

# RUTHENIA MISSION



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## Ruthenia mission

By Diana the Valkyrie

They call me an “incel”. Involuntary celibate. Why am I an incel? Because I’m a hair under five feet tall, and girls don’t like short guys. Because I’ve got muscles like spaghetti, and girls don’t like weaklings. I think I’m a nice guy, but I might be biased, and do girls like nice guys?

All I have going for me is I did pretty well at school; I could pass exams. But apparently, that makes things even worse; I got called geek, nerd and teacher’s pet. I got called clever dick, clever clogs and brain box. What I didn’t get called, by any female, is “love”, “darling” or “sweetie”. And that was my life, until She arrived.

I was working at home, in my little apartment, on my little computer. I work as a programmer, and I think I’m pretty good at it, but the company I work for doesn’t care, pays me peanuts and I’m scared to ask for more, because they might fire me. I’m scared of a lot of things. When you’re a touch under five feet tall, you get bullied, and I’ve been bullied all my life. By teachers, by boys, by girls – by anyone who’s bigger than me, and that’s pretty much everyone. It turns out that being clever isn’t a blessing, especially when your IQ is three and a half times your height in inches.

And then She arrived. She came completely unexpected, just banged on my door like a clap of thunder. I opened the door, expecting a SWAT raid, but instead of armed police pointing guns at me, she stood in the doorway, quite a bit taller than the door, and pointing her breasts at me.

Wow. I’ve never seen anything like her, and I was immediately terrified. What was she going to do to me?

She stood there, letting me see what was what, until eventually she said “Aren’t you going to invite me in?” She had a husky voice, and an East European accent. And I thought, if she wanted to she could just walk right over me, so I invited her in. And, of course, I offered her a cup of tea.



She ducked under the lintel. Doors are six foot six, and the shoes she was wearing took her to over seven feet. When she sat down, and I stood nearby, her head was still higher than mine. I've never seen anything like her. Also, she had shoulders like a bull and she moved like a tank, like anything in her way would just get crushed.



“My name is Zrinka Ryovska, and my country is Ruthenia, which you probably haven’t heard of.” I shook my head. “It’s a small country, squeezed between Hungary and Ukraine. Very mountainous, very poor, which is why none of our neighbours think we’re worth invading and annexing. A bit like Switzerland.” I nodded, there was something in my throat that was impeding speech. “Also, we’re ready to defend ourselves if necessary,” I looked at Zrinka – if there were more like her, they wouldn’t get invaded unless by a country that was very stupid.

“I’m the Minister for Education”, she continued, “and education is the only way we’re going to escape the poverty trap that we’re in.” I nodded, that was my view too. “But we can’t afford to build enough schools, hire enough teachers and university is completely out of the question. That’s why it’s called the poverty trap.”

I coughed. "I don't have any money," I said, "I can't help you." "No," she replied, "I know. I know all about you, Horatio." OMG, she even knew the name that my parents had saddled me with. Admirers of Nelson, and Nesbit. Thanks, mum. When the kids at school found out my name, that was another thing they bullied me about.

She took no notice, and like a tank, she rolled on as if I hadn't spoken. "The expensive way to raise the level of education in Ruthenia, would be to build schools, hire teachers and so on. We can't do that, so we're going the other way. We're going to hugely increase the intelligence of the children, and their access to the internet will do the rest."

"But you can't ..." and she interrupted me again. "Yes, we can. Intelligence is nature plus nurture. It's partly genetic and partly environmental. The environmental improvement is already in place, it's the internet and all the learning opportunities that anyone can find there. My plan is to make a dramatic improvement in the genetics.

"But that's impossible," I said. "Once the baby is conceived, the genetics are fixed. You can't just edit their genes. And anyway, the ethics of that would be very doubtful." "Right," she said. "My plan is to intervene before conception." "How?" I asked.

"You know," she remarked, "for someone so smart you're really slow on the uptake. We're going to use the male gametes from someone with a really high level of intelligence. And we're going to use those to up the average IQ level of new babies."



