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Subject: Dune: The Cock Worship of Muad'Dib - Chapter 1 (Bi/Celebrity/)

Chapter Pairing(s): Reader's Cock/Author, Paul/Reverend Mother

Disclaimer: This is a smutty adaptation of the novel Dune. The story and characters involved remain the property of the Herbert estate, and do not belong to me.

Foreward

The following is written as though it belongs to Princess Irulan's collection of epigraphs on the Muad'Dib, describing the key ritual of the Cock Worship of Muad'Dib. It begins by describing how the book should properly be read only in the middle of a cock worship ritual. The reader is implored to take off his or her clothes, and engage in worshipping either his own cock or someone else's. This should be strictly observed.

Most of the passages that follow are smutty scenes taking place during the timeline of the original Dune novel. It includes text excerpted from the book, marked at the beginning and end by three asterisks (***) in case the reader wants to skip them. These excerpts are edited and trimmed to fit the smut. I do not attempt to add to the story ♠ I only attempt to reinterpret or add smut to the already existing story. Sex sex sex.

Warnings: The encounters below are heterosexual, homosexual, and bisexual, and contains incest. Small cocks do not exist in this universe, and I am very happy to describe how massive every cock is.

The last component of the history of the Muad'Dib is a very important one. Its secrets are kept separate for many reasons. The first reason is that it distracts, especially those unable to control themselves. The second reason is that it inspires, and these sources of inspiration reach their full potential only when collected together. But the most important purpose of this separate history is for the pleasure of its reader, that he may participate in the holy cock-worship of Paul Atreides.

This book is properly read within narrow confines. Before continuing, the reader should prepare himself or herself by placing himself in a warm room, with enough moistness that he or she will not lose much water. Once the room is of proper warmth and moistness, the reader and any present audience should then disrobe. No cloth or covering should remain on the body, except in exceptional circumstances when a room of proper warmth is unavailable.

Except when unavailable, at least one male should be present. The reader or auditor, if male, must stroke his penis until it is erect. He must then maintain at least a partial erection throughout the reading. The auditor, if female, should maintain proper posture, with shoulders back and back arched, so that her breasts are visible, accessible, and perky. If the reader be female, a male or group of males must hold the reading for her to read from. As she reads, it is proper for her to constantly use her hands with her body for the pleasure of the males present. She may, for instance, squeeze her breasts, tease or pinch her nipples, or stimulate her genitalia.

If the reader be male, his cock stands in the place of the cock of Atreides. The reader is to be subject to stimulating the cock throughout the reading. Any auditors present, whether female or male, must take turns in the cockworship. Once the cock releases its seed, it should be consumed in its entirety. The reader must then exit and another reader may take over, or the reading may stop altogether.

*** It was a warm night at Castle Caladan, and the ancient pile of stone that had served the Atreides family as home for twenty-six generations bore that cooled-sweat feeling it acquired before a change in the weather.

The woman was let in by the side door down the vaulted passage by Paul's room and she was allowed a moment to peer in at him where he lay in his bed. She saw he lay naked, face down, his muscular buttocks exposed.

By the half-light of a suspensor lamp, dimmed and hanging near the floor, the awakened boy could see a shapely female at his door, standing one step ahead of his mother. The woman was an erotic shadow ◆ thin, long legs protruding from a pencil skirt, round and bouncy tits, eyes like glittering jewels. No, those weren't her eyes . . . they were her nipples.

"Is he not small for his age, Jessica?" the woman asked. Her voice wheezed and twanged like an untuned baliset.

Paul's mother answered in her soft contralto: "The Atreides are known to start late getting their growth, Your Reverence."

"So I've heard, so I've heard," muttered the woman. "Yet his penis is already a cannon, you say?"

"Yes, Your Reverence."

"He's awake and listening to us," said the woman. "Sly little rascal." She chuckled. "But royalty has need of slyness. And if he's really the Kwisatz Haderach . . . well . . ."

Within his bed, Paul rolled over onto his back to show off his flaccid penis. It overhanged his plump scrotum floppily, the tip resting just below it and pointing suggestively towards his juicy, bulging buttocks.

"Sleep well, you sly little rascal," said the woman. "Tomorrow you'll need all your faculties to meet my gom jabbar, after we measure your prowess." ***

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As Jessica exited the room, the woman demanded Paul approach. *** Now, you come here!"

The command whipped out at him. Paul found himself obeying before he could think about it. Using the Voice on me, he thought. He stopped at her gesture, standing beside her knees. ***

Paul, still undressed after his sleep, stood upright and with chest out, inviting the Reverend Mother to admire him. She swiftly grabbed hold of his dick.

>She wastes no time<, Paul thought.

But she proceeded to measure it from several angles. "Very impressive. A good seven inches in length and a three-and-a-half inch girth, when flaccid. And this despite your short stature, even for your age!"

>Serve it<, he leaned forward slightly.

The woman descended from her chair and knelt in front of Paul. Because of his short height, his cock rested on top of her bosom. She unzipped her tight dress and let her breasts ◆ her large, luscious tits, bounce out.

