

Lovely Little Señorita



Dulci Daily

An "Adult TV" Novel

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Lovely Little Señorita

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

When Mamá first started dressing me in girls' clothes at the age of six, she told me she had no clothes for me to grow into except for hand-me-downs from my older sisters Anita and Clarita, because we were poor. I believed her, back then. We were poor indeed after Papá died.

Papá had been almost 20 years older than Mamá, and had married her when she was only 15, a new *quinceañera*. He had been a lawyer, *un abogado*, in Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico Territory. We had then lived in a nice house in Santa Fe—but Mamá could do nothing for Papá's clients after he died, they would not pay her for nothing, and the house was mortgaged.

That was why Mamá had to move in with Señor Muertazos, to live in his big hacienda on his ranch

several miles from Santa Fe. Señor Muertazos himself was rich, but we were still poor, or so I thought.

It was easy for me to get used to looking like a girl, and to being called by my girl's name: María, almost the same as Mario, my boy's name.

I was very fond of Anita and Clarita, though they were very different from each other. I wanted to be like them, though it would have been hard to be like both at once. I did *not* want to be like the only man in our new little so-called family, Señor Muertazos, with his loud voice, his ugly big black mustache, and his foul-smelling cigars.

When I was eight years old and my hair had grown long like Anita's and Clarita's hair, Anita told me I was as pretty as any little girl she knew. I was thrilled. I wondered if I would be as beautiful as Anita when I was her age. She was fourteen, six years older than I. Her dark eyes sparkled when she spoke, and her breasts, though not nearly as big as Mamá's breasts, were round and lovely. I could see Anita's nipples sticking out under her blouse when she told me I was pretty. I wondered if my nipples would stick out like hers when I was her age. I hoped they would. Though I was only eight, my tiny member was already growing hard beneath my skirt at the thought of being like Anita.

I loved Clarita too, and we were very close, but she was nothing like Anita. From an early age Clarita, two years older than I, had loved God and gone to Mass at least every Sunday and holy day, walking the long road to Santa Fe and back on foot when she could not get a ride. It was she, not Mamá and certainly not Anita, who taught me my prayers and sweetly encouraged me to be a good girl. When I was eight and Clarita was ten, not long after Anita told me I was pretty, Clarita asked me to pray that Mamá

would have the courage to leave Señor Muertazos, for they were living in sin.

“How do they sin?” I innocently asked Clarita.

“It’s not decent to say,” Clarita gently rebuked me. “But please pray. Señor Muertazos is a very bad man, and Mamá will go to hell if she does not leave him.”

“Why will she go to hell?” I asked, wide-eyed.

“You can either love God or love sin, but not both,” Clarita explained. “If you love sin, it shuts out love of God. If you try to love sin *and* God, one or the other of them will get shut out. When you love sin, you’re making a hell for yourself, because you’re shutting God out of your life. At last, when you’ve shut him all the way out, there’ll be nothing left but the hell you’ve made for yourself.”

I was duly horrified, though I wasn’t sure I understood very well. “I’ll pray,” I assured her. “There must be some way we can live without Señor Muertazos.”

“I know that, and you know that,” Clarita said, “but Mamá has to know that too.”

Life went on for years, and Mamá did not leave Señor Muertazos. She often seemed sad, as if she really were making a hell for herself as Clarita had said—but I knew of nothing I could do to help her, except to pray. Mamá was still a beautiful woman, but her beauty was starting to fade. I wondered if Señor Muertazos would get tired of her and tell her to leave. If he did, I thought hopefully, then we would be free from him!

Anita was more beautiful than ever by the time she was 18, when Clarita was 14 and I was 12. Her breasts were still small, but she was tall and lithe, and her eyes seemed to smolder with something I did not yet understand. I wondered if it was desire for sin.

I was still praying and trying hard to be a good girl like Clarita, but I was growing ever more fascinated by sin as well. I was still very short, and so was my little member, but it was growing stouter, especially the bulb on the end; it was now often hard beneath my skirt, and hair was starting to grow above it. My chubby little breasts seemed to be starting to grow like a real girl's breasts, and my nipples were pointy and tender, sticking out just as Anita's nipples had done when she was 14. I often imagined what it might be like to sin with a boy, a good boy—but never with Señor Muertazos!

I was totally shocked, then, when Anita took me aside one day and told me she had lain down with Señor Muertazos in his bed, and he had entered her. "Oh, Anita, no!" I cried, though my short member rose rapidly to full hardness beneath my skirt at the thought. "But—isn't it a sin? Won't you go to hell?"

"I will not," she assured me. "Señor Muertazos knows all about such things. He studied for the priesthood, but he quit when he found out that all they were teaching him was lies. He knows there is no hell—but there is a heaven, and a man and a woman enter it when they lie down together."

I did not understand how that could be true, even if the woman were as excited as I was now, hearing about such things. "You really entered heaven when you lay down with him?" I asked.

“Yes, I did,” she said. “It was by far the greatest bliss there can ever be.”

“And you will enter it again?”

“Yes. Tonight.”

“But—does Mamá know?”

“She does. Señor Muertazos told her this would happen, and she would have to accept it.”

“Oh, Anita!” I gazed upon her with awe. I felt ashamed of what I was thinking, but I had to ask: “Anita, is there a place where I could hide and—and watch you entering heaven with Señor Muertazos?”

Anita laughed. “I will ask him,” she said. “Perhaps you will not need to hide.”

“So, little *señorita*,” said Señor Muertazos that evening, “Anita tells me you are ready—ready to see how a man enters a woman.”

“I—I think I am,” I said, hardly able to believe that this was happening. “Please let me see.”

“You are fully ready, I can see!” he exclaimed. “You are *muy caliente*—your feelings are very hot?”

“Yes, they are,” I truthfully told him. My short, stout member was throbbing beneath my skirt, almost as if it were my heart.

“Perhaps you too will be ready soon, to be entered by a man?” he asked.

“Oh!” I said. “Well—I do not know. I am still very young.” I was ashamed, and afraid. I did not want Señor Muertazos to enter me, even if it was possible—and what if he found out I was secretly a boy, with a boy’s member under my skirt?

“We will see,” he said. “You will be even hotter when you have seen this.”

Without delay, Anita and Señor Muertazos were kissing on the mouth and embracing, with their hands on each other’s hips. Almost at once Señor Muertazos pulled Anita’s long skirt down, showing much of her bare legs below her short smock. She returned the favor, stripping him nude below the waist. I could see his big erect member, much larger than my own, which now seemed very tiny, though it was very hard.

Señor Muertazos stripped himself and pulled Anita’s smock and her blouse off at once, leaving her fully nude. My eyes were fixed on her small breasts with big, dark nipples, but I had not long to look at them. Señor Muertazos was pushing her down on the bed and kissing her breasts, while she clutched him hard.

Soon he slipped his hand between her legs, and she was moaning. Then he lay on top of her, she raised her legs, and he pressed his big member into the opening between her legs. As I watched, with my eyes and mouth wide open in amazement, I was so excited that I could not keep from pressing the bulb on the end of my short member through my skirt with both hands. Before long he was thrusting into her incredibly fast and hard, while she gripped him, bucked her hips wildly, and cried out in extreme delight.