



A  
CHRISTMAS  
TABLE

OR

A TESTIMONIAL FOR  
THE GOOD DOCTOR  
H. V. STEBLUM'S  
HEALTH AIDS

KENNY ASH

# A Christmas Tale

By

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## A Christmas Tale

Mister Addison Gentry, Esq. paced in the kitchen. What a wonderful Christmas Eve. What a wonderful wedding night. Cook hovered beside the pantry with Maid watching, their visual receptors spinning worriedly. Just as he felt he would go mad with frustrated irritation the bell beside the back door rang. Butler moved to answer the summons but Addison stepped past the wheezing old Model-A Servant, opening the door on a startled delivery bot. The faint sound of sobbing could be heard drifting down from upstairs.

"You are late. I shall inform your superiors," Addison informed the hapless bot in his haughtiest tone. If his new bride suffered any permanent damage he would sue.

"Sign here Sir," the bot thrust a receipt book at him. Quickly Addison signed his name, snatching the package from the bot's servo-mechs before slamming the door. There would be no tip for such shoddy service.

Ignoring the nervous twitches of the staff Addison hurried back to his distressed bride, fairly running up the stairs.

Addison stopped at the door to Prudence's bed chamber and steadied his breathing. Or tried to, the importance of the situation upset him far too much for him to remain calm. With a deep sigh he stepped into the room. She sat on the bed, rigid, gazing with mortification at Addison, her pale face tearstained with fright. But this was not her fault. Addison vowed he would have words with her father when they joined her parents for Christmas dinner tomorrow.

"Everything will be fine my love," he said soothingly.

"But Mister Gentry," she began, the very picture of the demure and properly blushing female sensibility.

"Now Pru, you know I have told you that you may call me Addison. We are married now it is proper when we are alone," he chided her gently.

"Oh! I am sorry M—Addison." When she corrected herself Addison smiled at her encouragingly and opened the box he held in his hands. He simply could not believe that such a forward thinking businessman as her father would have such positively medieval views on the education of his daughter. His own parents had made certain to send all his sisters to Good Doctor H Y Sterium's Health Spa for their training in the month before their marriages.

He examined the device he had paid a premium price for. If he had not such a high social standing, if his family such consequence, he would be in dire straits indeed. The good Doctor would not open his shop on Christmas Eve for just anyone.

Prudence looked at him with huge eyes. Addison smiled again. "This will not hurt a bit my love, it is all perfectly natural." He kept his voice reassuring as he moved to the bed, instruction manual in one hand and the Model-11 Private Oscillation Wand, plasma batteries included, in the other. It was a marvel of modern science and invention created for just such emergencies as this.

He entreated his new wife to lie back. She looked from the Wand to Addison several times, swallowing hard, but she obeyed. He lay the Wand and booklet down on the counterpane before leaning over to place a soft kiss on her forehead. "You may leave your night rail on," he whispered. It seemed to relax her.

Sitting back Addison picked up the manual, opening it to page one. He read the next few pages quickly then perused the diagrams to familiarize himself with the Model-11. With a deep breath and the push of a small button he was ready to begin.

Page seven. Introducing the Model-11 to your partner. He knelt between Pru's lower limbs, gazing down at her, Wand in one hand and instructions in the other. Carefully he applied the tip to the fabric covered dark triangle at the apex of her legs. She gasped, covering her face with her hands.

Keeping his touch light as a feather Addison slipped the Wand over and around her body, teasing at her night dress until he had worked it upward nearly to her waist and she was revealed to his view. She laid before him a perfect picture of innocent wantonness. Her one hand still

covered her eyes while the other had clenched in the now rumpled sheet beneath her. He wanted to kiss her parted lips, to taste her hardened nipples, but the instructions forbade it until page twenty one. He had only progressed to page seventeen.

His member had announced a strong interest in moving things forward by coming to attention in an almost painful way. Addison would, however, not be hurried. He did not wish to damage his new wife by carelessness. He turned the page, stoically ignoring the growing ache in his cock.

Page nineteen. She writhed, moaning. Her night dress now lay on the floor beside the bed. Addison didn't think she quite realized it. Slowly, taking great care he introduced the Wand into her body. When it seemed she suffered no distress he increased the oscillation setting. A spasm shook her and she cried out.

"Steady my love, it will be over soon," he reassured her. "You are such a good girl. I am so proud of you." Addison glanced at the instructions and licked his lips. He should have remembered to place a pitcher of water on the night table. This was thirsty work. He turned the page. Twenty one at last.

He continued to move the Wand in and out as he bent forward to chastely press his lips against his wife's. Her hand came up and she tangled her fingers in his hair with a gentle sigh. Addison was quite pleased with her. She was responding very satisfactorily. He transferred his attention to her breasts, kissing each taut nipple in turn. This elicited a whimper.

Addison's glance at the manual informed him that the onset of a whimper heralded the female readiness for the most important stage of sexual union. He withdrew the Wand, setting it

aside, being sure to switch it off. Pru frowned in protest, yet another textbook sign of her readiness.

He guided himself to her entrance and pushing his hips forward in one smooth stroke joined his body with his wife's and began to move. He was gratified when she clasped him to her with a moan.

They reached their die away moment together, just as the clock in the hall chimed midnight.

"Merry Christmas Mrs. Gentry," Addison wished Prudence as he lifted himself from her, moving to lie beside her.

Prudence, poor dear, dropped off to sleep straight away. Addison propped up the pillows on his side of the marriage bed and leaned back against the headboard, picking up the manual to glance through the offers in the back for the Good Doctor H Y Sterium's Health Aids. The Relations Stamina Builder sounded quite useful. Of course they should soon be sending for the Conception Kit.

But not, it went without saying, until they had mastered the Model-11 Private Oscillation Wand and the positions illustrated in the Addendum.