

Superslut

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On the surface, Judith was a plain girl. She wore wire-framed spectacles that were more obviously functional than decorative, a blouse and knee-length skirt that hid rather than flaunted her beauty, and her hair was pulled back in severe plaits that robbed it of any hint of flirtatious pride.

But underneath, although nobody knew it, was hidden *Superslut*. Like Judith, she was a first year Biochemistry student at Exeter University, but one who would indulge in any act of sexual and lascivious debauchery wherever and whenever the opportunity occurred. A girl who just didn't know how to say no. A girl with which any man could easily have his wicked way. And a girl who would gladly go to any extreme. She would take a man's cock in her mouth, her cunt or her arse. She would let spunk dribble down her chin and chest. She would let a man, any man, any combination of men, fuck her until there was no more spunk to spare.

Except, of course, that 'Superslut' was an alter ego that Judith had yet to unleash on the world. In fact, it was an alter ego that existed only in Judith's mind. One she carried around with her all the time, but just not had the courage to bring to life. For, in truth, Judith was still a virgin. Indeed, she had never been kissed. She was so far from being *Superslut* that she wondered whether this secret side of her would ever see the light of day.

It hadn't been easy for Judith to become aware of the sluttish side of character, if it could even be said to really exist. The requirements of her faith—or at least the faith she'd been born with and had lived with all her life—ensured that. It occupied all her spare time when she was not studying and, in the process, struggled to reconcile the book of Genesis—and, in particular, the first few chapters—with scientific

doctrine. Everything she was taught pointed her in a direction contrary to the exact and literal word of the Gospel.

Her religious duties were demanding. She had her thrice-weekly attendance with the congregation at the Exeter Kingdom Hall near the city centre. She had the obligation to spread the good word in the form of *The Watchtower* magazine—a duty she observed as rarely as she could get away with, having endured a lifetime of doorstep rejection accompanying her mother in the streets of Middlesbrough. She had tedious biblical texts to memorise: never the ones where there was much of the sex and violence—of which the Bible had plenty—but ones that served to reinforce the arcane dogma of a faith she was beginning to question. Indeed, now she lived hundreds of miles from her home, the grip of her faith was steadily weakening. She even wondered whether hawking copies of *The Watchtower* and the drawn-out doorstep debates were really the proof of faith that guaranteed her a future seat in paradise.

However, Judith was as frightened of revealing herself as an agnostic almost as much as she was of bringing to life her alter ego, *Superslut*. She feared her mother's reaction. She was frightened of the disgrace of disfellowship and the shame it would bring to her family.

On the other hand, here she was, far from home, surrounded by people her own age that her mother would characterise as jezebels, idolaters and heathens, and she could do whatever she damned well liked.

All the same, the pressure to conform to her faith was overwhelming. It came from the congregation at the Exeter Kingdom Hall, the tiny University Jehovah's

Witness Society (JWSoc) and almost every other day from the letters she received from her mother. How could she tell her mother, who she loved so dearly, that rather than being horrified by the sight of bared flesh, the temptation it presented, and the opportunity to download obscene images off the internet, she found it all very exciting?

It had been a revelation to her, far more so than anything written by St John, to view not only images of naked figures, which she'd already seen in art galleries, but sexual acts that often went far beyond what was necessary to go forth and multiply. Even what she had seen on television in the students' lounge hadn't prepared her for the acts of gross depravity she had seen on the internet. And contrary to her mother's expectation that Judith would unerringly reject such foulness and hedonism, she had developed an appetite for it. And her alter ego of *Superslut* fully intended to satisfy that appetite.

If only she had the courage to actually do something about it.

In the meantime she had her religious duties to observe. At least they kept her busy when she wasn't studying.

"Yes, I'll accompany you," she told Linus after the JWSoc meeting.

It had been another excruciating debate, led by Naomi, which once again attempted to elucidate the meaning of the 'imminence' of the Great Tribulation and inevitably resolved itself in metaphor and wishful thinking. How could something as critical as the end of the world be so dull? But when faced with Linus' request that someone accompany him to propagate the word of the Lord and distribute copies of *The Watchtower*, Judith jumped at the opportunity. After all, Linus was by far the

most attractive man in the society. In fact, with the exception of Aaron, who was a wheelchair-bound mess of neuroses, Linus was the only man in the Jehovah's Witness Society. Perhaps he would be the one who would bring *Superslut* into the world?

