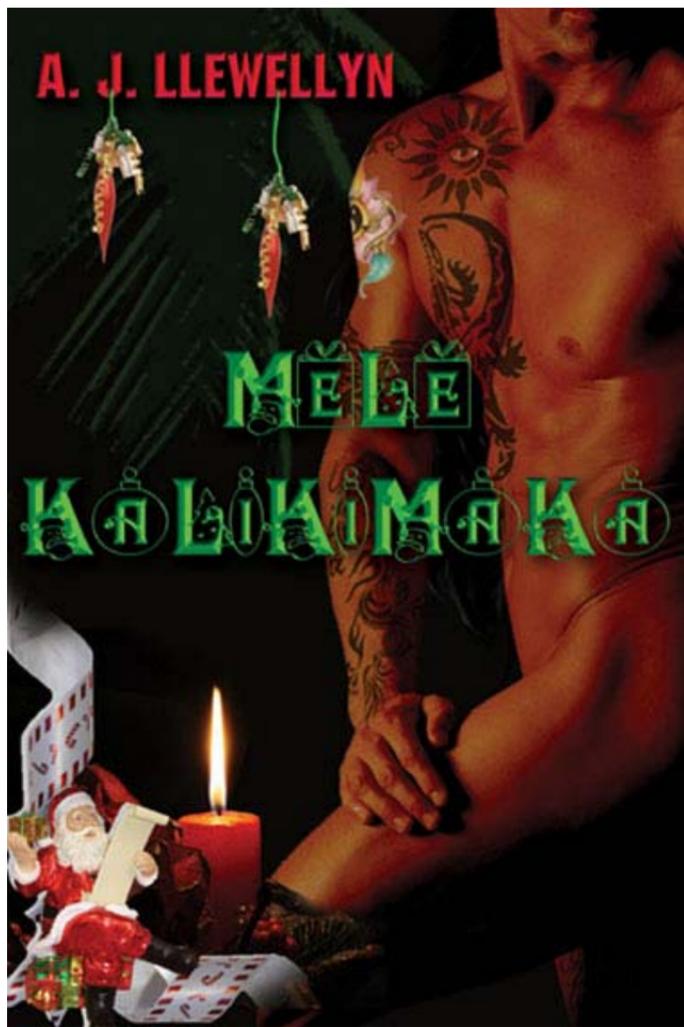


A. J. LLEWELLYN

МЕЛЁ
КАЛІКІМНАКА



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Mele Kalikimaka

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Mele Kalikimaka

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By

A.J. Llewellyn

A.J. Lewellyn

Dedication

To Madame Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes.

Chapter One

I was fuming. I sat in the family car feeling like the Grinch invaded my body, but I just couldn't help it. My husband Kimo was having fun in the sun with our children and I glared at him, wondering how he could be laughing and having so much fun when we were having our first ever, honest-to-goodness fight. We never fought. It was December twenty-third and we'd been counting the *seconds* to our first Christmas with our children. And now, I was the unhappiest man in *Waikiki*, sitting alone in our family SUV. It was hot. I squirmed in my seat. If I were to be honest, seeing that magnificent Christmas tree being raised high above the ground at *Honolulu Hale* was a proud moment.

No. I was upset. Mad and upset, I tell you. A tap on my window startled me. A forest of gray Shirley Temple curls greeted me. My *Tutu*, my

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grandma, bashed the window a little harder when she thought she wasn't getting a reaction. I lowered the window and she climbed up on the runner by my door. She looked like a *Hawaiian* holiday postcard in her red *Holulu* dress with reindeer and yellow hibiscus dotting it, her head topped by a yellow sun visor and I knew she was wearing flip-flops with matching yellow hibiscus flowers the children had glued on for her.

"*Lopaka*, my boy, why you poutin'?"

"I'm not pouting," I pouted.

"You know that Santa knows who's been naughty and who's been nice."

I almost laughed. No, that would be too easy.

"Unlock the other door."

"No."

"*Lopaka*, you're being very unreasonable. The whole family is here and the children think you're mad at them."

"I'm not mad at them. I'm mad at...*him*."

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She reached a hand into the car and almost lost her balance out there. I grabbed onto her and she frowned.

"Lemme in."

Sighing, I unlocked the driver's side door and she ran around, scooting in beside me.

"He called me a fuddy duddy."

"Well, you know you can be, sometimes, *Lopaka*."

"Who's side are you on?"

"I don't know yet. What happened?"

Skewering her with a venomous glance, I folded my arms again. Man, I *was* acting like a fuddy duddy.

"Talk to me, baby." My grandma put her hand on my head, stroking it, the way she did when I was a little boy. *Tutu* raised me and our bond had been sacred, until she met Kimo and now her loyalties were split. She loved him, *adored* him. And sometimes, just sometimes I wished she would take my side just because... "He wants to have a circle jerk."

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"Well, that sounds..." she hunted for an appropriate word. "Fun."

"You don't even know what it is."

"I can't imagine my Kimo would do anything to hurt you, *Lopaka*."

And then he was right there beside me. I had no idea how he appeared there when two seconds ago he'd been on the grass playing with the children. I kept forgetting I was married to a shape shifter. I could feel him, twenty-four hours a day moving through me, in my thoughts and prayers and now he was leaning into the window.

"*Lopaka*."

I didn't want to look at him. If I looked at him this close, if I allowed contact, it would all be over. I would give him anything he wanted. I felt him in my mind, felt his pleasure with my train of thought. He grunted, leaning into the window and then his tongue went right into my mouth.

Tutu cackled. "Amma gonna go watch them get ready to plug in the lights. I hope old man Carson splits his pants like last year! That was classic!" She threw open the door and jumped, almost falling to the ground. Kimo kept his mouth on me

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and my resistance of course was futile. I was lost in him, as always. I loved him so much it hurt. His mouth moved over mine, his hands on my face, holding me to him, demanding complete attention. His tongue moved in my mouth and I grabbed his wrists, keeping him to me.

He took that velvety tongue away, gasping for breath. "Does this mean you're not mad at me anymore?" Before I could respond, his tongue flicked at my throat and my pulse raced. Oh, for a bedroom...I shook the thought from my head like loose change from a piggy bank.

