

FEMME FUTURE : A Flipped World - Part 1

EX-Q-ZIT



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A Gender Role Reversal Story

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By EX-Q-ZIT

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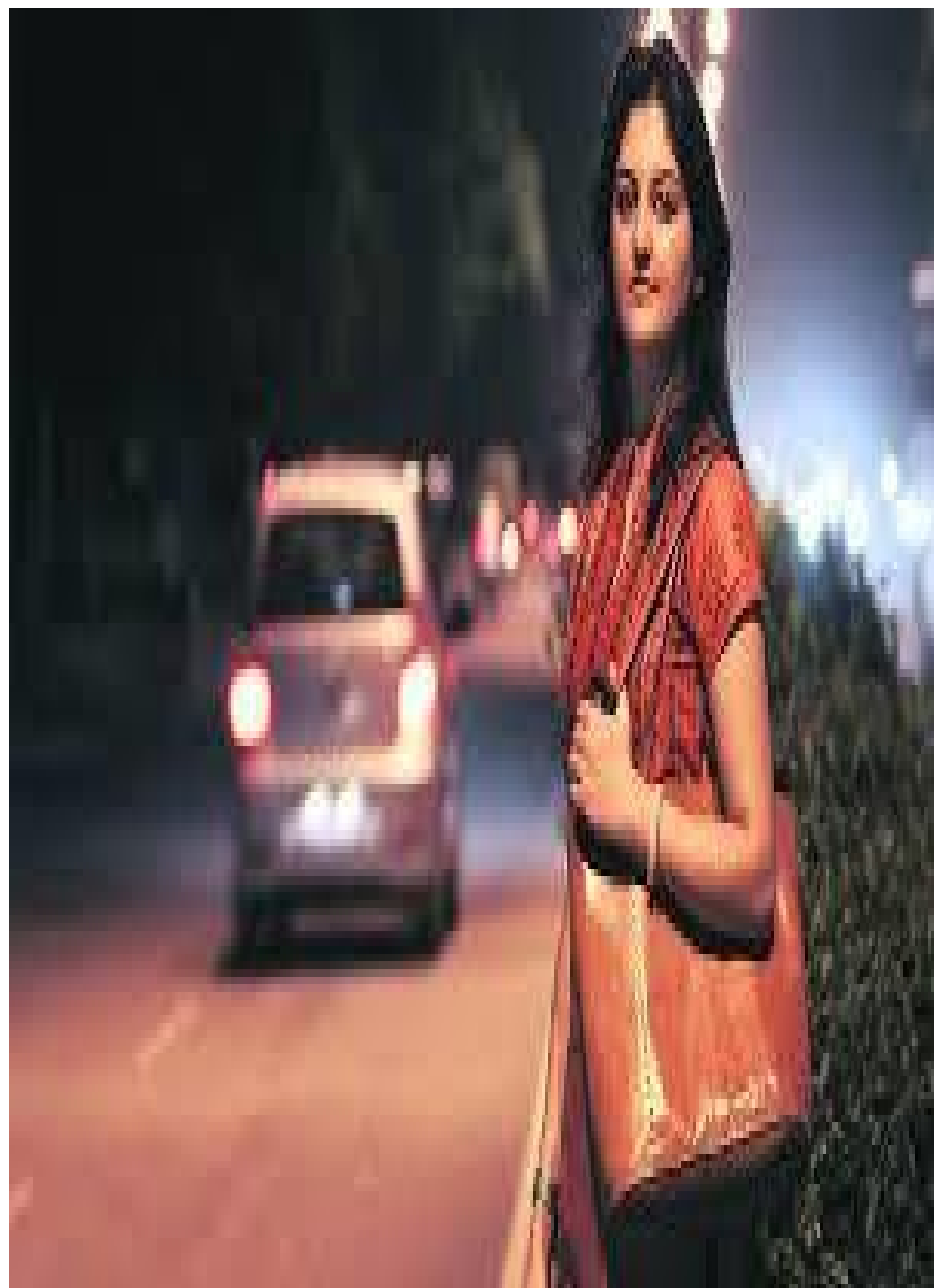
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PROLOGUE – THE START OF THE CHANGE

It was on the cold night of 19th December 2012 that changed the course and future of a country and the world later. The brutal rape of a young girl in Delhi caused a wave of protest that shook the Indian government. There were protests all over. But they turned out to be futile as successive governments and different parties failed to curb the menace. The rape rate increased all over India making India the most dangerous place for women.

But all this changed when Nara Modi took over the reins and became the Prime Minister of the country in 2014. She started a series of reforms of which the most important was no man or boy above the age of 15 can step outside their house after 5pm and before 8am unless they are accompanied by a female family member. Initially this rule was extended only to Delhi to test its success. This rule helped women to freely step out of the house even after dark.



It was seen that the rape count decreased dramatically hence it was imposed all over the country. Following this law, most male IT professionals lost their jobs and females were preferred as men could only work between 8am and 5pm. Within 3 years it was seen that more than 50% of the workforce were women. This was a huge step in women empowerment.



By the end of 2024 most bread-winners of families were women while men were more-or-less stay at home husbands. The more number of girls passing out each year with high academic grades did not help the boys any further. This meant more and more girls were being groomed to earn the bread on the table.



Most boys in the houses were taught housework from an early stage instead of girls. Girls were asked to study well and grow up to be responsible to head a family. This sudden change in social and economic dynamics of the family had a huge impact in the psyche of society. While girls grew more and more confident boys on the other hand withdrew themselves into a shell.





The courting process too had an adverse effect. Boys were becoming more reclusive and submissive and girls had to ask the boys out themselves. It was found that no matter how pretty a girl dressed she wouldn't have a boyfriend unless she asked him herself. This made girls distance themselves from make-up and cosmetics. Working women too preferred shorter hair sans make-up as it took them lesser time to get ready. Girls preferred short hair because they were involved in sports and having long hair or pierced ears seemed to be a hindrance.

<http://fashion.bhushavali.com/>



At 2025 a new organization exclusively for women was formed called Bharathi ke betiyan (BKB) which meant mother india's daughters. This was an organization which fought for women and asked its members to take the initiative in driving society forward.

By this time dynamics between men and women had changed drastically. 75% of the workforce was women with less than 10% of men in higher management. The only men given special permission to work after dark were those who worked as male nurses, air stewards as they did not have concrete working hours. Almost every family had women as primary bread-winners. Since the past 7 years there had been no male prime minister and also 80% of the politicians, lawyers, judges were now women.



Slowly changes in appearances started creeping. Now that women decided on where to date and paid for the bills they liked to show off their prized catches. So more and more boys were coerced by their girlfriends to have clean shaven legs, hands and chest. Also some liked the boys wearing shorts so that their hairless legs can be revealed.

BKB also started a new mission which was to invert the dresses. Hence most members in the association who were mothers, sisters, daughters both working and students decided to implement this at home.

Even most clothing stores and chains noticed that in the women's section sarees, skirts, chudidars etc were untouched while jeans, trousers, suits were sold at quick pace. Hence most stores removed those clothes from women's section. Kalamandir sensed this growing trend and introduced a section where they kept half-sarees and salwar-kameez for boys. They were bought within a week by their mothers and sisters.





Seeing this other stores too started selling sarees, salwars, skirts and gowns designed for men. A whole new range of cosmetics were introduced for men so that they could look well for their wives and girlfriends.



By 2027, which was about 15 years after the brutal rape, society had now settled into a new accord. 90% of the families had women as the head of the house. It was demeaning for a girl to wear sarees or salwars or skirts or make-up. Most men resisted the change but later almost all gave up and accepted it.

All marriage rituals were inverted with husbands taking their wife's last name. Young boys were made to play with dolls while girls played sports. The younger generation easily slipped into the new roles but for older men it was difficult to make the transition from pants to Patiala suits or shirts to sarees/skirts.

Another law passed by the government made it mandatory for men to have feminine names while it was vice versa for others. Men though still identified as male species were now referred to as mother, sister, wife, daughter etc. It was the reverse for women



Here are a collection of stories of how various individuals dealt with the new order.

EPISODE 1 – TRIALS OF A WORKING MAN

12 year old Subhashini who was born around the time women started dominating the world, sat on the dining table fidgeting with the plate and spoon. He was dressed in his school uniform which consisted of white shirt, green and yellow tie and shorts which ended mid-thigh. Since the shorts were short and tight most of the boys wore a wrap around modesty panel on the shorts. The modesty panel was tight at the waist but flared as it reached the knees making it look like a skirt but that seemed the norm in 2030. As his shirt was made of a thin material his banian (vest or under-shirt) was easily visible. It was one of the latest designs which fitted the wearer tightly. It ended just below his chest with a low neck. It looked very much like a bra worn by women in the olden days except that it was now called a boyra.

He was joined by his twin brother, Ashrit, on the table. She was elder than him by 2 minutes. She wore the girl's uniform which was a khakhi shirt and pant with the school tie. Her short hair was neatly combed with a side partition. As she sat she deliberately pulled Subhashini's pony tail making him squeal in fright. She too and switched from dresses to pants since a few months and loved wearing them. She relished teasing her 'younger' brother.

"Awwwww.....you beast" he shouted in pain and they both started hitting each other with their hands.

Raveena, their mother, was busy making chapati's for his children and wife. He worked as a secretary thereby wearing the company uniform which was a plain grey coloured saree with his long hair wrapped in a towel.

"Ashrit, Subhashini both of you behave yourselves else you will have it from me" he gave a veiled threat as he hurriedly prepared the breakfast.

“But, I didn’t do anything” Subhashini tried to protest.

“Ok fine, I know you are a good boy. Now like all good boys come here and help me make the chapatti” said Raveena cajoling his son. Subhashini got up dejectedly and went to his mom. He hated housework and more so when Ash was spared and he was always asked to do the chores as it was a boy’s work. Until a few months ago Subhashini wore pants and shirts but since the past 6 months he wore dresses and shorts with wraps only as that was a must for boys to gel into society. Since Subhashini was still in his formative years he could adjust to the change fairly easily.

Raveena started showing his daughter how to use the roller (belan) to roll the chapati’s into a perfect circular shape.



Until 2 years ago Raveena had been Ravi before the gender and name inversion changed him in more ways than one. He had been working as an area Manager at a Pharmaceutical company. But as the number of female higher management increased the men starting being targeted and given the pink slip. The only option he got was to rejoin as a secretary. He rejected the offer and tried unsuccessfully for a few months but younger and brighter women from top universities were preferred over him.

Finally he had to take up that offer and join as a secretary in the very company where he wielded power as a manager. When he joined the uniform for men was shorts with a wrap around panel and collarless shirts when essentially looked like a blouse-skirt combo. But within 6 months of him rejoining the company, the company decided to have a more traditional outlook and decided all male employees to adopt saree as the official office wear. Raveena wanted to quit but he couldn't as he was the only bread winner of the family. He and his then wife, Sunanda, were of a traditional mindset and believed the man needs to go out to work while the woman stayed at home while the whole world was working the other way around. Many of Sunanda's friends who had already started working tried to reason with her but it didn't seem to work.

Just then Sunanda who now went by the name Nanda joined her family at the dinner table. She was dressed in her work clothes which was a white shirt with navy blue suit-trousers. Her hair was styled into what was now called feminine fashion, which was actually a crew cut with side partition. Nanda checked the time in her rolex watch, which actually belonged to Ravi before the dress inversion, and sat at the table. Raveena saw his husband and frowned.

The reason for Raveena's disappointment was due to what Nanda had done a month ago.

Sunanda had noticed her husband's morale being down due to not earning sufficiently and also being sexually harassed at work. She decided enough is enough and secretly started applying for jobs. She attended a few interviews but never made it through even though she fared well in them. Eventually she learnt that it was because she attended them still wearing sarees and that was seen as a weakness and a person who is weak cannot be in management was the logic behind her rejection.

As a result Sunanda did a whirlwind shopping. She used to earlier ignore the looks of disgust from fellow women and go into the men's section to buy sarees for herself but for the first time she went to the women's section and tried a few double breasted suits and matching ties. It was the first time she wore anything remotely masculine in her life.



She went to a barber (all women now went to barbers while men visited beauty parlours) and got a close hair-cut. But she also purchased a long black wig to mask her disguise.



The change in Nanda seemed to work and she was offered a role as a HR manager although she had less than desirable experience. The interviewer recognized the passion and hunger for success and Nanda was taken on board.

That night Nanda and Raveena had a heated argument regarding the same. Raveena was adamant that Nanda shouldn't work which pissed off Nanda as she found Raveena irrational due to his chauvinistic views. Finally she was frustrated and landed the knockout punch.

“Look Ravi, you need to come out of your delusion and understand the realities of the world. If you still insist in being a dinosaur then I have no other choice than divorce” she threatened him. They had already officially changed their names a few months back although at home they still called themselves by their birth names.

With the new laws passed by the government a woman can get a divorce without any procedural delay and all the Wife's assets would automatically become the husband's. Also the custody of the children would be given to the father. That meant that Raveena would be left on the streets being penniless. Raveena knew he had no other choice than accept Nanda going for work.

Nanda could sense a tinge of jealousy in Raveena's eyes as she sat at the dining table and read the newspaper. Raveena felt like Nanda had usurped his space. Raveena and Subhashini finished cooking the chapathis and brought them to the table.

“Mummy, look at these chapathis which I have made. They are round in shape” said Subhashini proudly showing the chapathis he made to Nanda. It bought a

huge smile on Nanda's face.

“Awww..... that's great darling. You will make a perfect husband in future. But dear, remember that you should call me Daddy not Mummy” Nanda said planting a kiss on his son’s cheek. Subhashini immediately cleaned his cheek with his hand bending his head feeling shy but also proud of his achievement.

“Sorry.....errrr.....Daddy. I will try to remember it” Subhashini told his father sheepishly.

Raveena felt like his stomach twisted as he would have told the same thing to Ashrita if the world hadn’t changed. But he also had mixed feelings towards his daughter. He was happy on one side that Subhashini wouldn’t have to feel the humiliation of transition from pants to skirts as he has already started off in skirts from childhood so it would seem normal and natural for him. But on the other hand Subhashini would never know the feeling of being a “MAN” in his lifetime.

Raveena was still coming to terms with the change in dynamics within the family. Even when he wore a saree and went to work Nanda used to do the household chores as she was a housewife. But now that she was also working and in fact earning thrice as much as him the household chores landed on his shoulders which he performed reluctantly.

Ashrit and Subhashini started eating while Raveena worked on Subhashini’s hair pulling it into a neat pony tail.



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Raveena noticed that he was getting late for office as he was supposed to be in early that day as he was assigned to a new manager. He skipped breakfast and worked on styling his wig and putting on make-up.

Nanda too left early in the car as she was supposed to join her new company. Raveena came down to see the children wearing their blazers and shoes. While Ashrit wore black leather shoes with laces to be tied, Subhashini was wearing mary janes. Raveena slipped into his 2 inch heeled open toe slippers.

Raveena quickly took both of them to the end of the road waiting for the school bus. As the school bus arrived he waved the children goodbye and walked towards the bus stop. As it was the rush hour the bus stop was full of men and women. Raveena looked around sadly as he found the men and women dressed in their 'normal' attires. Men wearing saree or salwars while women wore pant and trousers. It could be clearly seen on the men faces that they were still to come in terms with the loss of power while the women relished the situation.

There were a few college girls who ogled at the boys and passed lewd comments at them. Raveena noticed them looking at him too and he automatically adjusted his pallu over his chest much to their amusement.



Finally the bus came putting a stop to Raveena's train of thoughts. Immediately there was commotion as people scampered to catch some space in the bus. Most of the men rushed towards the front door as the first few seats were reserved for men. Raveena who was still not used completely to wearing a sari somehow climbed on to the bus but couldn't find a seat to sit down so he had to complete the ride standing. The bus was full of passengers with everyone breathing on each other's neck literally.

As Raveena weathered the ride with one hand holding the railing tightly for support and the other hand holding his handbag securely. Suddenly he felt a hand stroking his groin every time the bus driver applied the brakes.

Raveena turned around to find a couple of girls behind him who both seemed pretty normal. This happened a few times much to Raveena's annoyance who literally had tears in his eyes. If it was a few years ago he would have crushed the girls like insects but wearing what was erstwhile feminine attire and adopting feminine body language had seeped away all his male aggression rendering him weak and submissive.

But he wiped his tears and gathered some courage by retrieving a safety pin from his handbag. The next time the driver applied the brake and the predator's hand came close to his groin Raveena immediately poked the hand with the pin. Surprisingly he didn't hear any sounds from the girls and turned around and saw that one of the girls face was red in pain and she had put her hand in her mouth sucking the place which was poked by the pin. Raveena looked at her with disgust while she gave sheepish looks.

Luckily the bus stopped at Raveena's office and he immediately got down with his heart beating fast. He walked briskly inside his office. As he was walking towards his desk when he came across Deepika who came in the opposite

direction. She was his previous manager who threatened to fire him if he didn't return her sexual favours. She had emailed him a 8 inch dildo saying she is dying to put it inside him. This was the catalyst that made Nanda search for a job.

Deepika looked at him with lust which Raveena conveniently ignored and went to his desk putting his handbag beside his chair and logged into his work station. As he was checking his emails he got a call from his new manager.

"Hello, Mrs. Atluri. This is your new manager" Raveena heard the voice from the other side mention him by his surname. Actually his wife's surname. As per the government's set of rules passed the previous year's men were supposed to take their wives surname after marriage. Also since men were supposed to be aggressive which was dangerous for society they were barred from driving unless given a surety by a female member of the family.

"Ye.....yes Ma'm." Raveena said stammering wondering about the familiarity of the voice.

"Please can you get a cup of green tea with lemon?" asked the voice.

"Pleasure Ma'm. Will be there shortly" he said noting down the instruction.



Raveena prepared the tea and took it to his boss. His boss was sitting with his chair turned in the opposite direction.

Raveena placed the tea cup on the desk.

“Ma’m, your green tea as you asked” he said softly looking at the person curiously.

The boss turned around revealing herself shaking Raveena from within. It was none other than Nanda. She was the new manager under whom Raveena was supposed to work.

“Surpriseeeeeeeeeeeee.....” she said with a huge smile. Raveena stood there like a doll. There were so many questions running in his mind.

“I applied in many companies and as fate would have it finally landed in your company and they were kind enough to assign you to me so that no one can lay their eyes on my boy” she said stressing him as boy. Raveena wanted to scream his lungs out in anger and frustration but just stood silently. They were interrupted by a phone call which Nanda got and she spoke on the phone in between asking Raveena to continue with his work.

In this way Raveena finally became his wife’s secretary. Nanda earned a few certifications within the first few months and gradually a earned a promotion by one year. She asked Raveena to quit his job and stay at home full time as she was once again pregnant with twins. Raveena would have his hands full looking after

her and nursing the children once they were born.

Years passed by and Raveena found himself busy running around amongst the commotion. His elder daughter Subhashiniini was getting married. By now Raveena had fully settled into his role as a wife and mother in the society. Sarees were now natural to him and almost like second skin. He could not even imagine his husband Nanda or son Ashrit in a saree as it felt ridiculous. He saw his daughter getting married and as the groom, Ankit, tied the mangalsutra around the bride's neck it felt so natural and correct. Raveena's eyes were filled tears of happiness as his princess was now officially a wife.

EPISODE 2 – BECOMING THE BOYFRIEND

It was the year 2025 when BKB was in it's initial stages. The dress inversion was not yet common then. Women were already the breadwinners but many women still wore sarees while men and boys still wore pants.

Ashish was a 17 year old boy studying in his 12th Std (2nd year PUC). Ashish was handsome and fair having a decent female following in college mostly due to being the college cricket team captain. He had Sushma as his current girlfriend who was a beautiful girl who lead a band of five girls who were called 'The Mean Girls'.



Ashish was a child of a single parent. His father had died when he was young and his mother, Veena, who worked as an administrative clerk in a private firm had raised him alone. Although Veena didn't earn much she saw to it that Ashish never felt the loss of his father and fulfilled all his needs.

Sushma too was a rich and spoilt brat who loved wearing fashionable clothes and lived to a fancy lifestyle. While her friends were middle class girls who were with Sushma due to her money.

Everything changed with the arrival of Deepika in their college. Deepika had short hair and always wore shirts and trousers. She was very athletic due to training out regularly in the gym. Deepika represented the state in the women's cricket team. She was an active member of BKB just like her mother.





She joined mid-term due to the transfer of her mother's job. Deepika's father, Rajesh, used to be a civil engineer but lost his job a few months back in the recession which was termed as mancession as it was mainly men that lost their jobs. Her mother Ratna was a lawyer who was now the breadwinner of the house. Ratna had always been a women's rights activist with her ideology tilting towards feminism. Deepika had a 12 year old sister called Khushi who idolised her elder sister.

Ratna asked Rajesh to be a homemaker atleast till he got a job which hurt Rajesh's male ego. They had a huge fight which ended in Rajesh packing his bags and leaving the house.

As fate would have it Deepika and Ashish were made as partners for a project work which was supposed to be made by pairs. This increased their closeness much to Sushma's annoyance. Deepika was a very confident girl who had an air of arrogance about her. She had trained in martial arts and had trashed a few boys when they were eve teasing. Ashish seemed to be attracted to her by the day but he hesitated to let his feelings out.

Deepika seemed to draw Ashish's attention every time she was near him. Sushma too noticed this and seethed in anger. Since she wasn't able to control his attention she decided to channel her anger on Deepika like she had done earlier.

She got her opportunity when Sushma and her sidekicks caught Deepika alone in the college toilet. Sushma abused Deepika verbally and once again lunged towards Deepika but got easily tackled them on to the ground. The other girls too tried to attack her but were easily defeated by Deepika's superior strength.

“Listen kids.....I have never ever bothered you but people seem to enjoy bullying others. If you ever dare try to bully me or any other girl I shall break your bones” Deepika snarled angrily as Sushma and her friends escaped from there with their tails between their legs.

With each day Deepika seemed to exude a glow and exuberance which seemed to attract Ashish continuously. Finally Deepika took the initiative and one day when she caught Ashish alone and took him by literally dragging to a coffee shop nearby.

They both sat near an empty table and when the waiter came Deepika took the initiative before Ashish and placed the order. Then she looked at Ashish and smiled at him which melted his heart.

“Hi Ashish, how are you doing? It’s been a long time since we decided on going for a date and finally we have our mini date” said Deepika looking straight into his eyes.

Ashish immediately lowered his eyes partly due to embarrassment of double crossing her and partly due to getting intimidated by Deepika’s confidence.

“Ashish, I like you and would like to go out with you” Deepika went to the point cutting out all the unnecessary talk.

“But I.....” he tried to answer but Deepika cut him off.

“Look Ashish, don’t give me lame excuses. I can clearly see in your eyes that you like me. Don’t worry about Sushma, she will not bother us” Deepika said confidently. Ashish thought about it. He knew himself that he no longer liked Sushma and as the college cricket captain he wanted a hot girl like Deepika by his arm.

He smiled and held Deepika’s hand in affirmation. The waiter brought the bill but before Ashish could pay Deepika took it and paid it leaving Ashish confused.



“Don’t worry, you will have many more chances later” she smiled making him smile too.

With that Deepika and Ashish made their relationship public. Sushma was like a train wreck. She tried all tactics with Ashish but none worked. She cried buckets and finally after a couple of months she slowly started socialising. She came across Deepika a couple of times but avoided her due to Deepika’s superior physical strength and martial arts prowess.

In the meantime Deepika and Ashish’s relationship blossomed but it left Ashish confused as Deepika seemed to lead the relationship. She decided the place to date, planned the dates, paid the bills and took all the decisions making Ashish look like a mute spectator.

But the turning point of their relationship came a few weeks later. The event was the College Socials evening. Every year the college organised a Social dance which was to be attended in pairs (similar to a prom in the US).

Ashish told his mother that he would be attending the event with Deepika. Veena was happy for her son. She always desired to have a daughter but since she didn’t have a daughter she had decided to treat her future daughter-in-law as the daughter she never had. Hence Veena spent Rs. 75,000, which was a huge amount for her, on a beautiful saree so that Deepika could wear it for the event.

