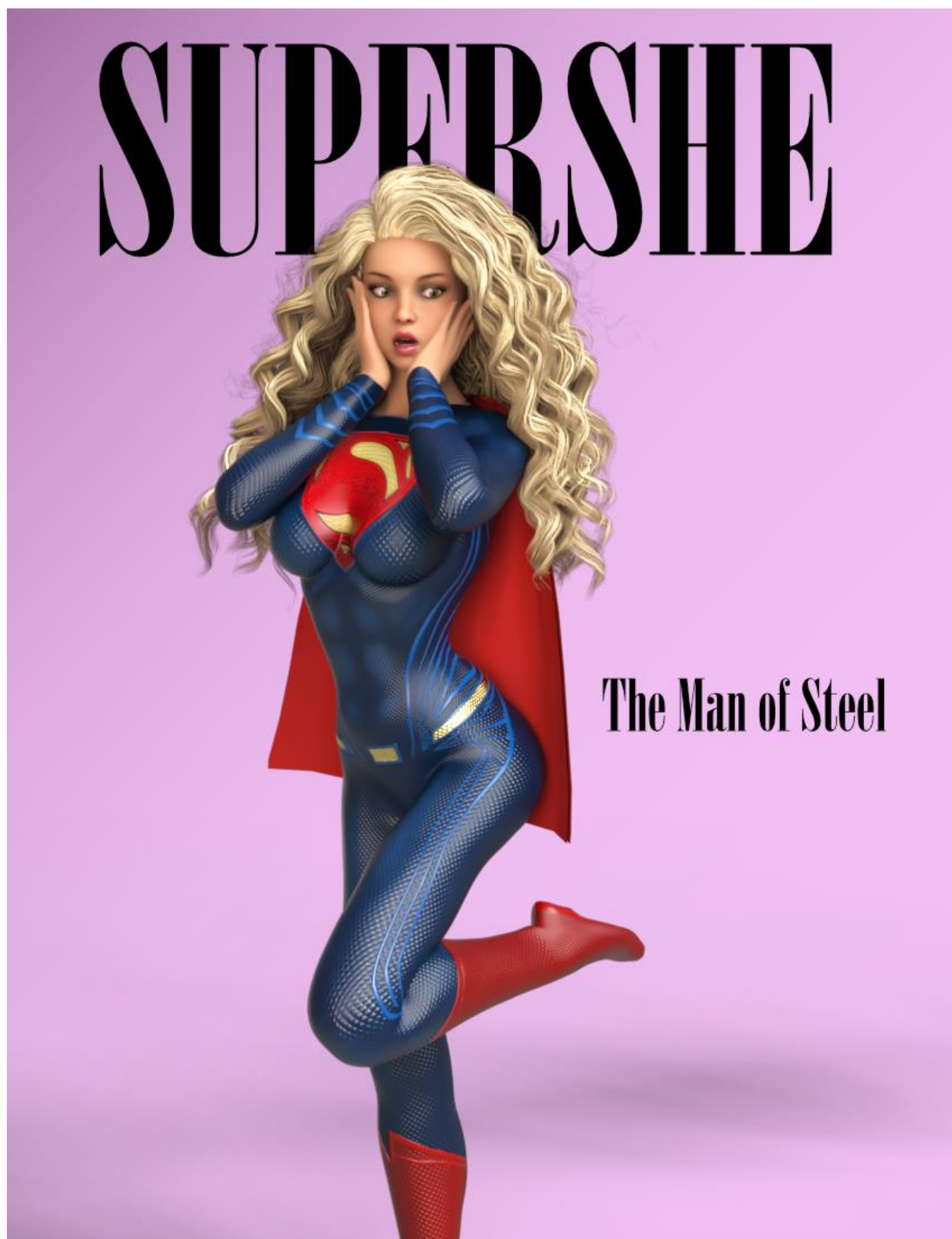




## Supershe

What's this?" Clark asked Lois, holding up a box wrapped in plain brown paper he'd found sitting on the table.

"I don't know. I thought it was yours."



Clark turned his back to Lois and quickly scanned the package with his x-ray vision. Nothing. It was clean.

