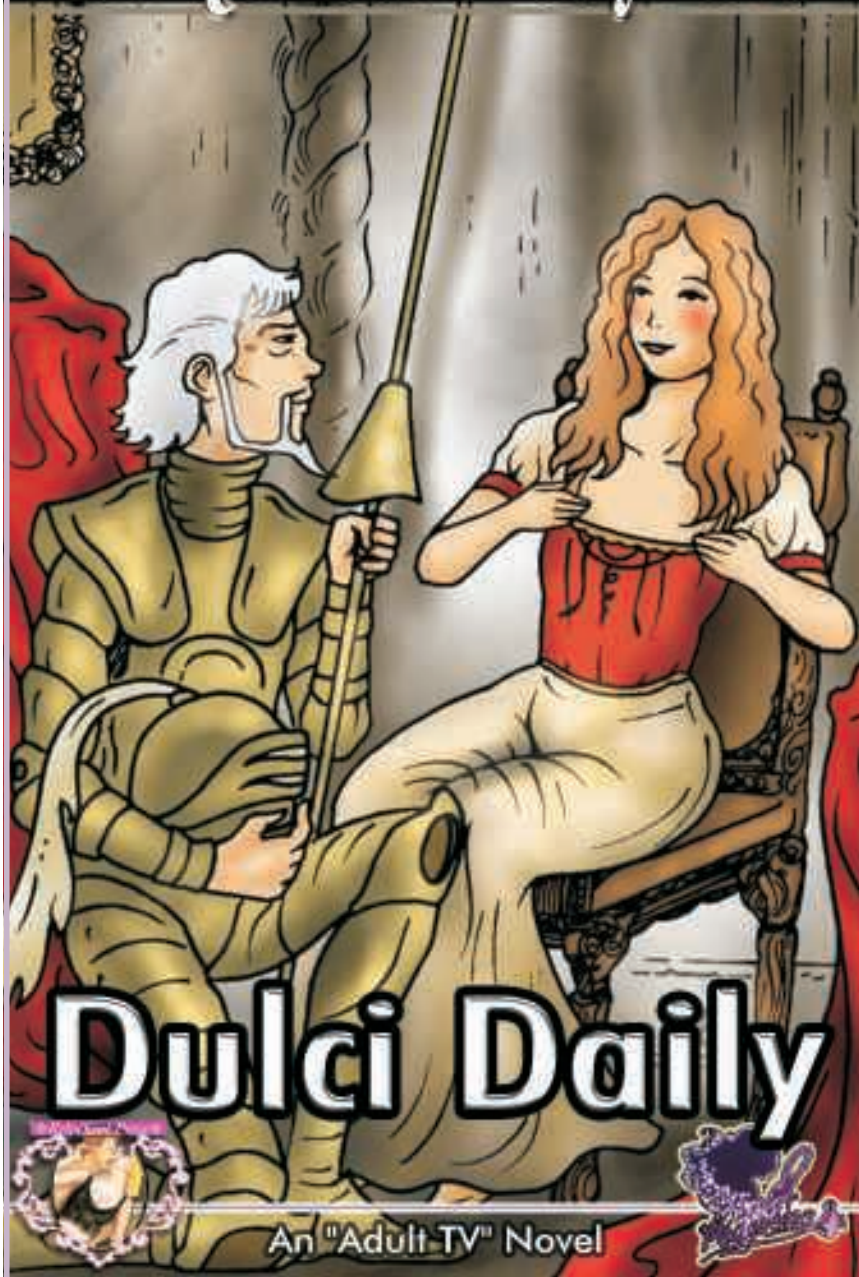


# Don Quixote's Lady Love



# 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.

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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.

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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 inn-keeper'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.

“Oh, yes! I am sure He will!” Teresita agreed, moving closer to me and looking into my eyes. “I am wondering—well, please do not take offense, but you are called Aldonza, are you not?”

“Well, yes, I am,” I said, blushing. “I have been called Aldonza for five years now.” I could hardly believe she was asking me this, as if she hoped I myself would become their barmaid. But if that was not her meaning, whatever could it be? And if that *was* her meaning—then might it not be the fulfillment of my dreams of being a maiden, if only I dared to fulfill them?

“Is it because you are as pretty as a girl?” Teresita smiled. “I remember the women used to say so when you were younger.”

“I—er—I know some people do think I look like a pretty girl,” I admitted. My heart was pounding hard, and my member was burgeoning, at the thought that I did look like a very pretty girl indeed, and that everyone knew it. “I mean, ever since I was quite young, people did sometimes tell me I was as pretty as a girl.” Yes, that must be the reason I would give to Teresita about why I was called Aldonza, not Alonzo. I certainly wasn’t going to tell her what the sons of Belial had caught me doing—the real reason for them calling me by a girl’s name, which had nothing to do with my beauty. I hoped she didn’t know. I would be ashamed, I was sure, if she knew—and yet I was afraid that *everyone* knew.

“You look like a *very* pretty girl,” said Teresita, “if you do not mind my saying so. You are honest, too, I know; you would never steal from us, or do anything like that. And you could be made to look much *more*

like a very pretty girl. Do you think you might like that?"

My mind was a bit fuddled from the wine, but at least I did catch the unmistakable meaning of *that*. "Oh!" I said. "You mean—you would like *me* to be your barmaid?"

"I think it would be a great blessing," she said.

I had never thought of such a thing, unless perhaps with shame. Everyone in El Toboso and thereabouts would know what the barmaid Aldonza had under her skirt—a virile member, most unfeminine. The sons of Belial might even attack again, if they saw me openly displaying my beauty as a barmaid. And yet—Teresita was so kind and good, and perhaps I could help her and Rodrigo so much by becoming their barmaid! I could help Lucia too, by relieving her of the detested burden of serving at the bar and enduring the contempt of men! I certainly knew what it was to endure the contempt of men, and my heart went out to Lucia as a fellow sufferer. Might this not really be the answer to their prayers—and the fulfillment of my dreams as well?

"But what would Father Alcazan say?" I wondered. Father Alcazan was the parish priest of El Toboso, a wise and kindly old man, very sound in faith and morals—not too strict, but not too lax either.

"He would understand," Teresita said. "I have asked him. It is not always an abomination for the man to wear what pertains to the woman, or the woman to the man. If it is necessary for a good and sufficient reason, it may be done. You have heard of Joan of Arc, in France?"

“Er—no. I admit I know little of what passes far from El Toboso.”

“Well, she was a young woman, but God called her to wear men’s clothes and fight for her country—to lead an army. It needed to be done, and she did it. Here, we are poor, and a pretty barmaid would help bring visitors to our inn. Perhaps God is calling you to wear women’s clothes, to be our pretty barmaid—to help us out of poverty, and to show kindness to Lucia. This, too, needs to be done. Rodrigo and I would be very grateful, and I know that Lucia would be even more so. Will you do it—Aldonza?”

How could I refuse? And yet—how could I accept? “But my bosoms are very small, like a very young maiden’s bosoms, much too small for a full-grown woman,” I said. “Can something be done about that?”

“Oh, yes!” Teresita assured me. “I will sew stuffing into your smock, to give you the appearance of very fine bosoms under your dress.”

“But my voice! What about my voice?”

“It will be like the voice of Katharine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, who became the wife of the cruel King Henry VIII of England. She was a small woman, but with a very big, deep voice.”

I laughed. “Teresita, how do you know these things about people in faraway places?” I had to ask.

“It is all from Father Alcazan,” she explained. “He is a very learned man. Once he was a canon of the cathedral in Toledo, you know, but he wished to retire to a small country town. So, here he is in El Toboso.”

With this, I had run out of objections. I knew now what I must do. I could not refuse. This would be the fulfillment of my dream, my dream of being a maiden—and now I would no longer be forced to be a *nude* maiden. That would be a great blessing, for I did know that a maiden should be modest, which was very difficult when she was nude.

“Very well,” I said. “I will be your barmaid.”

“Thanks be to God!” Teresita rejoiced. “Aldonza, you will be blessed abundantly for this, and so will we all!”

She started at once to work on my clothes—at least on my smock, the first article of women’s clothing I would wear. She had me try on one of hers in the room where she did her sewing. The plain white smock was big enough around for me, though rather short, as she was at least a couple of handbreadths shorter than I. Her bosoms were far from massive, but still rather bigger than mine, so the smock sagged on top where my little bosoms did not fill it out.

“This one will do nicely,” she said. “It doesn’t matter that it’s a bit short, for no one will see it under your skirt. I will just need to add some stuffing here, and here.” She pointed to my bosoms, one after the other.

“Hold still,” she said. She stood on a step-stool and stuffed some wadded-up rags into the smock where my bosoms did not fill it out. She molded them until they looked as much as possible like real bosoms. Then she drew lines on the smock with a piece of

charcoal, to show where the bosom-stuffing should go.

“All right, I will go out of the room, and you put your other clothes back on,” she said. “Then I will sew the stuffing in, and it will be ready for you to wear.”

She went out. My member was hard with excitement at the thought of really playing the woman, in women’s clothes—and the wine I had drunk did not help me control it, to say the least. I hoped Teresita had not noticed my smock sticking out in front. At least she had not mentioned it, if she had.

I stripped off the smock, stopping for a moment before putting on my men’s clothes. My erect member was beautiful, I thought—a plum tree with a single plum, as big and firm as a real ripe plum, and a stout trunk more than a handbreadth long. I wondered if men would wish me to disclose it to them when I became a barmaid. Surely everyone would know that Aldonza was also Alonzo, and surely some would wonder about what modesty concealed. What would I do if men wished to view me nude—and if they were not satisfied with merely viewing?

I shivered at the thought. I did not want to do unmaidenly things with men—at least I *thought* I did not—but what if my member’s urgent desires insisted on it, and what if they carried me away?

I put my men’s clothes on quickly. They would help me not to be so excited, I hoped. Only when I had been nude, milking my member, or just now when I had worn a woman’s smock, had I ever been as excited as I was now.

I opened the door and told Teresita I was dressed. She was talking with Lucia. Lucia's eyes opened wide when she saw me, though I was now wearing my men's clothes. She started to laugh out loud, but quickly stopped herself and simply gave me a big smile instead. Teresita must have told her that she was sewing women's clothes for me, I thought, so that I could serve as the new barmaid.

