

The plough girl - part three
By Diana the Valkyrie
Olga's new job

Mike

She got back at 6am - she'd come straight back from the KittyKat, and she showed me the \$50, "An advance on wages," she said, "I'm going to get shoes and dresses." She had walked, barefoot, right across Europe, because her shoes had been made with ploughing in mind, not long distance walking, and they'd fallen apart on day four.

She explained to me, in the KittyKat there's a broken glass hazard, so barefoot wasn't practical. So I told her that a pair of shoes would cost a LOT more than she had available. "Not if I make them myself." I measured her feet. 33 centimeters, 13 inches. That made her shoe size 16 in women's sizes; 15 in men's sizes. So she wouldn't be able to find any women's shoes, and even a large enough men's shoe would be hard to find. "So how did you manage in Novovysoke?" I asked. "Cobblers," she said, "about 30 kilometers away, there was a cobbler who made shoes especially for plough girls. But I think I can make my own shoes."

She went out, and came back a few hours later carrying some silky black material, a couple of square feet of canvas, and half of a worn-out car tyre. "I got the car tyre for free, the tyre seller had no use for worn-out tyres."

She borrowed a sharp knife, stood with one foot on the tyre, and cut around her foot. "Soles," she said. Then she cut a strip from the tyre, and nailed it to the sole, as a strap for her feet to go into. She cut the canvas to go on top, and nailed that to the sole, and finally finished the shoes with the shiny black stuff. I have to admit, if you took no notice of the size of the things, they looked quite feminine, and definitely practical.



After lunch, she got to work on a new dress. This would be a slinky, sexy black number, a bit like some that she had seen at the KittyKat, but without straps to hold it up, and a lot shorter in the skirt. "This is for pussycatting," she said, and I thought, any man seeing her in her pussycatting outfit is going to be a pushover. "So what's going to stop the dress from just sliding down to the ground?" I wondered. "Stiff nipples," she replied, and I could see how they pushed against the fabric, holding it in place. "But what if they aren't stiff?" I asked. "In that case, I've just got thoroughly laid, and I'm naked anyway. I don't know if you've noticed, but a plough girl is in a nearly permanent state of sexual arousal, it's our hormones." Yes, I had noticed.

Olga

Mike liked my new dress. I can tell. Men are easy to read, easy to injure and easy to bed. I picked him up by his armpits and rubbed him against my breasts, and he liked that even more.



An hour or so later, I made him roll off me while he was still asleep, and started to get ready for work. Shower, wash hair, rub dry, plait hair, coil on top of head - the hairdo added about three inches to my height, and as a bouncette I needed to look intimidating. Even a bit scary. I wore my light blue dress, but carried the LBD in a bag, so that I could switch to it for pussycatting.

I was wearing my new shoes, but I don't think Jim noticed, he was too wrapped up in looking at my tits. Men! They're the same tits I had yesterday, but the shoes are new. Maybe I should make myself a bra, like most of the girls here wear.

I went straight onto door duty, and there was the usual assortment of drunks, druggies and assorted no-hopers to turn away. I think word had gotten around, because I didn't get any arguments, except from one guy who was so bladdered out of his skull that I think I was doing his liver a favour when I gut-punched him and he spewed the contents of his stomach all over the pavement - then collapsed on top of it.



After a few hours of that, when the people wanting entry had slowed to a trickle, I went into the main dance hall, to offer help to the other bouncers. They'd also gotten used to me, and were treating me with a lot more respect than they had when I first started.

I stood tall, and scanned round the hall, looking for possible candidates for pussycatting. There were a few possibilities, so I ducked behind the bar and changed into my sleek and slinky LBD. This wasn't really abandoning my job, because I can still operate wearing it, if need be.

The likeliest candidate was a guy who couldn't have been much more than five feet and was the classic 97 pound weakling. I prefer weak men to strong ones, because they don't hurt themselves trying to stop me. Lifting a two meter man and rubbing him on my nipples, often provokes a fight back, I don't really understand why. But knock off 40 centimeters, and you get a guy who doesn't get into fights, because they would always end badly.

So I strolled up to Mr 97, and looked down at him. He looked up at my nipples. I don't think he saw anything higher, so I put my hand under his butt and lifted him up to my level. "Hi, I'm Olga," I shouted. "Yes, I know," he replied. It looks like I've gotten a measure of fame, or at least notoriety.



Cedric

I've seen her, she's hard to not see. And I've heard things about her that I didn't really believe. She smelled slightly of lavender, especially when she picked my 120 pounds up one-handed and pressed me against her body. "Are you here with a girlfriend, or are you hoping to find someone special?" she asked. "Mmf," I replied - my mouth was muffled by one of her nipples. So I shook my head, and she smiled down at me. "Let's dance," she suggested, and she carried me to the dance floor.

I could see why she didn't let my feet touch the floor; if I stood close to her, I could look up and only see the underside of her breasts, and she wouldn't be able to see me

at all. So we hit the dance floor, and she jiggled about, and I jiggled with her, not really having any choice in that. But it was very enjoyable, and I could see the envious glances from the guys who were a foot taller than me.

And then one of those big hunky guys, tried to cut in. "You don't want that shrimp, how about a real man?" he suggested. "Go away," she said. "Come on, girl, he's half your size," which was true, she must have been twice my weight, at least. She got more emphatic. "Fuck off," she told him, "I'm not interested."