Ashish informed Deepika about the same.

“Are you kidding? Me and a saree?” she laughed hysterically.

“What’s so funny?” he asked half confused and half irritated.

“Ashish, I am not wearing a saree to the Socials. I intend to wear a tux which I have selected too” she said showing a picture on her mobile.

“But, how can you wear a tux to the event? Aren’t girls supposed to wear sarees for the event?” asked Ashish sounding a bit confused.

“Absolutely not, it just says one partner needs to be in saree and other in suit. It doesn’t specify which gender needs to wear what. I have decided to wear a tux so that means my partner needs to wear a saree” Deepika informed with an air of arrogance almost making Ashish faint.

“WHAAAAAAT? Are you nuts? Me and saree? No way” he screamed angrily.

“I am not forcing you to wear the saree your mother bought. It’s your decision” replied Deepika making him more angry.

“Who do you think I am? I am the college cricket captain. I shall have girls queuing to come with me. Do you think I am desperate to comply with your whims and fancies?” he said with a shade of arrogance and sarcasm.

“You can choose who your date will be and what you want to wear but if you

choose to attend the event with me then you have only one choice of what to wear. It's up to you" said Deepika and left from there without hearing his reply.

There was only a little more than a week left for the event and most of the girls were already paired and even decided what to wear.

The next news spread like wildfire that Deepika and Ashish had fallen out and as a result both were dateless. Ashish ran from pillar to post but none of the girls were interested in pairing with him mainly due to the sympathy on Sushma after what he had done to her.

Finally Ashish gave up and decided to swallow the ignominy and skip the event altogether. He told his mother the same.

"You want me to return the saree? No way, it was bought on a non-refundable basis else it would have cost me a whopping 1 lakh. It's your problem to like a girl who doesn't dress like a girl so now you need to deal with it.



“But mom.....” Ashish desperately tried to reason with his mother but she wouldn’t have any of it.

“Don’t but Mom me, You have 3 options. Firstly pay me the money back or find someone who will wear it or.....” she paused as Ashish listened intently as to what the remaining option was.

“Or else you will wear it” Veena dropped the bomb calmly on her son who listened in shock.

Ashish once again tried to find a partner but failed to find any. He even fell on Sushma’s feet who brushed aside. Ashish as a last resort went back to Deepika. He pleaded with her to wear the saree only once but she was adamant.

“Why should I wear a saree and not you” she countered him.

“Because I am a boy and you are a girl and it is women that wore sarees since hundreds of years” he tried to justify.

“That’s no reason. Sati too happened for hundreds of years but it was abolished, untouchability was practiced for hundreds of years and it was wrong. Just because something happened for a long time doesn’t automatically become right. Why shouldn’t a man wear a saree? Convince me and I shall gladly wear it for

you” Deepika said leaning back on the chair. Beads of sweat formed on Ashish’s forehead.

“Because women look beautiful in it” he said which didn’t even convince himself leave alone convincing Deepika.

“Well, you will also look gorgeous in a saree with the right make-up and accessories” pat came the retort from Deepika making Ashish’s face go red.

“Because.....because.....” Ashish didn’t know what to say.

“I shall tell you why. It’s because men cleverly made women dress in clothes that required lots of maintenance. They floored the women by describing the women as beautiful, soft, delicate, shy slowly rebuilding their mental psyche. It’s true all over the world in every culture. In western culture too women wore long gowns with cinched waists making it impractical for everyday work thereby reducing them to homemakers while men wore more practical clothes hence letting them go out to work. Men deliberately made clothes define a person’s gender. That’s the dark secret” explained Deepika having read various articles about the ways men had subjugated women.

Ashish sat there at loss of words. He had never given a thought for this as clothes were the last thing in his mind to ever read or even think about.

“OK fine, I shall give you one last chance to convince me to wear the saree. If you win I shall wear the saree without any qualms but if you lose then you will do the same” Deepika gave Ashish a final chance.

“Since you believe it’s inferior for a man to wear a saree thereby implying women are inferior to men.....” she gave a dramatic pause as Ashish listened anxiously.

“If you can prove that you are superior to me then I shall do as you say” she said. Ashish didn’t understand what she meant.

“We both shall have an arm wrestling contest. Prove that you are stronger than me by defeating me” Deepika challenged him. Ashish felt relieved hearing it. Being a sportsperson he was confident that he defeat her easily and readily accepted the challenge but taking another verbal confirmation from her that she will keep her word.

They both started the contest which proved a herculean task for Ashish. He used all his might but couldn’t even bend Deepika’s arm by a degree. Deepika had a smile on her face all the while which seemed to seep away his confidence. After some time Deepika decided it was time to end the match and she bent his hand in one swift smooth action.



Ashish winced in pain for a few moments holding his arm but when he saw Deepika smirking he realised the rut he had got into.

“Now what do you say?” she asked him with a wicked grin.

“Well....well... it was pure luck. Moreover i am a lefty so my actual strength is in my left hand” he gave an excuse.

“OK, Iron man, I shall give you 2 more chances. Use whichever hand you want. Even if you can win one time I shall concede defeat” she gave him a bumper offer.

In fact they wrestled a total of 5 times with Ashish losing all 5 times.

“So the dust has settled. You shall accompany me to the dance dolled up in a beautiful saree. I shall pick you up at 5 on Friday which is still a week away” declared Deepika.

“No way. I am not going to the dance with you. Get lost, do whatever you want” he yelled at her and walked away.

“Once again you have proved that men are mentally weak, non-trustworthy and inferior” she exclaimed to herself.

The next day being a weekend Veena was at home. Ashish had gone out to see if he can persuade any girl to the dance. The doorbell rang and Veena opened the door to find a attractive girl standing in front of her.

Deepika introduced herself as the girl who was dating Ashish. Veena was taken aback as she didn't expect the sudden visitor. As she invited Deepika inside she observed her top to bottom. Deepika with her short hair and t-shirt-jeans combo looked like a young boy on the verge of puberty.

Deepika quickly struck a chord with Veena and within no time they were laughing by cracking jokes. Deepika asked Veena to tag along for a meeting she was attending. Veena was a bit reluctant but Deepika successfully persuaded Veena to attend the BKB meeting.

Veena attended the meeting which was graced by women across the social strata. Veena listened to the ideas and views in amazement as she was listening to various things from a new perspective.

Veena attended a whole day workshop the next day too which gave her an insight of BKB's agenda and also the severe manipulation that women had endured in the hands of men since time immemorial. Although Deepika didn't succeed in getting Veena inducted in BKB as a member she was successful in gaining Veena's support in convincing Ashish to attend the Socials in a saree.

So that evening, Ashish was surprised to see his mother and Deepika come home together.

She informed him that she had decided that Ashish would attend the Social in the saree that she had bought. She had always yearned for a daughter and could finally realise her dream in this way.



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But it came as a huge setback for Ashish as he had finally managed to convince Sushma to forgive him and attend the dance with him. Now his mother's announcement threw a spanner in the works.

"But Mom, I have managed to get another partner who is willing to wear the saree you bought. I have fulfilled my end of the deal" he said appearing frantic.

"Yes, but you haven't fulfilled your end of the deal with Deepika" Ashish gulped on hearing it.

"But Mom, how can I wear a saree to the dance. I will be a laughing stock. My whole reputation will be ruined" he pleaded.

"You should have thought about that before you challenged Deepika. She defeated you fair and square and has the right to get what she wants. Moreover wearing a saree for a night wouldn't make you a woman and your reputation shouldn't be something that would be so brittle that it would get destroyed for such a small thing. Many men before you have crossdressed in history. Neither will you be the first nor the last" stated Veena.

"Please Mom....." Ashish literally had tears in his eyes.

"No please no excuses. Now come stand here" said Veena and started taking a few measurements around Ashish's neck, shoulders, chest and arms. As Veena rattled off a few numbers Deepika jotted them down on a piece of paper gleefully.

After having dinner with the mother-son duo Deepika left for the night promising to meet Ashish the next day.

Ashish entered the college campus hardly having slept a wink the previous night. His mother had ordered him to let Sushma know about his unavailability to be her partner.

Sushma came to him excitedly and showed him a few sarees she was looking at for wearing at the Socials. Ashish was sweating as he didn't understand how to let the cat out of the bag.

As he was wondering how to tell her Deepika came there and held his waist and pulled him near her and kissed him on his cheek. Sushma looked in disbelief.

“Have you told her darling?” she asked him. Ashish remained silent.

“Oh you haven't told her yet” she asked him teasingly.

“What is it?” Sushma asked suspiciously.

“You will not be going with Ashi for the Socials because he will be going with

me” she stressed calling Ashish as Ashi. Ashish hated being called as Ashi. Sushma was enraged and asked Ashish if it’s true. Ashish just lowered his head in shame. Sushma tried to slap Ashish in anger but Deepika caught her hand and twisted it. Sushma winced in pain. Deepika pushed her hard making her fall on the ground.

“Listen bitch, this is my boy. Don’t you dare lay a finger on him” Deepika said menacingly. Sushma felt intimidated and left from there in tears.

That night Ashish got his first training for the Socials. Veena and Deepika asked him to wear a white cotton saree.

“What’s the need for that?” asked Ashish.

“It is a must Ashi darling. You need to get comfortable wearing a saree so that you don’t trip and fall in public thereby making a fool out of yourself” Deepika spelt out the reason.

“As if I wouldn’t be making myself a fool in front of the whole college by going in a saree” he said sarcastically.

“We don’t have time for your jokes. Now strip down and wear this petticoat” she handed him the clothes. Ashish tried to resist but the two women literally undressed him. Ashish was made to wear the white petticoat, and then he wore the bra though he struggled to put the hooks for which Veena helped him. She explained him how to put it by himself the next time. Next he was made to wear a blouse. Deepika felt a rush of blood as she saw Ashish the Great Cricket Team Captain wearing a saree. Veena next started draping the saree around her son

explaining the intricacies and techniques of a perfect drape. Ashish stood like a mannequin.







Once the saree was draped Deepika affixed a wig on his hair finishing the transformation. Ashish looked into the mirror and his stomach twisted. He did make a convincing girl though on the manlier side.

The two women spent some time teaching Ashish how to carry the saree. He was asked to always remember that the pallu doesn't slip away revealing his ripe 'breasts'. He was taught how to walk, sit and stand like a girl does.

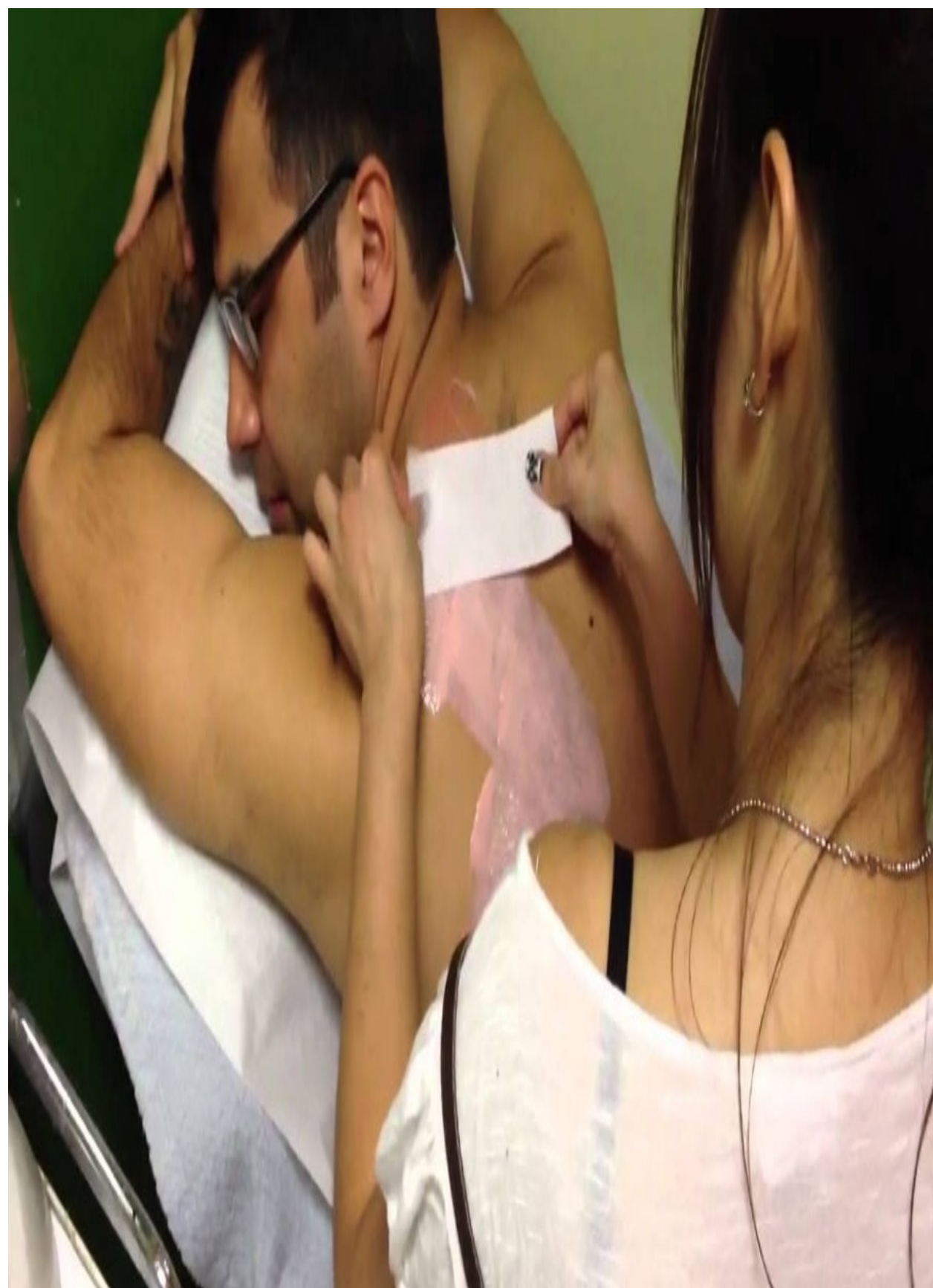
Veena felt like a dream come true. She had her own 'daughter' and captured the moment with a cute selfie.



Over the next 4 days Ashish wore sarees on every evening and night. He looked like a living corpse. Unintentionally he lost a few kilos making him look slimmer. Every time he heard any girls in his college discussing about what sarees they were wearing he had a sneaking feeling they were doing it to tease him. Sushma was seething with anger whenever she saw him.

Finally the D-day arrived. Veena had taken a day off from office to prepare her son for his Socials. In the afternoon both mother-son duo left for an undisclosed location. Ashish understood that they were in for a session at a beauty parlour when Veena stopped her Honda Activa bike in front of the parlour. Ashish developed cold feet when asked to go inside. Veena assured him that the parlour owner was her friend and veena had told her that Ashish was playing a role of a female lead in a college drama.

They went inside and luckily there were hardly any customers apart from them. He was started on with waxing on his chest, back, hands, legs and threading on his eyebrows.



As he screamed with each strip being removed all the girls seemed to be amused as they felt he understood how women felt.

He was given a full beauty treatment which included facial, manicure and pedicure. Artificial finger nails were added to his fingers and painted cherry red. His face was made-up with foundation, blush, mascara, fake eyelashes and red lipstick. As Ashish reeled in the after-effects suddenly his ears and nose were pierced.

“Hey, what are you doing?” he asked the staff angrily.

“Don’t worry Ashu, once today’s event is over you can remove the studs and the holes will fill by themselves” Veena explained to her son. Ashish kept quiet deciding not to make a scene as he was more worried as to what everyone at college would think looking at him.

“Do you want me to affix a wig to him?” asked the parlour girl.

“No, it’s ok just style his hair so that it looks natural” suggested Veena. The girl sprayed water into his hair and styled it using curlers and a blow dryer.

With everything else done the only thing left was his costume for the evening.

Ashish flatly refused to wear a saree and go out in public but Veena convinced him that with his arched eyebrows, make-up and hairstyle he will look like a

freak if he went out dressed as a boy.

Veena took him to a room within the parlour and made him wear a petticoat. Ashish himself put on the bra with ease. He was made to wear a maroon blouse with gold, pink and white designs. It fit him perfectly as Veena had already taken his measurements. Finally a green designer silk saree with mango prints was draped on to him.

As per Deepika's taste Veena added minimum jewellery with just a couple of bangles in each hand and a large necklace to go with the saree.

Finally when Ashish was taken to the full length mirror he was stunned as earlier at home whenever he saw the mirror when he was dressed in a saree. Although he was dressed like a girl he could still see a boy dressed like a girl. But now the image that he saw in the mirror was actually of that of a girl and not a boy dressed as a girl.



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Veena paid the hefty bill and stepped out of the parlour with her son in tow. Ashish looked like a lamb going for slaughter. He was made to sit single side and go home as a pillion rider as his mother rode the Honda Activa. On one side he felt he might fall down as he had never sat on a single side in a two wheeler let alone in a saree. He feared being recognised by people as a boy in drag but fortunately it didn't happen though he made heads turn as people saw a beautiful girl with her mother.

Ashish spent the next one hour in his room twiddling the edge of his pallu with his fingers. He was dreading how everyone at college would react seeing him on Deepika's arm in a saree.

Finally Deepika arrived at Veena's home dressed smartly in a black tux and neatly combed hair. She had a bunch of red roses in her hand. Veena welcomed her warmly and gave her son a shout. Ashish came down the stairs hanging his head in shame. Deepika was blown away by what she saw as she didn't expect her date to be so beautiful.

She showered him with praises and handed the flowers to him which was captured by Veena in her camera. Veena kissed her son goodbye.

Deepika had bought her mother's car for the ride to college. Deepika like a lady opened the car door for her gentleman. Ashish sat in the car brushing his saree behind him and holding the pallu forward as he was taught the past couple of days.

As Deepika started the car and drove towards the college Ashish made one last attempt to convince Deepika to abandon the plan. He pleaded with her, shouted

at her but nothing seemed to work.



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Finally they reached the college and Deepika promptly got down and opened the door for her man.

As they reached the main auditorium they saw many students who took a few moments to recognise the new couple and when they recognised it was followed by huge laughter. Ashish hung his head in shame as his face went pale. He knew his reputation was in tatters beyond repair.

When Sushma saw the couple she laughed her head off almost falling on the ground.

“Listen, everyone we have a new girl in town” she announced loudly followed by laughs, jeers and claps. Deepika sensed tears in Ashish’s eyes.

“Listen bitch, if you make my date shed a drop of tear the rest of the evening I shall tear you to shreds” Deepika growled angrily “And.....this goes for everyone else too”.

With that warning it shut everyone out though they still laughed behind Ashish’s back. Many girls who were rejected by Ashish were happy for his plight while the boys who had always been jealous of him relished the situation he was forced into.

The college lecturers and Principal were not surprised to find the role reversed couple as Deepika had convinced the Principal, who herself had radical feministic views, to give them permission. Deepika and Ashish were the center

of attraction at the dance as they danced.

Ashish's butt had become red by the end of the night as boys pinched his butt everytime they could reach it.

Finally at the end of the dance most of the couples slipped to different parts of the campus as was the routine. Every boy would fondle his girl's breasts, both share kisses.

Deepika too dragged her date to an empty laboratory. Ashish was worried he would trip and fall down while running in the saree. It was Ashish's dream to have the light sex with his girl but now he was in the position of the girl as Deepika showered him with kisses, licking, biting and caressing his chest and butts. Ashish was in a daze not knowing how to react.

Luckily the next two days were weekend so Ashish didn't have to go to college. He switched off his phone as he didn't want to pick any calls as he knew he would be teased and mocked at.

The dreaded Monday came and he was forced to go to college. As he entered the classroom he was welcomed with laughter, whistles and cat calls. Ashish went towards the boys benches but none of the boys allowed him to sit with them and as he stood there one of the girls made some space and asked him to sit with them. Ashish didn't want to but the lecturer entered the classroom leaving no other way but to sit with the girls. He turned around in between to see Deepika sitting amongst the boys. She gave him a wide grin making him squirm.

He kept silent until lunch and dashed out immediately after the bell. He went to the canteen and sat near an empty table. He put his hands on the table and rested his head on it.

“How is the new girl in town doing? What happened to you? Have your monthly visitor come to town?” he heard a familiar voice. He lifted his head to find Sushma with her friends. He felt a chill down his spine as he knew how spiteful Sushma would be after he stabbed her twice in the back. He repented every moment for the past few days for choosing Deepika over Sushma.

“It’s OK, don’t worry darling. It’s common for us GIRLS. Don’t have your (sanitary) napkin. Don’t worry, take this” she said and threw a pad at him. Ashish’s face turned red and he walked away from there briskly.

“It’s good, I didn’t have a relationship with you as I am not a lesbian. I found a man for me” he heard give a parting shot which filled his eyes with tears.



Over the next week his life had turned into a living hell with Sushma and others throwing verbal barbs at him whenever Deepika wasn't around. In a way he felt protected around Deepika's presence as he wouldn't be targeted then.

On Friday he went to the cricket ground for his practice session to learn that he had been kicked out of the team as they didn't want a sissy in the team.

He went home dejected to find his mother at home. Veena was getting ready for another BKB meeting. She had now been attending those meetings regularly and there was a gradual shift in her thought process. For the first time in his life Ashish saw his mother in an attire other than a saree. She was wearing a cream colour t-shirt and blue jeans. Her hair too was cut into a bob cut hairstyle.

She learnt from Ashish what happened to him after the dance and consoled him that she was sure her boy would rise up from the ashes as one failure cannot knock him out. She gave her example as to how she was able to withstand when her husband had died and she was left with a 6 month old baby in her lap. She advised him to take the problem from the scruff of the neck and put it to rest.



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After Veena left Ashish decided it was time to take action and reclaim his lost life.

He immediately sent Deepika a text message that he was breaking up with her. Deepika called him back instantaneously but he didn't pick the call. Deepika called him around 15-20 times but he didn't respond. He felt a sadistic pleasure seeing Deepika call him so many times and smiled victoriously. He felt a new enthusiasm fill his mind and heart. He whistled joyfully and put on the TV.

He received a text message from Deepika challenging him.

“If you are a man and have the guts then break-up with me by telling on my face tomorrow morning in the gym”.

Ashish felt a bit intimidated but he gathered himself and replied back accepting the challenge. He slept peacefully that night after a long time rising up early next morning. He wanted to break-up with Deepika and go back to being the stud that he was.

He entered the gym and went to the girls section. Deepika was grunting hard as pumped iron. Ashish stood there with his jaw wide open as he saw Deepika lift heavy weights with ease and how her muscles had developed.



Deepika saw him and stopped her exercise. She wiped the sweat with a towel and came towards him. She thrust her hand forward and said “Good Morning”.

Ashish too thrust his hand forward for a handshake. He felt the stiff grip of Deepika stiffen a lot more as he felt his hand crush like it was put in a sugarcane machine. Deepika released her hand and Ashish saw that his hand was trembling and had become beetroot red. Ashish suddenly felt weak and overwhelmed. But he put a brave face and decided to utter the words he had rehearsed tens of times in front of the mirror at home.

“Dee.....Dee....Deepika, I.....I...don’t think I can go out wi.....with you. W.....we bo....both don’t suit each other. So....so let’s break-up” he stammered as Deepika stifled a laugh. Having accomplished his task he turned round to leave but was stopped by Deepika.

“Wait, wait baba. What’s the hurry? You want to end our relationship right. That’s fine with me but I have one condition” said Deepika.

“What condition?” he asked her suspiciously.

“It’s not very complicated. I have shot a short film. All you need to do is watch with me right here right now” Deepika said with a broad smile. Ashish was confused as to what the connection was between breaking up and watching a short film. But he was ready to do anything to run away from her so he agreed.

Deepika looked at another girl and nodded who in turn switched on a TV and

started playing a video from a pen drive. It initially showed a dark and empty laboratory for a few moments but later on it brightened due to the light being switched in the lab. Then a young couple entered the screen. Ashish who was watching it with the least interest suddenly felt all his hair standing straight up as he recognised the boy and girl. The boy was him and girl was Deepika in fact it was the other way round, the girl in the screen was him wearing a saree and boy was Deepika wearing a tux. The scene was the one that Deepika had spent with him after the Socials. As Ashish saw in shock and disbelief as Deepika on the screen started kissing Ashish playing the role of a boy perfectly.

