

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

Olga

And then he tried to put his tape measure all the way around my chest. I have a broad back, and a very full projection and I came in at 52 inches, 132 centimeters. I told him that it didn't matter anyway, because after I get my sex life back into full swing, everything will get bigger.



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He looked a bit nervous about that, so I explained that I wouldn't expect him, or any man, to be able to give me the amount of sex I need, and I'd make up the difference by going pussycatting. He didn't ask me what that was, maybe he guessed. It's a bit like food. A plough girl needs a lot more food than an ordinary woman - and a lot more sex.

"In fact," I said, "I think I'll go pussycatting tonight. I'm in the mood." He warned me about the dangers of a woman going out alone at night in New York, but I laughed. "I'm not a woman, I'm a plough girl. But while I'm out, you could do me a favour, if you get a length of cotton fabric and a needle and thread, so I can make something more suitable for me to wear." Meanwhile, I'd go out in his modified shorts and shirt.

Pussycatting went well that night. I found a place where the lights were bright and the music was loud, and decided to try my luck there. I was stopped at the door by some guy who seemed to have a problem with the way I was dressed, and when I tried to insist, he pushed me away. So I pushed him in return, then stepped over his supine body. You don't manhandle a plough girl.



Inside, people were talking (or rather, shouting) at each other because the music was so loud, laughing and drinking what I guessed must be alcoholic drinks, which I avoid for reasons which are obvious. I scanned the room for likely sex partners, and while I was doing that, I felt a hand groping up my skirt. I brought my legs together and whirled to face the gropor.

His arm, trapped by my thighs, whirled with me, but his body wasn't fast enough to follow, and there was the horrible "snap" that you hear whenever a man gets his arm broken. I bent over to apologise, because I hadn't intended to damage him, but I don't think he heard me, so I moved on.



I spotted a likely candidate. He was small, but well-formed, maybe about 160 centimeters, with is about a foot less than me. And he looked a bit skinny and weak, but that's a description that fits most men, so I approached him.



He certainly was small - his eyes were at the same level as my nipples, but that's OK. He was staring at me as if he'd never seen a plough girl before, which come to think of it, was probably the case. I bent over and shouted at him "I'm Olga". He shook his head, like he couldn't hear over the loud music. So I picked him up, accidentally-on-purpose rubbing his chest against my breasts, so that his ear was next to my mouth, and shouted straight into his ear, "I'M OLGA". He mumbled something, probably his name, and I said "Let's dance."

I didn't let go of him - why take the chance of him doing a runner? And I carried him to the dance floor, where I jiggled up and down with him until I felt the welcome pressure of a stiff dick against my belly. "Nice," I said, "Do you want to fuck?" He didn't answer, he just groaned, which I interpreted as a "Yes". So I held him against my body with one arm, and with my other hand, lowered his trousers, being careful not to hurt his dick. He wriggled a bit, which could have been resistance, or it could have been anticipation. and I pulled up my skirt a bit so that my vagina could grip his dick and pull it inside.