"As soon as we get home, I'll fuck you." He kissed me hard, his whole body pinning me to the seat. God he was a specimen. Six feet, four inches of *Hawaiian* sinew and muscle. Long gleaming black hair, the dancing *Kahuna* pride of the islands and those fearsome tribal tattoos running the entire right side of his body.

"*Lopaka*, I could spirit us away right now, you know that. But we've been waiting for the tree lighting ceremony." He glanced back at the children, distracted by their grandparents. His hands roamed my face. "Why are you so upset?"

"Oh, Kimo. Why do you want to have group sex?"

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He looked affronted. "I don't want to have group sex." Before I could retort, he rubbed his thumb across my lips. "It's a circle jerk. Big difference."

"But--"

He kissed me again, effectively throwing my brain into reverse. Our closest friends and neighbors, *Aloha* and his husband Johnny who lived on the same mountain road beside our own sprawling property, had invited us to a Christmas Eve circle jerk. They thought it would be fun to invite their best, closest gay friends to an evening of gourmet food, gay porn and a session of jerking off. They assured us it was the hottest thing in gay circles. So many men feared the new rise in HIV and AIDS, instead of orgies, they jerked off together. The hottest variation on this theme was for longstanding couples to join in the fun. Yes, it would be hot since we wouldn't be husband swapping, but Kimo and I had a disastrous threesome with Johnny--who was my lover before Kimo--long before we were married.

Kimo broke off our kiss. "What if he can't keep his hands off me? Is that what you're thinking?"

I just stared at him, panting hard from that sexy, toe-curling kiss.

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"Don't you see this is why I want to do this? I violated our rules when you and I spent that evening with Johnny. I...this is important to me, *Lopaka*. I love the idea of being naked with all those hot guys, knowing they can look at you and not touch you."

"Or you." My voice sounded sharp...*frightened*.

He smiled and I almost came in my pants. God, he just did it for me. "Especially not me. Don't you think it's kinda hot, baby? I mean, think about it. Exactly a year ago we were newlyweds, just starting our lives together. Now we have three children of our own, our nephews...a huge family and we still fuck like bunnies."

I laughed then. He was right. We did.

"Baby, I want them to see my name tattooed on your ass, your name tattooed on my cock. I am so proud of that. We have to pick a really hot porn movie to take with us. Say...what do we wear to a circle jerk?"

"Not much," I muttered.

Kimo laughed. "I gathered that. But we could get dressed up, right? Look nice for each other?"

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"Yeah...we could." Dang, the guy was getting me all hot and bothered just thinking about it now.

"So we'll go?"

"Of course we'll go. What do you think I am? A fuddy duddy?"

Kimo's mouth twitched. "I shouldn't have called you that. I'm so sorry, baby." He leaned in for a swift kiss. "I'll make it up to you, I promise."

"Yes, you will. As soon as we get home."

He opened the door. "Come on, *Mybaka*. They're gonna plug in the lights!" He took my hand, snatched the keys out of the ignition and we ran across the grass. Our toddler son Kimo, the mirror image of my husband, reached up his little arms to me and I lifted him up, cuddling him to me. He always managed to smell of strawberries to me. I kissed his little cheeks, doing an automatic kiddie count. My mother-in-law was pushing our six-month-old baby twins, *Pele* and *Kamapua'a* in their shared baby buggy. I was surprised they were still happily sleeping in spite of all the noise. Our twin six-year-old twin nephews, *Keli'i* and *Kamaha*, were now sitting on Kimo's shoulders and my little boy Kimo was stroking my face.

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I cuddled him tighter, catching the radiant look of love on my busy husband's face.

Yeah, we were family men, but hotter than Hades for one another.

Kimo, I want to be back home before midnight. I want to be with the children every second of Christmas Day, I telepathed to him.

He turned to me and smiled again, just as a roar went up in the crowd. *Keali'i Reichel*, the greatest singer in the *Hawaiian* islands, had just arrived on horseback and the children started screaming. They knew he was going to plug in the lights and *Honolulu Hale* was going to be a tropical winter wonderland. I gazed at the statue of our first and greatest king, *Kamehameha*. He was standing outside the *Hale*, our court and political buildings, weighed down with hundreds of fresh flower *leis*, but I swear I saw his face moving. I saw him smile as *Keali'i Reichel* held up the plug.

"*Mele Kalikimaka* everybody!" he shouted.

"*Mele Kalikimaka!*" we shouted back.

There was a pause. "That wasn't very good!" he roared. "Come on, *Waikiki*, let's put some *ha* into that. Let's try it one more time! *Mele Kalikimaka!*"

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"*Mele Kalikimaka!*" we thundered back and Baby Kimo chortled on top of it, making everybody laugh.

The lights went on, the tree was officially gorgeous and my husband kissed each of our family members in turn, before giving me and Baby Kimo a little extra, special attention.

You gave me the greatest Christmas of my life last year, he telepathed to me. This year it's my turn. This is going to be one Mele Kalikimaka you never forget, Mypaka.

I laughed, accepting another one of his fabulous kisses.

"Oh, nuts!" my grandma's shrill voice invaded our sexy moment. "Old man Carson didn't split his pants."

Kimo's black eyes gleamed and I knew the poor city councilman was suddenly going to find a big hole and a lot of breeze right where he didn't want them.

A roar of laughter went up and Kimo grinned at me. My grandmother was rolling on the grass she was laughing so hard. I shook my head. I was married to a very bad man.

Chapter Two

"What's a circle jerk?" *Tutu* asked me for the twentieth time. I found myself blushing once again. I stirred the pudding mixture in my bowl, watching the children squeezing the presents under the tree in our living room. We had a big open plan layout that allowed *Tutu* and me to be in the kitchen cooking, but to feel like we were part of the festivities in the living room.

The children were hysterical now as they jostled paper wrappings, squeezing and shaking every last package. I shook my head. My husband was the worst offender, pulling out the hard to reach packages, *accidentally* unwrapping things too tantalizing to ignore.

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"Cheap paper, baby," was his standard response whenever another gift was opened.

"Honestly!" My grandma shook her head. She dropped her voice. "Do you think he knows where we've hidden the secret stash of presents?"

