



Phantom  
Lover

A. J. Lewellyn

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by

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*To Madame Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes...*

## Chapter One

“Have you seen my earrings?”  
“No, I haven’t,” I said, feeling guilty about brushing past the bizarre woman screaming from the window of the convalescent hospital backing onto our hotel in *Lahaina*, Maui.

Since I’d arrived on the island a few days before, the woman, clearly demented, had asked me about her earrings each time she saw me. At first I thought there really were earrings, until I heard a nurse admonishing her. “Get back in your bed right now. Leave that poor man alone.”

I mumbled my negative response, but the woman kept staring from the window as I ran past her.

Letting out my breath, I luxuriated in my brief downtime to enjoy Front Street, the center of the old whaling town of *Lahaina*. Some people said it was a crazy street and indeed it was full of wild, wacky stores and restaurants, but there was a vibe to Front Street that never failed to lift my spirits.

I had just half an hour before I was due at hula

rehearsals. I couldn't be late today. Kimo Wilder, the greatest single male dancer in all of the islands, was making his first appearance for rehearsals of a new show we would be touring throughout the Hawaiian Islands.

Kimo Wilder. My absolute, all-time, number one crush.

Now, I just had to see the painting, feast on it one more time... Please, God, don't let somebody buy it, I thought as I cleared the last two blocks to *Lahaina* Art Gallery and there it was. The artist called it 'Phantom Lover' and Kimo Wilder modeled for it. She had captured every fearsome detail of his six-foot, four-inch frame. The perfectly chiseled arms, the powerful thighs, his heavy-lidded eyes and long, gleaming black hair he usually wore back in a ponytail. His eyes were closed in the painting, his mouth at the throat of a beautiful woman. They were standing together, but he was a ghost, vanishing beneath those beautiful thighs.

He was her Phantom Lover.

"Back again, Bobby?"

I stared back at Johnny, ironically my own Phantom Lover. We were a hot item once until his dick grew restless. A musician by night, he managed the gallery by day and had a real eye for talent. He dressed the window with only the painting and special lighting that showed the

Phantom fading via different lights.

At night, he vanished from the canvas completely. People like me came and stared at him for hours.

And I was about to start training with the man who inspired the art.

“Had any offers on the painting yet?” I asked Johnny.

“No.” He shrugged. “People love it. The buying people, the damned tourists say, ‘Oh, where’s the dolphins? Where’s the ocean waves?’ Damned *haole*.”

I laughed. Front Street was filled with enough stores where tourists could buy the kind of paintings they thought of as ‘Hawaiian.’

Phantom Lover was something different, not just art. It was light, fire and movement trapped in time. It was also true to the man who, by all accounts, spent hours posing for the artist at different times of day to catch the final disappearing act.

She painted him naked from the left side, so there was no hint of the striking, quite formidable tribal tattoos marking the real Kimo Wilder. His entire right side, from the side of his face, down his neck, arms, torso, thighs, past his ankle was marked in heavy black ink symbols signifying his status as *kumu hula* — hula master — and keeper of knowledge. With each step of his spiritual

evolution in the art of ancient hula, more tattoos were added.

There was nobody else like him. Only three keepers of knowledge were left alive. The other two were extremely old. He was a rarity because he was only thirty-six. Everything about Kimo was alluring and sexy to me. Except that he was married and I had never heard of him having a single gay tryst.

Not one.

And let me tell you, he was so virile and so compelling, every hula dancer I knew, male and female, drooled over him. However, he was very loyal to his wife. I wished he'd like boys, just a little bit. Me in particular.

I smiled, looking at his perfect hands on the face of the woman in the painting.

"Bobby," said Johnny, who was still my occasional lover. "Quit dreaming. It ain't ever gonna happen."

"Yeah, I know. But fantasies are free, right?"

"I guess. I'd pay to hear about your fantasy, though. Looks like it might be worth a million."

"You're goofy."

Johnny was a classic pretty boy. Japanese, Portuguese, French and Hawaiian. I wasn't exactly chopped liver myself, but for some reason, Johnny just couldn't be faithful.

"Hey," he said. "Wanna come by after rehearsal



and hang out?"

Hang out meant fuck, and after looking at Kimo Wilder for the next eight hours, so near, and yet so far, fucking Johnny might be just the antidote I needed.

"Sure."

"I finish at six. I'll lock up and meet you back at my place. Key's in the usual place. Go in, take a shower and er...wait for me naked in bed."

"Will do."

We grinned at each other, already looking forward to the fun we both knew we'd have. Then I remembered the time, running along Front Street to the *hula halau* — hula school — that Kimo Wilder's vast fortune built.

I was so late, I didn't even have time to stop for coffee. I pushed open the wrought iron gate to the house that had been transformed into a dance studio. It was a beautiful old building with high ceilings, hardwood floors and hula memorabilia on the walls and in cabinets.

It sat right on the oceanfront and even now, I could see canoe teams paddling in the distance. It was like I'd stepped back in time. Kimo was inside with the rest of the troupe. Four girls, including Ginger, Jessie, Kalani and Sanoe. All of them talented, energetic girls.

Then there were the three guys, Eddie, who was Ginger's fiancé, Roland, my best friend and

Lon. I was the missing link and I could tell I was in big trouble.

Despite this, the sight of Kimo in person hit me like a left hook to the solar plexus. He seemed bigger, more terrifying than I'd remembered.

I caught the nervous glances from the others as he stared straight at me.

"Bobby Kikawa, I presume? You're late." Hands on hips, he was an utterly imposing presence. Naked to the waist, he wore long blue sweatpants, his black hair caught back with koa wood beads.

"I'm sorry. I was looking at your painting." I bit my lip. Now why did I blurt that out?

He fixed me with his predatory, great shark's eyes. I stared back. His eyes were fathoms of deep ageless mysteries. A strange, unsettling feeling came over me, as if he was a great big hawk and I was a tiny mouse on the edge of the volcanic crater up in *Haleakala*. I felt as if he was about to swoop down and snatch me in his talons and murder me. Eat me alive.

The rest of the troupe looked at me. I saw pity on the faces of a couple of girls. He was gonna chew me up and spit me back out into anonymity, before I'd even had a chance to dance with him.

But then Kimo Wilder threw back his head and laughed. "You saw my painting, eh? That's an excuse that gets you one free pass. Just *one*. So

what did you think of it?"

"It's amazing," I babbled. "I've seen it at all different times of day but it's surprising that just before sunset, your image is strongest. I thought it would be morning, but it's sunset. Then your image just fades away. I've never seen anything like it. By night, she's all alone."

Kimo looked amused. "You really have studied it. She's a great artist," he said. "I believe she was influenced by the work of Leonardo da Vinci. If you ever look at his stained glass of The Last Supper you'll see what I'm talking about."

"Well, let's hope you've been inspired enough to do something brilliant here today."

I sure was inspired. I wanted to get on my knees and suck his cock right that minute, but I was betting that wasn't the kind of brilliance he had in mind. I began to wonder if he'd made it with the artist. Then I decided I just didn't want to know.

"Let me look at you all," Kimo said.

We stripped to our shorts – and tops for the girls – and performed several rudimentary steps for him as he beat an *ipu*, or gourd drum. He liked the warrior chants, which were his specialty and he watched us male dancers do what comes naturally to men of all nations: make war.

He followed us around, his chest muscles rippling in the morning light. The man didn't have

an inch of body fat on him. He was one of the few pure-Hawaiian men left in the islands. His dark brown skin had a sheen I guessed was sweat from an early morning workout and not oil, like some hula dances used.

“You have a classic hula dancer’s body,” he told me. “Very nice definition. Strong arms, good legs. How old are you?”

“Twenty-six.”

“And how long have you been dancing?”

He must have known all this, surely. He’d handpicked each one of us.

My story wasn’t unusual, but it wasn’t pretty. Kimo was staring at me. I wasn’t bad looking; dark brown hair I’d been trying to grow out for the hula show. Brown eyes and skin. I’d never had any complaints but I was picky about my men, ever since Johnny.

I was what they call *hapa hoale*. Half white, half Hawaiian. My mother was a great hula dancer in her day. She was doing well until she discovered alcohol and dumped me with my grandparents when I was six years old. It was my *tutu*—grandma—who raised me and decided I was a chip off the old hula block.

“I’ve been training since I was seven years old,” I said.

Kimo nodded. I wondered if he was somehow psychic, because I felt he was aware of the small,

dormant volcano of ugly memories he'd woken in me. But he said nothing more to me, moving onto the others. Then he clapped his hands, ordering us into a circle as he said a prayer.

We all held hands and I glared at those lucky devils Ginger and Lon, who got to hold his hands. This great dancer's love and knowledge was of *Pele*, Goddess of the Volcanoes. He danced and chanted a long-forgotten piece in which he portrayed her lover, *Kamapua'a*, the Pig God. It was mesmerizing to watch and judging by the look on his face as he did it, intoxicating to perform.

I'd only seen him do it once and spent two years learning his form of hula just for the chance to be a part of his remarkable work.

*Laka* was the Goddess of hula and of the forest, but other dances and chants were told – since there was no written Hawaiian language until the Missionaries arrived on the islands – of Goddess *Pele*.

Kimo Wilder had devoted his life to the study of ancient texts about *Pele* and the various aspects of her life. He had a doctorate and had written several books, but his preferred medium was hula. Not the Disney-does-Hula you see at hotel luaus, but the ancient form you see only in competition.

“When the focus is *Pele* herself, our movements are big and they are loud. We are telling an epic

story of her challenging journey to Hawaii," Kimo told us. "We dance the battles with her sister *Namakaokaha'i* and her love/hate relationship with *Kamapua'a*."

Kimo's most recent award-winning dance was an ancient one that told of her Shark God brother, *Kamauali'i*, who guided her from her home in Polynesia to Hawaii.

He took us through the first steps and we watched his solo, transfixed. If ever a greater hula dancer lived, I've never heard of him.

Kimo praised Ginger the most. It surprised me, because Kalani and Sanoë were both far superior dancers. Ginger preened in his adulation, but I suspected he picked her out because he knew she was Eddie's fiancée and he was doing the Alpha male thing.

Throughout the day, the sound of prayers and chanting from the riveting voice of our lead dancer stirred everybody into top class training. I couldn't keep my eyes off Kimo's body.

He looked like a football player, yet had more grace than any female dancer I ever saw. Up close, I drank in the impressive sight of all those tattoos. I'd studied enough to know the pattern of squares, triangles and crescents for what they were; each told the story of his ascension to a leadership role.

One special set of markings on his face signified his personal endurance and dedication to his

cultural tradition. I recognized the markings of his personal *aumakua*, his family god, and was surprised to see it was the shark. I had expected the pig, in honor of *Kamapua'a*. I wondered where it could be.

"Why are you staring at me?" Kimo suddenly asked me.

"I'm reading your tattoos," I said. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

"What means this one?" he pointed to his temple.

I moved closer to him to take a good look. Up close, he smelled of cinnamon gum and his skin had a spicy, earthy smell. I also detected a good relationship with soap. I had to concentrate not to let my tongue hang out in a helpless drool, like a toothless old basset hound.

"I've never seen that one before," I said, after a long pause. "I assume, since it is close to your tap, I mean marking of knowledge—"

He grunted. "Tap is okay. That means you know our history. That's what it is. Tattoo means tapping. The tapping of the ink...so what does the pattern signify?"

I looked at the patterns above and below the marking he had pointed out to me.

"Is there anything above the hairline?" I asked, earning a slow, delighted smile.

"Yes, there is."

“Well, then I couldn’t tell you because that is the mark of *kaona*.”

Some of the others were glancing at each other, looking back at me.

“And what means *kaona*?” Kimo asked in a teasing way.

“Hidden meaning or secret power.”

“Very good.” He gave me a small clap. “Which means that you could never understand the meaning, so stop trying to read the book.”

I laughed, which seemed to surprise him. “What’s so funny?”

“There’s never been another hula dancer like you, not in my lifetime. Asking me not to look at you is like asking me not to stare if King *Kamehameha* suddenly sprang back to life and wandered in here.”

Then I remembered that King *Kamehameha* had placed a *kapu* on all his subjects. You couldn’t look him in the eye, stand in his shadow, or stand or sit above him. To do so was an instant death sentence.

There was silence in the room.

Kimo’s burst of merry laughter startled everybody. “You’re flattering me.”

“Yes, but it’s the truth.”

He shook his head. “Eh...you have quite a little fire going on in you, for such a pretty boy.” His eyes swiveled to the others. “Let’s get on with it,



shall we?"

He coaxed better work than any of us have ever done before. I watched him flirt in a harmless way with the girls, goading them as hard as he did the male dancers.

At lunchtime, I watched him go outside to eat salad and a piece of salmon. I knew from the endless research I'd done on him that he didn't eat pork, because he felt it was disrespectful to his Pig God, *Kamapua'a*.

He was very quiet, sticking to himself as he ate. He remained outside, watching the ocean waves from the back door.

All around me, the others were chatting, swapping food from their bento boxes like little kids. Outside, a shark circled in the water and I saw Kimo nodding. His personal god had come to bid him *aloha*. Kimo's eyes sparkled when he came back to the group after lunch. I had witnessed something powerful and deeply personal and by the time we held hands for closing prayer, I was more hooked on my personal god than ever.

He recited a prayer of protection, closing his eyes, but mine bore right into him.

'I'm gonna make you mine,' I chanted in silence. His eyes flew open, as if aware of my intentions and once again, I had the thrilling, terrifying feeling of being in the path of a giant bird of prey.

## Chapter Two

Let myself into Johnny's *Lahaina* studio, leaving my shoes outside the door, as was the custom on the islands. It wasn't always a custom, but one that came with the huge migration of Japanese immigrants to the islands in the late 1800s. Johnny's mom, being Japanese, was especially vigilant about shoes and other weird things, like blowing your nose in front of other people.

His mother had peculiar, unspoken rituals that were easily violated, because I swear she made up the rules as she went along. I'll give you an example of these rituals, of which I became a part when Johnny and I became lovers. The first family event I was invited to was his grandmother's funeral.

Believe me, that was creepy. The service took place at the crematorium and we each had to hold chopsticks and pick up parts of grandma's ashes and deposit them into an urn. When it was my

turn, I was appalled to see that some of the bones hadn't broken down in the firing process. I almost threw up on the spot. Trying hard not to embarrass my boyfriend, I picked at the ashes and somehow withdrew a bone. His mother became hysterical because it was grandma's windpipe and only a family member was allowed to touch the windpipe.

So these were Johnny and his people. Weird, ritualistic, but oddly endearing.

It didn't feel as uncomfortable as I thought it would, to be back in his studio. Johnny and I had been boyfriends for two years, until I caught him in bed with our neighbor. That was three years ago and although I moved to Honolulu and pursued my dancing career, Johnny and I stayed in touch and fucked whenever we felt like it.

Since I'd come back to Maui these past few days, we'd felt like it. A lot.

I took a shower and got into the sheets of his futon. I hated that damned futon and remembered endless backaches from sleeping in it. The last couple of days, he'd come to stay at my hotel and the bed there was a lot more comfortable, but didn't have the cool view of the ocean from the bedroom. I got up again and opened the sliding door to the lanai.

Yeah, I missed the view and the gentle trade winds wafting into the studio. But, did I miss

Johnny?

My cell phone rang and I checked the readout. It was my best friend, Nicky, calling me from Honolulu. Nicky moved here from the mainland a year ago and opened a great bookstore and married herself Hawaii's top female hula dancer, Kaiona, which was how I had met her.

"Aloha, Nicky," I said, climbing into bed again. "Howzit?"

She laughed. "Howzit with you, Bobby? I can't believe how much I miss you."

It was good to hear her say that. We'd become so close since I took on a part time job as a tour guide in her store almost a year ago and I'd watched with a mixture of envy and happiness as she and Kaiona grew more and more in love. In fact, last month she'd married Kaiona in the wedding event of the year.

The islands hadn't seen anything like that sumptuous celebration. It was like King *Kalakaua* came out of his grave and married his Queen *Kapiolani* all over again. It was a traditional Hawaiian royal wedding, since Kaiona had ancestors linking her to the Great King *Kamehameha*. Traditional, except that there were two brides.

That was when I glimpsed Kimo in person, in non-dancing form, from afar. He radiated a pure white light, a chemistry you could feel, before you

even saw him. He had that certain...something, that star power, that a few great athletes and maybe a major movie star had.

Johnny said Kimo "carries an angel with him," which certainly made sense. I watched him dance with Kaiona and when I overheard him talk about his new show, I went after it, and him, immediately.

He'd been with his wife Mim, a very large Hawaiian woman who looked older than him and had lots and lots of hair. Nicky said that I was just jealous of her, that Mim was a real sweetheart.

I settled into bed, one ear open for Johnny and talked to Nicky. "I'm naked and I'm waiting in bed for Johnny," I told her.

"You naughty boy," she giggled. "I thought you were supposed to stay, you know, chaste, when you're in training."

"Honey, I couldn't keep chaste if my life depended on it."

Nicky laughed. "You haven't had any action for months. That sounds good, that you're finally getting some. Are you having fun with him?"

"Yes." I didn't add that I wasn't in love with Johnny anymore. Nicky would only worry about me. She wanted me to be in love. She wanted me to be happy.

We chitchatted a moment more, then I heard the key in the front door.

"My lover's home."

"Yippee-ky-yay," said Nicky, finishing the call.

I turned off the cell phone and rushed for the door. Johnny's worried eyes lit up when he saw me naked. He was carrying a sushi takeout box and a bottle of sake.

Taking everything out of his hands, I kissed him. I adored kissing Johnny, the most sensual kisser in the world. It was Johnny who taught me the art of kissing for hours, of hunting and capturing a man's secret crevices and licking and sucking them.

I unbuttoned his vintage jeans and he shook his head as I yanked his trousers and underpants down.

"You always have to go there," he said. "Always in a rush."

If he knew how slim the pickings had been for me in Honolulu this past year, he wouldn't tease me so much.

But Johnny held my head to him as I started to lick his cock. Johnny had the perfect body. Slim, even-toned, his chest and shoulders were well defined. His cock was not that big, which was always a source of disappointment to me, but then I had discovered that a lot of bottom boys weren't well hung.

His cock responded to my resuscitation efforts. I'd given it quite a workout the last two nights and

now it demanded relief. Johnny was unbuttoning his shirt and I dragged him to the futon.

