

An Interesting Discovery

The night was as hot and heavy as she was. The canvas army surplus tent flaps snapped in the warm breeze.

Iris was an archeologist. She was on a dig miles from anywhere during the hot dry season. She climbed out of the dusty excavation pit with its neatly roped off squares, clutching her precious find. The kerosene lantern she held in one hand cast strange shadows her mind was too preoccupied to see. She clumped into her tent, her heavy boots making the floorboards resound and sending the scorpions scuttling for cover. She crossed over to the wooden chair in front of a metal folding table and put down the lantern and object.

As she placed her round buttocks onto the chair, she grabbed the strap of the metal canteen hanging on the back. She unscrewed the lid and slurped the metallic water, trying to replace the sweat that soaked through her t-shirt and collected under her breasts and in every soft fold of her body. She glanced at the tent flaps that were down but not tied shut and shrugged off the wet shirt, exposing her body to the warm air. She wetted the t-shirt further and wiped her find with it. She held the stone up to the kerosene lamp to admire her handiwork.

Earlier her heart had beat fast with excitement as she realized what was being revealed by her careful dusting away of sediment. The smooth stone object was about eight inches tall. It was a feminine figure with large breasts and buttocks, what was commonly called a "Fertility Goddess." Iris was amazed at the resemblance between the figure and herself. The face and its curly hair could have been modeled after her. The difference lay in the lack of arms and the legs that lay together and were disproportionately long. The feet were curved up in a matter that seemed familiar yet different from any other figures Iris had ever seen.

Iris put down the figure and sighed. It seemed as if the only time her heart ever beat fast was over excavations. She was lonely and horny. Well, actually more horny than anything else. The student intern they had sent her, Karima was one of those unconsciously sexy women. Her hips swang and her breasts swayed whenever she walked. Whenever she knelt on the ground, removing dirt, Iris swore Karima's bottom was flirting with her. Karima also had these large dark nipples that showed through the white t-shirts and tank tops she wore.

Iris was making herself more and more frustrated. The heat seemed even worse and Iris took off her dirty khaki shorts and underpants. Iris sat back in the chair and started rubbing her clit. Visions of Karima danced through her mind. She rubbed faster and mourned the fact her last lay had stolen her dildo. She looked around the tent and her gaze settled upon the goddess. Why hadn't she realized it before? The figure was a dildo!

That would explain the size and the oddly shaped legs. Iris laughed out loud and picked up the figure. She slowly slid the legs into her hungry space. The curved feet could be made to contact her G-spot and she moaned. She worked the goddess in and out, holding the figure by her boobs and rubbing her clitoris with the other hand. The chair beneath her squeaked as she rocked her large powerful hips and squeezed the figure with her vaginal muscles.

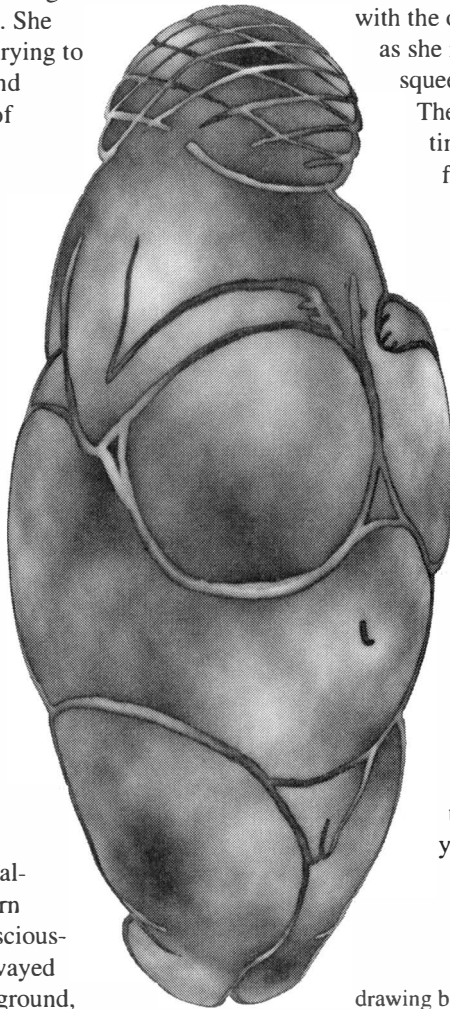
The squeaks came faster as she united across time with all the women that had worn the figure so smooth. She came and came and her juices gushed, covering the figure and her hand with their tangy wetness. Iris sighed in contentment. There was a knock on the tent pole.

"Who is it?" Iris called out.

"It's me, Karima. Can I come in?"

"Uh, sure. Wait a minute." Iris quickly wiped the figure and her hand off with the wet t-shirt and pulled on her shorts. She didn't have a chance to pull on her shirt as Karima came in suddenly, looking around.

"Oh, I see you're alone. I was afraid you were with someone." Karima met Iris' eyes and the full meaning sunk in. Iris' heart beat quickly again. "Yes, I'm alone. I've made an interesting discovery though. Come here and let me show you..."★



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