

Chapter 3-1 YOI KAKO

NOVEMBER 16 - DECEMBER 02, 1991/ HEISEI 03

NAGASAKI

WHETHER YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE LAUGHING OR CRYING,
IT IS THE SAME PERIOD OF TIME.*

* ZEN WISDOM

.....

The almost nine-hour flight with PanAm from Tokyo-Haneda to Hawaii went without any noteworthy incidents. Despite passing through a storm front that already had the country firmly in its grip on take-off from the Japanese capital, and which covered the whole of eastern Nippon with an unpleasantly humid atmosphere, storms and heavy rain with thunder and lightning.

That's how it was: summer in Japan.

That didn't bother Kajitani Ai, because she was more than excited anyway. This Tuesday, July 24, 1973, would go down in history anyway, in her history. Not only was it her first time outside Japan, but she was also going to see her uncle again here in the 50th US state. All of this made the whole endeavor even more exciting for the newly eighteen-year-old and also made her more than panicky. The background to this flight alone was more than extraordinary. Just under a year ago, her biological father's brother, whom she only knew as a faint memory, had turned up in Japan. He had been looking for his niece for more than a decade, only to finally find her in the deepest south of the Japanese archipelago. His story was more than adventurous, but it turned out to be true.

Her foster parents were naturally not happy about these circumstances and especially about the topic itself. After all, their foster daughter was the child of a rather unspeakable relationship that sullied the family's honor. They were unaware that the American uncle still existed and so they were more than a little embarrassed when he stood in front of them and contacted Ai. The last thirteen months of their ward's life were characterized by questions to which they had no answers or did not want to answer. But everything changed in the last week! A messenger from the American consulate in Fukuoka brought something long awaited. The US passport! Because her father, born in the US hospital at Naval Base Sasebo, made her a true American. However, she still had to get used to her new name:

Ai- Ji- Sue Duhan.

With this passport, her age of majority under US law, the world was now open to her. She wanted to take advantage of this and finally get to know the history of her family.

On time at 10:20 HAST and after a flight distance of around 7,200 km, the Boeing 707 touched down gently and skillfully on Runway 4R-22L at Honolulu International Airport. After a short taxiing time, the aircraft reached the International Terminal, the Ewa Gull Wing, and deboarding began. The immigration formalities, baggage claim and customs were completed in a relatively short time and the passenger from Japan was now standing in the middle of the airport's large hall.

Pretty much alone.

Despite the crowds. They were joined by a cacophony of different languages, music and noise of all kinds. Her unease grew from second to second. Where was this uncle? After all, he was here to pick her up, they had sent him a recent picture of themselves by post so that he could recognize her. Almost thirteen months had passed since the last and first visit to her hometown by her biological father's brother.

But then!

A young woman broke out of the midst of the people waiting in the reception area and made her way purposefully towards the young Japanese woman. She had a picture in her hand and waved it around while calling Ai's name.

"Hi! Welcome to the states! Nice to meet you. I'm Kirsty-Lou. Paul has sent me to pick you up, and before you ask, I'm your uncle's current one." She grinned like a honey pie, grabbed the slightly dismayed Japanese girl's hand and pulled her and her luggage towards the exit. *"I'm standing a bit awkwardly with my trolley! Before the Servi-Car-Guys give me a ticket, let's get a move on."*

In a sprint they run to the short-term parking area in front of the terminal. The young American headed for a champagne-colored, open-top Mercedes SL Roadster. In no time at all, the two bags and the hand luggage of the well-traveled passengers were stowed in the trunk and in the rear. After Ai had also taken a seat in this luxurious car, they set off at an accelerated pace towards Niuiki Circle.

There, right on the beach, was her uncle's property with an unobstructed, breathtaking view of the Pacific. The Interstate H-1 was quickly reached, but after that it was slower going. The road meandered through the city and led the crew of the Mercedes from traffic jam to traffic jam.

But this gave Ai the chance to take a look at her driver and her uncle's girlfriend. She estimated this brunette with the slightly faded hair to be in her mid-late twenties at most and after her first appraisal it was clear to her that this was a classic surfer hippie girl. Her clothes alone gave this away in an impressive sense.

