisors to the men of the empire's royal houses, but it was clear there was more to it than that.

They were spies and saboteurs, trained in seduction and the fine art of manipulation. Their role wasn't to advise so much as to steer the men to whom they were assigned. The Atreides mentat, Thufir, had mentioned the Bene Gesserit breeding program which had been in progress for thousands of years. At first, Paul thought he was joking, but over time, their influence in the imperial hierarchy became obvious. They were the true gatekeepers of political power, working behind the scenes to maintain order and direct the evolution of humanity while allowing men their old, ceremonial roles and a thin veneer of leadership.

With their Reverend Mother now here, did that mean Paul's time had finally come? Was he leaving this cold, indifferent rock behind and heading out into the cosmos to seize his destiny? Or was he to be married off to one of these wily seductresses and sent to a new domestic prison in some far flung corner of the galaxy? Was Paul to be nothing but a glorified sperm donor, commissioned to advance their Machiavellian schemes?

The Lady Jessica looked over her shoulder at him. She slowed her stride until she stood at his side and spoke to him with quiet purpose.

“Paul. I know I've been stern with you these many years, but it was all in preparation for this moment. If you think me severe, I promise you, I am a gentle shepherd compared to the task master you are about to meet. While in her presence, you must obey the Reverend Mother in all things. Do you understand?”

The young man swallowed and looked to his mother with concern. “What's this really all about? Surely you can tell me more than that.”

“I've said all I can. Good luck, my son.”

Their footsteps echoed through the empty corridors of the palace as they made their way to the Atreides family's private library. With butterflies in his stomach and growing unease, Paul cleared his mind and recited the words that his mother and Thufir had drilled into him since he was a young boy.

*'I must not fear.*

*Fear is the boner killer.*

*Fear is the little death that prevents me from scoring.*

*I will face my fear.*

*I will go to Arrakis and do **ALL THE SPICE**.*

*When I have conquered the desert, all that sweet, Fremmen pussy will be mine.*

*They will beg to ride my worm as I ascend to Godhood.'*

In truth, those weren't the words Paul had been taught. He'd made some modifications to the *Litany Against Fear* over the years as he waited for his time to come. Who could blame him? His education was complete and combat training with Duncan got old beyond a point. Wakeboarding, doodling crude things in his journal and experimenting with the pervy toys his mother left unattended were all that kept a bored young noble occupied on Caladan.

They reached the entrance of the great study and Lady Jessica opened the door. She turned and gazed into her son's eyes. In a rare moment of weakness, her training failed her and hints of concern could be found within her glistening blue orbs. Still, she said nothing. Jessica merely nodded and ushered him inward.

Paul stepped across the threshold and the door was immediately closed and locked behind him. The room's normal array of tables and furniture had been cleared away. All that remained was a single chair in which the Reverend Mother sat.

The young man's eyes widened as he drank in her form. Paul had heard much about the effects of the *spice melange*, but had never seen their effects so impressively presented until now. Indeed, the drug was why his middle aged mother still looked to be in the flower of her youth. Although she had to be considerably older than Jessica, Gaius Helen Mohiam was no different. If anything, she looked a bit younger than Jessica, an indication that she had even more access to the powerful drug than the Atreides family.

The Reverend Mother sat in a relaxed pose, clad in black leather, a veil and little else. Her legs were crossed and her thigh-high boots shined in the overhead light of the study. Her arms and chest were wrapped in succulent rubber, yet her massive breasts hung out, presenting a thick, steel piercing through each of her engorged nipples.

Her body was a well sculpted specimen with strong, sleek limbs and well-defined abs. Paul hadn't known what to expect, but he certainly didn't think the Reverend Mother would look exactly like the beautiful young Bene Gesserit models in the smut rag he'd just been masturbating to. As if sensing his thoughts and perceiving his guilt from that very act, Mohiam's eyebrows lifted. Her nostrils flexed as she took a deep breath of the musty library air.

“Oh my... Someone's been naughty. Very recently. You washed, trying to hide it, but you can't fool me.

You were jerking off when your mother came to find you. Weren't you, Paul?"

"I--" he stammered, pausing only momentarily. He remembered his mother's words. It was pointless to resist her, so he might as well be truthful. "Yes, Reverend Moth... Errr, how shall I address you?"

