

PREVIEW

Quickie ON THE

Commuter

An Erotic Romance Thriller

Camille Jerali

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EMERY ROAD
PUBLICATIONS

QUICKIE ON THE COMMUTE

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Published by:

Emery Road Publications

<http://emeryroad.com>

First Edition: February 2019

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Chapter 1

If taking the sex train was the only way I could get to work in the morning, was it really such a bad thing? It was the only train that would take me to the obscure location behind the dingy, hourly-rate motel. I had applied to so many jobs and been interviewed by so many hiring agents that I literally had no choice but to take the job. That is, if I wanted to continue paying my rent and avoiding living on the streets. The only catch: I had to take the sex train.

There was no way I would be able to acquire a reliable car. Well, actually, that wasn't the hard part. The hard part was obtaining my driver's license after a terrible wreck. Yep, it was my fault. And it was so bad that I had lost my license for two full years. On top of that, I had lost my job which was located just

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four short blocks from my apartment. Which meant I had nearly two years to go before I could get my license back. Talk about a sucky position to be in. The things you finally learn after suffering the consequences.

I had held out as long as I could for the boyfriend who would drive me places, and maybe let me move in with him to save on expenses, but when the only job I could get after the accident was located next door to the hookers' corner on Seventh Avenue, all the way across town which was a good seven miles from my apartment, I had to spring for the most reliable—er, most realistic—option. Which was the train.

When I had inquired about reliable transportation to and from the job, the hiring agent had told me all about it. There was just one catch—I guess that makes it the second catch, but whatever—I had to fill out an application, for one, and I had to agree to on-site STD testing.

I had choked on my spit when he said it. "I'm sorry, what?" I had asked.

He shrugged. "Well, it's a sex train," he said, like I should automatically know what that meant. "It's like a quickie on your commute. Every morning. Every evening."

It had taken me a moment to realize my mouth was hanging open.

"It's either that or pay for a cab, right?" he asked. "Who has the money to take a cab seven miles?"

"Right," I said, nodding slowly as I ever-so-slowly recovered from my shock.

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“So, can you start next Monday?”

“Um,” I stammered. “I guess. If I can get approved by then, sure.”

“Great,” he said, standing up and reaching for my hand. “Congratulations.”

Now, I know what you’re thinking. I had just agreed to work for someone who would know that I’m engaging in sexual intercourse before arriving at the office. Wouldn’t that be embarrassing? Ah, hell yeah. By the time I made it to the front door on Monday, I’d probably chicken out, unable to face anyone who knew I was taking that train.

And then a more serious question hit me: what if people from the office took the train as well? How could I face several people who knew what I was up to both before and after work?

Oh, but the whole idea was making me hot. I couldn’t help it. The fantasy of it all, letting someone you barely know bury himself inside you without the commitment, and not just anyone—someone who was subjected to daily STD tests—oh, sign me up. It was like the latest meet-up site, but without the risk.

So, on my way home, I stopped by the train station’s office and filled out an application and subjected myself to a blood test. Within thirty minutes—the nurse insisted I stay for the results—I was in business with a special pass.

That was one thing I was really good at. Keeping clean. I hadn’t had a boyfriend, or a lover, in three years. Any news of a disease would have been a shock to me since I kept up the habit of

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spreading my legs at the gyno's office as often as recommended. Too often in my opinion, but I wasn't the expert.

The thing is, it turned out everyone but me knew about this train. Even my mother knew. And she freaked out the second I told her I was taking a train across town to Seventh Avenue.

"Are you kidding me?" she asked, her eyes wide as she stood in the kitchen doorway with her hands bracing the doorjamb. "Only the crazy people take that train."

I wanted to dig a hole and bury myself in it. If dirt could melt, I'd end up in a pool of it with how hot my face was right now. "Well, how else am I getting to the only company that will hire me? I can't ask Dad to drive me. He has his wood shop and cooking classes three times a week. He won't drop them just for me. And you don't have a car either."

She tapped her forehead with the palm of her hand. "What about your grandmother?" she asked. "We can call her up and ask her to drive down. At least for a few months."

I scrunched up my shoulders. "And then what? Butter her up and then ask her to stay for twenty-one more months? That's unlikely."

She sighed. "So, you're going through with this?"

