

Lois was in the living room running on the treadmill when he flew back into their apartment window. "Clark!" She jumped off the treadmill. "What did Luthor want?"

Superman walked over and gave her a quick hug and sisterly peck on the cheek. "You will not believe me when I tell you."

Lois hugged him back awkwardly. "What did he say?"

Superman sat down, crossing his tan, slender legs at the knees and twisting a lock of his long golden hair in his fingers. "Oh, he told me that he was going to give up crime."

"Give up crime."

"Yeah."

"He called you to a special meeting to tell you that? What did you say?"

"I told him that I was very proud of him."

"Very funny. What did you really say?"

"I asked him why."

"And?" Lois was smiling. She knew that Clark had a bomb to drop, what with the way he was dragging the whole thing out.

"Luthor told me, and I am not making this up, that he was in love with me and was giving up crime for me."

"Get out of here."

"I kid you not."

Lois laughed, looking at the pretty young woman her husband had become. God, he was pretty, but Luthor? "You must be joking."

"No. Now, it's all my fault, I guess, that Luthor will continue on his life of crime."

"That poor guy. He must be totally confused. I can't believe he told you."

"I have to say, and I never thought I would ever say this, that Luthor was very sweet. We made a deal, and I hope you won't be mad. I agreed to go out on one single date with him if he would agree to leave The Planet alone."

"A date?"

"It was his idea. Are you okay with it?"

"With my husband going out on a date with Lex Luthor? Sure. What woman wouldn't be?"

"But it'll save the paper."

Lois thought about it. Couldn't come up with a better answer. "Well, since I've accepted you risking your life for the sake of others, I guess I have to accept you risking being bored to death on a date with Luthor. Are you sure he won't try anything?"

"If he tries to kiss me or anything, I'll be ready."

"No, I was thinking something more diabolical than a goodnight kiss, like capturing you or committing some crime while you're busy eating snails."

"Oh! I didn't even think about that. But, you know what? I doubt it. You should have seen him, Lois! He was on his knees, in tears, begging me to go out with him! It was almost... cute."

"That's even worse, Supes."

"Why?"

"Well, one thing you are going to learn as a girl is that men can be driven to their most savage by desire for a beautiful young female."

"But he knows that I'm Superman inside."

"And that's what is driving him crazy, lover. The idea that Superman could be a girl? His girl? His mate? Luthor has issues, and you better be a careful, young lady, when you're around him."

"Lois, you're worrying to much. I can take care of myself. I have been for years." Superman turned and walked from the room, his high-rounded behind twitching prettily in his pleated skirt.

"You never had an ass like that before, Clark."

Lois sat down on the couch and crossed her arms. This was all too much. She'd been enjoying playing dress up with Clark, picking out outfits and helping him with his make-up, but now he was flirting with Superboy and dating Luthor? And what about her? She wanted a man in her bed; she wanted Superman.

Grabbing her purse, she peaked into the bedroom. Clark was sitting at the dressing table, brushing his hair a faraway look in his eyes. "I'm going in to work. I have things to do."



Clark turned. "I thought we were going to buy some more outfits for Superman?"

"Later." Lois started to turn, stopped. "Clark, don't you think it's a little strange that you are so interested in fashion all of a sudden? Isn't it odd for a man to be acting the way you are?"

Clark gathered his hair up and pinned it in a high bun. "I can't help it," he said with a little smile. "It's the spell, and, anyway, what else do you expect?"

"That makes no sense. You even talk like a blonde airhead now."

The word airhead, the harsh tone, stung. "Lois..."

"Maybe we should double date sometime, Barbie. It would be nice for me to spend some time in the arms of a man."

"That's not fair," Clark said, getting to his feet, but Lois had turned and marched out the door.

Clark started to follow, stopped, sat back down and looked down at his saddle shoes, one atop the other.



'What if Lois does go and look for another man?' He thought. 'What if I'm stuck like this?'