"You needn't worry about that. You won't be doing much talking." The Reverend Mother pointed to the ground just in front of her. "Come here. Kneel."

Paul strode forward and quickly lowered himself to the floor. He clasped his hands behind his back and maintained proper posture on his knees.

"Very good. And here I was expecting resistance from a cocky young man. I didn't even have to use The Voice."

"My mother raised me to be a good boy" he replied with confidence.

Mohiam chuckled as she reached out and grasped his chin. "We'll see." She released him and leaned back, uncrossing her legs and spearing them to the sides. Paul's mouth dropped open as it was revealed she was completely nude below. Her shaved vulva and moist, pink curtains were presented to him in all their glory. The nub of her clitoris stuck out from her pussy, announcing her considerable arousal. It seemed Paul hadn't been the only one enjoying some self-pleasure.

He stared at her sopping sex, mesmerized by her beauty and boldness. Paul didn't even notice as she reached into a large bag resting beside the chair. "What do you think of **THIS**, young man?"

The Reverend Mother's hand exited the bag grasping the longest, fattest dildo he'd ever seen in his life. It's wide girth and glossy length matched the color of her fetish garb and was covered in thick, silicone veins. A wicked smile played across her face as she brought the tip of the toy ever closer to Paul's mouth.

"Ahhhhhhhh!!!" he let out a girly, high-pitched scream. Paul leapt to his feet and took three quick steps back. He felt silly retreating from a sex toy, but the suddenness and sheer size of it had shocked him. "W-What are you going to do with that?!?"

Mohiam smirked. "It's not going inside me, if that's what you're thinking."

"Yeah, that's what I was afraid of..."

***"CoMe HeRe! KnEeL!"***

Paul stepped forward again, moving in direct opposition to his own impulses. He retook his position on the ground, but this time stayed on his hands and knees. He stared at the floor, unable to even look upward at the leather-clad Goddess without her permission. It was as if some mental projection of her hand had reached out and closed its palm around his mind. He could do nothing under his own power until she released him.

***"PaNtS dOwN! nOw!"***

Paul reached below his chest with one hand, unbuckled his trousers and pulled them down around his

knees with incredible speed and efficiency. His underwear went with them and Paul's cock and balls were left hanging out in the cold as he returned to his position of total obedience, gazing at the floor.

The Reverend Mother reached down and grabbed a fistful of Paul's short, dark hair. She guided his gaze upward, pulling his face toward her warm, waiting flesh. His mouth was lined up perfectly with her steamy sex, like a tractor beam aligning a returning ship to its home port.

Paul heard a long, greasy squirt of lube to his side as Mohiam prepared the gigantic toy. After a few more movements of her right arm brushing against his captive body, he felt the tip of the weighty phallus press to his back door. It was cold, slimy and monstrously huge. Paul swallowed and let out a low whimper as he stared at the Bene Gesserit's glistening flower.

“Put your tongue into my box, young man, and don't remove it until I give you permission.”

She hadn't used The Voice that time, but the demanding Domina didn't need to. Her normal tone was compelling enough and the spell of her domination had been woven thoroughly around Paul's mind. He leaned forward the last few inches and plunged his tongue into her soft, hot folds. Mohiam let out a soft moan as he dove deep into her pussy. His tongue stroked her up and down lovingly as he got his first taste of full sexual submission.

Redness entered the Reverend Mother's cheeks. She thought about gracing the young noble with an early compliment, but restrained herself. Instead, she pressed the glans of the fat toy more harshly into his waiting pucker and spoke with clear, unwavering authority.

“I hold at your **bussy** the *Bum Jab-bar*. The test is simple. Pleasure me well and my insertion shall be patient and well-lubed. Fail to impress, and your violation, with an **even bigger toy** will be harsh and painful. **Worship my pussy, you imperial slut!** Or I will tear you in half...”

By the time her impassioned instructions were done, Mohiam's voice had grown eager and breathy. Paul needed no further encouragement. His lips dove into her warm crevice, sliding up and down her flesh with an eager, extended tongue. He felt the Reverend Mother press the enormous cockhead into his spongy pucker, and his rim radiated in sudden pain. He ignored the brutal stretching sensation, choosing instead to focus on bathing the leather lioness in divine pleasure.

