

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 16 Innocent Kerry's Healing

The realization hit me like a jolt—fuck, that meant their pussies might be tighter than any of the milfs I'd ever had. And their assholes? Virgin. Untouched, except for the most basic of taking a shit.

Kerry's fingers trembled around my cock, her touch hesitant, almost innocent, as if she'd never truly held a cock before. But the way her breath hitched when I pulsed in her palm told me everything I needed to know—she felt it. The thick, veined weight of me, the heat radiating off my skin, the way my cock jerked like a living thing, hungry for her.

Kerry whimpered, her fingers slipping as another violent pulse rocked through me. She wasn't ready for this—for the way my cock demanded attention, the way it twitched against her palm like it was searching for her cunt.

I could almost hear the wet, obscene sounds it would make sliding into her, forcing her walls apart, her body fighting the invasion even as her instincts screamed for it.

Fuck.

I was going to ruin her.

"You won't hurt it," I promised, my voice thick with false reassurance. "Your saliva... it'll disinfect it..." I let out a pained moan, my hips jerking just slightly, pressing the tip against her lips. "Please, Aunt... I need you... It hurts so bad..."

She bit her lip so hard I thought she'd draw blood, her fingers trembling around my cock.

I let out another whimper, my cock twitching against her lips. "Please, Aunt... I can't take it anymore..."

She hesitated, her warm breath ghosting over the sensitive head, making me ache. "I don't know how..." she admitted, her voice shaking. "I've never touched a man like this before..."

"Just... just lick it," I breathed, my voice breaking. "Like you're tasting something"

She swallowed hard, her tongue darting out to wet her lips before she leaned in, her breath hot against my skin. "O-okay..." she whispered, her voice barely audible. "But if it hurts more, you tell me—"

The second her tongue touched me, my vision whited out for a split second.

+100 Pervert Points. Total: 398.

"Fuuuck—!" The word tore out of me before I could stop it, my fingers tangling in her hair, my hips jerking forward. "J-just like that—!"

She pulled back instantly, her eyes wide with alarm. "D-Dexter?! Did I hurt you?!" Her thumb pressed against the leaking tip, her touch sending another jolt of pleasure through me. "It twitched—! Is that bad?!"

"N-no—!" I gasped, my cock throbbing. "It's good—! You're helping—!"

The air in the hut was thick with the scent of sweat, smoke, and the musky aroma of arousal. Kerry's fingers trembled as they barely wrapped around the thick, veiny cock, her touch feather-light, like she was afraid she might break me. Her dark, wide eyes were locked onto my cock, her breath coming in short, panicked gasps as she watched it pulse and twitch in her grip.

"D-Dexter, this isn't right—!" she stammered, her voice high with worry. "It's getting bigger—! And it's so hot—! What if it bursts?!" Her fingers slid up and down my length, her grip too gentle to do anything but tease, her thumb brushing over the swollen, leaking tip. "Look at it—it's throbbing—!"

I groaned, my hips jerking upward involuntarily, my cock twitching violently in her hand. "N-no—it's good—!" I forced out, my voice rough with need.

"Your mouth—your saliva—it's already healing it! See?" I grabbed my cock, stroking it slowly, showing her how the redness had faded where her spit glistened. "It's better now... because of you, Aunt Kerry..."

Her breath hitched as she pulled back the foreskin, exposing the full, flushed head of my cock—the thick ridge, the slick slit, the way it pulsed like it had a heartbeat of its own. Her fingers traced the shape, her voice barely a whisper, filled with awe and confusion.

"It looks like a mushroom—!" she breathed, her fingers exploring the sensitive underside, the way the veins throbbed beneath her touch. "But it's so big—! How does it even fit—?!"

Her innocent words sent a jolt of heat straight to my balls. The way she said it—so curious, so unaware—made my cock jerk in her hand, a thick bead of pre-cum welling at the tip and dripping down her fingers. I could see the way her tongue darted out, wetting her lips, like she was already tasting me.

