

# ANASTASIA

- a Sonofjack story -

[amysconquest.com](http://amysconquest.com)



As Bart sat staring at his computer screen at the beautiful smiling face and the sturdy but very sexy, feminine body that was looking back at him, he began to have second thoughts. When he originally responded to the computer ad that read “Meet beautiful single women from Eastern Europe” he clicked “OKAY” on a whim. The ad promised to “hook up American men with beautiful women from Russia, Ukraine, Belarus and the other countries of Eastern Europe.” As he replied to the few questions regarding his preferences when it came to female companionship he considered it a goof. Ten minutes after answering the questions, he pretty much forgot all about it. He had no real intention of following up on any of this.

The night he'd responded to that ad, he's had three glasses of wine which was two more than he usually drank. He was also thinking that night of his failed marriage. The divorce had been final for just over eighteen months, but Bart still felt the sting of rejection like it was only yesterday. Plus, when he saw that ad on his computer the words of his late mother began to echo in his ear.

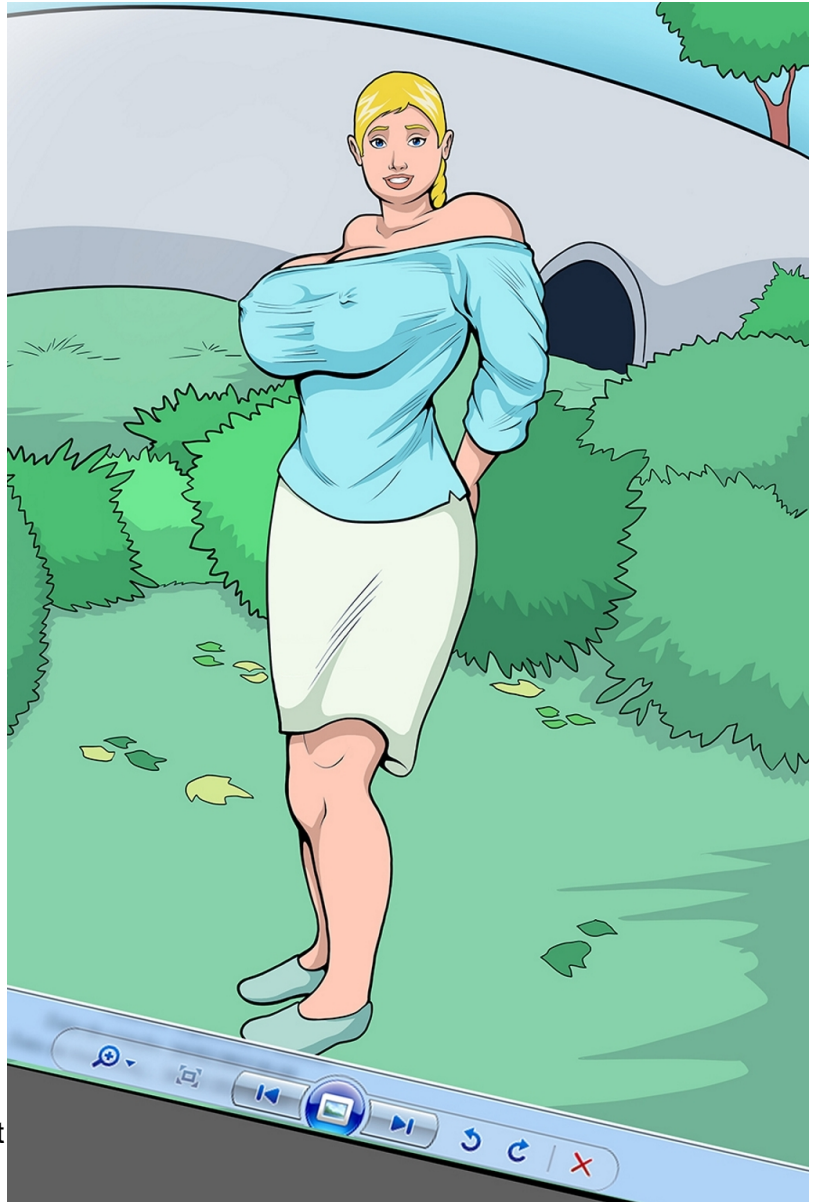
“Find yourself a nice Eastern European girl,” she always told him. His mother was originally from the former Soviet Union Republic of Belarus. She escaped the Soviet Union a few years before it fell and made her way to the United States. That's where she met and married his father.

“Eastern Europe women are strong,” his mother often told him, “And they know how to love a man.” She also told him, “Eastern European women are loyal, and they always keep their men warm at night.” She must have been on to something because whenever she said these things, Bart noticed that his father just sat there with a huge satisfied smile.

Despite the words of his mother, Bart didn't really think he'd find his soul mate by answering a computer ad.

However, when a message appeared in his email in box a few days later, he couldn't help being curious. “This is probably a malware scam,” he told himself, “How could I have been so stupid as to give them my real email address?” But then he thought, “What the hell? My computer is loaded with the best anti-malware protection that money can buy. I might as well put it to the test.”

He decided to give the message a look-see Now he was looking at an image of a beautiful young woman wearing traditional Eastern European garb. She had an open, beautiful face with the warmest blue eyes Bart had ever seen. Her body was best described as “big boned” which is to say that she could not fairly be called fat, but she was not petite either. That was fine with Bart. He never liked petite women anyway.



She had honey blonde hair done up with a single thick braid off the one side as well as broad shoulders and more than ample breasts. One look at that picture, and Bart was definitely tempted to email her back. “Maybe Mom was right,” he thought.

Bart’s mother was the second strongest woman he’d ever known. She wasn’t just strong willed although she certainly was that. She was physically strong as well. It’s not like she possessed superhuman strength, but whenever Bart’s parents had to settle any kind of disagreement, his mother would challenge his father to an arm wrestling contest. It didn’t happen that often, but when it did happen, Bart’s mother always won. Always.

That was understandable since his father was only 5’6” tall and barely weighed 135 pounds. This meant that his mother was four inches taller and outweighed her husband by about ten pounds. If this bothered his father, Bart never heard him complain about it. His father didn’t even seem to mind losing all those arm wrestling matches over the years. Bart’s father was the most easygoing man he’d ever met. Besides, Bart was convinced that his father rather enjoyed being married to a woman who was physically stronger than he was. Bart could relate to that.

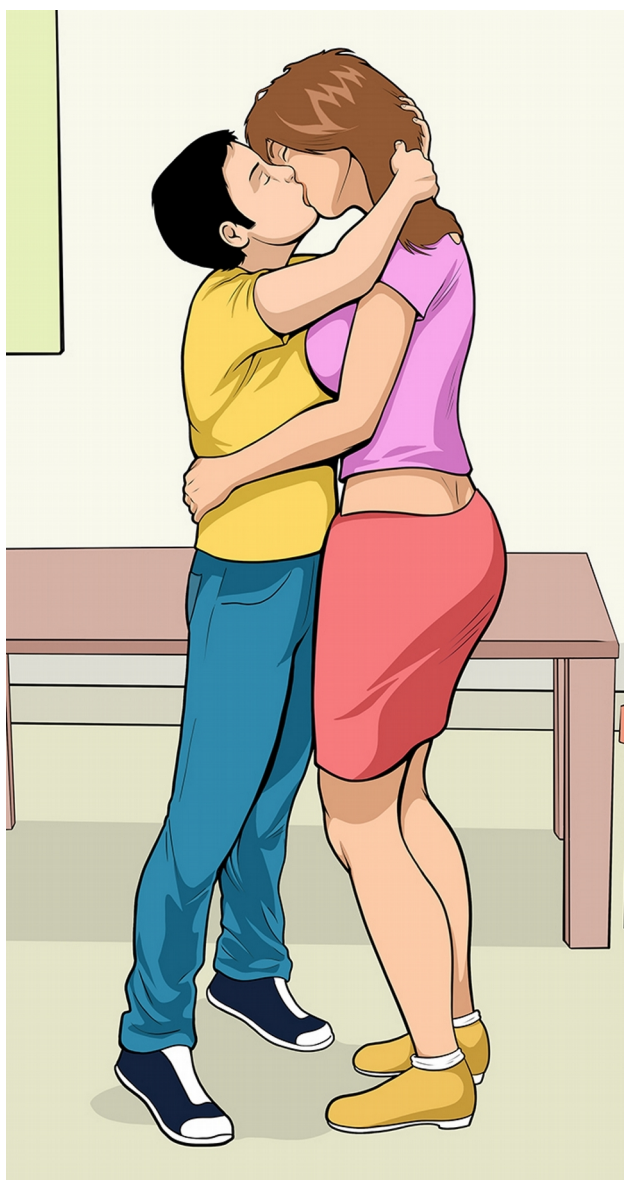
Bart’s parents got along better than any married couple he knew. Together they made a decent living. They loved each other and their only child, and they were very contented with life. That’s all Bart really wanted out of life—what his mother and father had.

