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This book will haunt me.

Dee A Levy describes “bewildering” decades married to a crossdresser. She felt “emotionally battered” & “broken”

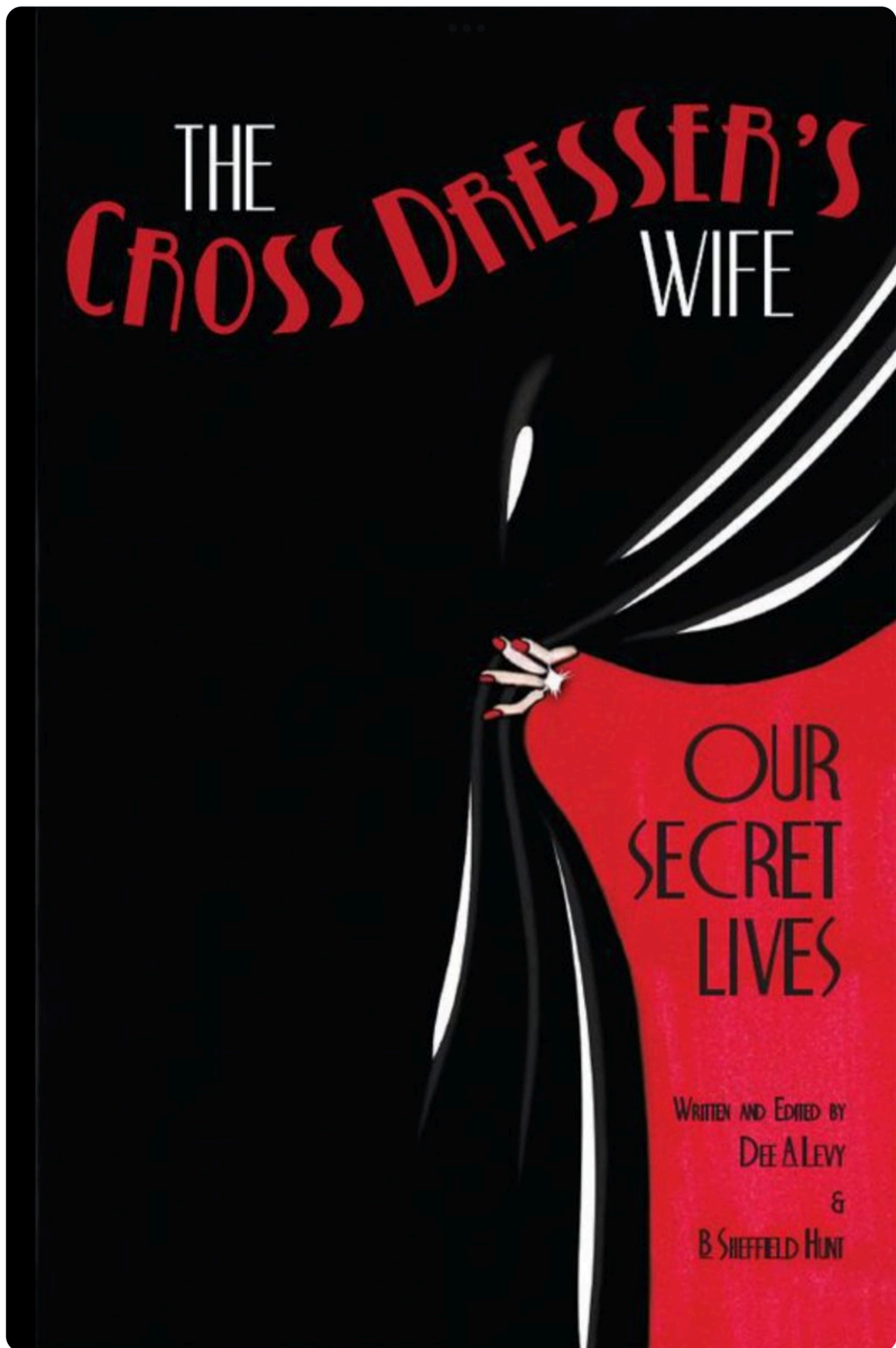
A description similar to transwidow’s stories today.

Here, she collates many women’s words about being married to these men.



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The book is divided into short quotes by anonymous women, and longer stories by 5 women.