It was too much to think about. He tossed himself onto their bed and rolled himself up in the covers. He tried to think of a way to hold onto Lois, to get her to keep loving him, but she

was a woman, and if he stayed female...

It seemed like there was no way out. Find Circe. That was the answer. He had to get focused, go after Circe and get himself back in his own body. Clark got up, threw his little leather backpack over his shoulders and took off out the window and into the air above Metropolis. Circe had to be watching all this develop, he reasoned, so maybe if he just called her?

He flew out over the ocean, far away from any people, and shouted, "Circe! Show yourself! I wanna know why you've done this to me."

Nothing. The water just continued to roll beneath him. "Circe!"

"What in the world are you doing?" A male voice called from behind him.

Superman spun around to face Superboy. "Superboy! What are you doing out here?"

"I heard you calling for Circe with my super-hearing and decided to come and see what was happening." Despite himself, Superboy let his eyes drift down to the swelling of Superman's breasts. When he quickly looked back up, Superman had a tiny smile on his full, pink lips. "What's happening?"

"Circe is the one who changed me like this," Superman said, suddenly wondering if his hair looked right. He'd planned on wearing his hair in a ponytail and a scrunchie with this outfit, but had forgotten to take the turtle clip out when he'd gone off looking for Circe. "But I can't get her to show herself."

"Why did she do it?"

"Like I know?" Superman asked.

"It must totally suck to wake up a hot chick."

Superman smiled at the compliment, hooking a loose strand of hair behind his ear. "It doesn't really suck that bad. It's kinda fun to be a girl, to be honest. I'm enjoying it, though that could be part of the spell? But, well, I'm married and my wife... well, you know."

Superboy blushed. He'd forgotten that Superman was married. It made the feelings he was having for the slender young female all the more bizarre, all the more ridiculous. A feeling of revulsion rose in his stomach and a thought lodged itself in his brain: I am not gay. But he glanced down at Superman's firm belly, wide hips and rounded, tan legs and felt a lump in his throat that was all too familiar.

"Is there anything I can do to help, Superman?"

Superman felt a surge of warmth for Superboy. "Oh, that's so sweet. And you know what? There is something you can do for me, but I'm not sure you'll want to. It's kinda, oh, silly."

"What?"

"Listen to me? I could really use someone to talk to right now."



They flew off to an isolated park in the mountains of Peru. Superman and Superboy lay on the ground under a tree overlooking a lush green tropical jungle and a 100-

foot-tall waterfall that sent a silvery stream crashing into a small pond. At first, Superman talked about the change and how it had felt. Then, he talked about his fears of losing Lois. Superboy nodded and asked questions, sometimes looking Clark right in the eyes and other times staring off at the waterfall, his eyes dreamy and romantic.

Superman was impressed with what a good listener Superboy turned out to be, and after talking about his life he probed, getting to know Superboy better, finding out about his dreams and fears. Superman just wanted to share, to get to know Superboy better. He was so fascinating.

Soon, somehow, Superman found himself in Superboy's arms. They kissed passionately, but Superman fought for some control, pushing Superboy's hand down lower on her thigh when it slipped past the hem of her skirt, and pushing them down completely when they came up and squeeze her breasts.

It was heavy petting with lots of sighs and caresses.

Finally, they sat holding hands, their knees touching, staring into each other's eyes and basking in the warmth and admiration.

"I don't know if this is right," Superboy said, "you being married and all."

"If it feels this good," Barbie answered. "It has to be right. We're just two people who needed to be held, who needed some love. That's all. We didn't-do-anything."

"I guess it depends on how you define "anything."

Superman let his mouth fall open in mock disgust. "Don't even!"

Superboy pulled her head to his shoulder and gave her one last big hug. "I'm not in the mood to argue."

Superman found his backpack, pulled out his make-up and started working on his face. "I better pretty myself up and head back to Metropolis. Lois will be wondering, and I'm no closer to finding Circe." She noticed that Superboy was staring at her as she painted her lips with a tube of pink lipstick. "What?"

