

ABISHAG: A LUSCIOUS TALE AFTER REJUVENESCENCE

*Fully disclosing the Secret of the only natural and true
Elixir capable of effecting such a desirable necessity.*

This book, by an unknown author is stated to be "strictly true and the faithful result of the experiments of the Author." The theory enunciated is so curious that we reproduce the story here. We believe that it is very rare; and its curiousness and rarity are our excuse for its reproduction.

""Let there be sought for my Lord the King, a young virgin; and let her stand before the King, and let her cherish him, and let her lie in thy bosom, that my Lord the King may get heat. (The First Book of Kings, Chap I, verse 2.)

"Thus spoke the servants of old King David when he was about eighty years old, and the old man's acquiescence in their suggestion shows that at least, in that respect he was wiser than his renowned son Solomon, who after being used up by his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines went decidedly cranky and all wrong in his old age, when he wrote 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit,' and turned after the worship of Moloch, Chemosh, Ash-toreth and Co., no doubt in the hope that their cruel, bloodthirsty, and otherwise obscene rites, might tend to restore his lost vigour, and enable him yet in some small degree to continue to realize the Delights of Love.

This incident at the end of David's life has always had a peculiar charm for me, and I have often pondered over the delicious warmth that the soft belly of the lovely Abishag must have imparted to him, when, at the same time, no doubt, he caressed and sucked her virgin nipples, one of his ancient hands, moulding those snowy orbs of love, whilst the other was of course "nowhere", for does not the sacred text (or rather its translators, for the sake of decency) tell us that "he knew her not." At any rate, my faith in the Bible is not strong enough to believe that David, old as he was, could resist such a temptation.

I am considerably over middle age, and in my salad days could futter any woman six or eight times a night, and sometimes three or four times during the day as well. I got married, and was awfully pleased with my wife for about six months, then, being slightly blast, happened to kiss her maid one day, when we were alone in the house. The girl was rather shy at first but I soon induced her to return

my kisses, and give me her tongue between my lips, her soft warm face and luscious lips made the blood thrill in my veins. I trembled with emotion, as, pushing her back on the sofa, I first opened her dress, till I got possession of her bubbies, and kissed the little strawberry nipples of a white, firm bosom, every way more inviting than that of my wife.

Edith, that was her name, blushed up to the eyes, and putting her hands over her face for shame, gave me a splendid opportunity of attack lower down! One

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hand raised her dress, her legs twitched close together, but these gradually gave way to the insinuating advance, till my fingers were in full possession of her soft "furbelow", and revelled in a slightly open slit, already brimming with a thick, creamy emission.

Ye gods! what a cockstand the touch of her spendings gave me. I felt actually bursting. So pushing her back on the sofa, I found no difficulty in entering a path which had been opened up before, but which had been very little used, as I could plainly tell by the voluptuous state of trepidation into which my attack had thrown her.

That she both wanted me and was also afraid at the same time, was too plainly evident from the profuse perspiration on her belly, coynte, and parts adjacent.

She lay almost motionless, neither speaking nor moving, as I began to fuck her, keeping her hands firmly over her face and eyes all the while. I was literally boiling, and suddenly fearing I might get her in the family way, jerked out my lingam, and spurted the essence of life all over her belly, just as there was a knock and ring at the door.

A few days after this, my wife went on a visit to her family, and feeling a little unwell, sent me a telegram to say that she should not come home that evening, so when Edith brought up the supper, I made a little arrangement to pass the night in her room, which was on the floor above my bedroom, in which two other uninteresting "slaveys" slept together.

Slipping up to her room, I got into her small, hard uncomfortable bed, hardly big enough for one person. Her lips responded amorously in the dark to my wanton kissing and tongueing, whilst my hands, groping her cleft, found the parts about that region in the same state of tremulous perspiration as before, which at that time I concluded to be quite natural to her under the circumstances.

After one vigorous ride, I complained of the smallness of the bed, and persuaded her to follow me downstairs to my own room.

Once there, I threw her on to the soft, springy bed hitherto kept sacred to my matrimonial duties, the very sense of doing wrong adding to the piquancy of my forbidden pleasures. Subject to very little opposition, I removed her nightdress, and throwing off my own robe de nuit, we were both naked, side by side.