"Odd."

"What is it?"

Clark tore the brown paper from the box and held it up to show Lois: inside was a pink box holding a Barbie dressed in a Superman outfit. The box read Superman along the top and Barbie on the side. Lois took the box and examined the doll.

"Looks like you have your own Barbie. Every boy's dream come true. Someone's idea of a joke?"

"I don't know. You want it?"

"I'm a little old to play with Barbie's."

"Stay put. I want to do a quick fly around. Whoever put that here might still be around."

Clark burst out the window in a streak of red and blue, and Lois, feeling a little nervous at the thought that someone had come into their house, opened the box and removed the Barbie. It was the typical Barbie, Lois noted with distaste, the over-developed chest, tiny waist and permanently empty smile. The Superman costume must have been specially made; it hugged her curves flawlessly.

Checking the box, Lois found no note, no hint.

Clark flew back into the room and immediately threw his work clothes back on, noticing that Lois had opened the box and taken the doll out. "Any clues inside?"

"Not a thing. No note. No anything."

"I'll bag it up and take it by the Batcave later. It's a long shot, but maybe there are some fingerprints or other clues."

"Is it really that serious?"

"Someone knows I'm Superman, and someone can get into and out of our house without being detected. I'd call that serious."

Lois nodded. "You're right."

The two finished up their breakfast in silence, thinking about what might happen next, then headed out the door. Clark then has the strangest feeling he was forgetting something and just as he closed the door and turned to join Lois it hit him; the empty feeling on his shoulder.

"Hold on I forgot my..."

He stopped himself before the word "purse" escaped his lips. He felt strangely that he should have a purse on his shoulder, and the fact that it wasn't there had been

bothering him.

Lois smiled awkwardly. "What?"

"Nothing."

"You're acting kind of weird."

Clark kissed Lois on the cheek, careful not to mess her make-up. "I am weird, but you still love me, right?"

"Always."

Clark took off during his lunch break and brought the doll to the Batcave. Batman did an analysis. Found nothing.

"Someone took special care to make sure this thing was totally clean, Superman. There's not a trace of dust on it let alone any kind of print or even some perspirational residue. The cloth in the uniform came from the same

factory as most Barbie clothes, and the box is from the facility that makes all the Barbie boxes. Nothing to go on here."

"Puzzling. Thanks for trying."

"Is it something serious?" Batman asked, putting the Barbie back in its box and handing it to the Man of Steel.

"I found it in my house this morning, and I don't know how it got there."

"Well, be careful and let me know if there's anything I can do."

"Right."

During the flight back to Metropolis, Superman thought about what the doll could mean and who might have put it there. It was someone who knew his secret identity, someone with the means and the ability to get in and out without being detected. But who? And why?





In the morning, he got a crystal clear picture of what the doll meant when he woke up to find that during the night small breasts had blossomed on his chest. They were

just little puddles of soft flesh now, tiny cones of jiggling fat, but they there were unmistakably breasts and as he looked at them in the mirror, he felt angry, ashamed and violated. He was so focused on his changed body he barely registered that he now wore pink pajamas and plastered right over one of his newly grown puppies was the word "Blossoms."

Lois, still groggy with sleep, walked into the bathroom, and Superman immediately crossed his arms over his new acquisitions, slouching in embarrassment and trying to back out of the bathroom without her seeing.

"Morning," Lois said, still half asleep.

"Morning," Superman answered, voice cracking.

He dressed quickly, realized that his young breasts were obvious through his work shirt and threw on a sports jacket.

'I've got to find out who did this-is doing this-' He thought. 'I've got to make it stop. I can't let Lois find out.'

Back in the kitchen, Clark found another box, larger and heavier than the last one. This one he opened without hesitation to find a large plastic box that contained dozens of Barbie outfits from dresses to skirts, to sweaters and riding clothes. He threw it down and scanned around the building with his x-ray vision. Nothing. No one.

It had to be magic. As he made the coffee and tried to pretend that everything was fine, Clark couldn't shake the feeling that he wasn't fully dressed. His skin felt cold and exposed, like he was missing an essential piece of clothing.

