



Explorer To Babe

Hela Knotty

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Chapter One

“No one told me South America would be this hot.” I whined towards my local tour guide Pablo.

“Si Señor Alex. Very nice weather.” Pablo answered me politely. Along the way, I had figured his command of the English language wasn’t quite as fluent as I hoped it would be. Still, I had been quite lucky to have found someone willing to bring me to the fabled forbidden ruins of La Placinda.

I followed him adeptly through the jungle with much difficulty. I had to remind myself why I was doing this in the first place.

Exactly a month ago, I received an anonymous tip telling me that the city of El Dorado was located in the ruins of La Placinda. The email gave me a list of historical texts to cross reference as well as a codex cipher to discern the ancient texts. It also included a map to the location.

At first, I ignored the email. Most likely it was just some sort of spam. It was probably a trick. If this person already had all the information, what would they need me for? They could discover the fountain of youth by themselves.

But I had always loved a good mystery. It was the reason I had spent my life studying ancient civilizations and their secrets. My early exposure to Indiana Jones had forever instilled in me love for all things ancient and mysterious. My mother constantly lamented buying me that junior archaeology set. She could have had a doctor for a son. Instead she had an archaeologist who got paid pennies in the university.

Still, I loved my career and decided to check out the list of books he sent me. At first, it all seemed like a wild goose chase. I personally was never a believer in the golden city of El Dorado. It had been a myth told by Spanish to encourage their men to pillage and raid the poor Aztecs. It was just another excuse among the dozens of justifications early Europeans had to murder innocent men and women for their land and wealth.

Slowly however, I found a recurring theme among the texts in the link. The connection was hard to see at first. Most of the records were about sales records and food shortages. There was one entry about a day in the life of the author. To the untrained eye, all of them were not connected at all.

But I saw the link. There was an uptick in food sales on one particular day. The journal also said something about a golden festival. By using my knowledge of the Mayan Calendar, and cross referencing the details I knew with stars described by the journal writer, I was able to pinpoint a location in the South American jungle.

The area I was looking at was completely uninhabited. The dense foliage of the tall trails, prevented anything from being seen. It was just all covered in green. More importantly, right beside it was an enormous mountain range, one that could possibly house the golden city of El Dorado.

It had been long theorized that if El Dorado existed, it would have to be subterranean. The entire earth had already been mapped out by satellite. If it was as big as legend claimed and surrounded by gold, it should have been discovered long ago.

After verifying my facts, I decided to embark on this wild adventure. My current thesis was going nowhere. And my department was filled to the brim with old men who saw no need to retire. I was never going to get tenure at my current position. I’d have to switch universities eventually.

It was the best time for me to explore the South American Jungles. If I did find the golden city, I was bound to become fabulously wealthy. It would also prove to everyone around me that I wasn’t a failure. I was a real bonafide explorer.

I felt so energized and excited, I dumped all my savings into this trip. This was my all or nothing journey.

“Careful Señor Alex. There are many snakes in the jungle.” Pablo pointed at my feet.

“Eeek.” I jumped up as something slithered around me legs. Thankfully, it went away showing no interest in my pale white ankles.

Whatever fervor I had built up for this trip, slowly melted away as I entered the jungle. The weather was harsher than I thought. It was hot and humid in the jungle. There was also constant buzzing of various insects intent of making me their meal.

At night, the jungle would come even more alive. At first, I found the sounds beautiful and enchanting. I had never before experience such wilderness in my life. But after two nights sleeping inside the tent. I was ready to give up. It was always so noisy. Various animals would bark and click. The random roar of a panther terrified me. I hadn’t had a good night’s rest in days.

Pablo, on the other hadn’t seemed perfectly fine. While I had the map, he knew the lay of the land. I would show where we needed to go, and he would figure out how to get there. There was so much cliffs, rivers and ravines in the jungle, that without him, there was no way I would be able to get to the place they called El Placinda.

When I arrived at Pablo’s village. Nobody wanted to take me into the jungle. When I asked why, they told me

the location I had pointed out was a cursed site. There were numerous ruins there filled with vengeful ghosts. Numerous elders told me various stories, the scariest of which involved a woman who disappeared forever.

To me, their fear just validated my theory. Indigenous people often had oral legends about things that actually happened. Modern minds just often ignored igneous folktale as myth. But often those had a root of truth. The Inuit people of Alaska for example had knowns for years where the shipwreck of a lost cruise ship was. But even though they told the Americans, they were ignored for years. Only when somebody agreed to send a drone to the location of legend, did they find that the Inuit were right all along.

Thankfully I managed to bribe Pablo to bring me to the place of legend. Since he was younger, he was less likely to believe in the curse of La Placinda. Based on what I could translate using my grade school Spanish, La Placinda was a female entity who cursed whoever entered her domain. For years the locals avoided the ruins. And as such, never mentioned it to scientists who visited the place. It was likely, I was the only who would be looking here.

If El Dorado was here, I would have the find of the century.

Pablo suddenly stopped in front of me, causing me to bump into him.

“What is it? Have we arrived?” I asked. We had been hiking for two full days already. I was exhausted and tired. Thankfully, I still had enough supplies for a week.

“La Placinda.” Pablo pointed to a gigantic flower. It’s petals were bright pink and the size of palm tree leaves. At the center were large pistils with what seemed to be giant flesh colored coffee beans like seeds.

I looked at Pablo in alarm. I thought La Placinda was a bunch of ruins. I didn’t think it was this gargantuan flower. But before I could ask for clarification, Pablo suddenly ran away.

I tried to chase after him, but since I was carrying all the supplies, there was no way I could catch up. I also didn’t want to lose sight of La Placinda.

I went back to the giant flower curious about it. According to my map, I was just a few kilometers away from the site of the ruins. There must have been a miscommunication between the villagers and myself.

Still, I was determined to find the site. I had the power of GPS on my side. If I couldn’t find the ruins within a week, I’d make the arduous trek back home.

But before moving forward, I decided to document the large flower. Although I wasn’t a botanist, I knew this was an entirely new species of flower. I had never even seen one grow so big. I might get another award for discovering something so exotic.

I snapped a few photos from afar and then decided to get some close-ups shots.

The flower’s scent was aromatic and musky. I suddenly felt my body get heated as if I had just eaten a spicy mint of some sort. I quickly backed away.

Suddenly one of the seeds opened up and an eruption of white fluid sprayed me in the face. It was warm and sticky. Some of it got in my mouth even though I tried to pull away. There wasn’t much taste but I was worried about poison. I quickly spit out everything I could and gargled my mouth on the closest stream.

Thankfully none of the fluid got into my clothes.

