

# DEAR DIARY 2



IT'S ME AGAIN. JUST YOUR PLAIN OLD SUPERGIRL DOING HER SUPERGIRL THINGS. YOU KNOW. BALANCING WORK AND SOCIAL LIFE WITH DEFEATING GALACTIC GODS.

ALSO, WOULD IT HURT BIZARRO SUPERGIRL TO PUT ON SOME FOUNDATION AND COVER UP HER TERRIBLE SKIN?

OH, YEAH. I GUESS I SHOULD MENTION I'M FEELING A LITTLE CONFLICTED ABOUT FEMINIZING SUPERMAN. I TALKED HIM INTO A OLD-SCHOOL SUPERGIRL OUTFIT. HE ACTUALLY THOUGHT IT WAS KINDA FUNNY. "NO PICS AND DON'T EVER TELL BATMAN," HE SAID. GETTING HIM TO AGREE TO THE BREAST FORMS WAS A LITTLE HARDER. I LOVED SEEING HIM WITH THOSE BIG BOOBS AND PROMISED IT WAS JUST FOR FUN AROUND THE HOUSE. BOTH THE COSTUME AND THE BREASTS CHANGED HIM-- HE MOVED AND TALKED IN A MORE FEMININE MANNER. THE BOOBS MAKE THE MAN!



# HER-FECT TIMING



WE BOTH HEARD THE SCREAMS, THE CRIES FOR HELP. "I CAN'T GO OUT LIKE THIS!" SUPERMAN SAID, HER VOICE HIGHER AND SOFTER.

"THERE'S NO TIME TO CHANGE," I LIED. NO WAY WAS I GOING TO MISS THE CHANCE TO PUT HER ON DISPLAY IN HER CUTE LITTLE OUTFIT.

I PUT MY HAND AROUND HER WAIST AND DRAGGED HER ALONG. AS SOON AS WE GOT TO DOWNTOWN, HE TOSSED HIS LONG BLONDE HAIR AND PUT HIS HANDS ON HIS HIPS, THRUSTING HIS BREASTS FORWARD. "LET'S DO THIS."



WE BOTH FOUGHT, BUT I COULDN'T HELP BUT WATCH HIM OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE. HE WAS FIERCE AND CUTE AT THE SAME TIME LIKE SOME SORT OF BADASS BARBIE DOLL.

I LOVED IT. THIS COULDN'T BE MORE PERFECT, I THOUGHT, BUT THEN IT GOT MORE PERFECT.

# ENTER WONDER WOMAN



AS SOON AS DIANA FLEW INTO THE SCENE, I SAW THE SHOCK AND EMBARRASSMENT ON SUPERMAN'S FACE. FOR A SECOND, I THOUGHT HE MIGHT RUN-- THE FIGHT, FLIGHT, FREEZE RESPONSE GOING RIGHT TO FLIGHT AND BIG TIME. BUT, SHE WAS STILL SUPERMAN IF A PRETTY AND LEGGIER VERSION, AND SHE GOT HERSELF TOGETHER AND REJOINED THE FIGHT.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? WHY DID I FIND IT SO DELICIOUS THAT SUPERMAN'S SOMETIME LOVE INTEREST AND AMAZON EVERYTHING GIRL WONDER WOMAN WAS NOW SEEING HIM IN A MINISKIRT AND HEELS, A BIG PAIR OF BREASTS BOUNCING ON HIS CHEST? I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO ASK THE AI ABOUT THAT. IT WAS SO GOOD. I COULD BARELY WAIT FOR THE MEETING AFTERWARDS, AND I WAS THINKING IF SUPERMAN TRIED TO RUN BEFORE WONDER WOMAN COULD GET A GOOD LOOK I WOULD STOP HER SOMEHOW. IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR HER PSYCHE TO BE SEEN LIKE THIS BY A WOMAN SHE ADMIRED, RIGHT? I STILL LIKE TO BELIEVE AT LEAST SOME OF THIS WAS FOR HER GOOD.



WONDER WOMAN GAVE SUPERMAN A ONCE OVER, ALMOST LIKE A GUY CHECKING OUT A GIRL. SUPERMAN LOWERED HIS EYES AND BLUSHED, TAKING ON AN ADORABLE FEMININE MANNER. "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?" WONDER WOMAN SAID, BUT THERE WAS AN AMUSED TONE IN HER VOICE THAT MADE ME THINK SHE KNEW, OR AT LEAST SUSPECTED.

"MY NAME?" SUPERMAN WHISPERED IN HIS SOFT LITTLE VOICE. HE MUST HAVE BEEN TOTALLY EMBARRASSED TO HAVE HER HEAR HIM TALK IN THAT VOICE, SO MUCH HIGHER AND MORE FEMININE THAN HERS.

I STEPPED IN. "THIS IS, ER, ELLE. SHE'S MY--"

"I KNOW SHE'S SUPERMAN," WONDER WOMAN SAID. SHE CUPPED SUPERMAN'S CHEEK AND TURNED HIS HEAD SO HE WOULD LOOK UP AT HER. "THIS IS GOOD," SHE SAID. "YOU NEED TO LEARN BEING A WOMAN IS NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. YOU **SHOULD** BE PROUD." WITH THAT, SHE TOOK OFF.

I SEETHED. SUPERMAN WAS MY DOLL, AND I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF WONDER WOMAN TRYING TO GET IN ON THE GAME.



I STARTED CALLING HER ELLIE. IT STUCK. IT WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO HER OLD NAME AND PRETTY, SO WE BOTH LIKED IT. SHE WAS LIVING WITH ME NOW, GOING IN AND OUT OF HER OLD APARTMENT MIGHT RAISE TOO MANY QUESTIONS, RIGHT?

I TALKED HER INTO WEARING HER WIG ALL THE TIME. "YOU NEED TO GET USED TO IT."

SHE DIDN'T QUESTION. SHE'D BECOME COMPLIANT, PRETTY MUCH AGREEING TO WHATEVER I SAID. THE CHANGE HAD SHAKEN HER CONFIDENCE. I WALKED IN ON HER ONE DAY AND SHE SCREAMED AND COVERED HER BUDDING BREASTS.



SHE STARTED CRYING. WE HUGGED AND TALKED AND SHE ADMITTED THAT SHE'D ACTUALLY BEEN A GIRL ALL ALONG, BUT HAD WANTED TO HIDE IT. I DIDN'T TELL HER HOW OBVIOUS IT HAD BEEN DUE TO THE LACK OF ANY KIND OF BULGE IN HER COSTUME. SHE'D BECOME SO NAIVE.

FROM THAT POINT ON, SHE STARTED TO BECOME MORE AND MORE THE GIRL I HAD HOPED FOR. SHE WATCHED MAKEUP AND HAIR VIDEOS. COMING INTO THE LIVING ROOM TO FIND HER PAINTING HER TOENAILS WAS SUCH A TURN ON.

"WHAT?" SHE ASKED, WHEN SHE SAW HOW I WAS LOOKING AT HER.

"I'M JUST SO PROUD OF YOU," I SAID.

"STOP," SHE SAID WITH A LITTLE GIGGLE. SHE LIKED COMPLIMENTS. I CONSTANTLY TOLD HER SHE WAS PRETTY JUST TO SEE HER SMILE.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

**BONUS**

