

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 21 Kerry Swallowed My Cum

I smirked, my cock throbbing as I shifted my weight, settling onto her chest, my cock pressing against her chin. "But I want to hold something to support myself," I murmured, my voice dripping with false innocence.

My palms squeezed her tits together, her nipples already hard as stone beneath my touch. The way her chest rose and fell, the way her lips parted just slightly—it was too much. My fingers traced the rough edges of the leaves still clinging to her nipples, the dried sap holding them in place.

"Aunt..." I tilted my head, my voice curious, my thumbs brushing against the leaves. "Can I remove these? I can't grasp you properly in my palms... because of them, my hands keep slipping..."

Kerry hesitated for only a second before nodding, her fingers trembling as she reached up and plucked the leaves away. The moment they were gone, her nipples stood fully erect—dark, almost black, with a hint of deep brown, hard and aching under my gaze. My cock jerked at sight, pre-cum beading at the tip.

I rolled her nipples between my fingers, pressing just hard enough to make her gasp. "Aunt... are you sick too?" I asked, my voice laced with faux concern. "Your nipples are so hard... just like you mentioned before. If you don't wear the leaves covering them, they get like this when they rub against things..."

Kerry moaned, her back arching again as I twisted her nipples, her voice trembling. "Aaaah... I—I don't know..." Her breath came faster, her thighs pressing together. "But it feels... strange, Dexter..."

I grinned internally. I didn't want to give her the pleasure of sucking them—not yet. I wanted to torture her. To see just how horny I could make her.

My fingers pinched her nipples harder, my other hand sliding down to press against her stomach, feeling the way her muscles tensed beneath my touch. "Strange how, Aunt?" I murmured, my voice low, my cock throbbing as I watched her squirm. "Does it hurt... or does it feel good?"

Kerry's lips parted, her breath coming in ragged gasps. "I.... I don't know..." she whimpered, but her body betrayed her—her hips shifting restlessly, her thighs clenching together. "It just... itches..."

My hips rocked forward, my cock dragging against Kerry's chin, leaving a shiny, obscene trail of pre-cum in its wake. The heat of her skin, the way her breath hitched as my tip brushed against her lips—it was too much.

My fingers tightened around her tits, her nipples hard as stone beneath my palms, pressing into my skin like they were begging for more.

"Aunt, please..." My voice was a rough, desperate growl, my cock throbbing with the need to be inside her. "Open your mouth... I want to slide it in... your mouth..."

Kerry's dark eyes flickered up at me, her lips parting slowly, her tongue peeking out just enough to wet her lower lip. The sight alone made my cock jerk, pre-cum beading at the tip.

I didn't wait—I pushed forward, my cock sliding between her lips, her warm, wet mouth enveloping me.

Her nipples were like pebbles, rock-hard against my palms, and I pinched them between my fingers tightly, and she moaned around my cock, the sound muffled and needy.

"Hkkmmm—!" Her body trembled, her throat fluttering as I slid deeper, her lips sealing around me like a vacuum. The suction was intense, her tongue pressing against the underside of my cock, her cheeks hollowing as she hollowed her throat for me.

And then—

The moment Kerry's mouth tightened around my cock, the pressure so intense it stole my breath, something primal unleashed inside me.

My hips jerked forward violently as the first brutal spurt of cum erupted from my cock, slamming into the back of her throat with enough force to make her entire body convulse.

Kerry's eyes watered instantly, her throat seizing as she tried to swallow, but I wasn't done—not even close.

"Aunt—! My pee—! Aaaaa It's coming—! Here, take it! I can't—can't hold it back—!" My voice cracked, raw and desperate, as another thick rope of cum pounded into her throat.

Kerry's eyes bulged, tears streaming down her temples as her throat struggled to keep up. Her fingers dug into my thighs, her nails biting into my skin, but she didn't pull away.

She took it—all of it—her throat fluttering, her lips sealed around my cock as cum leaked from her nostrils, dripped down her lips, her chin glistening with it.

