

The Tale of Polly Pot

by: Valentino Incanto Profferi
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Dedicated to Erin and Kimberly

Old Polly lived behind a hill
in Surrey
in a little shack
made of sticks and things
minding herself
rarely ever sitting on her mass.

She kept a garden
at the back of which there was
an enchanted,
little,
glass
greenhouse in which she grew pot
in many a similar clay pot
earning with it a great big lot.

She made cakes from it
which she ate and served at tea
with her young friends
who crowded into her little room
each afternoon
for a bitter cup-a pot leaf,
and to fetch a few buds for their
miniature skull headed pipes
where they would drag a puff
to have a trip
believing they would soon be afloat.

Some would repay her with affection

whilst others would offer her infections,
but all that she really wanted in return
was a bit of love action.

Dear Polly Pot, as she was well known through out her village's district in Surrey, was now a well ripened wench who was well loved by all who had come to know her. She was a generous spinster that occupied a little plot with a knoll at the front. The little green plot was surrounded by high hedges with gaps on each side for ramblers and visitors. Her plot was skirted on three sides by grazing land populated by sheep that could often be seen with blackbirds on their backs.

Behind the grassy knoll with a table and chair at its top, there was a shack that had been carefully put together, and a hand pump to a well that did by itself work as a pump. The shack's spaces and cracks had been carefully filled in with various

materials such as clay. Its roof was of layered corrugated steel sheeting weighed down with stones that had later been covered with a layer of packed earth. The shack was chilly, but the stout Polly found it quite comfy. She did after all; spend much of her time out of doors tending the gardens about the plot.

On one side of the shack there was a gap for the pipe from the stove with an oven that was flanked by two cabinets. On the other there was a table with three benches. Opposite the door lay a small bed with thick covers that were always neatly made. At the foot of her bed was a stool below a hanging mirror that helped to illuminate the windowless shack with the light from the spit door which was left half open on most day, but for those of storms and with the foulest weather.

By the hedges on one side she kept a row of spinney berry bushes that offered extraordinarily sweet

and plump fruit much like Polly. They were highly regarded by her neighbours, who bought the majority each year to serve fresh, make preserves, and for their Christmas pudding. Three bushes there were of blackberry, two of raspberry, one of gooseberry, and a small patch of loganberry that Polly enjoyed herself in a jelly spread on her bread.

Along the other hedge were a row of prickly, colourful rose bushes. Of the roses Polly picked one flower each day of their season to accent her hair ribbon as she tied up her extensive dark blond tresses. Many of the village girls would come in the season to fetch a fresh rose either on the way to school or as a detour after the milking. Polly would smile in approval and ask nothing of them. However, most girls, except for the very poorest would give Poly a few pence for the blossoms that brought them some cheer.

The hedge at the back was partly obscured by a glass greenhouse that was taller than the shack. It could have made a very comfortable house. The mice, who were also Polly's friends, helped keep her garden and lived happily in the little wood blocks inside it that Polly used to put her pots on. In those pots she grew the pot that earned Polly so many a friendly bop.

Even the constable, Mr. Bobby, came by in the afternoon when he was off duty. Following their congress they would have a cup of tea with some cake followed with more coitions with which he repaid her herbal relations.

In her garden she kept a patch of herbs with rosemary, parsley, thyme, and dill. A larger segment was taken up with cucumbers, and the remainder with carrots, cabbage, onions, and peas. Most of it produced cucumbers which she pickled and either gave to those who were hungry or sold them to those neighbours who paid to

have had with her laid. For the grocer there was a barrel of pickles especially she made, for he it was who paid her half its profits plus sausages, meal, salt and his wanted hard favour. It was his juicy penetrative savour that left Polly certain he had paid her. However, it was always the grocer who over paid her.

Each visit by the grocer brought Polly with a succulent squashy quarry to make an added visit to the bank in a scurry, whose manager dared never to betray her no matter how squishy he found dear Polly to be. With her glass pot in her basket and a baggie of green buds in her apron, each month Polly would visit the banker using her peddle cycle, and twice when visited by the grocer in the season when he had filled her slit with his distended pickle before also rending Polly in her aft with his vast shaft. Mr. Banker was quite a swanker who was secretly devoted to Polly, awaiting her visits eagerly with

fantasies where he would spank her.

Each time she did come, only for Polly, Mr. Banker never ran short of something with which to banter. In his wake Polly would follow as he ran ahead to the vault, almost at a canter. Like an excited young man awaiting his lover, the banker would pant for her as he watched the swaggering buxom form enter.