On his knees on the hard Japanese bed, he watched as I kept working on that sweet dick, working his body like an extra long, tasty piece of taffy. He kept stroking my head and I took a mint from the bedside table, put it in my mouth and went back to work.

The vapors from the mint sent a tingling sensation from his lovely, moist cock head all the way to the base of his shaft as I plowed him with my mouth. He fell back on the bed and I stayed on him, coming off his cock only to tell him how good he tasted.

Johnny just watched me, his eyes half-closed. Sometimes he liked to say that he created a monster, a cock glutton, and I always had to agree.

His balls pulled up and I caught them in my hand. I never used my hand on his cock. I took pride in only using my mouth for a blowjob and Johnny watched and let out a cry as he came, sending his molten lava down my throat.

Bucking and bobbing in my mouth, his cock kept giving me more liquid fire. I held onto his hips and lapped up every last drop, releasing him and crunching on the last of the mint.

Johnny rubbed his eyes. When he had a particularly rocking orgasm, that's what he did. He lay back on the bed and smiled.

"You're the only man I know who can pull out those stupid parlor tricks, with the mints, the crushed ice, whatever, and send me to the fucking moon."

"You're welcome," I said, kissing his lips. Johnny held me to him, tasting his own come. We kissed for a long time and I felt his cock getting hard again.

"Let's eat," he said, pushing himself away from me. He moved away from the bed and I watched him put the sushi on plates, heating the sake in the microwave in the tiny kitchen and coming back to bed with it.

"What do you want to watch on TV?" he asked.

"I don't mind."

He handed me my plate, so daintily organized, with the chopsticks he keeps for special occasions and the midnight blue sake cup. Pouring out for both of us, he kissed me and speared a piece of pickled ginger, feeding it to me.

Yeah, I did miss Johnny.

It hurt like hell when I found out he'd been fucking around on me. I blamed myself, my lack of something, for his inability to be faithful. It took me a long time to realize Johnny is weak and easily manipulated into doing just about anything. For him, the thrill is the chase, not the act of sex, or the art of love, despite how much he enjoys it with me.



“Why are you staring at me?” he asked.

I smiled, because it was the second time that day I’d been asked that question. I tried not to think about Kimo’s taut muscles as he glided across the dance school floor. I stayed on Johnny, on the sushi he had bought us.

“Have you missed this as much as I have?” Johnny asked me.

“Oh yes,” I said and suddenly he was on me, his tears shocking me, as he kissed my face and neck, his mouth moving to my nipples, which he knew I loved having sucked, back to my mouth again.

“I’m so sorry,” he said, pulling the plate away from me. “I know I hurt you. Can you ever forgive me? I miss you. I miss your heart. I have your body back, but not your heart and that’s what I miss the most.”

We held each other and kissed again, Johnny’s hands on my chest and stomach. He always loved my body and treated it tenderly. It was just my heart he pulled out and smashed against the wall. The heart I wasn’t sure he could ever have back.

Johnny cried and I hushed him with kisses. He wanted me to fuck him and he moved to my cock.

“I’d forgotten how big it was.” He was on his knees now. Johnny gave good head and I loved watching him suck, even though it had always been too much for him. I let him have his fun and

he looked drunk with my cock, slurping impatiently on it.

“Fuck me,” he said, through his freely flowing tears.

I put him on his back and his legs opened up to me. I wiped at his tears with my thumbs and pulled his legs apart further. I loved looking down and seeing his ass, balls and cock waiting for me. I dropped my head, licking from his cock to his balls, to that cute ass and back again.

Johnny always made a lot of noise when I licked him and pretty soon he was worked up, hollering, “Fuck me,” until I put my cock exactly where he wanted it and plunged it into him.

I loved fucking Johnny and he knew how to move those hips to get more and more of me into his ass. Some guys say they can't take it all but Johnny just always gobbled it up.

“Oh yeah,” he kept saying, breathless now as I held his cock, jerking gently on it. I knew how to time things so we'd explode together. Johnny was better than any girl I've fucked and since I only fucked girls until the day I met him, I knew the difference.

I felt the orgasm building from the base of my spine.

“Johnny,” I said, and he instantly lifted his arms above his head. My mouth dipped to his armpits. He knew that I loved to suck and lick

them when I fucked him. My mouth went from his armpits to his mouth, to his nipples and as I moved back to his armpits, I was surprised to find them wet. Fresh tears were coming down his face.

“I love you, Johnny,” I said, because I knew he needed to hear it. I slammed my cock into him, pumping on his until we erupted in our shared, blissful earthquake and I collapsed on top of him.

Johnny wrapped his legs around me, keeping me there.

When I pulled out of him a long time later, he lay in my arms and I held him, stroking his head and back and he gave me his mouth to kiss. He snuggled into me and I picked up the first sake cup I could find and let him sip some. We nibbled at sushi pieces and at each other’s mouths and finally, I pulled him as close as possible to me.

In the deepening night of brilliant stars blanketing the sky the way it does only on these outer islands, neither of us made a move to turn on a light. I held him tightly with one arm, powering up the remote with the other. I felt Johnny’s heartbeat against my throat, his smile at my chest as we settled into the simple pleasure of watching TV together.

## Chapter Three

A week after we started training at Kimo's *halau*, Johnny surprised me by coming to meet me for lunch. I introduced him with reluctance to the other dancers as Kimo kept up his habit of eating alone in the back yard.

I was reluctant to introduce Johnny, because he'd already burned me once and I'd lost all our friends who'd picked sides in his favor. He was already engaging Roland in the game of "Remember when?"

Roland had been close to me and Johnny. He and his lover David were devastated when Johnny and I broke up. Roland had offered to send a couple of big Samoan buddies over to Johnny's gallery to 'give him what-for' but now you'd have thought they were the best of friends, catching up on old times.

Ginger and Eddie were arguing beside us about whether or not she'd been flirting with Kimo. She had, but I would never tell Eddie this.

Not really being ready to share all parts of my life with Johnny again, I suggested we walk further down to 501 Front Street and Johnny fell in step with me.

"You ashamed of me or something?" he asked.

"No. I just need to get out of there for a while, baby."

"Rehearsals are that stressful, huh?"

"Very."

He seemed to accept my explanation, which was half true. "I can see why you'd want to get away. Lover boy Kimo ain't responding to your charms?"

I rolled my eyes. At 501, we found a table at an outdoor sushi café and I let Johnny pick our meals, while I enjoyed not talking about hula for the next half hour.

"You're exhausted," Johnny said as he came and sat beside me. He popped open a couple of cans of iced green tea and handed me one.

"Yeah, I don't get much sleep." I grinned. "I got me a hot Asian man who's pretty wild in the sack."

Johnny laughed. "Any regrets?"

"None."

"You wanna go to the *Hailii Maile* General Store for dinner?" he asked.

*Hailii Maile* was not only the best restaurant on the islands, but it had been our restaurant. I'd

avoided it for the last three years.

I knew what he was asking. He wanted to move this past fucking and quick bites of food between the fucking.

“Sure,” I said and he put his hands on my face.

“I’ll make the reservations,” he said. “I’ve got a little surprise in mind for dessert.

“You do?” I asked, hoping that dessert would involve Johnny, a car, a lonely deserted road and some hot cock action.

Our playtime was soon over.

Kimo appeared, descending on us as just as our food arrived and Johnny was pointing out the exotic array of sushi on our lunch plates.

Jerking his thumb towards the entrance of the outdoor courtyard, Kimo snapped.

“You didn’t ask permission to leave. Get back to the *halau* right now.”

He gave us withering looks and I saw Johnny visibly shrink.

“See you later,” I said and Johnny nodded, looking terrified of Kimo.

\* \* \* \*

I had no idea why Kimo was so angry and for the rest of the day, he was in a horrible mood, picking on everybody. What kept me going through the whole awful rehearsal was the knowledge that I

had a hot date that night.

“None of you are concentrating. Too many distractions. Girlfriends, boyfriends.” I felt the measure of his anger when he said that. “This rehearsal is bullshit. I’ll see you all tomorrow. Do better. Or else.”

He stormed out without saying a farewell prayer.

“That man totally hates us,” whimpered Ginger, who up until now had felt she had immunity as Kimo’s model student.

I shrugged. I kind of enjoyed the anger. I knew when a guy wasn’t getting any and I knew that Kimo Wilder was definitely not getting any. We were working up quite a lot of heat—I mean sexual heat—in the dance of the ancient gods and goddesses. I wondered if his wife was back in Honolulu and there was nobody around for him to release all that pent-up aggression.

“He needs sex,” said Ginger. “Why do some hula dancers abstain?”

“I don’t think he’s abstaining for religious reasons. Have you seen his wife?” Roland said. “I’d make her wear a paper bag over head. Just like the guy on *Nip/Tuck*.”

“Really? What does she look like?” Ginger asked.

“Sort of like a cross between Fred Flintstone and Cousin Itt,” said Lon, making everybody

laugh.

"He's got the hots for you Gin," Eddie said, his insecurity turning into obsession.

"Oh, pish," she said, but I saw her stick her massive tits out just a little more.

I was thinking, poor, sex-starved Kimo. Maybe I was just what the hula doctor ordered.

\* \* \* \*

As I waited for Johnny later at his studio apartment, I lay on the bed, looking forward to our evening. I was wearing my new best pants I bought cheap at the *Lahaina* Cannery Mall. I hated shopping and I hated that damned mall, but I wanted to look nice for Johnny. I had *Keali'i Reichel* playing on the I-Pod speaker on the bedside table.

Keali'i was a *kumu hula* who elevated our art to the international level by becoming a singer and winning Grammy awards. He introduced our songs and chants to the outside world. My hand went down my pants, thinking about fucking Johnny and what I'd like to do to Kimo, when my cell phone rang. I was shocked to find it was Kimo.

"Hello?" I hoped my voice did not reveal my terror that he was going to fire me.

"Howzit, Bobby." He didn't bother telling me who it was. He seemed to assume that I knew it



was him. "I'm not happy with the way things are going."

I sucked my breath in, waiting for the final blow.

"So, I've chartered a plane and we're all flying to the big island tonight. We'll meet at ten p.m. in the lobby of the hotel, yeah?"

It wasn't a request but a demand, because he immediately hung up on me.

I stared at my cell phone, which started ringing again.

This time, it was Johnny.

"What's up, honey?" I asked. "I hope you're coming home soon. Your man is starving. For you and for some *ono* grinds."

"Well, um...that's the thing," he said. "I can't make it. Something's come up."

Yeah, I thought. *Like another man's cock*. Then I felt bad for jumping to conclusions. "You have to work late?"

"Yes...well..." his voice trailed off. He couldn't lie about that. It would be too easy for me to come by the gallery and see that he wasn't there.

"I have to go look at some new art work," he said.

"Art work? Tonight?" I knew for a fact Johnny got paid by the hour and had nothing to do with the selection of artwork. About the only selection he was entitled to make was the roll of toilet paper

that went into the shop toilet.

"It's...um...the only the time the artist is available."

"Well, can I can come with? We can still grab a bite afterwards."

"I can't," he said. "Listen, I have to go."

"You want me to wait for you?"

He paused and I thought my heart would shatter into a million pieces.

"Not tonight. I'm probably going to be late."

He was gone before I could tell him I was leaving. I swallowed my bitter disappointment. It wasn't just that I knew he was lying to me, but that I was going to miss him. I realized I still had feelings for Johnny. I thought he'd had them for me, too.

\* \* \* \*

So I packed my bags, not knowing how long I'd be gone and I left a note for Johnny. Back at the hotel, our troupe met up in the lobby.

"I thought he was going to fire me!" seemed to be the general consensus. It seemed that everybody got the same abrupt instructions. We all got quiet when Kimo showed up in a minivan.

He glowered in the front seat next to a guy who drove like he'd stolen the van and had the proverbial sixty seconds to get it back to the chop

shop. Kimo seemed oblivious to the fact that we were all being tossed around in the two back rows of seats like a box of hot rocks. He didn't crack a smile all the way to *Kahului* Airport.

A small private jet was waiting for us and as we stepped out into the balmy night air, he snapped, "What are you all waiting for? A red carpet?"

We climbed on board and he railed at us until we threw our bags into the nearest overhead compartment and fastened our seatbelts. We were soon ascending the night skies and I wondered who would get to see the stars from Johnny's apartment that night.

Nobody spoke. We were all too scared Kimo would open a door and fling us out into the vast night sky. He kept his I-Pod earphones in his ears, pretending to be asleep, but I knew he was waiting for the slightest reason to bawl somebody out.

"You think it'd be okay if I went and took a leak?" Roland stage-whispered to me.

I shrugged. I didn't want to suffer the consequences of giving him bad advice.

Roland stayed in his seat, looking miserable. Twenty-two minutes later, I glimpsed the sparse lights of the city of Hilo below us and I felt everybody relax a little. I'd never been so happy to see civilization.

At the airport, we hardly touched ground

before we were running to another minivan waiting for us. It was raining, which it often did in *Hilo*—no surprise since it was the wettest city in the whole United States—and I couldn't help but pause to sniff my arm. The rain in *Hilo* was feather-soft and smelled like crushed flowers. It actually had that scent.

Kimo was watching me, but for some reason he didn't scream at me. I hurried into the van; this one was driven by a woman who kept up a non-stop patter in Pidgin English that Kimo returned in monosyllables. He didn't get angry with her though, maybe because she had the wheel, but also probably because he was conserving his rage for us.

We left *Hilo* and hurtled along the Chain of Craters Road at breakneck speed towards *Puna*, the area known as the outlaw district of the Big Island. A lush, dense town built on frozen lava floes; we had forests, we had lava tubes, we had secret caves, mythology, lost history. And we had fugitives.

Roland had his eyes and mouth shut and was clutching his crotch. Poor guy. He was probably fighting the dueling urge to barf all over himself, or pee in his pants.

We careened close to the edge of the cliff's dead-dropping into the Pacific, too close, until our driver swung upcountry in a manic way towards

the town of *Pahoa* in *Puna*.

You saw it all in *Puna*. I ought to know, I grew up there and some of my early memories were happy ones. In *Puna*, you saw drifters of all kinds. Some made their fortune illegally, by harvesting the local crop; *pakalolo* – marijuana – some went into hiding, some kept drifting and some came out by day dressed in weird clothing but were otherwise quite harmless.

Our driver took us to something she called *Aloha Place*, but was for almost my entire childhood, called The Volcano Inn because of its close proximity to the active *Kilauea* Volcano.

Kimo took us into the main inn, where the couple who owned it – our driver turned out to be Mrs. Affatata, the wife – presented us with keys to the Guest House at *Pali 'Uli*, a stately 1928 plantation style house further down the valley.

As kids, my cousins and I clambered all about the Inn. Now our tired troupe was tramping down the faintly lit trail to the Guest House, which had three bedrooms. It was freezing there. I'd forgotten how cold it got at night, even in summer on the Big Island of Hawaii.

At the door of the Guest House, we took a look around at the impressive wooden floors, polished until they gleamed. There was an eighteen-foot bookshelf that ran from the floor to the ceiling, crammed with books. A fireplace we had been

told was made of lava rocks, warmed the room.

Upstairs, we looked at the rooms. There were three. Kimo assigned these to the three women. Since Ginger was engaged to Eddie, he was allowed to stay and share her room. I swear I saw Ginger's face fall as Eddie closed the door on the rest of us. Like me, she clearly had fantasies about Kimo.

Sanoë and Kalani shared a room, leaving the third for Jessie.

This left me, Roland, Lon and Kimo, who told us to follow him down to Guest Cottage. We didn't need to be told twice to be quick about it.

The Guest Cottage was smaller but just as elegant. There were two bedrooms; one up and one down. Kimo told Roland and Lon to share the one downstairs and told me I was to share the upstairs room with him. The top floor had the large bedroom and bathroom he and I were to share. I was already fantasizing about the blow jobs I was going to give him in the shower.

"I hope you don't snore," he said as we started climbing the stairs, Roland scuttled past us to get to his own bathroom.

"Not that I know of," I said, not taking in a thing about our shared digs and falling on my bed fully clothed. I was asleep with the sound of Kimo still talking to me.

\* \* \* \*

Kimo woke me at six a.m. He wanted us all in the main Guest House. I hunted out fresh sweatpants. I stole a look around the room. It was quite big, with two beds, two bedside tables between the beds, a desk at the foot of my bed and a closet at the foot of Kimo's. His bed was already made, so I threw the covers over mine and raced up to the Guest House.

"Late again," said Kimo, but he said it with a smile. He led us on a six mile run through the dense forest trail leading from the back of the house. It wasn't hard for me, but my mind was on getting a good breakfast as soon as we were done. I hadn't eaten since yesterday morning. No lunch, since Kimo yanked me away from it. No dinner with Johnny. Just thinking about him hurt my heart.

When Kimo loomed in front of me and I saw his ass outlined in his tight bicycle shorts, I couldn't help licking my lips.

He pushed all of us on and back at the little cottage I shared with him, which I noticed in the light of day sported a sign saying, 'Sushi Cottage', we took turns taking showers.

"When you're done, we'll meet back in the Guest House," Kimo told Roland, Lon and me.

I was unable to get cell phone reception so I

couldn't call Johnny, but I noticed a phone in the small living room. Roland flopped on the sofa beside me, as I reached him at his studio.

"Howzit?" Johnny sounded sleepy. I was overjoyed to hear his voice and he seemed equally happy to hear from me. "I'm sorry about last night," he said. "But my boss was there and it was hard for me to talk."

"I understand. Johnny, I miss you."

"I miss you too. I had no idea you were going out of town."

"Neither did I. He sprang it on us."

"How long do you have to be gone?"

"Not sure. But I'll stay in touch."

"You better," he said as we ended the call.

Something in his voice made me want to call back. I had to tell him I wanted to start again, move back in with him. He could have my heart if he handled it a little more gently this time. Without thinking twice, I hit the redial button.

"Hello," said a male voice.

My mouth went dry. "Hi, is Johnny there?" I asked, wondering who the hell was answering his phone. There was a brief pause, then I could hear an argument. Johnny came to the phone.

"Hello?"

"Johnny?"

I heard his sharp intake of breath and I could barely keep the venom out of my voice "I didn't



know you had company.”

“Oh...Bobby,” he said. “Look, I meant to tell you.”

What were all those tears that night in *Lahaina*? I shook my head and felt like the proverbial damned fool.

“It’s okay, *brah*...” I said.

“No it’s not okay.”

“I get it now. I was gonna tell you I want things back again. What an idiot I am.”

