

A SLIPPERY SLOPE IN A NUNNERY

where none of the nuns may dress improperly



Yu Sakurazawa

Forced to Work in Girls' Uniform

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A Slippery Slope in a Nunnery

Where None of the Nuns May Dress Improperly

Series: Forced to Work in Girls' Uniform

Chapter 1 - The Lovely Young Nun

The dew was crisp. The air carried with it the promise of fragrance. In spite of the glorious lightness of nature around me, I felt the customary weight in my heart. I was 21 years old and a final year BA student in a secluded Bangalore college, a stone's throw away from my house, and was currently walking towards it with satchel on back. This had been my routine for the past three years.

In spite of being a theoretical ace at how the mind works (psychology), an expert at how news circulates (journalism) and the growth and progress of the economy (economics), I felt lost. My personality was one-dimensional and I hadn't had any interaction whatsoever with the members of the opposite sex. My father, a strict disciplinarian, had made sure that I had studied in an all boys' school and now in an all male college. I hadn't had an opportunity to meet my mother as she had died after counteracting an infection a few days after giving birth to me. She hadn't left me with any siblings either. In a strange irony, the few cousins I had on the maternal and paternal sides happened to be male.

There were girls living in my neighborhood, but I was too frightened to speak to them. Living in India can be very tricky: boys and girls are not allowed to mingle as freely as youngsters in western countries are. Dating is frowned down upon and is usually to be done stealthily. I knew a few people who had a boyfriend or girlfriend; they behaved as if they had committed a crime.

Like any young person my age, I had my share of...."urges". I spent a substantial portion of my study hours dreaming about some half-dressed dolled-up heroine I'd seen in the movies. At nights, I fantasized about them and jerked off. Many a times, I had thought about going to the red-light area and having paid sex, but had backed off in the last moment. What if I got an STD in spite of using a condom? Furthermore, what if any of my father's acquaintances saw me and complained to my father? My father is a short-tempered man. If he ever got a report to that effect, he would have skinned me alive.

As the tall, imposing nine feet wall made of stone came into view. I was momentarily distracted from the carnal nature of my thoughts. Magdalene Sorority. A home for nuns and religious sisters. Girls. Ladies. Colleens who covered themselves from head to toe. Women who

were kept cloistered from the world, ostensibly to devote their lives to prayer, solitude and community service. Ladies whose duty was to pray for the world and redeem those who didn't pray.

At that time, little did I guess about the true nature of Magdalene Sorority. Little did I imagine how different it was from other nunneries.

Lo now! The gates were opening! For some inexplicable reason my heart leapt and got caught in my mouth. It was almost as if my reaction was a precursor for what was to unfold. The gate opened an inch wider. I saw a tall figure whose form was nearly hidden by the pale pink tunic she was wearing. As she swung and latched the gate shut, I caught sight of a long scapular trailing down her noble back. And as she turned and looked in my direction, my heart stopped beating. For one whole minute, I was a dead man.

The prohibitive concealment provided by the wimple couldn't hide her beauty. She had a Celtic marmoreal well-chiseled face that was free of all flush. Dark untrimmed yet most beautiful eyebrows cut through her delicate skin, forming two magnificent arches. A few tendrils of hair that had managed to escape the severe clutches of the wimple were the palest dandelion yellow I had ever seen. Her nose was straight and noble. The lips underneath were full enough but lacked sin. I was certain that no lusty tongue entertaining lascivious thoughts had passed over them. I was certain she hadn't ever been kissed.

But it was her eyes I couldn't forget. Those clear dark pools were more noble, honest and chaste than I had seen in any human being. They were those of an angel who had never lied, even to herself. Or never had a bad thought or committed even a semi-horrible deed.

I conjectured the young nun's age to be about mine. She was as young, but had a purity and tranquility about her that belied her tender years. I know this is a sinful thought to entertain about a nun, but that night brought dreams... perhaps of an inappropriate kind. In them, she would slowly divest herself of the cross hanging in front of her body, gently keep the rosary aside and removed her scapular. She would then slowly take off the grey wimple covering her hair and shake those pale dandelion yellow locks free. Her hair, shaken from their confinement, would fall in soft uninhibited waves over her slender shoulders. I could see beads of pristine dew on them. Then she would demurely pull the pale pink tunic off from over her head. A pair of legs, as gawky, slender and coltish as a school girl's would come into view. Then she would pull her slip up to the crotch and reveal untainted white cotton panties. The slip would come off tugging along with it the sensible white bra, revealing small rock-firm breasts with the palest nipples I could ever imagine. The panties would slither off those boyish thighs to reveal the most innocent pubis I could imagine on a grown woman. A Celtic triangle flushed a slight rosy pink showed between her legs. Her stomach was so flat and stretched that the slit of the naked pubis was clearly visible to my eye. Then she would stand watching me with a shy, yet suggestive gaze.

Madonna. Magdalene. A lady of immaculate conception. Also the common whore.

For a good one week, I couldn't eat much. I spent my nights tossing and turning waiting fervently for the young nun (whom I'd labeled "Madonna" in my mind) to come and take off her habiliments. To come tease and get her to place my coarse lips on her tender ones. The rest—I dare not say.

I had changed, yet the mirror in front of me proved I was the same. Standing 5 feet 9 inches tall in my socked feet. With a face as long as Madonna's, but infinitely browner and weather-beaten. With eyebrows that looked as if they had been neatly trimmed and hazy honey-colored pools for eyes. I had a fairly manly and agile body like most boys my age. But my face that had a rather fine nose and full red lips prompted many others to say that I was "beautiful". An adjective usually reserved for girls was occasionally used to describe me.

Sunlight dappled over my artificially-colored copper hair and reflected at the nunnery. Stark granite stucco walls stared at me. Guava and eucalyptus trees—dense foliage—that were higher than the walls sneaked from above those forbidding falls. A board claiming "Entry not allowed. Trespassers will be prosecuted" blared loud and black-lettered at the entrance. A somewhat stern-looking security guard stood at the gate.

I stood for a whole hour waiting for her to appear. Then another. Time crawled by in the uncanny way that always does. The security guard bolted and locked the gate, put the key in her pocket and went off, presumably for lunch. I couldn't bear it any longer. I had to see her. I made a stirrup of a few boulders lying in the corner and steeped on them. Then made a spring for the walls. I managed to encircle my arm around the high ornamental pillar by the side of the gate. I then hauled myself on to the wall. However, since it wasn't flat, I slithered off its surface. I was thrown off a height of a good nine feet and landed on the ground. Luckily, the small bed of soft hay that happened to be lying below broke my fall. I wasn't hurt, only mildly stunned.

I was on the other side. Inside the nunnery campus.

Chapter 2 - The Three Musketeers

Acres of untamed land spread in front of me. The left side of the campus had high vaults and domes rising from above a 5 feet wall. This was the nunnery building. The entrance had a huge ornamented gate, which was locked and barred. From where I was seated, I couldn't see much, but presumed that the minor dome in front of the main building was the chapel.

To my right was an area heavily forested with eucalyptus, banyan and other dense shrubbery that I couldn't name. As I was marveling at its denseness, I saw a group of young nuns in pale pink tunics and wimples, opening the front gate of the nunnery. I checked the time. It was 1 pm. I guessed it was recreation time for the nuns.

The nuns, a herd of eight or ten girls, seemed to be heading in my direction. Though they were a considerable distance away, I could sense purpose in their tread. With an indubitable certainty, I knew they had seen me: a trespasser. The 'fight-and-flight' response kicked in and I instinctively sprinted into the deep, unknown depth of the foliage. I ran among the twisting, turning and undulating paths--a man desperately trying to save his skin. From the purposeful sound of marching footsteps behind me, I was certain the nuns were following me. As the footsteps grew louder, I turned around to behold a herd of young nuns between ages ranging from about 18 to 25. As the flash of pale pink reflected in my eye, I noticed that the tunic they wore was similar to the one I had noticed the angel at the gate wearing. Grand grey scapulars ran down their backs and what I am sure was a profusion of luxuriant hair was covered by their austere wimples. I inadvertently looked around for my Madonna, but she was nowhere to be seen. At the forefront of the herd was a gargantuan female about a year or two older than me. She was about 5 feet 11 inches tall and was mountainously built. The tunic, though loose, was thin; it couldn't conceal the muscular bulge of her brawny arms and the sturdy rope-like sinews of her thick thighs. Her wimple covered most of her face, but I noticed that her hair was a bold, impudent auburn. Her dark eyes flashed angrily and her nose flared. I was later to learn that this was Bridget Mathias, ostensibly a permanent nun of Magdalene Sorority. But the reality was something else altogether.

Bridget was flanked by two other females: one an indolent-mannered, slightly foolish-looking girl, who was as thin as a rake. This femme, I later learnt, was called Cynthia Soars. I was also to later realize that behind Cynthia's slow languorous manner and vague monosyllabic speech lurked the most dangerous beast I had ever imagined could exist in a human being. To compare her to a python, which lies torpid and listless only to seize and devour its prey in a quicksilver flash of movement, wouldn't be wrong at all.

The third of the three depraved musketeers was Esther Daniels. She was a short squat woman of about 22, wide and bitter of mouth and flashy of eye. Even though Esther seemed like the biggest bitch on earth, I was to discover that she was the least evil of the three musketeers.

‘Who the fuck are you?’ Bridget presently asked in a voice that was strangely too deep and gruff for a girl. I was an intruder, I admit, but was shocked by the kind of language emanating from a nun’s mouth. The nuns must have noticed my stupefaction, for the all laughed. Cynthia and Esther looked smug as they inched closer to Bridget.

I believed in the “Honesty is the best Policy” dictum. Hence, I made a clean breast of whatever was in my heart. Well, nearly. I didn’t mention Madonna. I just said that I was extremely curious about the magnificent high stone-walled convent and the life of the sisters. “And this is the only truth, sister’ I concluded truthfully.

Bridget inched close to me until her body was just a few inches away from mine. Our noses were nearly touching, except, since she was two inches taller than me, Bridget stood at a greater height. ‘Sister, huh?’ she snorted condescendingly ‘I am no sister of yours, mister!’ Her garlicky breath on my face carried in it a scandalous hint of passion. Bridget’s body reeked of pheromones, the way an animal smells prior to mating. She lifted a thick white bear-like paw and caressed me along the lines of my brown face. Bridget’s hands were curiously hot. I shirked from her touch as from hot iron. The other nuns laughed.

There was something rather ominous about their guffawing. It was rather sinister. There was nothing remotely benign or Godly about it. I also noticed a mad glint in their eyes, especially in those of the Three Musketeers. I felt chills go down my spine. Were these women, in innocuous tunics and wimples, bona fide nuns? Or were they inmates who had escaped from a lunatic asylum?

‘Didn’t you notice the board that said “Trespassers will be prosecuted?”’ Bridget currently said in a voice suffused with menace.

‘Actually, I did. But...but’ I stammered nervously, unable to go on any further. Then, much against my wishes, my voice became a pleading whisper ‘Please excuse me this one time. Let me go my way’.

‘No, no, no, no, no, baby boy’ crooned Bridget in a demented fashion ‘There is no escaping from Magdalene Sorority. Once you are in, there’s no way out’.

‘Oh, surely you are kidding’ I made an attempted to be jovial. However, my laughter sounded hollow to my own ears.

‘I hardly joke’ Bridget’s voice was as hard as flint. She stared at me. So did the other girls.

They were poles apart from the beautiful, saintly girl I had seen at the gate, because of whom I was here. The hungry predatory look in all ten pairs of eyes was unmistakable. I was suddenly terrified. What were these women going to do to me? Hang me upside down the tree until I died of dizziness? Lock me up in a deep dark dungeon from where I would never be

able to escape? Hand me over to the abbess who would push me down some dank bottomless pit hidden inside the convent?

Bridget held me by the arm quite gently and led me towards the convent building. In spite of the apparent tenderness of her touch, I was mortally afraid. I felt that Bridget's temper was very carefully controlled; it could unleash anytime and could bring about a mini hurricane in my life. Cynthia and Esther walked alongside us; one perky, the other dolorous. The other nuns followed in silent, baneful meditation. I could smell a faint musky smell emanating from their tunics. It was unsettling, somehow.

We passed through an imperial gate into a huge building I recognized as a chapel. It consisted of a domed and arched room made entirely of marble. A holy cross lay right at the center, surrounded by paintings of the apostles. The chapel had buttresses consisting of porcelain figures depicting what I recognized as scenes from the bible. The chapel housed many rows of wooden benches, with a prayer book provided for each bench. A number of elaborately carved columns supported the dome of the oratory.

The nuns didn't stop to murmur a prayer or trace the sign of the cross across themselves, but merely led me past the oratory. We crossed a threshold and entered an area labeled as the 'Work Room' which accommodated jars of jams, jellies, candies and cakes. The ominous nuns took a slight detour and we passed an area consisting of about five long dining tables and chairs. This, I recognized as the rectory.

Sizzling sounds around told me told us we had reached the kitchen. I noticed that the gas stove, oven and utensils were bigger than the one we used at home. Settled comfortably for the afternoon siesta, the utensils barely made a sound. It seems they were the only witlessness to my being led through the nunnery.

The pack of nuns led me to the dormitory. I found my heart racing like a wild deer's. The dormitory was a Spartan enough place with gray dingy walls and bunker beds, one on top of another, covered with thick rock-hard mattresses and white bed sheets. The pillows the nuns were supposed to rest their heads on looked like mini boulders and the rugs were a deathly black. A couple of wooden tables coupled with benches stood with their heads to the walls for work and study purposes. A bible and a string of rosaries were kept on each. A huge crucifix stood on the wall right above the tables.

For all intents and purposes, Magdalene Sorority was a bona fide nunnery. Yet I couldn't shrug off the thought that underneath the facade lay undercurrents of something sinister.

Bridget bent down and opened a chest of drawers. At first glance, it seemed innocent enough, layered with foam and thermo coal, and encased in a red and white checked cloth. Bridget rummaged through it and threw the items out one by one in unconcealed haste. They came out flying one by one: the tunics, wimples, scapulars and coarse-looking brassieres, socks, slippers and panties. Then came objects that I, being a conservative Indian boy, didn't

recognize at first glance. They were items shaped like a horse shoe, an elongated projection made of glass and the rubber replica of a phallus attached to a leather belt. There were also two queer looking green balls tied to one another. Something in the corner of my mind rang a bell. The memory of something that an especially ‘experienced’ male friend had made a mention of. ‘Man, Thailand is a wonderland!’ I had heard Prem say ‘They have shops that sell things Indian wouldn’t even think of manufacturing!’ Prem, who had pretty much the same problems as me while he stayed in India, had dated extensively in Bangkok and had brought with him a device that resembled female genitals. A pocket vagina. Like the pocket vagina that Prem had bought, these women used sex toys. These nuns of Magdalene Sorority used sex toys.

Catching me gaping open-mouthed at the profusion of ‘treasures’ her Pandora’s Box had opened, Bridget sniggered and nastily said: ‘Close that pretty trap, pussy, else a fly will get in’.

‘Looks like he has never seen these things’ said Esther condescendingly ‘I am willing to bet our Pussy here is a virgin’.