"Mmmph—! Nnngh—! Ghhk—!"

Her muffled moans vibrated around my cock, her body trembling beneath me as I kept cumming—relentless, endless—like a flood of hot, sticky release. Her cheeks bulged, her throat working desperately, but I didn't stop.

Another spurt hit her throat, and she gagged, her nose flaring as cum leaked from her nostrils, dripping down her face. Her eyes rolled back slightly, her breath choked, but her lips stayed sealed around me, her tongue still working even as she struggled to breathe.

"Nnnghh—! C-Can't— Hkk—! Mmmph—!"

I groaned, my hips stuttering as I pumped another load into her, my balls emptying like they'd never stop. "Fuck—! Take it! All of it!.. aaaaaah...." My voice was a guttural growl, my fingers digging into her tits, my thumbs pressing her nipples hard enough to make her whimper.

Kerry's throat fluttered, her gagging turning into choked sobs, her body trembling as she took every drop. Her fingers clawed at my thighs, her nails biting into my skin, but she didn't pull away.

She took it—all of it—her throat milking me, her lips staying sealed around my cock even as cum leaked from her nose, dripped down her chin, painted her face.

And still, I kept cumming.

It was unlike anything I'd ever known—not with the most desirable women, not with the most practiced lovers. I'd never cum so much in my life. Then I considered my abilities—was it the **Healing Factor**? The **Limit Breaker**? Or was it simply the fact that Kerry drove me out of my fucking mind?

None of that mattered in the end. All that consumed me was the way her throat constricted around me, the way her lips clung to my cock, and the way her muffled moans sent waves of pleasure vibrating through me.

The last shudder of my cock faded as I slowly pulled back, my cock slipping from Kerry's swollen, well-used lips with a wet, obscene pop.

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 22 Kerry's Erect Nipples

A thick, glistening string of cum stretched between her mouth and my tip before snapping, dripping down her chin in slow, lewd trails. The sight of her—lips parted, breath ragged, her tits rising and falling with each desperate gasp—sent a fresh, electric jolt through my cock.

Then—

My cock twitched. Violently.

A final, unexpected spurt of cum exploded from my tip, splattering across Kerry's face in thick, white ropes.

The first jet nailed her directly between the eyes, the next painting her cheeks, her lips, her nose—even a drip landing in her dark, tousled hair. She flinched, her entire body jerking in surprise as the warm, sticky mess covered her.

"Aaah—! Dexter—!" Kerry's voice was a choked gasp as the thick, white ropes splattered across her face, covering her nose, her eyes, her lips, her cheeks. She coughed, her hand flying up to wipe at her eyes, but it only smeared the cum further, her vision blurred by the sticky mess.

"W-What—? Aaah—! It's—it's in my eyes—I can't." Her fingers trembled as she tried to clear her vision, her chest heaving, her tits glistening with the cum that had dripped down from her chin.

I watched, my cock throbbing as she struggled—her tongue darting out instinctively, licking the cum from her lips before she even realized what she was doing. Her thighs pressed together, her breath coming in ragged, needy gasps.

"S-Sorry, Aunt..." I murmured, my voice dripping with false innocence, though my grin was anything but. "I didn't mean to—uh—splash you like that..." My fingers twitched with the urge to touch her, to smear the cum further into her skin.

I pretended to be innocent, my voice trembling as I looked down at her. "Aunt... I'm really sorry..." I whimpered, my cock still twitching. "Did I hurt you? I didn't mean it... I don't know what happened to me... My hips—they started moving on their own..."

I glanced down at the cum dripping from her face, my voice falsely confused. "And this white pee—is this... what you called man's seed?"

Kerry coughed, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. But even as she wiped the cum from her eyes, her tongue darted out, licking her lips—tasting me.

"It's okay, Dexter..." she murmured, her voice soft, her eyes gentle despite the filth covering her face. "I know it's not your fault..." She swallowed hard, her throat working as she cleared the last of my cum.