The short quotes talk about issues such as escalation:

“...I thought it was kind of fun at first but over time his fetish escalated...”

The misery of not knowing where any of this ends:

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to marry a man, but now he wants to wear panties and nighties and shave his legs. I don't know who I married anymore..."

Self-doubt:

"Is it usual to not want to see my H dressed in my lingerie? Am I being unreasonable? Is there something wrong with me?"

And dealing with the humiliation and worry of him wanting to take his crossdressing out in public while wearing HER clothes:

"I try not to worry- until he wanted to go out into the community. On top of the usual family stresses, I really didn't need him prancing down to the local pub for some brews and a beating wearing my best frock."

One wife suggests taking it "even one minute at a time if needed" which I think highlights just how traumatic this experience is

Another warns that this paraphilia is all-consuming:

"Clothes, not you, consume his thoughts. Thoughts the most experienced cross dresser's wife can never understand."

One says she feels guilty by how much it is affecting her then adds that he treats her like a mannequin:

"I feel betrayed and lied to, nothing more than a mannequin to him. Trusting him now is so difficult."

While another is miserable that she has lost her husband to his bizarre fantasies

"It frustrates me to think that he is on the computer right now imagining his "other self" instead of in bed with me-a real woman that he could have if he would just prefer it to the other."

A woman realises, sadly, that the only reason many of these marriages survive is because the woman is suffering in silence:

"Many crossdresser marriages survive because the wife continues to put her husband first while she suffers in silence. Cross dressing feels so unnatural, it makes us doubt our sanity..."

Another wife laments that these men frame themselves as the best of husbands even though they are anything but:

"The truth is never told. Why do they always assume that they make the best and most wonderful husbands? If your wife strapped her boobs flat and put on a fake beard, would that be "a small price to pay" for having a good wife? Why is it always assumed that women should be the ones who can and should tolerate anything for men?..."

Many women seem to be seeking answers about how to make it work. Or how to fix it. Even though they are the person who has been harmed, they still feel responsible to try to make it better.

"How do I continue to make things work when I feel so hurt? The fine husband I came to know and love has disappeared and been replaced by someone I don't know or like, someone who finds it easy to lie to me. Does our relationship mean anything to him?"

One commenter doesn't know what to do because her husband keeps trying to push things further, and she feels that he treats her like a sex toy

"He keeps pushing the envelope. If I were to agree and participate God knows what's next? I am fed up with being treated

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The empathy these women have is heartbreaking because the men are so atrociously selfish.

Another woman, here, finds his behaviour a challenge to her own femininity. I suspect that living with a man who is engaging in a sexualised parody of what a woman is must feel like a HUGE blow to your own sense of self

“I feel so sad for him and yet I hurt for me. I find myself questioning my own femininity because of this.”

The spectre of Autogynephilia looms large over these narratives, as one wife points out

“Many crossdressers have real intimacy issues. It’s like they are bound by a relationship they have with THEMSELVES. They are attracted to themselves, turned on by themselves, and it’s about how pretty or sexy THEY look and feel. There is little to nothing left of themselves to give or share with the Girlfriend/Wife, who provides companionship, housekeeping, nanny, cook, maybe money, etc. It seems some crossdressers get into what appears to be a heterosexual relationship as a cover to appear ‘normal’ to the world.”

For this wife, and others, what her husband is doing is having a massive impact on her sexuality, and her sense of intimacy

“I feel so undesirable, like I’m competing with him. I feel like I’m being cheated on with another woman inside of him.”

A lot of women feel horribly trapped, especially if they have children. In one case, the husband’s parents knew his secret before he married her, and didn’t tell her:

“If we didn’t have children I’d be gone and that’s true. I don’t want them hurt. I don’t want him hurt or his family although I’m upset with them too because apparently his parents knew. Why didn’t somebody tell me?”

Another woman is staggered by the way these men demand instant acceptance after years of dishonesty

“Brilliant. Just brilliant. The lying crossdresser usually needs 2-3 decades to come to terms with his crossdressing yet becomes genuinely shocked when we can’t accept it in mere months. You cannot lie about your crossdressing, hide it from your family, lie to me during our vows, and then switch around, reveal all, and claim it’s no big deal.”