“You know,” she remarked, “for someone so smart you’re really slow on the uptake. We’re going to use the male gametes from someone with a really high level of intelligence. And we’re going to use those to up the average IQ level of new babies.”

Biology really isn’t my subject. Even the thought of dissecting a frog had made me throw up in school. I much preferred the less messy subjects like physics and mathematics.

I was beginning to understand her plan. She would find a load of very intelligent men, and pair them up with Ruthenian women.

“I see a few problems here,” I said. “How many people are we talking about?” “The population of Ruthenia is eight million. Four million are men, and of the four million women, one million are too young to procreate and two million are too old. So, I’m talking about a million women of childbearing age.

“So you’re going to find a million smart men, persuade them to take a vacation in Ruthenia, persuade a million women to have sex with them, persuade a million husbands to look the other way ... it just isn’t going to work.”

“Correct, and that’s why that isn’t my plan. I don’t need a million men, I just need suitable male gametes. You really can be very dim, Horatio Octavius.” And there we go again – she even knew my middle name.

Maybe I should stop trying to guess her idea, She was obviously one very smart lady, as well as being very tall, and more muscular than any woman I’ve ever seen, including on the internet. “So what is your plan?” I asked.

“I’m glad you asked. Now shut up and listen. It’s called “Project Smart Child”. First of all one of the greatest assets of Ruthenia, is the large number of Plough Girls who aren’t attached to a village, because all the girls want to be Plough Girls. Every female thinks that she should be the one that pulls the plough, that trains from the age of infancy until she has the height, weight and massive muscles that you get from pulling a plough twelve hours each day, for years and years.”

“Secondly, we don’t need a million men. We need one man and a million turkey basters, and a small industry to collect the semen, preserve it, dilute it as required and distribute it. And yes, before you tell me, I know about regression to the mean, and a man with an IQ of 208 and a woman at 100, will not produce a child that averages 154, but more like 150. But 150 is a huge lift from 100; the entrance requirement for Mensa is, as you know, 148.” “And thirdly, every woman wants a child who is a genius, so persuading the women will be a piece of cake. And any man who objects, or even looks a bit doubtful, will get a visit from one of our team of Plough Girls, and maybe you don’t know this, but men find it really difficult to say no to a Plough Girl.” And then she changed the subject slightly. “Have you ever been raped by a woman two feet taller and ten times as strong as you?” I shook my head. “So, there you are,” she said.

“How did you know I have 208?” I asked. She replied, “I told you, men find it very difficult to refuse a Plough Girl, I just got hold of your records. And, in case you haven’t noticed, I’m a Plough Girl.” I just stared at her. Actually it was hard not to. And finally the penny dropped and the light bulb came on. She’d chosen me to be the sperm donor for a million women.

It’s at times like this, that intelligence is replaced by raw fear. My life so far had taught me that, whatever the situation, I was going to be the one that got hurt. Where other people have a “fight or flight” reaction to danger, my reaction is “flee or flee faster”. So I stood up to make the swiftest exit I could manage, but she got hold of my wrist and pulled me down to her lap, with my head resting on her very substantial bosom.

“Don’t be scared, sweetie,” she said softly. “No-one’s going to hurt you, I promise.” I was still trembling though, I’ve heard that sort of reassurance before and it tended to evaporate like the morning dew. But she had those strong arms around me, and there was no possibility of escape.

“Don’t be scared, sweetie,” she said softly. “No-one’s going to hurt you, I promise.” I was still trembling though, I’ve heard that sort of reassurance before and it tended to evaporate like the morning dew. But she had those strong arms around me, and there was no possibility of escape. The last time I was in this situation, I must have been a child of five in the lap of my mother, and Zrinka felt like that. So gradually I calmed down and stopped trembling. “That’s better,” she said, “so here’s the plan.”