"And yes—this is man's seed..." Her fingers trembled as she wiped at her eyes again, her voice hushed. "But yours—it's so much..." She bit her lip, her expression thoughtful. "I guess your grandfather was right... A cock like yours—it could make a woman give birth to a strong child, with this much seed..."

She paused, her tongue swiping over her lips again, her voice curious—vulnerable. "So this—this is what man's seed tastes like..." Her cheeks flushed, her fingers twitching against her thighs. "It's... salty..." She frowned slightly, her voice hesitant.

"And the smell—it's strong... Like saltwater and fishy..." Her breath hitched, her thighs pressing together as she shifted beneath me.

"And I don't know—why is my pussy—" Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Why is it itching like this? Am I... sick?"

I grinned internally, my cock twitching at the sight of her—confused, aroused, her face still painted with my cum.

The heavy, throbbing pulse of my cock finally began to ease, the iron-hard rigidity slowly melting under Kerry's watchful gaze. The veins that had once stood out like ridges of stone now softened, the angry red flush fading to a deeper, warmer hue as my cock twitched and settled against my thigh.

A final drip of cum oozed from the tip, sliding down the length in a slow, lewd trail before pooling on the stone beneath us. The sight was obscene—my cock, still glistening with Kerry's saliva and the remnants of my release, now limp and spent, resting against the dark curls at the base.

"Aunt... look." I gestured to my cock, now limp and resting against my thigh. "You really healed me... It's returning to normal."

Kerry's eyes locked onto it, her breath catching in her throat as she watched the transformation. A shuddering sigh escaped her, her shoulders sagging with what looked like genuine relief. "Really?!" Her voice was a breathy whisper, her fingers trembling as she reached out—almost touching me, as if she needed to confirm it for herself.

"Thank the ancestors—!" The words spilled out in a rush, her chest rising and falling rapidly, her tits heaving with each desperate breath. She pressed a hand to her heart, as if soothing the wild pounding inside, her dark eyes shining with something between gratitude and awe.

She licked her lips—still swollen from my cock, still tasting me—and her gaze flickered up to meet mine. "Your grandfather must be a great healer..." she murmured, her voice husky, her fingers unconsciously tracing the curve of her own breast, her hard nipple aching beneath her touch.

"To know all about this... that a woman's saliva can make your cock subdued..." Her breath hitched, her thighs pressing together just a little tighter, as if she was trying to ignore the heat building between them.

"And you must have worked so hard to learn from him..." There was a note of pride in her voice, a warmth in her eyes that made my chest tighten—not with guilt, but with dark satisfaction.

I nodded, letting my expression stay soft, innocent, even as my mind raced with filthy possibilities. The way she trusted me, the way she looked at me like I was something sacred—it made my spent cock twitch with the urge to harden again, just to ruin her all over.

But then my gaze dropped.

Her nipples—still erect, still aching, the dark, puckered peaks begging for my touch. The way they stood so firm, so needy, against the soft swell of her breasts. The way her thighs clenched, her breath shallow, her body tense with unfulfilled desire.

A slow, knowing smirk curled my lips.

It was time to play again.

"Aunt..." I murmured, my voice dripping with false concern as I reached out, my fingers hovering just above one of her throbbing nipples. The air between us crackled, the heat of her skin radiating against my palm before I even touched her.

"Your nipples..." My voice lowered, darkened, my thumb brushing over the hard peak—just lightly, just enough to make her gasp. "They're still erect..."

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 23 The Daughter's Interruption

Kerry's fingers trembled as she stared down at her own body, her dark, calloused fingertips brushing against the swollen, aching peaks of her nipples.

They stood painfully erect, the deep brown buds tight and puckered, almost glossy with how hard they were—like two ripe berries begging to be plucked. A shiver ran through her as she prodded at them, her breath hitching in her throat.

