

The plough girl - part one
By Diana the Valkyrie
A Ukrainian country girl goes to New York

Olga

My name is Olga Valentina YurISOvska, and I am the plough girl for Novovysoke. No, I *was* the plough girl. A lot has happened in Ukraine in the last few months.

The Russians came. We didn't invite them, we didn't want them and they soon made themselves unwelcome, and as the plough girl, I found myself helping in the fight, but there were so many of them, and they had tanks and guns. All we had was spades and scythes. And my plough.

Quite a few Russians lost their lives before they finally killed off the resistance. And rather than be killed, I took my plough and walked to the coast, to Gdansk in Poland. There, I got help, found an American sponsor to help me escape, and was soon on a ship bound for New York, which I pictured as a very large village. It was nothing like a village.

Mike

My name is Mike Everard. I sponsored a Ukrainian girl who had lost everything. I saw her picture; she was pretty and her long blonde hair was coiled on top of her head.

I met her as she came off the ship - I recognised her from her picture, and she was as pretty as the picture showed. She had no luggage, except for some contraption she carried on her shoulder. I introduced myself - "Hi, I'm Mike Everard." "Olga Valentina YurISOvska," she replied, smiling. "No luggage?" I asked. "I left in a hurry, no time to pack, but I did bring my plough." A plough? Why did she bring a plough? So I asked her.



"I'm a plough girl," she explained. "Novovysoke is a very poor village, and we only have the one plough. If we ever get back there, we'll need this to get started again." "And seed, and horses, and hoes, and spades ..." "We hid the spades and other tools, and we never had any horses. We're a very poor village." "So what pulled the plough?" "I did. I'm the plough girl."

At first, I thought this was a confusion of language, but we were standing at the dock side, and my truck was nearby; I thought, we'll clear this up when we get moving. "Follow me," I said, and Olga and her plough followed me.

I opened up the truck, and made to help her put her plough in the back. "No," she said, "I'll do it. You might hurt yourself." She heaved the plough onto the load bed, and we got into the truck. "Seat belt", I said. "What?"

It was then that I realised that there would be a huge cultural gulf between a girl from a poor village in Ukraine, and the way of life that I was used to. I asked her, and no, she had never been in a car or truck. "We can't even afford a horse!" she laughed.

On the way to my apartment, I asked what she meant about hurting myself. "My plough is 280 kilograms; it needs to be heavy to plough the deep loam of our fields." I did the arithmetic in my head; double it and add ten per cent, and got 620 pounds. That plough that she had been casually balancing on one shoulder, was at least six times the most I could lift. And yes, any attempt to manhandle that weight would have destroyed my back. But she had walked with it two thousand kilometers overland. The next time we stopped at a red light, I looked at her more carefully.

Yes, she was pretty, and yes long blonde hair. But under her working clothes, I realised that her shoulders were broad, her arms were huge and I tried not to think about the legs that could pull a 620 pound plough.



Olga

Mike tried to help me with my plough, but he's only a man, and the weight would be far too much for him. I laid my plough gently in the truck, got inside, and we set off.

It was amazing. There were thousands of cars and trucks on a road that stretched wide from side to side, and was covered in a smooth black finish. I thought about the tracks back home; rough and lumpy, hard to walk along, especially if you carried a plough. And the buildings! They soared into the sky, and I thought about my one-room hut which I shared with my plough at night, because you don't leave a valuable plough out in the field for anyone to steal.

We got to his home, but we weren't there yet. We had to get into a small box, Mike pressed a button and it rose straight up. We got out, down a short corridor, and Mike opened the door using a small metal tool, which I later found was called a key. We entered, me still carrying my plough.



Inside, it was like a palace. There were separate rooms for sleeping, for cooking, for washing and for something that I'm not even going to try to describe, because if I told you what it did, you wouldn't believe me. Mike called it a TeeVee. And while I blinked in astonishment at that, he showed me another thing like it only smaller, much smaller, called a tablet, And as I goggled at that, he laughed and showed me a really small box that did all the same things, called a smart phone.

"You've been travelling for weeks, I guess you'd like a shower?" "No, I don't like being rained on." He laughed again, "No, this is so you can wash." and he led me to the bathroom. I took off all my clothes, and noticed that Mike was just staring at me, as if he'd never seen a plough girl before. Which, I suppose, he had not.

