

COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



WICKED

Inga Mahn



LAST WISHES

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By

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Dedication

To Jeff...who always encourages me to be as "wicked" as I want to be.

Chapter One

“Tell me where to kiss you, Madeline. Tell me where you want my lips.”

Five-thousand dollars for one night.

Even after I had forked over my credit card and agreed to the massive sum, I hadn't truly believed any man could be worth that kind of money.... But now, oh, dear God, as my *companion* for the evening kissed a fiery trail down the low cut V neckline of the little black dress I had bought just for the occasion, it was pretty clear that I got a damn good deal.

“Mmm, you're doing good on your own.” The raspy giggle in my voice as I replied made me sound like someone else entirely...someone I didn't even recognize. Madeline Winters just didn't do giggles, but hell, I didn't normally do twenty-year-olds either. Especially twenty-year-olds who raked in more for a single night for their company than I made in a week.

“You smell fucking amazing.” He whispered his appreciation against my breasts as he pulled the supple silk fabric of the dress down to reveal the ridiculously decadent bustier I wore underneath. Sexy lingerie...another thing that the old Madeline didn't do.

To make it to the level I had reached in the investment banking industry, at only twenty-eight, there were only two roads I could have taken. One involved a hell of a lot of sexy lingerie and fucking my way up the ladder...but that hadn't been the road I'd chosen. No, my path had

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been to shuck off my sexuality like a pair of dirty panties and join the Boys Club as a dues paying member.

I wore power suits, not little black dresses. I worked ninety hour weeks and ate takeout in my office. I didn't have time to date, and I could hardly remember the last time I had sex. Work was what mattered if I wanted to stay ahead, and that had always been the only thing I wanted.

But that was before.

My young blond friend, whose name I hadn't bothered to get, glided his hands firmly up my thighs, pushing the hem of my dress up, well past the tops of my luscious new thigh-high stockings.

"Yes, oh yes." I quietly whimpered, urging on his explorations.

The old me would have been ashamed of myself for being pressed up against the wall in the coat room of one of Atlanta's best steak houses, getting felt up by a paid escort, while at the very moment any number of my colleagues or clients might be eating a nice thick bacon wrapped fillet in the next room. But I wasn't ashamed. I was turned on and fucking wet as hell.

What did my reputation matter now anyway?

"Do you want me to fuck you right here, Madeline?"

Did I really? My body said yes, but deep down my brain still rebelled at the idea. Despite the fact that this was precisely what I'd wanted when I hired my handsome young companion, when it came down to doing the deed, I couldn't help but doubt my sanity.

He was following the script I had provided to his agency to the T. He was my favorite erotic fantasy come to life, but damn it all to hell...my brain.

My brain was the root of all of my troubles lately. I had gone through my whole life able to trust my instincts. Always logical, smart enough to get ahead of the pack, goal oriented, but now...now I just couldn't be sure about anything.

It had been just three days since I found out about the *black hole*.

The doctor had called it an unidentified mass. A brain tumor. It was too soon to know if it was cancer, but what did it matter? With a lump the size of a golf ball in my head, one way or another, it was going

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to fuck up all I'd worked so hard for.

The feel of my companion's fingers sliding up under the elastic of my sheer silk panties served to pull my thoughts firmly back to the moment.

"You didn't answer me, Madeline. Tell me what you want. I'm all yours."

What I wanted was to forget about the *black hole*. What I wanted was to make up for all the time I'd lost being a good girl and working hard. What I wanted was to get my brains screwed out up against the wall of a coat room, where anyone might walk in and see.

"Yes, please, yes..." That was the best reply I could manage. My mind might have been filled with a mess of contradictions, but my body knew what I needed. Thanks to my companion's oh-so-skilled fingers, my body easily won the battle with my mind.

Five grand should buy me a hell of a lot of distraction, and that was what I needed most of all.

My companion did not disappoint.