"Isn't it weird being all girly? Putting on make-up? Wearing skirts? All that junk?"

Superman smiled and held his compact toward Superboy.

"Maybe you should try it? It's fun."

"No way!"

"Well, you know, at first I did feel embarrassed, but now it's just the way I am." He touched up his blush and put on some fresh mascara. "I'm a girl, Superboy. Why shouldn't I act like one?"

Metropolis

Lois, for her part, was still at the Daily Planet working on a story she'd been doing on corruption in the city's bidding process. It alleged that a scheme of kickbacks and bribes was used by an affiliate of LexCorps to get bids at high rates, costing the city taxpayers millions. Of course, if Lex bought the paper the story would never run in the Planet. She'd have to try and sell it somewhere else.

Meanwhile, her day was constantly interrupted with calls, emails and faxes related to Superman. Everyone wanted to profile her now. There were even offers for shoots: Young Miss wanted to put her on the cover as did Rolling Stone.

MTV wanted an interview, 20/20. It made Lois both proud and jealous of her perky little blonde husband. It would be kind of cute to see him on the cover of Young Miss, or to see her speak about her experiences to college girls at an upcoming symposium on women's rights. But it just wasn't fair that she was getting all this attention for being, what, a girl?

The papers and news channels had all carried the story, and there'd even been talk shows about it, asking what it meant for American masculinity that the ultimate alpha-male was now one of the hotties.

And it had only been a day or two. How much more insane would this get?

Also, several small packages had come from Luthor. The date with Luthor struck Lois as an increasingly bad idea, but she took the items from Luthor as well as all the correspondence and threw it in her bag. Time to get home. Maybe, she thought, Clark will have found Circe and been changed back to normal by now. Maybe things would get back to normal.

Instead, she found Clark wearing a Timmy Girl T-shirt and a pair of fashionably ripped jean shorts and a pair of fluffy pink stiletto heeled slippers. He was on the couch, knees together, half watching a movie on Lifetime while filing his nails. He'd tied a pink kerchief over his hair, looking every bit the fashionable young miss.

"Hey Lois," he said. "I hope you aren't still mad at me."

"Hey, yourself, cutie. And I'm not mad." Lois dropped her bag and sat down next to Clark on the couch. "I love you Clark. I still love you, and I always will. I just, I'd like you back to being the man I married. That's all."

"Oh, I love you, too." Clark gave Lois a big, sisterly hug and a tender kiss on the cheek. "It's so great having you here for me, and I hope that until this gets fixed I can still be there for you, if not as a man than at least as a friend."



Lois forced a smile. "I know. I know."

"So how was your day?" Clark asked prettily. "Tell me all about it."

"Long," Lois said, "but I almost got the story on the kickbacks done."

"Wow. You're such the great writer."

"Maybe, but my feet are killing me."

"Well, now here's something I can help you with. Put those tootsies up here and let me get to work."

Lois grinned, kicked off her shoes, and put them in Clark's lap. "What the world doesn't know is that the foot massage is actually your greatest superpower."

Clark pretended to crack his knuckles like a card shark getting ready to deal. "You ain't seen nothing yet, sweetheart."

As Clark massaged, Lois talked about her day: the leads she'd tracked down, a conversation with Jimmy, a couple tips she'd received and a funny story about a couple guys and an accident down in the printing room that had involved a whole lot of ink and a raincoat. Superman nodded and smiled, cooing with sympathy where appropriate, and offering girlish congratulations whenever Lois shared a minor triumph. He loved talking, listening to Lois' stories. It was really great that they were able to share so much now.

When the massage was over, Lois sighed with relief. "You may be needing some of those new outfits you wanted, and soon."

"What do you mean?"

"Take a look at these offers."

Superman spent the next half an hour squealing excitedly with each new offer he opened, chattering with Lois and wondering what might come of it all. Lois just smiled and let Clark enjoy the moment, her one effort to dissuade him brushed aside in a tide of girlish enthusiasm.

