

Don Quixote's Lady Love



Dulci Daily



An "Adult-TV" Novel



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Don Quixote's Lady Love

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

Many years have passed since I was the lady love of the famous, though insane, Don Quixote de la Mancha. He was not then renowned throughout the world for his fantastic views and deeds, as he is now. I, too, am now renowned under the name he gave me: Dulcinea del Toboso.

Yes, I am she: the so-called “Empress of La Mancha,” the lady of incomparable beauty, who unwittingly inspired Don Quixote’s so-called knightly deeds. In the first history of Don Quixote it is suggested that I had no idea who he was, that I did not know of his crazed devotion to me. That is false; I did know all too well, as you will see.

What I now write must be hidden from view, perhaps until far beyond my lifetime, though Don Quixote himself is now dead. The Inquisition, though it has now lost a bit of its former vigor, would surely take too eager an interest in a story of this kind. I could too easily be suspected of trading upon the famous name of Don Quixote to promote the sins I write of here, though that is far from my intent. I could even be suspected of heresy, like that of the Cathars, the Bulgars, the Albigenses, or perhaps even the Antinomians, though nothing could be further from the truth. I have been a shameless sinner in my youth, yes, but never in my life a heretic: I have lived, and will die, in the bosom of Holy Mother Church, professing the holy Catholic faith.

Why, then, do I write of these events, which happened long ago, beginning when I could neither read nor write? I must write to set forth the truth, for it is truth, and truth alone, that sets us free.

Now that I have gained some little learning, I must put it to good use. Don Quixote is dead, but lies about him live on. Unbelievably, some have even thought to portray Don Quixote as a man of virtue, of high ideals, striving to make a corrupt and worldly society great again.

Yes, lies about Don Quixote live on, and so does ignorance about myself. I must now tell the full story—never told till now—of myself, and of the part I played in Don Quixote's life.

The histories that have so far been written of that astounding self-styled knight-errant, Don Quixote, though exhaustive in some respects, have been misleadingly incomplete in others—especially when it

comes to myself. Don Quixote's own accounts of me, of course, were fantastic non sense, except perhaps in two particulars. I had, he said, all the impossible and fanciful aspects of beauty attributed to ladies by poets: my forehead was Elysian fields, my eyebrows rainbows, my bosom, marble (oh, no, my bosoms were far softer and more sensitive than marble!)—and so on through a whole litany of rubbish and balderdash about me. On two points alone did he hit the mark: my hair could fairly be called golden—and “what modesty conceals from sight,” he claimed to imagine, must be extolled as superb and incomparable. (Perhaps it was so in truth, but it was not mere imagination that led him to believe so—as I will disclose in due time.)

A few other things said in the first history of Don Quixote, though not said by himself, come nearer to the truth. I was, it is said, a very good-looking farm girl; true enough, I did grow up on a farm, and youths not seldom embarrassed me by their rude attentions to the beauty of my person. It is said that I was strong of arm and voice, and so I was—well able to fling a crowbar as well as the lustiest of lads, as it is said, and also able to fend off lusty lads seeking to satisfy their lusts by violating me, as it is *not* said. I was a friendly joker, and not a bit prudish—that is said of me too, and it is all too true, especially the part about not being prudish. And my name before I was called Dulcinea, it is said, was Aldonza Lorenzo; that is *almost* true. I was called Aldonza when I lived on our family farm in my teens, and later when I was a barmaid—also known as a milkmaid, for a certain shameful reason I will disclose in due time. But the name my parents gave me, when I was a baby boy, was not Aldonza, but Alonzo.

I was not so unusual as a boy, before I reached the age of 11 or thereabouts. Girls and women did sometimes embarrass me by saying I was as pretty as a girl, but I tried to shrug it off. Back then I had no thought, and far less any desire, of passing myself off as a girl.

I did stand out from the crowd because of my reddish-gold hair. The famous Queen Isabella (who had died in the year of Our Lord 1504, almost 75 years before I was born) had hair like mine, it was said, and was descended from the English nobleman John of Gaunt. I, too, had an ancestor from the island of Great Britain, my late grandfather on my mother's side—though he was from Scotland, not England, and my descent from him was not legitimate, as was that of Queen Isabella from John of Gaunt.

