

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 5 The System's Surprise

Looking around, seeing no sign of humans, I didn't know where this system had thrown me. But one thing was true: I was still alive, and this was not hell.

The jungle around me was alive with the sounds of nature, the chirping of birds, and the rustling of leaves. It was a world untouched by human hands, a world that was both beautiful and terrifying in its isolation.

I sat down, leaning against the tree, and looked at the virtual panel. In the system storage, it showed **5 gift packs**. After taking a deep breath, I decided to open one. I had no other choice, no other way to understand this new reality.

I opened the first gift pack, the virtual wrapper dissolving to reveal an ability called **"Pervert Eyes."** The description was clear: it would help me earn Pervert Points, showing a number on the body parts of women.

If I touched that part, I would get the corresponding number of Pervert Points. The implications were vast, the potential both exciting and terrifying.

"Fuck... I knew this perverted system was really perverted.... and Pervert Eyes... is also a good skill in order to earn points... but there is not even a human here. Where can I find a woman... is this some fantasy world... or some other world I don't know..."

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

I decided to open another gift, hoping it would provide some clarity, some understanding of where I was and what I was supposed to do.

The second gift opened, revealing an item called **"Magical Tool."** The description was vague, stating that it could change form and be anything I wanted.

I looked at the **Magical Tool**, which was in a ring shape, a stark contrast to the natural world around me. "What the fuck is this... is this a prank?" I was confused looking at this ring-type thing called a Magical Tool.

I thought of trying it out, of testing its limits. I was still naked, a fact that sent a chill down my spine. I thought of clothes, and suddenly, the Magical Tool stretched like liquid, flowing over my body like a second skin, a nano armor reminiscent of the symbiote.

I shouted, my voice echoing through the jungle, full of disbelief. "What the fuck is this? And how is this even possible... It's like magic."

I decided to try various things, testing the limits of the **Magical Tool**. I thought of a gun, and suddenly, the tool retracted from my body, converting into a firearm.

The weight was familiar, just like a real gun. I thought of testing it, of seeing if it was just a facade or if it was indeed a functional weapon.

I fired the shot, the sound echoing through the jungle like a thunderclap. The recoil also felt similar to the real gun.

With the firing of the gun, I remembered how I was killed, the bullets tearing through my flesh, the agony that had consumed me. I didn't have any regret, but the anger towards Peter was a burning ember in my chest.

"How did that motherfucker really shoot me? I didn't really deserve it. I was just helping his wife, trying to bring some happiness into her life. This is how I got rewarded, with betrayal and death." I thought to myself.

Now, I was in a new world, a world that was both strange and terrifying. But I was alive, and I had a chance to start anew.

I looked at the **Magical Tool**, the gun still clutched in my hand, and made a decision. I was going to survive in this new world, no matter what it took. I was going to find a way back, or if that wasn't possible, I was going to make a new life for myself. This was not the end; it was just the beginning.

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 memories of my past life, of Peter and Helena, were still fresh in my mind.

I knew that Peter would surely die, and perhaps Helena would too. My parents were not the kind of people to let such an affront slide. They would burn the world for me, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction at the thought of Peter being skinned alive.

But as I thought of Helena, I couldn't help but feel a sense of regret. I thought of her tight little asshole, of the fact that I never got to fully claim her.

Looking at the gun in my hand, I decided to change it, to convert it into something more useful. The **Magical Tool** was truly a marvel, a device that could change form and be anything I wanted. I thought of clothes, and suddenly, the tool stretched like liquid, flowing over my body like a second skin, forming into a t-shirt and shorts.

The fabric was cool and comfortable, a stark contrast to the rough bark of the tree I was leaning against. I couldn't help but marvel at the tool, at the fact that it could even change color. This thing would be useful, no matter where I was.

Thinking of this, I was excited to open the third gift. It revealed an ability called "**Universal Language**," a skill that would allow me to communicate in any language.

The words spoken by me would automatically be converted into the listener's known language, and if someone spoke to me, I would hear it in English, my known language.

"Well.... if this world is some fantasy world, where I can see elves and meet fairies, then it will all be worth it. Even my death will be worth it if there are really elves here," I muttered, with some excitement.