Knowing the banker's weakness behind her, Polly did not wait for the advance that never came as he would not dare her with what he believed to be rancour. Raising the skirt of braided hemp Polly did bare her cushy to the blushing middle aged banker. Slapping her bareness so gently, she had soon found that he too had an ingot on which to impale her for her swanker. Sinking into her belly, Polly knew well how he liked to be pushy. Rapidly he had also sunk a hand into her pussy. His endurance was poor, so in only seconds Polly was discovered to be refreshingly

oozy while the banker was suddenly droopy.

She passed him his baggie of green sticky buds and lowered her hand made hemp skirts to once more occlude her expansive booty. Meek and satisfied, he pocketed his treasure and obscured from the others his enjoyment of that goody. At having served his Polly, Mr. Banker was undeniably jolly having dipped briefly into a dolly. With an empty glass vessel and apron receptacle, on her bicycle once more Polly set off with a foot on each pedal and a belly full of young mans' nettles. Still feeling loose and saucy, Polly remembered the jobs with the grocer and the banker that had now made her tummy the subsequently overflowing vessel.

On her ride back over the river bridge Polly recalled the memories of the beginnings of this story. Polly had then been only a young dolly with eyes only for one love that not one could be found

who dared deny she adored he. Johnny James Jasper Jockey was named the lovely lad who was no more than a jockey. He rode a thoroughbred who he addressed as Jolly Old Poppy. When not keeping his form with his Poppy, he was near ever with his dear miss he called poppet.

The day was young as Polly did dearly for her love so long having that same morning filled her with his form. But now he was off with Poppy, keeping his form. She was only nineteen, waiting for her church bells to ring when her parent's home bell did ding. It was the young constable Bobby who had come in the lorry to summon her on behalf of her Johnny. Jolly Old Poppy had thrown down the sonny who had fallen badly and was doomed by the medic to do very poorly. When she arrived poor Johnny was droolly. At the feet of his Polly, Johnny lay drolly dribbling and completely incapable of any chat or drivel. When his hand she

did take, his eyes did for her a swivel that lasted but a moment for which ever after she did snivel. For no on else had Polly any reason to remain so civil, as Polly had for her lost love who did despondently desist her.

It was Mr. Bobby, with her in his lorry, who fist experienced the new Polly happily playing with his hard little lolly as it dribbled distractedly seeping into her lips the fluids that he believed were not permissible. All the way to her home she amplified his stiffly extending truncheon with her maw aboard his lorry. It was Polly who was destined to show the village how true it was that they were all just a tad too cocky. From her parents home Polly found her path with imaginings of sensual rot and disallowed relations that brought her to the vicarage for a confession for which she was surely sufficiently sorry.

It was a good day for confessions said the vicar who was groggy as he invited in the young Polly who noticed that beneath his robes a reminiscent rod recently roughly rubbed rigid lay beneath as a confession of why he was groggy. It had been old Mrs. Story and her spawn, Young Ms. Paula, whom Polly had witnessed departing the vicarage with rumpled dresses and gaits disturbed by a large ploughing.

It was clear to Polly the vicar was cultivating his field with no pity for either the rump of the missus or the furrow of the lass that he had sown after the weekday mass.

She told the sad vicar the tale of Old Poppy and her wanton pleasures with the knob of the bobby which made him once more put out his clever lolly. Following the display of his rising tiller to which she flew without a dither, Polly was to him admitting a fancy of any horned ruddy dork that would happily cultivate her channels, even those that were

chastised for the holy glory of loosening her rear rut. The path to her gut, that was what the vicar most desired, which he had earlier happily indulged with both ladies from the old family named Story.

It could not have been foreseen, as she had revealed to the wilful preacher that her dreams had been so supremely seedy and that all her flights of fancy were indiscreetly creepy, that her minister Polly accepted all suggestions no matter how weedy.

Polly admitted that with the loss of her jockey she had lost all reason to restrain her from giving all to be sleazy, while enjoying his tool that was definitely not reedy. He then asked of Polly if she would be willing to serve the rectory by both cooking for his refectory and allowing his implement to be admitted into all her apertures, for her rear in particular with his appendage he wished to impact her.

Eagerly it was the reverend who took Polly onto the sofa, became the first to breach her buttocks, promising to teach her as ever more deeply he did reach her. Expecting the benefits of how his bar fit her, the cleric encouraged her to dwell permitting the holy priests all to stick her. Polly let herself go to the mercy of her rector who was quick to direct her to enjoy every way in which his rod could knock her. For four fully frivolous fortnights it was with his pecker that he repeatedly would inject her, until she was well accustomed to be brimming with semen. "Oh golly," said young Polly, "how I adore that big pecker introduced by my rector who loves loving all the dames of the village and daily pounds me with his wrecker." For all the vain effort of the parson, he was completely unable to ever infect her. It was he who certainly wrecked her and made it impossible for any other pecker to ever affect her. It was also the rector who first rimmed Polly in her puckered rectum and opened her

pink blossom for any plumber to plunder her depths which were regularly filled with their relish to all their delight.