"Lord, I hope not," I whispered back as Kimo shook a big box in his hands. This is what happens when a child is denied Christmas. He grows up to be a thirty-eight year old man who has to open *everything*. So far, I'd managed to block the image of the secret stash from him. Whenever his thoughts flew into mine, I distracted him with images of me sucking his cock. What man doesn't like *those* images? Better than sugarplums dancing in his head...man...he was there again and I sent him a message loud and clear. *You owe me makeup sex.*

He happened to *inadvertently* nudge open the wrapping on a gift for *Tutu* from her husband Sammy. "Oops," Kimo grinned and then his nose wrinkled in disgust. "Look, *Tutu*, another bar of soap from Sammy. That makes seven. Think he's trying to tell you something?" Something way back under the far corner of the tree caught his eye and Kimo tossed the soap aside.

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"Oh, look!" he screamed. "This present is for *The Three Caballeros*. Any idea who they might be?"

"Me!" screamed our nephews and Baby Kimo. Oh, God...I was hoping he'd skip that one. I started helplessly as the kids jumped around excitedly, their little hands trying to reach for the big box.

"Are you sure you're *The Three Caballeros*?" Kimo asked as the boys climbed all over him. *Tutu* and I couldn't help laughing as they lunged for the gift.

"Oh look, a train set!" *Keli'i* and *Kamaha* squealed in unison.

"Choo choo!" Baby Kimo was hopping around now, wrestling his father with his cousins for possession of the box. The boys had been *desperate* for a train set since we have no real trains in *Hawaii*. This was the starter kit...the boys had no idea of the massive additions *Tutu* and I had bought for them.

"I love choo choos!" Kimo snatched the box away from the kids, a flushed look on his face.

Tutu gripped my arm. "You'd better get him in that bedroom and let him play with *your* choo

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choo or there will be tears in about five minutes and I'm not talking about the children."

The boys were trying to grab the box out of Kimo's hands.

I've got a special choo choo for you, Kimo...in the bedroom. Now...

The toy train lust in his eyes quickly turned into something else. "I gotta go, kids, but I'll be back." He dashed off to our room, the boys taking hold of the half-opened box. I gave *Tutu* a wink.

"Quick, run, before he comes back," *Kamaha* urged the other boys in a dramatic whisper.

In the bedroom, I found Kimo pacing. "What took you so long?" he growled, snatching me into his arms. He glued his mouth to mine, flicked our door shut and locked it with an imperious wave of his hand, his attention fully on me.

"I think we ran out of presents, baby," he murmured between kisses.

"We never run out of presents, Kimo." I *loved* his kisses. I craved his kisses and now, he was all worked up. My hot *Hawaiian* man wanted *his* hot

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Hawaiian man and his feverish gaze was on the big lump forming in the crotch of my board shorts.

His hand went right to me, making me twitch. "God, how I love this cock." He pushed me back on the bed, hurling himself between my legs. He unfastened the toggle tie, ripped the Velcro snaps of the fly and slid the shorts down my thighs. I was naked and ready for my husband and he made a low noise in his throat when he saw how hard I was already. He fell to his knees, taking my cock into his mouth. Kimo's hands went to my balls and ass and I felt one of his fingers stroking my ass hole and my legs flew open.

His mouth came off my cock seconds before I was about to explode and, frustrated, I thrashed around on the bed, begging him for his mouth. He threw my legs up, licking the backs of my thighs and I needed that tongue on my ass now. He read me so easily and his mouth moved over my smooth, waxed balls and down to my ass.

He pushed my legs higher so that my knees were on my chest, my ass open to him. Kimo licked and ate me with such voraciousness, I was once again on the verge of coming, but knowing my body as well as he did, he stopped, giving me one last flick of that wicked tongue. He stood up.

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"Stay there," he commanded.

I held my legs to my body and watched the man I love undoing his shorts, heard them falling to the floor. His cock was rigid, yearning for me.

"Please let me taste it," I begged.

"No, *Lopaka*. Daddy needs to put some babies in you now." He bent down to me, putting his tongue in my mouth and my spirit somersaulted as he cut right into me. I gasped. I was used to his huge cock, but sometimes I forgot just how massive he was. He moved in and out of me, anxious to have all of his eleven inches completely imbedded in me. As soon as his balls slapped hard against my ass, he relaxed a little, but his focus was still intense. He made me swoon without even trying. The physical heat between us was so powerful I was sweating and he knew I wanted him in me all the way. He pulled out just a little, only a little before immersing himself fully again.

"I love how hard you stay when I'm in you." Kimo's mouth went to my nipples and it was all over for me. He hit that magical spot, my prostate, kept a hold of my hips and sawed gently back and forth because he could feel my whole body shaking.

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Gazing into his eyes, I couldn't speak, only telepath, *I am coming, Kimo, I'm coming*, and I watched the feral delight he took in the pleasure he gave me. He gave me a double whammy, his orgasm roared over mine. I felt wave after wave of the most incredible joy. Kimo's mouth crushed mine and I wound my legs around his waist. This drove Kimo crazy in his final moments of climax. My legs holding him to me was an extra rush and he cried out as he buried himself deep inside me to the hilt.

He lay on top of me, half kneeling on the floor, half on the bed and we lay like this, needing the profound connection, the erotic contact that never weakened, no matter how many times a day we fucked each other.

When he could finally speak, he stroked the sweat and hair out of my face.

"I know your fears, *Lopaka*. You think if we're around all those guys, we'll be...or *I'll* be interested in fooling around. There isn't a chance in *hell* that's going to happen. There is however, every chance I'm not gonna be able to stand it and I'll have to fuck you. I don't care who's watching."

Grinning, I reached up for another kiss. "I can't wait."

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"You sure? You don't mind being married to a man who still has serious ownership issues?"

"Very sure. You see, I happen to have a few of my own."

I felt his cock hardening in me again. "Then you'll call Johnny and tell him we're coming?"

"Yeah."

He put hot kisses on my face and chest. "Under *huna* law, you're my wife and a wife is supposed to obey her...or his...husband. But um...I can't seem to penetrate some things, like where you've hidden the *real* Christmas presents."

"I've got some moves on me, don't I?" I wriggled around on the bed, my ass muscles working to pull him into me deeper.

"Yeah, you do...*Lopaka*, you really do." He took himself out of me. "Tonight, baby. I'll put this back exactly where it belongs."