I was embarrassed, but I smiled back at Lucia, for I knew she did not mean to embarrass me. I was glad to be able to help her. She—almost five years older than I, and deemed by many to be well on her way to becoming an old maid—was the only maiden in El Toboso who did not laugh at me and shun me. Secretly I was growing quite fond of her, though I did not dare to say so.

My eyes took in her now-familiar looks at a glance. Some, I knew, would not have been pleased to look upon her, but I was. Lucia was taller and more slender than Teresita, with smaller bosoms. Her big nose was like an eagle's beak, and her dark eyes as sharp as an eagle's eyes. She was not actually ugly, but on the other hand she was surely no beauty. Her tongue was sharper than Teresita's, I knew, but she was honest and even kind-hearted for all that. I readily recalled that Teresita's children loved Lucia, though she stood for no nonsense (or at least fairly little nonsense) from them. What was more, she could read and write (unlike Teresita and myself), and she taught the children their letters.

Teresita got up and rushed back into the sewing room with the smock. "Now you will really start to look like a pretty barmaid," she said. Her fingers flew

with the thread and needle, sewing the bosom-stuffing into the smock. Soon it was ready for me to try on.

“I will leave again,” Teresita said. “Tell me when you are ready for me to see.”

When she had left, I put the smock on. It was perfect, except perhaps for its shortness; it covered my hips and my member, but little below them, leaving my legs mostly bare. The stuffing was firm and well-formed. The neckline of the smock was low, and what could be seen of my bare little bosoms above it seemed to blend perfectly with the firm mounds of stuffing below. I put my hands on my stuffed bosoms and felt a thrill, almost as if I were really a woman, and as if a man were putting his hands on my bosoms.

Yes, I knew, I was going to look like a beautiful maiden with real bosoms—except that beautiful maidens did not have big hard things in front below their waists, making their smocks stick out. I did not want Teresita—and much less Lucia—to see me like this. Teresita was a mother of three, and she must be quite familiar with Rodrigo’s member when it was hard—but Lucia was unquestionably a maiden, not accustomed to seeing such things.

I was ashamed; I could not let Lucia see me like this, even if Teresita already had. I had to press my member down into hiding between my legs. I could only hope that the excitement of wearing a woman’s smock with stuffed bosoms, with the added excitement of squeezing my member between my thighs, and the warmth of the wine as well, would not be so great that my member would spurt milk against my will.

“Very well, I am ready,” I called out. Teresita opened the door. I could see Lucia’s eager eyes rushing to catch a glimpse of me while the door was open, almost as if she were greatly fascinated by me. I was glad she could not see my member, but I was not so glad about what my member was doing in hiding. It was throbbing hard, giving me feelings of extreme eagerness for milking.

“How does this look?” I asked, hoping Teresita would quickly say it looked fine and I could take it off.

She did not. She looked me over thoroughly, front and back. I hoped the smock was not so short that she could see my plum sticking out in back, but I could do nothing about it if she could—and I feared she could, for the smock was very short indeed, stopping barely below the junction of my thighs. Indeed, the longer she lingered in back of me, the surer I became that she could see it, and the more inflamed my plum became from the knowledge. I opened my mouth, breathing deeply, to try to forestall the member-milking I feared was soon to come.

“Oh, Aldonza, you are beautiful!” Teresita exclaimed at last when she came back around in front of me, her eyes shining. “And you have made yourself look so feminine!” I could not help thinking that she could only be speaking of how I had hidden my member between my legs, making me look very feminine indeed from the front, though not from the rear. I knew now that she had seen it, and my excitement was boiling over at the thought.

“Many, many thanks for agreeing to do this!” Teresita said. She actually embraced me. I felt her bosoms against me. They were firm and very fine. I

could not help imagining I was Rodrigo, and Teresita was nude with me, though I was ashamed of the thought.

I knew my member was going to spurt milk, and soon. I only hoped I could put it off until she left, but I feared I could not.

“It is nothing,” I responded, not quite truthfully. “It is my pleasure.”

*That*, at least, was true—most abundantly so. My hidden member was fully in agreement. Teresita’s warm admiration, together with my own almost unbearable excitement, was provoking my member to throb vigorously against my will, bringing me to the utmost extreme of pleasure.

I tried hard to keep my face inscrutable so that Teresita would not know, but I was not at all sure I was succeeding. As to avoiding a member-milking right in front of her, I was fully failing. I could feel my milk emerging from my plum in big, fast spurts that dropped upon the floor behind my feet. My milk did not get my smock wet, for it was too short. Yes, surely Teresita had seen my member beneath the hem—and, almost as surely, she knew what it was now doing, though she made no remark upon it.

I was ashamed, and I feared that my face showed my shame and dismay, but I could do nothing about it now. I, who had been strong enough to drive away sons of Belial with a pitchfork and an axe, was not strong enough to make my own member do my will.

“Thank you very much,” I said. “And now I will put my old clothes back on, to wear until my blouse, my

bodice, and my skirt are done.” Teresita left me alone to change my clothes. I breathed a deep sigh of relief, and yet of sadness too.

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In due time Teresita finished my blouse, my bodice, and my skirt. I tried them on one fine morning, while the children were playing in the courtyard of the inn. Lucia joined Teresita to examine my looks.

“Isn’t Aldonza beautiful, Lucia?” Teresita asked. “She will be the prettiest barmaid ever seen in all of La Mancha!”

Lucia smiled, but looked at me critically. “Her hair is too short,” she said, “but she can pull it back until it grows longer, so it will not be so noticeable.”

“Yes, that is true,” Teresita said. “It is long for a young man’s hair, but short for a woman’s. But time will soon take care of that. What about the rest of her?”

“Her face looks very sweet,” Lucia said, “and her figure is fine. I am sure she will attract a great deal of attention—especially from men, though not *only* from men.” She looked at me with admiration, as if she herself found me quite attractive; then she laughed. “Aldonza,” she said, “would you like me to draw a portrait of you with a pitchfork and an axe, to be hung behind the bar, so the men will not get any wrong ideas about what they can do with you? And would you like me to bring you a real pitchfork and axe, so the portrait will not seem to be just an empty threat?”

I laughed, though I was embarrassed. The story of me repelling the sons of Belial with the pitchfork and the axe was known to everyone around El Toboso, but it was equally well known what the sons of Belial had seen me doing in the toolshed. Maidens had indeed stayed far from me because of my reputation after that—with the exception, I knew not why, of Lucia. She *must* know that I had been caught caressing myself like a girl, for everyone knew—and yet the knowledge did not seem to repel her, as it did all other maidens.

“Perhaps that would be a good idea,” I said. Lucia was very good at drawing with charcoal, in addition to reading and writing. In church I had heard Father Alcazan preach about the parable of the talents; Lucia seemed to me to be like the man with 10 talents, who used them well and was rewarded with 10 more.

“I will do it,” Lucia said. “I will draw the picture right now, so it will be ready by the time you serve at the bar this evening—and then I will get you the pitchfork and the axe.”

She set to work at once, making the picture big enough for everyone at the bar to see it. When she had finished, I was amazed at my own beauty, if I really looked as she had drawn me. My eyes were dark, in marked contrast to my light-colored hair and skin. My face was plump but comely, a bit like Teresita’s face, with lips as full and lovely as hers, though my mouth was small and hers was larger. My stuffed bosoms beneath my tight bodice looked just like Teresita’s real ones. My big hips beneath my skirt looked like Teresita’s hips, too. My face did look sweet and kind, as if I would never really use the pitchfork

and the axe she had drawn in my hands—unless I really must.

“There, this is *you*, Aldonza,” Lucia said. “Do you like it?”

“Yes, I do, very much,” I said. “It is very beautiful.”

Lucia laughed. “Only because *you* are very beautiful,” she said. “You could put to shame the impossible beautiful ladies in books of chivalry.”

I wished I could tell Lucia that she, too, was very beautiful, but I feared she would not believe it—and perhaps it would be false indeed, if I said it about her *looks*. It was her kind heart and her friendliness toward me that I found beautiful, but I was too embarrassed to speak of them as yet. Instead, never having heard of books of chivalry, I simply asked, “What are those?”

“They are books about fantastic deeds done by men, called knights-errant, for love of women,” she explained. “Not that they wish to *marry* the women and give them children, you understand; that would be thought quite degrading.”

Lucia frowned and wrinkled her nose, which she sometimes did to show she did not like something. “Oh, no, they desire only the *ideal* of a beautiful woman, as an inspiration to themselves. Father Alcazan has some books of chivalry, which he sometimes reads for relaxation and amusement, and I have read a couple of them. They are very absurd, especially when it comes to the knights-errants’ so-called love of their ladies. I asked Father Alcazan if he didn’t think a good-looking man in women’s

clothes would serve as well as a real woman, or even better, for all the knights-errant in the books really wanted their ladies for. He laughed and said he supposed that was true, now that I mentioned it.”

Now it was my turn to laugh. “Well, then,” I said, “if ever I encounter a knight-errant, we shall see if I give him any inspiration. But do these men exist in truth, or only in fantastic stories?”

“It is said that they used to exist in truth, though I am sure they did not do all the things told of them in books,” Lucia said. “But now they exist only in the fantasies of book-writers.”

“Well, that is the beginning and the end of *that*,” I said. “I can give no inspiration to men who exist only in fantasy. I cannot even read about them, for I cannot read.”

Lucia’s sharp eyes opened wide, and seemed to look right into me. “But there is no reason why you could not learn to read,” she said, giving me a warm smile that touched my heart. “Not books of chivalry, perhaps, but many books are more worth reading than those. You are intelligent enough. Why do you not learn to read?”

“I have had no one to teach me.”

“Well, then!” Lucia kept smiling at me, even more brightly now, and I seemed to detect a faint blush about her face. “You are doing me a very great favor by becoming a barmaid, letting me get away from serving at the bar and hearing the men’s nasty remarks about me. Would you like me to do you a favor in return, by teaching you to read?”

“Oh! Well—yes, I would! Thank you very much!” I looked at Lucia with growing appreciation. Perhaps her face and figure were not beautiful, I thought, but her heart and mind were very beautiful indeed. I must get to know her better, perhaps much better—and what better way than to learn to read from her?