When at last the failing rector did vex her, Polly was quick to force herself on his diminishing pecker that was soon no longer able to invest her. Under the stain the poor horny parson eventually wished he had left her, which led to the bobby coming to vet her. To his dismay, Mr. Bobby was astounded at how the vicar had kept her installed endlessly by her gash wedged with his staff. In his pity the bobby soon discovered he was caught by his lever, stuck in her gash which still seeped from the parson's earlier bash, for the time that remained to the rector whose teeth did gnash.

Unable to vet her, the constable was forced to catch her on his pointer, which to Polly served better than a fetter, and brought her to the yard. Though he was sorry, Officer Bobby did take Polly in his

lorry on the way to the courthouse. There the magistrate was somehow expected to be able to asses her. During the transport Mr. Bobby was compelled to orally impel her to quiet her supplication that Officer Bobby should endeavour to quell her. Polly did well, drinking deeply from his fertile well, until she was left to be vetted by the higher Lord, the judge, the Honourable Magistrate Story.

Whilst interviewing the ravishing damsel the honour bared quickly how abundantly the cleric had bent her. Over any object the preacher did rend her just so he could quench her. With the acquaintance, it soon was his honour that had bent her. Polly revelled in the judge's confection as it spilled repeatedly from his raging erection into her gaping reproductive election. In between his multitude of infection, his honour did promise her a pardon if she obliged to lick and suck with affection, his rapidly falling cylinder

of action. After which he readily revisited Polly's fissure before gladly fulfilling her pleas for more rectal glory provided she never told his Mrs., Lady Story.

It was his honour who finally succeeded in impregnating the youthful Polly employing his amorous attentions with a fertile lolly. His Honourable Judge Story had young Polly at his high bench over which she was bent to be pounded with his will. That was where Polly was cleansed of any guilt for the dead vicar who had died because he was spent, for which he did repent.

A big burly blocky Billy boy, Polly bore for the judge who took him for a toy and sent him away to be raised by a bishop who was not coy, and who regularly did Polly employ. In recompense for her favour and to assure he would be able to carry on the tradition where into her belly he would easily enter, the honour did buy for her from a

renter, the plot on which Polly created her personal Fairyland conventicler. It was there, whilst bent between the poking Bobby, and the stabbing Bailey, that it was confirmed that all could invade her.

In the darkness of the nights, when women were not visiting and men were not in Polly's orifices offering to assist her, the beast, birds, and Fairies were busy as they would insist with her. Some would tend her gardens, while others made for Polly the herbal fodder that kept her fat and in order. Still other creature were busy keeping away any need her home may have had for a fixer that would have certainly caused her to jostle and jitter. At the dawn, as it had been for Polly since the time before the jockey, all the creatures and Fairies that could, lined up for their chance to an entrance with her jolly hollow and use her back side to follow. Polly was their dear little lovely with whom they all bounced and left in her all their love that weighed no

more than an ounce after being deposited into Polly. Because they did with her bounce, Polly was protected by magic from harm when any man did her trounce despite attempts to perforate her bounce. This left Polly to enjoy the many pricks that did at her crack pounce pleasuring Polly with many a varied equipment and sticky fluid ounce.

After she got the plot, it was between the skewers of the honour and the bobby that Polly was often found stoking the heat that was rising on both the men's piercing pecker that did frequently also to other visiting officials let her. On such a morning, whilst the two were busy offing, one at her crown and the other in her nether end into which he was bound, that the Mayor came to proffer a pardon and bring Polly some of his coffer. Entranced by how he had caught her, the mayor was unable to scoff her.

No sooner was the judge off her, than the mayor had pushed his stalk to its hilt into Polly's rear, which Polly did not find in the least bit singular, and on the contrary quite dear, which was clear. He was, as she well knew, a simple stagnant steer stippling sticky semen serenely into her rear. For his gentleness and the many a joyful tear, Polly found the mayor, who was now stuck deeply in her magnificent stern, to be what Polly alluded to as pleasant little darling deer.

