

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 3 Caught Redhanded

Dexter looked at Helena, his eyes filled with a hunger that matched her own. "Which cock do you like more, Helena? Your pathetic husband's tiny little thing or my big, thick cock?" he asked, his voice rough with desire, his hand reaching out to cup her breast, his thumb brushing over her nipple, making her gasp.

Helena's eyes met his, her gaze filled with a hunger that matched his own. "It's yours, Dexter," she said, her hand making a gesture, telling him that her husband's cock was barely three inches, a smirk playing on her lips.

Helena scoffed, her voice dripping with disdain. "That loser can't even get hard. His tiny little cock is nothing compared to yours, Dexter. I need you to fuck me, to make me feel like a real woman again. His pathetic little thing could never make me feel the way you do."

As Helena spoke, she moved to present her ass to Dexter, her body trembling with anticipation. She got on all fours, her knees spread wide apart, her back arched seductively.

She reached back with both hands, her fingers digging into the soft flesh of her ass cheeks, spreading them wide open to reveal her most intimate area.

Dexter's eyes widened as he took in the sight of Helena's asshole. It was neat and clean, the skin around it smooth and unblemished. The creases around her asshole were visible, adding to the allure. As she clenched, her asshole seemed to breathe and wink at him, a tantalizing invitation.

Dexter positioned himself behind Helena, his cock throbbing, aching, the swollen head already slick with pre-cum as it pressed against the tight pucker of her asshole. The heat of his body radiated against her skin, a stark contrast to the cool, still air of the room.

"Helena..." His voice was a growl, rough with need. "You're driving me fucking insane." His fingers traced the delicate creases of her entrance, teasing, owning. "Are you ready to get this pretty little asshole destroyed?"

She didn't answer fast enough.

SMACK.

His palm cracked against her ass, the sound sharp and obscene, echoing through the room. Helena gasped, her body jolting forward before a broken moan spilled from her lips.

"Aah—! Don't be so— **smack** —hard—!" The sting bloomed across her skin, red and angry, the heat of it searing against the cool air.

Dexter didn't let up. His hand came down again—**SMACK**—another mark blooming beside the first. "Tell me what you want," he demanded, his voice dark, commanding. "Or I'll make you beg for it."

SMACK.

"Fuck—!" Helena's voice cracked, her body trembling. Then, breathless, she looked back at him, her lips parted, her eyes glazed with need. "I.... I want your hard cock..." She bit her lower lip, her voice dropping into a sultry whisper. "To fuck my virgin asshole..." A shudder ran through her. "Hmm... please, Dexter..."

His cock twitched at the words, the thought of breaching her untouched hole making him throb with primal hunger. He could feel the heat of her, the way her body quivered—part fear, part desperate anticipation.

"You sure?" he taunted, pressing the thick head of his cock against her entrance, letting her feel just how big he was. "Because once I start, I'm not stopping."

Helena nodded, her breath hitching. "Yes..." Her voice was barely more than a whisper, but the need in it was unmistakable. "I'm ready. I need you inside me."

Dexter didn't wait.

He pushed—slowly, relentlessly—the broad tip of his cock breaching her tight ring. Helena gasped, her body tensing, her nails digging into the sheets as she felt herself stretch around him. "Oh god—! Dexter, it's—so big—!" Her voice was high, desperate, her asshole clenching around the intrusion as he sank deeper.

And fuck, she was tight.

Dexter grabbed her hips, his fingers digging into her soft skin, and slammed the tip of his cock into her tight asshole. "You feel so good, Helena. So tight and warm."

Helena moaned, her eyes rolling back, her body shuddering with pleasure. "Aaaaaaaah, fuck... hmmm... it's... aaah, it's stretching me... wide... aaaaaaaah. Yes, Dexter, just like that."

Suddenly, as Dexter was about to move forward, both Helena and Dexter heard the gate of the room creak open. They turned to see a man standing there. It was Helena's husband, Peter, whom Dexter had met at the party.

Helena panicked, her voice trembling, her body still exposed and vulnerable. "Peter, it's not what you think! We were just..."

Dexter's cock throbbed inside Helena's asshole, making her moan again. "Aaaaaah. Peter, please, let me explain."

Dexter was nervous, but he thought it wasn't a big deal. His dad would handle it for him. "Uncle, we can talk about this. There's no need to overreact."

Peter's eyes were bloodshot as he yelled, his voice filled with rage. "Bitch... can you not say that when you are fucking him... motherfucker... You dare bring him into our home, our bed?"

Dexter looked at Peter and said, trying to defuse the situation. "Hello, uncle... he he... We were just having a bit of fun. No harm done."

Peter took Dexter's mocking tone as an insult. He yelled, his voice shaking with fury. "You motherfucker... fucking my wife in my bed... How dare you disrespect me like this?"

Helena moved forward, her body still trembling, and Dexter's cock, which was in her ass, popped out with a slight wet sound. She tried to cover herself, her voice pleading. "Peter, please, let's calm down and talk about this."

Peter ignored her, his focus on the wardrobe in the room. He took out something that surprised both Dexter and Helena. Dexter panicked when he saw Peter holding a gun, his voice rising in alarm. "Uncle, what are you doing? Put the gun down!"

Peter's voice was cold and calculated. "I knew at the party there was something wrong with both of you... And I saw you giving her a note. Motherfucker, do you think I am blind? So I just made an excuse to go out, and you, bitch, called him in... You are just a whore and a slut..."

Dexter tried to reason with him, his voice steady despite the fear. "Uncle... It's not that serious... and don't forget who my dad is... If anything happens to me... he will not let you go..."

Peter chuckled darkly. "Shut the fuck up... Do you really think I am afraid of your dad? I will tell you what happens... You came in here... and you were trying to rape my wife... So, in panic, my wife shot you... and you died here..."

Peter pointed the gun at Helena, his voice menacing. "What do you think, whore? Is this okay? Do you agree with this story?"

Helena, afraid she would really die if she didn't agree, nodded quickly, her voice barely a whisper. "Yes, Peter. It's okay. I agree."

Peter suddenly shot, the sound echoing through the room. Dexter yelled, his voice filled with pain and shock. "Uncle, don't.... Please, stop!"

Peter didn't stop. He unloaded his gun, each shot echoing like a thunderclap in the small room. Dexter's body crumpled to the floor, his life fading fast.

As his vision blurred, he saw the fear on Helena's face, heard her screams as if from a distance. Dexter felt his life slipping away, and then there was nothing but darkness.