"Aunt..." I groaned, my voice rough with desperation. "If you really want to heal it... You need to take the whole thing in your mouth. All the way to the base."

Kerry's eyes widened, her grip tightening just slightly, her thumb rubbing over the slick tip. "But—! You're hurt—! You should lie down!"

Kerry's grip on my hand was warm, her fingers calloused but gentle as she guided me toward the stone bed. "Come, Dexter," she murmured, her voice thick with concern, "You need to rest. You're still hurt—"

The moment Kerry turned, her back to me, I swiftly tucked the leafy skirt—the **Magical Tool**—into my **System Storage**, the fabric dissolving into nothingness before her eyes could catch the movement. The cool air of the hut brushed against my naked skin, my cock already throbbing, fully exposed, the thick veins pulsing with anticipation.

I let her pull me down, my body sinking onto the hard, worn surface of the stone slab. The moment my back hit the bed, Kerry was already positioning herself between my legs, her dark hair cascading forward before she quickly gathered it, twisting it into a messy knot at the nape of her neck.

The movement pulled her shoulders back, making her breasts full, heavy, and barely covered by the flimsy leaves—pressing together, the nipples already hard, peeking through the gaps.

Her fingers trembled as she settled into place, her thighs pressing against the outsides of mine, her breath warm against my skin. The way she knelt there, her lips parted, her dark eyes locked onto my cock, sent a jolt of heat straight to my balls.

The sight of her like that—kneeling between my spread thighs, her lips parted, her breath warm against my cock—nearly made me explode right then.

She hesitated, her face just inches from my cock, her breath ghosting over the sensitive head. Then she leaned in, inhaling deeply, her nose brushing against my skin.

"It smells... strange—!" she murmured, her voice thick with curiosity. "Not like pee... It's musky—! Like... like man—!"

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"Aaaah!" I gasped as her tongue flicked out, lapping at the tip, her lips pressing against the slick head. "Aunt... hmmm, just like that! I can already feel it getting better!"

Kerry's brows knit together, her voice trembling with worry—but her eyes were dark with something else. Something hungry. "Don't worry, Dexter..." she whispered, her fingers tightening around the base of my cock. "I'll heal you..."

Then she took my cock into her mouth.

Her lips stretched obscenely around my girth, her jaw straining as she forced herself to take more. "Mmmph—!" she gagged immediately, her throat resisting the thick intrusion.

"Nggg! Ggk!" She pulled back, coughing, strings of saliva dripping from her lips, her eyes watering. "It's—it's too big—!"

"You can do it, Aunt..." I groaned, my fingers tangling in her hair, guiding her back down. "Just relax your throat..."

She took a deep breath, her lips wrapping around my cock again, her tongue pressing flat against the underside. This time, she forced herself deeper, her throat convulsing around the thick head.

"Akkkkh! Agggggh! Nggggh!" She gagged violently, her nose pressing against my skin, her eyes watering as she fought to breathe. Her fingers dug into my thighs, her nails biting into my flesh as she struggled to take more. "Mmmph—! Ggk—! C-can't—breathe—!"

I groaned, my hips bucking upward, my cock hitting the back of her throat. "That's it, Aunt... Take it all..." My voice was rough, my fingers tightening in her hair, pulling her down further.

"Nggggh—! P-please—! It's choking me—!" she gagged, her throat working around my cock, her lips stretched so wide I could see the strain in her jaw. "Mmmph—! D-Dexter—! I c-can't—!"

"You can," I growled, my voice dark with lust. "You're healing me, remember? All the way down..."

She whimpered, her throat fluttering around my cock as she forced herself to take another inch. "Ggk—! Ngggh—! Mmmph—!" Her nose was buried in my unseen micro pubes, her breath hot against my skin, her throat convulsing as she fought to swallow around my girth.

"Fuck—!" I hissed, my hips jerking upward, my cock hitting the back of her throat again. "That's it! Take it!"

