

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 7 Sexy Tribal Milfs

The red dots on my map pulsed like a heartbeat, taunting me. People. Or at least, something close enough to pass for it. Humans? Elves? Catgirls? The thought sent a jolt of excitement through me, sharp and electric. This world wasn't just a prison—it was a playground, and I was the only one who knew the rules.

I decided to move in the direction of those red dots and selected the area with my mind. It pinpointed the location, and the map showed how many kilometers it was away. It was 12 km away from my location. I couldn't help but curse.

"You want me to walk 12 km? I am going to die..." I didn't want to walk that much..

But then I looked at my clothes and thought of the **Magical Tool**. I wondered if this thing could be changed into a vehicle. I decided to try it, and suddenly, the tool changed into a mountain bike in an instant. I realized this was truly a magical tool, just limited by my imagination.

I didn't know who or what those people were, in the form of red dots, whether they were humans or some other race, or if they were friendly or not. So I made the engine electric to make it silent and rode it in that direction.

The jungle was dense in between, and it was difficult to ride, even with the mountain bike. But somehow, I reached there and wore the **Magical Tool** by converting it into a t-shirt and shorts.

I looked at the scene, and it looked like a village, a tribe with huts made of mud and straw. I was still 500 meters away, and I had to walk as it was a slope down from here.

I decided to take a look at the people here and lie down on the slope so I wouldn't be spotted or noticed. I again used the **Magical Tool** and converted it into binoculars, looking through them.

I saw people who were humans wearing leaf clothes, and women wearing them barely covered their nipples and pussies. But you could spot their pubic hair easily through that. I saw some males, and they had spears made of wooden sticks with a sharpened stone attached at the end.

"Don't fucking tell me that I came to the past, like 10000 B.C., or maybe even the Stone Age. If that's the case, then I am fucking screwed. How will I live with these savages?" I couldn't help but curse.

Suddenly, a prompting voice echoed in my mind...

[Congratulations, Host! You have successfully identified your current era as the Stone Age. As a reward for this discovery, you have been awarded 100 Pervert Points.]

"**Motherfucker...**" The word escaped my lips in a low, disbelieving growl, my fingers digging into the damp earth beneath me. The system hadn't just *transported* me—it had **thrown** me into the past.

Or maybe not even the past. Maybe some **parallel world**, some twisted mirror of history where the rules were different, where *I* was different.

I exhaled sharply, my mind racing. "**The Stone Age. Actual fucking Stone Age.**" No cities. No technology. No laws. Just **raw survival**, and me—**Dexter Williams, immortal pervert**—dropped into the middle of it like some kind of sick joke.

I looked at the reward: 100 Pervert Points, a small consolation in this strange new world. I couldn't help but curse the system for sending me here, but I also couldn't deny the fact that it had saved my life.

I was now an Immortal being in the Stone Age era, a thought that sent a shiver of excitement through me. The implications were vast, the potential both exhilarating and terrifying.

I could be a **GOD** to these primitive people, ruling over this untouched world.

With 100 Pervert Points at my disposal, I quickly decided to make a purchase. I bought a water bottle, spending a mere 2 Pervert Points.

It materialized in my hand, cold and beaded with condensation. I drank deeply, the liquid sliding down my throat. A simple pleasure, but in this world? It was **luxury**.

Looking at the empty water bottle in my hand, I thought of something. I looked at the system storage, a virtual space that seemed to defy the laws of physics.

I wondered if I could also put things back there. With a thought, I willed the empty water bottle into the system storage, and it disappeared from my hand. I chuckled, thinking it was awesome. With unlimited storage, many things were possible.

But I couldn't help but sigh at my situation. I was getting happy over a fucking water bottle.

Thinking of all the luxuries I had in my life, now gone, the cars, the power in society, everything just vanished. But looking at the Supermarket Store, I knew I could recreate all kinds of luxury, and maybe even go beyond that.

However, to do so, I needed to earn more Pervert Points, and for that, I needed women. I decided to focus on women in the tribes to see how they actually were.

As I lie there, the binoculars in hand, I couldn't help but feel a sense of desire wash over me. The women in the village were a sight to behold, their bodies a testament to the physical labor they endured daily.