"Well, yeah. I don't have a choice now, do I?"

"You can live with me," she said, her face brightening like she had just thought of the idea. "It'll be rent-free and you can stay as long as you like. You won't need that job."

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“No,” I said, shaking my head. “Sorry, Mom, but hell no. I’m not living with you ever again. Remember? We agreed after the last time that it would never work out between us.”

“You’re too uptight,” she said, lifting her hand and waving it absentmindedly. Clearly she was dismissing me and what she considered were *my* issues. “Fine then. Suit yourself. Go get knocked up on the train.”

“Mom, they require birth control,” I said, following her into the kitchen. “Chances of pregnancy are extremely unlikely.” There was that word again. Unlikely.

“There’s still a one-percent chance...”

“*Less* than a one-percent chance. And besides, half the time is in the back anyway.” I cringed as soon as the words came out. Did I really just say that out loud to my mother? That piece of information had totally slipped out, but I was on a roll.

Her eyes bugged out as she stared at the sink.

Quick, come up with a save. Come on, come on. Anything.

“Well,” she said, sounding a little breathless.

Shit. Opportunity missed.

“I suppose that reduces the odds considerably.”

I cleared my throat. “Yes, by half.”

She narrowed her eyes at me as she pursed her lips. Then she lifted a trembling hand to her brow and asked, “So, different partners every time?”

Shrugging, I picked up an apple from the fruit bowl and took a bite. “Maybe,” I replied, munching on its crispy flesh. “The train attendant said it’s entirely up to me. Or whoever picks me.”

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“Picks you?” she asked nervously.

I nodded. “They have these weekly giveaways where patrons sign up to be auctioned off. Kind of like the basket boys concept of the 1980s. Only a bit different and not as innocent.”

“I see.”

“Anyway, it’s basically a fundraiser. The contributor chooses the charity he wishes to support.”

“Uh huh.”

Her eyes were starting to glaze over. Apparently, the concept was a bit much. But I had to hand it to her; she was taking this new development fairly well. Nothing like seeing her grown daughter engaging in sexual acts with multiple unknown men.

For me, I was just glad to have a ride to work. Anything to keep myself from living in her house. Well, no, living on the streets. Because I’d shoot myself before I ever moved my things back into my old bedroom. No way. No way in hell.

Chapter 2

Over the weekend, I read up on current events. Like best practices for sex in public places. Sex with multiple partners at different times. Sex with multiple partners at the same time. And rear-entry sex, which was the more official term compared to anal sex. Apparently, people these days rarely use that term.

So, anyway, by the time Sunday night rolled around, I was feeling a bit queasy. Did I really have the guts to follow through with it? Couldn't I just hitch a ride on *top* of the train? You know, maybe avoid the transportation fee altogether?

After taking a multivitamin and a mild sedative, I was about to call it a night when my mother called.

"So, are you ready for your big day tomorrow?"

"Which part?" I asked flatly. "The train ride or the actual job?"

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"Both, I suppose," she replied. "Getting cold feet?"

"You could say that."

"Oh, you'll do great, honey. It's like riding a bike."

I clamped my eyes shut. "*What's* like riding a bike?"

"The sex."

"Uh huh." Gosh, I wanted to hang up the phone and crawl under something. Maybe die.

"Once you get back into it, you'll get into the rhythm. It's in the way you move your hips."

"Right," I replied, rubbing my temple.

"And I want to know about the back. Your father keeps—"

"Mom! Stop!" Great. Now I'd never get that mental image out of my head.

"Well, anyway, I better let you get some rest. Don't want you to be tired by the time you reach the office."

I rolled my eyes.

"Oh, and I told your father. He wants you to call him."

So much for keeping secrets. I had myself to blame for blabbing the part about the train. How stupid I had been to think she didn't know about the train. How was it possible that everyone but me knew about that damn train?

Chapter 3

Despite the sedative, I tossed and turned all night. And then made a mental note to sue my doctor for prescribing a drug that could quite literally cost me my brand new job. What would my boss think when I showed up to work dead-tired because my sedative failed to provide me any quality sleep? It didn't matter that I had been too anxious about the train ride. That's what the sedative was for.

With a sigh, I dragged myself out of bed and into the bathroom. Quickly, I showered, making sure to give my private area an extra four minutes of attention. I didn't want anyone to think I was out of practice. Men still like a smooth surface, right?