Mohiam drove the fat dildo into his quickly stretching rectum. The lube slurped as she pistoned the first few inches in and out of his tight man-cunt. This part of the test was always hard on a virgin subject, but if Paul showed resolve, he would embrace the bliss of penetration before long.

The Reverend Mother's moans grew in frequency. Her hushed murmurs called out each time Paul's tongue stroked along her folds just right. Amazingly, the young novice was demonstrating some semblance of skill. His tongue traced the outer rim of her vulva in between dives into her quivering hole. His increasingly sloppy tongue slurped up and down between her pungent curtains. Finally, after much oral preparation, his lips found their way around her engorged clit and sucked gently. Mohiam's body tensed and she let out a long, guttural groan.

“**AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!** Yesssss..... You... You've done this before...”

“Mmm Mmmmm.”

Paul muttered a denial into her all consuming cunt, never pausing in his ministrations as her body began to quiver. Mohiam's eyes remained closed for several seconds as she bathed in pure nirvana. She re-opened them in awe, looking down at the eager bitch-boy with shock and delirious gratitude.

Still, she couldn't let this young man get a big head. Despite whatever natural gifts he possessed, he needed discipline and training. She re-doubled her efforts, sinking the fat rubber invader deeper into his ass and removing it from his gripping bussy with loud splurts of gooey lubrication. She fucked him slow and steady, driving more of the rubber meat into his expanding orifice with each skillful thrust. Soon, Paul's moans arrived just as frequently as hers. His enthusiastic mutterings were lost forever in her wet flesh as the sex-starved submissive focused on the Bene Gesserit's bliss.

**“YES! That's good! Very good you filthy whore! Now take this cock up your slutty ass! TAKE IT ALL!!!”**

Paul's penis was diamond hard, jutting into the air below him. The massive latex dong was crammed deep into his stretched-out pucker and slurped back out repeatedly. He couldn't believe it, but the pain of her insertions was fading into the distance. Her rapid, slick fucking was now being replaced by a low level hum of building pleasure throughout his lower body.

There was still a dull ache with every jab through his well-lubed walls, but each time she glided the thick toy out, it slid across his prostate wonderfully. The sensation she was forcing upon him was like nothing he'd ever felt, even with his frequent and perverse experimentations. It was a full body bliss unachievable through penile stimulation. A radiant glow that he suddenly and irresistibly craved more than anything. Paul found himself pushing his ass back against her thrusts, in spite of himself.

The Reverend Mother gazed down at him with hazy eyes. Her body was buzzing with building euphoria. Her nipples tingled with crackling, sexual frenzy; her piercings shining with light and sweat. She took a fresh, tight grip of Paul's hair and directed his face demandingly. She looked to the massive dildo and found its flared base coming close to bottoming out in the butt-slut's receptive hole.

Mohiam couldn't believe it. She'd never had a male subject do this well before. To respond so perfectly to her cues and display technique beyond that which he should have access to. Could he be....?

Paul's lips found her clitoris again. It's heft was even more considerable now that the Reverend Mother was at her highest level of arousal. He sucked it into his lips and gently rolled his tongue around its end, bathing her most sensitive part in a nonstop wave of overwhelming ecstasy.

**“Ahhhhhh! AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! YESSSSS!! DON'T STOP!!!! DON'T YOU DARE FUCKING STOP!!!!!!!!!!!! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!”**

Her right hand, which had been rapidly thrusting the dildo in and out of Paul's ass, jammed the toy balls deep and left it buried in his boy pussy. She leaned back into the chair, grabbing his head with both hands and pressing his face into her cunt as she exploded in climax and fired jets of hot, sticky, fluids all over the sucking slut-boy's face.

As she screamed and groaned in orgasm, Mohiam's awareness shifted. Her every nerve ending danced with pleasure and her consciousness was sent, careening, through a new, unexplored portal. The combination of recently ingested spice and sexual bliss had delivered similar experiences in the past, but this one was distinct. The window that Paul had opened for her was unique.



For the first time ever, Mohiam looked back and saw the genetic memories not just of her female ancestors, but of all her male ones as well. The golden door had been unlocked. The Bene Gesserit breeding program, carefully cultivated over millennia, had finally born fruit. Now, Mohiam and her Sisters would have all of humankind's accumulated knowledge at their fingertips instead of only half. The future glowed with new promise, bathing her in golden light.