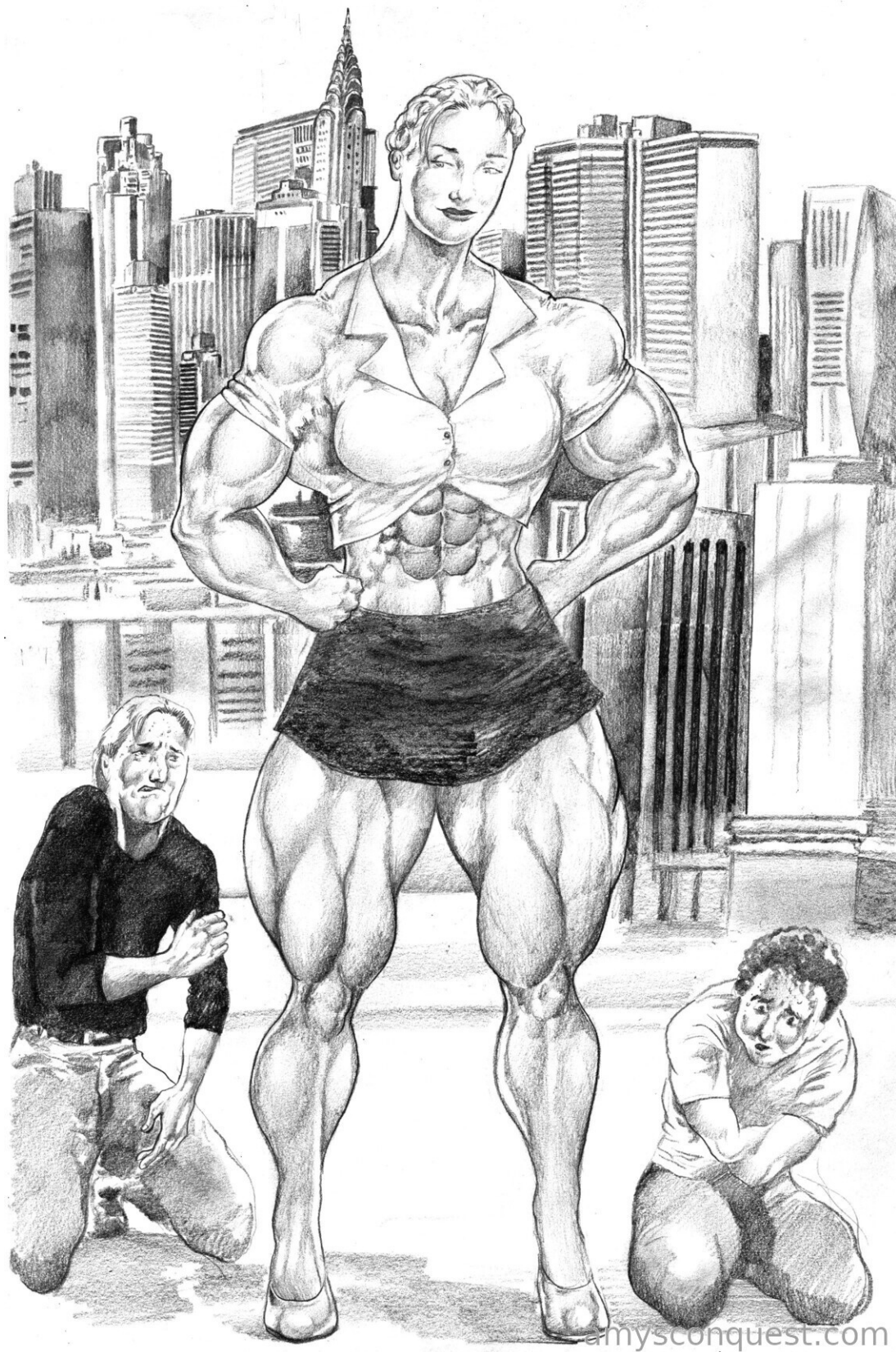
After that, it was business as usual. Everyone around us thought we were dancing, but my vagina was gripping, pulling and releasing his dick. And when I was ready to come, I applied a bit of a twist, which unleashed a major spurt that enhanced my orgasm very nicely.

"Thank you," I said politely, and let him down gently to the floor. People continued to dance around the prone man whose name I never did discover, and I looked around for the next candidate. I don't know why he was crying, because I was pretty sure that I hadn't damaged him at all.

Mike

She came back at 3am, and I wondered how much sleep she needed. "Did it go well?" I enquired. "Pretty well," she answered, "I had sex with five guys in the dance club, and then on the way home I was mugged."

She didn't look mugged, and I said so. "No, well, I'm a plough girl. There were two of them, one had a knife, so I broke his arm and took the knife, and gave the other guy a gut punch to keep him busy for a while. Then I tore off the knife guy's trousers and stuck his knife into his butt."



