

## Find of the Century

Sam had been working on this archaeological dig site for a while now. It was always a slow process, but in this line of work, patience was a virtue. They had been working this site for months, and though nothing remarkable had shown up yet, morale around the camp held firm.

As Sam worked his way into a new section of the site, it seemed that their collective patience had paid off. There was an artifact here that was different from the rest they had found at this site. It was an obsidian stone, almost the size of his fist. Which was unusual enough given the distance from here to the nearest known volcano.

More interesting was the engraving; an engraving on obsidian was difficult at best, especially for ancient tools. It also wasn't written in the same language found in the rest of this site. This made it an outright anomaly. Not something he could present as a finding without going through some extra steps to ensure it's authenticity.

Carefully, he removed the stone from its resting place and held it in his hand as he walked to the director's cabin. The site director would need to be the first one he notified of this discovery. She knew more ancient languages than he'd heard of. She might even be able to translate the engraving herself.

He knocked on the door and waited a moment for her response.

"What is it?" Her voice called out from inside.

"I have a finding." Sam called out, "It may need special appraisal."

There was a short pause before her voice called out again. "Come in."

Sam gripped the stone in one hand firmly to avoid dropping it, and opened the door with his other. He walked into the cabin to see Ms. Carter sitting behind her desk. She was wearing a tan button-up blouse, and had her blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail. She looked at him with a serious expression as though she expected an explanation immediately.

"I found an artifact that does not seem to belong with the rest of the site." Sam explained, closing the door behind himself as he entered the small room. He placed the artifact on the desk and continued, "Its a material not commonly found here, and is engraved in a language I don't recognize."

As he set the stone down on the table, Ms. Carter's eyes seemed to widen for a moment before she cleared her throat. "That... Certainly does not belong here." She said calmly, "You'll want to lock the door for me before we continue."

Sam nodded and turned to lock the door behind him. By the time he turned around, he saw Ms. Carter holding ball-peen hammer over her head as though she intended to smash the artifact!

Acting on instinct, Sam dove towards the desk, shielding the stone with his hand just as Ms. Carter swung the hammer down. Once she saw his hand in the way, she tried to stop herself, and only just managed to pull her swing off to one side before it crushed his hand.

She let out a sigh. “That is standard procedure for this sort of thing.” She said, sounding oddly calm for someone who had just tried to destroy a priceless ancient artifact. “Though... I understand that you’re not... Informed on this matter.”

“Honestly, I did not expect to find one of these here. If I did, I wouldn’t be working this site at all.” She continued, leaving Sam feeling rather lost. “But what’s done is done. I need your permission to destroy the stone.”

“My permission? Destroy it?” Sam sputtered, “What are you talking about? This belongs in a museum if it’s authentic!”

“You have no idea what a catastrophically bad idea that would be.” She replied, a stern tone in her voice as she stood up and then turned away from him. “Its always a pain when it’s a grad finding these things...”

“What does that have to do with anything?” Sam asked. “Sure, I’m still new but-”

She shook her head slowly as she interrupted him. “You still have a lot to learn.”

Suddenly, she lowered her arms and her blouse slid down them, falling off of her before she turned back to face him, her bra now the only thing hiding her breasts from his view.

Sam was left speechless, and she took the opportunity to continue, “This stone is part of an ancient mating ritual from a civilization you certainly don’t know the name of, because it has never been published.”

As she spoke, she reached behind her back, unhooking her bra and allowing it to slide off her body and onto the floor as well. “It has never been published, because we don’t need treasure hunters swarming the place and selling off these fully functional artifacts to the highest bidder.”

She began to unbutton her pants before pulling them down, leaving her standing in nothing but her underwear. Her hands moved towards her panties, but hesitated for a moment before she sat down again.

“Now... I’ve allowed myself to succumb to the effects of this artifact as a... Demonstration.” She explained, “Because I don’t have time to get into all the details.”

“Y-You’re saying... It made you... Strip...?!” Sam asked, his throat feeling suddenly dry as a bone.

Ms. Carter put her hands deliberately on the table and began to tap on the desk with one finger. “More than that. It... If I finish stripping... I will succumb to it’s influence permanently.”

“Honestly, I only intended to let it take me as far as my shirt but... Once it starts it’s... Rather more difficult to stop than I anticipated.” She explained, squirming in place subtly as she looked at him with an intense stare, “I need your permission to break the stone now. Please.”

“Why do you need my permission?” Sam asked, skeptically. “You outrank me, don’t you?”

She put one hand on her forehead and shook her head. Her other hand slowly sliding off the desk and out of view. "Not anymore." She said softly.

"I outrank you?" Sam asked, "Officially or... Do you mean the artifact..."

"The artifact did something. Yes." She said "I can't disobey you. Since you want to protect the artifact, I am... Psychologically incapable of damaging it myself."

Finally, Sam managed to come somewhat back to his senses. Shaking his head, he averted his eyes from Ms. Carter. "How do I actually know you're telling the truth here? How do I know this isn't something so important that you're willing to put on this act over it?"

"That... Is a reasonable concern." Ms. Carter said softly, putting her hands back onto the desk again. "Alright. Pick someone. Female. Low rank. Someone who you know wouldn't be informed on this. I'll call her in here now."

Sam froze, now he was on the spot. Who should he pick? Who could he pick? It had to be someone low ranking, someone less qualified than himself, to ensure he didn't just call in someone else in on whatever this secret was. But then the thought occurred to him... If it was true, she would strip for him. So... Maybe he should pick someone he found attractive...

That was... Probably not an appropriate thought, but before he could correct himself he found himself already saying a name. "Caroline Straugh."