Kerry's eyes rolled back, tears streaming down her cheeks as she gagged around my cock, her throat working desperately. "Nggggh—! C-can't—! It's too much!"

She pulled back, coughing violently, strings of saliva and pre-cum dripping from her swollen lips. "It's pulsing—! And it's hotter—!"

I groaned, my cock twitching in her hand, leaking more pre-cum onto her tongue. "It's because you're healing me, Aunt..." I panted, my voice rough. "Your mouth feels so good—!"

She looked down at my cock, her fingers stroking the thick length, her thumb rubbing over the slick tip. "It's bigger now..." she whispered, her voice filled with awe.

"How can any woman take something like this inside her? Won't her pussy be destroyed? Mitt's cock is so tiny compared to yours—!"

I bit back a groan, my cock throbbing at her words. "Aunt Kerry..." I asked, feigning innocence, "Does having a big cock mean something bad?"

Kerry's fingers trembled against my cock, her breath coming in short, uneven gasps as she stared at my throbbing cock. Her thumb brushed over the slick tip, gathering the pre-cum that beaded there, her touch sending a jolt of pleasure through me that made my hips twitch involuntarily.

"I... I don't know," she repeated, her voice barely above a whisper, thick with curiosity and something deeper—something she didn't quite understand yet.

"I've never seen anything like this before..." Her grip tightened just slightly, her fingers exploring the thick veins that pulsed beneath her touch. "It's so... big. So different from Mitt's..."

I leaned in closer, my voice dropping to a low, serious tone, my fingers brushing against her cheek in what I hoped was a comforting gesture.

"But my grandfather said it's a good thing," I lied smoothly, my thumb tracing the curve of her jaw. "He said a bigger cock can reach deep inside a woman's pussy... that it helps her give birth to stronger children..."

Kerry's eyes widened, her fingers stilling for a moment before resuming their slow, exploratory strokes. "Really...?" she breathed, her voice filled with a mix of awe and curiosity. "It might be true... I guess we'll know once you have a woman as your partner—!"

I smirked internally, my cock twitching in her grip. Oh, we'll know sooner than that.

Because the way she was looking at me now—her lips slightly parted, her eyes dark with curiosity, her fingers still tracing the thick veins of my cock—told me everything I needed to know.

She was mine.

And this village?

It was going to be my playground.

Kerry's gaze dropped back down to my cock, which was still rock-hard, throbbing in her grip. "Why is it still like this..." she murmured, her fingers stroking me absentmindedly, her touch sending waves of pleasure through my body. "It should have softened by now..."

I looked at her, feigning innocence, my voice soft and curious. "Aunt Kerry... doesn't Uncle Mitt's cock ever get hard like this? How do you help him when it does?"

Kerry hesitated, her cheeks darkening with a blush as she shifted slightly, her fingers still wrapped around my cock. "Somedays..." she admitted, her voice soft and hesitant. "Your uncle gets hard... like you... And he puts it inside my pussy... and he drops his seed inside me... to calm himself down..."

I nodded internally. Of course. It's just animal instinct. When men get hard, they put it in their woman's pussy to calm themselves down, acting just on pure instinct of reproduction, like animals or other species.

Kerry looked at me, her expression serious, her fingers still stroking me slowly. "But you can't do that..." she said, her voice firm but gentle. "Your cock is still hurt... the skin around it is gone... So you can't put it in my pussy to calm yourself down..."

I looked at her, realizing what she was implying. If my cock wasn't hurt... then I could put it inside her pussy... Is that what she meant?

I decided to test the waters.

"Aunt Kerry," I asked, my voice curious, my fingers brushing against her arm lightly. "Have you ever taken another cock besides Uncle Mitt's inside your pussy?"

Kerry stiffened slightly, her fingers pausing their slow strokes along my cock. "No..." she said, her voice firm, her eyes narrowing just slightly.

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"Everyone in our Kronos tribe—and even other tribes—once a woman chooses a man, she follows him... And why would anyone want to have sex with me....?"