Mike



Oh, my giddy aunt. She was magnificent. She was a few inches taller than me, and I'm six feet, but there are lots of tall girls. Olga wasn't just tall, she was wide, and deep, and her arms were just as huge as I'd guessed. Maybe even bigger. Her thighs, though. Her thighs had been pulling a heavy plough all her life; the muscles on her

calves were massive, but dwarfed by thighs like mature oak trees. I couldn't move, I couldn't speak. She got into the shower and didn't know what to do next, so I had to get in with her to show her. "In Novovysoke we share washing, it saves on water," and she pulled off my trousers and shirt. For her, it was just how you washed. For me it was incredibly erotic.

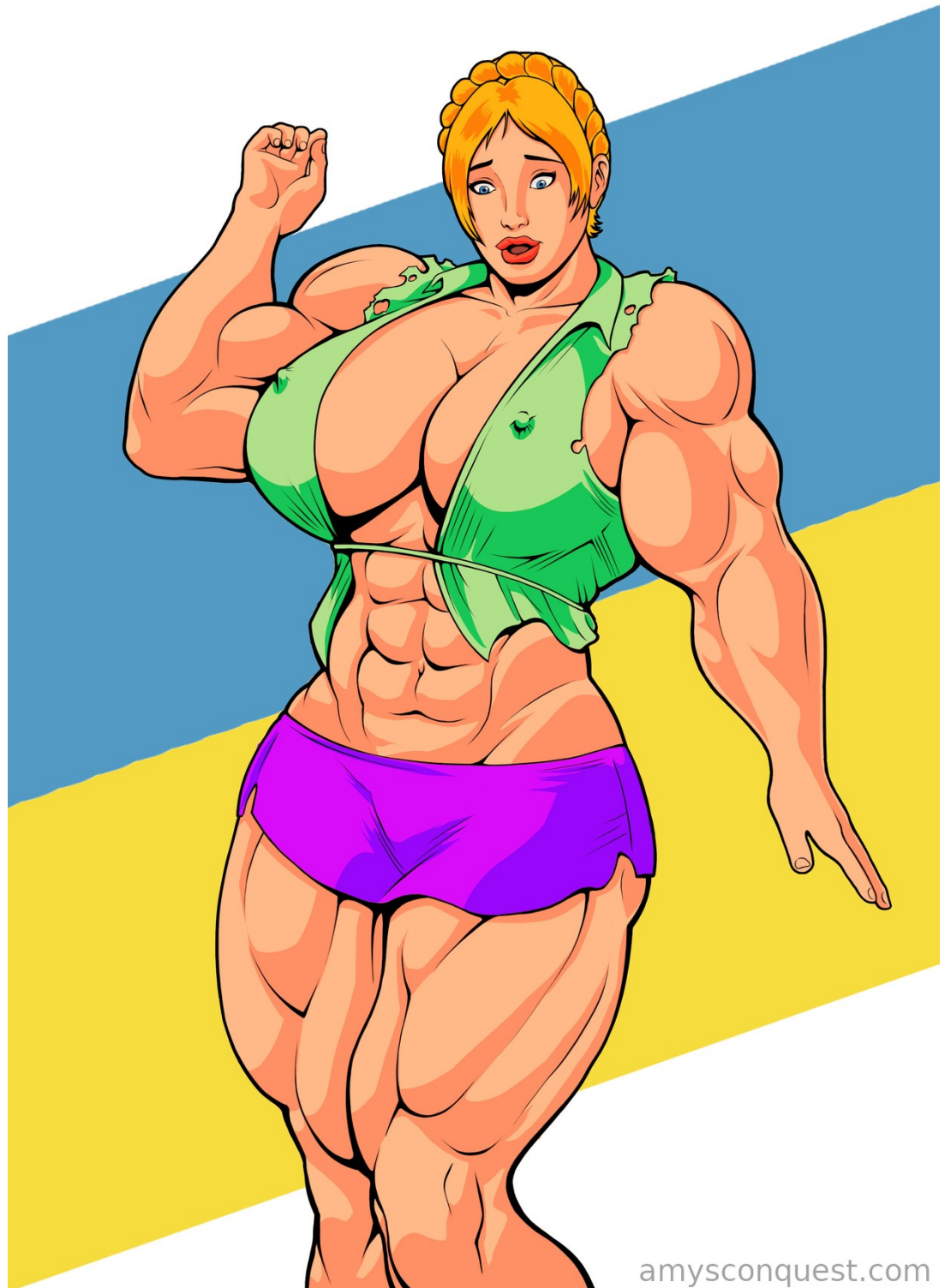
I showed her the soap and flannel and she started to wash me. And, of course, my dick rose. She saw that, and grinned. "I'll deal with that," she said, and brought her knee up slowly into my groin until the pain was bad enough to kill my erection. "Now you wash me," she said, and gave me the soap and flannel.



