An Uncle’s Love

By sohochap

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Dear, dear Xiao-Li

This is one letter you will never read. Still, the story must be written down lest the memory, unexpectedly, should ever fade.

I first met you, of course, when I married your aunt. You were 17, your sister Jing-fei, 19. She was the firstborn of the oldest child in the family, always a princess, spoiled by all. She was the effervescent one, always eager to please. You were the quiet one, holding something in reserve.

Two years, perhaps three, after that first meeting, Jing-fei came to this country to continue her studies at UB. You remained in college at home, with plans for you to join Jing-fei when you graduated.

That was when we got know each other. To be accepted by UB, you had to get an adequate score on your TOEFL exam, and you needed to submit an essay that would assure you a place. We were soon in the thick of an e-mail correspondence that started with my help with your English, and soon progressed to sharing ideas, and eventually thoughts. My heart went out to you as you confided in me. You were so fearful, so afraid of failure, expecting failure. You said nothing directly of your relationship with Jing-fei, but slowly, by hints and allusions, it became clear to me. Jing-fei, the princess of the family, who could do no wrong, dominated you. She reinforced the loneliness and rejection you felt as the second child. She poured quiet scorn on your abilities, and she owned you by convincing you that you could do nothing without her.

My heart bled for you, not least because I knew the loneliness you felt, although for my own reasons. Some people, perhaps most, live on the surface, are outwardgoing and gregarious. Others of us live always in an inner world, seeing and understanding things that others, it seems, cannot see. The true rare joy that we experience is when we meet that other person with whom we can share that inner life, and the secrets do not need to be told because we recognize ourselves in the other.

I loved what I saw in you, and gave you as much support as I could to make up for the indifference that had been your lot since you could remember. I loved your mind, your bright intelligence. And you responded with your courage and determination.

When your fears were overcome, you, as I knew you could, aced your exam, and wrote, with only limited help from me, a sparkling essay. You, too, came to UB, and you and Jing-fei took that apartment together. I knew that this would mean a resumption of the relationship and her domination of you, but although I had given you a measure of self-esteem, I knew it was not enough for you to withstand Jing-fei's manipulation, which was, in its way, comforting in its familiarity. All seemed to go well, until one day a wholly unexpected call came from you.

"Uncle Charles, would you be terribly disappointed if I dropped out?"

"Xiao-Li", I responded, "I could never be disappointed in you. What's the matter?"

"Oh, Uncle Charles, I'm so unhappy, Jing-fei is putting me in such a difficult situation."

It appeared that Jing-fei had found a boyfriend. Your problem, you said, was that Jing-fei often stayed at the boyfriend's apartment, and when your mother called, you had to lie to cover her absence. We both knew that your mother's typically Asian tolerance for matters sexual stopped, as it were, at the water's edge, namely at any thought that her daughters would be other than virgins when married. It was not a trait that had been inherited, quite obviously.

I knew there was more to your anguish than that. I understood that the sister who had dominated you from childhood had found a replacement. You were discarded. You had been abandoned. I went straight to the heart of the matter. I told you that this was one of the pains of growing older. Things change. We move on. I told you that this would pass, and that you would find someone, and you would not be alone.

"Nobody wants me," you said, "I have no boyfriend, and no likelihood of getting one, and I'll grow old as a virgin."

"Rubbish," I said. "I can tell you that if I were one of your fellow students, I couldn't wait to get into your pants." You giggled, for the first light moment in the conversation.

"Besides," I said, "Don't make losing your virginity an end in itself. You know I believe that sex is wonderful, and, as they say in Texas, too much ain't enough, but the first time is unique, and it should be special enough to remember, and not just a desperate score. You know my views. We've talked about it. Most people seem to think that sex, and love, is a limited resource, and you have to be careful not to use it up, whereas the truth is that its more like something that becomes more abundant with use. Love is additive."

Then you made my heart stop. That was when you said, “Uncle Charles, I love you. I want you to be my first.”

I paused, not knowing what to say. What was the meaning of your words? Was I to take them seriously, and respond accordingly? If I did, and if you were speaking metaphorically, not seriously, how I might shock you and forever destroy the relationship between us. On the other hand, you had with those few words made real something I had secretly ached for. Yes, oh yes, I wanted you. Wanted to make love to you, to kiss and caress your tender young body, and make you a woman. If I reacted too dismissively, and you meant those words, I might destroy the possibility of realization.

“Xiao-Li,” I said, “it moves me deeply that you should even think of giving me such a gift.” We said no more.

I still knew no more of how serious you might be, or whether this was just banter. Your lithe young form haunted my dreams, however. Then came that Summer, and we came up to pick you up at UB to drive together to stay at Niagara-On-The-Lake. We were taking Jing-fei and her boyfriend also. It was that that unexpectedly rocked my world in a mild way. You, your aunt and I were out walking in the village, and you aunt whispered to me, “Hold Xiao-Li’s hand. She feels left out with Jing-fei and her boyfriend.”

I reached out, do you remember I wonder, and took your hand. And it was not like taking the hand of child to cross the road, but it met a response from you and I felt a jolt of intimacy and sharing. My God, how I treasured those moments, unwittingly blessed by your aunt. They fed the dream that one day we would be together in the most complete act of sharing that two human beings can experience. Did you ever realize what was constantly in my thoughts when we were together? Did you realize how I ached for you when you gave me a parting hug, and for a few moments I held your magnificent young body, and felt your firm, pert breasts against my chest? I treasured those moments.