I was horrified. I thought of the fourteen Russians that she had executed. "You killed him!" "No, of course not, silly. I just pushed it in about an inch. It won't kill him, although there was plenty of blood, and he won't be able to sit down for a month. And he won't want to see a knife ever again."

I was relieved to hear that. "And the other one?" "He was unarmed, so I just put him over my knee and gave him a spanking." The thought of those 26 inch arms administering punishment, made me wonder if he'd be able to sit down for a month. "And then I just left them, to chew over the wisdom of trying to mug a plough girl out on her own. Can we go to bed now? I'm tired."

She took my hand. I didn't resist. There was no point in trying to stop her from doing whatever she wanted to me - and I wasn't sure that I actually wanted to stop her. She dragged me to the bed, laid me down, then lay next to me. She put her arms round me, closed her eyes, and was very soon asleep.

My brain spun in circles. This girl, no, this plough girl, had just had sex with six guys including me, had forever changed to lives of two muggers, and now she was cuddling me close to her bosom. She smelt slightly of lavender, because of the soap she'd used. She'd killed fourteen soldiers, and give dysentery to many more, and she was quietly sleeping in my bed, with her arms around me, and I felt that I ought to be afraid of her, very afraid. But I didn't feel that. I just felt very safe.



Olga

I woke up next day, showered and dressed, and left the apartment. I told Mike that I was looking for a job, because even if I couldn't pull a plough here in the USA, there must be something I could usefully do. And I reminded him that it would be great if he could get a length of cotton fabric, something cheap and flimsy will do, and needles and thread. Because I wanted to make a nice dress for myself. Walking around in Mike's old shorts and shirt, wasn't what I wanted.

It's not easy to find a job in New York. Maybe it's easy for the locals, but I had no skills apart from pulling a plough, and no idea what sort of job I could do. In addition, I was a lot bigger than people expected a girl to be, and that seemed to be a bit of a problem.

I tried for some waitressing jobs, but I got nothing. Probably because of my size. So I thought, heavy manual labour, like carrying bricks on a building site, but they were convinced that a girl couldn't do the job, and my explanation that I'm not just a girl, I'm a plough girl, fell on uncomprehending ears. Then I passed the dancing club I'd visited last night, and the door guy beckoned me over.

"You're the girl that knocked me down," he said. Uh-oh, I thought, male pride. He wants a rematch. "How did you do that?" So I explained that I'm not "the girl", I'm "the plough girl", and then I had to explain what a plough girl was and what I did, or at least used to do before the Russians came. "But in America, you all use tractors, there's no plough girl jobs." "You're looking for a job?" he asked. He was looking at my arms, which were bare because I'd ripped the sleeves off Mike's shirt so I could wear it. "Your girly arms are bigger than mine," he sounded surprised. "I told you, I'm not a girl, I'm a plough girl. There's a big difference." He nodded, "Yes I can see. Have you thought of getting a job as a bouncette?" "What's a bouncette?"

Jim

Yes, it was her. When I pushed her away, she didn't move, and when she pushed me back, it was like being hit by a 54 ton truck. I'd gone arse over teakettle and lay on the ground as she stepped over me like I was a rumpled rug. And when she came out again, a few hours later with a big grin on her face, I didn't even try to stop her.

And now here she was again, looking for a job. If what she's explained about plough girls is true, and I thought it was because her arms were like two thick oak trees, then she should easily handle the job of female bouncer. Bouncette, we called it. Because sometimes it's just too dodgy for a man to try to manhandle a woman and risk a lawsuit for sexual assault, and it needs a bouncette for the job.

So I took her inside to meet the boss. "This is Olga, she could be our next bouncette." He looked at her, sneezed, then looked again. A classic double-take. When I first looked at Olga, I saw a pretty blonde with her hair coiled on top of her head. The next time I looked at her, as she left the club, I saw a tall, powerful-looking woman, with biceps bigger than mine - a lot bigger. A plough girl. The boss went through the same thoughts, only faster, because he hadn't been flattened by her like I had.