In line with a lot of these men, this woman’s husband was caught wearing her nightdresses

“I can’t believe I didn’t notice anything: coming home to the hurried shutting of drawers upstairs, finding my nightwear warm from use, him shut away in the shower room. I didn’t think any of this was suspicious?”

A woman like she must tolerate the intolerable, for the sake of others, is absolutely overwhelming:

“I guess we hang on until our nests are empty. My youngest son is my daily inspiration to tolerate the intolerable.”

As a coping mechanism, many women are desperately trying to forget this is really happening to them, such as these two women

“I can live with this by forgetting but images of what he does creep in...”

“After I finish typing this up, I shut off the computer and pretend like none of this is real. But I know it is. And I hate it. Advice?”

One woman offers a warning to other commenters:

“...I agree it is hard to give up the dream... but harder to live the nightmare it will become. Unless you are fully



The intense suffering of these women is palpable even in such short posts.

Then there are the longer testimonies by women. The first writes under the pseudonym Queen of Denial, so we will call her Queen.

After her divorce, Queen met an ex military man who kept pursuing her. They had a normal relationship up until the wedding night when, suddenly, he stopped being interested in sex.

Some time later, she found a video open on his computer. It was of a man who had breasts masturbating.

In a gut-punch paragraph she talks about how she thought maybe it was her fault he had turned to this kind of stuff. Maybe she was too old. She even started looking into plastic surgery to look younger.

Then, she talked herself out of that and started trying to find out more about who her husband really was

“It’s horrible to discover that your husband has been browsing for female clothing, nylons, and fake boobs- for himself. He had already purchased a leather corset, nylons, and a sweater dress. A sweater dress! My head was spinning. Was all this really for him?”

She talks about feeling trapped and deceived and wondering what is wrong with \*her\*. Finding other wives in the same boat helped her realise it wasn’t her fault.

She confronted her husband, including about Craigslist’s adverts she found which seemed to be about him either soliciting, or responding to solicitations, for sex.

Her husband just relentlessly lied to her face, and pretended he had been doing some kind of sociological research.

Soon, though, he brought three duffel bags into the house and looking into them she found women’s clothes, fake breasts, two fake penises and assorted other paraphernalia.

Queen says she went into denial, even as the evidence grew about who her husband was. It was too much to cope with.

Soon, she finds a list of crossdressing websites in his pocket, while doing the washing and a photograph album of awful photographs while cleaning, and she tries to cope with the reality without facing it.

The photographs were sexual, some were of him with a fake penis up his bottom, and others were of nude women. More photos were of him having sex with someone else and of him ‘dressed up’ several decades before.

One other thing she particularly notices about him is his disdain for homosexuals. These purportedly straight crossdressers consistently seem to be the biggest homophobes.

It sounds like a very confusing time for her. Especially as the message from the mainstream crossdressing community was that this wasn’t a perversion, just a lifestyle choice. There wasn’t any real help for her beyond the support of other women. Those women kept her sane but the lack of further help functioned to keep her trapped.

It is very distressing that we end her story with her still trapped in that marriage, wishing for the courage to leave, despairing and feeling like she is emotionally empty and surrounded by darkness.

She is utterly out of her depth and she needs someone to throw her a life ring.

We don’t get to find out if they ever do.





The second woman telling her story titles it “The Golden Nugget” but this isn’t her pseudonym.

She says “In hindsight, all I can say is listen to your gut. It is always right. I was trying to be the good new wife, open to new discoveries, but in the back of my head, something was never quite right.”

She falls for Billy and they marry. He wants satin bedsheets because of how they “feel”. She isn’t suspicious but the sheets are impractical so after a while she puts regular ones back on. He doesn’t like this.

Soon, he asks to wear her underwear during sex because of how it “feels”. She says no but he convinces her

He always rings her to find out what time she’ll be back from work. This doesn’t seem ominous until she comes home early one day and finds him in her clothes

He frames it as being all about relieving stress, and tries to talk her into being ok with it. She’s reluctant, and “grossed out” but the behaviour continues. She becomes angry that he ruins her clothes wearing them.

Then she discovers he’s been wearing her underwear for a long time & tells him to stop. He responds by asking if he can at least wear her bra

They settle into a horrible routine where everything is just escalating, and she’s reluctantly agreeing to his pleas to be allowed to do it, as long as she doesn’t have to deal with it or see it.