"I have to take them all," Clark said, "I mean, it would be rude to do one and not the other. The speech at the feminism conference -dull, right? -but I think it could be a good chance for me to show people that just because I'm a blonde that doesn't make me an airhead-which is what a lot of people think about young blonde girls even though it isn't true."

Lois agreed to make some calls and set up interviews for Superman, who insisted he didn't know what to say or do.

"It's a little intimidating. I mean, MTV? MTV?!?"



The packages from Luthor contained an expensive perfume that sold for 5000 an ounce, a diamond bracelet, a diamond necklace and earrings that together must have cost 30000, and two appointment cards: one to be fitted for a custom dress at Metropolis' most elite dress shop, and the other for a make-over on the day of the date. Again, the appointment was for Metropolis elite salons. Luthor had placed receipts with each item; he wanted his impressionable little filly to know how much he spent on her.

"I'm jealous," Lois said, trying on the diamond bracelet.

Barbie didn't know what to say. She was excited about the make-over and the dress, but the jewelry seemed, "a bit much?"

"I think you should call this off, Clark. Look at these diamonds. This is like some kind of obsession. It's weird and kinky."

"I have to save the Planet," Superman said softly, slipping the diamond necklace under his hair and around his neck.

Lois helped him fix the clasp and they both went into the bedroom to admire the sparkling crystals in the mirror.

"Wow."

The necklace fell right down into the heart of his cleavage and would draw the eyes of every man-and woman-down there the night of the date.

"If that means-this-that's what I have to do."

"Let me try," Lois said, trading the bracelet for the necklace, then admiring herself in the mirror. "This is unreal."

Clark was turning the bracelet in the light, letting it set the diamonds on fire. "Oh, the earrings are for pierced ears." He pouted, holding them next to his face. "And they're so pretty."

"Clark, you really need to be careful on this date. Luthor is doing everything he can to control you. He picked out your clothes and your jewelry; he's having your make-up done. He wants you, Clark. Badly. I think it's sexual."

Clark scrunched his nose at the last comment.

"Gross."

"You told me he was in tears."

Clark put a hand on his hip. "He's freaked. That much is true. And this jewelry? The perfume? I mean, I can see he's gone like psycho-stalker for me. It's... yuck, but I'm Superman. I can handle it. And I will."

Lois looked at the slender young woman before her, at the high, firm breasts, thick golden hair tied up in a pink handkerchief, and long, tan legs, and wondered.

Superman was strong enough, no doubt, to take care of herself. But she'd never dealt with a man like Luthor before-not as a female-and Lois really wondered how the spell was affecting her and what it might do to her after an evening with Luthor.

She looked at his wide, innocent, trusting eyes and soft, hairless cheek, and for the first time wondered if Superman was mentally tough enough to face Luthor-or even the Powderpuff girls.

But she kept her worry to herself. "Want to go buy some outfits?"

"Awesome," Superman said. "But let me change first."

By the time they finished shopping and caught a light dinner at the Bistro around the block from their apartment, Clark and Lois were both exhausted. Lois let Clark have the bathroom first, and he had soon scrubbed the make-up from his face and slipped into his nightie. Lois followed, climbing into bed next to Clark a little later as Clark sat up, eagerly reading an article in Glamour. Lois just rolled her eyes, both amused and befuddled and, again, missing the rock-hard mass of muscle that she'd married.

"Good article?"

"Yeah. It says that tweed may come in for spring."

"Tweed?"

"I think it looks kinda cute."

Clark held the magazine out for Lois to see. The spring coats were, indeed, cute, and she told Clark so. He smiled, happy to have Lois confirm his taste in fashion.

"You better get to sleep, honey," Lois finally said. "You have a big day tomorrow with the fitting and all."

"Kay."



Part IV

Clark dreamt of his past adventures, the battles with Brainiac and Luthor, the showdowns with Darkseid. But the dreams were strangely different. In each one instead of defeating his enemies, he found himself menaced, weakened and defeated, only to be swept up into the powerful and protective arms of Superboy.

