

Part III



Superman stood in front of a mirror wearing the sheer, transparent nightie Luthor had given him, but in the mirror he saw himself wearing a bridal gown, his long golden arranged in , the full, white silk skirt as thin as air. He smiled, thrilled at how pretty he was in the gown, a girlish thrill running through him - it was his wedding, and he felt like he'd been dreaming of it his whole life.

"So, I'll marry Lex?"

"That is one choice," Circe said, standing behind the pretty little thing she'd made of Superman.

"Or?"

"Return to being a man."

Superman frowned, turning to the side to admire his profile. "And if I marry Luthor? Will he really give up crime for me?"

"Yes," Circe said. "He loves you that much. But there is a catch."

"What?"

"You have to be a loyal and obedient wife. You have to give up your freedom, your powers. You have to be the little woman that he imagines you to be, bear his children and be a good girl. You can never disobey him, and you can never use your powers again."

"Never?"

"That's what Luthor wants. He wants Superman, reduced to a submissive female, his toy, his woman. He wants to own you, body and mind, and if you choose to make that sacrifice, he will not only give up crime but use his empire for good."

In the mirror, Superman saw that possible future play out before him. He saw Luthor lift his veil and kiss him, a deep, passionate kiss that shook him right down to his toes. He saw himself in a black corset and heels on his honeymoon night, Luthor's eyes hot with passionate, playing over his breasts, his hips, his body. He saw himself, crying tears of joy as the doctor gave him the good news that he was pregnant, saw himself walking, hands to the small of his back, his belly swollen with his first child, as Lex placed his hands gently on his belly and felt the baby kick.

He saw himself with his baby at his breasts, felt the baby pulling at his nipple, and he saw himself after his third baby, his breasts and hips now the full, fleshy body of a young mother. "My breasts!" He said, delighted to see that they would develop and

fill out, from his small, girlish breasts to the full, swaying breasts of a grown woman. "My babies!"

Circe smiled. "They are all beautiful. They will all be beautiful. And you will be, too."

But then the mirror showed Superman the rest. It showed him alone on nights when Lex had to work late. It showed him watching Superboy on television, the dull ache of his true love denied him. He saw himself frustrated, biting his lip, as he stood by and watched other heroes in the limelight, saving people, rescuing people, showered in praise. It showed him shopping with Lois, his former wife, and the cold distance that would grow up between them as he lived out his life as a woman, and she found another man to take his place. It showed him angry, almost in tears, when Lex said this, and Lex said that, and he had no choice to obey because he'd promised to be a good girl and honor and obey her man.

"There will be sacrifices," Circe said. "And that's why I have done this. To test you. To see how much of a hero you really are. Accept Luthor's proposal, become his woman, and you will have ended a threat, you will have saved many lives, you will have turned him to a force for good. But, if you lack the courage to remain as you are now, to make the sacrifices you would need to make, become a man again, and Luthor will be more dangerous and evil than ever. So, what will it be, Barbie? Do you have the courage to give it all up and become Lex Luthor's girl? Or do you want to take the coward's way out and become a man again?"

Superman walked daintily away from the mirror, his slender arms wrapped around his breasts. He felt cold, suddenly, and confused.

"What will it be?"

"I don't know," Superman said softly. "I need time."

"Make a choice: Courageous woman. Cowardly man. Which will it be?"

Clark ran his hands through his long blonde hair. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know." He looked back at the mirror. His image was there, a beautiful woman surrounded by his three beautiful children-two boys and a girl. Her hair and make-up were perfect, she was dressed impeccably in a blue blouse and a Tartan skirt, and she was smiling as a good little wife should, but he could see the sadness in her eyes. "I don't know," he repeated softly, and as he sank down onto the edge of his bed he began crying softly.



Circe walked over, put a slender finger under Superman's little chin and tilted his head back. "I will give you until the morning, little girl. Then, you will either decide, or I will decide for you.

Understood?"

Superman smiled prettily through the tears. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you."

And then Circe was gone.

Part V

Superman took a deep breath, got up and walked over to his dressing table. Sitting down, he started running his brush through his long blonde hair, thinking. On the edge of the table sat the engagement ring Luthor had offered him that afternoon in front of 50 people, and as Superman looked at it there, the diamonds glittering prettily in the light from the mirror, he thought about how he come here and found himself so small and alone and faced with a decision that could forever alter his existence.

