

Part III



“You turned us into women?” Caesar said, feeling himself growing hot with rage. He could imagine little that would serve as more of an insult and a blow to his honor. How his enemies would laugh were they to know he was now a member of the weaker sex. The other two, likewise, felt themselves growing angry. How dare this woman un-man them?

The young woman with the purple hair grabbed a can that read “SuperJacked” and guzzled. “Yeah. I am, like, pretty sorry. I never expected this, though. So, it’s not my fault. Or, maybe part my fault Wow. I still can’t believe this and—”

A window popped up on one of the screens behind her and the computer made a “bloop” sound. The three men stepped back, confused.

Purple Hair turned and said clicked her mouse. The pop up vanished. “It’s nothing, just an IM from— someone.”

“An IM?” Sun asked.

“How can I explain this? It’s like someone wanted to send you a message using a pigeon, and the pigeon is like so super-fast like Mercury or something or who would be the Chinese Mercury? Like a fast-running dude with a cute butt who—”

“Silence,” Caesar shouted. “Cease your prattling.”

The woman instantly sat back, her eyes wide. She pretended to lock her mouth with a key, to throw the key away.

“Your name.” Caesar hissed between clenched teeth.

The woman turned her head and looked side eyed at the busty general. She crinkled her forehead, clearly confused.

“Your name,” Caesar repeated, feeling himself growing angry.

Sun, realizing the problem, said, “You may speak in order to answer our questions.”

“Oh, cool, I wasn’t sure that—”

“Your name.”

The woman grinned. “My handle is CrazyWazy, gamer girl and ...”

“Crazy, then” Caesar said. “I require brevity. Now, my next question...”

As Caesar and Sun questioned Crazy, Alexander examined the room. The more he looked, the more convinced he grew that they were in some sort of



mystic realm. He examined a statue of what seemed some sort of cat woman. She stood on a platform that identified her as “Danger Kitty.” What sort of material is this made from? He wondered. He picked it up. It seemed like some sort of hardened wax to him and yet he’d never felt such material in all his travels. There were what looked like paintings on the walls, and he found himself fascinated with the ones that looked like reality, including one showing a gorgeous Nubian girl called “Krystal Kinsey.” How is such a thing possible? He wondered, touching the cool, slick surface of the poster with his fingertips. “It’s as if someone froze a moment in time.”

Caesar and Sun, meanwhile, had managed to calm Crazy down. She was now explaining things in a much more controlled and linear manner. “I’ve been having this dream or fantasy over and over in which the three of you are reborn in modern times as girls. Somehow, that fantasy came true. Well, in a sense. I mean...” She seemed like she was about to say something more but changed her mind.

“Why make us women?” Sun asked.

Crazy dropped her eyes. “It’s something I like to do.”

“That’s all? You just– like to?”

“It’s my thing.” Crazy didn’t want to dwell on that and quickly moved on. “In the story, you help me infiltrate and defeat Singularity 7. I needed the greatest minds in history.”

Caesar and Sun nodded at that, pleased. They were, after all, classic narcissists. Crazy went on to explain that Singularity 7 was an evil corporation– kind of an independent state. “They’re creating a kind of mind control meme–” seeing the confusion on the men’s faces, she amended her explanation. “It’s like a spell. Anyway, it will give them control over the whole, like, world and everything.” She looked at her screens. Then back. “The story of you coming here as hot girls– It was just a way to vent. A therapeutic fantasy. I never thought you would actually come back as hotties....”

“So, we’re a mistake?” Caesar said.

“No.” Crazy said. “No. I mean, yes, but now we could do it for real. You could help me stop S7.”

Sun and Caesar considered. “I fail to see how this matter should be of concern to me,” Caesar said. “I know nothing of this S7. I know nothing of

you. I'm skeptical of the idea they can create a magic spell that will control people's minds."

"Who wishes to fight must first count the cost," Sun said. "I have no way to assess the cost of this fight nor the rewards of the triumph." He plucked at the shoulder straps on his dress. "I would ask you to focus instead on how to return me to my proper form." Looking down at himself, he added, "And not this."

Sun and Caesar began to turn away.

Crazy saw she was losing the men. She had to find some way to get them to help her. She started to lie, to tell them that in her dream they turned back into men once they defeated S7, but no. No. She needed something better. She thought about what she knew of these men. "Power," she said. "This would be a path to power."

Caesar and Sun paused, looking back over their shoulders.

"S7 is, like, the biggest most super powerful corporation in the world. If you beat them, you'll be so famous."

"Fame." Caesar considered. "Could we seize control of this corporation?"