But he can’t keep to any of the boundaries she frantically tries to put in place

At Christmas he buys her slinky lingerie & nightwear that HE then wears. He comes to bed in these “presents”

She finds herself sneaking into her own bed at night because she can’t bear the thought of being intimate with him. If he’s awake he tries to initiate. She is scared by what is happening in her home

“Billy would roll over, grab my hand, place it on his crotch over my frilly underwear, and say, “Give me a rub.” Gross. This was disgusting to me and I didn’t want to touch him. Maybe you are wondering, “Uh, why didn’t she say something to him?” Sometimes I did say something. Billy’s reply was always, “I am not hurting anyone,” and, “I just like the silky feel of the clothes.” Yes, I could have stood up for myself more, but I was scared and didn’t know how to handle this.”

There were occasions where she would “relent” and they’d have sex. It sounds horrifying.

“I hated every second of it. It was like I would shut down completely. I am not sure where I went to in my mind, I only know I was not there.”

These women are being tortured.

He had a particular obsession with polka dots, and even when she writes about it, later, she says the sight of polka dots makes her break out in a cold sweat

Even his compliments are skin crawling

“I stopped wearing dresses because he would compliment every dress I wore. What was my initial thought when my husband would tell me I looked beautiful in a dress? “Oh, sure I do. You are just saying that because it’s YOU that really wants to wear it”

Billy’s catchphrase is “am I hurting anyone?”, as he gets her to unwillingly run errands for him, to pick up eyeliner or

By now they have 2 children & she's actively trying to stop them finding out about their father. When the little girl bursts into the room at night, afraid of thunderstorms, her first action is to cover up her husband

It just keeps spiralling.

The internet becomes prevalent and he gets clothes he wants shipped to his wife

By this point, nothing about sex is appealing to her. She hates it. But Billy "I'm not hurting anyone" wants to spice things up.

He wants them both to dress up in wedding dresses, for example. She didn't want to but he is an abuser so he would wheedle until she capitulated

"I always cried afterwards and felt like I was going to vomit and wanted it over with as quickly as possible."

She hated him kissing her when he was wearing lipstick. He did it all the time, anyway.

By the end of her story, thankfully, she leaves him.

But she has PTSD after 25yrs of marriage to him

The third woman has called her story "Gaslighting". She and her husband had been together since they were teenagers. She said she trusted Paul even more than herself.

Her story starts when she has 2 very young children with him, and she finds a pair of woman's knickers, that aren't hers, under some towels. She's perplexed rather than alarmed and he confesses he's been wearing them under his clothes at his construction job. He insists it's not sexual and then tries to make it sound innocent and gender nonconforming

"Paul brought up some good points, ones that I had never considered. He asked what made some clothing suitable only for women, while women could, and did, wear any male clothing they wanted? What, exactly, made his choice to wear female panties so wrong? Clothes were just scraps of material, weren't they? Why should women be the only gender to wear silky things? What actually made something masculine or feminine? Didn't men wear tights, ruffles, and lace two hundred years ago? Why was it masculine then, but feminine now?"

And

"When I expressed my discomfort at the mental image of him in women's underwear, he asked why I was putting preconceived notions and society's prejudices before our love for one another. How deep was my love? Was I really that shallow?"

So, the gaslighting starts straight away.

I didn't think I could loathe a man in this book more than Billy, but Paul is also such a piece of work

"Paul was being very kind and patient with me, spending hours reassuring me and reinforcing his position. He took the discomfort that I expressed about seeing him in panties, dissected it, and showed me how it was the conditioning of society that made me feel this way because it truly had nothing to do with sexuality or gender. The errors in my thinking were huge, and he calmly and rationally educated me on where my thinking was faulty. By the time we finished our long, nightly discussions, there was nothing left for me to object to..."

A few weeks later, when Paul asked if I minded if he wore nylons under his jeans at work—only to keep warm in the increasingly cold weather—I was taken to task for connecting the nylons to the women's panties, which he now wore

if I was going to scrutinise his every move because of my insecurities”

Of course, he wears the tights. Soon he’s wearing them at home, with a long shirt on top of them. When she goes to wash it, she finds out it’s a woman’s shirt but he acts like she’s being paranoid and ridiculous for noticing this

“He was trying to be patient but he was getting concerned. We both knew that I had a tendency to worry about things too much. Maybe my hormones were out of whack from childbirth and breastfeeding. I did feel like everything was unreal at times, so maybe Paul was right. I promised to try harder.”