Heavens! what caresses we exchanged; kissing and almost sucking each other's breath away, whilst our busy hands roved over each other's bodies, exploring all the parts sacred to love.

I may say, without vanity, that I was a finely made man, about thirty, of medium height, and furnished with a very useful-sized prikle of rather more than seven-and-a-half inches. Her tremulous perspiration had quite gone, and my hands wandered all over the charms of her person, my lips kissed and sucked those delicious and enchanting bubbies, whilst one or two of my fingers tickled and frigged her excited clitoris. How she did spend! Such a creamy emission was quite a novelty to me; the touch of it thrilled me through and through, till the prick she was fondly caressing became so rampant that I pressed towards her, and her own fingers instinctively guided his glowing head into the seething haven of love.

What a bout that was! I spent once, twice, thrice, and yet she clung to me, whispering, "more, more; oh, let me have it again. I'm coming. How delightfully it shoots up into my womb! Ah! Ah!! There, you touch the place. You will love me always, won't you, dear?" she asked, squirming and heaving and dying away in a final spend.

Never shall I forget the delights of that night, but there is no occasion to repeat more of my exploits with the darling Edie who was discretion itself, and never by word or look betrayed our amours, during the three years she remained in our service, leaving at last to be married.

My wife was about five years older than myself and now in that prime of life that so many men profess to prefer. Very hot-blooded and amorous, she looked for a good deal of attention from "John Thomas" who began to get considerably used up. Very often he would not stand unless she caressed him with her hand, and as to a second performance, he could seldom get through it without losing his stiffness, and failing almost at the critical moment when my wife was about to come. This was never the case whilst

the pretty servant was with us; many a time, when we had a sly put-in, I left her so unsatisfied that my wife has had the benefit of it; and besides, when I did ram my wife, I always increased my pleasure by fancying I was having the other.

What could I do but explain to my better-half that I was not so young as I used to be, and that she must really not be too hard on failing nature?

She was so amorous, and often so pressing about the matter, and would feed and pamper me up, in hopes of improving the vigour of my nature, that I got almost disgusted at having to operate her at all, and often pleaded exhaustion. Strange to say, my experience with the girl Edith never put any idea of the proper remedy into my head.

"Fresh coynte, fresh courage," was the only motto upon which I acted, so when I often passed an afternoon with different nice little whores, who amused me much better than my wife, who, although really a splendid mount, would never tolerate any fanciful notions, my gay lady friends took trouble to please me, and raise my desires, by gamahuching, little birchings, and other inventions, and when I did futter them, used all the artful motions and contractions of which they were capable, but none of them could spend like Edie, and even my wife was getting rather dry in that respect.

The older I grew, the slower my poor old printle was to "come" when wanted. Even my wife complained that when I did buck her, I tired her out before I could come.

I didn't care if my wife did get any one else to ride her; it was quite a friendly act to relieve me of the ever irksome duty¹, and I was always glad when she would take the two children to the seaside, or anywhere else on a visit.

At length my eyes were to be opened to the real invigorating essence', which I ought to have found out long ago. In fact, I had been like a man who picking up a precious stone, had never perceived its true worth. My experience with Edith, ought to have enlightened me.

Out of charity we took as an assistant to the cook, a young orphan girl of about eighteen, who had never been in service before; this girl was not particularly handsome, but she had such beautiful brown eyes shaded by dark lashes, from under which they seemed to look me through, also lovely teeth and sweet cherry-coloured lips. Somehow she exercised

a peculiar fascination over me, but I was careful not to show it, although I felt certain the girl knew her power.

It was impossible for my wife to suspect such a worn-out man, so she had not the least scruple in going to church one Sunday evening, having also allowed both the other servants to go out, saying Folly might stop at home to answer the door and attend to anything I wanted.

Attend to me I made up my mind she should, so directly the door was closed on Mrs. Pokington, I rang the bell and ordered Polly to set out some wine and cigars. There was a slight flush on her face as she placed the things on the table.

•Now, Polly” I said, “will you have a glass of wine??”

"Oh, no thank you, sir, it might upset me!"