Sometimes, yes, it was Batman, Green Lantern, Nightwing or Flash, but usually Superboy, with his dark hair and those powerful shoulders, but sad eyes and...

...weakened by kryptonite, powerless, trembling in Superboy's arms... terrified, flying as fast as she could, pursued by some terrible, faceless enemy, tears running down her cheeks as the creature got closer and closer... when suddenly Superboy arrived and saved her...

Alone, in her dreams, he was frightened and scared, unable to defend himself. But, with a man at her side she felt strong, secure, brave and ready to face the world.

Somewhere else, Superboy couldn't sleep. He kept thinking about the girl he'd been kissing that afternoon, the stiff feel of her cup over the soft swelling of her breast right before she'd pushed his hand away, the soft flesh on the inside of her thigh, the full lips and-wow-did she ever know how to kiss. He longed to throw his arms around her waist once again, then bury his head in her thick golden locks.

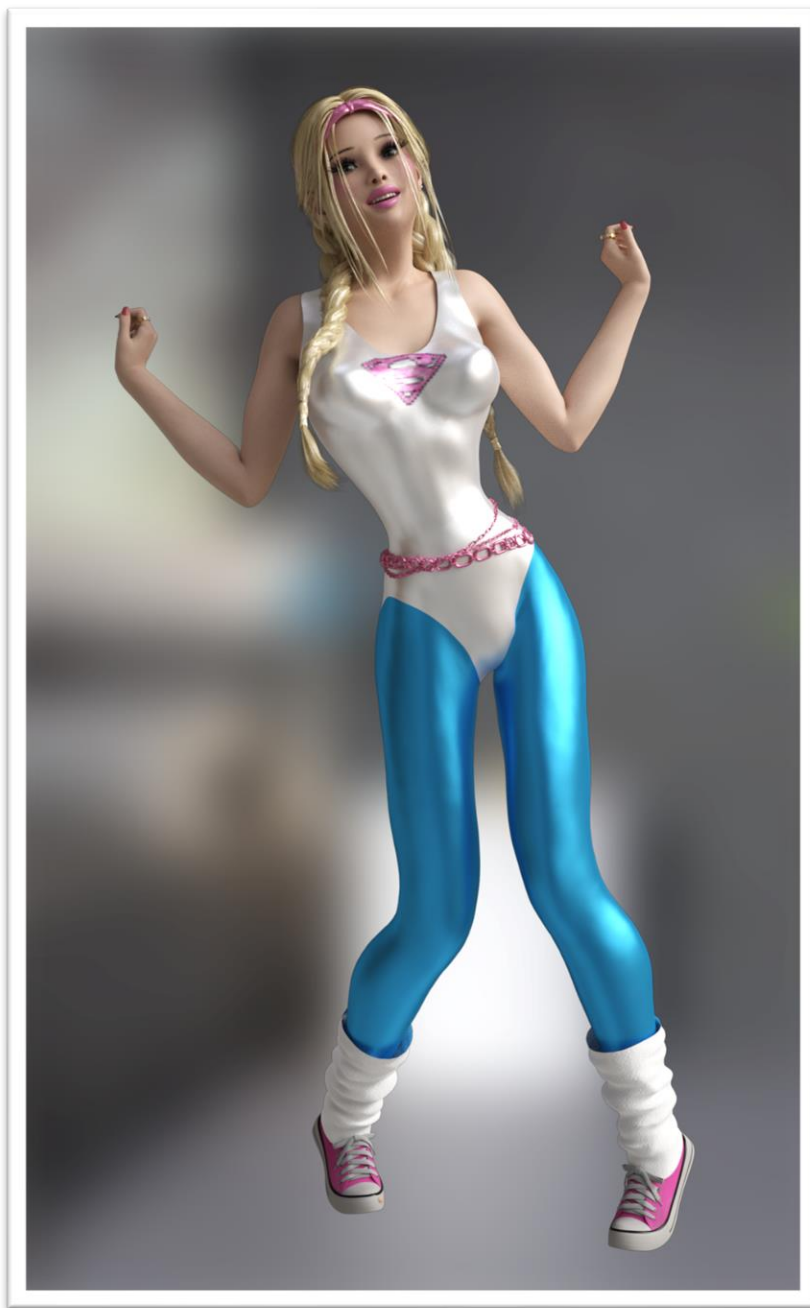
But he knew that she was-had been-a man. Stop thinking about her, he said to himself, get her out of your mind. But when he closed his eyes all he could see was that bright, brilliant, dimpled smile, the wide, sparkling eyes, and the tight sweater he so badly wanted to get her out of.