Her gaze locked onto mine, her voice filled with a mix of confusion and disbelief. "Nobody would even ask someone this question... ?"

I pressed further, my voice gentle, my fingers still brushing against her skin. "Why is that, Aunt?"

Kerry sighed, as if explaining something obvious to a child. "Oh.... because no man would like to mate with a woman who already has a man... because it is considered dirty..."

She shifted slightly, her fingers resuming their slow strokes along my cock, her touch sending shivers down my spine. "Every man wants a clean woman... to give birth to his child..."

I tilted my head, pretending to be confused, my voice soft and innocent. "What do you mean by a clean woman?"

Kerry blinked, as if surprised I didn't know. "Didn't your mother teach you this?"

My stomach twisted for just a second—fuck, I almost slipped—but I forced my expression into something wounded, my fingers tightening just slightly around Kerry's wrist where she still gripped my cock.

The lie about my parents being torn apart by a tiger was fresh in my mind, the story I'd fed these people to explain why I was alone, why I was there.

I let my voice crack, my eyes dropping to the stone floor between us. "Mother..." I whispered, my throat tightening with false grief. "She ignored me when I asked her about this. She just... patted my head and said I was still a kid. That I wouldn't understand."

My fingers trembled against her skin, selling the lie. "She never got to explain before—" My voice hitched, just like it would if I were really holding back tears. "Before the tiger took them both."

Kerry's breath caught, her grip on my cock loosening as her free hand cupped my cheek, her thumb brushing away a nonexistent tear. "Oh, Dexter..." she murmured, her voice thick with sympathy. "You poor, poor boy. No one ever told you how these things work?"

I shook my head, letting my lower lip wobble. "No one's left to tell me now." My hips shifted restlessly, my cock twitching in her grip, the movement drawing her attention back down. "Except you, Aunt Kerry."

Kerry's expression softened as she realised that I had just lost my mom and dad, her fingers squeezing my cock gently, her touch filled with sympathy. "I'm sorry, Dexter... I didn't mean to upset you..."

She paused, as if gathering her thoughts, her voice quiet and almost reverent. "Okay, I will tell you... don't be sad..."

"On the day a woman and man mate for the first time... the woman bleeds as the man's cock enters inside her..." Her fingers traced the thick veins of my cock, her touch sending waves of pleasure through me.

"That blood signifies the purity of a woman... So once a man takes away a woman's purity, she will be considered dirty from other men's perspective..."

I chuckled internally. This fucking purity nonsense... virginity cults... But this is good for me.

Because if Kerry believed in this purity bullshit, then she'd never suspect what I was really after.

And if she thought I was still a kid—an innocent, untouched boy—then she'd never see me as a threat.

Not until it was too late.

I looked at her, my voice soft, almost vulnerable, my fingers brushing against her cheek. "Aunt Kerry... if my cock wasn't hurt... would you let me put it inside you? Just to calm it down... like Uncle Mitt does?"

My fingers traced the curve of her cheek, my touch deliberate but gentle, as if I were truly just a lost boy seeking comfort. Her grip on my cock tightened just slightly, her thumb brushing over the slick tip where pre-cum glistened, her breath coming in short, uneven gasps.

Kerry's cheeks burned as her fingers tightened around my throbbing cock, her thumb tracing slow, teasing circles over the slick, leaking tip.

Her breath came in uneven gasps, her dark eyes darting between my face and the thick, veiny length of me—like she was torn between shame and hunger. The air between us crackled with something electric: guilt, lust, and the raw, animalistic pull of forbidden desire.

"Dexter..." Her voice trembled, thick with conflict. "You're still just a boy. You don't know what you're asking for." Her stroke faltered, her touch hesitant but impossibly hungry. "And when you're older, you'll look back and resent me. For corrupting you. For taking what I shouldn't..."

I let my lower lip tremble, my voice trembling with practiced innocence. "But I'm not a kid anymore, Aunt Kerry." My hips shifted restlessly beneath her touch, my cock twitching in her grip, desperate for more.