“No, you’re not.” Johnny sounded anguished. “I had no idea you were going to come back into my life. I had no idea it would be so good again. I’m...I’m confused.”

“Well, let me un-confuse you.” I hung up on him.

God. Life without Johnny in it. *Again*.

I stared at the phone for a moment, hardly able to believe what had just happened. I looked up and saw Roland watching me.

“He’s done it again, hasn’t he?”

“Yeah.”

“You okay?”

“I will be.”

He put his arm around my shoulders and we walked up to the Guest House. Kimo was cooking eggs and Portuguese sausage, slicing up fresh papaya. He’d even made coffee.

Roland fussed over me. If only I’d snapped him

up before he fell in love with David, his partner of five years. He was so happy and they were even in the process of adopting a baby.

“Didn’t you eat in Maui?” Roland asked as I inhaled six slices of toast.

“No, Kimo wouldn’t let me. I wasn’t even allowed to eat a bite of my lunch yesterday.”

Kimo laughed. He seemed in a much better mood this morning and ordered everybody to relax for an hour. “I have a busy day planned,” he said. “So enjoy your brief and let me warn you now, rare moment of leisure.”

\* \* \* \*

Kimo had us doing various exercises out in the dense forest. Our chants were heard by nobody and since he cleverly realized we had nothing to distract us at our new digs from television to cell phones, it was work, work, work.

That evening, we all had dinner at *Paolo’s Bistro* and Kimo sat on one end of the table, surrounded by our three female hula dancers, regaling them with wicked stories of his womanizing youth.

*Paolo’s* was supposed to be the best restaurant in *Pahoa*—which wasn’t hard since the rest were pretty dismal—and they prided themselves on homemade pasta dishes they rotated every night. Only Kimo ate fish and salad. The rest of us ate

meat and pasta with relish. Our workouts were strenuous; we needed every morsel of food that came our way and fought like street pigeons over the last of the breadcrumbs.

Eddie was convinced that Kimo and Ginger were falling in love.

"You see how he's looking at her?" he'd keep asking.

"Yeah," said Roland.

"No," I said. I really didn't think so, but since my judgment in the relationship area was so off, I decided it was best to keep my mouth shut.

I kept thinking about Johnny and how once again, he'd scalded me. As I glanced at Kimo, I knew getting close to him would be worse than a scalding. It might be easier and a lot less painful to boil myself in hot oil.

\* \* \* \*

Kimo was actually a fun roommate. He would tell me stories of his adventures with the *kapuna*, or the elders, who trained him in the art of hula. Some of them had a sense of humor and they would send him off on long treks that brought him around full circle, just for their amusement.

"When I was eleven," he told me, as he lay on his bed and I, on mine, "they sent me in a canoe, on my own to *Molokai*."

*Molokai*. That would be the one time island leper colony, famous for its inaccessibility.

"I had this canoe and enough provisions for a week. They even gave me a candle with seven notches in it, so I would know when to stop burning it each night. I had to climb this cliff and find my way to the cabin hidden in the valley."

"You mean *Pelekunu*?"

"Exactly," he seemed pleased. "*Pelekunu*. You know what means, *Pelekunu*?"

"Burning throat of *Pele*."

He nodded. "They call it that because the forest is so thick it almost never sees the sunlight and the smell of rotting vegetation burns the throat. Anyway, so I found the cabin and out comes this nun, with her habit rolled up to her knees and she's just leaving as I'm arriving. She had some guts, that woman. I asked her if she was afraid of being raped by wild men alone up there in the wilderness. She laughed and told me if there wild men who had the strength and desire to ravish her after climbing up that mountain, they were welcome to her."

We both chuckled and I saw him lost in his thoughts.

"Weren't you scared?"

"At first," he admitted. "That first night was bad. All the crazy sounds I heard. There were, still are, wild pigs and goats up there, and they'd come

busting into the cabin looking for food. They ate my whole stash, even the damned candle.”

“What did you do for food?”

“Killed a pig and never, ever got over it. I won’t burden you with the gory details, But I didn’t know then that pigs are my *aumakua*. I destroyed my own protector. A lesson I never had to learn again.”

I let the words remain between us for a moment.

“Where do you have the tattoo for *Kamapua’a*?” I asked him.

He smiled. “That’s a very personal question.” He rolled over, facing away from me. “Get some rest, pretty boy. Tomorrow’s gonna be another long one.”

It was then that I noticed a tattoo on his body that I’d never seen before. A tattoo in the shape of what looked like the sun, on the sole of his right foot.

I had no idea exactly what it meant, but its location told me this was more *kaona*. More secret, hidden power.

\* \* \* \*

It was two nights later, very, very late when I finally saw him naked. After we’d talked again, he’d gone to take a shower and he came back,

thinking I was asleep. He had his towel wrapped around his waist and thinking he was alone with the moonlight, I watched him drop the only thing keeping him from my feasting eyes.

Kimo was as breathtaking as I thought he'd be. My eyes drank in every exquisite inch of him, only I couldn't let him see I was looking. Pretending I was asleep, I looked through my lashes and I could see his gargantuan cock flopping to the side of his leg as he lay down.

I had never, ever seen anything more massive, either in a porno movie or in my own life. My mouth dropped open. Then I saw his hand move to his cock and he lifted his head to glance in my direction. He shifted slightly so his actions were obscured and it was more than I could stand.

I was over by his side in an instant. "God, Kimo," I said. "Please let me help you with that."

He sprang up from the bed. "What, are you crazy? I'm not gay!"

"Letting me help you will not make you gay. But I can guarantee you the blow job of a lifetime."

He gaped at me. "I can't believe you're saying this to me. I could kick your ass, you know."

"What a waste that would be." Where was this stillness, this quiet calm coming from? "Three minutes," I said aloud. "Just give me three minutes and if it isn't the best head you ever got in your life, I'll go back to my bed and we'll never

mention it again.”

“Jesus,” he said. “Can’t a guy jack off in peace?”

“Jack off and waste all that juice?” I dropped to my knees. “Kimo, please. I’m a born and ardent cocksucker. Just let me do my thing.”

“Get back to your bed,” he barked, covering himself with his sheet.

I did as I was told and I lay there, listening to his steady breathing.

“Good night,” he said firmly and turned away from me. Within a few more minutes, I heard his steady breathing. Did I dare a surprise attack?

Something told me time was my friend, not my enemy.

I could wait.

## Chapter Four

The next day, Kimo was reserved with me, though not as rough with me as he could have been. No, his special brand of vitriol he reserved for the girls, who were all upset by the end of the day. Kalani and Jessie, who have danced with him for years said they'd never seen him so angry. Only Eddie and I seemed pleased with the way things had gone.

That evening, nobody wanted to eat with Kimo except me, but I didn't admit this. I sat back and let them argue over the meager offerings that made up Paho's restaurant choices and we went to *Luguin's*, which bore a sign saying 'The Best Mexican Restaurant in Town!'

Guess, what, it was the *only* Mexican restaurant in town. The food wasn't bad, but the mango margaritas were killer. I stopped at one because I was afraid of getting back to my room and making a drunken ass of myself with Kimo.

Ginger however, got well and truly snuckered



and was feeling Eddie up in the back of Mrs. Affatata's minivan.

Back at the Guest House, she dragged Eddie to bed. All in all, I'd say Eddie had the best day of his life.

At Sushi Cottage, the bedroom door was closed, but not locked. I tiptoed in, the scent of *Pua-keni-keni*, a small yellow flower that grows only on the Big Island was filling the room. The scent is like no other flower. For a small bloom, it packs a sensory wallop that is part aphrodisiac, part mental mind field. The first time you smell it, you say, "What is that?" You spend the rest of your life being haunted by it.

Kimo had found some flowers and put them in bowls of water on our conjoined bedside tables, Hawaiian style. He was on his bed, facing away from me. Something told me he was awake, but I undressed quietly, slipped on a pair of shorts, got into my bed and lay there, staring holes in the back of his head.

About fifteen minutes later, he said, "You awake?"

"And ready for business." I had no idea where this confidence was coming from, but I was over to his side in seconds and as he moved his embarrassed hands away, I whipped off his tank top, tugged down the sheet and removed his Calvins, shifted his body towards me so that I

could look at that beautiful monster in the moonlight.

"Mmmm...well, hello, *Kamapua'a*," I said, finding the Pig God at last. It was tattooed right on his groin. I reached out a finger to gently trace the snout and the razor sharp tusks of the fierce-looking pig.

"God help me," he said, but his cock was growing by the second, making him even more enormous. It truly was magnificent. I licked my lips and went straight to work, my tongue reaching for the glorious head that topped the thickest, widest penis I'd ever seen.

Kimo shot into the air like I'd stuck him with a rusty nail.

"Whaddya think you're doing?" he said. "Jesus Christ...I gotta be nuts."

"Would you keep quiet? You don't want everyone to know you're getting the head from hell, do you?"

He just looked at me and I eased him back onto the bed. There was so much I wanted to do to him. But I had to tread carefully. He let me get back to my target and I heard him gasp when my mouth engulfed his cock head. I held his massive meat in my hands just to feel its incredible heat and I almost came myself, just from the nearness of the power and the beauty of this man.

Taking bolder steps forward, I let my mouth

explore his rigid pole, then I took my mouth away. "Exactly how big is it?"

"Ten inches," he mumbled.

"And the rest," I said. "It's easily eleven, maybe twelve." I didn't know if I could even handle anything this size but I was sure gonna give it the old hula boy try.

"What do you think you're doing?" he said as I climbed on his bed and got between his outstretched legs.

"Getting comfortable. It's also more fun for you to watch me take your whole cock in my mouth this way."

I reached over, grabbed a *Pua-keni-keni* flower and ground it up in my palm. I saw his mouth drop open as I lifted the hand to his nose as I went back to that big, smooth organ, his pre-come greeting the tip of my tongue and I guzzled it up.

"Oh man...oh my God..." Kimo watched as I worked that cock, which so hard, yet the skin so soft I could have sworn it was carved from the finest *koa* wood, if it hadn't twitched in my mouth the second I made contact with it again.

Kimo watched as my tongue competed with my sucking mouth to give him pleasure and ultimate relief. I had never enjoyed giving a man a blowjob more and I hadn't even started yet. Midway down I stopped and pulled up again, sucking his gorgeous tool with me.

“Oh...fuck,” he said. “Where the hell did you learn that?”

I kept my mouth moving, letting my throat relax, getting used to the sheer size of him. My hand moved down to his balls, which I massaged gently, desperate to lick them. I let go of his cock and I heard him moaning in protest until I bent to lick at the massive testicles bouncing like mini beach balls in the palms of my hands.

He struggled for breath when I sucked them one at a time into my mouth and then he started squirming. He wanted his cock back in my mouth, but he didn't want to ask. I couldn't wait to give my Phantom Lover exactly what he wanted.

I saw the look of disbelief on his face as I took possession of him again. He had that focused look he got when he was deep in dance, or chant and I realized this was how he looked when he experienced carnal pleasure.

“You're not using your hands. Just your mouth...oh man, I'm gonna shoot. Keep your mouth on me...oh...I'm gonna come...”

He flooded my throat and I fought the urge to release him as his cock tore down my throat, giving me the biggest load I'd ever taken in my life.

Kimo's hands flew to my head. “Arrgghh!” he howled into the moonlight.

I thought that fountain of fire would never stop

but at last, he flopped back on the bed, panting.

It took him a full minute to speak. "That was amazing...but...it...this can never happen again."

Ignoring him, I burrowed my face back between his legs to get at those balls, to nurse on them again until he was ready for some more mouth to cock resuscitation.

"No, no...Oh...oh man...oh...oh fuck..." He twisted and turned as I slurped on those succulent babies and soon he was humping my face.

Three times I brought him off with my mouth and the third time, which was exquisite for both of us, took longer, so I was able to really enjoy that massive tool until he couldn't take it any longer.

"You are something else," he said, when he pulled up my sweat soaked body and hugged me to him. "But get to bed now, little *mahou*."

*Mahou*. The Hawaiian word for gay. I wasn't affronted, just a little bit surprised that he was rushing me off so fast. But I saw the massive erection he still had. I smiled to myself. Yeah. The *mahou* did that to him.

"Don't even think about coming back here." His voice was severe. "Get some sleep."

But in the middle of the night, I awoke, because he was calling my name.

"Get over here," Kimo said and I staggered over to him. "Get those shorts off; I want to see who's making me feel this good."

I stood naked before him. "You've got a nice big cock yourself, little *mahou*," he said, touching it briefly.

He lay back on the bed.

"How do you want me?" I asked. My throat was raspy from taking that power tool where no man's been before.

He pulled me onto the bed between his legs, only this time, he kept his arm under his head, raising himself a little to watch what I was doing to him.

Occasionally, he would reach a hand out to stroke my head or arm, to touch my mouth, which was stretched around his cock. When at last he came, he pulled me to him and with one arm around my waist, we fell asleep.

\* \* \* \*

In the morning, he was already out of bed and showering. The *Pua-keni-keni* was a heady reminder of what we'd done together. I waited my turn and almost jerked off in the shower for instant relief, but I actually enjoyed depriving myself sometimes.

I greeted him in a friendly way in front of Roland and Lon, but not in a way that would make him feel like I was letting on to the others that anything had happened. Laughing and joked

with the others over breakfast, I was aware of his restive stare.

It was not until we cleaned up the dishes and we had an hour's rest period that I went to our bedroom, hoping he would meet me there.

Within minutes, he came into the room and my cock jumped in my pants.

"Lock that door," I hissed.

He was over to me, hands at his pants, and I helped tug them to the ground so I could get at his commanding cock.

\* \* \* \*

After a quick workout in the forest, he gave us the afternoon off. He was meeting with the producers of his show and I knew he wouldn't be racing to our bedroom anytime soon, so I decided to visit my *tutu*, or grandma, in *Kea'au*, a couple of miles from the Guest House. I would have called, except that Kimo had taken all the phones out of the cottages. All those distractions, you know. Besides, my *tutu* didn't keep the phone plugged in. She was convinced the government spied on its citizens that way.

One of the trails led there and although I lost my way a couple of times since it was so overgrown, I did find it at last. Her cottage was as decrepit and uninhabitable as I remembered it.

Pigs, chickens and goats roamed in and out of the place, like extras in a Ma and Pa Kettle movie. Out of the back door, came my *tutu*, wiping her hands on her apron.

“*Aloha, Bobby,*” she said, as if it had been three days since she’d seen me and not two years. I sent my *tutu* money and we wrote, but she was a recluse and it had been difficult for me to come see her.

Apart from the fact that her house was real ‘country,’ it was also dirty, which may have been the same thing. She had no glass or screens in her windows and despite her love of small animals, hungry *Pueo*, the Hawaiian owl, often plucked any that she kept from the premises in the middle of the night.

*Tutu* poured me some *lilikoi* juice from a can. I wondered where she’d gotten the can and was surprised to see she had a well-stocked fridge on her back lanai.

“I saved all the money you sent me,” she said. “I bought the fridge online.”

“Online?” I was startled that *Tutu* even knew what that meant.

“I have the internet,” she said with pride. “I bought me a Dell with the money you sent. I have all kinds of friends I never met all over the world. I got electricity now, running water even. It took me a year to get my phone line. I dream of DSL



which you know we don't have here, but still, not bad for a squatter, eh?"

*Tutu*, like a lot of people in *Puna*, lived on land that was supposed to be vacant. She'd lived there more than twenty years. If the local council could even find the place, they'd vacate her, but then they'd have to vacate everybody else in the district, too. But this is why she'd become a hermit. Afraid some other squatter would come and steal what was hers if she ever left the place.

"You like some lunch?" she asked me.

"No thanks," I said.

"What about your friend? He hungry?"

"What friend?" I asked her.

She pointed a finger towards one of the windows. I was surprised to see it was Kimo, hiding in the bushes like a Peeping Tom.

## Chapter Five

“Kimo, what are you doing here?”

He looked flustered. “I...er...I was taking a run and...I er...guess I got lost.”

“What, you Tarzan, me stupid?”

He looked sheepish. “I guess I followed you.”

“Forgive my boy,” *Tutu* said. “Bobby, aren’t you going to introduce us? Is this your boyfriend?”

“No, *Tutu*. He’s not my boyfriend. His name is Kimo. He’s my boss.”

“Too bad for you. He’s better looking than that scrawny thing you used to come by with.”

Kimo’s mouth jerked into a grin. “So you wouldn’t mind if I was his boyfriend?”

“I haven’t decided yet, boss man. You like fo’ have some lunch?”

“Sure,” said Kimo, sitting cross-legged on the *pandanus* mat flooring of Grandma’s cottage. There was nowhere else to sit. *Tutu* didn’t believe in

chairs. My shock and embarrassment that he was taking it all in subsided until Grandma brought out the gnarliest looking food I'd ever seen.

"*Tutu*," I groaned. "What are you feeding us?"

"*Opu*," she gave me an indignant look.

"I haven't seen *opu* since I was a kid," said a rapturous Kimo, picking up a long strand of the marinated raw fish with his fingers. He closed his eyes and chewed it slowly. I watched the trickle of oil and lemon dribble down his chin. I wanted to lick it off.

Grandma gave me a smug look.

"Where do you find your *opu*?" he said, dipping his fingers in for more.

"The mountain stream up by *Mauna Ulu*."

"Ah...*Mauna Ulu*. Madame *Pele*'s new baby."

"I catch it with my hands," said Grandma, reveling in Kimo's attention. "Bobby here can catch *opu* with his hands, too."

Kimo smothered a smile. "I bet he can."

"I taught him the ways of the old ones," *Tutu* said. She gave him a significant look. Some sort of understanding seemed to pass between them. But it all went way over my head.

Kimo seemed to be enjoying himself and chatted to my *tutu* in Hawaiian. I however, wanted to disappear through one of the large cracks of her thatched floor. She even brought him homemade *kawa*, the type of distilled liquor that

quickly made the old Hawaiians drunk.

*Tutu* and Kimo got giddy. They were having a whale of a time chomping on sandwiches made of thick, crusty bread and filled with lobsters her neighbor ten miles up the mountain traded her for her excellent bread.

“Boss man, you like fo’ have some breadfruit?”

“You have breadfruit?” Kimo’s eyes were like orbs.

“Steamed or fried?” Grandma cackled with delight.

“Oh, steamed, please, *Tutu*,” said Kimo. *Tutu*. If she’s not your grandma, you’re telling her she’s the Respected One. Boy, this guy was something else. He ate everything Grandma gave him. He dipped two fingers into the *poi*, the results of Grandma’s taro patch and put them in his mouth.