La Placinda was one weird plant. I had never heard of anything like a spitting flower before.

I headed to the location of the ruins based on my GPS. When I first saw the ancient remains of rock, I finally breathed easy. I had found the site finally.

I quickly set up camp in one of the abandoned structures. I had to inspect the site and find clues about the entrance into El Dorado. I only had a week’s worth of food. I could portably stretch that into a week if hunted and gathered. Everything was on the line.

I was determined to start excavating, when I felt myself get a little dizzy. My mind became hazy. Maybe it was from the fatigue of the hike. I quickly went back inside my tent to rest.

My face felt hot and my breathing was shallow. My skin prickled in a way I didn’t understand. This wasn’t good at all. I was all alone in the South American jungle with no one to help me.

I realized La Placinda must have done this to me. There was no other explanation.

But I was helpless to do anything about it.

I should have listened to the elders in the village.

Chapter Two

I woke up with a start. I was alive. As I looked around my surroundings, I realized I was still in my tent. I felt completely healthy again. The fever had broken by itself. Maybe I was just allergic to La Placinda.

I did however feel sticky and sweaty in my clothes. I badly needed a shower. For now, washing myself in the river would have to do. I secured all my excavation equipment just in case someone tried to steal them. Then I headed to the closest river.

My clothes felt horribly stuck to my body. My fever must have made me sweat like crazy. That Placinda plant sure made me feel gross. I stripped off quickly.

The cold fresh water stream was incredibly refreshing. It felt like I was reborn again. My body felt like it had a whole new energy to it.

In fact, my body felt incredibly different. It was like all the sores and aches of the past day had disappeared. Not only that, my chest felt a bit heavier while my waist felt a lot lighter. When I reached down for my stomach, I found it incredibly flat.

I looked down at my body. Instead of flat chest, I found two large impeccable breasts. They were perfectly round.

What the hell?

Had my chest gotten swollen from the Placinda?

But as I grabbed onto my chest, my fingers brushed my nipples. A jolt of pleasure shot through my body. It was an incredibly erotic sensation. One that never happened when I masturbated before.

My body burned with arousal. But instead of feeling a hardness between my legs, I felt a plumping of an entirely different kind of organ.

What the hell was happening?

Just as I was about to look down, long blonde hair fell from my head and obscured my vision. What was happening now?

I used to be a bald man in his forties. Now there were beautiful elegant locks falling from my head. I needed to see my reflection. I noticed a small pool of water separated from the rest of the river. It must have been formed by excessive rain or flooding. It was perfectly still, allowing me to see my reflection.

Instead of my face, I saw the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her eyes were bright blue with long elegant lashes. She blinked slowly at me. And I realized this woman was me. La Placinda had transformed into this magnificent creature.

I touched my new face, marveling at the soft smooth skin on my cheek. All my pimple scars had disappeared. It looked like I had been photoshopped to perfection. My index finger was drawn towards my lips. I gasped as I felt how plump and plush they were. I pursed them together, forming a small O. It made me look intensely seductive.

I got aroused from looking at my own reflection.

I no longer had my penis. In its place was a brand new unsullied pussy. It was completely harmless. When I reached down to touch it, I gasped at the exceptional sensations I felt. My folds were so sensitive.

My new body demanded to be explored. But the scientist in me needed to document the changes. I had to make a record of what had happened to me. If I wanted to prove my hypothesis, I needed to write down all the details.

I quickly washed myself in the stream, resisting the urge to masturbate with my new body. I didn't wash my clothes though. If they still had the residue from La Placinda, I could bring home some aged samples.

As I headed back into camp, I realized I was much more spry than I had been the day before. My movements were much more agile. Besides turning into a woman, I had also become a few decades younger. No longer a man in his forties, now I was a young woman in her twenties.

Could La Placinda be the fabled fountain of youth?

Had I stumbled on a much bigger legend than El Dorado? It was possible. I had been right to study the flower after all. Eternal youth was a much bigger prize than a city of gold.

And if the price for eternal youth was femininity, I didn't see a problem with that. I knew I should have been worried. I had just been transformed into a completely different person. But instead I felt an odd sense of calm and peace. It was as if I had always been meant to turn into woman all my life.

Maybe it was the discovery of this change but I was sure I had never felt this happy in my entire life.

As I approached my camp, I heard the unmistakable sounds of human interference. Maybe Pablo had come back to get me. He probably felt guilty for abandoning me in the wilderness. Either that or he realized, I hadn't paid him the full amount I promised. I decided to only give him the deposit. The rest of the fee was conditional upon my safe return.

I had been right to do so since he ran and left me behind.

But as I approached the camp clearing, I saw multiple large figures. These men were definitely not Pablo. In fact, they didn't even look like they were from the village.

They were completely naked save for a decorative belts, necklaces and bracelets around their bodies. Their skin was a much darker shade of brown than the villagers. It looked as if they spend all their time in the open. Their bodies were magnificently built with strong muscular chests and thick biceps. They were all carrying spears.

I managed to keep quiet as I watched them destroy my tent and look through my things.

Were these men one of those undiscovered tribes of the Amazon? I should have thought to bring a weapon of my own. I hoped they weren't cannibals.

One of the men turned to face. His thick long cock was hanging low and pointed downward, completely exposed to the elements. Although he wasn't hard, his cock was already a good eight inches long.

I felt my body respond to the sight of his masculine virility. I wondered what his cock would feel like inside me. Even at rest, it already looked so powerful. All those muscles must make him a good fucker.

What was I thinking?

I shook my head free from those thoughts. I didn't know where those ideas came from. I had never thought of another man like that before.

My self-preservation instinct finally kicked in. The men were destroying all my equipment with their weapons and spears. It was clear they would not welcome visitors. I had to run away from them. If I followed the constellations, I could find my way back into the village. At least there, someone was bound to help.

I carefully backed away from the camp. But I accidentally stepped on a twig causing a loud snap to reverberate around the forest.

Instantly all the men rushed towards me. Before I could even think of running they had me surrounded from all directions.

One man stood in the clearing. He shouted something at me in a harsh deep tone. His throaty voice sent a tremor throughout my body.

When I didn't move, the various spears slowly appeared from the foliage. It was clear they wanted me to go into the clearing.

I swallowed my fear and raised my hand. Hopefully they would see I was an unarmed women. I walked out and tilted my head down.

The men all murmured something as they saw me.

The leader approached me and tilted my head to face him. His handsome face looked down at me.

"La Placinda."

Chapter Three

To my relief, the men stopped pointing their spears at me. Still they flanked me as they destroyed the rest of my camp. I tried to salvage what I could but the men ignored me. I didn't understand a single word of their language. It was nothing like Portugese or Spanish.

