

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks

- Chapter 1 Pervert Dexter

THIRD PERSON POV

Dexter Williams, a 22-year-old American man, hails from an affluent family. His father is a prominent congressman, and his mother is a successful businesswoman.

With his striking looks, standing tall at 6'2" with a well-sculpted body showcasing six-pack abs and long, flowing black hair, Dexter exudes an aura of wealth and charm.

Dexter's reputation as a playboy is well-earned. His numerous romantic conquests are a testament to his irresistible allure. After completing his studies, his mother offered him a position in her business.

Dexter accepted and soon found himself in the office, where his charm quickly captivated his mother's secretary.

It wasn't long before he seduced her, their passionate encounters taking place right in his office. His mother, aware of his actions, chose to turn a blind eye, her love for her only son overshadowing any concerns. Besides, with his father's influence as a congressman, there was little to fear.

Within six months, Dexter had explored the intimate company of nearly every attractive woman in the office. His charm and sexual prowess were irresistible, and he took full advantage of the opportunities presented to him.

During this time, he also met his mother's friends, many of whom were successful businesswomen, some of whom were married. Dexter's seductive skills knew no bounds as he visited their homes, engaging in steamy affairs that left these women craving more.

Dexter's sexual prowess was legendary. He had honed his skills to the point where he could bring any woman to the brink of ecstasy with just his touch. His unusual endowment, an impressive 8-inch penis, left a lasting impression on his partners, making it difficult for them to find satisfaction with anyone else. The mere thought of his sexual prowess was enough to make any woman weak in the knees.

One particular encounter stands out. Dexter had been eyeing a married business associate of his mother's for weeks. She was a stunning woman in her late thirties, with curves that drove him wild.

One evening, under the pretense of discussing business, he visited her home. The tension between them was palpable, and it wasn't long before they found themselves in her bedroom.

Dexter's hands explored her body with a skill that left her gasping for breath. His touch was electric, sending waves of pleasure through her. He knew exactly how to tease and please, bringing her to the edge before pulling back, leaving her begging for more.

When he finally entered her, it was with a slow, deliberate thrust that made her cry out in pleasure. His movements were expert, each thrust hitting just the right spot, driving her wild with desire.

As he moved within her, his hands explored every inch of her body, teasing and pleasing her in ways she had never experienced before.

She could feel herself building towards a climax, her body trembling with anticipation. When she finally came, it was with a cry of ecstasy, her body convulsing with the intensity of her orgasm.

After their encounter, she lay there, spent and satisfied, knowing that she would never be able to forget the pleasure Dexter had given her. She was hooked, addicted to the way he made her feel.

Dexter's insatiable appetite for seducing married women grew stronger with each conquest. He thrived on the thrill of the chase and the forbidden nature of these liaisons. The unique dynamics of their bodies and desires fueled his lust, making each encounter more intoxicating than the last. Each woman he seduced became another notch on his bedpost, a testament to his irresistible charm and sexual prowess.

One day, Dexter's father was invited to an exclusive party attended by the city's most influential people. Seeing an opportunity to introduce his son to some key players, Dexter's father took him along.

As they arrived, Dexter found himself surrounded by his father's friends, all of whom were in their fifties. Amidst the sea of older faces, Dexter's eyes were drawn to a woman standing next to one of the men.

She was wearing a provocative party dress that exposed her cleavage and revealed her thighs through a daring slit in the fabric. The man introduced her as Helena, his wife.

Dexter shook her hand, his fingers lingering a little too long, softly scratching her palm. Helena responded with a roll of her eyes and a slight bite of her lips, a gesture that sent a jolt of desire coursing through Dexter.

He gulped, his gaze locked onto her, undressing her with his eyes. Before leaving, he discreetly slipped her his number, his voice low and husky as he asked her to call him.

Helena, a 35-year-old woman with a body that screamed for attention, knew exactly what Dexter wanted. Her husband, being in his fifties, could no longer satisfy her needs, and she saw in Dexter an opportunity to fulfill her deepest, most carnal desires.

Earlier that evening, Helena had texted Dexter her address, inviting him over. Dexter arrived at her doorstep, his heart pounding with anticipation, his cock already hardening at the thought of what was to come.

As the door opened, he was greeted by the sight of Helena dressed in a provocative fishnet lingerie, her body barely concealed, her eyes filled with a hunger that matched his own.

Helena pulled Dexter inside, her voice husky with desire. "Well, well, well, look what the cat dragged in," she purred, her fingers tracing the contours of his chest, her eyes raking over his body, lingering on the bulge in his pants. "I've been waiting for you, you naughty boy. I was starting to think you'd stood me up."

Dexter, his eyes dark with lust, grinned at her, his gaze drinking in the sight of her body, barely concealed by the fishnet lingerie. "I wouldn't dream of it, Helena," he said, his voice low and rough, his hand reaching out to cup her breast, his thumb brushing over her nipple, making her gasp. "I've been thinking about this all day, about you, about your body, about the things I want to do to you."

He took out a handful of condoms, revealing at least ten. Helena's eyes widened in surprise, a mix of shock and excitement flashing across her face, her breath hitching as she looked at the condoms, then back at Dexter, her eyes filled with a hunger that matched his own.