When Lois came in the room, her head tilted to one side as she put on her earring, Clark looked at her and realized why he felt undressed: he wasn't wearing a bra, and it was the absence of the bra that was making him feel half naked.

It was like he had been used to wearing a bra.

He put his hands on Lois' shoulders and kissed her good morning. He was afraid if she got too close she'd find out about his chest, and he felt too ashamed and ridiculous to have his wife find out he was growing breasts.

Lois saw the box with all the outfits. "Another gift from our special friend?"

"I found it out here this morning," Clark answered, his voice scratchy. "Clothes for Barbie. It doesn't make any sense."

Only, as he stood there fighting some kind of subconscious desire to put on a bra, Clark felt the clothes made only too much sense; he fought back the tangle of emotions that sight of the clothes brought, the forebodings about what they suggested about his future changes.

Lois picked up a lavender leather mini-dress and smiled. "Cute," she said. "If only I were a few years younger, I could have a lot of fun with this stuff." Lois laughed, examining the other outfits.

"I don't think it's funny."

Lois stopped and looked at Clark. "Oh, I'm sorry. I know you're upset. I'm just trying to make the best of the situation."

"We shouldn't stay here until we find out what's going on. We're too vulnerable."

"Well, I see your point. Let's get a hotel room."

"I'm going to find Zantanna and see if she can come over here and help out. I think magic may be involved."

"Oh, why magic?"

"It's just my—" he started to say intuition, but stopped himself. "Gut feeling I have. I want to check it out and see."

For the second day in a row, Clark couldn't shake the feeling that he shouldn't have left the house without his purse.

Later that day, Clark took off his sports coat and, throwing his shoulders back, let Zantanna see the blossoming breasts pushing out against the front of his dress shirt.

"Do you need to see them?"

Clark's face was crimson with embarrassment. Zantanna, sensitive to how self-conscious Superman was about his chest, kept her face calm and dispassionate.

"It would help if I could... examine them."



Clark nodded grimly, undoing his shirt and pulled his t-shirt off to let his small fleshy cones bounce freely in the cool air. His nipples hardened and he fought back the urge to cover them with his hands.

Zantanna murmured an incantation and placed her hands against the soft swellings, gently pressing the flesh, squeezing it, feeling it. Clark felt himself stiffen and fought back the desire, trying to ignore the tremblings of pleasure going through his body as Zantanna fondled his breasts.

Finally, she finished. "You can dress now," she said softly, giving Clark a little pat on the shoulder.



He dressed and joined her where she was examining the doll and the outfits. "These were magically placed inside your house, but they themselves aren't magical. I find only traces of the transportation spell on them. You are the fulcrum for the transformation spell."

"How far is this going to go?" He gestured at his chest.

The look on Zantanna's face told him what he feared, but when she spoke the words it still hit him like a sledgehammer. "Unless we stop the spell, you're going to become a female, Superman. It's just a matter of days."

Female. He turned the idea over in his mind. It didn't make sense. He couldn't be a female. Couldn't. "Can you stop the spell?"

"No. We have to stop the spellcaster. I'll start trying to track down the source of the magic. It may take some time."

Superman swallowed. Shook his head. "Isn't there anything you can do? I don't want to be a woman."

Zantanna patted him on the shoulder. "At least you won't lose your powers. I'll do what I can, okay?"

Superman nodded. He wondered about telling Lois, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. He was too ashamed. They'd get separate hotel rooms. Sleep in separate beds. She wouldn't have to know. They'd find out who was doing it, and they would stop the spell. He flew to the Fortress of Solitude and ran speculative programs through his computer.

Mr. Mxyzptlk wasn't due back for another ten days. No other former enemy showed up as likely. Finally, he ran a list of all known sorcerers who might have the ability to create such a change.

Only one name appeared: Circe.

But why?

Did it matter?

"Circe?" Lois sat at her desk, legs crossed at the knee. "Okay. But what does it mean? Why is she sending you Barbie dolls?"

Clark shrugged. He'd buttoned his coat to make sure it didn't come open and reveal his secret. "It's obviously building up to something, and I don't think we should be

together until I figure out what."

"Not together?"

"Right. You get a hotel room separate from mine. Someplace safe."

