



Reluctant Press

The Rise of Angeline

Jackie Divine



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A 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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The Rise of Angeline

By Jackie Divine

CHAPTER ONE: VOYAGE ACROSS THE OCEAN ~1912~

Angeline was born into wealth and privilege. Grandfather Humphries had made a fortune with investments and the family was the pinnacle of proper society. Angeline was destined to become sole heir to the family fortune. It was her birthright, something that would automatically come to her in due time. Angeline, at the age of twenty-one, was strong, beautiful and feminine, a far cry from when she was born Albert Graham Humphries.

As a young boy, the-then Albert had all the advantages that a wealthy young boy should. On his eighth birthday, Albert was presented with a thoroughbred stallion named Toffee. This muscular specimen was the envy of horse enthusiasts throughout the county. Albert learned to ride Toffee with a rare grace lacking in other boys his own age.

Albert was named after Grandfather Humphries, a gentleman, well-liked in all social circles as a gentleman of generous charity. Grandmother Humphries was a regal, aging beauty who sometimes spent hours in front of her mahogany dressing table primping herself, trying to erase the ravages of time. Albert would sit, watching her, enthralled at the beauty ritual of powder and lotions.

Albert was, to say the least, quite effeminate. This created great strain within the family. Albert was often mistaken for a girl due to his soft, long black hair and fair complexion. Albert did not mind when people would slip up and make these

mistakes; in fact he took them as a complement. Girls and ladies were much better to emulate than men like Grandfather. Once, Albert had been caught by his mother's personal maid, Emma. Albert had snuck into his mother's room and slipped into one of her many evening gowns, thinking that everyone was in another part of Willow Grove, the family home. He had just fastened the last button around the high collar and was swirling around the full-length dressing mirror when the bed chamber door flew open. "Albert, what in God's name are you doing?" cried Emma, her eyes wide with disbelief. Albert almost fainted at the sight of Emma finding him like this. "Please, I beg of you, please do not tell anyone what you have seen. I will not do it again, please." Albert was on the bedroom floor, the lavender gown spread out around him. Tears flowed from his eyes and down his cheeks in pools. "Take off the gown, Albert," demanded Emma. She then left, shutting the door behind her.

This happened when Albert was sixteen years of age and even though Albert pleaded with Emma not to tell what she had seen, she did. Being a dutiful, faithful servant, Emma revealed the scene that she had walked in on that unfortunate day.

Father confronted Albert first. "Son, what in the devil did you think you were doing? You are not a girl, you have to stop this foolish disgraceful behavior immediately. I will no longer tolerate it." Albert turned to his mother who stood next to her husband looking for sympathy but she glanced to the tile floor and turned her head slightly to avoid eye contact. "We have made a decision, your mother and I. We are sending you to England, you will be enrolled in an boys' military academy. Maybe they will be able to make a man out of you, something that I have obviously been unsuccessful at." Albert stood in shock at the plan that had been made out for him. England! They were sending him away. Albert turned without saying a word, an expressionless look upon his face. He did not stop running until he was safe behind a locked door in his bedroom.

Margaret — known as Maddie to Albert — would accompany him across the Atlantic to England. Maddie was Albert's nanny who had raised him since he was an infant. Having him sent away just about broke her heart but Maddie agreed that maybe it was time for Albert to start behaving like a man. She would see him settled in England and then return back home to America.

Maddie packed Albert's things into two large suitcases and a steamer trunk. Maddie's skirts swung as she spun around from closet to trunk, throwing things in that would go to England along with Albert. "Why are they getting rid of me Maddie?" Albert asked, watching her pack his things. "Albert, my love, you are too soft for a boy. You are almost a young man' you cannot behave like that. It's for your own good, my child," Maddie said with love in her voice. Albert was her boy just as much as he was his mother's. "I know I'm different, I upset people with the way I carry myself but I cannot help it. I act the way I feel inside. Sometimes Maddie, I feel like a girl more than a boy." said Albert. "Hush, Albert! You must not say things like that." Maddie stopped and crossed herself and quickly said a silent prayer to the Blessed Virgin for Albert.

On the dock, Albert's parents said good-bye to Albert. His mother shed a few tears but his father stood stone-faced. Grandfather and Grandmother opted to stay back at Willow Grove as they were not big on public displays of emotion.