Their leader kept me at his side protectively. He didn't look at me with any hostility. In fact, I could even tell there was some desire in his eyes. His gaze scrutinized my entire body. It seemed like he was a big fan of my breasts. He licked his lips as his eyes fell upon there.

I felt my pussy get wet at the all attention I was getting. Some of the other men were already sporting semi hard erection as they looked at my naked form blatantly. One man even dared to sniff me before being warded of by their leader.

Once they completely destroyed my equipment and buried all the remains, we were suddenly on the move. My sadness over the lost equipment was overtaken by the sheer excitement of the new adventure I was taking.

Where were these men taking me?

They hadn't killed me yet so that was a good sign. I didn't they think they were cannibals either. The way they looked clearly showed they had different plans for me.

And for some reason, I was excited for those plans. My body was yearning for their touch. Something about their savage masculinity aroused me to my core. The instinct to serve them was overtaking every other desire I had. It was more powerful than my thirst for knowledge. It was more powerful than my instinct to run.

I realized I wanted to stay with these men.

We kept walking until we reached a gigantic mountain. Then I saw it on the cavern wall. It was hidden by some dense foliage. But sunlight reflected of the smooth golden inscriptions.

Could this be the lost city of El Dorado?

Had I discovered the City of Gold and the Fountain of Youth at the same time?

We continued our trek deep into the cavern. The men didn't bother lighting any torches. It was as if they had memorized every step.

I tripped as my foot caught on a rock. Before I could fall to the floor, strong hands grabbed me by the arm. Suddenly their leader lifted me into the air and carried me bridal style. I gasped in surprise but wrapped my arms around his neck. In the darkness I saw his bright white teeth offering me a small smile.

I felt my face flush in embarrassment.

Then I felt his hand squeezed my ass. His fingers were dangerously close to my pussy. I gasped in surprise. Then I moaned as his finger stroked my inner thighs.

He leaned into whisper something to my ear. My whole body shivered as his hot breath tickled my skin. I didn't understand his words at all, but I could imagine his intent. He was going to make me his.

It took another in total darkness before I first saw the glimmers of light. It had been exactly as I theorized. For El Dorado to have remained hidden for so long, it had to be subterranean. South America already had the very unique cenotes. These were huge well like structure deep underground that people got their fresh water from. It wasn't so far fetched that there would be a big enough cenotes inside a mountain to supply water to an entire underground city. This had to be it. I had found El Dorado.

When the city came to view, it was so much better than I had expected. While I had expected a city of gold, the sight before was so much better.

The entire city was completely underground. But there was so much light everywhere. There were numerous skylights on the floors ceiling which was at least 3000 feet high. The different streams of light reflected everywhere thanks to the gold plated structures. The entire city was covered in bright shining gold. There was a large pyramid right at the center, reaching all the way to the top. Around it were were numerous structures, buildings and regular houses. I could already feel the energy of a such a lively city even though I was still so far away.

It was just as the legend had said. El Dorado was truly the city of gold.

I wanted to marvel more at the sight before me, but the tribesman just moved along. To them, this was just their home. They carried me down a long flight of stairs. I noticed some of the men just jumping off the 3000 foot cliffs. They landed on some man made gutters, sliding all the way down as if it was the biggest playground in the world.

The leader sat down and sat me in front of him. He wrapped his thicks around me and pulled me close to his body. I felt his hard cock slide against my ass. His fingers found their way to my breasts.

He whispered something into my ear as he licked the sensitive spot behind it.

I nodded my head dumbly wanting more of his touch. He simply laughed. Then he pointed to the slide.

I nodded again. It was either this 3000 feet of slide or the stairs beside it. This would definitely be the more

exciting and exhilarating experience. He held onto my waist and made me grab his arms tightly. And then he pushed off.

I screamed loudly as the speed picked up. It was faster than any rollercoaster I had been on. I realized he had placed a cloth between us and the floor.

The entire city of El Dorado zoomed in front of me. All the flashing gold assaulted my vision. It was like I had died and went to paradise. After a few minutes of sliding down, we were suddenly on solid ground again.

As my vision began to settle, I realized I had made it. I was inside El Dorado.

Chapter Four

As I marveled at the golden city, I realized that a large crowd had gathered around me. All of them were staring at me. They came from all ages. Young men and women, children and the elderly. They were all gawking at me.

At first I thought covered up my body. I didn't want to flash these people. But I realized all of them were also in similar states of undress. Besides a few necklaces, bracelets and waistbands, nearly everyone in the village was naked. Nudity was the norm and there was nothing shameful about it.

Then I realized it was because of my appearance. Everyone around me were from South American descent. They had strong black hair and brownish red skin. I must have looked like an alien to them with my blonde locks and white complexion.

A child walked up to me and poked me in the thigh. I poked him back playfully, earning me a wide toothed smile. I smiled back at him.

The leader said something. Everyone dispersed and went about their day. I wondered what he had told them.

He grabbed my hand and led me away. I wanted to see more of the city. It had been my dream to discover El Dorado. But in the absence of any useful phrases or words, I had no choice but just to follow him.

To my surprise, he led me to the great pyramid. Was I going to be some sort of sacrifice. For the first time since getting caught, I felt true fear. I knew about the Inca human sacrifices done in the past. Was that to be my fate?

He led me to an ornate temple where there were numerous beautiful women waiting for us. It seemed they had known about our arrival.

The leader gestured me to follow them. It was a long shot but I wanted to know his name before he left me.

I pointed to myself and said my name. "Alex." Although I was now a woman, I couldn't really give myself a new name.

The leader nodded repeating it. "Alex."

I pointed at him next.

"Kotan" He said to me. At least that's how I learned his name. Then he left me.

Kotan. That was the name of the man who brought me to this wondrous place.

The women brought me into their temple. There was a large pool in the middle. Slowly they divested of all their jewelry. They were now as naked as I was.

These women were beyond beautiful. They all looked like Amazonian Goddesses with their long elegant limbs and supple breasts. They smiled at me as they pulled me towards the water.

I knew I was partaking in some sort of ritual. I accepted their gesture and followed their commands.

They bathed me slowly. Their fingers were everywhere stroking and touching every inch of my new body. I had never felt so pampered in my entire life. One of the women's fingers, grazed along my clit, making me gasp in pleasure.

The other women laughed at my obvious surprise. Then they began touching each other sensually. I could only watch in fascination as two exotic women in front of me began kissing each other. The taller of the bent down and sucked her partners breasts. Her finger disappeared into the other woman's pussy.