And at that point, he made what might have been the biggest mistake of his life. He grabbed me by the neck, and pushed me to the floor, and aimed a kick at my body. And he said "So now ..." she didn't let him finish. "You're a bully and a moron, and it's time you had a lesson." She stepped over my supine body to protect me, and took his wrists in her hands. I don't know what she did, but he started screaming while she stood there quietly gripping his arms, just near his wrists. She crouched down to talk to me, and he was forced to follow her down. "You see, there are two bones in the forearm, radius and ulna, and if you squeeze them so that they rub together, that is incredibly painful, and the whole arm is paralysed."



He was still screaming as she compressed his arm. "The paralysis can last anything from a week upwards, but eventually he'll get the feeling back - and a monster bruise." She let go of his arms, and he slumped to the floor, moaning. She helped me stand up, then lifted me back to the dancing position - it was as if nothing of consequence had happened. And I suppose, to her, it was just a minor incident. And I finally understood the power of a plough girl.

Then a whistle blew, and she put me back on her feet, whirled round and headed in the direction of the whistle. I followed, but several yards behind, because I didn't want to get in the way.

I could see the cause of the drama. There had been an argument between two guys, and one of them pulled a gun, because this is America. The bouncers stayed at a distance - no-one wanted to get shot. But Olga calmly walked towards the gunman, and as she came closer, she reached up to her head, and let down her hair.



I hadn't seen that before. Her hair was long, blonde and silky - her dress was short, black and silky, and she looked like a wet dream. She smiled seductively at the gunman, who by now was 100% focused on the plough girl, and as soon as she got close to him, she reached out, held the tip of the gun between her thumb and index finger, and squeezed. I could see the shape of the end of the barrel change from round to slightly oval. "If you fire that gun now, the bullet will get stuck and the gun will explode," she told him. Naturally, that's exactly what he did. He pulled the trigger and the gun exploded, because the bullet couldn't get out of the barrel. There was blood everywhere, and one of the bouncers called Emergency Services. They took him away, and I don't know if they were able to save his hand, because he didn't look like he could afford expensive surgery, but an amputation is cheap.

Jim

That was the bravest thing I've ever seen, and I told her so. "Not really," she said, "I was blatantly offering him sex, he wasn't going to shoot me. Men always respond to an offer of sex, if you make it obvious enough." And she picked up the guy that she'd been dancing with, and resumed as if not much had happened.



Olga

After the annoying interruption, I carried on pussycatting with Cedric, who kept telling me that he'd never seen anyone like me, never seen anyone stand up to a gunman like that, and he was obviously smitten. So I took advantage of his admiration, and got his (somewhat small) dick out, hoisted up my skirt a few inches, and gripped his (somewhat small) dick in my vagina. Some people think that size is really important, and I suppose it is for some purposes - I couldn't be a plough girl without being really big. But I could use my vagina to grip a pencil if I wanted to, and it's the contact between dick and vagina that matters.

He tried to spurt almost immediately, but I was far from ready for that, so I gripped more tightly to delay him. It took me several minutes to get myself up to the state I needed to be in, and then I relaxed my grip slightly, pulled him fully inside and gave the slight twist that triggered him. It felt good.

I took him outside, popped him in a cab, sent him home and went back inside the KittyKat to resume my shift - or resume pussycatting.

But the story of the gunman had gone round the KittyKat, and everyone was staring at me. And Jim was, like, all over me. But without touching. And this time, he actually noticed my new shoes, and asked me about them. "They look a bit ... home made?" "Yes, I made them myself. I've got big feet, and I can't just buy shoes." "And big everything else," he riposted. I nodded, and jiggled my breasts a bit, that usually gets them going. But Jim didn't respond, I don't know why.



The rest of my shift was really quiet, and I was able to fit in a couple more pussycats. So by the time I got home, I was feeling quite contented. Mike was still asleep, so I woke him up by taking off my shoes and lying next to him in my LBD. I gave him an hour of sex, and he went back to sleep.

While he slept, I worked on my next dress. This was going to be a full length ball gown using more of the black stuff; skirt down to the floor and top up to my neck. There's a theory that the more you cover up, the sexier you look. And when he woke up, I asked him if he had any idea why Jim seemed to be interested in my dress, but not in me. "Have you considered the possibility that Jim is gay?" And then he had to explain about gay. "We

don't have that in Novovysoke," I told him. "Yes, you do," he replied, "you just don't know about it yet." I frowned. "Olga, you're used to a two-way divide; men and women. Actually people are a lot more complicated than that." And he told me about gay men, gay women, cross-dressers, transgenders and dozens of other variations on human sex.



My head was spinning. All this was completely new to me; we had nothing like it back home, but different cultures have different ways of life, and since I would be spending the foreseeable future in America, I suppose I'd better get used to it, and learn all about it, because if there's one common constant in all human cultures, it's the importance of sex. "So how do I find out what someone is?" "Sometimes, they'll tell you. But there's a lot of prejudice attached by some people to some of the

variations, so a lot of people just keep it to themselves, and you might only find out by accident." "Doesn't that make life very difficult?" "Not really. You can divide the world up into two groups, those that want to have sex with you, and those that don't, and the reason why they don't isn't that important."

I thought, no it is important. Because with some reasons, there might be something I can do about it, and with others, there won't be. And I only have the one seduction technique, which is to lift the guy up and rub his body against my nipples, and maybe I need to think up a few more.

So I suppose Jim might be one of those variations. Or maybe he just didn't fancy the plough girl type of body. I'll ask him. Because if the problem was me, then maybe I'd need to do something, in order to be able to satisfy my voracious sexual appetite.