The fingers that had toyed at the edge of my panties, awaiting my permission to proceed, hesitated no longer. He deftly pushed the lust-soaked fabric aside and traced the pad of his thumb ever so softly across my throbbing clit. In that instant, it was easy to forget everything but the delicious texture of his skin between the slippery folds of my pussy.

I did my best to swallow the ragged moan that fell from my lips. "Yes, just like that," I whispered as I buried my face in the crook of his neck.

He smelled sweet and spicy, like vanilla or something else yummy and edible mixed with cloves. It was hardly what I expected an escort to smell like. I inhaled deeply, drowning myself in the scents of innocence and sex that wafted from his skin.

His touch was barely a whisper, but it made me burn. Fiery licks of pleasure arced through my veins with just that slightest of touches, but still I wanted more. I needed more.

I strained to push myself up higher on to my toes, to force his

fingers downwards from my clit. My pussy clenched and spasmed, begging to be filled. But wearing the damn fuck-me stilettos I'd gone out and splurged on, I couldn't push myself up high enough to subtly guide his fingers where I wanted them most, deep inside me. If I'd learned one thing in life, it was that if subtle didn't work, then you just had to reach out and take what you wanted.

Despite the frantic need thrumming through every last inch of my body, I took my time tracing my fingers from the scruff of his neck, down over his perfectly sculpted chest and abs, finally settling my hand on his strong, tanned forearm. I allowed myself to luxuriate in the decadent journey. The soft linen dress shirt he wore was so soft, so supple, I could feel every last nuance of his rock-solid physique through the fabric, and that only served to make me want to rip the barrier away so I could touch his smooth, young body skin to skin. But that could wait. First I needed his fingers inside of me. I needed to come.

I glided my hand down between our bodies, over his hand. A shiver of delight rocked me as his hands flexed and moved with the teasing strokes he feathered against the slick lips of my pussy.

"That's it, Madeline. Show me what you want," he whispered against my hair.

I could feel my slippery cream on his fingers as I squeezed my hand tighter over his, but it was nothing compared to the flood of silky moisture that waited just between the folds of my sex.

He relaxed his hand so I could guide his—our—fingers to where I wanted them. The sensation of controlling his hands, his fingers, for my pleasure was as delicious as it was torrid.

Where his touches had been soft and teasing, I increased the pressure he applied.

The rougher touch was just what I needed. Exquisite waves of pleasure washed over me. I was so close. My hips bucked up against his hand—our hands—begging for more.

I could hold back no longer. With almost savage intensity, I thrust our fingers deep inside my sex. Despite the fact that I was soaking wet and ready, my breath caught as our fingers, together, stretched and filled

me.

“You’re so wet, Madeline. So wet.”

My pussy clenched and released in a frantic rhythm around our fingers, and despite doing my best to stay quiet, I couldn’t suppress a feral moan of delight.

While I’d been initially responsible for driving our fingers inside my pussy, he quickly took over guiding our movements.

I gripped his hand as if my life depended on it, allowing him to move my hand as an extension of his own.

The rhythm of his strokes was deliciously slow and languid.

With each thrust of our hands, the pad of his finger pushed against the little nub of nerves on the inner wall of my pussy. That sensation alone was enough to make me scream out in delight, but combine that with the fact that our fingers, together, left me so full and stretched that it bordered upon pain, and it was too difficult to hold back any longer.

“Oh, God...yes. Please, *yes*,” I cried out, forgetting, or maybe just not caring, that someone might hear.

My orgasm washed over me like a hurricane. Hot, wet, and out of control. My pussy clenched down hard and tight around our fingers.

The sound of another voice in the room just barely permeated the sensual fog that engulfed me.

“Hello? Ma’am, can I help you find your things?” the coat checker called from somewhere beyond the claim desk, his tone somewhat annoyed.

I couldn’t speak as I continued to ride the waves of pleasure that rocked me to my core. I squeezed my thighs tight around our hands, our fingers still buried deep inside my pulsing sheath.