‘Never done it, have you, pal?’ asked Cynthia in her characteristic languid style.

I flinched, but didn’t say anything. I had no intention of revealing details of my personal life to these rowdy ladies.

‘No he hasn’t’ said Bridget walking towards me suggestively. As she came closer, I saw a pentagram, a five-sided star enclosed within a circle dangling from her thick tree-branch-like neck. A pentagram, I knew, was used by Satanists or the anti-Christ cult while conducting satanic rituals. It was a well-established fact that they were found in sites where sacrifices and other occult rituals had been conducted. What was a pentagram doing around the neck of a nun? I was filled with fear and terror of the unknown. What was Bridget going to do with me? Was she coming close so that she could slice my neck like that of a slaughter lamb’s? Following the dictates of some pagan ritual, was she going to murder me?

Bridget stood so close to me that I could see every pore of her coarse face. For a member of a gender that was supposed to be ‘fairer’, Bridget definitely appeared uncouth. In fact, the texture of her skin appeared way coarser than mine, a male’s.

‘Hey baby’ said Bridget softening her coarse voice ‘you’ve never seen a girlie naked have you?’

I obstinately remained silent.

‘Answer me!’.

I became even determined to stay silent.

‘Your silence says it all’ said Bridget slowly taking off her wimple. As she shook her auburn

frizzy unkempt curls free, they flashed at me with all the impertinence of a brunette's vigor. Then the grand scapular came off, followed by the tunic. In a matter of few seconds, Bridget stood in front of me in her thin diaphanous slip that made little attempt to conceal her curves. A dark coiled mat of auburn hair was visible at the crotch and her large breasts pressed provocatively against the thin slip, straining to dive out. I couldn't help noticing that beneath the slip, the venerable sister was quite naked.

Before I could inhale, Bridget had slipped out of the slip and proceeded to press my hands against the curvaceous contours of her body. Her large eye-like nipples stared at me. The melons of her buttocks were ripe and firm against my palms. Bridget was ripe and well-endowed; had I not been as petrified as I was now and convinced of the diabolical nature of the nuns here, I am sure I would have been super-aroused. However, the circumstances in which the amorous adventure was taking place left me cold and impotent.

Bridget was visibly disappointed. 'Don't think Pussy is into big chicks' she lamented and gesticulated to the other two musketeers to try their luck. Cynthia's dried husk of a body did nothing for me. Besides, the private areas of her body were pierced with metal; symbolic of wantonness, something that I barely expected to find in a nun. It was the biggest turn-off for me. While Esther was tanned, honeyed and attractive enough to arouse my passions in spite of her stoutness, the inverted cross dangling down her naked neck acted as a real mood-dampener. An inverted cross symbolized an overt rejection of Lord Jesus. The stocky Esther with luscious curves was mocking the very Lord she pretended to serve day in and day out. On the right ribcage of her otherwise desirable body was the prominent inked design of a Goat-head. The goat's head, I recalled, represented Baphomet: God of the witches. By inking and projecting the symbol of the goat's head, I conjectured that Cynthia was hinting at a "Scapegoat"—a mockery of Christ by portraying him as a hapless foolish lamb who sacrificed his life for the sins of the others. Really, it was downright disrespectful.

I openly recoiled from Esther's touch. The lady looked visibly offended. She walked off in a huff and perched her naked body on one of the bunk beds.

'Oh, don't take it personal, Esther' cooed Bridget somewhat placated that her more conventionally pretty friends had been rejected as her 'The chap here is a faggot for sure'.

Esther perked up. One side of her parched lip lifted in a crooked smile: 'Well, we know what to do with faggots' she said.

'Yeah' said the languorous Cynthia drowsily 'remember what we'd done to Judith?'

'You bet' said Bridget 'thanks for reminding me girls!'. She energetically fished inside her suitcase and retrieved an unused brown paper parcel. Then she ordered: 'Now march straight to the balneary, pussy pie!'

"Balneary"? I hadn't come across the usage before. What did it mean? I was flummoxed.

‘Bathroom’ Cynthia, who had sensed my confusion, drawled in her characteristic lazy manner. She then arched her flat body, stretched her bamboo-stock thin arms over her head and yawned sensuously.

I was lead across the dormitory to the balneary. I was confronted by a large cubicle with grey papery walls, chipping off in more places than one. A huge ceramic tub lay to one side of the bathroom, over which hung a dilapidated shower. A worn-out plastic bucket filled (with water reeking strongly of chlorine) and a mug hung to its rim were poised by the side under a series of rusty-looking moss-covered taps. On the farthest corner of the wall, a fat lizard, with bulbous omniscient eyes, clucked.

Bridget marched in first. Then, with laughter resembling that of a raving lunatic’s, she tore off the already chipping wallpapers.

‘Bridget’ warned the more cautious Esther ‘I don’t think that’s a wise thing to do’.

‘Oh to hell with prudence!’ said Bridget proceeding to tear off the rest of the wallpaper with her wild cat finger nails ‘I am sick of exercising it all these years! Work, study, prayers, and community service: is this any kind of a life for young people?! I’d rather we all be put to death!’

‘Hush Bridget’ it was the torpid Cynthia now ‘It’s just a matter of a few days. You told us Raj said that he’d get us out before the end of the year’

‘Oh Raj could go fuck himself!’ cursed Bridget going an angry red ‘Is he a man or a log of wood? I am sorry to say, but he has been a most regrettable choice of boyfriend! I’d be better off with a stone’.

‘Oh come on Bridget, he’s not so bad’ said Cynthia with the same even lack of passion ‘he gets us sex toys and equipments. We’d be dead without them’.

‘Yeah, sure. But he lacks the courage to sneak in himself and pleasure me!’ burst out the frustrated Bridget ‘really, a rat would have more guts!’. She sharpened her nail against the washing stone like a barber honing his knife and continued to tear down the wall paper with renewed frenzy. As Bridget peeled off the last piece of paper sticking to the wall, a fresh new white wall came into view. An array of symbols, a few of which I recognized, had been scribbled on it. The first was an ‘A’ transcribed within a circle. It was representative of anarchy and lawlessness and the nonconformity or disobedience to any existing law. This, I was aware, was the nature of Satan, the fallen angel who rebelled against the very God who had created him.

“Do what thou wilt shall be the whole law!” thundered Bridget, providing testimony to my interpretation of the symbol. The other nuns repeated the lines after her in unison, until the

entire balneary was reverberating with the sound of their impassioned slogan.

The echo hit me straight in the marrows. I was covering with fear. So, these “nuns” were anarchists. They did not believe in adherence to any established law or organized religion. Yet they were here, these anti-Christ spawns, these worshippers of Satan, camouflaged and passing themselves off to all and sundry as servants of the Lord. As the sacred nuns belonging to the cloistered, chaste, sequestered, service-oriented “Magdalene Sorority”. Evil by itself was frightening enough. Evil conducted in the garb of holiness was the most petrifying situation I could envisage. To all and sundry, these young women seemed like any other nuns, going about their life of prayer, study, work, recreation and community service with due discipline and purity of hearts, but on the inside, they were painted an evil black. They were all spawns of the devil, not brides of Christ.

“Okay now, let’s turn our anarchic attentions to our pretty pansy boy here” Bridget told the other sisters, before asking with a slow tantalizing deliberation “Why did he say he was here?”

“To assuage his curiosity about women” answered Esther “To experience vicariously what it is like to be a girl”

“Oh it need not be vicarious at all” replied Bridget slowly unwrapping the brown paper parcel she carried in hand “with our blessings he could have a firsthand experience”.

Before I realized it, Cynthia was unbuttoning my shirt with slow languid fingers. The third musketeer, Esther, had bent down on her knees and was working furiously around my pelvic area, removing my belt and unzipping my fly. Before I knew it, my immaculate white shirt had been flung to a corner and the grey trousers were lying in a pool around my feet. “Step out of them, will you?” Esther said to me almost gently. Her voice was so hypnotic that I was compelled to do as I was told without actually wanting to do it.

So, here I was standing in front of an entire entourage of rowdy girls in my briefs and vest. I was acutely aware of the young depraved nuns eyeing me as if I was a piece of meat. It was apparent that they had been forcibly restrained from engaging in sexual activity and to apply their mind to holier causes when none of them seemed to have the inclinations of doing so. No doubt they had indulged in a lesbian encounters and used the sex toys I had seen in Bridget’s drawers until they collapsed with pleasure, but it was not the same as having a young, flesh-and-blood male standing in front of them.

However, I had turned out to be frigid. The depraved sisters had come to know that I wasn’t going to cooperate with them and give them the pleasure they craved from a male.

Now, there was just one crucial question flitting my mind. What were they going to do with me?

As if she had read my mind, Bridget slipped the light pink tunic she had retrieved from the

brown paper parcel and slid it over my head. I resisted. I was a man and felt it was beneath my dignity to wear a tunic. Moreover, I hadn't worn pink, which according to me was a typically feminine color, ever in my life. As the soft cotton of the tunic brushed against my shoulders and my bare thighs, I felt an unexpected frisson pass through me. It actually felt quite good to be dressed in a female garment, even one as asexual as a nun's tunic. At this moment, I got the first exciting, delectable taste of what it felt to be female.

As Bridget brushed my black hair and adjusted the wimple around my head and neck region, I felt highly embarrassed. I had seen covering the hair and the neck as a typical of female dressing and felt extremely awkward to the same covered in this docile manner. The nuns noticed my abashment and tittered. I felt my discomfiture increase.

'Listen' I beseeched Bridget 'I know I trespassed and apologize for that. But don't you think you've punished me enough? May I go now?'

'Whoever said the punishment was short-term, sweetie' Bridget chuckled 'we have much more line up for you'. She winked in a prurient manner. I felt my pulse quicken.

'Yeah' drawled Cynthia, inspecting her long predatory nails and luxuriously stretching her colt-like legs 'The price people have to pay for sneaking into Magdalene Sorority is a heavy one'.

'Right sister' said Esther, who pirouetted before leaning against me with both her brown palms against my chest "the price is heavy indeed". She looked at me with her liquid, intoxicating eyes, before patting my chest area and remarking "I say, sisters, isn't he too flat in front?"

'In case you haven't had lessons in anatomy, Madam' I allowed myself to grow sarcastic 'Males don't protrude in front. FYI, Alex Pinto is my name. Short for Alexander, the conqueror. And I don't have a particle of the feminine in me'.

'I wouldn't be so sure if I were you' Esther looked at me meaningfully with her black-grapes colored intoxicating eyes.

Meanwhile, Bridget arrived with two falsies that she had obviously retrieved from her evil Pandora's Box. She just had time to tuck them in on the upper front of my chest and fasten it in place with the help of a rope running alongside its breath before a common bell rang.

'It's time for our mid-afternoon prayer' Bridget declared 'We are to go down to the oratory and pray for an hour. You come along too--with your fine features you are indistinguishable from a woman. And if Father Humbert happens to ask what your name is, say it is "Annabel"'.

'What if I don't?' I asked defiantly 'what if I told him that I am a male who has been forced into a nun's uniform and am being forced to stay here against my wishes?'

‘In that case, my darling pussy’ Bridget gloated ‘I’ll have to tell him that you trespassed and he’ll give you all the punishments he deems fit for you. There was a smart-alecky boy like you who had sneaked into the cloister. We lost no time in reporting him to Father Humbert. This was a few years back. If I remember right, he was thrown in jail’.

She barely gave me time to respond to this piece of information, before dragging me across the kitchen, rectory and workroom, towards the waiting chapel.

Chapter 3 - Caught and Cloistered

Acting upon wild gesticulation made by Bridget, I took my place on one of the wooden benches. The depraved trinity took their places around me on the same bench, while the other sisters sat all around us. We had to stand up in reverence for a minute as Father Humber walked in. He was a balding middle-aged priest of about 50, in horn-rimmed spectacles and a cassock. I am not a great reader of expressions, but Father Humbert's struck me as being worldly and lustful rather than benign and spiritual. He seemed vaguely familiar, but I couldn't recall where I had seen him. He walked up the aisle and stood in front of the crucifix. Just as he was to light a candle as a signal for us to begin our meditations, one of the nuns reminded that two enclosed nuns by the name of Judith and Stella Mary were to arrive. With his impious forehead furrowed in impatience, the priest acceded to wait. Just when he was about to give up on the wait and continue with the mid-afternoon prayer program, we heard footfall.

One was masculine and heavy, the other so gentle that I wondered if I had imagined it. It was a mere rustle of the leaves, an echo, a faint whisper in the wilderness. It was so faint that it could only have belonged to a nymphet, not a human being. Curiosity to have a glimpse at the enclosed nuns with diametrically opposed footfalls stirred within me. I waited with bated breath, while the others muttered restive obscenities under their breath. Two nuns finally walked in from the enclosed space to the chapel. One of them was bony, square-jawed and thick-featured and at best described as plain. My heart did delectable flip flops as I caught a glimpse of the second.

It was she. The one I had seen outside of the convent a week back. The angel who had enticed and seduced me in my dreams and wrecked havoc with my sleep cycle. The chimera that had hopped her way into my college and study-hour day dreams and had filled it up with the sweet fragrance of her presence. Behind the poetic nature of my thoughts, cropped a question of unvarnished practicality. From the appearance of it, none of the nuns, including the religious sisters were allowed to leave the convent premises. Even someone like the formidable Bridget had not discovered a way to commune with the outside world. Her only contact with the outside world seemed to be some sort of a boyfriend called Raj who had purchased the dildos and other sex toys for his mountainous girlfriend.

As she presently put one marble white hand to her sculpted forehead and pushed a dandelion yellow tendril of hair back, I watched mesmerized. An afternoon ray that had sneaked into the chapel illuminated the wanton blonde curl. I was once again surprised that her hair was very pale. The contrast between the pale porcelain whiteness of her Celtic skin and the darkness of her sharply curved eyebrows was so marked that one wondered if the young enclosed nun artificially whitened her skin and darkened her eyebrows. However, the sunlight generously dappling over her fair face and the knowledge that it was impossible to smuggle cosmetics into the cloister led me to believe that her beauty was hundred percent natural.

In spite of the concealing nature of the tunic, I could make out that she was slender. I watched entranced as her lovely creeper-like arms spread themselves and gripped the hymn book kept on the bench in front of her. Her small white palm was simultaneously counting the beads of the rosary. I noticed her close her large dark eyes devoutly and her pale floral lips move in genuine prayer.

‘Okay, now, sisters, concentrate’ Father Humbert’s low gruff voice brought me back to the present ‘Take deep breaths and center yourself. Concentrate all your energies on the flame of the candle I’ve just lit and prepare yourself for prayers’.

I pretended to do as I had been told, but my eyes kept wandering back to Madonna. She had now cast her rosary aside, had restored the hymn book to its rightful place and was obediently doing as Father Humbert had instructed. The nun beside her seemed equally sincere. I wondered what qualities had led to their being segregated as enclosed nuns and kept in a separate enclosure, while the rest of the religious sisters lived in the dormitories.

