

FROM THE SERIES
Destination Pleasure

Desiree Holt

Made
IN MEXICO



Made in Mexico

by

Desiree Holt

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Made In Mexico – Destination Pleasure Series

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They sat on the thermal sheet she'd pulled from her back pack surrounded by the lush foliage of the Mexican jungle, hibiscus in vivid shades of red and yellow and pink like swatches of color from a painter's brush. The sultry air was filled with the symphonic cries of tropical birds as they darted and swooped through the trees. The thick-leaved low-forest trees and giant plants formed a canopy, shutting out the sky and shielding them from the heat of the Mexican sun.

All that existed at the moment was the cave-like space in the midst of the vegetation where they waited for the helicopter.

Gaby Rendell stared across the eight inches of space separating her from Luis Aguilar and wondered for the thousandth time why she'd let her old boss talk her into this. But Luis had somehow been surprised by a guard detail from the cartel drug factory he was surveilling and escaped with his life and nothing else. The DEA had managed to locate him through the microchip in his shoulder but had no way to communicate to effect an extraction.

So here she was, having hiked five miles into the jungle to find him and call in their ride, wondering how she was going to walk away from him again. Trying to pretend that her body didn't want him just as badly as it always had and wishing this whole thing were over.

If anything, Luis looked better than he had a year ago. Thick black hair hung in a fall to his shoulders, framing a dark face with high cheekbones, a classic nose and full, sensuous lips. Eyelashes, almost too thick to be real, curtained the blackest eyes she'd ever seen. The dark T-shirt and cammo shirt over jeans in no way disguised the lean, fit body beneath them.

She'd spent a year trying to wipe this image from her

mind, and then Dan Roarke's call had opened locked doors. "This is your jungle, darlin'. Do us all a favor and go find him."

So she'd done it. Now she just had to keep it together for another hour.

"I must be a little off my game," Luis said as if reading her mind, one corner of his tempting mouth tilted in a rueful smile. "I barely got away from them alive. Going back for my gear wasn't an option."

She shrugged. "Not my problem. I told Roarke I'd find you since you lost your comm gear, call for extraction and I did. End of story. Now we just wait for the chopper."

He reached out a hand and stroked her tanned arm, his fingers doing a sensual dance on her skin that brought back heated memories of other times and other places. It took all her effort not to react.

"But *I* am your problem, right, *mi amor*? You still feel it, just as I do."

She yanked her arm away. "I feel nothing. Let it go, Luis. I told you before I left. There's no future for us."

"Is that why you quit your job and ran to hide in this godforsaken place to be a guide? Hiding away in the middle of the Yucatan? *El stupido!*"

She bit her tongue to keep from answering. It would just precipitate another argument. "I've wiped every memory of you from my mind."

His voice dropped. "But have you forgotten this?"

With the speed of a striking snake, he had her pinned beneath his body, crushing her against the thin sheet of fabric, her breasts compressed against his warm chest. The hardness of his thick erection pressed into her soft belly. His face was so close she could see the golden flecks in his dark eyes.

No! I won't do this.

She pushed hard at his chest with no results. "Let me up."

"No, *mi amor*. Not until we straighten some things out. You tell me there's nothing between us, but I feel your nipples harden against my chest. I see the pulse beat hard at the hollow of your lovely throat. I'll bet if I slipped my hand into the folds of your cunt, I'd find it dripping, wouldn't I?" He tightened his grip. "Wouldn't I?"

“Go to hell.” She fought again to push him away from her. “You know why I left. That hasn’t changed.”

“Hasn’t it?” Without warning, he bent his head until his mouth was hovering over hers, his lips close enough to brush hers, his breath a whisper against her skin. “Or are your true feelings what you’re really running away from?”

When her mouth opened on a cry of surprise, his tongue swept inside, touching every inch of her warm, wet cavern. She tried to turn her head away, but he was relentless, and in a moment, the heady pleasure his kisses had always brought curled through her body and she found herself responding.