The days leading up to his fateful date with Luthor had been giddily exciting.



Superman arrived at the MTV studios for his guest-spot wearing his hippie-chick costume-a pair of hip-hugger jeans, fashionably torn and faded, sandals, a peasant blouse and big hoop earrings, his hair tied back in a ponytail with a piece of leather.

He'd gushed over Jessica Simpson and Britney Spears, nearly fainted when Carson Daily had given him a hug and a peck on the check, then he'd been rushed into a dressing room so a girl could make sure he was TV-ready, and after the whole whirlwind arrival he'd found himself curled

Supershe

up on a leather a big leather couch to be interviewed along with Jessica and Britney.

"So," Carson Daly said. "You're a girl now."

"Yeah," Superman answered with a giggle. "Girl Power!"

The women in the audience screamed with approval.

"A really cute girl."

And this time the guys howled as Superman put his little hands to his cheeks, blushing right down to the tip of his nose. "Carson!"

Jessica put a comforting hand on his shoulder. "You're going to have to get used to that," she said. "Believe me."

They talked about clothes and music, about which guys were really hot. Then, Carson had said, "are you as strong as you were before?"

"Um, yeah," Superman said. "Totally."



"Can you use your x-ray vision to see me in my underwear?"

"I already have!"

More laughter.

Finally, Carson had gotten two burly guys from the audience to hold either end of a barbell and asked Superman if he could lift them up.

"Kay," Superman said, giggling, and he lifted them with one hand, then flew about three feet off the ground. The crowd cheered and deciding to show off a bit Superman balanced the bar on one fingertip. More cheers.

After, he gave quick hugs to Jessica and Britney as they rushed off to other appointments, and as he was about to leave Carson Daly gave him one more quick hug and then pushed a card down the front of his blouse, firmly between his soft, breasts. "Call me sometime."

Superman felt his knees go weak. "I... Oh! Sure!" Yet, behind his plastic smile, he was thinking, *like I would ever call a boy. Doesn't he know who I am?*

And with that he was back in the air, flying circles over Manhattan on his way back to Metropolis, singing "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" and smiling so broadly his cheeks hurt.

Back home, he'd found Lois still out. Exhausted, he'd filled the tub with hot water and lots and lots of rose scented bubbles, lit some candles and, his blonde hair tied up on his head, slid into the bath with a sigh, his little head racing with images of Carson and Superboy, with the memories of his dress fitting, with the sheer brilliant fun of being pretty and popular.

It had been a long, crazy day, and he felt himself relaxing in the warm bath, the tension of the day draining away, and as he relaxed he found himself thinking of Superboy, a little smile playing at his soft, pink lips. He thought about Superboy's rock hard pecks, his broad shoulders, his dark, wide eyes. And Barbie, as she thought of these things, felt her nipples grow hard, and she reached up and squeezed them with a sigh, remembering how well he'd kissed, and the perfectly delightful combination of manly confidence and boyish hesitation she'd found in him. Her hands drifted down into the warm, bubble water, and she delighted in being a girl, a woman, and all the things that meant to her now.



COSMO *girl*

VALENTINE'S HOROSCOPES!

Superman

Welcome to the Superior Sex!
THE GIRL OF PINK DISHES ON FASHION, MAKEUP AND HER FAVORITE THINGS ABOUT BEING A GIRL!

SPRING FASHION!
FLIRTY DRESSES! CUTE TOPS! WE'VE GOT ALL THE BEST SPRING LOOKS.

FREEDOM!
THREE TRICKS TO WALKING AWAY FROM A CONTROLLING BOYFRIEND.

SUPERMODEL, SUPERHERO, SOCIAL MEDIA SUPERSTAR—SHE DOES IT ALL!

The morning of the big date came faster than he could have imagined. He'd agreed, in the first flush of excited girlhood, to do some modeling, and his days had been filled with make-up and dressing, hours posing before cameras for Young Miss,

Cosmo Girl, Time and Newsweek. Everyone wanted interviews and features, to talk to the pretty girl who had been Superman.