"\$120 dollars per shift, eight hour shifts, the job's yours if you want it." Before I could say anything, she said "You're on, when do I start?" "Tonight, shift starts at nine pm, ends at five am. And for goodness sake, wear something a bit less rough than your current outfit."

We left the boss's office, and I told her "You're being underpaid, I get \$200 per shift." "But you've got a lot of experience in the job, and I'm a virgin." I doubted that, but held my tongue. "Maybe after I've been here a while, I can ask for a raise." "From him? No chance." "Well," she said, "it's surprising how often men do what a plough girl wants." and her smile made me think that she could ask for the moon and get it.

Mike

I had no idea what to look for in buying fabric, so I got a cheap and flimsy bolt of light blue cotton, and a sewing kit, and I hoped that it was what she wanted. She came back to the apartment in the early afternoon, in time for lunch, and she told me about her day. "And I got a job, \$120 per shift!" "How long are the shifts?" "Eight hours." A quick calculation told me that she was getting \$15 per hour, and that was minimum wage, and it was for night work. Should I tell her this? She was obviously delighted with the deal, so I didn't want to pour cold water over her happiness. "With this, I won't need o sponge off you any more." "I don't mind you sponging off me," I explained. "That's not the point. I feel better about paying my own way." I could understand that - it was clear to me that plough girls were not only physically strong, but emotionally and ethically too.

She was delighted with the light blue cotton fabric, "Just what I wanted!" and she set to work using the contents of the sewing kit I'd bought. Scissors and needle and thread, and her new dress was taking shape. "I'll wear this for my new job," she explained, "I start tonight."

I went out and bought four pizzas (one of them for me), and added a couple of pounds of sausages for her, and by the early evening we had eaten and her new dress was ready. Her shift was 9pm to 5am, and I thought I'd be able to get a good night's sleep. I was right. She pulled me onto the bed, gave me a thorough working over, and I fell asleep in her huge arms again. She was gone when I woke up, so I went back to bed again.

Olga

I was pleased with my new dress. I made it myself, and it fitted like a glove. It was like the summer dresses that I'd seen on American women, only it was a lot bigger, because I am. I turned up at the KittyKat Klub, and Jim was still on the door. "Can you take over here?" he asked. "Sure," I said, "What do I need to do?" "Don't let in anyone who is drunk or high on drugs, don't let anyone in who is inappropriately dressed." I nodded. "Try to look a bit more intimidating," he advised. I did a double-biceps pose, "Like this?" I asked. He nodded. "Don't let anyone in who has any sort of gun or knife, or has brought their own bottle." "Because a broken bottle is a nasty weapon," I guessed. "No, because a lot of the profits here come from selling drinks."

I adjusted my skirt upwards a bit, so people would get a better view of my big, scary thighs, and pulled the top of my dress down a bit, to look a bit sexier. Because this wasn't just a job, it was also an opportunity to do some pussycatting.