We cleaned up and dressed quickly, throwing on our shorts again. I couldn't wait to be back in bed with him once the kids were all asleep. Last year, we had missed Christmas Eve entirely because exactly one year ago, *Tutu* and I cooked

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dinner for our respective husbands and for Kimo's parents, putting a special little leaf into all the men's food. It was supposed to induce sexual euphoria. Instead it knocked us all out until Christmas Day. This year we were expressly forbidden to get creative with *any* herbs and spices. Kimo gave my ass an extra long stroke as we left our bedroom.

"Where are the kids?" he asked, looking for them everywhere. In the living room, which smelled wonderfully of roasting turkey, *Tutu* gave me a thumbs up as Kimo wandered out the front door.

"They're playing with the piglets in the pig sty with Sammy," *Tutu* confided. "They say Kimo's a toy hog."

"He *is* a toy hog." I grinned. Wait until he saw all the fun gifts I'd bought him. My baby girl was fussing. I could hear her on the baby monitor and I rushed into her room, which was right next door to our bedroom. *Pele* had kicked off all her covers and grinned gummily when she saw me peering over the edge of her cot, then immediately started wailing again.

Kimo and I were so tuned into our children, he was by my side as I held our only, precious

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daughter in my arms, stroking her back. She loved having her two daddies to fuss over her and Kimo was as enthralled with her as she was with him. *Pele* was the fussy, vocal one. Her brother *Kamapua'a* was the relaxed kid who smiled all day long.

"You want to feed her?" I asked Kimo who nodded eagerly. I opened the fridge. We were low on breast milk. My sister *Maluhia*, who had been a surrogate for us, was expressing milk for us every couple of days. She lived in her own house on our massive mountain property with her husband Raul and the twins. It was her first Christmas with Raul whose family was from the Philippines. Christmas Day was going to be a massive family event with all our families merging and she wanted a special Filipino meal complete with a *parole*, a Filipino Christmas star on top of the tree.

We were all for it. We loved Raul's family, but her plans had kept her so busy we were down to two bottles of milk. I had to remind her we needed more joy juice, as Kimo and I called it. I handed him one of the bottles. Kimo had the power of volcanic fire at his fingertips. He could heat anything in his bare hands, even make a wonderful fire. It's very handy when you're out of matches and it's mind blowing in the bedroom, but he doesn't know his own strength when it

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comes to warming baby bottles. Twelve seconds is all it takes for him to have the milk just right. In the past we had melted bottles, burned milk and screaming babies.

"I think *The Three Caballeros* are hiding from me." He was counting the seconds and slipped the bottle's nipple into *Pele's* hungry mouth. He studied my face. "So many secrets," he chided.

"You take care of our little doll and I'll call Johnny and *Aloha*." Kimo grinned as I picked up the cell phone. I stepped outside. I was so in love with our lives and our incredible home. The night air was cool and the scent of our mingled flowers and fruit growing on our land made me deliciously woozy.

"Are you coming?" Johnny asked as soon as he picked up the line.

"I just did, actually," I laughed.

"Thanks for sharing," he chuckled. "I don't know how you two do it with all those kids." He paused. "Kimo has no idea where the real presents are does he?"

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"No." I was so pleased with myself that even in my bliss when I was totally vulnerable to him, I had kept the secret safe.

"Cool. I'm worried he's going to figure out they're here when you come over tomorrow night."

"I plan to keep him very busy."

"Good man. So lookit, wear whatever you like, come around nine. Bring your favorite porn and a bottle of champagne."

"How many guys will be there?"

"Seven couples."

I was starting to feel excited.

"It's gonna be fun. *Aloha* is walking around with a perpetual hard-on."

"Oh, I guess now I should be thanking *you* for sharing."

He laughed and I spotted the boys coming toward me. I wished Johnny a good night. I closed the phone, threw my arms open to my gorgeous

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boys who all rushed to me, eager for hugs and kisses.

"Daddy Kimo didn't open all our presents?" was *Keli'i's* first question.

"Not even close."

The Three Caballeros grinned at one another. "Cool!" they announced in unison. I could have predicted the next thing on their minds would be food. Baby Kimo, who was a mere two and a half years of age, worked so hard to keep up with his older cousins and I knew he was anxious to eat and to be held. I took him into my arms and he snuggled into me.

Maluhia and Raul appeared, holding a giant chocolate cake. "And we brought some joy juice," Raul grinned, holding up a carry bag.

"I guess it's really Christmas then," I grinned and Baby Kimo slipped from my arms, joining his screaming cousins, running into the house.

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Chapter Three

Fly Me to the Moon, let me sing among those stars...

Kimo's black eyes flew open and I burrowed into him in bed, grinning. For a moment, sheer emotion overtook both of us.

"Is it Christmas Eve morning?" he whispered.

"Yes, darling, it really is."

"We didn't miss it?"

I shook my head.

"You know I've never fucked you on Christmas Eve before, *Lopaka*."

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"You're going to do a lot of things to me this Christmas Eve you've never done before."

He grinned. "What's that I smell?"

I almost couldn't speak. I had hoped so hard to surprise him and now it looked like I'd done it. He raised his head from the pillow we were sharing, his long black hair tumbling around his shoulders. He took another appreciative sniff.

"Is that...that isn't Captain Cook pears I smell?"

I nodded and Kimo pulled me into his arms. His cock was hard, hard, *hard* and I needed it badly. "You remembered, Kimo."

"How could I forget? *Lopaka*...I fucked you on the first day of Christmas with the juice of those pears all over our bodies. That song was playing on the I-Pod and...*Kona* Nightingales were outside the window."

"Yes, they were. So, I recreated everything, minus those braying donkeys."

He kissed me. "You're the most wonderful husband a man could have. You know my biggest fear is waking up and finding I've dreamed this life with you."

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My fingers touched his face. "Mine, too."

He dropped his mouth to mine and we kissed and licked each other's faces as Frank Sinatra reminded Kimo, *You are all I long for, all I worship and adore.*

"Give me a pear." Kimo's voice was thick with arousal and emotion. I reached into the basket beside me. He held one of the large, spicy pears to his nose as he got between my legs.

"Even when we are grumpy old men, I'm going to fuck you like this every Christmas Eve, *Lopaka...fuck you hard until you come--*" his face registered a flurry of feelings. His fingers crushed the pear and juice and pulp covered us both.