"Why is it like this...?" Her voice was thick with confusion, her brows furrowing as she pinched one between her fingers, testing its firmness.

"It must be because your fingers rubbed them just now... that's why they're still so hard..." She rolled the nipple between her thumb and forefinger, a soft, involuntary moan slipping from her lips.

The skin around them was flushed, sensitive—the areolas dark and puffy, swollen with blood, the texture rough beneath her touch.

I watched her, my voice soft with false concern, but my cock twitched at the sight of her touching herself—unaware of how lewd she looked. "Aunt... let me take a look..." I reached out, my palms hovering just above her chest, my fingers itching to claim them again. "To see it better... if I can help you, Aunt."

Kerry hesitated, her dark eyes flickering up to meet mine before dropping back down to her aching nipples. She nodded slightly, her trust in my "healing knowledge" making her vulnerable—obedient. "Yeah... take a look, Dexter..." Her voice was quiet, almost pleading.

"See if you can find a cure for it... otherwise, they'll stay hard like this all day..." She bit her lower lip, her fingers twitching at her sides like she was fighting the urge to touch them again.

I knew the real reason—she was horny, her body aching for release, her pussy dripping with need. I'd heard her whisper it, her voice trembling with frustration.

But I played along, my fingers gently cupping her tits, my thumbs rolling her nipples between them. They were so hard—almost painful to the touch, the tight buds pressing into my skin like pebbles.

I pinched them, just enough to make her gasp, and felt the way they pulsed beneath my fingers, swollen and sensitive.

"Aaaah—!" Kerry moaned, her back arching off the stone, her tits pushing further into my hands. The nipples stood out obscenely, dark and glossy, the areolas puffed and flushed with heat. I flicked one with my thumb, and she jerked, a whimper escaping her.

"Aunt, does it hurt?" I asked, my voice dripping with faux innocence as I pinched them again, my cock stirring at the way her breath hitched, at the way her thighs pressed together.

"N-No..." Kerry whispered, her voice thin with need, her fingers clawing into the stone beneath her. "But it feels... strange..." Her chest heaved, her nipples throbbing beneath my touch, begging for more.

I hummed, my thumbs circling the tight buds, my touch slow and deliberate. "Strange how, Aunt?" I murmured, my voice low, my fingers twisting her nipples just enough to make her whimper.

"Does it tingle? Does it burn?" I leaned in, my breath hot against her ear as I whispered, "Or does it ache... like something's missing?"

Kerry's entire body tensed, her lips parting as a soft, needy sound escaped her. "I... I don't know—!" Her voice was breathy, her body trembling beneath my touch. "It just... feels like... like itching when you pinch them—!"

I grinned internally, my fingers working her nipples with just the right pressure—enough to make her squirm, enough to make her ache for more. "Like this?"

I pinched them harder, my cock throbbing as she gasped, her back arching into my touch. Her nipples were so sensitive—every flick, every twist of my fingers made her jerk, her breath coming in ragged gasps, her skin flushing darker with every touch.

"Aaaah—! Don't—! Hmmm—! Aah, Dexter—!" Kerry's voice was a broken whimper, her fingers clawing into the stone beneath her. "When you pinch them... my pussy—! It itches—!" Her thighs pressed together, her hips twisting restlessly as if she could escape the ache building inside her.

Kerry's voice trembled, her dark eyes wide with a mix of confusion and something far more primitive—something hungry. "Am I really getting sick...?" She bit her lower lip, her breath hitching as another drop of arousal trickled down her thigh, her thighs pressing together as if she could hide the evidence of her desire.

"I can feel it... It's dripping water from there... making me feel strange—!" Her fingers twitched at her sides, her body betraying her with every shuddering breath. "Did your grandfather ever tell you anything about this...?"

I kept my expression innocent, my fingers still toying with her nipples, rolling the swollen buds between my thumbs and forefingers. The way her body responded—the way her back arched, the way her breath caught—told me everything.