I sat in her lap and listened, her voice was like warm honey and I felt happy and safe sitting on her knees. “You won’t have to relocate, although you’d be very welcome to visit Ruthenia. Every day, your sperm will be harvested, refrigerated and sent to my processing plant in Ruthenia. There it will be tested for sperm mobility, diluted with weak saline to a ratio of 50:1, and bottled into small vials, which will be packaged up with a plastic pipette and instructions on how to use it, together with informational material about the advantages of conceiving a baby this way, as distinct from traditional methods. They will also be given a number to call in case they need help to persuade the husband that this is in everyone’s best interests, with the possibility of a visit from a Plough Girl to help convince the guy.” See the typical Plough Girl below.



She continued, as I sat on her knees, listening intently. “All this will be happening in Ruthenia. And won’t really affect you. Your part in this, will be in the mass production of male gametes.” So this was the part that would be important to me, if I went along with the plan.

“I’ll send two Ruthenians to live with you here. The first will be the Milkmaid. Her job will be to wrap her powerful vagina around your dear little cock, and grip, squeeze and massage you to orgasm, so that she can collect your little offering, bottle it, refrigerate it, and then return to you for the next harvest. She should be able to get a dozen out of you each day, which at five milliliters per orgasm, will work out at 60 ml. But you’ll improve with practice, and within a few months, I’d expect her to be able to extract twice as much.”



That sounded like a lot to me. My thinking was that maybe I could manage once every few days, but it sounded like this Milkmaid knew her stuff and was very much out of the ordinary, so maybe she could deliver. And when Zrinka showed me a picture of the dark-haired Milkmaid, I thought, “Wow!”. And then I asked, “You said, two? Two Milkmaids?” Because I had serious doubts that surely one would be far too much for me.

Zrinka laughed. “Two Milkmaids? You’d be dead within a month. No, the other one I’m sending will be a Plough Girl, and her job will be to look after you. To protect you from all the things that could harm you. Including from an overdose of the Milkmaid, of course.”

She showed me a picture of Magda the Plough Girl, with her huge heavy plough at her feet. That thing must have weighted hundreds of pounds, but that’s what a Plough Girl expects. And if she could handle that, she could handle anything. For the first time in my life, I started to think that maybe running away wasn’t always going to be my best option. With a Plough Girl like that backing me up, I could finally face the world.



“And the pay?” I asked. Zrinka laughed. “Don’t be silly, sweetie. You’re going to get more sex each day than most men get in a year, a big powerful Plough Girl will keep you safe, and anyway, like I told you, we don’t have much money.”

I suppose it was a good deal. Certainly it was the best deal I have ever been offered, and about ten times better than I deserved. After all, what had I done to deserve this? Got lucky in the genetic lottery of life (or unlucky, depending on how you look at it), scored really high on a rather straightforward exam, and paid for a membership to an exclusive club that I had never had the bottle to actually attend.



Magda is the tall blonde powerful Plough Girl, standing at nearly seven feet tall even without her boots, her muscles hardened by twenty years of pulling an 800 pound plough through hard scrubble ground. Magda's job was to protect me from whatever threats presented themselves, and to hold me in her huge arms, giving me the comfort of total safety while I slept the sleep of Milkmaid-induced exhaustion.

Mikayla is the Milkmaid, her vagina with a grip like a bench vice, although she knew that in order to preserve the masculinity of her partners, she had to temper that power with gentleness. Mikayla is a lot shorter than Magda, at only six feet four. She was able to bring a well-trained man to orgasm thirty times in a day's activity. But she also knew that Magda would intervene if it looked like she was about to do any serious damage to her sex partner. And Magda had the strength to handle Mikayla – she could bench 1400 pounds to Mikayla's 900. And, by the way, I would be struggling at 70 pounds.



So far, all I'd seen were pictures, but Magda and Mikayla were nothing like I'd ever seen, or even dreamed of. And Zrinka was totally out of my league. Still, a guy can dream, can't he?