I started to cry at this point in the chapter. What he is doing is so cruel and her writing is exceptional because you completely understand what is happening and how confusing, and distressing, it is to her.

He just keeps going, too. For Halloween he wants to be a French maid, but why is she making something out of nothing?

She’s trapped in a kind of twilight zone where the man she loves, who she thinks doesn’t lie to her, keeps explaining how wrong and unreasonable she is.

Men with this paraphilia have done so much work to convince everyone that they’re challenging the status quo. It’s sickening how many people are helping them to gaslight their own wives

“I remember the first time he wore panties to bed. I felt repulsed, my skin crawling, yet I was so ashamed for letting social conventions affect how I saw my own husband.”

He keeps manipulating her, and she feels isolated, unhappy and uncertain.

Continued in next tweet

One night, she finds a hidden bag and in it is a stretched out bra and lots of little booklets about things like forced feminisation, with crude pictures on their covers. She sits on the floor and cries.

Like Billy, when confronted, Paul insists it’s harmless.

And he tries to erode all her objections, and her natural revulsion, to get her on side.

But she can’t stop the doubts. She begins to wonder if their sex life is really as normal as she thinks it is. She’s never been with anyone else and he does not touch her anywhere, or let her touch him. He has taught her that penetration is all sex is.

He has conditioned her, too, to think she has no right to say no to him.

“Paul had set the sexual rules early on, when I was fifteen years old. The woman did not have to actually perform. She should be flattered and accept sex if her male partner desired it. A woman should never use sex as a weapon. To withhold sex was unfair and selfish on a woman’s part, nothing more than a powerplay. After all, the only thing she really had to do was lie there. So, if I was feeling sick, angry, or simply “not in the mood,” this had no bearing on Paul’s rights as a husband. It was something that a devoted woman did out of consideration and love for her partner. As our marriage continued, this early conditioning would have horrendous consequences.”

She reads books on crossdressing and consults organisations.

Just like today, with “trans women are women” the mainstream is colluding with these husbands. Women are being hurt and abused because society keeps telling them it’s fine and they just need to BE KIND. Even back then this was the message:



him I would accept this, it was a “harmless hobby” and almost all crossdressers were heterosexual males. Cross dressers were misunderstood, persecuted, and denied their true selves because of social conventions. It was painful and lonely for them. This was not an illness but how they felt deep inside, something that could be shared between loving and empathetic spouses. This was something that could be a unique bond between them. Wives who did not accept cross dressing were looking at it wrong”

The gaslighting is everywhere. So where does a woman go?

Final part of her story in tweet below

Things keep escalating. Her two year old even finds some of those awful booklets.

“My husband was disappearing and being replaced, not by a woman, which was abhorrent enough to my sexuality, but by a man who was, to my reluctant eyes, becoming a grotesque caricature of a woman. Each day culminating in that excruciatingly long nocturnal hour, I began suffering panic attacks every single night.”

That nocturnal hour is an hour of sex she does not want.

She starts to get physically ill, and takes up smoking. When she says she has to get some kind of help, he says he'd rather kill himself than be exposed. He berates her and tells her that he is afraid for her because she's irrational and people would want to put her on a psych ward.

He forces her into sex acts she doesn't want. This is a woman who is currently breastfeeding his baby, and he is tormenting and abusing her in the most revolting ways.

She's terrified of getting pregnant again but he refuses to wear a condom. He keeps raping her.

She's now in such pain with her neck that she thinks she's dying so she goes to a doctor. He misses a disc problem, in her back, and suggests it's psychological. She thinks this is proof she really is going mad.

Paul then says that her own mother even pulled himself aside on their wedding day to say “keep an eye on her, she's unstable”.

It is unbearable to read this unfolding, so I realise that living it must have been impossible. He physically, emotionally and sexually abuses her. I cannot summarise the level of horror.

There is nowhere, and nothing, in her life that is safe and she is so alone with it. With him, and his malicious perversion.

