

TRICKING THE ABBESS AGAIN

Tshe dbang rdo rje ཚེ་དབང་རྡོ་རྗེ། (Caixiangduojie 才项多杰)

Uncle Ston pa finally arrived at the home of the farmer, whom he had helped to grow and sell penis-shaped turnips. Uncle Ston pa then lived with his wife, the most beautiful nun, and his son in a new home built by the farmer.

One day, the farmer visited Uncle Ston pa and said, "My dear savior! How are you?"

"I'm very well, my friend!" greeted Uncle Ston pa, "How are you?"

"I'm... well," replied the farmer with some hesitation.

"Friend," said Uncle Ston pa, "You don't look well. Please tell me what troubles you."

"You always see my heart. I..." continued the farmer, "I fell in love with..."

"With whom?" asked Uncle Ston pa.

"The... the abbess," replied the farmer shyly.

"Oh, my friend...haha!" Uncle Ston pa chortled. "How? How did you fall in love with her?"

"She is kind to me," said the farmer. "Every time, I bring my turnips to the nunnery, she is always first to buy my turnips and always gives me extra money. These days and nights, my mind is full of her beautiful face and warm words!"

"Wow! You really did fall in love with her," said Uncle Ston pa, "Did you tell her that?"

"No. I can't... I'm speechless in front of her. I don't know how to tell her my feelings."

"I understand," said Uncle Ston pa, "Don't worry, I'll teach you."

"Thank you, my dear savior!" exclaimed the farmer in excitement, "Please teach me!"

"Sure," and Uncle Ston pa taught the farmer the "rolling turnip" trick. After learning all the details, the farmer thanked Uncle Ston pa and left.

Beginning the next day, the farmer stopped going to the nunnery to sell turnips. Before even a week had passed, the abbess came to see him.

As soon as she reached the door, the farmer started moaning and trembling in his bed, seemingly in great pain.

The abbess ran to him and asked, "Oh! What's wrong?"

"My stomach... hurts!" replied the farmer in a broken trembling voice.

"Oh, you're in great pain. Let me go find a doctor for you!" said the abbess.

"No doctors!" said the farmer. "They can't help me. I've been suffering from this stomachache for many years. There is only one way to cure it."

"How? I'll help you!" said the abbess.

"It's called 'Rolling Turnips'," replied the farmer.

"That's easy!" exclaimed the abbess in excitement, "You have so many turnips here. Where should I roll turnips?"

"Please roll the turnips on my stomach very hard," replied the farmer.

While the abbess was rushing towards him with one turnip, the farmer said, "One won't help. Please bring two more."

The abbess brought three turnips, placed them on the farmer's stomach, and started rolling them with her soft hands.

In an instant, the farmer's penis started rising, which he quickly covered with his both hands and said, "Ah...painful! Your hands are very gentle but it's helping! Please sit on the turnips and roll them with all your strength."

Then the abbess went over, straddled the farmer's groin, and started rolling the turnips up and down on his stomach with her buttocks.

"It's working," said the farmer, "Roll harder! Roll harder!"

An instant later, as she rolled the turnips down with her buttocks, the turnips slipped away, the farmer removed her pants, and uncovered his hard penis, which pierced right into her when she had plopped her buttocks against him. Feeling sudden pain, she asked, "What's that?"

"Don't worry! It's just a turnip," replied the farmer. She then kept doing it until she climaxed.

From that day on, she visited the farmer every evening to roll turnips on his belly. She soon became pregnant and stopped going to the nunnery when her belly became too big to hide. A few months later, she secretly gave birth to a lovely daughter at the farmer's home.

NON-ENGLISH TERM

ston pa ལྷོན་པ།

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