And so it was that he found himself stepping out of Lois' car in front of Lex Corps, his shoulders bare in the little black dress Luthor had given him, diamond earrings glittering in his ears, a diamond necklace nestling in his cleavage, bracelets and toe rings, a black clutch in his hand. There were dozens of photographers waiting for him, and he smiled as prettily as he could while the air filled with blinding flashes and Luthor stepped forward, threw a protective arm around his slender waist, and ushered him into the back of a glistening black limousine.

"Thanks," Superman said, his voice shaken.

"You look stunning," Luthor said, giving Superman a quick little kiss on the cheek.

"Oh, I, well, thanks," Superman answered, feeling suddenly unsure of himself, shaken.

Luthor smiled. He looked - very masculine in his dark suit and red power tie.

"You'll have a glass of white wine," Luthor said, handing Superman a delicate, fluted glass.

"Wine?" Superman said, taking the glass in his small hand.

"Taste it. Tell me what you think."

Superman took a sip and smiled. "It's very good," he said, smiling prettily, finding himself eager to please Luthor.

"I know," Luthor said, pouring himself a glass of deep, brown whiskey. He held out his glass. "To the most beautiful woman in the world."

Superman reached up patted at his hair with his free hand, clinking glasses with Luthor nervously. "Luthor..." he said.

"Lex."

"Lex."

"Did you find Miss Lancelot at the dress shop satisfactory?"

"She was delightful," Superman answered.

"And how were things at the salon?"

"Perfect," Superman admitted, looking down at his crimson nails.

"Good."

And then silence. Luthor sat there and stared into Superman's eyes, locking on them, not moving, not making a sound. After what seemed like an eternity but was actually just a moment, Superman glanced away with girlish modesty, feeling the skin in his arm tighten with goosebumps. He could feel Lex's eyes taking in all of him, caressing his bare, slender shoulders, the contours of his breasts, falling to his tiny waste and long, tan legs, and he sat there, perfectly still, the wine glass held out in one small hand, his other hand to his throat, while Luthor ravished that slender, young female body with his eyes.

Finally, Superman trembled slightly, unused to this kind of attention, unsure of the strange feelings that were welling up in him.

"Cross your legs," Luthor said.

"Excuse me?" Superman managed in a small, husky voice.

"Cross your legs," Luthor repeated.

Setting down his wine glass, Superman tugged modestly at the short hem of his dress and crossed his legs at the knee, glancing up at Luthor for approval.

Luthor nodded his approval. "Now turn your head so I see your profile."

Superman obeyed.

"Raise your arms. Put your hands behind your head."

Superman did as he was bidden, feeling his breasts lift as he raised his arm.

Luthor sighed with pleasure. "Just stay that way for a moment."

Then carefully, ever so slowly, he reached over and traced the line of Superman's jaw, letting his finger drift down his long slender neck and along his collarbone. Superman sat still, only realizing that he'd been holding his breath when Luthor sat back and whispered, "A goddess. A masterpiece. A creature of pure beauty."

Superman let his arms fall slowly to his sides. "Thank you," he whispered.

"You are a perfect woman," Luthor said. "Perfect in every way. And I want to thank you now for allowing me the privilege of your company."

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It was too much. Superman's mouth fell open prettily; he started to speak, stopped. No man in her brief time as a female had showered her with this much attention, no man had been so obviously enraptured with her beauty, no man had ever had such power over her. "I think..." she started. "I feel..." She stopped. "I don't..."

Lex Luthor smiled, seeing his pretty little Superman speechless, and just then the limo pulled up outside the restaurant, and he took Superman by her soft little hand and led her through another throng of photographers and into the plush interior of the most elite restaurant in the city.

Luthor let his arm slip possessively around Superman's waist and led her to the



table, pausing here and there to say hello to this important person or that, always introducing his date for the evening as "the woman formerly known as Superman."

Finally at the table, feeling totally out of her depth, Superman excused herself for a quick trip to "the little girl's room."

Once in the safe confines of the ladies' room, she took deep breaths, looked at herself in the mirror and smiled. "I'm Superman," she said. "I'm Superman." But she felt all of Barbie in her little black dress, her long blonde hair piled on her head, a few strands brushing softly against her shoulders. Her heart was literally pounding in her chest, and she took two more breaths to try and calm herself down, prettily cursing her decision to leave her cell phone at home. She desperately wanted to call Lois, but that wasn't an option. "Be a big girl," she said to herself. "You can handle this."

