

**Queens of the  
Revolution**

**By**

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**This novel is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, event or occurrence, is entirely coincidental**

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## **Introduction**

In the year 2204, after the Nuclear War, only three regions of the world are inhabitable. The population stands at a 20 to 1 ratio in favor of women. Men are considered the inferior sex, despised by the population for causing the war and relegated to being homemakers.

Women have ruled the world for 114 years. However, soon a man will rule the world again. The question that we now face is, for how long.

## **Prologue**

### **The History of the Future**

The year was 2075, the United Nations had been dissolved and World War III, also known as the Nuclear War, had begun. Nobody could point to what exactly started the war; some attributed it to Jack Ibata from Taiwan discovering how to replace hydrocarbon energy with hydro energy, which led to China annexing Taiwan and the United States coming to its defense. Others said it was the public unveiling of Russia and China funding the guerilla attacks on the United States, which led to the inexperienced Republican president, eager to show the world that the United States was still a Super Power, starting the first blatant attack. Whatever the reason, the fact was that all of the players at the start of the war were men and every woman in a seat of power objected to it.

Every country that had nuclear weapons - the United States, United Kingdom, Israel, North Korea, India, Pakistan, India, China, Russia, Iran, France - fired their nuclear arsenals, hoping to end the war quickly the way that the atomic bombs ended World War II in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. However, it didn't work that way. Instead, the bombings simply led to oceans being bombarded with nuclear contaminants. Countries without nuclear weapons fired back every type of bomb that they had. They invaded any territory that they felt was hostile; rules were thrown out the window and the war became a global free for all. Only four regions refused to join the war: Australia, Africa, Canada and Greenland.

After each of the countries had used all of its heavy artillery, the nuclear side effects began appearing. First, people were vaporized by gamma rays or eradicated by a multi-

spectral heat blast. Next, came the pressure wave, which led to people bleeding from every orifice. Vomiting, skin rashes and diseases followed. Only a quarter of the world's population remained healthy. Soon, the healthy soldiers began roaming enemy countries, killing every man, male teenager and baby boy that they laid their eyes on. By the third year of the war, two billion people had died from explosions, bullets, diseases, hurricanes and natural disasters. Diseased people trudged down cities; most living things in the ocean had become extinct; the world became almost inhabitable and clean air became a rarity. Only three regions escaped the harsh reality of the war: Africa, Australia and Greenland. Canada, although it also stayed away from the war, felt the effects of the attacks on the United States, which harshly affected the country's environment and a few regions of North Africa, also bore the brunt of the nuclear attacks in the Middle East.

In 2079, the war ended. No satellites were left to be used to track enemies; the global giants no longer existed as the nuclear weapons had been used to take out the major metropolitan cities; the global communication systems had been destroyed and few, if any, remembered what the war was about. In 2082, the world population was only 850 million, with the ratio of women to men 20 to 1. It was an indisputable fact that if women had ruled the world, then the war would have never began. Due to this knowledge, society voted out or forced the men in power in Australia and Greenland to resign.

In 2085, the Great Migration began. Survivors from the polluted countries piled into ships and journeyed to clean air regions. In 2086, all three clean air regions opened their borders to all women wishing admittance. Men who attempted to enter these countries were killed either by angry female passengers on the ships or citizens when they attempted to get

off the ships. At the end of the year, Greenland was forced to close its borders due to overpopulation. After that point, they only allowed entrance to former citizens of Canada. Australia opened its borders to every female until 2088; however, the influx of people into the country was overwhelming and they came in with all forms of diseases that Australia wasn't sure how to contain, so the country closed its borders, blowing up any ship or plane that tried to find its way into the country.

African countries lacked the technology and unity to monitor their borders, which led to the migration into Africa. During this migration, Africa had an influx of women of all races, cultures and disdain for men. In 2099, known as the Year of Castration, African men in most countries, realizing that they were now in the minority, tried to keep power by passing a law increasing their political term in office, from 4 to 12 years. The reaction was fast and ricocheted through the clean air regions of Africa. Women gathered together in the streets, markets and neighborhoods, armed with anything they could hold. They began lynching the men in power and then men in control of anything worth controlling. After this extermination, an unspoken law was set worldwide; there was no room for a man in power in the Oxygen World.