His taste was so familiar, even here in the stinking jungle. A heady flavor. All Luis. The more he devoured her mouth, the less she resisted him, her arms pushing up to wind around his neck. Her fingers twisted through the thick, heavy black silk of his hair, tugging him even closer.

He’s right. I can’t turn away from him. But...

Still it was there between them, the thing that had driven her away a year ago.

“You want me, *cara*.” His voice was a heated caress. “And what I can give you. Nothing has changed.”

“Nor have you,” she whispered, feeling every inch of his body against her, the hard press of his erection straining at his pants, his muscled thighs bracketing her own. “You still want...control.”

“Listen to me.” He held her in a tight embrace, one hand slipping down between them to tantalize her breasts through her shirt, fingertips rasping her nipples. “You have it all wrong. A Dominant/submissive relationship is not about control the way you think it is.”

I can’t think when he does this to me. This is why I ran away.

She lay there, feeling his hot, warm breath fan her face. His lips brushed her cheeks, her jaw line, that ultra-sensitive spot just behind her ear. She’d spent a year building a wall around herself, and in seconds he’d smashed it down with barely a whimper from her.

“You liked the things we did, *enamorada*.” His tongue licked her lips. “I gave you greater orgasms than you’d ever had. And took care of you better than anyone in your

life. Admit it.”

“But...”

“No, no. No buts. The control was always with you. I’m amazed someone with your strength and smarts didn’t see it.” His deft fingers moved between them to unbutton her shirt and tug the fabric from her shorts. “Let me see you, Gaby. Let me touch that magical skin.”

When her shirt was open, he pushed her sports bra up to her neck, freeing her breasts. His eyes darkened to bottomless pools as he gazed at them. Gaby felt her nipples harden, and a wave of heat washed over her. He was right, she had liked everything they did. He was a master at giving pleasure. And he’d cared for her better than her own mother. But somehow the fear of total domination—no, not the fear but her unexpected craving for it—had scared the shit out of her and sent her out here to this godforsaken wilderness putting thousands of miles between them.

And for what? She’d been miserable every day since. Hacking through jungles, giving speeches to tourists about ancient Mayan ruins and lying at night in the cheap room she’d rented didn’t seem a very acceptable alternative. And what did he mean about the control being hers?

Luis bent his head and captured a nipple in his mouth, biting it in the way that had always stimulated her. Liquid soaked her panties, and the flutter of need began deep in her womb. One graceful warm hand cupped a breast, squeezing it gently as he continued to lick and nip.

“Your body gives you away, *mi amor*. Don’t tell me this doesn’t affect you.”

She blew out a breath. “All right, damn you. I do want you. But I can’t be a prisoner, Luis, subject to someone’s whim.”

“And that’s where you made your mistake, Gaby. Submissives, if they have a good Dom, are not prisoners. They have lives, careers, separate activities. But in the privacy of their home, and in their bedroom, the giving over of control to a Dom who never abuses it is a wonderful thing. For both people.”

They’d had this argument so many times, ever since

the night he'd taken her to his private club. What she saw was little different from the things they did already, but seeing so many variations of it, so many possibilities, had kindled a dark desire within her. And the craving that swamped her frightened her, so she'd run. From her work. From Luis. From a need she still refused to acknowledge.

"Oh, Luis..."

He bit her nipples again, then lifted himself enough to remove her shorts. When he'd maneuvered them down her hips and past her ankles, he wasted no time sliding one hand between her legs and slipping two fingers into her already willing cunt.

"Wet. Soaking wet. Your mouth tells me one thing, but your body doesn't lie. It wants my fingers, my mouth, my cock." He flexed his fingers inside her. "Right, *bella linda*?"

"Yes, damn you." She couldn't even find the will to push his hand away. "Does that satisfy your ego? To know that you still make my body respond?"