Still, despite my looks, I passed through boyhood in a manner little out of the ordinary. Pretty as a girl though I might be, no one had yet thought of calling me by a girl's name, whether Aldonza or any other. Far less had any vicious sons of Belial yet spread the word far and wide that I *must* be called by a girl's name, after catching me out in secret girlish pretensions.

All that began to change, swiftly and forever, when I was but 11 years of age. I was taller, stouter, and stronger than other youths of my age, and I began to enter manhood sooner—at least, I *thought* at first that it was manhood. I was deeply desirous of winning a good maiden's love—but maidens were sorely lacking around my father's farm, and good maidens

who might love me were far more so. Indeed, it seemed, there were none at all.

I could and did greatly admire maidens from afar, at church and elsewhere in the town of El Toboso. Lovely maidens with fine budding bosoms filled my waking thoughts and my dreams, as fully as (I later learned) fancies of derring-do filled Don Quixote's addled brain. Still, such thoughts and dreams were all in vain, for I could do nothing about them, especially at such a young age as my own—or could I?

I could think of only one thing to do. Perhaps I was as foolish as Don Quixote, and perhaps my dreams were as impossible as his—but my heart demanded that I pursue them anyway. More pressingly still, “what modesty conceals from sight”—my young virile member, growing erect and thrilling with new and astounding sensations when I gazed upon lovely maidens—demanded it too. If no real maidens were available to me, a new maiden who *was* available must come into existence, known and loved by me alone. I myself, in strictest secrecy, must become the maiden of my own dreams.

There was little opportunity for the needed secrecy on the farm, but what little there was I eagerly sought and found. In bed at night, in the woods, in the barn and the toolshed, I transformed myself into a maiden—a nude maiden, of necessity, for I had no maidens' clothes.

Two things only were needed for the transformation. First, my virile member—far too ready to rise and stick out in a most unmaidenly manner—must be hidden between my stout, strong legs. Second, my bosoms, soft and sensitive as I have said, must be

rubbed and squeezed to make them become bigger than they were before, like the bosoms of a young maiden growing greater day by day.

It can be no surprise that, nude and squeezing my bosoms, while clutching my backward-turned member tightly between my thighs, I soon ended up milking my member. I still remember the first time it happened. I was in bed, under the covers, trying to be as quiet as I could. I lay face down, but with my head raised, for I was squeezing my bosoms vigorously. My hips were quivering with strange tremors; the bulb on the end of my member, already almost as large as a ripe plum, was sticking out, hot and throbbing, above the backs of my close-clenched thighs. The strange tremors grew in strength and rapidity; my hips were rising and falling beyond my control; my pleasure from squeezing my member between my thighs was greater than any pleasure I had ever known. Then my milk began to emerge from my member in great spurts, making the backs of my thighs wet and sticky all over.

I was shocked. Had I sinned? Had I harmed myself? Had I done something no decent maiden would ever do?

I did not know and I could not think how to find out. I had committed no fornication or adultery that I knew, and certainly not the sin of Sodom. As for the sin of self-pollution, that (I knew by hearsay, though not by experience) was committed by youths wielding their erect members in their hands and milking them while they stuck out in front. That, too, I had not done. I had only played the nude maiden, and of course real maidens committed no sin merely by being nude in their beds alone. And could I ask the

priest, “Father, is it a sin for a youth to pretend to be a nude maiden, resulting in his member being milked?” Perhaps I should, but I could not; I felt I would die of embarrassment and shame. There was nothing left for me to do, then, but to continue being a nude maiden in secrecy, knowing that my member would be milked again and again; and that I did.

My efforts at secrecy were successful until I was 13, almost 14—or so I thought. In hindsight, I think that someone must have noticed me going into the barn or the toolshed, or coming out, or going in and *later* coming out, and guessed what I might be doing—committing the sin of self-pollution, perhaps. And so the news of me must have made its way to the two youths, sons of Belial indeed, who interrupted my maidenly doings in the toolshed one day.

The toolshed on our farm was not well built. There were gaps in the wall and the roof, not huge, but enough to let in light—and prying eyes. What was worse—though entirely understandable—was that a person on the inside could not exclude someone else from coming in. It was far from the ideal place for a nude maiden on a bright spring day. Still, when the urge to play the nude maiden overpowered me during the daytime, and I could not go to the woods, it had to suffice. At least it did not stink like the barn.