“Very well,” said Lucia, seeming very glad of the prospect. “We will start tomorrow. But first, you must learn how to serve at the bar. It will be such a relief for me, and I am sure the men will not think *you* are bad-looking!”

### Chapter 3

“All right, it is time,” Lucia said when evening was drawing near. “Remember, do everything with confidence. Teresita is with the children; I will be nearby to help you, if you need any assistance with serving. Rodrigo will be here too, in case any unruly men need to be ejected—and you have seen where I put your pitchfork and your axe.”

“It will be my pleasure to guard your honor, Miss Aldonza,” said Rodrigo, bowing to me. He was well-suited to the task, if it arose: even bigger and stronger than I, with commanding dark eyes, and a big black mustache and beard that seemed to shout to the world, “I am a mighty man!” Again I could not help imagining Teresita nude, receiving Rodrigo’s member and his milk deep into herself. I did try to eject the thought as unworthy of a maiden, but I fear I tried far too feebly.

“Many thanks, for I fear that my honor may be in need of a guard,” I said, “especially when certain sons of Belial find out that I am your new barmaid. Still, I will do all in my power to maintain my honor without the need of your help.”

I stepped behind the bar. The real pitchfork and axe, unlike the ones in the portrait of me, were discreetly hidden, but ready to hand in case of need. Only one guest was there at first: old Enrique Aznonés, one of the regulars from the town. He seemed almost asleep when I first took my place—but soon his eyes were bulging in amazement when he saw me. He roused himself and soon left the barroom. I wondered if he was going to tell the townspeople about me.

I looked down at my women’s clothes, beautiful clothes, thanks to Teresita. My bodice was tight and shapely as shown in Lucia’s drawing, but of course the drawing did not show the brilliant colors, scarlet with much gold-colored trim. Beneath it, my white blouse’s elbow-length puffed sleeves slipped down beyond the straps of my bodice, showing my shoulders bare. Both bodice and blouse were cut quite low, showing the cleft between my little bosoms, which seemed like bigger ones because of the firm, well-shaped stuffing in my smock. Little of my long dark-blue skirt could be seen, for I was covered in front below the waist by a plain, light-colored apron of very sturdy cloth. This, I hoped, would be of great help in concealing my member when it was erect—as it was now, for I could not keep down my excitement at being seen as a beautiful maiden in a public place.

It was not too long before the first guests arrived after Enrique Aznonés left. My heart sank when I saw

who they were: Juan Belizanos, the big son of Belial who had attacked me, with his father Raul Belizanos the blacksmith, along with Diego Armones, the father of Arturo who was the other son of Belial.

*Everything with confidence!* Lucia's words resounded in my mind, and I tried to put them into practice. "Good evening, gentlemen," I said in my voice like that of Katharine of Aragon, though I knew these men were far from being gentlemen. "Welcome to our inn. May I be of assistance to you?"

"*Drink!*" cried Raul Belizanos. "Strong drink, to begin with—and then we shall see what more! My son Juan has told me that you are the new barmaid here. He heard it from old Aznones, who was dozing off in here when he was suddenly awakened by a vision of beauty, the like of which he had never seen. Aznones could hardly believe it was you, *Aldonza Lorenzo*"—he smirked when he said *Aldonza* instead of *Alonzo*—"but so it was, and I am not surprised. Everyone knows who you are, and what you have done. No one will be surprised to see you playing the woman openly, as you have long done in secret."

"Just do *not* let Father Alcazan know what you are doing here!" Diego Armones piped up.

I said nothing in response to that. Father Alcazan did know, if Teresita was telling the truth, and I was sure she was—but I could not very well *say* he knew. Rather, I spoke to Raul Belizanos: "Here we serve no drink stronger than wine, as you should know. You may buy a big bottle of wine, if you wish." I was already thinking I might need to use the pitchfork and the axe, to fend him off, after he had drunk the wine.

“I do wish,” he said, throwing down the coins for the wine on the bar. He guzzled it straight out of the bottle as soon as he got it. Rodrigo was watching him, and I was glad he was.

More men from the town soon came in, ordered food and drink, and looked me over with obvious appreciation. I tried to be polite and friendly to all of them. This, after all, was exactly why I was here: to be a blessing to Teresita, Rodrigo, and Lucia, by attracting men to the inn and diverting their attention away from Lucia.

Raul Belizanos quickly got drunk. After that, he stood up unsteadily and demanded, “All right, sweet Aldonza. Now come here and kiss my member.”

I tried to think of something to say, some joke to turn him aside, though I feared it would not work. “I am sorry, sir,” I said, “but member-kissing is not among the services offered in this inn—nor is adultery. You will have to turn to your wife for such a service.”

“My *wife!*” he shouted, dribbling spittle. “You empty-headed fake female, you fool, you heap of donkey’s dung! My wife has always refused to kiss my member! You imagine I would go to a fake female if I could go to a real one?”

He undid his trousers, revealing his big erect member, and started trying to climb over the bar. I grabbed the pitchfork and the axe. “Stand back!” I ordered him, wielding both of the farm tools menacingly. “Do not think I will be afraid to use these!”

Fortunately, I did not really have to use them. Rodrigo and two other men grabbed Raul Belizanos and hauled him out of the inn, dumping him on the ground. "Come back when you are sober and in your right mind," Rodrigo shouted at him, "and not before!"

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After that, word spread fast and far that Aldonza Lorenzo, in a long skirt, a tight bodice, and a low-cut peasant girl's blouse, was the new barmaid at the inn in El Toboso. Men and women, but especially men, crowded in from miles around to see—and to buy food and drink. Teresita's expectation of blessings was quickly fulfilled.

Some in the town wondered why Father Alcazan said nothing about the brazen display of Alonzo as Aldonza; some even issued harsh judgments upon him for saying nothing. One afternoon after siesta time, two of the most diligent gossips in El Toboso, Marta Romores Angustas and Ana Opispicitos, were sitting at table in the barroom, alternately glaring at me and making their opinions of Father Alcazan's laxity known for all to hear.

"It is abomination," said Marta, a stout middle-aged mother of eight, who often left her eldest daughter to take care of the younger children while she improved her already superb knowledge of all the latest news. "Yet he says nothing, he does nothing about this manifest grave sin. Why? How can this be?"

“Some say it is because of greed,” replied Ana, a lean, bony spinster with much time on her hands. “Rodrigo pays him off to ignore the sin. Others say it is because of lust. Father Alcazan is old, but not too old to be affected by such beauty. And you know, for some men, the sting of lust becomes even stronger and fouler when they know it is really a man beneath women’s clothes. But then, still others say it is because he is too proud of his learning, his ability to split hairs and draw subtle distinctions, to recognize a plain and simple sin when he sees it. Yet others say that he simply does not care; he has lost his faith and become sunk in routine, paying no heed to the things of God, but only to those of man.”

“Any of those things I could readily believe,” said Marta. “There must be *some* grave sin on his part, to make him ignore this brazen display of mortal sin by a man playing the woman—and, no doubt, the harlot too.”

“There are even those,” Ana went on, “who attribute it to his reading of books of chivalry. In those books, you know, men abandon the natural use of women as wives and mothers—just as too many real men do in the world today. Rather, the knights in the books spin out vast quantities of fantastic nonsense about ladies who have nothing whatever in common with real women. What wonder, then, that Father Alcazan should be led so far astray by those books as to think that even a *man in women’s clothes*, having nothing in common with a real woman, might be a lady worthy of honor and devotion?”

Such festivals of calumny and detraction were surely unprofitable to the participants, but they did provide amusement to onlookers—including myself. I

wondered and laughed at the gossips' extreme eagerness to attribute sin, *any* sin, to Father Alcazan merely because he did not object to my serving at the bar in women's clothes. If the gossips thought to repel guests from the inn, they had no success. Guests flocked in to gaze upon my beauty, enriching Rodrigo, Teresa, and even myself.

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At first I was not known as a "milkmaid." I did not again need to wield the pitchfork or the axe to repel drunken men's lewd attentions, nor did I agree to milk any man's member in any manner. I had a laugh and a joke for everyone, and I easily laughed off men's propositions of unmaidenly activities—especially if I knew that the men were married, for I was well aware that "thou shalt not commit adultery."

Not until a lean, sharp-eyed, striking-looking stranger, who introduced himself as Alonso Quixano, stayed at our inn one night did I comply at last with a man's desire that I milk his member. The man was strange, very odd and unusual, and yet not at all unattractive to me at that time. I did not then know how extremely strange he was to become. Not until many months later would I look back and recognize his budding insanity, which was to turn him into the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha.

"The renown of thy beauty has spread far and wide, Miss Aldonza," Alonso Quixano told me when I first served him a drink. "I have come here to see for myself."

“Sir, surely you need not have traveled to see beauty,” I said to him with a smile. “It is said that God must love beautiful women very much, for He makes so many of them.”

“But very few of them are beyond compare,” he said. “Such art thou—as I have now seen for myself.”

Oh, dear! I *did* have such a weakness for being complimented on my beauty by handsome men who were not drunken louts! And a weakness, too, for lonely men and youths, such as I myself had been when I first started to milk my own member as a maiden! I was still far too embarrassed to milk any of the local men’s members—but this stranger would stay for the night and then move on. Perhaps, I began to think, I might go in secret to his bedroom in the inn and milk his member in a modest, maidenly fashion, if he wished me to do so.

“I thank you kindly, sir,” I said to him. “Your compliment is pleasing to me.” It was very pleasing indeed, as my own member agreed. I was glad that I was behind the bar, and that my sturdy apron also served to conceal my member’s rising—or so I hoped.

“Is it pleasing enough,” he whispered, drawing very near my ear, “that thou mightest see fit to help a lonely stranger, such as myself, with a very special service in my bedroom in the inn?”

“Oh!” I said. “Sir, I am a maiden! Never have I done such a thing!”

“But thou dost know what it would *be* to do such a thing—dost thou not? And to do it for a rich reward?”

I was blushing. I did know all too well what it would be to do such a thing—and my member was now quite hard beneath my skirt. True, I was a maiden in *body*, and I would never permit the sin of Sodom to be inflicted upon me; I could never forget the attack of the sons of Belial. But thoughts of milking men’s members, with my hands, my lips, or even my thighs which I had so often used to milk my own, intruded too often into my lamentably unmaidenly mind.

