

Perververt In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 11 Kerry's Round Ass

Elder Mitt repeated the story, his voice steady and reassuring. Before I could say anything, I found myself wrapped in the arms of one of the women. She was shorter than I, and as she embraced me, my chest pressed against her breasts.

The warmth of her was overwhelming—her skin radiated heat, and the softness of her breasts, full and heavy, crushed against my chest with a pressure that sent an electric jolt down my spine.

The leaves she wore as clothing did little to conceal the texture of her nipples, already hardened into tight peaks that grazed against me with every breath she took.

The contrast of her dark, pinkish areolas against her sun-kissed skin was intoxicating, and the scent of her—earthy, musky, like warm honey mixed with the faintest trace of smoke—filled my lungs, making my head spin.

"Oh, you poor, poor child..." Her voice was a soft whisper, thick with sympathy, wrapping around me like a physical embrace. "You must be so scared... so lost... But you don't have to be anymore. We're here now. We'll keep you safe. No one will hurt you again."

I could hear the sincerity in her words, feel the genuine kindness in the way her fingers traced slow, soothing circles on my back, as if I were something fragile, something precious.

But beneath that comfort, there was something else—something primal, something that made my cock swell painfully against the flimsy covering of leaves I wore.

The sensation was almost unbearable, the fabric doing nothing to hide the growing bulge, the throbbing need that pulsed with every heartbeat.

Mitt's voice cut through the moment, gruff but not unkind. "I'll take him to my house. He'll live there. You can meet him later—I have to go back. Ryan and the others are waiting for me in the forest."

I swallowed hard, my voice rough with an emotion I couldn't quite name. "Thank you," I managed to say, my throat tight.

The women stepped back, their expressions shifting from warmth to understanding. They knew the rhythms of this life—hunting, survival, the unspoken rules that governed their world.

And then there was the problem.

My cock was rock-hard, straining against the leaves that did absolutely nothing to hide it. The leaf skirt clung to me, but it was useless—every shift of my body made the bulge more obvious, more embarrassing.

I watched as Mitt turned to leave, his stride purposeful, his body already tensed for whatever awaited him beyond the village. The weight of his absence settled over me, the realization that I was now in their care, in their world, with no way back..

The leaves I was wearing couldn't cover me, and I knew I needed to do something about it. I instantly used the **Magical Tool** to create a structure like underwear, but from the outside, it would look the same as theirs, just leaves.

The tool stretched and morphed, forming into a leaf-like underwear that covered my erection, a stark contrast to the primitive world around us.

Mitt called out, "Kerry, Kerry." His voice was full of affection.

As we walked in, I couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation. I didn't know what Mitt's wife looked like, but I was ready to find out, ready to face whatever challenges and obstacles lay ahead. This was my new world, my new life, and I was ready to claim it as my own, to explore the raw, untamed beauty that surrounded me.

Mitt's hut was exactly what I expected—rough, practical, and undeniably lived in. The air inside was thick with the scent of dried herbs, smoked meat, and the faint musk of bodies that had slept and sweated within these walls for years.

A massive stone slab lay in one corner, flat and worn smooth by years of use, likely serving as a bed. Spears leaned against the walls, their tips sharpened to deadly points, their shafts polished from constant handling. Bundles of dried leaves—clothing, I assumed—were scattered about, some folded neatly, others tossed aside in haste.

I suddenly saw a woman... it must be Kerry, Mitt's wife or woman. Her body was a mix of exotic beauty and beautiful charm, her skin a rich, sun-kissed bronze, her hair a cascade of dark, silken strands that fell to her waist.

Her breasts were full and firm, their weight causing them to sway gently with her every movement. Her waist was narrow, tapering down to wide hips that flared out in a way that made my hands itch to grip them.

She turned toward Mitt first, her voice laced with surprise and a hint of concern. "Mitt, you're back so early. I wasn't expecting you until sundown. Did something happen?"

Mitt shook his head, his expression serious. "No trouble. But we found someone who needs us." He gestured toward me. "His family was taken by a tiger. He's alone now. We're taking him in."

I saw Kerry coming over, her body moving seductively. She hugged me tightly, her tits pressing against me; I could feel her nipples poking at my bare chest, making me gasp.

She patted me on the back, her voice a mix of kindness and comfort. "It's okay, don't be sad. From now on, we will be your family." From her voice, it felt like she was comforting me.

I nodded. I could feel my cock wanting to explode now, as Kerry was just hugging my upper body.