After the mandatory meditation for centering ourselves, Father Humbert picked up his hymn book and started reading one traditional prayer after another. I was acutely conscious of the feminine caress of my tunic, the extremely womanish hue of it and the grey softness of the wimple nuzzling against my ear. The falsies, trapped between my chest and the front of my tunic, thrust out with dramatic unnaturalness. Since Bridget had been in too much of a hurry to sheath the falsies in a bra before fastening them on to me, the falsies had been displaced from their original position. The narrow white chord that Bridget had used to secure them in place seemed quite inadequate. The right mound had wandered and was lying underneath my armpit, while the other was in the hazardous brink of slipping off vertically from under the tunic. While desperately trying to deflect attention off myself, I adjusted my falsies in place so that they resembled natural breasts. I suddenly became aware of Father Humbert’s owl eyes on me, straightened myself and went on with my prayers. I fervently hoped he hadn’t seen me. However, since he went back to his prayers without hauling me up in front of everyone and asking who I was, I assumed he hadn’t. With a prayer to the lord, our holy father, we concluded the prayer.

After the prayers commenced, Bridget took my left arm and directed Cynthia to take my right. As they, with Esther in tow were all but dragging me out of the chapel, Father Humbert stopped us. He directed the entire attention of his lecherous gaze on me and beckoned us by the inverted waggling of the index fingers, the way one would call a dog. Bridget and Cynthia dragged me towards him, with Ester following a few feet behind.

‘New to the convent, are you?’ he asked looking me straight in the eye.

‘Yes Sir, Annabel here is new’ Bridget breathlessly answered on my behalf ‘she has been booked for truancy and sent here’.

‘I asked her, Sister Bridget Mathias’ Father Humbert admonished the gargantuan nun ‘you

need not take it upon yourself to be her mouthpiece’.

‘Sorry father’ apologized Bridget in her gruff voice ‘it was obvious the apology had been rendered just for the sake of formality, for it reflected no regretful sentiments whatsoever.

‘Now you tell me’ said Father Humbert addressing me directly ‘Is what Sister Bridget says right? Is your name ‘Annabel’, and have you been sent here for bunking school?’.

‘That’s right, Sir’ I said going with the flow of lies lest Bridget spew out the truth that I had been trespassing and grant me a protracted prison sentence. ‘I am called Annabel. Since I didn’t feel interested enough in studies, I found myself skiving often. The police also caught me loitering around public places, which I now understand is an offence. The judges, police and probationary officers had a consultation and decided to send me here so that I’d be reformed’. I had spoken in a pitch that was two octaves higher than my original voice to avoid being detected and identified as male.

‘Oh, we’ll see to it that you become a good girl’ said Father Humbert with a salacious glint in his bespectacled eyes ‘and I’ll personally see to it that you experience much pleasure in the process’. Father Humbert’s words by themselves were not objectionable, but the lewd working of his features and the lascivious inflection of his intonation, with particular emphasis on the word “pleasure” made me squirm uneasily. The three musketeers exchanged meaningful looks.

‘Shall I show Annabel around the convent father?’ asked Bridget hopefully; perhaps wanting to be excused off the work hour that came next ‘she isn’t yet familiar with the convent layout’.

‘There’s no need for you, Sister Bridget, to take the trouble’ said Father Humbert in a polite yet firm tone ‘I’ll ask one of the enclosed sisters to give Annabel a thorough orientation of the place’.

‘Shall I call Stella Mary?’ Bridget wanted to know.

‘No. Since it is Sister Judith’s final day as an enclosed nun, she could show Sister Annabel around’ said Father Humbert ‘Stella Mary could go back to the enclosure and commune with the Lord’. I saw my sweetheart turn and retrace her steps towards the enclosed area from which she had arrived.

So my precious angel was called Stella Mary. Literally meaning “Star of the Sea”. I read the bible enough to know that Stella Mary was another name for Mother Mary. The pure, chaste holy one. The lady of immaculate conception. Indeed, Stella Mary seemed chaste unlike the defiled nuns who accumulated sex toys and had tried to get me to copulate with them. I wondered how she’d managed to remain in the slush, yet not get affected by it. She seemed to be an exception to the oft-repeated rule “One rotten apple in the basket spoils all”. I attributed Stella Mary’s untouched chastity to her being cloistered and choosing not to interact with the

rest of the religious sisters.

The two enclosed sisters, the lean bony one and my beloved, stood patiently waiting to receive orders from the priest. 'Judith, meet new nun, Sister Annabel' Father Humbert addressed the bony one 'she is going to be an integral part of Magdalene Sorority from now on. You must show her every nook and cranny of our magnificent nunnery'.

'With pleasure, Father' said Sister Judith walking towards us. She took the arm Cynthia had let go and gently led me out of the chapel from the front door. The Three Musketeers cast a final rueful glance in our direction and got back to work.

Walking in a tunic seemed trickier than I had imagined. I kept stepping over the hem of the tunic and stumbling at every step: a failing that provoked the kind, but sardonic Sister Judith to smile sarcastically and murmur: 'It happens initially, but you'll get used to it' she inhaled long and deep and said 'Time is a panacea for everything'.

Something about Judith struck me as strange. The protruding ridge of her eyebrows. The stronger than average bridge of the nose. The unusual coarse quality of the voice. The up and down bobbling of her Adam's apple.

She looked like a man. Yet the gentle swelling of her bosom under the loose tunic and the sensuous rise of her derriere seemed to suggest otherwise. As Sister Judith led me from the chapel to a spacious enclosed rectangular quadrangle, flanked on all sides by arches, columns and piers, I wondered what her story was. Why was she here?

I asked the question out aloud, but Sister Judith ignored me. 'This is the cloister of Magdalene Sorority' she said in her strange coarse voice. We all assemble here during the papal visit, bishop's visit, the World Youth Day or a major conference. Beyond this--' Judith indicated a place beyond the arcade which couldn't be seen 'is the enclosed area. I go off there when I am in dire need of privacy. Alternately, Father Humbert sends nuns there if he finds that they are not behaving in accordance with the rules of Magdalene Sorority'.

As we were speaking, sharp low growls made the two of us stop in our tracks. As I watched stupefied, a black heap on the floor rose and took on the shape of a sleek greyhound with a streamlined body. The dog crouched forwards, withdrew a step or two backwards and emitted a short sharp bark. As he flew withdrew, revealing his sharp menacing teeth, I couldn't help heaving a sigh of relief.

'That's Tramp, the sorority dog' said Judith 'He has been kept for security purposes'.

'But why keep him here?' I asked baffled 'It defies all logic. It would have been more sensible to have him in the grounds near the main gate wall from where intruders are likely to come in'.

‘God alone knows’ Sister Judith shrugged insouciantly ‘Strange sorority, strange rules’.

‘Probably the authorities are scared of intruders getting into the enclosure’ I suggested.

‘Maybe’ said Sister Judith.

There was a pause. Presently, my mind flew to my beauteous porcelain darling. The one with smooth marmoreal skin and raven-black eyebrows.

‘Why was Sister Stella Mary sent there?’ I asked, not able to quell my curiosity.

‘Stella Mary wouldn’t adjust with Bridget and other nuns, and understandably so’ said Judith ‘she is so very good, humble and noble. In spite of her inability to speak, she never takes excuses to evade work. I think Stella is the most hardworking nun in Magdalene Sorority. When she is not praying, she’s baking, doing needlework or cooking’.

‘Stella Mary can’t speak?’ I asked incredulous. This piece of information had caught me by surprise.

‘No, she hasn’t spoken a word since she came to Magdalene Sorority’ replied Judith ‘for the first year or two, we assumed she had become temporarily mute owing to the shock of being sent here. We assumed she wouldn’t speak because she was homesick. However, as time passed we discovered that her inability to speak was permanent’.

‘That’s a shame’ I said ‘she has such expressive eyes’.

‘Oh yes, Stella Mary is a real beauty’ agreed Judith ‘it is a pity she can’t speak. However, if it makes you feel better, she can hear. She has no problems taking orders and executing them. As I said, she is the most industrious of the nuns here’.

We had walked to the right of the cloister into the library. While I perused books on the shelves and the tables, Judith continued to talk. ‘Actually Stella had broken no significant rules, poor thing. Her father, a factory worker, placed all his trust on a few friends who suggested they pool all their savings together and start a new business. He handed over three-fourths of his savings to them. Much to the family’s shock, the friends had absconded with all his money. The family of six, including Stella Mary’s parents and her five siblings, were thrown in dire straits. One wintry morning, when one of her starving younger siblings cried for bread, Stella Mary broke into a shop and stole a loaf of bread. She was caught during the burglary attempt and was sent here to be reformed’.

‘That’s a rather sad tale’ I commented ‘but how did you learn all this if she doesn’t speak?’

‘Oh, Stella’s an ace with body language’ marveled Judith ‘she managed to convey all this through gesticulation only. Besides, she knows how to write and showed me fragments from

her diary. It was not hard to put the two and two together and guess what had happened’.

‘I see’ I repeated like an automaton.

‘That’s the treasury’ sister Judith stated the obvious as we passed a chamber labeled ‘Treasury ‘Only Father Humbert has the key to it’. Then we passed a hall where carols were sung during Christmas and a mini auditorium. ‘This is where important meetings are held by the clergy’ Judith declared ‘most of the time we’re not summoned, but have to be here once in a while’ she said ‘well at least they have Bridget, the head of the nus here’ she said.

‘Tell me, Judith’ I asked the nun ‘is Sister Bridget a permanent nun?’

‘Oh she very much is’ replied Sister Judith, then snickered before asking ‘why the doubt?’

‘Well, she doesn’t seem to have particularly pious inclinations’ I answered frankly.

‘You seemed to have hit the nail on the head, Annabel’ Sister Judith laughed mirthlessly ‘You are definitely a very perspicacious person’.

‘Stop beating around the bush and answer my question’ I was gentle, but firm.

‘Okay, I might as well tell’ Judith shrugged her bony shoulders ‘The girls you see here are not genuine nuns. They have no particular interest in praying and making a world a better place for sinners. In fact, they are sinners themselves. Or at least, reformed sinners. Bridget used to be among a gang of criminals who used to smuggle guns and drugs. They roamed about from place to place in disguise, spreading the evil of addiction and violence in the world. In a bid to get away from the police, she is believed to have even shot at and murdered a policeman. If rumors are to be believed, Bridget has murdered many mules who wouldn’t keep their mouths shut’.

‘Dear God!’ I said horrified ‘then how come she isn’t in prison?’

‘Since Bridget was 17 years old at the time of arrest and still at an age considered juvenile, she was spared a strict prison sentence that would, no doubt, have befallen others of her ilk. Owing to her “tender years” Bridget was sent to Magdalene Sorority instead. It was somewhat erroneously believed that putting her mind to prayer and community service would cure her of her criminal tendencies’.

‘Doesn’t seem like she has changed much’ I muttered under her breath.

‘Oh you’ve had a glimpse of her Pandora’s Box, haven’t you?’ Sister Judith smirked cynically ‘those are the gifts presented to the esteemed lady by her thug of a boyfriend, Raj’.

‘As far as I know, the nuns of Magdalene Sorority are not allowed to go out, are they?’ I

said ‘then how did Bridget befriend this guy? And by the way, who is he?’

‘Oh Raj is a rough-hewn real estate goon of the area’ replied Judith ‘He also doubles up as an electrician. When he was here last fall to repair the geyser that had conked off, Bridget befriended him. From then on, she has kept up surreptitious communication with him—no one knows how. He is responsible for getting her all the weird kinky sex toys that you must have seen’.

‘Well, it’s a wonder she hasn’t run away with him yet’ I whispered beneath my breath ‘I wouldn’t put anything past her’. Then I asked: ‘Tell me, why are Esther and Cynthia here?’

‘Esther used to be a wild one’ replied Judith ‘she used to tell lies at home. Steal—both at home and outside. Once she stole the bike someone had parked and went berserk riding it. It seems she was all over town, thundering away at top speed and doing wheelies. While engrossed in these crazy antics, she ran over a man, who sustained grievous injuries. Instead of stopping and providing him assistance, Esther abruptly swerved the motorbike like a crazy maniac and sped off in the opposite direction. She then abandoned the dilapidated bike on the spot and charged off homewards. However, the guy she had run over had seen her quite clearly. “There’s no mistaking the carrot-top” he apparently said at the trial. Since the poor idiot hadn’t died and Esther was only sixteen years old when the incident transpired, she wasn’t imprisoned. She was sent to Magdalene Sorority in lieu of a Juvenile Delinquents’ Reform home.

‘And what about Cynthia?’ I asked ‘why is she here?’

‘Cynthia is the most lethal of them all’ said Judith ‘don’t be fooled by her lazy, spaced off manner. Cynthia’s mother died when she was twelve years old. Her father remarried a year later, a young lady called Gloria, with golden brown locks and a sunny smile. A year after marriage, Gloria gave birth to a baby girl who was charming and all dimples just like her momma. The parents worried that the elder sister didn’t actively participate in the upbringing of the baby. Deep inside, Cynthia was simmering. With rage. And jealousy. Cynthia had never been pretty. Or good-natured. Gloria had always been sweet and kind-hearted. She was; apparently, always ready to lend a helping hand when required. The love Gloria and the baby magnetized drove Cynthia out of her mind. One night, when her father had left for one of his business tours, Cynthia set Gloria’s room and the baby’s nursery on fire. The flames soon spread to the entire house. Somebody alerted the firefighters who arrived. Unfortunately, it was too late. Gloria and the baby were burnt to cinders. People found the fifteen year old Cynthia staring vaguely and abstractedly at the burning flames’.

‘What a horrific story!’ I exclaimed ‘I guess she was sent here because she was “too young” to be clapped up in prison?’

‘You’ve guessed right’ answered Judith grimly.

‘And the other nuns’ I asked ‘what are they here for?’.

‘Oh for lying, pilfering, pick-pocketing’ said Sister Judith ‘nothing as serious as what the Three Musketeers have done. All of them, nevertheless, have broken the law in some manner or the other’.

‘Hmmm...the inmates of Magdalene Sorority have quite a history’ I said pondering ‘Tell me Sister Judith’ I asked point blank ‘why are you here? In no way can I imagine you having committed a heinous deed like the three Musketeers have or even minor ones like the other nuns’.

‘Well let’s say I paid the price for being curious’ was all Judith had time to say before Bridget’s big auburn head appeared at the door and ordered us to assemble at the work area.

Chapter 4 - The Sex Toy

The work area was a total mess. Nuns sat around boiling sugar syrup and flavoring it with strawberry essence to make jams. Another group had apparently taken an order to bake a wedding cake for they were industriously whipping the batter, egg and flour smeared all over their sinful faces. A third group was haphazardly working on a piece of crotchet cloth, running their needles on it in the most helter-skelter manner imaginable. A fourth group sat at an extreme end, pouring hot candle wax into moulds of various shapes and sizes.

I was made to sit among the nuns who were baking. Somebody thrust a vessel with wheat flour and raw eggs and ordered me to whip it hard. 'Do it either clockwise or anti-clockwise' the big bitter-mouthed Esther directed 'You are in for much trouble if you do it both ways'. I struggled, hopelessly, in my female dress and clumsy ape-like masculine hands to do the best whipping job I could with the batter. After all, I didn't want someone's wedding ruined because of me.

