

"I sound like an idiot," Superman said, his arms crossed over his chest. "What the... goodness... was wrong with me?"



He and Lois were watching a tape of the news conference. Superman, fighting the urge to slip into some of Lois' things, had changed into some of his old clothes and sat on the couch, his sleeves and pants legs rolled up, disgustedly watching himself giggle and smile and mince around the stage. As soon as he'd gotten in front of the crowd, he'd felt like there were butterflies in his tummy, his whole body had tingled with pleasure and he'd barely been able to contain his feminine excitement. He'd walked, talked and flirted like a girl, and it was only now as he watched the tape and felt ill at the sight of himself that he realized how totally his demeanor had changed.

"It must be the spell, Clark. Once you were in front of the cameras, you just changed."

"I don't know what to make of this, of me. Why is Circe doing this to me? What does she want?"

"Is there anyway to contact her? To track her?"

"None that I know of. I'm going to have to get some help somehow. Zatanna, maybe the Justice League... Oh, I just don't know what to do." Suddenly and without warning, tears brimmed in his pretty eyes and rolled down his cheeks. "Look at me," Clark said, wiping the tears, "crying like a girl."

Lois came over and put an arm around him, pulling his head down onto her shoulder. "It's okay, sweetie. Let the tears come. It will be good for you."

Clark didn't resist, but put his head on her shoulder and sobbed.

After a time the tears stopped and Clark felt himself grow calm. "Feel better?" Lois asked.

Clark smiled up at her gratefully. "Yeah, but silly."

"Hey, it goes with the territory."

"I guess."

"Listen, Clark, I've got some things I better do work wise.

I better get over to the Daily Planet. Will you be okay?"

"Of course. I'm still Superman."

"Well, is it okay if I still worry about you, Superman?"

"Yeah."

With Lois gone, Clark sat on the couch uncertainly, not really even aware that he was sitting with his knees together and his hands in his lap. He felt the now familiar urges to try on Lois' clothes, to make-up his face. But he resolved not to give in, to try and remain as true to his real identity as he could.

But what should I do? He wondered, looking around. It might be time to visit the Justice League satellite and call for help. He didn't like the idea of facing them-any of them-like he was now, but he had very little choice. He'd have to face them all sooner or later- later, he thought, looking down at his perky young breasts. Later.

The make-up table called to him. He pictures Lois' closet, the rows of skirts and dresses and blouses... but no, he was a man and he had to remain a man no matter what changes occurred in his body. That was one thing he was determined to see through to the end no matter what.



A half hour later, he found himself in a slinky black cocktail dress, painting smoky eye shadow on his face and admiring how smooth and soft his rounded shoulders looked in the thin black straps. Finished painting his face, Clark fussed with his hair, pinning it up on his head, a couple golden ringlets tumbling down on either side of his smooth face before finally clipping on a pair of large, diamond earrings as well as a necklace and some of Lois' bracelets as well. Done, he slipped into a pair of black heels, grabbed the cute little black leather purse that went with the outfit, and walked

back and forth in front of the mirror, admiring his long, smooth legs. The dress came only to mid-thigh, revealing plenty of leg, but he also smiled and tried different

poses, turning and admiring his plump, round but and his perky, firm if girlish breasts.

Some parts of his body were still disappointingly masculine: his waist was a little wide and his biceps a little thicker than he wanted, but he was pleased and proud at how feminine he appeared, and thought excitedly about the day his transformation would be complete.

Lois came in to find Clark on the couch, still in her cocktail dress, carefully painting his press on nails a deep crimson. He smiled at her brightly, feeling less embarrassed than nervous. He badly wanted the approval of another female and leapt to his feet with his brightest smile.

"How do I look?"

Lois stopped halfway in the door, stunned, but finally shrugged. "Great?"

"Really?"

"Clark, you look fantastic. I'm very impressed."

"You don't seem impressed."

She looked at his glossy lips, lightly blushed cheeks, deep, passionate, eyes. "You did a great job on your make-up, dear. And your hair. I'm just... I wasn't expecting it."