“We’ll be right out. I think we found what we were looking for,” my companion said, a sexy chuckle in his voice.

“Oh, yeah, we did,” I whispered against his neck.

Ever so slowly, he pulled our joined hands up from between my legs. Our fingers were covered in the silky cream we had milked from my pussy, and in a quick cat-like motion, he lowered his mouth and sucked our fingers between his lips.

The feel of his hot, wet mouth wrapped around my finger, sucking off the evidence of my last orgasm, almost made me come again.

“Holy shit, you’re amazing.” I looked into his eyes for the first time since we’d met not more than fifteen minutes earlier. They were as blue as the ocean and sparkled with mischievousness. “What’s your name?” When I booked his services, I’d told the agency I didn’t want to know his name, but after sharing what clearly ranked as the single most erotic moment of my life, I changed my mind.

He smiled a boyish grin that made him look as young as he was. “I thought you didn’t want a name,” he answered, lowering and finally releasing my hand.

The sudden entrance of the coat checker interrupted my reply.

“Look, you guys, I gave you plenty of time to *find your things*, and I need you to get the hell out of here before I lose my job, okay?” His voice conveyed the same sarcastic smirk that was plastered all over his face.

My cheeks burned with embarrassment. I could only imagine how I must look. My dress still rode high on my thighs, and I leaned against the wall to help support my weak, shaking knees. The smell of my erotic release hung in the air, and there was no way in hell the kid hadn’t heard my moaning and yelling just moments ago.

My companion leaned in and placed a chaste kiss on my warm cheek. “Derick. The name is Derick,” he whispered. “Let’s get out of here.”

After a quick and cursory check to make sure my dress was where it belonged, I allowed Derick to take my hand and guide me out of the coat closet, past the smirking checker who continued to smugly leer at us, and out the front door of the restaurant into the hot and sticky summer night. We stopped on the sidewalk, surrounded by the bustling evening dinner crowd.

It was August in Atlanta, but my own body burned hotter than the sultry weather.

“So, Madeline, are we sticking to the plan, or did you have something new in mind?” Derick snaked an arm around my waist and pulled my body tight up against his as he asked the question.

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Despite the fact that he'd just made me come like freight train, I hadn't had the pleasure of feeling anything except his fingers in the process, but now with my ass firmly pressed against his cock, I realized he had a hell of a lot more to offer. Dear God, he was huge, long, and as fucking rock hard as steel. The five grand I'd paid for his company seemed like pocket change.

"Oh, yeah. I totally want to stick to the plan." A delicious shiver of anticipation raced down my spine as I spoke.

Chapter Two

“Is this how you imagined it, Madeline? Is this how your fantasy goes?” The way he asked the questions, I might have thought Derick was indeed trying to make sure he was fulfilling my desires—giving me my money’s worth—but the smug sexiness of his tone made clear he had no doubt I was pleased.

But looking at the strapping specimen of a man, laid out spread eagle and tied to the big, fluffy hotel bed, it was easy to imagine he was very used to pleasing women. Every inch of his hard young body was tanned to a perfect golden tone, and against the stark white bed linens it was almost as if he had been framed there simply for my pleasure.

“Now that you have me here all tied up for you, what will you do with me, Madeline?” This time his question was not a question at all, but a sinfully erotic taunt. He knew exactly what I would do with him. I had spelled out every last detail of my fantasies to his agency, and he’d so far acted out every detail to perfection.

Butterflies danced low in my belly as I stood at the end of the bed watching him. My nipples were hard and aching against the rough lace of the bustier—the only thing left covering them.

“You look like you are enjoying this almost as much as I am.” I hoped none of the insecurity I experienced crept into my words. Despite the fact that this was *my* fantasy, I was way out of my depths in actually acting it out. Hell, living out fantasies was *his* job!

It irked me to have to say it, but the old adage was very true. All

work and no play had made Madie a very dull girl. But no more. The time had come to change that, before it was too late.

He chuckled. "I'd be enjoying it a lot more if you came over here and had your way with me."