I started with her shoulders, which were even wider than I'd thought, and worked my way down. And immediately, I hit the next problem - her breasts. Very large, very rounded, very firm and oh, my giddy aunt. But my dick remembered its recent pain, and stayed low. So I carefully worked my way down, and her thighs were like iron. And I managed to get her clean all over, and she said "Thank you, that's the first time I've been properly washed for months."

She had no change of clothes, only her travel-dirty work clothes. But she asked if she could have an old pair of my shorts. "Yes, but your thighs ..." "Don't worry about that. And an old shirt, please?"

Olga



He gave me a pair of shorts, and I tore out the middle part, so it became a skirt, and I could just about get it on. The shirt was more of a problem, but after I ripped off the arms, I was able to put it around me, mostly. A piece of string stopped it from coming completely open, and it just about covered my nipples, but leaving a great cleavage gap, which I could do nothing about. Mike watched as I improvised this outfit. No, watched isn't the right word. He stared, goggle-eyed. He definitely had never seen a plough girl before.

"Thank you, Mike." I said. "But I must do something for you. I suppose you don't have any fields I could plough?" He shook his head. "So I will cook for you, and clean this beautiful palace, and whatever else I can do to show you how grateful I am for your sponsorship, and for giving me a place to live." And I gave him a big smile, and I shook my shoulders slightly, because I know that men like that.

Mike

"And now it's time to eat," I said. She frowned, and explained "I'm a plough girl, so I eat more than most people - it's to keep my strength up." And she showed me a double-bicep pose, and I gulped, and said "Let's go. What sort of food do you like?" "Meat and bread or potatoes," she replied. "No, I meant, Chinese, Indian, Italian ..." and then I realised that none of that would make any sense to her. So we went to a steak house that advertised "All you can eat."

They must have made a loss on Olga. I had a normal sized meal, but she went back to refill her plate three times. I watched as she ate enough for six normal people, and when she finished, she let out a huge burp and sat back in her chair. "What now," she said. "Ice cream?" I suggested. "What's that?" she asked. Yes - in Novovysoke they had no refrigeration, so ice cream was totally new to her. "This is almost as good as sex," she remarked, as she had her third bowl.



And I thought, sex. She's been teasing me since I met her, what with the double shower, and the way she waggles her breasts at me, and I wondered what it would be like to have sex with a girl who is at least six times as strong as me. I say "at least" because that 620 pound plough wasn't anywhere near her limit.

"Let's get back to the apartment," I suggested. She smiled, "OK".

Olga

Five weeks walking across Europe with a plough on my shoulder, two weeks in Gdansk, two weeks at sea - it was at least nine weeks since I last got laid. And he didn't seem to be noticing any of the little hints I was dropping. I was feeling terribly horny. Because of the elevated level of the hormones in a plough girl, we have to have sex at least once per week, and more if possible. Much more.

So when we got back to his apartment, I wasn't going to drop any more hints. He's just a man, I'm a plough girl, so I picked him up, carried him to the bedroom, threw

him down on the bed, and wrapped my legs round his waist. Then I used my vaginal muscles to pull his dick inside me, and it responded in a very satisfactory way - nice and hard. So I was able to pull him in and out in the way that plough girls have done for thousands of years, adding the occasional twist, clamping down when it felt like he was about to come, to delay the moment until I was completely ready, and after half an hour or so the orgasm hit me.



I was careful not to crush him between my thighs, or to stop his breathing with my arms around his chest, or even to smother him with my tits. Men are so fragile, you have to be so careful. And when my orgasm had died down to the occasional jolt of pleasure, I relaxed my grip on him and we just lay there, gasping a bit.