After half an hour or so, the three Musketeers came to summon me. 'Sister Annabel' Bridget addressed me in a deep gruff voice 'Since you are still a temporary nun, we have been instructed to train you in the art of being a nun'.

'That's right' the indolent-deadly Cynthia drawled languorously 'You are still a novitiate. Father Humbert requires you to take the pledge of chastity, celibacy and obedience'.

'Oh well' I said getting up and wiping my batter-smeared hands on my tunic 'let's go then'. I had made it my undeclared mission to stay in the nunnery for as long as possible in order to get to know Stella Mary better. As long my mute darling was cloistered in the place, I didn't want to have anything to do with the outside world.

I was rather surprised when the three Musketeers led me towards the dormitory, instead of the chapel where I thought I was take my chastity pledge. However, assuming that Magdalene Sorority has its own rules apropos where vows had to be taken, I followed the ex-delinquents into the dorm. Once inside its gloomy-grey interiors, Bridget closed the door with a smart little click.

'What's going on?' I demanded 'Am I going to take my vows only in the presence of the three of you'.

'That should be more than adequate' said Cynthia walking towards me languorously. I noticed that she had a strange way of moving, dragging one foot after another, slithering in the manner of an indolent snake. She moved over to me and licked the nub of my ear before trapping them between her sharp white teeth. Her bony hands, meanwhile, was fumbling aimlessly around my groin region.

I thought of protesting, before the information Judith had given me about Cynthia crossed my mind. If the story that was in circulation was to be believed, Cynthia was a dangerous piece of goods, capable of cold-blooded first degree murder even. I stood as still as a statue as she continued tasting my ear with her mouth. One long sharp tongue lingered around the outer ear, exploring the crevices. I gripped the stand of the bunk bed tightly, careful not to lose balance. Cynthia meanwhile continued feasting on my poor left ear, without giving it a reprieve. As her sharp hot tongue dug into the tunnel of my ear and swirled lustily inside, I whimpered and shuddered. My reactions apparently excited the other two nuns for they started rubbing their groin regions vigorously, a look of foolish bliss on their faces.

I saw Esther go stiff in the spine and judder. ‘Hey Bridget’ she said addressing her big beached-whale like friend ‘we haven’t really punished her, have we?’

“”Her?”” I burst out clinging on to the final dregs of masculine pride left in me ‘excuse me, but I am a man’.

‘Not for long’ Cynthia abandoned my ear and picked a filled syringe up ‘Father Humbert says you must undergo HRT. He recognized you for what you are: male’.

Father Humbert had recognized me. My heart started palpitating wildly. What was he going to do? Report my voyeuristic behavior to the police? If he did so, I was sure my misdemeanor would be public news by tomorrow. The rural outskirts of Bangalore was a small village by itself--people would talk. Tongues would wag. Reputations would be ruined. My father would hang himself with shame.

‘No please’ I said sliding down Cynthia’s slender form and catching hold of her bony feet ‘please ask father Humbert to spare me. I wouldn’t want the police to know’.

‘Not to worry’ Esther said in a pseudo-soothing voice ‘we could grant you silence in exchange for your femininity’

‘Meaning?’ I asked confused. What were these crazy girls on about?

‘I’d say it is self-explanatory’ said Bridget, wielding a black whip which she had salvaged from her “Pandora’s Box” in hand ‘Don’t you see the syringe in Cynthia’s hand? It contains estrogen: a female hormone. It will give you boobies and buttocks (she ran a plump hand over her thighs) just like ours. If you are anatomically similar to us, the other nuns will feel much safer continuing to live in the dormitory. We’re forcing you in no way, but if you want to escape penalty, you might want to agree to be injected with estrogen’.

‘I certainly wouldn’t!’ I scoffed ‘not for a thousand penalties’.

‘Well I guess you wouldn’t guess how far we could go with our punishment’ smirked mean-

mouthed Esther.

‘Ha!’ I said in a condescending manner ‘what could a couple of girls do?’

‘Oh we could do a great deal, believe me’ said Bridget making me kneel down on some kind of a bench. Before I knew what was happening, she had hitched up my gown revealing my white brief-covered bottom. Cynthia walked over languidly and tied both my hands with a thin, but strong nylon rope. In a flash, Esther yanked my briefs down, exposing my buttocks. The cool air on my bare flesh told me that there was nothing—not even the gauziest layer of cloth—between me and the Three Musketeers. I felt more vulnerable and exposed than I had in my entire life. I wondered what the fiendish girls were going to do with me.

The sharp contact of the whip against my skin told me all. Another lashing followed. I squirmed with pain commingled with a kind of grudging erotic pleasure. Bridget abandoned the whip and the restored it to its rightful position in the “Pandora’s Box”. Then the girls took the task of punishing in their own hands—literally. ‘Thwack!’ one plump feminine hand landed against my rear, followed by another. Finally, after a series of pleasurable-painful whacks on my exposed rear, I was finally spared the sweet agony of being spanked.

However, the nymphomaniac nuns weren’t done with me. They stripped, spread their legs wide and took turns pushing my head against their groin region. I knew I was doing it right, when girl after girl juddered and made encouraging sounds. Whatever I had dreamed of before coming to the convent, it certainly wasn’t giving the sequestered nuns oral pleasure. It seemed that to these ladies who had been starved for the longest time, left to ineffectually experiment among themselves, the flicking, licking and circling provided by my coarse lion-like tongue was a slice of heaven. They rode the waves of ecstasy, melding one orgasm into another, pressing their breasts ecstatically and letting their thick juices flow down their thighs.

And finally, when I was nearly done, one surreptitious arm brought the syringe out and emptied its contents into my unsuspecting hitherto masculine arm.

Weeks later, when I was having a bath in the gloomy balneary, I noticed a cone of 5 cm diameter on either side of my chest. ‘Oh my God’ I thought to myself ‘it is the goddamn estrogen taking effect’. Estrogen that had been injected into my body once every two weeks was beginning to show its evil effect. The anarchy symbol on the wall jeered at my fast burgeoning twin mounds. The inverted cross winked at my large areole and turgid nipples. At the rate at which they were developing, I surmised they would swell to the size of Bridget’s humongous apices that had been forced into my sight the very first day of having arrived at Magdalene Sorority. Prem, the guy who had vast carnal experience at Thailand had told me that the when the lady boys there injected themselves with or swallowed hormones for a long-enough period of time, their breasts started developing, waists tapered down and hips and buttocks taking on the gentle curvaceous contours like genetic females’. Prem had even shown me snap shots of the lady boys. They looked like beautiful women, there was no earthly way one could tell them apart from genetic women, but Indian and Thai frames were hardly the

same. I doubted if I would turn out to be as attractive as the Thai lady boys! Besides, I didn't wish to be female.

One day, as I returned after administering first aid to ailing children in a nunnery associated infirmary situated a few kilometers outside the building, my breast development, gently swelling under the surface of my tunic, was duly noted by the three Musketeers. Since I was more familiar with India than most other nuns at Magdalene Sorority, Father Humbert, who had obviously foreseen more of a risk of my running away had instated the deadly threesome to be at my side constantly.

'Look at you, you're budding!' Esther nudged me like an old chum 'I doubt if the results were as quick in Judith's case'.

'Burgeoning would be a more apt word' said Bridget 'at the rate at which she's growing, she'd fast be my size'.

'You'll need a bra' was all the monosyllabic Cynthia said.

'I have already helped myself to one of Bridget's, thank you very much' I said in a sullen manner.

'And you didn't feel the need to ask for permission?!' snapped Bridget offended.

'Sorry, you were in the rectory at that time' I reluctantly apologized.

'You are growing too big for your boots, Sister Annabel' said Bridget ominously 'I'll have to talk to Father Humbert about a more stringent punishment for you'. The pentacle between her breasts flashed at me banefully.

My hands grew clammy. I dared not think about the "stringent punishment" the fiends had lined up for me.

'You're no longer to be a religious sister' Bridget pronounced 'as you are becoming quite impertinent, you will have to live as an enclosed nun along with that stupid Stella Mary. You don't have to come down to the rectory even. Meals will be brought to your room'.

Bridget's words were music to my ears. I would finally get a chance to see my beautiful darling at close quarters, and also stay with her for a few weeks! The sight of her beautiful face outlined against the early evening sun wafted into mind's vision. There she was my dream girl, slowly sliding off the wimple to reveal her splendorous dandelion yellow hair. She would shake it until it glowed like pale burnished gold. Beads of dew or tiny little Swarovski crystals glimmered in her hair. Then slowly, with the languorous grace of a gazelle, she slipped the tunic over her head to offer to me a glimpse of her slender form....

‘Hey faggot’ Esther’s sharp piquant voice rudely jerked me from my daydream ‘It’s time to go to the enclosure’.

She held my left arm like some kind of a prison guard. Bridget took my right. Then with Cynthia following like some kind of a tug boat, we marched through the manicured lawns of the cloister. At the entrance of the arcade, Tramp let out a short sharp bark. Bridget’s growl was potent enough to subdue him. Then, with an ungraceful grunt, the Three Musketeers half-dragged me to the door of the enclosure. Bridget retrieved a tiny key from her pocket and opened the huge lock that led to the enclosed chamber.

They pushed the door open abruptly. Stella Mary’s tall noble form came into view. She, with her back towards us, was engaged in deep reflective meditation. Her left palm was rested on the grill that she was facing. The right one held a rosary the beads of which she was counting one by one.

The savage trio had disturbed her while in prayer. Yet Stella Mary remained unperturbed. She didn’t turn, nor make any abrupt jerky movements, but remained standing in her peaceful, tranquil manner facing the grilled window....

The threesome barked some more instructions to me before leaving. But all I was sentient of was Stella Mary’s serene beautiful presence. The alignment of the room was neat, with a bed on the left hand corner, a Spartan table with a Holy Bible and book of hymns piled on it, and the small door leading to what I presumed was the bathroom. The quiet room was on the same unruffled frequency as Stella Mary’s personality. So caught up was I in the moment, that I even forgot to breathe.

Presently, my angel turned, giving me a full uninhibited view of her glorious face. With her beautiful dark eyebrows and smooth unlined skin, Stella Mary was even more beautiful at close quarters. The morning ray that dappled on and reflected off her wimple, I was sure, had gained a new lease of blessed life by sheer contact with her. A dandelion tendril of her hair glimmered like burnished gold. Going by the Celtic fairness of her skin, I adjudged Stella to be from Ireland or some other neighboring country.

Then much to my surprise she spoke.

‘Good morning’. The two words that emanated from her depths in a sweet, crystal clear voice had me stupefied. I wondered if I was in some blissful ethereal dream. Or had the sight of her beauty overwhelmed me so much that I had begun hallucinating?

The stupefaction must have shown on my face, for Stella Mary smiled. ‘You’re not delusional’ she said pleasantly ‘I can speak’.

‘But why dear’ I asked, glad for her yet curious ‘would you pretend otherwise?’

Stella Mary let out a long sigh before answering. ‘You know how barbaric a place Magdalene Sorority could be’ she said ‘the girls here come from a criminal background. In fact, Father Humbert himself is an ex-offender....’.

‘Sorry to interrupt you’ I chipped in ‘but how?’

‘Jonathan H.’ Stella Mary asked ‘does the name ring a bell?’

‘Of course, it does!’ I replied ‘he was the famous fashion designer of Indian origin who was tried for several charges of sexual assault and was sentenced to twenty years in prison’.

‘Yes’ replied Stella Mary ‘He served fifteen years and decided to spend the other five “atoning” at Magdalene Sorority’.

‘Oh my God...’ I replied incredulous ‘I did think he looked vaguely familiar and well, not exactly saintly’.

‘This place is bereft of saints’ said Stella Mary ‘it becomes difficult for innocent people like me to survive. Hence, I pretend to be mute in order to deflect attention off myself. When you are silent for a certain period of time, everyone starts regarding you as a part of the furniture. They ignore you. You cease to exist for them. Which is good news because you won’t be bullied, mistreated or assaulted. That’s one of the reasons I have chosen to be an enclosed nun—to stay away from harassment’.

‘That was a clever ruse to employ’ I said ruefully ‘I wish I had been as imaginative’.

‘Have you been harassed much?’ Stella Mary’s voice was soft with concern.

‘I am afraid so’ I replied grimly.

‘Truly sorry to hear that’ said Stella Mary earnestly ‘I wish I could have been of assistance to you’ she paused genuinely saddened, before asking ‘how did you get here?’

‘Well, it’s a long story’ I laughed a bit embarrassed ‘and in a way, it began with you’.

‘With me?’ Stella Mary was incredulous.

‘Actually, it all began with my, Alex Pinto’s, fascination for the nunnery’ I replied ‘My mom had passed away when I was very young and I don’t have any sisters. If I have any female relatives at all, we weren’t in touch. I went to an all boys’ school and college, hence didn’t get to interact with girls. The fact that Magdalene Sorority was fully and completely female (I’d expected them to have an abbess, instead of Father Humbert) drew me to it, everyday on my way to college--’.

‘Were you a boy?!’ burst out Stella Mary astonished ‘I’d never have guessed!’

‘Well, now you know....’ I said somewhat sheepishly ‘does that shock you too much?’

‘It has caught me by surprise’ said Stella Mary, composed now ‘but doesn’t make a significant difference. After all, you’re the same person’

‘I am glad you feel that way’ I said looking deep into her dark eyes.

There was a pregnant pause.

Stella Mary finally broke it: ‘I guess I interrupted you. Please go on with what you were saying’

‘Then one sunny morning on my way to college’ I resumed ‘I happened to see you at the gate, wearing the very same tunic and wimple’.

‘At the main gate?’ questioned Stella Mary ‘why I hardly ever get out. O yes!’ she said suddenly snapping out of her amnesia ‘I had a minor accident one day. While doing needlework, the edge of a rusted pair of scissors grazed my thumb. Father Humbert thought I should get an anti-tetanus vaccination. Since we don’t have an infirmary at Magdalene Sorority, he directed me to a clinic down the road. That’s the only time I got out of the cloister’.

‘Yes, it probably was’ I paused, at a loss as to how to continue.

‘I am waiting’ Stella Mary encouraged.

‘I hope you won’t be offended by what I say next’ I said ‘but I developed a major fixation for you. Not a minute would pass when I didn’t think of your beautiful face and dark eyes. You even haunted me in my dreams’.

‘You’re leading me on’ a faint pink blush had crept up Stella Mary’s white skin.

‘I have never been more serious in my life, I swear’ I told her sincerely.

‘I am honored’ said my sweetheart looking deep into my eyes.

I told her the rest of the story about how I had sneaked into the convent, got caught by Bridget and gang and my subsequent ordeals.

Stella Mary took my hand and pressed it to her pure cheek. ‘I am deeply sorry to hear I am the cause of all this’ she said.

‘Oh don’t be darling’ I said unable to curtail my tender feelings for her ‘I would give my

entire life for you. Gender change is but a minor thing'. Then a disturbing thought sneaked into my mind like a slimy venomous snake 'Stella Mary' I said addressing her seriously 'I take it that you like me'.

'Oh yes' said Stella Mary 'I've liked you from the minute I first set eyes on you at the chapel. There was a kind of spiritual aura around you that drew me towards you. This may sound silly, but the moment I saw you I realized that we were two bodies one soul. You are my soul-mate, Alex'.