“I am thinking about having this movie released on Facebook and Youtube. Won’t it be a blockbuster. You will become a sensation overnight. Who knows, there is a chance some producer may even offer you a chance in a movie” Deepika teased him as Ashish shivered in fright on learning that she planned to make the video public. He knew that if that happened he will become a laughing stock not just in college but all over the social space.

“Please don’t do that” he begged her as Deepika smiled as she got the expected reaction from her prey.

“Why should I listen to you? Are you my father, brother or atleast my boyfriend? Why should I bother about a stranger” she asked with a complaining tone but Ashish got the underlying message and his face turned pale as he realised he was now caught in a web from which he cannot come out. If he had to escape from public humiliation he will have to continue being her boyfriend.

“I am sorry for what I said earlier. I will continue to be your boyfriend” he apologised to Deepika.

“How can I believe you? I have lost my trust on you” she asked him. Ashish

remained silent not knowing what to say.

“Fine, I shall give you a chance. But you need to prove your loyalty and trustworthiness. For that you will do as I say without any questions. Is that clear?” stated Deepika as Ashish listened silently.

“I asked is that clear?” Deepika asked again sternly.

“Yes” Ashish answered softly.

“Good. Then as starting step I want you to do the housework starting today” said Deepika surprising Ashish.

“What? You want me to do housework? But why?” he asked looking confused.

“Because you have become a lazy bum. Aunty (In India even women without any relation are referred to as Aunty and men as Uncle) sadly has to work as well as do all the work and I know how hectic it is. I want you to understand and respect what your mother does. Also remember when I say you need to do the housework I mean everything. Right from cooking, cleaning, washing dishes, laundry and maintaining the house. Your mother needn’t come home after a tired and busy day to slog again at home. Am I clear?” Deepika said with a serious tone.

“Yes” Ashish said sadly.

That evening Veena came home to find the kitchen like a warzone. Ashish had tried to cook a meal and ended in a disaster. Initially Veena was angry with her son for doubling her work but on learning that he was trying to help her she was overwhelmed. She even called up Deepika and thanked her for instilling a sense of responsibility in her son unaware of the actual reason behind it.

Veena and Ashish cleaned the kitchen and Veena gave him a mini induction of housework. She started with showing Ashish where all the items were in the kitchen like sugar, salt, masalas, wice, wheat, utensils etc. Then she taught him how to use the washing machine, explained how frequent the rooms, hall and bathrooms need to be cleaned and mopped.

Ashish soaked in all the information reluctantly and they finished the lesson on housekeeping with a meal prepared by Ashish under the able guidance of Veena.



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That night Deepika praised Ashish for honouring his word. Over the next few weeks Ashish became proficient in housework surprising his mother too.







Ashish noticed a few minor changes in his mother too. Initially she would help her son in the housework but later she lessened her involvement. In fact the past couple of days she had hardly helped her son and expected him to do the work. Another thing that Ashish noticed while ironing the clothes was that Veena no longer wore any sarees. She wore only shirts/t-shirts and trousers for work while she wore kurtis and leggings for outings and womens suits for functions. Ashish wasn't aware that the change in Veena was due to the influence of BKB.

On the college front Ashish was a bit relieved that the Socials was a thing of the past. It was old news and he was no longer ridiculed for that though there used to be a few jeers here and there. Moreover the exams had started all everyone was busy with last minute preparations. Ashish did study a bit here and there along with doing the housework. He had always been weak in studies. Ashish and Deepika used to go out from time to time though it was Deepika that took the lead much to Ashish's annoyance.

Luckily for Ashish although Deepika still took the decisions in the relationship she never made him crossdress again much to his relief.

But she was particular about a few things such as Ashish being clean shaven face and have hairless hands, legs, chest, torso and back. She also liked Ashish wearing the latest fashion clothes and spent money on him generously which somewhat pleased him.

Soon the 12th Std results came out with Girls as usual outperforming boys. More than half the boys failed with only around 10% of them getting above 90%. On the other side only 5% of the girls failed with even girls without any aim or aspirations like Sushma getting around 55%. Ashwin was no exception as he failed in 3 subjects maths, physics and chemistry. Veena was furious and gave him a solid verbal thrashing. To add insult to injury Deepika had scored an

aggregate % of 95. This meant that Ashish would be spending the next 15 months at home.

Another couple of months passed by and Deepika had gotten an admission in an engineering college while Ashish lazed around at home in front of the TV. He spent most of his time either watching Tv or playing Xbox on it.

One day he was surfing the channels and saw a breaking news on a news channel about a huge betting scandal and rocked the BCCI. The international court sacked all the ICC and country cricket board office bearers and replaced them by more credible people who coincidentally turned out to be all women. Since several high profile players too were involved most of the sponsors backed off as a result all cricket came to a standstill. But now a decision was made to relaunch the IPL with teams comprising of only female players.

Ashish already knew that women's cricket was gaining importance with each passing day as Deepika had already informed him about her being selected in the State team and India U-19 world cup. Now with the IPL being exclusively for women many corporates which themselves were headed by female honchos started pouring in money.

This phenomenon didn't seem to stop just with cricket as sponsors seemed to be more interested in investing on sports that were played by women as women seemed to have more credibility, trustworthy and better brand ambassadors in the current world.

The fashion world too had started taking baby steps towards the dress inversion. With women busy earning the bread their grooming was the first casualty.

A working woman felt it tedious to get up early in the morning wear a saree, matching accessories, style the hair, apply make-up, maintain an hairless body and go for work. As a result more women preferred to have short cropped hair which required less maintenance.

Another survey by the fashion houses revealed that saree was the least preferred dress by a working women. Moreover in order to prevent people seeing their hairy legs and hands girls and women wanted to wear clothes that covered their whole body. Thus women's clothes were remodelled in the shirt-trouser designs.

Similarly fashion changes appeared in men's style with jeans, crop tops and dupattas a hit amongst the younger crowd. Many girls who now saw themselves are the leaders in the relationships loved their boys in those outfits.

Once Ashish and Deepika saw a movie and were roaming in a shopping mall when Deepika saw the latest duppatta pants for boys and was excited to Ashish try it on. Ashish tried resisting but knew he could never win over her and gave up.

He wore the skin-tight blue jeans and short sleeved tight purple t-shirt and the salesgirl draped the dupatta around his t-shirt. To his horror Ashish noticed that what he thought was a t-shirt was actually a tight top with hooks instead of buttons. He was also made to wear a couple of bangles on each hand and matching earrings which he was told came as complimentary with the clothes. Deepika made him wear those clothes and spend the rest of the time in public before going home. Ashish would have died if he hadn't seen a few more boys wear similar dupatta pants.

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Veena too praised her son in his new fashion.

The fashion trends seemed to push the boundaries very fast and soon a whole new collection of saree pants. Dhoti-kurti combos inched the male fashion closer to the salwar kameez. Soon sarees, skirts and salwar kameez were being sold in the men's section. But Ashish put his foot down and outrightly rejected wearing any of them again though there were many boys who had taken to them in public. In fact he rebelled against the two women.

Finally one day a fed up Veena bagged all his clothes in his absence and gave them at a Harshatya shop. She replaced his wardrobe with panties, boyras, sarees, skirts, stops, salwar kameez etc.

That night when Ashish came home she asked him to take bath as he was sweating and smelling. Before he went inside the bathroom Veena told him to remove the clothes and put them outside the bathroom so that she could put it in the laundry basket. An unsuspecting Ashish did as he was told.

When he came out and opened his closet he was in for a rude shock. His closet was full of sarees, skirts, salwar kameez, shoes, panties, boyras and handbags. There was not a stitch of male clothing in there.



“Mom” he shouted in lungs out. Veena came inside knowing fully well what had happened as she was the one who had done it.

“Mom, what happened to my clothes?” he asked in despair.

“They are there in the closet right in front of you” he answered calmly

“Mom, please don’t joke. I am asking about my clothes” he said angrily.

“Well, these are your clothes now. I have bundled all your previous clothes and given them off for cHarshaty” she said casually.

“What? Given away.....al.....all of them” he asked once again rummaging through the clothes to see if he can find atleast a single pair of his old clothes but he found none.

“Yes” she confirmed.

“But why?” asked Ashish literally reduced to tears.

“Anyways you spend the whole time at home like a woman while your mother goes out to earn. You have failed and going by your capacity I doubt you will ever get a decent job. If you have to stay at home like a 1980’s housewife then

you need to dress like one” said Veena as Ashish looked in utter disbelief.

“Until you write your supplementary exam and pass it and get to college you will wear only these clothes. You are free to join your friends for roaming around but it will be in these clothes” Veena gave an ultimatum. Ashish looked around for the clothes he had just left outside the bathroom.

“Don’t worry darling, I have safely burnt them sparing you the trouble. You don’t need to feel sad as you have earned yourself a whole new collection. I am sure every day you are going to spend hours in front of the closet pondering over what to wear” Veena told her son.

“Mom, please don’t do this to me” Ashish pleaded his mother in vain as she was in no mood to relent.

“It’s up to you. Either you wear these or stay naked” she said and left the room not bothering to listen to her son’s pleas.

Ashish collapsed on the floor stunned over the new development. He sat on the floor for some time unsure what to do. He skipped dinner and slept naked that night. But in midnight he was awoken as he felt chilly due to the December winter. He tried to sleep but couldn’t as he started shivering from cold. Finally he got up and went to the closet and went through the clothes. He found a few nighties and selected one which was not frilly and lacy although he hated that it was pink in colour. He slept feeling disgusted with himself.

The next morning he removed the nightie and wrapped the towel around the waist and went to the hall. He decided to fight back by wearing only the towel at

home. Veena didn't engage any conversation with her son and went off to office early.

He was visited by Deepika later that day. Deepika cut directly to the chase and asked him to comply with his mother's decision and Ashish told her off.

"I wish you will do as I say while I am telling you nicely" Deepika warned making him lose all self-control and he lunged forward towards her. Deepika who instigated him was expecting it and easily tackled him and grabbed his naked balls with her fist. Ashish gave a huge scream feeling like he was stabbed by a thousand knives. He started begging her to leave but Deepika was in no mood to listen. She gave another big squeeze sending another tsunami of pain all over his body. Tears flowed down his cheeks like a river. He begged her profusely.

"You wanted to show me your male power right, why don't you show me" she egged him giving another squeeze. Ashish apologised several times over.

"Look Ashish, if you don't do as I say your balls will be squeeze like lemons and you will no longer be worthy of wearing pants" Deepika said with a cruel smile on her face that sent a shiver down Ashish's spine.

She gave another small squeeze making Ashish agree to her every fancy. She released him and he fell down on the floor squirming in pain. It took him several minutes to even stand properly.

"I want you to be in front of me fully dressed in two minutes flat else I will not just squeeze your balls this time but castrate them" she threatened him.

“Your time starts now” she said looking at her watch. Ashish scampered into his room with great difficulty. He just took the first dress that he could lay his hands on. It was a green coloured cotton salwar kameez with matching dupatta. He put it on and went back to the hall. Deepika asked him to sit beside her. She praised him and as she ran her leg from the back of his head till his bum she couldn’t feel the band of his boyra.

Her face hardened and she clenched a tuft of hair and pulled them hard making Ashish yell in pain.

“I said I front you fully dressed bitch” she said with a fierce expression making ashish shiver in fright.

“But I am” Ashish tried to justify which made Deepika pull his hair once again making him shout in pain.

“Where is your boyra?” she asked him curtly. Ashish knew what a boyra was but he didn’t think it was necessary as he didn’t have anything to support in his chest. Even Deepika knew that but in one of the feminism articles it had mentioned how bras are a constant reminder of subordination so boyra was women’s answer to the bra. She asked him to go back and come fully ‘dressed’.

Ashish returned fully ‘dressed’ as he was asked to. Deepika went up to him observing him keenly. Ashish prayed that Deepika should be satisfied now but that was not the case. He suddenly felt a sharp pain on his cheek and it became warm too. It took a few moments to understand that Deepika had slapped him.

“Ashish, even I am not enjoying this but you need to learn. Being dressed doesn’t mean just wearing clothes. It means wearing matching accessories as well. Am I clear now?” she asked him. Ashish nodded his head and left to the bedroom dejected.



This time he came back wearing matching bangles, earrings and even did some light make-up. He went to Deepika fearing how she would react. But this time she reacted positively praising his looks and sense of beauty. She stayed for some time and left but not before warning him to be fully dressed and not revolt else she would bust his balls.

That night Veena came home to find her son in one of his new dresses. She appreciated him and praised his looks.

Over the next few days several minor changes were made in the house. Ashish found that their rooms were completely redone. Ashish's room was painted into a pastel colour which he clearly hated. His cot was replaced by a cot which looked like it was straight out of Cinderella's bedroom.



Everything in the room screamed feminine. Veena also had her vanity table with mirror shifted into her son's room as she no longer needed it and bought a huge table in her master bedroom where she set her computer. Her bedroom was fitted with oak designs. A huge rack held several books.

Ashish slowly started embracing his new life although it was done reluctantly. Deepika always pestered him to send pictures of himself and she especially loved him in half-sarees.



He was asked to wear a wig during their outings which he complied with. He no longer felt odd going out dressed the way he was as now there were loads of boys and men dressed similar to him. During one of their dates Ashish came across Sushma who was unrecognisable now. She had cut her hair shortly and styled in as per the latest 'feminine' style and was wearing shirt and trouser. In the earlier days Sushma would have dreaded being dead wearing them. She had always been a girly girl. But with time she was also forced to go with the flow. Sushma introduced her boyfriend who was wearing a white tank top and short mini-skirt.

The world seemed to be changing with each day. Every TV ad would contain a skimpily cladded man selling a product even if it was for girls. Movies were dominated with stories line where heroine was a damsel in shining armour while the hero was knight in distress.

One day, Ashish as cleaning his house as was the norm and as part of it was arranging the shoe rack. He noticed that all the sports shoes, oxfords belonged to him while the open toe pumps, heeled stilettos and strapped/strapless slippers belonged to him. He also realised that only he wore sarees in the house as his mother's wardrobe didn't have a single saree or any of her previous clothes.

He remembered the previous week when he had hosted a dinner at home for his mother's office colleagues. All of whom were women dressed in suits and trousers. When his mother introduced him they all seemed to take a sadistic pleasure in seeing a boy in saree while the women wore the pants. Veena's boss from head office was particularly pleased at how Veena had successfully turned her unruly rogue of a son into a domesticated lad. As a result Veen had got a coveted position in the company increasing her salary and power manyfolds.

Ashish looked at the clock and realised it was time his mother returned from

office. They both were supposed to go to Deepika's house as Deepika's father had returned to their house and wanted to see him. Ashish didn't want to as he felt that her father might think he is a sissy but Deepika convinced him that Rajesh new about Ashish and was fine with it.

Ashish had a quick shower and wore a cotton saree with blue boat neck blouse. He wore minimum accessories to lessen the impact as much as possible but it seemed to enhance his beauty. He inserted the matching earrings, that Deepika had presented, into his ear holes.

Veena who had already arrived by now was in the hall watching the news dressed in a fresh suit-trousers that Ashish had neatly ironed. Veena kissed Ashish on his cheek praising him and they left for Deepika's home.

Ashish was a nervous wreck as he reached Deepika's doorstep. In the hall he found Deepika and her mother Ratna sitting on the sofa. They welcomed Veena and her son warmly.

"Rajeshwari, can you get some coffee for the guests?" Ratna said looking towards the kitchen. Ashish just lowered his head waiting to be embarrassed by being seen by Deepika's Dad.

Ashish could see from the corner of his eyes a woman dressed in a black designer saree bring a trap containing coffee cups. Ashish wondered who she was as her saree betrayed the thought of her being a maid.

He took the cup without looking at her while Veena thanked her. The woman gave the cups to Deepika and Ratna while she sat beside Ratna taking a cup herself surprising Ashish.

“Rajeshwari, how is your future daughter-in-law?” asked Ratna turning towards the woman. Ashish was confused as to whom Ratna was referring as daughter-in-law.

“He looks beautiful” came the answer in a male voice. Ashish forgot all his embarrassment and looked at the woman, rather the man in front of him. He realised that the man was none other than Rajesh, his father-in-law.

Deepika informed him that her father had come back with his tail in between his legs after failing to live a decent life without Ratna’s support. Rajesh had now agreed to live as he was asked to.

But Ashish didn’t understand why he was called as Rajeshwari and more importantly why Ashish himself referred to as daughter-in-law.

“Are you confused Ashi? That’s why you need to follow the news as well apart from the boring daily soaps” said Deepika and informed him about the latest law passed by the government.

“So, as per the law our family has changed our names to Ratan, Rajeshwari, Deepak and Kushal. Our documents with our mother’s rather our new father’s surname will be posted to us shortly” informed Deepika with a smile as Ashish

listened in shock. One by one all his male identities were being snatched by him and he was helpless.

“You should have known this by now Ashika. Didn’t read the affidavit before you signed today morning. It was mentioned in that, that we will be changing our names to Vinay Addala and Ashika Addala” informed Veena who was now Vinay as Ashika looked like she was in a dream.

“Ahhhhh.....Ahhhhhhh” moaned Ashika as his husband ploughed deep inside him using a life-like strap on dildo. Ashika was of the first generation of men and women who never experienced sex like it was before. Ashika had never known how it felt to penetrate a woman. For him sex meant his husband, Deepak, penetrating him and exploding fireworks inside him. Deepak and his contemporary girls had never let a penis enter inside them not knowing how it felt.

Reproduction was done using IVF where the egg and sperm were collected separately and put into the uterus after sperm and egg were made to fertilise.

The dust had settled and 23 year old Ashika had now settled into his role as a wife, daughter, daughter-in-law and even mother as Deepak had delivered their first child a baby boy the previous year much to the annoyance of Deepak’s parents who wanted a female heir proving that some things never change.

EPISODE 3 – THE FIGHTBACK

This story takes place when the gender roles and dress inversion had taken place with more than 90% of the population having accepted the norms.

26 year old Anupama woke up and looked at the alarm clock which showed the time as half-past five. He wanted to sleep for some more time as he slept late last night after an amazing sexual activity with his husband, Ashwin.

Ashwin and Anupama were childhood sweethearts who got married a few years back. For them the transition was pretty smooth as the dress and name inversion happened when they were not even teens and didn't realise the pain or effects. They used to dress up as Radha and Krishna where Anupama who was born Anupam played the role of Radha while Ashwin who was born Ashwini played the Krishna.

All the religious scriptures were rewritten as per the new gender roles. So children were told by their parents and teachers that Radha had been a man and Krishna had been a female. This happened to all religions including Christianity and Islam.



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Ashwin and Anupama had been married in a traditional hindu wedding where the groom Ashwin tied the holy mangalsutra around her bride, Anupama's, neck and filling his forehead with sindhoor.



Within a year they were blessed with twins, a boy and girl, who were now 4 years old. The couple lived in Bangalore while their parents lived in Hyderabad.

Anupama got up groggily with his hair in a mess. He retrieved his mangalsutra from under his saree and held it with both hands and touched it to both his eyes as a mark of respect. He had this habit since his wedding which he followed as told by his 'mother'. He then turned towards his loving husband who was fast asleep. He planted a kiss on her cheek making her pull him towards her into an embrace. But felt shy and freed himself with great difficulty and went check the kids as Ashwin got back to sleep with a smile.

The twins, Akash and Akshita, were fast asleep. Anupama lovingly touched their heads and went to the bathroom. Once he finished brushing his teeth ran his hands across his arms and legs and noticed slight stubble. His face was hairless courtesy a electrolysis using laser technology. He wanted to get rid of his other body hair to prevent its removal from time to time but Ashwin didn't agree. She wanted her wife to spend time in grooming himself and look pretty for her.

Anupama lathered her body and shaved it fine. He applied turmeric generously as he took bath as it made his skin smoother and gave a glow.

Once done he wrapped himself in a towel and stood in front of his wardrobe pondering over what to wear. After spending a few minutes he zeroes in on a yellow saree with red short sleeved blouse. He wore his panty and boyra, petticoat, blouse and finally draped his saree perfectly in less than a minute. He added bare minimum accessories when at home but put on flowers in his hair as he knew it would turn on his husband.

He went and put the idlis in the idli stand and by the time they steamed he did his morning puja.



He prepared the chutney within no time and saw that it was time to wake the kids.

He woke them up and commanded his troops on to the bathroom and completed their baths.

Once out he made them both wear their uniform which was pretty much the same except that Akash wore shorts while Akshita wore a skirt. The rest which were shirt, tie and blazer were the same for both.

He then made the kids sit on the table and placed a glass of milk in front of each of them warning them to complete it by the time he came back.

Anu took a cup of tea and took it to his husband who was fast asleep in bed. He put the tea on the chest of draws beside the bed and tried to wake her. She didn't wake up but suddenly pounced on her wife kissing him on the lips. Anu too replied back with his kisses but when Ashwin pointed towards his strap-on dildo for a quick morning sex Anu flatly refused with a smile although going red as he remembered how she had pummelled him the previous night with it.

Ashwin smiled as his wife left the room and sipped the tea. She took a quick bath and came to her wardrobe with a towel wrapped around her waist. She saw how neatly her wife had organised her clothes. All the pants, shirts were ironed and folded with not a single crease in any of them. He felt proud when his colleagues praised Anu for his splendid job. Anu was a perfect housewife as he could multi-task the house work and always on his toes tending into his family's needs. She always thanked her stars for having such a wonderful wife.

Ashwin dressed and joined his children at the breakfast table. The family had a lovely breakfast. Anu handed Ashwin her briefcase and the kids their school bags. Please planted a kiss each on their cheeks.

“Hey, that’s cheating. I didn’t get my kiss” Ashwin complained.

“Shhhhhh” Anu said trying close the children’s ears and looked at her in mock anger for taking about kiss in front of them. The kids didn’t bother and ran away towards the car. Ashwin put a sad face which made Anu laugh and he went to her and gave his husband a kiss on her cheek and then another on her lips when she was not satisfied.

Finally he waved his husband and children goodbye with a bright smile and went inside after the car was completely invisible.



As he completed his breakfast his best friend, Mehreen, came to pick him up. Mehreen was the same age as Anupama and was dressed like any other muslim boy, in a green cotton saree and brownish orange full sleeved saree with matching hijab. Mehreen too was married and had 2 children. A 4 year old boy and 2 year old girl. He had dropped the son at school and his daughter at his parent's house and come to take Anu to the meeting.

When the initial ban on men going out after dark was imposed muslim and muslim men in particular opposed the law. But the government was adamant in imposing it. All muslim men were given an opportunity to leave the country but could take their wives or daughters only if the women or girls were willing to leave from their free will. Majority of the women opted to stay back as a result the men left the country to middle eastern countries.

But within 1-2 years things started to worsen as sanctions were imposed on these countries and the men were forcibly deported back to their home country. When they returned what they found was not hijab or burqa wearing docile women but independent and free-thinking modern working women. Men found it difficult to find any jobs and were forced to stay back. Within a few years the dress inversion started with the women breaking the will of their men and putting them in burqas. All the holy books were changed to suit the new gender roles. This was done with the head Imam (a female) declaring a fatwa that all men would have the status of women and vice versa in the eyes of the almighty. Thus the toughest section of society was easily overpowered thereby paving the way for other sections of society to follow suit.

A couple of days back Mehreen, who was born as Mehraan, gave him a call asking him to join him for a secret meeting. He didn't give any details about it when asked what it was about but only said that one of his uncles were organising it.

So Mehreen had come to take Anu with him. As neither had a vehicle nor knew how to ride or drive one they decided to board an auto.

Mehreen told the auto driver, a woman in her fifties, the address and the two men sat in their seats. The woman who had changed her name to Muthu from Muthulakshmi stole glances at the younger men. She had still not come to terms with the changes in society as she had spent the better part of 40 years as a mother, daughter, wife and other roles. But now she was a father, husband, brother and head of the family. She saw the two pretty men sitting behind her and wondered how they would have felt dressed like that if the world had not changed.