He brushed his lips against hers. "But I want more than your body, Gaby. I want your mind and your heart. I will treasure them and care for them forever. Can you believe that?"

No, I can't.

She nearly screamed the words. For while she craved the D/s lifestyle he'd shown her, the frightening realization that she could willingly lose herself in it completely kept her from giving him the trust he wanted.

"Tell me, has another man put his hand to this fine ass of yours? Turned it pink and red and watched the colors spread to your pussy?" His hand was like a feather dancing from shoulder to thigh. "I think not."

She started to tell him she wouldn't give anyone else that level of trust but clenched her jaw. In the end she hadn't given it to him, either.

"The first time I spanked you, I saw what a shock it was to you," he went on. "Then we both saw how it aroused you."

"Luis," she started again, but he was doing things to her that stole her breath.

His hand was resting between the cheeks of her ass, one finger teasing her anus. "Remember the flogger you

loved so much? It made such beautiful stripes on that soft skin of yours." He pressed one finger into her rectum and moved it back and forth. "I miss seeing you chained to our bed, my cock in your ass and a vibrator in your pussy while you screamed my name and your body shook with your climax."

"Stop!" She was afraid she might come just from the sound of his voice and the things he was saying.

"We have an hour until they come for us, Gaby. One hour until darkness. We are alone in the jungle in this quiet spot, hidden by the trees and the thick foliage. We are far enough away from the cartel's men. Let me love you, *mi amadora*. Let me do to you the things you love so much. If you are so determined that this is all we have, then let me give it to you."

No! screamed her mind.

Yes! shouted her body.

"All right," whispered her voice.

He gave her no chance to change her mind. Taking the sharp knife from the sheath strapped to his thigh, he cut the thick trailing vine from a nearby plant and bound her hands behind her back. He folded the thermal blanket to make a pillow, placed it on a fallen log and arranged her so she was on her knees, her upper body resting on the log.

Gaby felt the familiar thrill of forbidden pleasure race through her, the arousing sensation of helplessness. Yet she wasn't completely vulnerable. She knew at any time she could tell Luis and he would release her. It was the illusion of total helplessness that stimulated her so much.

With a feather-light touch, Luis walked his fingers down her spine and into the cleft of her buttocks. When the pad of one finger rimmed the puckered rosette of her anus and pushed inside, she automatically pressed back against the pressure.

His laugh was low and thick with passion. "Do you know how many nights I dreamt about fucking that sweet ass of yours? Remembered my cock sliding into that hot, waiting, dark tunnel and feeling it clench around me?" He stroked the globes of her ass. "Just looking at it makes me so hard it hurts."

The next instant he lifted his hand and brought it down in a controlled slap. Immediately, she felt the streaks of heat radiate from her ass down her thighs and through her cunt. Luis lightly stroked Gaby's slit with two fingers, making a sound of satisfaction as he brushed their coated surface against her skin. "One touch and already you're creaming for me, *mi amor*. The scent of your pussy drives me wild, do you know that?"

He landed a slap on the other cheek and then began to deliver them in a controlled rhythm. Her ass heated, the warmth streaking down to the insides of her thighs and her pussy, her juices following the path of the tendrils of warmth. Already her cunt was stimulated, a tiny throb expanding out from deep inside her.

When Luis delivered a calculated slap to her labia, a moan burst from her lips. His wicked fingers traced a line the length of her wet slit to her clitoris, which was already demanding attention.

"Do you see, Gaby?" His voice was low and soft as he slipped two fingers into her cunt and began to work them back and forth. "It is as it has always been. Even the idea of this makes you aroused."

He pulled his hand away, and she heard the rustle of fabric as he shed his clothes. Then he was standing before her, magnificent in his nakedness, a sleek warrior with his lean, hard-muscled body, the soft pelt of fur on his chest, black hair falling to his shoulders, and his cock jutting from the nest of curls surrounding it. The broad, flat head was a deep shade of purple, and pulsing veins ran like vines along the sides of the thick shaft. Already a pearl of pre-cum glistened from the slit.