"I don't want to leave you alone, Clark, I mean I knew what I was getting into when I married you."

"Yeah, but why take chances when we don't have to? I don't want anything to happen to you Lois."

Lois smiled. "Well, if you think it's best." She got up to kiss Clark. He kept her at arm's distance again. She gave him an odd look, but let it pass. "Maybe I could go over and stay with Lana?"

"That's not a bad idea." Clark's voice cracked again.

Lois pretended not to notice.

With Lois out of the way, Clark went in search of the one person he was confident could provide insight into Circe's plans and motives, Wonder Woman, but he couldn't find her.

Wherever she was, on whatever mission, she was unlocatable. No one knew where she had gone or for what reason. Could Circe have captured her? Clark flew home, wondering what changes the night would bring.

As he got ready for bed, Clark found himself thinking about Lois' make-up table. He looked over at it with its bottles and jars, big, soft brushes for applying base and blush, pencils and tubes. He very badly wanted to go over and play with the make-up. To try different colors of lipstick and eyeshadow. Curling up in bed, he pushed the thoughts from his mind, blocking them out and determining that he would go after Circe in the morning one way or another.

That night he dreamt of horses. Big powerful stallions. He was riding one through the forest, splashing across streams, guiding the big, strong animal to leap over fallen tress, his legs clasped tight around its powerful frame as it charged ahead, eager to obey Clark's directions, totally under control. Clark was happy in the dream, happy to have such complete control of a big, strong, masculine animal despite his own slender, female body.

## Supershe

In the morning, he dreaded removing the covers, but he finally tossed them aside, rolled onto the edge of the bed and looked down at his body. His breasts were bigger now, like the size of a young woman's, round and firm and fleshy. His legs were round and smooth, and they looked like they might have grown longer, certainly more slender. His hands and arms were smaller and more feminine.

"Clark!"



He screeched in fright at the sound of the voice, wrapping his arms around the swelling of his breasts and pulling his knees to his chest. "Lois!" His voice was high and pretty, like the voice of a teen-age girl.

## Supershe

Lois was sitting in the corner in the darkness, but she now jumped to her feet and rushed to Clark's side. "Clark, it's okay. It's me."

"Go away," Superman pleaded, "I don't want you to see me like this."

Lois ignored him, sitting on the bed and putting a hand on his smooth shoulder. "Hush... hush... it's okay, honey. I knew something was going on, but I just didn't know... well, look at you."

Clark shied away from Lois' touch, but she held his shoulder and pulled him to her. "What are you doing here?" Clark asked. "You were supposed to be with Lana."

"I knew something was going on. I decided to come and see for myself. I never expected to find... this..."

"I'm turning into a woman," Clark finally admitted. "It started the day we got that doll."

Lois started to speak, but just then Clark heard someone calling for help and the word, "Metallo!"

"Someone needs help," Clark said, getting to his feet, forgetting about his problems for a moment. "Downtown."

"What is it?" Lois asked, but Clark was already in his costume and zooming out the door in a blur.

Superman flew to the scene as fast as he could, vaguely aware of the weight of his breasts and the new swerve of his rounding, widening hips. He ignored the awkward sensations, seeing Metallo throw a young woman off the top of a building, and he dove down to grab her in his arms to whisk her to safety.

Superman flew to the top of the building and landed about ten feet from Metallo, his hands on his hips, feet set wide apart.

"This isn't your style. What are you trying to prove?"

He was surprised at how soft and girlish his voice sounded, but again he tried to ignore the changes and simply act as he always did.

Metallo's eyes fell to Superman's breasts and then went back up to his face. "And who are you, muffin? Could there possibly be another Superfreak in this town?"

## Supershe

Superman felt his skin crawl as Metallo scanned his new assets. "Never mind who I am. I'm the one that's going to lock you up forever this time."

Superman charged Metallo and locked arms with the giant steel robot, intending to twist his metal arms into pretzels and tie him up into a ball. Metallo's chest opened. Superman gasped as the radiation from the kryptonite bathed him, sapping his strength.

"But, Luthor took the kryptonite..."