"I'm old enough to know what I want. And it—it hurts so bad..." I wrapped my fingers around hers, guiding her to stroke me slower, deeper, my voice breaking just enough to sound pleading. "Please... I don't know what else to do..."

Her breath hitched, her fingers curling around mine as we worked my cock together, her thumb brushing over the sensitive head. "Oh, Dexter..." she murmured, her voice thick with torment. "You don't understand what you're asking for..."

I tilted my head up, my gaze locking onto hers, soft but probing. "Aunt Kerry... would Uncle Mitt hate you if he found out? If he knew you let me put my cock inside you?"

Her fingers stilled. Just for a second. Then her grip tightened, almost imperceptibly. "Why would he hate me?" she whispered, confusion threading through her voice.

"For putting my cock inside your pussy," I clarified, my voice barely above a breath.

She let out a hollow, humorless laugh, her fingers resuming their slow, torturous strokes. "He wouldn't hate me, Dexter." Her voice dropped, darker now.

"But Mitt? Oh, he will probably make fun of you." Her dark eyes burned into mine. "For wanting a dirty, used-up woman like me. For stooping so low. And he'd laugh—God, he'd laugh—because I'm old enough to be your—"

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"And the others—the kids, the people in the tribe—if they ever found out?" Her voice turned distant, like she was already seeing the consequences unfold. "They'd call you sick. Pathetic. They'd bully you for fucking a woman like me... a woman who's already been claimed. Already dirty."

My mind raced. Wait—did that mean...?

Could I fuck Kerry in front of Mitt? Let him watch as his woman took my cock, as I stole what was his?

The thought sent a white-hot jolt straight to my balls, my cock jerking violently in her grip.

"Aah—!" Kerry gasped, her fingers clamping around my cock as it pulsed against her palm. "Why does it keep doing that?" She stared, mesmerized, as pre-cum dripped from the tip, her dark eyes wide with fascination. "It's like it's... begging for something..."

And then it hit me—this world, this primitive world, where a woman's worth was tied to her purity. Her virginity. Her loyalty to one man.

The rules of this world were simple: once a man claimed a woman, she was his. Not because of love, not because of respect—because she was used. Soiled.

A vessel that had already been filled, stretched, and left dripping with another man's seed. And once that happened? No one else would touch her. Not out of morality, but because she was tainted. Worthless.

And that?

That was fucking perfect.

Because the women they called dirty—the ones cast aside, whispered about, the ones who carried the stench of another man's lust—those were the ones who would crawl to me.

Who would beg for my cock. Who would spread their legs in front of their husbands, their brothers, their sons, and let me ruin them all over again?

Kerry's breath hitched as she stared at me, her dark eyes wide with conflict, her fingers still wrapped around my throbbing cock. The tip was slick with pre-cum, leaking like a fucking faucet, desperate for release.

"Dexter..." Her voice was unsteady, her grip tightening just enough to make me groan. "Do you still want it? Do you still want to put your cock inside me?"

I should have nodded. I should have begged. But before I could, she shook her head, her lips pressing into a thin line.

"It's better that you understand...." Her voice was firm, but I heard the tremor beneath it—the way her throat tightened, the way her fingers twitched around my cock.

"I won't let you throw your life away for a dirty woman like me. In a few years, you'll have your own woman. " She cut herself off, her cheeks flushing darker.

I whimpered, my voice cracking with fake innocence, my hips bucking upward, forcing my cock to twitch in her grip. "Aaaah—Aunt—it hurts..."

I gasped, my free hand clutching at her wrist, guiding her to stroke me slower, harder, my balls already drawn up tight with need. "Please, just—just put it in. Just the tip."

"No." Her voice was sharp, final. "I won't be the reason they despise and cast you out. The reason they beat you, or worse." Her thumb swiped over my leaking slit, smearing the pre-cum down my shaft, her touch maddeningly slow. "You don't understand what they'd do to you if they found out."

