

# LOVEHONEY® Erotic Book Club



# 7:30 Rhapsody

by Kathryn Snow

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## 7:30 Rhapsody

Kathryn Snow

Kate caught the 7:30 train that morning as her car was still in the shop. She was unused to waking up this early in the morning and even more unused to waking up alone since Chris had left her. Mornings now would involve a slow wake up and a long morning shower that usually ended in the pulsing warm water being applied to her pussy and cresting to orgasm with the different power settings. God, she loved that shower.

However, there had been no time this morning and almost as revenge, the world seemed out to get her. It seemed that nothing was going right that morning: a run in her hold-up, a short shower, a smudge on her top and a suit jacket that just wouldn't sit properly. More to the point, when she got to the station it was totally packed, not even a space to actually sit down and wait for the train that was late. Not that she would try and sit down anyway; the skirt on this suit had a split up the side and flashed a little too much leg, at least for this time in the morning.

It felt strange to be stood on the platform, especially since there were mainly men on the platform with her. Did no women take the train these days? It was just suits as far as the eye could see interspersed with a few schoolkids. There was one other woman at the other end of the platform but she looked like a hardcore businesswoman who probably wanted to be one of the guys anyway. So Kate stood some distance away from the knot of suits and simply waited.

Worse luck. The train was packed with commuters. No chance of a seat unless she somehow sat on the roof of the train. Kate had a picture in her office of a train in India that had people hanging to the side, sat on the roof and clinging to the windows. This wasn't far away from that. Sighing and wishing for her car, Kate boarded the train and managed to squeeze herself into a space at the end of one carriage, resting uncomfortably against a large case with her laptop bag squeezed between her legs and her breasts in danger of pressing against the shelf of the baggage rack.

Luckily she had enough space to get out her MP3 player. The level of noise in the carriage wasn't too loud but the mobile phone rings were driving her crazy and she preferred the music. Slipping her headphones in, she flicked to the newest album she had ripped and lost herself in the music, letting her body be swayed by the rhythm of the music.

She quickly became lost in the album. It was good and it had taken her weeks to get - this was the first time she had listened to it. She was only vaguely aware of someone stood behind her. However, this was a packed train and people were bound to be wedged in like sardines. Besides, the feeling of warm body felt quite good against her back and whenever the train crossed to another track she had someone soft to fall against.

The tracks switched over and in the momentary lull Kate became more aware of the person behind her. Definitely male, quite broad in the shoulders and taller than her by about three inches. There was also that scent of good aftershave and the definite smell of a freshly-showered man. Despite the good music in her ears Kate found herself thinking about the guy behind her. She flicked her eyes backwards but could only see a faint silhouette but he was certainly pressing up against her.

The train stopped at the first station and naturally everyone stumbled a bit. As briefcase-clutching businessmen slipped past her and apologised, Kate felt the man's hands slid just momentarily around her waist, the top of his hand just sliding across the underside of her breast. Coupled with the heavy guitar and the throaty voice of the singer in her ears, the result was electric. With a blush she felt her nipples rise underneath her shirt and jacket.

The hand drew away and Kate almost breathed a sigh of relief, followed by a throb of disappointment. Then the hand was in front of her, grabbing the baggage rail for balance as the train pulled away. It was definitely a male hand, relatively young-looking with lightly tanned skin. It disappeared just as quickly and rested down by her hip, an inch away from the skirt split and the stocking-covered flesh sliding down a little. A shiver ran up her spine as the fingers skimmed lightly over the top of her hold-up. She drew in a breath and subconsciously parted her legs.

As she willed the hand to explore further, she was suddenly jerked away by the announcer calling for her station. She panicked suddenly and bent down to grab the laptop bag. As she did so the hand slid to her backside and down between her legs. She jerked upwards as two soft fingers lingered gently across the lace of her panties almost pressing against the wetness of her pussy. Blushing furiously she pulled out a headphone and went to turn but the hands kept her still.

"I will see you tomorrow," came the husky voice as the hand gently directed her towards the door.