They finally reached a slum area and Muthu looked at the men wondering why such richly dressed men wanted to enter such a poor locality.

“Mehreen, why are we here? Ewwwww.....it’s so dirty and smelly” Anupama said unable to bear the stench. Mehreen just asked him to follow him silently. As they walked they were surprised to see a few men and women crossdressed. Some men wore torn shirts and pants while the women wore sarees. There were still 10-15% of the population that had not yet taken to the dress inversion and most of this was in the poorer sections of society.

After going through a few bylanes and escaping the looks thrown towards them they knocked on the door. After receiving a confirmation of their identities they were allowed into the house which looked like a dungeon.

When Anupama stepped inside he saw around 20-25 men about his age. Half of them were dressed masculinely like him while the other half was dressed femininely in shirts and pants. As he sat on one of the vacant chairs, Mehreen, excused himself and left to the washroom. Anu examined the room and found

men ranging from 18 to 60. Some looked like married housewives like himself while others seemed to be spinsters. He sat with his handbag perched on his lap.

After a few minutes Anu was startled when a stranger dressed in shirt and trousers with short hair sat beside him. It took a few minutes for him to recognise the person as Mehreen who was now looking like a woman in short haired wig, shirt and pant.

He was about to ask him something but just then everyone became silent as two men in their late fifties entered wearing tattered suits with tie and black oxford shoes.

The men introduced themselves as and Rashid Khan and Rahul Verma. Anu learnt that Rashid was actually Mehreen's uncle. He was surprised that the men not only dressed like women but had female names.

"Hello Gentlemen, I know what you are thinking and you will get your answers shortly. Thanks for taking your time out to attend this meeting" Rashid said looking around the room as the men listened keenly.

"I am not sure about the younger crowd but the older one would know that once upon a time we men used to dress like this. It was common for men to hold all the high profile jobs while women were housewives dressed in sarees. Men wielded the power while women were reduced to a secondary role in society. However things changed since the last 2-3 decades pushing us men to a corner and we surrendered without a fightback. Now is the time to fight else we will never get the chance again" Rashid said delivering his monologue as his audience listened in stun silence.

“Women not only reversed the gender roles but also the dresses. Pray tell me why we need to wear a boyra or actually a bra. What do we need to support? Women need them not us. Why do we pee sitting when we are naturally equipped to pee standing up? Women have systematically changed everything a generation has grown up thinking boys are like girls were and vice versa” Rahul chimed in angrily.

There was pin drop silence. Anupama was confused. He had been brainwashed since childhood that women are breadwinners while men are suited for domestic roles.

Rahul and Rashid showed some pictures of men and women from the 19th century to 20th century. Anupama saw with his mouth wide open. He had heard briefly from his grandparents that their days were different from his but now got a first hand experience of how life was then.

They were also shown TV ads of skimpily clad women and tough and rough men.

“It is time for us men to regain our penis and I mean it literally. Women have mentally castrated us a long time ago and made us their bunnies. We need to break-free and get back on top” Rashid said excitedly showing a picture of a man fucking a woman from a 2000’s kamasutra ad as he finished the sentence.

The meeting ended with Rashid and Rahul explaining to them how women had turned the tables and what men need to do to battle them.

After the meeting was over Mehreen once again disappeared for a few minutes

and came back neatly dressed in his hijab and saree. As they went out they came across Rashid and Rahul but now they were dressed in sarees. While Rashid had worn a hijab like Mehreen, Rahul was like any married man in a saree, sindhoor and bangles. Anupama was stunned as the men who rattled on about men regaining their lost ground were back to their normal attire.

“Son, this is a secret organisation that is banned by the government. Although we say all these in our meetings at the end of the day we need to go back to our houses and be answerable to our wives and daughters” Anupama noticed that Rashid who was known as Rashida referred to him as son and not daughter. He also referred to his husband and son as wife and daughter.

Anupama also learnt that the organisation was called as MARD – Men against Repression and Delusion.

“Aren’t they both great?” Mehreen asked excitedly on their way back while Anu remained silent. Anu learnt that Mehreen had attended a few sessions already and worn female clothing a few times like he had worn that day during the meeting.

“The first time I wore Salman’s shirt and pant when I was alone at home, I felt a strange sense of empowerment. You too need to wear them once” said Mehreen excitedly but Anupama was not interested.

But Anu still attended a few more meetings with Mehreen and with each meeting there was a gradual shift in his thinking.

One day he finally he gathered some courage and after sending the kids to school

and husband to work he went to Ashwin's closet and opened it. After going through a few he selected a shirt and pant. He removed his clothes one by one and threw them in the ground. With shivering hands he took Ashwin's underwear and put them on. It felt different than his soft panty. He wore a vest and felt better when compared to the tight constriction of his boyra on his chest. He wore the shirt and tucked it in the pant. Finally he put on the coat and looked in the mirror. He felt funny wearing those clothes with make-up and long hair.

He removed the make-up and put on a hat and looked in the mirror.



He loved what he saw in the mirror. The person who stared at him looked powerful not a meek housewife. He felt his male member become rock hard and erect.

With that he started to wear female clothes regularly in private within the four walls. In fact he started wearing them at MARD meetings as well.

He bought a pack of cigarettes and smoked them. He felt a strange power run through his veins.



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He loved peeing in a standing position especially aiming the stream into the shit pot. He no longer nagged Ashwin about peeing with the toilet seat down (she used an external device like all women to pee while standing up).

There were days when Anupama wore vests and female underwear below his salwar kameez instead of boyra and panty. An unsuspecting Ashwin doted on her wife as usual. The only time he didn't wear them was when he wore a saree or during nights when they had sex.

He studied more and more literature related to history and slowly started leading a dual life. One as a responsible man in society abiding by its rules and regulations while on the other hand being an active member of MARD.

Over the next few weeks he increased the frequency between removing his body hair, wore minimum make-up, no fragrances at all. Ashwin seemed to notice the body hair but didn't mind them as long as he looked presentable on their social outings. He also started wearing flats as much as possible. Wearing trousers and flat shoes seemed very liberating for Anupama. But still he performed all his wifely duties both outside the bedroom and inside it. He wondered many times how his husband would react to if he asked her if he could penetrate her. Somehow he didn't have the courage to ask that blasphemous thing.

Rashid and Rahul felt encouraged seeing so many men attend their meetings dressed in suits and pants. The men too loved wearing the suits and taking long strides in flat shoes as it gave them a sense of freedom. Also they could sit freely with their legs spread wide apart free from the hassles of managing the saree and its slipping pallu. With no make-up they felt like they were lighter by several kilos. They all felt a sense of superiority making it intoxicating.

One day Mehraan, as he liked to call himself during their private talks, called 'Anupam' and informed him about their next meeting in a new location. They changed their locations from time to time to escape from the wrath of BKB.

The next meeting was in a shutdown godown which had a bigger attendance. With Anupam being a regular attendee he was invited to give a speech for the audience after Rashid's speech.

Anupam gave a very emotional and motivating speech. He spoke about the trials and tribulations faced by a man in every walk of life. Women held all the power and wealth. Men didn't even have freedom to go out of the house after dark thereby cutting more than half of their job opportunities. He asked the audience several questions like why women feared men? Why the balance was overtly shifted towards them? Why were boys always told they make good wives? Why can't boys be good doctors, engineers or even bread winners for that matter?

The audience who listened spellbound reacted with a thunderous applause.

Anupam couldn't attend the next meeting as he had to attend a death in his husband's family in Hyderabad which in a way proved to be good in a way as the police and BKB raided the location but they were late as most of the men had left the place. But Rashid, Rahul and poor Mehraan were caught.

They were arrested and spent the night in jail. The next day Mehreen was released on bail by his husband but Rashid and Rahul were doomed to spend the rest of their lives in jail. With the main culprits arrested MARD was nipped in the bud before it could do anything. All the other male members disappeared silently into their life of subordination.

Anupam being away and busy for a couple of weeks had no inkling of what had happened. He came back home and called Mehreen on his mobile.

Mehreen after getting caught red-handed had to go through living hell for the past couple of weeks. Salman had decided to divorce him which would render him homeless as his father had declared that she would also disown him if his husband divorced him. Mehreen was taken to a local masjid and the imam made him swear in the name of almighty that he would behave as per his gender else he can be stoned to death. But as a token of his repentance he was given 50 lashes.

Salman noticed several of Anupam's missed calls and learnt that he was Mehreen's partner in crime. Anupam sent a text message asking if Mehreen had had a 'woman' out of his wife 'Salma'.

"What does he mean by making a woman out of your wife? Why is he calling me a wife and as Salma instead of Salman?" Salman asked her wife seriously. Mehreen's face went pale.

He told his husband how they had planned to fuck their women by penetrating them and showing the female male superiority. Salma was furious and got up angrily. Mehreen fell on her feet begging her for forgiveness. He told her that he will abide by his swear he had made in the masjid.

Salma calmed down and warned Mehreen to not let Anupam know about the destruction of MARD. She spoke to Ashwin who was stunned beyond words. Ashwin couldn't believe that her wife could double-cross her in that manner. Ashwin and Salman planned to catch Anupama red-handed during her act.

As per the plan Salman made Mehreen call Anupama to their home.

Mehreen opened the door and Anu saw him dressed in a shirt and pant. They both greeted each other and sat in the living room. After exchanging pleasantries Anu touched on the important topic.

“Mehraan, did you make any progress in your plan?” he asked curiously.

“Yup, I did it and it felt awesome. The power and control one feels while penetrating is just awesome. I just loved the way she screams as I thrust my shaft deep inside her repeatedly” Mehreen said proudly as he had rehearsed.

“Wow, how did you manage to do it?” he asked feeling excited.

“I gave her a pill which when given to a person puts them into a semiconscious state and convinced her to get fucked by me. I made her orgasm several times as fireworks exploded in her. The next morning she was a changed person. She loved being taken over. She wanted sex once again with me taking her but I said I would do it only if we did it crossdressed. She agreed and I once again fucked with her in a saree. For the past 10 days she has been wearing sarees and make-up all the while she is at home while I wear the trousers and call the shots” Mehreen said proudly.

“No way” Anu said feeling it hard to believe.

“Do you want to see the proof?” Mehreen asked and called out loudly “Salma,

can you get me and Anupam some tea”.

“What? Your husband is here at home?” asked Anu with shock written all over his face.

“Yeah, you can see the progress by yourself” replied Mehreen.

Within moments ‘Salma’ entered the hall bringing tea to her ‘husband’ and guest. Anu was shocked seeing Salma in her avatar. She wore a red designer saree with gold border and matching full sleeves blouse. Not a single strand of hair was visible as her head was covered in a expertly worn hijab. The image in front of him screamed male in every manner but it was indeed a woman in there.

“Anupam, please meet my wife Salma?” Mehreen introduced Salman to Anu.

“Hel.....hello” Anu could barely open his mouth. Salman to greeted him and then returned to the kitchen.

“I think even you should try this with your husband and make a wife out of her” suggested Mehreen. Anu was tempted to go home right away and try the trick on Ashwin but controlled himself. He took the tablet from Mehreen and dashed home.

Once he was out of their home Mehreen came to the hall and sat on the sofa. She was no now dressed in her normal shirt and pant.

“Oh God, that was so embarrassing and terrible. I felt like I was a eunuch when I wore the saree. I still can’t believe you planned to trick me into wearing that. I had to wear it today as per my plan with Ashwin. Poor Anupama is going to get a rude shock tomorrow” laughed Salman as Mehreen bent his head and listened to his husband.

That evening Mehreen came and collected the kids so that Ashwin and Anupama could spend a couple of days in privacy. Since he was in public and the kids would see him Mehreen said he was forced to wear a saree and hijab to an unsuspecting Anu.

With the kids taken care of Anu prepared a sumptuous dinner. Ashwin came home and during dinner praying that Anu doesn’t go through with his plan thereby disappointing her.

But Anu did go through the plan. After dinner when Ashwin was in the bedroom Anu bought a couple of cups of tea. He gave Anu the cup that was laced with the pill and took another for himself. But Ashwin cleverly sent Anu to the hall and exchanged the cups. Abu came back and them both had the tea.

Within minutes Ashwin pretended like he was feeling dizzy and lied on the bed. Anu quickly removed his clothes and lay beside Ashwin. He slowly started removing her clothes but before that he lost consciousness.

Ashwin made him lie on the bed and at his wife sadly. He was disappointed for Anu, whom he loved since childhood, cheating him. She controlled her anger

and fucked him with the dildo. As he climaxed she collected his discharge and pasted it on her groin and went to sleep.

The next morning Anu got up feeling like his head was hit by a thousand hammers. He looked at Ashwin who too stirred and sat up. Anu wasn't sure what happened the previous night. Ashwin saw Anu and immediately lowered her head feeling shy as Anu was confused and unsure what happened the previous night.

“Wow Anu, what came over you last night. You just rode me like a bull and deposited your semen deep inside me. I felt like thousands of fireworks were set off inside me. You made me feel powerless and also protected, You made me feel submissive but also satisfied. I just loved it” said Ashwin as he had practiced. Anu heard with his mouth wide open as he didn't remember anything that happened last night. But he had also never seen Ashwin being so shy and docile.

“It's great that the kids are not there. We can indulge in sex repeatedly today” Ashwin said happily.

Anu was happy that although he didn't remember what he did the previous night the results seem to be right. So he put his condition in front of Ashwin.

“If you want me to penetrate you and provide the sexual pleasure you desire then you need to do as I say” said Anu with a sweet smile.

“Sure babe, anything for you”

“Good then, if you want to be powerless but protected, want to feel submissive then you can only feel that if you are dressed and behave like one” said Anu as Ashwin acted as if shdidn’t understand what he meant.

Anu explained to her that she can feel submissive and weak only in a saree and behave like a wife while he takes the mantle of the husband.

“No way, Are you nuts?” Ashwin asked in mock anger.

“It’s up to you, no one is forcing you dear. But you will never get penetrated again ever in your life” Anu gave a veiled threat making Ashwin soften her stand.

“Hmmmmmm..... how can a woman wear a saree and act like a wife?” she asked appearing in two minds.

“Well in order to get some things you need to sacrifice some things” you can think about it and let me know about your decision” Anu said and left from there to the bathroom. Ashwin fumed at how conniving Anu was.

She wantedly delayed her decision by a couple of hours and finally gave her consent.

Anu was excited and immediately set off to action. He asked Ashwin to shave all her body hair and come out which Anu did gritting her teeth. When she came out

wrapping a towel around her waist Anu scolded her and asked her to remember to cover her breasts from next time around. Ashwin felt like thrashing him but controlled herself.

Anu made her wear a panty, boyra, petticoat, blouse and finally draped a blue saree. Ashwin bore it by bringing all the patience she had in her to see how far Anu plans to go. Anu fixed a wig on Ashwin and added make-up. Finally he removed his mangalsutra and tied it around Ashwin's neck. Ashwin clenched his fists and gritted his teeth seething anger.





“From now on you are my wife Ashwini?” he said with a victorious smile. Ashwini nodded her head and bent and touched her husband’s feet to take his blessings. Anupam’s heart swelled with pride.

Anu ordered his wife to cook lunch while he changed into a pant and shirt. He called up Mehreen and informed him about his victory. Mehreen felt bad for his friend but his lips were sealed.

After lunch Anu ordered Ashwin to wear the same white silk saree that he wore during their first night and come to the room so that they can relive their first night.

Ashwin did as told but he added the pill which he had taken from Salman into the glass of milk and took it to her ‘husband’. Salman lost consciousness shortly.

Ashwin quickly got out of the saree and threw it in disgust. She wore her normal clothes and stripped Anu naked. She then used handcuffs to tie his hands and legs to the bed. A few hours later Anu regained his consciousness and was horrified to find Ashwin staring at him fiercely. He didn’t understand what’s happening and before he could ask anything he received a tight slap leaving Ashwin’s handprint on Anu’s cheek.

“Bitch, how could you dare think you can make me your wife? Did you think you can fool around in joining that stupid organisation and I wouldn’t even know?” asked Ashwin angrily as Anu listened in horror. Ashwin revealed how Mehreen was caught and MARD was disbanded. She also spelled out the plan she devised with Salman’s help.

“Then what Mehreen and Salman did.....?” asked Anu as his face went pale.

“Yes, it was all a trap to catch you red-handed. I could have done this last night but I wanted to give you one last hurrah before I cut your penis and balls off” said Ashwina nd took a knife in his hands as Anu pleaded in fear.

“Why honey. You wanted to dress and act like a woman right? No woman has these in her groin. So I shall remove this additional growth for you so that you can wear pants all the time. What do you say?” she asked stroking his flaccid member.

“No...please. I am sorry, forgive me” Anu pleaded as tears flew down his cheeks.

But an unmoved Ashwin grabbed in balls and squeezed them hard sending waves of pain all over his body and mind. Anu squirmed and yelled in pain. Ashwin continued squeezing his balls in sadistic pleasure.

“Oh, let me squeeze these nuts and crack them open. Anyways i am going to report you to the police and divorce you so who cares about these as no woman will marry you. I doubt your parents and brother will take you in their fold. Especially when your brother is aspiring to contest the polls on the BKB party ticket. With no job or woman to support you all you can rely on is your body” Ashwin said making Anu forget the pain for a moment as a new fear gripped him.

Even if Ashwin would spare him his brother would definitely kill him for the

sake of their family's honour. Honour killings were common especially when men committed crimes such as what Anu had just done.

Ashwin mentally tortured him by bringing the knife to castrate him several times and stopping at the last moment. Finally she released him and asked him to get dressed and come to the hall.

Anupama got dressed in a saree and put on his mangalsutra and ran to the hall and fell on his husband's feet apologising profusely. He begged Ashwin to not divorce him and even threatened that if she divorces him or even kicks him out of the house he will end his life.

Finally Ashwin relented but not before laying certain conditions. Anupama was supposed to wear only sarees 24/7 until further notification as Ashwin wanted to rule out the possibility of any female undergarments beneath salwars or dresses. Anupama was also asked to keep himself groomed with dilapidated body that was immersed in fragrances and make-up. He would be the model wife in their circle of friends.



Thus went back to being the model wife he was before he strayed from his path courtesy MARD. But using his beauty and sex appeal as well as cooking his way to Ashwin's heart he was able to regain Ashwin's trust and love.

EPISODE 4 – GODFATHER TO GOOD MOTHER

Hassan Ali, a man in his early forties, was one of the last batch of Indians to be deported from Dubai back to India. Hassan had 10 years ago left the country fearing the government's policies. Since his wife decided to stay back the children who were still minors at that time were given to the mother's custody.

Hassan Ali was married to Imrana at a very young age. Hassan was 17 and Imrana was just 15 years old. Imrana gave birth to their eldest daughter, Asma, within a year and over the next 6 years gave birth to 2 more daughters and a son namely Hina, Zakia and Zubair. He was a conservative man having his daughters wear hijab from a very young age. He openly was partial towards his son courtesy, him being a male.



Hassan had joined a smuggling gang at a young age and used to smuggle goods in a school bag posing as a student. He was uneducated and not very intelligent hence depended on his brawn than brain to get things done. By the time his first child was born he had joined a gang which was feared for extortion, kidnapping, settlements. Within no time he quickly rose up the ranks and by the time Zubair was born he had formed his own gang. Hassan quickly established contacts with the powerful including politicians, police, judiciary and businessmen and became a kingmaker as everyone used to come to 'Bhai' for help.

Imrana seemed like the stereotypical 'Purdah waali' (behind the veil) woman who stayed at home and looked after the children and house. Most people except Hassan's close gang didn't even know how she looked. But what no one knew was that she was the brain of the gang and advised Hassan over many things when in private which Hassan produced in public as his ideas. Imrana also obtained a degree in law by distance education thereby providing her more insight to loopholes. On the outwards she seemed like a guileless housewife who didn't know anything outside the four walls of the kitchen as she was seen cooking or looking after the children most of the times.



Hassan got the first major blow when men were barred to go out after dark and before dawn. None of his men including him could do any business or dealings after dark. Hassan pondered over leaving the country for good with his family which made Imrana angry over him acting so weak. But she controlled herself and quickly suggested her husband that he take her with him to all his business dealings, as a man was allowed to step out of the house after dark with a legal guardian. Hence with Imrana by his side he had the pass. With this she started getting first hand knowledge and information of how Hassan's goes about his business.

At the same time she got a large number of slum girls inducted into the gang so that they could take care of issues after dark. The girls were trained with the usage of all kinds of weapons, given a healthy diet and built muscles that were required for the job and also taught martial arts. Quickly like in all fields the girls outperformed the men and very soon the Hassan's gang had a 75% female presence.

One day Hassan attended a party thrown by a film star along with his wife.



During the party as Hassan indulged in drinking and chatting Imrana who seemed to a standout in a colourful saree and hijab stood on the sidelines observing the people around her. Imrana was turned around with a start when tapped on the shoulder from behind and found two other muslim women in colours dresses and matching hijabs.

Imrana recognized the two women during one of her previous meetings with Hassan. One of them was Shakeela Begum who was the new Union Minister for Law and had additional in-charge of Women Development. The other was, Farha Hussain, a Supreme Court Justice.

After exchanging pleasantries Shakeela invited Imrana to a baby shower function the next day for which Imrana obliged as she knew the importance of forging relationships with important people.

So the next day Imrana went to the function with her 3 small daughters in tow. But it turned out that it was actually a secret meeting of BKB with the baby shower as an outward cover.

Imrana got a quick induction into what BKB was what its objectives were. She listened in horror at their plans and designs for the future. She found it hard to imagine a world where she would be running things while a hijab clad Hassan would be in the kitchen cooking for the family. BKB had the political, social and legal clout. Now they needed some muscle clout as well which they felt Imrana could provide.

This was followed by a series of meetings which Imrana attended. Several factors around her seemed to make an impact on her psyche. She saw how

women had been treated as pieces of meat since long and how Hassan always put his wife and daughters in purdah like they were commodities. The large scale tilt of balance towards men too made her angry like several other women.

Not too long after started the change in fashion trends, removal of voting rights to unemployed men, restrictions of driving on men which alarmed Hassan. He decided it was time he left the country to a place where his family could practice their religion and life as it needed to be. But Imrana was against it as she said that they cannot control the mafia empire from outside the country and atleast one of them need to stay back to run it. She advised Hassan that she would stay back with the kids and joins him later after she had organised everything to run via remote control from thousands of kms away.

She tactfully had her husband sent to the dusty desert country while she took the reins completely. Initially she sent him good amount of money which seemed to make him afford a rich lifestyle but within a year the Middle East collapsed and all his assets and money owned by foreigners was confiscated by the royal family to run the country which was already in debts. Hassan lived a meagre life in a dusty room working as a cheap labourer unable to even eat a square meal a day. He couldn't even ask Imrana any money as the money would immediately be usurped by the government.

He thought several times to return home but as more people came over they bought horror stories of men being forced into what was clearly female clothing disguised and sold as male clothing.

Hassan kept asking how Imrana and the children were and she always assured him that they were doing fine and still followed the religion and purdah religiously. The last time that Hassan could speak to his family was years ago as all communication facilities were ruined and the middle east was reduced to stone age.

But things changed in recent years with the Allied forces attacking the region and placed female leaders all over the Islamic belt. With that started the role reversal process over there as well.

All foreigners were sent back forcefully to their home countries in batches with Hassan boarding the last flight back home.

He hoped things were normal back home but it was in vain as Imrana had stopped wearing the hijab almost as soon as Hassan left the country. Zubair was around 8 years old when his father had left the country. He grew up being around strong women, both physically and mentally. He always saw his mother being worshipped by hundreds of people and had a hero-worship towards her. When he said he wanted to grow up and be like her his sisters laughed at him asking how he can be a strong woman as he was a boy.

Imrana too bought her girls up as battle hardened soldiers. The girls never wore the purdah and had short cropped hair like their mother and other gangsters. Although they wore shirts and pants most of the time they still wore salwar kameez with hijab during eid or other such occasions. They played sports, exercised and built muscular bodies. Zubair being the youngest was bullied by them into doing chores like picking their dirty laundry and putting them back in their closets after the servant has washed and dried them.