“Sir, how can you imagine that a modest maiden could ever countenance such a proposition?” I protested—but my deep blush and my shy smile, I fear, gave me away.

“I can see that thou art a sweet, kind, surpassingly lovely maiden, as well as a becomingly modest one,” he said. “I know thou wilt take pity on me, a lonely stranger far from home, in desperate need of the comfort that only thou canst give.”

In desperate need of comfort! Oh, *yes!* How often had I myself been so? How could I refuse this gentleman whose need was the same as mine?

I could not; I would not; I must not refuse him. “Very well, sir,” I whispered to him. “I will come to your bedroom.”

And so it was that, on that evening, I entered the bedroom of Alonso Quixano. He rose from his bed and knelt before me, dressed in nothing but a thin linen shift above the waist. Below the waist he was nude. His member rapidly rose to greet me. Like himself, it was lean, long, and ramrod-straight. Unlike my own member, hidden beneath my skirt, it had no

big plum on the end, but only a small knob hardly bigger than a ripe cherry.

“O kind and beauteous maiden, I greet thee,” he said, still kneeling, “and I salute thy gracious condescension in coming to give me solace. Think not that I would wish to defile thy maidenhood; nothing could be further from my thoughts. Nay rather, I wish only to play the part of the holy King David, who lay in bed with a young maiden for the sake of warmth and comfort in his old age—‘but the king knew her not,’ meaning that he did not take her maidenhood.”

“Sir, I have no gift for flowery language,” I responded, “but I will gladly give thee solace. I pray thee, rise, and I will kneel before thee.”

He rose. I knelt. I gazed upon his manly member, at least as long as two of my handbreadths. Gingerly I took it in the fingers of both hands, as if it were a flute and I were going to play it. Then I kissed and licked the big cherry on the end, to his delight.

“Oh, fair maiden, this is exquisite,” he commended me on my flute-playing—“but rise! Thy lips await my kiss!”

I rose. He embraced me closely and kissed me in the French manner (though I did not know it was so called at the time), delving deeply into my mouth with his tongue. His hands were on my plump rump, clutching and caressing it through my skirt. I tried to keep my rump as far back as I could, but I could feel him trying hard to press my loins against his own. I resisted, for fear that he would feel my erect virile member and know that I was not a young woman as I seemed to be—but he was stronger than I. Soon I had



no doubt that he could feel my member pressing against him through my skirt—only my skirt and my smock, for I had taken my apron off.

“Fair maiden! Thou are most extraordinary!” he exclaimed. “Can this be? Do my senses deceive me?” As if to be certain that his senses did not deceive him, he reached down and gripped my member firmly through my skirt, causing me to tremble.

“Fair maiden, I am undone!” he cried. “I kneel before thee in profoundest admiration!” Suiting his actions to his words, he knelt before me in an attitude resembling one of prayer.

“As thy humble suppliant, fair maiden,” he implored me, “think me not vain nor presumptuous if I beg of thee this favor. I dare not ask to view thy beauty nude, for surely no man could view the radiant splendor of thy beauty nude and live—but if thou wouldst condescend to permit me this one favor, to contemplate thy beauty in thy smock alone, my gratitude would be eternal.”

“Oh, sir!” I cried, blushing. “How could a modest maiden ever accede to such a request? And yet—and yet, I am so touched by your—I mean, thine admiration, and thy need for comfort, and thy promise of eternal gratitude—perhaps, after all, I could imagine myself acceding.”

“I will assist thee to accede,” he said, rising to his feet. Rapidly he unlaced my bodice, stripped off my skirt, and left me in only my blouse and my short smock beneath. He was equally quick in removing my blouse. He then knelt again and feasted his sharp, darting eyes upon my beauty in my smock

with stuffed bosoms. Below my waist my smock was bulging too, but not because of stuffing.

“O beauty radiant as the sun,” he said, “accuse me not of dreaming to defile thy maidenhood—but is there any gift thou mightest graciously condescend to give my poor famished flesh, that it might find rest and ease in thy presence? I pray thee, refuse me not the poor crumb of kindness I beg of thee!”

He rose, moved behind me, and guided me toward the bed. I could feel his long member pressing against my rump. “Sir, I will never submit to the sin of Sodom!” I warned him in words, as I had warned the sons of Belial with a pitchfork and an axe.

“Nay, it is unimaginable—such a sin would be a most foul and wretched defilement, stinking to high heaven from the bottomless pit of hell!” he assured me. “It is among the sins that cry out to heaven for vengeance from Almighty God! Nay rather, thy gift to me shall be clean and kind, abounding in maidenly modesty. Here, I will show thee.”

He bent me over from the waist and pressed my upper parts down upon the bed, face down, while still my feet were on the floor ahead of his own. He lifted the hem of my smock to reveal my rump; then he pressed his member forward beneath me on the bed, rubbing it close against my own, giving me sizzingly hot sensations. His hands slipped forward under me, past the stuffed mounds in my smock, to feel my little bosoms, which received his hands with profound warmth of feeling.

“Now if thou wilt kindly hold my member in thine hand beneath thee, while continuing to rub it against

mine own,” he said, “thou wilt see that this is an act of the most perfect rectitude, wholly unlike the vicious sin of Sodom. Thy smock has not been stripped from thee; I have not even glimpsed what modesty conceals from view. Now canst thou give me the comfort and release for which my flesh has yearned—and, if it be not too unmaidenly, find thine own release as well.”

I was now too far gone in heat to know or care whether what I did was unmaidenly. I rubbed his member hard against my own; I pumped my rump as vigorously as I had often worked a pump-handle; I clutched his hands against my bosoms, raised my head, and gasped for breath as I milked him for all he was worth, while my own milk gushed from my plum and merged with his upon the bed.

“Oh, my lady!” he cried, as soon as his milk had gushed out to the full. “Oh, thou art most sublime! Never have I known, nor could I have imagined, such bliss!”

He lay upon me long, until our milk-drained members dwindled and the beating of our hearts was quiet at last. “Alas, I must travel onward on the morrow,” he said, rising from my back, “but I shall return in due time—and before I return I shall spread thy fame, O lady beyond compare!”

At this I was shocked and dismayed. “Sir, I beg you, do not spread my fame!” I implored him, turning around and sitting up, but quickly spreading my short smock over what modesty conceals, though it barely sufficed for the purpose. “Above all, let it not be known that I have done such a thing!”

“Sweet lady, let not thy talent be buried in the ground, nor thy lamp-light be hidden beneath a bushel basket,” he replied. “So wilt thou be a blessing to many, a curse to none. Above all wilt thou be a blessing to those from whom thou earnest thy keep; and I will show thee why.”

He reached into his bag and pulled out two big gold coins. “Here are two pieces of eight,” he said. My eyes grew great on seeing them. “These are my gifts to thee. Give one to the innkeeper, and keep one for thyself. More men will soon seek thee out, some from afar, and desire to give thee more gifts. All will go well with thee, if thou givest the half of every gift to the innkeeper.”

## Chapter 4

And so it was that I became known as a milkmaid, as well as a barmaid. I was sure that Alfonso Quixano was spreading my fame despite my request, for men soon sought me out for member-milking, and gave me good gifts when I had acceded. I was grateful to them and did not inquire whether they were married, although I refused to let them commit adultery with me if I knew they were.

Teresita and Rodrigo were no longer anxious about how they could afford to feed more children if they had them, for I did give half of every gift to them. Lucia eagerly taught me to read along with the eldest child of Teresita and Rodrigo, a bright, strong-willed boy of six named Geronimo. Father Alcazan continued to have a very convenient blind eye to turn toward the finest barmaid these good parishioners had ever had, while of course the gossips continued to at-

tribute sin to him for turning it. I gave him no occasion to warn me about the evils of playing the harlot, nor to direct any attention to the question of what lay under my skirt.

Alonso Quixano himself I did not see again for many months. After he had long been absent, Lucia came to me laughing one day, telling me about an insane gentleman she had heard of, who called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha.

“Aldonza!” Lucia said. “You remember how I have told you about the books of chivalry, with all manner of astounding and nonsensical things about knights-errant related as if they were true?”

“Yes, of course,” I said.

“Well, they say there is an insane gentleman who believes that they really *are* true! In truth, they say that he became insane from immersing himself in those books, coming at last to believe that everything in them was true. He then decided that he himself must become a knight-errant, to be known as Don Quixote de la Mancha, ‘The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.’ So he put on a bizarre makeshift helmet and some ancient armor once worn by his great-grandfather, and started riding about on a bony old horse, imagining that he was going to right all wrongs!”

“That is strange indeed,” I said, “though I have seen wrongs that do need to be righted.”

“Yes, but this man surely is not going to right them! In truth, he comes nearer to wronging all rights, if that is a thing that can be done. He has

fought against windmills as if they were vicious giants, and freed condemned criminals as if they were innocent captives, and attacked men with a lance for failing to admit, *sight unseen*, that ‘in all the world there is no maiden fairer than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.’”

“Who is Dulcinea del Toboso?” I asked, amazed. “Surely there is no empress living in El Toboso!”

“Of course not. She does not exist. She is a figment of his insane imagination, like the windmill giants and the innocent criminals. She surely could not have escaped notice in this town, if she were a splendid lady of such incomparable beauty and dignity as Don Quixote seems to imagine!”

“No, I am sure she could not,” I agreed.

“And do you know what is even worse?” Lucia said. “They say that Don Quixote actually worships this lady as a goddess! He has abandoned the Catholic faith in the one true God, and reverted to the pagan errors with which the books of chivalry are filled!”

“That is very terrible, if true,” I said. “But, if so, has the Inquisition taken no notice of him?”

“None. It is thought that the Inquisitors regard him as a lunatic who cannot be held responsible for his thoughts and actions.”

“That would be easy to believe, if all that is said of him is true.” I laughed. “Well, perhaps we shall see for ourselves one day, if this Don Quixote de la Mancha ever appears in El Toboso to worship his lady love. Perhaps she is not known here by the name

Dulcinea del Toboso; perhaps she is someone we all know under another name.” I smiled at Lucia. “Perhaps she is even *you*.”