Initially Kate couldn't think about anything else apart from those hands, but later forgot them over the course of the day. She was busy and her workload seemed to never end. This was good for her as it gave her a chance to forget about what had happened on the train. However, during lunch, when she was staring at the computer screen she thought about the two fingers sliding gently across her and

couldn't get the feeling out of her mind. So much so that the poor guy who was in the meeting that afternoon couldn't keep his eyes off the heavy nipples that were pressing insistently through the fabric of her top. It was such a shame she was working late tonight...

The next morning Kate woke up late. Having quite forgotten about the mysterious man on the train, in her mad rush she had dressed in a pair of trousers and a thin white cotton shirt. She was unused to getting up late and in her rush didn't realise that, as the shirt was white, her dark red bra showed through but there was no time to change. Unluckily, too, she'd also forgotten she had more meetings and negotiations with those clients today, including the pervert who seemed to stare regardless. She found herself sprinting for the train in her heels and was the last one to board before the whistle blew.

The train seemed just as packed and Kate couldn't recognise the man if she tried. Still, at least she wouldn't be late for work now and standing by the door and pull-down window gave her access to a cooling breeze that ruffled her hair and cooled her down. Reaching in her bag for the MP3 player, she pressed "resume" and lifted up one headphone. As she started to lift the other, the same husky voice reached her ear.

"I began to think you'd never come..."

The aftershave smelled the same and Kate felt the familiar shiver run through her, especially over the implied meaning behind his words. She could now hear a faint accent in the voice and could faintly catch a glimpse of dark hair in the misted reflection of the window. Fingers plucked the other headphone from her fingers.

"Keep listening... I'll do the rest. You have to feel the music." He replaced it in her ear and directed her to stand against the window. Curious now, Kate found herself unwilling to resist him.

As the album played through its tracks, the train soared over its own and strong hands stroked their way around her waist and smoothed their way upwards. Two thumbs brushed against her nipples and Kate put a hand to the window with a faint gasp. The singer hit a higher note and as they did so, the man pinched and tugged her nipple sending electric shocks running through her. She moved her hips at the sudden change in key and the lace of her panties rubbed across her pussy; she was becoming wet already.

The other hand was playing with her nipple now, pressing down on the fabric and flesh to make her squirm and rub against him, her hips subtly moving in time to the music. His cock was firm against her backside, pressing against the fabric of her trousers. She pushed back against him and he released her nipples, changing his

pinches for upwards strokes that rubbed the tender, puffy nipples against the red lace of her bra. Fingers slid to her buttons and were starting to slide inside when the train screeched to a halt.

Kate leant heavily against him and could actually feel his heavy breath on her neck. People squeezed past her and each movement on her swollen and wanting breasts was sheer torture. The guy's hands had receded now to avoid suspicion and were happily stroking across her backside, tracing the lines of her thong with his finger and occasionally slipping down into the warmth of her fabric-covered crotch, each finger stroke falling in time with the beat of the music.

As the train pulled away, Kate was barely aware of it moving, she knew that the next stop was hers but she wanted his hands back on her nipples and his hand unimpeded by her clothes. It had been months since Chris left so the feeling of the hardened cock against her and hands touching her made her long for a hard fuck. Even the inside of the train's toilet cubicle was beginning to sound appealing. It wouldn't take much for her to go into the cubicle and gesture to him to join her.

She started to move towards the toilet cubicle but the man held her arm. Whoever her mysterious partner was he seemed happier with these teasing touches and continued do so, this time slipping his fingers in between her thighs and pushing upward on her clitoris. The track changed to a husky jazz number and as the riff melted into her ear, so his touches rolled through her body. She swayed her hips, still feeling his prick against her and felt the breath against her neck become staccato as she pressed hard against him.

The announcer called her station but Kate was listening to the low, smooth sound of the saxophone harmonising with the faint moans of her mysterious partner. She could hear the slow tempo of the beat that pulsed in her ears, sense the fingers that pulsed at her clitoris bringing her closer and feel the pulsing of the man's prick against her backside as he rubbed against her. She heard herself gasp and the man moan with the saxophone riff.