Clark did a triumphant knee bend, his earrings and bracelets glittering. "I wasn't expecting it either, but I just wanted to look as good as I could."

"Well, I have some bad news."

"What?"

"Luthor is buying the Daily Planet. He says he'll lay off most of the staff and fill the paper with syndicated material."

"What?"

"He did send you a message through me." Lois handed Clark an envelope that looked like an invitation and smelled heavily of cologne.

Clark, his face a mask of girlish concern, opened the envelope. It was an invitation to a lunch date at Luthor's office. The date was set for two days away. It read:

If you want to save the Daily Planet and your friend Lois' job, be there.

"What does he want?" Clark was emotionally confused; he didn't know whether to feel scared or angry, so he looked at Lois for guidance.

Lois shrugged. "He must have gotten the news on your gender swap, and maybe he wants to push his advantage believing you're weak now."

Clark, seeing Lois was calm and confident, felt better. "Should I go?" he asked sweetly.

Lois tried to hide her surprise. He seemed so indecisive, so feminine. If the spell continued to go this way, Clark would be selling Mary Kay cosmetic door to door. He'd be useless in a fight super strength or no.

"Well, it's up to you, Clark, but I think you might as well go and see what he has to say. It would be a shame for so many people to lose their jobs. But, I wouldn't dress like that."

Clark suddenly felt awkward in his cute little black dress, his arms and legs bare, the tops of his breasts exposed. "God no. I'd hate to have Luthor see me like this at all, let alone dressed to kill."

"Good thinking." Lois, suddenly, found herself entertaining an odd thought, a thought that seemed to come out of nowhere. "It seems a shame to eat in with you all dressed up like that, Clark. Why don't we go out tonight?"

"Out? Like this?"

"Why not? You look great. It would be fun. We could go to our favorite place. My treat?"

"Davinci's?" Clark bit his lower lip.

He was embarrassed at the idea of going out dressed like he was, looking like he was, but another part of him wanted to go out and have everyone see how pretty he looked. The fact that no one would know the pretty girl in the black dress was actually Superman just filled him with even more delight.

"Oh, why not? No one will know who I am, anyway. Let's have some fun."

Lois remained in her slacks, slipping on a black leather jacket and helping Clark into her full-length mink coat.

"You'd freeze to death in that little dress."

Clark smiled at his wife gratefully, feeling all snug and sexy in her coat. "You take such good care of me, Lois."

The two chit-chatted happily all through dinner. At one point, one of the junior editors from the Daily Planet came over to say hi. He was a guy in his early thirties, short and average looking.

"Lois," he said approaching the table, "how are you?"

"Fine, Charlie. This is my cousin, Barbara. She's in town visiting."

Charlie took Clark's hand and shook it, letting his grip linger just a moment too long. "It's always nice to meet a pretty young lady such as yourself."

Charlie hadn't been able to keep his eyes off Clark's face-or his cleavage during the 5 minute too boring conversation. When Charlie left, Clark made a gagging sign.

"He is such a loser," Lois agreed with a shake of her head. "Yuck."

"I thought he was going to fall down the front of my dress," Clark said in disgust.

"Now I know how you girls feel."

"See how annoying it is?"

"Ugh! But, hey, what's with this Barbara?"

"I couldn't introduce you as Clark, my sex-changed husband, could I?"

"But why Barbara?"

"It just sounds right."

Clark thought about it for a moment. It did sound right. It felt right. "Well, I guess it's okay. The name is the least of my problems." He gestured down at his body.

"The least."

That night after scrubbing his make-up off, Clark slipped into one of Lois' nighties. It was a diaphanous blue gown with a lacy fringe around the top. Lois wore a white one in the same style, and they almost looked like two sisters as they lay down in matching nighties, their hair pinned up.

"Goodnight, Barbie," Lois said, turning out the light.

"Night," Clark answered.

Lois woke that night at 4 am, unable to sleep. For a time, she stared at the smooth, feminine face next to her, the soft features of her husband, topped with thick golden locks. His small but firm breasts rose and fell gracefully in his lacy nightie, and she could see that subtle changes had continued during the night as his neck had grown longer and more graceful, his arms smaller and more lithe. He was such a pretty girl now.

