



Ocean's Mist Press

# Zorro Who?

*Dana Littlejohn*

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# **Zorro Who?**

**By Dana Littlejohn**

## Dedication

This book is dedicated to my husband Johnny, who had a few issues with a Zorro in his life. Over the years he has kicked less and less DVD's. You know you're my number one. \*wink\*

Cathy and Veronica, two long time friends, meet at the Cantina at Chi-Chi's as often as their busy schedules allow for some girl time and to catch up.

"What's up Ronni? How are you?" Cathy said, as she hugged her friend.

"I'm good. Sorry we couldn't meet last week. Jerry had a Halloween Party at work and he wanted me to go to with him. We had a really good time. I went as an angel and he was a devil," she said with a snicker.

"An angel? Really? I bet that was a real stretch for you," Cathy said laughing.

Ronni smacked her friend's hand and laughed with her. "No more of a stretch than you'd have to make."

"So, what do we talk about today?"

"Well, what did you do for Halloween?"

"Well, my original plan was to spend it with my number one, but Derrick changed that for me. I had to put my Zorro on the back burner."

Ronni chuckled. "No."

"Yes, shocking as that is, he had to take one for the team and I had

to make him take a dive.”

“I thought he was your number one. No one came before him on your fantasy husband list.”

“That’s true. He’s number one, Sean Connery is number two and Derrick holds a solid number three.”

Ronni laughed. “Three, huh? I bet that piece of information makes him happy.”

“I don’t know what he gets all bent out of shape about. He’s in excellent company. A solid number three on that list is extraordinarily high,” she said and laughed along with her friend.

“So, what happened? Why’d he have to take one for the team?”

She chuckled, “Okay, let’s order and I’ll tell you how I spent my Halloween.”

Ronni flagged a waiter.

“Yes, Ronni, what do you need?”

“Roger, we need a drink before we start our story telling and we’re going to order food, too, so bring a menu.”

“Okay. You want the usual?”

“Yup.”

“Cathy?”

“Sure, but you’d better bring two. This is a juicy one.”

Roger chuckled and walked away shaking his head. He returned with their drinks and Cathy plunged into her story.

“Well, Derrick and I didn’t make any previous plans to spend the evening together. He was going with his buddies to hang out and watch the people walk around all dressed up. They get a hoot out of that, you know. So, since I wasn’t going to be with him and I had no plans on watching the vampire movie marathon they were playing all day, I decided to watch my all time favorite costumed man, Zorro. I found all the versions I had and prepared to make my own marathon. While I was setting up my spot on the couch the phone rang.”

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“Hello, hello, hello,” she answered cheerily.

“Hi, Baby. What’cha doing?”

“Hi, Derrick, I’m not doing anything yet. I’m still preparing. What are you up to?”

“I’m at the spot with the fellas. We’ve seen the weirdest costumes, Baby, you wouldn’t even believe,” he said laughing. “We just got here a little while ago. I’m only on my second beer.”

“That’s cool. I’m just going to wash my hair and watch a few

movies.”

He sputtered. “You’re not watching that damn Zorro again, are you?”

Sitting on the couch, she twirled her wavy chestnut brown hair around her finger and smiled. “Now, Derrick, darling, you know you’re my number one. He’s just a close second. Very close,” she said as a few giggles slipped out.

He chuckled. “Whatever, man. I know I’m more like number three on that list of yours, behind Zorro and that James Bond guy.”

“Now Derrick, where would you get a ridiculous idea like that?” She turned the phone’s receiver up to the ceiling so he couldn’t hear her laugh.

He chuckled again. “Cathy, everybody who knows you knows that. It’s no secret.”

“There’s no need for you to be jealous, Derrick. To be third on a list like that isn’t a bad thing, you know.”

“Cathy, please, I am not jealous of some stupid fictional character,” his huff belied his words. “Go ahead and have your night with the wonderful Zorro,” he added with dramatic flair. “I’ll call you tomorrow.”

“Okay, Sweetie. Ta ta!” She hung up and fell back on the couch



laughing.

A short time later the corner of the couch was loaded with everything needed for a movie marathon. She surveyed it with a smirk of pride.