Luis took his shaft in one hand and moved forward until his knees touched the log and his penis brushed Gaby's face. When he spoke, his voice was low and thick. "I have missed your mouth on me, *mi amor*. Suck me now. Let me feel the softness of your lips and the wet warmth of your mouth. I have missed this so much. Why did you run? Tell me, please."

"Luis, I..."

He gripped her head with his hands to steady her and guide her. "I saw you when we went to the club, Gaby." His breathing was choppy as he watched her wet

her lips with the tip of her tongue. "When you saw the subs chained and flogged, when you saw new subs being displayed for the pleasure of their masters and all the things they willingly submitted to, your nipples got hard and your face was flushed. You wanted to see that same pleasure on my face. Admit it."

He was right. She wanted to see the heated passion in his eyes that only she could ignite. She closed her eyes, unable to look at him as she made her confession. Her voice when she spoke was barely a whisper. "I wanted it too much."

He tilted her chin so their eyes met. "That's not a bad thing, Gaby. I would never, ever abuse your gift of submission had you given it to me. Never."

Opening her mouth, she took his shaft inside, feeling it glide over her tongue. Her heart hammered as she closed her lips over it, and Luis released a long breath. She swirled her tongue around his length and moved her head forward more, taking him deeper into her throat. The skin of his cock was soft, a velvet covering over hard steel. She licked it like a tempting piece of candy, loving the familiar salty-sweet taste, and his musky scent invaded her nostrils.

At once, she began the sucking, pulling motion he loved, her head bobbing as she tried to balance herself with her hands tied behind her. This was what he wanted, and only she could bring that fiery light to his eyes.

When she lifted her gaze and looked at him, at his aroused state, at the naked desire in his eyes, she suddenly realized what he'd meant earlier. She *did* have control. And power. The power to make him hungry and needy. To control the degree of his pleasure. By submitting to him she was giving him a pleasure that he craved. She was the one in charge, even though she gave the decision-making over to him.

She wasn't losing anything. She was actually gaining something. Exaltation flooded her and empowered her, snapping the invisible chains she'd kept wrapped around her heart.

When she used her teeth to graze the sides of his cock, his hands twisted in her hair.

“Easy, easy.” He lifted her head away from him and captured her eyes. “As much as I’d love to come in your mouth, I’m saving it for the proper place.” He lifted her to her feet. “Come. Let me feast on you. I’m so hungry for your taste I’m like a starving man.”

That same feeling of power swept through her again with the knowledge that his pleasure would come from hers. How stupid she’d been all this time. Why had she been so blind?

He moved with the speed and grace of a jungle animal as he lashed her to the trunk of a Caribbean pine with another length of the tropical vine. She was pliant in his hands as he sat on his heels before her, widened her stance, separated her labia with great care and licked her entire slit once, twice, three times.

She shivered with every sweep of his tongue, the slightly roughened flesh sending electric shocks through her. When he gently peeled back the hood protecting her clit and took the throbbing bud between his teeth, she was sure her legs would collapse, but she forced herself to stand still the way he liked. Already her juices were trickling down the inside of her thighs.

“Not a sound,” he reminded her. “I can tell you are ready to come this quickly, but don’t do it. Wait for my command. Hold back. You know the result will be well worth it.”

Still holding her wide open, he stabbed his tongue into her weeping vagina and began to fuck her with it. His nose pressed against her clit, rubbing the tip as his mouth moved in and out of her. Her body responded at once to the stimulation she’d denied herself for so long. Tiny quakes shimmered through her vaginal walls and her womb. She bit her lip hard to keep from moving or crying out.

Like a man who’s been deprived for far too long, he was merciless, never giving her a moment to catch her breath or collect her scattered thoughts. He knew her body so well, knew just how far to the edge he could take her and then pull back. His teeth nipped at her clitoris, while the fingers of one hand gathered her gushing juices, spread them on her asshole and plunged two fingers inside.