I felt two hands grabbed my breast. They stroked and pinched my nipples making me cry out in pleasure. Then another woman was at my pussy. She rubbed my clit, sending shockwaves of pleasure all around me.

So much pleasure was building in my core. But each time I was about to peak, the women all stepped away expertly. They could read all of my bodies responses. It was like the art of pleasure was a precise science to them.

Once I my body couldn't take any more stimulation, they washed me completely. They dried me with the softest silk towel I had ever felt. Then they adorned me with various necklaces consisting of beautiful feathers and jewels. They added makeup and paint all around my body. It was an intensive protest that took what felt like hours.

Although I was completely still, I felt excited. I knew they were putting a lot of effort into my appearance. I couldn't wait to see what I would look like. And I couldn't wait to find out why.

Finally they were finished. They helped stand up and pointed towards a mirror.

I gasped as I saw myself. They had style my hair into a updo, exposing my long neck and nape. My face had minimal make-up. They put something like mascara on my eyes making my lashes look longer and my eyes look bigger. They also added a bright red paint on my lips. I looked absolute gorgeous.

The necklace they gave me was full of of gold plates. Various brackets and belt adorned my body. All of them accentuated my beauty making me look like a goddess.

To my surprise, my breasts and pussy were left completely exposed. My bright pink nipples had hardened at their touch. It made me hope that whatever ritual they were preparing me for was sexual rather than sacrificial.

Then the women all led me out. Then told me to climb up the great pyramid through a series of gestures. They

didn't dare go up with me.

I could have run right there and then. The women didn't look like there were going to chase me. There were no guards watching over me either. This was the best time to get my freedom.

But something at the top of the pyramid called out to me. I knew deep in my heart that Kotan was waiting for me at the apex. The explorer inside me wanted to see this through. I needed to find out what was at the top of the pyramid.

I slowly climbed up the stairs. With each step I took, the excitement and anticipation only increased. It was a long climb up, and I couldn't wait to see what lay before.

I would finally solve the mystery of El Dorado.

Chapter Five

Like most South American pyramids, the top level was flat giving the pyramid an overall trapezoid shape instead of triangle. This was an intentional design as the top most level was used to create ritual human sacrifice.

In front of me was a stone slab which looked exactly like the ones archaeologist had theorized. My one sliver of hope was the lack of blood on the stone. Most stones tended to be porous. If a sacrifice had been made, it should have stained the rock. At least that's what I told myself.

I was currently all alone at the top of the pyramid. With each passing second, my anxiety grew. I had a spectacular view of the entire city. If I didn't fear for my life, I would have definitely taken the time to look around. What did these natives have planned for me?

Any reasonable modern human being would have run ages ago. For my own safety, I should have fled. There was no one who was watching me. But instead I stayed and waited, determined to meet whatever fate the natives had planned for me.

The sounds of heavy drums resounded throughout the stone walls. It was finally time. The wall behind the slab started moving. It slid to the side revealing a hidden chamber behind it. Once it was fully opened, four men came out playing various instruments. Two were beating on drums. One was playing the flute. Another was playing on strings.

All four of them were big and muscular. Although their necklaces, paint and tattoos were ornate, it didn't hide the sight of their nudity. Their masculine pecs and chiseled eight packs were all on display. Four very large and erect cocks were saluting me on their way out.

They surrounded me on all four sides. These four strong young men were looking at me with lust in their eyes. Even if I didn't see their arousal, I knew they wanted me.

My new body responded to their lust. My skin became heated and flush. My nipples hardened into tiny nubs in arousal and excitement. My pussy became wet, filling the air with the scent of my sex.

Then the music stopped. All four men suddenly looked at the hidden chamber. I followed suit, wondering what other surprise lay before me.

A man suddenly appeared from the darkness. Unlike the other men, there were no jewelries or feathers in his body. He was completely naked save for a magnificent headdress on his head and a mask on his face.

The headdress was made of enormous teal feathers, larger than anything I had ever seen. I couldn't think of a single bird those big plumes could come from. Was it possible that El Dorado also had its own distinctive species?

The mask was that of a serpent, not a dragon. Although reptilian, numerous additional features were added to that of the snake. It had horns protruding from the side of its face. It also had more bone as if it was a mix of serpent, man and jaguar. It was the face of the ultimate predator.

As this masked man approached me, the four men around me bent on one knee. I was about to do the same when the man shouted at me, forcing me still.

I was going to be sacrificed for the sake of an exotic ritual I couldn't understand.

To be honest, I didn't mind dying. In fact, I felt like it was incredible honor to experience first hand a centuries old tradition. I had been reading so much about ancient civilizations this was practically a dream come true.

My regrets came from two very distinct places.

The first was the inability to document what was happening to me. As a historian and scientist, the urge to pause everything and record every little thing I was experiencing was maddening. I wanted so badly to write everything down somewhere. From the moment I met La Placinda to seeing El Dorado, there was nothing more I wanted than to share my findings with the world. Knowledge of lost cultures such as these was so important to humanity right now. My biggest regret was not being able to share what I experience with the rest of the world.

The second was me dying a virgin woman. Ever since I woke up in this new body, the urge for sex was overpowering. I had tamped down my urges at every turn, waiting for the right time. But this new body was a gift, one I should have explored the very first moment I had it.

I should have touched myself and masturbated when I woke up like this. I just knew the sexual pleasure I would be receiving would be so much more than anything I would ever feel as a man.

I should have attacked Kotan and gone on my knees at the sight of his cock. I wanted it so badly in my mouth. But instead of acting, I played the fool.

I should have caressed the Amazonian beauties who washed me as they pleased themselves in front of me. Instead I just watched them and played a passive part in their pleasure.

The man in front of me started speaking in a language I didn't understand. Somebody handed him a tall spear with a huge blade at the tip. He began jabbing the end of the spear into the ground, hitting it in a steady rhythm,

creating a captivating exciting beat.

Soon the drummer joined in. They began chanting in deep aural growls. The flute and guitar began playing in a extensive choreographed musical style. If I wasn't fearing for my life, I would have been able to appreciate the music more. If this would be the last thing I heard, it wouldn't be so bad. At least the men had killed me with a lot of dramatic flair. As a way to go, this was much better than most deaths.

Then everybody stilled.

The man in the mask grabbed the spear tightly.

He swung it straight at me.

Chapter Six

I shrieked in surprise as the blade approached me in lightning quickness. It was like everything happened in slow motion. My eyes were fast enough to see what was happening but my body was frozen in absolute fear. It felt like all my limbs were weighted down by iron chains.

I had no choice but to accept my fate.

