

# SUPERSHE



**The Man of Steel**

"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.

## Cooper Kadee

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.

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?"

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.

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.

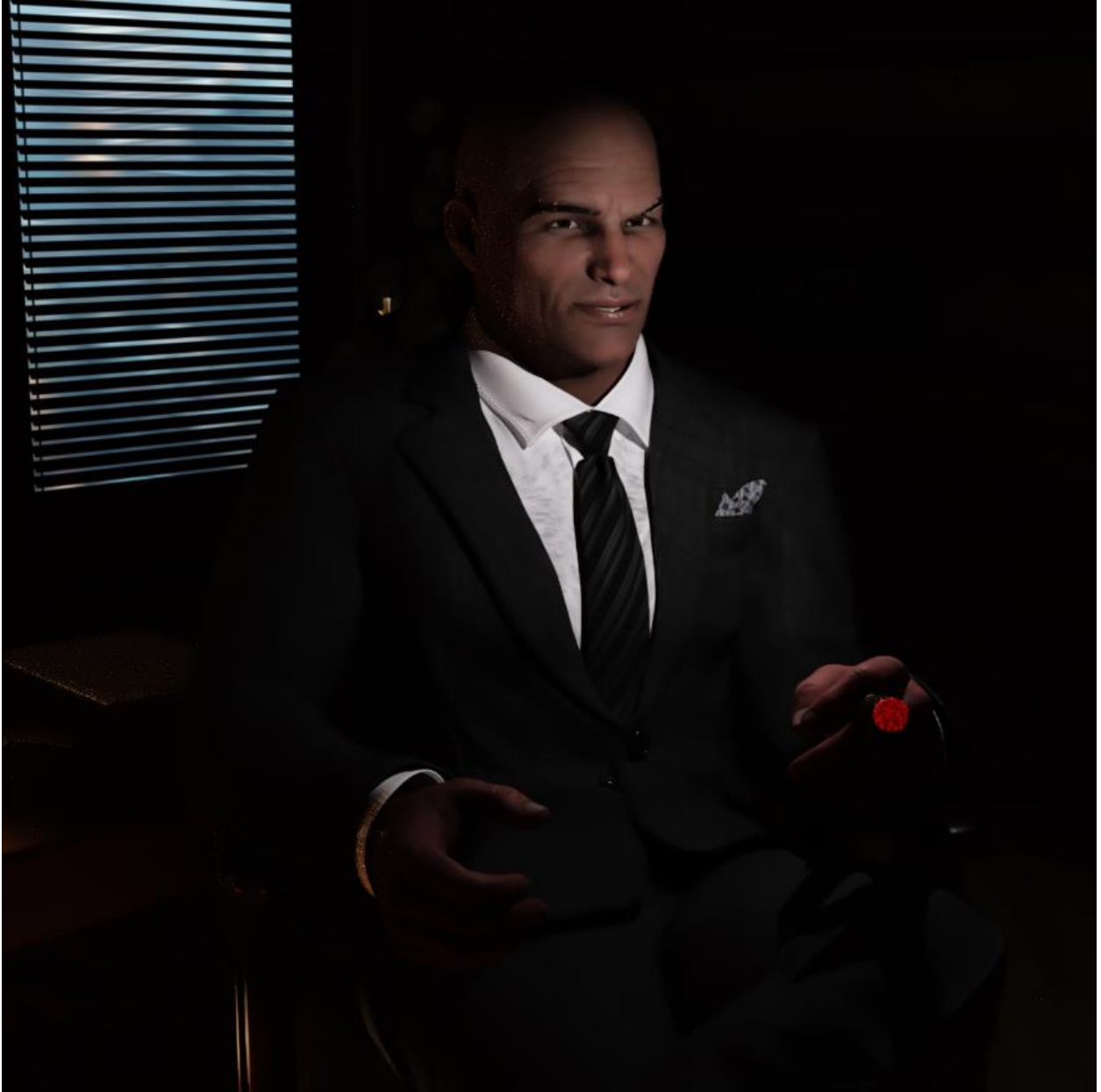
"That's a silly question, Karen," he said brightly. "Of course I want to get back to being a man." He put a hand on a hip and ran the other one through his long thick, curly hair. "Next question?"



Cooper Kadee

Will you marry me? Luthor thought. Then smiled.

Willingly?



Cooper Kadee

**BONUS**



Supershe with blue back hair.