Lois got up and went into the other room, where Clark had put all of the strange Barbie stuff that had appeared in the days of the transformation. Some impulse overtook her, and she went through the various outfits in Barbie's wardrobe, putting the cutest ones of the doll, enjoying the little make-overs. She wanted to do the same for Clark now; she wanted to buy different outfits and dress him like a living doll. On some level, she knew that she'd been put under a spell as well, a spell that made her want to make her husband into a living doll. She didn't care. It would be fun.

She heard Clark get up and pad his way softly to the bathroom. Suddenly, she realized there was light streaming into the windows. Morning had come; she hadn't noticed. Then, she heard the sound of Clark emptying his bladder, the fits and starts, the delicate tinkling-she knew that Clark was now truly a woman. She smiled, looking at the Barbie in her hands. The doll was wearing a white and coral pleated skirt and a gauzy white sweater that on the right breast was a sparkly pink Superman "S." She had saddle shoes on her feet.

Welcome to your new life, Clark, Lois thought with a smile. Love your new costume, Super "man."

For his part, Clark was not surprised at all to wake up and find that he had become completely female. He got out of bed and made his way to the bathroom, eager to relieve the pressure in his belly. Hiking up his nightie around his waist, he sat down on the cold toilet seat, wincing at how chilly it felt against his behind and let the pressure flow out from between his legs. It had been gross to have a-thing- with this body, he decided. It was good to be complete, but he would now HAVE to concentrate his energy on confronting Circe.

After wiping himself, Clark took a moment to look in the mirror. Wow, he thought, looking at himself. His hair was now a thick, curly mane of platinum that tumbled down over his shoulders and halfway down his back, and his face had further refined itself to an ideal of teen-age beauty you'd see on YM or 16 magazines. His arms had finally gotten as slender as they should be, his hands long and delicate.

His breasts, he felt a little disappointed. They were average size, smaller than Lois'. But, turning to get a look at his bust from the side, he shrugged and laughed. They were high, firm and perky. Plus, as young as this body was, they would probably get bigger.

Clark took a quick shower, wrapped a towel around his hair and his body and vacated the bathroom. Lois was sitting on the edge of the bed holding the Barbie in a cute little pleated skirt, waiting her turn in the bathroom.

"Morning," Clark chirped.

"Morning, cutie." Lois held up the Barbie. "How do you like this for a new costume?"



Superman gave the Barbie a quick look and burst into a radiant, feminine smile. "I loooooove it," he said. "It's so cute." He took the Barbie in hand and admired how pretty it was. "The outfit looks familiar..."

Lois stood up and made her way toward the bathroom.

"Get dressed. I have plans for today."

Clark turned and watched Lois make her way to the bathroom, admiring how gracefully she moved and admonishing himself to learn to walk in a more appropriate manner.

When Lois came out of the bathroom, also towel-wrapped, she found Clark at her dressing table, carefully painting his lips a glossy crimson. He was dressed in a pair of her slacks--black and white checkered--and wearing a matching halter-top. They made eye contact in the mirror but didn't speak as Lois dressed herself and followed Clark at the make-up table. While Lois did her own face, Clark found a pair of sandals and went out to the kitchen and prepared breakfast for both of them.

When Lois came out to eat, sitting down to a half a grapefruit, yogurt and cottage cheese that matched her husband's meal, Clark brought each of them a cup of coffee and, sitting down across from Lois, put a small hand under his chin. "I think I'm done transforming."

Lois swallowed a spoonful of yogurt and took Clark's other hand. "I got that impression. How are you with it?"

"Better than I should be. It feels... right somehow. I know I shouldn't feel this way. I guess it's part of the spell."

"It must be."

"Does it bother you?"

"Not as much as it should."

Clark nodded, smiling as supportively as he could.

"You said you had plans?"

"Yes."

Clark grinned. It was fun being teased. "And?"

"And, you'll see."