She screamed his name, sweating with the effort to keep from coming.

Damn him. Damn him anyway. I'm going to come whether he tells me to or not.

But suddenly she knew she wouldn't. All the time they'd been together she'd held back when he told her to, waiting for him to allow her release, but always it had been with resentment. Anger that he was controlling her most intimate responses. Now, with the astounding awareness that her submission was as much control as his dominance only in a different way, the anger was no longer there.

And here in the jungle, away from every vestige of civilization, she could let the wildness within her free. He promised her unbelievable fulfillment. He'd always delivered. Her own desires were what frightened her, not his, nor the loss of independence.

He looked up at her, his face glistening with her liquids. "You are close, *mi amor*. I know it. But I want you to accept that your most intense pleasure will come from what I do to you, what I permit you. Do you believe me?"

Letting a shuddering breath escape her lips, she nodded her head.

"Good. Then I think it is time for you to feel what you've really been missing."

He rose and painted her lips with the cream on his fingers so she could taste herself. She saw his eyes flame as she opened her mouth to suck off every drop. Then he lifted her legs, twined them around his waist, and gripped her thighs in his powerful hands.

"I'm going to fuck you, sweet Gabrielle, like you've never been fucked before. How I wish we had our toys so I could tease your clit with that little vibrator you love so much. Or bind you properly to a branch from this tree, letting your feet barely touch the ground, while I fucked you with my tongue and my fingers, bringing you to the edge again and again until you begged me to let you come."

She was gushing now, her nipples aching, her cunt throbbing, the brush of her heated ass against the rough trunk of the tree sending shockwaves through her. His cock was as engorged as she'd ever seen it, jutting proudly

from its dark nest of curls. If they were home, would he ask to fuck her in front of others at his private club? Would she let him?

Yes, just as she would let him display her for others. Because in doing so she held the key to *his* pleasure. That was such a powerful thought it made her shiver.

Luis palmed her breasts and moved close enough that his penis rubbed against her mound. "Are you anxious for me, *mi amor*? Eager to feel my cock deep inside you? To have me once again claim you as mine?"

"Yes," she breathed. "Please."

Gripping her buttocks he thrust himself inside her, deep enough to press against the mouth of her womb. He held himself motionless, filling every inch of her, using his grip to pull her tight against his body.

"What I wouldn't give to make you mine, my sweet, sweet Gabrielle. As good as it was between us, if only you would accept how much better it would be."

Gaby bit her lip to keep from saying anything, braced her bound hands against the tree behind her and pushed hard against him. She could feel how close he was. Could see it in his eyes. Along with a sadness that pierced her heart.

And then he was moving, hips rolling and thrusting, his fingers sliding to the cleft of her buttocks until they found her anus. Sweat dripped from his forehead, and his breath came in gasps as his climax built. Gaby gritted her teeth, trying to hold back until she had to beg him or lose it altogether.

"Please, Luis." Her own breath was rasping. "Let me come."

"Yes, *mi amor*. Now."

He thrust two fingers into her rectum as his seed spurted inside her, and she came with shattering intensity. Her orgasm roared through her, contracting her muscles and shaking her so hard she was sure she'd fall apart. No one had ever been able to make her come like this. No one.

They were sweating and heaving when the violent shudders became aftershocks, and the aftershock became tiny quivers. At last he lowered her legs to the ground and leaned his forehead down to hers. Breathing was a

problem, and Gaby's heart was beating so fiercely against her ribs she thought they'd crack.

Long moments passed before he roused himself, unlashed her from the tree and untied her hands. She slipped her arms around him and pressed herself against his heated skin. God, what a fool she'd been. She'd been so afraid of her own feelings and understood so little she'd wasted an entire year of her life. Of *their* lives. But what to do now?

"We must get dressed." He set her away from him. "They'll be here soon."

"Yes, I know."