By chance she catches him out in a lie, and from there she starts to realise that she isn't losing the plot at all. She finds receipts for enormous sums spent on lingerie, going back years. During which time, he has kept all access to their money and made her justify every purchase she wants to make.

He even insisted she should do things like make the curtains, herself, and didn't let her turn the thermostat up in winter because money didn't grow on trees, yet every month he has secretly spent hundreds on his fetish.

One day, she finds a stash of pornographic magazines. They're all of men sleeping with other men who think they're women. She's appalled, and chilled, because she remembers that before they had children she once found a condom in his pocket after a boy's night out. At the time, she was on the pill so it was odd. They had rowed about it but he glossed over it. Now it takes on a new meaning.

She tells him she's leaving. He says he will take the kids away from her

enough to eat. He pointed out his high standing in the community, his many high-powered friends. He was an elder at the church, a supervisor at work. What were people going to see when they looked at me? A chain-smoking, pacing, nervous wreck of a housewife who couldn't even handle two kids? Who would they believe? Paul shook his head in mock pity, telling me to get real. I didn't respond, even though I knew what he said was true."

And it seems true because he can charm anyone.

But she leaves him anyway. Despite being in pain, and being afraid and being battered by what he's done.

She raises her children, who are adults now. She works, she studies, she heals, she gets a master's degree and a job she loves.

And one day, she even marries again, and she is happy.

I found it hard to have the heart to read the last two stories. What happened to the anonymous woman of story three was so distressing.

But, woman number four met a man called Ben. At first he seemed lovely, as they so often do. One day the woman narrating developed some camera films he'd left around, for him, as a surprise, because it was back in the day when this cost money.

Two films were normal, Two were weird sex things. She confronted him, but he passed it off as him being bored, and "horny" and she shrugged it off.

He wanted to do "wild sex" that she didn't want and, eventually, she tried it and didn't like it. She said she sort of compartmentalised all the things she found unpleasant because he was so sweet and did nice little things like drawing for her.

They split up for a while but she thought of him as the one who got away, so years later they got back together. He started suggesting she should shave him or put him in a chastity belt, or bought him a dress.

Of course, she had no knowledge base about forced feminisation or anything like that, so it was weird but she had no context.

Soon he started pushing a lot of weird sex things onto her, and insisting they were lesbians, and he wanted to be her sex slave. She didn't like it, didn't want it, but ended up participating because she didn't want to lose him.

"Female domination can be confusing until you figure out who is actually doing the dominating. It certainly wasn't me. In Ben's imagination, I was forcing all of this on "her" and "she" was my sex slave. Our intimate relationship existed wholly within "her" realm of whips and sexual contraptions."

Then when she wouldn't do it, he would pout, grow cold, make nasty remarks and just generally behave horribly.

This aloofness did not extend to her possessions though. He started taking her clothes and wearing them.

She was miserable and his sex drive was relentless, even when he acted indifferent to her.

She writes "Looking back, terrible flashes of memory flood my mind. The more I write, the more they come. I can't turn these memories off until I get the story out. I hope they stop. It has gotten to the point where I feel like I never want sex again, with anyone."

There is a common theme of these men completely ruining sex for women because of their nastiness and perversion

What is extremely concerning about this story is how it ends. She already said that Ben is a woman with a penis, which is a worrying conclusion but, at the end, she starts saying stuff about transgender people and crossdressers being their true selves and getting to be who they are on the inside.

She's glamourising him, and papering over his unsavouriness, even as she admits how hurt she has been by it. She can't let him go, even though she's in this much pain, and she doesn't understand what she's been through, fully yet, or what she's looking at with this man.

She talks about just having contacted his sister to tell her she missed "them", and she's up and down in her sentences. I get the sense that she still needs a lot of help.

In the current social climate, she stands almost no chance of getting it if this is ongoing, for her, even today

My main concern is that she will be harmed more, and might even go back to him.

Or that other women will read her story and internalise the (wrong) idea that the man currently abusing them is actually some kind of woman after all.

The fifth woman was pursued by Mr.W & a married & pregnant within a year

He pushed for her to be a stay at home mum & took control of the money

He took "business" trips to Thailand & said he was invited to participate in illicit sexual activity but didn't. She no longer believes him

He also presented her with a suitcase full of a mind-boggling array of sexual props & she made him put it away

It was 10yrs into the marriage that red flags became bunting

They were celebrating NYE when he said he went upstairs, put on her underwear and came back down

She was appalled.