If she moved just a little lower, if her hips brushed against mine, she'd feel it. She'd know exactly what her body was doing to me. The thought sent another surge of blood rushing south, and I had to clench my jaw to keep from reacting, to keep from pressing myself against her like some desperate, rutting animal.

Mitt's voice broke the tension, his tone urgent but not unkind. "Kerry, you take care of him. I have to go—Ryan and the others are waiting."

She pulled back, her eyes lingering on me for a moment before she nodded, her expression serious. "Go. Be safe."

Mitt went back, leaving Kerry and me alone in the hut.

Kerry stepped back, she tilted her head, studying me with an intensity that made my skin prickle, her dark eyes tracing over my face, my chest, lingering just a little too long on the way the leaves clung to my hips.

"What's your name, kid?" she asked, her voice soft but curious, like she was trying to memorize the sound of it.

I forced a smile, keeping my voice light, innocent. "Dexter."

"Dexter," she repeated, as if testing the sound of it on her tongue. Then, softly, "If you want... You can call me Aunt Kerry. From now on, your Aunt Kerry and Uncle Mitt will be your family."

The words hit me harder than I expected. There was something about the way she said it—like it was a vow, something unbreakable. Like I belonged here, with her, in this hut, in this life.

"Aunt Kerry," I said, the title feeling strange on my tongue, foreign but not unwelcome.

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 12 Pervert Eyes: The Red Translucent Dots

Kerry's voice was soft, laced with that damnable kindness. "Dexter, are you hungry?" Her eyes brimmed with sympathy, her expression twisting like a knife in my gut. She thought I was just some poor boy who'd lost his parents to a tiger's jaws.

If only she knew.

I hadn't just lost my parents. I'd lost everything—my world, my life, my fucking sanity—ripped away and dumped into this primitive hellscape. The Stone Age didn't give a shit about grief. It only cared about survival. About hunger.

And right now, the hunger gnawing at me wasn't for food.

I swallowed hard, my gaze flickering over her—her full lips, the swell of her breasts beneath those leaves, the way her thighs pressed together like she could hide what I knew was between them. She thought I was broken. She had no idea how right she was.

But not in the way she imagined.

Kerry said, patting her head, her voice a mix of concern and kindness. "What am I even asking? You must be hungry. Come, sit here. I will get you something to eat."

She pulled me to sit on the stone bed, her body a mix of exotic beauty and savage charm. She went to the side, bending down to take something out of the leaf gathered in the corner.

As she bent down, her ass became firmer and round, a sight that was a mix of exotic beauty and savage charm. The desire to reach out and touch her, to feel the smoothness of her skin, was almost overwhelming.

My cock was throbbing hard, wanting to attack her from behind. The thought was a mix of desire and anticipation, a reminder of the needs and wants that were still very much a part of me. I suddenly thought of the main thing and realized that after meeting those women, I forgot to use my ability.

As Kerry bent down to retrieve something from the corner, my gaze was drawn to her body like a moth to a flame. I couldn't help but stare at her round, firm ass cheeks, barely concealed by the flimsy leaf skirt she wore.

The sight of her bending over, her ass cheeks spreading slightly, revealing the tantalizing darkness between them, sent a jolt of desire through me. I remembered the ability I had forgotten to use, and I activated my **Pervert Eyes**.

Suddenly, translucent red dots appeared on Kerry's body, each with a number indicating the Pervert Points I could earn by touching that specific area.

The first thing I noticed was the dots on her ass. As she bent over, her ass cheeks spread slightly, revealing a dot right on her asshole, marked with a tantalizing 500 points.

The thought of earning so many points from such an intimate touch was intoxicating. The asscheeks themselves each had a dot, glowing with 50 points, promising the sensation of their firm roundness under my hands. I could almost feel the smoothness of her skin, the warmth of her body, and it made my cock throb with need.

As she stood up and turned to face me, more dots came into view. The dot on her lips glowed with a number: 100.

I could almost taste her—her lips parting just enough to tease me, soft and warm, like a promise I was desperate to claim. My cock throbbed, heavy with need, aching for the moment I'd finally take what I craved.

Then my gaze dropped lower—her armpits, marked with 50 points each, a trail of temptation. Unlike the silken skin of the MILFs I'd had before, hers was wild, untamed.

A thicket of dark curls, damp with the musk of her sweat, the raw, intoxicating scent of her body filling the air. It was primal. Real. And it made my cock pulse, harder than ever, imagining how she'd taste there too—how she'd whimper when I did.