But one second later. I felt no pain. The blade had gone back to the man's hands. The man in the mask just stood there. He had missed but didn't make another motion to attack me.

Before I could even react, all of my jeweled necklaces, jewelries and bangles all fell off my body. I was suddenly standing in front of them completely naked.

The four men all started yelling in triumph. They performed a ritualistic dance stomping and clamping as they walked around me. They inspected my body looking for any cuts or wounds of any sort. When they found none, they started yelling some more.

They each took the items from the ground and showed me where the blade had cut them free. These necklaces were all just centimeters thick, yet the man in the mask cut them off my body without piercing or even scratching my skin. All the ornate jewelries and fineries had been destroyed in the ritual.

I realized it had all been a test of skill for the man in the mask. He was showing me his abilities as a warrior, his prowess with the blade and the steel of his spirit.

The other men began cleaning up the fallen pieces. They placed them all neatly into a box and kept it out of sight. The ritual was far from over.

The man in the mask approached me. He gave his spear away to one of the men and removed his mask. It was Kotan, the leader of natives who had rescued me.

"Kotan." I gasped in surprise. I had wondered what had happened to him. With him here, I felt much safer.

"Alex." He said to me tenderly with a soft smile. He caressed my bare shoulder gently as the gap between us decreased.

I realized without his mask, he was completely naked along with me.

I shuddered when his hand dropped down on my hip. He pulled me close to his body, pressing his cock between us. His rigid heat slid against my folds, brushing against my clit. My whole body bloomed with pleasure. I couldn't help but moan in satisfaction. This was what I had needed all this time.

He pulled me closer to him. Then he captured my lips in a searing hot kiss. His tongue pushed past my lips and claimed my entire mouth.

I moaned under his solid kiss. Nobody had ever kissed me like this before. He was demanding and dominant, taking everything I had to offer him. My whole body surged with pleasure from the simple contact against his body.

I had to pull away to breath. He began kissing at me neck, nipping and sucking on my exposed collarbone.

It wasn't nearly enough touch. I needed more of him. I hiked my leg up and wrapped it around my waist. I needed to position his cock at my entrance. As I tried to climb him, suddenly there was a loud bang.

Both of us stopped. I froze in worry. Had I done something wrong?

But Kotan simply looked at the source of disturbance with an annoyed glare. One of the four men had taken his spear and hit the ground.

The man spoke in respectful but argumentative terms. Kotan answered back with angered authority. Although the other man shrank in fear, he still stood his ground. Soon the other three men agreed with him. Kotan growled at them.

He looked at me tenderly. He wiped my lips with the pad of his thumb. He was so gentle with me. My heart was beating so fast I thought it would burst out of my chest. I barely knew Kotan, but deep down I knew we had a connection.

Then Kotan pulled away from me.

What had I done?

The other four men suddenly grabbed me. I looked at Kotan with fear in my eyes. I still didn't understand any of this ritual.

If they were going to kill me, I wished they would get on with it. Letting me experience that kiss and nothing else was pure cruelty. I was so close to getting fucked, and for that to be taken away was just pure evil.

But Kotan looked back at me calmly. He said a few words softly. I didn't understand what they meant, but it felt like he was asking me to trust him. Since I didn't have a choice, I stopped resisting.

The four men suddenly lifted me up to the stone slab. Their thick erections were poking me at the side. I hoped there arousal was because sex was happening soon and not that they were sadists who got off on ritual sacrifice.

They made me lay on my back. Right above me was a giant hole in the cavernous ceiling. I realized it was the main source of light for the entire cave. The sun was right above me. This ritual had been planned right down to the minute.

Two men held my hands spread eagle. I noticed my hands were just inches away from their cock.

The other two began playing the drums again.

Kotan approached me slowly. He began chanting what sounded like a poem. He raised his hand into the air, looking up at the sun in the sky. Then he knelt down in between my legs. He grabbed my ankle and spread me apart, leaving my pussy completely exposed to him.

He chanted more this time in tune with other two on the drums. I was mesmerized watching his face. Kotan's eyes never left mine.

First he kissed my lips and then my chin. He continued down onto my chest. His fingers found both my nipples and squeezed them quickly.

I arched my back at the sudden pleasure. The two men holding my arms held on tighter.

Then Kotan kissed his way down my navel. He looked at me. His lips were just inches away from my clit. His eyes were a deep brown that seemed to bore into my soul.

I nodded at him.

Kotan smiled at me. Then he began eating me out. There were no teasing flicks of his tongue. He pushed his tongue all the way inside me, licking all my folds.

I cried out in sheer pleasure. Getting a blow job was nothing like someone's tongue pushing inside my body. I had never felt anything like this in my life. My pussy felt so sensitive. Nobody had ever touched me there. I could feel him deep inside me.

Kotan pulled away with a triumphant smirk on his face.

The man on my right let out a small chuckle as I gasped for breath. He looked at my pussy darkly. He asked Kotan a question and Kotan nodded in the affirmative. Then the man on my right made a low whistle of approval. The other men around me nodded in agreement. They rubbed their cocks on my hand.

Although I didn't understand what they were saying, I had a reasonable hypothesis. Kotan had probably declared that I was a virgin. There was no mistaking the self-satisfied grin on his face. The men all shared that same look among themselves. They had discovered in me a prize they hadn't expected. I was sure they could tell by how powerfully I had reacted from his tongue.

Kotan whispered to me softly. I could tell he was trying to reassure me. He rubbed soft gentle circles on my belly. I think he wanted to let me know he would be gentle with me.

I nodded to him in understanding. More than anything though, I just wanted to experience his mouth on my pussy again. My body had felt like it was on fire. It had felt so good. It was the ultimate experience in pleasure.

Kotan bent down but instead of licking my sensitive clit, he just rubbed his nose on my soft folds. It felt pleasurable but not overwhelmingly so. He used the tip of his nose to trace along my sex. I heard him inhale deeply, taking in the scent of my sex. It was such an erotic act.

Then he licked at me softly and gently. I arched my back into him wanting more of his delicious tongue and mouth. This second was more sensual, as if he was exploring my body. He was teaching me to understand the pleasures of being a woman. My whole body shuddered under his careful instruction. I didn't know sex could be this revelatory.

Whoever said the natives were savages had never experienced Kotan expert tongue. I doubted any man in modern society knew how to eat a woman as expertly as he did.

He moved even lower, going towards my ass. Even there, his touches felt good. He added his fingers. At first they were just tracing around my pussy, but then they began to stimulate my clit. One finger pushed into me making me gasp in pleasure.

I felt something build in the bottom of my belly. Pleasure was blooming all over my body. I tried to warn Kotan of my impending orgasm but now words could come out.