The steamer that would take them across the Atlantic to England was called The Domingo. It was a large vessel that carried first, second and third class passengers. Maddie and Albert shared a large suite in first class, paid for by father. No expense was spared on this trip, Albert figured maybe it was his father's way of trying to make things easier and better. They took all their meals in the suite; this was Maddie's request. She wanted to keep a close watch on Albert and preferred that they stay to themselves.

They docked at London. A driver took them to the military academy. The school had a very good reputation attained by its strict use of discipline and military teaching style. Only the richest of the rich sent their sons there.

Sir Wilmer Barrington met them outside of the administration building. Sir Wilmer was the headmaster of Iron Head Academy. Sir Wilmer was quite tall, middle-aged. Under his suit it was apparent that he was muscular and fit. Secretly, Albert felt a twinge when he looked at him. He was so strong and masculine; Albert felt slightly aroused.

After a formal introduction, Maddie was told she could leave. Maddie gave Albert a soft kiss on his right cheek and was gone.

"Sit," Sir Wilmer ordered. Albert sat in a dark brown leather wing chair and crossed his ankles daintily, not thinking what he was doing. "What do you think you are doing, boy?" asked Sir Wilmer, standing directly in front of Albert. "Get those ankles uncrossed, where do you think you are? A tea party for the Queen perhaps? I am going to be frank with you; you are here because of your father. He is ashamed of you, he does not, in his own words, like the current you. I have been informed by him of your irregular behavior. You are here to have that corrected. I can look at you and see that you are a bit of a pansy." Albert was almost in tears upon hearing this. "Come on boy, I will show you where you will be sleeping and living for the time being." Albert stood up and followed Sir Wilmer out of the office.

They walked to a large red brick, two-story building. Most of the building was covered in English ivy. "This is Killick Hall, one of four residences here. The other three are Madagan, Hurly and Jackson," said Sir Wilmer. "You are in room 102. You share this room with three other lads."

Room 102 was far from the accommodations Albert had become accustomed to in his sixteen years. The room was rather large but sparsely furnished. Two desks, two bunk beds and two chairs were the only furniture. A small washstand was placed in the far right corner of the room. "The toilet is down the hall," motioned Sir Wilmer. "Mealtimes are very strict here, so be on time. Here is your class schedule, follow it. Everything here is closely monitored."

Albert stood alone in the room, his suitcases and steamer trunk had already been delivered to the room. He felt like the only person in the world. Home was a long way away. "I'll just have to make the best of things," thought Albert.

Just before it was time to go to the mess hall for supper, Albert's new roommates returned. First there was William. Sixteen years old, brown hair, dark brown eyes. William was from London, the son of a department store millionaire. William was a boy destined to make ladies swoon.

Colm was Irish to the core. He had red hair, freckles and sparkling green eyes. Colm's father was a wealthy land owner, one of the few with that distinction in Ireland. Colm was muscular and had the cutest dimples. He had just turned seventeen and would soon return home to his family to run the family business.

The last of the roommates was Lock. Tall, American, quite the rebel. That last quality is what landed Lock at the Academy. Lock was ice blond, like a Nordic god. Square-jawed and thickly built, he looked older than his sixteen years.

The three found Albert sitting on his bunk, looking out the window at the Academy grounds.

William and Colm introduced themselves and left for supper, leaving Lock alone in the room with Albert.

Lock examined Albert. Definitely a pansy, thought Lock. "So, you're new," said Lock, trying to make a little conversation, Lock took off his shirt to reveal a deeply chiseled chest. "Yes I arrived today," replied Albert. "You don't sound happy to be here, Albert, if I may be so bold as to say so," observed Lock. "I was sent here against my will," answered Albert. "Well Albert, I'll try to make you feel more comfortable about your predicament." Lock sat next to Albert on the bunk. "Albert, you look, well, almost like a girl. We don't get many girls around this place. Your skin looks so soft." Lock gently touched Albert's cheek. Albert closed his eyes as Lock touched his face. "So smooth, Albert, do you want to touch me? Touch me, Albert." Lock took Albert's hand and placed it against his bare chest. Albert felt Lock's nipples become erect under his finger tips. "That's good Albert, I want to kiss you." Lock pressed his lips against Albert's and slipped his tongue into Albert's mouth.

Albert lay back on the bunk. Lock looked into Albert's face. "I don't usually go for guys, but you seem somehow different to me." These words were not lost on Albert; he had always felt different.