In 2105, the African countries merged together to form one country, one powerful unit. No men were allowed to rule any part of the three clean air regions. Men had been demoted to second class citizens and proclaimed an endangered part of the human race. They were delegated strictly for breeding and maintaining the home. They were not allowed to be educated at any institution, lead any group or learn a skill beyond being a homemaker.

In 2121, a legion of men from Australia and Greenland took control of a number of weapons and flight machinery and attacked the Oxygen World in the name of sexual equality. Their attacks were brutal and left many dead. Their attacks almost brought success to their cause until the three regions banded together to stop the attacks and find the culprits. When found, they didn't simply kill them. They also killed their sons, fathers and male relatives and friends.

In that year, the three regions formed the United Triple Nation. In order to prevent giving an advantage to the minority population of men, in terms of warfare, the United Triple Nation unanimously agreed that firepower and flight machinery was antihuman and illegal for anyone to own. Around the world, planes and guns were destroyed. They were replaced with swords, bows, arrows and hydro-powered ships. Anyone found with any of the banned items was sentenced to death. To this end, the decree stated that the only type of power to be used was hydro power. The following year, the United Triple Nation declared that a man was inferior to a woman and made it a treasonous offense to believe otherwise.

### **The Queen Maker**

Renee was a beautiful man; six foot two with straight, black hair that came from his East Indian descent. He was always impeccably dressed in a dark suit. His grandfather led the war for sexual equality in Australia. When the war began to go south, his grandmother smuggled his father, Sebastian, to Africa. Sebastian was a practical man, he still believed in his father, but knew there was no hope for a man in a woman's world. Therefore, he decided

to take advantage of the changed world. He needed a woman in an important position to marry him, so he could smell power the way he used to in Australia. He desperately wanted to marry a major or anyone of a higher rank in the military, but the only woman who loved him enough to marry him was a lieutenant, so he allowed her to court and marry him.

Soon, the lieutenant gave birth to Renee. Sebastian was quick to teach his son how to make it in a woman's world. He took him to all of the right places to meet all of the right people. He taught Renee three rules: only follow a powerful woman, stay with her as long as she can help you move forward and only dump her for a more powerful woman. Renee had two of the most irresistible features; his angel like looks grabbed women's attention and his wit kept them sticking to him like glue. He was the perfect catch and he knew it, so he took everything his father told him to heart. His first wife, Ayo, was a red-haired, short, muscular woman. She was a major in the African army whose ancestors had come from Ireland. She gave birth to his first daughter, Ewo, a pretty child who had her mother's wavy, red hair and her father's height. After two years, he divorced Ayo, claiming that she had physically abused him. He then married Brigadier Tsong, a blond, blue-eyed, officer in the Australian army. She gave birth to his second daughter, Ice, a carbon copy of her mother. A year after Ice was born, he filed for divorce because he wanted to marry Supreme Justice Chang of Africa, a five foot two inch tall woman of Chinese descent. Tsong vehemently refused to grant him a divorce, so, in order to infuriate her, Renee and Chang publicly displayed their love. When Chang gave birth to his third daughter, Senay, Tsong could no longer take the public insult, so she went down to Africa and murdered Renee, strangling him with her bare

hands. After Tsong killed Renee, she took out her sword and disemboweled herself like a Japanese Samurai.

### **The Fore-Mothers**

In 2194 at 3 a.m., General TSION, a 34-year-old, 5 foot 11, violet-eyed blond woman with tightly bound hair in Zulu Knots, met, in the middle of her labyrinth garden, with the three most powerful sisters in the world: Ewo, 35-years-old; Ice, 32-years-old; and Senay, 28-years-old. They chose to meet in secret because talking about a coup in the new democratic system was a taboo that could cause them to be sentenced to death. Such a death sentence was often carried out in prime time so that society could watch it. General TSION listened to them preach about how the African democratic system had led to the corruption of too many women, thus draining the African people of their rightful resources. This corruption is why the sisters felt that it was time to start a monarchy system, in which those individuals with a passion for the people; ruled them. They knew that whatever direction TSION went, the army would follow as she was revered by even her enemies. TSION knew that what they really wanted to do was to filter the number of corrupt politicians to only themselves and their descendents. She agreed to join them on the condition that her 15-year-old son, Ianis, marry the African Queen and the queen had to be Ianis's choice. The sisters agreed for their own selfish reasons. Ewo and Senay were positive that the teenager would pick one of them. However, Ice knew that General TSION would make the final decision, not her son. Ice was chosen to be the African Queen; the Queen of the greatest empire in the Oxygen world. It was only natural, as everyone already called her the Ice Queen.

