

Part V

Superman glanced at the clock. **6:45.**

There was so little time, but he had to get there by 7:30. It would be right, but he would make it. He was Supermom, after all.



“Sit still doodle bug,” Superman said as he worked his slender fingers through his daughter’s hair, weaving it into tight braids. His daughter stopped squirming. “Lex,” he called out as he spotted his son reaching toward the cookie jar. “No cookies for breakfast.”

Lex Jr. grinned and shrugged. “You can’t blame me for trying.” He was so much like his father. Always trying to get away with something. Superman

despaired that his little boy would grow up to be a supervillain.

“Mom, can I go over to Molly’s for a sleepover tonight?” Diana, he and Lex’s daughter asked.

“Tonight?” Superman asked. He’d been thinking he and Diana might have a mother daughter night watching Frozen together since Lex Junior was going camping with the Scouts. “Why am I just finding out about this?”

“I forgot,” Diana said. “She asked me um, well, a while ago. It’s for her birthday. Please? Please?”

Superman’s head started to ache. This meant he would need to get a present and make sure Diana’s pajamas looked sharp– maybe he would buy her some new ones... He finished braiding his daughter’s hair and kissed her on top of the head. “Get your coat,” he said, glancing at the clock. “Hurry. I don’t want you guys to be late for school.”

“But what about the party?” Diana said.

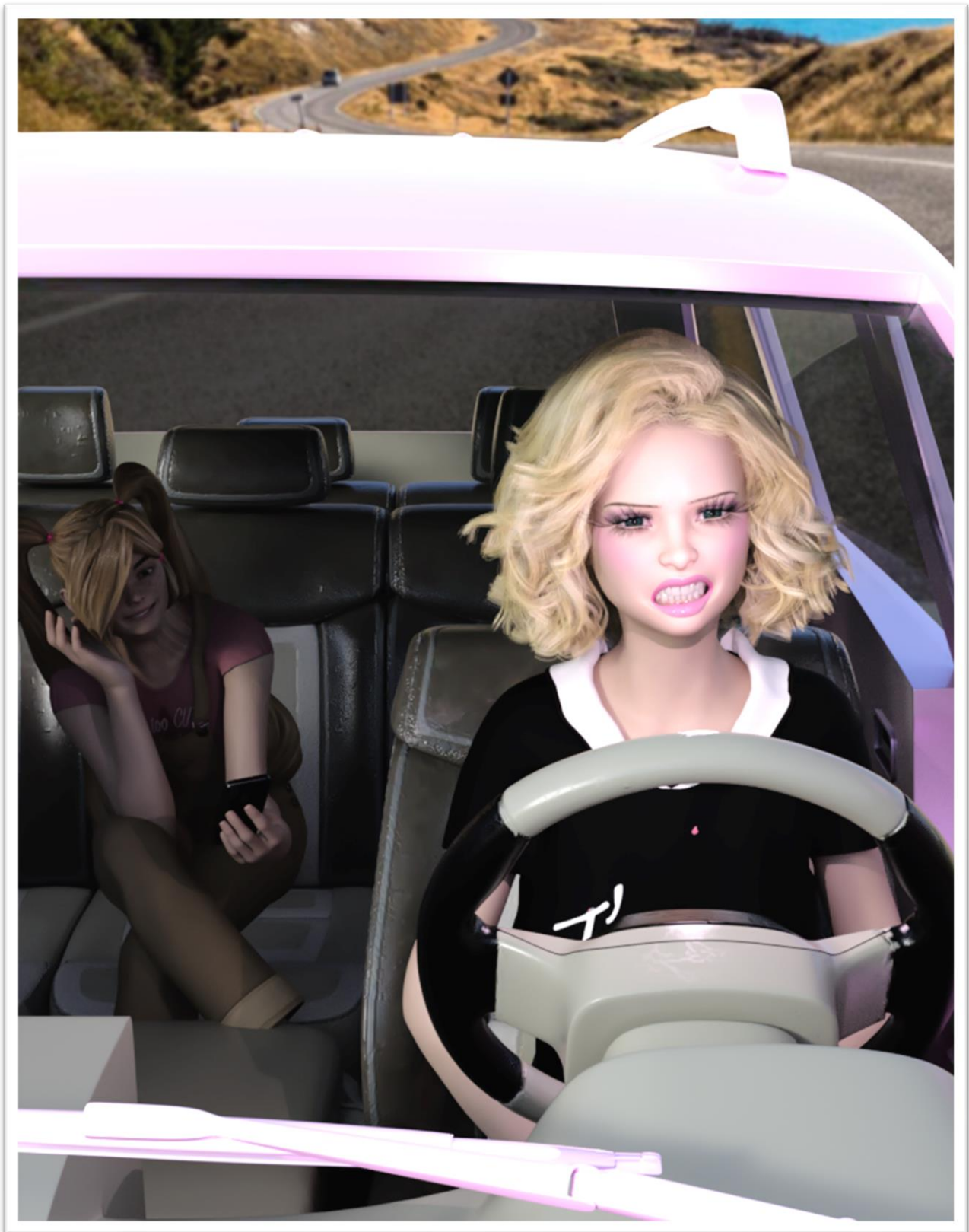
“Of course you’re going to the party,” Superman said. “She’s one of your best friends.”