Metallo swept Superman into his arms and, firing the thrusters in his steel boots, flew from the top of the building down to the street where photographers snapped



photos of him cradling the helpless woman, then lifting her to her feet, grabbing one of her breasts and tossing her to the ground.

"Send me Superman," Metallo howled. "This ugly woman is no match for me."



Superman tried to get to his feet, but fell on his side, his hip in the air. But just then, Metallo fired his boots and rocketed into the air as the sounds of running feet filled the air all around Superman and a soldier wearing the uniform of LexCorps pulled him to his feet and said, "It's okay, miss. I'm here to help."

The afternoon editions of the papers had to story on Metallo's return as well as the mysterious woman who tried to fight him. They have the pictures, Superman helpless in Metallo's arms, Metallo waving Superman around like a rag doll, one steel hand covering his breast. Superman, on the ground, helpless. Superman clinging to a young man from LexCorps, gazing gratefully up into the man's face as he helped him to safety.

Superman looked like a stocky woman, a bodybuilder, with somewhat masculine features, a tall, lanky girl with a square chin and bushy eyebrows. He hadn't looked in the mirror that morning, and he was surprised at how much he had already changed.

Lois brought him a cup of chicken soup. He was in his robe and pajamas. "This is humiliating," he said, tapping the picture. "I look like a..."

"Girl?" Lois offered.

"Yes."

"You should go public with it now, before the changes are complete."

"What?"

"So people know who you really are. You should go public, get the story out in the open."

"Lois, it's embarrassing."

"You have to deal with it now, Clark."

They argued, Superman blushing with shame at the thought of telling the world what was happening to him, but Lois hammered away, insisting he had an obligation to the people of Metropolis and the world that outweighed his personal discomfort. Finally, he agreed. Lois would write an article about his sex change to appear in the morning paper. He would appear at a news conference with her to announce the change and assure the public that Superman still had his powers, was still on the job.

When Lois left to file the story, Clark wandered into their bedroom to get dressed. As if drawn by magnetic force, he went right to Lois walk-in closet and started looking at her clothes. This time, he couldn't fight the urge and soon he was wearing a long black skirt, a fluffy white sweater and glossy, knee-high black boots, posing in front of the mirror, smiling.

The clothes were too small, really, he was still too big and stocky, but he found an electric thrill in looking through the things, picking out outfits and slipping into them. He squirmed into dresses and shorts, blouses and tank tops, heels and boots and sandals. Finally, dressed in a big, baggy skirt and a peasant blouse, he sat happily at Lois' dressing table and brushed on blush and eye shadow before painting his lips a deep burgundy. He'd lost all track of time, and when Lois came through the door and found him leaning close to the mirror, his painted mouth wide open as he brushed mascara into his eyelashes, he just froze, looking at her stunned face with a forced, plastic smile.

"There's something else about the spell I've been meaning to tell you," he finally managed in a small, girl caught with her hand in the cookie jar voice. "It... well, you can see."

He was afraid she would laugh at him or mock him. But she'd caught him and there was nothing he could do.

"Oh, Clark. This has to be so hard for you." Lois shook her head sadly, and smiled, walking over and giving her husband a hug. This time he accepted it gratefully, not feeling self-conscious at all as his soft young breasts pressed into his wife's. "God, Circe really went all out, didn't she, honey? She really wanted to force a change."

"I was afraid you'd laugh at me," Clark admitted, letting the words come out, trying to keep his small voice as small as he felt now in his skirt. "I'm ashamed of how I look and what I'm feeling, but I can't fight it. My thoughts are changing; I'm feeling like I've always been a girl and wanted to do girl things."

"You poor thing," was all Lois could manage. "You poor thing."

She was shocked to find her husband, to find Superman, dressed in women's clothes and putting on make-up. She felt angry at whoever had done this to him, had changed his body and his mind, turned her man into this... this girl. But there was another feeling there, something about seeing him looking so small and pretty, seeing him in a blouse and a skirt, putting on mascara contentedly, something that, seeing him reduced? Humiliated? Diminished? Something that felt happy and wanted to see the changes continue.

