



I've never truly thought of myself as attractive. I've had people tell me I was but I never really felt it. I've felt attraction to others, but the emotion of a blissful blush is one thing I haven't experienced. Its funny how the smallest things in life make the largest impact in your life, last night my family and I went out to get dinner. It was nothing fancy and something we never do, we went through a fast food drive thru. I don't get fast food very often (weight/diet and all) and normally prefer to cook anyways but tonight we did this.

1) www.shaguftahanaphie.blogspot.com

So as we got to the window I went to get my visa from my purse. I then realized I had made a mistake and left my visa at home, I quickly counted the money I had but I did not have enough for the order. I had most of it but still more then a few rupees short. I looked up at the man and politely asked for him to take away one of the things I ordered but before I could finish my sentence he looked at me in the eyes and told me not to worry about it as he smiled. I was rather shocked, I mean if your a penny, nickle, dime, heck maybe even a quarter short, it can be no big deal, but....

2) www.shaguftahanaphie.blogspot.com



I widely smiled and thanked him by name, he was rather cute. So you tell me, was he just a really nice guy or was there something more behind his smile and generosity.

When I started my transition I was extremely certain that I was a stright. I was happily married to a woman whom I am only complete because I'm with her. Its been 8 months since I started my transition and the feeling of only being attracted to women has changed. Not completely, I am attracted to women but at the same time the first thought I have when I see an extremely attractive woman is how badly I wish I was her or looked as she did. Yet when I look at a man I don't see just some guy, but I see his subtle features, his smile, his eyes and the strong arms he could hold a woman with. I have come to now understand that I no longer consider myself a stright but bisexual, I still can see the beauty and sensualness of another woman's body, the way her lips move, her touch, the sound of her breath. However, the alluring images dancing around my mind of the gentle caress of a cute guy holding me, dance through my mind..

4) www.shaguftahanaphie.blogspot.com



I wonder many nights what it would feel like to be kissed by a man, to be held, to be protected and loved. I can feel my breath taken away with his very touch, and the thought of him being with me in the deepest way a man can with a woman feels like soft whispers carried by the wind as the wind roams acrossed my skin sending chills up my spine causing me to crinkle my toes with a shutter of bliss I long for.

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so here I'm, getting a heavy bridal makeover inside the hotel room from my soon to be sister-in-law,Rubi.Rubi is being assisted by her long time friend Tumpa. Both of them are teasing me like hell as they apply makeup on my face.Here everybody know about my past and I,m well accepted despite of the fact I was a married man before. The best part of the episode is my Mother-in-law,when she says " I am not at all bothered what you were before,you are Dimpy now and soon be my daughter-in-law and that matter most to me. I want this wedding to be a mega event and it just can't be a simple registry. I want you to experience every single little thing of a bride, be it a bikini wax,eye brow threading or a gold facial.I would infact suggest for a permanent



removal of hairs from your under arm before the wedding" I was about to cry in joy " But Mom,I Can't give you grand children & that brings tear to my eyes.You know, because my son is a minor,the court gives the custody in the favour of my Ex-wife."

-"I know all.You just try to be a good Mom for my Rahul's little daughter Riya.She must not feel you as her step mother."

I close my eyes and can envision my future like a poem written by a lover awaiting the return of his other half from a long journey apart. My wife was my soul mate, my best friend, and my lover... but this is all past now as my body changes like the scattered pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, as my skin starts becoming soft smooth with every shot of hormone injections...as I become the hottest cleavage queen with 36D silicon implant boobs...as I undergo several painful sitting like electrolysis,facial feminization, adam's apple shaving, plastic surgery of my lips for perfect womanly pout and when finally my penis goes forever to give place for a deep, fully sensitive vagina, The married man, Debraj inside me dies.A new woman of 27 year is born,whose name is Dimpy,who is soon to be taken in marriage by her BF Rahul.

"Dimpy bhabhi,do you know cooking?" Rubi Smilingly asks,as she paints my face" because you will be cooking for us,prepare tiffin for Riya's school,You will be wearing saree,sankha,sindoor and mangalsutra,and of course a pair of sexy lingerie inside your bed room" she winks.