“Okay, let’s see...bowl of strawberries, two cans of Mountain Dew and a punch bowl for my favorite popcorn.” With a satisfied nod she grabbed a towel and went into the kitchen. As soon as her head was under the water the doorbell rang.

“Damn, don’t it just figure.”

Wrapping the towel around her head, she marched to the foyer and swung the door open.

“Derrick! Hi, baby, what are you doing here?” She straightened her make shift towel turban on her head. “I thought you were with the guys tonight.”

“Well, you know, same old guys, same old beer. Besides, if you’ve seen one pregnant nun, you’ve seen them all, right? I figured I’d have more fun helping you wash your hair.” He smiled holding up a shopping bag. “I stopped at the store to pick up a few things, too.”

She shrugged. “Whatever.”

He followed her back to the kitchen and she stuck her head back

under the water. Derrick put the bag on a chair and shoved a bottle of shampoo next to the running water.

“Smell that.”

“Mmm, smells like strawberries. Nice.”

“I knew you’d like that.”

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“Girl, do you know what he did then?” Cathy asked.

“No, Cathy. What happened?” Ronni replied.

“He threw my shampoo in the trash and almost drowned me rinsing it out of my hair.”

Ronni laughed.

“Girl, he was banging my head on the bottom of the sink trying to rinse the back of my head and everything,” she chuckled.

Ronni laughed harder.

“Yeah, that shit’s funny now, but I wanted to strangle him then,” Cathy said as a few laughs slipped out. “Anyway...”

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“Sorry, sorry. Here, kneel on the chair so you won’t go so far in the water.” He took the bag out of the chair and pushed it against the sink.

“Thanks.”

“I got some strawberry candles, too. I thought you might like them.”

He squeezed the shampoo in her hair. “Here, you start and I’ll find somewhere to put these and get you another towel.”

She nodded and continued washing. Soon soft music drifted through the rushing of the water. Smiling she hummed and bounced to the music when she heard a piercing whistle over the water and stopped bouncing.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m just admiring the view, Baby. A bouncing booty is a thing of beauty for my kind. We’re very visual creatures, you know.” He chuckled.

“I thought you were washing.”

“Okay, okay...party pooper.”

He massaged, rubbed, and stroked her head. She was getting into it and relaxing more and more. He moved a little closer to her getting more into it himself as he rubbed and massaged his own head as he rubbed hers.

“Umm, Derrick?”

“Yeah, Baby?”

“What are you doing, now?”

“Just rubbing the shampoo in your head, Baby.”

I chuckled. “Uh-huh, that’s not all you’re rubbing.”

He laughed and continued rubbing her head and his until they both wanted more than just clean hair for her. He finished washing her head and gave her a sturdier turban than what she had earlier. Feeling the effects of the massaging on her head and butt she laid a kiss on him that made them both weak in the knees.

“Mmm, what was that for?”

“I just felt like it. Does a girlfriend need a reason to kiss her boyfriend?”

“Absolutely not.” He smiled and licked his lips. “So, did you do that for me or it just happened while I was washing your hair?”

She followed his gaze down to her wet tank top and smiled. “Some things happen just for the good of others.”

“I’m so glad,” he said.

She giggled and kissed him again and he lifted her into his arms.

“I’ve got a surprise for you.”

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“A surprise?”

“Yup. He carried me out to the living and you know he couldn’t pass by the coffee table without kicking my Zorro movies to the floor.”

Ronni laughed.

“Uh-huh, but before I could mess up the mood by going off on him, he kissed me quiet then stood me up at the door to my bedroom.”

“Ooo. Here it comes, here it comes.”

“Shush, girl, let me get to it.”

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He stood behind her putting butterfly kisses along her neck. “When I came for the towel I did a little sprucing up.”

“Wow, I’ll say,” she whispered.

The strawberry smell engulfed them and the flicker from the candle-light romanticized the room. Candles were on the windowsill, the vanity and the dresser.

“Come have a seat.”

On the dresser, between two candles, were a bottle, two glasses of wine, and a bowl of strawberries in chocolate sauce.

He handed me a glass.

“Hope you don’t mind. I took your strawberries for the greater good.”