She was an intern working under him. She certainly wouldn't be informed on any of this. And... On a more instinctual level, her breasts were easily G cups... He had to help her squeeze through tight spaces more than a few times, and the view of her cleavage alone was almost too much for him at times.

He almost regretted it right away. Then felt a mix of excitement and anxiousness bubble within him as Ms. Carter put a finger on the loudspeaker and announced "Would Caroline Straugh come to my office please."

"Wait..." He said as soon as her finger let off the speaker. "Won't she freak out if she comes in here and sees you topless?!"

Ms. Carter looked down at herself. Her more modest C cups were indeed on full display. She shrugged and looked back up to him. "Unfortunately, I am... Incapable of putting my shirt back on."

"I can... Do this, however..." She said as she reached back behind her head, pulling her ponytail loose and dividing her hair over her shoulders. It wasn't quite long enough to fully cover her breasts, but... It was better than absolutely nothing.

"She won't expect to see me naked." She explained, "So it should take her a moment to realize that it's just my hair and nothing else. Show her your artifact before she realizes."

He nodded in acknowledgment. They both remained still as they waited, Ms. Carter deliberately twiddling her thumbs while keeping her hands on the table far outstretched from her body, while he stood near the door with the artifact.

Finally, the door knob began to creak, then rattle, followed by a knock. “Um, Ms. Carter? Its me.”

“The door is still locked.” Ms. Carter said to Sam softly, “Open it for her, will you? Oh, and show her the stone while you’re at it.”

He nodded, and turned around, unlocking the door and opening it, holding the stone up at eye level to his intern’s face.

“Huh? Oh, Mr. Stevens! I didn’t think you would be here too!” Caroline exclaimed, before noticing the stone. “Ah... What is that? It... Um... D-Doesn’t look like anything else we’ve found here...”

“Come on in, Ms. Straugh.” Ms. Carter said, “We’ll explain what this is about.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” Caroline said, bowing her head and slipping into the room. “Um... M-Ma’am...?”

“Yes, Ms. Straugh?”

“W-Where is your... Um...” Caroline began to ask before gripping the front of her own shirt. “Y-Your shirt...”

“Very perceptive of you.” Ms. Carter said “Well, you’re going to find out in a moment why I am not wearing one.”

“I-Is it... Because you... Felt... Ah... A-An... Uncontrollable desire to... S-S-Strip?!” Caroline gasped, her fingers starting to fumble with the buttons on the front of her blouse as she spoke.

“That’s right. Now, how did you know that?” Ms. Carter asked, her tone sounding leading.

“B-Because... I... I feel it... Too...” Caroline said, averting her eyes to the ground, “A-And... I don’t... I don’t think I can... Resist it...”

“You see?” Ms. Carter said, looking over to him. “She’s a very intelligent woman. Most succumb without a thought about resisting it.”

“W-What is... Happening to us...?!” Caroline asked, her hands flowing down the front of her blouse and popping each button one by one. As she did, her massive breasts spilled out freely without a bra. He had never noticed any signs of a bra in her cleavage but he didn’t ever suspect she didn’t wear one!

“Its that stone Mr. Stevens showed you.” Ms. Carter explained, “It is making you feel this way.”

“Oh.” She said, turning towards Sam now as well. Her breasts on full display as she pulled her skirt down. “You... You did this to me...? Why?”

“I needed to make sure-” Sam began, but was cut off by Caroline speaking suddenly.

“Wait, don’t answer.” She said urgently. She had both hands on her panties, balled into fists as she gripped both sides of them. “I... I just know...”

“As soon as I pull these down... I... I’ll become your... Wife?” Disbelief hang in her voice even as she spoke. “I... Don’t want to hear that it’s something bad... I’d rather... Believe...”

She looked him directly in the eyes, “That my husband is a good man.”

“Hold on!” Sam said, urgently. “Ms. Carter hasn’t removed hers yet. You can still resist.”

Caroline smiled at him shyly and averted her eyes from his. “No... I can’t.” Then she squeezed her eyes shut and pulled her panties down in one swift motion.

“H-Husband...?” She said softly as she rose up from pulling her panties down, “Will you keep me forever?”

“I... Ah...?” Sam stammered, before Caroline walked slowly up to him, dragging her panties and skirt along the floor as she walked.

“I-If you will... I’m all yours... Forever~” She cooed into his ear as she embraced him in a gentle hug, her massive breasts pressing into him as she did so.

“Say yes.” Ms. Carter instructed, “If you say no, she’ll wander off to find someone who will say yes.”

“She’ll... Walk outside like this? And just start asking random guys to marry her?!” Sam asked incredulously.

“That’s right. And she won’t feel a hint of shame about it.” Ms. Carter answered, “Answer quickly now, before she loses interest.”

He looked down and saw Caroline’s eyes, pleading and gradually moving towards a forlorn expression. He had no choice... “Yes. I’ll keep you forever.” He said, watching her expression light up once more.

“Thank you, Husband! I’ll do my best to be a good wife for you!” She said, bouncing and hugging him tightly “I’ll cook for you, clean for you... I’ll do whatever you desire!”

“You know...” Ms. Carter said softly “You could have avoided this.”

“If I hadn’t questioned your honesty, yes. I know.” Sam replied. “But it was... Unbelievable...”

“No. I mean, had you simply thrown the stone to the ground and smashed it before she finished stripping, she would have been freed from it’s grip.”

“Oh.” Sam said, realizing his mistake. “I... Completely forgot...”

“At the least... If I break it now, you will be freed?”

Ms. Carter shook her head slowly, and stood up, revealing her bare pussy. “I took it off while watching her. I didn’t even notice until they were already off.”

“So now... I think you know what I must ask, Husband.” She said, slowly walking around the desk towards him, “Will you keep me forever, or will you force me to embarrass myself further?”