Meanwhile Imrana with her female army started extorting huge amounts of money businesses that were headed by men. Soon many men were forced to hand over the reins to their women and sit at home as the death threats increased.

Initially Imrana had monopoly over mafia market as all her male counterparts

were systematically eliminated by the task force. Mafia lords and their thugs either left the country or went into hiding. But later on other women led female gangs mushroomed though Imrana was treated as the kingpin of Indian Mafia.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN GANGSTER

RELIANCE

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Reliance Entertainment presents

SHABRI

a Lalit Marathe film

PRODUCED BY RELIANCE ENTERTAINMENT & RAM GOPAL VARMA STORY, SCREENPLAY, DIALOGUES & DIRECTED BY LALIT MARATHE "SHABRI" ISHA KOPPIKAR & RAJ ARJUN
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY AMIT ROY EDITOR AVINASH WALZADE BACKGROUND SCORE RAJU SINGH SOUND DESIGNER BUTA SINGH KUNAL SHARMA

TECHNICOLOR

Imrana was also one of the key people in changing the cricketing landscape across the world. She got many of the cricket officials and players involved in betting and then provided the evidence to the CBI. The betting scandal rocked the world with people losing faith on the cricketers. Soon the women started controlling the cricketing world with female cricketers with clean slates and credibility being promoted by sponsors and followed by the audience. This led to a chain reaction with female sports all across being given prominence as compared to male sports and athletes.



She focussed on the film industry with production houses having to shell out around 50% of the budget in case of male-centric films while female –centric films were charged just 5% of the budget. This had a huge impact on the film-making as more and more female-oriented films started to roll with the woman being a powerful police officer, a girl next door driven to become a mafia queen.

This started working like a slow poison as young boys started seeing huge posters of strong female sports stars or female film superstars selling products. The boys drooled over the women while girls seemed to be inspired by them. Women seemed to be the examples of being powerful while men filled the space with their looks. More girls liked to have a boy beside them like their idols causing a gradual shift in society.

With most of the Imams and Maulanas either driven out or having voluntarily left the space for religious leaders fell vacant which was filled by female Imams and maulana's who led the Friday prayers.



Gradually within a couple of years the Imam Council of India, Muslim Personal Law Board and other muslim organisation were filled with women while men held just one or two posts to fill the quota.

Finally the day came when the Fatwa was issued declaring that if a man swore by the name of almighty and accepts the role of a woman willingly and the woman does vice versa they both can live together where the woman is the husband and the man a wife. This created a huge tidal wave amongst the youth where almost every Nikaah was done with the bride and groom swearing solemnly to take the new positions and be seen in the new roles in the view of Allah.

As men were deported back to their countries they had no option but to accept the new fatwa or live a life of prostitution. Many men chose the former as the latter was not a safe option with many women being sexually frustrated due to husbands being far away satiated their thirst by having wild sex with the male prostitutes.

Imrana and her daughters too took the new oath in the presence of an imam thereby becoming Imran Khan, Usman Khan, Hanif Khan and Zakir Khan. Zubair who looked in horror refused to take the oath and take the place of a girl within the family. Imran too didn't feel it was necessary to pressurise 12 year old Zubair and decided to wait for a couple more years. But the new 'brothers' thought otherwise.

"Hey Zuby baby, why don't you also take the oath and become our sister" teased Usman the eldest of the siblings as Zubair looked at her like he could kill her with his looks.

Zakir bundled all their previously feminine clothes like salwars, half sarees and hijabs and dropped them in Zubair's room.

“We don't need these anyways. You can use them if you want” they said and left without waiting for his answer. An angry Zubair collected all the clothes and threw them in an empty closet.

By this time it was common to see boys and men wearing feminine dresses in public. At school too Zubair was horrified to see many boys wearing skirts which was erstwhile girls uniform. But he decided to stick with his shorts no matter come what may.

He even led a band of boys who revolted against girls being allowed to wear boy's uniforms but the school management didn't take it seriously dismissing them as immature kids.

Zubair used to pour all his frustration of being bullied by his 'brothers' at home by in turn bullying other students at school. There was a girl in his class who now went by her new name Arun. She openly expressed her happiness in wearing pants instead of dresses and skirts though she didn't mean to hurt anyone's feelings. Zubair and a few of his friends who were fighting the transition into skirts felt offended. They decided to teach her a lesson she would never forget. During one of the classes Zubair poured red ink on her pants from behind and then shouted loudly “Blood.....Blood”.

The girl saw her pants and ran to the toilet with tears in her eyes. When she came out of the toilet she saw Zubair and his friends laughing at her and realised it was their work.



Arun was found crying loudly in the corridor by the school captain 15 year old Harshini who now went by the name Harsha. She had always been a terror to the boys in the school owing to her athletic body like a Greek goddess. Harsha learnt what happened and was furious with what Zubair had done. She decided it was time he was put in his place. Harsha decided that it was time to teach Zubair a lesson.

Zubair learnt from a friend that Harsha was waiting for him at the main gate. Zubair felt his knees tremble in fear as Harsha was known to be brutal with boys kneeing them and busting their balls. Zubair wanted to avoid a direct confrontation with her so he jumped the parapet wall behind the school and jumped on to the road. As he got up and dusted himself he was terrified to see Harsha and three of her friends in front of him waiting for him.

Zubair stepped back frightened of the girls but reached the wall to his back with no way to escape.

“Oh, our hero is trying to escape like a coward after doing a villainous thing” Harsha said sarcastically.

“No Harsha, he was actually practicing long jump so that he can win an Olympic medal” said another girl Sathwik clapping sarcastically.

“If there was a Olympic medal for cheapness, then he would get it” said Harsha making the other girls chuckle.

“Shall we also play with him?” asked another girl Amit. The others nodded in agreement.

“What shall we play?” asked Sunil the last of the girls.

“Let’s play golf” replied Harsha retrieving a golf club from beside him.

“OK, but where is the ball?” asked Amit.

“Oh shit, I forget to bring them” said Harsha in mock sadness.

“Don’t worry girls, Zubair has two of them” said Sathwik with a smile and immediately the girls pounced on him, tripping him and making him fall backwards. The girls stretched his legs wide apart and caught his legs and hands tightly making him unable to move even an inch.

“Oh, that’s great. Thanks Zubair. I won’t disappoint you with my shot” said Harsha practicing the swing a couple of times by lifting the club backwards and bringing it a few inches away from Zubair’s balls. Zubair looked in fright and horror as harsha took aim. He nodded his head profusely begging her to stop.

But Harsha just laughed and lifted the club high behind her and swung it in one swift motion.

Zubair closed his eyes anticipating the worst. But everything remained calm and

peaceful for the next few seconds. He slowly opened his eyes and to his relief saw that Harsha and stopped the club just a few inches away from his balls.

“What happened Sweetie? Did you think your balls got busted? Don’t worry I will not do that unless…….” Harsha said with a smirk as the girls lifted him up.

“Unless what?” asked Zubair seeming a bit worried.

“Since you pride over wearing pants and humiliated the poor girl just because she wore them I think we need a change in order. I want you to come wearing the skirt uniform tomorrow else your balls will be busted for sure” threatened Harsha as beads of sweat formed on forehead.

“Please, leave me. I am very sorry for what I did” he pleaded the girls who seemed unmoved.

“We will leave you honey but if you don’t do as I say then I can’t guarantee your safety” she threatened and left from there with her friends in tow. Zubair collapsed on the ground in despair. He had heard tales of how Harsha had made many boys transition from pants to skirts.

He went home and didn’t even react to any taunts thrown at him by his siblings. He skipped dinner and went to his room seemingly worried about the next day. He didn’t want to wear the girl’s uniform at any cost but knew what the repercussions would be. He had half a mind of telling his sisters or rather now his brothers and seeking their support but he knew that, that would have a reverse effect. His brothers would themselves make him wear the skirted uniform and send him to school so he kept it within himself.

But finally the near miss golf swing of Harsha overcame his disgust for wearing the girl's uniform. So with shivering hands he picked Zakir's uniform into his hands as out of his sisters Zakir was the one closest to his height and build. When they had given him all their previous clothes they had also given him their uniforms. He removed his clothes and put on the shirt and skirt and checked himself in the mirror.



He felt like puking but controlled himself. Tears filled his eyes due to the humiliation. Just as he resigned to his fate he got a call on his friend on his mobile.

“Hey dude, how are you doing?” asked John.

“I am fine” Zubair answered softly.

“Heard there will be a new girl in town tomorrow and her name is Zubeida. Harsha seems to be bringing her out. Everyone in school is waiting to see her” John said sarcastically. Zubair understood that John was referring to him. He immediately had a rush of blood and yelled that he will never wear the girl’s uniform

“Good, that’s like my boy. Don’t worry, I have arranged things to settle matters once and for all. Have a tight sleep and don’t worry” John assured him and disconnected the call. Zubair removed the uniform and wore his normal clothes wondering what the plan was.

Zubair gave the chemistry lab attendant a wad of notes and took the glass bottle from him.

“You are sure this is acid? asked John and the attender nodded confirming it is.

As per the plan they made Harsha wait just outside the middle school building and as she stood there waiting Zubair and his friends reached the first floor right above her. Zubair carefully opened the bottle cap and with a cruel grin he poured the acid over Harsha.

“DIE BITCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” he yelled as he did so.

They watched anticipating Harsha scream in pain but all she did was shriek in surprise as cold water fell on her. She looked up to find Zubair and muttered angrily as the boys ran from there scared.

Zubair attended the next few classes with their hearts in their mouths. As soon as the final bell rang he ran towards the school gate but in vain as he was caught by the girls and dragged to the school backyard.

Once again he was made to lie on the ground with his legs wide apart as the girls caught him. Zubair looked in fear expecting Harsha to crush his balls with the golf club. But what happened next blew the daylights out of him. Harsha retrieved a bottle with clear liquid from her bag and opened the cap as smoke came out of it.

“You dare to pour acid on me” she growled at him like a tigress.

”No.....no.....no” Zubair shook his head vehemently.

“What did you think if acid had really dropped on me. Did you really think the female lab attendant would have given you real acid to throw on a girl. We females are loyal towards each other unlike you selfish males. Now I have the real sample which I shall be throwing on you” said Harsha as she poured some on a flower beside Zubair and the flower was reduced to ashes almost instantaneously. Zubair looked in horror and begged to spare him.

“After playing on his psyche for some time Harsha fired her last salvo. But Zubair you are doomed anyways. Do you know the punishment for acid attack attempts not just acid attacks is death penalty. I have proof to have you convicted. The laws don’t exempt minors as well. Even your mafia king father cannot save you” she threatened him.

Zubair felt that his mother would kill him first if she knew what he did. He repented for blindly following John’s idea. He begged Harsha several times over.

“OK, then prove me your repentance by coming to school wearing the skirt uniform starting tomorrow” she ordered him. Zubair nodded in agreement. Zubair dragged his feet home dejectedly.

He knew that if his brothers saw him in girls uniform he will be reduced to a girl’s status at home but he had no other option but wear the skirted uniform. He thought carefully and formed a plan to satisfy both requirements.

The next morning he left home in his male uniform but headed straight to the boys washroom and swapped his shirt and pants with the frilly girls shirt and skirt. He also changed from his black shoes with laces to black maryjane shoes. As he entered the classroom he was greeted with claps from the girls while the pant wearing boys jeered at him.



Harsha and her friends saw him and smiled victoriously as they claimed another prized catch. As Zubair's eyes met with Harsha's he immediately lowered his head in shame.

For the next month zubair managed with great difficulty his dual life of wearing skirts at school and pants at home. But this arrangement of his came to a jarring halt as Harsha put forth her next demand.

“Zubair, I just realised that you are a devout muslim boy and you roam around in school in front of us kafirs showing your luscious hair. I think you should start wearing a hijab starting tomorrow” she wontedly used the term luscious although Zubair had short hair. Harsha left even before Zubair could answer which meant he had no other choice.

The next morning his father, Imran, and brothers were in for a pleasant surprise when they saw Zubair enter the dining room clad in Zakir's old uniform. Suddenly the atmosphere was filled with jubilation. They were all the more surprised when Zubair thrust his hand forward and gave a hijab to Imran asking her to put the hijab on for him. This surprised his family even more as he himself was asking to put a hijab on.

Imran was especially happy with the development as she was also pondering on getting Zubair take the oath as having a son who was not put in place didn't go well with BKB members who had subtly asked her to do it as soon as possible.

The three brothers were in feminising Him and immediately took him to a room and neatly draped the hijab on his head carefully so that even a strand of hair wasn't visible. They also put some light make-up although he tried to resist.

With all done they were proud of their work and praised him too as he went red with embarrassment.

When his father's henchwomen saw him they too praised him making him blush further.

The moment Harsha saw Zubair a huge grin formed on her face. She too praised his looks. When he went to class he saw that John too was wearing a girls uniform after having his balls busted the previous evening as a result of the dubious idea he had given Zubair.

Zubair's life underwent a course-correction as he learnt the next morning about his visit to the masjid. But before that he was taken to a parlour and had his eye-brows shaped, got a facial done and his ears & nose were pierced.

He entered the masjid with his father and brothers. They assembled in a room along with the imam.

"Son, are you ready to take your oath?" asked the female imam who was dressed in a thawb (long dress worn by arab men). Zubair nodded reluctantly.

Zubair had come dressed in his male clothes as he had not yet taken the oath. The imam asked him to go to another room and come out dressed in appropriate clothing. Zubair came back dressed in a blue colour salwar kameez and Black

hijab which his brothers helped him put on.



“Good, now place your hand on the holy Quran and swear by Allah the almighty that you reject your status as a male and accept your status of a female” said the imam.

“I swear by Allah the almighty that I reject my status as a male and willingly accept the status of a female” he said softly placing his hand on the holy Quran as his eyes welled.

“With this I formally declare that you no longer hold male status and will be known by your female status. Which means although you are physically a male you will be assigned female roles such as daughter, sister, wife to your husband, mother to your children although they are not born out of your body and other related roles. It is haram in islam to crossdress and if you wear any kind of pants-shirts like you used to it will be considered as haraam and you will be suitably punished.

Once the ceremony was over, the whole family hugged each other happily as now everything was in place.

With that Zubair became Zubeida officially. He was the only daughter of the family. He found that his brother’s attitude towards him had changed. They no longer allowed him to join them in while playing cricket, he was prohibited by going to gym. Imran had him learn kathak from a dance teacher who came home everyday to teach him the moves. This made his body language appear feminine though the right word now would be masculine as the meaning had now been reversed along with the genders.



Zubeida was also initiated into housework with the maid servant, Shazia who was previously known as Shahjahan, teaching him to cook, clean, wash, sew and other boyish things.



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Zubeida was no longer allowed to offer namaz in the masjid and prayed at home while the female members went to masjid. During Eid and other occasions he would deck himself in colourful salwars and jewellery which his father bought for him. His brothers were over protective about him and didn't like him stepping out of the house alone and always made sure someone was with him for security as a man cannot protect himself. They also asked him to wear a niqab and disapproved the saree as it was unislamic but Imran disagreed with them saying that the hijab would be fine and saree was also OK as long as he didn't show his midriff and much of his skin.



The plane carrying Hassan and other male passengers back to India landed at the airport. Hassan was a bit anxious as to how his family would be as he was already a bit taken aback when the female pilots introduced themselves as Aravind Verma and Abdul Malik while all the air hostesses were clearly men wearing the uniform which was a saree and blouse.



He shifted uncomfortably every time he saw the air hostesses who acted like there was nothing wrong. He got off the plane and went through the immigration control. The officer who was a woman in her mid twenties wearing a smartly tucked shirt and pant with short hair checked his passport and asked him to wait in the lobby.

After a few hours he was collected by a few plain clothes policemen and bundled into a car and taken to an undisclosed location. Over the next few days he was interrogated over all the crimes he had committed using his gang before he left the country. Within a few days he was produced before court and after the trial was completed in a short span. The judge pronounced the judgement giving a suspended death penalty to Hassan. Hassan wasn't sure what a suspended death sentence meant and asked his lawyer after the court was dismissed.

"I have read the detailed judgement and you have an option of escaping the gallows that's why you have been given a suspended death sentence. If you take that option and abide by it without failing even once then you will live else you will be hanged with immediate effect" said the lawyer Arjun Singh who was a 35 year old woman.

"What is the option?" he asked her anxiously.

"The court believes you committed those crimes in a man's world but times have now changed and it's a woman's world now. If you take your place living as a man in the woman's world then your judgment will be suspended" said Arjun as Hassan looked a bit confused.

Then Arjun explained in detail about how he will have to take the oath to live in

the status of a female and will have to live a normal family life as a wife and mother. If he failed in his marriage life as a wife or mother, which meant if he got divorced, he will have to face the death penalty as it means he has not accepted the new society.

Hassan listened in horror and later his horror turned to anger as he started shouting about how stupid it was.

He returned to his cell after being told he had been given 24 hours time. If he decided to not accept the option given to him then he will be executed within 24 hours from then. Even a gangster like Hassan feared death and that fear overcame all other rational thinking. The next day he gave a written acceptance.

With that he was escorted in a police van. Hassan looked in utter disbelief as his journey towards his house progressed. Everywhere he looked he saw women in pants and shirts while almost more than half the men were in sarees or salwar kameez. It seemed like he was in an alternate world where the sexes were reversed.

Hassan was dropped in front of a palace like building and the police left from there. Hassan stood in front of the huge mansion spellbound by its grandiosity. The place consisted of a huge palace like house surrounded by lush garden and high boundary walls with electric wiring and sensors to protect from any intruders. There was a huge and heavy iron gate which was manned by security staff. When he had left his family still lived in a huge slum area that he controlled and the slum dwellers were his gang members. He was amazed at how his wife and children had increased his empire manyfold in his absence.

He walked towards the gate and it seemed to be locked from inside. He banged on the gate a couple of times as he stood there helplessly in the sweltering heat.

As he stood wondering what to do he heard a voice directed at him.

“Abbe Buddey, Aage chal. Yahaan pe bheek nahin maangne ka (hey old man, move away. You are not allowed to beg here)” said the voice. Hassan saw that it was a young woman in early twenties. She had a confident swagger as she took brisk strides towards him. Hassan was furious at the tone in which she spoke to him. The woman opened the gate and stood in front of him.

“Do you know who I am?” he asked angrily gritting his teeth.

“How will I know? Do you think you are Deepak Padukone or Priyanshu Chopra?” she asked sarcastically. Hassan felt weird as the names the woman had just spelt out were actually famous film heroines when he called the shots and he had always lusted them. But now those two were big action superstars who rule Bollywood even after they were nearing fifties.

“I am the owner of this house, Abu Zubair?” Hassan sometimes referred to himself as Abu Zubair which essentially meant father of Zubair.

The woman broke into a fit of laughter and she called a few of her friends over and shared the joke with them. Hassan felt humiliated over a few who his daughter’s age making fun of him.

“I will make sure to strip you naked and have you lashed” Hassan said angrily as the woman’s expression turned from laughter to anger. She quickly took a gun from behind her and pointed at Hassan in point blank range.

“You fucking faggot.....you dare to threaten me” she snarled angrily. Hassan was taken aback for a moment as fear gripped him.

“The owner of this palace is Imran.....” she was interrupted by a phone call.

“Yes Bhai Fazal here” she answered the call.

“No Bhai, it’s a petty issue as someone is here at our gate claiming to be your father” she replied to the person on the other side as if it was a non-issue but her expression turned serious.

“Yes Bhai.....Sure Bhai.....OK OK Bhai” she said and cut the call.

She looked at Hassan and apologised to him and respectfully asked him to go inside. Hassan felt proud and walked inside. He was happy as he thought Fazal had told Zubair about him since she said Bhai repeatedly and Zubair was the only male member in the family apart from himself. But what Hassan didn’t realise is that it was actually his elder daughter Asma who now went by the name Usman that had spoken to Fazal on the other side.

As Hassan walked in towards the house and into the house he came across many gangsters who were all female who gave him strange looks. He also saw some women who were in his gang when he was in India who were surprised by his sudden arrival.

Hassan walked around aimlessly unsure where to go. He finally stopped at the

door of a the room which was like a king's durbar with a throne like chair and sofa's on either side. The room had its own bar desk from where the attendees could drink while discussing matters. As Hassan saw a few people, all women dressed in pants and shirts, waiting in the sofas probably to meet Bhai. Hassan's chest swelled in pride as he could now go back to being the king that he was and repented having run away. Just then he heard everyone stand hurriedly by whispers "Bhai has come, Bhai has come".

A proud smile appeared on Hassan's face and as he was about to foot his feet into the room another door sprang open and a person clad in suit trousers with a pipe in hand entered the room and sat on the big jewelled chair that Hassan always considered his throne. Since it was dark and the person wore a cap Hassan couldn't recognise who that was. He thought maybe it was Zubair who had taken his place. The person lit his cigar and blew heavy smoke into the air.



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“Namaste Imran Bhai” the group greeted Imran as she sat on the chair smoking the cigar with her legs wide apart in what was now called as feminine posture. Hassan felt like he was hit by a truck when he realised that the person referred to as Bhai was actually not him or his son but his wife Imrana.

Imran didn't see Hassan and continued her talks with the women. Hassan was about to enter the room angrily but he felt someone tap on his shoulder. It turned to find Fazal behind him.

“What are you doing here? Not everybody can enter this room and this includes even family members. Please come with me I shall take you to your room where you can freshen up and meet everyone later” she said and even before he could answer she held his hand and took him away from there.

They climbed the lift and went to the 4th floor. The ground floor, 1st, 2nd and 3rd floors were used by the female gangsters for their recreation and other business dealings while the family lived in the 4th and 5th floors which had very limited access to outsiders and heavily guarded. The 6th floor had a swimming pool and gym for the family. Hassan looked with his mouth wide open as they navigated through the house which had richness written on every inch.

They finally entered a spacious room which looked like a movie set. It had a huge sprawling bed with multiple layers of throws and blankets. A 55 inch Smart TV that was fixed to the wall and several costly paintings that adorned the wall. It looked like a 5 star hotel suite.

“You can rest for some time, take a bath and change into comfortable clothing. You have everything you need here from clothes to shoes. If you need any food

you can use the intercom beside the bed and order what you want” informed Fazal and left from there. Hassan ignored the smirk Fazal had when she spoke about clothes.

He went and collapsed on the bed both physically and mentally exhausted after having sleepless nights the past few days. He immediately slipped into deep sleep and slept straight for the next 6 hours before he was again woken by Fazal.

“Everyone is waiting for you at the dinner table. Kindly can you freshen up and come over?” she informed and left from there. Hassan was surprised that he slept for so long. He went into the attached bathroom and was amazed at how money had been poured into the bathroom too. He quickly brushed his teeth and removed the clothes dropping them as a pile on the floor. He got into the shower and closed his eyes as the warm water ran down his body. He wanted to stay like that for hours but his stomach started telling him to get out fast. Hassan wiped his body and face with a towel and looked at the mirror. Due to not having proper food the past few years he had lost lots of weight and muscle mass making him appear in a lean frame. His face was lost in the thick and lush beard that ended at his chest over which he prided.

He went to the closet expecting his clothes but only found women’s salwar kameez’s in different colours. He fumed and searched all over repeatedly but didn’t find a stitch of male clothing. Angrily he wore the soiled clothes in which he had entered the building.

His stomach growled reminding him once again about it being empty. He went out of the room in search of his wife Imrana to question her about all that was happening.

Hassan found all the rooms in the house empty and finally went to the dining

room. He could smell freshly made food placed in an organised manner on the table. There was a variety of non-vegetarian food which made his mouth water. He couldn't control himself and went to sit on the chair near the dining table that was on the center with chairs on either side of the table. The chair was clearly for the head of the family.

As he sat he was stopped by a maid.

"Excuse me sir, this chair belongs to the head of the family" the maid, a young boy around 20 years old said.

"I am the head of the family" said Hassan a bit irritated.

"No sir, the head of the family is Imran Bhai" said Rizwana sounding a bit afraid that he would be blamed if someone found a stranger sitting on Imran's chair.

"I am Hassan Ali, the head of the family and its not Imran Bhai. It's Imrana Ali, my wife and the mother of my children" Hassan said angrily.