"What is it?" Normally I could read his mind. He was better at blocking me than I was at blocking him, but I was able to read that he was worried the children would stampede into our bedroom at any moment.

"I need to suck your cock!" I shrieked and I swiveled underneath my husband whose legs opened up until he was straddling my head. Pear juice trickled down his groin to his delicious ass. Kimo reached for another pear and the cool syrup trailed down to my mouth. We both let out groans

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and then Kimo's mouth was engulfing my cock. I poked my fingers into his ass as I guzzled pear nectar from his cock and the balls that were my obsession.

"Come here," Kimo rasped and climbed off me.

"Give it back to me, give it back," I whined and he rolled me onto my belly. Kimo rarely fucked me this way, but I loved it. It made me feel like his wanton little whore and I was nice and lubed since he'd spent half the night fucking me. He slipped right in and that raging fire burst between us again. He talked a lot of crazy nonsense in my ear, fucking me with the sort of relentless passion I never thought possible until I met him. I came all over the sheets as Kimo squeezed another pear all over my back and thighs. He came so fast, both our heads were spinning. I was on my knees, my ass arched right into his body and he stroked my back and thighs.

"*Lopaka*, I don't think I ever told you I would have fallen in love with you no matter whether you were a man, a woman or even a giraffe. I would still have wanted to be with you." He held my body to him and he slurped up the juice from my skin.

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"Oh, Kimo..." my body shook under the force of his scorching hands and he sighed.

"I hate to do this my love, but..."

There was a hammering at the door. "Open up! Open up!" *The Three Caballeros* were up and ready to be at 'em.

Kimo and I slipped away from a long and beautiful family day a few minutes past nine on Christmas Eve. We tucked all three boys into Baby Kimo's huge sleigh bed, which we bought to accommodate all three of them on the twins' frequent sleepovers. They'd written notes to Santa, left milk and cookies, ignoring Sammy's suggestions that Santa would prefer beer. Sammy knew this because he was playing Santa.

The boys left out carrots, tops intact for the reindeer and fretted that a burning log fire would turn Santa away from the chimney, but our mountain gets very cold at night and we persuaded the boys that Santa would arrive long after the fireplace had cooled. By morning, the boys didn't know it yet, but their bedroom would be filled with presents.

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We didn't have our usual languid, sexy bath together because the kids had kept us busy, but we did have a very sexy shower together, washing each other's hair and fooling around until it was time to get dressed.

I lay on the bed, stroking Kimo's impressive cock and every now and then he would take my hand away when he was getting too excited.

"Should we wear underpants?" he asked me.

"You know I love you going Commando, but maybe we should, you know, just to be polite. We may strip down to our undies before getting right to the main course...Kimo, I don't think I'm going to be able to keep my mouth off you."

He chuckled. "Who says you have to?"

"Well, it's a circle jerk...hand jobs. It's not supposed to be cock sucking."

"Have you been to one?"

"No," I admitted.

"Well, if what *Aloha* says is true, most of those are horny guys getting together and stroking

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off...we're all couples. I think the rules bend a little there."

Yeah...all the way inside me.

Kimo grinned when he caught my nasty message. I put on a pair of skin tight black jeans Kimo picked out for me with a 1950s vintage gray and black, skin-tight Lanerossi shirt and black boots. He couldn't keep his hands off me. I was having some hands-on fun myself watching Kimo slip on his tight new vintage Levis with the button fly. He kept batting my hands away because his cock was so hard he was having difficulty keeping it inside the tiny briefs I picked out for him, let alone buttoning his jeans.

He looked sensational in the sleeveless black leather vest I insisted he wore with them and his boots. We grinned at each other.

"All the other guys are gonna be so jealous of me," he crooned, running a possessive hand along my crotch. We'd toyed with each other getting ready, but held off any sucking and fucking, anticipating one incredibly hot evening. Now, as we approached the entrance to their farmhouse, Kimo drew me into his arms and held me.

Mele Kalikimaka

"I love you so much, *Lopaka*. Thank you for my life. Thank you for being the hottest husband a man ever had..."

Shutting him up with kisses, I felt my heart racing with my constant need for him and he moaned into my mouth. We could have dropped to the ground and gone at it right then and there.

He broke off our kiss, his mouth against mine. "We've come such a long way, baby. A year ago, baby Kimo was just a child I fathered for Nicky and *Kaiona*, now he's our own precious son. You've given me two beautiful angel babies and thanks to these two wild and crazy guys..." he jerked his thumb toward *Aloha* and Johnny's door. "We have your sister and those adorable twins...and, *Lopaka*...I need you so much."

His mouth swooped on mine again and the front door opened.

"Och, I thought I could hear the sound of smooching. Come in you two." *Aloha*, Johnny's tall and rugged Scottish husband's real name was Alex, but his love of everything *Hawaiian* earned him the nickname of *Aloha*. He's a wonderful, lovable guy. He hugged us both and Kimo looked up to notice mistletoe above our heads over the

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front door. He went to kiss me again, but *Aloha* dragged us into the house.

"Wait...take the boots off," he grinned. "Johnny's so superstitious about street shoes in the house." We were islanders, too, and understood the taboo. We quickly added our boots to the growing pile outside the door.

There wasn't an ugly guy in sight. Kimo and I traded huge smiles. The place was jumping with Eartha Kitt singing *Santa Baby* on *Aloha's* jukebox in the living room. I had done a Christmas striptease for Kimo to that song. I'd worn holly berries on a tiny g-string that didn't last long in my husband's sex crazed hands.

"You are the hottest stripper *ever*." His lips moved from my ear, kissing me hard on the mouth. Man, we were already on fire. He kept his arm around me as *Aloha* introduced us.

"My God, those tattoos!" One guy gasped when he took in Kimo's fearsome appearance. "Are they...real?"

"Of course they're real," *Aloha* scoffed. "And if you don't mind your manners, he'll turn you into a toad."

Mele Kalikimaka

A few guys laughed, some looked petrified and Kimo handed *Aloha* our bottle of Bollinger. *Aloha* popped the bottle open and we toasted each other and our little circle jerk. *Huh-oh*. I'd forgotten how Kimo loses all inhibitions after just one glass. I had to warn *Aloha* to go easy on my husband, or else the circle jerk would turn into a floorshow for two.