In most circles, Linus would not be thought much of a catch. Amongst the half-dozen or so Jehovah's Witnesses at the university, he was pretty much all there was. He dressed so conservatively that he resembled an actor for a period drama. Judith could think of no one else on campus who wore a tie. He was tall, gangling and acne-ridden. He took his religion absurdly seriously, although not noticeably more so than Naomi, Miriam, Bethany or the other women who made up the majority of the campus congregation.

Linus probably expected Bethany to be the one to volunteer for the duty. She was a fat woman whose choice of clothes was not only conservative but ill-fitting and whose dedication to the most tedious aspects of faith must surely put her amongst the lucky anointed. It had already been commented that Judith was lacklustre in her commitment, so he probably assumed she had volunteered to recompense.

The following afternoon, Judith and Linus spent several hours trailing around the streets of Exeter where they knocked on front doors and, with a cheeriness of disposition and a huge weight of magazines, pamphlets and bibles, sought to impart the good news of Christ's coming and the imminent Great Tribulation. However, the good people of Exeter were as indifferent, uninterested or even as hostile as those of Middlesbrough. The only ones who gave them any time at all, and to which Judith and Linus kept engaged with resigned desperation, were very old people, who were dreadfully lonely and hardly bothered at all that the faith of the Jehovah's Witnesses

was any different to any other protestant faith. One old lady was convinced that they were answerable to the Pope who she reminded them many times had once been a member of the Hitler Youth.

“Is that why you dress like you do?” she asked. “Is it because the Pope is a Nazi?”

Linus shook his head at Judith as they made their way back to the students’ lodgings where he lived and which wasn’t too far from where Judith lodged.

“No one ever said the road to salvation was easy!” he joked.

This, in fact, was the first joke he’d made all afternoon in the dispiriting and daunting procession of streets and doorsteps. Most of his conversation had been with the people they were petitioning and focused on his incredulity at the evolution heresy, his horror at the practice of abortion, and, more topically, his rejection of war, for whatever purpose, even in the heathen Middle East. Nevertheless, Judith grabbed at this small evidence of levity as a good sign. Perhaps the desire she had rehearsed in her mind as she watched Linus proselytise on the equally heathen streets of Exeter would be realised. Today would be the day her secret alter ego would be unleashed.

“Are you going to invite me in for coffee?” she asked boldly when it was more than obvious that he wasn’t going to do anything of the sort.

“Coffee!” said Linus aghast. “I take no drugs of any kind.”

“Not even decaffeinated?” wondered Judith, who had developed quite a taste for coffee since leaving Middlesbrough.

“I have some herbal tea-bags,” Linus assented.

“That sounds nice,” said Judith, already more forward than the average woman

in her congregation, although far short of the forwardness of *Superslut*. “I’m sure it’ll be very tasty.”

Although Linus had agreed to invite Judith to his small student bedroom for a cup of camomile tea, he was noticeably nervous. Judith wondered whether Bethany or Naomi had ever got this far, but she knew that even had they done so it was unlikely that they had thoughts as lascivious as the ones Judith was entertaining.

It was more than apparent that Linus’ sole intention was to dispense herbal tea and discuss the outcome of their door-to-door witnessing. It was an effort for Judith to direct the conversation to other matters, by asking him about his home in Sutton and his degree in Computer Science. Even when discussing such subjects, however, Linus had the irritating habit of finding a religious perspective, not least of all in the sinfulness of the students who, instead of studying the intricacies of object-oriented analysis and design, would spend hours playing computer games.

“These games are of the foulest kind you can imagine!” Linus said. “They are libidinous, violent and blasphemous. Yes, even blasphemous by the liberal values of the Church of England or the Church of Rome, for they feature goblins, trolls and demons which by rights should stay imprisoned in Hell.”

Judith knew exactly what these games were like, although she’d never played them. But the images of semi-clad heroines battling it out against demons with guns and grenade-launchers made her feel strangely excited.

“Do you want to make love to me?” she suddenly asked in a low barely audible voice.

Where had that come from? Clearly, her alter ego was not as well-concealed as

Judith thought. But the truth was that she wasn't really at all upset that *Superslut* had sprung out of the shadows. Maybe it would facilitate the release of passion she so craved.

Linus was shocked. In fact, he went very visibly pale. His acne-scars stood out blue and grey against his unhealthy white skin.

“What did you say?”