Lucia laughed and wrinkled her nose. “But I am not of incomparable beauty,” she protested.

“Perhaps not,” I admitted, “except in your soul.”

She looked at me and blinked, then blinked again. It was because tears were starting to come from her eyes, though she was smiling. “You are very kind, Al—Aldonza,” she said.

“I am very truthful,” I responded. “And you are very beautiful, to one who has eyes to see. If only this Don Quixote could see the beauty of your soul, he would indeed be tempted to worship you as a goddess.”

Lucia laughed and wrinkled her nose again. “Then I am very glad he cannot!” she said. “But I am very glad *you* can—if I am really as you say.”

I knew at that moment that I could come to love Lucia deeply, indeed I was already beginning to love her deeply, if only I dared to love her—and yet I dared not say more, at least not yet. I feared that even Lucia, who was not repelled by my reputation nor by my women’s clothes, would be repelled by an open declaration of love from the well-known barmaid and milkmaid Aldonza Lorenzo. She must know that I had milked men’s members for money; she must fear that, if ever I were to marry her, I would commit adultery with men.

My heart was torn, but my fear won out. “We will say more of this later, perhaps,” I told her, “and perhaps more of Don Quixote de la Mancha, as well.”

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At last the fateful day arrived when I found out the identity of Don Quixote de la Mancha—and that of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Juan Belizanos and Arturo Armones, the self-same sons of Belial who had attacked me in the toolshed years ago, got wind of Don Quixote’s expected arrival in El Toboso. It was said that he was coming here to claim the hand of the fair Dulcinea as his reward for his unparalleled valor in knightly deeds. After coming up with some ancient livery and two beat-up trumpets, the sons of Belial served as heralds of Don Quixote’s arrival in El Toboso, blowing the trumpets and proclaiming his glory to all who could hear. Having heard that Don Quixote was accustomed to regard humble inns as castles, they announced his imminent arrival at our inn, transformed for the occasion into “the castle of the Lord Rodrigo and the Lady Teresa, sovereigns of El Toboso.”

Everyone had heard enough about Don Quixote by this time to play along. The whole town held a procession toward the inn, where the “sovereigns,” along with their young children and their two ladies-in-waiting (Lucia and myself), stood waiting to greet him. I strained my eyes to see who this bizarre and famous gentleman might be, as he rode slowly toward the inn on his aging, skinny steed along with his stout, squat squire Sancho Panza on a donkey, receiving the adulation (sham though it might be) of all the townsfolk.

At first I could see only that Don Quixote seemed tall, and as skinny as his steed. His long, lean face seemed vaguely familiar as he drew nearer. At last, when he was near enough that I could see his sharp eyes, I could have no doubt who he was. The renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha was none other than Alonso Quixano—the man who had given me two pieces of eight for milking his member, the first man’s member I had ever milked.

I still did not know who Dulcinea del Toboso was, but I soon found out. Don Quixote dismounted, gazing steadily upon me alone. Then he knelt before me; then he prostrated himself upon the ground at my feet, while Sancho Panza silently stared at me with bulging eyes. “To thee at last, O fairest lady, Dulcinea del Toboso,” he said to me, craning his neck to lift his head above the dirt, “I bring my mighty deeds of valor; my poor heart pining for the sight of thy resplendent face, or rather the entirety of thy resplendent person; my mind, my soul, my strength, my life, my all. I offer all to thee, all for my all-embracing, all-consuming love for thee. I ask, in return, only that thou shouldst graciously condescend to acknowledge my love, and accept me as thy humble, devoted, and lifelong servant.”

You may well imagine that I was speechless! I tried to think of something fitting to say—a joke, a reprimand, a gracious word, anything at all—but no words would come. It did sound awfully much as if he were worshipping me as a goddess. That was a thing I could never accept, for I could not desire such wholly untruthful exaltation of myself. A bit of admiration of my womanly beauty, yes, and perhaps even of my zeal and skill as a milkmaid—but never *this!*

“Rise, sir knight,” I commanded him when I could speak at last. Sancho Panza’s eyes bulged in even greater amazement when he heard my voice. Perhaps he did not know that it was like the voice of Katharine of Aragon; he seemed to recognize it as a male voice. He looked me over from head to toe, as if straining to see whether he could detect any sign of maleness. I think that he could not, for my member was not then erect.

“I am no goddess,” I said to Don Quixote, “but a mortal like thyself. Thine admiration, within reason, may please me, but thy worship would most seriously displease me.”

Don Quixote failed to rise. “Most beautiful, most gracious princess Dulcinea, I dare not rise in thy presence,” he replied, “until thou shalt say the word of sublimest power, admitting my love of thee, and accepting my faithful service. Till then, I must remain upon the ground, in abject submission to thy supremacy. Yet do not imagine, O fairest of ladies, that I offer thee the worship of *latria*, which is due to God alone. Nay rather, the honor I give thee is naught but simple *hyperdulia*, such as we offer with the utmost propriety to the Blessed Virgin Mary.”

The Blessed Virgin! This man must be insane indeed, I thought, to compare *me* to the Blessed Virgin, to offer me the honor due to *her*! And yet—and yet, I began to think, might not even his insane devotion to me be turned toward the good, because of the power it might give me over him?

“Very well, sir knight,” I said to him. “Thou wishest to give me the greatest honor a man can lawfully give

to any mere creature; thou wilt then submit to my commands, wilt thou not?"

"I will!" he cried—pushing himself up with both arms, raising his head as high as he could, and kicking the ground with both feet. "Most magnificent of ladies, I will, both now and forever!"

"Very well," I said. He wished to call me Dulcinea del Toboso; I would accept the name and try to live up to the honor, for the sake of trying to bring him back to his right mind. "I acknowledge myself thy lady love, the princess Dulcinea del Toboso. I freely admit thy love of me, and I accept thy faithful service. Now rise, sir knight, and enter my castle, where a sumptuous repast awaits thee."

He rose and entered the inn, followed by Sancho Panza. Teresita had prepared and set out some of our best food in the dining room. Not all the townsfolk could fit in, of course, but quite a number filled the room—everyone from Father Alcazan to the two sons of Belial who had served as heralds. Speeches were made in Don Quixote's honor, and a good time was had by all, or almost all.

At last the guests took their leave, and Don Quixote requested a private audience with the lady Dulcinea. He was granted the small meeting room in the inn, for of course a bedroom would have been entirely unsuitable. Soon the door was closed and bolted from within, and I was alone with Don Quixote de la Mancha.

"Fairest of ladies, flower of maidens—goddess, I dare say, with none above thee but the Most High God—I pray thee, take thy throne," he said. I looked

around the room to see what was supposed to be my throne. I guessed it was the largest chair in the room. It fell far short of the splendor of a throne, but no farther than the inn fell short of the glory of a castle.

I sat on my “throne,” and Don Quixote knelt at my feet. “And now, most lovely maiden,” he said, “I come to claim my rich reward for my deeds of knightly valor. Wrongs have I righted, captives have I freed, giants have I slain, blasphemers of thine exalted name have I forced to acknowledge thy supremacy—and all for love of thee, fair Dulcinea. My reward is in thy gracious hands. Bestow it now, I pray thee, upon thy suppliant servant kneeling here before thee.”

He seemed to think I had some idea what reward he claimed. I had none—unless his reward was to be a member-milking such as I had given him before, but that hardly seemed exalted enough for the purpose. I had to ask: “Sir, what reward dost thou claim?”

His sharp eyes gripped my own and held them tight. “Thou canst not be unaware, O fairest Dulcinea,” he said, “that knights in books of chivalry have dreams of courtly love. Sometimes these dreams are spoken, more often unspoken, but always the glorious dreams are cherished by the knights. They yearn, they sigh, they desire with every breath to attain the supreme culmination in which the highest heaven comes down to earth. This they attain when their exalted ladies grant them one favor most sublime: to permit the knights to view their beauty nude.”

To grant him this reward, I had to admit to myself, would be most pleasing to me. He was, after all, a

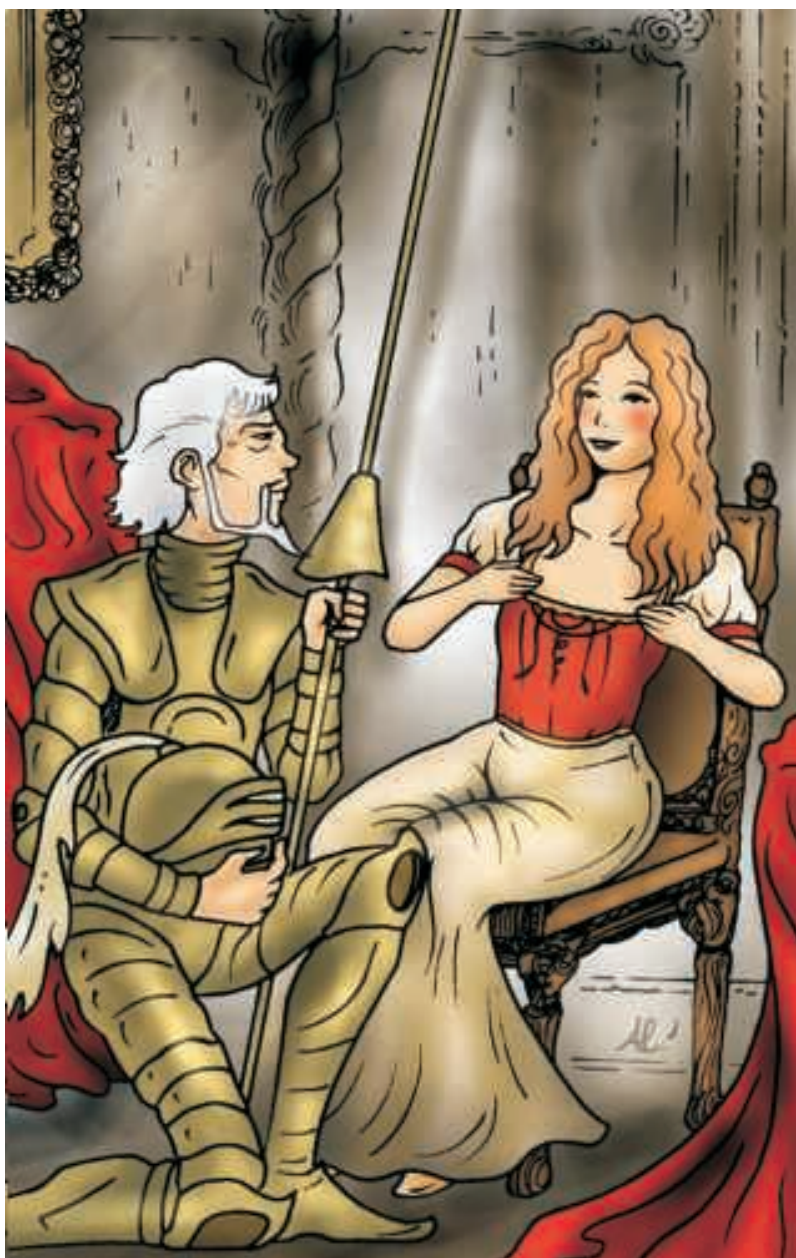
most manly man despite his insanity, and by now I knew all too well the thrill of a manly man when a lovely lady grants him his desire. My own thrill, too, would be extreme—for, as it happened, my member had not been milked for several days. My member was hard already at the thought of granting him the desired reward; my plum was already swollen to its greatest size beneath my skirt. Still, I knew, I must seize this opportunity to wield my power over Don Quixote, in hope of leading him to give up his insane knight-errantry.