'That's so heartening, darling' I said kissing Stella Mary's cool forehead 'but I will not be Alex for long. With the estrogen hormones fast beginning to take effect, I will be Annabel sooner than later. Are you okay with that? Will you love me even when I become a woman?'

'My love is unconditional and is not usurped by divisions of caste, creed, color, nationality or gender' replied Stella Mary steadily 'Irrespective of whether you are Alex or Annabel, I'll love you with all my heart'.

A week later, I was wrenched away from Stella Mary and shifted back to the dormitory. Life went on the same as usual: the bullying, ragging and assaults. Emboldened by the initiative taken by the Three Musketeers, the other nuns also started forcing me to provide them with oral pleasure. I was an activity that I hadn't minded initially, but had come to resent after Stella and I had declared our love for each other.

One day, I was woken up at 4:30 am, half an hour before our scheduled rising time, blindfolded, put in a vehicle and driven off to a secluded place. Though I couldn't see, I was more than certain that the people who accompanied me were Father Humbert and the Three Musketeers. From the front of the vehicle, I could hear him issuing terse business-like instructions to the girls.

I was vaguely conscious of being wheeled into brightly lit corridors. The sharp shards of light pierced me through the blindfold. I was then led into a room reeking of spirit and disinfectants. Instinctively, I knew that I was in an operating theatre. As the mask containing anesthesia was clamped down on my face and I felt myself getting drawn into a deep, heavy slumber, the final thoughts in my head were: 'what are they going to do with me? Are they going to take my organs out and sell them? What exactly do they have in mind?'

Little did I realize that they were going to remove my half-shriveled penis and replace it with female genitals.

I was put in sequestration again. Complete gender change was a sweet agony that I could bear only with the help of my lover. She reassured me that no matter what my body looked like, my soul would remain the same. And she, Stella Mary, would always love my soul. So, it didn't matter in the very least if I had a penis or a vagina.

Stella Mary and I flaunted our love in public. We were just two people who genuinely loved one another, not pilferers or pick-pocketers who ought to feel ashamed. Stella and I held hands, hugged and even kissed, much to the shock and jealousy of the other nuns. Though sex was rampant in Magdalene Sorority, love as pure and unconditional as mine and Stella's was rare. One evening, Stella and I walked into the chapel at 3 pm and said our prayers along with the other nuns. After Father Humbert finished the prayers, ostensibly thanking the father, son and the Holy Spirit, the nuns branched off and moved towards the work area. Since Stella Mary and I were in charge of jelly-making, we too sauntered off towards the work cubicle. Just when I was about to go out, Father Humbert stopped me.

'Sister Annabel' he said 'could you stay behind please? I need your help'.

Gesticulating to Stella Mary to carry on without me, I reentered the chapel. 'Yes father' I asked 'how can I be of use?' I knew that Father Humbert was an ex-offender, a criminal, but my unwavering faith in the goodness of people led me to believe that he was a reformed man. Stella Mary had warned me about him innumerable times; I myself had seen the salacious lecherous look on his face numerous times, but the inherent benevolence in me made me ignore these warning signals. 'Father Humbert is a changed man' I told myself innumerable times 'you should judge people based on what they are now, not who they were previously'.

'I got this yesterday' he said retrieving a strange-looking swing from his backpack 'I needed your help to fasten it to the eyebolt of the ceiling'.

'Is that a swing, Father?' I asked

'Yes' said Father Humbert, not meeting my eye 'I thought you sisters could use a bit of recreation in your free time'.

I found it strange that Father Humbert would want to hang a swing in the chapel of all places. The cloister or one of the trees in the campus would have been a better place. Yet I didn't think it appropriate to question him. Both Father Humbert and I raised our hands towards the ceiling and attempted to attach the swing to the ceiling. During one such attempt, Father Humbert's hand fell across and lightly grazed my breasts. I dismissed the incident as an accident and didn't give it much thought. Father Humbert and I continued our futile attempts to fix the swing on the ceiling.

'I guess the noise emanating from outdoors is wrecking our concentration' said Father Humbert 'Do you mind closing the chapel door, Annabel?'

I walked to the door and did as instructed. 'Latch it' said Father Humbert and I did as I was told. Then, I return to the mission of affixing the swing on to the elusive eyebolt of the ceiling.

'I think it would be easier if you stood on one of the benches and fasten it' said Father Humbert.

‘The benches are too high to climb’ I said hesitantly.

‘Don’t worry’ said Father Humbert reassuringly ‘if you slip, I’ll break your fall’.

‘Okay’ I said. Going against my instincts with much uneasiness, I awkwardly climbed on the bench and finally succeeded in fastening the swing to the eyebolt of the ceiling.

Father Humbert helped me get down by clasping me at my waist. Except he forced me down on the swing and took advantage of the faith I had placed on him. My feet were forced into the stirrups adjoining both sides of the swing. The swing whirled at 180 degrees. The gleaming metal of the inverted cross hanging from Humbert’s burly neck flashed in my eyes. I was enjoyed by the depraved maniac from all conceivable angles. Since the door was closed, my cries for deliverance fell on deaf ears of all cloister sisters, including my beloved Stella Mary.

Chapter 5 - A Better World

‘I knew he was evil’ said Stella Mary applying a healing ointment on a scratch on my forehead ‘but I never thought he was capable of such a heinous deed, that to in the holy chapel’.

‘The presence of God makes no difference to the followers of Satan’ I said through parched lips. There was a dull heaviness about my bones and I felt sore all over.

‘The followers of Satan’ Stella Mary looked puzzled ‘I don’t understand’.

‘The inmates of Magdalene Sorority, including Jonathan H., are worshippers of Satan’ I told my naïve girlfriend ‘they just use sweet Jesus and Christianity as a front to carry on with their evil deeds. They misuse the name of Jesus to attract donations and funds from good Samaritans. These inmates pretend to pray; to pay obeisance to our Lord, but what they’re actually trying to do is evoke horrendous demons from the bowels of the earth’.

‘My Goodness, that’s quite a revelation!’ Stella Mary’s porcelain hand flew to her pale mouth ‘Tell me, darling Annabel, how you stumbled on this shocking truth?’

I told Stella Mary everything—about the pentagram hanging from Bridget’s neck and the inverted cross dangling from the necks of Cynthia and Jonathan H. I also explained in detail, my brush with evil symbols in the balneary, after Bridget, possessed by a mad frenzy, tore off the concealing wall-paper off the bathroom walls. ‘I was confronted with an ‘A’ enclosed within a circle, which is the symbol of anarchy’ I told Stella Mary and also elaborated on the impassioned animal-like cries of the girls as they declared that what they did, by Satanic logic, became the law. I also told her about the sign of the Baphomet, the God of the demons’.

‘On hindsight, I remember’ replied Stella Mary ‘I remember seeing a strange symbol when I was sent on an errand to Jonathan’s room. It was a sort of triangle of thaumaturgy transcribed within a circle. I don’t know what it means’

‘That’s the gay symbol’ I replied ‘used by Satan worshippers to evoke evil spirits. Some Satanists may omit the circle entirely in hopes of being possessed’.

‘Dear God...what do we do, Annabel?’ concern was writ large on Stella Mary’s face ‘are we doomed to spend our entire lives cocooned among the worshippers of the devil?’

‘No, of course not’ I replied vaguely.

‘I suppose we are’ sighed Stella Mary ‘there is no way we’d be able to escape through the main entrance without anyone noticing’.

‘You might be right’ I said. At the same time, I fervently prayed to God to enable some manner of a miracle that would help us escape from an entrance, main or otherwise.

One fine sunny noon, the entire sorority was let outdoors for gardening, right outside the compound of the nunnery. With spade, hoe, basket and watering cans in hand, we set out to either plant new hedgerows or spray pesticides over already existing ones. During the public gardening endeavor, Stella Mary and I began to play a little private amorous game of our own. Each time after we returned from watering a hedgerow, we would, without overtly acknowledging each other’s presence, brush against each other in a suggestive manner. After we did this a significant number of times, I became aware of the pleasurable tingling of my nerve endings. Stella Mary grabbed me during one of my trips to an overgrown hibiscus hedgerow and placed her cool lips on mine. I was taken aback by how much her lips felt and tasted of rose petals. With gentle persuasion, Stella coaxed my full lips to part with her own pale ones, exploring each nook, cranny and crevice of my mouth. ‘Hmmm...’ she said drawing back with a sigh of apparent satisfaction ‘You taste of the most delicious peppermint!’

As I was basking in this little compliment, Stella seized my lips again, a little more forcefully this time. Her teeth lightly nibbled on my lower lip and her white Celtic hands ran down my clothed back. She pushed me more firmly into the wet ground, digging her impassioned toes on wet earth as she did so.

At this moment, there was a rustling of leaves. The Three Musketeers, with Father Humbert in tow, discovered me and my girlfriend in the compromising position. Stella and I were by no means ashamed, but stood erect and straightened our clothes more out of decency than guilt. The voyeurs looked outraged.

‘This is a nunnery, women!’ said the evil Father Humbert ‘not a place to provide outlet to your Sapphic tendencies!’.

‘We are just two people in love’ I retorted boldly ‘where does sexual orientation come in?’

‘In case you don’t know’ said Father Humbert cattily ‘people of the same gender engaging in amorous activities are called gays or lesbians. It is carnal intercourse against the law of nature, hence is considered immoral’.

‘There are many in Magdalene Sorority who engage in lesbianism’ I answered ‘and since when has same sex love become immoral and rape right?’

‘Lower your impertinent eyes, Sister Annabel’ replied Father Humbert enraged ‘and keep a civil tongue in your mouth’.

‘I think Annabel is right’ my darling Stella Mary spoke up in my defense ‘I whole-heartedly support her view’.

Stella Mary had spoken in public for the first time. Father Humbert looked zapped. So did the Three Musketeers. However, Father Humbert soon regained his composure and growled.

‘Off you go to your enclosure, Sister Stella. Sister Annabel shall live in the dormitory henceforth’.

The thought of being parted from me was obviously too much for my girlfriend to take, for she fell in a quivering sniveling heap on to the ground. ‘I am sorry about what I said and so is Annabel’ she beseeched the fiend ‘but for God’s sake don’t separate us. I will never ever be able to survive without Annabel’.

‘So much the better’ said Father Humbert savagely ‘I hope you have learnt a lesson. Speaking, Stella Mary, was the wrong thing to do. And you began by putting your foot in your mouth. Anyway, for as long as I am alive, the two of you will be kept segregated. You, Stella Mary, shall be sequestered in the enclosure and Annabel will function as a religious sister living in the dorm. There will be times of day when you’ll cross each other’s paths. During these instances, I forbid you from speaking to each other or communicating in any other fashion. If I ever catch you talking or, for that matter, even meeting each other’s eye, I am going to murder both of you. And this is not an empty threat, mind’.

Days dragged into weeks, weeks into months. In the event of separation from Stella Mary, I had become a mere sad husk without a soul. I went about my day-to-day activities like an automaton, caring very little about the humiliation and exploitation I continued to face at the hands of the nuns in my cloister. Sadness filled me to the very brim and threatened to spill forth. Whenever, I happened to catch sight of Stella Mary either in the cloister, work room or rectory, I saw the same sadness reflected in her large dark eyes too. Stella Mary’s vacant melancholy eyes began to haunt me during my waking hours and also wee hours of the night when I found that I couldn’t sleep.

One day, as I was tossing and turning in bed much as usual, I heard a whisper. ‘Annabel’ somebody seemed to whisper from the window outside the dormitory ‘Annabel, get up’. I looked towards the window, but saw no figure from whom the sound was emanating. Just when I was about to dismiss the sound as a hallucination brought on by a strained mind, I heard my name being called again. ‘Annabel!’. It was more urgent this time. I saw a dark figure silhouetted against the window and recognized it in an instant. I tip toed across the dormitory to the window at which my beloved stood and beckoned.

‘Darling Stella’ I whispered through the window ‘what in the world are you doing here?’

‘Sweet Annabel!’ Stella replied ‘I believe I might have found a route to escape!’.

‘A route to escape?!’ I exclaimed with a quickening pulse ‘are you awake, darling, or sleepwalking?’.

‘I’ve never been more in my senses, Annabel’ replied Stella Mary with a hint of impatience lacing her voice.

‘Okay, tell me about it’ I whispered.

‘Since I found it difficult to sleep after we were separated’ Stella Mary began her little tale ‘I rearranged the room a bit. I exchanged the places of the bed and the study table, so that the former was in the place of the latter. Today, when I was tossing and turning, my restless palm happened to brush against the wall the table had previously leaned against. I found its texture strange....light and somewhat papery. Curiosity piqued, I woke up and gently tapped against it. It seemed strangely hollow, as if it was composed of just one thin papery layer with no wall behind it. I clawed at it with my finger nails. The paper came tearing down in my hands! I felt a blast of cool fresh night air against my cheek! Imagine my surprise, dear Annabel, when I found a gaping little burrow in the wall leading to the cloister! I am sure this is one of a series of secret exits outside the nunnery. We’ll have to walk through the cloister, library, treasury and vestry and look for another paper covered hollow-tunnel somewhere in its whereabouts. If my instinct is right, the other tunnel should lie in the vestry. Since it is seldom used, no one has discovered it yet. From the burrow in the vestry, we may reach the walls fortifying the nunnery, jump them and find ourselves in the foliage-covered campus. Once there, we might just figure out a way to escape’.

‘That’s quite a discovery, Stella’ I said, before the skeptic in me took over ‘but there are too many ‘ifs’ and ‘buts’ in the plan. What if the whole thing turns out to be a wild goose chase? What if we happened to get caught? Jonathan H. will murder us if he finds out’.

‘For me’ replied Stella Mary sniffing ‘death would be indubitably better than living a suffocating life’

‘It is a stifling life alright’ I agreed.

‘Well?’ Stella was hopeful.

‘Let’s give it a try, baby!’ I said and could sense her smiling in the darkness.

I walked pussy-footed to the dormitory door and turned the latch slowly. As I opened it inch by inch, it squeaked a little. I held my breath for a second and sensed that Stella on the other end did the same. I tried the latch again, cautiously. This time it opened without a sound.

Closing it lightly behind me, I stepped into the open air. Stella, who was standing outside, engulfed me in a passionate embrace. I returned the pressure of her hug with equal warmth. With rising excitement, Stella and I made our way through the work room, the cloister and the arcades before entering the enclosure. Tramp, who was leashed in one corner, raised his gigantic black head and let out a low growl. I hoped against hope that no one had heard it.

I went inside the enclosure. Sure enough, I found a large manhole sized void gaping at me. With rising excitement, I walked towards and peered into it. Pieces of gravel, stone, cement and fiberglass lay within it. I anticipated the tunnel had a horizontal depth of about two feet. The dim outline of the arcade was visible beyond it.