Judith repeated herself, surprised at her uncharacteristic boldness. “Do you want to fuck... make love to me?”

Linus froze on his chair and stared down at his hands clasped in his lap. This was a tense moment that went on for rather longer than Judith had ever imagined possible. When would he look up and, true to the form of all men, which her mother, the internet and the Bible had assured her were driven by desire and lust rather than reason, say “Yes. Yes. Yes!” And then they could fling themselves on the bed and Linus would fuck her just like all those porn stars did on the internet. Perhaps Linus had a penis as big as they did. She would love to find out.

Linus eventually raised his head and looked at Judith sadly and even pityingly.

“I shall pretend I haven’t heard you,” he said slowly and evenly. “I shall tell no one in the congregation or in JWSoc, as I have no wish to see you marked or reproved. You have committed the foul and unspeakable sin of lust, for which you cannot be forgiven, but the Lord is strong within me and I believe he would see this as a test of the strength of my faith. You are surrounded by heathens and atheists, so it is only natural that you should fall into error. Please go now and I shall make no future reference to this transgression.”

Judith was ashamed and embarrassed as she made her unaccompanied way out of Linus' student dwellings and from there through the streets of Exeter. There was a part of her that regretted her lasciviousness and presumptuousness, but the loudest voice in her head was one which celebrated *Superslut* and was more concerned about the failure of her blatant solicitation than at the fact it had been done at all.

Judith was sure a gulf was opening between her and the other Jehovah's Witnesses at the university, and this incident would serve only to make that gulf larger. However, the greatest cause for this was less her sluttishness—which to his credit Linus did keep a secret—but the fact that Judith didn't really enjoy spending much time with her co-believers and made the unforgivable error of befriending students who were not Jehovah's Witnesses. Indeed, there was one who was not even within the bounds of the Christian faith.

In truth, Judith had few enough friends at university and this was less a result of shyness but more because her conservative appearance made most students feel uncomfortable. Furthermore, she didn't drink, didn't smoke, didn't party, didn't play sports, and didn't have any knowledge of popular culture. However, she was an amiable enough girl and, unlike the other members of JWSoc, didn't proselytise or indeed make any reference to her religion. None of them, of course, knew that she was also *Superslut*, who'd gladly take any cock in her mouth and would wade in buckets of spunk if only she had the opportunity.

Kulthoom was a Muslim. An Indian Muslim, at that, but scarcely a girl who paraded her religion. Indeed, she was one of those students who Judith's mother would most unreservedly describe as a jezebel. She displayed more of her brown skin

than even the average female student and frequently sprinkled her conversation with profanities and even obscenities. Neither attribute would endear her to Judith's congregation. In fact, she would be considered utterly unsuitable as a friend for Judith by her mother and even her father, who so rarely expressed any opinion of his own.

"Why so glum?" asked Kulthoom, after a seminar on enzymes where Judith had been even more reserved than usual.

Judith wasn't prepared for this question and had no answer ready. She certainly didn't expect to suddenly burst into tears within full sight of a couple of the boys from her seminar.

"Oh, Judith," said Kulthoom with sympathy. "Come along. Let's find somewhere to sit and talk. You're not pregnant or something, are you?"

"Pregnant?" gasped Judith, wondering all of a sudden whether it was after all true that you could get pregnant from sitting on toilet seats. "No. No. It's nothing."

"Well, it's clearly not nothing, Judith," Kulthoom continued. "I'm sorry about mentioning pregnancy. It's just a couple of friends... Well, it happens... I just wondered... I know you're not the sort of girl who'd get pregnant."

"More's the pity!" exclaimed Judith bitterly and firmly, and her tears gushed out with less constraint, accompanied by throaty gulps. Where had this come from? *Superslut* would never have such inexplicable emotions. So, why did Judith?

Kulthoom sighed. "You're frustrated by not having a boyfriend, aren't you?" she asked sympathetically.

Judith nodded. "I never meet any boys. I can never get to know them. I'm going to die a spinster."

“Don’t be silly!” said Kulthoom. “Finding boys is easy. But not when you dress the way you do. Nor when you never go out anywhere.”

“What can I do?” Judith sniffed miserably.

Kulthoom directed Judith to a seat and sat next to her. “Well, by not feeling sorry for yourself for a start. Look, I’m going to a club this Saturday. You fancy going? There’s a good chance that Eddie Halliwell will be DJing. But, even if he isn’t, it’ll be banging.”