They were married within the week and the war began the following month. The war against the democratic army was expected to take years, but with Tsion at the helm, it only took weeks. As in every war that she had been in, Tsion followed her number one rule: she must be the first on the battlefield and the last to leave it, dead or alive. After the war, the legacy of Tsion outshone the three sisters and it was no secret that if ever a scratch appeared on her son, their monarchy system would be short-lived.

The Ice Queen had insatiable sexual and smoking habits; however, she wasn't completely wrapped up in her own life. She quickly realized that Ewo's irritation was growing having to serve under her. She understood that Ewo only had two choices as to how to get to the top: she either had to kill Tsion, Ianis and her or just kill her and marry Ianis. She realized that the latter was more probable. Therefore, in order to get Ewo as far away from her as possible, the Ice Queen decided to answer to the call of the Australian people and overthrow their democratic system. She decided to put Ewo in charge of the revolution. The monarchy system in Africa turned out to be the best thing for the new empire; resources were shared among the people, allowing for more than enough for everyone. It didn't take long for the empire to flourish beyond everyone's expectations, which led to the Australian people crying out for help in wiping out its own democratic system.

This overthrow was the perfect conduit for the Ice Queen and she made sure that Tsion played no visual part in the takeover of Australia. It was a long war as the Australian ruling party fought to maintain power for a year. The length of the war led to the African people's public outcry for Tsion to take the helm instead of Ewo, an outcry that the fore-mothers did not want. They ignored the African people and fought another two years with Tsion in the

background, until Australia was taken. Ewo was crowned the Queen of Australia and the Australians treated her like a goddess. She was loved more than her sister in Africa. With two sisters as Queen, it was only natural that Senay would want a monarchy of her own. Therefore, she decided to overtake Greenland and become queen. The only problem was that the people of Greenland loved their democratic system in which checks and balances existed and corruption hardly did. As the fight for Australia had drained the sisters of their desire to fight, they decided to wait until the citizens of Greenland grew tired of their system instead of forcing the takeover.

On a Wednesday morning in 2204, the Ice Queen died from lung cancer. A week later, her will was publicly read to the world. This reading was the first time that the world was let on to her decision as to who would lead following her death. Many assumed that she would choose to have her daughter follow in her footsteps, something that her sisters had banked on for their future success. They had spent years doting on their niece hoping to gain her favor so that they could benefit when she began to rule. The Ice Queen knew that whoever she made Regent to her child, will rule as the ultimate voice and the execution of her daughter was an inevitable accident waiting to happen. The safest choice for her daughter was making any of her sisters her heir, but that shortened the Ice Queen's legacy on the throne. Therefore, when the Ice Queen's hologram spoke publicly to the world, she made her husband, Ianis, regent to her 10-year-old daughter, Xeva, until she turned 18. The Ice Queen chose to leave the monarchy to the only other person who loved her daughter as much as she did: her husband, Ianis. For the first time in 120 years, a man would rule the world.

## Chapter 1

### Lucas: The Cursed One

Seven years had passed since the Ice Queen's will had been read. On the 9<sup>th</sup> of August in 2211, Lucas, the father of the Regent King, stood in the all glass courtroom awaiting justice. The courtroom was shaped like a massive theatre; three stories of galleries were packed with rowdy female spectators waiting to see what was going to happen, while armed female soldiers attempted to maintain order. Men avoided such events, out of fear of being raped by the women. On the ground floor, female soldiers in black leather uniforms armed with swords, bows, arrows and knives surrounded the room. Press antigravity sensor cameras floated around the room, while reporters stood outside. Six supreme justices were seated in a semi-circle upon an elevated glass platform in mahogany chairs staring down at Lucas' four foot ten inch frame. Two feet above the justices, on a higher 20 foot wide glass platform, Senay, the 45-year-old Chief Supreme Justice, sat. She had strong, Asian features; straight, pitch-black hair, smooth eyebrows and eyes that glared in slits. From her position, she could see all of the judges below her: 42-year-old Amina, a tall, narrow-eyed, intense woman of Persian descent; Danillo, Maria and Isabella, 49-year-old triplets of Spanish descent; and 59-year-old Isis, a five feet two inch tall, imposing woman, who was one of the few dignitaries who could trace her descendants back to Egypt. All the justices wore black cloaks, with the golden crest of a lion behind it.