Lock's caresses felt wonderful but Albert knew that they should stop what they had begun. "Please stop. If we get caught, we could both be in a whole heap of trouble," said Albert, sliding out from under Lock. "Yeah, we should stop," agreed Lock. "It's time for supper anyway. Albert, follow me and I'll show you where to go."

In the darkness of night, Albert lay under thick woolen blankets, trying to sleep. Outside, the wind had come up and it had started to rain. Rain drops now beat off the window panes of the room. The three other boys were all asleep and snoring.

"I need to pee," thought Albert. He climbed out of bed in his nightshirt and walked quietly to the bathroom at the end of the hall. The moonlight lit his way, streaming in from the hall windows. Albert shivered as he walked along, partially

from the cold but mostly from being scared. The hall at night was quite a creepy place to be.

Albert relieved himself, then heard a noise in the bathroom with him. "Who's there?" asked Albert in a soft, frightened voice. Out of the dark stepped Sir Wilmer. Sir Wilmer looked like he was soaked to the skin from the outside rain. "What are you doing out of bed?" demanded Sir Wilmer in a deep cold voice. "I, I," stammered Albert, "needed to go to the toilet, Sir." "You know, I have seen many boys come and go here at the Academy over the years since I have become Headmaster but you take the cake. You are the most pathetic slip of a girlie boy that I have ever come across. You are a sissy boy, that's what I will call you from now on." Sir Wilmer laughed while saying these last few words. "I know what you want, sissy boy," said Sir Wilmer. He then began to unbutton his trousers and proceeded to pull out a long thick throbbing slab of pulsating cock! "On your knees, sissy, suck it! Suck it good."

Sir Wilmer pushed Albert to his knees with great force. Albert was absolutely terrified at this thing that slapped across his lips. Albert could feel it throbbing with excitement as Sir Wilmer pushed his thick dick towards Albert's slightly open, moist lips. "No Sir, please," begged Albert, feeling faint and lightheaded. Albert's mind raced. "I have to get out of here," he thought. Albert backed away from Sir Wilmer, jumped up and ran out of the bathroom back down the hall to his bedroom. Surprisingly, Sir Wilmer did not come after him. Albert was shaking with the thought of what had just happened. He had to get out of here *now*. Albert put on his warm coat and boots. Maddie had left him with a little money before her departure back to America.

In the black of night, Albert slipped out of Killick Hall. Albert did not know where he was going but anyplace had to be better than the Academy.

CHAPTER TWO: MEETING Miss MADELINE AND DISCOVERING ANGELINE

The streets of London were dark, dirty and dangerous. Albert did not know where to go. That first night alone on the streets, Albert slept in an alleyway, hiding in the darkness out of sight, hoping that no one would notice or bother him there.

The daylight came and the streets began to bustle with people. Albert felt hungry. Street vendors sold all kinds of nice-smelling things to eat. The little money that Albert did have had to last as long as possible. Albert opted to wait until the afternoon to buy something to eat.

Albert walked and walked around the streets, having no particular destination in mind. He was not going back to that horrid Academy...and home? Well, how could he explain what happened to Mother and Father?

The evening began to close in and it looked like rain was on the way. Albert found an old blanket and pulled it over his head to keep the dampness at bay. He was a pitiful sight, to be sure. Half asleep, huddled in a storefront doorway, Albert could hear a soft delicate voice. "Oh! You poor thing. What are you doing out here on an evening like this?" asked the female voice.

Albert looked up from under the blanket. The lady who looked down on him was absolutely beautiful. She wore a dark burgundy gown with a black velvet cape wrapped around her shoulders with a matching hat. Her jet black hair was piled on top of her head under the hat, soft black curls frosted her pale, obviously painted, face. "I have no place to go," replied Albert to the stranger. "You are not British," said the lady, noticing Albert's American accent. "I am American," said Albert. "Come with me," commanded the lady. "What is your name?" "Albert, my name is Albert." "Well Albert, you can call me Miss Madeline."

The two walked to a large three-story brownstone townhouse located at Nineteen Blackberry Lane.

Inside, the house was warm. A maid met them in the large foyer and took Miss Madeline's hat and cape along with Albert's coat.

In the parlor located off to the right of the foyer, Miss Madeline motioned for Albert to follow her. "I would offer you tea," she laughed, "if I was that type of woman. I much prefer a cocktail instead at this hour." A sly smile came across Miss Madeline's lips as she made the last part of her comment. This made Albert grin.