The next morning brought more changes. To Clark's relief, his breasts hadn't gotten any bigger, but his waist has slimmed considerably and his hips and legs had taken on an entirely female shape. His hair was now half blonde half black, and it poured down to his shoulders and golden waves and ringlets, and his face had grown more feminine and more youthful. He looked like an 18-year-old girl now with the long, lanky legs and slender arms of a cheerleader. He looked, in fact, very much like Barbie, and they found Barbie's pink Mustang convertible waiting for them in the kitchen.

In preparation, Clark had put on his old Superman uniform, and he felt ridiculous. "This thing wasn't in style when I first started wearing it," he said plucking at the material. "And with the shape I have now, it just looks silly."

Lois nodded. Clark was talking with the speech patterns of the young woman he was becoming. It wasn't just his voice that was changing, but he was speaking in the musical, singsong so many perky young women seemed to use.

"Well, I think you should wear it today for continuity. You can pick out something else later if you want. Maybe something a little more feminine."

Clark paused. "I don't know about that. I mean, shouldn't I be fighting this? I'm not sure I should just give in and start dressing and acting like a girl. I'm a man, Lois. Right?"

Lois raised an eyebrow. "Well... yeah?"

"You don't sound so sure?"

"You don't sound so masculine."

"Lois!"

Lois fought the urge to smile, fought back the pleasure she felt. "Oh, I'm sorry. Let's just get you ready for today, okay?"

"Okay. What else do I need?"

One thing," Lois said, taking Clark by the elbow and leading him back to the bedroom mirror. "Look."

She gestured toward his breasts. The cloth of Superman's outfit was clinging to the girlish swellings on his chest, and his nipples could be seen poking at the fabric.

Clark shrugged, smiling shyly. "So?"

"Do you really want to give every guy in Metropolis a hardon?"

"Lois!"

"Well, I'm sorry, but it's true. Look at yourself."

"What should I do?"

"Wear a bra, or at least an undershirt that might give you a little more modesty."

The feeling from the day before returned to Clark, the feeling that he was missing the feeling of cups supporting his chest, the straps on his shoulders or the one across his back, the feeling that he should have been wearing a bra. But he knew, logically, that he was a man and that he had never worn a bra.

And, anyway, some girls didn't, either. He swiveled his shoulders, watching how his chest moved. "I don't know about a bra just yet," he finally managed. "I mean, what if someone notices it? What will they say in the paper if they see?"

"Okay, but let's at least get another layer between your 'girls' and the outside world, okay?"

"Okay," Superman smiled gratefully. "Thanks."

Across town, Luthor sat waiting for the news conference to start. He was holding the newspaper in his hands, looking at the picture of the helpless woman in Metallo's arms, and staring at the headline. "Superman suffers Sex Change." He read the article again. His men had already checked the story out to make sure it wasn't a prank. He felt strange stirring in heart, odd feelings he'd never acknowledged growing and taking shape. He let his finger run across the face of the woman, as she lay helpless in Metallo's arms, he studied the swelling of her breast, the way her feet dangled.

He felt hot, but he had the shivers. What's wrong with me? What am I feeling?

The news conference started. Luthor gasped. The changes had accelerated. A gorgeous young woman with black and blonde hair stepped to the microphone and in a tiny, feminine voice explained that she was Superman, that she was turning into a woman, and that she still had her powers and would continue fighting crime. She had big, sparkling blue eyes and the most sensuous mouth.

## Supershe

Luthor realized that he wanted her. Badly. As his wife. He had to possess her. He... did he really mean this? Did he even understand what the word meant? He had to



love her.

A reporter asked a question. The woman who was Superman giggled, put a slender hand to her mouth and did a little knee bend.

"That's a silly question, Karen," he said brightly. "Of course I want to get back to being a man." He put a hand on a hip and ran the other one through his long thick, curly hair. "Next question?"

## Supershe

Will you marry me? Luthor thought. Then smiled.

Willingly?





II

"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 coach 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!"

## Supershe

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.

## Supershe

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."

## Supershe

"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



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 too 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.



## Supershe

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?"



## Supershe

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.

## Supershe

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 Changeling, but usually Superboy, 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.