“It is a very great favor thou askest, sir knight,” I said to him. “If I grant it, thou must submit most abjectly to all my commands.”

“O fairest Dulcinea, thine every wish, thy slightest whim, is and shall be my absolute law, now and forever!” Don Quixote assured me. “I promise thee this upon my sacred honor!”

My reason, I admit, was being carried away by his extravagant admiration and praise, and by my own desire. It was so extremely pleasing to me to be called “fairest Dulcinea,” and even to be exalted as a goddess—though my reason still whispered to me, faintly but urgently, that I was no such thing. Soon my reason had fully fled, and I was undoing my bodice before Don Quixote’s eager eyes.

Before long the highest heaven had supposedly come down to earth, for I was nude before Don Quixote. He, kneeling before my “throne,” was marveling at my beauty from top to toe. One thing alone was still hidden from him: “what modesty conceals,” my virile member. This was pressed securely between



my thighs, as it had been when first I unwittingly milked it at the age of 11.

“One thing alone remains, O goddess Dulcinea,” he said to me, “for my worship of thee to be fulfilled to the highest height. I refer, of course, to what modesty conceals. Think not that I seek, or ever would seek, to plunge thy sacred person into the muck, the filth, the cesspool of grievous and gross immodesty. Nay rather, I seek only the pure ideal, the view of beauty absolute on high, the contemplation of the radiant fountain of life and love, than which no greater can be conceived. O fairest Dulcinea, I pray thee, reveal to me thy beauty *to the full*.”

“Sir knight, I grant thee thy request,” I said to him simply, allowing my member to slip forth from between my thighs and stand upright before him.

“O sacred pillar of fire, which led the children of Israel into the Promised Land!” Don Quixote cried, praising my upstanding, big-bulbed member to the highest height. His words were absurd or worse, I still could faintly see—but my reason was now so far gone that I did not care.

“What *further* favor mightest thou desire, sir knight?” I asked him, bursting with eagerness to have my member milked.

His eyes opened wide in astonishment. “What *further* favor!” he exclaimed. His eyes were now within a hand’s breadth of my member. “Kindest, most gracious of ladies, there can be only one! To see thee nude, in all thy splendor, is itself beyond imagining! What, then, could it be to draw near—to touch—to *kiss*?”

He drew near; he touched; he kissed. His mouth engulfed my plum. Never in my life had I known such extreme delight. My mouth was open, my eyes were closed, my head thrust back, my whole body trembling in astonishment.

Such bliss could not endure for long in this poor world. I could not hold back the flood. I felt the torrent of my milk gushing upward from my “radiant fountain of life and love” into Don Quixote’s mouth. It was by far the finest moment in my life, at least so far as my unruly, monstrously excitable member could discern.

“Fairest Dulcinea! Thou must reciprocate!” he demanded when he could speak. I did not know then what “reciprocate” meant, but he soon showed me. He was still in his armor, though his helmet was off. Frantically he struggled to remove the antique armor below his waist, while leaving it on above. When he had succeeded, he approached me with his long member fully erect. “To touch, to kiss, to give me full delight,” he said, “must be thy meed of honor, fairest lady.”

From this, it was not difficult to discern the meaning of “reciprocate.” I played his flute and kissed his big cherry again, as I had done when we first met, but this time to completion. His manly thrusts brought milk into my mouth, while all the while his own mouth was ejaculating with equal vigor, gushing out words such as “O lady Dulcinea, sweetest of goddesses! O mistress of my heart! O ruler of my soul and all my life!”

At last all was done; the milk was fully drained from both our members, but not from Don Quixote’s

lips. “O bearer of bliss beyond compare! O peerless lady, first daughter of God Most High!” he kept on saying. “Now shall I be inspired, more sublimely than before, to the greatest and highest knightly deeds a man can do! Now shall I right *all* wrongs, slay *all* giants, free *all* captives, punish *all* refusal to confess thee supreme among the ladies of all the earth!”

This was far from my intent. Not for *this* had I permitted this madman to worship me, to see me nude, to milk my member with his mouth and shoot his milk into my own mouth! He had confessed my power over him. I must use it now, to stop him from freeing more prisoners justly condemned to punishment, fighting against men for failing to confess me supreme among ladies, and worthlessly attacking windmills grinding grain for bread.

“Sir,” I said to him, “thou hast confessed that thou wilt submit to all my commands.”

“I have, O fairest Dulcinea! Speak but the word, though it be a command to go to the ends of the earth for valiant deeds among the heathen, and I shall obey at once.”

“Very well,” I said. “My command to thee is that thou abandon knight-errantry, at once and forever, and return to the quiet way of life thou hadst before, forsaking all books and thoughts of chivalry.”

He stared at me blankly, as if he had no idea what I was talking about. Perhaps he had none indeed, so thoroughly had he been gripped by his insanity. At last, however, he began to grasp my meaning—and to reject it.

“This cannot be,” he said. “Fair lady, thou hast not understood my words.”

“I have, sir,” I told him. “Thou hast promised, upon thy sacred honor, to submit to all my commands. This is my command to thee: that thou abandon knight-errantry at once and forever. Thou wilt, therefore, submit to this my command.”

“Nay, this specious logic betrays thy most abysmal lack of understanding!” he cried. “My life, my truth, my very being is that of the valiant knight-errant, and all my words must be interpreted in the light of that one supreme truth. My obedience to thy commands, O fairest Dulcinea, is for the sole purpose of rendering me a worthier, nobler, more glorious knight-errant, capable of ever mightier deeds than before. Aside from that, it has no meaning and no existence. Lay aside this nonsense, O goddess and ruler of my life, and resume thy throne as mistress of my heart.”

“Sir, it is no nonsense,” I insisted. “It is thy knight-errantry that is nonsense. Thinking to right all wrongs, thou hast rather wronged all rights, so far as it lay in thy power. I cannot countenance the increase of such power; I cannot serve as thy figure-head for the furtherance of such an enterprise. If thou wilt not obey my command as thou saidst thou wouldst, I shall have done with thee—above all, with thy worship of me as a goddess.”

“Have *done* with me?” he roared. “And what is that to *me*?”

I stared at him. He seemed to be trying to calm himself, but not succeeding well. At last he spoke, in a somewhat softer tone of voice.

“O fairest Dulcinea,” he said, “bethink thyself, I pray thee, of thine exalted station in my heart, and think not to quit it for some vain imagining. Thou canst not be unaware of my purpose in choosing thee as my supreme inspiration.”

“Sir, I am *quite* unaware of it,” I assured him, “if it leads thee to break thy promises whenever they do not suit thine exalted vision of thyself.”

“Well, then,” he said grimly, “I shall make thee *fully aware* of my purpose. For this, I shall need to relate a story touching upon irreligion and lewdness—not that my purpose in choosing thee, of course, has even the slightest connection with either. Here is my story. A rich and beautiful young widow was discovered in the act of copulation with a manly young lay-brother, in a religious house where the men had no regard for their vows of chastity. The superior of the house, therefore, took it upon himself to reprimand the lady for selecting a lay-brother of mean estate and little wit, when so many noble and learned inhabitants of the same house would have been more than willing to copulate with her. ‘My dear sir,’ the lady replied, ‘I care not for the meanness of his estate, and far less for the littleness of his wit. You must know, sir, that it is not his *wit* I want. For all I want with him, he is a finer philosopher than Aristotle himself!’”

Don Quixote stared at me, seeming to try to fix me forever with his eyes. “O fairest Dulcinea,” he said, “thou canst not *now* be unaware of my purpose in selecting thee. I know well what thou art, and what thou hast been: a simple farm boy, discovered in the act of caressing thyself like a girl; later a simple barmaid, concealing thy virile member beneath thy

skirt. And yet, for all I want with thee, thou art a finer and more exalted princess than any Infanta who ever lived! Thou art, and shalt ever be, the inspiration of my knightly deeds! Of this I shall ever persuade myself, and hold firm in faith: that thou art beauty incarnate, virtue supreme, honor unparalleled, womanhood ideal, far surpassing all the daughters of men.”

“Sir, thy faith is false.” The words were out of my mouth almost before I could think. I could not take them back, but I did not wish to do so.

“O fairest of ingrates! Dearest of enemies! How canst thou hold me so deeply in contempt?” Don Quixote cried. “Thy scorn hath wounded me to the deepest core of my heart! Thy cruelty must lead me to end my life!”

“Hogwash,” I said to him. “Sir, thou wilt not end thine own life, for this would end thy knightly deeds, which are of greater worth to thee than truth. Now put back thine armor, in which thou hast placed thy trust—and I, at least, will resume my quiet life.”

His mouth was open, but no words came out. As quickly as I could, I put back on my smock, my blouse, my bodice, and my skirt. I unbolted the door and left the room while he was still struggling to put his armor on below the waist.