Kate ground against the relaxed fingers, desperate to come but the music ended and the train ground to halt. She hissed in frustration.

Fingers pulled out a headphone and lips brushed her ear.

"Tomorrow... and I like the shirt."

Kate managed to get through another day at work, going through the meetings on autopilot. The clients were only here for a week, anyway. She worked faster than she ever had before but could not shake the need. Finally, she gave up putting it off and in her afternoon coffee break slipped away to the bathroom taking her handbag

with her. Alone in her cubicle she withdrew the lipstick vibrator that her friends had bought her for her birthday. Finally slipping off her trousers and panties she pressed the vibrator against her wetness and pushed it against her clitoris. She thought of his hands pinching her nipples and she thumbed her own nipple. The pulses against her clitoris were magnified as she stroked the vibrator across herself, finally slipping it inside. The very thought of his fingers going inside her had her coming hard, grabbing the cistern in a bid to stay upright.

The next morning she was actually prepared, not just for the train man but for her clients who had now whittled down to one: the final guy to make the deal with. Her shower seemed more powerful than ever that morning and she found herself running it across her breasts and nipples in anticipation but denying herself the release. She had topped up her MP3 player, again with the albums she loved but this time deliberately choosing an album that had a firm beat and strong melodies. A good cup of coffee and a quick swipe of lipstick and she was setting off for the train, stopping only slip the lipstick vibrator into her handbag. She had selected her outfit carefully this morning, choosing a high-split skirt with a black shirt that showed off her waist and breasts.

She found herself staring at the guys on the platform, trying to work out which one he was but no-one stood out in particular. Besides, the guy might already be on the train when it arrived. The thought of it was exciting, willingly getting on a train where this would happen. As it pulled into the platform she could actually feel herself becoming aroused and wondered if she should have worn trousers instead. The thought of getting on a train with already wet panties was embarrassing.

She was last on the train. Deliberate? She didn't know. Maybe she was teasing him. Seeing if he'd not see her get on the train and have to deal with his own frustrations all through the journey. Somehow she relished the power of knowing that somewhere on this packed train was a man who was waiting for her. Also, maybe it was slight fear over what he had in store for her, but the curiosity and sheer arousal had her almost leaping onto the train. She stepped on and took up her customary position by the window, waiting.

It was a Friday, so most of those who got on the later train caught this one in a bid to get their hours in and get home early, and ensured that the train was packed full. Kate found herself really pushed against the door, her breasts pressing against the glass. The cold from the window seeped through her thin shirt and her nipples puckered. She sighed and shifted position; maybe he wasn't coming. She flicked the MP3 player on anyway, stowed it in the back pocket of her skirt and leaned against the side of the carriage, the music distracting her from the creeping disappointment.

As the first song rolled into the second she finally felt the familiar, lightly-tanned hand slide around her waist and breathing close to her ear. A hard cock pressed back against her and teeth tugged out her headphone.

"You nearly ruined a good suit," came the whisper with a trace of laughter rippling through it. "I had to clean myself up before I got off the train."

Kate snickered and shifted back against his crotch. Sure enough he was hard again. She wriggled a little but he manoeuvred her away.

"No, no, it's your turn now," came the whisper. "Just relax and listen." He replaced the headphone.

The second song had ended and with a noise of complaint Kate felt him take out the headphones. Suddenly fearful for her MP3 player she went to turn, but his hands were gentle. He drew back her hand and let her feel her MP3 player still there, being joined by what felt like a second identical player. Her headphones clicked into this second player and there was another click which she didn't recognise. The voice returned.

"Just a little thing, listen."

Kate did so and felt his fingers slip through the split of her skirt and stroke her panties. He was being more direct than he had been and the thought unnerved her. She gasped as his fingers slipped into her panties and touched her directly, seeking to slip inside her. She parted her thighs instinctively and was rewarded by the familiar, gentle caress of his fingers. She missed the music in her ears and gasped as something was slipped inside her. She clamped her thighs shut and he stroked his hand up her back, soothing her.

"It's okay, I promise you. Now listen."