As he was eating out, I realized the two men holding my arms had released me. They were pushing their cocks towards my hands. I grabbed both of them, feeling the thick rigid heat. Their cocks were already slick with come. I tried stroking them, but was too distracted by Kotan. Fortunately from their moans of pleasure, they seemed satisfied by my poor showing.

"Kotan." I finally found the words. He had two fingers inside me. They were scissoring in and out of me. I knew he was stretching my pussy for his cock, but at the same time it just felt so good to be penetrated. I never thought that something invading my body would feel so good. I now understood and felt first the pleasure a woman could feel from getting fucked.

The pool of tension in my stomach was becoming uncontrollable. I knew my climax was coming. I had never

gotten a woman to orgasm in my entire life before. I had no idea what was coming next. It felt like my whole body was going to explode from the amount of pleasure I was feeling.

I wanted to warn Kotan but I didn't have the words. But somehow he just knew. Kotan took my clit into his mouth and sucked hard while flicking his tongue.

That was the final straw. My whole body spasmed hard as I reached my climax. It felt like my entire body was one enormous outburst of pure energy. Something erupted from my vagina soaking Kotan in the face. He didn't stop, pushing me further and further up my climax.

I reared my head back with my back completely arched as my pleasure reached its peak. As I looked at the heavens, I swore I could see the outline of a mighty serpent ascending from my body as I experienced the purest of sensations. It had mighty feathered wings at the head while the rest of its long body was serpentine in length. It descended towards before returning to the heavens.

After that vision, sight blacked out from the sheer pleasure. I collapsed onto the stone slab completely sated. My whole body felt boneless and at ease. My mind was completely clear and satisfied.

Deep down I knew this change was now permanent. I would never want to go back to being a man. There simply was nothing like that kind of experience. Only a woman could experience something so magical in depth and scope.

No wonder Australians call orgasms the little death. It felt like I had died and gone to heaven.

Chapter Seven

Once I had recovered, I quickly realized that although my pleasure had been satisfied, the men around me were still hungry for more. Five powerfully erect cocks stood in front of me. And even though I was afraid of how rough these men would be, I knew I wanted to return the favor.

Kotan helped me over once he was sure I was fully rested. He helped off the stone slab, supporting my shaky legs.

Once again the music began. The second part of the ritual was happening. I wondered what other pleasure was going to be revealed to me. Kotan led me to hidden chamber, holding my hand. Although the small temple at the top was filled with the unknown, I had no fear in my heart. I knew Kotan would take care of me. He wouldn't let anything bad happen to me.

The hidden chamber had a skylight from above, illuminating the entire room. At its walls, were numerous decorative reliefs and paintings. From my quick assessment, it looked like a depiction of a myth of some sort.

From the left, it depicted an ancient figure approaching the beautiful flower of La Placinda. The man then turned into the figure of a woman. This new female was then approached by a great winged serpent. The next carving showed the two beings intertwined in an intimate gesture. The last painting depicted the great city of El Dorado being born out of the woman's loins.

The story on the walls was so similar to my own. It was as if I was the maiden from legend. I looked at Kotan with deep concern.

What were they expecting from me? Did they think I could birth a city?

Kotan simply laughed at my astonishment. He began speaking in his language, seemingly trying to reassure me. From his demeanor, I guessed they treated the walls paintings as a simple myth. Hopefully they didn't take it as the truth. There was no way anything supernatural would happened. At least I hoped it didn't.

Then again, I had been turned into a woman.

Kotan suddenly pointed me to the middle of the room. In my distraction, I had completely missed the main centerpiece. Right in the middle, under the skylight, lay a gigantic plush bed. It was strewn with colorful feathered pillows. On the side, was a vase full of clear liquid.

He guided me towards the bed and I followed.

Kotan kissed me again sweetly. His cock nudged at my center, reminding me of its heated presence. Then he placed a hand on my shoulder and pushed me down. On my knees, he pressed his thumb on my mouth, pulling it open. His cock was mere inches from my face.

There was no denying what he wanted.

Could I do this? I had never before in my life thought about wanting to suck dick. As a man, it never crossed my mind. But with his powerful rod right in front of me, a new desire was born inside my new feminine body.

Kotan looked so powerful and tall in front of me. His big muscles were in full display. His cock was demanding as it stood upright. There was a pearly drop of liquid at the tip. I needed to taste it.

I leaned forward and wrapped my mouth around the thick head. It was so much hotter than I expected. The texture was both soft and hard at the same time. A burst of salt filled my mouth. His thick cock rested on my palate.

Kotan let out a deep guttural growl. His hand fell on the back of my head. He held me carefully as he pushed more of his cock into my throat.

My entire body surged with heat as I swallowed more of his cock. It felt so good to be filled by this savage warrior. For all his strength and power, he was being incredibly gentle with me, knowing it was my first time. His cock, reached the back of my throat, making me gag.

Kotan pulled away, letting me breathe. He caressed my cheek and whispered soft words to me.

I grabbed for his cock again. I would prove to him I could take it. I swallowed it slowly, letting my mouth get accustomed to its size. I wouldn't gag on him again. When it reached the end of my throat, I stopped. Slowly I pushed forward, letting my throat slowly expand around his thick cock.

Kotan moaned deep and low. I was giving him pleasure. I felt so good and fulfilled as a woman. I had to reach down and touch myself. Unlike being a man, even after my orgasm I was ready for more.

I pushed all the way in until my face was completely buried in his chiseled abs.

Kotan finally pulled away. He suddenly grabbed my head tight and slapped his heavy cock all over my face. It was leaking precum all over my face, marking me as his.

He looked deeply into my eyes. I nodded at him. I would accept whatever he wanted to give me.

He pushed his cock into me quickly. And then he started fucking my face with rapid thrusts. First he just settle for my mouth, but soon he went deeper going into my throat. He was face fucking me hard, as if my mouth was just

another hole for him to fill.

I didn't understand why my body felt so good. It was reacting in a completely different way. Somehow servicing this tribal warrior was making me feel all hot and excited.

Kotan suddenly yelled out loud as he held me against his abs. His cock pulsed inside my throat as warm fluid filled my mouth. He pulled away letting his cock erupt white semen onto my face. Even after depositing a load in my throat, he still doused my face with four heavy shots of cum. I was absolutely drenched.

Kotan grinned at me triumphantly. Then to my surprise, he moved to the side. The other four men approached me with their heavy cocks waving about.

It seemed my job wasn't over just yet.

I leaned back and spread my legs. I couldn't stop myself from fingering my pussy I excitement. I couldn't wait to taste more cock.