Apart from a knotted shirt thrown over her head, the girl was only wearing a very tight, brightly colored bikini top and daring blue jeans hot pants. This ensemble revealed a hell of a lot of her tanned body. The color of her skin alone stood in stark contrast to the Japanese paleness of the import from Nippon. She was also around 180 cm tall, which clearly towered over the petite Japanese woman.

Her radiant face was framed by more than shoulder-length hair that had been bleached by the sun and sea. This was complemented by perfectly shaped eyes with long eyelashes and natural brows as well as a sensual pout with that captivating, typically American smile. The ensemble was crowned by a perfectly shaped nose with a nose piercing and picturesque freckles. But this package was almost lost when you looked at the rest of this American.

Her body shape!

This body was truly breathtakingly modulated. It was petite, yet muscular, slim and athletic. But also elegant. And above all, it was blessed with her feminine, fascinating and provocative attributes. Ai estimated that her companion didn't have a bigger bust than she did, but due to her extreme thinness, this maximum estimated C-cup seemed quite ample. But it suited her, just like her ultra-long, graceful, yet muscular legs.

All in all, this woman was blessed with a beauty and charisma that was more than intimidating and few females on this planet could match her physically. Plus, she was also friendly and winning and seemed content with herself and the world.

Everything that Ai currently was not, or did not have.

After driving for just under thirty-five minutes, they left the interstate and turned onto Niuiki Circle. Less than two minutes later, the driver was already steering the roadster onto the driveway to the estate. Surrounded by a rustic wall with an electric gate, the courtyard, garage and entrance area were clearly visible once the gate was opened. From the street view, only a few palm trees were visible, but now the ensemble of buildings was revealed in all its beauty.

The style of the villa was modern and open, yet with traditional Hawaiian architectural influences. Everything was well maintained and you could see that the residents were definitely not starving. Only the Ford F100 pickup truck parked in one corner of the courtyard had seen better days, but it was impressive with its phalanx of surfboards and equipment.

A surf mobile par excellence.

We quickly parked the Benz in the garage, unloaded our suitcases and bags and set off on a tour of the property. The main house was definitely unique. Thanks to the open structure, you could see the Pacific Ocean from almost every angle. Its deep blue water reflected the sun's rays in a way never seen before. The furnishings of the villa were definitely luxurious, Ai had never seen anything like it before. Even though her foster family wasn't poor, a house like this definitely didn't exist in Ibusuki, her small hometown deep in the south of Kyūshū.

She quickly moved into her room with the help of the American and then stood in amazement in the outdoor area of the property. The garden was crowned with an infinity pool, more palm trees and a terrace with a jetty directly on the Pacific.

Simply impressive and beautiful!

"Really cool here? I think it's really good too, especially as you can take your board straight onto the water from here. It saves a lot of driving to the surf spots, but only if you want some peace and quiet. Otherwise, of course, there's more going on at the spots. You know: sex, drugs and rock'n'roll." The surf girl laughed with her engaging and infectious smile, and the Japanese woman was also infected.

"Come on, let's splash around in the pool a bit and then we'll have a bite to eat. But you won't get in the water like that. Clothes are strictly forbidden here! So down with the pants!"

Almost at the end of the sentence, the girl dropped her covers and Ai could now see the full God-given beauty of the woman in her mid-twenties. The tan was definitely seamless, no bikini stripes or pale areas could be seen.

No!

All parts of the body therefore showed the same degree of tanning, with the exception of the light brown, medium-sized areolae with the mamillae and the sparse body hair, which had an almost blond, sun-bleached color. The rest of the body hairiness was a victim to the US waxing. Classically removed under the armpits, on the legs and in the private parts area.

With a skillful pike jump, she dived into the pool and after a lap through it, she returned to the starting point and pulled herself up to the edge of the pool. *"Come on, now, or are you a coward?"* Of course Ai wasn't, and as far as nudity was concerned she was certainly no slouch, after all onsen visits were a regular ritual in her home country, but here and now? Especially without a shower and body wash beforehand. But her foster mother had warned her about the American barbarians.

But if that was the custom here. Why not! She quickly peeled herself out of her clothes and stood stark naked in front of the pool, where she also skilfully dived into the cool water without hesitation. Where she was immediately welcomed. *"Hey beauty, you're as white as cheese, doesn't the sun ever shine in Japan?"*

And then she continued snorting. *"And we really have to do something about your hair downstairs, you can't even wear bikini bottoms, the black frizzy hair is sprouting everywhere. You can't do that here in the States."* She gallantly and very intimately took Ai in her arms, and the two women touched each other fiercely.