“A club?”

“A night club. Where there’ll be dancing and stuff. It’s mostly techno and trance. It’ll be good.”

“Will it?”

“And there’ll be loads of boys there.”

“Really?” said Judith, visibly cheering up.

“Yeah. You fancy it?”

“Erm... Yes. Perhaps.”

“You’ll need to put on better clothes, though,” Kulthoom remarked. “They won’t let you in dressed like some kind of fifties throwback.”

“What sort of clothes?” asked a visibly alarmed Judith. “All my clothes are like this.”

“Fuck’s sake!” said Kulthoom, suddenly exasperated. “I only wondered if you wanted to come with me to the club. Do you really have nothing else to wear?”

Judith nodded sadly.

“Okay! Okay! I can go shopping with you as well. Get you some decent

clothes to wear. We'll have to go to the arcade. When's a good time for you?"

It was the first time that Judith had ever entered any of the clothes shops that Kulthoom took her to, but they were shops where she was sure *Superslut* would be comfortable. She almost hoped that Kulthoom would take her into Ann Summers to look at erotic lingerie, but that was a step too far. Anyway, the ones they did go into sold clothes that were far more revealing than any Judith had worn in her life. At first she was very reluctant to try on the clothes in the little changing rooms, but Kulthoom insisted. She also persuaded Judith to unplug her hair so she didn't look quite so odd, even though her clumsy clothes did cause a few eyebrows to be raised when they entered the clothes shops.

In actual fact, Judith didn't choose any of the clothes she bought. It was Kulthoom who decided what Judith should buy and none of these were remotely like any clothes Judith had ever worn before, but, as Judith secretly noted, were certainly suitable for *Superslut*. They were slightly more revealing than the clothes Kulthoom wore on campus, but were not by any means outrageous. These were a short-cropped tee-shirt, a short denim skirt, a garish plastic handbag and small bootees with more heel than Judith usually wore, but not so much as to make dancing an improbability.

"So, let's look at you, girl!" said Kulthoom standing outside the changing rooms in front of the mirror. Judith nervously and awkwardly strode back and forth in her new clothes, actually rather liking the image she saw of herself. *Superslut* was poised and ready to spring into action. Her arms were bare, her midriff was bare, and her legs were bare from the ankles to very nearly the top of the thigh. If her mother could see her now... Or any of the Exeter Kingdom Hall... Or any Jehovah's

Witness...

“I don’t think anyone would recognise you,” commented Kulthoom, unconsciously echoing Judith’s thoughts. “You look totally different. Yeah, I think we’ll be able to do the business. The boys at the club won’t know what’s hit them.”

When Saturday came, Judith walked across Exeter to Kulthoom’s lodgings: a four-bedroom flat she shared with three other girls. She didn’t dare wear her new clothes. She carried them instead in a carrier bag, which she thought in itself was a clarion call to the world that she had been into some wholly disreputable shops, but thankfully she met no one she knew who was likely to comment. She changed in Kulthoom’s room, feeling nervous and jittery but comforted by her friend’s reassuring remarks. She even let Kulthoom adorn her with lipstick and blue eye make-up. The image in the mirror was definitely that of *Superslut* and not of plainly-dressed Judith, Biochemistry student and Jehovah’s Witness.

“What time do we go to the club?” asked Judith.

“Not till after midnight.”

“Midnight?” said Judith aghast. That would take her into Sunday, the day of rest.

“Well, don’t worry,” said Kulthoom, picking up her handbag and slinging it over her shoulder. “We don’t have to wait here till then. I’ve arranged to meet some friends at the pub.”

“The pub?”

This was even worse. Not only was she dressed like a slut and intending to dance on the Sabbath, she was also going to enter a den of iniquity where there was

drinking, smoking and, no doubt, other debauchery. However, since *Superslut* wouldn't object to such things, why should she?

Although Judith did her best to hide it, her evening was one of acute embarrassment and awkwardness. Thankfully, everywhere was so noisy, everyone so distracted and everything so chaotic that nobody noticed how much Judith was really not enjoying herself. At least, she was dressed appropriately for her company. Kulthoom dressed more immodestly than even she, with virtually only shorts and a bra. Her girlfriends, and there were so many of them, dressed much the same. Some were Asian, one was black, but most of her friends were white like Judith. But it wasn't easy to have any conversation with any of them, especially as it was so very noisy.