So yes, I agreed. Wouldn't anyone? Like Zrinka had said, the money was irrelevant, I'd be getting more sex in a week than most men had in their entire lives. And if Mikayla went too far and Magda was too slow to stop her? A short life but a merry one, is what people say.

And thus it was that Zrinka and I stood in the airport's Arrivals, waiting for the plane from Ruthenia that was bringing Magda. Magda before Mikayla, because an undiluted Milkmaid could actually be a bit dangerous especially if you had a weak heart, or were as lacking in fitness as I was. "How will we recognise her," I asked Zrinka. "Don't be silly," she replied, and when I saw this blonde vision in purple striding through the arrivals, head and shoulders taller than anyone else, I understood what Zrinka meant.

Everyone was staring at her as she paraded through the crowd, looking neither to left or right, but heading straight for Zrinka. She nodded at Zrinka, and to my astonishment, she bent over and picked me up so that my head was more on a level with hers, and said "Is this the little sweetie that I'm to take care of?" Zrinka said "Magda, meet Mike," and Magda said "Isn't he tiny? What a lovely little honey he is!"

That's Plough Girls for you. Embedded deep in their training, is the need to look after the weak and helpless, and it turns out that the weaker and more helpless you are, the more they like it. And at four feet ten (I'd given up on the "nearly five feet lie") I was about as small and helpless as she's ever seen.

And she, of course, was the biggest, strongest, sexiest ... I ran out of superlatives, because she'd started to hug me.

"Gently, gently," said Zrinka, and Magda said, "Yes, grandmother!" - she was not being quite as gentle as I would have hoped, and I was going to wind up with a rather bad bruise on my arse where she was gripping me. But it was worth the pain!

So Zrinka drove us back to my apartment, while Magda was playing with me in the back. It was just as well that I had one of those large SUVs, because I have no idea how either of them could have coped with a normal-sized car.

By "playing with me", I mean that she was showing me over and over again, how helpless I was in her strong hands, how her biceps were actually bigger than my waist and how one of her thighs was bigger than my whole body. And she made me scream a few times because it turned out that she was rather expert at tickling, and that there was absolutely nothing I could do to stop her.

Back at the apartment, Magda grouched a bit about the height of the ceiling, told me that the dangling light fitting would have to go, and wondered if we could get a door that was more like what she was used to back home. "And what's that?" I asked. "Two meters forty is the standard door height in

Ruthenia, it's written into all the building codes." That's nearly eight feet, I thought, but I could see why they set it so high. Zrinka had told me that Magda was neither the biggest nor the strongest Plough Girl in Ruthenia (and apparently the Ukrainian Plough Girls are even bigger) and I said "Maybe we could get a builder to install higher doors?" She hugged me again - I could seriously get used to this.

She was surprised. “At your age?” I nodded in the darkness, then realising that she probably couldn’t see, I said “I’m what they call an “incel”, involuntarily celibate.” “Huh,” she replied, “well that ends right now.”



She was a lot heavier than me. I’m four feet ten, 87 pounds – I’d give anything to be the 97 pound weakling in the adverts. So my BMI is 18.2, which makes me underweight, but only slightly. Magda is six feet ten and 270 pounds, so her BMI is 28 which would make her “overweight” except that her breasts must be several pounds each, and a lot of the rest of her is hard muscle.

Anyhow. When you have 270 pounds on one side of the bed and 87 on the other side, the bed is tilted somewhat, and I couldn’t stop myself rolling towards her. Not that I tried very hard, especially as she seemed to be welcoming me to her side of the bed.