I was standing up, rubbing my bosoms with both hands. My bosoms really had grown bigger, perhaps because I had rubbed and squeezed them vigorously every day for almost three years. I was even a bit alarmed, though excited, at how much like a young

maiden's bosoms they now looked—and presumably felt, though I had never felt or seen any maiden's bosoms nude except my own. A maiden's bosoms, I fancied, had tips that stuck out and were excitable to the touch—exactly like my own bosom-tips, which were now spreading tremors of excitement throughout my body from my hands' caresses.

My member was pressed down and back, clasped tightly between my thighs, with my plum sticking out behind them. My eyes were closed, my mouth wide open, and I could feel that my milk would soon spurt out of my plum. From the front, I fancied, I must look exactly like a nude maiden caressing herself, if nude maidens ever really did such things.

Suddenly, without warning, the two sons of Belial opened the toolshed door and rushed in, with sunshine streaming in behind them. “Nude girl! Nude girl!” they shouted. I opened my eyes in shock.

It was hard to see their faces, but I recognized the larger of them as Juan Belizanos, the blacksmith's son. The smaller was Arturo Armones, son of a local jack-of-all-trades. Both were laughing with glee at having caught me nude, indulging in girlish pretensions.

I stared at them in horror, but the power gripping me was too strong. I could not let go my bosoms, nor could I stop the torrent of my milk from rushing out of my plum beneath my rump, as my hips pumped beyond my control. The sons of Belial gave hoots and shouts of malicious delight. Before my milk was fully drained, Juan Belizanos was behind me, gripping me with his trousers down, and trying to commit the sin



of Sodom, to insert his big hard member into my tight little dung-hole.

Thank God I was big and strong! Though weakened a bit by the member-milking, I was able to wrest my right arm free from the big son of Belial's grip, spin around, and hit him hard in the face until he was forced to release me. Then I, who knew where every tool in the shed was located, grabbed a pitchfork and an axe.

The smaller son of Belial, Arturo, showed himself a coward who had only come along to watch. He ran away screaming at once. While still nude, wielding the axe like a battle-axe and the pitchfork like a spear, I demanded that Juan, the larger son of Belial, flee or die at once. He yanked up his trousers and fled, receiving a sharp poke in the rump from the pitchfork to speed him on his way.

I had won the fight—but I had lost much as well, as I soon learned. The sons of Belial spread the news, throughout the town and the countryside, that Alonzo Lorenzo was to be called “Aldonza” and treated as a girl, for he—or *she*—milked her member like a nude girl caressing herself. Soon youths and maidens laughed whenever I passed, and I heard the name “Aldonza” everywhere.

I was defeated, perhaps forever—*surely* forever, I feared. My dreams of love could never be fulfilled, for everyone now held me in contempt as a girlish youth. Any hope I might have had of winning the love of a real maiden was burned to the ground and gone, never to return.

Chapter 2

I had never worn women's clothes when the sons of Belial attacked me. That came later, almost five years later. True, youths sometimes tried to get me to wear them—in hope, I feared, of committing the sin of Sodom with me—but I refused them. They did not press the matter too far, for the two sons of Belial, Juan and Arturo, had made my axe and pitchfork as well known as my girlish pretensions. Not until I was almost 19 years old did I appear in women's clothing as Aldonza.

It was my custom sometimes to go to the inn in El Toboso, have a bit of wine, and converse with the innkeeper's wife, Teresita—a plump, sweet-faced mother of three young children, who was kind and friendly to me. Sometimes I talked also with her husband Rodrigo and her younger sister Lucia, who helped out at the inn, but most often with Teresita. One evening, when I had drunk a bit more wine than usual, Teresita began to talk about barmaids, and about one possible future barmaid in particular.

“It would be such a blessing to us to have a pretty barmaid in our inn—one who was honest too,” she said. “It is so hard to find and keep a good one. We have had none these three months, ever since we had to dismiss Anita for stealing. Lucia has been helping out at the bar, you know, but she does not like it—especially since some of the men make it very clear that they do not think she is pretty, and they do think her head is much too big for her shoulders.”

“Well, then, surely God will provide a pretty barmaid in answer to your prayers,” I said lightly, hardly thinking of what I was saying.