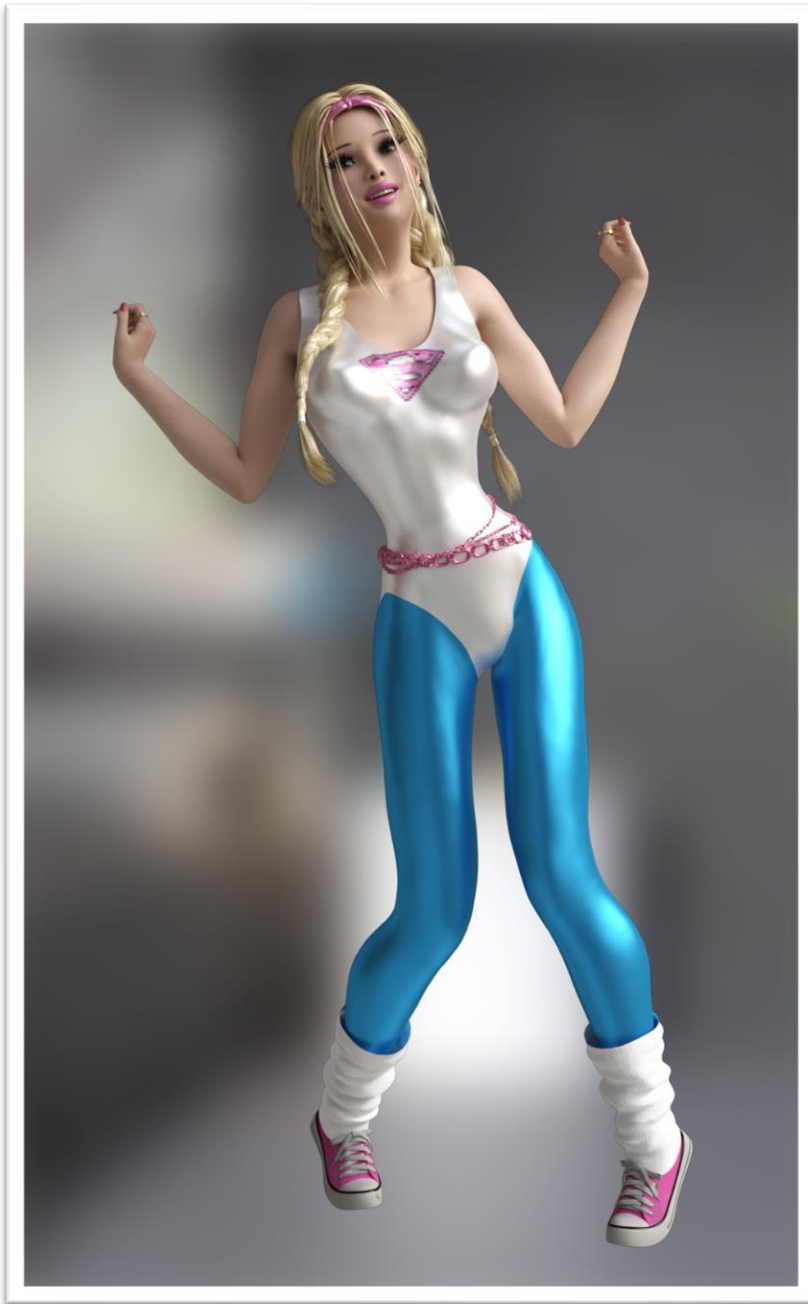
Lois was up and out early the next morning. Superman struggled out of bed and cooked breakfast for them both, but didn't bathe until after Lois had left. Though he didn't really remember his evening, his head was fuzzy from the restless, dream-filled night. He was determined, though, to make some serious 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."

## Supershe



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."

## Supershe

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 his 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?"

## Supershe

Bonus

One of Superman's New Fantasies!



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.



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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

## Supershe

himself curled 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."

## Supershe

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!



## Superman

Welcome to the Superior Sex!

The girl of pink dishes on fashion, makeup and what she likes most about being a girl!

## SPRING FASHION!

FLIRTY DRESSES!  
CUTE TOPS!  
WHAT'S IN FOR  
SPRING.

