

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 4 What Is This Place?

FIRST PERSON POV

As consciousness slowly seeped back into my senses, a guttural moan escaped my lips. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa..." My eyelids fluttered open, and I was greeted by a wave of disorientation. The world around me was a blur, colors and shapes merging into an indistinct haze. "Fuck..." I muttered, my voice hoarse and barely above a whisper, the word feeling foreign on my tongue.

Memories of the past events flooded my mind like a tidal wave, threatening to drown me in their intensity. I recalled the searing pain of being shot by Peter, the bullets tearing through my flesh, the agony that had consumed me.

My hand instinctively reached for the wounds, fingers trembling as they traced over my skin. But to my astonishment, there was no trace of injury.

My body was unmarked, whole, and disturbingly, I was naked. The vulnerability of my state sent a chill through me. "Am I still alive?" I questioned, my voice laced with confusion and disbelief, the words echoing in the emptiness around me.

I scanned my surroundings, hoping to find some semblance of familiarity, something to anchor me to reality. But all that met my gaze was an expansive jungle, a sea of green that stretched out as far as the eye could see.

The verdant greenery was punctuated by the occasional flutter of birds taking flight, their wings a blur of color against the blue sky. The sky above was a clear, unblemished blue, devoid of any signs of civilization or the life I once knew. It was as if I had been transported to another world, one untouched by human hands.

"Or is this... hell?" I pondered aloud, my voice echoing through the dense foliage, the words hanging in the air like a curse. The thought sent a shiver down my spine, the implications too vast to comprehend. But the tranquility of the scene before me offered little in the way of answers.

The jungle was alive with the sounds of nature, the chirping of birds, and the rustling of leaves, a symphony of life that seemed to mock my confusion. Yet, it was devoid of any human presence, a fact that sent a pang of loneliness through me.

I stood up, my body protesting slightly from the unfamiliar terrain beneath my feet. The grass was cool and damp, a stark contrast to the warmth of the sun that filtered through the canopy above.

I took a tentative step forward, my senses on high alert as I navigated this new and unfamiliar world. Every sound, every movement was a potential threat, my mind racing with possibilities and fears.

I stood on unsteady legs, my bare feet sinking slightly into the damp earth. The grass was cool, almost *wet*, against my soles, the contrast with the warm sun filtering through the trees making my skin prickle.

"Help!" The word ripped out of me, desperate and rough. "Is anyone— there?!" My voice tore through the silence, raw and panicked, but the jungle just... swallowed it. No answer. No movement. Nothing.

"Motherfucker... I don't even have my cellphone... and where the fuck am I?" The frustration and fear in my voice were evident. I was lost, naked, and alone in a world that made no sense.

Suddenly, a voice sounded in my head, a mechanical tone that seemed out of place in the natural surroundings. It was as if the voice was a part of me, yet separate, a foreign entity that had taken residence in my mind.

[Transmigration Successful]

The words appeared in my mind like a notification, a message from an unknown source. I was taken aback; the implications of the words were too vast to comprehend.

[Found.... The Pervert Host]

The message continued, each word a blow to my understanding of reality. I was the pervert host? What did that even mean?

[Loading System..... Successful]

A panel materialized in front of me.

Just... appeared.

Like a fucking hologram, glowing faintly in the air, the edges shimmering with an unnatural light. My stomach twisted, bile rising in my throat. It was impossible.

[Pervert Debauchery System]

[Transmigration Successful]

[Found.... The Pervert Host]

[Loading System..... Successful]

[Pervert Debauchery System]

Name: Dexter Williams

Age: 22

Skills: None

Abilities: None

Pervert Points: None

System Storage: [Gift Pack X 5]

SUPER-MARKET STORE - Anything the host wishes to buy is available in the store, from food, clothing, skills, abilities, and anything else, by paying a corresponding Pervert Points.

As I sat there, leaning against the rough bark of the tree, the virtual panel hovering before my eyes, I couldn't help but feel a sense of surrealism wash over me. The words "SUPER-MARKET STORE" glared back at me.

The store promised anything I could wish for, from food and clothing to skills and abilities, all in exchange for something called "Pervert Points." The concept was foreign, yet intriguingly familiar, like a distant echo of a dream I once had.

I was shocked to see this virtual panel before my eyes, the implications of its existence too vast to comprehend. "What the fuck is this... transmigration..." The idea of transmigration, of being transported to another world, was a concept I had only encountered in works of fiction. Yet, here I was, living proof of its reality.

"Is this true.... or am I really dead... or is this a dream?"

The questions raced through my mind, each one a reflection of the disbelief and confusion that consumed me. I needed answers, a way to understand this new reality.

I slapped my own face.

Pain bloomed across my cheek, sharp and immediate. "Not a dream."

Rage burned through me, hot and ugly. "Send me back!" I screamed it at the sky, at the trees, at the nothingness around me. The jungle stayed silent. The system stayed silent. "You hear me?! **SEND ME THE FUCK BACK!** "

I yelled, my voice echoing through the jungle. "Motherfucker... send me back." The words were a plea, a desperate cry for a return to the familiarity of my old life.

I thought this system, this "**Pervert Debauchery System**," had brought me here, to this strange new world. It had mentioned something about transmigration, a concept I was still struggling to grasp. Is this another world?

I got no response from the system. I was alone in this new world, a stranger in a strange land. Looking at the name of the system, I felt a strange sense of familiarity. It was a reflection of a part of me, a part I had kept hidden, a part of me that was undeniably a pervert.