"Wow," he said. "Mmh," I replied, "Nice. Very nice." "Thank you," he said. "Mmh." "For a while there, I thought I was going to be crushed by your thighs," he said. "Like all the others," I said. "Others?" he asked.

"I have to tell you, and I should probably have told you earlier. I've killed fourteen men." He tried to sit up, but I was still holding him close. "Fourteen men?" "Not really men. It was fourteen Russians, after they invaded our village." He just stared at me.

"The first one, was a guy who intended to rape me. So I pretended to be scared, and cooperative, and I spread my legs for him. He pulled down his trousers and got between my thighs, and I wrapped them round his waist, linked my feet, and straightened my legs, crushing him with my thighs. I could hear his ribs breaking, he would have been in appalling pain from that. Then I put my arms round his chest and squeezed, so he couldn't breathe in. That's what pythons do. And then I pulled his head down to my bosom and suffocated him. He died in about a minute."



"What did you do with the corpse?" "Ah. The Russians had forbidden us to use the village well, we had to get water from ponds and streams, not very convenient. So I

tossed the body down the well. And as it decomposed, it poisoned the well. The Russians started to get sick a couple of weeks later."

"So the other thirteen was from the fouled water?" "No. There were a few more attempted rapes, because I let my hair hang loose and I dressed to look pretty. And in a bunch of other cases, it was a sort of seduction. I offered to do things to them that they'd never experienced before. Which was the truth, actually."

"Wow".

"So after occupying our village for six weeks, and getting nineteen corpses ..." "I thought you said fourteen?" "Fourteen by me, the other five had their throats cut while asleep on sentry duty by other people. So after nineteen dead, and with the outbreak of dysentery from the foul water, they decided to leave. But before they left, they murdered every villager they could get their hands on, and destroyed all the huts, killed the animals and left scorched earth. And that was when I decided to leave, because there wasn't any more that I could do in Novovysoke."



Mike

She wasn't just pretty, she was really gorgeous, but she'd killed fourteen men with her body, and made hundreds more badly ill with dysentery. If I'd known about this before I had sex with her, would I still have done it? Hell yes. Not that I had any choice - she'd overwhelmed me with her plough girl muscles and her powerful vagina. But if I had the choice - well, she was gorgeous with a pretty face, long blonde hair and what I was now coming to think of as a plough girl body. So - yes.

And thinking about that body made me wonder about her measurements. I have a tape measure, and I wanted to use it. She was amused that I thought this was important, but she went along with it.