Before I had a chance to respond, my cell phone began to vibrate on the table next to the bed. Without a thought, I reached to answer it. My finger was already on the answer button before I stopped myself.

The old Madeline might answer her cell phone while a drop dead sexy man was tied up on the bed in front of her. The old Madeline would have never been able to leave work behind for a moment. But the new Madeline knew there were things more important than the risk of losing a client. At least that was the story I tried to tell myself as I stood there, vibrating phone in hand, trying to convince myself not to answer it.

"Damn it all to hell." I cursed under my breath as I hit the answer button. I should have turned the damn thing off, but now that it was ringing I wouldn't be able to relax until I answered it.

"Madie here." The annoying click of dead air was the only thing to greet me as I spoke into the sleek little phone. I'd debated too long, and the call went to voicemail. With a sigh, I snapped the phone closed.

"Give me just a sec, 'k?" I glanced back to the bed where Derick lay, tied up, hard and ready for me. My pussy clenched in response. Damn it, I must have been crazy to even consider wasting a minute checking my voicemail, but old habits died hard.

"I'm not going anywhere, baby." He looked totally nonplused. He was probably used to women stopping halfway through sex to answer their phones. Those were probably just the type of women who used his *services* most often. For five grand a night, he sure wasn't entertaining at the average bachelorette party.

I let my gaze linger on the delicious vision before me as I hit the voicemail retrieve button on my phone.

The message that played from the phone left me ice cold.

"Madie, this is Doctor Wilson. Can you please give me a call as soon as you receive this message? It doesn't matter how late it is, just give me a call on my cell. I have your biopsy results, and I need to discuss them

with you.”

My chest ached, and tears burned in my eyes as I stood holding the phone against my ear long after the message went silent. *No, no, no...* No, this could not be happening. Why, oh why did I answer the damn phone? I could have had my one perfect night before facing the fact that I really was dying, but I went and ruined even that. I was dying. Cancer. *Fuck.*

“Madeline... Madie!”

Derick shouting my name finally pulled me back from the icy abyss I’d fallen into.

Shit. I scrubbed at my eyes, trying to push back the tears that spilled down my cheeks. I couldn’t cry now...in front of him. This was a fantasy, *he* was a fantasy, and God damn it, brain tumors did not mix with fantasies.

“Sorry. I’m sorry...” I mumbled as I turned away to try and brush the last of the tears from my face.

Reality sure was a bitch.

As I stood there shaking, scared and cold, I realized I hadn’t really believed the *black hole* was real until the moment I listened to that voicemail. Despite my big I’m-going-to-change-my-life attitude for the last three days, I hadn’t really believed it was all real. But now, it sank in.

“Madeline?” There was a genuine measure of worry in Derick’s voice.

Slowly, I turned to face him. The site of him lying there, lines of worry creasing that perfect, youthful face, was almost surreal.

“I have brain cancer.” The declaration fell from my lips without a thought.

His breath came out in a soft hiss, the only sound to permeate the otherwise deafening silence my proclamation had caused.

“I’m sorry,” he finally said, a depth of maturity in his voice as he spoke those two small words.

“Me, too.” I did my best to keep my tears in check this time.

“Maybe I can help make you feel better...” His voice trailed off.

I hiccupped as I laughed. Somehow the idea of him making me feel better about dying struck me as hilarious. It shouldn’t have, really. That

was precisely the reason I'd hired him, but still, in that moment, it made me laugh like a crazy woman.

"You're going to fuck my brain tumor away?" I asked between laughs.

"We could always give it a try. At least I can fuck your brains out if not the tumor."

As my laughter died away, I focused my eyes back to the bed. Despite everything, the sight of him lying there, tied up, naked, and still hard, sent a tiny jolt of heat straight to my pussy.

"Okay." That was the only answer I had to give.

"Okay," he responded in kind. The cocky smile that had covered his face before my outburst was suddenly back.