"Not so much as your eyes upset me, Polly when you look under your eyelashes so!"

How she blushed; so springing up from my chair, I caught her round the waist.

"Polly I must kiss you, your eyes are enough to bewitch any one!" I said, as she turned her face on one side, but I pulled her on my knee kissing her again and again; presently I could perceive she was in a state of considerable agitation, her bosom heaved, and she could scarcely restrain her suppressed sighs.

Always “strike when the iron is hot,” so I at length got her to return my kisses, and even give me the tip of her tongue, my whole frame trembled with emotion, and she was more confused every moment.

"What lovely titties you have," I said, opening her dress without resistance. (I always made my advances against a maiden fortress by the same progressive tactics). They were loves, and I kissed them for a few minutes, increasing her agitation more and more; then one hand gently raised her clothes, till it rested on her naked thighs; she wore no drawers.

"Lift your legs, Darling, and let me feel the little nest you have there," I whispered, I can give you such pleasure."

Her eyes closed, and she hid her face on my shoulder, as her thighs slightly gave way, and my

finger at length found her chink. It was just the same as my experience with the white-thighed Edie some years before; such warmth, and all humid with perspiration, the slit itself swimming in an emission almost as thick as the white of an egg, so creamy and glutinous. The very touch electrified me; I had a really tremendous cock-stand.

Overcome by the excess of her emotions, she never made the slightest resistance, as I stretched her on the sofa, and proceeded to get into her, but that was easier than I expected, — there was no maidenhead —, and my prick speedily revelled in those luscious spendings.

I came in a moment, withdrawing and spending over her thighs for fear of the consequences, but the dear girl's hand clutched the object of her desire and tried to put it in again, which I allowed her to do, after carefully wiping the spendings on her chemise.

I never lost my stiffness, and had a most lovely ram. She did not move much, but to judge by her pleasurable sighs, the intensity of her enjoyment quite equalled my own. My prick swam in those delicious spendings, which seemed to excite it so much that I soon had to withdraw again and spend outside.

"Get off now," she said, innocently. "Don't do it again, sir."

She sat on my knee till my wife returned from church and assured me, among other things, that she had never before had a man, but that another girl had played with her and forced her finger into her, a long while ago, when she was about fifteen.

A few days after this, I persuaded Mrs P—. to let Polly sleep in a little dressing room, opening out of the children's room next to ours, so that she could attend to the children in the night, as we were both such heavy sleepers.

The very first night of this new arrangement I felt so excited at the thoughts of the contemplated bliss, that I gave Mrs P—. a really good rogering, and sent her to sleep perfectly contented.

I laid by the side of my slumbering wife, feeling my cock and wondering whether it would stand again presently for Polly. I rubbed myself, but could only raise a limp affair; still I knew she expected me, so slipping away out of bed, I went to look at the children, who I found as sound as little

roaches. (I have often wondered how roaches do sleep). Then slipping into Polly's room, I found her asleep also.

Slightly chagrined at her apparent indifference, I gave her a little shake, and soon roused her without noise; she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, as I slipped into bed by her side. My hands fondled her bubbies, then slipping lower down, found her coynte moist with perspiration, and I could feel her bosom heave as she gave several little sighs of desire.

Cocky began to lift his head at once, and stiffened more and more at every movement, as my fingers revelled in her voluptuous rift which was already overflowing.

Her face was as warm as a toast, whilst her belly was even still hotter than mine pressing against it, and she held my throbbing priapus in her hand, impatient for me to begin.

This was the first time I had had her without any clothes on, which are such a hindrance to enjoyment, and I was as rampant as possible, so, turning her on her back, I was soon into her boiling crater.

Such warmth, such juiciness! Oh, heavens! It made me spend in a moment, before I could withdraw, and I never shall forget the way in which she opened her legs, and wriggled herself still closer to me, the warm sheath of her vagina contracting spasmodically on my electrified tool. It was one of those awfully delicious moments one can never forget. I wanted to draw it out as long as possible, but the little devil twisted, squirmed about and moved herself so ravishingly, that, in spite of myself, the seed shot into her longing tiger-cleft in a greater flood than before. After this, she reluctantly allowed me to return to my own bed, but not to sleep; my thoughts would run on the wonderful resurrection of my manly vigour. I had been searching for rejuvenescence, taking "Pepper's quinine and iron," and other invigorating tonics, whilst my wife stuffed me in vain with oysters and stout, or dishes made hot with stimulating condiments.