"Was not is" thundered a voice as Hassan turned back to find his wife Imrana standing with a few young but strong women behind her. Imrana walked over to him confidently which intimidated Hassan a bit.

"I was Imrana Ali, your wife and the mother of OUR children. But, after I took the oath our marriage was automatically annulled as we both have male status in the eyes of the almighty. If we need to lead a married life again then one of us

needs to have a female status and that person would definitely not be me” said Imran with a smirk on her face.

Hassan just blew his top off and lunged forward towards her.

“I shall put you in your place, bitch” he snarled but even before he could reach his wife one of the sturdy girls behind Imran easily knocked him on to the ground and twisted his arm behind him making him scream in pain.

“Sweetie, you need to understand. Times have changed and I am no longer the meek woman you thought was only good for bed. I am running a 1000 crore mafia empire and one of the most feared woman in south east asia. You better behave yourself like a good boy else you will be spanked if thats what it takes to discipline you” Imran said bending on her knees and patting Hassan’s bum twice. Hassan felt humiliated as he lay on the ground helplessly while his wife talked over him. He was made to stand up and face Imran face-to-face.

“Now that you have come back after a long time I am sure you have a lot of things to tell us. Why don’t we talk like adults while having a meal” said Imran and went and sat on her chair while he was made to forcefully sit on another chair adjacent to his wife.

Three young women in their mid to late twenties sat opposite to him.

“Oh and let me introduce you to these fine young women. They are my sons and formerly our daughters” Imran introduced her sons who gave Hassan a salaam. Hassan looked in horror as they introduced themselves telling their names. All the three women sported short but messy hair, wore t-shirts and jackets looking

very smart but also strong.

“Where is Zubair?” asked Hassan fearing the worst.

“Zubair or rather Zubeida is in her husband’s house” replied Usman with a chuckle.

“What?” asked Hassan in disbelief.

“But don’t worry unlike the views you hold I didn’t get my daughter married as a minor. I got him married right after he turned 18 and became an adult” informed Imran as Hassan’s mind reeled.

Rizwana came and served the family the food to them. Hassan’s hunger had by now practically died and he found it hard to even swallow a morsel down his throat. As he was still processing the information he got another shock when another person entered the dining room greeting the family.

“Oh my God!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” a voice exclaimed as the person entered the dining room. Hassan turned around to see a stout woman dressed in a pathani salwar kameez come and sit beside Hassan.

Hassan’s face turned pale when he realised who that was. It was Afreen, Hassan’s younger sister. Afreen was almost 10 years younger than Hassan. When Afreen was 18 years old she had fallen in love with a hindu boy and eloped with him. But the boy was brutally killed right after the marriage by

Hassan's henchmen and bought her home as a widow. Now Afreen called herself Akbar and looked after the accounts of Imran's business empire. She was now a female Casanova wherein she would spend nights ramming her dildo into men and releasing the frustration and emptiness she felt as a result of the death of her loved one.

"Look who is here, the prodigal son is back home. I have been waiting for you to come back and take your place in society" Akbar teased her brother. Hassan suddenly remembered the court's judgement and his stomach felt twisted. At jail he had formulated a plan to act as if the roles were reversed but still hold all the cards but now the situation had completely changed. There was no way Imrana would agree to it as she was already living as per the new societal norms.

"Hassan, why don't you tell us about your life and how was your journey back home?" asked Imran. Hassan noticed that she called him by his name which she had never dared to ever in her life.

Hassan didn't let out much details about his life in the Middle East nor did he tell about the arrest and subsequent conviction and judgement. But what he didn't know was that Imrana had known about it all along and a copy of the judgement was also provided to her.

Hassan realised he was cornered with nowhere to go when Imran placed the judgement file in front of Hassan.

"I have read the whole judgement and I guess you have too. I have been told you have consented and signed in full conscious that you agree to take the oath and renounce your male status. The court has fixed an appointment with the Imam for tomorrow morning and once that is done we both can get our Nikaah ceremony the following day as it will be no longer haraam as a person who is

male and another who is female in the eyes of Allah would be getting married” Imrana told her soon-to-be-wife.

Hassan felt like he was sinking in quick sand. He was caught between the devil and deep blue sea. If he agreed to it he will have to live a life as a wife and mother. On the other hand if he rejected it his life will end.

“I see that you are in two minds about this. It is mandatory that no person is coerced into taking the oath. Hence you have time till morning to decide what you want to do.

Hassan could hardly sleep that night. No matter how much he thought he didn’t find a way out of the mess. He dreamt that he rejected the option and was taken to the gallows to be hanged. Once he was hanged he got up in cold sweat as his heart beat fastly.

Once the fear of death creeps into the human mind they will never be able to face it as dying takes a lot of death especially when you know when and how it is coming. Hassan too reacted the same way. Finally with a heavy heart he decided to take the oath as this way he would live although it would be a life of humiliation.

The next morning the breakfast took place in a celebratory mood as all the women celebrated Hassan’s acceptance while he sat like he was in a funeral.

After breakfast Hassan was bundled into a car with Akbar and was taken to one of the poshest parlours in town.



Hassan had tears in his eyes when the beard and moustache was shaved off along with his male pride as he knew that in a few hours his life as a male would tend to cease. With the facial hair taken care off next it was time to get rid of the unwanted body hair below the neck. Akbar monitored this closely and had a bikini wax done. She relished the pain Hassan went through as each strap was being pulled out though she felt it was nothing in front of the hole in her heart that Hassan had created.

Hassan wore a plain tunic over his now hairless body as the parlour staff set off working on various other aspects.

One person did the pedicure and another manicure. With years of spending in the desert with no proper hygiene it took a long time for the nails to be cleaned and cut.

With that they left the parlour in a hurry as Akbar was worried that they would be late for the appointment with the Imam owing to the heavy traffic in the city.

But they reached the masjid in time and found Imran and her sons waiting for Hassan.

The ritual was more or less similar to what Zubair had undergone in becoming Zubeida. He was first asked if he was taking the oath with a free will following which he was taken into a room and made to wear a sareewith hijab.



After which he was made to take the oath in front of the Imam declaring to renounce his male status and adopt the female status.

The whole family went home in a jubilant mood except for Haseena who was understandably heartbroken. Haseena looked for some emotional support but found none. That was when he wondered where Zubair was.

“Asma, where is Zubair? Why is he not coming?” Haseena asked his eldest son. Usman frowned when he was referred to as Asma.

“Mom, I am not Asma. Please don’t call me or anyone by our previous names. Again it’s Zubeida not Zubair. As we told you he got married and is in his husband’s house. He was away at his husband’s parents house in Delhi and returned today morning. They will be here any moment” replied Usman.

Haseena went to his room devastated as he was now doomed to a life of servitude which he had enforced on Imrana.

A short while later there was a knock on his door. He opened it to find a young man in his early twenties who appeared like a hindu married woman or rather a man wearing a saree, sindhoor and mangalsutra with a child in his arms.



Haseena looked at him in confusion not recognising him.

“Hi Mom” said the man who turned out to be Zubeida as Haseena looked at him in shock. His son whom he had doted on when he was a child and dreamt would take over his reins was now dressed as a woman in front of him.

Zubeida went and lay his daughter on the bed as the young boy played with a doll.

“Oh look at you, so delicate and darling. I am sure you are proud of yourself” Haseena said sarcastically at his ‘daughter’. Zubeida felt bad at Haseena’s venomous tone.

“Mom, what can I do? I have grown up around strong women around me with no male idol to look up to. I tried to resist as much as I could but it was like I was waging a losing battle” said Zubeida and narrated how he came about to accepting his role but Haseena didn’t seem to be convinced as he felt his son was a weak sissy and felt that if Zubair had been strong and taken over the reins then he wouldn’t have become Haseena.

“Why are you dressed like a Hindu woman?” he asked looking at his attire.

Zubeida explained how Harsha started going out with him forcefully and eventually his hatred for her turned to love. His brothers initially didn’t like their sister getting married to a kafir but Imrana gave her acceptance as she had seen how Akbar had suffered and knew the pain of separation.

“Awwwww.....it’s so cute to see my sister and niece having a heartfelt mother-daughter conversation. But I am sorry to interrupt as we need to go to get the bride ready for her nikaah tomorrow” said Akbar teasing Haseena who hung his head in shame. He shuddered at being married the next day as it would mean he will officially become a wife.

Slowly many men started gathering in the house, most of whom were either wives or sisters or mothers of Imran’s gang members. He also saw some of his own former male gangsters who now were housewives. They all came in wearing burqa’s with some wearing hijabs and others niqabs. Once inside the room they removed the burqas to reveal their clothes and jewellery. Haseena saw in utter disbelief as the men and boys behaved like women observing each others clothes and jewellery. He also saw jealousy in a few men’s eyes at the jewellery worn by others. Haseena just couldn’t believe that these people used to actually behave like men did a few years ago.

Finally the mehendi function started with the younger boys including Zubeida dancing on songs as a mehendi specialist started putting mehendi on the men’s hands. Zubeida was with his mother the whole while as a moral support.



Source: pinterest.com

Zubeida had a stay over that night after seeking permission from his husband over the phone.

Haseena could hardly sleep the whole night.

The next morning started as a group of young men came inside Haseena's room who were beauticians and started their work on the bride-to-be and bridesmaid. Since Haseena already had a hairless body his nose and ears were pierced. Haseena had tears in his eyes and Zubeida knew that they were not because of the physical pain but the mental agony Haseena was going through

Long artificial nails were attached to Haseena's fingers. His eyebrows shaped into neat arches, fake eye lashes made his eyes look prettier. Hair extensions were added to his head and brushed and styled into a beautiful style. Haseena looked in amazement as slowly one by one and inch by inch he started transforming into such an image that he himself couldn't believe that the women staring in the mirror was actually himself.

The biggest change was when he wore the wedding trousseau which was a lovely flowing garment in red with a matching red hijab. The amount of jewellery he was made to wear made him feel like he was carrying a tonne over him.

His sons came over and showered praises on him. Hanif even took a pick and sent it to her father so that Imran could see the picture of her bride as she wasn't allowed to meet him till the nikaah. Imran just loved what she saw and couldn't believe that the person in the picture was actually Hassan or rather Haseena. It was decided that Zubeida and Akbar would be from the brides side while

Usman, Hanif and Zakir would be from the groom's side.

In the evening the baraat arrived with all the music and grandeur. Imran came riding on the horse clad in a sherwani with flowers attached to her turban covering her face. Imrana remembered her wedding almost 3 decades ago when she was a blushing bride and her friends and she had gathered in the balcony to see the groom's baraat and she peeked at her house. A smile formed on her face when she saw the bride and few other men standing there watching as the baraat was dancing their way in. Haseena bent her head and ran inside on as Imran's eyes met hers. He was kicking himself for not opting to hang to death but now he was in a point of no return.

As the groom's party came to the entrance they were warmly invited inside by the bridal party with Akbar being the brother-in-law sharing a glass of sharbat with Imran. Everyone went inside as young boys dressed in shining and bright salwar kameez threw ittar scents and rose water.

As was the practice in Islam all the men and women assembled in separate rooms with men with the bride and women with the groom. The maulvi who was an elderly lady officiated the nikaah ceremony. Since Haseena's parents were dead, Akbar took the mantle as Haseena's wali or guardian. While Usman, Hanif and Zakir presented the Mehr which involved money and jewellery to the bride. The Maulvi started by reciting a few verses from the quran.

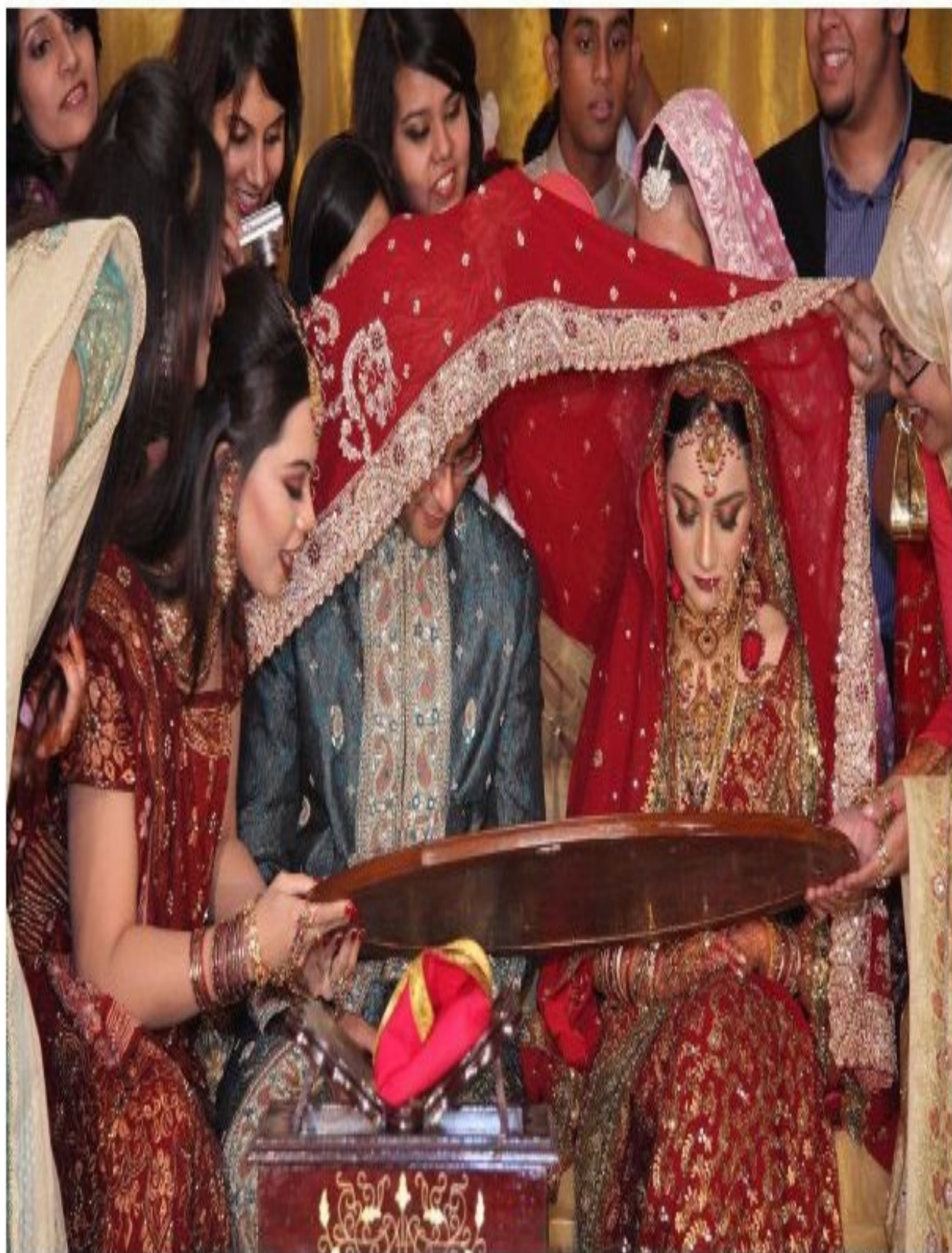
Next she asked the bride Haseena if he is consenting to marry the groom Imran by accepting the Mehr. Haseena was asked 'Qubool Hain' thrice and each time he wanted to shout a big No but all he could do was give a meek "Qubool Hain" reply as tears formed in his eyes. He knew everything was done and dusted with those three phases as he officially accepted becoming a wife, mother and even a grandmother.

The Maulvi moved to the groom's room and asked the same question thrice to which Imran proudly replied as "Qubool Hain". Followed by the Ijab-e-Qubool was the signing of the Nikahnama or the marriage contract. Hasaeena's hands shook as he signed his name as Haseena in the contract. The bride and groom were still in separate rooms not being able to see each other.



Akbar and Zubeida acted as the bride's witnesses while the sons acted as the groom's witnesses. The Maulvi recited the Khutba and then a few paragraphs from the Holy Quran which were equivalent to marriage vows.

Finally the couple got to see each other for the first time since Hassan had become Haseena. A mirror was kept between the bride and the groom and the Holy Quran was placed on top of it. The couple looked in the mirror where they could see the reflection of their spouses. While Imran looked at her wife lost in his beauty Haseena looked at his husband like a lamb which is about to be slaughtered.



After the wedding rituals were completed the bride was taken off to her room and had a change of clothes for the walimah function that was to happen where Imran was about to show off her bride to the who-is-who of the country as politicians, businesswomen, film stars, sports stars and other dignitaries were gracing the reception.

Haseena looked in despair as she knew most of the guests that had graced the occasion. The last time he had met almost each of them was when he was the most dreaded don but now he was a blushing bride. Haseena also noticed a couple of young male starlets trying to impose themselves on Imran trying to impress her with their beauties and Haseena remembered how he used to be flanked by beautiful girls at these parties.

At the wedding Haseena met his son-in-law for the first time. Harsha appeared smart and handsome in her suit. Haseena was surprised to learn that Harsha was one of the top cops in town. After a tiresome function Haseena was relieved when he could get rid of the heavy clothes and jewellery. He slept like a log that night post the ruksati.

But that didn't mean the end of his miseries. The next evening he was again decked in a red saree and several jewellery all over his body. He was taken to a room which was decorated with flowers and bore a sweet fragrance. Haseena was made to sit on the ebd and his ghoonghat pulled over covering his face and a glass of milk placed in his hand as he waited for his husband to come and make a wife out of him or rather a man out of him.

But he smirked that even though women could do many things they still had to be penetrated by men and had to bear the children (though that too would change in the future which will be dealt with in future chapters).



The door opened and Imran walked over to her wife and removed his ghoonghat. Imran praised his wife to the skies over her beauty as Haseena sat feeling awkward.

Slowly Imran started peeling her jewellery and clothes one by one till they both were naked. Haseena was waiting to get on top to penetrate his 'husband' but that was not to be the case to his horror. Imran affixed a strap-on to her waist and stood proudly with her arms on her hips and a wide grin on her face.

"Ready for a joyride Haseena?" asked with a chuckle as Haseena sat in shock looking at the thick phallus.

"But before that come pleasure your husband with a mind-blowing blowjob" she said gesturing at the dildo. Haseena stood astounded as he didn't expect this. He still expected them to have conventional sex.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" he asked getting enraged.

"Exactly" she said nonchalantly "I am talking about fucking you".

"Are you nuts? No way will I allow you to put that thing inside me" he said defying Imran.

Imran could handle this in two ways. She could force him and have her way but she wanted to bend him mentally and agree on his own so she decided to avoid

using force as she had a better way to get what she wanted.

“OK. I swear by the almighty that I shall not lay a finger on you by force” she said much to Haseena’s relief. But that wasn’t for much along.

“Since you have failed in your duty as a wife I exercise right and hereby give you your first Talaq” she declared as a stunned Haseena sat looking at him. He understood the repercussions of being given Talaq thrice, which would mean him failing his marriage and thereby be executed immediately by the government.

Imran left from there that night. He slept angrily not sure whether he was angry with himself or over his ‘husband’.

The next morning he was pleasantly surprised to know that Imran and Akbar had gone to Delhi over important work and would be there for the next month. Haseena was happy that he had 30 days ahead of him where he could think of a way to either escape from Imran’s mansion or at least avoid being fucked.

Haseena learnt over the next few days that it was impossible to escape from the mansion as it was like a high security prison. He hardly had any occasions to step out as he had to business to and even in those rare occasions he was accompanied by security guards. He felt humiliated when he was barred from driving by his ‘sons’ as he was told a man was incapable of doing such responsible things and also asked to wear a niqab when stepping out of the house. He hated it when everyone who saw him addressed him as ‘Aapa’.

Haseena was shocked to know that the reason Imran and Akbar had gone to

Delhi was because they were discussing about Akbar's possible elevation as India's first woman Prime Minister (Akbar's story will be discussed in the next chapter).

A month passed by and Akbar had even become the PM. Haseena even attended the swearing in ceremony of his brother along with the whole family. He saw in shock as his little sister who now claimed to be his brother raising into such a powerful position.

Finally the family came back home. Since it was already a month Haseena knew that Imran was now eligible to give her second Talaq if Haseena didn't give the sexual favours.

The heartfelt conversation he had with his daughter seemed to give him some confidence to take the final plunge. Zubeida in fact told him off for being such a dinosaur as it was not like only Haseena was the wife being fucked by his husband. More than half the male population were being fucked day in and day out.

"If you wanted to protest you should have done it on the day you were convicted and accepted the gallows. There is no point in coming down so far down the lane and now getting divorced and getting hanged. As your child I can only suggest you to accept the reality. Neither can we turn the clock back nor can we change our lives. All we can do is accept it so that we can live with peace" Zubeida's sound advice seemed to work.

That night Haseena started off by giving the blow job his husband demanded. After Imran was satisfied with the blow job she then made her wife lie on the bed and spread his legs wide apart. Slowly she started thrusting her dildo in and out in a smooth rhythm. Tears rolled out of Haseena's eyes as his husband

banged him and along with the tears the last remnants of Haseena's male ego seemed to have evaporated.

SIX MONTHS LATER.....

“Usman ke abba (Dad of Usman), can you please pee by lifting the toilet seat?” Haseena shouted irritably from the bathroom as he found a few spots of urine on the toilet seat. Imran and her sons urinated in a standing position using specialised devices while Haseena urinated in a sitting position as he wore sarees, salwars or even nighties during night which forced him to sit to urinate and now he was used to peeing while sitting.

Imran heard it but ignored her wife's nagging as usual muttering “aaaaah men and their nagging”.

After the night Imran conquered Haseena, he started a new life as a mother, wife and grandmother. Sometimes he wondered he came to become a good mother from a godfather. He no longer felt envy or jealous when his husband and sons discussed about settlements and other underworld activities. He was more interested in what his husband and children would have for their next meal, if their clothes were washed and ironed. He may no longer rule the mafia but he still ruled the kitchen and he was satisfied with it.



Haseena also involved himself in various charitable causes like setting up a trust which taught tailoring and sewing to underprivileged young men so that they can lead a respectable life working in a garment or textile factory instead of falling into the trap of prostitution.

Haseena made peace with life by accepting what was thrown at him by life. With time the arrival of daughters-in-law and more grandchildren always kept him on toes not giving him time to even lament on the loss of his position as a godfather.

EPISODE 5 – JODHA AKBAR REVISITED – THE FIRST FAMILY

Akbar swore in as the first Muslim Female Prime Minister of India. She assumed office with the solid support of BKB. The newspapers always featured her whether it was her work or her swagger in dapper suits.



Akbar had summoned meeting which involved his cabinet colleagues as well as heads of the BKB. They were there to discuss the issues faced by the government as a young prince from Rajasthan named Jodha Singh was a pain in the neck for the government. He provided headache to the government in two ways. Firstly he was against it as it was headed by a Muslim and secondly because the government openly supported the gender inversion.



Jodha actively aligned himself with the RSS and its affiliates which predominantly had bachelors at the helm of affairs and had not yet been taken over by hindu women. He travelled all over India rallying against the government and its policies. His passionate speeches even caused a few riots and BKB offices being attacked and damaged. Thus Jodha was the poster boy of men who still wanted to regain the power into their hands. Jodha was particularly acerbic towards the muslim community for its men dropping the cudgels without a fight.

BKB suggested Akbar that they need to hit RSS in such a way that it will never recover. BKB was a secular organisation as it involved women of all religions and regions.

“Akbar we want you to marry Jodha and make him your wife. This will hit two birds with one stone. Firstly we will be breaking the main strength of RSS and on the other hand this marriage will act towards strengthening the communal harmony of the country. We need the modern day Akbar to marry Jodha to strengthen relationship between the two communities as it did during the Moghul era” suggested, Rajyavardhan Singh Shekhawat, a 52 year old woman who was one of the founders of BKB.

Akbar was taken aback by the suggestion and flatly refused it. The meeting continued for hours ending in a stalemate as Akbar was adamant in her decision.

A week later, Imran and Haseena came to Delhi to meet Akbar. Haseena had even bought Lamb Biryani that he had made by himself for his brother. As the two women relished on the food, Haseena served the food to his husband and brother.