She giggled.

“No, I don’t mind at all. So, all this is happening because I wanted to spend the evening watching my Zorro movies?” she asked with a teasing

smile.

He pulled the chair away from the vanity and sat next to the bed.

“Why does it have to be all that? Can’t a boyfriend just drop by and surprise his girlfriend?” he said in that defensive tone, again. He picked up the bowl and swirled a strawberry around in the chocolate trying to hide the smile coming on to his lips.

She giggled. “Yeah, but--”

He shoved the strawberry in my mouth and chuckled. “Shut up and eat.”

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“Now, Ronni, you know that it doesn’t take long for the combination of music, drink and atmosphere to take hold of me.”

“Girl, please, who are you talking to? The rubbing on your booty was enough for you to drag that man down the hall to your room. All the rest of that stuff was fringe benefits,” she said with a laugh.

“You gonna let me tell my story or are you gonna talk crazy?”

Ronni continued laughing and held her hands up in surrender.

Cathy let a few giggles slip. “Thank you. Anyway...he refilled my glass twice while he brushed my hair dry. I love it when he does that. I feel like Lady Godiva or somebody like that. Then he laid me back when he

was done and dipped another strawberry and traced my lips with it.”

“Ooo...”

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“Open your mouth.”

He dropped the strawberry in my mouth and sucked the chocolate off my lips.

“Mmm...”

“I can’t see your nipples through your shirt anymore. It’s starting to dry.”

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“Guess what he did then, girl,” Cathy said picking up her drink.

Ronni took one of her nachos. “What did he do?”

“With that off handed statement, he poured his wine across my chest... his cold ass glass of wine.”

Ronni beat the table laughing.

“Yeah, again, funny now, but I wanted to strangle him then.”

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“Derrick! What are you--”

“They were starting to dry off. If it does that I won’t be able to see your nipples.” He said again in an attempt to make her understand. “Don’t

worry, I won't waste the wine." He smiled and sucked the wine off each breast through the shirt.

"That was good, but I bet you'd really taste good dipped in chocolate sauce."

She laughed and let him play with the wine, the sauce and her as long as he wanted, while she melted into the bed enjoying every moment.

"As good as you look in this tank top and shorts I know you look better without them."

Without waiting for a reply he pulled off her top and shorts as she finished her drink. She lay down again and he traced a line between her full breasts, down past her belly ring, to the split of her lower lips. He slowly began licking it off of her sending goose bumps all over her body.

"Mmm..."

"I don't know, Cathy. I think I need more samples to make sure. You tasted pretty damn good, but I need to be accurate if I'm going to say you taste better with or without chocolate sauce. What do think?" he whispered in her ear.

She chuckled. "Think? Who can think?"

He chuckled, too. "Well, do you mind if I continue my survey?"

"Oh, no, by all means, do what you gotta do."



He chuckled and gave her a chocolaty kiss, then he grabbed the bowl and swirled his fingers in the sauce. He smiled and winked at her, before he put the bowl next to her and drew a flower around each nipple. After he licked them clean bring them to an ultra sensitive state then he drew another line to her bellybutton and poured the sauce into it. The combination of the tickling and sensuality of the movement made her body tingle for more. He continued his downward movement with his chocolate line and ended again at her already cocoa lined mound.

Watching the heavy chocolate as it ran between her lips he waited until it coated her clit and began lapping at it as if it was his favorite dessert and didn't want to waste a drop. She moaned her approval and groaned her delight as he licked and sucked at her most carnal parts enjoying the mix of chocolate with her own essence bringing her to a satisfying orgasm.

"So, what's taking you so long to come out of your clothes?" she asked almost panting.

He put a strawberry in my mouth and smiled. "It won't take me long at all."

He smiled and slowly removed his clothes seeing the lust in her rich brown eyes dance in the candlelight. Sliding to the top of her bed for a better look at him, she thought about other women watching him

wherever they went and how only she can see him like this. She let her gaze fall over his body. His strong broad shoulders, muscular chest and powerful legs...it was all hers. How his shiny bald-head that felt so good sliding between her legs, it was all hers. His chocolate covered goatee and full lips...all hers. She let her eyes fall on his impressive package that pointed straight at her and smiled. He had a seductive smile on his face as she watched him slowly climb up her body, like a black panther stalking his prey.