I saw a dot on her navel, also marked with 50 points. The desire to reach out and touch her, to feel the smoothness of her skin, was almost overwhelming. I could almost feel the warmth of her body, the softness of her skin, and it made my cock throb with need.

But the most tantalizing dots were the ones on her breasts. There were two dots, one larger one covering her entire breast, marked with 100 points, and a smaller, more concentrated dot right over her nipple, showing 200 points.

The sight of her nipples, barely concealed by the leaves, sent a jolt of desire through me. I could almost feel the weight of her breasts in my hands, the softness of her skin, and it made my cock ache with need.

The most tantalizing dot, however, was the one on her pubic area. As she moved, the leaves covering her barely concealed the dot on her pussy, marked with a staggering 400 points.

The thought of touching her there, of earning so many points, was almost too much to bear. My cock throbbed painfully, fully erect and aching with need. I could almost feel the warmth of her pussy, the wetness of her desire, and it made my cock pulse with need.

I knew I had to be careful. Touching these areas would earn me points, but I had to be strategic.

I couldn't just grope her in front of everyone. I needed a plan, a way to earn these points without raising suspicion.

Kerry turned back to me, her eyes filled with kindness and concern. "Dexter, here's something to eat," she said, handing me a piece of fruit.

I took the fruit, my mind racing with thoughts of how to earn those points. I knew I had to be patient, to bide my time.

But the desire was there, burning within me, a constant reminder of the needs and wants that were still very much a part of me. I looked at her and said, "Thank you, Aunt Kerry..."

The **Pervert Eyes** ability was both a blessing and a curse. It showed me the potential for pleasure and reward, but it also heightened my desire to an almost unbearable level.

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 13 Kerry's Leaking Pussy

I stared at the fruit in my hand, my grip tightening until my fingers ached. Useless. My gaze snapped to Kerry, my throat burning with the words I wanted to snarl:

I don't want fucking fruit. I want Aunt's milk—thick, warm, dripping down my throat. I want her pussy juices coating my tongue, her legs shaking while I feast like a starving man.

Points? Fuck the points. I had **98** left—enough to keep me fed for days. But right now, all I could think about was burying myself inside her, hard, until neither of us remembered our own names.

Until the only thing that mattered was the way her body clenched around me, milking me dry. The rules, the game—none of it mattered. Not when my cock was throbbing like this, my mind drowning in the filthy, perfect image of her spread out beneath me, begging for it.

I needed a plan, a way to earn these points without raising suspicion. I had to be strategic, to bide my time and find a way to touch those tantalizing areas without drawing attention.

Kerry settled onto the stone beside me, her presence a striking blend of wild grace and untamed warmth. She leaned in, her voice soft but firm: "Take your time with it..."

There was something in the way she spoke—not just care, but a quiet understanding, the kind that comes from shared history, from the unspoken ties that bind people like family.

But my eyes were drawn to her tits, to the dots on her body, to the potential for pleasure and reward. I was just staring at her tits, at the dots on her body, at the promise of Pervert Points.

But one thought kept gnawing at me, lingering just out of reach. If I earned all the points from Kerry, would she still have more to give? The question hung there, unsettling—a strange mix of frustration and curiosity. I needed answers, needed to understand the rules of this world, even if I didn't know where to start.

I turned to Kerry, her gaze soft but inquisitive as she studied me. Maybe a simple question could open the door to something bigger. So I asked, "Aunt Kerry, who else is in your family?" My voice came out light, almost hesitant, like I was testing the waters of this new life.

Her smile warmed as she began to speak, her words carrying the weight of pride and love. "Well, I have a daughter... Kina. She's already found her partner, and they live just next to us." There was something in the way she said it—not just facts, but a quiet joy, the kind that comes from roots running deep.

I nodded, but my mind was already elsewhere, racing with images of Kina. What did she look like? Was she as striking as Kerry? The thought of her—sun-bronzed skin, dark hair cascading down her back, the curve of her body—sent a rush of anticipation through me.

I could almost picture her: full lips, a confident stance, the kind of presence that lingered in the mind long after you looked away.

I forced my focus back to Kerry, keeping my tone light, almost casual. "What about the tribe? How does everything work here?"

Kerry's voice was warm as she explained. The village chief was Ryan—the same man I'd met in the jungle—and he had a woman named Hina. "You'll recognize her easily," Kerry said. "She wears animal skin around her waist, just like Ryan does."