“Yes!” Diana said, skipping off, her pigtails swaying side to side.

7:00.

Lex Jr. came into the room wearing his school uniform, but of course his shirt was half untucked, the top button was undone and he’d forgotten his belt. Superman sighed, put his hands on Lex’s shoulders and turned him toward the wall mirror. “Redo,” he said.

Lex started to get himself together while Superman hurried to the kitchen to finish getting the kids’ lunches together. Lex had offered to hire a nutritionist to do all the cooking and prepping, but as a mother Superman liked to do it himself. To him, it



was just part of showing his kids how much he loved them. Lunches finished he

zipped up the soft packs, slipped into his coat then headed to the hall. “Kids!”

Diana and Lex came bounding down the hall. Superman helped them get their coats on, handed them their lunches then ushered them out to their van.

Superman glanced at his pink smartwatch. **7:15.**

It was going to be close. “Buckle up,” he said. The kids buckled up. Superman backed his van out to the street and then slammed it into drive and floored it, wheels smoking. He saw a group of public-school kids standing on the corner, shivering while they waited for their buss, and he felt a warm glow of maternal pride that he’d married a man of means, and while these other wives put their kids on a common bus he drove his babies to school himself.

Superman focused, whizzing in and out of traffic, beating light after light. What aggressiveness remained in him emerged when it came to his kids, and he was one fierce little female as he raced along to get his kids to school on time. Of course, at the same time, he was the safest driver on the road. He would never allow anything to happen to his kids. As he pulled into the drop off driveway, he glanced at his watch: **7:29.** Supermom does it again, he thought with a surge of maternal pride.

“Have a great day,” he called out in his sign song “mommy” voice. “I love you.”

“Love you, too,” Diana sang back.

Lex just grunted. Superman missed the days when his little boy would tell him he loved him, but he was becoming such a little man, more and more like his father every day. It was sweet in its own way.

Superman watched as his babies headed off into the crowd of other students. His children were so pretty, and he was proud to be their mommy.

With the kids dropped off, he checked his hair and makeup in the rearview mirror, then turned his attention to all the errands he needed to run, beginning with finding a present, plus he had an appointment to get his hair done and he wanted to go to Pilates and see the girls. It was so important to maintain friendships with the other elite moms besides he'd gotten the cutest new outfit for class and couldn't wait to show it off.

The day went back in a blur. Superman managed to get Diana off to her party and Lex off to camp, then headed back to Luthor Manor. The sun was setting behind their three-story mansion, and the exterior lights had all come on, glowing golden in the deepening night. The fountain at the main entrance danced and sparkled. Superman parked his van, grabbed his purse and headed into the house, heels clicking on the marble floor. He really would have loved to take a quick nap, but he had to get dinner ready.