Aloha and Johnny's house is a love song to music. Records, CDs, eight tracks, you name it, line cedar shelves in almost every room. They have furnished it in a fifties retro fashion and they even have toys from the era...which our three boys adore. I was hoping to be home by midnight, but nobody seemed to moving toward the living room sofas or the huge throw pillows piled in a suggestive, seductive way on the floor, surrounding the massive flat-screen TV. Kimo and I did not have a TV. We watched our occasional gay porn DVDs on our laptop in the bedroom,

"What did you bring?" Johnny came over to greet us wearing a pair of purple harem pants, and a string of love beads around his neck. He hugged us both and, for a moment, my mind turned a very dark corner recalling the ill-fated threesome Kimo had suggested we have with him. It had been in the early days of our courtship and was the first man Kimo had ever had sex with...he

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wanted Johnny and I agreed to it...and the jealousy nearly killed me.

Lopaka...don't. I looked up to see the happiness fade in Kimo's face.

I can't help it, Kimo. I love you so much.

It will never happen again, I promise you.

I nodded and the radiance shone in his face once more. He gave me a beautiful kiss as Johnny snatched the DVD out of Kimo's hand.

"Francois Sagat and Francesco D'Macho. Oh, these are hot guys. You should see what Frankie over here brought. A classic bareback DVD from the seventies!"

The party started at that precise moment. A naked man wearing nothing but a tiny gold thong that left nothing to the imagination, freshened everyone's drinks. Kimo pulled me to the sofa beside him and stared at the TV as two guys with very big dicks and very long sideburns started sucking at each other in earnest.

Kimo grinned at me and I curled up in his arms as he relaxed against the sofa.

Mele Kalikimaka

"This is just like high school," one of the guys said, settling into his lover's arms.

"Really?" Kimo shot me a curious glance. "I never did this in high school. Did you, *Lopaka*?"

"*Lopaka* and I had a couple of circle jerks when we were living in *Maui*," Johnny announced, slugging back his champagne and pouring himself some more.

Kimo gave me an incredulous look.

"No, we didn't," I shot back.

"Yes, we did...oh...wait...That's what I did when you were working nights." He shrugged. "Sorry, sweetie."

I was mortified. My feelings for Johnny were long dead. We'd split because he was a chronic cheat. Now I felt even more cheated knowing he'd been doing things like circle jerks while I was out making a living. Our entire relationship was a lie. I wanted to go home. I was so grateful to share my life with such an honorable man like Kimo and I wanted to be alone with him and our babies.

He put down his glass and took me in his arms. The kiss he gave me dampened my armpits and

the hair at my scalp. And it didn't stop. I was aware of a few guys watching us and I was aware of the hot man-on-man action on the screen. The sounds of two guys fucking distracted me for just a second. I lifted my face from Kimo's to see the top guy taking his enormous cock out of the bottom and plunging it straight back in. Over and over again, he withdrew completely, the bottom shrieking for that dick in his ass and the top would stick it back in. The bottom was having a whale of a time and I turned my attention to Kimo's tight jeans. He was hard and I popped open his buttons. I'd begged him to wear briefs and now I was frustrated to have them separating me from his cock.

Kimo stroked my head and I moaned when I saw his massive tool sticking out of the side of those briefs. I licked it through the fabric, moved to the head, which was very hot, and swiped my tongue along the slit. Kimo raised himself so I could slide his jeans down and I snatched the briefs down his thighs. His proud erection sprang out at me, pointing right at my mouth.

"Look at that," the guy next to Kimo gasped. "Is it...is it real?"

I looked up, dazed from my cock feast. "Yeah, isn't he amazing?"

Mele Kalikimaka

"That must be...what, eleven, twelve inches?"
The guy was scrutinizing it. "Can I touch it?"

"No," I frowned. "It's mine. It's even got my name on it. Look!"

The guy stared. "Did that hurt?"

Kimo was laughing now as I wedged my hand between his thighs. "No. I had a hard on the whole time. And look where it belongs." He picked me up by the back of my pants, yanked at my crotch to liberate me, his hands pulling everything down my legs. He threw me over his lap, his hot, throbbing cock trapped between our bodies. My face was squished into the sofa. He stroked the letters of his name tattooed across my tailbone and the effect was like striking a match against my skin. These tribal tattoos were our pride and our passion.

"Wow." The guy sounded awed.

"Yeah. Beautiful, huh?" Kimo bent and kissed my ass. I tried to raise myself and Kimo flipped me over onto my back. I was embarrassed, but God help me, I was hard. "*Lopaka's* got a nice big cock, too." He stroked it. "Ain't it a beaut?"

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I flipped myself back over and started guzzling on Kimo as his long fingers started stroking my ass.

"My God," the guy said to me. "That big dick must do wonders to your prostate."

I took my mouth off Kimo. "You have no idea." Kimo grabbed his cock and threw it back into my mouth and the fun really began. Somebody put on a DVD called *Knocked Up*, one of our favorites because the guys really connect in that movie and because they all fuck bareback. The guys in the room were in various stages of nakedness. I stole glances and saw that there were a few huge dicks, but Kimo's ruled. Two of his fingers slid into my ass and my mouth sucked in the full length of his cock. We came together, Kimo feeding me his hot, sweet and sour seed and me, all over him and the sofa.

It was an amazing sight, watching all these men who loved each other, pleasure one another. Kimo wanted to fuck badly now and he picked me up, his cock still rigid and I kicked off my pants still dangling around my ankles. I mounted him facing away from him, my hungry ass claiming what was rightfully mine. Across the room, a naked *Aloha*, wearing nothing but a black jock strap had Johnny on his back and was licking out his ass.

Mele Kalikimaka

On the screen, the top, a very hot European guy was shaking as he started to come. He pulled his erupting cock out of the man he was fucking and steamed right back into him, the bottom guy gushing in his own release. The sounds all around us were incredible. As I rode my husband, he kissed my back. Leaning forward, he picked up his champagne glass and sipped, offering me some from his mouth.

"Kimo," I groaned. He was hitting all the right places and he grabbed my hips. Johnny smiled up at me, his open legs waiting for *Aloha* to dive into him and Kimo's hand went to my shoulder. He pushed me down onto him and fire erupted in my belly. *Knocked up*. The movie title was how Kimo and I felt each and every time he fucked me.

We came together, a couple of guys on the floor right in front of us jerking themselves off with us.