The first woman I saw was sitting at the front of her hut, her face a mix of beauty and strength. Her skin tone was a hot Mexican beauty, not quite brown or white, but a unique blend that was undeniably sexy. Her tits were massive, full and round, with dark, erect nipples that begged to be sucked and teased.

Her waist was slim, tapering down to wide hips that swayed seductively as she moved. Her long, raven hair cascaded down her back, framing her face and accentuating her high cheekbones and full lips.

The other women were no different, their bodies slim and curvaceous, their skin tones varying from creamy white to shades of caramel brown. They all had long hair, cascading down to their waists, a stark contrast to the primitive world around them. Their breasts were full and firm, their nipples hard and inviting.

Their thighs were thick and muscular, a testament to the physical labor they endured daily. And on their thighs, they bore intricate tattoos, swirling patterns that seemed to dance and writhe as they moved. The tattoos were a blend of black and red, a stark contrast to their skin tones, and they seemed to tell a story, a tale of their lives and experiences.

Their necklaces were made of bones, which would be considered disgusting in my previous world, but here, the necklaces were a thing of beauty, a testament to their strength and resilience.

The bones were polished and smooth, a stark contrast to the rough and tumble world around them. And between their breasts, the bones seemed to nestle, feeling the warmth of their tits.

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 8 Deceiving The Savages

My cock couldn't help but harden, thinking of fucking them, of claiming them as my own. I didn't know whether, for these savages, sex was merely a means of reproduction or if they, too, found pleasure and enjoyment in the act.

Suddenly, I saw a group of tribal men coming over in this direction, trying to come into the forest through this slope, which had a slight incline like a dirt road to walk up and down.

They were carrying spears and jute ropes, their bodies bare-chested with only a small piece of what looked like some plant leaf, like banana leaves, covering their crotches.

But one of the males stood out, looking like a leader as he was wearing a dead animal skin around his crotch. They all had beards and mustaches, looking ferocious and ready for battle.

They were coming over here, and I knew I needed to be careful. I couldn't just barge in and expect to be accepted. I needed a plan, a way to make them see me as more than just a stranger, an outsider.

But I couldn't ignore my safety. If any of those motherfuckers tried to harm me, I would kill them with my **Magical Tool**. Maybe I should just make it into a rifle like an M4 Carbine, shoot them all to death. Or maybe a bazooka would be good, and anyway, even if I got injured, I would be fine with the **Healing Factor**. The thought was comforting, and it gave to confidence, as no matter what happens, I will not die.

I looked at the binoculars in my hand, which were the Magical Tool, and thought of something. I instantly converted the Magical Tool into the leaf dress like the one they all wore around their crotches, so that at least I wouldn't look strange. I smudged some dirt on myself to look lost and not so clean, a stark contrast to the primitive world around me.

I decided to tell them a story that I came out hunting with my parents, and my parents were killed by an animal, and I ran out. I didn't know what kind of animals were there in the Stone Age, but I decided to go with the tiger. I already had the **Universal Language**, so communication wouldn't be a problem.

I ran back a bit and decided to run to them, calling for help. It was a good idea, but I needed to pay attention to my acting skills.

I hid behind a tree and saw they all had climbed up all the way and were moving in this direction. I took a deep breath and showed a panicked expression, running and yelling, "Aaaaaa.... help... help.. tiger... There is a tiger..."

I ran to them, yelling, and saw that they all became alert as they saw someone running towards them. I could see they all clenched their weapons in their hands, and I didn't know whether they were targeting me or because I yelled tiger.

I didn't know whether the tiger was even called a tiger in the Stone Age, but I guessed that wouldn't be an issue for me with the Universal Language.

As I stood there, panting and trying to catch my breath, the group of tribal men looked at me with suspicion and alertness. Their eyes scanned the surroundings, trying to spot the tiger I had mentioned. I could see the tension in their bodies, the way they gripped their spears tightly, ready to defend themselves at a moment's notice.

One of them, who seemed to be the leader, asked, "Where... where is the tiger?" His voice was gruff, a stark contrast to the primitive world around us.