"What are you drinking?" asked one of Kulthoom's friends.

"I'm not sure," said Judith honestly. "Orange juice. Fruit juice. Something like that."

"J2O, then," said the girl, teetering on her heels and heading to the bar through an unmannerly scrum of immodestly dressed young women and leering young men.

And so, Judith's first experience of alcohol was in the form of alcopops, a concoction she'd never been warned of and had never heard of. And that, with the noise, the bright lights, the smell of perspiration, made the evening even more chaotic. The little shouted conversation she had was far from profound and was generally merely to confirm that she was a friend of Kulthoom and studied the same subject at university. There was no opportunity for her to mention her religion, how this was her first time dressed as *Superslut* and how totally out of her depth she was.

Judith's confusion was only intensified when—after stretching out her alcopops to several hours and still feeling giddy and light-headed—she found herself queuing for more than half an hour in wholly the wrong clothes for the night temperature. She was then let into a night club whose entrance fee cost her almost as much as the train-fare to Middlesbrough. And once inside, it was far worse than her ordeal in the pub had prepared her for.

It was both too bright and too dark under the bizarre lighting. It was certainly too crowded and, most of all, it was too loud. Judith had had very little exposure to contemporary dance music. What little she'd heard usually leaked out of iPods or car stereos and she'd never been able to make any sense of it. Now she was wholly immersed in it and it was incredibly loud. More than that, the massive bass rhythm thundered inside Judith's bared stomach and its sheer volume shook her teeth. Its only consolation was that, by making conversation even more difficult, it spared her the embarrassment of anyone attempting to converse with her.

Judith imagined Hell was probably pretty much like this. A confusion of lights and demonic noise, while all around her was more bared flesh than she'd ever anticipated. No one was actually naked as such, but so much skin was on display from the men and women dancing to the thunderous music that there was little left to the imagination. And in no time at all, Judith lost sight of Kulthoom and her friends.

As Judith wandered about the club, skirting the huge dance-floor, past the chill-out room, around the perimeter of the central podium, she became less and less sure of herself. She might imagine herself as *Superslut*, ready to rock and roll, and gagging for a fuck, but her overwhelming sensation was of disorientation and

confusion. And the men, the object of her desire: they approached her like lunatics, swaying and gurning and staggering, often in some kind of sympathy to the music emanating from the DJ's turntables high above the dance-floor. This was not the invitation to romance that a virgin like Judith could contemplate. Even if she was secretly *Superslut*.

Eventually, Judith could bear it no longer and was thoroughly relieved when by chance she stumbled out of the club and was back in the open-air. No more of the teeth-grating noise that still buzzed residually in her ears. No more press of flesh against hers as she dodged past the flailing dancers. No more puddles of beer to avoid slipping in. No more maelstroms of strobing bright lights.

But, despite her relief at being free from Hell in the corporeal world, she was also aware that she was lost in Exeter. She didn't know where she was. She didn't know how to get home. She didn't know whether there were any buses to catch, although being after midnight she thought it unlikely. And, worst of all, she was dressed as *Superslut* and the clothes belonging to Judith the Jehovah's Witness, who was the one who lived in her student lodging, were still lying on the bed in Kulthoom's flat. It was enough to make her swear.

Judith practised a few profanities. "Fuck! Shit! Bugger! Damn! Arsehole!" Although she was sure that each of them was enough to condemn her to an eternity of hell-fire and in combination would increase her torments a billion-fold, letting loose a stream of invective, however poorly she understood the words, did make her feel better.

But the comfort it gave her didn't last very long, and soon she was crouched

on a bench by the canal, shivering in her few clothes, a face collapsed in wretchedness and hair plastered over her face. And then, as if this humiliation and disgrace wasn't enough, it started to drizzle.

“Oh no!” cried Judith, who found that swear-words were definitely no substitute for an umbrella or a water-proof.

“Judith! It *is* you, isn’t it?” she heard a man’s voice. “I could hardly recognise you. What are you doing here?”

Judith raised her head and squinted at the dark figure of a young man through her wire-framed spectacles (about the only thing she was wearing in her alter ego of *Superslut* that was what she’d normally wear). It was Yu, a student from her Viruses and Bacteria course. He was Chinese in ethnic origin, but spoke with a distinct Home Counties accent.

“I’ve just been to the night club,” said Judith through a voice choked with gulped phlegm, just as her face was streaked by tears.