>Hell yes.<

He reached out to squeeze her left tit with his hand, but she slapped it. "Get your hand away, boy."

>She dare slap the hand of a Duke's son, and one with the biggest cock she will ever be able to appreciate?< But he kept composed, as a Duke's son should.

"Your cock is worthy of anything in its path. There is no doubt about that. But we still have to see if you, boy, are worthy of this cock."

"How dare ◆"

"◆shush, boy!! And just relax and enjoy."

She put her hands on the front of her breasts, opening her fingers to let her perky nipples through, and pushed them together against Paul's cock. As it began to harden, she spread her tits and let it fall in between, then squeezed them tightly. Looking up into his eyes, she leaned forward and pressed against the base of his cock, and extended her tongue to tease the head. When he began to fuck her tits himself, she pulled back.

She measured him again. "You're a shower. Eight inches in length, but much thicker with a six inch girth."

Paul was ready to get back to tittyfucking.

But the Reverend Mother sat back up in her chair, and zipped up her dress. >Could he be the one? His measurements fit the legends perfectly. But it's still possible he is not even human.<

"See this?" she asked. From the folds of the tapestries, she lifted a green metal cube about fifteen centimeters on a side. . .

The Cock Worship of Muad'Dib - Chapter 2 (Bi/Celebrity)

"Now, Jessica, if he indeed be the Kwisatz Haderach, then your service has been incomplete," the woman said.

"But I have been training him from every angle throughout his whole life!" Jessica objected.

"Girl, the Kwisatz Haderach would not just need training. He also needs to be served."

Paul continued to stand, still naked, awaiting instruction on how they should proceed.

"You . . . you mean . . ." Jessica started.

"Yes, girl. His cock must be worshipped, and he must learn how to use it.""

"Fuck yeah," Paul interjected, starting to rub his dick. "Let's start now. Undress first."

Jessica listened and took off her gown. Her breasts were round and perky. Her belly flat, and waist narrow, and her mound well-kept.

Paul walked over to her with his hard cock. She grabbed onto it and stroked it, as she dropped to her knees. He took his cock in his hand, and slapped it against her tits.

He looked over at the Reverend Mother, "You also get naked, and play with yourself." She obeyed and began to strip down.

Paul aimed for Jessica's mouth, and slipped his cock through her lips. She hesitated a little, but opened wide and let her son enter her. He effortlessly slid the entirety of his dick into her mouth and down her throat, without resistance. His shaft was surrounded by warm moisture, and he could feel Jessica's breath on his scrotum.

The Reverend Mother was now naked. She spread her legs for Paul, and teased her hole. She slipped her other arm under her tits for more perk. She was practically begging for Paul to grab her tits.

"Suck, mother," Paul said to Jessica. She had only been passive up to this point, letting Paul penetrate her throat.

>How could I suck my own son?<

-----p7

"Jessica, do as he says," commanded the Reverend Mother.

Jessica closed her eyes and began to suck. Paul moaned as her mouth tightened against his cock. Her tongue massaged his urethra, as if begging the cum to fill her stomach. He began to pump his dick in and out.

Jessica started moaning too. He felt just like his father. He tasted just like his father. It was as if the Duke were right there fucking her mouth. Her pussy moistened, and her nipples hardened.

Sensing his mother's horniness, Paul pushed her backwards onto the floor, then reached back to feel her pussy. He pulled his dick out of her mouth, and slapped its head against her lips. She perched her lips to capture as much flavor as she could when it would hit her lips.

The Reverend Mother licked her own lips, wishing she could taste the flavor too.

He moved lower down his mother's body. He slapped her nipples with his cock, sticky from her saliva. Her tits shook from the impact. Jessica arched her back, lifting her chest higher for more of his dick. He placed his hands over her hard nipples, warming them and giving them a tease of the rubbing they longed for. Then he slipped his cock in between her tits, and squeezed her tits tightly together. He rammed his cock between them, as Jessica reached down with her lips to try to get more of its flavor.

He was ready to cum. He knew his mother wanted to taste his cum. She was hoping he would explode on her lips as he fucked her tits. But her service had not yet been fulfilled.

He pulled his cock out from between her tits, but didn't let go of them. He fondled them as he entered Jessica's wet pussy. She gasped. His massive cock was satisfying that itch that she thought only the Duke could satisfy. Paul let himself go, and unloaded deep inside her.

Her service had been fulfilled. He pulled out, and let her taste the cum that remained on his cock.

The Reverend Mother quit her own fondling, and got dressed. "Paul, you're a quick learner. You even knew to give your cock to your mother's whole body. But it is good for you to spend more time penetrating the worshipper, and to give more attention to the observer."

Paul, unhappy with her critique, grabbed his softened genitals suggestively, then walked over to the Reverend Mother. He grabbed her by the neck and shoved her face against them.

>Ah, his cock is satisfied,< she sensed. >I was wrong . . . Yes, the boy is a quick learner. Quicker than I am, perhaps . . .<