I could clearly hear them speaking English, and I realized how awesome the Universal Language ability was. No matter which language they spoke, I could understand it easily in English, and they would also understand me in their native language.

By their expressions, I knew they had bought my story, and I continued my acting, my voice trembling with fear, and I stammered. "It... It was chasing after me... I don't know..." I said, my voice barely above a whisper, a stark contrast to the tension that filled the air.

The leader asked, "What are you doing here near our tribe?" His voice was stern. I cried, and my voice was trembling as I spoke.

"I lived on the other side of the forest... with my mother and father... because we hadn't had food for many days, dad decided to take us into the forest to hunt... but the tiger attacked them, and they blocked the tiger, asking me to run away..." The words were a web of lies, a story crafted to make them see me as a victim, a stranger in need of their help.

The leader asked, "Which tribe do you belong to?" His voice was curious, a reminder of the complex social structures that existed even in this primitive world. I saw they were still alert, their eyes scanning me, trying to determine if I was a threat or not.

I knew he was asking whether I was from some other tribe; maybe they had enemy tribes here. The thought sent a pang of fear, reminding me that it was a dangerous world.

I said, "I don't belong to any tribe... my mother and father were hunters, so we lived alone and hunted to survive..." I instantly crafted a story to make them see me as an outsider, a stranger in need of their help.

One of the men among them said, "Maybe we should take this kid in... as he must have hunting skills... which might be useful... to our village..." His voice was hopeful, a stark contrast to the tension that filled the air. The thought sent a pang of relief through me, thinking my acting skills were quite good as I had successfully deceived them.

As the other man pointed out my lack of body hair, I couldn't help but feel a mix of amusement and frustration. "Look, he hasn't even grown hair, which means he is just a kid," he said, his finger gesturing towards my crotch.

I glanced at their crotches, noticing the dense pubic hair that was a stark contrast to my clean-shaven skin. Their chests were also covered in hair, while mine was smooth.

My hair length was long, reaching my shoulders, unlike theirs, which were longer, indicating they didn't get haircuts.

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 9 Entry Into The Tribe

The thought hit me like a sharp stone—Your motherfucker, you're just a kid... maybe I should get his wife to give birth to another one... bitch.

The frustration coiled in my chest, but beneath it, something colder and more calculated took root. If I wanted to survive here, if I wanted to thrive, I needed them to trust me. And what was easier to trust than a child?

I thought maybe I should follow that guy, as I believed it would be easier to make them trust me if I were a kid.

The leader's voice cut through my thoughts like a blade, deep and commanding. "So then... I ask you this—do you want to be part of our tribe?" His eyes bore into mine, unblinking, as if he could see straight through the lies I hadn't even spoken yet. The air felt heavy, thick with the weight of his question. One wrong word, one misplaced glance, and I'd be back in the wilderness—or worse.

I swallowed hard, forcing my voice to tremble just enough. "Will... will I get enough to eat?" The question slipped out before I could stop it, raw and desperate. For a second, I hated myself for it. But then, the laughter started.

It began with one of them—a deep, rumbling chuckle—before spreading like wildfire. The sound was rich, almost musical, the kind of laughter that came from bellies full of meat and hearts full of pride. "Hah! Hahaha!" The tallest one slapped his knee, nearly doubling over. "Kid, we're the best hunters in all the villages! Even if the whole world starves, we won't!"

I let my eyes widen, my mouth falling open just slightly. "Really?" The awe in my voice wasn't entirely faked. There was something intoxicating about their confidence, the way they carried themselves like kings in a world that should've broken them.

The leader—no, *Elder Ryan*, as he'd later correct me—nodded, his expression softening just a fraction. "If you want to stay, you can. But there are rules." His tone left no room for argument. This wasn't an invitation; it was a test.

I kept my gaze locked on his, my spine straight. I could feel the weight of every eye on me, judging, measuring.

"1. Always follow the village head's order... that is me..." A flicker of something—amusement? satisfaction?—crossed his face as he watched me process that. The hierarchy here wasn't just clear; it was absolute.

"2. Betrayal is death..." No trial. No second chances. Just the finality of a blade or a rope. I forced myself to nod, my pulse hammering in my throat.