Miss Madeline mixed a cocktail for herself and one for Albert. The first sip hit Albert with a warmth that traveled down his throat into his belly.

"So, my boy, what are you doing living on the streets? By your clothing and manner, you seem to be far from poor," asked Miss Madeline. Albert told of being caught in his mother's clothing. He told of his father being disappointed with him and making the decision to send him to the academy in England. He ended with the horrid event with Sir Wilmer that had caused him to flee the Academy in the middle of the night.

"Oh! You poor thing! You may stay with me as long as you want, Albert. I like having company around me," said Miss Madeline. "You and I," she continued, "have quite a bit in common with each other. Albert, if I may, I would like to ask you some things. May I?" "Ok," replied Albert, "I will try to answer your questions to the best of my ability." "The dressing in your mother's clothing that you speak of, how does that make you feel?" asked Miss Madeline, sipping at her cocktail. "I feel," began Albert, "good when I dress up. I guess the most appropriate way to explain it is that it feels natural to me. I feel deep inside that I should have been born a girl. I know that its naughty and against God for me to say that, but I cannot help the way that I feel." Albert said this with a sigh of relief. It was truly liberating to be able to chat about these feelings with another person. "Maybe you

should indulge these feelings Albert. I think that you could pass for a lady, your features are already soft and feminine. Would you let me dress you up?" asked Miss Madeline. Albert looked into Miss Madeline's eyes. Something about them made Albert trust her with all of his heart. "Yes Miss Madeline, I would like that a lot," replied Albert.

Miss Madeline rang a tiny silver bell. The maid appeared promptly. "Yes Miss, how may I serve you?" asked the maid. "Please Jenny, ask Cook to prepare some sandwiches for myself and Albert. I believe I am beginning to feel a little peckish," directed Miss Madeline. "Very well, Miss," replied Jenny before taking to the kitchen to relay Miss Madeline's order to the cook.

Jenny brought back a small silver tray of sandwiches of assorted kinds. Miss Madeline picked daintily at hers while Albert, who was more than famished, ate three before stopping.

Albert was beginning to feel tired; it had been quite the day. Miss Madeline once again rang for Jenny. "Jenny, please show our guest to the bedroom next to my own," said Miss Madeline. Jenny nodded and waited for Albert to get up and follow her up the staircase to the second story of the house. "Night Albert, sleep well. I think we will start first thing in the morning." Miss Madeline smiled as Albert walked the staircase behind Jenny.

The guest room was perfect. A large oak four-poster bed was in the middle of the room against the far side wall. A large armoire that matched the bed was elegantly carved. The walls were covered in red oriental silk that contained a lily pattern that set Albert's heart fluttering with delight. A more modest dressing table was also in the room. This caught Albert's eye. He could just imagine himself sitting there, spraying exotic perfume and applying face powder. Albert felt like he had stepped into some sort of a fantasy room. Quickly, he fell asleep on the bed, content in his new surroundings.

Albert awoke early the next morning when Jenny softly opened the bedroom door and entered with a breakfast tray. "Miss Madeline and her guests always take their breakfast in bed," explained Jenny. "Do enjoy your breakfast sir." Jenny left Albert after setting the wicker bed table up and placing the silver tray which contained the delicious-smelling breakfast in front of him. The breakfast was a large plate of hot cakes drenched in butter and maple syrup. A smaller side plate contained grapefruit sections. There was also a small glass of orange juice along with a steaming cup of hot black coffee. Under the coffee cup, a small note was discreetly tucked.

Delicate pink rose stationary contained the short message to Albert that Miss Madeline had written in her own feminine scroll.

Dear Albert

Meet me in my private chamber in one hour. Your lessons will begin then.

Madeline

Albert was right on time and found Miss Madeline looking out her bedroom window. She turned and smiled at him upon hearing him enter the bedroom. “Albert, I have had Jenny draw a bath for you. I have poured rose oil into the water to help soften and scent your skin. You should smell heavenly afterwards.” Albert stepped into the clawfoot bathtub after he undressed and sank into the foamy rose delight. The whole bathroom smelled of roses.

Albert sank down into the hot soothing water, relaxing. The bubbles tickled his nose a little and made him giggle in a very girlish way. This had to be a dream, a wonderful sensual dream. He hoped it would last forever.