"He might have mentioned something..." I murmured, my voice thoughtful, my touch light now, teasing. "But I'd have to check..." My thumbs brushed over the hard peaks, my touch just firm enough to make her whimper.

Then—

A female voice cut through the air from outside the hut.

"Mother! Mother—!"

"Kina—!" Kerry shrieked, her voice cracking with panic. Her fingers flew to cover herself, cheeks burning crimson as she frantically wiped at the cum streaked across her chest and face.

"Kina... is that you?" she called out, voice trembling.

The woman's voice cut through the tension like a blade, sharp and unrelenting.

"Mother, come quickly! It's time for food—everyone's already here!"

My pulse spiked as the name clicked in my mind—Kina. Kerry's daughter. The one she'd mentioned before, her voice soft with maternal pride.

The realization sent a jolt of dark excitement through me. The thought of her—of Kerry's daughter—waiting just outside, oblivious to what we'd been doing, made my cock twitch with renewed interest.

The moment Kina's voice cut through the air, Kerry's entire body stiffened like a deer caught in a hunter's sight.

She glanced at me, her dark eyes wide with desperation. "Let's go, Dexter..." she hissed, her voice strained. "It's time for food..."

I didn't want to leave it like this. "But, Aunt... your sickness..." I murmured, my fingers itching to keep touching her, to finish what I'd started.

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 24 Kerry's Daughter - Kina

Kerry shot me a warning look, her voice dropping to a harsh whisper. "You can take a look and help me cure it after we've eaten." She swallowed hard, her fingers trembling as she wiped the last of the cum from her face. "And you must be hungry too, right?"

Before I could respond, she stood abruptly, snatching fresh leaves from a pile near the furs and pressing them over her nipples, securing them with quick, frantic movements. The leaves rustled as she adjusted them, her breath still uneven.

The cum clung to her skin—thick, sticky, obscene—dripping in slow, lewd trails down her chin, her cheeks, her throat. She grabbed a handful of dried leaves from the ground, her movements frantic, desperate.

The rough edges of the leaves scraped against her sensitive skin as she scrubbed at her face, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

"K-Kina—! I'm coming!" she called out, her voice high-pitched with panic, but her eyes never left me. The leaves rustled in her grip as she pressed them against her skin, smearing the cum further before finally lifting most of it away.

But the scent of it—musky, salty, mine—still clung to her, and her fingers trembled as she realized she couldn't erase it completely.

Then, her gaze dropped to her thighs.

A slow, telling trickle of her own arousal glistened there, dripping down the inside of her legs. Her lips parted in a silent gasp, her cheeks flaming as she realized just how obvious it was.

She bit her lower lip, her fingers clenching around the leaves before she hesitated—then parted her legs just enough to reach down.

I watched, my cock twitching as she wiped at her thighs with the leaves, her movements slow, deliberate. The first swipe caught the thickest of the wetness, the leaf clinging to her skin for a moment before she pulled it away, her breath hitching as she saw the glistening proof of her arousal smeared across the green surface.

She swallowed hard, her thighs trembling as she pressed the leaf against her skin again, this time higher—closer to where the wetness originated.

"Nnngh—!" A soft, involuntary sound escaped her as the leaf brushed against her swollen lips, her fingers pausing for just a second before she pulled it away.

The leaf was damp now, sticky with her need, and she crushed it in her fist, her breath coming faster. She grabbed another leaf and repeated the motion, this time pressing harder, her thighs parting just a little more.

The sight of her—standing there, legs slightly spread, her fingers working between her thighs with those rough leaves—made my cock throb.

While Kerry was distracted, not paying attention to me, I reached into the **System Storage** and pulled out the **Magical Tool**.

With a thought, I converted it—green, leaf-like underwear that mimicked the tribe's style, with a skirt of layered leaves to blend in.

The way her breath stuttered every time the rough edge of the leaf brushed against her clit—just a flicker of contact, but enough to make her entire body jolt—sent a jolt of dark hunger straight to my cock. Her hips twitched, a tiny, involuntary roll, like she was trying to chase the sensation even as she pretended to clean herself.