Her eyes opened and she looked down at the cum-soaked, glistening face of Paul. He was still in a daze following his long oral labor and thorough anal deflowering. The remnants of Paul's orgasm were strewn across the ground, covering the library floor in ropes of sticky, white filth. Mohiam reached out with latex clad hands and stroked his messy, handsome face.

“My beautiful boy... you've done it.”

“I passed?” he asked incredulously.

The Reverend Mother laughed. “You didn't just pass. You **aced**. Like no man has ever before, and perhaps no man ever will again.”

The haughty women stood, her pussy still dripping with syrupy cum. It drizzled down on the kneeling bottom bitch as Mohiam clapped her hands and called out loudly. “**SISTERS! ATTEND TO ME!**”

The door to the study opened and two columns of the leather-clad Bene Gesserit marched into the room. Between them arrived Lady Jessica, scanning ahead nervously to see if her son was alright.

As the retinue of curvy, spice-imbued Dominatrixes surrounded the Reverend Mother and Paul, Mohiam pointed down at the newly minted slave. “Take him into custody” she ordered.

“**What?!?**” Jessica yelled, her eyes flaring open to their widest.

Mohiam set her gaze on Jessica as she stalked to her son's side. “I'm sorry dear, but he's coming with us. Your son **is** the one.”

“The one?” Jessica looked confused. “If that's the case, then shouldn't he be going to Arrakis? Paul has a great destiny ahead of him! He's the heir to the Atreides throne! It's rightful ruler after Leto. He's to be a leader of men!”

“Absolutely not!” the Reverend Mother said with a look of pity. “Don't be ridiculous.”

Jessica looked around as her Sisters closed in and picked Paul off the ground. Their arms encircled him from multiple directions, hefting him up and locking him securely between their shiny, fetishwear forms. One of the Sisters produced a glossy red ball gag. She flipped it over the back of Paul's head and pulled it into his mouth. He grunted into the fat rubber ball as it lodged between his lips and was locked around his face.

“I don't understand!” Jessica yelled anxiously. “If he's the one...”

“He's **much** too important to go to Dune. Do you really want him to die in the sand? **Think**, Jessica! Do you really think we'd spend all this time breeding a male with the potential for unlimited power?”

“I... But we were taught... *The Kwisatz Haderach.*”

The Reverend Mother put her hands on her hips. “A deception, of course. To encourage the men to go along with our good work. But the objective was never to create a male super being. It was to create one that unlocks **OUR** potential.”

The realization settled on Jessica and her eyes filled with sadness. “Then... what's to become of my son?”

Mohiam stepped forward and clasped her shoulder. “Fear not, Sister. He will be well taken care of. Paul will live a life many men dream of, but no others will ever know. We have a *No-Ship*, waiting, prepared for this discovery. He will live there in safety, surrounded by the Bene Gesserit. He's going to be very busy, helping every one of our Sisters connect with their full genetic memories. Paul's sexual service will be repaid ten fold. He will live in perpetual submissive bliss.”

“So, Paul's life is going to be a... **never ending spice-fueled BDSM orgy?!?**” she yelled the question hysterically.

The Reverend Mother's brow scrunched and her hand slipped from Jessica's shoulder. She looked her old pupil up and down. “You say that like it's a bad thing.” Mohiam took a few steps past the devastated mother before stopping in her tracks. She spoke over her shoulder. “You're welcome to come see him any time. You can even stay on the No-Ship, if you like. I imagine you'll want to join in the fun too, if you wish to reach **your** full potential.”

Jessica was left in a state of shock, her mouth hanging open and her mind reeling.

Mohiam signaled for her Sisters to take Paul away. “Clean him up. Then dress him in our thickest latex and bind him in leather. I want him properly attired before we take off!”

As the Bene Gesserit filed from the room with the murmuring noble in tow, the Reverend Mother looked up to the ornate ceiling of the Atreides library. She raised her arms in triumph, embracing, in full, the consummation of the Sisterhood's grand vision.

“Glory to the Bene Gesserit! Glory to the future of humanity! Paul Atreides will live out his days in bondage, an example to all men and the vessel through which we unveil the true golden path! **FOR HE IS THE CLIMAX HADERACH!!!**”