Lex had always wanted a traditional wife, and Superman accepted that it was part of his wifely duties to cook for his husband. Going into the kitchen, he rummaged through the refrigerator and found the ingredients for linguine and clam sauce, which was one of Lex's favorites. He got the sauce going, cleaned some clams, set the water to boiling, though he would wait to put the pasta in so it would be fresh and perfectly al dente when Lex got home. One of the first things Superman had done after they'd gotten married was sign up for cooking classes. He was now certified Chef Glorieuse in French Cuisine as well as having achieved the highest rating in seven other cuisines as well as Master Baker and Pastry Chef.

He tasted the sauce. Perfect, of course. "I'm Superwife," he said, kicking up one leg. Superman did not, he had to admit, particularly like Lex or even find him attractive. There had been a time. That first night of their first date and even in the early days of their marriage Lex had given him goosebumps. He'd been a young girl, so naive, and he'd been flattered that such a man would be so infatuated with him. That had all faded, but didn't it in most marriages? Based on his conversations with the other wives, it wasn't unusual.

Superman didn't like Lex, but he'd developed a deep love for him based on more than physical attraction— Lex had given him two beautiful children, and he was a great provider. That was where Superman found love for his man— Lex took care of his family. And so, he felt pleased with himself for making his man a nice meal, for being a good and dutiful wife. It was even more noble of him given-

His phone buzzed. His heart sank. It was a text from Lex's assistant. He was busy with something and wouldn't be home. Superman sighed. The mansion suddenly seemed so big, so empty. He felt abandoned. Useless. His kids didn't need him so much anymore, and in no time at all they would be teenagers, embarrassed by their mother, and then they would move out and make lives of their own. He would be alone.

Would be alone? He was alone. His eyes stung, but he shook his head. I'm not a little girl anymore, he thought. I'm a Mother. I have to be strong.

He made himself a plate of pasta and poured himself a glass of white wine, taking both out to the den where he flipped on the TV. There was a news report— Starro, the giant alien starfish had returned, but the Justice League had defeated it. There was a shot of them— Batman, Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, Flash and Zatanna. They were standing together after defeating Starro, and that feeling of being left out, forgotten and alone grew stronger. The tears rolled down Superman's cheeks.

The woman Superman had become longed for emotional connection, warmth, love and support, and here he found himself crying alone in a huge mansion, suffering this woman's life in ways he never could have imagined as a man.

"What's a girl to do?" He asked himself. "Well, I guess I'll do what I always do." He got his smart pad out, As he ate, he scrolled through pictures from happier times. Pictures of he and Lex at the after party that had appeared in the society pages. Then, their engagement announcement and then pictures and pictures and pictures of their wedding and then the reception. He looked at himself in his wedding dress, such a bright, happy smile on his face as he danced with Pa Kent, who had been

invited as a “distant cousin” but Superman had insisted he dance with his father at least once at the reception.

“Look at me,” he thought wistfully. “I was so happy. And so was Lex!” It was true. Lex had a glow about him Superman had never seen before or since.

After the wedding pictures, he quickly skimmed through the honeymoon pics and came to the baby pictures. He found one of his favorites. He was holding Lex Jr. for the first time right after giving birth. Lexy was such a beautiful baby and Superman had never been so proud and so happy. “The day I became Mommy,” he thought. Lex had wanted a son so badly and Superman was happy he’d had such a perfect little boy.

He flipped ahead to pictures of Diana. Oh. He loved his little girl, and he’d been so excited to have a girl. Then, first birthdays, first steps...

Yes, he thought, it wasn’t always easy, but it was worth it. He couldn’t even imagine a life without his babies. He couldn’t imagine anything more heroic than being a mom.

It was at that moment he realized he was ready. It was time for baby number three. He would talk to Lex about it, but he knew Lex would love the idea that Superman wanted to have another baby. Superman needed to be needed like that, to have a tiny little life totally depending on him. Closing his eyes, Superman remembered cuddling with a newborn, feeling it drawing the milk from his breasts, staring into the baby’s eyes and feeling the kind of love and connection only a mother could know. It was worth it. He wouldn’t give it up for anything in the whole universe.

“I could turn you back into a man and you could be free of all this,” he heard Circe whisper.

“Never,” Superman whispered placing his fingers of his smartpad, which showed the smiling faces of his babies. “Never.”

The End