“Fresh,” she said, proud of her smooth paste.

The minute her back was turned, his fingers dipped into the *poi* and plunged into my mouth. A current of pure electricity passed through us as he gave me his fingers again and I sucked on them like they were two mini cocks. I was going to get him for this.

*Tutu* admired Kimo’s collection of tattoos and he admired *Tutu*’s collection of valuables, including gourds she’d inherited from her great, great grandparents and an old Victrola, which came on a ship via the whaling ship captain who

impregnated my naïve and impressionable great, great, great grandma.

On his knees now, Kimo flipped through *Tutu's* collection of thick '78 records. The kind that were one sided.

"*Aloha Oe,*" he said. "I haven't heard the Alma Gluck version for years." He lovingly wiped down the record's surface, did something to the needle of that old record player, cranked up the turntable and Alma Gluck sang the haunting melody penned by our beloved last Queen, *Lili'uokalani*.

As mad as I was at him for discovering my humble beginnings, I fell even harder for him, watching emotion get the better of him as he and *Tutu* sang along with Alma.

"Will you give my house your blessing?" she asked. She pointed at his foot. "I see you are the *kupuna* of the forest. You can speak to the gods for me."

"Of course, *Tutu,*" he said and I watched him gather things from her kitchen and from her garden and I watched him say a prayer and fasten a clump of herbs and branches with a stripped piece of bark to her back fence.

I think that was the moment I fell in love with him. *What the heck was I doing?* This was sex. Just sex. I could not fall in love with him. I watched the muscles move in his back as he burned orange leaves, saying a prayer of protection for me and

*Tutu.*

“Bring oranges here once a week,” he told *Tutu*, who thanked him. “And keep bringing the yellow flowers. Oh and don’t forget to bring *Pele* some breadfruit.”

*Tutu* looked at him and that was when I understood. They recognized the divine spirit in one another. Maybe he wouldn’t burn me as badly as I feared.

“Don’t thank me,” he told *Tutu*. “Thank Bobby.”

*Tutu* smiled at me. “You got yourself a good man, Bobby.” And I didn’t have the heart to correct her. I just grinned like a simpleton and when Grandma sent us home, she hugged Kimo as if she would never let him go.

“Be good to my boy,” she said. “He got one *tenda* heart, yeah?”

“I know, *Tutu*.” He kissed her cheeks and accepted the food she’d parceled for us in long red *ti* leaves. The way he’d been eating his lunch, I doubted the food would make it back to the cottage.

“Lead the way,” said my fearless warrior, patting my ass and making my grandma cackle again.

\* \* \* \*

"Where are we?" he asked about half an hour later, following me through what was becoming a rainforest. We'd come the wrong way. We were heading towards the volcano. But I'd had enough. Bobby wanted what Bobby wanted. And he wanted it now.

"Right where I want you," I said, as we stood in the middle of an overgrown mangrove. No need for him to know that we were lost – yet. "Now get your clothes off."

"You're joking, right?"

"No. I'm not. I know you want it. You came looking for it."

"I thought you were with a man. I..." he broke off. "We're lost, aren't we?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Aren't you a wood nymph or something? Now get your clothes off."

"The way you talk to me," he said. But his eyes sparkled and he obeyed me because he wanted to, not because I was an authoritative figure. I folded up his clothes and made a little bed for him to lie on and instantly, I was on him, my hands spreading his legs, feeling the muscles in his body move as I spread them further.

"Lift your ass up," I said.

He started to protest and I slapped his inner thigh, pressing until he gave me more access. I started licking towards his balls and I could tell he liked that. I could see his asshole ahead of me and

my tongue went for it.

"What the fuck!" he screamed, trying to jerk away from me. "I told you I am not gay!"

"Shut up and enjoy it. Don't tell me your wife never rimmed you for God's sake."

"I am not gay," he said sullenly.

"And I never said you were. I'm just trying to make you feel good. Now just take your ass licking like a man."

I have to say he did. He wriggled all over the place, trying to get my mouth near his cock, yet wanting my tongue at his quivering asshole.

"Do you like it?" I asked him, lifting my head.

"Oh...oh yeah. Nobody ever did anything like this to me before. The sensations are...wild. I gotta admit."

I gave him a self-satisfied smile and sent my tongue back to where it belonged. His hips started moving, his ass crushing my lips and tongue. By the time he grabbed my head and shoved his cock into my mouth, he was ready to go off. By now, I'd become used to the size of him and I was able to manipulate even better vibrations for him by working my tongue on him as he shuddered to a grinding climax.

"Oh my God, Bobby," he said. "How... where..."

"Only a man knows how good that feels," I said, as rain splashed down on us. "And... ah..."



this might be a good time to tell you we're miles from where we should be."

Kimo laughed and reached up to kiss me. "We're never lost in the forest. Come on, baby, I know the way."

His way was deeper and deeper into places most people never see of the Big Island, even the adventurous ones. We weren't exactly dressed for a trek and although we had no water, we did have plenty of food.

I didn't care where we were, as long as I was with him. He turned around, as if reading my thoughts. He kissed me and I could taste lobster, *kawa* and even *poi* on his tongue.

As we rounded the cusp of the extinct volcanic crater known as *Iki*, as in small, Kimo got excited. He put his strong arm around me.

"You ever had an encounter with Madame *Pele*?"

"Yes, once."

"You did? What happened?"

I hesitated. I had never told anyone the story. It was very private. But then his head dipped and his tongue flicked at my throat, sending my senses into the spin cycle.

"Tell me, baby."

"It happened to my granddad. When I was a little boy."

His tongue was back at my neck, in my ear.

"I can't actually think when any part of you is touching me," I said and he chuckled.

"Try."

"Well, um...we came out one day to pick some breadfruit..." Kimo's hands were at my stiff dick now, rubbing it through my pants.

"Go on," he said.

"You can never tell my *tutu*."

"I won't. But I suspect she already knows."

"No. She would have killed him."

Kimo had his hand in my fly now, searching for my cock. "Keep telling me story, Bobby, baby. Concentrate."

I giggled. He flicked a lick across my lips and I went in search of his mouth.

"Uh-uh. Not until you tell me the story."

"So Granddad sent me back to the house with the breadfruit saying he needed to pee, but I followed him. I wanted to see what he was really doing and I saw this beautiful woman. She was waiting for him way out past our house. She was wearing a yellow *pireau* and she had *ohelo* berries and *lehua* flowers in her hair.

"She was so beautiful, Kimo. I never saw anybody like her. She was pacing and he was running to her and she took him down to the ground. She had eyes like glowing coals. She just took my granddad and rode him like a buck horse and he was making all these strange noises and I

heard her say, 'Perfectly *ono*. Delicious.' And then...she vanished. She just disappeared into thin air."

Kimo was enraptured with the story.

"You gonna do something with that?" I pointed to my poor, hungry cock, which he was holding in his fist.

"Not at this moment," he said. "But soon. You're about to have another encounter with the fire queen. You might say, a meeting of the minds."

\* \* \* \*

Kimo let go of me and my erection eventually went down enough for me to stuff myself back in my pants. I was getting a serious case of blue balls being with this man, but I let him lead the way onto the rocky lava trail that extends for miles, looking in some places like a lunar surface.

There were huge mounds that suddenly appeared. These were petrified trees engulfed in a long ago volcanic rage. I remember as a kid, seeing papayas cooked on a lava-covered tree. They burned my fingers when I tried to touch them.

"When we get home," he said over his shoulder. "Think of something fun for us to do."

He stopped to take off his T-shirt, which was saturated from the brief downpour and the sweat

we'd worked up. He tucked it into the back of his jeans.

"I can think of tons of fun things for us to do."

"Like what?" he said, grabbing my hand as we came to a particularly smelly, powdery patch of yellow and white sulphur ponds. We were getting close to the active volcanic crater. The still soft swirls our shoes left imprints in, indicated the last volcanic eruption is still leaving its mark.

I thought it would be nice if he offered to suck my cock, but I didn't see that happening any time soon.

"You could fuck me." I tried for the casual approach but I'd been rehearsing this for days. His eyes lit up, but the curtain of wariness soon came back down over them.

"Fuck you? You mean actually fuck you?"

"Yes."

"In the ass?"

"Yes." Where else, I wanted to say.

"I've never even had anal sex with my wife. You like to get fucked that way?"

"Normally I'm the one who does the fucking."

"Ah...you have a boyfriend." It was a statement, not a question.

I wasn't sure how to respond. Would he be less concerned if he knew I had a boyfriend, that I wasn't expecting anything from Kimo but pure pleasure? Or would he think I was a total slut? I

hesitated before giving him the truth.

"Not anymore."

"The guy I saw you with in *Lahaina*?"

"We broke up a long time ago, but we still fooled around until recently."

"And you enjoyed fucking him?"

"Sure."

"So why did you break up?"

"He cheated on me."

"But you're asking me to cheat on my wife," he said, one hand lazily migrating back to my groin.

I hated to tell him that with all the cock sucking I'd been doing, he was already cheating on her.

"No, I was asking you to fuck me. It has nothing to do with your wife."

"I've never fucked a man in the ass. But I've never done anything like I've done with you. I can honestly see why male hula dancers turn on to each other. It's the heat, the hot bodies and all that..."

"Passion."

"Yeah. You always liked guys?"

"No, I was straight, or thought I was until I met Johnny a few years ago. I figured out I like guys, I just don't make very good choices."

"Humph. And now you're fooling around with a married man."

"I'm fooling around with a guy who's mature enough to make up his own mind about what he

wants. My policy in life is no confessions, no regrets."

"You don't have regrets about the guy in *Lahaina*?"

"Lots of hurt, but no regrets."

"I'm sorry he hurt you, Bobby." He kissed me, then he broke away from me. "Look, *ohelo* berries. Have one."

"It's bad luck. We're supposed to offer the first to Madame." I knew all the stories. I knew if you picked the berries and didn't toss a few into *Pele's* cauldron—the active volcanic crater—you would cause the skies to open up and rain

"Oh, she'll get hers. I'm planning to give her an offering she'll never forget."

He popped two of the bitter berries into my mouth and I dutifully chewed. A member of the cranberry family, they're really quite unpleasant unless they're doctored with tons of sugar.

Kimo ate his quickly. "Beautiful. Come on, Bobby, let's go visit Madame."

We arrived at the trail, marked by ropes that lead to *Kilauea's* boiling cauldron. About a dozen tourists were already there, snapping the last of their photos before sunset.

Then a strange thing happened. It was like the hand of God reached down and turned each one of them away from the trail and they herded like sheep away from the crater and back out to the

parking lot, about a mile away.

This left the two of us, hiking up to the rim of the crater. The sun started to set and Kimo took my face in his hands and kissed me. For long moments, we licked and sucked eagerly at each other's mouths

I put my arms around his waist and copped a feel of those tight muscles, covered with his satin sheened skin.

"You feel so good," I whispered into his mouth and he responded by pulling me closer and putting one hand on my ass.

He let go of me as the sun started to turn burnt orange and we were approaching the edge of creation. In the diffusion of blood orange and pink, I saw the wisps of steam from the holes all over the crater's lava floor.

Kimo pulled me right to the edge. Suddenly I was afraid.

"Don't you trust me, baby?" he asked. "Come and feel her. Come and feel the mother earth."

I stood close with him and then I felt her impact. It hit me in the guts and made me dizzy. Then I wanted to cry. And then I felt something else. Centered. Whole.

"She's balancing you," he said, holding me until I regained my composure. Kimo started to chant and threw the remaining berries into the crater. I recognized the chant of the *Kumulipo*, of

Hawaiian creation. It shouldn't have been turning me on, but it was.

Looking down, I saw fire. Red, boiling, blood-red fire, churning like a ball in the middle of a deep hole in the crater. I'd never seen that before. Suddenly, all my problems, all the little things that I thought were important in life fell away.

"Let's go," he said.

"Where?"

"*Mauna Ulu.*"

He took me by the hand and we clambered over Madame's hardened stones into the more recent floes we Hawaiians call *pahoehoe*. It is the closest thing you'll see to an eruption, without actually witnessing an eruption. When *Mauna Ulu* erupted a few years ago, it opened a giant hole in the lava field, creating a brand new crater, which the average tourist knows nothing about, so only the locals and dedicated volcano chasers go there.

I knew it was no casual stroll during the day, let alone at night. One wrong move and we'd be the first live human sacrifices *Pele* would be receiving. This was my first visit and my eyes gaped as I stepped on still-moving lava and steam steeped around my shoes.

"Take your clothes off," Kimo said.

"What? Here? What if somebody sees us?" The park would be alive now with park rangers, even devotees of *Pele* wanting to bring her gifts.



"That's part of the thrill, but she won't let that happen. *Pele* protects her children. Quickly now, baby," said Kimo who was already removing his jeans and sporting a handsome boner.

He put our clothes on the puddling lava field. "I want this to be as comfortable as possible for you. Lie down."

I admit I was terrified but I wanted to trust him. He put me on the pile of clothes and it wasn't too bad. In fact, my body seemed to mold into the softened lava. It was like being on a very warm, spongy, but solid waterbed.

Then I moved my arm up, but there was nothing there. I was right on the lip of *Pele's* fiery new home.

"Madame *Pele* loves sex," he said. "Orgasm is the beginning of creation. What an offering, eh? I'm letting her watch me fuck my beautiful boyfriend. My beautiful, horny boyfriend. Like granddad, like grandson, Bobby."

I couldn't speak.

"Let me look at your ass." He was between my legs, my knees pinned to my ears before I could respond.

"It looks real tight. Sure you can take me?" he said finally.

"I've only had one guy fuck me. My ex." The man with the midget dick, but I didn't say this. I just reached up, laying little kisses on his powerful

chest. Our bodies melded towards one another. His skin turned golden as the sun said its last goodbye.

“Are you comfortable on your knees like that?” I asked.

“It feels like I’m on fire. I’m so turned on, baby, I don’t know what to do with myself.”

I moved his hand to my cock, which was more than ready for him and he looked pleased that just the nearness of him could arouse me the way it did. He quickly ran his hand over it, moving up to my belly.

“Oh, Bobby...I can’t wait to fuck you,” he said. “But I also want to make you feel good...within reason. What would make you feel good?”

I knew enough about Kimo to know that he was such a sensualist, he wouldn’t want to miss out on anything that would heighten this experience. His fingers moved lightly over my chest and stomach muscles, he seemed relaxed and ready to play. His thumb and forefinger closed over one of my nipples, which he could see was hardening.

“This feel good?” His voice was a grunt. I could tell he really was getting turned on.

“Oh yeah,” I said, hoping I wouldn’t come before my great Phantom Warrior Lover could get that massive cock inside me.

“Between what you’re doing to me and the lava

moving underneath me...it's amazing."

"Good." His fingers moved to my other nipple, the one that always make my cock stiff as a board.

"A-ha!" His huge smile revealed those perfect teeth, even in the dark. "Nipples do nothing for me," he said, rotating his index and middle fingers over the nub that was enjoying his attention. "You want me to suck it?" His voice was a guttural whisper.

"I'd love it," I said and he dropped his head, sucking the nipple into his mouth with such ferocity, I almost leapt into *Pele's* smoldering crater.

"Yeah, I do want to fuck you." His hand moved down to my cock, which he didn't touch. It throbbed and bobbed but his hand moved around it, to touch my balls and then drop down to my ass.

My legs opened and he ran his index finger along the crack, his eyes deep and black as he looked at me. I raised my mouth to his and for a moment I thought he would refuse. And then he did. He nudged me back with his forehead, keeping up the fingering on my ass, his thumb rubbing lightly at my ball sac.

"I like the way you feel. I like your smooth, soft skin. God, you wax completely down there? My wife could learn something from you. She's like a Rasta down there."

We both laughed and he kept touching and stroking me. "You feel different to women," he said. "Different, but good. You want to come before we start? I don't want to put my cock in you and have you come before I can give you the goddamn thrashing you deserve."

I nodded and his hand went to my cock and he started moving his massive fist up and down on the shaft. He wasn't gentle, but he seemed to be spellbound touching another man's prick.

"Come all over my hand," he said. "I'll use it to lube myself up."

"I don't like lube," I said. "I like it the hard way."

He liked that, I could tell. My ass was going to spoil him for his wife, for any woman. "Do you now?" He chuckled.

"You never jacked a guy off before?"

"Never needed to." He shrugged. "I've always had plenty of women. Until I got married."

I was panting now. "Nobody ever wanted to suck your cock before?"

His fingers were squeezing the head of my cock. 'Oh put your tongue in,' I wanted to say, but I didn't.

I watched Kimo Wilder, with his hand around my cock, the concentrated way he was urging me to fulfillment and the ecstatic smile on his face when he achieved it.

"You little cocksucker," he said. "You came all over my hand."

My heart pumped crazily and he put two fingers to my throat. "That's good," he said, counting the beats. "Let's see how hard you come with my cock in your ass."

I went to turn over.

"Oh no," he said. "I want to fuck you like a woman."

"You can get into me deeper this way," I lifted my ass to him. He got between my legs. I saw his huge cock eager for its cave. He was like a dog in heat. He needed to fuck. He wanted to fuck. And suddenly, his hands were stroking my ass and his tongue dipped down and flicked a couple of licks at my asshole.

My hands grabbed onto the nearest fat ropes of *pahoehoe* I could find.

His long tongue flicked out and that was the first time I saw it was tattooed. That put my dick into instant hardness, but he changed course.

"What's the tattoo on your tongue?" I was in heaven now.

"King *Kemehameha*," he said. His hands moved to my feet, holding them in a reverent way, licking the toes on my right foot, then my left.

His mouth sucked, licked, ate its way up my thighs.

"And now the King will make you come," he

said, pausing in his activity to stare down at my butt hole, as if wanting to prolong the moment he took possession of it, yet taking great pleasure in knowing it was his for the taking.

"It's yours, Kimo," I said, when one hand grazed against it.

I saw the look of primal, burning lust on his face, when I said that. I reached up to stroke his big, strong arms, his shoulders, his beautiful face, his tongue snaked out to lick my fingers and then he went back to what he really wanted.

His hands held my legs to him and I realized I was making a racket because just inches from my butt cheeks, he said, "All that noise and I'm not even inside you yet."

The realization of what we were doing seemed to hit him. He looked at me and smiled. He was at my ass now and his tongue went to my asshole and he began to lick and suck at it, trying to get his tongue inside me.

He lifted his face again. "You taste so good," he said. "I never even want to eat my wife's ass. What have you done to me, *mahou*?"