The mention of Hina sparked another wave of curiosity. What did she look like? How did she move? The thought of her, of the possibilities, sent a pulse of excitement through me.

Kerry went on, painting a picture of their way of life. They cooked together, shared meals as a tribe. It was summer now, she said—a time for hunting, for gathering, for preparing for the colder months ahead.

As she spoke, I couldn't help but notice the way her body moved, the subtle sway of her hips, and the gentle rise and fall of her chest. It was intoxicating, and my mind wandered to more intimate thoughts.

I wanted to ask about their knowledge of sex education, but I wasn't sure how to approach the subject without seeming too forward. Instead, I decided to approach it indirectly, my eyes tracing the outline of her leaf-covered nipples.

"Aunt Kerry," I said, my voice slightly husky, "What are you wearing there? My mom and the other women I met before didn't wear this."

I gestured toward her nipples, which were covered only by a few scattered leaves—no bindings like jute or fabric. They clung loosely to her skin, the vibrant green standing out against her bare body.

It felt like the perfect opening to steer the conversation toward something more intimate; after all, nudity seemed almost ordinary in this world.

Kerry looked down at her nipples and looked at me. "Oh, this?" she said, her voice soft. "Well, we wear this because sometimes our nipples get hard when they get rubbed accidentally. Even sometimes water starts to drip from our pussies, so we cover our nipples and pussies so that our nipples won't get hard and make us feel sick as our pussies leak."

Her words sent a jolt of desire through me, my cock throbbing hard as I imagined the scenarios she described. I knew that if their nipples or pussies were rubbed somewhere accidentally, it might make them feel horny and wanting to cum, but they didn't know that and saw it as a sickness.

The thought of helping them understand their own bodies, of showing them the pleasure that could be found in those sensations, was incredibly arousing.

I chuckled to myself, thinking maybe I could help her cure their sickness. The idea of being the one to introduce them to the pleasures of the flesh, to guide them through their first experiences of true sexual pleasure, was intoxicating.

Kerry spoke with the earnestness of a teacher, her voice soft but firm, as if explaining the sacred laws of nature. "And the most important thing is our nipples feed our children, and our pussies cradle life itself, so we must protect them."

Kerry's voice carried the calm authority of someone explaining the natural order of things. "The men in our tribe wear leaves around their waists to protect themselves from accidental injury while hunting, or from insects that might bite them."

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 14 Kerry's Suffocating Tits

She spoke as if discussing the weather, her fingers idly brushing against the fabric of her own covering. "The cock is what allows a woman to bear children when a man's seed is placed inside her."

"After all," she continued, oblivious to the heat crawling up my neck, "It is the cock that plants the seed inside us. Without it, there would be no children, no tribe, no future." She tilted her head, studying me with guileless curiosity.

She spoke of survival, of tradition—her words steady, deliberate—but my focus had long since strayed. All I could imagine was the way her lips might tremble apart if I showed her just how raw, how immediate a man's hunger could be.

"Do you..." Her voice faltered, her eyes darting downward for the briefest moment—just long enough to steal the air from my lungs.

"Does it... Bother you?" she finally murmured, her gaze flicking toward the loose leaves draped around my waist, the ones barely concealing the weight of my arousal.

Uncomfortable? No. Torturous was the word. Exquisite. Maddening.

I swallowed hard, forcing my voice steady. "Sometimes."

Her nod was sage, satisfied. "Then you understand why we must protect it."

Oh, Kerry, I thought, I don't want to protect it. I want to ruin it—for you.

I noticed Kerry didn't blush and shy away from the topic, but took it as a normal conversation.

I guess they didn't have any perverts like me with them. I looked at Kerry, an idea forming in my mind. I decided to go with it and created a story full of lies.

"Aunt Kerry," I said, "My grandfather was able to cure all kinds of diseases before he passed away, and he taught me all his knowledge. If anybody gets sick, I can help them, but my grandfather only taught me about a woman's body." The thought of using my knowledge to help the women, to touch them and earn what I liked to call **"Pervert Points,"** was a mix of desire and anticipation.

Kerry's eyes widened in surprise. "That's great. Maybe you can help the Village Chief's woman. I forgot to tell you, she is my friend, and we played together as kids. But after she got together with Ryan, she acts differently, feels frustrated and angry at all of us for something or another." Her words were a mix of concern and curiosity, a reminder of the complex social structures that existed even in this primitive world. The thought of helping Hina, of touching her and earning those Pervert Points, was a mix of desire and anticipation.