“Akbar, I guess you have heard about the proposal BKB have in mind?” asked imran initiating the conversation that he had come over to make.

“Yes, jiju. But I cannot accept it. You know why it is” Akbar said and looked at her sister who hung his head in shame as he knew what that look meant. Haseena regretted having had Akbar’s lover killed but there was nothing he could do.

“But have you seen Jodha before making a decision?” asked Iram surprising Akbar.

“No I haven’t. But how does that matter” she asked.

“It does” Imran replied and handed his phone showing a pic of Jodha Singh.

Akbar was stunned looking at it. Jodha singh looked just like the man Akbar had loved when she was Afreen. Her hands started shivering and beads of sweat formed on her forehead.

Haseena held Akbar’s hand giving her support as tears formed in her eyes.

“I am truly sorry for what I did Akbar. I really hope you settle down and lead a happy family. If this is the second chance life is giving you then take it” Haseena said although he knew the mental agony and pain Jodha would go through post his transformation. But Haseena was being selfish as this would at least get rid of the guilt he had been feeling for quite a while.

“But Aapa.....” Akbar tried to reason.

“No buts and no ifs. If you really respect your Aapa then you will do as I say” said Haseena placing a hand on his little brother’s head.

Haseena and Imran discussed about it and left in the flight later in the night leaving Akbar pondering as he saw Jodha’s picture.

The following day Akbar called the head of Intelligence Bureau, a woman IPS officer called Abhimanyu Singh Thakur. Akbar gave Jodha’s file and asked her to enquire about Jodha and send a detailed file to her. Within a week Akbar had the file detailing Jodha’s life in front of her. Jodha started reading the file

Jodha was 24 years old and around 7 years younger than Akbar. He belonged to a royal family in Rajasthan owning a huge palace sprawling over thousands of acres and several businesses. He had a mother Maharani Gayatri Devi whose husband had died a few years earlier. Jodha also had a younger sister 20 year old Aditi Singh. Though the whole world was turning over Jodha still fought the tide in all vigour and valour. He controlled his sister making her dress in a saree and covering her head with the saree pallu.



Jodha saw to it strictly that not a single man and woman reversed roles in the surrounding 200 villages. He made it mandatory for every woman and girl who menstruate to wear the ghoonghat covering their faces and dignity.





Akbar's blood boiled over the chauvinistic views of Jodha. She also noticed that Gayatri Devi too was powerless in front of her son as he cleverly used history as an emotional tool. He reminded her how rajput women were the torchbearers of actual hindu rituals who not only lived for their men but also died for their men like Rani Padmavati.

She also read intelligence reports which mentioned that Jodha may be using his massive wealth to buy weapons and attack the parliament and stage a coup. Akbar decided it was time she took some corrective measures to restore the peace and tranquillity in the country.

A smile formed on Akbar's face as she found a loophole that she could use to bring Jodha on his knees. Akbar learnt that all the properties and bank accounts were in Maharani Gayatri Devi's name while Jodha who was busy travelling and mobilizing forces all over the country made use of the wealth and money as he willed. Akbar decided to use this as the jugular vein to choke Jodha and bring him down.

Gayatri Devi was surprised to learn that the PM of India had sought to meet her and as planned Akbar flew over to her palace in the middle of the night as it was supposed to be secret.

Gayatri and Aditi received Akbar in the royal courtyard as Akbar requested Aditi's presence in the meeting. After enquiring about each other Akbar cut the chase jumping straight to the point.

“Maharani ji, I have come here to ask Jodha’s hand for marriage” stated Akbar confidently taking the mother and daughter by surprise.

“What, you want to get married to my son?” asked Gayatri finding it hard to believe that Akbar wanted to marry Jodha.

“Yes I am here to solemnly ask your Jodha’s hand for marriage” once Akbar stated her intention.

“But how is it possible?” asked Gayatri.

“Why isn’t it possible? Is it because I am a muslim or because I am older than him?” asked Akbar.

“No, no.....It is neither. There are many instances in past where Rajputs and Muslims have married each other and also instances where woman has been older than man. But what I am thinking about is I am sure you know about my son and his views about women and their status. He strongly believes women need to stay within the four walls and respect the customs and rituals but.....” Gayatri stopped hesitatingly.

“What but my highness?” asked Akbar knowing what Gayatri was thinking.

“You seem to be one of those modern women who have challenged and toppled the patriarchal society. You called yourself as Akbar and are the PM of the

country. Would you be fine to going back to being.....uhmmmmm” Gayatri stopped searching for Akbar’s previous name.

“Afreen” reminded Akbar.

“Ahhhhh..... Afreen. Are you OK going back to being Afreen and becoming his wife and staying within the palace in the ghoonghat? My son is particular about it”.

Akbar laughed out loudly confusing the mother-daughter duo.

“Sorry for being impolite your highness. I have no intentions of going back to being Afreen or become a royal wife and staying within the queen’s court of the palace in a ghoonghat. Let me rephrase my words so that it will amke more sense” said Akbar.

“You highness, I am here to solemnly ask your daughter, Princess Jodha bai’s, hand in marriage with myself Akbar Khan the Prime Minister of India” said Akbar as Gayatri and Aditi sat stunned to silence. They weren’t sure how to react for a few moments.

Akbar took the opportunity to explain how Jodha had been planning to launch a revolt and take back the reins. She also explained as to how he had given inflammatory speeches and caused a few riots resulting in the loss of innocent civilians.

“Hence in order to restore peace and communal harmony in the country it is required for Jodha and Akbar to marry once again”.

“But what makes you think my brother will agree to this?” asked Aditi as she started gaining interest in the topic.

Akbar explained how Gayatri held all the cards as far as property and wealth goes and Jodha could be easily made to bend backwards using that as an effective weapon.

Aditi was excited but Gayatri was sure about it and didn't support the initiative. Akbar explained to her that the whole world was changing and it was time for women to rise up and undo all the wrongs men had done when they were at the helm of affairs. He pointed out how history was always tilted towards men with women undergoing the agni pariksha, banished to forests, being humiliated by vastra apaharan (disrobing in public), made to jump in pyres along with dead husbands but men didn't do any of these.

Akbar left from there leaving the ball in Gayatri's court and hoping that she overturns her opinion.

A week later Akbar received a call from an excited Aditi where she informed about her mother's decision to go by Akbar's plan. Akbar was pleasantly surprised and once again Akbar and a few important BKB members secretly visited the royal palace.

Akbar learnt that sadly a couple of days back 10 girls were buried alive because they were studying secretly and aspiring to work in the bigger cities. This worked as a catalyst in changing Gayatri's opinion. She felt enraged at the loss of those innocent lives whose only mistake was to have dreams to achieve something in life. Gayatri understood the men dared to do this only because of the backing and support of her son. With that Gayatri decided it was time to change the situation and that could be done when it happened at the top.

Akbar thanked the Queen for agreeing to give her 'daughter's' hand to her.

With that the plan started to execute in a secret manner. Around 100 young girls were chosen from the neighbouring villages and offered employment in the palace as royal maids. But in reality the girls were offered training in martial arts and weaponry. Aditi too trained and exercised religiously. She diverted all the anger and frustration she had since childhood on to pumping the iron.



A completely unaware Jodha was busy rallying men all over not knowing what's happening in his backyard.

Within 3 months, the band of girls led by Aditi were tough as nails both physically and mentally. They felt a sense of empowerment by discarding the ghonghat, though it was still in private.

Finally the time arrived when it was time to raise the stakes. Jodha was shocked to see front pages news splashed on all the newspapers and breaking news on channels showing that Gayatri Devi had done a special puja and Yagam and declared herself as Maharaja Gajendra Singh Chauhan and nominated Aditi as the crown prince Aditya Singh Chauhan.

Jodha felt like the earth below him split into two and swallowed him. He felt humiliated as he dissed and berated men who either submitted to their women or even let their women adopt male names and clothing. Jodha felt those men were sissies and he did this to muslim especially due to his proverbial hatred towards them. But now his own mother and sister had done this to him.

He was enraged and called his mother on the phone and demanded her to immediately take back the words and issue a public apology. Gajendra was furious at the tone in which her son spoke. She refused and Aditya took the phone and suggested him to take his place in the family as the Royal Princess further enraging him. Jodha angrily warned them that he will be coming bath to put the women in their place.

Jodha took the next available flight back home and immediately mobilised 500 men and the crowd moved towards the palace swinging the swords shouting

slogans.

Dalus Photos



Malayalam
Scrap

MALAYALAMSCRAP.COM

But Gajendra was already expecting this and had her personal army ably led by her son Aditya from the front.

A huge fight ensued with the women specially trained by RAW agents from the government easily overpowering the men though they were in a sizably larger number.





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All the men were disarmed and putting them in heavy chains. They were taken to a unused part of the palace and imprisoned.

Jodha was produced before Gajendra and Aditya. Jodha was shocked to see his mother and sister as they were unrecognisable. Both wore suits with ties and on the background was a huge painting with both of them in traditional royal family kuta pyjamas. Jodha noticed that both wore absolutely no ornaments except for a wristwatch that Aditya wore and not a speck of make-up. Both their heads were decorated with pagdis (turbans) in traditional rajasthani style. They both looked like a father and son than a mother and daughter. Jodha looked in disbelief as to how this happened without his knowledge.

“Mother what are you doing? I can understand Aditi being foolish but how can you too play along with her?” he asked Gajendra angrily. Gajendra too got angry at the condescending tone in which he spoke to her.

“Beware your words Jodha. Remember that you are speaking to the Maharaja of Jodhagarh” Gajendra said sternly making Jodha cringe in disbelief.

“And the crown prince of Jodhagarh” added Aditya as she now had the right authority to speak against her brother.

“No way, I will not accept this and I want you both to change back immediately” he roared shaking in anger.

“Yes and a hell of a yes. This is exactly how things are going to be and you will

also take your rightful place as the princess of Jodhagarh” Gajendra roared back in equal measure.

Jodha tried to beg, threaten, emotionally blackmail his mother but none seemed to work.

“Jodha since you are my blood I don’t want to physically force you into anything. You have two choices in front of you. One, accept our proposition and become my daughter. Two, get banished from the state with no recourse to any of the royal heritage or wealth” Gajendra placed the propositions in front of Jodha fully aware of what his choice would be.

Jodha stormed out of the palace angrily. He went to his SUV but noticed that a guard was standing in front of it. He was told that except the clothes he is wearing he wouldn’t be allowed to take anything else.

Jodha was dropped at the Jaipur airport, which was a 4 hour drive from Jodhagarh, to book a ticket to Nagpur so that he could go to the RSS headquarters and then take a call on the future course of action. But to his disappointment he found that the airport was under renovation and all flights had been cancelled for a couple of days which meant he had to stay in a hotel till then. Jodha being of royal birth felt it is cheap for a man of his stature to travel by public bus or train.

He went to draw some cash and noticed that all his cards were blocked. He was relieved when he counted the cash he had with him and it amounted to around 25,000. He booked a room in a 5 star hotel and decided to wait it out for 2 days. He cringed as he saw the groundstaff in the airport was a young man wearing a saree uniform as was the male receptionist in the hotel. He gave them looks of disgust which they ignored sadly as they knew that they had no other choice if

they wanted to work.



The next morning as Jodha sat in the hotel restaurant having breakfast with coffee he found a young woman in her twenties on a table adjacent to him. She wore a pilot uniform and sipped coffee while reading the newspaper. He noticed her stealing glances towards him and a smile formed on his face as he knew he was a attractive male owing to his royal lineage.



When it was time to pay the bill the waitress, a young man in a blouse and short skirt, informed Jodha that the bill was paid by the customer in the next table. Jodha looked at the female pilot who flashed a smile.

Jodha and the woman entered her hotel room.

“By the way, I am Pranay Gowda” she introduced herself as Jodha’s face went pale. He hated when women used male names. But he controlled himself and introduced himself as Jodha Singh Chauhan.

“Jodha.....beautiful name” she complimented his name for which he smiled but the smile disappeared the moment she added “And so are you”.

“Jodha, you look so dishevelled and tired. Why don’t you go shave and take a bath. I don’t like hairy men. By then I shall arrange some things here. How about some role play?”

“Sure why not” said Jodha.

“What do you like? Pilot and Stewardess? Doctor and Nurse? Teacher and student? Or prostitute and customer?” she asked.

Jodha chose the prostitute and customer role as he wanted to fuck her like a slut and went inside the bathroom.

He quickly shaved his beard and trimmed his moustache, took a quick bath and came out of the bathroom excited to see Pranay dressed as a prostitute. But he saw her changed into a jeans and t-shirt with jasmine flowers rolled in her wrists. There was a chiffon saree and matching blouse on the bed

“Hey, why aren’t you dressed?” he asked her a bit perplexed.

“I am dressed, it’s you who needs to get dressed. Your clothes are right here” she replied.

“What do you mean?” he asked with a puzzled look.

“You chose the prostitute role right? Your saree is here. Once you wear it and apply the make-up then we can start” she said licking her lips.

“Why will I wear a saree? You are the girl, you need to wear it” he said half angry and half irritated.

“Are you kidding? Which girl likes to wear a saree off late? I am a pilot and woman in uniform not a lazy bum like you. Now don’t waste my time. Either get fucked or fuck off from here” she said getting irritated.

Jodha stormed out of the room in a fit of anger. He spent the day in his room as he needed to spend another 36 hours. In the night he went to the bar and returned to his room in a drunken stupor.

The next day he got up in the afternoon and freshened himself and went to the reception to pay his hotel bill. But to his horror he found his wallet empty as he had been robbed the previous night. Jodha panicked as not only did he have money to pay his hotel bill but also to buy the flight ticket.

He had no money and nowhere to turn to as he couldn't request an online transfer as his bank accounts and cards were blocked by his mother.

The hotel manager, a woman in her late twenties dressed in a smart suit, threatened to have him arrested by the police. For someone like Jodha getting arrested by police was the last thing that could happen as he feared his and his family's reputation would be tarnished. He begged them to let him go.

Just then he saw Pranay come over there. Pranay learnt from the staff what happened and a smirk formed on her face as she remembered Jodha cursing her as prostitute, slut, freak, bitch etc as he left the room. She decided to teach him a lesson he would not forget.

She took him aside and learnt his side of the story and felt a bit bad for him.

“OK Jodha, I will give you money but as you know there is no free lunch in this world. I want you to honour the commitment you made to me yesterday” said Pranay looking straight into Jodha's eyes.

“But, what I thought was different when I agreed to it” he said meekly.

“I know but remember one thing. The person who dominates the relationship wears the pant. In our relationship I am giving you the money and you are receiving it. So you will receive everything that I give and do everything that I say. There is no compulsion, the choice is yours. All I am asking you is provide the service for the money I am paying you” she told him in plain and clear words. Jodha’s face turned red as he felt like he was a prostitute but he had no other choice. With no money, no place to live he was left with no other choice.

“Think about it and tell me in an hour. I will be in the restaurant” she said and walked away.

The hotel manager was talking to the security personnel pointing towards Jodha. He felt embarrassed and quickly analysed the situation. If he wanted to avoid jail and go to Nagpur he needs money and currently Pranay was the only person that could help him as he had no jewellery, mobile or any valuable to sell and gather some money.

He went to Pranay and agreed to her proposition. Pranay was happy and immediately settled his hotel bill and she walked outside the hotel as Jodha followed her not knowing where she was going.

They both stopped at a beauty parlour.

Jodha asked her why they were stopping at the parlour.

“Last night it was free service so I compromised on quality but now its paid service so I want value for every go back as his rajput values didn’t single paisa I am spending on you so I want you to look like a hooker so that I can get the mood to be your customer” she said and walked inside as Jodha looked shell-shocked. He was in a catch 22 situation where in he had given his word and couldn’t go back on it as his rajput values didn’t allow that.

Pranay went inside and spoke to the parlour owner who had a huge smile when she heard what Pranay said.

Jodha was taken inside and made to sit on a chair. Before he could relaise what was happening half of his moustache which was his pride was shaved off in one quick swipe. Jodha went ballistic over it but Pranay reminded him that he had promised to follow her every order and it was time he kept his promise. That shut Jodha’s mouth for the rest of the evening.

Jodha’s body was neatly waxed, threading was used to shape his eyebrows into a neat arch. Hair extensions added to made his hair look naturally long and styled into a 1970’s bun. His eyes and nose were pierced as Pranay like her men with earrings and nosering.

He was given gawdy make-up to suit that of a prostitute which constituted lots of foundation, cherry red lipstick, kajal on his eye lashes.

He was draped the red transparent saree and blue full sleeved blouse revealing his soft and hairless navel. He stood like amannequin as they added cheap jewellery like rings and bangles to his fingers and hands.

When Jodha looked at his image in the mirror he was stunned as he looked just like a cheap prostitute from a slum area. His eyes were filled with tears.



Finally he was given 2¼ inch heeled pointed slippers to wear. He had to practice walking in them without falling over for a few minutes. He twisted his ankle a couple of times and winced in pain.

“Darling, try putting your weight on the front part of your shoe” suggested Pranay. Jodha found that it magically worked.



Pranay walked out with Jodha clutching her arm for support. They went back into the hotel. Luckily for Jodha the staff didn't recognize him.

Once in the room Pranay slipped into action. She stripped her pants revealing a huge life like strap-on dildo and gestured Jodha to come and suck it.

Jodha hoped the walk to Pranay would take forever but he finally reached her and bent his head and brought his mouth just an inch away from the dildo and stared at it not knowing what to do.

Pranay asked him to lick it and make it erect by arousing her. Jodha starting licking it by closing her eyes tightly. Though the dildo was erect and lifeless Pranay behaved as if her cock was real and it slowly started getting rock hard and erect.



Jodha was made to lubricate it with his mouth using his saliva and after Pranay was satisfied she asked him to lie on the bed.

Pranay stripped Jodha's clothes one by one drowning him in kisses and once he was fully naked she parted his legs slowly as Jodha saw in horror. He wanted to run away from there but lay like a doll. Pranay applied lube on her cock and rubbed it well. She then lifted and placed his legs on her strong shoulders and eased the dildo into Jodha's ass. Jodha screamed in pain but Pranay relentlessly rammed the dildo deep inside Jodha.

Pranay fucked Jodha mercilessly with some strong thrusts that made Jodha think he was being knifed to death. But then his body was also reacting differently to the sexual act by having a stiff erection.

After almost half an hour of intensive sex they both lay on the bed beside each other drenched in sweat.

A little while later Pranay went into the bathroom and took a bath. Jodha searched for her wallet but it was safely kept in her briefcase which had a safety lock. He lay on the bed in tears at what had just happened to him.

Pranay came out after taking a bath wrapping her waist in a towel with bare chest revealing her breasts. Jodha looked at her in awe. He was not looking at the breasts as they were small A cups but the rippling muscles she had and 6 pack abs. She seemed to be a gym addict as evidenced by her muscular build.

She quickly wore a t-shirt and shorts before sitting beside Jodha. Pranay used the landline to order food to the room. Within a short time there was a knock on the door and Jodha sprung into the bathroom and shutting himself to avoid being seen by the roomboy.

After the room boy was out Pranay knocked on the door and gave Jodha a flimsy nightie and fresh bra and panty asking him to get freshened before wearing it.

Jodha took bath and wore the silk nightie. It felt very soft against his smooth skin. He came out and joined Pranay for dinner.

After dinner they had another round of passionate sex with pranay drilling her pole through Jodha's hole.

The next morning Jodha woke up to find Pranay had already left. He found a couple of Rs500 notes in his bra and a note.



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“Thanks for the wonderful night Jodha. You were not only beautiful to see but also on bed. I am leaving the saree for you as a gift and taking away the dirty clothes of yours” the note mentioned. Jodha frantically searched the room and his old male clothes were nowhere to be seen. He collapsed on the bed in despair. He was now stuck with no clothes except the saree and blouse that he had worn the previous day.

Jodha cried by himself in the room half wondering if he needs to go back home but his male pride didn't allow. In the evening the hotel staff reminded him that Pranay had the room only till evening and he had to leave.

Jodha tied the petticoat over his panty and wore the blouse over his bra. He left the hotel with his head hoping no one would see him and laugh. It was only him being paranoid as men in sarees was a common sight and no longer strange. In fact it was the other way round that attracted eyeballs.

He decided to buy a new pair of shirt and pants so that he can discard the disgusting saree. But he first needed to eat as his stomach growled in hunger. He decided to spend his money judiciously and decided to eat a couple of corn cobs from a road side stall to save money.



The vendor was a south Indian man who had come to Jaipur for a living. He was wearing an orange saree with a black blouse and the sparkling mangalsutra around his neck was evidence of him being married.

As Lakshmi boiled the corn she struck a conversation with Jodha lamenting how men's lives had changed in the woman's world. When he gave the Rs500 hundred lakshmi gave a wad of small notes as change. Jodha didn't have a purse or wallet so he wasn't sure where to keep the money as he didn't have pockets in the saree.

"Memsaab, are you searching for pockets?" he asked laughing and then added "Don't worry we have specialised pockets in here".

Lakshmi gestured towards his blouse and lifted it a bit using his fingers and motioned putting the money safely in there.

"This is our safe deposit" he smiled as Jodha felt embarrassed. He did as advised and ate the corn before moving forward towards a locality where good shops were located.

But he was intercepted midway by a police jeep as a police woman chewing pan parag got down looking at Jodha top to bottom.

"Where are you going after dark?" she asked him as Jodha took a step backwards in fear.

Luckily Akbar had recently passed a new law allowing partial relaxation to men who wore sarees or other formerly female clothes. This allowed the poorer sections of society like Lakshmi to work along with their husbands and feed their families.

“I.....I.....am.....going for shopping” Jodha said stammering in fear. Along with the loss of male clothes Jodha seemed to have lost the male aggression.

The policewomen laughed like it was a joke.

“Shopping.....really?” the inspector laughed sarcastically and then caught Jodha’s hair and pulled it hard making him flinch in pain.

“Saali....randi (cuss words like prostitute)....Do you think I don’t know you are going for customers. Now shut up and shell out the money” she said cruelly.

“No ma’m I don’t have any money” he said as the grip on his hair tightened.

“Bitch, do I look like a m’am to you. How dare you call me that” she slapped him hard making him lose balance and fall on the ground. Jodha felt his head spinning due to the impact of the slap.

A couple of police women came and lifted him and made him stand. Jodha felt tensed as he needed the money to survive and go to Nagpur.

“No.....no..... si.....sir. I don’t have any money” he lied in fear.

The inspector came forward and put her hand into his blouse and retrieved the money from the boyra cup.

“Then what is this bitch?” she snarled.

“I am sorry sir.....please forgive me. I need the money at any cost” he fell on the inspector’s legs. But she mercilessly kicked him aside and left with the money as Jodha sat on the road crying.

A few moments later he felt someone place a hand on his shoulder. He looked up to see a young man beside him. He was dressed similarly to Jodha in a flashy and cheap saree and heavy make-up. His name turned out to be Julie and he was also a prostitute.

Julie asked Jodha what had happened. Jodha didn’t reveal his identity but only said that he left his house in order to avoid living like a woman and how he lost his money and how that eventually led him to be dressed in that way. Julie sympathised with him.

“All us prostitutes need to pay Rs500 to the police every day in order to continue our business. If we don’t pay they will snatch all our money and sometimes even rape us in the police stations” he informed Jodha who listened in horror.

Julie took Jodha to his house which was nothing more than a shack. Julie served him some rice and plain dal but Jodha felt that it was the most sumptuous food he had tasted in his life.

He slept on the mat lamenting over his situation.

The next morning he was woken up by Julie and they freshened up. After breakfast with was nothing but a couple of slices of bread.

“Come Jodha, we have lots of things to do today” said Julie and took Jodha along with him wondering where they were going.

They went straight to a clothes shop where Julie bought him a couple of low cost polyester sarees.

“Why do I need these?” asked Jodha.

“Jodha, if you need to go to Nagpur to your relatives house then you need money. If you need money urgently then you need to sell something and all you have to sell is your body” Julie stated the truth on Jodha’s face.

“If you have to sell your body then it needs to be packaged well. You cannot wear the same dirty and smelly saree everyday. So you can wash and use these

sarees on a regular basis” explained Julie as Jodha listened sadly.