Just when Stella Mary and I were contemplating as to who should go first, we heard voices. I also became aware that all the nunnery lights had been switched on. The voices were a significant distance away, but had an uncanny familiarity to them that made recognition easy. To state the obvious, it was the Three Musketeers convening with the villainous Father Humbert. I imagined that one of the girls, the indolent Cynthia most probably, had been roused by Stella Mary's whisper and had, in all probability, overheard our entire conversation. As soon as I let myself out of the dormitory, Cynthia had lost no time in awakening and repeating the content of the entire conversation to the other two Musketeers. All three fiends had taken upon themselves the task of alerting the obnoxious Father Humbert. He had mostly substantiated Stella's story of the secret entrances. They were coming towards us now, all prepared to catch me and my girlfriend red-handed. My heart palpitated at the thought what the savages would do to us if we were caught.

'Quick, go through the tunnel' I urged my saintly girlfriend 'they could be here anytime'.

'After you, Annabel' said the unselfish beauty 'You go in first'.

'This is no time to argue, sweetheart' I said bodily carrying Stella and pushing her through the tunnel 'please listen to me'.

Stella quietly made her ways across the pieces of brick, mud and fiber glass and jumped off the other side. At this moment, the lights went off, plunging us all into darkness. I could hear sighs of dismay and disappointment from a few feet away. A vile expletive spewed forth from Father Humbert's unholy lips.

I let my eyes adjust to the darkness. Fervently wishing I had a torchlight with me, I painfully made my way through the tunnel. Gravel grazed my elbows and fiberglass scratched my face. I soon got through the short tedious journey and joined my girlfriend who was patiently waiting on the other side.

The sound of voices and the beam of flashlights told us that Father Humbert and the Three Musketeers were close at our heels, trying to worm their way into the tunnel. Hand in hand, Stella and I hotfooted through the arcade to the cloister to realize that it had begun raining. As we passed the cloister and ran into the library, Tramp began barking quite loudly. As the sound of the bark grew louder and more menacing in my ears, I realized that the savages had let the animal loose. Stella and I made a dash across the treasury to the vestry where she speculated the second secret passage to be. The sound of voices and Tramp's bark grew louder.

Like two desperate lunatics, Stella and I tapped on the vestry walls, hoping to find the papery hollow which hid the secret passage. Finally, after much hyperventilating and tapping, I could feel a papery hollow surface on the left hand corner of the vestry.

‘Over here’ I breathed to Stella Mary and urged her to join me. She was by my side in a second! With fast growing trepidation, Stella and I pierced and clawed at the papery wall with our long nails. In about two minutes, the papery concealment gave way, exposing a deep hollow--the door way to our freedom...

On my girlfriend’s insistence, I went in through the burrow first. As I emerged in open air on the other side, I could feel rain pelting down on my back. Wet and shivering, I helped Stella Mary to emerge on the other side. With Father Humbert, the Three Musketeers and Tramp at our heels, Stella and I rushed through the open yard in torrential down pour.

I discovered that Stella Mary’s conjecture about the nunnery having another entrance had been right when the pale white silhouette of the exit gate came into view. We darted towards it and unlatched the bolt when the furious Tramp caught up with us. Quick as a flash, I took off my wimple and threw it on the dog’s face, disorienting him for a few minutes. I took my girlfriend’s hand again and absconded through the length of foliage area towards the high walls of the nunnery.

Father Humbert and the Three Musketeers were barely a few feet away from us. Someone had taken the wimple off Tramp’s head and he surged, with renewed rage and vigor, right behind. ‘There they go!’ I heard Father Humbert bellow, flashing the searchlight in our direction ‘follow them closely!’. The Three Musketeers chased behind us like obedient dogs trained by Jonathan H. Tramp sprinted behind them. As Stella and I reached the nine feet walls, I made a stirrup of my hands and hoisted her over. She jumped to safety on the other side.

Father Humbert was barely a few feet away from me. Tramp and the Three Musketeers weren’t far behind either. I stepped on a few boulders and had nearly hoisted myself across the wall, when the wily Father Humbert caught hold of my leg. Stella Mary probably realized what had happened for I could hear a pathetic lament escape her lips.

Simultaneously, a yowl was wrestled out of Father Humbert. He let go of my leg abruptly. I realized that the spirited Tramp had sunk his teeth into Father Humbert’s juicy leg when I heard the Three Musketeers cry: ‘Oh no! He’s been badly bitten!’ I took advantage of the momentary distraction to jump on to the other side of the wall where Stella Mary was waiting for me. As the Three Musketeers fussed and fretted over the badly mauled Father Humbert, I grabbed hold of my girlfriend’s hand and surged forward wildly among the streaks of lightening and wild rumblings of thunder, until we were a safe, inviolable distance away from the malignant Magdalene Sorority.

When the rain trickled down to a thin drizzle, I suggested that we walk down home.

‘Are you sure your father will be okay?’ the note of worry in Stella Mary’s voice was unmistakable.

‘Of course he will be’ I said heartily ‘I am my father’s only child and he’ll accept me whether I am a boy or a girl’.

‘That’s nice’ Stella Mary attempted to force a smile into her voice.

Sensing that she was still apprehensive, I drew her close and hugged her. ‘Don’t worry, babe’ I whispered into her dandelion yellow hair, now free of the wimple ‘You’ll be welcome too. After all, you’re my lover’.

‘I hope so, sweetheart’ breathed Stella Mary ‘I certainly hope so’.

It was a pleasure to see my father again. In spite of being annoyed at having been woken up at an unearthly hour, he was gracious enough to enquire as to how he could help. Evidently, dad hadn’t recognized me. I couldn’t blame him. The rain-sodden tunic clung on for dear life to every curve and dip of my voluptuous body. My hair, which was semi-dry now, fell in copper-colored ringlets across my shoulders.

I was now a far cry from the wiry, masculine youth who had gone missing a year back.

‘Dad’ I said in a voice cracking with emotion ‘how are you doing?’

‘I am doing alright, thank you’ said my father baffled ‘but may I know who you are? Besides, why do you address me as “dad”?’.

‘Because I am your one and only progeny, Alexander Pinto’ I said plainly without frills, before adding ‘Now Annabel’.

‘Some nerve you have, young lady’ my father bristled ‘to ring my doorbell in the middle of the night and make such ridiculous claims!’ ‘Look’ he added ‘my son has been missing for over a year now and I’ve gone through much anguish. His disappearance is a closed chapter for me now. So, don’t come raking up the past with your cock-and-bull story’.

‘It isn’t a cock-and-bull story’ I said earnestly ‘but the simple, unvarnished truth. Stella Mary is testimony to my claim. She has seen me as Alex and has witnessed me metamorphose into Annabel. She will narrate the whole story’.

‘Let’s hear what you have to say’ said my father to Stella.

My girlfriend narrated the entire series of events lucidly and with precision. She didn’t embellish any fact, nor omit any details. At the end of it, stupefaction was writ large over my

father's jowly face.

'To come to think of it' he said 'I see a resemblance. The structure of your face, shape of the nose and lips are the same as Alex's. However' he struggled to express the astonishment he felt 'I still find it hard to believe that my virile, masculine boy could transform into a girl. I am old and weary: it's a little too much for me to take'.

'I understand, dad' I smiled 'such events aren't everyday occurrences'.

'They aren't' said my father, looking blankly into a distance.

There was an awkward silence. It was obvious that my father was grappling for the right words, but was unable to find them. He finally asked: 'So...Annabel. What are your future plans? You couldn't possibly be thinking of going back to college'.

'No' I said 'but I am thinking of getting myself a job, marrying Stella and living here—with you'. Then I indicated Stella and asked my father: 'What do you think of my choice of life partner?' My father didn't reply. He looked more flummoxed than ever. 'Is it possible for a female to love another in this manner?' he asked.

'Of course, it is' I replied calmly 'my gender has changed, not my orientation'.

'But since you're female now' my father persisted 'marrying another woman is against the law. The Indian constitution criminalizes homosexuality'.

'I know' I replied 'but with your cooperation, we could keep our relationship a secret. Play it down, you know. You could tell inquisitive people that Stella is a paying guest staying over at your house'

'Listen, Alex...er Annabel' my father said 'I detest telling lies and going against the law. I absolutely forbid you from having anything more to do with this girl. I am willing to let you stay here, but she'll have to make her own arrangements'.

'Sorry, dad' I said turning back and moving away from the house 'Either Stella stays with me or both of us go'.

'Oh Alex' moaned my father pitifully 'do you have to be so difficult?'

'I am not being difficult, dad' I answered simply 'I am in love'.

'Alright then' said my father, opening his wallet and pressing a few thousand rupee notes in my palm 'I hope this will see you through until you get a job. All the best. God bless you both'.

After bidding us luck, my father closed the door and went back to sleep.

Irish spring is truly something. The trees blossom and the birds chirp merrily. It becomes especially beautiful if you are a bride dressed in white, walking down the aisle with another bride. Stella looks as fresh as a newly blossomed lily in the wedding lace gown.

The friends who had cheated Stella's dad have been caught and jailed. The wealth he had lost has been recovered to him. The family is back on its feet again and has given its wholehearted blessings for our wedding. It is heartening to see the glowing beaming faces of Stella's parents and siblings among our other guests.

As we take our vows and slip the Claddagh ring around each other's ring fingers, I spend a moment to reflect on how far I have come from my previous life. About the few things I have lost and the innumerable treasures that I have gained, all thanks to my curiosity and trespassing into the lethal grounds of the notorious Magdalene Sorority.

The End

Introduction and Character Profile

Title: A Slippery Slope in a Nunnery

Subtitle: Where None of the Nuns May Dress Improperly

Series: Forced to Work in Girls' Uniform

Introduction: 21 year old Indian boy Alex Pinto has spent all his life in male company and feels an aching desire to interact with members of the opposite sex. He feels greatly fascinated by ‘Magdalene Sorority’, a secluded fortified nunnery he passes everyday on his way to college. Alex’s curiosity for Magdalene Sorority is further piqued when he catches glimpse of beautiful young enclosed nun, Stella Mary. Overwhelmed by the desire to meet her, Alex trespasses into nunnery grounds, where he is accosted by a group of nuns led by three lethal women known as the ‘Three Musketeers’. Bridget, Cynthia and Esther—the Three Musketeers—plan on punishing Alex for his indiscretion by forcing him to wear a nun’s tunic and wimple.

The sexually repressed females also get Alex to provide them oral pleasure.

Alex is forced to live in Magdalene Sorority as a nun. As he gets more and more familiar with the ways of the nunnery, Alex discovers that Magdalene Sorority isn’t dedicated to God but to the devil, and that the “nuns” are actually former criminals.

What price does Alex pay for having sneaked into Magdalene Sorority? Will he succeed in meeting the beautiful cloistered nun, Stella Mary?

Characters:

Alex/Annabel Pinto: is the protagonist of the story. Alex is quite a good-looking boy, 5 feet 9 inches tall, with an athletic body, honey-brown eyes and copper-streaked hair. He has a long face, a noble nose and full-lips: features that earn him the ‘beautiful’ sobriquet.

Mesmerized by the beauty of Irish nun, Stella Mary, Alex trespasses into nunnery grounds. He is caught and bullied by the young nuns, led by three lethal females called the Three Musketeers. Much to Alex’s embarrassment, the Three Musketeers decide to punish him by forcing him to wear a pale pink tunic and a wimple. Since they haven’t had much straight sexual activity in recent times, they also get Alex to pleasure them.

Alex soon discovers that the “nuns” aren’t worshippers of God, but of Satan, and that they have a criminal past. Under the instructions of the lecherous Father Humbert, Alex is feminized. He eventually metamorphoses into a beautiful, voluptuous young beauty called Annabel. Sister Annabel finds a purpose in life when she finally gets to meet Stella Mary.

Stella Mary/Madonna: is the protagonist’s lover. She has Celtic marmoreal skin, a long well-chiseled face, dark beautiful eyes and pale dandelion yellow hair. She has a straight noble nose and pale shapely lips. Unlike the other nuns in Magdalene Sorority, Stella is pure and chaste. Stella is sent to Magdalene Sorority after she is caught stealing a loaf of bread to feed a starving sibling. Once ordained in Magdalene Sorority, Stella opts to be an enclosed nun to escape bullying by the other criminal-minded nuns. She also pretends to be mute to deflect attention from herself.

Stella falls in love with the protagonist when she first sees Annabel in the chapel and eventually declares her love for her. Stella’s love for Annabel is unconditional and not influenced by gender. She loves Annabel irrespective of whether that latter is a boy or a girl.

Jonathan H. aka Father Humber: is a balding priest of about 50 who wears black-rimmed spectacles and a cassock. Annabel describes him as ‘worldly’ and ‘lustful’, rather than ‘spiritual’. Annabel later learns that Father. H is actually Jonathan H., a famous fashion designer who was jailed for major sexual indiscretions. Out of the 20 year prison term granted to him, Jonathan H. opts to spend five years in “atonement” at Magdalene Sorority.

Bridget Mathias: is one of the Three Musketeers. She is 24 years old, 5’11, hugely-built and has auburn hair and flashing dark eyes. Bridget is a former delinquent who has even committed murder, apart from smuggling guns and drugs.

She has befriended a local real estate thug who provides her with a steady supply of sex toys. When Bridget finds Alex loitering in the nunnery grounds, she decides to punish him by initially forcing him to dress in a nun’s tunic and wimple. Thereafter, she gets Alex to sexually pleasure her by threatening to divulge the fact that he trespassed Magdalene Sorority grounds to the trustees. Bridget is a formidable young woman who makes life hell for benign nuns.

Esther Daniel: is one of the Three Musketeers. She is a short squat girl of about 22 who has flashing eyes and a wide contemptuous mouth. Esther Daniel is a former wild child who has pilfered and nearly killed a man while doing wheelies on a stolen motorcycle. Esther too participates in the feminization and seduction of Alex Pinto.

Cynthia Soars: is one of the Three Musketeers. She is a thin, indolent-mannered, foolish-looking girl of about 21. Behind Cynthia’s languorous manner lurks a deadly criminal who, at 15, has burnt her sweet stepmother and half-sister to death, out of sheer hate and jealousy. Cynthia too participates in the feminization and seduction of Alex Pinto.

Sister Judith: is a bony, square-jawed, thick-featured nun in her early twenties. She is ordered to show Annabel around the nunnery. Judith makes use of this opportunity to tell Annabel all about the history of Magdalene Sorority and its nuns. She also hints that she, like Annabel, is a former male who has been feminized as a punishment for surreptitiously sneaking into Magdalene Sorority.

Prem: is Alex’s sexually experienced friend who educates him about sex toys.

Raj: is Bridget’s boyfriend. He is a local real estate thug who also doubles up as an electrician. Though Raj is unable to sneak into the nunnery, he keeps Bridget content with a steady supply of sex toys that he passes on to her through the second secret entrance to Magdalene Sorority.

Transgender Stories by Yu Sakurazawa

Obsessed by Noble Resemblance

Razia Sultan was the Sultan of Delhi in India from 1236 to May 1240 and was the first female sultan. Razia abandoned the veil and adopted masculine attire. She possessed all necessary qualities of a ruler and was an efficient sultan. Razia's romance with Malik Ikhtiar-ud-din Altunia is well known. "Obsessed by Noble Resemblance" is about a young soldier who is astounded by his resemblance between himself and Queen Razia Sultan, the ruler of the regiment. His desire to imitate the queen becomes a prime obsession, leading Farhan to neglect his duties as a rough and tough soldier.