"Tell me! Tell me!" Clark was practically bouncing in his chair, squealing prettily. "Tell me!"

Lois couldn't help but give in. "We're going shopping. For you. You should have some clothes that fit better than mine. And, a new costume. What do you think?"

Clark's eyes lit up. "I really do need some clothes that fit. I think I would feel more confident facing people if I looked a little more stylish."

"Good," Lois said. "Then it's settled. Just a couple of girls at the mall."

"What fun," Clark said with a fake little clap of the hands.



The whole day, Lois and the sales girls picked out different outfits for Clark. He had no idea what a girl should wear and was more than happy to try and outfit they suggested, disappearing into the changing room to emerge a little later, doing a little twirl, showing off the pretty clothes and smiling, eager to see if 'the look' worked. When Lois frowned and shook her head he was quick to agree, and when she smiled and told him he looked sexy or cute in a particular outfit he gushed with pride. They used his new name-Barbie-and he got used to the name.

"Barbie, walk towards me, then do a turn."

"Barbie, straighten your back and stand in the light so I can get a better look."

"Barbie is so sweet..."

"Thanks, Barbie, it was great to meet you..."

Barbie, try that dress with this belt... or Barbie, try that skirt with this blouse.

Slacks... sweaters... skirts and dresses... belts, jeans, blouses and bras... they spent all day outfitting Barbie, putting together mix and match ensembles, marveling at how good she made a leopard spotted tank top look, or a pair of fashionably ripped hip-hugger jeans.

Finally, weighed down with packages, the two tired females left the mall and made their way home. Barbie was glowing, happy and excited, chattering incessantly about her experiences at the mall and how excited she was to have her own clothes now.

Once home, Lois had Clark try on his new Superman outfit. It was exactly as she had dressed the Barbie--pleated skirt, tight white sweater with custom S, saddle shoes. Clark decided to wear coral panties with the Superman logo under the skirt in case there was a big wind. He stood in the living room, one hand on his hip; the other buried in his thick blonde hair, leaning to one side, his long, tone, tan legs going on forever.

"I like it," he said. "It's wholesome, but sexy."

Lois nodded. "The make-up scheme is perfect."

She and Barbie had spent a solid hour working out what Makeup color scheme would perfectly suit Superman and had finally ended up with a gorgeous combination of pearly baby blue and pink that suggested virginal innocence and kept with the color scheme of the costume.

Superman picked up a compact and examined his face, pursing his lips doubtfully. "I still think it's too girly? I'm an adult?"

"It's perfect, sweetie. But, there is one thing you are missing." Lois went into her bedroom, dug through the closet and came back with a petite backpack. "Here."

"A backpack?"

"Clark, you need a place to keep your make-up, possibly a change of clothes, even some tampons."

"Tampons!"

"Of course. What if Braniac attacks on a high flow day? In fact, you should keep some Midol in there as well."

"You're so crazy!"

"Not at all, Clark. You're a girl now and periods are going to be a part of your life."

For the first time that day, the old, masculine Clark recoiled. Periods? Tampons? I don't want to deal with that, he thought. Good god. He was aware, once more, that he was a man with breasts and a slit, a man with lipstick smeared on his mouth, wearing a little skirt and a pair of crimson panties. He crossed his arms over his chest.

"Lois, you're right. I mean, what have I been thinking? I should have been out trying to end this, not shopping for clothes. What's happening to me?"

Lois was surprised to see her little Barbie's sudden change in attitude. "Clark? What's happening? You seemed perfectly content with things just a minute ago."

"I know, but when you mentioned my period, it was like a wake-up call. I'm a man, Lois, but look at me. Look how I'm dressed, how I'm acting. I shouldn't be worrying about getting my Superman make-up right. I shouldn't be wearing..." Suddenly he stopped, tilting his head to the side.

"Now what?"

"Metallo!"

And with that, Superman burst out the window in his new outfit, golden earrings leaving behind streaks of glittering light as he launched himself into action.

Part III

Superman initially headed for the Fortress of Solitude, intending to grab his kryptonite proof suit, changed his mind and headed toward the site where Metallo was menacing people, started back toward the Fortress and then stopped, floating in the air, unable to decide.