"3. Respect the women and elders of the tribe. They are the heart and wisdom of our people. You will treat them with kindness and honor, always." His voice was firm, carrying the weight of tradition and the importance of their social fabric.

As I stood there, listening intently to the village chief, I couldn't help but feel a sense of determination wash over me. My eyes never left his, trying to show the respect and obedience I needed to show.

I knew that this was just the beginning, that there would be challenges and obstacles ahead. But I also knew that I had the potential to overcome them, to carve out a new life for myself in this strange new world.

I nodded and said, "Understood, Village Chief..." The words were a mix of respect and determination, a reminder of the complex social structures that existed even in this primitive world.

The leader nodded with a bit of satisfaction and said, "You call me Elder... Ryan..." The name was a surprise, a stark contrast to the primitive world around us.

But I knew that it might be because of translation, a Universal Language ability that allowed me to understand any language and be understood.

I nodded, "Elder Ryan..."

The village chief introduced the others, his voice full of pride and authority.

He turned to the others, pride bleeding into his voice as he introduced them. "These are my brothers, the best hunters you'll ever meet."

He introduced a person who was as tall as I, his body a testament to the physical labor he endured daily. He looked to be in his 30s.

The chief said, "He is the youngest hunter we have... You can call him... Elder brother... Tusk..." The words were full of affection, felt like the bonds of family and friendship that held these people together.

The chief introduced the other person, who had a big belly, a testament to the abundance of food in this village. He said, "He is your Elder Mitt..."

Then Ryan's gaze shifted to the man beside him—a mountain of a human with a belly that spoke of too many successful hunts and not enough running. "And this," he said, grinning now, "is Mitt. He's got a hut big enough for two. Mitt, take him back to the village. Let him stay with you."

Mitt nodded, his eyes a mix of kindness and curiosity. He looked at me and said, "Kid, what is your name?" The word was a mix of curiosity and kindness, as if he really was concerned about me.

I said, "I am Dexter..." I said my real name. Mitt nodded, his eyes were full of kindness and sympathy, maybe toward the story I had just forged.

As Mitt and I walked towards the village, I couldn't help but notice the children playing together, their laughter a stark contrast to the primitive world around us.

The village unfolded before me like something out of a half-remembered dream. The huts, built from mud and straw, stood in a rough circle, their thatched roofs sagging under the weight of the sun.

Smoke curled from small fires, carrying the scent of cooking meat and burning herbs. Children darted between the structures, their laughter sharp and bright, their bodies streaked with dirt and joy.

The structures were a stark contrast to the untamed wilderness that surrounded us, a reminder of the advanced Stone Age period these people were in. They were not living in caves but in organized groups.

The huts were arranged in a circular pattern, creating a sense of community and protection. Each hut was unique, some larger than others, indicating the status or size of the family within.

Pervert In Stone Age: Breaking Cavewomen with Modern Kinks - Chapter 10 Hot Milfs In The Tribe

The walls were made of mud, reinforced with wooden poles, and the roofs were thatched with straw, providing shelter from the elements. The craftsmanship was rudimentary yet effective, a testament to the ingenuity of these people.

As Mitt and I moved deeper into the village, the presence of the guards became impossible to ignore. They stood like sentinels, their bodies coiled with strength, their spears held with the easy confidence of men who knew how to use them.

Their muscles rippled beneath sun-darkened skin, their postures alert, their eyes sharp as they scanned the surroundings. When they spotted Mitt, one of them stepped forward, his voice low but carrying the weight of authority.

"Elder Mitt, you're back... and who is this kid?"

I could feel their gazes on me, assessing, curious. Kid. The word grated. I knew why they saw me that way—no beard, no mustache, not even the faintest shadow of stubble on my jaw.

My body was lean, hardened by whatever strange life I'd lived before this, but to them, I was just another half-grown boy, barely worth a second glance.

My crotch was smooth, too, shaved clean by habit—a preference that felt absurdly out of place here. I wondered how long it would take for the hair to grow back, how long before I'd blend in a little more. Not that it mattered. I could work with a kid. Kids were easy to underestimate.