Lucas was in no measure an attractive man; his head was much bigger than his body, his nose took up wide real estate upon his face. While his eyes reflected nothing, his mind was a

beautiful creation. He stood between two soldiers, who were over two feet taller than him. Each judge, sitting above him, had a gavel in her hand. Only cases that involved people of caliber came to them, but never before had they had a case involving a man. This case was different because Lucas had two very powerful foundations: his wife and son.

Fifty-two-year-old Lucas looked up at the judges and then raised his chained hands to the spectators, who roared. He, then, dropped his hands and waited for the crowd to quiet down. Senay's face stayed stoic, but the other judges were not as successful at hiding their disgust.

In his baritone voice, Lucas said, "Am I supposed to shed the tears imposed on me by the etiquettes of my sex?"

"Know your place, Lucas!" Isabella bellowed, unable to hide her disdain for the circus that surrounded them.

"And what is my place? To pump my seed in your wombs and raise your children?" Lucas stared at them as if they were cockroaches that he was trying to teach acrobatics.

Isis responded sharply as she leaned forward, "It's a noble duty. My husband and better men before him have always known their places."

"Good for you and your husband," Lucas replied mockingly, "but that is not my place."

"So, tell us, little man, what is your place?" Amina asked, genuinely curious as to his answer.

“An equal. An equal to any woman, Judge Amina.” The crowd sighed, bewildered that a man could speak such words. “An equal to every woman,” Lucas said, as he glanced at the crowd with a mischievous smile, causing their murmurs to grow.

Amina banged her gavel and pointed at the crowds in the gallery, “Silence! All of you, or we shall continue in an empty court.” The room fell silent.

Isabella twisted her face into a condescending smile and said, “So, you believe yourself to be equal to a woman?”

“Yes, I believe that all men are equal to women. I also believe that God is not a woman,” he responded, looking her in the eye.

Quiet murmurs erupted from the spectators.

Danillo picked her words carefully as she responded. “You realize that the words coming out of your mouth are treasonous... punishable by death?”

“Absolutely,” Lucas responded, not wavering in his conviction.

Deafening silence followed his response. He was the father of the Regent King; the question was, were they really going to put him to death and endure the wrath of the two most powerful people in the world.

Amina was not a fool; she knew that society needed to control those individuals whose lives were considered expendable. She looked directly at the floating antigravity camera in front of her. “Even from a scientific point of view, men are designed to be weak. You lack even the basic structure to carry a child.”

Maria quickly joined in. “Men lack the intelligence for battle, leadership or anything beyond raising children and looking beautiful.”

Lucas smirked and responded, “My history might be a little rusty, but, the last time I checked, men ruled the polluted world for over 2,000 years.”

“And see what happened to it. They killed themselves over greed,” Isabella riposted.

“Your society also did a lot of killing to implement the monarchy,” Lucas said as he threw a mocking glance at Senay, who remained expressionless. The spectators grew unruly and the soldiers shoved them away from the mahogany carved railings.

Danillo leaned forward, looking down at him like an insignificant bug. “The monarchy was necessary as the congress and senate governing bodies were being flooded with greedy politicians.”

“Votes were bought by riches,” Amina added, showing a disgust for the past.

Danillo pounded her fist on the table and said, “Only policies that favored the rich were passed.”

Isabella was a perfect reflection of her sisters and gave a respectful glance toward Senay as she said, “Australia didn’t have a middle class until Queen Ewo saved them.”

“And the people fought to wipe out the corrupt politicians,” Danillo said.

Those watching the broadcast at home found it confusing when the camera switched between the triplets as it seemed as if the same person was talking each time.

Lucas, with his mischievous smile, said, “Funny thing though, I thought these corrupt politicians were also women...or were their phalluses just that small?” The spectators erupted with laughter.

Senay arched forward and the room fell silent. “You have two choices: renounce your blasphemy or die.” Her words were clear and came out like running water.