"What should I do," he wondered, hovering somewhere over Canada. "I'm not sure if anyone is in danger... but I don't have the suit..."

He tugged uncertainly on one of his earrings and fiddled with his scrunchie. Several loud explosions gave him a start, and he realized that Superboy had engaged Metallo.

"Superboy might not realize Metallo has his kryptonite heart back!" Superman realized, bolting toward the site where Metallo and Superboy battled, "I have to warn him!"

Metallo was at a construction site of some kind, Superman could see huge cranes and backhoes digging some kind of huge pit. Metallo was at the edge of the pit, batting away rocks that Superboy hurled at him from a safe distance, smashing the boulders to splinters and howling in fury.

"Superboy," Superman yelled, his soft voice filled with concern, "be careful. Metallo has kryptonite."

Superboy hurled another rock at Metallo, glanced at the tan, tone teen-age girl who'd flown up to him, and did a double-take. "Superman?"

"Yeah," Superman said, hooking his legs together at the ankles and looking away. "It's me."

Metallo tossed a boulder back at Superboy, but he caught it and hurled it back before picking up another and launching it at Metallo. The standstill continued for a moment before he turned around and looked at Superman again, frustrated.

"You gonna help or you just come to watch?"

"Oh! Sorry! What should I do?"

"Get behind him and destroy the cliff he's standing on. I want to get him down in the pit where he can't hurt anyone. Then, we have to immobilize him."

"kay."



Superman grabbed one of the boulders from the back of a dump truck, raced around behind Metallo and threw it at the base of the cliff-underhand-with all his might. Metallo turned to see what was going on behind him, but too late to do anything about it. Superman's boulder shattered the cliff just as another from Superboy exploded against Mettalo's head and sent him tumbling down into the pit.

"You did it!" Superman yelled, his hands in the air, one knee raised waist high.

Superboy wasn't paying attention. He grabbed one of the cranes and prepared to dump it on Metallo. Superman, on a sudden impulse, flew down into the hole and landed above Metallo, hands on hips. When Metallo's chest opened and the green glow of the kryptonite bathed him, he fell to the ground and cried out:

"Superboy!" In a small, helpless voice.

"Damn!" Superboy dropped the crane on Metallo, partially shielding the radiation coming from his chest, swooped down, scooped Superman into his arms and



carried him to safety before racing back to the pit and piling dump trucks, cranes and boulders onto the mechanical freak from a safe distance.

Once he was sure that Metallo was disabled, he flew back to find Superman on the ground, one hip in the air as he reached a dainty hand toward Superboy.

"Thanks for saving me," Superman said with an awe shucks smile.

"What the hell were you thinking flying down in the hole like that? Kryptonite doesn't effect me, but you could have been killed!"

Superman was surprised and a little pleased by Superboy's anger. "I didn't... I mean..." He felt tears pooling in his eyes. "I was just trying to help."

The tears worked. Superboy's anger evaporated and he leaned down, taking the edge of his coat and wiping the tears from the young woman's cheek.

"Oh, don't cry now. Come on, it's not that big a deal."

"You think I'm stupid."

"No. Of course not. You were..." he searched helplessly for something that would stop Superman from crying. "You were supportive!"

Superman smiled, his bright blue eyes lighting up at the compliment. "You didn't really need me," he said, putting a hand on Superboy's arm and letting his voice soften and even raised another half octave. "You were so brave to save me like that."

The combination weirded Superboy out. He knew the gorgeous blonde in the short skirt was-recently-a man, one of the most powerful men in the universe, but he couldn't help but admire her plump, red lips, electric green eyes, and pretty, pretty, feminine voice. He felt himself getting aroused, blushed and tried to pull away, but Superman gripped his wrist.

"Help me up?"

"Sure."

Superboy put his hand over Superman's and pulled the girl to her feet, Superman pretending to stumble into Superboy, putting his hand on Superboy's rock hard pecs for support.

"I'm still a little weak from the kryptonite," Superman said, looking up wide-eyed into Superboy's stunned face. "Hold me for just a sec while I get my strength back."



