Stiff Upper Lips

Inspired by John’s Message

By Maryanne Peters

Jonathan Hanscombe and Rupert Burlew had secured for themselves the two large leather armchairs by the window in the sitting room of Arthur’s in St. James. The window offered a view down the street of St. James Square (as it was then known) to the Gardens, but in the afternoon, it was the lightest area of the otherwise dark rooms of that ancient establishment.

They had been discussing the recent imprisonment of Mr. Oscar Wilde, the playwright, who was a member of the Albemarle Club.

“I swear the Albemarle is a den of bounders,” Jonathan sighed, examining the warm amber of his Glenfarclas 12 year old scotch. “And now add to that, a damned sodomite.”

“This scotch really is very good,” said Rupert, changing the subject. “I understand that it is Her Majesty’s preferred tipple.”

“You really should get a haircut, old man,” said Jonathan. “That foppish style is reminiscent of Wilde. We wouldn’t want you being mistaken for a pillow biter.”

“Is it true that the Queen mixes port into her scotch to take the bite out?” pondered Rupert. “Her Scotsman said it apparently. Accused her of ruining two of the world’s great drinks by a single act.”

“What I can’t understand is how one hairy chap could go to bed with another hairy chap,” said Jonathan. “I like my bedfellows to be soft and smooth. I suppose I am old fashioned.”

“You would not be averse to a fellow in bed if he was soft and smooth?” Rupert was teasing him.

“Burlew, you can be a cad at times,” said Jonathan. “I am talking about women. They are exasperating, which is why I remain a bachelor, but that is the only thing that I could lie down with.”

“There are men who might fit the bill.”

“You are talking about those chaps in India, aren’t you? The Hajis? Only back a few days and can’t stop talking about that God-awful place. India. My God. Curry is the only decent thing to come out of there.”

“Not Hajis,” Rupert corrected his old school chum, perhaps not the smarter of the two. “Hajis are Muslim pilgrims. The word is Hijra. The third sex of India. Not quite women, but close enough for many men. To make love to a Hijra is not a homosexual act. Not there anyway.”

“Tried one, have you, old man?”

Rupert Burlew took a deep gulp of his whisky and looked up a piece of flaking paint on the ceiling. He said: “We live in an exotic world, Jon. Queen Victoria, bless her, would have us believe that it is as black and white as her clothes, but it runs in many colors, and those nowhere are those colors richer than on the sub-continent. I made it my object in my time there, to experience everything. Perhaps I was searching for a better understanding of life. People do, you know. Indian culture is very old and very … contemplative. People have been seeking answers for a long time.”

“Have you got the answers then, old chap?” Jonathan was smiling.

Rupert continued: “Tantra is a belief system. It says that sexual relations are not just about procreation, but rather is a spiritual journey and a way to fulfillment. It is called "the root of the universe”, a means of transformation of the deity within. Without being purely for reproduction the act is not limited to relations between a man and a woman.”

“You are not suggesting that buggery is in order, are you Burlew?”

“Not at all. Tantric thought speaks of “the bliss of Shiva and Shakti”. These are the deities. One male and one female. That is what they should be. I can show you if you like?”

“Show me?”

“Upstairs. As you know I have taken a room upstairs, just until I get myself sorted. I have something that I would like to show you.”

“I take it that you have brought back some Hindu oddities?” Jonathan was looking at him suspiciously.

“Well perhaps one. Finish that drink and we will go upstairs.”

Jonathan smiled. He was not all that staid. He was open to new ideas. All of this fulfilment mumbo jumbo was a little trying, but he did enjoy a little mystery and excitement. And with the swallow of that wonderful liquor and the slight belch that took its magical vapours right into his head, he felt a thrill.

They climbed the staircase past the billiard rooms and up to the small accommodation area. Just sufficient to allow out of town members to have a bed and a place to put their portmanteau. He lived locally so had never seen the rooms. It was small, but the bed was a good size and comfortable looking. He sat on it.

“Where is this object then?” he said.

“Right here,” said Rupert, taking off his jacket.

Jonathan Hanscombe was not quite sure what he was looking at. His old school chum was facing away, about to place his jacket on the wooden valet in the corner of the room. But as he took his jacket off, he could see that his friends hair did not end at the high collar as he thought it did. It tumbled down his back, shiny and light brown and slightly wavy at the ends. And now his friend, still with his back to him was removing his shirt and letting it drop to the floor disturbing the long hair as it did, making it shimmer in the light from the window.

Beneath the shirt was what appeared to be a tight girdle of some kind which Rupert was releasing from the front. It was all very puzzling. Now he was loosening the belt on his trousers.

Rupert turned around.

There in that light was a vision standing before him. The body was pale and smooth. And it was the body of a woman. On her chest were two well formed breasts. Her hips appeared wide. Her legs wholly visible given the very small underpants, were smooth and feminine. She had quite simply, the most beautiful body Jonathan had ever seen. And he had seen a few.

“The Hijra have developed special compounds over the centuries.” She spoke. It was Rupert’s voice, but not. It was higher. It was warm and … it was womanly. “Those compounds have made changes in me. Just as Tantra promised, I have come closer to God, I have become Shakti, the divine feminine. I am fulfilled.

“Good God.” It was all Jonathan could say.

She undid the drawstring on her underpants and let them fall to the floor. There, beneath the shaved pubic area hung a very small penis, and behind that, and empty scrotum. She pulled her beautiful hair over one shoulder as she bent down to reach between her legs. With a slight pop and the slurp of hot oil, she pulled from her anus a small object.

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| She looked up at him and smiled. Jonathan realized that she did not only have a beautiful body, but the face of a woman as well. It was Rupert … no, it was Rupert’s sister. The sister that he did not have. The sister that, if she existed, Jonathan would have happily rogered to kingdom come. The sister he occasionally thought about when his cock was in his hand.  “Who are you?” he asked.  “The Hijra called me Meena,” she replied with a smile that instantly excited Jonathan. “But I think Mary might be more appropriate.”  “So, what do we do now?” Jonathan gulped down the drool that was filling his mouth.    “Well,” she said. “I intend to introduce you to something that the Indians call tantric sex. But first I am going to kiss that stiff upper lip of yours, and then I am going to employ my lips, which I can assure you are as soft as rose petals, to something that will soon be very stiff indeed”.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019 | https://main-designyoutrust.netdna-ssl.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/02/38.jpg?iv=74 |