It was dark now, and impossible for her to see his face. Was he as sad as she was?

She pulled on her clothes, rolled up the thermal sheet and pulled out two sets of night vision goggles. Then, with her comm.gear in place and her pack strapped securely on her back, she checked the coordinates on her GPS and set off through the thick plants clogging the way. Luis followed behind her, neither of them saying a word.

She slid one hand into her pocket and felt the bumpy surface beneath the fabric. She'd kept the tiny plastic envelope zipped into the secret pocket wherever she'd gone this past year. At night when she was lonely, she held it in her fingers. By day she used it to chase away lingering confusion. If only she'd had one day when she was certain she'd made the right decision. Touching it now only increased her turmoil.

Before long they were at the extraction site, as far away from any observation as she could make it. A narrow opening in the canopy of trees would allow them to lower a rope ladder and haul the two of them up.

Just as Gaby checked her watch, she heard the distinctive sound of the chopper rotors. A voice crackled in her ear, and she murmured recognition. In seconds, a ladder descended through the thick leaves, and she insisted Luis go first.

"I will not leave you here," he argued.

"I'll be right behind you. Get your ass up there because we only have a short amount of time."

He was too much of a professional to give her more of a hard time. Instead, he hauled himself up to the waiting

helicopter and tossed the ladder back down to her. She was partway up when she signaled them to lift away, and as they swooped over the treetops, she reached the last rung and hands pulled her into the cabin.

"How's it going, Gaby?" Chad Hollister turned around in his seat and grinned at her. "What's the matter, no taxis in this part of the world?"

"Just thought I'd make you guys get off your ass for a while, keep you from getting lazy."

Chad laughed, and then held out his hand to Luis. "Glad to have you back, *amigo*. I guess it got pretty hairy where you were."

Luis nodded. "You might say."

"Well, hold on, we need to get the hell out of here before we're noticed. Time to talk later."

There was no further conversation as they swung out over the Gulf of Mexico and headed for the Texas coast. Luis sat on the floor, legs folded, staring straight ahead at the dark night sky. Gaby moved herself to the back of the cabin, needing whatever space she could get to dig through her clouded mind. She leaned her head back against the metal, closed her eyes and slipped her hand in her pocket again.

Against the screen of her closed eyelids she saw herself with Luis, in all their many variations. Laughing. Walking on the beach. Naked in the shower. Her naked body, wrists and ankle encased in soft manacles, spread out on the leather bench while Luis warmed her ass and her pussy with the flogger. Her legs draped across his thighs, soft music playing as he carefully shaved every bit of her pubic hair to leave her mound bare to his eyes. The flare of heat in his eyes as he brought her to the edge of release again and again, controlling the moment when a shattering orgasm crashed down on her.

Caring for her in a hundred different ways. His kindnesses. His tenderness. Always putting her comfort first. Rubbing a soothing balm into her heated skin. Feeding her from his hand.

And he'd seen. He'd known. She'd be the perfect submissive because the life called to her. Yet he never, ever tried to take away her spirit or her independence. Whatever she gave him she'd do out of love.

God, what a fucking fool she'd been.

At last, she felt the shift in the helo and knew they were descending. She sat up and began to straighten her clothes. Then they were down, Luis first out of the cabin, reaching a hand back to help her jump down. Chad and the pilot followed.

"The boss said to give you a lift back to Mexico," Chad said, "just as soon as we delivered this sorry package." He grinned at Luis.

Gaby had buttoned her shirt up to her throat. Now, she undid the top one and spread the fabric. Laying against her skin was the thin gold chain with a tiny *L* at its center that Luis had tried to get her to wear what seemed a lifetime ago. She'd carried it with her every moment for a year. His collar, the sign to the world she belonged to him.

His breath hissed as he caught sight of it, and hope sparked in his eyes.

Heart beating like a hummingbird's, she reached out and curled her hand into his. "No, thanks anyway. Luis and I will be just fine."