Mitt said, "Well, we rescued this kid in the forest. His family was attacked by a tiger, and now he is the only one left. He was not a member of a tribe, so we all suggested taking him into our village." Mitt repeated the story I told them.

They all nodded and looked at me with kindness, their eyes a mix of acceptance and welcome. They said, "Welcome to our village." The words were a mix of kindness and generosity, a reminder of the complex social structures that existed even in this primitive world.

I dipped my head, forcing my voice to sound small, grateful. "Thank you for taking me in. I'll work hard. I won't be a burden." The words tasted like ash, but I said them anyway. Play the part. Blend in.

Mitt clapped a hand on my shoulder, his fingers thick and calloused. "His name's Dexter. He's one of us now—part of the Kronos Village, the Kronos tribe." There was pride in his voice, the kind of pride that came from belonging to something bigger than yourself.

Then he turned to the guards, his tone leaving no room for argument. "I'm taking him in. He'll live with me and my woman. You guys go do your work," he said.

The use of the word "woman" instead of "wife" piqued my curiosity. It seemed there was no concept of marriage, or perhaps even the terms "husband" or "wife," in this primitive world. I thought it was interesting and I was curious how their relationships were.

The guards didn't question him. They just nodded, murmuring, "Yes, Elder Mitt," before melting back into their patrol, their bodies moving with the same predatory grace I'd come to associate with these people.

I noticed all of their bodies were like mine, full of muscles and abs, and some were even taller than me, but some were also like Mitt, who had a big belly, a testament to the abundance of food in this village.

As Mitt and I walked through the village, the scene around me was a mix of primitive beauty and raw, untamed life. The air was filled with the scent of cooking food, a big fire crackling in the center of the village, around which the women were gathered.

The women were a vision of raw, untamed beauty, their bodies glistening with a sheen of sweat from the heat of the fire and their labor. Their skin tones ranged from creamy white to rich caramel brown, each one unique and captivating in its own way.

Their bodies were adorned with intricate tattoos and simple bone jewelry, adding to their primal allure. Their hair cascaded down their backs in long, silken strands, some as dark as the night, others as light as the sun, glistening with a natural sheen.

Their breasts were full and firm, their nipples dark and erect, some a deep, dark brown, others a soft, inviting pink. The sight of their areolas, visible through the sparse coverings of leaves, sent a jolt of desire through me.

The leaves they wore were more like skirts, but completely open from behind, revealing their bare, smooth ass cheeks. The sight was both fascinating and wildly erotic, a testament to the uninhibited nature of this primitive society.

Their ass cheeks were firm and round, their skin smooth and unblemished, swaying slightly with each movement as they worked around the fire.

The desire to reach out and touch them, to feel the smoothness of their skin, was almost overwhelming. Their pubic hair was a mix of black and blonde; some even had white hair, a stark contrast to their skin tones. The sight was both exotic and wildly erotic, a testament to the raw, untamed beauty of these women.

The sight sent a pang of desire through me, a reminder of the needs and wants that were still very much a part of me. My cock started to grow hard, a reaction to the erotic sight before me.

The women were a vision of exotic beauty and savage charm. Their skin tones varied from creamy white to shades of caramel brown, their bodies adorned with tattoos and jewelry that added to their primal appeal.

I saw all the women come over, and I couldn't help but notice their tits bouncing; some of their nipples even peeked out. But they didn't care, as if this was normal.

I noticed even the men who were around didn't show any perverted look, making me think of the innocence and simplicity of this primitive world.

The women noticed us approaching, their heads lifting in unison. One of them—a tall woman with skin like polished bronze and hair so black it swallowed the light—stepped forward. Her voice was warm, curious. "Elder Mitt..."

But I wasn't looking at her face.

My gaze was locked on the way her breasts moved as she breathed, the way her nipples peeked out from between the leaves covering her chest.

On the way, her hips swayed as she walked, the firm globes of her ass flexing with every step. On the thatch of dark hair between her thighs, thick and wild, a stark contrast to the smoothness of her skin.

"Who is this kid?" she asked, and I could hear the doubt in her voice. Her eyes flicked over me, lingering on my chest, my crotch, sizing me up. Deciding if I was worth the trouble.