Now I recollected the exactly similar results I had experienced with Edie, her soft, warm face, her belly and coynte like a furnace, at first all humid with the perspiration induced by the trepidation caused by finding herself in the hands of a man, and how it all tallied with the results I had with Polly.

"By Jove," I thought, "the warm, thick spendings of a young girl who has never been ridden or at least

is not used to it, must be the only true reinvigorator.
What cockstands they both gave me! Eureka!
That must be it. I will tell my wife!" And so at last
I fell asleep.

"My dear, you were uncommonly vigorous last night.
What have you been taking?" asked Mrs. P. at
breakfast next morning, with a smile so loving that it was
quite a treat for me, as generally I had to put up
with being twitted on my uselessness.

"You would never forgive me if you knew, my
love," I said, meekly. "I was so happy to please you."

"Yes, I would. I would forgive anything that enabled
you to poke me like that pretty often," she replied.

"If you promise on your honour, I will let you
into the secret, but not otherwise."

"There, don't be solemn. I'll give you my word
and will swear it on the Bible if you like, that anything
you do or take to make you roger me well shan't give offence."

Thus encouraged, I let her into the secret, but I noticed
that she turned pale and bit her lips to restrain herself:

"The little whores, to think they could make him stand like that."

However, she recovered her composure, and we
agreed to keep the secret to ourselves, and she was not to notice
Miss Polly, as long as I did my duty. I am afraid that Polly got so
amorous that she did not get enough of the thing, so she left, and
married a particular well-hung young butcher.

Mrs. P— . said, "Never mind, my dear, I'll engage
another young girl to keep up your poking, so leave
that to me."

The next girl was pale-faced and cold, and though
she would let me kiss her on the sly for half-a crown,
was so different to Polly as to quite fail in having
the desired effect.

My wife soon changed her for another of the right
sort, always making a change every three months or
so, as fresh girls are most effective.

We have now carried on this investigation for five
or six years, and find the right sort of girl never
fails to have the desired result.

Mrs. P— . now very often has the girl in our own
room to give me a cockstand, of which she takes the
advantage, allowing the girl to get me up again for
her own benefit, whilst she looked on and used a

dildoe as we did the fluttering in front of her.

As the result of our investigations we find that no whore is any real use, however young; after a good deal of thrusting their spendings are quite different to the virgin emission, the effect of which is so electrical.

Whores, however young, are comparatively cold and dried up, even those who spend well often, get decidedly cooler, as the fucking goes on, instead of increasing in heat and excitement.

The real, proper sort of young girl may range from 15 to 25; they must, if they are not maids, have had but very little commerce with a man;-she must be altogether of a warm temperament, which can easily be judged by the warmth of her face. There is something exquisitely delightful in the warm glow one feels in the face of a young girl like this, and I have found that only girls who are almost unused to men have that profuse perspiration when first touched; those that have been well futtered never fear a prick and have no such trepidation.

Reject a girl with a cold face. She might do for a wife, but not for a re-invigorator. She has none of that creamy juice about her when touched by finger or prick, which makes one thrill with desire, and increases the effect the more you go on.

Whores may induce unnatural effects by their artful touches, sucking or other operation, and the birch ought by all means to be avoided, as erections procured in this manner only tend to enervate and make a man still more effete.

By all means then, if single, or if married (with or without consent of your wife) make haste to secure such an Abishag as will restore the Blessing of Rejuvenescence."

We leave the Reader to judge of the practical value of this effusion. Not many wives, we fear, would be complaisant enough to lend their servants for such a purpose even at the price of being themselves rogered, before or after the operation on the domestic. Then of course, there would be further danger of the servants getting in the family way and demanding compensation, and if the girl happens to be under the legal limit of age, the further risk of falling into the claws of Justice.

(i) We doubt the sincerity of this. The lewdest roysterer agoing is often the most jealous, and the watchful envy of the old and impotent

is proverbial (Edit.)