Lucia was at the front of the crowd in the barroom, who no doubt had heard every word that could be heard through the door of the meeting room. I could not look at her. I was unworthy of her. I knew I had sinned in permitting Don Quixote to worship me. I went through the motions of a barmaid for the rest of

the evening, but I could think only of going to confession as soon as possible.

## Chapter 5

“Bless me, Father, for I have sinned,” I said at confession. “It has been—well, I don’t know how long it has been since my last confession. A long time. Since that time, my worst sin has been to permit a man to worship me as a goddess.”

“Did you indeed, my child!” Father Alcazan exclaimed. “Do not name this man—but how did he offer you worship?”

“Well, he praised me extravagantly, saying he was offering me *‘hyperdulia’* such as we offer to the Blessed Virgin, and much more—and I accepted it. And, er, he also, ah, milked my virile member by kissing it. Then he wanted me to do the same to him, and I did.”

“I see. And have you also done this on any other occasions, perhaps with other men, or the same man?”

“Well, once I milked the same man’s member with my hand, and I also milked other men’s members in various ways. And they gave me gifts for milking them.”

“About how many times in all did you—er—milk men’s members?”

“Oh, many times. I would say 100 to 200 at least, I don’t know. And I milked my own member many times too, before that. I couldn’t count them.”

“I must also ask if you have ever engaged in the sin of Sodom. You know what that is, do you not, my child?”

“Yes, I do. I have not.”

“Or adultery? Were any of these men married?”

“Not that I know of. If I knew they were, I refused to allow them to commit adultery with me.”

“Very well, my child. Are you aware of any other mortal sins?”

“Well—no. I’m sure I’ve done heaps of venial ones, though.”

“Those do not strictly need to be enumerated in confession.” He paused. “And might you also have been guilty of any sins of omission? Was there anything you should have done, but failed to do, because you were too preoccupied with member-milking?”

I had to think of Lucia. She could have loved me, I imagined, and I was perfectly sure that I could have loved her—indeed, that I *had* loved her secretly. If not for all the member-milking with men, I might even have dared to love her openly, to tell her of my love. Perhaps, even now, it was not too late.

“Well, yes,” I said. “There is a woman, a maiden. I—I loved her, but I was afraid to tell her. I could have—” I began to shed tears at the thought. “I could have told her I loved her and been faithful to her, if she would have me. But I have been unfaithful to her—with more than 100 men!”

Father Alcazan was silent for a time. “It is not too late to start to be faithful to her, is it?” he then asked. “If she will have you, I mean?”

“No, I do not think so. I do not believe it is too late. I—with all my heart, I *hope* it is not too late!”

“Very well, then. For your penance, for your sins of commission with the men, and with yourself—well, in view of the large number of occasions, please pray two complete 15-decade rosaries. One will be for your sins with other men, and one for your sins with yourself.” He paused. “And for your sins of omission, your penance will be to make amends for your neglect of the woman of whom you speak. See if she will accept your love, and love you in return. If she will, then be faithful to her. Will you do that?”

“Oh, yes!”

“All is well, my child. Now you will need to resolve to sin no more. That means no more member-milking, goddess-worship, or any other sins. But if you should happen to fail in your resolve, please come again to confession soon. Do not wait until you have again committed the same sin 100 times or more. Will you do that?”

“Yes, I will.”

“Very well. Do you know the Act of Contrition?”

“Well—I am not sure I remember it. It has been a very long time.”

“Here it is.” He guided me through the Act of Contrition, all the way from “O my God, I am heartily

sorry for having offended Thee” to “I firmly resolve, with the help of Thy grace, to sin no more, and to avoid the near occasions of sin.”

“All is well, my child,” he said again when I had finished. “Your sins are forgiven. Go in peace.”

“Many, many thanks, Father!” I said to him.

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It took a couple of hours to pray the two 15-decade rosaries in church—a long time, it seemed, though not nearly as long as it had taken to milk 100 or 200 men’s members at the inn. When I was done at last, I got up at once to look for Lucia, and to find a chance to perform my penance with her—a far more pleasant penance, I hoped, than two 15-decade rosaries!

I had not far to look. Lucia was in the courtyard with Geronimo, listening to him reading, and correcting him. I waited a decent interval before interrupting and saying, “Lucia, may I speak with you? It is important.”

She looked up at me in wonder. “Certainly,” she said. “Geronimo, please go inside to be with your mother and the other children.”

Geronimo frowned and made a fist. “I want to read, not play with babies,” he said.

“If you want to read with *me*, you will do as I say,” Lucia told him, pointing to the door that led into the inn from the courtyard. He kept frowning and kicked dirt, but he went in.

“Well, what is so important?” Lucia then asked me. “Is it about Don Quixote? And shall I be allowed to know what happened in your private audience with him?”

I did not want Lucia to know. I feared she would never love me if she knew. And yet, if ever she did love me, I knew I must be truthful with her, for to lie to her would be a betrayal worse than all my member-milking.

“I will tell you,” I assured her, “but first I must tell you something else. I have been afraid to tell you, but I must be afraid no longer.”

Lucia’s eyes were big with wonder, but she was silent, waiting for me to say more. I took a deep breath and then rushed on, so I would say the words before I could again be overcome by fear: “Even if you reject me, I know you will be kind to me. Lucia, I love you—not with vain and foolish love like Don Quixote’s so-called love for me, but with real, true love. I do not know how you could ever love *me*, but I love *you*—and I always will.”

Lucia was still silent. Her eyes and her mouth were both wide open now—in great surprise, surely; in shock and horror, I feared and thought all too likely. She was blinking. I could see tears beginning to come from her eyes. I had hurt her by even suggesting that she might be willing to hear such a thing from me. I wished I could take back the words, or say I did not mean them, or do anything at all to take away the pain I had given to the woman I loved—but it was too late to take them back, and it would be false to say I did not mean them. All I could do was to stare in sor-

row while Lucia wept, until at last a few short words broke free from her lips: “Glory be to God!”

Her surprise on hearing my declaration of love was as nothing compared to *my* surprise on hearing *that!* What was more, now that Lucia had found her voice, her words soon showed that all her tears were tears of joy: “Can this be? Is this really happening? It is not a dream?”

“It is not a dream,” I assured her. “But—Lucia, how can *this* be? Are you really so glad to hear me—say I love you?”

“More than you could imagine,” Lucia said.

I laughed for joy. “*Much* more than I could *ever* have imagined!” I said. “But still I do not know how this can be.”

“I will tell you,” Lucia said. “Perhaps you will think I am as strange as Don Quixote when I have told you—but it will not matter, if you really love me.”

“I do,” I said. “Tell me all.”

Lucia sat very close to me and spoke softly into my ear. “It all started,” she said, “when those two bad youths, Juan Belizanos and Arturo Armones, went around proclaiming that you were to be called ‘Aldonza’ because, they said, you had been sinning with yourself like a girl in a toolshed, and you had threatened them with an axe and a pitchfork to try to keep them from revealing the truth.”

“It was not to keep them from revealing it!” I protested. “Juan Belizanos tried to—to commit the sin of

Sodom upon me. I fought him off with my fists, and with the pitchfork and the axe. He and Arturo got revenge by telling everyone—well, you know what they told everyone.”

“I am not surprised that Juan Belizanos would lie,” she said. “I wondered whether he was lying about what you had done. But I thought that, even if he was *not* lying about that, I would not laugh at you and be unkind to you, as he and Arturo were getting many people to do.”

“Many thanks to you for that,” I said. “You could never be unkind.”

Lucia laughed and wrinkled her nose. “Do not imagine that I am as sinless as Our Lord and the Blessed Mother,” she said. “You are not the only person in this courtyard who has sinned.” I glanced around the courtyard to confirm what I already knew: that Lucia and I were the only two persons there.

“But I could *try* very hard,” Lucia went on, “to be always kind—especially to *you*.”

My heart was hers. I looked upon her with the utmost delight. I could not imagine how I had ever thought her displeasing to look upon.

“I had never noticed you before that, I think,” Lucia resumed her story. “I had to notice you *after* that, because you had become the infamous Aldonza, and everyone was noticing you. When I saw you, I thought—well, I thought you were a very attractive youth. By that time I knew quite well that I could not try to demand a man who was any better looking

than myself, but I did have quite an imagination when it came to men, and before long my imagination was full of you. Of course you were too young for me at that time—but you would not always be too young, and I saw no prospect of myself being carried off by anyone else before the time came when you would no longer be too young.”

“You had dreams of *me*?” I said, astonished. “Even knowing what I had done—or what those sons of Belial said I had done?”

“I knew they were sons of Belial indeed,” Lucia said, “like the ones who bore false witness against Our Lord. I did not even know that what they said was true. I did know that what they said was believed by many maidens, who were repelled from you by it. I did have dreams, fantastic dreams, of being the only maiden who was *not* repelled, and of—of being the only maiden who would permit you to love her.”

“You are the only maiden I will permit to love *me*!” I cried. “But—do you mean you would not have been repelled, even if you had known that what the sons of Belial said about me was true? If you had known that I—I had been caught doing *that*? And it *was* true, you know; I cannot deny it.”

“I would have known,” Lucia said, “that if a young man or woman despairs of finding true love, strange and shameful solitary sins may follow, and may need to be confessed. You are not the only person in this courtyard who is too well aware of that—from bitter experience.” I glanced at her. She was blushing deeply, and her eyes were cast down.

“I am very glad you did not despair forever,” I said to her softly.

“No, I did not,” she said, brightening up and lifting her eyes. “I was very glad when you started coming to the inn. Of course I could not let you know of my silly dreams, but I tried to give you a—a kind smile and a friendly word whenever I saw you.”

“If only I had realized what they meant!” I said, laughing.

“They meant I had silly dreams and wished to conceal them, of course—but only behind a flimsy veil,” Lucia said. “Then after I had to start helping out at the bar, and hating it, one day I got a very ridiculous idea, but I could not get rid of it. I wondered if what the sons of Belial had said was true, about you pretending to be a girl—and, if it *was* true, I wondered if you might dare to appear in women’s clothes and serve as our barmaid. I did not want you to be tempted to commit sins with men who might find you very attractive—but I admit I did want, very much, to be the only maiden who was not repelled by seeing you in women’s clothes.”

“Oh!” I said. “You mean it was *your* idea for me to become the barmaid? It was you who you wanted me to appear in women’s clothes, so that all the other maidens would keep being repelled?”