I didn't respond because I was torn between trying to relax and enjoying the licking and sucking and getting that beautiful, massive monster inside me. His tongue dipped down again and I stroked his gleaming black hair. I wanted to hold his head to me. There was time

enough to get bossy with him, I decided, sighing with pleasure as I watched Kimo Wilder eating out my ass. He licked me like I was a woman. His woman.

Suddenly, he stopped. "Does this feel good?"

"Yes, oh yes."

"You're not going to come again, are you? I don't want you to come until I'm inside you."

I hadn't even thought about how hard my cock was. The tip was reaching for sky, purple-red, anxious for release.

"Don't touch it," I said. "I'll last."

"I don't know that I can't touch it," he said, in wonderment. "It's so pleased to see me."

He dropped a small, possessive kiss on the shaft and went back to my asshole. I almost jumped from the thrill of having this magnificent warrior's mouth back on me, licking me with all the passion, all the concentration he normally gave his wife.

Kimo kept at it and it was becoming harder and harder not to come. I focused on breathing, on not doing anything that would take his mouth away from me.

His tongue laved my asshole and I felt myself getting wetter and more open and he sensed it too, moaning into my deepest recesses.

He raised his head again and snarled, "You're mine now, bitch. If I fuck you, there's no going

back.”

I grabbed his huge tool then, pointing it exactly where I needed it. We were clear now. I wanted his cock. He wanted ownership of me.

He let me guide him to me, then he brushed my hands away as he slowly entered me. The pleasure-pain engulfed me as Kimo Wilder eased himself into me.

“Oh God, you’re so warm in there. I had no idea.” He took his time, working his way into me, until my body accepted the biggest thing it had ever had inside it. “You’re so tight, Bobby.” He rotated his hips and the jolts of pain as he stretched and pulled at my ass muscles shifted to something else. Then he took that massive cock out of me.

“No, no,” I screamed. “Don’t take it away from me!”

And he thrust it back into me again.

“Beautiful *mahou*,” he said. “You have no idea how good this is.”

“I can make it better.” I started to contract my ass muscles and a look of astonishment crossed his face as he roared to an orgasm, sending his red-hot lava spilling into me.

My cock jerked with the weight of him on me and I reached down to pull myself off, but he was man enough to move my hand away.

“No, no, I want to do it.” He pulled on me in



the way men jerk themselves off.

"No, like this," I said, since I had to teach him. I like the hand curled around the prick, up over the head. He understood at once and took great delight in watching my own release as he slowed down the ass fucking he was giving me.

"I want to stay inside you. I want to do it again. You love getting fucked, don't you?"

"I love getting fucked by you," I said, surprising him by raising my head with him still impaling me and I licked his nipples.

"Oh...oh...shit, that's good. Oh fuck...that one, baby. That one, *mahou*, the left one."

Indeed, his left nipple was distended now and I sucked on it, knowing what messages it was sending to his cock. *Fuck the mahou.*

He started again in slow, circular, hula motions and I wished I could watch his ass muscles moving as he sawed in and out of me again. Nothing else mattered but this feeling of ecstasy we had created and I met each of his lunges as his cock got harder and harder and he pulled it all the way out, only to give it right back to me again. He threw my legs over his shoulders, holding them to him, giving him leverage, but also bringing me closer.

There was such fierce absorption on his face, a passion I have never seen before. His mouth opened and I rose to meet him. If there was

resistance at first, it soon melted away as I sucked on his whole tongue and he dipped forward to feed it all to me.

Again I was teaching him. He could fuck my mouth with his tongue, bringing us both more joy.

He took his mouth from me, forcing himself down on me. I loved the feel of his hard, masculine body on mine, then he started to suck at my nipples, moving away again, intent on watching how it looked to find his cock in another man's ass.

Suddenly, the skies opened up in a firework display of thunder and lightning.

"She's here!" Kimo shouted. Oh, *Pele*," he chanted in Hawaiian, screaming into the vast space of stars and sky, alive now with her own power play.

A strange, beautiful night glow filled the sky and I looked up to see millions of twinkling stars as my lover kept up a blistering pace inside me. I felt like *Pele's* lover, *Kamapua'a*, had come back to mortal form, fucking me with his huge cock-tusk, letting her feel our eruptions, sharing the moment we sent each other out into the abyss.

"Oh, *Pele*, giver of everything!" Kimo screamed as his fingers curled over my cock again and I wished he wouldn't, because I didn't want to come again until he was ready. I wanted to ride that wave with him.

I grabbed his ass, afraid he would take that blazing tusk from me. The sensation of being pushed into me harder made him come with another shout, taking me across the riptide of fire with him. I rewarded him with my own orgasm, sending the juices up and over his firm grip.

“Oh baby,” he said, kissing my face over and over. Our bodies shook. Neither of us wanted to move, but we had to get off that crater. The others would be worried about us.

“We could sleep here, except we’d freeze to death,” Kimo said, taking his cock from me. “I wish I could breed you. We’d make fine babies. You make me come so hard.”

He hovered over me kissing me, but we had to get moving. We dressed quickly, laughing as we tried to find our scattered clothing and pulled the bedding of jeans out of the soft lava.

“We left our marks,” he said. Indeed, there were hand, foot and knee imprints. I would always have something to come back and look at, to remind me that this night really happened. He held my hand as we picked our way through the treacherous lava field, trying to find our way to the parking lot or the ranger’s station.

Neither of us spoke. We didn’t need to – but then he said, “Bobby, I think I’m still coming.”

It had been one wild ride, all right. We stopped and kissed and probably would have ended up

fucking again if a startled park ranger hadn't come across our path.

"Aloha," he said, to cover his surprise.

My hands were all over Kimo, who still held me in his arms.

"Aloha," said Kimo, as if being found in the middle of a homosexual embrace on a volcano was the most normal thing in the world.

The ranger scratched his beard. "Umm...you folks need... uh... help getting back to your vehicle?"

"Yes," said Kimo, who didn't seem surprised that a savior materialized. "We don't have a vehicle. We walked from *Puna*. We were planning to hike down the Chain of Craters Road and maybe hitchhike. But I guess we lost track of time."

The ranger looked like he'd been hit in the face with a hammer. "You walked all the way from *Puna*?"

"Do you have telephone access?" Kimo asked. "I think we're gonna need a ride."

"Sure," said the ranger, walking us across to the guard station, which was an experience in itself.

Kimo called the Affatatas, the couple who ran the Guest House and while we waited for them to collect us in the minivan, we studied a huge Perspex tank, filled with hundreds of pounds of lava stones returned to *Kilauea* by tourists who

regretted the theft of Madame *Pele's* children.

Souveniring, or stealing her stones has brought people incredibly bad luck, no matter what the skeptics say. The stones came with pitiful letters detailing suicides, job loss, despair. The tank was emptied once a month by *kahuna*, or priests, who said a prayer for the victims of *Pele's* Curse, returning the stones to her endless lava fields.

The park rangers kept the tank on display as a forceful reminder to go home only with your memories.

This assemblage of man's stupidity was outdone only by the massive storage boxes filled with strange offerings people leave for the great fire Goddess. Kimo was particularly affected by a box the ranger had just found near the crater's rim.

"Damned waste," Kimo said to me. "Look Bobby, there's a whole, cooked piglet. That poor little baby pig. Can't be more than a few weeks old. And there are enough vegetables around it to feed a family of five."

The ranger concurred. "I spend my entire week rounding up vases and boxes and baskets. These things are not biodegradable. It's pollution. I hope you folks didn't leave any gifts for *Pele* out there."

"No," said Kimo, with a laugh. "I brought him back with me."

I felt my cock twitch in my jeans and stole a

look at Kimo. I knew neither of us could wait to get back to our bedroom.

\* \* \* \*

Back at the cottage, we stripped each other with a vengeance and got into the sheets of Kimo's bed. He put me on my back and started licking me out with a frenzy.

As quickly as he started, he stopped.

"That felt good," I moaned. "Why did you stop?"

"I wanna get in you," his voice rumbled.

Suddenly, we heard footsteps outside the door.

"Who the hell is that?" he whispered, getting up and moving away from me.

A knock on the door.

He jerked his thumb towards my bed and I quickly leapt from his bed to mine, pulling back the bedspread, diving under the sheets as Kimo slipped his jeans up and over his huge erection.

A woman was screaming, beating at the door, demanding he open it. He opened the door, hiding his still-swollen cock pretty well as a wild-haired woman stumbled in and looked at us.

"Where is she?" she spat.

I knew this was Mim, Kimo's wife. She surprised me because I always thought of her as majestic, serene, not the jealous, disheveled wreck

flinging open closet doors, looking under the beds, peering out the window.

"Where is who?" Kimo looked angry, but he kept his voice low.

"I know you're with a woman. Where is she?"

"There's no woman, Mim. I was asleep and you disturbed me. You know how embarrassing you are, making a scene like this?"

She looked at me. "Has he been with a woman tonight?"

"For God's sake, Mim—"

"No," I said. "He's been here all night, right next to me. We were sleeping, I promise you."

She looked from me to Kimo and back to me again. "If I find out you are lying to me, I'll kill you."

"There was no woman here tonight," I said, keeping my voice even.

She turned back to her husband, jabbing a finger at him. "I better not find out that this little bastard's lying." She flung herself out of the door and I could feel the eyes of the other male dancers peering from outside their bedroom doors as I watched Kimo follow her.

Their heated argument in the cold night air probably carried for miles.

"I know there's a woman," she kept saying. "I know you're seeing someone."

"What makes you think that?" I heard him

shout back.

“Because you’ve quit being a horrible jerk to me!” And off she went, Kimo following her.

I found myself lying in bed, smiling. I waited a long time but as the sky grew even darker, heralding the dawn, I drifted to sleep. It was some time later that he came back. He went to the desk in our room, took the chair, jamming it against the door and satisfied it was locked, glanced at me and went back to his bed, flinging himself on it.

\* \* \* \*

He lay on his back, one arm over his eyes for a long time and I lay on my bed, trying to stay very quiet. I could feel the anger rising from him, his breath coming in hot spurts, like steam from a lava vent. I waited, not saying a word, but not really expecting one from him.

But he must have known I was awake because his arm flopped across the space between our beds. It might have been an involuntary gesture, but I knew.

He wanted me to come to him.

I covered the space in seconds and he gathered me to him as I cuddled up to him. He dropped a small kiss on my lips. “Bobby, boy,” he said. “Where were we?”

Raising himself up, he pushed me back on the



bed and his tongue went straight to my nipple, the right nipple, the one he remembered sends all reason out the door.

Kimo sucked it with relish, then lifted his head.

"She'll be for sorry for invading my privacy. It's my cock. I'll do whatever I want with it."

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

He stopped me with kisses and the feeling of his tongue in my mouth, on my face, his lips closing softly on my eyelids, his fingers tracing the outline of my mouth before plunging his tongue inside it again, was indescribable. I don't know how long we kissed because it felt like forever, but it might have been more like half an hour. He kissed my throat, licked my neck, put his tongue in my ear and then I felt his hands on my ass. I went to turn over. He held me to him.

"Little *mahou*," he said. "I want you on your back again. I want to watch your face when I feed you my cock."

His eyes were bright, but his anger had turned to lust again. And I wanted him. "Fuck me, Kimo," I whispered. "Please, please fuck me."

He got between my legs and spread them, lifting them up, so that my asshole was open, available, inches from his mouth.

"I can't wait," he said, ramming his cock into me. Neither of us lasted very long. He came with a shout that he silenced with difficulty, pulling out

as his cock spewed delicious come all over me. He grabbed his cock and mine in one massive paw, stroking on them together and the sight of our beautiful pricks merging together.

"Bobby," he said, still grinding, bumping against me. "Look how beautiful that is."

Both of us were fixated on those splendid pricks coming together, throbbing for one another.

He clubbed my cock and balls gently with his huge tool, then as we both calmed down, he let go of his cock and kept hold of mine, lying beside me, spoon-style.

"Some sleep, then I want to fuck you from behind," he said, his other hand at my stomach, pulling me closer.

"Yes, Kimo," I sighed, feeling his hardness at my back. Sleep? He wanted to sleep?

He started licking and kissing my neck and back. Stroking my stomach, keeping that firm grip on my cock. He kept up the licks and kisses, from my ears, across my shoulders.

I could feel myself getting hard again.

"Oh, baby," he said and I knew he too was rigid.

"Just take me from behind." I raised up my right leg and he cut right into me.

"Aarrgh!" he said, only I realized it was me and he bent down to silence me with a kiss.

"Bobby. You have to be quiet, baby. I know

how good this feels. Jesus, I've never fucked my wife three times in a row like this. Little *mahou*, I think your ass was made for my cock."

I said, "Take it out."

"Take it out?"

I nodded. "And stick it back in again."

"Oh, you little bitch," he said. "You really do wanna get fucked, don't you?"

"Take me from behind," I moaned and he pulled me roughly to my knees and stabbed it straight back home.

"This how you want it, *mahou*?" he hissed.

"Yeah. Yeah. Harder."

And he fucked me with abandon, his sturdy breast beating against my back and his hand went under me, reaching for my cock. I didn't think there was any way I could come again but the feeling of my warrior lover pounding me was too great. His balls slapped against my ass and thighs and we each laughed into the night sky as I braced myself to take the full force of his thunderous orgasm.

From the sounds he was making, the whole troupe would know now that Kimo Wilder was getting some.

More importantly, they would know who was giving it up to him.

His hand kept its grip on my cock and he said, "You should see how hot this looks. Your cock is

so hard. You love what I'm doing to you."

And his fingers moved on me the way I like, the way I taught him and I rotated my hips to give him more pleasure and the big, bad warrior king with the blood of ancients in his veins, emptied his soul into me.

He fell on top of me and turned me over, kissing my smooth groin area, licking lightly at the tip of my dick.

"Mmm...you taste creamy, salty, and sweet. Like you." This time when we spooned, we were both spent. Kimo kept his left arm wrapped around me and his right fist attached to my cock. I didn't mind sleeping like this. It was a fantasy come true. I had no idea where he thought I was going to run to during the night, but as he licked and kissed my neck and shoulders again, I sighed with happiness.

If he needed to keep a grip on my cock, it was his. I moved closer too and we fell asleep, attached to one another in an effortless, dreamy embrace.

## Chapter Six

In the morning, I awoke and felt his rock-hard cock at my bottom. I wasn't sure if he was sleeping, but I shifted my body so that his cock was between my legs and I was moving back and forth, our cocks reaching for each other. I felt him stir.

"Kimo," I whispered.

"Mmmpph."

"Look how beautiful this is."

He raised himself up, putting his chin on my right arm, looking down at our nesting, throbbing cocks. He thrust himself back and forth between my legs and he groaned.

"Fuck me right now, just take me like this," I said.

And he did.

We came together so hard that we both shook. He kept me in his arms, his fingers instantly moving to my throat, counting the beats. "That got your heart started," he said, kissing me. "Come

on, I want to take a shower together.

I couldn't wait to get soap, water and my hands on that hot body. Lathering him up well, I washed him from head to toe, and he seemed to enjoy every second of it.

When I reached his magnificent cock, I got down on my knees, the cool shower water running from his head and shoulders, down his ripped chest, into my mouth. I held his cock in my hands.

"Some body parts should only be washed with the tongue," I said.

"Why's that?" he said, his whole face lit up by his smile.

"Because it pleases me."

"Well then, baby boy, who am I to argue?"

He brushed the water-slicked hair from my eyes and stroked my head as my mouth and tongue worked on the cock it was my privilege and pleasure to service.

I heard his deep sigh and felt his fingers tugging at my hair, holding my head close. Not that he needed to do that. I wouldn't have stopped sucking his cock for anything.

\* \* \* \*

Kimo picked on me a lot that day, making fun of my posture, my hand movements, everything. I

understood that he wanted to remind me who was boss, but his hostile, demeaning attitude was hurtful and unnecessary.

For the first time since our arduous rehearsal schedule began, I couldn't wait for our day to finish. Every time he insulted me, I'd remember the things we'd done in bed and out on the edge of the volcano and my cheeks would flame. I was pretty sure he was going to fire me.

At the end of class, he told me to change rooms with Roland.

To Roland, he said that I snored and it kept him awake. No, I didn't snore but other things I did sure kept him awake.

But Kimo gave a demonstration of what sounded like a family of comatose, tubercular bears, which made everybody laugh. And not for the first time since we'd left Maui, I really missed Johnny.

I knew Kimo was acting out. I knew he was racked with guilt and probably shame, but we'd had fun. There was no need to spoil everything. Not in my mind, anyway. Knowing that he just couldn't handle being with another man still didn't make me feel any better.

So, I changed rooms with Roland, who was bunking with Lon and I worked hard to find a positive side to all of this. My ass could use a break from that yule log between Kimo's thighs.

But at the same time, I still yearned for it, dammit, and a sinking feeling in my stomach was beginning to turn into a very hot lava stone.

I was confused by my feelings for Kimo. The sex was amazing but I didn't particularly enjoy the humiliation of what I had to go through to get it.

He avoided being alone with me and when we broke rehearsal for the day, I took a long, contemplative shower and took a short nap on my new bed until Lon woke me to tell me that we were going to dinner.

Most of the company, except Kimo, who wanted to be by himself, was going out to the Volcano House. I sure didn't want to be left alone on the premises with Kimo in his current, belligerent state, so I joined the others out front.

Mr. Affatata drove us in the minivan and said he'd pick us up again at nine pm. He kept looking at me in an odd way and I wondered if he knew about me and Kimo.

With the most spectacular view in the world of the steaming, roiling *Kilauea* outside every unadorned window, I didn't see the point of coming to the Volcano House when the view disappears with the sunset.

And as the locals and the more discerning travelers often grumble, so do the food and service.

The others were teasing Roland about sharing



the guest cottage with Kimo.

“Bobby, your snoring must be really bad,” said Lon. “But Kimo ain’t seen nothin’ yet, because Roland’s snoring is like a freakin’ freight train.”

I smiled, but inside me, that lava stone was growing into a boulder. I scanned the menu, picking steak and an *ohelo* berry shake. I barely touched the steak, but the shake was pretty good.

It was a specialty of the house and since the *ohelo* berry had all kinds of *kapus* associated with picking *Pele’s* fruit, the volcano park rangers encourage tourists to come here and try the infamous berry, rather than pick it themselves. The Volcano House takes things seriously, always offering *Pele* first pick before taking some for the restaurant.