She was wearing a very sexy purple night dress, purple being her favourite colour, and she was looking at me with that “come hither” look that I’ve seen in movies, but never for real. And here’s what she said. “Mike, you’re little, and weak. Small and as helpless as a kitten. You’ve never had sex, and I don’t think it’s a good idea that your first experience should be with a Milkmaid, who will leave you exhausted after the first half hour, but will not let you rest until she decides that you’ve given her everything that you’ve got. Mikayla’s expertise is to extract the maximum amount of semen from you by milking your cock with her mighty vagina muscles, and you’re not ready to be thrown into the deep end like that.” She was scaring me now. Zrinka had told me that an unrestrained Milkmaid could kill a man with sex, and that was why I needed Magda, so she could protect me from that terminal fate. “So what I’m going to do, honeybunch, is slowly and gently introduce you to sex.” And she pulled me close in towards her big strong body. Magda could bench 1400 pounds, which made her exactly twenty times as strong as me. In other words, there was no point in struggling – not that I wanted to.



My pyjamas tore apart with a flick of her wrist and she lifted me with one hand and put me in position. My genitals were close to hers, which meant that my head was buried in her warm scented breasts and my feet? I actually didnt care where my feet were somewhere around her knees, I think. I was on top of her but I was under no illusions about who was in control here. The only reason she had me on top of her was that her 270 pound weight would have crushed the life out of me, and Plough Girls always want to protect ultra-weaklings like me.

Plus, Id probably be unable to breathe because her breasts would have blocked my mouth and nose. I felt a cool, dry hand reaching down to my cock my cock did the only thing that it could do in the circumstances, which was to rise to meet it. Mmm, she said, thats nice. But I didnt reply, I was way beyond speech by now



She sensed my fear, and she stroked my hair with her other hand. “Mike, don’t be scared. I’m not going to hurt you. I’m a Plough Girl, and the only time I would punish someone would be if they did something really bad, like child-beating or stealing. You’re a good lad, and you have absolutely nothing to worry about.” “What about Mikayla?” I asked. “Don’t worry about her. Right now, she isn’t here, and when she does get here, I’ll have a long talk with her to tell her that she absolutely has to be very, very careful with you, because you’re delicate, and fragile, and you would break so easily.”

I felt rather flimsy, actually. Like a model air plane made from balsa and tissue paper. Like something that you'd wrap in bubble-wrap to help it survive the parcel-smashing machines that they use at all the parcel delivery services. Except that I wasn't wrapped in anything except for Magda's massively muscular arms and thighs.

All my life I've been bullied by people bigger and stronger than me. It's just not fair, but I've become used to it, and I've developed a coping mechanism I run away. But here was someone a full two feet taller than me and nearly three times my weight, not to mention about twenty times as strong, and although I could probably jump out of bed, put on a coat and run as fast as I could I didn't. Why not?

First of all, she had two strong arms wrapped around me, and I didn't think I'd be able to shift them an inch. Secondly, with her long legs, she could probably run twice as fast as I can. But the third reason was the clincher. I'd be running away from the biggest opportunity that I've ever had. And possibly the biggest opportunity that any man has ever had.

I struggled to my feet, put on my dressing gown, and stood on the bed. She sat up and gazed at me. "What's the matter, sweetie?" "Look. I'm standing on the bed, and you're sitting down on it, and you're still taller than I am. I feel, I don't know, kind of ..." "Emasculated?" I blushed. "Sweetie, I'm a Plough Girl, obviously I'm a lot taller than you. It isn't something that you should be ashamed of." "And three times my weight." "Honeybunch, a Plough Girl has to be heavier. I need that mass to be able to pull an 800 pound plough." "And stronger." "Mike, now you're just being silly." And she pulled the dressing gown off me, threw it into a corner of the room, then threw me down on the bed. "Now, where were we? Oh yes," and her strong hand was holding my cock again, very lightly but with a grip that I stood no chance whatsoever of escaping.



“Sweetie, just trust me. You aren’t the first tiny guy I’ve sexed, and all of them lived to tell the tale. Even though you’re probably the smallest I’ve ever had the pleasure of, that just makes it even better. I’d rather have a small weak lad than an egotistical oafish dolt any day, and Zrinka says that you’re the cleverest man in the gene pool. And you’re going to raise the intelligence level of the Ruthenian nation single-handed ... well, single-cocked, and if that isn’t something that you can be very proud of, then nothing is.”