The decent living part was already taken care of. At age 26—Bart was born December 26, 1991, the day the Soviet Union collapsed—he was financially set for life. Bart developed a phone app when he was twenty-two that.... Well, it really isn’t that important what it did. Let’s just say that it caught on and a year later he sold it to a big company that paid him very well upfront and continues to pay him royalties. Bart isn’t filthy, buy-your-own-private-island rich, but he is a millionaire. He’s actually kind of embarrassed to be so well off for contributing something so trivial to the world.

But the good thing about being independently wealthy at such a young age is that Bart was free to concentrate on finding the right woman. So far his search that search hadn’t gone so well. He thought he found the woman of his dreams when he married his now ex-wife. She turned out to more of a nightmare.

Even before meeting his ex-wife, Bart’s taste in women was somewhat unorthodox. Because of the relationship between his parents, Bart was always attracted to women that were bigger and stronger than he was. Women like that were not always easy to find since, unlike his father, Bart was 5’11” tall and weighed in at a healthy 165 pounds. He was no star athlete, but he did exercise, and he was in reasonably good shape.

Bart’s first girlfriend was when he was thirteen years old. Puberty hadn’t quite kicked in for him yet so he was short for his age. On the other hand, puberty had been kind to his girlfriend at the time.



Her name was Emily Hudsucker, and even though they were the same age, Emily had the body of a sexy full-grown woman. When they were both standing up, Bart had to stand on his tippy toes to kiss her. Some of their classmates made fun of the height difference between them, but Bart loved it. When they got to high school, Emily dumped him for an 11<sup>th</sup> grader.

Once puberty hit Bart, he had a hard time finding girls who were taller and stronger than he was so he didn't date much in high school. However, things began to look up (pun intended) when he got to college. He met a beautiful, tall and strong black woman named Tyshae McDaniel who happened to be the star of the university's women's basketball team.



She was 6'4" with a fine ass, big muscles and big tits. They carried on a passionate three year love affair. Bart loved his mighty African goddess, and Tyshae loved her subservient white boy.

The only thing that Bart loved more than watching Tyshae lift weights was watching her big tits bounce as she straddled him and rode him like a saddle pony. Tyshae always insisted on taking the dominant top position when they fucked (which was often), and Bart enjoyed the view from below much too much to complain.

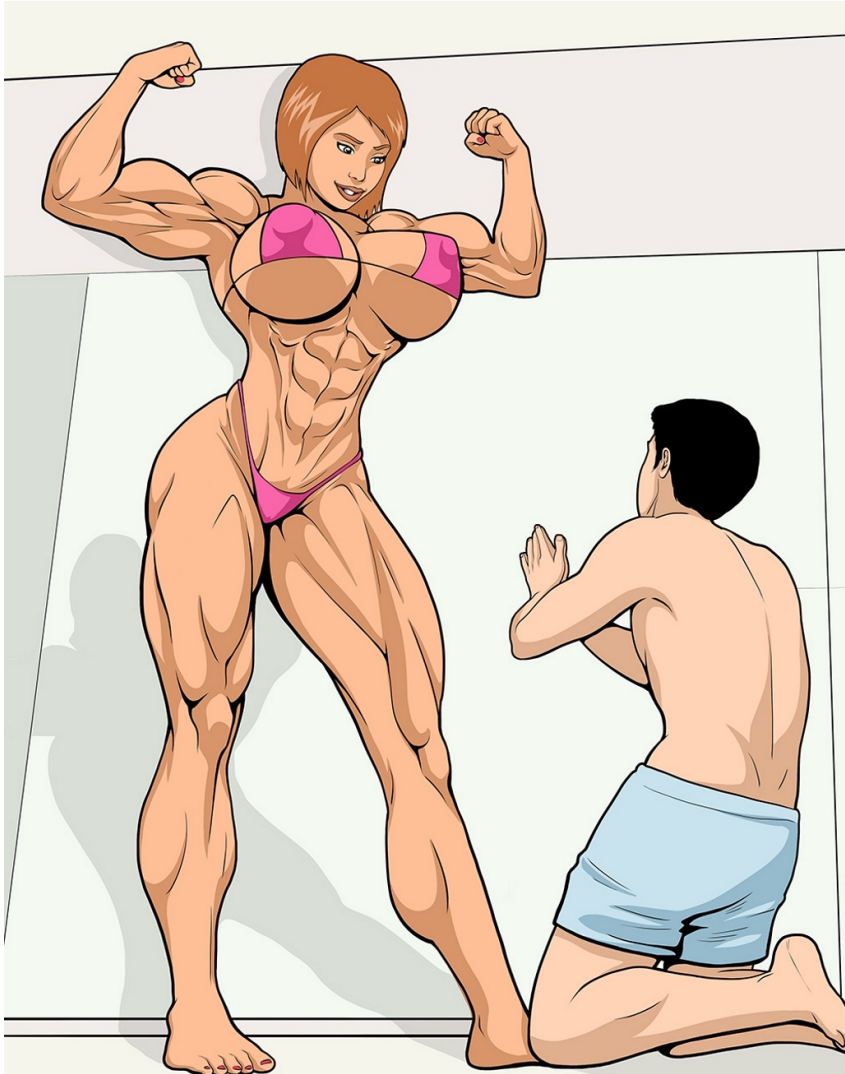
When Bart's parents died in a car accident during his final year of college, it was Tyshae who was there to comfort him. He got the phone call about his parents while he and Ty were in bed together making love. He spent the next four hours sitting on her lap and sobbing at his great loss.

After graduation, Tyshae became a WNBA star and she and Bart drifted apart. Meanwhile, less than a month after his 22<sup>nd</sup> birthday Bart developed the phone app that made him a millionaire.

He was suddenly, young, boyishly handsome and rich. He no longer had any trouble finding women who wanted to be with him.

That's when he met his ex-wife, Stella. Stella was 6'2", beautiful and lean except for her very large breasts and muscles. She was a competitive fitness/bikini model who routinely won every competition she entered. It was easy to see why at just a glance. Stella had it all—a beautiful face with full, pouty lips, a muscular, hard body, ripped abs, long, shapely legs, full, round, large natural breasts and an ass that looked like a perfect peach half. It wasn't quite accurate to say that she was Bart's ultimate fantasy girl because he never even fanaticized he'd meet a girl so sexy and beautiful.

He couldn't even remember exactly how they met. It was as if she simply appeared in his life when he became rich. And once Stella was in his life, she quickly took over. Looking back, Bart believed that if his parents had been alive—especially his mother—she would have been able to make him see that Stella was not the right woman for him. She had sex appeal to spare and she knew how to use it to get what she wanted from Bart. But she didn't feel any of the tenderness that Tyshae had felt towards him. Bart could look back now and see that Stella never really loved him.



But at the time, Bart was so captivated by Stella's strong, dominant nature that less than two months after they met, Stella told Bart that they were going to be married, and Bart readily agreed. Looking back, he wonders now if he even had a choice.

Bart was so intoxicated by Stella's dominant and confident manner. When he told her that she was beautiful and sexy, Stella's usual response was "I know it." And he loved the way that she flaunted her superior strength. Even before they were married, she often required him to get down on his knees and beg for sex. This was okay with Bart though. He enjoyed this kind of role playing. At least he thought it was role playing.

The big problems came after they were married. He was required to wait on Stella hand and foot. Also, she stopped working completely and began to spend money as fast as it came in. And even though she made Bart

grovel and beg to have sex with her, she usually turned him down anyway.

This is a typical evening just months after they were married.

Bart was just finishing up a task in Stella's bedroom when she walked in. "Hi, honey, what have you been doing all say?" Bart asked.

"Shopping," was Stella's curt reply. "What are you doing in here? I told you to stay out of my bedroom unless I gave you permission to enter."

"I... I was just taking some measurements to see about expanding your walk-in closet for you like you asked me to do," he lied. Changing the subject he asked, "Did you find anything nice to buy?"

Stella looked at him skeptically and said, "I brought some new lingerie, but I'm already bored with it. I might as well throw it away."

Bart became excited. "Is there any chance I could get you to model it for me?" he asked.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she said in a voice that could not sound more disinterested.

"Of course I would," Bart replied, "What man wouldn't want to see you dressed in sexy lingerie."

One side of Stella's lush lips curled in a tight smile. "That's true. I am very sexy," she agreed. She thought about it for a few seconds and said, "Okay, wait here while I go put some of it on." Bart began to follow his wife into her closet/changing room. She turned sharply and asked, "Where do you think you're going. I told you to wait here."

"I just thought I'd watch you change," Bart said cheerfully.

"Nice try," said Stella. "Do as you're told, or I'll send you to your room."

Bart bowed his head. "Yes, dear." He sat on the bed and waited just as instructed.

A few minutes later Stella returned wearing a lacey bra and thong panties combination. Bart got instantly hard. He started to stand up. "Who said you could get up?" Stella asked.

"Uh... no one," Bart admitted. "C-can I get up?" he asked timidly.

"Get on your knees," his beautiful, muscular wife commanded. Bart did as he was instructed.

"I suppose you'd like to fuck me now," Stella said.

"Is it so strange that a man would like to make love to his wife?" Bart asked.

"Make love'? You want to FUCK me. Just say it."

"Okay.... I'd like to fuck you," Bart agreed. "Is that so strange?" he repeated.