A Slippery Slope in an Airline

"Forced to Work in Girls' Uniform" series

Carlton is the 25 year old protagonist of the story. Carlton is 5'6, has china blue eyes, a small pert nose and wavy brown hair. He has a delicate fit body and dainty hands and feet. Carlton world turns upside down when he meets In-flight Service Manager, Rosaline Wells who insists that he joins Zephyr airlines dressed in a female flight attendants' uniform. Though Carlton has doubts about Rosaline's mental balance, he obliges as he wants to be close to Gina, his girl friend. Under Rosaline's instructions, he calls himself Clarissa Hart and pretends to be a female flight attendant. Carlton all along experiences a powerful attraction for Rosaline Wells. A series of gaffes Carlton commits push him deeper and deeper into the whirlpool of feminization. Carlton eventually transforms into an attractive, shapely, long-haired woman and starts living with Rosaline as her young lesbian wife. In spite of being in a relationship with Rosaline, Clarissa yearns for Gina.

The Murder of a Yoga Guru

Transgender sleuth Hannah Brown signs up for a detoxification and rejuvenation program at Ananda Kuteeram, a yoga center headed by young charismatic spiritual leader, Swami Sadananda. During the course of her stay at the ashram, Hannah befriends Natalia Adamovich-Chaplanski, a transsexual woman from Ukraine. Distracted for some reason unknown to Hannah, Natalia abruptly leaves for Kiev. On the next morning, the devotees of Swami Sadananda find him on the marble floor of his chamber, brutally murdered to death. Since the occupants of rooms adjoining the guru's chamber remained undisturbed through the night, Hannah concludes that the guru was drugged before being attacked with an axe. The convoluted murder investigation carried out by Hannah points fingers at people as different as chalk from cheese: from a suave Bangalore-based politician to an erudite temple trustee based in Madurai. Mikhail Adamovich and Oleg Chaplanski, the brother and husband of Natalia respectively, also come under the radar of Hannah's suspicions. From the beginning of the case, Hannah has suspected that the distinctive gender identity shared by her and Natalia is connected to the god man's gruesome murder. Will Hannah Brown succeed in decoding the cryptic psychology of warped human minds and get to the bottom of the mystery of Swami Sadananda's murder?

Mudered Queen Bee of a High School

While on an all-night trek in Riverdale area of “Mini England”, 17 year old schoolgirl, Camellia Davis is pushed to death from a hill. Transgender sleuth, Hannah Brown, is requested to assist the police in the case. Hannah drives down to the scene of the crime and carefully studies all those who had been on the trek with Camellia. The suspects include a middle-aged professor of English literature, a kindergarten teacher in her early 20s and an introverted school-fellow, who was routinely taunted by Camellia. It also includes another classmate who might have begrudged Camellia for having played dirty with her. As Hannah is sucked deeper into the case and Camellia’s murderer takes another life, Hannah unearths a few more suspects including Camellia’s fiery-tempered stepfather and a male cousin who secretly nurtures a desire to be female. During the course of investigation, how many shocking secrets will Hannah ferret out? How many suspects discover Hannah’s true gender-identity and use the fact to taunt and assault her and threaten her very life?

The Murdered Heiress

The first episode of "Hannah Brown, Transgendered Sleuth" series.

On the night of her birthday party at Queen’s Court Hotel, 33 year old heiress Arlene Rainford is brutally stabbed to death. Hannah Brown, the nondescript 25 year old receptionist of the hotel, is the first one to reach Arlene after she has been stabbed. The dying woman beckons Hannah close to her and whispers two cryptic words in her ear. They are “Glass Beads”. As the police interrogates the murder, Hannah too gets sucked into the investigation. She is convinced that Arlene’s last words hold a clue to the identity of her murderer. Hannah starts working on the case by interviewing all the guests at Arlene’s party; each of whom, by default, is a murder suspect. As Hannah proceeds deeper into the investigation, she discovers that each of the guests had a motive to murder Arlene. Among others, the suspects include Arlene’s less competent younger brother Bradley, husband Lord Lofthouse, a titled personage on the verge of bankruptcy, Angus Ryne, a portrait artist betrayed by Arlene and Florence Keeling, a social worker who has, in the past, been deliberately misled by Arlene. Will Hannah succeed in catching the murderer? Will Hannah’s own personal secret interfere with the solving of her case?

A Slippery Slope in a Hospital

"Forced to Work in Girls’ Uniform" series

Craig/Carol Lovatt: is the 28 year old protagonist of the story. He is a petite, slender, pretty-faced Anglo-Indian who works as a nurse in the renowned Aceso Hospital. He is a responsible nurse, but commits a rare mistake on Valentine’s Night. As a result of his negligence, a patient dies. The patient happens to be the wife of Norman Abbott, the dean of Aceso Hospital. In lieu of being sued for negligence, Craig opts to sign a contract drawn up by Mr. Abbott. The terms of the contract bind Craig to carry out a series of strange instructions given by Mr. Abbott without questioning. One of them entails going to hospital dressed in a female nurse’s uniform and identifying himself as “Nurse Carol Abbott”.

A Slippery Slope in a School

"Forced to Work in Girls’ Dress" series

Sandeep is the 18 year old protagonist of the story. Sandeep is of average height (5'8), is slim and has a smooth face like a girls'. He is from an ordinary family and is at Somerset High on a scholarship. Sandeep is bright and has many talents. After accepting Richa's offer, Sandeep eventually takes on the identity of "Susanna Marino", who is purportedly an Italian princess sent to Somerset High on a student exchange program. As the feminization process begins, Sandeep discovers that he is transforming into a beautiful, curvaceous woman. Susanna's charm has the whole school in its thrall, and in a curious irony, even her sworn enemy Sid falls for her.

Dance Like a Woman

Mahesh is the protagonist of the story. He is tall, slim and has fine features. Mahesh comes from a family of Kathakali performers, living in Kerala. One night when he is 14, Mahesh realizes that he is a girl trapped in a male body. Sunaina, a half-European girl from Bangalore and Mahesh become good friends. Sunaina leaves her contact number with Mahesh before returning to her hometown. When things become difficult at home for Mahesh because of his desire to express his femininity, Sunaina suggests that he come over to Bangalore. Once in Bangalore, Sunaina introduces Mahesh to beautiful hijra guru, Cabaret Kalki. Mahesh falls in love with Kalki and becomes her loyal chela. Kalki helps Mahesh transform into "Minching Meena", a female cabaret dancer.

A Slippery Slope in an Ad Agency

"Forced to Work in Girls' Dress" series

Zack is the 34 year old wild, unconventional and attractive protagonist of the story. He is tall, has expressive dark eyes and colors his hair blue. As the Creative Head and co-owner of leading ad agency Impressions, Zack has many admirers. His life has its share of schemers with his brother Ben and girlfriend Tania desiring his feminization to meet their own selfish ends. By making a laughing stock of Zack, Ben wants to amass all his popularity. By feminizing him, Tania wants to satisfy her deepest fantasies. On Tania's suggestion, Zack dresses as "Zina" to be able to write the perfect ad copy to endorse women's cosmetics, dresses and lingerie. Slowly and steadily, Tania and Ben trick Zack into completely becoming Zina— with silky long hair, breasts and a pussy. Though Zina is loyal to Tania, she finds that she is powerfully attracted to her client, Daniel Garfield.

A Slippery Slope in a Nunnery: Where none of the Nuns May Dress Improperly

"Forced to Work in Girls' Dress" series

Alex Pinto is the protagonist of "A Slippery Slope in a Nunnery". Alex is quite a good-looking boy, 5 feet 9 inches tall, with an athletic body, honey-brown eyes and copper-streaked hair. He has a long face, a noble nose and full-lips: features that earn him the 'beautiful' sobriquet. Mesmerized by the beauty of Irish nun, Stella Mary, Alex trespasses into nunnery grounds. He is caught and bullied by the young nuns, led by three lethal females called the Three Musketeers. Much to Alex's embarrassment, the Three Musketeers decide to punish him by forcing him to wear a pale pink tunic and a wimple. Since they haven't had much straight sexual activity in recent times, they also get Alex to pleasure them.

A Slippery Slope in Military Academy: A Frail Cadet

"Forced to Work in Girls' Uniform" series

In an attempt to cure himself of GID, 19 year old honey-complexion boy, Deepak Bhatia joins Everest Military Academy: a private training institute that trains young people to become brave and competent soldiers. However, the delicate Deepak finds he is unable to cope with the strenuous army life and finds himself failing all PET tests. (Retd.) Brigadier Mehta, the principal of the academy, gives Deepak an ultimatum: either quit the academy or continue as a female cadet. Deepak embraces his deepest, darkest desires by opting to transform into a female cadet. He is ordained into femininity by being forced to wear the female cadets' uniform which comprises of a puff-sleeved OG shirt and a leaf-green pleated skirt. Eventually, Deepak's feminization includes HRT and SRS conducted/supervised by doll-faced 29 year old army doctor, Dr. (Capt) Sophie Mistry. As Deepak eventually transforms into gorgeous, diva-like Diana, Dr. (Capt) Sophie makes it clear that her interest in Diana is more than professional. Diana, however, has lost her heart to Capt. Eric Saldana, her young and dashing Military History teacher. Diana is shocked when she learns that Capt. Saldana is interested in Dr. (Capt) Sophie. Meanwhile, Cadet Alvin D'Cruz, a classmate of Diana's displays a zealous, possessive passion for her. Where will these convoluted romantic entanglements lead to? Is Diana destined to be with the man of her dreams?

Trapped in Circus

"Forced to Work in Girls' Dress" series

Alfred Batista and Ethan Faria are 18 year old boys living in Goa. Alfred is very "pretty" and is often teased by other boys "as one with a pussy". However, it is Ethan who nurtures a secret desire to be a girl. The boys' life changes when a traveling Spanish circus called 'Esplendor Circus' comes to town. On the night of a show, the circus's owner and manager realize that the star attraction of their circus: a talking parrot is missing. Alfred is tricked into wearing girls' clothes and is paraded as a part of the exotic animal menagerie to divert people's attention away from the missing parrot. None of Alfred's friends recognize him. The pretty 'girl' in the menagerie is a huge success and the owner makes a lot of money. He and the manager are now reluctant to let Alfred go. Alfred is 'tamed' and his spirit is partly broken. Alfred is dressed as an Arabian dancer and is displayed in the menagerie for a second consecutive night. He undergoes the motions of spinning the hula-hoop with distress. At the end of the show, Alfred spots Ethan who has come to the circus the next day too. He narrates the horror of his ordeal to his friend. Catching the two boys talking, Ruiz and the owner, Mendoza anesthetize the two, throw them at the back of the circus truck and drive away towards Spain.

Unicorn and Hourglass: Subconscious Desire for Feminization

Leon Thomas/Lynette: is the 20 year old protagonist of the story. He is 5'8, has sandy brown hair, kindly grey eyes and a sexily askew mouth. Leon is a 'regular' guy who likes his drink, soccer and revels in robust male company. As a man of science, he is skeptical of the paranormal. However, a recurring dream harangues him enough to seek the help of a psychic called Chiyomi. Drawn to Chiyomi's physical and spiritual beauty, Leon falls in love.

Die as a Bride: A Sentimental Romance Story of a Boy

Sachet dies on his 21st birthday in a traffic accident. God allows him to return to life in a then-available body. When Sachet wakes up he has a strange feeling. Sachet is a "normal" boy. Aarush, who has been his best friend, doesn't see Sacheta in the same way as he did to Sachet. This is a sentimental romance story of a boy who ends up as a beautiful bride.

Muse and Vampiress

Muse and Vampiress is a most tender suspense-romance story between a female pathological doctor from Transylvania and a pretty-looking boy who entered a northern Bulgarian medical school. The student has a gender identity disorder which he didn't recognize by himself. A quiet yet sweetest love develops between the two.

Unusual Romance at a Call Center

"Forced to Work in Girls' Dress" series

Eighteen year old Ajay Singh is a pretty-faced, effeminate boy living in the town of Patiala. Even though he is born male, Ajay hasn't attained puberty. His dressing in female clothes and performing a feminine dance on a college stage creates a scandal in the social circles his family moves in. Fearing further stigma, Ajay's parents ask him to leave Patiala. Ajay travels to Bangalore and joins a BPO/Call center of a San Francisco based telecom company called Ursa Major. He is given the job of a customer service representative. Ajay finds himself deeply fascinated by his beautiful and powerful boss, Barbara Turner. Barbara takes a personal interest in Ajay and even helps him neutralize his accent. The sexual tension between the two provides fodder for some office gossip. Since Ajay has a high-pitched, girlish voice, Barbara asks him to identify himself as 'Arianna' to customers who call. 'Arianna's' life takes an unusual turn when Barbara coaxes him to wear a saree on the ethnic day held in the office.

Transposed on the Pyrenees

"Gender-Changing Spring" series

Fergus Meyers is a handsome 42 year old Irishman. An accident at 19 paralyzes his lower limbs, leaving him wheelchair bound. Fergus comes across beautiful Frenchwoman Delphina Dan Naud on a social networking site and falls in love with her. They speak over the phone, but Delphina gives the impression that she doesn't want to be in a relationship with Fergus. Bitterly disappointed, Fergus decides to forget about Delphina. At nearly the same time, he is diagnosed with leukemia in its terminal stages. Fergus is given just a few months to live. Fergus's loyal manservant, Jock, tells him about a secret grotto fountain in south western France, the waters of which are rumored to have miraculous healing properties. The paralyzed have been able to walk and the terminally ill have been cured. Fergus and Jock traverse many miles and after an intensive, insane search, find the secret grotto with its waters shimmering like black gold in the night.

A Slippery Slope in a Bank

"Forced to Work in Girls' Uniform" series

26 year old effeminate-mannered, pretty faced man, Vicky Pereira wishes to marry his long term girlfriend, Edwina Joseph as soon as possible. However, his current job in a lesser-known bank doesn't accord him enough financial security to take such a big step in his personal life.

Vicky applies for the post of senior manager in a renowned bank known as Trust Bank. A goof-up at the interview leads to an underestimation on the part of the recruiters: Vicky is now employed as a clerk in Trust Bank. To comply with the rules, he must wear a uniform just like the other clerks: a jacket with an in-built bra and a form-fitting skirt. Customers are uneasy interacting with a man dressed in drag, hence Vicky is ordered to undergo laser treatment for removal of facial hair and a tracheal shave to get rid of his Adam's apple. Vicky is under the impression that his feminization is a superficial one, done only for professional reasons. However, his girlfriend Edwina has other plans and Vicky permanently becomes a girl.

Everland: Beyond Gender & Species

"Transgender Mystery" series

Juan is a happy-go-lucky young man, but his beloved wife Moira seems to be unhappy with her gender. She suggests that both of them go to Everland, a country bordering south west England, where people change into members of the opposite sex. Once there, Juan transforms into the beautiful Jasmine and Moira into a handsome man, Glenn. Jasmine discovers that the rules of Everland are a bit unconventional: women and castrated men are expected to be registered and to wear a collar bearing details of the registration around their necks. The abovementioned people are also to have a leash attached to the D-rings of their collars and are chained by their masters. When Glenn is brutally bashed up, Jasmine is roaming the streets all by herself. The cops find her and take her to an animal detention center where she is thrown naked into a large cage along with large male dogs. Jasmine and the dogs are to be gassed to death the following day. A magnificent black Great Dane comforts Jasmine and the most beautiful soul-to-soul love blossoms between the two. The next day, both of them escape being executed. Jasmine goes home to her husband and the Great Dane disappears into a forest. Are the two destined to meet again?