Chapter Eight

The four men approached me as Kotan stepped back. They had been playing the during th ceremony the entire time, unable to join, having to be content with just watching. It wasn't quite fair to them.

These four guys were much younger than Kotan. They looked to be in their mid-twenties. Most of them were still fresh-faced and had lean toned bodies, compared to Kotan's thicker and more muscular frame.

The flutist came to me first. I reached for his own cock, marveling at its thickness and weight. It was thinner than Kotan's but no less in length. I swirled my tongue over the head, tasting him his salty slick precum. He moaned around me. The two drummers approached my body from the side. They grabbed my breasts and each took one nipple into their mouth.

I gasped in pleasure releasing the cock in front of me. The flutist slapped my face with his heavy member. Meanwhile the strings player began kissing my nape and pressing his cock into my back.

I was surround by four very formidable cocks. I wanted to pleasure all of them. They had shared their sacred culture with me. It was the least I could do to service them. I didn't care whether this was part of the ritual anymore. I just wanted them.

The flutist tried to bend down and kiss me, but Kotan growled at him angrily. Chastised the flutist just gave me back his cock.

Kotan's possessiveness made me hot. I wondered what else was forbidden to me. I decided to test my limits.

I grabbed both the drummers cocks and rubbed them against each other. The two long brown dicks were right in front of me. I press them against each other and tried taking both heads into my mouth. Their sheer girth made it impossible.

One by one, they all took their turn fucking my mouth. I did my best to suck them as hard as I could. I listened to their moans, trying to find out the best way to please each and everyone of them. As I was sucking one, I was stroking the other two with my hand. I wished I had more hands. I just didn't have enough to pleasure them.

The four men didn't seem to mind. In fact, they weren't lasting as long as Kotan did. After sucking on the flutist for a few minutes, I felt his body tremble under my suction. He came inside my mouth without warning. That set off a chain reaction. Suddenly the two drummers' cocks I had in my hands started pulsing. Then they erupted in my hands and coated my body with their young sperm. I reached for the strings player last. I sucked his cock into my mouth and fondled his balls expertly. He was moaning and jerking in seconds. I pulled away right before he climaxed. I stroked his cock pointing it at my stomach. He was the heaviest cummer, painting my entire body with his white seed.

By the time the four youngsters were finished with me, it looked like I had a second skin made completely of cum. I reeked of sex and semen. Intellectually, I knew a part of me should have been disgusted. But my body was living for being used like this.

I loved knowing I made these men cum for me. I loved knowing how much they wanted me. I loved knowing I was the reason they were spent and satiated.

Kotan approached me. It seems he was fully recovered from his rest. His cock was now fully erect. He pointed at my pussy. I knew what he wanted. He had come to finish the job he started.

I nodded at him excitedly. I spread my leg and masturbated in front of him. My whole body was humming with pleasure and excitement. I was finally going to lose my virginity.

Kotan's nostrils flared as he saw my wanton display of sexuality. He kissed me fiercely and possessively reminding me that I now belonged to him. His tongue licked my entire mouth clean as if he was washing away all traces of the other boys' scent on me.

He did this to my entire body, bathing me with his tongue. It felt like he was worshipping my entire being and then leaving his mark all over me. When this ritual was done, I knew he was going to implant his seed into my womb, completing his ownership of me.

When he finished cleaning me all over, my entire body was buzzing with anticipation. I was so incredibly aroused from all the events that happened before. I was more than ready for him.

Kotan suddenly laid down on his back. He held his enormous cock and pointed it up at the ceiling. He beckoned me to sit on straddled his thighs. He didn't let me sit on his cock just yet. He pulled me close until my folds were wrapped around his long cock. It seemed like he wanted to show me where his cock would reach inside me.

It was so big and long. It reached all the way up to my belly button. He wanted me to know he would reach my womb as he fucked me.

"Kotan." I rolled my hips, letting my pussy rub against his rigid cock. I could already feel its strong warmth. I was so ready for this moment to happen.

“Alex.” He answered back.

The music began to flow again. The ritual had started. The drummers started beating their drums as they circled us. The flute and strings player played behind us.

The beat began slowly. I realized it was matching my own heartbeat.

Kotan grabbed my hips and lifted me up. He aimed his cock at my entrance.

His cock looked so big. He would stretch me out so much. It didn't look like it would fit at all.

I gazed back at Kotan. His eyes were telling me trust him. He didn't break eye contact at all. His hands on my hip were steady but not forceful. He was going to make me his woman.

The beat grew faster steadily as Kotan pushed me down. The blunt head of his cock pushed apart the folds of my pussy. He stopped there letting me get used to his size. He surged his hips once pushing the entire head of his cock into my vagina.

I cried out loud at the invasive object inside. It felt so massive in my pussy. Nothing this big had ever been inside me before. The stretch was uncomfortable and painful.

Kotan stroked my hip letting me get used to his size. Slowly but surely, the pain melted away. As I clamped down on him, I felt a surge of pleasure fill my body.

Seemingly understanding, Kotan sank me deeper into his cock. It pushed into my walls and stretched me open. There was no more pain. Soon I realized it wasn't Kotan pushing me onto his cock, I was willingly accepting more of him into my body.

The good sensations started to escalate exponentially. It was like his cock flipped a switch inside me that lit the fire inside my body. It felt so good. I needed more of him. His cock was touching places inside me I didn't even know existed.

Then the music stopped. I realized I had sunk taken him all the way inside me. I felt so full.

Kotan looked at me meaningfully. His brown skin had become flush with concentration. I contracted my body around his cock. Kotan grunted in response. I was making him feel this good. I squeezed him again, feeling how rigid hard he was inside me. Kotan snarled at me.

I grabbed his massive pecs for support as I leaned to kiss him. Kotan kissed me back fiercely. He grabbed the back of my head and pushed his tongue to claim my mouth.

I vaguely heard the music start up again. But I was too distracted to really listen. Kotan had started to roll his hips, pulling his cock a small distance out of my pussy and then he would push back in. It felt so good.

I already felt so full. But when he fucked me, I felt like his cock was getting even larger. I felt like he was trying to drive deeper inside. I felt like he was succeeding.

The movement gradually became larger and more rapid. I would push myself off him, and he would slam me back down onto his cock. He was fucking me hard. The sheer size of him, was oversensitizing my pussy. My clit was absolute stretched around his cock. With each thrust, he was grazing over it powerfully.

I was getting so close to my orgasm. I started fucking myself harder and harder on his cock. I could feel my climax blooming. Kotan began urgently slamming into my hips. He reached forward and began flicking my clit. The beats of the drums grew into small rapid beats, matching the own pace of my heart. Kotan slammed back into me, thrusting his hips high into the air, going deeper than he had before.