“Well, yes. I admit it. Teresita would never have thought of such a thing for herself. She was not nearly so fascinated by you as I was, you see. She laughed when I told her about my idea, but she agreed to go along with it—and I am very glad she did.”

“So am I,” I said, “even though—well, I must tell you the truth. I was not only tempted, but I did commit sins with men, many men. I even sinned with Don Quixote during my private audience with him. But I have now confessed all those sins, and resolved to commit them no more.”

“Well, then, they are gone,” Lucia said. “So I will not ask about them—but is there anything you *do* wish to tell me about the private audience of the illustrious lady, Dulcinea del Toboso, with the famous knight-errant Don Quixote?”

I sighed. “He did worship me as a goddess,” I said. “He wished—to see me nude, and I permitted him. He spoke much flowery language, and promised to obey all my commands. After we had sinned, I tried to hold his promise against him, by commanding him to give up his insane knight-errantry, but it did not work. He said his obedience to my commands was only for the purpose of making him a more glorious knight-errant, and—well, I was nothing to him apart from that. He told me a story about a rich widow who sinned with a lay-brother of mean estate and little wit, and he said I was no more to him than the lay-brother was to the widow; he wanted me only to serve as the inspiration for his so-called faith, meaning his fantasies of being a knight-errant with a lady love who was beauty incarnate, and much more. I told him his faith was false, and he said he would kill himself because of my scorn, but I told him that was hogwash. Then I—er—I got dressed and left, and that was the end of the audience.”

“It is good that you told him off and left. And now he is gone, riding on to do more absurd and dreadful knightly deeds, and he has left you with nothing but

a new name, Dulcinea. But it *is* a beautiful name, much more so than Aldonza. Shall I call you Dulcinea?”

“If that is how you will show your love for me,” I said, “you may call me Dulcinea as often as you like.”

“It is one of many, many ways I will show my love for you,” Lucia said, drawing very close to me, “if you will permit me—Dulcinea, my love.”

She wished me to kiss her. I could see it in her eyes, her lips, even her trembling hands. It was the fulfillment of my dream—and, I now knew, of hers as well.

Our lips met and stayed together long. Lucia embraced me tightly and breathed deeply, promising me the bliss of a lifetime. When our kiss ended at last, I could only repeat what Lucia had said to shatter my fear: “Glory be to God!”

## Chapter 6

Men did not cease at once to request my services in member-milking. I tried to be kind, but firm, in informing them that I had retired from my member-milking career. They found it hard to believe at first, for I still wore my lovely women’s clothes as I had done before, but in due time they faced the inevitable. I now found it much easier to refrain from milking men’s members than I would have found it before, for now I loved Lucia with every beat of my heart, and I could not bear the thought of being unfaithful to her.

Don Quixote I did not see again. He wrote me a letter, which was delivered to me by Sancho Panza. It was full of the same sort of nonsense that Don Quixote had spouted to me near the conclusion of the private audience, like this: "Sovereign and exalted lady, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, I wish thee long life and good health, though I myself enjoy them not. Doth thy beauty truly despise me? Shall thy scorn indeed afflict me all my life? If so, it will be short, for thou hast wounded me to the bottomless depth of my heart, and this I cannot endure! Fair ingrate, dear enemy, my good Squire Sancho will tell thee all, will strive to evoke thy pity (if any thou hast) by a full account of my grievous sufferings and my desperate condition, brought on by none but thee. If it then be thy pleasure to give me relief, I am thine, all thine, and will be evermore. If not—then I, by ending my life, shall satisfy at once thy remorseless cruelty and my one remaining desire. Thine till death, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

"Has thy—*ugh!*—thy *ladyship* any word in response to give my master, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance?" Sancho Panza asked, grimacing grossly when he said "ladyship."

I read the letter over twice. "I have but one word in reply," I said, "a word I have already spoken to thy master. It is this: *Hogwash.*"

"Very well," said Sancho Panza. "I will transmit this hogwash at once to my master."

He looked me over from head to foot before departing. "It is not, I think, the only hogwash in this room," he said to me. "There is much hogwash all over thee,

in thy women's clothes. When my master was praising thy beauty to the skies, he gave special mention to 'what modesty conceals.' Me, I say that modesty does *damned well* to conceal it, for it is a most unladylike virile member, which thou canst not deny! I know a man in women's clothes when I see one, and thou art surely one. Yet will I be faithful to my master, and conceal my knowledge of this shameful truth from one and all, as the sons of holy Noah concealed their father when he was drunk and nude. None shall ever learn from me that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, in truth, was no lady at all, nor even a female of the baser sort."

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Lucia and I were married as soon as decency and the Church permitted. It was then the jubilee year, the year of Our Lord 1600. At Father Alcazan's request, I reverted to being Alonzo for the occasion, though it was now known to all that I would continue to be Dulcinea at the inn. Lucia and I promised to be faithful to each other "until death do us part," and we even received Holy Communion, for I was no longer in a state of mortal sin.

After the wedding, we united as one flesh. This I must not describe in detail, for there is much indeed that modesty does and must conceal. I may say only that Lucia revealed her desire as fully equal to my own, and gave me a mighty foretaste of celestial bliss to come.

Lucia's love of learning increased and greatly affected me, hardly slowed at all by the births of our children in due time. During the first few years of our

marriage we were poor and could afford very few books, for the demise of my member-milking endeavors greatly dried up the flow of money into the inn. Then, however, came an event that greatly changed our lives. I refer, of course, to the publication of the book known as *The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

Before long El Toboso was known throughout the Spanish-speaking world as the home of the fair Dulcinea, and visitors began to come to seek her out. Rodrigo and Teresita, experienced and knowledgeable in the business of inn keeping, saw their opportunity. The name of the inn was soon changed to “Dulcinea’s Palace,” with Lucia and myself becoming co-owners together with them. I myself became the main attraction, allowing the literary tourists to marvel at my beauty, while seldom revealing that my voice was like that of Katharine of Aragon, and never that in reality I was a family man with a devoted wife.

With increasing prosperity, more books, and growing children, I could no longer sustain the burden of serving at the bar. We were fortunate to secure the services of a remarkable “Dulcinea Segunda,” after which I was distinguished as “Dulcinea Primera.”

Dulcinea Segunda had previously been known as Angus MacNaigie, the son of Scottish Catholic parents who had fled to Spain to escape the iron grip of the Calvinists in Scotland. Like my Scottish grandfather, as well as myself in my member-milking days, Angus was a Catholic but very far from a saint. He had come from the new capital, Madrid, to El Toboso to see the famous Dulcinea; his sharp blue eyes and his big ears had soon discerned that Dulcinea was a kindred spirit, with a virile member under her skirt

(although of course I did not disclose it to him). He revealed that, while in Madrid, he too had worn women's clothes (and taken them off) for the benefit of a discreet, discerning, and well-paying clientele. I could well believe that he had gained great admiration from the men, with his long, flaming red hair, fair freckled face, and petite but rounded figure, delicately suggestive of effeminate delights.

We quickly reached an agreement. Though accustomed to life in the big city, Angus was immensely pleased by the thought of becoming a second Dulcinea. He had fortune, but not fame, and now he wanted fame.

Before long he was installed as our new barmaid, Dulcinea Segunda, and of course was called "she" not "he." Nothing was said about member-milking, but the new Dulcinea agreed to give the inn-owners a portion of any gifts she might receive. Unlike me, she had trained her voice to sound like a woman who was not Katharine of Aragon. Dressed in women's attire quite like my own, showing off her petite figure to best advantage, she gave every indication of being a real woman—at least until her skirt came off. That was never mentioned to the owners, but evidently many men knew about it in one way or another. Dulcinea Segunda soon surpassed the original Dulcinea, myself, in the number of men she attracted and in the gifts she received for her presumed services to them.

I did have a few qualms about accepting the wages of harlotry, or at least what gave the distinct impression of being the wages of harlotry. Ever since I had known that Lucia loved me, I had been trying with at least limited success to be a good Catholic, as she

was. I knew that harlotry was sin, but I did not know how far the connection with this sin extended. I also knew, though, that Lucia, Rodrigo, and Teresita were all better Catholics than I, and they all thought it wise to accept portions of men's gifts from Dulcinea Segunda and put them to good use. On reflection, I decided, so did I.

Our prosperity was put to good use indeed. In addition to supporting our children well, and giving alms to the Church and to the poor, we built an addition to the inn to serve as a library and a larger meeting-place, apart from the barroom, than the small meeting room in which I had sinned with Don Quixote. Lucia strongly believed that even ordinary people would need to be able to read and write in the future, and so did Dulcinea Segunda, who could read and write in both Spanish and English. Over the years, many people in El Toboso and thereabouts were greatly benefited by our inn's prosperity—thanks in great part, ironically, to none other than Don Quixote de la Mancha.

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Not until the second part of the *History of Don Quixote de la Mancha* appeared, more than 10 years after the first part, did we learn that Don Quixote had died—or rather that Alonso Quixano had died. We read in amazement that, before his death, Alonso Quixano had regained his right mind; he had ceased to call himself Don Quixote, renounced all books of chivalry, and returned to the sacraments. “Glory be to God!” Lucia cried, and we all agreed—even Dulcinea Segunda, a bad Catholic if ever there was one.

We had gathered in the library, at Lucia's request, to hear her announce the death of Alonso Quixano and request prayers for the repose of his soul. Lucia and I, Rodrigo and Teresita, all our children, and Dulcinea Segunda knelt on the bare floor and prayed together: "Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace." I glanced at Dulcinea Segunda and saw that she seemed to be praying at least as fervently as anyone else—fittingly enough, for she hoped somehow to squeeze into Purgatory in spite of all her sins, and wanted people to pray for *her* when she got there.

It was then that I formed the idea of writing this story. Don Quixote himself had ceased to be Don Quixote, returning to the truth; Dulcinea del Toboso could surely do no less, and might do more, to let the truth be known. Kind reader, whoever you may be, reading this story perhaps long after I have gone (I hope) to my eternal reward: I hope you will pray for my soul, as I have prayed for that of Alonso Quixano—and I hope you will take to heart any truth you may glean from this, the true history of the famous lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

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