I knew that I had to be patient, to bide my time and find a way to earn those **Pervert Points** without raising suspicion. But the desire was there, burning within me, a constant reminder of the needs and wants that were still very much a part of me.

I looked at Kerry, my mind racing with thoughts of the women, of their bodies, of the potential for pleasure and reward. "Aunt Kerry," I said, "What do women in our tribe like in a man?" The thought was a mix of curiosity and desire, a reminder of the needs and wants that were still very much a part of me.

As Kerry's fingers ruffled through my hair, her touch sent a jolt of heat straight to my cock. Her voice was warm, almost hypnotic, as she laid out what it took to be a man in this tribe.

"Women like a man who is strong, who can provide for them and their children. They like a man who is kind and gentle, who can make them feel safe and protected." Her words wrapped around me like a promise, but all I could think about was how badly I wanted to provide for her—right now, on the damn spot.

Her hand dropped from my head, and for a second, I thought she might trail it lower, but instead, she gestured toward my crotch with a smirk. "Even if your height has increased to this... You are still a kid. You don't have any hair on your face, and even down there." Her fingers hovered just inches from my cock, and I had to bite back a groan. Fuck, if she touched me, I'd explode right then.

"When you have hair like your Uncle Mitt and others... then you're considered grown up. And then you can find a woman... to have a child with." Her words hung in the air, thick with implication. My mind raced with filthy images—her hands on me, her body pressed against mine, her teaching me exactly what it meant to be a man.

I glanced down at her leaf-covered tits, the way they rose and fell with each breath, the nipples just barely hidden beneath the flimsy covering.

My cock twitched, aching to be free, to show her just how grown I could be. I imagined ripping those leaves off, burying my face between her thighs, and making her scream until she forgot all about hair and age and tribe rules.

"I'll grow fast, Aunt Kerry," I growled, my voice rough like the scrape of flint against stone. "I'll hunt the biggest beasts. Build the strongest shelter. No storm, no beast, no rival tribe will touch you." I said this to win over Kerry... I am sure these women haven't heard sweet words...

Then, with a suddenness that stole my breath, she pulled me into her arms, her embrace crushing me against the soft, overwhelming weight of her body. "Oh..." she murmured, her voice thick with teasing warmth, "then you'd better keep your word, little hunter. Protect your aunt well... and don't forget me when you find a woman of your own."

My fingers twitched, then landed—a deliberate, grazing brush against the leaves clinging to her chest. The contact sent a jolt through me, but the real thrill came when my face pressed forward, muffled against the warm weight of her breasts.

Then I saw it.

The translucent overlay flickered—**100 points** on each breast vanishing the moment my skin made contact, the system registering my touch like a predator claiming territory. Only the **200-point dots** over her nipples remained, pulsing faintly, daring me.

I pulled back just enough to check my total—**298**. A smirk tugged at my lips. Easy. Too easy. But then I remembered the prices in that damn supernatural supermarket—skills and abilities locked behind numbers so high they might as well have been written in blood. Still. Points were points. And I'd take what I could get.

The air thickened between us as Kerry's nipples pushed through the flimsy cover of leaves, dark and swollen, practically begging for my mouth.

The heat rolling off her skin, the way her heavy tits pressed against me—it was too much. My lungs burned, but not from lack of air. No, it was the way her body *smothered* me, the way her breath hitched when I shifted just right, like she didn't even realize how badly she was teasing me.

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 15 My Circumcised Cock

"I—I can't—" My voice cracked, half-choked. It wasn't a lie. The way her thighs brushed against mine, the damp warmth radiating from between them—if she didn't stop, I was going to blow right here in these stupid leaf shorts, and that wasn't part of the plan.

Kerry pulled back with a smirk, her fingers trailing down my chest like she owned me. "How do you expect to handle a woman if you can't even breathe?" Her laugh was low, mocking, like she had me figured out.

Oh, she had no idea.

I locked eyes with her—Aunt Kerry—and let my lips curl into something darker. I wasn't the one who was supposed to be on the back foot. I was the fucking playboy here. The one who broke women, not the other way around.

My hand dropped to my crotch, fingers digging in like I was in agony. "Aah—fuck, Aunt—it hurts..." I groaned, letting my voice shake just enough to sell it.