## FREEDOM!

THREE TRICKS TO WALKING  
AWAY FROM A CONTROLLING  
BOYFRIEND.



## Part VI

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.

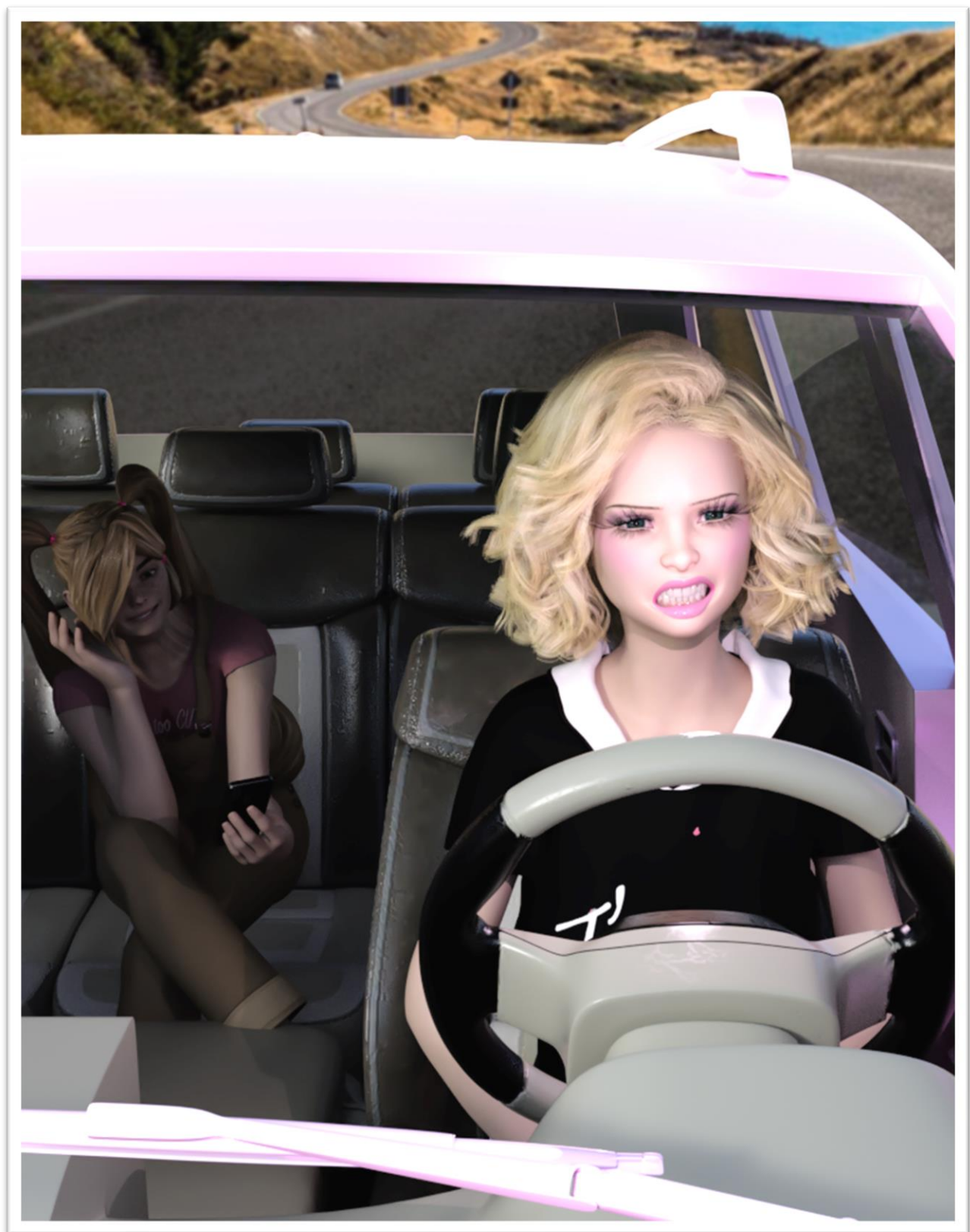
“Of course you’re going to the party,” Superman said. “She’s one of your best friends.”

“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.

## Supershe

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

The End