Lucas’ face became serious, “I understand...no...I appreciate that if I was any man on the street, my head would already be on a platter. And I also appreciate my case being raised to your attention. It is an honor of which that I deem myself unworthy.”

“Get to the point, so that we can do what we have to do,” Senay said flippantly.

Lucas turned to face the spectators. It was obvious that they were on his side, not because they believed in what he said, but because he stood facing death and didn’t waver in his beliefs. “I stand here not because I said God created both man and woman equally, but because I am being used as a pawn to bring down the supreme ruler of Africa.”

“Take the wretched beast to a cell in the deepest level of the dungeon,” Senay ordered the guards as she lost her composure.

Towering female soldiers dragged Lucas away as the spectators roared after him. He screamed “LONG LIVE THE KING! LONG LIVE THE KING!” as he was dragged away.

The crowd joined his screams and chanted in unison, “LONG LIVE THE KING! LONG LIVE THE KING!”

As he exited the Glass Court, he smiled and said to himself, “It has begun.”

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It was the perfect time to be a woman. Men were officially the inferior sex. They could not join the military or attend school, so women were immediately given opportunities to gain positions of power. At 18, women were already running business, leading armies and building the future. The year was 2175.

Years before, Delilah, a renowned sociology professor of Puerto Rican descent, saw the way that the future was heading and began working with her husband to breed a family that would rule the world. Their first two children were boys, so she divorced her husband, gave him custody of the boys and married a younger, more vibrant man. However, he impregnated her with another boy, so she kicked him out and gave him custody of the boy.

At 39, she began to worry whether she would ever bring a woman into the world. Then, she met her third husband who was the most beautiful creature she had ever met; his skin was brown as mahogany and he had piercing eyes and a body that was as though it were structured in her dreams. This time, she didn't want to get married until she had had his child. She gave birth to the child at 3 a.m. and it was the ugliest child she had ever set eyes on. On one glance at the child and her lover packed his things and left. She never saw him again. She was in a perfect position to get rid of the child as only three people besides her had seen it: her doctor, nurse and the father. If the child was a girl, she would have loved it to the death, but it was a boy. It was only natural that she would kill the child. The doctor and nurse were women who had ties to her family. They would never talk or have to know what happened to the child.

The pregnancy had taken a lot out of her, so for the first week the nurse took care of the child. On the first day that she was back on her feet, she attempted to kill it, but there was something about looking at her child that stopped her. She decided that she would kill him the next day. However, every day, it got harder for her to attempt to kill the child. After a month, murder was no longer an option, but she knew she was in trouble when she couldn't even give him away to an orphanage. She found herself feeding and clothing the child. She even did that disgusting thing that women in the polluted world did; she fed it from her breast. It was unheard of, even frowned upon in modern society, for a woman to look after children, but she had an enigmatic bond with the child. He wasn't a secret but then, polite society wasn't too understanding about his look; at a time where the beauty of a man brought wealth to a family.

When he grew older, his face grew gentler, but he remained small, never growing over four feet ten inches. Delilah understood that her son's looks was a liability to his ascendance in life, so she built a path for him that couldn't be judged by vanity: his mind. It was illegal for men to be in universities, so she taught him everything that she knew and he learned; his mind was like a sponge. The only problem was that, as a teenager, he often forgot his place. Not only did he make every other man around him look small, but he also began doing it to women. He got a beating almost every other day from one or both sexes, yet he would not fall into his place. While Delilah spent most of her energy screaming at him, she was inwardly proud of the resilient person that he had become.

He was 13 when he came to his mother and let her know that his name was now Lucas. Prior to Lucas, his mother called him Xerxes. Everyone understood that his mind no longer

belonged to that of a modern man, but there was no law against home schooling; something Delilah vehemently denied. The option of locking Delilah up was out of the question as her mother, Baroness Melee, was a major shareholder in the biggest chain of stores in the world, MalMart. In addition, her partner in the business and best friend was General Kemi. Kemi was one of only 13 generals left in the world as, after the great wars, it was almost impossible for anyone to be promoted past major.

In 2173, Delilah allowed her other sons to visit her mansion. Once they were in the building, there was nothing Delilah could do to get rid of them; they refused to return to their fathers. She couldn't stand them. They were good looking sons, the type a mother would enjoy giving away for a good dowry, but they were so vain, that they repulsed her. Lucas, on the other hand, only cared about one thing: ruling the world. She was fascinated by him. He was small, weak and fragile, yet he believed that everything was beneath him.

