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The Adventures of Super Slut

by Betty Rose Dudley

By day she is a mild-mannered, middle-aged, fat woman, who empties the trash for corporate America for a living. Mild though her manner may be, she does it all. She mops the floors, does the windows, cleans the toilets, there hasn't been a bowl that could defeat her yet. She even stops to listen to the problems of the men whose trash she is emptying. She makes them feel good and they don't even notice that she's there. Yes, her daytime powers are many and varied, and she remains more or less invisible in the normal, work-day world.

The night, however, tells a different story. As soon as the sun sets and the moon rises, she slips into her infamous alter-ego, Super Slut: fat, lesbian-femme avenger, who along with her trusted super companion-in-training, Dyke Boy, sets out the right the sexual, gender, attitude, body-in-general wrongs of the world, and while she's at it, to have all the many and varied sexual adventures and mis-adventures she can find.

Our first episode opens with Dyke Boy rushing into Super Slut's boudoir, after running five flights of stairs to get there. Super Slut uses the elevator when it's working, but after all, Dyke Boy is in training. "Super Slut," pants Dyke Boy, "I would have been here sooner, but there was this great blue-light special at K-Mart, and I was next in the checkout line when my super avenger pager beeped..." Dyke Boy stops mid-sentence, noticing for the first time that Super Slut is not fully dressed. Actually, she's not even half dressed. Dyke Boy is awe-struck. "How can so much voluptuous delight be packaged into one body?" Dyke Boy worshipfully wonders.

"Relax," purrs Super Slut, as she sensually sways over to her baby-butche companion's side, wearing nothing but a pair of lacy, black, crotchless panties. "Catch your breath, honey,"

Super Slut whispers into Dyke Boy's ear, "there is no emergency, and as you can see, Super Slut herself is not quite ready to go out into the world." Dyke Boy sees. Oh, yes, Dyke Boy sees, but this vision does not help her catch her breath. Dyke Boy begins to sweat as well as pant, when Super Slut starts playing with the hair on the unshaved portion of Dyke Boy's super-cool butch-look haircut.

"oh, geez, Super Slut," moans Dyke Boy, "You know I can't think when you act like this!" Super Slut sits down beside Dyke Boy, and in a much sterner tone, says, "Now Dyke Boy, you're going to have to gain better control over your autonomic responses. This is exactly the kind of thing I've been wanting to talk to you about." Super Slut places her chin on Dyke Boy's shoulder and runs her tongue around the rim of Dyke Boy's outer ear. One hand plays with Dyke Boy's other ear, while the remaining hand unzips Dyke Boy's black leather pants.

"You really disgust me," murmurs Super Slut, although her tone does not sound disgusted. "What if you were undercover as a stone butch, and the enemy attacked you like this? Just think how dangerous it could be if this is your reaction." By now Super Slut's hand is rubbing Dyke Boy's very wet crotch and her index finger is twiddling Dyke Boy's rapidly expanding clit. "You could get us both killed," reprimanded Super Slut, in a far from harsh manner.

"Oh, geez, Super Slut, oh geez," groans Dyke Boy, "I'll try to gain control, really I will, but I just can't think." Super Slut laughs a deep, low, and ominous laugh, before she whispers into Dyke Boy's ear, "Show me." Super Slut abruptly stops all action, although she does leave her fingers in place. "Show me how you're going to gain control," demands Super Slut, and this time her tone suggests that she is not kidding. A tremor of fear runs through Dyke Boy's stunned body.

Will our super companion learn to control her autonomic nervous responses? Will Super Slut resume playing with Dyke Boy's clit? Hey, it's a dyke clit hanger! Watch for the further adventures of Super Slut, and her trusted companion-in-training, Dyke Boy! ✨