Her smirk vanished in an instant. "Dexter?" Her hands were on me before I could blink, gripping my waist, her face twisted with concern. "Where? Did you get hurt? Let me see—"

I didn't hesitate. The second her fingers fumbled with the leaf skirt, I let my magical tool dissolve the modern underwear beneath it—no way was I explaining that to her. The fabric vanished, leaving only the flimsy leaf cover, and the second she yanked it down—

My cock sprang free, thick and veiny, already leaking at the tip. The sudden release sent it swinging forward, the heavy weight of it slapping hard against Kerry's cheek.

SMACK.

Kerry moaned out in surprise, "Aaaah"

A wet, obscene sound echoed between us as my dick left a glistening trail of pre-cum across her skin, the mushroom head smacking her just below her cheekbone. The impact was hard enough to leave a faint red mark, the heat of her skin making my cock twitch against her face.

Kerry froze.

Her breath came in short, ragged gasps as her wide eyes locked onto my cock—thick, veiny, and circumcised, nothing like the rough, uncut dicks she was used to.

The glistening tip was already leaking, a thick bead of pre-cum dripping down, smearing across her cheek where my cock had just slapped her. Her lips parted, her tongue darting out almost instinctively, like she was drawn to the salty wetness coating her skin.

"W-what...?" Her voice was a breathy, confused whisper, her fingers still clutching my waist like she'd forgotten how to let go.

She'd never seen a cock like this—never had one smack her face, never had one so close to her mouth, already throbbing, already demanding her attention. The way she stared at it—like she was hypnotized—made my cock twitch even harder.

Then, her expression shifted. Concern flooded her face as she gently—too gently—wrapped her fingers around my shaft. "Dexter... what happened to your cock?" she murmured, her thumb brushing over the swollen, flushed head. "It looks so... angry. Oh my god, it's huge—so much bigger... and so thick..."

I could see the shock in her eyes. Of course, she was shocked. My cock wasn't just big—it was circumcised, the smooth, exposed head already dark red from how fucking hard I was. Nothing like the men in her tribe. She'd never seen a cock like this—bare, veiny, the tip already weeping for her.

Her fingers trembled as she poked at the head. "The skin... It's gone. Is that why it hurts? But there's no cut... no blood..." She pressed a little harder, her touch sending a jolt of pleasure straight through me. "Does it hurt here?" Her finger circled the tip, and I had to bite back a groan.

"Nnn—yes, Aunt..." I forced a whimper, my voice rough with fake pain. "It burns..." (It did—but not the way she thought.)

Her innocence was fucking killing me. The way she touched me—like I was something fragile, something that needed fixing—her soft fingers tracing the veins of my cock with wide-eyed fascination.

"It's so hot..." she whispered, her thumb brushing over the slick bead of pre-cum oozing from the tip. "And it's dripping so much... Is this... is this sickness?"

I let out a shaky breath, my hips twitching forward, pressing my cock deeper into her grip. "Y-yes, Aunt..." I gasped, my voice rough with fake desperation.

"It's infected... just like when your pussy gets rubbed too much—it starts leaking, right? Swells up? Burns?" I could see the confusion flicker across her face, her fingers tightening around my shaft like she was afraid she'd break me.

"Oh no—" Her voice pitched higher, panic creeping in. "You must be in so much pain! What do I do? Should I fetch the healer? Or—or Uncle Mitt?" Her eyes darted between my cock and my face, her breath coming faster. "I don't know how to fix this! It's nothing like the men here—"

"No!" I cut her off, my voice cracking just enough to sound desperate. "Aunt, please—they won't understand! They'll just make it worse..." I whimpered, my cock throbbing in her hand. "But you... You can help me..."

Her cheeks burned crimson, her fingers trembling around my shaft like she was holding something forbidden. "M-me? How?" she stammered, her voice cracking. "I don't know the first thing about—"

"Your mouth," I cut in, my voice rough and desperate, dripping with fake agony. "My grandfather taught me—when a woman cleans it with her tongue, the pain fades. The infection heals." I let my hips twitch forward, pressing the slick tip of my cock against her lips, watching her flinch.

Her breath hitched, her eyes wide and horrified. "M-my tongue?!" She stared at my cock like it was some kind of cursed object, her thumb smearing the pre-cum in slow, clumsy circles over the swollen head. "But I've never—! What if I hurt you? What if I make it worse?"

A slow, predatory smirk tugged at my lips.

Of course, she's never done this.

This reaction confirmed it—no teasing, no foreplay, just raw, primal sex. They fucked like animals, driven by instinct, not desire for pleasure. Maybe they only did it to reproduce, or maybe they didn't bother at all if they didn't want children.