"Not when your wife looks as hot as I do," Stella agreed. She gave her body a little shimmy to emphasize her hotness. She was driving him crazy with desire. She loved frustrating him like this, and they both knew it.

"So...?" Bart pleaded.

"Crawl over to me on your hands and knees and beg me to fuck you." Stella instructed.



Bart crawled over and begged, "Please, Stella, please, fuck me."

"Why should I?" she asked.

“B-because you’re my wife,” Bart replied, “Don’t you want to make love with me? Don’t you love me?”

Stella ignored his questions. “I understand why you want to fuck me so badly. I’m the sexiest woman you’ve ever seen. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, Stella, of course,” Bart replied.

“Tell me, what is it about me you find so desirable?”

“Y-your beautiful face, your sexy body—”

“Be more specific,” Stella demanded.

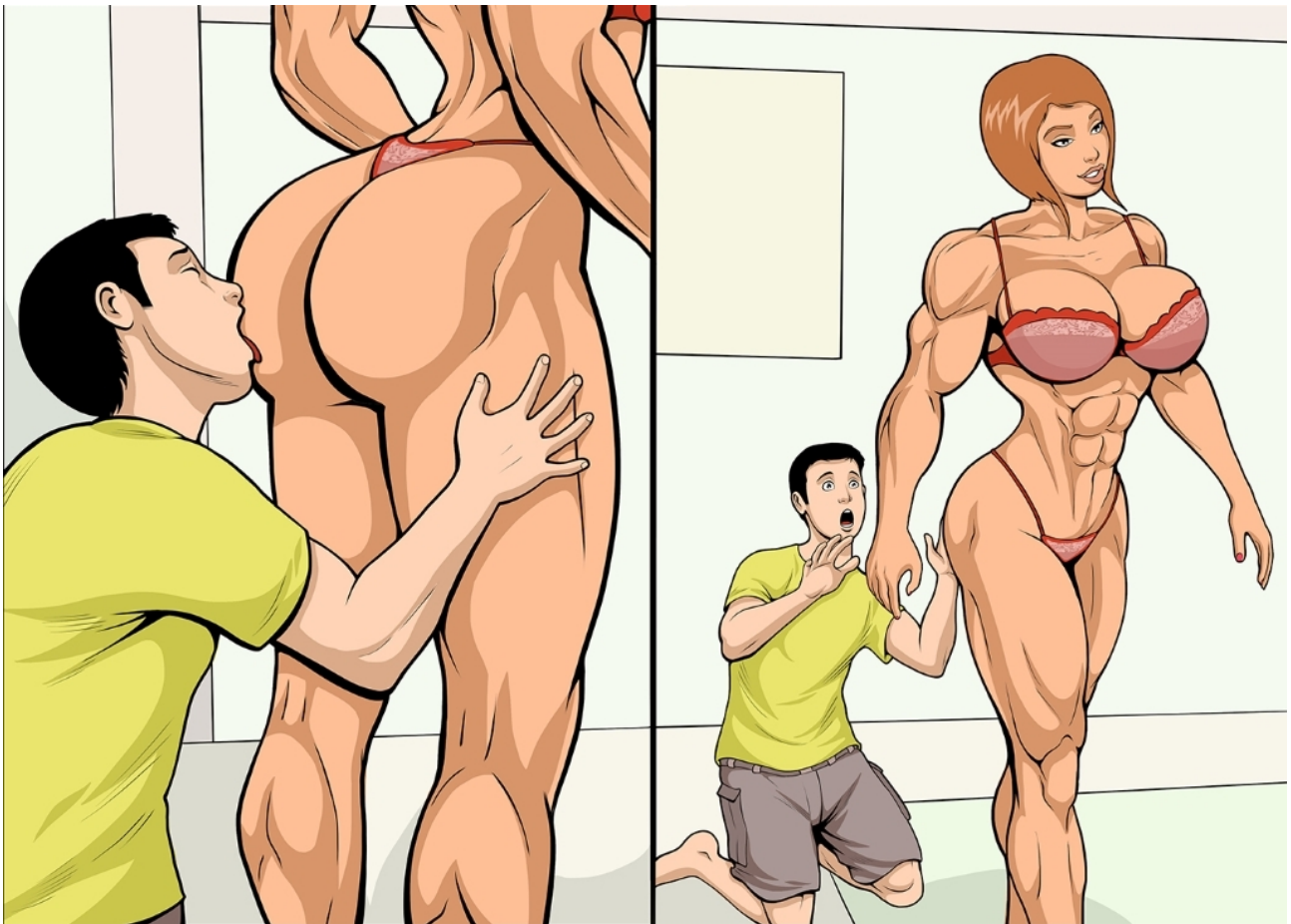
“I love you long, sexy legs and your big, round firm tits and your round, firm ass,” Bart began.

“But what is it about me that makes me really special?” she asked.

“Your muscles,” Bart replied. He knew what she wanted to hear. “It’s your beautiful, big, feminine muscles that make you so special.”

She turned her back to him. “That’s right. Look at that ass,” she said as she stuck it right in his face. “Have you ever seen a more perfect ass than that?”

The truth was, Tyshae’s ass was just a spectacular, but he wasn’t about to tell his wife that. “No,” he lied.



"Maybe you'd like to kiss that ass," she suggested.

"Please, can I? Can I please kiss your perfect ass?"

Doing her best to sound like she could not care less she replied, "I guess so." Bart gratefully covered his wife's ass with kisses and licks and even a few light nibbles. After a few minutes of this, Stella announced, "That's enough!" as she walked away.

"But... but, Stella," Bart protested.

"You bore me," Stella said, "Get out of my room now."

"But, Honey, that's not fair," Bart whined.

"I don't care what you think is fair. Get out of my room. NOW!"

"W-what if I refuse?"

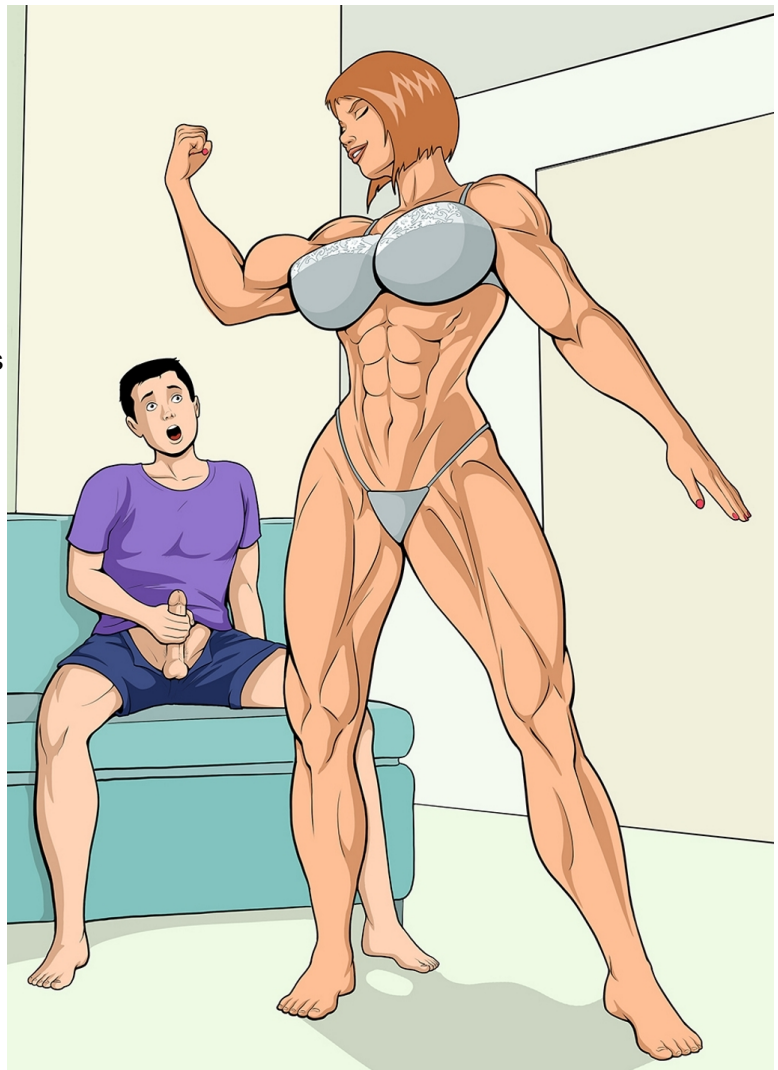
Stella laughed at that. "Refuse? If you refuse to do what I tell you to do, I'll beat the shit out of you. You know I can, and you better believe that I will." Bart wasn't really sure whether his wife could beat him up or not. He knew that she was stronger than him, but he didn't know for sure if she could beat him up. He suspected it, however, and besides, he couldn't imagine actually fighting back. Defeated, he went to his room and masturbated.

What Stella didn't know was that Bart had secretly set up a hidden camera in Stella's room that operated by remote control. He pushed a button in his pocket to activate it. He'd recorded that entire encounter. The really twisted part was that after retrieving the recorded disk later, Bart would go back and watch that scene many times while he jerked off to it. Stella just looked so fucking hot in her bra and thong panties that he couldn't help be turned on despite the way she humiliated him. In fact, he was even more turned on BECAUSE she humiliated him.

