

The plough girl - part four
By Diana the Valkyrie
How to become a plough girl

Mike

She sat, wide-eyed, as I explained the American way of sex to her. It was nothing like what she was used to. Her life revolved around ploughing, eating and sex, and the other people in Novovysoke revolved around farming, eating and sex. And maybe also drinking; you make beer out of barley and vodka out of potatoes.

I also explained to her that she could not go around asking people what their sexual preferences were, it's considered bad manners, unless you know someone really well. She nodded. When she nods her head, her breasts jiggle ever so slightly. I wondered if she knew that happened, and then I wondered if she did it on purpose. Now I've gotten a bit more accustomed to her ways, it seems to me that she flirts and flaunts herself a lot, and I suppose that if your target was several acts of sex per day, you had to display a lot of encouragement to your candidates.



Then I asked her something that had been bothering me for a while. "How does someone become a plough girl?"

She smiled. "Forget it. You have to be a girl to start with, and not one of your complicated variations. Just a simple girl." "Yes, I wasn't asking for myself, I was just wondering how come you're so different from ordinary girls."

She settled back in her chair, and I was expecting something long and complicated, maybe involving ancient magical spells, or rare herbs. "First, you need to understand the importance of the role, and the respect that plough girls get. The villages around our region are very poor. Forget about tractors, we couldn't even afford a horse or ox to pull the plough. But if the ploughing isn't done, then the planting can't be done, and come winter a lot of people will die of starvation. The existence of the plough girl, is literally life and death." "Yes, I see that." "It also means that the plough girl has a subsidiary role; policing, judge and jury. Justice is fast and final." "Final? You mean, as in death penalty?" She laughed. "No, we don't get crimes that bad. It's crimes like, not pulling your weight in the fields, or getting so drunk that you become ill. The worst crime I've had to deal with, was a case of wife beating, and the penalty was a spanking at the hands of the plough girl - he couldn't sit down for a week. Excessive drunkenness is punished by deprivation of alcohol for a week or a month. Not pulling your weight in the workload, gets you a severe telling-off. No, by final, I mean we don't have an appeal system. The plough girl decides, and the village goes along with it. So it's important that I be fair and proportionate."



"So you're prosecution, judge and jury, but that doesn't tell me how you became a plough girl."

"Every little girl wants to be a plough girl, it's like boys like to fight with sticks. It started for me when I was three years old. I was given a toy plough to play with, and I soon learned how to harness myself into it, and went galloping round the nearby fields, pretending to plough them. And the other girls my age were doing the same."

We dreamed about being plough girls, and we pretended that we already were. Kids stuff, you know?"

"Each year I was given a new plough, because all that galloping wore out the old toys, and each new plough was a bit bigger and heavier than the last one. By the time I was six, pulling my plough needed a real effort, but all the girls had much the same, and the boys just watched us with envy. Boys don't pull ploughs."



"So when I turned eight, I was given a real plough, made of iron, with leather harness, and we girls had a field we could practice in. We all still dreamed about being plough girls, although if you think about it, you aren't going to get more than one or two in each generation."

"The graduated weight system," I said. "Yes, and I was also eating twice as much as the boys my age; this wasn't a problem for the village, because of the importance of plough girls."

"So by the time I was twelve, I was proudly pulling a fifty kilogram plough, which could actually do real ploughing in our practice field. And a lot of the girls had dropped out, mostly because they'd hit puberty and were starting to get very giggly about boys. But I, and several of the others, still had our hearts set on becoming full size plough girls."

"Fifty kilos, that's 110 pounds," I said. "Yes, and we were expected to carry our ploughs to and from the practice field, but the gradual gain in the weight of the

ploughs had strengthened our muscles enough so we could do that. Well, most of us could. A few more dropped out when they found they couldn't handle fifty kilos."

"And by then, we had nearly all started going into puberty. We were glancing at the boys, and the boys were staring at us, but boys came a distant second to the ambition of becoming a plough girl. At least, it did for me and several of the other girls."

"Over the next few years, our ploughs got heavier, and our hormones started to play havoc with our motivations. Some of the would-be plough girls started going for long walks with boys, and I think we all know what was happening during those walks. They would set off holding hands, and return with their arms round each other, and we could guess what happened in between. I got hit by the hormones too, but my desire to be a full-scale plough girl kept me pulling a plough that steadily got heavier and heavier. By then, I had a 100 kilo plough, and I would pile stones on it to make it even harder to pull. I so wanted to be a plough girl. It was my dream."



"By the time I was fifteen, there were just three of us left as plough girl candidates, and I was the strongest. But a couple of years after that my hormones tripped me and I nearly fell. So I went to the current plough girl, she would retire as soon as a replacement was available, for advice. I asked Irena how she had handled the same situation."

"Bless you my dear," she had said to Olga. "What you're feeling is entirely natural. You're eating as much as three grown men, you're as strong as three grown men, you shouldn't be surprised that you have a powerful need for sex."

"She showed me the vaginal exercises that I could do to strengthen my pussy muscles, so I could pull in, grip and twist. I used a carefully carved piece of wood for practice, and pretty soon I had a powerful vagina, with hard inner muscles."



Yes, she'd already demonstrated that to me.

"There's nothing as dangerous as a teenaged plough girl." Irena told Olga. "Teenaged plough girls are strong enough to seriously damage a man, but not experienced enough to appreciate his fragility - physical, mental and emotional. A severe humiliation can damage a man emotionally for life, just as a broken leg could. So you have to be really, really careful, especially at first, before you've got the hang of what a man can take and what he can't take. And be especially careful if you wrap your legs round any part of him. A plough girl's legs can pretty much tear a man into two pieces, because our legs are so strong from pulling our plough."