Casting a glance at the clock, I sucked in a breath. I had only fifteen minutes to get out the door and head to the station. After

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brushing out my hair and applying a conservative amount of makeup, I dressed in business casual—slacks and a light sweater—then I put on a silver necklace that hung between my breasts, slipped into a pair of black-and-white-striped flats, grabbed my handbag, and headed out the door.

By the time I reached the train station, I was out of breath.

And really nervous.

There was a short line to get into the building. As I looked around, trying to play it cool, I caught a very attractive dark-haired man looking my way. The corners of his mouth curved upward and then he winked. I felt my face flush and I smiled before I could stop myself. Carefully, he weaved his way down the line and stopped at my side. He leaned in and asked, “Is this your first time?”

I felt my eyes widen at his brazen question.

“On the train,” he added.

“Oh,” I said—or more like gasped. I let out a nervous laugh.

He grinned, seeming to enjoy my discomfort.

“Is it that obvious?” I asked, running a hand down the front of my sweater, out of habit, as we took a few steps forward, following the crowd.

He leaned closer so his lips were within a few inches of my ear as he placed a gentle hand at the small of my back. “Right now, you’re wondering if maybe this is all a mistake. It’s crazy. Who has sex on a train? And you’re contemplating calling your boss and letting him know you quit.”

Pulling back, he raised his eyebrows. “Am I right?”

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I half-laughed. "Perhaps."

He chuckled again, showing off adorable dimples.

Just looking at him was making me hot.

"It's the first-time jitters," he said, taking my hand and patting it gently as he led me into the building. It was moving along now. Before we reached the front admittance desk, he said, "When we get in there, I'll wait for you outside the lockers."

I nodded as I held out my hand to the attendant. She pricked my finger, which hurt like hell, by the way, pressed it inside a plastic tube, and then said, "You're clear. You may go through."

When I glanced over my shoulder, the guy said, "I'll see you in there."

Nodding again, I watched him get his finger pricked, mesmerized by the fall of his hair over his forehead when he bowed his head. When he was cleared, he looked up and cocked his head as he started to grin. As he reached my side again, he said, "It hurts at first, but you get used to it."

I choked, inhaling at the wrong time. Strangely, I wasn't even thinking about my finger. I was thinking about him thrusting himself between my smooth folds. I cleared my throat and nodded. "Right," I said. "So, the throbbing sensation goes away?"

This time *he* blushed, clearly thinking of something other than a finger. Or maybe *his* finger working its magic. His lips curved into a mischievous grin as he hooked a finger under my chin. Then he bowed down so his lips grazed my earlobe. "It's too late to back out now," he whispered.

I closed my eyes as he gently rubbed his stubbled cheek against mine. In that moment, I felt like it was just the two of us standing there. That no one else was trying to weave around us to get to the locker rooms. Until a woman's leather handbag bumped my arm. Startled, I jumped out of the way right into the guy's chest.

He chuckled as his arm wrapped protectively around my waist and pulled me closer. Then he held the door to the women's locker room open and nudged me through it. "Go," he said. "Before we make anyone mad."

Grinning, I glanced over my shoulder and nodded. "Thanks," I called as the door started to close. "I'll see you out there."

Inside the locker room, fit and attractive women of all ages were undressing and putting on white robes and slippers that the station provided. I walked to my assigned locker and then began undressing. After locking my belongings inside the unit, I cinched my robe tighter, slipped my feet into the slippers, and then walked to the exit. Taking a deep breath, I pressed through the door.

Ready to read more by Camille Jerali?

Look for her steamy reverse harem novel, *Bound to Them All*. Available at [Amazon](#) and [other retailers](#).

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

CAMILLE JERALI writes steamy romance and erotica and loves chocolate cake, great wine, creating fantasy worlds, and writing about attractive, muscular men so good they don't exist in real life (one can dream!).

She is the author of *Bound to Them All*, a steamy reverse harem novel, and the upcoming erotic romance thriller *Work Perks to Die For*.

Writing as Jody Calkins, she is also the author of the edgy and heart-wrenching young adult dystopian thriller series *The Hexon Code*.

If you would like to follow her for book news and updates on the writing life, you may do so here:

camillejerali.com