The leaves rustled between her fingers, her thighs parted just enough to give her access, but not enough to reveal—not that it mattered. The image of her standing there, exposed in ways she didn't even realize, was enough to make my pulse pound in my ears.

Her nipples—still hard, still aching—pressed against the fresh leaves she'd just covered herself with, the tight buds visible through the gaps, dark and swollen with need.

The way the leaves clung to her skin, the way her chest heaved with every breath, the way her fingers trembled—it was maddening. I wanted to rip those leaves off. I wanted

to shove her back down onto the furs and finish what I'd started. I wanted to watch her come undone beneath me, her body shuddering, her voice broken with pleasure.

But the worst—the most intoxicating—part of it all?

She didn't shy away.

She didn't flinch or hide or act like this was something shameful. She just... did it. Like it was normal. Like wiping my cum from her face and her own arousal from her thighs was just another task—another chore—before heading out to eat with her daughter waiting outside.

The audacity of it made my cock throb.

She finished quickly, snapping her legs shut with a finality that should have cooled the fire inside me. But it didn't. The soiled leaves dropped to the ground, sticky with her need, and the damage was done.

The air between us was thick—heavy with the scent of her, musky and sweet and fucking intoxicating. And the knowledge—the unspoken, filthy knowledge—that she was still aching for me, that her pussy was still dripping, that her nipples were still hard—it settled in my gut like a promise.

I wanted to jump on her.

I wanted to pin her down and lick every drop of her from her thighs, to suck those hard nipples until she screamed, to fuck her until she forgot her own name.

But Kerry?

She just stood there, composed—or as composed as she could be—her dark eyes flickering to mine for just a second before she turned toward the hut's entrance.

Kerry turned back to me, her expression composed but her cheeks still flushed. "Let's go," she said firmly, her voice low. "And don't tell anyone about wasting your seed... okay?"

I nodded, my gaze locked on the faint glistening trail still clinging to her inner thigh, my mind already racing with thoughts of how I'd finish what I'd started.

"I won't, Aunt," I murmured, my voice smooth, my grin hidden.

But as we stepped out into the sunlight, one thing was certain—

This wasn't over.

Not by a long shot.

This wasn't over. Not by a long shot.

Kerry and I stepped outside, where a woman stood waiting—Kina, Kerry's daughter, I assumed. I followed Kerry's gaze and froze.

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 25 Aunt's Juicy Thighs

The woman who was standing outside—maybe in her early twenties, 24 at most. She had the same dark eyes as Kerry, the same full lips, the same strong features—but where Kerry was mature, this woman was fresh, her skin smooth and unmarked, her body slim but curved in all the right places. And fuck—her tits were just as big as her mother's, full and heavy, barely contained by the loose hide wrap she wore.

Kina's eyes flickered to me, her gaze curious—assessing. "Mom," she said, her voice light but impatient, "you're taking so much time..." Then her attention shifted fully to me, her dark eyes narrowing just slightly. "And who is this little brother?"

The way she said it—little brother—made something twist in my chest. Not because it was true, but because of the way her lips curled around the words, the way her eyes traced over me, lingering just a second too long on the bulge in my makeshift leaf-skirt.

"Kina, let me introduce this little brother to you..." Kerry gestured toward me, her hands still instinctively covering her bare tits, though her nipples remained hard and aching beneath her touch. "His name is Dexter. Your father found him in the forest..."

Kerry finished telling Kina my story—how I'd lost my family, how I'd come to the tribe, how her grandfather had taken me in. The way she spoke, her voice soft and careful, made it sound like I was some fragile thing, something to be protected.

Kina listened, her dark eyes never leaving me, her expression slowly shifting from curiosity to something warmer. Sympathy.