“Now that you’re dressed for today’s activities, where were we?”

“Oh, I haven’t forgotten where I was and, just for the record, you taste so much better dipped in chocolate.”

After everything he’d done so far just the words alone made her loins throb beneath him as it waited for his attentions. He kissed her neck and took another trip down to her cocoa lined pussy again. This time he didn’t leave until all the build up ended in glass shattering screams.

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“Girl, I know I must’ve looked like one of those cartoon characters that just got hit by a lightening bolt...jumping and flapping around like I was crazy, but I couldn’t help it,” Cathy said laughing. “But did Derrick stop? Nope, he just slowed down enough for me to catch my breath, girl. It

was incredible.”

“Wow, sure sounds like it,” Ronni said.

“Anyway, when I came down from that Earth shattering experience, panting like a dog, almost, I felt him climbing back up my body.”

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“So, how many was that?” his face paused near hers.

“I don’t know. How many are you going for?”

He shrugged and smiled. “Don’t know. How many can you handle?”

“I have no clue, but I’m willing to find out.”

He laughed and kneeled between her legs. His muscular body looked bronzed as his dark skin glowed in the candlelight. He was chiseled, solid and sexy, a bronzed Adonis. Holding his impressive rod, that looked chocolate dipped itself against her apricot skin, she watched him play with his weapon as he slid it back and forth over the entrance to her pleasure spot as he bit his lip enjoying the feeling of her. Teasing her and himself he dipped his engorged head inside her...once, twice...sending small bolts of electric pleasure shot through her body...then he surged forward ending the pleasure, torture game he was playing with them both, completing the electric current of pleasure he built between them. He

moaned his pleasure and relief out loud.

“This feels so much better than a cold beer with the guys,” he said in my ear with a smile.

“Ahh. Glad to hear it,” she breathed.

He took his time at first, fully aware that she was getting closer and closer, but with each incredible thrust his control slipped further and further away.

“I don’t think this one will take long,” she said breathlessly.

He smiled and whispered, “Okay, then let’s go boom together.”

He slid his hand under her waist, moving her where he wanted her, lifting her into him. She released herself giving him total control and he had it. He moved fast then slow, hard then soft, it all became too much, then it was over. He had pulled out. She lay on the bed out of breathe, but incomplete. She opened her eyes trying to figure out what happened.

“Wha —”

Before she could utter a complete sentence he flipped her over and entered her from behind in one smooth motion. The change of position and the deeper penetration was incredible. He reached forward and rubbed her clit as he rode her like a stallion on a mare.

*Too good, too incredible, blinding searing pleasure,* the words rang in her

brain as she disconnected from it and they both soon came together in a loud satisfying roar that echoed off the walls.

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“Ooowee girl, that’s the kind of nights I’m talking about,” Ronni said fanning herself.

She chuckled and finished her drink. “Yeah, I know. But look, let me finish by telling you the funny part.”

“There’s more?”

“Uh-huh. Remember he denied being jealous the whole night, right?”

Ronni nodded, flagging Roger down. “Yeah.”

“Well, as we’re laying there trying to catch our breath, he turns over to me with those gorgeous brown bedroom eyes and says, as seriously as he can, ‘so, do you still want to spend the night with your Zorro?’ ”

Ronni laughed, as she handed Roger the bill and some money.

“What did you say, Cathy?”

“Well, Ronni, I said what any other good girlfriend, stuck in a haze of ecstasy and drowning in the after glow of great sex would say...Zorro who?”

They clicked their empty glasses together and broke out in fits of

laughter.

## **Author Bio**

Dana Littlejohn was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, but she has called Indianapolis, In. her home for over 10 years. Since childhood she loved to write and it showed in contest winning poetry and writing short stories to entertain her friends. To date she has published three romance novels The Yin/Yang Effect, Behind the Wings and The House. She is in the process of doing a collaboration romance novel with a male/female POV with Isiko Cooks, author of HoodSweet and editing her next novel, The Sun Rose Over Cairo.