After that, Stella stopped having sex with her husband altogether. The best she would do is sometimes she would let him masturbate while she posed sexily in front of him in lacey lingerie or skimpy bikinis. She obviously didn't care about his feeling at all, but it still pleased her vanity to know that he desired her. Besides, reminding her husband just how strong and sexy her body was made it easier for her to control him.

Before long, things grew even worse between Bart and Stella. Stella began to throw frequent parties at the house.

Bart could not stand most of Stella's friends, and he was not allowed to invite his own.



Stella's friends were a bunch of shallow, moronic jerks whose only topic of conversation seemed to be what was going on with the Kardashians or whatever other idiotic reality TV show was popular that week.

It was at these parties that things really began to turn ugly. Stella began to openly make fun of Bart in front of her friends. She told them how pathetic he was and how he was willing to get on his knees and beg her for sex. She told them how she refused him and only allowed him to masturbate to her sexy body. He told her friends all this just to amuse them.

As if that wasn't bad enough, she began to openly flirt with other men right in front of her husband. If the other men became uncomfortable, she would tell them, "Don't worry; my husband won't do anything. He knows who's boss around here. Isn't that right, 'honey'?" If Bart didn't respond quickly enough to suit her, she would get in his face and repeat, "Isn't that right?"

Bart would bow his head in reply, "Yes, Stella." He wished he could stand up to her, but he was legitimately afraid of her. Besides, despite (because of?) all of the torture and humiliation she put him through, he still loved his wife.

Then, one night, it happened. Stella was flirting very heavily with this tall, handsome jock type. He was taller than Stella and had bigger muscles. She was hanging on his arm and laughing at every idiotic thing he said. When Bart passed close by, Stella told him, "This is my husband Bart; Bart, this is what a real man looks like." The man looked at Bart and smiled arrogantly.

A little while later, Stella announced, "The party's over. Everybody go home now. I'm going to fuck my new boyfriend." All of her other idiot friends thought this was hilarious, and they all cleared out like she told them to do.

When it was just the three of them left—Bart, Stella and other man—Bart said, "Okay, Honey, your little joke had gone far enough."

"What joke?" she asked. "I fully intend let him fuck me. In fact, why don't you watch him fuck me? You might learn something about how a real man fucks a woman. Besides, you'd probably enjoy watching a big stud like him fuck your wife wouldn't you?"



"No, Stella, I don't think so," Bart replied. He turned around and started to walk away. When his back was turned, Stella grabbed his arm and twisted it behind his back. "Not so fast," she said. "I want you to watch him fuck me."

The other man chuckled his approval and said, "Alright!"

Bart had no doubt that Stella would break his arm if he did comply. So he went to his wife's bedroom with them and watched another man fuck his wife. After they fucked the first time, Stella took her lover's dick in her hand and said, "Look at that dick!" She turned to her husband and said, "This is what a real dick looks like." Then she proceeded to suck the other man's hard cock—something that she'd never done for her husband. After round three, Bart was finally allowed to leave.

Despite Stella's prediction, Bart did not enjoy watching another man have sex with his wife. In fact, it made him sick to his stomach. He went to his room, closed the door and began to cry. Eventually, he fell into a restless sleep.

That night, his beloved mother came to him in a dream. "She's not the right woman for you," she told him. Though Bart made a half-hearted attempt to defend Stella to his spectral matriarch, he failed miserably, and he knew it. Before she left her son and this mortal realm, Bart's mother repeated her oft given advise, "Fiind yourseelf a niice Eastern European giiiiir!"



When Stella returned home from next day's shopping spree, Bart informed her that he'd hired a lawyer and was seeking a divorce.

"You're divorcing me?" she asked. The bitch had the chutzpah to sound shocked at the prospect. Perhaps she really was surprised. After warning Bart that she would take him for everything he was worth, she did what she threatened to do many times. She beat the shit out of him. Unlike as he had imagined it, Bart did try to fight back, but not only was his wife stronger than him, she turned out to be a much better fighter. He did stand a chance.

Stella did indeed take her husband for most of what he was worth. Fortunately for him, however, Stella was shortsighted enough to trade an immediate cash payout in favor of possible future earnings. In other words, she agreed to forgo any claims on any future royalties for the app that Bart invented (which he invented BEFORE they were married) in favor of four-fifths of his assets at the time of their divorce.

It didn't matter much to Bart. He moved into a small house and waited for royalties that were still rolling in to accumulate while he lived a modest life. Within a year he was a millionaire again. Unfortunately, he still couldn't completely get over the memory of his ex-wife. He still occasionally watched the disk of the night she made him kiss her ass and refused him sex and jerked off to it. He still thought about her frequently. Worst of all, since they'd been divorced, Stella had come to him twice for money.

As insane as it sounded, his ex-wife still had some kind of spell on him that he could not quite shake. She'd come around and through a combination of seduction and the threat of physical punishment, she would leave with a check for a large sum of money.

Now, tonight, as Bart looked at his computer screen at the image of the beautiful, fresh faced, earthy young woman from Eastern Europe, for the first time, he thought that he might be able to get over Stella. "But that's crazy," he told himself, "For all I know, some fat guy living in Florida sent me this picture." He started to delete the email, but decided to sleep on it instead.

That night, once again his beloved mother came to him in a dream. "Why don't you give that nice girl who sent you the picture on your computer a chance," she urged her son.

"But, Momma," he argued, "I don't know anything about her."

"So email her back and find out about her," she countered. "I have a good feeling about her."

"I don't know, Momma...."

"Bartek (which was his full first name) do what your mother tells you to do!"

"Yes, Momma."

The next morning right after breakfast, Bart took another look at the pretty young woman in the email. Her name was Anastasia. "Pretty name," Bart thought. She was twenty-two and from a country called Amazslovia. "Hmmm... never heard of it." Bart whispered.

He immediately began searching on his computer for information about the country Amazslovia and was surprised that in this information age, he found almost nothing. It was a tiny microstate located right at the place where Belarus, Latvia and Lithuania came together. According to Wikipedia Amazslovia had been an independent, sovereign nation "for at least the last thousand years".

"I wonder how they managed that," Bart wondered. He knew enough about world geography to know that microstates as small as this usually remained independent as a result of geographic isolation and/or because they were under the protection of some more powerful country that they maintained close ties with. While Amazslovia was indeed surrounded by mountains, it apparently did not have very close ties with any of its surrounding neighbors. According to Wikipedia, Amazslovia was something of a land of mystery.

It was roughly 500 square kilometers in area, slightly larger than the tiny country of Andorra, but its population was estimated to be about one fourth of Andorra's or about 22,000. Its chief exports were goat's milk and yellow onions. They had little industry there and imported most of their tech products.

“I wonder how they managed to remain independent during the soviet era.” Bart grew up to stories from his mother about the oppressive government of the former Soviet Union. If Wikipedia knew the answer to this puzzle, it was keeping it to itself.

The final line in the two paragraphs about Amazslovia intrigued Bart however. “Amazslovia is known as a land of robust women.”

Cautiously, Bart emailed Anastasia back. He told her a little about himself (leaving out the part about him being a millionaire) and about life in America. He told her that he thought she was very pretty. He did not include a picture of himself nor exactly where he lived in that initial email.

Two days later, Anastasia emailed him back. She thanked him for returning her email. She thanked him for saying that she was pretty. She told Bart a little about life in Amazslovia. For example, she explained that she would have returned his email right away but that she didn't have her own computer. She had to email him using the community computer which she had to share with the rest of the people in her village. Not only did she have to wait her turn, but she had to walk just over eight kilometers from the farm where her family lived to the village square where the village computer was kept.

This was the beginning of their online relationship (their E-romance?). Bart asked Anastasia to email him more pictures if it wasn't too much trouble. Anastasia replied that if wasn't too much trouble. She knew someone who owned a digital camera that she could borrow who only lived twelve kilometers away.

When Bart opened his email a few days later, he was happily surprised that Anastasia had sent him a picture of herself dressed in a bikini. As bikinis went, it was not very revealing, but it was still a bikini. He was further happily surprised that Anastasia's breasts were bigger than he thought and that she also had some muscles. Her breasts were not as big as Stella's nor were her muscles as defined. Still Anastasia was quite impressive.

Besides, Bart knew that it was unhealthy to keep comparing every woman to Stella.

In her email, Stella explained that she had her friend use her camera to take the picture of her. She asked that Bart never let her mother or father know that she had sent him “such a shameless photograph.” She even chastised herself for being so forward.

Bart emailed her back and assured Anastasia that there was nothing wrong with sending him a bikini photo.



He asked her why she had sent it if she felt embarrassed by it. She replied in her next email that she did it because she wanted him to find her attractive and that she understood that American men were used to women dressed in revealing clothes “like they dress on Baywatch.”

Bart found Anastasia’s modesty charming and refreshing. He really began to open up to her after this. He assured her that she had succeeded in making him think that she was very attractive. He told her that he thought she had a very nice figure without going into any lurid detail. He also promised her that he would never show her bikini photo to anyone else.