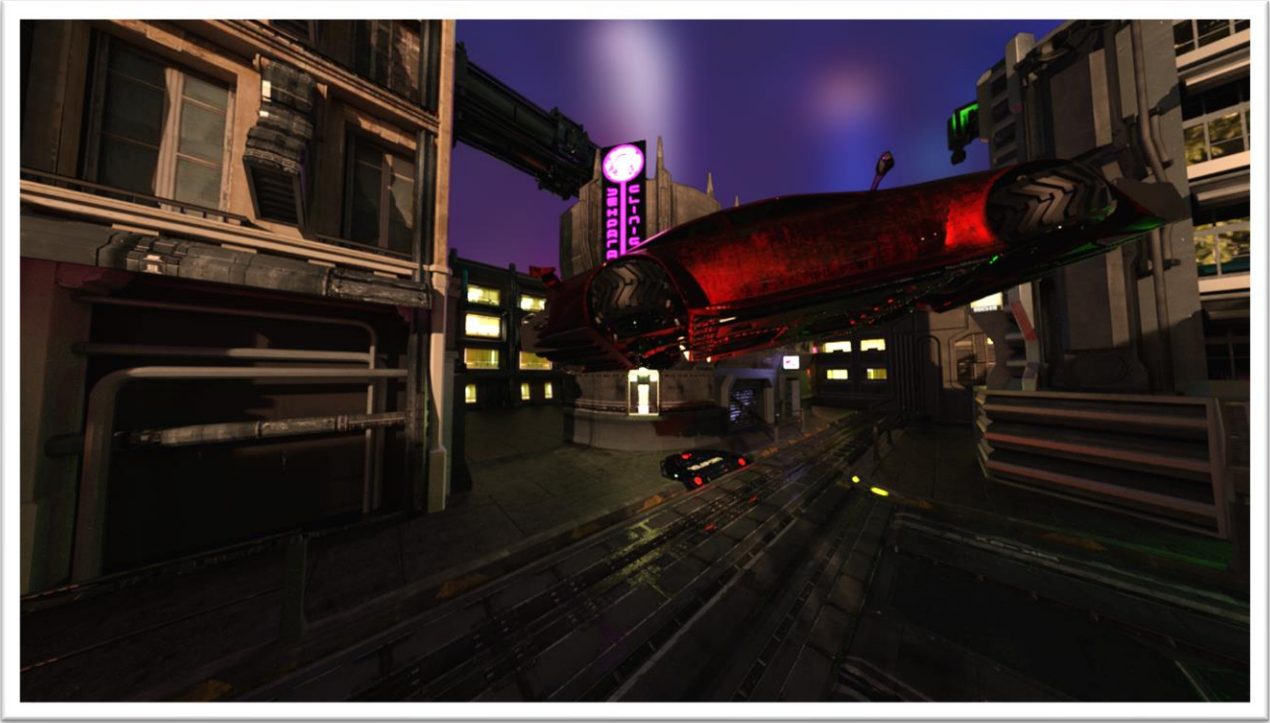
The suggestion drew Sun's interest.

"Sure," Crazy said. "If you're man enough." She giggled thinking she'd made a hilarious joke, and then her face froze.

The comment, intended to be funny, instead angered the men, but before they could respond they were interrupted by a feminine gasp.

"The Gods," Alexander hissed. Looking up, they saw him standing at a window, holding the curtain aside.

Alexander stared at a scene he could not comprehend. Outside, some cars, trucks, buses drove by on the street. Huge signs could be seen with more of the moving pictures like on Crazy's desk. There were also vehicles flying in the air. Spotlights scanning the night sky.



The other two men couldn't resist and found themselves drawn to the window, staring in wonder at the sight of a world beyond anything they could have imagined. "Where are we?"

Crazy, feeling more confident and comfortable around these supernatural manifestations of her imagination, joined them. "Maybe the more important information is **when** are we," Crazy said. "It's the year 2112."

"Two thousand years?" The three men sighed, almost in unison, the thought sinking in. A question occurred to Alexander. "How can we all understand you? What language are you speaking?"

"English," Crazy said.

“To me it sounds like Greek.”

“I hear Chinese.”

“Latin.”

Even the minds of great men take time to process an overwhelming amount of information. The three went and took seats on the couch. That, at least, they recognized. “So, what now?” Caesar said, crossing his arms under his breasts. Feeling the soft weight resting on his forearms reminded him of the wrongness of his body. He doubted he could ever grow used to this soft, female form.

Sun, having time to consider his clothes, plucked at the hem of his dress, becoming conscious of his bare legs, the amount of bare skin. Only a pleasure girl would wear such clothes in his time. “Am I a pheasant?” He asked, using a term used in his time for a lower-class sex worker. He felt himself growing ashamed of his clothes, how much they exposed his bare skin. “A prostitute?”

“Oh. No. No. Not at all.” Crazy said. “Why would you even think that?”

Caesar and Alexander likewise became conscious of their garb. “This toga is a bit short,” Caesar said. Being a woman was already a loss of status, but he felt sick at thought he might be some sort of commoner.

Alexander, the most free thinking of all of them, looked down at the way his breasts swelled out the top of his dress. He’d respected women more than most men, but he did not find it within himself to believe it acceptable he should be some sort of harem girl. “What have you made of us?” His anger rose. Once more he and the others found themselves growing furious at this strange, purple-haired person.

“Whoa. Whoa,” Crazy said. “I would never turn you into sex workers, though, these days there are those who argue—. Not that there’s anything—I mean, No.”

“So, we’re— upper class women?” Alexander said.

“Class isn’t really ...” Crazy started to explain democracy and equality and how things had changed, but then she realized two things. One, it was not worth the explaining. And, two, there was a better, more fun answer. “Not only are you not sex girls,” she said. “You are all...” she questioned whether she should say it, whether it was fair, but she had no choice. It was too fun. “You’re princesses.”

“Princesses?” Sun said.

“I’m a princess?” Caesar said.

“Princess Alexander,” the Great said, trying it out.

The men considered, then smiled. It sure beat being a harem girl. “Thank the gods,” Caesar said. “I’m a princess.”

Crazy hid her smile behind her hand. “Let’s get you some clothes fit for a princess,” Crazy said, wanting to get the men back on track.

“An excellent idea,” Alexander said, tossing his long blonde hair.

“You say this is called a bra?” Caesar said, holding up the delicate, lacey item. It was a pretty bra with bows on the shoulder straps. The only bras Crazy had that would fit a man with such an impressive bust were from her cosplays playing characters like Danger Kitty. Sun had smaller breasts, so she used a more modern, everyday bra for him.

“It’s going to keep your knockers from bouncing around so much,” Crazy said, blushing. “A, um, princess can’t be seen jiggling all over the place.”

“In Rome we had something similar called a mamallare,” he mused, thinking of the joy he’d had untying one from a girl’s chest, seeing her breasts sway free. He was a she now, and he pictured himself as a man



pulled off his—bra. “It seems shameful for a man to wear such a thing.”

“Think of it as armor,” Crazy suggested. “Girding yourself for battle.”

Caesar lifted his shoulders and felt the weight of his firm, heavy breasts rise and then jiggle when he let his shoulders drop. "Very well," Caesar sighed. Indeed, the constant bouncing and swaying of his chest had been a distraction. He looked at the hooks on the back strap. "How do I put this on?"

"I'll help."

Sun, Alexander and Caesar soon found themselves strapped into bras, tugging on the straps, the cups, trying to adjust them for a better fit. Crazy struggled to hide her glee. Seeing three of the greatest men in history in



bras, struggling to get comfortable, was a dream come true. Their pretty faces were so serious and intent, and they all looked so cute. She'd been a

little surprised that the men had just stepped into their panties without comment, but she supposed it was because they didn't recognize the underwear as gendered. It was just another part of this strange world they found themselves navigating.

Crazy resisted the urge to make them totally cute in dresses and bows. She didn't have what she was imagining— little girl tea party dresses. Her mind drifted to an image of the three great men smiling prettily as they had a tea party, chatting in their pretty little voices. Oh, it would be fun, but if they ventured out into the world dressed as Lolitas her ruse would be discovered, and she could tell the men didn't fully trust her.



She picked some outfits she had around from her KPOP cosplay. Much to her surprise, the men balked.

“Trousers?” Alexander said. “These are not fit for a—person of my status.”

“Barbarians wear these absurd things,” Caesar agreed. “Do you expect me to dress like a Gaul?”

Sun considered. “Mounted fighters wear these in my country,” he said. “But no member of the upper class would wear them about every day.”

Of course, Crazy had seen pictures of people from those eras dressed always in robes, but it had never occurred to her they would be considered objectionable. She didn’t have any robes, though. Just a couple club dresses she wore when she wanted a quick hook up. Some skater dresses. Short skirts. The boys had already objected to showing a lot of skin. She needed to talk them into pants. “2000 years?” She said. “Things have changed. Everyone wears pants now.”

“So, the barbarians won?” Caesar said. “In the end?”

“You could say that.” She went to her closet and pulled out a skater dress and a pair of pants. “Take your pick,” she said. “I recommend the pants, but I only live in this era and know everything about it.”

The ploy worked. The tiny little dress shamed them more than pants.

The boys got dressed. “Perfect,” Crazy said, grabbing her camera. She couldn’t resist and snapped a picture.

The men shielded their eyes from the flash. “What have you done?”

“Look,” Crazy said, showing them the picture, loving how amazed they all seemed when exposed to technology.

Three Great Men