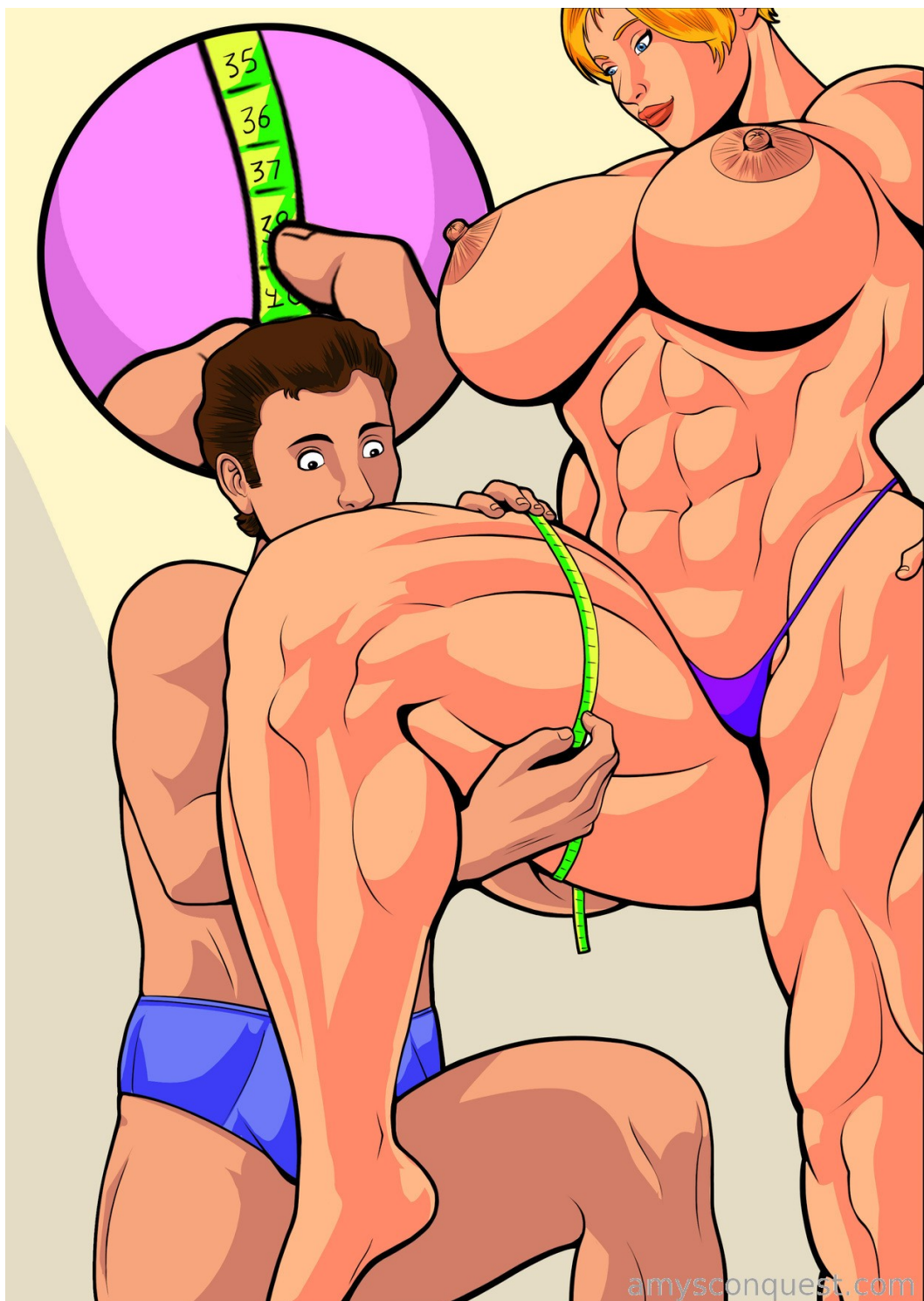
First, height and weight. She was six foot three, with another couple of inches for her shoes, and three more for her hair. No wonder she had to duck whenever she went through a door. "What's that in real length?" she asked. "191 centimeters," I replied, "six foot eight including shoes and hair. And on the scales, she hit 102 kilos, which is 225 pounds in units I could understand. Then I got her to pump up her biceps a bit, and I measured that. Then I measured again, because I thought 26 inches wasn't possible - but it was. "66 centimeters," I announced. "And what are you?" she wondered, so I put the tape round my own arm. "Also 26," I said. She frowned. "Surely not?" "Centimeters" I explained, "ten inches." So her arms were two and a half as big as mine. But the strength of a muscle is as the square of the circumference, so that would make her more than six times as strong as me, and I never thought of myself as a weakling. But she obviously put all men into that category, which I



suppose, compared to a plough girl, was about right.