In addition, Bart emailed Anastasia three photos of himself. One was of his smiling face. Another was of him standing by the front door of his house. The third was on him in his swimming trunks. “It’s only right that you see me dressed the way they dress on Baywatch,” he wrote.

Anastasia told him in her next email that she thought that he was very handsome. She said that he had a very warm smile. She also wrote, “I had no idea that you were so tall and virile.” Bart suspected that he was trying to flatter him, but whatever. It was working.

Bart and Anastasia emailed back and forth like this for several weeks. As they continued writing, their words became more and more personal and intimate. They revealed more details of their separate lives and more of their private thoughts and dreams. Anastasia revealed that even though she loved her homeland, that she longed to see more of the world. She wanted to travel and experience more than her small village had to offer.

Bart wrote about how much he missed his parents and about his love for old movies and great books. He even told Anastasia a little about his relationship with his ex-wife. He didn’t tell her too many of the embarrassing details, but he did reveal that Stella had treated her disrespectfully and that she had cheated on him. He even told her that his full name was Bartek.

Finally, Bart mailed Anastasia a prepaid satellite phone so that they could talk to each other. Bart wanted to know what Anastasia’s voice sounded like, and the first time he heard it, he was completely enchanted. She sounded so sweet with just the slightest hint of an Eastern European accent. “You speak English very good.” He told her.

“Excuse me, Bartek, I don’t mean to criticize, but don’t you mean that I speak English very well?” Normally something like this might have put Bart off a little, but the way Anastasia said it sounded so sweet. It also indicated to Bart that she was very sharp and that she would challenge him. He liked that.

“Yes,” he responded, “I think you’re correct.” That first conversation lasted four hours. They talked about everything from the Earth to the sun and back again. The one thing neither of them talked about, though they both felt it, was that they were falling in love.

Finally, Anastasia said, “I’m sorry, Bartek, but I must go now. It is time to milk the goats.” With a promise to talk again soon, Anastasia was gone. Bart was in heaven. He was certain that he was falling in love with this woman. There was only one thing that bothered him. He knew that she was beautiful and strong looking, but he didn’t know how tall she was. None of the pictures she had sent him contained the right kind of background for him to be able to judge her height. He knew that it was superficial of him to place such importance on this one detail, but he couldn’t deny that it was important to him.

One time he casually asked her in an email how tall she was. She wrote back, “I’m the tallest woman in my village.” When he asked her how tall that was she wrote, “I am just over eight kushnecs tall. I hope that’s not too tall for you.”

That didn't help Bart one bit. He had no idea how long a kushnec was. And even though he tried for days, he could not find any feet to kushnec conversion table on the internet. She was the tallest woman in her village, but for all he knew, the women in Anastasia's village were the shortest in all Eurasia.

Still, the more Bart talked to her over the phone, the more he could feel himself falling. Talking to her made him happier than he could remember being since going out with Tyshae. After mulling it over, he decided that he didn't care if she was taller than him or not. She was sweet and smart and fun to talk to. She was beautiful with a very sexy figure, warm, inviting eyes and an enchanting smile. Plus, she had a considerate disposition, an adventurous nature and a winning personality.



That night, he fantasized about being with Anastasia. In his imagination she was tall. She was taller than Stella. She was even taller than Tyshae. She was at least 6'8" or 6'9" in his mind's eye. He dreamed that she loomed over him with her big breasts swaying in his face as she straddled him the way Tyshae used to do. Only, in his fantasy, Anastasia was bigger and stronger.

Yes, he was falling in love with this woman.

Still, it took him another two phone calls before he worked up the courage to tell her that he thought he was in love with her. When he finally got it out Anastasia said, "Oh, Bartek! That makes me so happy because I am already in love with you."

"But we haven't even met me face-to-face. How can you know?"

"I knew by the time I read your second email" she replied. You westerners make everything so complicated. But Amazslovian women know when they meet the man that they should marry. They just know, and, Bartek, I've known that you were the man I wanted to marry for quite some time."

"Why didn't you say anything like this before?"

"I sent you a picture of me in a bikini didn't I?" she asked. Then she added, "Besides, it is not the place of the woman to tell the man. A woman should wait for her man to say something first." Given his history with women, Bart was not used to a woman that waited for the man to make the first move.

Anastasia went on, "It is a woman's place to do whatever she can to make her man happy. Bartek, I hope that you will let me be the woman who makes you happy."

"Uh... well, sure. That sounds nice," Bart said. He didn't know quite what to think. It occurred to Bart that she was acting demure and yet kind of aggressive at the same time. He knew for sure though that he wanted to explore this fascinating and beautiful woman further. He wanted to know her better. He asked her, "Do you have a passport?"

"Yes," she replied, "I went and got one soon after your second email."

They quickly made arrangements for Anastasia to travel to America so that they could finally meet face to face. Bart explained to Anastasia that this was not a proposal of marriage. "I hope you understand that I think it's important for us to get to know each other a little better in person before we make a life-long commitment," he explained.

"Yes, Bartek, I will wait for you to make up your mind. I understand. You're first wife deceived you so you are reluctant to marry again so quickly."

"Yes, that's it exactly," Bart said. He was convinced that Anastasia really was as sweet and genuine as she sounded. He added patient and understanding to her list of growing virtues. "Thank you so much for understanding."

"It is okay, Bartek, but I want you to understand that if you do ask me to marry you, that is it. We will marry, and it will be forever. Once you ask me, there will be no turning back."

"I...I understand," Bart said. This was the first time he had ever heard Anastasia say anything as forceful as this. It made him a little hard.

"There is one other thing you should know before I come to see you, Bartek," she said seriously.

"What?"

"I think that you deserve to know that... I am not a virgin. There was a boy in my village—a boy that I grew up with—named Perchik. We fell in love when we were still teenagers. We planned to get married eventually, but first Perchik won a scholarship to go to the university in Riga. The night before he left, we made love. We convinced ourselves that it wasn't a sin because we planned to marry anyway. I never saw Perchik again."

"What happened? Did he die in an accident?"

"No, the little bastard fell in love with some puny little slut from Latvia. He never even had the courage to return and tell me to my face. So you see, Bartek, you are not the only one who has been cheated on. And that's why I say, once we decided to get married, there's no turning back."

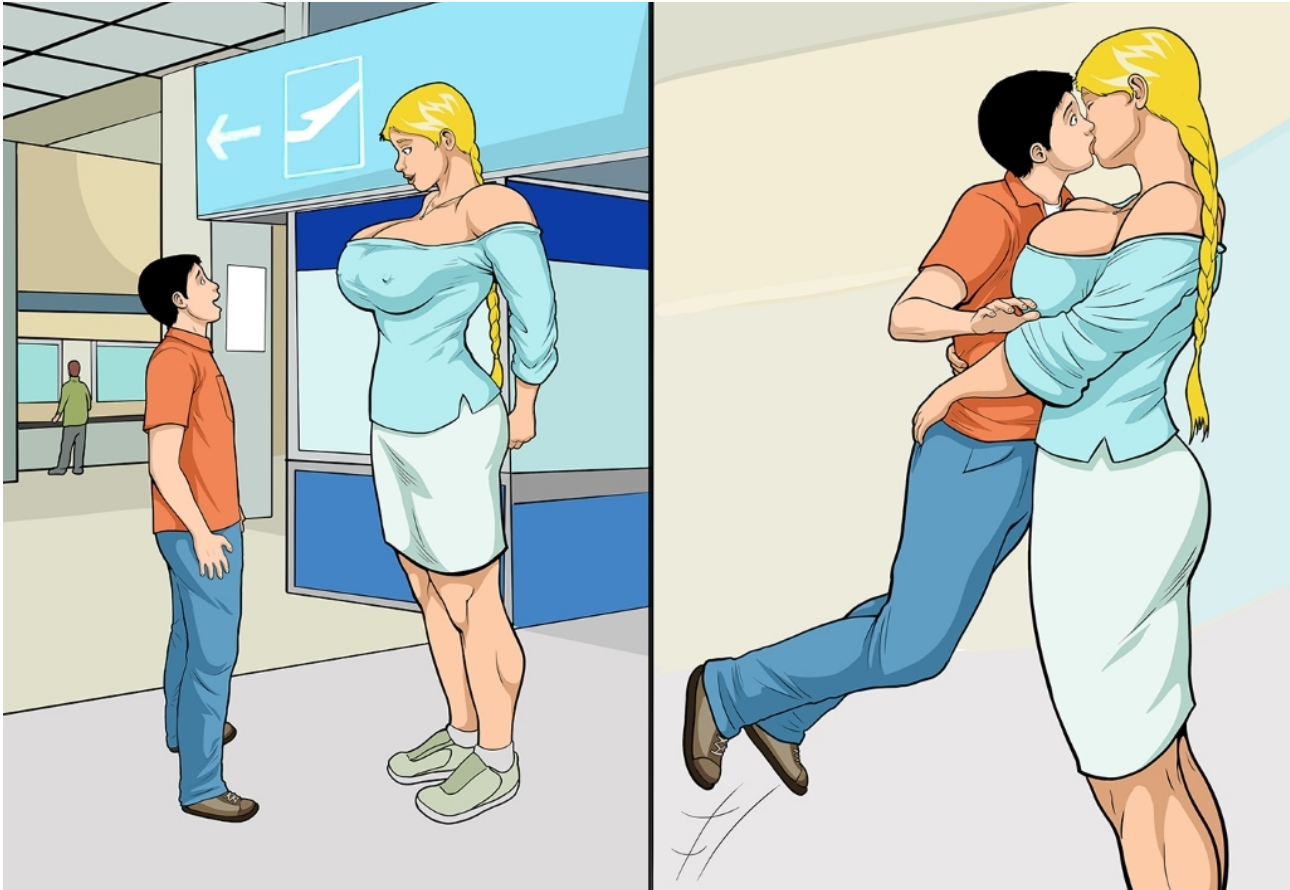
"I understand," said Bart. This time he really meant it.