“You have?” said Yu, surprised. “I really wouldn’t have thought... But you’re going to get soaked if you stay out here. It looks like it might actually rain for real. Where’s your lodging?”

“I don’t know.”

“Sorry?”

“I’m lost. I don’t know where I am. I went to this night club... I shouldn’t have... I was so...” spluttered Judith, and then she burst into tears.

It was inevitable that Yu should take Judith back to the small bedsit he rented in the town centre. He couldn’t very well leave Judith on the bench by the canal,

especially when, while they were speaking, there was a sudden squall of rain in amongst the drizzle that, although it lasted very little time at all, was a harbinger of more inclement weather to come. Judith was very nearly delirious. The combination of the alcopops she'd drunk and her disorientation left her in a state that Yu attributed to a much greater degree of hedonistic abandon than that to which Judith had actually acquainted herself.

Judith wasn't even properly aware of her surroundings when her distress subsided sufficiently for her to study them. What had *Superslut* let her in for? What fresh sins had she committed?

In fact, Yu's room was about as innocent as any student's could be. There were books and folders scattered about the shelves and around a small laptop computer. Posters on the wall celebrated Arsenal football club and last year's World Cup. The CDs piled up by the stereo system featured rock music unfamiliar to Judith, but unlikely to have been played at the night club. He was sitting on the bed, nursing a cup of coffee, while Judith noticed she was sitting on an armchair with a cold cup of coffee and biscuits in front of her.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," Judith blurted. "I really shouldn't have..."

"Shall I order you a taxi?" Yu asked.

"A taxi?" Judith wondered.

"Well, you'll want to go home, won't you?" Yu remarked.

Judith considered this momentarily. Did she want to go back to her lodgings? She thought about the implications. Her clothes were at Kulthoom's flat. The clothes she was wearing would precipitate a confrontation with her co-believers that she was

ill-prepared for. She was slightly drunk and she'd not achieved anything that she'd hoped to from this evening. And what was it that she'd wanted to achieve? What did she hope to get by letting loose her alter ego into the world?

Judith looked up at Yu. He was a nice boy. Very nice. Short, perhaps. Certainly shorter than Linus. Judith hadn't really spoken to him much before, even though he was in the same lectures and seminars as her. But he was in full possession, Judith was sure, of whatever it was that made him a man. And he'd treated her with kindness.

What would *Superslut* say?

"I think I'd rather stay here," said Judith with more firmness than she'd expected, tugging at her top in the first of a series of movements that would prepare her for bed.

And, unlike Linus, there was no resistance from Yu, who must have, to a certain extent, half-expected what was to come.

It was at this point that *Superslut* finally revealed herself. Judith had been right to believe that inside her was another girl, eager to be set free, who would have the carnal appetite that would overwhelm, well, certainly Yu. And although it was Judith's first time—and rather more painful than she'd anticipated—the passion she harboured was at least as great as Judith had imagined.

In practice, Judith was rather less wanton than she'd imagined *Superslut* would be. She didn't indulge in anal intercourse nor did she let her face be pasted by semen; not that it occurred to Yu that this was a necessary part of their love-making nor did he offer it up as an option to her. The love-making (and it felt rather more like that

than ‘fucking’) was actually quite gentle and slow for most of the time. Even languid. And the most physical and passionate phases of it, during the thrusting in the prescribed missionary position, was punctuated with rather fewer of the obscenities and grunts that Judith had expected.

And it was on this day, also, that *Superslut* died. While Judith rested in Yu’s bed, her head nestled on his bare chest and her legs entwined around his, she decided that the love she wanted was probably not, after all, anything like that she’d imagined it would be. She’d be far happier with one man, rather than several. She’d be more content to get to know the man in her life as a person, rather than as just a fuck-machine. Not only was she not ready for *Superslut*, it was also the case that *Superslut* wasn’t really what she wanted to be.

She turned to face Yu, who was stirring. His eyes opened slightly, but he wasn’t really awake.

Judith put a hand on his penis, which she was pleased to see was half-tumescent and would take very little effort to bring into full life. And then the Sabbath could be properly desecrated.

She sidled down Yu’s thighs, cupped his testicles in the palm of her hand, and took his awakening penis in her mouth. “May the Lord bring me sustenance...” said Judith to herself, as Yu’s penis came very much into life.

Perhaps Judith wasn’t *Superslut* exactly, but she could certainly learn from her alter ego.