I tried hard not to think about Kimo feeding me the berries, then me, to Madame *Pele*. I tried hard to be a part of the group and nobody seemed to notice that my mind was drifting. There was a payphone by the Volcano House shop and everybody snapped up bags of Volcano coffee and tea, candy bars and cookies, while we wrestled with one another for the phone.

I put a call through to Johnny, deciding that maybe I’d been hasty.

No, I wasn’t. The other guy answered his phone again and I hung up.

The lava boulder in my belly grew heavier and

felt like it was on fire.

Roland nudged me. "Why do you torture yourself?"

Boyfriend trouble?" asked Ginger.

"Another guy just answered his boyfriend's phone," Roland said.

"Ex-boyfriend," I said.

"I hope so," said Roland. "He's a chronic cheat."

"That's so cold, cheating on you with another man while you're out of town," said Lon. "Maybe it was your snoring?"

This time I laughed along with everyone else. My life was one big cartoon with an empty dialogue bubble over the top of my head.

When we arrived back at the Aloha House, I bid Roland a good night as the rest of us went into the Guest House and he kept walking towards Sushi Cottage.

And the man of my dreams.

\* \* \* \*

"You're not coming up?" Lon asked.

"I'm gonna read for a while," I said. "You want some tea?"

"Sure," Lon said and we went to the kitchen, opening the bag of green jasmine I'd just bought at Volcano House. It had a comforting island smell

that only got better with the boiling water. We carried our cups to the living room.

It was freezing and Lon worked at stoking the fireplace back into action. The warmth from those lava stones eased the unhappiness in my soul. We sipped our tea in companionable silence, then Lon excused himself.

“See you upstairs,” he said.

I studied the eighteen-foot high of extraordinary works of Hawaiian history and fiction. Where to start? I sat in a big, comfy chair by the fire, reading random works that captured my fancy. Though I respect the work of Nathaniel Emerson, one of the greatest translators of Hawaiian literature into English, his work to me is unreadable. Most if it takes a lot of work to decipher and understand, but since I was now involved in the sacred hula of *Pele*, I thought it best to check out what he had to say about *Pele* and her sister *Hi'iaka*.

One of the things you have to understand about *Pele* is that her relationships, and I mean all of her relationships, were complicated. Just like *Pele* herself. She erupts in anger, her volcanic rage extinguishing life, yet in the hardening lava, she has always created new land and fresh, new life.

She gives and she takes. She even murdered her lover, the Chief *Lohiau*, because she was jealous. I thought about her relationship with *Kamapua'a*. It

was exactly the same. Push-pull. They'd love and they'd hate.

I realized that this was what Kimo was doing to me. Giving me his all, then removing it from me. The *Kamapua'a* texts describe his lovemaking with *Pele* as "putting out fires." I was surprised to learn he defeated his own father and brother in battle, then banished them from his islands forever. Like *Kamapua'a*, Kimo was a born conqueror. He'd vanquished me, then banished me. Yep, I just had to go and find me a raging Volcano Pig God of Fire.

Emerson soon sent me to sleep, but I was too tired to move. I stayed in that comfortable chair until I felt my Phantom Lover's tongue on my throat.

I bolted out of the chair, clutching that book to me.

"Why you reading myths?" he growled. "You've got the real thing with me."

I immediately went to run to my room and he grabbed me by the wrist.

"Don't go," he said. "I... I only want to show you how sorry I am."

Kimo started to kiss me. I resisted. I still had acid burns in my brain from how he'd been treating me all day.

"Please, baby," he said, moving his hands all over my body, anxious to get the reaction he

craved. He licked and sucked at my mouth and hands, which had moved to his neck and he felt my timid kisses coming back to him.

“Give them to me,” he said and my mouth opened to him. He was drinking of me, consuming me and I was drowning with the joy of being with him again. “I know I freaked out, Bobby. I’m so sorry.”

His apology was heartfelt and rare. He kept his mouth on me and I just melted into him. His hand went to my crotch and I felt my painful erection betraying me as his hands moved to my waistband and he yanked at my pants.

Grabbing onto his, I pulled them past his own bulging cock and I dropped to my knees to inhale it with my greedy mouth.

“Bobby, there’s no time for that.” He got down on the slick wooden floor, pulling me with him. I felt his frustration as he worked to free me from every last shred of clothing.

The shock of the cold air on my skin was quickly replaced by the warm, dying embers in the fireplace. My face felt hot and when he put his scorching mouth on my arms and chest, I felt my breath catch and my heartbeat quicken. His big hands took my hips, lifting them to him and I found my lover’s face buried in my ass, kissing and licking at my balls, trying to get his hot tongue into me.

"I need that ass, baby," he said, holding me off the floor. I spread my legs, my feet dangling in mid air.

"Put your feet on my shoulders," he commanded and the second he did, I felt his tongue enter me and I moaned.

Kimo licked and sucked at me, putting me on the floor, pushing at my thighs to spread them further. He sucked at my ass like he was putting out a fire and when at last he drove his cock into me, I felt the way this fucking of a lifetime detonated the boulder that had been festering in my belly. I felt his blazing surge inside me, feeding me.

He didn't stop moving his rutting, drenching cock, but lowered himself to me, his body shaking from the impact of his orgasm. I wrapped my legs around his waist and we both let out a cry as he moved back into me a little more deeply.

Kimo kissed and licked my face, which I realized was wet with my tears. I understood now why Johnny had cried, but unlike Johnny, I was not going to run away from the feelings I had for Kimo. Even if this ended up killing me.

He looked down at my own cock, which had come, spilling my seed all over our stomachs.

"You came without me touching you," he said.

"Oh, you touched me." I held his face in my hands and my lips sought out his tongue. "You

touched me in all the right places.”

Kimo stayed in me, stroking and kissing me until it started to grow light outside.

“You feel better?” he asked.

“Yeah. It’s been a hellish day.”

“It was excruciating for me too,” he said. “I went crazy from not being with you. I thought you might...I thought you might...”

“Get with somebody else?”

“No. I thought you might leave. You do know I ripped out the goddamn fucking phones because I heard you called your ex.”

“I had no idea it was because of me.”

“Yeah, well, now you know. I thought you might go back to him.”

“There’s nowhere else for me to go,” I said. It’s over with Johnny and there’s nothing waiting for me back home in Honolulu.”

“Then you’ll stay here with me?”

“Of course.”

“We have to be discreet, though, Bobby.”

“I’m always discreet.”

“I’m going back to my room. But I promise you, tonight you’ll be back in my bed again. Okay?”

“Okay.”

He grinned. “The ancient kings had more than wife. Why shouldn’t I?”

And with that, he pulled out of me, raising me to my feet. We helped one another get dressed.

“I think you’re unbuttoning my fly again,” I said, a warm smile covering my face.

“Damn. I can’t help myself. You’re getting me hard again, Bobby. I’d better go.” With reluctance, I watched him put that beautiful cock back in his pants.

“It’s not going anywhere,” he said, catching my bereft stare. “It’s gonna come in that beautiful brown ass again tonight. It is my ass, right?”

“Yes,” I said, overjoyed that he’d woken me from sleep to take ownership of it again.

Kimo gave me one more hard kiss, then slipped away from me into the misty shrouds of the early morning dawn.

It was only then that I heard the sound. The sound of stealthy footsteps retreating. And a softly closing door.

Somebody had been watching us.



## Chapter Seven

Kimo shipped Roland out of his room the next morning, saying his snoring was worse than mine. Although Lon offered to share, Kimo said, “No thanks, Roland says you talk in your sleep.”

Poor Lon looked mortified. I couldn’t tell you whether he talked in his sleep or sang *Hey Jude* a cappella, since I’d spent most of the night in the living room and slipped back to my bed about an hour before our wake up call from Kimo.

It was Lon who woke me as Kimo bashed on our door. We went for our usual run and about half way I felt a hand on my butt and wasn’t surprised to see Kimo leaning in for a quick kiss.

I let him run ahead of me, even though I could easily have kept pace with him. I was already aware that Kimo liked being in charge, liked being the lead and I let him have his way.

Over breakfast, which once again he cooked, this time the Hawaiian staple of steamed fish, vegetables, two scoops of rice and some *poi*. I

looked at the *poi*. It sure tasted like my *tutu* made it.

“Oh, your *tutu* came by this morning and brought you some *poi* and breadfruit,” said Kimo in a breezy way. “I felt sure you’d want to share.” I didn’t mind sharing food. I minded Kimo absconding with my grandma. She’d walked two miles to bring me food but only Kimo got to see her.

As I bit into the breadfruit, which had a wonderful cake-like consistency in its fried state, I couldn’t help feeling stupid about being jealous. Grandma was never very fond of Johnny. She must have had a big old giant granny-crush on Kimo to come this far to bring us food.

I caught Kimo’s warm smile and I couldn’t wait until I got him alone.

We all enjoyed Grandma’s offerings and then Kimo dropped the bomb on Roland. There was no time for furtive fumbblings with Kimo before our rehearsal day since Roland and I were left scrambling to change rooms. Once again, we were throwing our sheets into the wash, but I was hoping for some private time with Kimo at some point.

\* \* \* \*

Kimo’s wife returned at lunchtime and I saw the

scowl on his face as she arrived before we'd even finished rehearsal. He went over to her immediately and I saw them kiss each other's cheeks twice and they went off in private to talk.

"She looks really pissed," Ginger said to me.

"Want to go into town?" Roland asked me. "We could hit Gino's, you know the shrimp truck down the bottom of the hill by the pond."

A few of us walked down and I was surprised to see Kimo and Mim walking back towards us.

"Where are you all going?" Kimo asked, but he looked directly at me.

"The shrimp truck," Ginger said in a bright, breathless-girl way.

Kimo nodded. "I'm taking Mim back to the airport. She's leaving for Honolulu, so take your time. I'll see you back at rehearsal at two o'clock." He did not look at me as he said this and I saw the grip on his wife's arm was anything but friendly.

"They're not happy campers," said Roland. "He tossed and turned all night. He went off for a walk, but when he came back, he had this big ol' smile on his face."

"You think he went for a run?" Eddie asked.

"If you ask me, he must have some chick stashed somewhere but he's so grumpy all the time, who'd put up with him?"

"I would," said Ginger, earning a permanent frown from Eddie.

\* \* \* \*

The shrimp truck, a Hawaiian specialty, wasn't elegant and the ambience with these trucks was whatever was around them, but the shrimp at most of them was always delectable. When you're working as hard as we were however, even the freshest shrimp pulled right out of the pond won't sustain you very long.

So not only was I starving, but I didn't get a moment alone with Kimo, who was quiet and low-key during the afternoon session. If I had to gauge his mood, I would have said pensive. Back in our room after showering and changing, I lounged around on my bed, hoping he'd come and join me, but by seven he was still nowhere in sight and when the others suggested dinner, I jumped at the chance. This native had been getting restless.

\* \* \* \*

Eddie somehow finagled the use of the Affatatas' mini van and he drove it like a baboon on crack, who'd stolen the keys and taken it on a joy ride. The rest of us held on for grim death as he headed back towards Hilo, shouting suggestions over his shoulder.

"I'm walking home," I screamed. "Slow down!"

"You have no sense of adventure," Eddie griped when Ginger punched him in the arm in an effort to get him a little friendlier with the brakes.

An argument ensued over whether we should eat seafood or pasta and pasta prevailed.

Eddie wanted seafood and the rest of us wanted pasta. He was forced to turn around and we veered toward Haili Avenue and the best Italian restaurant—correction, only Italian restaurant—in *Hilo*. We were all surprised to see Kimo leaving as we arrived. He was accompanied by a very beautiful Hawaiian woman. I would have gotten out of the van and clubbed her to death, except that I realized it was Kaiona, wife of my best friend Nicky.

"Bobby!" she squealed when she saw me. She gave me a huge hug and I watched the indulgent smile on Kimo's face.

"Where's our girl?" I asked Kaiona.

She pulled a face. "She's at home. I came out here to tape a TV commercial if you can believe that."

"A commercial for what?"

"Kona coffee. I called Kimo and he came on the set to have a good laugh at me and we've just had dinner and now I'm missing my wife, so I'm flying home."

"Give her a hug, will you? I miss my Nicky

too.”

“I will.” She threaded her arm through mine. “Now introduce me to everybody.”

The girls were transfixed by Kaiona, since she was a hula dancing legend and the guys drooled over her.

She was sweet and charming with everyone and then Kimo said they had to leave.

“I’ve got another airport run,” he said. He never even glanced at me.

“Bobby,” Kaiona called out as we started to pile into the restaurant. “How are things with what’s-his-name?”

“They’re not,” I said, with a shrug.

“Oh, that’s too bad. We have to find you a nice guy. Now things are settled down after the wedding, once you’re back in Waikiki, Nicky and I will hook you up.”

What else could I say, except, “Great. Thanks.”

Kimo touched her elbow, while managing to avoid even a glance at me, and then they were gone.

\* \* \* \*

I tried hard not to flip out over dinner at Pescatore. Kimo seemed remote and angry again. Well, it couldn’t be helped. We’d had some awesome sex, but the man was clearly conflicted. I

had to get through the rehearsals and the show and forget all about him. Then a little voice in my brain said, "He wanted to be discreet, remember?"

Yeah, but there was discreet and feeling totally abandoned. Why did I keep attracting guys who were so emotionally detached?

Our little group wolfed through shared plates of pasta and finished with huge chunks of double chocolate truffle cake. That cake did, as our cute little waiter promised us, change our lives.

When I arrived back home from dinner, I didn't know what to expect. I certainly didn't expect to find our bedroom turned into an erotic-looking bordello with our beds pushed together and flower blossoms tossed all over the beds and the floor, champagne chilling on ice. Kimo, naked except for the red and yellow sarong tied loosely around his hips, was also not how I expected him to be dressed.

The second I opened the door and saw him waiting for me, I locked it, helping him jam a chair under the door handle. My clothes were coming off and he had me on the floor and he was inside me before I could finish saying, "I missed you all day."

Kimo carried me to the bed and made love to me with a tenderness he hadn't shown in the past couple of days, holding my cock and guiding me to an explosive orgasm the moment he came too.

For long moments, we kissed and licked at each other's faces and unhappily, I felt him roll off me.

He chuckled as he lay right up against me, looking at me. "It's not going anywhere," he said. "How was dinner?"

"Horrible."

"You missed me that much, huh?"

"I missed you a lot."

That seemed to delight him. "I have something special planned for tomorrow night," he said. "So figure out a way to escape and meet me down the hill by the shrimp truck. Meet me at six thirty. Okay?"

"Okay."

He gathered me in his arms. "Oh and dress up. What we're going on is a date."

"A date? Wow, that's so nice."

"Yeah, I hope so, baby." He kissed my shoulder and pretty soon we were asleep.

\* \* \* \*

It wasn't easy escaping the others, but the next evening, I found Kimo waiting for me in an old truck I recognized as my grandmother's. Boy, these two were as thick as thieves. He kissed me as I jumped in.

"You look hot," he said.

"You do too. You know how hard it is to look at



you all day and not be able to touch you?"

He laughed then. "Well, you can touch me all you want tonight. Are you ready for an adventure?"

"Sure. How'd you get my *tutu's* truck started?"

"I had a friend fix it."

For a moment I couldn't speak. "You did that? Wow, Kimo, thank you. That's so...nice."

"You don't think I'm a nice person?"

"I get glimpses of it. More and more glimpses."

His mouth twitched into a smile. "I feel like being nice. More and more." He reached for my hand. "I want her to think of me as a big improvement over what's-his-name."

We both laughed and he got the truck going, pointing it to the *Puna* forest. As we approached a narrow mountain road with a black gate, he paused. I jumped out and intuitively opened it, letting him pass, closing it again.

I jumped back in and he reached for my hand again. "I love that you just did that. My wife wouldn't even have figured out to do that. We would have spent ten minutes arguing about it."

"Your wife should never be mentioned when you're on a date with your other wife."

For some reason we both found this hysterical and we sat in that truck, poised on a precarious road, laughing our asses off.

"How far away are we from where we need to

go?" I asked him.

"Very close."

"And how soon do we need to be there?"

"Very soon."

"That's a shame." My hand traveled to his lap.

"Don't worry," he said. "I've arranged something that will make us both very, very happy."

He laughed again when he saw the big smile on my face.

Kimo drove us about another mile inland and the path thickened to a lush cluster of trees and assign up ahead written in stones, piled on an old stone wall:

*Aloha Kimo And Bobby*

"What have you done?" I asked him. "That's amazing. Can I have a photo of it? I want to remember this night for the rest of my life."

"It hasn't even started yet," he said, but I could tell he was pleased.

"Who did that?"

"The owners. It's part of the...package."

And then we were in a small grove, where two children were waiting for us. "*Aloha! Aloha!*" they kept chanting. They each held flower *lei*, the little girl uncertain when the massive Kimo and his fearsome tattoos stepped out of the truck.

He was sweet and gentle with her. "Is that for me?" he said, bending down to her. She giggled and threw it around his neck. I knew it was *pukalana*, a small green flower that looks like nothing, yet could scent everything around it for miles.

The little boy draped a *lei* around my neck and as I thanked him, he took my hand. The children started squealing, "They're here! They're here!" and I could feel Kimo's rumbling laughter behind me.

They took us down a dirt track that opened to a large expanse of green and ahead of us was an enormous *hau* tree with a house built right on the highest branches.

"*Aloha*," said the man waiting by the tree. "I am Billy, I am the owner of Stairway to Heaven. My family welcomes you. Please, make your way upstairs. My wife will bring dinner shortly. She will knock at the door and leave the tray outside. Oh, and please feel free to play the music as loud as you like. Nobody will hear you. Oh, and please remember that I will come to collect you at nine fifteen. *Mahalo!*"

And with that he took off, his children leaping back down the dirt track ahead of him.

"Ready, baby?" Kimo asked, nuzzling me. "You climb ahead of me; I want to watch that cute bubble-ass of yours."

I threw my arms around his neck and he kissed me. "I can't believe you did this. This is the most incredible date I have ever been on."

"Tell me that after it's over," he said. "When I know for sure it's the most incredible date you've ever had."

I started climbing, aware our time was somewhat short. I got to the door with Kimo's hand on my ass and I was surprised to find we were – well, I was – able to stand upright in it. Kimo was able to stand but had to bend his head down. I had never seen anything as charming as this little slice of Heaven. There were huge pillows, small pillows, a window seat with a spectacular view of *Mauna Kea* Mountain and the verdant lava forests of *Puna* sprawled below.

