



Marianne LaCroix

A Night with
Zorro

ONE NIGHT WITH ZORRO

By
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Hundreds of spectators gathered at the indoor stadium to watch the finest equestrian professionals and their prize mounts exhibit their skill. A dark draped figure, mounted on a large black horse, dashed across the open ring. Dressed as the fictional *El Zorro*, the man rode the fine Andalusian stallion with expert ease and control. On the other side of the ring, soldiers acted out a robbery against a few costumed peasants. The scene looked straight out of a movie, with Zorro coming to the rescue.

As Victoria watched the rider's powerful body control his beast, she wondered at how it would feel to ride such a man in her bed. Had she harbored a Zorro fantasy all her life, or did watching his muscled legs grip and squeeze his horse make her pussy drip with uncontrollable want?

She could envision him in her mind's eye, pumping into her wet sheath with a cock of hot steel. He'd wear only his mask, hiding his face and identity, but nothing else. She almost climaxed right there in the stands, gazing over his powerful frame and watching him master his horse. Watching him only made her hotter.

He won his "fight" against the soldiers. The crowd cheered him on as he rode around the edge of the ring, soaking in the admiration of the spectators.

In her hand, Victoria held the white rose she had purchased earlier from a vendor. She'd had no one to buy one for her, so why shouldn't she spoil herself? At least, that had been her attitude.

The rider approached her side of the bleachers. From her seat in the first row, Victoria thought she might be close enough to brush her fingertips across his thigh when he passed. Instead, she held out the rose to him, in a show of her appreciation for his skill. Hell, he had already helped her more than he could ever know. She knew what she'd fantasize about tonight when using her vibrator to ease her pent-up passions--this man, made-to-order masturbation material.

He reined in his horse before her. She felt his dark brown gaze bore into her, and heat poured from him. The effect coursed through her body, zeroing in on her creamy center. He smiled, his perfect white teeth a stark contrast to his tanned skin, and he reached out to take the offered rose.

Before Victoria knew what was happening, the man had encircled her wrist with a grip of steel and pulled her to him. His firm lips clamped down over hers in a possessive kiss--one she felt straight to her toes. Her vaginal muscles clenched in orgasm as his tongue swept into her mouth. Spicy and purely male, Zorro was a dream man come to life. She answered his passion with a touch of her tongue, and he moaned.

Then he broke away and smiled, devilishly and knowingly. He left her breathless as he pulled on the reins and galloped into the darkness of the arena, finally disappearing from sight. But Victoria's senses, too alive and charged, made him unforgettable even after he faded from view.

"Wow, what a show," said a girl from behind, drawing Victoria back to reality.

Her lust hit rock bottom at the thought that the kiss might have been merely an act.

"I've been here lots of times and never saw Zorro kiss someone in the audience."

The hint of anger--or jealousy--in the girl's voice soothed Victoria's jumbled reactions. Maybe that hadn't been part of the act. Maybe the kiss *was* real.

After the show, the crowd filed out of the indoor stadium. Hundreds of people scurried to their cars, racing off into the night.

As Victoria waited out the crowd, she thought again of her masked man. The memories of his tongue tasting her mouth as she climaxed made it hard to walk now, especially with her pussy still drenched with her own cream. She wanted Zorro to make love to her, and she could bet he'd be an expert lover. He'd control each move with those powerful legs, holding her steady as he pounded repeatedly into her ripe pussy. He'd surround her with his presence, commanding and dominating, and she'd love every moment. She had long taken charge of her sex life, and had never met a man to whom she'd be willing to succumb. But this man--the one dressed in black and enveloped in sex appeal and mystery--could make her melt with one look, one touch of his lips.

Then she saw him. Striding through the crowd, still in his Zorro costume, cape flapping in the breeze behind him, he walked with purposeful intent--

Straight toward her.

All her dreams of sex-filled nights of musk and sweat rolled back across her mind. With his face still hidden by a black mask, he exuded strength and power. Her panties were already soaked, and his purpose hit her as her pussy reacted on its own. He was coming for her.

When he reached her, he spoke not a word. Grasping her wrists, he backed her against the wall in a shadowy area, away from prying eyes. She was made well aware of his magnificent build. Hard and aggressive, he pinned her and sought her lips with his.

Her body molded to his, her curves fitting into his hard planes perfectly. The smell of leather, horse and male drowned her senses as he sampled her mouth. She opened to him willingly, wanting to have him take her into him as she silently begged for him to fill her body.

Could she surrender to a night of passion with this masked lover?

He pressed into her, his erection poking into her belly, and all her inhibitions fled. She wanted him. She couldn't remember the last time she'd been so turned on, so hot for a man.

"Fuck me," she croaked as his tongue trailed across her jaw and down her neck. He nipped her tender skin and she gasped.

"My pleasure, *senorita*," he whispered in her ear, a definite Spanish accent to his voice.

He reached down and lifted her into his arms. He carried her back into the building. The halls were all deserted as the show had ended some time ago. She curled into his embrace and relished the spicy scent of his skin and tasted him upon her tongue. Exotic and intoxicating, he was much more than she could've dreamed.

When they approached a door she assumed was a dressing room, he paused to open it, then they passed inside. He closed it with a kick of his foot.