"Whatever." Superboy put an arm awkwardly around Superman's slender waist, the little hero's perfume swirling around him, making him light headed. Superman actually felt Superboy tremble a bit, and delighted in his ability to arouse the young man. He reached up and used his pink nails to flip Superboy's hair off his forehead.

"I saw the thing on the news," Superboy managed trying to make some small talk, his voice a little hoarse, the feeling of having a young woman-this young woman-- in his arms both pleasant and terrifying.

"Yeah? How did I look?"

"Not as good as you do now," he blurted, immediately regretting it.

"Oh, that's so sweet. Do you like my new costume?"

Superboy glanced down, his eyes immediately drawn to the golden brown swelling of breasts, tightly encased in a soft, white sweater. One of Superman's snow white bra-straps was showing against his shoulder where the sweater had slipped down. Superboy averted his gaze, looking off at the horizon, trying to put the vision out of his mind.

"It looks great."

Barbie kissed Superboy on the cheek and slipped out of his arms. "Thanks, I feel stronger now. See ya 'round?"

"Yeah."

Superboy sighed with relief when Superman flew away. Superboy, himself, was making plans for dealing with the still trapped Metallo, but as he went to work, he kept thinking about that bright white bra strap against the soft, smooth, brown of Superman's shoulder. He couldn't believe what he was thinking, considering, wanting.

"Have I become one of those gays?"

When Clark flashed through the window, Lois looked up and smiled. "So, how'd it go?"

"It was... like... well, Superboy was there-he is so brave-and Metallo-oh yeah, I had to warn Superboy because, well, Metallo? He has kryptonite, which I didn't know if Superboy knew, but of course he did so he didn't need me to warn him but I was so worried he might get hurt I just stood there and told him to be careful instead of fighting, but then I did help, only I accidentally got too close to Metallo and Superboy had to save me!"

Lois, grinning ear to ear at the excited little female before her, gradually calmed Superman down and got the whole story from him.

"You were flirting with Superboy?"

"What? Gross! I was still weak from the kryptonite and he was checking me out! It was so disgusting!"

"You don't really sound disgusted, Barbie."

Superman's mouth fell open and his cheeks reddened beyond the soft pink he'd put on with his blush. "You don't think? I didn't flirt! He was just being a guy."

"You sound like you have a crush on him."

"Get real!" Superman squealed. "Me? A crush on a boy!"

Lois eventually gave her husband a little punch on the shoulder. "I'm just teasing," she said. "I know you would never flirt with a guy."

"Good."

"You ready for your meeting with Luthor?"

The thought of the meeting with Luthor clouded Clark's bright, innocent face. "I guess. I can't imagine what he wants, though. Pro'lly just to make fun of me."

"Luthor wouldn't go to all the trouble of trying to buy the Daily Planet just to make fun of you."

"I guess."

"What do you think he wants?"

"You know what?" Barbie said with a sudden smile, her eyes lighting up. "I think that I should have at least four different costumes now."

"Barbie, that's probably not the most important thing..."

But Barbie was in a fashion frenzy and couldn't be dissuaded. "I think it would be really lame for me to wear the same outfit all the time, right? So, I figure I'll have at least four and wear them in rotation, so no one thinks I wear the same clothes all the time which is, like, yuck?"

Lois, unable to resist Barbie's girlish enthusiasm, ended up spending the night with her doing virtual make-overs, surfing fashion websites, paging through old Cosmopolitans and even issues of Maxim "'cause those girls always look so-um, sexy?"

They ended up designing five additional outfits for Barbie, who just couldn't decide on only four, and came up with an additional plan that would involve her mixing and matching accessories so that even the five could be worn a dozen different ways.

It was a night of gushy, feminine strategizing that left Superman excited and exhausted, dropping into bed with visions of haut culture leather boots, disco-ball

bikini tops, too-sexy mini-dresses and have to have cute belts and bustiers dancing in his little head.