Of course, Bart offered to pay all of Anastasia's travel expenses. However, she insisted on paying her own way to Vilnius, the capital of Lithuania. "I have money that I have saved up from selling my special goat cheese," she assured him. "A woman that insists on paying her own way," Bart thought, "That's a refreshing change."

Anastasia agreed to let Bart purchase her plane ticket from Vilnius to the United States. Bart arranged for Anastasia to fly first class. He could hardly believe how excited he was on the big day of her arrival. He got to the airport an hour early. When the plane that Anastasia was on arrived, Bart went to the gate to meet her. His heart was all a-flutter and his stomach was full of butterflies.

As the first few first few first class passengers got off the plane he heard one of them telling his wife who was there to meet him, "Wait until you see this passenger who was in first class. You won't believe it." Bart turned to question the man. If something was unusual about one of the other first class passengers, he wanted to know what it was just in case Anastasia might be upset about it.

While his back was turned, he heard a sweet voice behind him say, "Hello, Bartek."



He turned around and gasped. The pictures she posted did not do her justice. She was far more beautiful. She was wearing the same traditional clothing and hairstyle she was wearing in the first picture she emailed him. Anastasia held out her hand and said, "It's so nice to finally meet you in person." Bart put his hand in hers only to practically lose it. Anastasia's hand was soft and warm and almost half again as big as his.

That's when Bart realized that the conversion of feet to kushnecs was roughly one to one. Anastasia was approximately 8'1" tall! Unlike many people who are unusually tall, Anastasia was perfectly proportioned—just as she appeared to be in her emailed pictures. She was a beautiful, perfectly proportioned, 8'1" woman. And though it might have been shallow of him, the first thing that Bart thought once he got over the initial shock was that Anastasia's breasts were actually much bigger than Stella's. Hell, each one of them was bigger than his head!

"Uh...how was your flight?" he asked awkwardly.

"Very cramped most of the time," she said good naturedly.

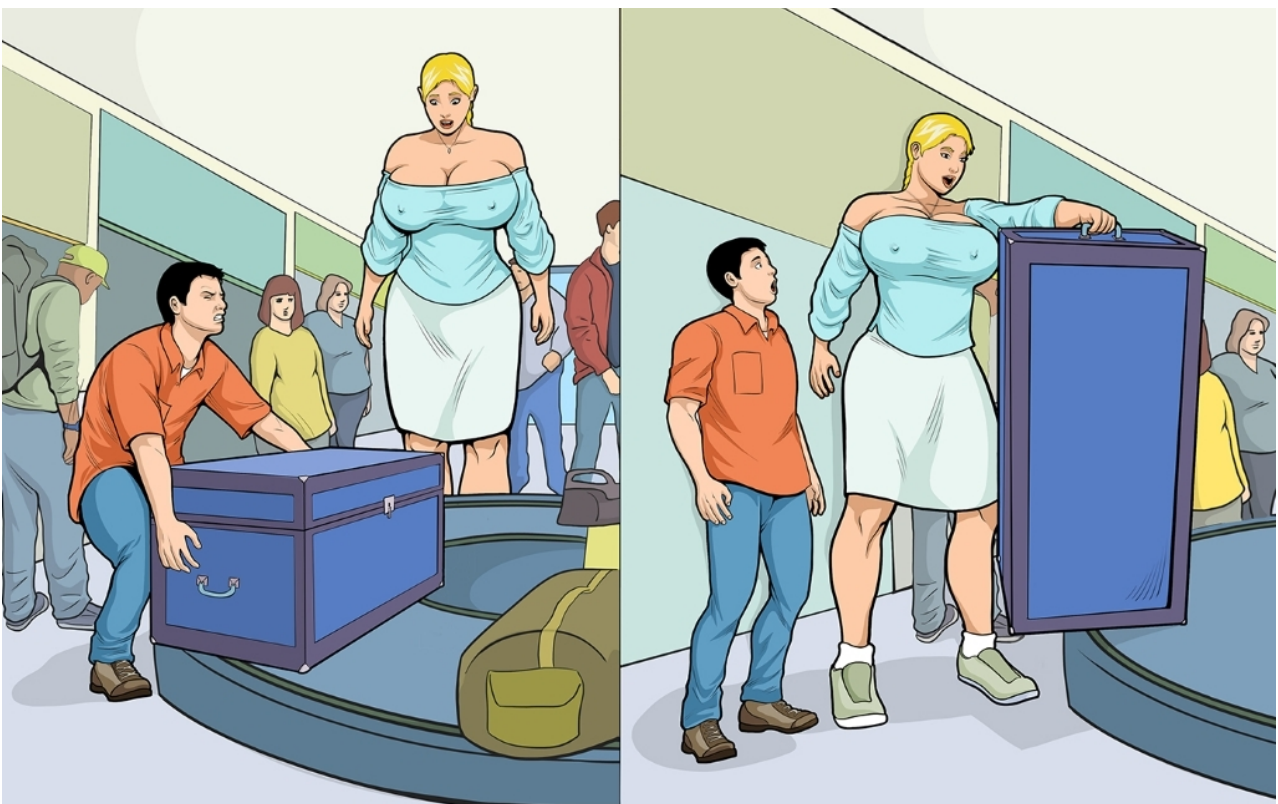
"I...I guess we better go get your luggage," Bart said.

"Bartek, I travelled thousands of miles to meet you. Don't I even get a hug?" Anastasia asked.

“Oh... sure,” Bart replied. He WANTED to give her a hug. The problem is, he didn’t know quite how to go about it. His head barely reached her breasts. Somehow, wrapping his arms around her sexy hips and snuggling his face into her lower breast... While that was the fulfillment of one of his life-long fantasies, it didn’t seem quite appropriate in a crowded airport.

The solution was quickly taken out of his hands when Anastasia effortlessly picked him up in her arms and pulled him into her body and kissed him tenderly on the lips. The feeling of his body being pulled into her breasts was extremely pleasing. Of the male bystanders who witnessed Anastasia hugging Bart this way, 97.8 percent of them would have risked pissing off their wives and girlfriends if it meant they could trade places with Bart. In fact, 74.85 percent would have gladly broken up with their wives and girlfriends in order to trade places with him.

As they walked to the baggage claim area together, Bart’s mind was racing. Foremost in his thoughts was whether or not Anastasia’s strength was commensurate with her size. She certainly looked strong and healthy enough. He soon got a hint when he saw a large trunk on the luggage conveyor belt. Anastasia pointed at it and said, “There’s my luggage.”



Bart chivalrously said, “Let me get that for you.” It was so big that he could barely grab the handles at each end with his outstretched arms. When he tried to lift it, it wouldn’t budge. “What’s in there?” he joked, “Bricks?”

Anastasia grabbed one of the handles on one end and said, “Don’t be silly. You’re a man. You can’t lift something that heavy. Here, let me.” She didn’t say this in a way that sounded condescending. She said it like it was obvious and natural that a woman should be stronger than a man. She easily lifted it off the belt with one hand as if it was filled with feathers. “Where are we going?” she asked sweetly.

Bart showed her the way to his car. If Anastasia had any trouble at all carrying that heavy trunk through the parking lot, she did a great job of covering it up. Bart was glad that he owned an H1 Hummer.

After his parents died in that car crash and he became a millionaire, Bart wanted a car that would give him the best chance of walking away if he was ever in a crash. It came in handy now because it was big enough to stow Anastasia's trunk. It was almost even big enough for Anastasia.

Bart moved up the front passenger seat as far as possible and helped Anastasia squeeze into the back seat. "Are you comfortable?" he asked suspiciously.

"I am comfortable enough," she answered. "Don't worry, I am used to it." The ride home to Bart's house was mostly awkward silence.

When they got there, Bart was thankful once again that he had always preferred high ceilings. Of course, Anastasia still had to duck to get through the front door. "Please, have a seat," Bart said before realizing that what he considered a big, comfy couch before was ridiculously undersized for the Amazon goddess in his house. "Can I get you something to drink?" he asked.

"Do you have onion juice?" she asked. When he told her that he didn't, she said, "That's okay. I'll just have goat's milk." When he explained that he didn't have that either, she settled for a glass of apple juice. Though Bart filled the tallest glass he owned, it still looked ridiculously small in Anastasia's big but lovely hand. Bart sat in a chair opposite her.

"So... how was your trip?"