The room was dimly lit and a makeup table and a large mirror were set up on one side, dominating the room. On the other side of the room sat a large rack filled with costumes of all colors and types.

Beside the rack was a couch, cushiony and welcoming. He eased her down into the softness of the sofa that was draped in colorful silk scarves. She lay there gazing up into his face as he began to strip away his black costume. In moments, his body stood gloriously naked in the room--except for his mask.

He was all sinew and not an ounce of fat filled his frame. It was a body built to magnificence. Tanned skin covered that body along with a peppering of dark hair along his chest that made her mouth water. A thin line of hair trailed down his abdomen and ended in the nest at his groin. His cock was proud and hard with a purplish head, and it was already beaded with a white droplet at the tip making her want to lick off the tasty temptation taunting her.

"Now that you've worshipped my body with your eyes, *senorita*, it is time I did the same to you."

She was hardly aware of the moan that escaped her. He leaned down and knelt on the floor next to the couch, then began to undress her. First went her jeans and blouse, all unbuttoned slowly and followed by kisses as her skin was revealed by the peeling away of fabric. When it came to her bra, he released her breasts from its confines only to be lavished by his hands and mouth. Never had she felt so desired, so sexy with a man. He teased her nipples into hard points with his thumbs then licked and suckled them. Her hips raised off the cushions as her need drove her deeper into his power.

His kisses burned into her skin, and his hands played with her body at his whim. As he sampled her, she thought she would come right then, but when he slid her panties down her thighs revealing her wet core, she tightened in anticipation. His fingertips grazed across her shaved pussy and she instantly opened her thighs allowing his touch to drive her further into the bliss of the moment.

"Your nectar smells so sweet and luscious. I wonder if you taste as delightful," he murmured, his voice barely controlled.

When his tongue touched the tip of her clit, she shattered. Her orgasm was too powerful to hold back. Wave after wave of ecstasy wracked her body beneath his touch. He drove his tongue into her slit, prolonging her pleasure. She screamed and panted as she rode out the contractions, relishing the bliss of his tongue laving at her wet core.

As the waves ebbed, he lifted her from the couch and laid her on the floor. Beneath her was a soft, fluffy rug, possibly a remnant of the sixties shag rug era. Through her blurry vision from her body's recent, cataclysmic orgasm, she watched him take care in positioning her legs, bent at the knees and eased outward, allowing his maximum view of her intimate juncture. He sat back on his heels and gazed at her pussy with wonder and interest.

Reaching out with one hand, he slid a finger through her folds and tested her response. She gasped as his finger plunged into her core. One finger was joined by another and he began to pump in and out of her, all the while watching her facial reactions.

"You're killing me," she managed to say as his fingers stopped and wiggled inside her.

His low, sultry laugh made her want to break again, come for him, surrender everything to this man that awoke her passions.

"Your face is so sexy. As you fight for control, you get this most wonderful look on your face. Such desire is reflected there."

"I can't help it. You're making me crazy by..." She gasped when his finger pumped out then back inside of her, and she continued, "...fucking me like that."

"This is only a sample, *senorita*."

With that, he pulled out his fingers and he positioned between his erection between her legs. His hands rested on her bent knees as his cock head brushed along her creamy center.

"Open your eyes, my sweet. Watch me when I join your body and make you mine."

She did and saw the intent passion in his dark depths. She had no clue of his name or anything about him, but nothing could make her stop him from filling her to the hilt. It was though destiny had shined down upon her lonely existence--finally.

He thrust into her body and she cried out loud. He filled her, stretching her walls to accommodate his size.

"Wrap your legs around my waist," he commanded.

She did, hooking her feet to ensure her firm hold. Then he pumped. In and out...it was magnificent. Her body held him so securely, and it felt so right. Nothing that felt so wonderful could ever be a bad thing, right? she asked herself.

His rhythm started slowly, but he quickly increased in tempo, beating into her receptive body. She moaned and met each thrust with a tilt of her hips. They were so in tune, so much into each other. It was incredible to have such an instant connection with another. She would give anything to not let the moment end.

Victoria had finally found the man who could make her every sexual fantasy come true. As her body began convulsing about his cock, she screamed her delight with each contraction. She tensed around about him and he pounded harder into her, meeting her incredible orgasm. As he pumped his seed into her, she swore this masked lover was a keeper.

Whoever he was.

* * * *

Five years later

Victoria watched Antonio ride out into the arena and perform his act as Zorro. He thrilled the women in the audience, making them swoon and pine for his body, but only she would ever know his intensity as a lover. Now married, they traveled around the world with the show. Neither could ever forget the passion that had swept them into its lasting grasp all those nights ago. She had let go of all her better sense to experience his loving, but it had worked out for the best for them. She never would have dreamed before then that a night in the arms of Zorro would change her life forever.

He rode his horse around the ring after defeating the soldiers and waved to the crowd. When he reached Victoria, she pulled a white rose from the folds of her dress and presented it to him. He rode up to her and took the rose. Once again, he grasped her wrist and pulled her into a kiss.

Before pulling away, he whispered, "Fuck me."

"My pleasure, dear Zorro."