A voice behind Albert brought him back into reality with a snap. “Albert, you are a handsome young man. I have no doubt that you shall make a beautiful young lady,” said Miss Madeline. “Soak a little longer, then I want to see you back in my bedroom in private.” Miss Madeline tossed a pale green silk dressing gown on the floor beside the bathtub. “Put this on after you get out of the bath.”

Slipping into the silk dressing gown, Albert caught his reflection in the bathroom mirror. “Can I really change that much?” he asked himself, “Can I really portray the woman that I feel I am on the inside.”

“Take off the gown, Albert,” ordered Miss Madeline, “I want to see you, all of you!” Albert slipped the silky gown down from his shoulders. It fell in a heap around his ankles. Miss Madeline moved closer to Albert and said, “Nice very soft.” Miss Madeline ran her delicate hand down the nape of Albert’s neck. Albert shuddered at her soft touch. Being nude for the first time in front of someone was very erotic and Albert could feel himself becoming highly aroused. “You are almost hairless, nice hips, very slender and lithe. Albert, it’s like you should have been born a woman.” Miss Madeline touched Albert’s cheek as she made these comment in a soft whimsical voice.

Clothing was laid on Miss Madeline’s bed. “Albert, I have selected the most delicious items for you to wear. Albert sat on the edge of the bed. Miss Madeline slid delicate stockings up over his legs . Next came white starched pantaloons, long knee-length underwear that was adorned with the sweetest eyelet lace. Albert pulled them up over his hips. Miss Madeline matched these with a snow white camisole. Albert slid with ease into his new feminine undergarments. The corset was next. Perhaps a lady’s most important garment, this is what gives her the hourglass figure desired. It also helps in keeping one’s figure slim and trained. This corset was made with white brocade and cut off just under the bust. Being heavily boned and laced tightly, it gave Albert a curvy figure and tiny waist. Miss Madeline laced him in tight.

Being bound in the corset was a wonderful feeling to Albert. Albert smoothed his hands down over the front of the corset, feeling the line of his new exotic lady-like figure.

The underbust of the corset pushed up Albert's own breasts. Without any padding, he achieved a moderate amount of cleavage.

"Step into this," directed Miss Madeline, handing Albert a gorgeous, dainty, cream-colored skirt. The skirt buttoned up the back. A matching lacy blouse completed the smart, sophisticated, stylish day outfit.

High button shoes with a tiny heel were buttoned upon Albert's feet. Miss Madeline had Albert sit before the dressing table while she buttoned the boots. Then she stood behind Albert and pulled up his hair and styled and twisted it into a very smart-looking upsweep. Little wisps of curls framed Albert's face.

Rouge was brushed upon Albert's cheeks to give him the hint of a rosy glow. Light face powder was applied with a large powder puff to make him look soft and silky. Now sitting before the dressing table was a proper young lady.

Miss Madeline put her hands upon Albert's shoulders. "I will call you Angeline. Somehow, if I called you anything else, it just would not work. You, my dear, are beautiful. Take a look at the new you." Angeline looked at her new-found reflection in the mirror. The transformation had taken place; he was now a she.

"Now that you have the look, Angeline, we must teach you how to act like a proper young lady. Good manners and etiquette are very important when conducting yourself as a proper young lady," explained Miss Madeline.

Miss Madeline linked her arm in Angeline's. "Come with me, dear." Down the stairs they went, arm in arm. Once in the parlor, Miss Madeline rang for Jenny, the maid.

Jenny appeared promptly. "Jenny, I would like to introduce you to a new friend of mine who will be staying with us. This is Miss Angeline Humphries from America," explained Miss Madeline. Jenny nodded towards Angeline and said, "Hello, Miss Humphries." Angeline was thrilled to hear her new name spoken aloud. It appeared that Jenny did not even recognize that the lady standing before her was once Mr. Albert. "Anything you need Angeline, Jenny is just a call away. I have had a bell system installed at various points throughout the house to call her or any of the other servants anytime you may require something from them. You may go now, Jenny," dismissed Miss Madeline.

"Your first lesson, Angeline, is learning how to sit properly. You must always keep your ankles crossed, knees together, back straight, this is all very important! Keep your hands folded in your hand thus." Miss Madeline demonstrated what she said. Angeline took note of everything being shown to her.

"Very good Angeline, you're a quick study. I like that. Only when you are doing something with your hands like needlepoint or partaking of tea should your hands not be folded in your lap." Angeline showed perfect posture when sitting; she would prove that she was a lady in every way, manners included.