On September 2, 2175, Delilah invited the rising 15-year-old officer, Captain Tsion to her house for dinner. At fourteen, she had led the charge that had taken out a group of generals attempting a coup to overthrow the African democratic government. Delilah wanted to marry one of her three sons to Tsion and was prepared to pay any dowry asked of her. The dinner was to be the start of the business relationship that she was hoping to build with Tsion. Lucas didn't even bother showing up for the dinner, which was fine with his mother as she wasn't ready to share him with anyone; he belonged to her.

That night, 16-year-old Lucas, who lived in a bungalow a hundred yards from his mother's mansion, was sleeping naked in his king sized bed under his red silk sheets. In

addition to his bed, the room contained books by Greek philosophers scattered across the floor, abstract paintings hanging on the wall, a swiveling chair, a velvet couch and a wall-to-ceiling computer screen. While he usually dreamt when he slept, tonight was different and when he awoke he saw Captain Tsion sitting in the chair looking at him, as though he was a stranger in her room. Tsion had her hair twisted into African Zulu Knots. She had a few scars on her face from her last battle, causing her to lose her youthful innocence. She was five feet ten inches tall and had on khaki trousers, a sword hanging from her back, a tight fitting t-shirt, a black blazer and brown boots with a wasp knife attached to it.

He wasn't flustered by her stare. Instead, he sat up and asked, "Enjoying the view?"

"I honestly have to admit that I am. I now see why your ego is astronomical."

"My ego?"

"The great dwarf of Malmart."

"You added great... you shouldn't have."

"I did say great, didn't I? Maybe I am blinded by your astronomical phallus. How does someone so small walk with an appendage so big?"

"And that's my cue to cover up." He grabbed the silk sheets and wrapped them around himself.

"Now, you're being a party popper," Tsion said as she dropped her sword on the floor.

“What are you doing here? You should be picking out one of my brothers to court, marry, sleep with...whatever you guys call it these days.”

Tsion played with her fingers as she talked. “Your brother, the blond one...”

“Kassim.”

“Yes, him. He always parts his hair when I talk to him.”

“How romantic.”

“How disgusting. The tall one...”

“Ramon.”

“He always sticks his butt out, trying to pose whenever I look at him.”

“How sexy.”

“How repulsive,” Tsion pointed her fingers to the ceiling as she continued, “The third one...”

“Tyrell.”

“I wish he would just stop talking about the clothes he wears, the people he meets, the relationships he has had, the heartbreaks he went through and the places he’s been.”

“He wants to impress you.”

“He wants to be a captain’s husband,” she said as she stretched out her fingers.

“What’s so wrong with that?”

“I have to marry one of your mother’s kids to be promoted to major.”

“I see my grandmother looks after her legacy.”

“Yes, she does. She has General Kemi in her pocket,” Tsion responded, disgusted.

“Pretty blunt of you. You realize that I am close to my grandmother, right?”

“Seriously, Lucas, she basically ordered me to marry one of her three grandsons.” Tsion held up three fingers, “Keyword...three grandsons.”

“Touché,” Lucas responded with a capricious grin.

“I tried to be subtle.”

“Sure, you did.” Lucas leaned forward and looked deep in her eyes. “Why go through this crap and marry some husband who’ll bore the crap out of you? Why not suck it up, leave the life of a captain and do things the way that you want to?”

“That’s just the point. In order to do things the way that I want to do them, I have to be on top. I am a captain because I publicly did what my superiors failed to do live on television. Now cameras aren’t allowed in battle zones, the public doesn’t play a part in my success, so I am stuck as a captain.”

“You’re 15-years-old for goodness sake, what the hell is your hurry?”

“I’m just built that way.”

“Stupidly ambitious.”

“The last time I checked, I’m the youngest captain who ever existed, so I don’t know about being stupid.”

“At the rate you’re going, you’ll be dead before you turn 18 either by murder from one of your fellow soldiers or by some untamed bullet, and cowards like us will tell your tale.”

“You call yourself a coward?” She laughed. “The only man in this world who claims to be equal to a woman; the man who has been beaten by every type of person in the world and yet still keeps talking.”

