



Three Great Men



No... no..." the sleeping women whispered, her body flinching. Her mind reeled. Flashing blades. The seering pain as a dagger plunged into her shoulder, then another into her chest. She raised her arms, spun, tried to fend off the attackers. So many hateful faces, faces she knew but had never seen so twisted with rage. She felt the heat of her blood pouring out of her wounds, felt herself growing faint.

A pair of women watched her thrashing in her sleep, their faces impassive.

"It seems he suffered a most unpleasant death. Should we wake him?" The first woman asked.

"Better let him wake on his own," the other said. "Assuming she is a he."

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"I'm not going to die," the sleeping woman thought. "I'm a prodigy, beloved of the Gods." Her eyes hungrily searched the room. She needed to see something— no someone. She saw a dome above her, painted with images of the Gods— Zeus, Mars— stone benches rising, a

throne— her throne, she realized. The men who'd assailed her drifted away, their rage now replaced with a sick glee. She spun and spun, looking... looking..., and then she saw the face she'd sought. "Brutus," she called, reaching toward him. It was good that he was here. "To me, my friend," she gasped, pressing a hand to her side. "Let us stand together against these jackals."

Brutus' wide eyes grew cold and hard. His jaw tightened. His gaunt cheeks seeming to cave in even further, his face becoming a death mask. He raised a dagger above his head, the sunlight glinting on the wicked edge of the deadly blade.

Brutus lunged forward and plunged his blade into the woman's heart. "Sic semper Tyrannus," he shouted in a booming voice that echoed around the Roman Forum.

"Et Tu, Brute?" Julius Ceaser said, all will to live draining from her and pooling at her feet along with her blood. She fell to her knees and raised her hands to the sky, seeing one last glimpse of the sun blazing above her in the center of the oculus. "Can this be the end?" She cried out, and then the world went black.

"Betrayed!" Caesar cried out as he woke with a start, sitting up, long hair falling across his eyes, a mysterious weight swaying on his chest. He felt the stinging pain of the blades piercing his body, the far more agonizing pain of Brutus' betrayal. "Stay back," he yelled at the women who stood over him. His brow furrowed. *Why do I sound like a child?* He brushed the hair from his eyes, too consumed with other concerns to think too much about the hair that tumbled over his shoulders.

"You're among friends," one of the women said. She looked Seres, a woman from the land of silk, and even in his confused state Caesar couldn't help but note she was beautiful, as was the other woman, whose lovely face was framed with curly golden hair. She stood with her arms crossed beneath her breasts, an imperious look on her face. "Who were you before?" She asked.

Caesar rolled off the slab where he'd found himself and struck a fighting stance, the shocking revelations continuing as he saw his slender arm, his small hand. The soft weight on his chest once more demanded his attention, and looking down he saw the full, shapely swelling of what looked like, but couldn't be, a woman's breasts. I must have been drugged, he thought. This can't be real. Yet, he could feel the weight of this chest, the soft swaying flesh. Could I be? Yet, no. He was not a woman. He could not be a woman.

As if she'd read his mind, the blonde said, "Yes. You are a woman."

"How dare you?" Caesar said, insulted to be called a woman. "Insult me again, and I will have you crucified."

The women laughed. Caesar's confusion dissolved in a boiling cauldron of rage. "You will regret your insolence," He lowered his chin, meaning to deliver his legendary glare, but once more hair fell across his eyes. This time when he brushed his long hair back, feeling the way his breasts rose with the motion, he remembered watching Calpurnia, his dear wife, brush her hair back in the same manner, her breast rising delightfully. His mouth dropped open as he started to confront the truth.



"We do not mean offense," the Asian woman said. "We have each experienced the same discomfort. We were once men, as I suspect were you. I am Sun Tzu."

The storm of questions assailing Caesar's mind multiplied. Men? Could such lovely women have been men? And Sun Tzu? The legendary general from the Orient? This time, it was Caesar who laughed, and he was appalled at the feminine sound of his crystal laughter. "You? Men?" Once more that embarrassing laugh escaped him as he came to a sudden realization. "You're mad."

“Indeed. I have thought the same thing,” the blonde said. “Imagine, I, Alexander the Great, waking to find himself reshaped as a woman.”

“You claim to be Alexander the Great?” Caesar said, now backing away from the pair. He felt pity rather than rage. The poor souls.

“Examine yourself,” Sun Tzu said, looking to a space below Ceaser’s waist. “You will no longer doubt the truth when you have felt the sheath between your legs.”

Sheath. Between his legs. Ceaser felt like someone had punched him in the stomach. A woman’s sheath? Again, no. No. it was impossible.

“Do not follow me,” Caesar said. “I take my leave to—” Turning, he found himself looking at what he recognized as a mirror, though the image it reflected was far more clear than any he’d ever seen. Looking back at him from the mirror was a woman, a woman he instantly knew was him.

“Sorcery,” he whispered, referring to both the mirror and the sight of himself as a woman. Taking in her delicate features, her slender arms, her long neck, he stepped back with a gasp. He reached down, needing to know, refusing to believe, no longer caring about the women watching him. He knew the feeling of a women’s sex from many hours of making love, and when he cupped his mound, he could have no doubt he was a woman. Yet, curious, afraid, compelled, he slipped his fingers between the soft lips of his woman’s sheath. “E!” He heard himself squeak as he pulled his hand away, shocked by the impossible feelings that passed through this strange new body, that made him tingle in a most disturbing manner.

He felt a sudden instinct to wrap an arm around his breasts, to cover his vaginea with one of his small hands, but then he reminded himself that he was still Julius Ceaser. He turned to face the other transformed men, as he no longer doubted the truth of their claims. He would show them he was yet Ceaser. He pulled his shoulders back and stared at them with his most imperious gaze. “I demand an explanation.”

“Yes,” Sun Tzu said, appreciating the air of masculine nobility Caesar had adopted, despite his soft, slender body. “You clearly were a superior man in your previous life. But who?”

“I am Gaius Julius Caesar,” he called out, his sweet, feminine voice echoing about the stone chamber. “Emperor of Rome.”

Sun Tzu looked at Alexander. They shook their heads. “I am not familiar with that name,” Sun Tzu said.



“And as for Rome? I didn’t even consider it worth conquering,” Alexander said, tossing his hair with contempt. “Really.”