And this little Plough Girl is going to take good care of you, while the Milkmaid gives you more sex each week than most men get in a lifetime, but I won’t let her over-sex you, I’ll keep you safe and happy. So come back onto me, and we’ll deal with this virginity thing. It won’t be the first time for me. I know what I’m doing, and I promise that I’ll give you the best pop of your cherry that anyone has ever had. Zrinka was right. A man can’t refuse a Plough Girl. And I couldn’t refuse Magda. And by that time, I didn’t want to refuse her, I just wanted, well, I don’t really know what I wanted, she had confused me so much that I was ready to do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted it. Preferably right now.



She looked wonderful, she smelled fragrant, her body was hard in all the right places and soft in all the others, her hair spread invitingly over the bed and my cock seemed to have a mind of its own, but her hand was carefully controlling me as the tip entered the gates of heaven. It was more than I could bear. I exploded in a jet of hot semen, soaking her beautiful nightdress and getting right through to the bed sheets. “Urghh,” I said. I thought she’d be angry at my premature ejaculation, but she wasn’t. “Now you’re not a virgin, sweetie,” was all she said.

She sat up again, and changed into a new nightie. Apparently, shed brought a few, because shed expected exactly this situation. I lay down with my head on her bosom, and closed my eyes for a moment. The next thing I knew, she was blowing warm air on my face and waking me up. I could see that dawn was breaking, so I must have been asleep for quite a few hours. Round two, was all she said, but I knew what she meant.



I was a lot less scared this time, although I did wonder if I'd be able to perform so soon after the first round. But she seemed to think that it wouldn't be a problem and she had a lot of experience in this arena. So I put myself in her hands. Literally. Not that I had a real choice.

The second time was a lot better than the first. For a start, it took a lot longer Magda took her time to gradually build up my arousal, and used the grip of her hand to stop me from coming before she wanted me to. And the explosion wasn't nearly as explosive. It was more of a small spurt. "Magda, is this what is going to happen with the Milkmaid?" "No, sweetie," she answered. "I'm trying to give you a good time Mikayla will be trying to get the maximum harvest from you. But really, don't worry about it. Milkmaids know what they're doing. Just leave it to her, and follow her lead."

Is she also a Plough Girl? I asked. Not really, said Magda. I was the Plough Girl at my village for the full twenty years after that I had to retire to make way for a successor. But Mikayla is a wannabe. She trained as a Plough Girl just like me, just like most girls do, because being a Plough Girl is the peak of ambition. But not everyone can make it to the top. To be a properly qualified Plough Girl, you have to be able to bench at least a thousand pounds, and Mikayla didn't quite reach that far, she topped out at 900. So she went the other way, and became a Milkmaid.

How do you become a Milkmaid? I asked. Pretty much the same way you become a Plough Girl, except instead of practising by hauling a heavy plough around, you practice by strengthening the grip of your vagina. So how much is Mikayla ...? I asked. I don't know, said Magda, you'll need to ask her. But it'll be a lot, I can tell you that, and she mustn't use her full grip on you. Don't worry she won't hurt you, she's used to handling men, plus I'll have a long chat with her.

I fell asleep again in her arms. She made me feel safe, a feeling that I wasn't used to. But if you don't feel safe in the arms of a Plough Girl where would you feel safe? She woke me for the third time long after dawn, and this was the best. The sun was beating down through the bedroom window by the time we were done, and I felt like a real man, at last. Because Magda was not just a real woman, she was a lot more!

The next day, at breakfast (a small bowl of cereal for me, a plate of meat, eggs, potatoes, mushrooms and I don't know what else, that I could barely lift, for her) she told me the good news. Mikayla, my Milkmaid, would be flying in to the airport this afternoon, and we'd be going to meet her there, bring her back here, and my work as a kind of father to the next generation of Ruthenians could begin. I could hardly wait!