“That’s an exaggeration.”

“I know someone in my platoon who has had the pleasure of kissing your face with her fist.”

A silence descended upon their conversation. They looked at each other and understood where they were in the dialogue. “What do you want, Tsion?”

“I want you to impress me.”

“To impress you?”

“Tell me something that I haven’t heard before. Do something that I haven’t seen before.” She leaned toward him.

“I might be short and ugly, but I’m not a circus monkey.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Of course, it wasn’t.” He laid back on the bed and grabbed the fluffy pillows. “Don’t let the door hit you on your way out.”

“I get it.” Tsion stood over him. “Because you think so low of yourself, you look for some way to make people feel either inferior or guilty.”

Lucas responded while still turned away from her. “You should be proud of yourself, you just defined the Napoleon complex.”

“I made everyone in your house look stupid because I wanted to meet you. Now, you want me to walk back in there and look like a fool.”

“My condolences,” Lucas replied dryly with his eyes closed.

“I could pull those sheets off and rape you.”

Lucas abruptly turned to her with a dark smile, “And I thought you were a bore.”

“But I won’t.”

Lucas sighed, “Just when I thought you had spunk.”

“I am a gentlewoman, not a barbarian.”

“Then, why dangle such a heavy word.”

“I am here to make you an offer that you can’t refuse.”

“Don’t flatter yourself, captain. You might have had a front seat view of the goods,” he made an invisible circle with his fingers around his crotch area, “but they remain in storage.”

“Everyone has his price.”

“Is that what you’ve read in your dwarf dictionary?”

“You’re a hair over four feet ten, so that doesn’t make you a dwarf.”

“Is that what my mother told you?”

Tsion sighed, “Listen to my proposal before you reject it.”

“There is nothing that you can offer me that I want.”

“It is easier to talk to drunken soldiers on the battlefield than get across to you.”

“There’s a simple explanation. It’s not easy for a human to explain the quantum law of physics to a parrot even though it can talk. In this case, you are the parrot and I am the human.”

Tsion was rapidly becoming angry, irritated and intrigued by the audacity of the little man sitting in front of her. “Are you done?”

“Are you leaving?”

“No.”

“Then, I’m just getting warmed up.”

“Are you interested in changing the world?”

A silence stole the moment and then Lucas said, “Talk, I’m listening.”

“I have said all that I have to say.”

“You’ve said nothing!”

“I’ve said everything.” This time, Tsion smiled, “you just weren’t listening.”

Lucas paused and began tapping his fingers on his legs. Then, he stood and paced the room. With his back to Tsion, he said, “When women labeled us an endangered species, men were not the men that they are now. Yes, they were a minority in numbers, but were a majority in strength. What was brilliantly done by women was that they made it easy for men to copulate in the name of saving the world. At that time, a real man lived for sex. They hoped to find the best females, marry them and get sex from them forever, or get the younger, more productive females who were capable of birthing their offspring into the world. Then, suddenly, sex was easy, young, powerful, rich, poor and virile women start giving up intercourse because men were labeled an endangered species. With a situation like that, why wouldn’t a man starved of intercourse, not want to sit his butt and have intercourse all day? What men in the polluted world forgot is that they gave up what defined them as men and, within a few generations, lost their manhood to women and became what women used to be.”

He turned to Tsion, whose face was expressionless as she waited patiently for an answer.

Lucas massaged his head and then he asked, “Why?”

“I need a partner, an asset, not a liability.”

“Nobody will believe it.”

“I am a 15-year-old captain. I didn’t get here by giving a damn what anyone thinks.”

“It’s a long way to general.”

“The baroness, your grandmother, will be the ticket to colonel. General will be up to us.”

“Us,” Lucas said, letting the words digest. Then, he walked over to Tsion. “And love?”

“What about it?” she responded, looking directly into the shorter man’s eyes.

“Love is the only thing that will stop someone like you from strangling a short, ugly man like me after waking up next to me over and over and over again.”

“If I strangled you, then how would I become a general?”

Lucas was befuddled as he sat back down on his bed. He looked at her as though the scales had fallen from his eyes, admiring the audacious nature of her charm. “Did you plan this before you got here or was this an epiphany that hit you after being swallowed by my charm?”

“Ask me again when I am a general and I will tell you.”