Type of Pervert

D. Dancer

Type of Pervert

D. Dancer

Curious Cabbit Press

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, and persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

Copyright D. Dancer All rights reserved

D. Dancer (https://dsadie.com)
Curious Cabbit (https://curiouscabbit.com)

Version 1.0.0

Type of Pervert

Jacob tapped his feet impatiently as he waited for number 402 to show up on one of the DMV screens. He tore his gaze away from the screens to the people around him. Across from him, a dark haired man in his thirties sprawled out in a chair, reading a book while scratching the stubble of a beard. Jacob caught sight of a metal necklace around his throat.

Pervert.

Jacob's mouth slowly opened. The dark-haired man looked up from his book. He smiled and winked one of his sea-green eyes before returning to his novel. Jacob toyed with his ticket, no longer obsessed with the screen, but the silver necklace around the stranger's throat.

When they called 378, an elderly woman next to the stranger stood up. Jacob, feeling his heart beating in his chest, switched seats and sat down next to the stranger. The dark-haired man's eyes slid over to him, waiting.

"I-I like your necklace," whispered Jacob.

A smile.

"What kind of pervert?"

He expected seducing women, but the stranger response rocked him, "The kind that is going to see your pretty little mouth wrapped around my cock soon."

Jacob's dick grew hard instantly but the pervert wasn't done.

"The kind that is going to bend you over a stump in Terrance Park and fuck you."

A gulp.

"In about two hours, I think. By the old docks."

D. Dancer

Jacob gasped. The stranger stood up and folded his book. As he left, he dropped his ticket.

About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying theselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

D. Dancer

About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.