My whole spasmed around his cock as I reached my climax. I felt my pussy squeezed his cock in urgent pulses. Waves of pleasure exploded all over my body, beginning from belly down to my fingertips.

I felt his hot warm cum fill my belly as he cried out in pure ecstasy. I threw my head in pleasure, looking at the sky. My vision went white as my whole being reached the status of divinity through this orgasm.

I saw so much many visions at my peak. But as the aftershocks of pleasure subsided, so did any memory of the heavens that I saw.

I collapsed on top of Kotan fully drained. My pussy was filled with his warrior's sperm.

There was no question of it now. I belonged to him.

Chapter Nine

Getting accustomed to live in El Dorado was remarkably easy. It also helped that Kotan held a high place within the community. After the ritual, he had taken me as his wife. I knew the ritual was some sort of marriage pact between us. I had never truly felt like I belonged until I met Kotan. I followed everything he asked of me.

Learning the language was hard even for a scientist like me who specialized in ancient civilizations. Kotan's people had grown for the last thousand years without interacting with any others. The language they spoke held some similar roots to the one I had studied before. But like all evolving languages, a thousand years had made it indecipherable to me save for a few terms. It would take me years before I could be fluent in their tongue. Fortunately for me, I wasn't planning on going anywhere.

Kotan, as one of the leaders of the tribe, lived in an ornate home near the center of the city. Like all the other buildings, it was coated in gold. I had yet to find the mystery of how this entire city was covered in the precious metal. From what's I've seen, the citizenry weren't miners of any sort. It was yet another mystery I could add to my long list of questions.

The house only had one floor. There were only four rooms.

The main sleeping chamber which had one enormous bed like structure in the middle. It could easily fit five people comfortably. Kotan only used this place for sleeping and for sex.

There was another auxiliary bedchamber which after much confusion and discussion, I realized was a sleeping room for future children. Once I became pregnant with Kotan's child, my children would be sleeping there. It was far away from the main sleeping room, which meant any future children I had wouldn't hear my cries of pleasure during sex, which Kotan partook of often.

There was bathroom complete with running water. They had a wash basin, bathtub and toilet, all made out of stone. Despite not wearing any clothing, Kotan's people had discovered plumbing systems. From watching them go about their daily lives, I could safely say they had the same standards as modern hygiene.

The last room was a great room which served as the living room, kitchen and dining room of the house. Almost all of my time spent indoors was spent here. It was large and spacious with carefully designed spaces. One of the first things Kotan taught me how to do was to prepare food and cook for him.

I was his wife and was expected to do all those duties. I realized I liked serving him. It felt good to take care of a home and husband.

Correction, husbands.

One of the biggest surprises of my life here was having a total of five husbands. It turns out that all the musicians playing at our ritual were also my grooms. They went home with me and Kotan. In addition, they also partook in my body without limitation. I was constantly serving five cocks every night at different parts of the day.

At first, I was afraid I would be worn out. But the men never pushed me to the point of exhaustion. In fact, they were so respectful, I sometimes had to initiate the sex. My new female body could handle these men and more.

Kotan was undoubtedly the head of the household, but the other four were still my husbands. Once I learned the language I would be sure to solve the mystery of having this much men in my life.

Whenever I walked around the village, I didn't see an imbalance of men to women. They seemed like any normal society. And as far as I knew, only I had four extra husbands to care for. Other women seemed to have the regular kind of family.

Kotan and my other husbands were warriors of the city. Every morning they would leave and practice their martial prowess. They had brought me to their training grounds once. Watching them fight and spar was amazing. They scaled walls as if they were flying up the sky like great eagles. They leapt and fought like powerful jaguars. They threw their spears and shattered rock. They had achieved peak human perfection. I had no doubts they would be able to protect themselves from any invaders. It was no wonder that they had never been invaded before.

I had been so horny after their display of strength, that I fell to my knees and sucked them all of in their training facility. After that, I got fucked right out in the open. I was glad to be the wife of such powerful men.

On the afternoons, they helped out at the different farms and fisheries of El Dorado. The society was complex with multiple people holding different roles. What truly amazed me was how food was always plentiful. There was no poverty of infighting in the city. It felt like absolute utopia.

I spent the rest of my days, documenting all I was learning in a journal. I wrote it in English hoping one day someone would find it. I also decided to teach Kotan about the outside world once I mastered the language. I wanted him to be able to prepare his people. El Dorado had to be protected from the outside. A kingdom as beautiful as this needed to be preserved.

My life was perfect. I knew I would spend the rest of my years happily in this place. I was documenting the life

of an ancient civilization and society. And I had five men to provide for me. I had discovered El Dorado and fulfilled my dream.

“Alex.” Kotan suddenly called out to me, disturbing from writing the rest of my findings.

He stood in front of me naked and erect. It had always made him horny when he came from hunting. Judging from how excited he was, he had captured a powerful beast. Behind my other husbands were in similar state of excitement.

I quickly stood up and headed to our bedroom. It was time to perform my duties as their wife.

Kotan quickly kissed me. He ate out my pussy, something he loved to do.

Bigo and Bagau, the two drummers quickly suckled on my breasts. They grabbed my hands and thrust their cocks into it.

Hamasha the flutist, quickly filled my mouth his cock. After numerous encounters, he finally earned enough stamina not to cum in my mouth instantly. I would be able to deep throat him leisurely.

Kirimi, the strings player, started licking my asshole. That had been yet another surprise in our lovemaking. I wasn't sure if it was because of my lack of holes, or if Kotan's people had always done anal, but my ass was soon another hole for these powerful men to fill.

As I laid on my back, I wondered how I had ever become so lucky. I had five handsome men servicing me right now, giving me unimaginable pleasure. My whole body was on fire. And it would only get better from here.

Kotan helped me up as Kirimi slid under me, positioning his cock over my asshole. Kotan pushed me down impaling me on Kirimi's cock. Then he himself pushed inside me. My pussy and vagina were both filled with cock. The two began fucking me earnestly, alternating their thrusts.

Bigo and Bagau weren't satisfied just standing still, they started thrusting their cocks into my hands as I stroked them.

Finally, Hamasha positioning himself in front of me and fucked my face hard.

My body was taking the pleasure of all five cocks. This was the ultimate satisfaction a woman could have.

Although I had found El Dorado, I had no need to go back to old my life and share my discovery. The modern world held nothing of importance to me.

As I began to climax and my five husbands filled me with cum, I realized El Dorado was truly paradise.