Kimo and I sat together by the open window. "We're the only people in the world," he whispered to me and he started to kiss me. I got his shirt off in record time and was ecstatic to have the touch of skin on skin again. Kimo's tongue flicked at my lips, plunging into my mouth again. I couldn't get enough of him.

We heard noises outside, then there was a knock at the door and he smiled. "Ah. Dinner is served."

We heard the slow climb of Billy's wife down the stairs again. Kimo crawled on his knees to collect the tray and I looked around, noticing the

thoughtful touches Billy and his wife had provided for their Heavenly guests. There were candles to light, flowers and incense, even a package of condoms. There was also a record player set to go.

Kimo put the food on a low-lying table, plumping up pillows around it.

It was only when I saw the amount of delicious-looking food that I realized how much expense and trouble he had gone to; I wanted to cry. He was looking at my face, but wasn't getting the reaction he hoped for.

"Is everything okay, baby?" He was so anxious. "Don't you like this place?"

"Oh my God, how can you say that?" Tears were in my eyes. "This is beautiful. It's all so beautiful. I just know you spent a fortune on me and..."

Kimo scooted over to me and took me in his arms. "This is my pleasure. My pleasure," he repeated with emphasis. "I am going to have so much fun spoiling you. In the little time I have known you...all you have given me is joy."

He kissed me, which effectively stopped my brain from functioning. I wanted him naked and started removing all his clothes.

"You want to make love first?" he said. "But honey, our dinner will get cold."

"I'm having dinner with the sexiest man alive. I

want to look at him in all his glory.”

“Well, carry on then.” He grinned. He got my clothes off and poured us some wine. I think that was when our tradition of drinking out of the same glass, the same cup, eating off the same plate, began. I lit the candles and a stick of incense and Kimo told me to put the record on.

It was Keola Beamer, one of my favorites. The first song was also one of my favorites, *Shells*. As a boy, I watched my mother dance to it. I wiped the memory, focusing on now.

“Dance with me.” Kimo took me in his arms and although he had to bend his head, it was the sexiest dance I ever had in my life. Our hard, pulsating cocks made it hard to stand as close as we wanted to, but we managed.

When the song finished, we got back down to our pillows and cushions and Kimo picked up a dish. “Here, baby, try some of this.” He put a scallop in my mouth that had been cooked with ginger and lychee and I almost swooned with pleasure. Next came a piece of broccoli that had been cooked in garlic and soy sauce.

“You like?”

“The food’s fantastic and the fingers are not bad either.” I took them into my mouth, sucking them again.

“Damn,” he said. “I guess the food’s gonna get cold after all.” He pulled my head to him and we

kissed with renewed vigor. I swooped down on his magnificent, erect cock, which would never have lasted through dinner and sucked the tip into my mouth. Kimo reacted as if he'd prodded with a tazer. He squirmed with the wonderful sensations only a hot, wet, wanting mouth can produce.

"Baby," I lifted my head. "Have you ever had a fruit squeeze?"

His eyes focused on me, coming out of the haze of carnal pleasure I'd created for him.

"Uh...I don't believe so."

"Hmmpfh. Well, prepare yourself to be squeezed. Can you watch me okay from that position? Here, put another pillow behind your back. I want you to watch what I'm doing to you."

"Kiss me," he said huskily, when I was done re-arranging him.

I let him kiss and lick my mouth and I picked up a handful of the cubed mango I had seen on the tray. I squeezed the fruit in one hand, holding onto my own personal joystick with the other and I let the juicy, messy pulp slide down my baby's fuck pole. Kimo groaned as the wet, warm mess slid down his cock and I took the head of it back into my mouth, slurping at him and the fruit.

Sucking down the length of his cock, I recovered every last drop of fruit and juice and got busy between his legs. Kimo kept saying, "Oh my God," over and over again.

When I got back to the delicious cock head I had come to crave, I sucked the excess juice off him with such force that he came like a geyser, igniting his juices down the back of my throat.

Although I'd learned his cock was very sensitive after coming, I knew just how to handle it. Lots of kisses on the side, the base and his balls. I'd come back to his cock head in a couple of minutes. Sucking a man's cock was an incredibly powerful feeling for me. I loved that I could bring Kimo such fulfillment. I loved seeing the dazed expression on his face. The lust still smoldering in his eager eyes.

"Did you enjoy your fruit squeeze?" I asked him as he raised himself back on one elbow.

"Oh fuck, yeah. You've got the touch, baby. Please, please don't ever do that again with another man." He pulled me to him.

"I won't," I said, surprised by the urgency in his voice.

"Promise me." The look on his face was so intense, I promised him. He sighed then, relaxing completely. "That was something else. I know I'm not supposed to talk about my other wife, but you could teach her a thing or two." He felt me stiffen in his arms. "But I won't mention her again, I promise."

My own cock was full to bursting and it was all I could do not to start jerking off right then and



there.

Kimo was looking at it, touching me. He wiped the slick head of cock with his forefinger and put it in his mouth. "Good," he said. "You know what, baby; King *Kamehameha* had a cannon, the first cannon ever seen on the islands. His nickname for it was *Lopaka*.

"As you know, *Lopaka* is your Hawaiian name and since this luscious cock looks like a cannon, I'm never calling you Bobby again. From now on, you're *Lopaka*. And when I call you *Lopaka* you're going to know I'm wishing I had this cannon in my hands."

He started stroking his cannon and kissing me, begging me to come all over his hands. It didn't take me long to meet his demands.

\* \* \* \*

Billy came and collected us when it was dark outside and the only lights were from the two flickering candles in our tree house. I never wanted to leave. I loved being the only two people in the world.

Kimo and I dressed quickly when we saw the flickering of the family's flashlights as they came to meet us. Good thing too. The forest was pitch-black.

"That was amazing," I said to Billy, hugging

him and his wife. "What a wonderful thing you are doing for couples all over the island."

"*Mahalo*," said Billy. "We do it just to see the happy faces on our friends when they come down that tree."

"Well, my baby is very happy," Kimo said, his arm around me. "I think we'll be coming back again."

The look on my face must have shown the instant glee I felt. We all laughed and Billy led us back to the truck while his wife got the tree house ready for the next pair of lucky lovers.

"Thank you," I said to Kimo, before he got the truck started.

He smiled, truly happy with our sexy adventure himself.

"Do we have to rush back to the hotel?" I asked him.

"No, baby, what did you have in mind?"

"I have this fantasy I want to act out...I want to show you what island boys who have no place to go, do with the men they love."

*Love*. The word was out now before I even realized it. Something, a current of energy, passed between us. It wasn't a bad feeling. It was a warm feeling and Kimo's smile reached his eyes.

"Where do you want me to drive?"

I pointed the way to the main road, looking for the side exit I'd walked by many times as a child.

"Here," I said, excited now. "Make a right."

Kimo took the road and after a bumpy half mile, we reached another gate. I got out and opened it. The road led to an old, disused pineapple plantation. An old guard's hut sat to the side of us, but much of the fields had returned to native grasses and plants.

"Pull over here," I said. I told him to cut the lights. "When I was a little boy and I had fantasies of other boys, I used to see guys, beautiful guys pulling up here, giving each other fast and thirsty head. I need to suck your cock, Kimo. And you need to pretend you're looking out for the cops."

He laughed as my hands galloped to his zipper and that monster-sized man meat found its way into my mouth again. Kimo stroked my head. "Oh, baby," he said as I sucked at him. I put my index finger in my wet mouth, letting it rub the head of his shaft.

"Oh, fuck!" Kimo screamed. "Oh...man, that feels good."

The extra pressure sent him over the edge faster than I anticipated and he came quickly, holding my head to him.

"That was beautiful, baby," he said, when he finally caught his breath. He was laughing now. "You have a nasty streak in you. I love it." He kissed me and his eyes widened. "Don't look now, baby, but I think the cops really are here."

The vehicle that curved by us was the local sheriff who asked if we were okay. Since we were fully clothed from the waist up, he didn't bother us, just told us we were on private land. As he watched us pull back out onto the main road, Kimo could tell I was satisfied. My fantasy was now complete.

"*Lopaka*," he said. "You're bringing out a dangerous side, the bad boy in me."

"Is that good or bad?"

He grinned at me. "Oh, it's very good. You are something else."

## Chapter Eight

Kimo and I filled each other's days and nights. After our morning run, we took to finding private spaces to fuck and enjoy each other for the hour before rehearsals started. He took me away after rehearsal and we found beautiful, secluded beaches to swim, and if we were alone, we'd enjoy a quick romp.

Dinners were spent with the others, who seemed oblivious to the fact that Kimo had me next to him at restaurants. Occasionally he would forget we were supposed to be discreet and he'd drink from my glass or my coffee cup. The girls would tease him about being greedy and his hand would seek out mine under the table.

We went to visit my *tutu* one afternoon and she was excited to see us, but she seemed to be walking with difficulty. Kimo forced her to lift up her long skirt and we saw she'd been badly stung by a scorpion on her right leg.

"Baby," he said to me. "Go out and find me a

*taro*, roots and all, from the garden."

"You must be in a lot of pain," he told *Tutu*.

"Baby," she said. "You got no idea."

I ran outside as I heard him start to chant. I pulled a *taro* out from the patch and paused. I went back and pulled another, propping it beside the stone representing *Pele*. Other *taro* roots were rotting beside her, so I threw it on the pile. I stopped by *Tutu's* lemon tree, plucking lemons and leaves off a bough.

When I got back into the house, Kimo was still working on Grandma. She turned her head to me.

"You leave one for *Pele*?"

"Yes, I did."

Kimo instructed me to wash and chop the *taro* and its stems. He rubbed them on the wound and Grandma moaned. Kimo tore a clean shirt and wrapped it around her thigh.

"I'm coming back in the morning and I'll change it, okay?" said Kimo.

"Hey," said *Tutu*. "I could get used to this."

"And *Lopaka* and I are putting screens in your windows. No arguments, please."

"*Lopaka*, eh?" *Tutu* had tears in her eyes. "How did my boy and I get so lucky to find you, Kimo?"

"I'm the lucky one," he said, dropping a kiss on her cheek.

"Boy he's a sexy one, isn't he?" said Grandma.

"He sure is," I said with a laugh.

Kimo looked at the lemon leaves I'd brought in. "How did you know about lemons? That they're a repellent?"

"I told you he was taught in the ways of the ancients," said Grandma as I started to place the leaves around the windows and in the door frames.

And I saw the look in Kimo's eyes. He was surprised, continually surprised by me.

\* \* \* \*

After we checked on *Tutu* the following day, he brushed off her efforts to feed us, even though we'd stocked the fridge full of delicious food. I knew he wanted to be alone with me and that was fine by me.

We drove in *Tutu's* truck to the tiny port town of *Kawaihae*. For a moment I felt I could have been in Italy or the south of France. We parked and wandered over to Café Pesto, overlooking the bustling port and although fishermen were hauling in the day's catch, there was not a single sea gull in sight, but then there never are in Hawaii.

There were the sounds of laughter and there was the special sound of Kimo laughing as I told him about Roland walking on stage with toilet paper wadded into his *malo*, or loin cloth one night

in a show in California.

I had yet to see Kimo in his signature red *malo* up close and I longed for the moment when I did. We ordered pizza and ice cream and then he said he wanted to take me somewhere he had never taken anyone before.

We drove a short way from *Kawaihae* past *Pu'ukohola Heiau*, King *Kamehameha* the Great's open-air temple. The place has the worst *mana*, or energy, emanating from it. I knew *Kamehameha* had sacrificed many human lives from this place and it never failed to chill me, even before I knew of its dreadful history.

"We're not going there, are we?" I asked him.

"No, not there, but somewhere close. Do you trust me?"

"Of course," I said without hesitation and I saw him smile. He drove down towards the rocky outcrop of the ocean. Ahead of us, the temple was shrouded by *Mauna Kea*, which I had come to think of as our mountain.

"Take your clothes off," said Kimo.

"What, here?"

He nodded, reaching into the small cabin behind us and handing me a wetsuit.

"I think this will fit."

We stripped quickly and he let me fondle his gorgeous cock for a brief moment before it disappeared. Hiding the truck's keys under a rock,



he took me by the hand and led me into the water. It was freezing. We leapt in together and Kimo shouted for me to follow him and we ducked under water and I followed him.

Coming up for air, I slid back under and found him streaking past me to a large dark object ahead. It was a long, flat rock, black and lava-like. Ahead of it, I saw what looked like a vast underwater canyon.

I rose to the surface, gasping for breath.

Kimo swam over to me.

"What is it?" I asked. "The flat thing?"

"*Hale-o-Kapuni.*" He was looking ecstatic. "It's an old shark *heiau*, where human remains were fed to the sharks."

Suddenly, I felt very weird. Why was he bringing me here? But I could see he was so pleased with his discovery and I hoped I hid my discomfort well.

"Baby, nobody knows it's here," he said. "It sank decades ago and people think it's a myth, but you and I know it's real."

He pulled me into his arms, unzipping my wetsuit.

"Oh, I get it," I said, as the penny dropped. "I'm another offering, a live offering for the sharks."

His hands were on his ass now and his fingers reaching around for me. "Exactly," he whispered as I struggled to remove him from his wet suit.

"What is the big cavern down there?" I asked.

"A new volcano. It will emerge in five hundred thousand years."

The awe that inspired in both of us stopped us from tearing at each other for a moment.

"We won't be alive then," I said.

"Some part of us will," he said, his voice grave and soft. "And the sharks will tell all."

He held me to him as his cock found its favorite place and I fell back as Kimo held me to him, fucking me, telling me how good it felt to be inside me again. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he trod water, to keep himself afloat.

We felt the waves coming and I laughed as a big one washed over us, throwing us down to the flatbed of rock. Kimo was pulled out of me and when he caught me to him, we frantically tried to get him inside me again. I was holding onto craggy rocks at the shore as Kimo stuck it back into me and fucked me with my legs up over his shoulders.

The feeling was unbelievable.

"Oh God," he said, "I wish I could fuck you like this on dry land."

"Feed me to the sharks," I said. "Come on. Show them how you fuck your man!"

And he grabbed my waist, plunging in and out of me, coming so hard, he slipped under the water, carrying me with him.

We were joined together, fused by his cock. His open mouth reached for me and I felt the rising fire of his orgasm rip through me.

When we came back to the surface, we laughed and shook with the force of that amazing moment.

“Consider yourself fed,” he said, pulling his cock out of me.

\* \* \* \*

Two weeks later, we were getting close to being ready to perform our show. Five days before we were to open in Honolulu, Kimo told us we would be heading back to Honolulu in two days’ time for publicity and photographs.

The shift in his attention to me was swift. He started avoiding me and that afternoon, told me we could no longer sleep together.

“Buy why?” I asked, wanting to cry. “Why can’t we keep seeing each other until we go home?”

“This is hard for me. Can’t you see that? I have to go back to my wife. It’s better if we just cut things now. Rip off that Band-Aid.”

“If that’s what you want,” I said.

“It’s what I want.”

I had no idea what it was going to be like sleeping next to him, but not being able to touch him, but he never returned to our room. Zombie-like, I went through the motions each day, not

believing that he had just flipped the switch like that.

He just stayed away from me and never spent a minute alone with me after he told me it was over.

I went to see my *tutu* the day we were leaving. I kept it together until I saw her face. She held her arms out to me, her fingers touching my face.

"You love him very much, don't you?" Grandma's voice was soft.

I nodded, unable to speak. Great tears splashed from my eyes and the sounds of heart-racked sobs filled the small house.

Grandma waited while I cried and embarrassed, I wiped at my nose and she leaned towards me, handing me a gravelly *a'a* lava stone. It was rough in texture and red, rather than black and when I closed my fingers around it, the stone felt like it was on fire.

"*Tutu*," I gasped. "It's on fire."

"It's energized. Take it with you so *Pele* is always with you. The energy will wane and that's when you know you need to come home and put new life into your *a'a*."

"But *tutu*, I can't take one of *Pele's* children. It's stealing."

Grandma's face turned fierce. "You are one of *Pele's* children and it's not stealing. It's only borrowing. You need her strength, boy."

The stone burned so hard in my hand I felt sure

I would see blisters if I looked at the palm.

"I am so afraid, Grandma. I am losing him and I'm not ready to say goodbye."

"Oh my boy, he's far more afraid than you are. Know that. Believe that."

"He's afraid?"

She smiled at me. "He fears what he feels for you. You are not quite the package he expected. Listen to me, *Lopaka*. You will need her love. *Pele* will squeeze you, but she won't kill you. You are one of her children, a child of her land, as much as this stone. Your stone will enjoy its new adventure but when it grows cold, you need to bring it home. And you will know patience and that love must come naturally. And one day, you won't need this stone anymore."

Grandma held me in her arms like she had when I was a little boy. I had a sudden flashback to a night when I had a raging fever, as hot as the stone in my hand and when I cried for my mother, the woman who had abandoned me, *Tutu* told me that my mother loved me in a distant way, the only love some people can give.

"I keep finding people who don't want me," I said and Grandma looked old and sad.

"You need to be patient with him," she said. "He is a good man. He isn't your mother and he isn't Johnny. Love him with your whole heart. Just be you. And wait. If I can give you any advice it's

that you should be afraid. Be afraid and still do it. Don't be afraid to wait."

That gave me hope and when I got up to leave, the empty achy feeling I'd walked in with was gone. My stone seemed to tingle in my fingers and I took it back to my room with me, preparing for our return to Honolulu and the empty nights ahead of me without Kimo.

\* \* \* \*

Kimo and I sat separately on the plane. As usual, I was sitting beside Roland, who was bubbling with excitement about his baby adoption plans. Kimo had packed his belongings before I had, leaving me to pack alone. There had been no long, emotional, or even a quick, sexy goodbye.

My lava stone felt like it was burning a hole in my pocket and when I stole a glance at Kimo, his eyes were closed and he was listening to his I-pod. I looked at his long lashes and the strong arms that had held me. And the stone seemed to crackle in my pants. Kimo's eyes flew open and he looked straight at me.

He turned his face away.

"...and anyway, I told David that if he thinks he's getting away with not changing diapers or anything like that, well, then he doesn't know me at all."

I tuned back into Roland, smiling at him. This was what it meant to be loved. Babies and diapers and being together. What I'd shared with Kimo was the best thing that ever happened to me. I had a yardstick now and I knew I could never go back to the situation with Johnny, even if I felt lonely.