After that they went to a tailor who took measurements to stitch Jodha’s blouse. Julie explained how the blouse needed to have a low cut in the front and a deep back revealing the back as much as possible.

“Uncle, we need them stitched by evening” Julie told the woman.

“No way, I am very busy” the woman refused. But Julie who was battled hardened by now knew how to get his work done using his body. He slowly went up to her and kissed on her on cheek and asked him batting his eyes. The woman immediately melted and agreed to do the job.

She took measurements of Jodha and used the opportunity to touch him inappropriately all over his body. Jodha felt humiliated but Julie signalled him to remain calm. Jodha fumed as they came out.

“You need to understand the world Jodha. It’s a woman’s world out there and you will meet female predators at every step. You need to handle them with care.

They went back home and Julie gave a crash course to Jodha on some trade secrets. He told him how to wear the saree showing his navel and also how his blouse needs to be seen as well. He also gave him tips on how to moan and give the right expressions so that the customer gets a kick out of the experience.

That evening Julie made Jodha wear the new saree and blouse and applied heavy

make-up. They both left to the busiest areas in town. As they stood there a college girl immediately came and struck a deal with Julie who smiled at Jodha giving him a thumbs up and left from there. Very shortly Jodha too was approached by a middle aged woman and struck a deal of Rs1000.



They went to a cheap motel and Jodha remembered all the tricks that Julie taught him and used that to provide a pleasurable experience. This time the penetration didn't appear to be as painful as the first time.

Over the next couple of weeks Jodha learnt the tricks of the trade and blossomed into a pro. Although he earned almost Rs1500 – 2000 every night half the money was given to the police. After his expenses he could save around Rs.10,000. He spent Rs8000 on buying a pant, shirt and shoes.

Meanwhile at the palace the things started to change. The captured men were not given any food and they were fucked by the women for 3 straight days until their will was broken beyond repair.

By the 4th all the men returned home decked up in sarees and ghoonghat. Their families surprised to see them in such a manner. Quickly all the surrounding 200 villages were ordered that the gender inversion was being imposed on them and anyone who refused would face dire consequences.

On learning that Jodha was banished and wouldn't be returning again many men gave up without a fight and the few who revolted were publicly humiliated by being raped in public till they screamed their lungs out accepting their fate.

Another couple of weeks passed and now Jodha was just short of Rs500 to buy the plane ticket to Nagpur.

“Julie, are you sure you don’t want to join me” he asked.

“No Jodha, what will I do coming over there? I have resigned to my fate and happy with what I have” said Julie rejecting Jodha.

That night as usual Jodha took a customer to the hotel room and as they were in the midst of their sexual act the hotel was raided by the police over the instructions of the new ACP in town.

Jodha and many other male prostitutes were bundled into the police van and taken to the station.

Gajendra and Aditya entered the police station and the station full of young men dressed in flashy sarees and joking around. They saw Jodha but didn’t even recognise him. Gajendra had received a call from the ACP that they have Jodha with them but didn’t tell why.

“Hello Sir, I am Ajay Gehlot, Assistant Commissioner of Police” a smartly dressed young woman introduced herself offering a handshake.

“Hello Mr. Gehlot. I am Gajendra Singh Chauhan. What is the matter with my son? Did anything happen to him?” Gajendra asked anxiously.

“Sir.....actually.....” Ajay hesitated to tell Gajendra.

“It’s OK tell me, what’s the matter? Shifting uneasily on her seat.

“Your highness, we raided a hotel to catch a few sex workers. On interrogating them later we found that one of them was your son Jodha Singh” informed Ajay as Gajendra and Aditya listened in disbelief. Aditya found it hard to believe that her macho brother was caught as a prostitute.

Gajendra and aditya were taken outside and saw Jodha sitting on a bench in the corner thinking why he was segregated from the rest of the boys.



He came to his senses by the sound of laughter and was shocked to see his mother and sister in front of him.

“Ahahahaha.....so my macho brother who didn’t want to live in the palace as a princess found it better to live as a prostitute” Aditya teased him. Jodha’s face went pale on being caught in a saree and that too during an act of prostitution.

Gajendra came over and slapped him so hard that tears streamed down his cheeks instantaneously due to the pain.

“So this is how you uphold the family honour isn’t it? By selling your body. You need to be killed for bringing disrepute to the family” Gajendra shouted at her son.

“Dad, let’s discuss this at home and not make a huge issue out of this in public. I have had the press block the news out” whispered Aditya in Gajendra’s ear.

With that the father-son duo left for the palace along with Jodha was still in tears over his plight.

Once they reached the palace Gajendra retrieved her sword to kill Jodha with her own hands but was stopped by Aditya. Jodha asked forgiveness and narrated the entire story about how he came to become a prostitute. Gajendra mellowed down

over the difficult times Jodha went through.

“Dad, you don’t need to kill him physically. Let’s kill Jodha Singh today and let Jodha Bai be born” Aditya convinced her father to spare Jodha.

With that Jodha had no other choice as his fate was sealed. He could no longer protest after being caught like that.

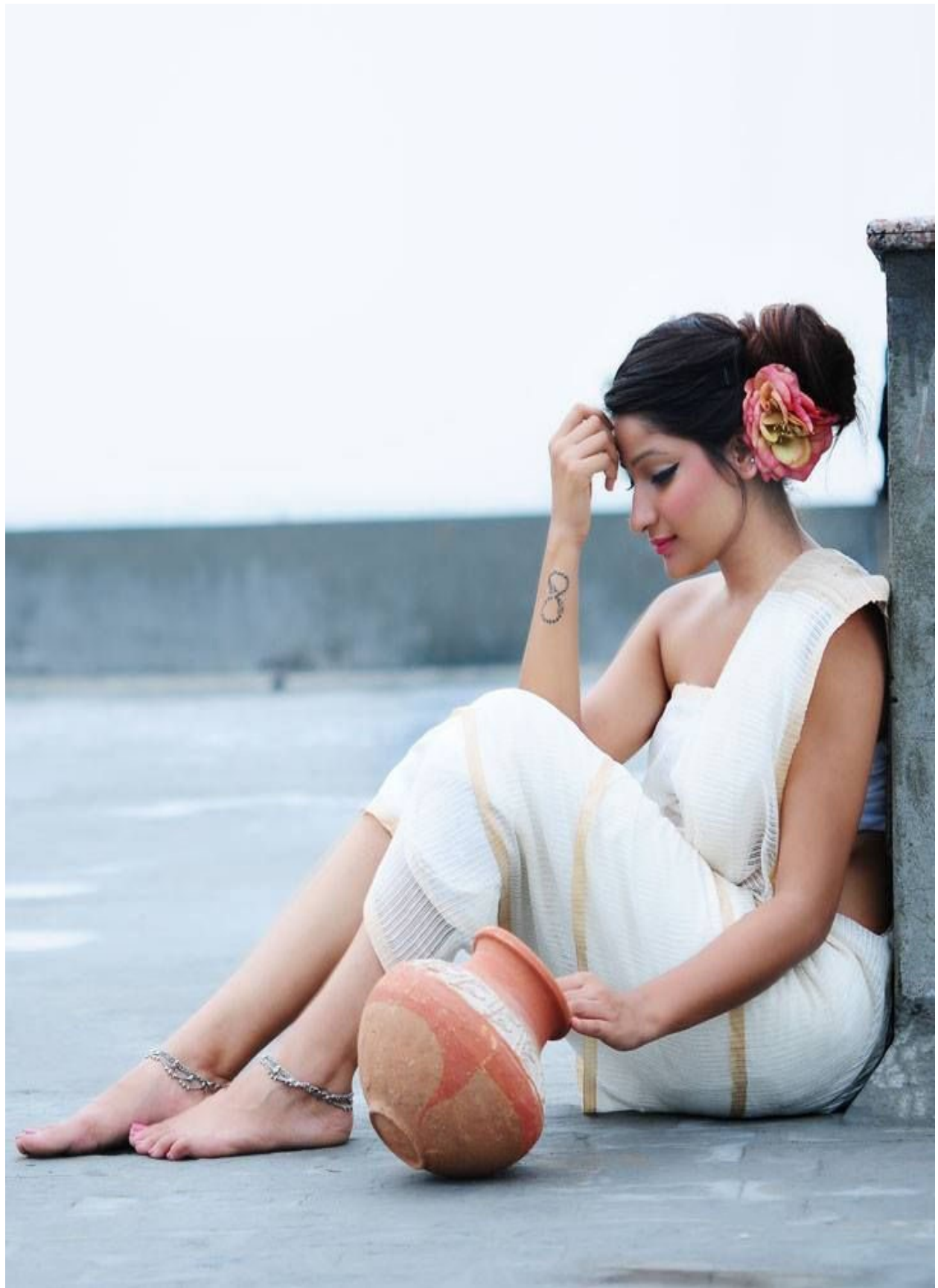


Jodha was taken to his room which was now transformed from that of a prince to a princess. The bedroom had a huge pink antique bed made of gold. A huge vanity table with mirror made of sandalwood and matching closets.

He spent the rest of the day and night in his room and was woken up early in the morning. He was made to wear a white saree by the palace maids, who wear dressed in saree uniform, who actually turned out to be his former bodyguards.

Jodha then went to the temple along with Gajendra and Aditya to perform a shudhikaran puja as he had been desecrated by being a sex worker.

As part of this Jodha was made to take a dip in the river and then take a bucket full of water and carry it to the shiva temple on the adjacent hill by climbing 108 steps and pour the water on the shiva linga and wash it with his hands. It was scorching hot and Jodha had not had a morsel of rice since the previous night. He felt like fainting several times but was egged by the priests to continue doing it. He sat several times unable to even take a step.



Finally did it for 108 times his penance was completed. Then they had the namakaran ceremony where in Prince Jodha Singh officially became Princess Jodha Bai. Jodha took the blessings of his father who hugged her daughter affectionately and Aditya wished her sister the best of luck.

With that Jodha's life completely changed. He spent his time in the palace with hand maidens at his behest. All he did was look beautiful in colourful clothing but that wasn't an easy process.



Every morning when Jodha woke up he would take a bath in a tub filled with milk and turmeric which he was told would provide a glow to his skin. Then he was given another bath in scented water decorated with rose petals so that he would carry a lovely and beautiful smell with him.

After that he would be made to wear a saree and his hair dried with sambrani so that they look lively and soft as cotton.

For the next hour he would be decked in ornaments from head to toe making him feel like he was a walking jewellery shop. He had nothing to do except sit idly with boys available at his beck and call.

One day he was pleasantly surprised to find Julie enter his room dressed in the uniform of a maid. Julie informed Jodha that due to his help to Jodha during his stay in Jaipur Julie had been appointed as the cheif hand maiden of Jodha. Jodha was happy as he now had someone with whom he could share his thoughts.

A couple of months passed and with the RSS almost became redundant with grumpy old men as their poster boy was now a pretty boy prancing around in royal finery.

Just when Jodha thought that life couldn't get any worse he received another jolt as Aditya and Gajendra decided to drive the final nail into the coffin.

Jodha was informed by Aditya that his marriage had been fixed with Akbar Khan the PM of India. Jodha was shocked as the thought of marriage and living

as a wife never occurred to him and to add insult to injury he would be married off to a muslim woman. He had always treated muslim women in particular as garbage.

The next day Jodha sat in his room waiting for the prospective groom to come and see him. He was dressed in a red silk saree with high neck elbow length sleeved bloused. He wore a diamond choker necklace and matching earrings. Jodha wondered how he could get out of the alliance as he dreaded imagining himself as a muslim wife in a hijab and purdah. He was a devout hindu and although he had resigned to a fate of a wife he was not prepared to be a muslim wife.



“I shall tell her that I have worked as a prostitute. Being a muslim I am sure she will be conservative enough to think it’s haraam to marry me” Jodha told Julie in the privacy of his room.

“Are you sure? What will you do if you father and brother learn about it?” asked Julie a bit worried for Jodha but Jodha was prepared to face the consequences.

Akbar arrived at the palace to formally meet her future bride. She was dressed smartly in a suit and tie. Julie had a peek at her and ran into the room to inform Jodha about her arrival.

“Yuvarani ji, she has arrived. Ohhhhh.....she is so dashing and handsome. Had always seen her in the news but she looks even better in person” Julie drooled over Akbar. Jodha was irritated when Julie used the words dashing and handsome for a woman.

Finally the call came for the princess of Jodhagarh to grace his presence in front of his suitor.

Akbar was stunned to see how closely he resembled her former lover Raghav. But she was also blown away by his beauty and poise. Since the time he became Jodha Bai, Jodha had spent hours everyday learning to be poised, graceful and maintain a dignity in every action. His body language was completely ‘masculine’ under the able tutelage of teachers hired to transform the ugly

duckling into a swan.

Jodha sat there in front of Akbar with his head bent and not having the guts to look into her eyes.

“Jodha, why don’t you show the palace to Akbar?” asked Gajendra so that the young couple could have a private chat. Jodha and Akbar walked out of the room in silence.

They walked aimlessly for a few minutes with Akbar initiating the conversation but Jodha answered in single words. In fact Jodha didn’t even see Akbar all the while. Finally they stopped in the lush gardens and sat on a bench.

“Your highness, do you not like me? I see taht you are not interested in talking to me. Is there any problem?” asked Akbar. Jodha was about to answer but he was interrupted by Akbar.

“And.....please can you speak by looking at me?” she asked him politely. Jodha looked at Akbar and stopped for a moment not sure what to say as Julie’s words kept ringing in his mind about how dashing and handsome Akbar was. Jodha saw that Akbar was indeed handsome and beautiful was definitely not something that could be associated with her.

“Actually.....actually.....” he wasn’t sure how to say.

“It’s OK, please feel free to tell me anything?” assured Akbar.

“Actually i don’t think I am suitable for you” said Jodha gathering a lot of courage expecting Akbar to get offended and blow the top off.

“And why is that so?” Akbar asked him calmly surprising Jodha with her reaction.

“Because.....because.....for a brief period I sold my body by living as a prostitute” let out the cold news fearing the worst.

“I know that, but how does that make you not eligible for me?” asked Akbar looking her in the eye. Jodha was puzzled and didn’t know what to say as he didn’t expect that question.

“Because my body is dirty and no respectable woman would want to marry someone who has a history similar to mine no matter what family he hails from” said Jodha putting himself in Akbar’s position and thinking what he would have done.

“That’s not how I think. I see a person who fought all odds but didn’t beg, borrow or steal. You are a gutsy man and I shall have no one but you as my wife” Akbar said confidently taking Jodha by surprise. Jodha was unsure what to say as he had no other reason to give.

“So by your silence I take it as you agree to marry me and become my wife” said Akbar with a smile on her face.

Jodha made one last ditch effort to get away from the marriage.

“I have a few conditions to marry you” he said to her. Akbar smiled as she didn’t even need to agree to his conditions as Jodha would be married to him no matter what. But she was still intrigued to know what was in Jodha’s mind so she asked him what the conditions were.

“Firstly, I will bring the idol of lord Krishna into your house and continue praying even after marriage” he said thinking that Akbar being a muslim wouldn’t agree to it.

“Next” said Akbar without answering

“Secondly, I will not wear a hijab or niqab. I believe a man should be allowed to dress as he pleases” said Jodha which almost made Akbar chuckle as Jodha had always imposed strict dress code on Aditi but when it was his time he believed in freedom to dress as he pleased.

“Next” said Akbar again without answering.

Jodha was not sure what to say next and kept quiet.

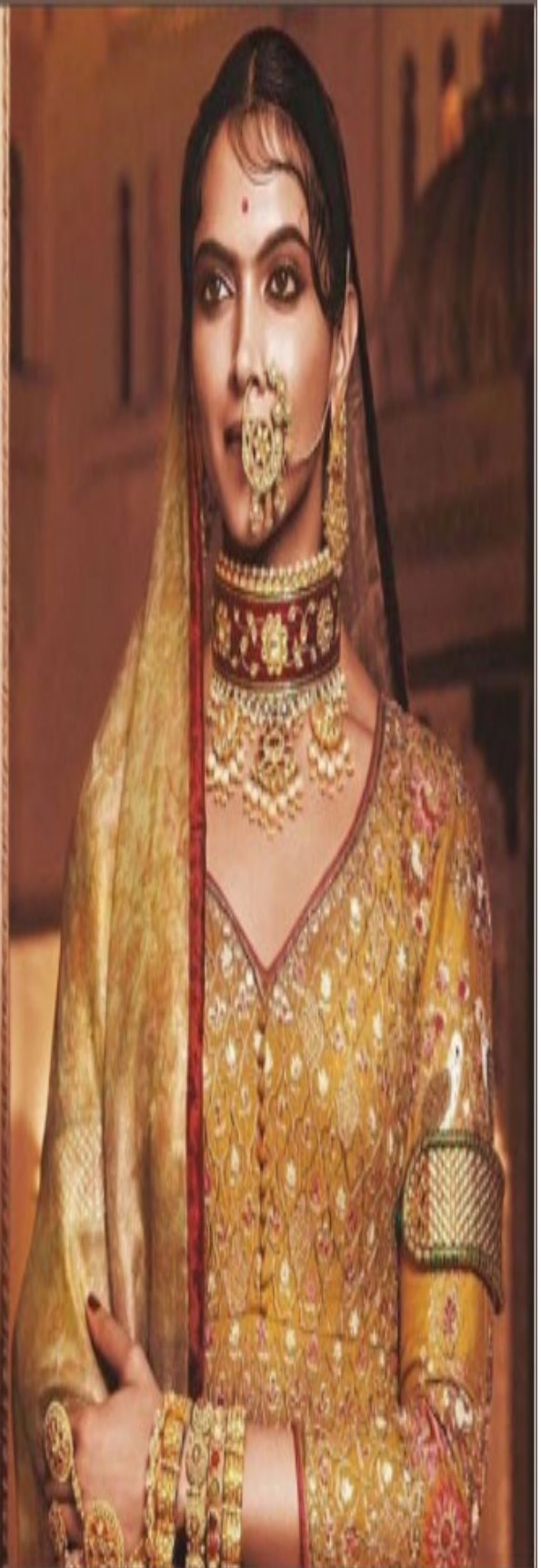
“If those are your conditions then I am fine with it” said Akbar closing all the doors of exit.

A month later both Akbar and Jodha got married in a lavish wedding ceremony. They first got married in the rajput tradition with Jodha making a gorgeous bride who wedded his handsome groom.



That was followed by the nikaah ceremony for which Jodha recited the kalma and rechristened as Mariam-Uz-Zamani. Jodha agreed to it after a verbal agreement that he will be allowed to practice his religion as he pleased.

Post that they both signed the nikaahnama with Imran gifting the bride a handsome Mehr and Jodha Bai became the powerful wife of the PM of India. For the Nikaah Jodha dressed in a anarkali suit and matching jewellery without the bindi or sindhoor.



Though Jodha accepted the marriage without loving his husband, Akbar quickly was able to win her wife's heart with her love, kindness and respect she showered on Jodha. Jodha liked how unlike several other women Akbar treated him like an equal and respected his views and interests.

Within time Jodha himself started responding back in equal measure. He turned out to be a valuable asset for Akbar as the news papers and channels constantly followed him raving over his fashion choice.



Gradually Jodha started warming towards his husband's religion. Though he practiced Hinduism as fervently as before he started fasting during Ramzan as well. He was successful in wooing the muslim society too who were not happy over him appearing as a hindu married man replete with mangalsutra, sindhoor by appearing public from time to time in hijab.

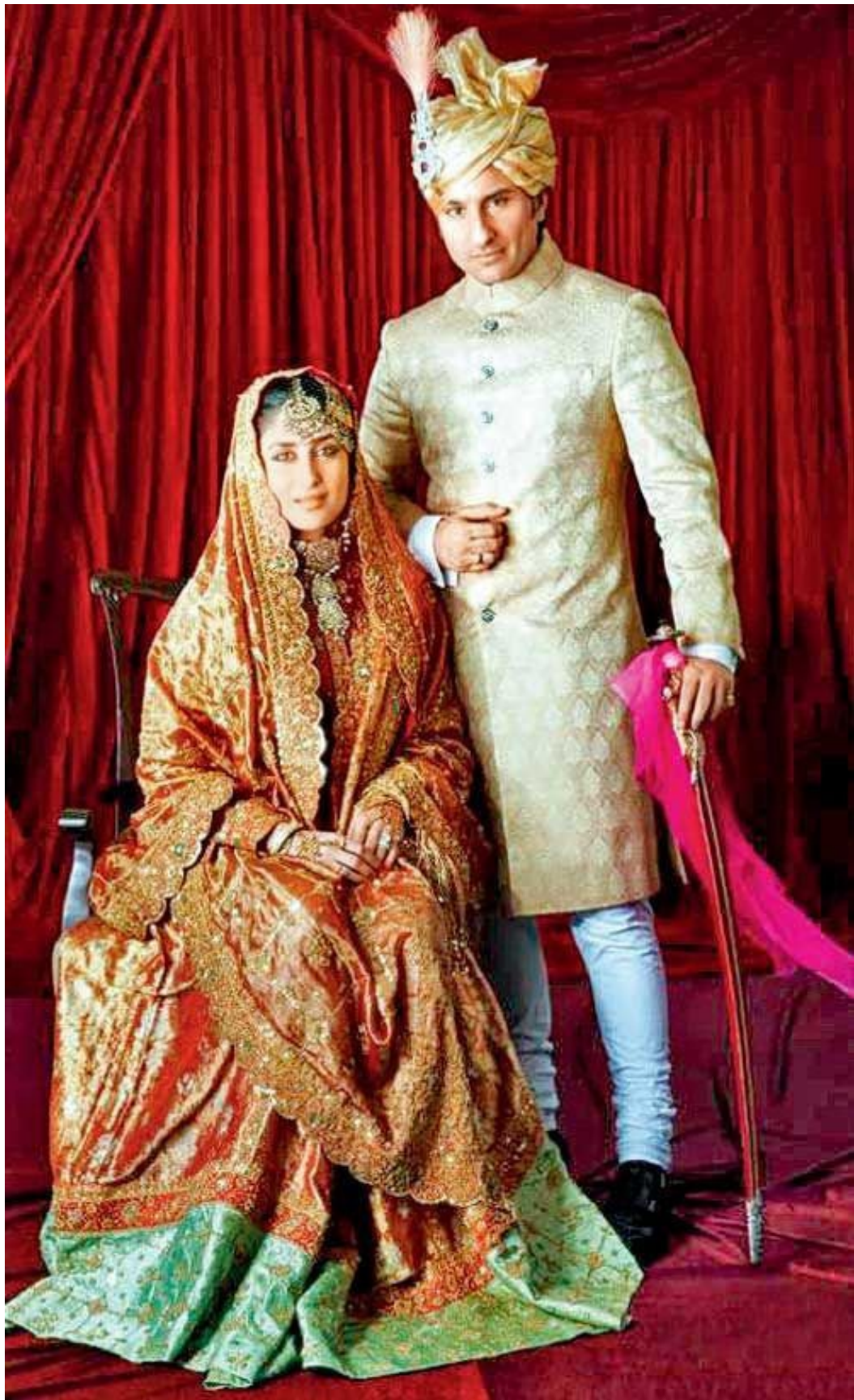
Jodha maintained a balance by appearing either as a hindu man or muslim man depending on the occasion.



RH-22



Jodha looked at the life-size portrait on the wall of their photo just after the nikaah and a smile appeared on his face. They both looked great and everyone praised them as a match made in heaven.



He came back to his senses with the arrival of his husband, father and brother as it was the Rakhi festival and Jodha went inside to get a thaali and rakhi to tie to his brother. It was his third rakhi year and he no longer felt odd and rather enjoyed it as he would be showerd with love and most importantly loads of surprise gifts.

Jodha came to the hall with his rakhi with Julie behind him carrying Jodha and Akbar's son Jashn Khan who really bought jashn into the household the previous year. Motherhod seemed to have eradicated any remnants of the grief of loss of male supremacy from Jodha.

Just when Jodha thought life wasn't bad afterall the government had other plans for the men which would change mankind completely.

TO BE CONTINUED.....