In this way, in her youth, the pleasurable shagging had begun that had now transformed Polly into the Dear that to the entire village she had become. She did happily from all the husbands take their cum and endure their piercing spikes that made many a wife run and some wish they had become a nun. The sons knew when young and cocky where to go for a jolly quick popping where they could also collect the herb that with pipping

came as temporary sense of rising. The good girls liked her garden and with Polly's flowers they often went away alighting.

The other ladies and lasses knew where to find a willing lad that would happily attach to them for a time that would please them. For a benefit they had spent their organs in Polly but still had a lingering stiffness they were penchant to proffer in pastoral communion at the foot of a hedge. It was to both fornicating butting budding youth, but most likely they were unable to be burden with conception, only with penile affection. Oh how much of all the ladies' affections it was that Polly had got to earn her a title, not remotely lofty, as that of a village Dear, sweet Polly.

Returning from her bounce at the bank that had followed the grocer's trounce and rectally pleasing pounce, Polly came home by teatime to a kettle that held not more than an ounce. To it more pot leaves she

lent with the water that with fire she had quickly raise to a steaming rant. With the whistle of the kettle in the door came in a gent who had soon taken off his pant before sitting at a slant displaying his grant. The tea was served and into Polly's gob did his lengthy rig she implant, while kneeling in her hemp skit happy to bring about his squirt that Polly believe, that well with the cake it went.

He gave up to her fondles with surprising large waves that those giant testicles lent. It was her ravishing that made him rave as Polly was frothing with the excess she was unable to bank, glad to have found a manhood for which was worth waiting with widespread stance. As into her throat his spunk went, Polly had visions of Fairies that wanted the use of his extraordinary wanker probing the depts of the ladies and lasses for whom they all moaned and called Sweet Captain Bender.

Having become completely spent, there was no way the gent could have went, which only meant that Polly could have her way with the club that to her he had lent. Into his shirt pocket Polly bequeathed a baggie of the green bud for which he had went in search of Polly Pot, whom he had heard was a pleasure to rend. The gent was mistaken and lost to Polly much more than a year of his over charged rent as she repeatedly for his implement did bend.

Helpless was this gent as Polly forced his pole into her backside to rend. A prize to Polly it was who had never before had such a pillar upon which to stand that stretched her completely whilst she was impaled at only an end. She insisted that to her desire he bequeath their marriage. It was to Polly for whom it would be a pleasure, as Mrs. Bender, to have him, before all as a witness, bend her and rend her fore and aft and arrange her.

For a fortnight the gent was kept on a lock and made to feed Polly the potion that from his hose that to her it was now lent. Into every opening it repeatedly went before Polly, after decades, finally felt spent. To the girls, lasses, ladies, and dames of the village she did about the charms of the gent now rant. For four more fortnights was with all the women of the village the full figured firm fulfilling flesh spent, which did for the gent spell an end. But before he was completely spent, it was finally all the village women who in all their orifices were rend, which surprised the village men to no end as most of them never saw their wives for any man bend.

To Polly had now a new rector, Vicar Render had been sent, who came from a resurrected Captain Bender, for whom Polly swore she would direct using his greatest asset that he regularly employ to inject her. The wedding was set at which in front of the parish he was asked to

infect her. With passion and a complete absence of caution, Polly drew out the pillar that had not ever upset her. With her skirt on her back, while standing half bent over the altar, her gent resurrected as parson, did sink into her womb for a moment before his pillar netted Polly with his inseminating fetter.

Not long after that the villagers could no longer restrain themselves or behave any better, as they amassed at the alter and did in fact bind each of them to the alter with chain link before forming two single filed lines of separated couples that each would enjoy the newlywed couple without regard to the letter.

The wives rend themselves on the monster pecker beside their husbands who were equally busy plaguing, plundering, provocatively Polly's prostrated plump posterior with their penis though they knew better. The uncoupled followed the probing plight of Polly and formed another procession that onto the

alter did climb to proffer their organ for oral delight and better.

When finally the sun no longer gave light, al the village returned to their abodes for a bite. The Polly Benders were forever after regarded highly by all who had heard of their might.

The gossip flew far, which drew many a visitor from very far for with their lust to loose all their currency without a fight, but in exchange for excessive pleasures by which they all hoped to reach the light. What a lovely hot pot had that Changeling Polly Pot Bender that she shared with all and her gent that did also lot with the ladies that lengthy appendage that with he did often rend.

The Tale of Polly Pot may seem to you as an offender, and perhaps it may be construed as a florid feint, but I assure you it is with exactness that I recount it. If was this tale that I was told, while out on a saunter betwixt Woking and Epsom, by old Mr. Toad Bender while having

tea with a proper, gentlemanly
gander.