Lois was up and out early the next morning. Superman struggled out of bed and cooked breakfast for them both, but didn't bathe until after Lois had left. Though he didn't really remember his evening, his head was fuzzy from the restless, dream-filled night. He was determined, though, to make some serious efforts to find Circe and get some answers. He slipped into one of his new Superman outfits: a white leotard with the pink Superman logo right at the center of the collar, which plunged low enough to show a little cleavage. Around his waist he wore a pink waist chain that hung loose across his hips like a bandolier, and on his feet, he wore matching pink mules above fuzzy legwarmers. They'd found a cute little red backpack for him to sling over his shoulders, and he tied his hair into long ponytails Valkyrie style. Just as he was dusting his face with a soft, camel hairbrush, the phone rang and he answered.

"How about tonight?" Lois said excitedly.

"What?"

"MTV wants to do an interview with you tonight. It would be live at their Manhattan studio, and you'll never guess who else will be there."



Barbie felt her heart flutter. MTV! "Who?"

"Jessica Simpson and Brittany Spears."

"I get to meet them?"

"Of course."

Clark shouted with joy, bouncing on the balls of his feet excitedly. "What about Carson Daley?"

"Clark!"

He put a nail to his lips. "I just wondered."

"I don't know if he'll be there. You're so silly."

"Gosh, I can't believe I get to be on MTV with those pretty girls. How cool is that?"

"Super-cool, sweetie. Okay, I have to go. If we don't talk, be there at seven! I'll be watching."

"Kay. Thanks."

Clark hung up the phone, giddy with excitement. MTV?

Meet Jessica and Brittany? Wow.

He felt like he was going to just bubble out of himself. It was too much. Too much. But, he had to focus. That was hours away. In the meantime, he knew he had to do something about Circe. He had to...

"What should I wear on MTV?" He wondered out loud, going into the bedroom and looking at his new outfits. "Which one says, feminine but strong? Young and sexy but smart and sophisticated? Which one is cool?"

A noise registered in his super hearing. A woman crying, pleading. A man yelling. Crashing. In a flash he was there at a building half a block away, using his x-ray vision to spot the trouble: a middle-aged woman was in a corner, screaming in terror. Her husband was coming after her with a belt. Her two children had been locked in a bedroom where they were screaming. Superman felt her blood boil.

In a flash, she'd kicked in the door and planted herself between the man and his terrified wife. He stood, hands on hips, chest out, looking up at the man.

"Leave her alone."

The man, his eyes glassy from drugs or drink, looked surprised, recovered. "You want some too, bitch?"

He swung the belt at Superman. Superman blocked the man's arm and gently planted a boot in his chest, sending him crashing against the far wall.

"Think you're real tough picking on women?"

The man shook his head, staring blurrily at the slender girl who'd just-what the hell had happened? "Girly, you gonna get the nipple twistin' of your damn life."

Superman walked over to the man, who was struggling to get to his feet, and tapped him crisply on the crown of the head with a single finger. The man collapsed in a heap.

With a smile, he turned to the wife, expecting her to be smiling, happy, grateful. Instead, the poor woman stared at him from under a tangled mass of split ends and frizz, her eyes those of a terrified animal.

"Oh God, I hope you didn't hurt him. He gonna wup me even worse the next time."

Superman, stunned, felt his anger growing. "There won't be a next time. I'll make sure of that."