"And," Irena added, "don't hold back. A plough girl has hormones, and just as your belly needs as much food as several men, your sex life needs as much sex as several women. When you're a plough girl, you're the most crucial person in the village. Just as the villagers won't resent you eating enough for six, they won't resent you sexing enough for six. At least, most of the men won't mind. The women might be a bit sullen. But without the plough girl, people would starve."

"So," said Olga, "by the time I was eighteen, I was the only candidate left for plough girl. I was carrying and pulling the full 280 kilogram plough, and if the ground was tough, I'd pile another hundred kilos or so on the plough so it could bite deeper."

So she was pulling 380 kilos, that's 850 pounds.



"And I was using my position to get lots of sex. While I ploughed, I was thinking about sex, and who would be good for the evening to come. By the time I got back from a day's ploughing, I'd have a mental list of half a dozen guys to visit. The sex action kept my hormones in good shape, and the exercise meant that it wasn't just my thighs that got the workout from ploughing. Not that I forced anyone to have sex with me, but word soon got around that sex with me was better than eating honey, so I had plenty of eager men to choose from."

And she was having sex several times each day.

And eating enough for six - yes, this was the Olga that I'd come to know,

"Life was great. We were poor, but happy. And then the Russians came."



Olga

Mike already knew that I'd used the power of my body to execute fourteen Russian soldiers, but there was no way he could understand the feeling that I got as life ebbed away under the pressure of my arms and legs. For me, the killing was up close and personal. I hated them with a passion, for what they had done to my village, and were still doing. I knew that there were too many of them for me to make a serious impact, so I was really doing this for my own satisfaction. To really get rid of the Russians, we would need the Ukraine army, supplied with sophisticated weapons by the Western powers. I believed that they would, eventually, drive them out, send them back to Russia with a bloody nose. But meanwhile, I could make my own modest contribution to the heap of dead Russian soldiers.

So I didn't tell him all that, it sounded too bloodthirsty, and I'd already told him the death count I'd racked up. War isn't like a video game. It's really horrible, and I don't understand why so many men want to take part. Sure, defending our country, that I could understand. But why was it necessary? Why did the Russians come? I'd probably never find out, and it was useless to dwell on it.



But one day, when we've sent enough Russians to Hell, and we've got our country back, some day I'd go back home, back to Novovysoke, still carrying my plough, and we'd rebuild. Because all you need is people willing to work hard plus a plough girl, and her plough.

That would be a long way in the future. Right now, I needed to do my job as a bouncette and earn as much as I could, so that when we finally could return home, we'd have money for seed, for implements and for enough food to carry us until the first harvest came in.

At \$120 per day, that would be a long slow process. And I found out that the minimum wage in New York is \$15 per hour (thank you, Cedric) which was exactly what I was getting at the KittyKat, and I felt that I was doing a lot more than a minimum wage job. I could fry burgers for that wage! So I started to think about how I could get a better wage. And I asked Mike. He came up with two ideas, and I added a third that I didn't mention to him.

Mike's two ideas were - get a bouncette job at another place that pays better; he suggested a casino. "But isn't gambling illegal in America, apart from Las Vegas?" "It's a lot more complicated than that, but there's a lot of money to be made running a casino, and where there's dollars aplenty, ways are found around the rules. The best known is the 'Rain of Gold', so maybe that's where you could start," he said.



His other idea was porn, or at least, glamour shots. "You've got the body for it, you've got the face for it, you could pose in your little black dress and you'd look great." I suppose wearing an LBD doesn't count as naked, because I wouldn't want the folks from Novovysoke to get the wrong idea. Plus, I was only doing this to build up a fund so we could rebuild the village after the Russians got chucked out of Ukraine.

"Go to a newsagent, and buy a couple of magazines that feature shots you'd be happy with, then go talk to them wearing your LBD." That sounded like a good idea.

I bought a couple of appropriate (or should I say inappropriate?) mags, riffled through them, and at the back, I found what were delicately described as "medical relief services", or in other words, brothels. This was rather new to me, we didn't have people in Novovysoke selling sex - it wouldn't work, because so many were keen to give it away for free. But America is a different culture, and in many ways they are more puritanical, yet at the same time, they compensate by being more improper. And although gambling and prostitution were supposed to be banned, it didn't take much research to find a brothel.



So I tried that first - there was one nearby. "Fast relief for randy Andies", said the advert, "Get happy with Madame Bappy." I rang the bell. "Yes?" said a heavily made-up, fiftyish woman. "I'm here to see if you're hiring." "Come in," she said, "let's see you." I walked in to her parlour, and stood up straight while she looked at me from several angles. "You're pretty enough," was her conclusion, "but you should lose those fake breasts." "They aren't fake," I replied, "it's all me. I'm a plough girl." Which, of course, meant nothing to her.

She looked again. "Hmm," she said, "well, I suppose some men like big girls, and you're certainly big." I smiled. "Usual terms," she said. I had no idea what the usual terms were, so I asked.

"You charge the johns \$100 a shot, house gets \$75. You should get at least half a dozen per day - a lot more in high days and holidays, and when the fleet gets in. The house percentage goes towards police bribery, mob protection money and property rental."

I did the sums. That's \$150 per day, which isn't much more than I was getting as a bouncette, although on the other hand, it would be like having sex on tap with no effort required to go pussycatting. But I needed a better payday - seeds to buy, tools to buy, huts to build. \$1000 per week sounds like a lot, but against that I'd have expenses to meet. So no, it didn't look good, and I thought I'd have to be pretty desperate to take this offer. I tactfully didn't mention all that, and said I'd think about it, although in truth my mind was already made up. I wasn't going to be providing medical relief services.

That left porn, and the "rain of gold" casino. Since I already had one of the magazines, I decided to try that first.