She also realised the lingerie he'd given her over the entire marriage was really for him

He wanted to wear them for a "one time" sex thing

"Afterwards, Mr. W declared it was the best sex of his life. For me, it was the worst sexual turn-off, by far the most frightening sexual experience of my life. It reminded me of being date-raped at the age of eighteen, the only other time I had felt so powerless. I kept that secret for decades too. Both of these uninvited sexual acts were traumatizing, leaving me feeling silently horrified, violated, and soiled."

For months, it wasn't mentioned again, & she tried to deal with how she felt

One night he put it back on, & when she said no, became coercive

The behaviour escalated. She'd get into bed & be confronted by her despicable husband in silk

He said it was harmless, it was only clothes

"Other than being under the influence of alcohol or drugs, there was never any discernable sign, indicator, or hint when "It" would happen. Months crept by without incident. then "It" would occur twice in one week. There was never a day that

out.”

Often, she refused but other times he kept pushing

“Even after I gave in, always self-medicating by washing down tranquilizers with wine, Mr. W would still try to make me feel guilty for not indulging him. He would whisper huskily into my ear, “You don’t want to please your husband?” I hated it. I couldn’t fathom how the same experience could give him such a high while leaving me in the depths of despair. If you love me, you wouldn’t do this to me. Every time was the worst time.”

Keeping it secret isolated her

She became “physically ill, emotionally dead, chemically dependent, clinically depressed and harboring thoughts of suicide”

He kept pushing for more reckless sexual things

She moved out of the bedroom, but he’d pick locks to get to her

10yrs after the first horrible revelation, she left

“I threw out all my undergarments. Anything lacy or silk has long since been banned from my closet. The sight of lingerie stokes a sickly coal in the pit of my stomach. Now, I only buy desexualized basic white cotton underwear”

He used his money to punish her legally & by this time she had PTSD

“Living alone in unfamiliar surroundings, I was wandering around in a foggy despair so thick I couldn’t see past my own reflection without bursting into tears. Self-blame came easily but was difficult to shake. One of the hardest things was finding the strength to forgive myself for my own emotional weaknesses, for not seeing Mr. W for who he truly was or paying attention to missed signs. Frightened, isolated, and unstable, I needed something, anything, to save myself.”

So she worked on her healing and wrote the book I’m currently recounting. She also set up a forum for women

“getting the Cross Dressers Wives website & Forum up & running came with its own set of unique challenges. Men in general were dismissive. “You left your husband over clothes?” Bank tellers gave me curious second looks after reading the name of my Not For Profit Organization (NPO) on statements, or simply giggled directly in my face. One cross dressing website would not allow me to post my story”

But she kept going

This book is excellent but it will break your heart. I’m so glad she wrote it.

One of the worst things about these stories, alongside the male violence and abuse, is seeing that there is a kind of collective collusion that happens; people consistently collude with abusers. They even do it unintentionally.

Forces outside the relationship, and so many social pressures, conspire to keep women stuck in these awful situations.

This is true for all kinds of abusive relationships that women are subjected to, but the trans stuff takes it to an almost unprecedented degree.

Millions of people, now, push narratives and mad ideas that will keep women firmly entrenched in abusive relationships with men like this.

One part I left out of the summary of one of these stories will stick with me forever: when she told the local priest what

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would no longer look her in the eye. She knew it would happen before it did, because the victim, who is hurting, scattered and desperate, is so easily seen as less plausible than the charming abuser.

I'm often affected by women's stories in this fight, but these were some of the hardest to read.

Precisely because of the scale of the collective collusion now working against this specific group of women.

Even the president of the United States is in on it.

There is no real feminism, or women's rights, that prioritises any man over the women represented here.

If you want to support women who have lived through these situations, and understand more about what they've gone through, the transwidows website is a vital resource to bookmark and read



### Home | Trans Widows Voices

A trans widow is a woman whose male partner believes that they have a gender identity other than "man" or who cross dresses. Women in this situation report feeling like their male partner has died. T...

<https://www.transwidowsvoices.org/>

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