I remember,Rahul whispered in my ears just after my Srs inside the hospital cabin " Nothing has changed besides you now need to pee sitting down and ofcourse your position in bed will change after our marriage"

I imagine myself in a missionary position with Rahul and blush.

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Rahul and myself are made to sit on beautifully decorated chairs on the stage after the marriage. People starts coming in to give blessing and good wishes to us. I loose time for how long people keep on coming to meet us and then will follow towards dinner hall. Whenever we get a few moments, Rahul tries to touch and feel me from sides. He whispers towards me that I am looking really sexy. Then he thanks to Rubi & Tumpa for getting me ready for the evening. Rahul finally approves that they had done a good job in getting me ready for him.

Soon we have dinner and I can understand Rahul is eager to go to our room. While eating our dinner, he whispers in my ear, "Dimpy look at my pants, I am already hard for you. You are looking so hot that my cock is responding in public also." I blush and keep eating my food feeling a helpless emptiness between my legs.

On my wedding night,Tumpa teasingly says "Bhabhi this is your second suhaag raat and first suhaag raat as an woman.Expect everything you have done before to Rashmi as a man." Rubi adds spices by saying "But this time she is on the recipient side while my brother is a giver.They all laugh loudly.Rahul also laughs at Tumpa's comments and as if feeling proud of his sexy wife, he put his right hand around my waist and pulled me closer to him. He shows to rest of his friends that he is proud to have such a sexy wife.

Although,nothing much has happened on my wedding night,besides he kisses me a lot on my lips,on my neck and on my boobs.He tries to undress me and get a little success,as I resist him a lot by saying "not to night please" He fondles my boobs and butt. He approvingly says that my boobs and butt are the hottest parts of my body and he is happy to own them finally. This Pics are taken by his cell phone during our honeymoon at Srilanka. I lost my virginity on the first night of our honeymoon.

On the first night of our honeymoon I touched his cock.For the first time I touched a cock which was not my own (Is it so? wink!!!).For the first time he made me suck his cock as if it was an icecream.For the first time on our honeymoon bed he got me completely nude and in a missionary position he kissed every inches of my exposed skin.He sucked and fondled my tits and kissed my buts and licked my smooth n hairless underarms. I was moaning. I was feeling week on my knees.I was expecting his huge cock to fill me completely and I wanted to carry his worm seed inside my new surgically made vagina. And then he started fucking me,first slowly but soon he accelerated his speed.He was fucking me as if there was no tomorrow.He was fucking me while his hands were squeezing my boobs like hell.With his every vigorous thrust,my memory as a man was fading. I requested him to slow down the speed as his monster cock started hurting the soft mussle inside my pussy.But he cared a damn. Once he was through with his work he fall down over my chest.He slept there for half an hour and then he kissed my earlobes and softly asked "Dimpy,how many times you did the same to Rashmi as a man on her honeymoon?" " I refuse to answer such sily question of yours" I answered with anger on my face. But he insisted and kept on asking. With extreme shyness, I replied " Two times" -"Was it really just two times,are you sure" "Yes"- "Then it has to be atleast four times for us" I could'nt say a single word as his mouth started exploring my mouth and his dick was inside my vagina. He really fucked 4 times on that night. Next morning I was having difficulties in walking and peeing.



Epilogue: The readers of this post must be wondering how did I met my Mr.Perfect Is,nt it?

Do You All remember the man who I met inside of a cosy restaurant along with my ex-wife Rashmi !!! Yes,you got it correctly.Not only he has sponsored the entire cost of my transition but also has given a place in the society as his wife.He says that the very idea of it,that I was once a man but now a post-op woman with most feminine face, with big round adorable boobs and kissable neck and navel and the thought of my sexy butt give him an erection.He finds my vagina as pleasurable as the vagina of a genetic woman.My in-laws takes proud of me.They don't hesitate to change their clothes in front of me,infact they help me to hook my bra,& take me to spa atleast once in a month. Rashmi is now married with a south indian man.She purposely sent the above photo to make me jealous