Was it to remain a fantasy forever? If so, it was a wonderful fantasy, but I could see no way of making it happen in reality. But then came that following Summer, when you had been staying with us in the City. We had been planning to drive upstate together, you, your aunt and I, taking you back to UB, but also planning a week in Niagara-On-The-Lake. In fact all was planned, when your aunt gave us the bad news that she would go on a business trip and not get back until the day after we had planned to leave.

It was now or never. I was risking nothing by making the suggestion, but still my voice was initially thick with anticipation as I suggested as casually as possible, that you and I could drive up, and your aunt could join us in Buffalo by flying directly there. Anticipation, because I knew we would break the trip midway, and stay overnight in a hotel. And so it was planned. You would drive, since you had

recently passed your test, and were proud of your skills, and I was proud of them too, and wanted you to feel the pleasure of demonstrating them for me.

It’s always a pleasure to leave the City and head upstate, but to travel alone with you made it especially delightful. We talked of many things, and listened to much good music together, until a mile or two short of the hotel I had booked for us, taking a suite to cover all possibilities. We ran into road building activity, and were stopped. That was when you fell silent, and reached out to take my hand. Without a word, we turned towards each other, and our lips met. As they did your tongue passed my willing lips, and as our tongues touched and caressed each other passionately, I knew that the dream would become reality.

Without saying more as the traffic started moving, you took your hand to steer, and I reached out to gentle squeeze your thigh. “I am so glad we decided to take this trip,” you said.

I can remember nothing of checking in. All I can remember is our walking into the suite together through to the main room, with its kingsize bed, me dropping our bags on the way. You turned to me and we kissed, you arms holding me tightly, you pressing your body against me. I showered kisses on you, on you neck, behind your ears, then gently undoing a button of your white blouse, down towards the tops of your darling breasts. Quickly, the rest of the buttons were undone as my kisses covered your shoulders and I reached back to undo your bra and free those breasts. Meanwhile, you pulled off my tee shirt and ran your fingers over my chest. I dipped my head and cupped each breast in turn and kissed your young girl‘s nipples that had never known a man’s lips. Oh, your breasts. I kissed and caressed them, gently squeezed them. I ran my tongue just underneath each nipple in turn, and a soft moan escaped from you.

At that I sank to my knees, and thrust my tongue into your belly button as I undid you belt, and unbuttoned your jeans, sliding them down so that my hand caressed your firm young butt as I pushed them down and helped you step out of them. As I bent down my face came level with your crotch, and I caught the heady scent of your pussy just an inch or two away. Unable to resist, I kissed your pussy through your panties, and you hands came down and pressed my face into you.

As I stood, you undid my belt and my shorts fell to the floor. I led you to the bed. The bed where it would happen. You lay down, and I lay beside you, my left arm holding you to me, while my right reached down to slide your panties down, and as you lay in your nakedness, I kissed your dear face, then passionately on the lips, then rained kisses on your shoulders and your breasts. Finally my lips enveloped your nipple and I alternately sucked on it, and let my tongue caress it. As I did so my fingers reached your honeypot, with its tuft of Asian hair, and I dipped them in the juices that were already flowing, only stopping to lick and taste before stirring the pot. We looked into each others eyes as my fingers worked their magic, dancing between the lips and around your love button until

you began to moan, then erupt in cries of delightful agony.

I stilled my hand and held you tight to me for a few moments until I slid onto the floor, turning you as I did until you were across the bed with your butt at the edge. As you lay back, I explored your legs with my tongue first the calves, then gently up the inside of your thighs lifting your legs as I did until I kissed you, first one side, then the other, in those delicious hollows that framed your pussy with its dark and secret Asian slit that promised so much. Now you understood, and you reached out to take from me your legs, pulling them apart and up, presenting your whole womanhood for me, inviting me in. I knelt, and helped to lift you up and towards me with one hand on each of your butt cheeks, then bent and danced my tongue around the puckered brown hole that some day someone would be lucky enough to penetrate.

Your juices were running freely again, and I lapped them as my tongue moved up to that slit that would soon give up its secrets. As you pulled your legs back it opened as a flower, and my tongue began its dance with a first stroke up your lower lips from bottom to top. Then I played around and among them, then circling your clit as you moans increased, then circling it with my lips and gently sucking. As I kissed, licked and sucked, your movements increased, sometimes seeming to want to pull away, which I resisted with those hands firmly holding your butt cheeks. Finally, your hands came down from your knees to hold the back of my head and push my face into your pussy, as you screamed your delight, and your juices gushed.

“Charles, I want you now! Take me!” you screamed, and I stood, and touching my rock hard dick between your lips, I thrust deep into you. It was easier than I thought. You had clearly prepared yourself in the course of self help. All of the joy of the first time without the pain. I pounded into your warm tight soft wet pussy with all my might. Your cries, and mine, each told the other of the joy we were feeling and sharing, any they mounted until at last I came thunderously, pouring my hot sperm deep into my beloved niece‘s belly.

There was never again an opportunity to be together. Maybe it was just as well. It was unique and special. It couldn’t have a future. As it is, it is a treasured memory. I know that it is as treasured for you as it is for me because I feel it in your fleeting and intimate touch when our lives bring us together. In the family hugs that are perhaps a little warmer than they might have been had we not shared that night. I am so proud of you. Proud that you are happily married. That you got your doctorate when Jing-fei dropped out.

I love you Xiao-Li.

Charles