I did understand.

And I didn't care.

Because the thought of them knowing—the thought of Mitt watching as I split his wife open, as I pumped her full of my cum while he seethed—it made my cock throb, made my balls ache with the need to breed her.

But Kerry was stubborn. She was scared.

So I changed my approach.

"Aunt Kerry..." I whispered, my voice trembling, my fingers sliding up her arm, gripping her shoulder. "Then just... use your mouth like before?" I shifted my hips, my cock jerking against her palm. "I—I can't wait anymore. It hurts so bad. Please, I just need—"

For a second, she hesitated. Her lips parted, her breath coming faster, her eyes flickering down to where her fingers still stroked me. Then, slowly, she nodded.

Kerry leaned in, her tongue darting out to wet her lips before she spat—a thick, obscene glob of saliva landing right on my cockhead, dripping down my cock.

"You said my saliva could heal it, right?" she murmured, her voice thick with something dark—shame, maybe, or hunger. "So let's see if it works."

And then her lips wrapped around me.

"Fuuuck—!" The word tore out of me as her mouth stretched wide, her tongue pressing flat against the underside of my cock, her nose bumping against my skin with every breath she took.

She was sloppy, her saliva dripping down my balls, her lips struggling to take me all the way. But she didn't stop. She hollowed her cheeks, her head bobbing just enough to make my toes curl, her free hand squeezing the base of my cock like she was trying to milk me dry.

It wasn't enough.

I needed more.

"Aunt—! Nnngh—! Fuck, your mouth—" My fingers tangled in her hair, my hips jerking upward, forcing myself deeper. She gagged, her throat convulsing around my tip, and the sound—that wet, choking sound—sent a jolt straight to my balls.

She tried to pull back, but I wasn't letting her.

"You said you'd help me," I panted, my voice rough, my grip tightening. "So take it."

And then I moved.

A guttural growl tore from my chest as I lost control.

With a single, violent shove, I sent Kerry crashing backward, her shoulders slamming against the cold, unyielding stone of the bed. Her head lolled back, her throat exposed, her lips parting in a silent gasp—begging for it.

My cock, already slick with her spit and pre-cum, plunged deep into her mouth, her lips stretching obscenely around the base as I fucked her face—not gentle, not hesitant, but hard, ruthless, my hips pistoning like I was trying to break her.

"Mmmph—! Nnngh—!"

Her gagging was music, her throat convulsing around my tip as I bottomed out, my balls slapping against her chin with every brutal thrust. Tears welled in her eyes, dripping down her temples as she struggled to breathe. But she didn't push me away. She didn't fight.

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Kerry took my cock deep in her mouth.

Her nails dug into my thighs, her fingers clawing at my skin like she was trying to anchor herself, her tongue still working frantically, lapping at the underside of my cock even as I choked her with it.

Kerry's nose pressed into the coarse, sweat-damp hair at the base of my cock, her breath coming in ragged, wet gasps every time I pulled back just enough to let her gasp—before slamming back in.

"C— C-can't— Bre— Akkkhh—! Nnnnggg—!"

Her voice was muffled, broken, her words dissolving into choked sobs as I used her—her throat fluttering around my tip, her lips sealed tight around my cock, her cheeks hollowed like she was starving for it.

The wet, obscene sounds of Kerry's mouth—her choked gasps, the sloppy gurgles of her throat struggling around my cock, the way her body jerked beneath me like she was caught between fighting and melting—it was all too much.

My balls tightened painfully, my cock swelling to the point of aching, my vision swimming with the need to fucking ruin her. To claim her in a way no one else ever had. To make her mine in the most primal, filthy way possible.

And then—

I looked down at her.

Kerry's face was a mess—her lips stretched obscenely around my cock, tears streaming down her cheeks, her throat working desperately as she fought for air.

The sight of her like that—used, struggling, but still taking every inch I gave her—sent a dark, possessive thrill through me.