"There's always a next time," the woman murmured. "Please leave. Just leave before you make it any worse."

God, Superman thought to herself, what can I do to make her see? To make her feel safe. For the first time in his young female life, the word came to him like a curse: men! Look what they do to us. How small they make us feel. It has to stop.

"Let's talk," he said, leaning down and taking the woman by the arm. "Let me tell you what I'm going to do, and what you are going to do."

Moments later, the Metropolis Police were stunned when a slender young blonde in a white leotard flew into the office. She was carrying a fat man notable only in that he was unconscious and dressed like a hooker in a bright red mini-dress, big hoop earrings and heels, his bra stuffed full of something and his face made up like a -- well, a ten dollar hooker.

They'd heard the news but could still barely believe their eyes. "Super... man?"

"Domestic violence. Book him. An officer is on the way to take his wife's statement. I'm a witness."

"You want us to put him in the holding cell..."

"Like that. Exactly. Also, the media will be down here to interview me and a couple of you boys in blue in about an hour. I'm declaring war on domestic violence."

Clark was astounded and also ashamed to realize how much domestic violence went on in the city. Why hadn't she ever done anything about it before? In the hour between the time she caught the first perp and the time for the show, she caught five more men in the act of beating their wives. Two ended up at the same precinct as the first, but she was glad the others were in different areas. She wanted them to feel as vulnerable and alone as females when they woke up in their mini-dressed and heels surrounded by rough men with--- poor manners.

It was a quick interview at the main precinct. The cameras got pictures of the three arrests Superman had made. They were huddling together in the corner of the cell, practically clinging to each other, their knees together and eyes downcast in shame. Superman appeared for less than a minute, explaining that domestic violence was a huge problem and that she'd made it her business to take the men who abused their wives and girlfriends "as serious as an alien invasion."

"Are you moving in this direction because you are a woman now?" The anchor asked.

"Yes," Superman answered without hesitation. "I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I didn't recognize the problem when I was a man. However, and this is for all you guys out there, you better watch out now. Because I am one tough girl and if I catch you, you'll end up just like those little darlings behind me."

Off camera, the producer, an athletic looking woman in a power suit, grabbed Superman's arm before he could get out of the crowd. "How about an interview with Kathy Kyle on the morning show?"

"Sure. Call Lois Lane. She's handling all my appearances."

"Great. You're beautiful!"

"Thanks."

Superman bolted to the Fortress of Solitude. Circe... he had to concentrate on Circe...

He spent all morning working with mechanical hands, building a device inside a thick, lead-shielded device. Eventually, he'd built what looked like a gun with a sharp needle at the end. Carefully, he coated the needle in kryptonite and arranged the gun next to a tiny hole at the wall of the machine.

Moments later, woozy from even the brief exposure to kryptonite, Superman smiled proudly as he slipped the studs into his ears.

"I'm wearing those diamond earrings on my date," he thought with a smile. "You're not gonna stop this girl."



More than just the earrings from Luthor, though, piercing his ears gave Clark a strong sense of completion, of being a real and normal girl. He admired the studs and smiled.

Clip ons were so childish and, anyway, they might fall off during a flight.

He put his hands in her hair and lifted it back to admire his little ears and the glittering studs. Perfect. Perfect. Wait until Lois sees.

Okay. No time for Circe. He had to get to his fitting. In a flash Superman burst home-stopping to dust off another abusive boyfriend on the way-switched into a formal outfit with a long, gray woolen skirt, a white, Peter pan collar blouse and a jacket that matched his skirt, fixed his face and caught a cab to Lady Lancelot's Dress Shop.

Much to his delight, walking into the elegant dress shop with its soft lighting, calm, classical music and smiling, female faces, was a totally relaxing experience.

"May I help you?" A stunningly fine-skinned woman in her mid-forties asked.

"Yes, um, here..." He handed the card Luthor had sent to the woman.

"Miss Superman! We've been expecting you. Please come in."