"You asked me that already," Anastasia said. She didn't seem annoyed, but she did look a little worried. "Is there something wrong, Bartek?" she asked. Her eyes were pools of concern.

"No," replied Bart, "I'm just happy to have you here."

"You don't seem very happy?" she observed.

"I'm sorry. Please, don't think that I'm not pleased to have you visit because I am." He wasn't lying. "I guess that it's just that I'm a little... overwhelmed by you."

"It's because I'm too tall, isn't it?" she asked. Her eyes were beginning to get moist. "I told you in my email that I was just over eight kushnecs," she said.

"I didn't know how long a kushnec was," Bart explained.

Anastasia burst into tears. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to deceive you. Living in Amazslovia, made me forget that men from the outside world are not used to such tall women."

Bart stood up. "Please, don't cry, Anastasia." Then her last statement sank in. "Are... are all the women in your country as tall as you?"

"No. I wrote to you that I was the tallest woman in my village," she said. "Didn't you even read my emails?" Now she was beginning to sound slightly annoyed.

"Of course I did," Bart answered, "It's just that I had no context for what that meant at the time."

Anastasia explained, "Most of the women in Amazslovia are between seven and eight kushnecs tall."

"Geez, the men must be enormous," Bart responded.

"On the contrary," Anastasia said, "Most of the men of Amazslovia are around five kushnecs tall."

"So your old boyfriend Perchik was..."

“Ha! Perchik was the smallest goat in the herd (an old Amazslovian expression). He was only four-and-a-half kushnecs.” Bart’s imagination ran wild with the possibilities.

“So that means that you’re used to men who are much shorter than you,” Bart concluded.

“And you are used to petite western women like Pamela Anderson and Yasmine Bleeth. To you I must seem like a freak,” Anastasia sobbed.

“No, Anastasia, to me you look like the most beautiful and desirable woman in the world. The reason I’ve been so quiet is because I thought you must be disappointed with ME.”

“But how could I be disappointed with you, Bartek? You are so tall and handsome!” Bart was not about to correct her. He went over to where she was sitting and began to lean in for a kiss when Anastasia lifted him off the ground and kissed him passionately on the lips. To feel her full, soft lips completely cover his mouth was a like nothing he’d ever felt in his life. His cock was instantly hard and a wave of hot, electric, erotic pleasure like he’d never felt before swept over his entire body. His cock almost erupted from just that first kiss.



Anastasia placed Bart on her lap and they made out for the next two hours. Bart hadn’t spent this much time just kissing a girl since Emily Hudsucker in eighth grade. But this doesn’t mean that he was disappointed by the experience. It was as if he was falling in love for the first time all over again. Plus, he’d never felt so warm and snugly as he did sitting on Anastasia’s enormous lap, kissing and kissing her more.

“Oh, Bartek, you are so big and strong,” Anastasia whispered as she nibbled on his ear. It seemed a little ridiculous to be hearing that from her until he remembered that her only other serious boyfriend was on 4’6”.

“Anastasia,” Bart whispered back, “I never thought I could be so turned on by a woman.” This wasn’t just sweet talk on his part. Bart found Anastasia more intoxicating than any woman he’d ever been with, and so far, all they’d done was kissed. But she was just so big and strong and sexy. After being with Anastasia for just a couple of hours, he was sure that he was over Stella for good.

“Oh, Bartek, I can feel your hard struchok pressed against me. You struchok is so big,” Anastasia whispered. “I’ve never felt a struchok that was so big before.” From the context, Bart concluded that “struchok” meant “penis”. She gently rubbed it with her hand over his pants.

“Oh, Bartek, you are so hard. Is that all for me?” Feeling the gentle touch of Anastasia’s big hand on his cock set Bart aflame with desire. He thought of how easily she carried her trunk earlier, with one hand when he couldn’t lift it using his whole body. He thought of how strong she must be, and yet her caress was so tender and loving.

“Oh, Anastasia, please, baby, please....”

“Please what?” she giggled.

He could not articulate exactly what he wanted to say. “Oh please, baby....”

“I will do whatever you want me to, my darling, but why do you call me baby?” She lifted him off her lap and cradled him in her big, strong arms. “Isn’t it more like you who are my little baby?”

Being held like this drove Bart insane with lust. “Please, Anastasia, please carry me to my bedroom and fuck me,” he begged.

“What does ‘fuck’ mean?” she asked.

“It means make love, have sex, make whoopee,” he replied.

Anastasia stopped fondling his cock. “I’m sorry, my darling, but we have to stop now,” she said. Bart looked at her face. She looked ashamed and disappointed and sad all at the same time. She was still cradling him in her arms.

“I’m sorry, Anastasia,” he said, “Did I do something wrong?”

“No, Bartek, I am to blame. I shamelessly used my body to get you too excited,” she replied solemnly.

“But... but what’s wrong with that?” he asked.

“We must not do that thing you said. We must not... fuck. I have followed my goat down that path once before, and it went badly. I won’t act in so shameless a manner again.”

“But, darling,” Bart pleaded. “You’re just so sexy and beautiful.”

“And you are so handsome and tall, Bartek. I desire you as much as you desire me.” Bart doubted that. “But please, don’t remind me about how shameless I’ve been behaving.”

“But, sweetheart, you haven’t acted shamelessly,” Bart protested.

“Yes, I have,” argued Anastasia, “For example, the way I carried my trunk with one hand.”

“You mean to say that it wasn’t as easy for you to do that as it seemed?” Bart asked.

“Oh yes, it was very easy for me to carry it that way. But that is not the point. I should have pretended it was harder for me. I was showing off my tremendous strength for you so that you would be more attracted to me.”

“So... you knew that I would be attracted to your strength?”

“Of course, my sweet man, I come from a country where it is normal for the women to be stronger than the men. I know that most men like strong women.”

“How strong are you?” Bart asked.

“Far stronger than you can imagine,” she replied, “But there I go bragging again! You see what a brazen woman I have become! I can’t help it, Bartek; I am so attracted to you.”

“That’s okay with me, Anastasia. I like women to be a little brazen, and I love women to be attracted to me.” Bart leaned in and kissed Anastasia tenderly on the cheek. “Anastasia, you’re the sweetest, most honest woman I’ve ever met. It’s not a sin for you to do things to try to impress me and attract my attention. I’m flattered by it. And, by the way, it worked because I love your strength, and I think that you’re the most beautiful, sexiest woman in the world.”

Anastasia pulled Bart in for another passionate kiss on the lips. “My darling Bartek, I feel the same way about you, and I do want to fuck with you. But it’s a sin unless we are married.”

“In that case,” Bart said with a disappointed yet understanding tone, “We better stop what we’re doing now.”

“Yes, I think you are right,” Anastasia agreed.

Bart showed his guest to the master bedroom. It had the biggest bed. He hoped that it would be long enough to accommodate her if she slept diagonally. Then he moped off to sleep in the guest room. He brushed his teeth and slipped into a pair of clean boxer shorts and settled into what he was sure would be a restless night of fitful sleep.



He was in bed when he heard a light tap on the door. “Come in,” he said. The door opened and yet was still filled with Anastasia’s giant form. She ducked into the room and Bart switched on the light near the bed. Anastasia was dressed in simple sleeping attire that resembled an old style flannel nightshirt. Although her nightgown was simple, it hugged her body and her huge breasts pushed against the soft material. The hem reached to about her mid-thighs and showed a generous portion of her sexy legs. Her hair was loose and flowing. She looked incredibly scrumptious.

“What is it, Anastasia; is something wrong?”