He turned on the player and Kate relaxed as the sound of a song greeted her ears. A faint sound of piano rippled through her. This was familiar and good. Then, without warning, electric guitar crashed through the piano and whatever was inside her came to life with vibration. She gasped and tried to curl forward but the man kept her upright and steady, caressing her swelling breasts as she wriggled against him.

The song was harsh and loud and not something she would choose normally. It had a harsh drumbeat and strong guitar solo to it, which normally would annoy her but this was now coupled with furious, harsh pulses from the vibrating bullet inside her that made her pant and rub her legs together to gain the friction she needed. As the vibrations relaxed with the return of the piano to the piece Kate relaxed into the wave of vibrations that pulsed through her. It became a pleasant piece now,

providing cresting waves of vibration that made her want to touch herself through the thin lace of her panties and stroke herself to a gentle orgasm. And as she relaxed into the gentle, piano-provided vibrations, his hand slipped into her shirt, gently cupping her breast, sliding over first one nipple then the other.

Suddenly, he pinched her nipple and the guitars, drums and, this time, vocals came back with a vengeance, sending the vibrations through her like a shockwaves. Kate gripped the train door, scraping her nails down the window frame as unexpected pleasure throbbed through her. It was almost too much. The beats were increasing in power and tempo, and the vibrations inside her pussy were making her entire body quake. She could hear her pulse thundering in her ears and tensed her muscles. She was almost there and could taste the orgasm building. She could feel her juices soak her panties and silently pleaded for release. She was suddenly glad of the packed train and small corner now, but knew that people had to be getting suspicious of her gasping

His fingers descended to her clitoris as the song softened yet again, letting the vocals come through clearer and the vibrations softer. Her climax fell with the power of the vibrations and she sagged against him. He stroked her clitoris as she panted, coming down from her high. She relaxed against him, even shifting back against his prick. This was torture of the sweetest kind and she was desperate to fuck this man, or desperate to come - whatever came first, she didn't care anymore.

The fingers lulled in their stroking and the guitars and drums came back again, building up to the crescendo. Kate rode with it, seeking her release through the music, losing herself in the song. Her hips began to sway in time with the vibrations. The vibrations began to increase in power with the song and she felt the volume go up as the vibrations did. His fingers were unmoving against her but this made the vibrations all the more intense. Kate gripped the window frame harder, clenched her thighs as the vocals went higher and teased her breasts with her free hand.

As the music reached its climax and ended with a single note, so did Kate. The man pushed his finger at the last beat, which abruptly ended the song and she came hard, muffling her thankful sobs of release against her shoulder. Waves of sheer pleasure rolled through her body and her knees went weak. She gripped the window frame like a drowning woman and quivered against the fingers that seemed to be the only thing holding her upright.

She was barely aware of his fingers leaving her body but felt the headphones being transferred to her own MP3 player, switching on the soft jazz from the previous day which soothed her. The little bullet remained inside her - a sweet little reminder - held inside by her puffy, twitching muscles. She wanted to turn and face him but once again he held her facing the window of the train. As the announcer called her station, he teased out a headphone.

"I won't be taking the train anymore," he murmured, kissing her on the cheek, a strangely familiar gesture. "But check the player for the tracklist."

She tried again in vain to turn but the train stopped with its customary jolt. Kate stepped off the train to avoid the crush on her shaky legs but couldn't turn around because of all the people coming off the train. She sighed inwardly and started towards the concourse, trying to ignore the constant pleasant ache and wetness in her pussy. Enough with train man, she had to get to the toilets freshen up and get ready to get this client to finally sign the contract.

It was out of curiosity that she checked the MP3 player and its toy in the toilet cubicle, finally removing the bullet. It was indeed a simple vibrating bullet that was buzzing in time and power with the music. Balancing her laptop on the toilet seat she plugged the MP3 player in to check the tracklist. There were only two files there: the song she had listened to and a notepad document. Curious, she opened it, finding only three lines of text, a number and a link to the contract file on the internal system.

Kate, after experiencing a 7:30 rhapsody,  
would you join me for a concert this afternoon?  
Don't know worry about the meeting... I've already signed the contract.