"Dexter," she said, stepping closer, her voice warm, almost gentle. "From now on, we're all your family." Her gaze flicked over me again, but this time, it wasn't the same appraising look from before. This was softer. Sisterly. "And you'll have a sister from now on." A small smile tugged at her lips. "If you need anything, tell your sister, okay?"

I nodded, my throat suddenly tight. "Yeah..." My voice came out rough, hoarse. "Thank you, sister."

"Okay... let's go." Kerry reached out, her fingers brushing against my arm—hesitant, but affectionate. "And Dexter, come—I'll introduce you to the others." Her lips curved into a small smile. "Kids your age, so you won't feel alone here."

I didn't hesitate.

I stepped forward and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her into a hug—tight, possessive. My lips brushed against her shoulder as I murmured, my voice muffled against her skin, "With my aunt here..." My hands slid down her back, my fingers pressing into the curve of her waist. "How can I feel alone? I'm just happy to be with my aunt."

Kerry stiffened for a second—her body tense, her breath hitching—before she melted into it, her fingers patting my back almost absentmindedly.

"You kid..." she chuckled, but her voice was soft, affectionate—unaware of the filthy thoughts racing through my mind. The way her body fit against mine, the way her breasts pressed into my chest, the way her heat radiated through the thin hide covering her—it made my cock twitch with dark anticipation.

Then she pulled back slightly, her dark eyes flickering toward Kina. "Kina, you take him there..." She hesitated, her fingers twitching at her sides. "I need to go and... take a piss..."

The words hit me like a spark.

Hearing Kerry say she was going to piss—something so mundane, so normal—sent a jolt of dark, filthy curiosity through me. I'd seen women squirt on my cock, seen them drip with arousal, seen them come until they were a mess—but I'd never seen one piss.

Never witnessed the raw, unfiltered act of a woman letting go like that—the vulnerability of her thighs parted, the sound of it, the scent of it, the way her body would tremble as she released.

My mind raced.

This wasn't just about peeing.

This was an opportunity.

An opportunity to see Kerry—completely exposed. To see her squat, her thighs spread, her pussy dripping—not with arousal this time, but with something raw, something real. The thought made my cock throb, my pulse pounding in my ears.

Fuck.

"Aunt..." I said, my voice casual, innocent—just eager enough to sound believable. "I also want to take a piss..." I shrugged, my eyes wide with faux confusion. "I don't know where to go... Can you take me with you?"

Kerry hesitated for only a second before nodding. "Okay. Come with me." She turned to Kina, her voice firm. "Kina, you go back. Dexter and I will meet you at the food."

Kina nodded, her dark eyes flickering between us before she turned and walked away. And fuck—that ass. The way it swung with each step, the way the hide clung to the curve of her hips, the way her thighs pressed together just enough to hint at the heat between them. I watched—transfixed—as she moved, the sunlight catching the sweat on her skin, the way her muscles flexed with every step.

Then Kerry's voice pulled me back.

"Dexter, let's go." She gestured for me to follow, her own voice tight—nervous, maybe, though she tried to hide it. "I'll show you the place..."

I followed, my gaze dropping to her ass as she walked ahead of me. The hide wrapped around her waist was damp in places, clinging to the swell of her hips, the curve of her thighs. And then I saw it—

A faint, glistening trail.

Dripping down the back of her thighs.

My grin turned dark, possessive.

That wasn't piss.

That was her—her pussy, still aching, still leaking from how badly I'd teased her. The juices trickled down her skin, shiny and thick, clinging to the dark hair between her legs before sliding down her thighs.

She shifted slightly, her legs pressing together as if she could hide it, but it only smeared it further, the wetness glistening in the sunlight.

She probably thought it was itching—some sickness, some strange reaction.

But I knew the truth.

She was wet. Desperate. And she had no idea how bad she wanted it.

We stepped out of the cluster of huts into a plain area covered in tall, swaying grass. The tribe's living space was behind us now, the open field stretching ahead—empty, private. No one else was around. They must've all gone to eat.