And as two women walked into the bathroom, she smoothed her skirt, turned on her heel and made her way back to the restaurant determined to get back some measure of control, to stop acting like a little girl and to start acting like a grown woman.

Lex stood as she approached their table - the best table in the house and held out her chair for her. Superman smiled gratefully and slid into the seat, and Luthor let his arm slide across his shoulder as he returned to his. When the waiter came, Luthor ordered for both of them-for himself, he ordered a prime rib, and "for the little lady, the petite sirloin and salad with low-fat vinaigrette."

Superman smiled.

As the evening progressed, a who's who of Metropolis A-listers dropped by the table. Mayors and Senators, investment bankers and billionaires, supermodels and actors and people who were famous simply for being famous. Superman eyed some of the beautiful women jealously, self-conscious of the girlishness of his own body, but Luthor paid them no mind. He greeted them, yes, as a gentleman should do, but his eyes never left Superman, and as the night wore on, she was grateful for his attention, for how much Luthor ignored those other women and doted over Superman.

Finally, as they were enjoying their desert, Superman giggling while Luthor told a funny story about the time he got in a fight with then Texas Governor George Bush, Superman felt a hand on her shoulder and looked up into the smiling face of Eva Longoria. "Superman," Eva said. "You look lovely."

"Oh, thanks," Superman gushed, standing to give Eva a quick hug and a little kiss on the cheek. "You look even prettier in real life than you do on TV."

"Aren't you sweet," Eva said, circling the table to give Lex a quick hug.

"I'm really glad to have you as one of the girls now," Eva said, gracing Superman with a bright, friendly smile. "I love what you've done about domestic violence."

"Thanks, um, I'm really proud of that, thanks," Superman said.

"And here you are already dating our most eligible bachelor," Eva said with a conspiratorial wink. "Smart girl."

"She said no about five times," Luthor said. "But I can be very persuasive."

"Don't I know it," Eva answered with a silvery laugh. Then, suddenly serious, she said. "And you're really Superman in that cute little dress?"

The comment awoke the man in him, and he suddenly felt silly-and vulnerable, with so much of his soft, female flesh exposed. The make-up on his face, his long blonde hair, his sparkling earrings-it all suddenly struck him how wrong it all was, how totally wrong, and he crossed his arms over his chest as he blushed from his cheeks right down to his toes.

"You've embarrassed her," Luthor snapped angrily.

"Oh," Eva said, rushing to Superman's side of the table and putting a comforting hand on his arm. "I didn't mean anything."

Superman, suddenly shy, glanced up and said, "It's okay. I guess it is all, well, a little strange for people to see me-like this." He glanced up at Luthor, afraid that the comment would make the man angry, but instead Luthor had a broad, predatory smile on his face.

"You're perfect like that," Luthor said. "Perfect. Isn't she, Eva?"

"You are perfect. A perfect little dear."

Superman smiled gratefully at Luthor, feeling more confident, letting his arms fall away.

"Well, you'll both have to let me make this up to you," Eva said. "I'm having a surprise party for my boyfriend at Club Valance tonight. Why don't you come as my guests?"

"We'd be delighted," Luthor answered for the both of them. "Delighted."

Eva rushed off in a cloud of perfume, all smiles and goodbyes.

"Lex," Superman started bashfully, meaning to explain that the dinner was the date and he wanted to go home, but Lex reached over and took his small hand.

"We'll go to the party. We must. It would be rude to say no."

Superman twisted his bracelets nervously. "It's getting late," he started weakly.

"Hush," Luthor said. "You can't turn down Eva's generous offer. You simply can't. It wouldn't be the proper thing for a lady."

"Well..."

"Well nothing. You're going and that's it."

"Kay," Superman said, surrendering, wondering, why can't I say no to him, but smiling brightly. "It'll be fun."

As Luthor stood and circled the table to pull back Superman's chair, he glanced over his shoulder and gave Eva a wink. She winked back. Luthor smiled. If all went according to plan, they would proceed to the party, and the night wouldn't end until morning when he'd have this little girl at his mansion out on Long Island, tired, confused and ready for him to ask for her hand in marriage.

* * *

Bonus!