Trapped in Lunatic Femininity

A hard suspense MTF transgender story.

Hugo is twenty-one years old, rather a phantasia than a practical thinker, caught up on the idea of becoming a successful writer. Opportunity knocks but once. A mysterious man shows up on his doorstep with a job offer impossible to turn down: to become the personal assistant of the scandalous writer, Dyonne. He moves into the luxurious Venetian Villa in the hopes to learn from the best, and quickly gets mesmerized by the woman's astonishing beauty. A new world opens up for him: luxury and high life, elegant decadence, never seen perversity. The web of wild promiscuity entangles him for good. But somewhere along the great experience the dream becomes a nightmare. When his novelty fades and a new toy boy comes into picture, Hugo struggles with jealousy. When the mask falls, Hugo has to face Dyonne's evil turn. Robbed by his dreams, he is forced into femininity and becomes a captive, a pariah of the Villa, with only one purpose: to fulfill the demonic, bizarre wishes of Dyonne. The boy has to embrace the changes if he wants to get back the control over his own life. The hard fight leads him to unforeseen paths.

Feminized in the History: Relived Love & Justice

"Gender-Changing Spring" series

The protagonist is a retired judge. He has been in agony for 30 years since he made a single mistake by sentencing death to an innocent man. He is interested in a legend of mystic temple which has a spring of rejuvenation. He travels to eastern India and finally finds the mystic temple. He is soaked in the mystic water and when he wakes up, he finds himself in a young feminine body. He (now “she”) also finds that the time is centuries back. She is a beautiful dancer – a temple prostitute.

Transgendered People of India: Forsaken Tributaries

This is a non-fiction book about Hijra.

Be an armchair traveler to the world of Hijras, the Third Gender. This is a comprehensive guide book about Hijra of India if you want to find what Hijra is. The author has published seven books in the series of “Hijra, the Third Gender” which are autobiography style fictions. This is a book based on the author’s hearing and witnessing as a foreigner in India as well as substantial studies on various existing publications and social trends.

Lilies for Ms. Tracy

This is a serious suspense story about Tracy, a New York based journalist. Tracy was born a boy of a single mother Hannah, who brought up Tracy through poverty. Hannah got pregnant by a young man who left her saying that he will be back soon, but never returned. Tracy realizes that she (at that time “he”) was born with wrong genitalia at the age of seven. Once furious, Hannah comes to understand her feelings and helps her to become a woman. By accident Tracy know who the father is and decides to make a revenge.

Diamond in the Rough

Diamond in the Rough is a serious MTF Transgender mystery-suspense story. Renato (or Renata, after changing the gender) appears in the scene as a 15 year old boy living in the “Hood” located in the outskirts of Sopiana, Hungary. It is a very impoverished area without proper and people living in the Hood don’t have education or employment. A majority of inhabitants depend on social welfare, and/or illegal activity.

Driven by the fear of becoming “the Freak of the Hood”, Renato wants to improve the situation and to fulfill his dreams. When leaves the Hood behind, he becomes a PE teacher and then proceeds his way to becoming a woman.

Later he appears as a 25 year old young girl, and finally as a thirty year old fully grown up woman.

Yumori of Kasuga Hotspring

"Spring of Reincarnation" series

A retiree, 60 year old Japanese businessman Mr. Suzuki, visits Kasuga Hot Spring and meets a young yumori (hot spring keeper). The two men get into interesting conversation. The yumori takes Suzuki deep into the woods in the back of the hot spring, where Suzuki finds an astounding secret spring where animals are bathing. The combination of the human bath and the secret animal bath gives a magical effect – rejuvenating into the opposite sex.

Kyle's Feminine Roots

"MTF Autobiography Story" series

16 year old Scottish lad Kyle Morrison's world comes crashing down when his boyfriend leaks their sex MMS, making it go viral on mobile phones. Before long, it makes headlines and Kyle is rusticated from school. Taking advantage of the bog of depression his wife has sunk into, Kyle's pedophile of a stepdad bandies him into the streets. Kyle is provided shelter by Natasha who instinctively senses Kyle's desire to be a girl. Natasha spends a whopping amount on Kyle's sex reassignment and estrogen therapy following which she employs Kyle (now Sheena) in her "massage parlor". Whilst working there, Sheena captures the fancy of LA based adult-movie maker, Jayden King, who converts the young prostitute into 'Sensuous Sheena', the porn star. While shooting her porn flicks, Sheena continues her quest to be a top star in Hollywood. During her journey replete with dramatic rise and ebbs, Sheena meets Chase Perez, a top action movie star; Alexander Turner, the fatherly mentor and Brice Meyers, her PRO and best friend. Will Sheena's dark past catch up with her, endangering her stupendous success in Hollywood? Does Sheena find all answers to life's questions in LA or does she need to reconnect with her roots?

How I Became a Woman: An MTF Autobiography for Young Readers

Supermodel: MTF Autobiography

Sara was a fifteen year old boy when she (at that time 'he') finally mustered the courage to tell her mother that she wanted to be a girl. Sara's parents decided to take her to a doctor, who diagnosed her as GID. Sara was lucky to have understanding parents and could start hormone therapy young enough.

Sara made her way to become a fashion model. However, the modeling industry is not an easy place for a male-to-female transgendered person.

The Triumphants and The Infradigs

"Spring of Reincarnation" series

The rule of the Regime is a skewed one, wherein women are persecuted and treated like cattle. The mirific waters of the Well of Reincarnation subvert The Regime by transmuting potent, tyrannical men into comely helpless maidens called 'The Infradigs'. The prototypical women organize themselves into an all-woman clan called 'The Triumphants'. The principal motto of the clan is vendetta: paying 'The Infradigs' back with the same coin. How far will 'The Triumphants' go with their theorem of hate? Are the canons of avengement more imperative than concerns of humanity?

Dreams Don't Die

"Spring of Reincarnation" series

Mario Keshav Rodriguez, the grody old curmudgeon of Goa, is the product of a 'sacrilegious' union between an upper-class Indian lady and a common Portuguese soldier. The multi-talented Mario happens to be a prolific genius of a writer, yet has the stars obstinately crossed against him. In a period spanning many decades, Mario hasn't been able to get a single line published. Upon drinking Feni (a Goan alcoholic drink) concocted from the sap of a

magical toddy, Mario is reincarnated as the beautiful young Sophie. Will Sophie succeed in getting Mario's rich, literary works published? Or will his dreams die a sad, lingering death?

Queen Lysandra

"Spring of Reincarnation" series

55 year old anthropology professor, Paul Grant, is jaded with the familiar. He loves the familiarity of England, but also craves the exotic. During a project that involves the excavation and study of Egyptian mummies, he stumbles upon the sarcophagus of the beautiful, exquisite Egyptian Queen Lysandra. After consuming a magic elixir that he stumbles on in a glass urn among the pyramids, Prof. Grant goes back several centuries and finds himself transformed in the 21 year old Queen Lysandra. Does all that follows actually transpire or is the lonely professor growing senile?

Sam O'Yeah: FTM Transgender Story

Sam O'Yeah is a smart, astute, dedicated young constable with the Delhi Police force. He is blessed with a great support system in the form of his very beautiful wife, Bela. His lifestyle seems ordinary. But there's a teensy catch. Sam isn't a biological 'him'. He's a man trapped in a woman's body. Sam's life is turned upside down when he is called upon to investigate the murder of 14 year old Neeta Singh. Does the key to solving the chilling case lie in Sam's own traumatic past?

Ghosts Alive: Transgender Fantasy

We are in 2030. Time travel has been made possible and become a luxurious way of tourism. The tickets cost a fortune, but temptation is so strong, that some people are willing to sacrifice all their money and belongings to buy a ticket, even if it's one way. For those who make the jump anyway, there's no return to their time. The trick of future travel: it's not your body that travels to the future, but only your psyche and you wake up in a "clean body", in a host on the other side. Time travel industry made the experience even more exotic: the host is always a body of the opposite gender. Lindsay and Rob have been married for seven years now, they are both in their early thirties. Their willpower and values have been in jeopardy since their son, Hadrian went missing a year ago. They have done everything in their power to find him, but no results. The couple struggles to stay sane, both of them are afraid to accept the fact: their son is most probably dead. Rob is constantly suffering from the endless doubts and guilt. Eventually he cannot cope with guilt and grief, and decides to "jump". Lindsay is left behind, and she has to make a choice, how far she would go to keep her darling in her life.

Eve of the Arcane Waters

"Gender-Changing Spring" series

His imagination stimulated by the 'Legend of the Stag', diehard psychoanalysis aficionado, Prof. Miller, goes to North-East India in search of The Spring of Reincarnation. He returns to Boston as gorgeous 19 year old Eve and finds that his relationship with wife, Madison, takes on a tantalizing dimension. Eve also gets into a blissful lesbian fling with another woman. A while later, her dream run ends. Eve hypnotizes herself to find that she has two targets in life: revenge against her archrival, Dylan Smith, and impregnation by his seed. Will she succeed in

her designs?

A Feminized President: Losing Bet into the 3rd Gender

"Hijra, the Third Gender" series

This is the only comedy in the "Hijra, the Third Gender" series. An Indian entrepreneur makes a wrong bet during a drinking occasion with his friend. He must dress as a woman (hijra) 24x7 for a year. His bet was that his company will grow business even if the president is a hijra. If he should lose the bet, he must get a sex change surgery.

The Birth of Delilah

"Gender Swap Fantasy" series

Tyro is a thirty-five years old loner who has impressive height, well-built body, strong jaw and a distinctive Greek nose. He categorizes himself as an energetic alpha-male but deals with many suppressed anger. Due to a painful divorce, he has very low opinion of women. That's why his small business has a specific profile: he sells and installs surveillance systems for catching cheating wives. Although he's financially stable, he still lives in an existential crisis. He denies every weakness and judges everyone from this point of view. He cannot cope with his own feelings and he blames women for everything. Tyro is trapped in female body and goes through hell - injured, homeless, treated as a slave. This ultimate life experiences force him to face what he is now: a woman who needs help.

Abducted into the Third Gender: 180 Degrees Turn

Hijra, the Third Gender

The son of a famous movie star is abducted by a mafia group for ransom. The father makes a series of mistakes in the "negotiation" of the mafia group, and as the result, the son is forcibly feminized.

Forced into the Third Gender: The Champion's Bride

"Hijra, The Third Gender" series

The beautiful loving mother of a boy (the protagonist) dies, and his father (a navy captain) marries a Punjabi woman with two kids. The boy loves the new elder sister, but the new brother who happens to be of the same age as him is a nuisance. The stepmother makes every attempt to humiliate him and try to let his father to "disown" him, so that her own son can be the heir. He is framed by the stepmother to be feminized and become a "hijra".

The Animal in Me

"The Fatal Gender Swap" series

This is a SciFi story of a future society where technology and biological engineering has reshaped the human life. The Earth is not divided anymore to nations or races but to subcultural groups. Transhumans are not pure humans, but with genetically or technologically modified people and they are treated as second-class citizens. On the other hand pure human people belong to the Purity Party which has the majority in the current government. The leader of the Purity Party is President Yceberg, who believes in the sacredness of the body. The question is: how far he'd go to prove his point?

Conspired into the 3rd Gender

"Hijra, The Third Gender" series

The protagonist is a son of IAS officer (selected elite Indian administrative officer) and a 12 year old cricket player. He is unexpectedly kidnapped and is forcibly castrated and feminized. He (now she) keeps receiving unfair/unexpected treatments and assaults. She doesn't know who is the mastermind. At the end of the story, she realizes that she deserved such punishment.

Born in the Third Gender: A Truth About Roopini

"Hijra, The Third Gender" series

The protagonist is born "intersexed". His genitals look more like male than female, so is raised by his prostitute mother as a boy. However, he felt comfortable in a saree and walks his way through becoming a proud woman.

Dancers of the Third Gender

"Hijra, The Third Gender" series

The protagonist is a boy who has an elder sister learning Kathak (one of the traditional dance forms in India) and he wishes to become as good a dancer as his sister. His mother supports his not-so-manly wishes, but finally, his father comes to know about it. His father disowns his son on the spot, and the son must leave his family and live on his own. The boy is (a kind of) saved by the "hijra" community and he (she) tries to become a Kathak dancer.

Underwater Escape to the Other Gender

Gemma in this story is a female escape artist known for her Chinese Water Torture Cell performances. She was unhappy in her married life. She was caught by her husband while she was having sex with a friend. That's why Gemma became distracted and couldn't focus on her performance in the Chinese Water Torture Cell on the next day. She starts to suffocate under water. When she was rescued she found herself in a different body.

The Kantuta Bond: A Bond that Swapped the Lovers

"The Fatal Gender Swap" series

This is an exotic and beautiful story that happens in an exotic place called Amantani, which is an island in the Lake Titicaca. About 150 years ago a virus called PSY-12 destroyed the majority of Earth's populations. The virus drove people mad and suicidal. The rest had constant nightmares what they've called "the nightmares of the Earth". The people who were immune recolonized the Earth. Some tried to rebuild a technologic lifestyle, others decided to start new, more nature-friendly communities. They call themselves the Kantuta Tribe after the flower which grows there. Outsiders call them "Hippies with guns". They prefer to live in isolation. During 150 years the local Quechua survivors and the new pioneers (mostly Americans and multiethnic Peruvians) formed a spiritual local community. Their lifestyle includes the usage of ayahuasca.

Enchanted into the Third Gender: A Truth about Lala

"Hijra, the Third Gender" series

A Japanese businessman travels to India and is deeply moved by the Roma-style music and dance that he saw in the state of Rajasthan. He actually falls in love with a tall beautiful dancer called Sangita. He is totally enchanted by Sangita, who takes him to a whole different world of "hijra". The Japanese businessman is voluntarily (almost forcibly) changed into a "hijra" and experiences life as a hijra, then later as a prostitute. This story is his autobiography (which sounds real, but is a fiction) involving Japan, India, Thailand, the United States, and again, Japan. The story is really engaging, but his (her) talking style is something like "Forest Gump".

Greetings from Yu Sakurazawa



Hello, everyone. I am Yu Sakurazawa. Yu is a Japanese female name and is pronounced as "you". I have been publishing transgender and lgbt novels since 1998. I was born in Fukushima, Japan, have lived in United States for 8 years and now live in Chiba, Japan. My novels were all in Japanese until I published the English version of "Enchanted into the Third Gender" and after that I have been writing English stories regularly. All my fictions have transgender episodes in some way or another. Areas of my personal interest are fashion, tv-dramas and traveling. I traveled to India more than 10 times dressed in a Saree or Salwar Kameez (Punjabi dress)--soaked in Indian culture up to my neck. My personal experiences are reflected in my "Hijra, the Third Gender" series of books.

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