I sucked in a deep breath and crawled up onto the bed. The site of his cock, so hard and ready, and so close, coated my pussy in warm, silky moisture.

"Climb on, Madeline. Let me fuck you." His voice was pure molten heat.

"Mmm...not yet. Might as well get what I paid for, right?" I whispered as I continued to crawl up the bed.

He chuckled, a deep rumbling sound that made his already hard belly tighten even more. "Sure thing, sweetheart. I aim to please."

There was no barrier to what I wanted as I straddled his strong, wide chest. I'd already taken off my panties. My legs were spread wide and slowly, oh so slowly, I lowered my pussy down over the smooth tan flesh of his chest. Just that small brush of skin left me shaking and needy.

I had planned to drag this little fantasy out, to play and tease, but now with my emotions raw, I wanted it hot and fast instead. I gripped the headboard and arched my back to get just the right angle before lowering my pussy to Derick's waiting mouth.

He flicked up his tongue to meet me halfway. The warm, wet heat of his mouth making contact with my slick folds was electric.

"Oh, yes.... Make me feel better," I purred as he laved his tongue against my clit.

I squeezed my eyes closed and let myself drown in the sensation of

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his lips and tongue having there way with my pussy. My legs quivered, and my back arched as I spiraled closer and closer to release.

In a sudden shattering explosion, I came, and as I collapsed down onto the bed, in that moment, I did feel just a bit better.

Chapter Three

“Up against the wall.” Derick’s voice was rough and gravely as he pulled my wrists behind my back and jerked me against his chest.

Despite the fact that I knew it was fantasy, a script I had written myself, my heart still banged against my ribs as he pushed me down the dark alley, my wrists still held like a vice in his hands.

“Please...” My voice was shaky, and even I wasn’t sure if I was asking him to stop or for more.

“Shut up, bitch, and keep moving. I want you up against the wall before someone comes down here and finds us.”

“Okay. Just don’t hurt me.” I was playing the part in my fantasy, but there in the dark and empty alley, it wasn’t difficult to forget this was a game.

He pushed me hard against the brick wall. Not hard enough to really hurt, but hard enough to feel it.

“What did you think was going to happen to you walking down here dressed like that? You asked for this, slut.” He growled the harsh words against my neck as he reached down with his free hand and pulled up the hem of my dress. I hadn’t replaced my panties. My pussy was still slick from coming in Derick’s mouth in the hotel.

“Spread your legs for me,” he demanded as he slid his hand between my thighs.

A soft moan escaped my lips as I obeyed.

The feel of his fingers between my legs sent spirals of need arcing

through my belly. It wasn't as if I hadn't already come twice, but I had yet to feel the thick, solid length of his cock inside me.

"See, slut? See how wet you are for me?" he whispered against my neck. "I'm going to let your hands go, but don't you dare move a muscle."

He released my hands and pushed them above my head and against the wall. Anticipation left my knees shaking as I heard the sound of his pants being unzipped, and then the tearing of the foil condom wrapper.

My whole body convulsed when the tip of his cock probed against my exposed pussy.

He was tall enough that he could reach up and grip both of my wrists in one of his hands and at the same time still have the right angle to fuck me.

"Don't make a sound, slut," he barked, "no matter how much you like it."

With that, he rammed the full length of his cock between my legs, until his balls slapped my ass.

I couldn't help the strangled groan that fell from my lips.

"I told you to be quiet," he demanded as he slowly pulled his cock back and then just as forcefully rammed it back home. He filled me completely. The tip of his cock pressed against my womb, creating a delicious pleasure-pain sensation.

"You like that, don't you, slut?" he purred against my ear as he continued to unmercifully fuck me.

With his every stroke, my pussy clenched and spasmed with tiny orgasms that built one upon another, until finally my entire body exploded in a white-hot wave of pleasure.

I could hear myself screaming, but it was as if I had left my own body as I rode the wave of sensation. As my pleasure crested, I felt Derick swell with his own release.