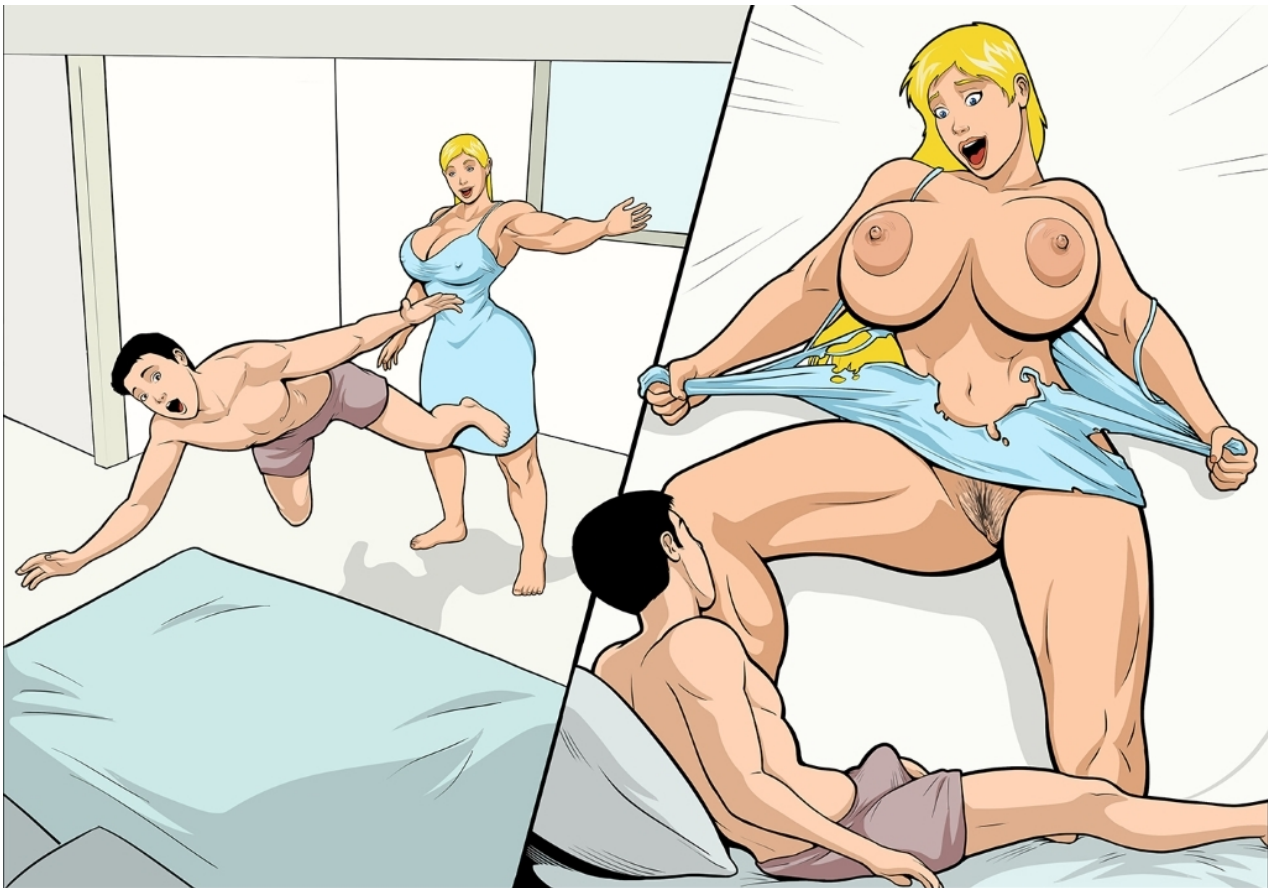
Though her voice was quiet and timid, she came right to the point. “I think that it would be okay for us to fuck if we were at least promised to each other.”

Bart bolted up in his bed. “You mean...?”

“Yes, my darling, it would be all right to fuck if we were engaged to be married.”

This was the biggest no brainer decision of Bart’s young life. “Anastasiawillyoumarryme?” he blurted out as if it was a single word.

“Yes, Bartek, yes!” Anastasia cried. In one smooth motion she bent over and lifted her fiancé out of bed and brought him up to her lips where she again kissed him with passionate intensity. Her oversized tongue filled his mouth. She then effortlessly shifted his position so that she was once again cradling him in her powerful arms. Even with her enormous size, Bart marveled at the ease with which Anastasia tossed him around. He could not believe he was lucky enough to be engaged to such a big, strong, sexy woman. “Come, my precious little baby-man,” she said, “I am going to fuck you now like only a powerful Eastern European woman can.”



She carried Bart into the master bedroom and tossed him onto the bed. The look of wanton lust in her eyes was unmistakable. She was so anxious to get naked for him that she didn’t take the time to pull her nightgown over her head. Instead, she grabbed the nightie by the collar with both hands and ripped it off her body.

Anastasia stood before Bart in all her naked glory. Her body was spectacular, and there was so much of it. She was all lush and thick curves. She looked strong and yet unmistakable feminine. “Do you like?” she asked in a deep, throaty whisper.

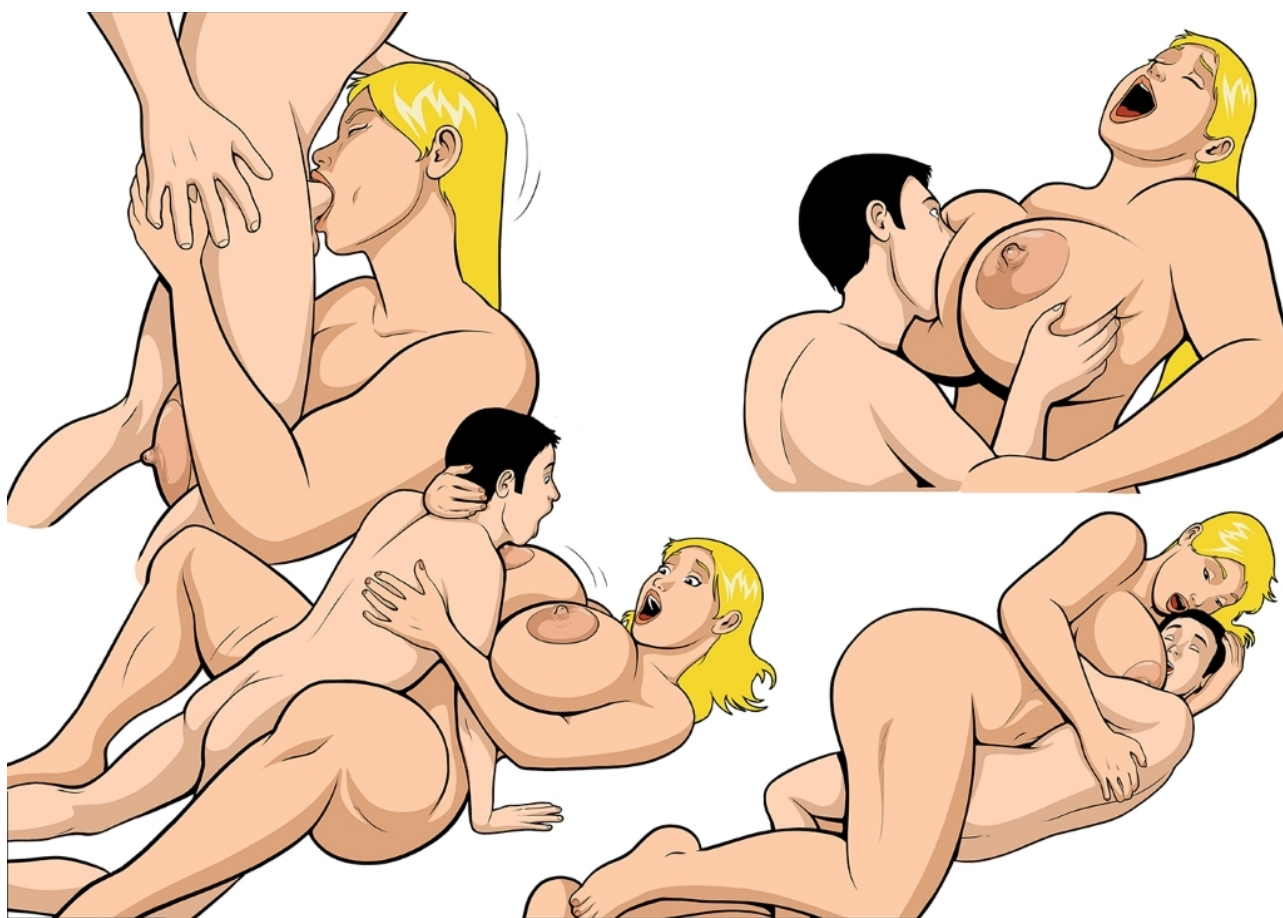
“I like very much,” Bart replied.

Anastasia noticed his hard cock poking out of the hole in the crotch of the boxers he was wearing. "I can see that you do," she giggled

She sat down on the bed and placed Bart in her lap. She took his stiff cock in her hand. Though her hand almost completely enveloped it she said, "My goodness, your struchok is SO BIG!" Bart knew that his cock was only average for a man his size, but he saw no reason to contradict his future wife.

"I must have that big struchok in my mouth," she said and she lifted Bart up and took his dick between her soft lips. She had no trouble fitting his entire inflated cock in her mouth. Bart had never felt such an amazing sensation in his life.

They spent the next several hours exploring every inch of each other's bodies. Bart could not get enough of sucking tits that were bigger than his own head and caressing big, hard muscles covered by satin smooth skin. Meanwhile, Anastasia caressed, licked, kissed and generally pampered Bart's "struchok" in as many different ways as she could think of.



The feeling Bart got when he was lying on top of Anastasia with his cock in her pussy was an amazing combination of erotic and yet comforting feelings. Despite her size, Anastasia's pussy felt tight... warm... inviting. Being enveloped between her thick, powerful legs and feeling her immense pulsating body beneath him made Bart feel safe... secure... protected. To feel her body respond to every thrust of his hard shaft and to hear her howl and moan as if his cock was as long and as thick as a prize stallion's made him feel like the biggest stud on the planet. And when the love making was over, to fall asleep with Anastasia's big arms around him squeezing him tightly against her massive breasts made Bart feel loved and completely satisfied.

Just before drifting off to sleep, Anastasia whispered to Bart, "You have made me so happy, Bartek, and I am going to make sure that you are happy too from now on. I am so lucky to have found you."

Bart responded by saying, "I'm the lucky one." He was doubly sure this was true after he fell asleep and his mother came to him in a dream. She smiled at him and, "Now, aren't you glad that you listened to your mother?"

"Yes, Momma," he replied.

What could possible go wrong?

## THE END

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