Before the fitting, the girls offered him tea and finger food. Sinking into a big, cushy chair, he gladly accepted. The other fitters came by as they had time, excited to see their latest celebrity client, and curious about the man of steel who'd become the girl of Camille. There were compliments on his clothes and how pretty he was, questions about how he knew Luthor... just the usual fun chitchat. Also there for fittings and eager to meet one of the rising stars in Metropolis circle of women were the mayor's wife, the daughter of the senior partner in Metropolis' top law-firm and-most impressive-Marsha Mannelli, who'd started her own software business and built it into a Fortune 1000 company. By the time he'd spent a few moments talking to them he promised lunch dates, shopping trips and museum tours with all of them.

Barbie felt her whole body tingling with pleasure; she was meeting high-society and being invited into their midst. It was almost too much.

Finally, the woman who originally greeted him-who he found out was the owner of the shop and one of THE women who ran the social circles in Metropolis, accompanied him into a fitting room where she helped him out of his clothes.

"Goodness, no." She said when Superman had stripped down to just his bra and panties.

"Excuse me?" Superman asked, goosebumps on his skin as the cool air poured over him.

"We have to get you some more appropriate ladies' things. What's under the dress is as important as the dress."

She brushed aside Superman's objections and returned with a lacy black girdle and panties.

"I don't think I need a girdle," Superman said, sucking in his tight belly. "And also, well, I like..."

Miss Superman, trust me. You're going to feel so sexy and confident with these on under that dress. It's the world.

"Kay."

Superman put on the garments the woman had brought him, then slipped into the black dress. It was sleeveless and had a loose neckline that hung open and dangerously low.

With his breasts separated instead of pushed together, the soft crescents could be seen peeking seductively out from the loose fabric. Barbie admired the look; it seemed so sophisticated, so grown-up. The skirt was made from glossy silk that hugged his hips and ended at his upper thigh. It struck him as a woman's dress, something more sophisticated than he was used to. He slipped into his heels, stretched one long leg out to the side as he'd seen Lois do when trying on dresses then examined himself in the mirror. Feeling flirty and silly, he scowled like a supermodel and then burst into giggles. He couldn't believe how sexy he looked.

"Even as slender as you are, the girdle further enhances your waist and hips and, especially, your buttocks." Barbie turned her head and examined her backside; it was true. They seemed fuller and higher than even usual. He did feel sexy knowing he had such pretty underthings, and the way the girdle enhanced his figure gave him shivers. Poor Lexy! Barbie thought. When he sees me looking like this!

On impulse, he gave Lanelle Lancelot a hug and a quick kiss on the cheek. "You are so wonderful."

Lancelot smiled at the young girl, seeing herself for the first time as a sophisticated woman. Could this really have been a man? It didn't seem possible. But, Lancelot liked her and so, after making sure all the pins were in place and the dress ready for final tailoring so it would perfectly fit Superman's body, she smiled at her and took her hand.



"You simply must come to my garden party next weekend, dear. I crave the

opportunity to gaze upon you. Your skin! My. My."

"Of course," Barbie said, trying to contain her excitement. "I wouldn't miss it."

"Okay. Get out of that dress now. We're rushing to get it ready for your big date tomorrow."

Barbie almost answered with her usual "'Kay", but decided to go with something more sophisticated. "Of course, darling."

When Miss Superman left, the woman all watched her go. "She seems like such a girl. I can't believe that used to be Superman."

"I thought the same thing. And you know what else?"

"Lex Luthor is going to own her by the end of the evening?"

The women all nodded. "She's in way over her head. I'd love to hear stories, but Lex never talks."

"He doesn't," Lancelot said with a wicked smile. "But I invited Miss Superman to my party next week. I can't wait to have a little chat with her."

"You're so bad."

"Goodness, she'll be dying to spill the beans. So what if I gratify my own little voyeuristic desires at the same time?"

"Oh, we don't care as long as you share."

"Of course. What fun would there be in keeping it to myself?"

Bonus

One of Superman's New Fantasies!