"Wow," Kimo grinned. As each couple started to come back to their senses, I remained astride my husband whose cock was still hard inside me.

"Let's finish with that circle jerk," Johnny grinned. "Some of you have children to go home to..."

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"How many you got?" everyone started to ask. I stood beside Kimo as we got into a circle, stroking our cocks. It was a total waste of his precious seed as far as I was concerned, but man, what a sight!

Suddenly the door flew open. There was a scream. There stood my *Tutu*, her husband Sammy and my father-in-law, Kimo Senior, whom we all called *Papa Nui*.

The scream came from the two men who covered their eyes and ran from the room. My mother-in-law, *Mama Nui* walked in and just grinned.

"*Tutu!*" I shrieked, the first one in the frozen circle to make a move. "What are you doing here?"

She advanced toward us, her grin a mile wide. "Look at them willies! Is this a female fantasy or what?"

A couple of guys in the circle picked up their clothes and ran naked out of the house.

"*Tutu*, what's going on?"

She was taking a good look at all the wieners on parade. "My Kimo's got the biggest."

Mele Kalikimaka

Oh my God...

"And my *Lopaka's* got nothing to be ashamed of." She was sounding smug. She glanced at one guy with the smallest dick I'd ever seen and she shook her head, patting his shoulder in a consoling way. The guy covered up his privates and went slinking away.

"*Tutu!*" I shrieked again as Kimo pulled on his jeans.

"We came to get the Christmas presents. But, *Lopaka*, somebody took them. They're all gone!"

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Christmas Day

"*You* took them?"

"Of course I took them. I knew where they were. You can't keep too many secrets from me, *Mybaka*." Kimo threw me over his shoulder, holding me to him with one hand, our boots in the other. "That'll teach you a lesson to hide them from me."

Tutu trotted back home with us. "So the toys are not lost?"

"No, the toys are not lost. But I am a little hurt that you two went to such lengths to hide them from me."

Mele Kalikimaka

We arrived at the front door and Kimo dropped the boots outside, depositing me inside on the floor. "They're all in Baby Kimo's room."

Tutu and I looked at each other and ran to the room. Sure enough, you could barely see the boys or the bed for all those toys. Kimo stood in the doorway, a defiant smugness to his folded arms. One hand reached out and fondled a gift.

"Can I open just one, *Mybaka?*"

"No! I've got other things for you to open. Come with me."

"Oh, you want to play choo choo again, *Mybaka?*"

"I always wanna play choo choo, Kimo."

"Not so fast! Somebody has to eat those cookies and carrots." *Tutu* sent us into the living room. We poured the milk back into the carton and Kimo and I ate most of the cookies and nibbled on the carrots. I had one dangling from my mouth as I penned the kids a thank-you note from Santa Claus, doing my best to disguise my handwriting.

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Kimo was leaving a trail of fireplace dirt out toward the front door. Oh, the boys would be thrilled. Kimo's hands moved around my body.

"Oh, *Mypaka*, that really turns me on watching you with that carrot in your mouth. You are so hot."

I grinned. "You ready to play choo choo now?"

"Yeah." We ran to our room and he kicked our door shut. We played choo choo until around five in the morning. Kimo, lying on top of me, opened one eye and announced, "It's Christmas Day!" Leaping from the bed, he threw on shorts, gave me a kiss and rumbled down the hallway to wake the boys.

Kimo had difficulty rousing them, but the joy on their faces when they saw all those gifts was something I will never forget. Baby Kimo kept bouncing up and down on the bed calling, "Mama!"

"I'm here darling!" I cried, loving the fact we had to move a mountain of toys to get to our little boy. He hurled himself into my arms.

"*Mele Kalikimaka*, Mama!" His dear little face covered mine with kisses. The twins threw

Mele Kalikimaka

themselves at us and we all kissed and hugged each other.

"Ahem."

We turned and Sammy, looking very pleased, nodded to me.

"Okay, Kimo, baby Kimo, *Keli'i* and *Kamaha*...there is a very special present waiting for all four of you outside the house."

"Oh, boy!" Kimo ran from the room, the three boys right behind him. It was wonderful to see their faces when they saw what we had done. *Tutu*, Sammy, Kimo's parents and I had managed to keep the biggest secret ever. We'd bought an old sugar train from *Kauai*, two carriages and the driver's cabin. Kimo's dad handed Kimo a train driver's hat and he climbed on board with the boys. They ran from carriage to carriage and I couldn't wait until we'd constructed a mini railway track and had it running around our property.

"*Aloha! Aloha!*" the boys kept waving from the windows.

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"*Aloha!*" we shouted, waving back. I spied a holly bush and noticed a beautiful sprig with bright red berries meant just for me. And Kimo.

He was at the wheel of the train, the boys climbing all over him. Later, when I had him to myself, he'd get a sextacular Christmas strip tease and I would get to play choo choo with the hottest train driver in all the world.

Hawaiian Glossary

A Word about the Hawaiian Language:

There are 12 letters in the Hawaiian alphabet: the five vowels: a, e, i, o, u and the following consonants: k, l, m, n, p, v and w.

Until western missionaries arrived in the islands, there was no written Hawaiian language. The early missionaries worked at creating a written language. Though many Hawaiian words are long, they are actually pronounced as written - but here is a rule of thumb:

A is pronounced like a in 'father'

E is pronounced like e in obey or fete

I is pronounced like i in marine or pique

O is pronounced like o in rose or vote

U is pronounced like u in rule

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Ukulele for example is pronounced Ooo-ku-lay-lee

W in the middle of a word is often pronounced like a V

Vowel combinations:

Ai together are pronounced like aye

Ae together are pronounced ah-ay

Au and Ao sound the same: ow

Ou together are pronounced oo

Words *

A'a (ah-ah): a lava stone

Ala'e (Aha-la-ay): Mud hen

Ali'i (ah-lee-ee): Royalty

Aloha (Ah-low-ha): Love, a greeting, hello, good
bye

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Aloha Aina (Ah-low-ha eye-na): Love for the land

Aumakua (Ow-mah-koo-wa): Family guardian spirits

Awa (Ah-wah): Piper methysticum, also known as *kava*. A non-addictive drink used by the *kahuna* ceremoniously, it induces a euphoric state

Da kine (Dah-kyne): A local island expression word frequently used for good, also, means 'like, you know'

Ha (Hah): breath

Hale (Hah-lay): House

Hana (Hah-na): A town in Maui, also means work

Hanai (Hun-aye): Adoption, literally and figuratively

Haole (How-lay): Foreigner

Hau 'oli la hanau (How oh-lee lah-hun-ow): Happy birthday

Heiau (Hay-yow): Temple of the Hawaiian islands

Honu (Ho-noo): Turtle

Ho'oponopono (Ho-oh-pon-no-pon-no): To make things right, family process for resolving problems

Hui (Hoo-ee): group

Hula: dance, a sacred dance

Huna: secret, to conceal

I'ao (Yow): Sacred mountain in Maui

Ike (Eee-kay): Spiritual knowledge, power

Iki (Ee-kee): Little

Ipo (Ee-po): Sweetheart

Ipu (Ee-poo) gourd

Ka: Exclamation of surprise: Ka!