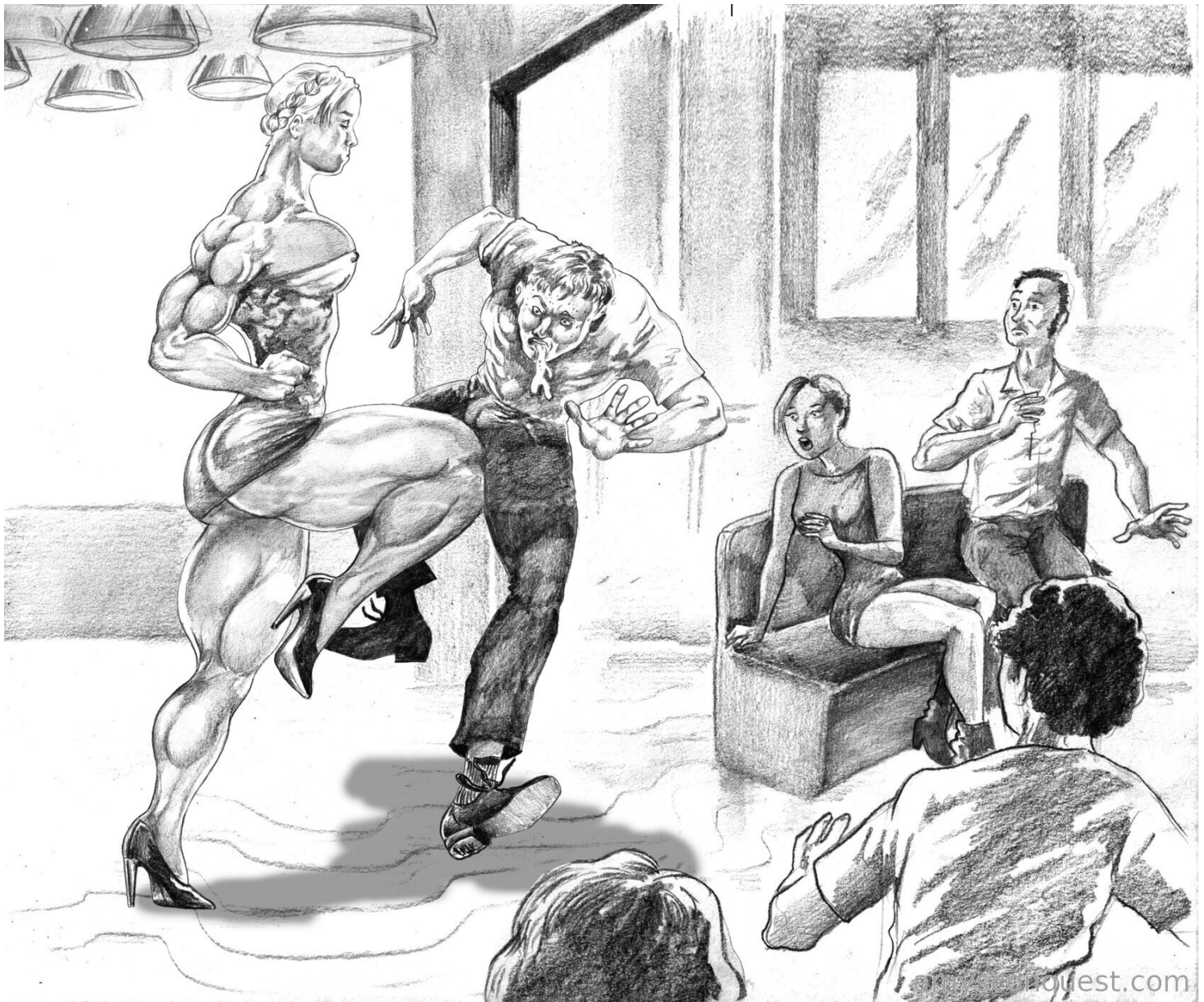


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The guys waiting outside for entrance stared at me as I took over from Jim. "Look, but don't touch," I advised. My new dress fitted me nicely. No sleeves, which had made it easier to make and also showed off my 26 inch biceps, which were at least twice the size of any guy in the queue. No straps to hold it up, which also made it easier to make; the top was held up by the pressure of my nipples against the fabric. And the skirt was short, which economised on fabric, and I would be able to get at least three dresses out of the bolt that Mike had got for me. But on the down side, the shortness of the skirt revealed the thickness of the thighs. Or was that a down side? Jim had told me to look intimidating. I have very intimidating thighs.

The first guy in the queue swaggered up to me. "Hey babe, stand aside, the fuckinator is here!" He was obviously proud of himself - and drunk. "Sorry mate, no, you're drunk" I told the fuckinator, "jog on."