In the morning, he put on his sweater, eschewing the push-up bra he'd worn the day



before for something more traditional, his skirt, carefully fixed his make-up, and headed off for his showdown with Luthor determined not to let such a gross old man get the better of him.

Carefully scanning Luthor's room with his x-ray vision to make sure he wasn't walking into a trap, Superman burst through the window and skidded to a halt across from Luthor's desk.

Legs apart, hands on hips, he said, "You have two minutes."

Luthor stood and started to come around his desk,

"Superman... I..."

"Don't come any closer."

"Okay. Okay. Look, I have to tell you something. I am giving up crime. I want to give up crime."

'Good God,' Luthor thought, looking at small, slender beauty Superman had become. The golden hair, the soft lips. He-she-looked so sweet, innocent and

feminine. A lump formed in Luthor's throat and he felt himself sweating, unable to take his eyes from the athletically curvaceous female before him.

Superman rolled his eyes. "Okay. Thanks for sharing."

"No, listen. I, I'm serious. But you have to know why."

Superman shrugged. Something was wrong with Luthor. There was a look in his eyes... odd, and he seemed so hesitant and unsure. "What is it?"

"This is hard for me." Luthor sat down in his big, overstuffed leather chair. Shook his head and stood back up. "Do you want a drink?"

"You now have one minute," Superman said, but his voice faltered. Something strange was happening here.

"Okay. Okay." Pinching the bridge of his nose, Luthor stared at his feet for a moment and then looked Superman right in the eyes and said, "I'm in love with you."

"Luthor..."

"No, I mean it. I'm in love with you. I can't stop thinking of you. All night, I can't sleep..."

Superman felt himself blush, hooked a loose strand of hair behind his ear and shook his head, a grin spreading across his face.

"Luthor, I'm still a man inside. This body is only temporary..."

"It could be permanent, Superman. You could stay that way."

Superman smoothed his pleated skirt and shook his head. "Luthor, I'm really sorry, but I'm sure this is just some kind of phase for you. I'm a man, Luthor. Inside I am-like-such the man."

"This is no phase. I have to have you. You're driving me insane."

"I have to go," Superman said. "Maybe we can talk about this later. Okay? But it's just too weird right now."

"What about your friends at the Daily Planet? Don't you want to save their jobs?"

That stopped Superman cold. He hooked one saddle-shoed foot behind his other ankle and put a hand to his throat. "You aren't really going to buy the Planet?"

"I will, and I will fire them all."

"I don't like being threatened."

Luthor came around from behind his desk all the way this time, tears in his eyes,
"Superman, I need you!"

"Don't come any closer!"

Luthor fell to his knees. "I don't want to hurt anyone anymore. I don't want to fire anyone. But I am asking you for one thing. Just one thing."

The sight of his greatest enemy on his knees, practically crying melted Superman's heart. That poor dear, he found himself thinking, he really is in love with me. How sad...



He fought the urge to give Luthor a hug, remembering that this was the man threatening to hurt Lois and so many others.

"What is it?" What do you want?" Superman's tone had softened, the outrage replaced by feminine empathy.

"One date."

"A date? You want me to go out with you on a date?"

"One date. One night out, and you save the Daily Planet."

"That's all?"

"That's all."

Clark tugged on one of his earrings, bit his lower lip...

"It'll all be out in public. You'll be perfectly safe."

Clark made up his mind. If that was all it would take, he had to do it. "Kay. But just one."

"Good. Good."

"When?"

"Friday night?" Luthor's face was alive with relief, his voice tremulous with joy. I have a dress I want you to wear. I'll make all the reservations."

"Fine," Superman said, starting to leave.

"Wait. I need to contact you again before our... big night out..."

"Send messages through Lois."

He launched himself out the window and shot toward home, the sound of Luthor shouting "I love you" clearly audible behind him.

"Good God," Superman thought. "Luthor has a crush on me. Of all the problems I have right now, I just can't deal with that."

Bonus



Bonus



This is the first take of the scene where Superman first flies into Luthor's office. I initially wanted to show the distance, but it just seemed like there was a lot of wasted space and not much drama, so I eventually came up with this one:

