

Chapter 2

Caesar brushed his long hair back and adjusted the straps of his dress, glancing down at the soft crescents of his breasts. It seemed preposterous that he had breasts, but there they were. Sun and Alexander did likewise, all three of the men uncomfortable with the weight, the movement—the *womaness* of their new chests.



“We all come from different times, different lands,” Sun said. “We were all generals. Perhaps it is a clue as to why we are here and– like this.”

“Like this.”

The words, spoken in that alluring voice, hung in the air. The men, forgetting about their own bodies, let their eyes roam over the others. Caesar had never seen a woman from the land of silk, but based on the legends he’d heard, Sun was no doubt one of those fabled women. Caesar had never seen such skin, and though he accepted intellectually that this was a man, his heart could see only the woman before him, his eyes gliding down the length of that lean body, enjoying the long, shapely legs and then rising up to meet those radiant emerald eyes. Sun, who’d been appreciating Caesar’s figure as well, stared back just as he would have stared back at any woman he found attractive. His eyes scanned Caesar’s face- the full, inviting lips, the big, bright eyes– and each of the men became aware of a pleasant feeling washing over their bodies as their cheeks flushed, their heart rates quickened.

Alexander, who’d been likewise appreciating the pleasing shapes of his companions, now watched their cheeks flushing, their eyes dilating, and he began to entertain the idea of a threesome. He’d enjoyed the company of men and women during his life, having sought every experience life had to offer. He’d never been a woman, though, and incredible new vistas opened before him. “You should kiss,” he said, his voice hoarse.

Caeser smiled and stepped toward Sun, placing a hand on the other man's soft hip. "Carpe Diem." They leaned close, so close they could feel each other's hot breath. Yet, ever more conscious of the waves of female pleasure warming their bodies, they hesitated. Each man came from a culture that viewed women as weak, inferior, where for a man to engage in anything that belonged in the realm of women was an act of shame. Could they allow themselves to feel these female feelings?

"One must live as if it would be forever," Alexander said as he approached the other two. "And also, as if you might die each moment."

Urged on by Alexander and the demands of their bodies, they meant to kiss and their lips nearly touched. Their breasts pressed together. Mysterious female pleasures sent shockwaves through their bodies and daggers to their minds. They pulled back, terrified of these weak and womanly feelings. Yet, neither man would ever admit he feared anything—let alone the pleasures of a female body.

"We should reconnoiter the area," Caesar whispered. "We do not know if we are in—danger." He fanned himself.

"Agreed," Sun answered, also fanning himself. The men exchanged one last wistful glance before forcing themselves to turn their attention to other, more manly, matters.



Alexander sighed. They'd come so close. He consoled himself with the truth there would be more chances. He, too, found himself hot and bothered and fanned himself with his small hands. "It looks like some sort of temple."

"Or mausoleum," Sun said as he began to look around. All three of the men now had flush cheeks, and they did their best to steal glances at the others while at the same time pretending not to look.

They moved about the room, and moving reminded them constantly of the wrongness of their new bodies. Even the feeling of walking had become an

adventure in alienation. The room they were in was all marble, with three raised slabs where each of the men had awoken. The men moved around the slabs, inspected the walls and ceiling, looked for any sorts of switches or knobs. “Pristine,” Caesar said. “Not so much as a hint of dust.”

“I do not see the source of this light,” Sun said.

“Indeed,” Alexander agreed. “It seems to simply– be.”

“There must be a door somewhere,” Caesar said.

“Door,” a disembodied female voice answered. A golden rectangle began to glow on the western wall, and then a door swung open. From the chamber beyond emerged a blue glow. The smell of lavender and sage wafted from the open door, though there was something not quite right about the smells.

“Sorcery,” Sun said.

Curious, the men advanced, crowding at the doorway. Their eyes went blank with confusion. “I don’t know what I’m looking at,” Alexander said.

“Nor I.. nor I” the others agreed.

To the modern eye, what the generals looked upon would have seemed mundane: A workstation with dual monitors, hanging lights, a chair with neon



lights flashing. Posters of anime movies and a shelf with action figures. It was a streamer's room. The sharp images dancing on the computer screens mesmerized the men, each of whom struggled to comprehend what did not seem like magic, but something beyond even the possibility of magic. The flight response kicked in, and the men stood still as statues, mouths agape.

There was something that, by the shape of it, looked like a chair, in front of the workstation. The back was facing the generals, and they had taken it to be empty. But now one slender arm rose, fist pumping, and a screechy voice began to sing, "I'm the stream queen making the scene everyone just loves to follow me..." The small arm and feminine voice read woman.

"A leader," Caesar whispered.

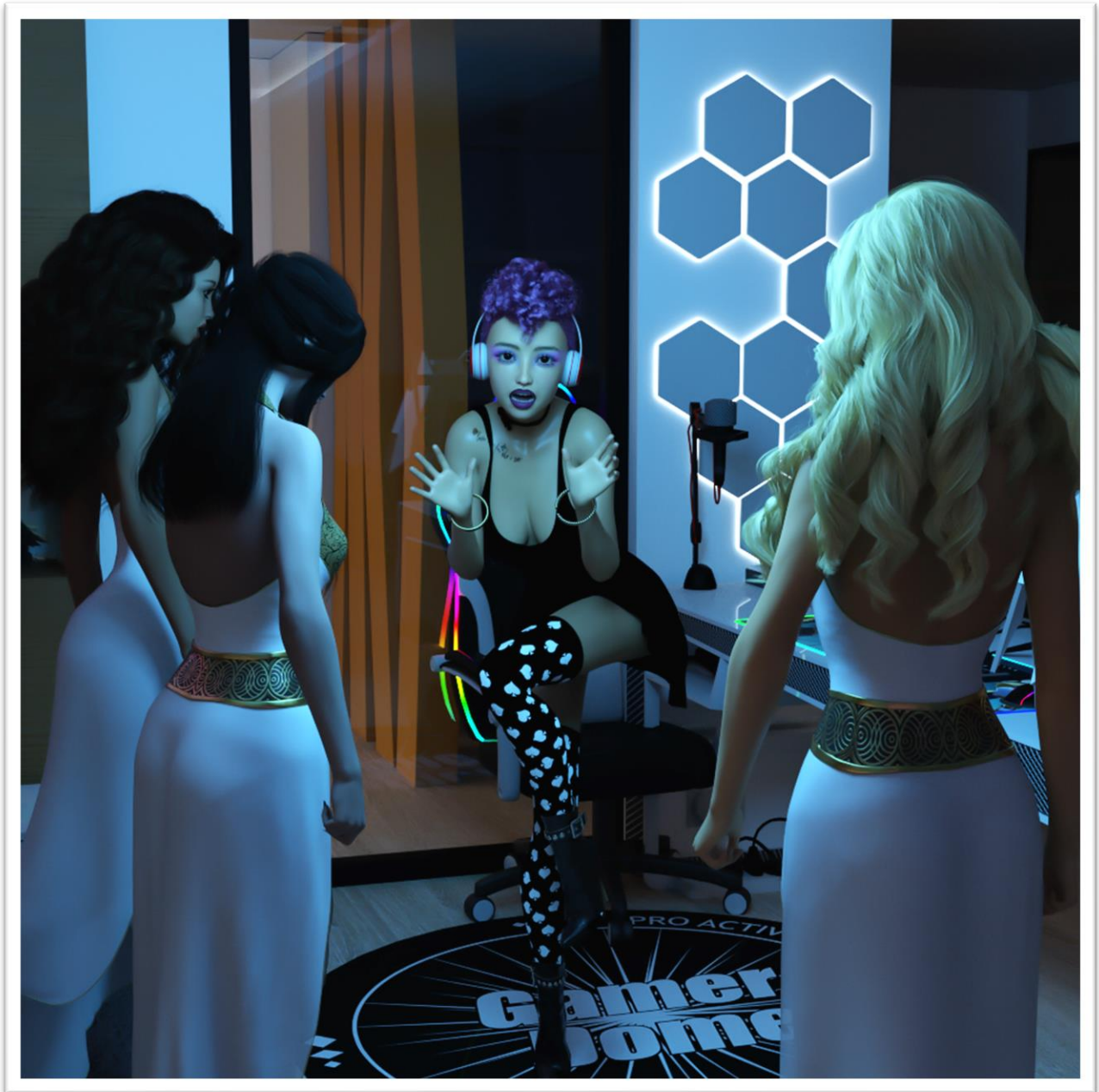
Three Great Men



“Another general?” Sun said. “Made a woman?”

“Or, the one who made women of us?” Alexander said. “We do not know if we deal with friend or foe, nor what sorcery she may possess.”

“Victorious warriors win first, and then go to war,” Sun said. “We must surprise and subdue her. Gag her. No witch may spit her spells without use of her tongue.”



The others nodded in agreement. The men crept forward moving closer to the chair. And closer.

Still pumping her fist, the woman in the chair sang on: “Stream Queen. Living the Dream. Stream Queen. I love being seen....”

Suddenly the chair spun around. The young woman sitting in the chair wore headphones and had a huge smile. As soon as she saw the three, her face froze. She stared, and then the smile melted from her face. The young woman stood, then screamed.

Alexander, seeing an opportunity, rushed forward. Meaning to unleash an intimidating bellow, instead he heard himself screech like a little girl as he sought to grapple with what he took to be a witch, cover her mouth and silence her before she could cast a spell.

The young woman grabbed Alexander’s arm and used a judo move to send him tumbling across the floor as he landed with an “oof.” The woman looked shocked. “It actually worked,” she said, looking at her hands. “I guess those classes weren’t a waste of time.”

Alexander climbed to his feet and the three of them began to surround the woman.

“Wait, wait. Cool your jets,” the woman said, pulling her headphones off. “I come in peace. I mean, you came, but I wait in peace. Or, something. Does

that make sense?” She raised her hands next to her face and made peace signs. “We good, bros?”

Caesar looked at Alexander. Alexander looked at Sun. The glance went around and each of the men expressed befuddlement. One thing they all sensed is the woman did not seem to pose a threat. Her persona, indeed, suggested she was something of a jester.

“Sit,” Alexander, ashamed of having been thrown and eager to reassert himself, insisted.

The woman giggled and sat. “Wow. I mean— it’s really you. Alexander the Great. Omigod. This is— I don’t even think there’s a word for like, this extra-credibility.”

“You know who I am” Alexander said.

“I do even thought, um,” she cupped her hands under her chest. “You got a rack.” She turned her attention to the others. “And you’re Julius Caesar and Sun Tzu. Oh, wow, like, The Art of War is the bomb.”

“How do you recognize us?” Caesar asked. “In these bodies.”

“Oh, like, so, I think I’m the one who brought you back and--,” she made an hourglass shape with her hands. “Va-voom.” Seeing anger clouding the pretty faces of the generals, she added, “Sorry?”

To be Continued

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