Kahu (Kah-hoo) Guardian, caretaker

Mele Kalikimaka

Kahuna (Kah-hoo-na):

Kai (ky): sea water

Kalakaua (Kah-la-kow-wa): Last Hawaiian King, also the major thoroughfare in Honolulu

Kamapua'a (Kah-ma-poo-ah-ah): Revered Pig God, lover of Goddess Pele

Kamehameha (Kah-may-ha-may-ha): Dynasty of Hawaiian kings

Kamohoali'i (Kah-mo-ho-ah-lee-ee): Shark God, brother of Pele

Kanaka (Kah-nah-ka): Local, islander

Kane (Kah-nay): Man

Kapu (Kah-poo): sacred, forbidden, taboo

Koa (Ko-wah): Native hardwood, also means brave

Kokua (Ko-koo-wa): Help

Kukui (Koo-koo-ee): candlenut tree, also means light

Kumu (Koo-moo): Teacher, source

Kupua (Koo-poo-ah): Spirit being

Kupuna (Koo-poo-nah): ancestors

Lahaina (Lah-high-na): Capital city of Maui, old whaling town

Lanai (Lah-ny): Hawaiian island, also verandah

Lani (Lah-nee): Sky, heavenly

Lehua (Lay-hoo-wa): Flower of the Ohi'a tree, sacred to Goddess Pele

Lei (Lay): garland

Lili'uokalani (Lily-oo-oh-kah-lah-nee): Last Queen of the Hawaiian Islands

Lolo (low-low): Crazy

Lomilomi (Low-me low-me): Massage

Lono (Lon-oh): Hawaiian deity

Lua: (Loo-wah) Ancient form of dark arts, sorcery

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Luuu (Loo-wow): Feast

Mahalo (Mah-ha-low): Thank you

Mahalo Nui (Mah-ha-low-noo-ee): Many thanks, big thanks

Maika'i (My-ky-ee): Good, fine. Also, a Maika'i Card is a widely used discount card for Foodland supermarkets

Maile (My-lay): A fragrant vine used for ceremonial leis

Makai (Mah-ky): Toward the sea - a typical way to give directions in Hawaii

Makani (Mah-ka-nee): Wind

Makua (Mah-koo-wa): Parent

Mala'ma (Mah-lah-ma): Take care

Maluhia (Mah-loo-hee-yah): Peace

Mauka (Mow-ka): Toward the mountain - a typical way to give directions in Hawaii

Mana (Mah-na): Spiritual power, vital life force

Mele (May-lay): Song, chant

Menehune (Men-ay-hoo-nay): Hawaiian fairy folk, also an early race of people living in the Hawaiian Islands

Moi (Moh-ee): majesty, king or queen

Molokai (Moh-low-ky-ee): Hawaiian island, former leper colony

Ni'ihau (Nee-ee-how): The Forbidden Island, accessible only by invitation

Noa (No-wah): Freedom

Noho (No-ho): seat, possession by a spirit or god

Oahu (Oh-wah-hoo): Island

Ohana (Oh-hah-na): Family

Ola (Oh-la): Life, health

Olelo (Oh-lay-low): Language

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Ono (Ohn-oh): Delicious, tasty, good

Pahu (Pah-hoo): Drum

Pakalolo (Pah-ka-low-low): Marijuana. Each region has its own colloquial variation such as Puna Butter, Kona Gold

Paniolo (Pan-ee-oh-lo): Cowboy (from the Portuguese language)

Pau (Pow): Finished

Pele (Pay-lay): Hawaiian Goddess of the volcanoes

Pilikia (Pee-lee-kee-a): Trouble

Pohaku (Po-ha-koo): Stone

Poi (Poy): A paste made of ground taro root

Pomaika'i (Poh-my-ka-ee): Blessed, fortunate

Pomaika'i au (Poh-my-ka-ee ow): Blessed am I

Pono (Po-no): Right, order

Pu'a'a (Poo-ah-ah): Pig

Pue'o (Poo-ay-oh) Hawaiian owl

Pule (Poo-lay): Prayer

Tapa (Tah-pa): bark cloth made from the mulberry tree

Taro (Ta-row): The most important food source for the Hawaiian people. This root crop is the basis for poi.

Ti (Tee): A plant of the lily family. Its leaves are used in ritual

Uhane (Oo-hay-nay): Spirit

Unihipili (Oo-nee-ee-pee-lee): Spirit of the deceased, often residing in the bones

Wa'a (Wah-ah): Canoe

Wahine (Wah-hee-nay): Woman

Wai (Wy): Fresh water

Mele Kalikimaka

Waikiki (Wy-kee-kee): Capital city of Oahu

Wehiwehi (Vay-hee-vay-hee): Fish goddess

***Please note; all of these words appear in A.J. Llewellyn's books, though not in every story.**

A.J. Llewellyn

About the Author

A. J. Llewellyn lives in California, but dreams of living in Hawaii. Frequent trips to all the islands, bags of Kona coffee in his fridge and a healthy collection of Hawaiian records keep this writer refueled. A. J. loves male/male erotica, has a passion for all animals (especially the dog, the cat and the turtle). A. J. believes that love is a song best sung out loud.

A. J.'s website is located at:

<http://www.ajllewellyn.com>

A. J. can be reached at this email:

AJ@AJLlewellyn.com

Visit his myspace page at:

www.myspace.com/ajllewellyn