"Shh..." he murmured against my ear. "You're gonna get us arrested, woman."

"Sorry," I whispered when I finally regained the use of my voice.

As he stepped back and separated our bodies, I continued to lean

against the wall, my knees too weak to stand on my own.

“I wasn’t too rough, was I?”

“Perfect.” I sighed with contentment. “You were prefect.”

“I’m glad I lived up to your expectations.” He laughed as he reached out and pulled me against him.

I all but collapsed against him as he silently guided me back toward our hotel.

I purposefully walked slow, dragging out the fantasy as long as I could. I just wasn’t ready to face what I had to when the night was over and reality came back to slap my face.

When we were a block from the hotel, Derick broke the silence. “So, how long do you have? From the cancer I mean.”

I sucked in a big gulp of the hot, steamy air before answering. “I don’t know. I just found out about it three days ago. That call earlier was from my doctor. He wanted me to call him for my biopsy results.”

He stopped short. “Biopsy? So you don’t even know for sure it is cancer?”

“If it was good news, he would have just said so on the message.”

“Where’s your phone?”

“Upstairs, why?”

“When we get up there, call your doctor. Find out what the hell you’re dealing with.”

“Why do you care?” I asked, turning to look into his eyes. The genuine emotion that clouded his face surprised me to the core.

“My mom’s a cancer survivor. She got it when I was twelve, and she’s still fighting.”

“I’m...I’m really sorry.” I stumbled over my words, flustered and confused.

“Don’t be. She’s alive.” He smiled. “Let’s go up there and make the call. I’ll stay with you.” He wrapped an arm around my shoulders and pulled me toward the hotel entrance.

By the time we got back to the room, my heart seemed to be beating its way out of my chest. I wasn’t so sure I wanted to make the call, but Derick was right. I was nothing but a coward if I didn’t at least find out

what I was dealing with.

I walked toward the nightstand with all of the trepidation of a condemned man walking to the gallows.

I sucked in a final deep breath and then picked up my cell phone and flipped it open. The screen flashed to life showing missed calls and messages. A quick scroll through the missed calls revealed the familiar number of my doctor's cell.

Silently, Derick wrapped an arm over my shoulders as I pressed the message retrieval button.

"Madeline, it's Doctor Wilson again. I left you a message earlier, but I guess you don't have your phone handy. I need you to call me tomorrow so I can talk to you about your biopsy results."

I turned to look up to Derick as I half listened to Dr. Wilson list his office hours and numbers to be reached at the following day. "He said I'll have to call tomorrow. I should have known it would be too late by—" I stopped mid sentence as I listened to the rest of the message.

"It's good news, Madie. We'll talk about the details tomorrow, but I wanted you to know as soon as you get this that it's not cancer. You're going to be just fine."

I didn't hear anything beyond that. White noise blared in my ears. I didn't have cancer. I wasn't dying.

"Madeline, what did he say?" Derick asked as he wrapped his hand softly around my chin. "Are you okay?"

It took what seemed an eternity for me to find my voice to reply, but before I did, I stretched up on my tiptoes and planted a kiss on his full, sexy lips.

"Good news I take it?" he asked, a sexy gleam in his eyes.

"Um yea, it was very good news," I replied, a silly grin covering my face.

My life wasn't over, my career wasn't over. The *black hole* wasn't cancer!

"So," I said, my smile turning devilish, "can I get you by the hour...maybe next week sometime? Will that give you enough time to find yourself a sexy little FedEx uniform?"

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I reached for my purse on the nightstand. "Here's my card with my office's address. I'll be looking forward to my delivery."

The End

Author Bio

Inga has been an avid romance and erotica reader for longer than she cares to admit, and she has been creating her own stories for just about as long.

She invites you to explore her stories, to get to know the characters who constantly keep her company, and to visit the vivid settings that her fantasies reside in.

Inga currently lives in southeastern Louisiana, in the outskirts of New Orleans.

Visit Inga on the web at www.ingamahn.com