This touch caused the young Japanese woman to show a clear, previously unknown physical reaction. This touch and the subsequent echo were irritating and pleasant at the same time. The surfer girl then crowned the situation with a kiss, which she frivolously placed on the pointed mouth of her fellow bathers.

This was all new for Ai and somehow made her want more.

After more splashing around, it was time for a late lunch. Afterwards, the two women passed the time idling and doing nothing on the covered, shady veranda, as the afternoon sun was not to be underestimated, even for the well-tanned. Of course, this was especially true for the pale Japanese woman. This was followed by a shower and a dressing up, as the owner of the property was expected back at the latest around 17:00 HAST, who wanted to receive his niece in a proper manner, so the nudist get-up didn't quite fit the bill.

Then the time had come: an elegant, light blue Ferrari 365 GT4 drove into the courtyard and a tall man emerged from the interior. It was Paul-Walker Duhan, Ai's uncle. The man in his late forties was in good shape visually, but even if you could see the luxury life in his girth, his physical fitness was still in the positive range.

Especially since he had been with his girlfriend for more than eight months now, the pounds were tumbling off. Yes, she was good for him, very good in fact. In every respect!

He was fascinated by this young woman.

On the one hand naïve, on the other blessed with an open-minded intelligence, because what her body reflected with its contradictions continued to manifest itself in her character traits, she was open, but at the same time closed, whenever he thought he had now found the key to understanding her, the next situation would bring great uncertainty upon him again when this woman repeatedly turned his world view upside down. He loved her for that.

Although it was clear to him that he would never have her to himself, because Kirsty-Lou Eastman was free and independent, enjoying the moment and her lust. She took what she wanted. But so far she always came back to him. Still. But he was certain that sooner or later the day would come when she would simply move on and end their time together. He dreaded that day. That day would change everything. Even his life.

Because his known life would then end!

After a warm welcome, some small talk about the arrival and the general state of the guest and other more or less trivial matters, we went to dinner, which was also served on the large terrace with a view of the Pacific. As always, housekeeper Chan had done her best and served a selection of local and international dishes. Her Chinese flavor could always be tasted. However, the guest from Japan was somehow not hungry and it was only thanks to the good coaxing of the host that she was able to enjoy the delicacies a little.

But all in all, they finally wanted answers to their questions.

After what felt like an eternity, dinner was over and now it was time to shed some light on the darkness. Now it was time for Ai to finally start asking the questions that had been burning on her mind. To finally get some certainty.

At last!

The conversation between the two of them seemed to go on forever, the more answers and the true story she got about her parents and the events of the past, the more questions piled up. It was not until well after midnight that her hunger for the truth was satisfied and she was able to go to her room with a reassuring feeling. Sleep was out of the question, her thoughts kept revolving around what her uncle had told her. All the terrible things! But also the positive and beautiful things. Above all, the fact that she had been able to dispose of her father's assets since this week, when she came of age in the US.

Paul-Walker Duhan had made sure that his niece had built up a tidy sum over the years, which she could now dispose of and enjoy a freer life from now on. Towards morning, she finally got the sleep she had longed for, but it was to be short-lived.

Ai woke up in a sweat after a restless dream, everything around her was so surreal. It was pitch black and at first she couldn't figure out where she was. A glance at the LED alarm clock shining in front of her brought certainty. It showed:

04.24 JMT: November 16, 1991

Only slowly did she realize that she had been dreaming and had come to terms with her time in Hawaii. This episode in her life around fifteen years ago had shaped her and made her what she was today.

She was startled for a moment! The sound of breathing and a warm body could be felt next to her, and slowly the memories of the previous evening and night came flooding back. After the obligatory celebratory beer, she had gone to one of the bars in Nagasaki's Chinatown. There she had met this damn good-looking European and taken me home. His package and, above all, his skills had not disappointed her, he was good. He was even very good and knew how to spoil her and satisfy her lust. The thought briefly occurred to her to wake him up and continue what they had recently stopped.

But after this dream, her thoughts revolved around the events and, above all, the insights that the visit had brought. She owed so much to all the truths, the insights, the freedoms she experienced and felt, all these quintessences. It all changed her life!

It was the start of a new life.

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