He didn't move. "Come on, babe," he repeated, "stand aside." I shook my head. "Next please." He tried to push past me - I didn't budge. "'Look, but don't touch," I told him, and kneed the fuckinator very slightly in the testiculators. He bent double, and was violently sick. That meant that there was a danger that other innocent customers would tread in it, and track it into the KittyKat, so I helped him to get right down on the ground, so he was covering up his own vomit. "Next," I said.



Next was a smartly dressed couple. She was staring at the supine fuckinator; he was staring at my cleavage. "In you go," I said, "next?"

The evening continued like that, as I sorted the suitable from the unsuitable. Everyone had seen the fate of the fuckinator, so I didn't get any more trouble. Round about midnight, the queue was empty, and Jim came out to see how I was doing, carrying a bottle of beer for me. Which I don't drink, because, well,

have you ever seen a drunk plough girl? Not something you would want to see. "Do you have milk?" I asked. "Milk?" said Jim. "Yes, white stuff, you get it from cows, sheep and goats." Jim went back inside, and returned with another bottle, which also wasn't milk. It looked like water, but when I opened the bottle, it fizzed. "What's this?" I said. "Fizzy water," said Jim. "What makes it fizzy?" I asked, not wanting to drink something before I knew what it was. "I have no idea," said Jim, laughing, "but lots of people drink it." I decided that it was probably safe, so I took a swig, and I suddenly had a mouthful of bubbles. "Foo," I said, and spat it all out. The fuckinator got wet.

Jim explained more of the job to me. "Even though we're careful about who we let in, sometimes there's Trouble." "Trouble?" I asked. "Maybe a fight breaks out over a girl, or a spilled drink, or just because someone had too much alcohol." Which is a good explanation why plough girls don't get drunk. "So what do we do about that?" Jim explained, we separate the fighters, that needs four of us, two on each guy." "Yes, it's always the guys who get into fights." "No, sometimes the women also brawl."

He gave me a whistle. "When you need help from the other bouncers, blow your whistle. And if you hear a whistle blown, get quickly to where the Trouble is." I nodded, "Can do."

I was rather looking forward to breaking up a fight. I didn't think it needed four bouncers to do that job. I thought, a quick belly punch to each of the fighters would damp their enthusiasm, then we could quietly take them outside and ban them from coming back.

I spent an hour being rather bored, and checking out the men as possible candidates for sex. I mentally awarded each of them marks out of ten - I had nothing better to do. And then, just as Jim had said, I heard a whistle blow, so I walked rapidly towards the sound. Two guys were squaring off. Men don't just start to fight, they have to ginger themselves up first. They start with verbals, insulting each other than their mothers. Then the progress to a shoving match, and only after that do fists begin to fly.

One of the bouncers had put himself between the two guys, but he wasn't able to stop the protagonists. I arrived, tapped one on the shoulder and as he turned to face me, I gave him a fist in the belly. Then I reached over to the other guy and gave him the same. End of fight. I picked both of them up from the floor, and I was carrying them out, one under each arm. Jim arrived, looked at the situation, nodded and said "Good job." He came with me outside the Klub and I dumped the two of them on top of the fuckinator. Jim crouched down and spoke to them. "You're banned, permanently. Don't try to come back, because if you do, I'll give her a free hand to punish you." I smiled, as if I relished the opportunity to hand out a couple of spankings. We left them there and went back inside.



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That was the only fight of the evening. "Do I get paid now?" I asked Jim. "No, we get paid at the end of the week." I frowned. "I actually don't have any money, I'm straight off the boat from Gdansk." Jim pulled out his wallet and gave me fifty dollars. "Pay me back on Friday," he said, so I gave him a big hug and went back to the apartment. Maybe I hugged him too hard, he looked a bit dazed.

But he didn't have an erection, and I wondered why not? Was it something I said, something I did or did he have erectile dysfunction? I've heard of Viagra, maybe that's what he needs? I decided to ask Mike about it. I was really keen to find out the answer.