With a rough, animalistic groan, I pulled my cock out of her mouth.

Kerry gasped, her chest heaving violently, her swollen lips glistening with spit and pre-cum. Thick strings of it dripped down her chin, catching in the hollow of her throat.

She coughed, her hand flying to her bruised lips, her fingers trembling as she tried to catch her breath.

"I... I-I'm sorry, Aunt..." My voice was rough, ragged—but there wasn't a single shred of real remorse in it. Only hunger. Only the need to push her further, to hear her beg for the things she'd never admit she wanted.

"I—I couldn't control myself..." I whimpered, my cock throbbing as I watched her reaction, my hips twitching with the need to shove back in. "It felt like my pee was gonna come out..."

Kerry's watery, bloodshot eyes flickered up at me, her breath still coming in ragged, desperate gasps. "Hmm..." Her fingers stilled between her legs, her voice dropping to a low, knowing purr. "Would that be your seed, Dexter?" Her tongue darted out, swiping over her abused lips, tasting me on them.

I let my lower lip tremble, my expression shifting into something falsely innocent, my cock jerking at the way her gaze darkened. "I... I don't know..." I stammered, my voice cracking just enough to sound helpless. "When I saw you having trouble breathing, I pulled it out. I didn't want to hurt you..."

Kerry's lips curled into something wicked—amusement, maybe, or something far more dangerous. "You should just... let it out." Her voice was husky, her fingers absentmindedly tracing the wetness on her chin before dragging it down, smearing it over her throat like she was marking herself.

"Mitt's cock always calms down after he releases his seed... but he always does it inside my pussy." Her breath hitched, her eyes glazing over for a second like she was remembering the feel of him.

My cock twitched violently at the image, pre-cum beading at the tip, dripping down my cock.

Kerry sighed, her hand finally pulling away from between her legs, her fingers glistening with her own arousal. "It's a difficult situation..." She hesitated, her voice taking on a serious edge, but her eyes burned with something else—something hungry.

"You're in pain, I know. But remember—you're not allowed to waste your precious seed like that." She leaned in just a little, her breath hot against my skin.

"You can only put your seed inside a woman's pussy... to make her pregnant." Her gaze locked onto mine, firm, but her lips were still swollen from my cock, her voice still thick with lust.

"That's how we increase the number of people in our tribe. Strength in numbers, Dexter. And you must never tell anyone about wasting your seed." She licked her lips, her tongue swiping over the taste of me still lingering there. "The tribe would punish you for it."

I nodded slowly, my mind racing, my cock aching.

It made sense—stone age survival. More people meant more strength, more protection. Of course, they'd enforce breeding. Of course, they'd see wasting seed as a sin.

But then—

A realization hit me like a fucking revelation.

If men always came inside a woman's pussy... then Kerry had never tasted cum before.

The thought sent a jolt of dark, filthy excitement through me, my cock throbbing with the need to corrupt her.

There were so many firsts left for her.

And I was going to be the one to give them to her.

The thought sent a surge of dark, filthy excitement through me. My cock twitched, pre-cum dripping from the tip as I imagined painting her face with it, watching her tongue lap up every last drop. There were so many firsts left for her.

And I was going to be the one to give them to her.

I nodded like a good boy, my expression innocent, my fingers already twitching with the need to touch her. And then, without warning, I grabbed her tits, my palms squeezing hard, my thumbs pressing into her nipples until they pebbled beneath my touch.

The moment my palms squeezed her tits, the surge hit me—**400 Pervert Points added, my total now 798**. The rush of power pulsed through me, making my cock twitch violently as I buried myself deeper.

Kerry gasped, her back arching off the stone as her breath hitched, a soft, needy moan slipping past her lips. "Aaaah, Dexter... don't pinch them... it feels strange..." Her voice was breathy, her body tensing beneath me, but she didn't push me away. Instead, her fingers twitched at her sides, like she was fighting the urge to grab me, to pull me closer.