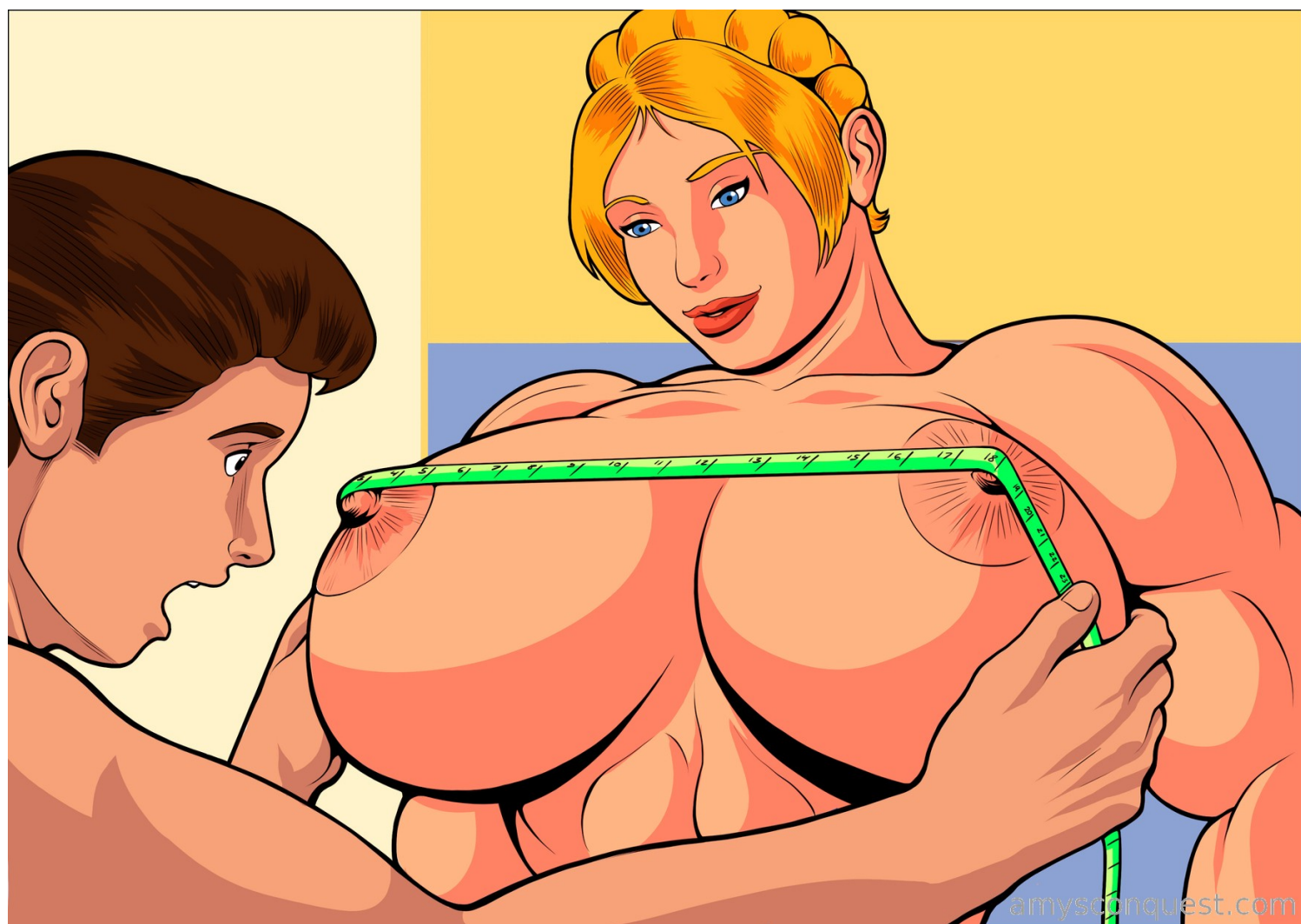
But the main muscles used to pull a plough, would be the thighs, and I was not disappointed. Each of her thighs was 37 inches, and I double checked them both, because the result was so shocking. Shocking, because her waist was less than that, at 28 inches, and from looking at her, it was clear that most of those 28 inches were hard muscle.

Her thigh muscles led to her ass, which was large, taut and muscular, and I imagined that with that on my face, I wouldn't be able to breathe. Those Russians had lasted about a minute in her embrace, but I doubted if I could survive that long. I got 42 inches on the tape for her ass.



Then she stood up straight, with her back to the wall. "You measure my projection, yes?" "Projection? What's that?" I asked. "I stand against the wall, and you measure the distance from the wall to the tip of my nipple." Apparently, this was how they did it for plough girls in Ukraine, so I did as she suggested. "Twenty four, that's 61 centimeters." "Mmeh," she said, "I've shrunk." "I suppose it was the poor food you've been eating for the last several weeks," I surmised. "No," she said, "it's the lack of sex. I need to get laid frequently and thoroughly, otherwise my hormones go haywire. What about separation?"

Separation is the distance between her nipples when up against the wall. "18 inches," I announced, after some very careful work with the tape. "That's terrible," she said sadly, "but a few weeks of heavy sex should soon fix that." I thought of the events of last night, and I thought that I'd be needing to rest for at least a week.



"What did you do for sex in Novovysoke," I wondered. "The men took turns. The women didn't like it, but the plough girl has to stay fit and healthy, because if the ploughing isn't done, then no-one eats."

"So what will you be doing for sex here in New York?" I wondered. I could hardly wait to find out!

