

A potted history;

My first memories or awareness of "being different" go back to when I was five and starting school. I was very girly and played with the girls more than the boys. Us girls enjoyed playing house and having pretend tea parties with the dolls and pretending we were mummies. My friends therefore became girls both at home and at school. This worked well until the girls started to grow up and realised I was a boy, then I was on my own.

When I was about nine years old I began borrowing my sister's clothes. I can't remember how or why but it somehow felt comfortable when I was wearing them. I knew that I wasn't happy being a boy and I desperately wanted to be one of the girls again. I knew that this was not normal but didn't know what to do. I felt too ashamed to tell anyone and so I built a wall around myself "Chantel" to keep her safe. She only came out when it was safe but I still got caught out a few times. Fortunately I always talked my way out of it.

As a teenager I bought a book of transgendered stories and contacted the Beaumont Society from an advertisement inside. They wrote back but I didn't follow up as they were in London and I couldn't be sure about the post. I gradually began spending more of my time dressed and using makeup until I met my first wife. I eventually told her of my secret. She was quite intrigued and liked me to get dressed at first but things slowly went wrong and we parted. Fortunately for me we got on well and she kept my secret safe.

Some time after that I had a relationship with an older man. It was not sexual at first but we got on well. One night he stayed over and came to my bed. I came out to him and told him all about my inner self and my cross dressing. It felt so good being a woman with him. We had many adventures with me as his girl but sadly he died of a stroke.

Time passed and I married again. I rebuilt the wall around Chantel but she didn't stay inside for long. She slowly crept back again. Well she never really left. This relationship lasted for well over twenty years but I never let out about my secret as I loved my wife and didn't want to lose her. Despite this the relationship eventually ran aground and we split up. I went back to spending time as Chantel again but now I had grown children and so led a double life. I eventually met my present wife of seven years.

Over recent years and under different pretences I have grown long hair and have it cut in a feminine style, I have my eyebrows waxed. I wear tights, knickers, skinny jeans and occasionally a dress. I also wear a bra, use make-up whenever I can and also have my own handbags which I use constantly. I use clear nail varnish.

My wife used to think I was girly but I have recently come out of the closet and I dress most of the time when at home

My present problem is I would like to transition but feel I can't because it would cause too many problems for my wife and my adult children. I also don't want to lose them.

I also feel shame and guilt because I haven't been honest and I am now only a few steps short of being 24/7

I need to make a compromise somewhere or come out full stop. This is why I need to talk and share.

I don't want to be selfish but I need to do this for me.