I wanted Kimo back, but the truth was, I knew going in that he was married. I walked right into the bear trap and it had closed on my paw. Only Kimo could free me. For me, that was what it meant to be loved.

"Well," I said to Roland. "You and David can count me in as a babysitter."

And Roland smiled. I was happy for him, I really was. And just like Rachel said on the TV series *Friends*, I was only ten percent jealous.

\* \* \* \*

It was strange being back in Honolulu with its noise and excitement. Nicky picked me up at the airport and when I hugged her, I caught Kimo's eyes on us. He gave me a quick smile, that for me was like a shot of heroin, and vanished.

"How are you?" Nicky said. I loved Nicky. Gorgeous and blonde and always wearing a wooden turtle necklace, she had found true happiness with Kaiona. She hasn't changed a bit, despite being an old married lady.

Linking her arm through mine, she walked outside with me. Kimo was waiting out front, cell phone to his ear. He saw us and snapped the phone shut.

“Is Mim collecting you?” Nicky asked.

“She’s supposed to be. I just called her. I keep getting her voicemail.”

“Well, why don’t you let me give you a ride?” she said.

“No. She might still turn up. Thanks, though. I appreciate the offer.”

“Not a problem. I’ll tell you what, we’ll go get the car and swing by and if you’re still standing here, we’ll rescue you.”

“Okay,” he said.

My heart sank. It would be torture to be in a car with him, unable to touch him. I thought about the night on that old sugar road and my spirits flopped.

Nicky and I walked to her car and she kept up an entertaining patter about her own baby-making discussions with Kaiona, who was anxious for children.

“She wants to get me knocked up so that I won’t think of leaving her. Honestly, where does she think I’m going to go?”

We went by Kimo and found he was still there.

“Hello, sailor,” Nicky joked.

I got out of the front seat and offered it to him.



"You need the leg room," I said.

"You sure, ba...Uh...Bobby?"

"Absolutely." *Bobby*. I was back to Bobby now. I climbed in back and the stone in my pocket sizzled.

Kimo and Nicky kept up a steady stream of small talk. They knew many hula people in common and she asked about the show. I kept up a steady stream of silence as we dovetailed from Nimitz Highway up *Nu'uaniu Pali* towards the mountains. Past the old Oahu Cemetery and the Royal Mausoleum, we were in the Manoa Valley, a lush, very old neighborhood populated by locals, many of whom have lived there for decades.

Nicky followed Kimo's directions and we came across a big tall wooden fence that was spiked with wrought-iron leaves and flowers. It was a beautiful work of art. Beyond it, I could see a sprawling, plantation style house and massive banana palms. I could hear music coming from inside the house.

"You can leave me here," said Kimo.

"Don't be silly," said Nicky. "Oh. Is this an intercom? Very fancy." She pulled up beside a small metal box, reached out and pressed a silver button.

"*Aloha*," said a crackly voice.

"*Aloha, Keo, it's me, Kimo.*"

"*Aloha*, Kimo. Mrs. Mim she's not here. She went to Maui this morning. She back tonight."

Kimo looked surprised. "Okay, well, can you let me in?"

"Sure," said the crackle.

The massive gate swung open and I was treated to a wide-lens look at the home Kimo shared with his wife. The life he lived away from me. It was magnificent. He climbed out, grabbed his bag from the back seat and thanked Nicky profusely.

"See you Thursday night, opening show," Kimo said. "You too, Bobby, yeah?"

"Yeah," I said and he turned and walked away from me.

Nicky and I piled back into the car. We were well on our way to Waikiki when she said, "It's him, isn't it? He's the guy you got involved with."

I didn't even bother denying it. It would have been stupid to lie to her.

"If it makes you feel any better, Bobby, he looks miserable too."

"Good."

"What's he like?" She giggled. "Mim's always complaining that he's got one hell of a package."

"Don't talk about him like that," I said. "Not Kimo..." and I turned my face away so she wouldn't see that I was crying again.

\* \* \* \*

Nicky was so good to me. She soothed my jangled nerves. If anybody understood about coming out of the closet, it was Nicky, who did it in her relationship with Kaiona.

Over coffee, I told her everything, well almost. She was enthralled by the shark *heiau* and the volcano fuck-fest.

"Give it time," she said. "Listen, never tell Kaiona I said this, but I think Kimo is the sort of guy that once he's out of the closet, he'll break it down and use it as kindling."

Dear, lovely, sweet, Nicky. I could not picture Kimo ever coming out, but she made me feel a lot better and I arrived home to find my fifteenth floor studio apartment in Waikiki exactly how I left it.

No *Menehune*, the Hawaiian fairy-folk, had turned up to do any cleaning while I was away, so the dirty cup and plates I'd left in the sink were still there. I put my lava stone on the mantel piece in my small living room that doubled as my bedroom, entertainment headquarters and refuge from all that ails me.

My neighbor had collected my mail and watered my plants, but I told my new housemate to wait while I cleaned and dusted and watered and made the place feel loved again. Two whole days without a glimpse of Kimo ahead of me.

How would I get through it?

When I was done and I'd opened up the bed, putting clean sheets on it, I lit some incense, picked up my stone and as it gleamed hotly in my hand, I slept, visions of tangling naked with Kimo, right there, the moment I shut my eyes.

I felt better after a good rest. Not as good as I did with Kimo wrapped around me, my cock in his possessive grip. But I had promised my lava stone a good time and I took him around Waikiki, showing him the cool surfing spots, the statue of Duke *Kahanamoku* at *Kuhio* Beach and then I took him shopping.

We went to Foodland and stocked up on groceries. For the next two days, I didn't leave the studio, except to take Lava Boy out for an afternoon walk and a coffee, as a small reward all the way down the end of the promenade by Diamond Head crater.

I watched the group of guys playing volleyball at the end of the beach. They'd attracted quite a crowd. I normally love to play 'Spot The Cutest Ass', but I really had no interest and I wandered off after I'd drained the last sip of coffee and walked in a meandering fashion back towards home. I stopped and bought red and yellow flowers and candles, to make a little altar for *Pele* and a nice resting spot for Lava Boy. Already I could feel his heat diminishing. I prayed I could

keep him active and happy until we were back on the big island for the show.

Like me, he was missing his life source. I thought about Kimo's beautiful face and the way he looked when he laughed and I thought I might die.

Lava Boy hummed in my pocket as if to say, "I'm here."

I hugged him back with my whole hand. *I know.*

\* \* \* \*

I didn't see Kimo in person again until we all met at the theater the day before our opening show for a live TV interview. Kimo did all the talking, whilst we pretended to be doing a last rehearsal on the stage.

Roland and I watched the stage crew setting up the fire ring, in which Kimo would dance the story of *Pele* and *Kamapua'a*. The show was going to be more spectacular than any of us realized it was going to be, complete with thunder and lightning and an old track Kimo added to the final mix of a volcano erupting.

I never got anywhere near Kimo, who was surrounded by the media. I was surprised however that Mim was nowhere in sight.

"She's such a camera hog," Roland said to me.

"I thought for sure she'd be here. Say, you wanna grab some lunch?"

Roland wanted to talk about his adoption problems and mounting arguments with his lover, David. At a strip mall around the corner from the theater, he said to me, "Grab a table at the Noodle Café. I'll be right there."

I watched him go into the first floor of a dubious-looking building and went off to wait for him at the café. He never showed up, so I ate lunch alone, wondering if Johnny ever thought about me. Then Kimo arrived at the café with Ginger and Eddie and for the first time since he'd dumped me, he looked at me. I felt more of a loser than ever because I was by myself.

He gave me a nod, but didn't come over to me, selecting a table as far away as possible. I paid quickly and left. In my pocket, my lava stone felt like it was on fire.

\* \* \* \*

Backstage on our opening night, the buzz had caught up with us performers. Kimo had instructed the production manager to fill our dressing rooms with whatever we required. My needs were simple. I wanted mineral water and cherries. I was staggered by the requests some of the others made. Lon and Eddie were sharing a

room and I saw a TV being wheeled in there.

Roland I were sharing and he, like me, had little use for a TV. I was reading all the Hawaiian history I could lay my hands on and Rolance was obsessed with his blackberry lately, a perpetual worried look on his face.

Kimo looked amazing in his red *malo*, or loincloth. He seemed to have lost weight, which surprised me. We said the group prayer and the sounds of the crowd applauding and cheering out front banished my misery for two and a half hours.

The smell of all the fresh island flowers was exhilarating. We all danced our best and gathered to watch his solo finale. I could not take my eyes off him on stage. We took our bows and then it was all over.

Kimo seemed pleased with our work, but he did not once make eye contact with me. He had said there would be a group dinner after the show, but when I asked a couple of people, nobody knew anything about it, so I headed home, exhausted.

Friday's show and the two performances Saturday and Sunday were also sellouts and the crowds loved us. At the end of each show, we held hands as a group and said a prayer and he would go out into the front of the house signing autographs and pose for pictures. The rest of us

would slip away.

By Sunday's matinee performance, Ginger was out front with him and I caught her ecstatic, frozen smile as she and Kimo posed together for the adoring audience and their snap-happy cameras.

I went off to meet Nicky for coffee between Sunday's shows. She was at her store and I was happy to be back there.

Kaiona was behind the counter when I walked in. "Howzit, Bobby?" she asked, hugging me. Kaiona was as beautiful as Nicky except she was tall, Hawaiian, and as exotic as a mystic goddess in the Garden of Eden.

"I think marriage suits you," I said, holding her at arm's length.

"*Mahalo*, Bobby. I think so, too. How are you doing?"

And I knew then that Nicky had told her.

"Eh, no complaints. The show's going great. I'm really happy people seem to be loving it."

"We were at the opening night," she said. "I was hoping to see you. Everybody else showed up to the dinner, except you."

I was shocked, actually. Kimo must have deliberately excluded me and I didn't know what to say.

"Didn't know about it," I said, trying to sound breezy. I had left my stone at home and I was



feeling lost at sea without him. "Is your old lady around?" I asked Kaiona. "I'm supposed to be meeting her for coffee."

"She's out back waiting for you. Can I make you a cappuccino? How about a muffin?"

"Yes to both," I said and went off to find Nicky.

We didn't have much chance to talk openly. Kaiona stayed with us the moment she brought out the refreshments. I liked Kaiona, but wished I could have a heart to heart with Nicky.

Thirty minutes after I arrived, I excused myself, using the excuse of needing to get ready for the next show.

Nicky hugged me hard and I watched Kaiona watching us. I felt a major wave of disapproval from her about my relationship with Kimo. Something had subtly shifted between us and I wished Nicky hadn't told her. That's the trouble with coupledness. Your best friend blabs your secrets to their best friend. And your relationship is never the same again.

\* \* \* \*

The other members of the dance troupe went off to join Kimo and Mim for dinner on Sunday and of course, I wasn't invited.

Mim, however, caught me as I was leaving the theater and admonished me. "You skipped

Thursday's chow-down, but I'm not giving up on you yet. Why are you avoiding us? Is Kimo such a tyrant?"

"No," I said, startled.

"Well then, you're coming home for dinner with everybody else."

To say it was an excruciating experience would be a serious understatement. I didn't know who was more uncomfortable, me or Kimo.

When he saw me trooping down the stone pathway to his house with Roland and the others, the look on his face would have smelted metal.

Mim was a gracious hostess however and showed me around as Kimo and our stage manager got the barbecue started. I tried hard not to react when I saw the bedroom Kimo shared with Mim. It was a large room, with a huge, four-poster bed with a view of the *Ko'olau* Mountains, misted over now. The effect was one of being in a secret garden with bamboo growing outside another window and the en suite bathroom's giant spa tub pointed towards the forest standing in a lush, protective splendor around the Wilder property. It was all very beautiful, but I felt nothing of Kimo here. It felt like it was all Mim.

I could tell which side of the bed was hers. Her nightstand was covered in knick-knacks and hand creams and a paperback copy of a Janet Evanovich novel.

Kimo's side contained an antique version of the Emerson book I'd been reading in *Puna* and a single photograph, Kimo and Mim on their wedding day.

"We've lived here for five years and I love this house," Mim was saying. "My husband never complains when I redecorate, which is often."

I tried not to look at the multitude of family photographs on their grand piano in the living room. They looked happy together and I felt in that moment, like everything that had happened between me and Kimo had been a dream. A beautiful, rose-hued dream that had vanished with waking light.

"You know," she was saying now. "If Kimo hadn't told me you were a *mahou*, I would never have guessed it. You don't act gay at all."

I didn't know how to respond to that. "Well, I am," was the best answer I could supply.

"He says you're in love with some man you can't have. That you're a mess in your relationships. You need to choose more wisely, I think he said."

"Kimo...said that?" Why was he even talking to her about me?

She shrugged. "You know men. Little patience for matters of the heart. What kind of guys do you like? I'd like to set you up with somebody. You seem really nice. In spite of all the horrible things

Kimo says about you.”

“Mim.”

We both turned to find Kimo standing in the doorway of the living room, a pair of barbecue tongs in hand. He looked embarrassed, as well he should.

“What, darling?” she said.

“Tell me what you want me to cook first.”

“See what I mean?” she said, rolling her eyes.

“Hopeless without a woman.”

Kimo’s eyes seared into me and that free-falling sensation of being a mouse swept up by a bird of prey slammed into my brain. He hated me. Why else would he be denigrating me to his wife?

Mim squeezed my hand as she took off to load her husband up with trays of food. I stayed out of their way, sticking close by Roland and his boyfriend, David. I limited myself to one Mai Tai and one portion of fish and vegetables and down my end of the table, I picked at my food as Kimo and Ginger made fun of everybody else.

When Eddie and Ginger excused themselves, I took the opportunity to exercise the escape clause too.

“Where do you need to go?” Eddie asked me. “I’ll give you a ride.”

“No need,” said Mim. “Kimo will take him.”

“Absolutely not,” I said as Kimo’s head flicked back and forth between me and his wife. “I’d

much prefer he stay and entertain your guests. Eddie can give me a ride, right, Ed? My truck's back at the theater."

"Sure."

I took some plates into the kitchen and Mim protested that I shouldn't be helping.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "I was just getting to know you. You're lovely." Her voice dropped to a drunken roar. "No matter what Kimo says about you."

I thanked Mim, who I was grudgingly aware, really was as nice as Nicky said.

Mim patted my back and wished me a good night.

"Visit us any time," she said. "You're family now."

I felt really bad for what I had done to her, seducing her husband and walked out of their house knowing I had to let go of my feelings for Kimo. I had to forget all about him.

"Was it my imagination or is there trouble in that house?" Ginger gloated as she steered us in an expert way down the mountain road. "They were fighting every time our backs were turned."

"Aw geez. I left my wallet in there," said Eddie. "We have to go back."

"Where did you leave it?"

"On the TV set in the kitchen."

Gin and Eddie argued and as we arrived back

at the house, I blurted, "The gate's open. I'll run in and get it."

Eddie started in on Gin about her feelings for Kimo again and I ran up the front steps, into the kitchen, in time to see Mim giving Jessie, our lovely little hula girl a huge and passionate kiss. The two women were practically giving each other a tonsillectomy.

I was stunned. Their rabid kissing continued as I stepped in quietly, picked up the wallet and left the house as quickly as I'd come.

And to think I'd felt guilty about seducing Kimo.

\* \* \* \*

The moment Gin and Eddie dropped me off at the theater, I called Johnny, who was more than happy to hear from me.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

"Lying here thinking about you."

"Liar."

"I have a very hard dick right here that says I'm not."

Suddenly I didn't care whether he was seeing somebody else, if his feelings were elsewhere. I ached inside like I never had before.

"How would you feel about a visitor from Waikiki?" I asked.

"When?"

"As soon as I can get a flight out to Maui."

"Give me an arrival time and I'll pick you up.  
Be prepared to get your brains fucked out."  
That made me smile. "I'll do that."

## Chapter Nine

“I’m sorry. It’s never happened to me before.”  
Never in a million years did I think these words would come out of my mouth. But they did.

Johnny lay beside me, stroking my arm. “You must be really in love with this guy, whoever he is.”

“He’s not in love with me,” I said. And the truth hurt. I could not believe I couldn’t get it up but each time we tried I had the absurd feeling I was cheating on Kimo and I’d be a sobbing, crying, wreck.

Johnny wanted to go down on me again but I knew the same thing would happen; I’d get good and hard, ready to go and the second I tried to fuck him, it was all over.

“It’s never happened to me before,” I said again.

“Whoever he is, he’s a lucky man,” Johnny said and I knew he too, was hurting.



"No, I told you. He doesn't want me."

The words lay between us like a dead body.

"If I ask you something, Johnny, will you be honest with me?"

"Sure."

"Is there something about me that makes men want to leave me?"

Johnny was all over me instantly. "Oh, no, baby. No."

"Then why is this happening to me again?"

He kissed and rubbed my head. "It's not you. You're not unlovable. When you and I were together, it was all me. I wasn't ready for you and cheating on you...hurting you was the worst thing I've ever done in my life."

I lay back on the bed, looking at the stars over *Lahaina*. My mother had left me, Johnny had left me and in the deepest cavern of my heart, Kimo was gone too. It had to be something about me.

"Do you trust me?" Johnny suddenly asked.

"What do you mean? I trust you."

"Do you trust me to give you a piece of advice?"

"Yeah...sure."

"Whoever this guy is, give him time. Be patient and keep your heart open."

I started, but Johnny put his hand on my chest. "I'm not laying blame at your feet for my failings. Or his," he said. "I'm saying I know what it is to

love you. I know what it is to lose you.” His voice started to crack. “And I think he’s gonna miss you in the worst way imaginable and if you want him, Bobby, go into it heart wide open. Don’t let fear be your calling card.”

My feelings for Johnny took a sudden turn into deep, brotherly affection. His words meant a lot to me. I hugged him and started to get out of bed.

“Where the hell are you going?”

“I guess I’m gonna fly back to Waikiki.”

“And do what? Mope? Listen, it’s your day off tomorrow. Let’s just be together and have that dinner at Hailii Maile General Store and if you feel like fooling around we will, if you don’t, we won’t. Fly back Tuesday in time for the show.”

“I’d like to visit Madame *Pele*,” I said, thinking about my lava stone and how he’d enjoy visiting his brethren. Maybe he’d even become re-energized among his Maui siblings.

“Oh, you’re on your own there, baby. I know you love your Goddess, but I’m scared of her. Go visit her while I’m at work tomorrow.”

“I’ll do that.”

“You gonna lie back down and snuggle with me?”

“If you want,” I said.

Johnny’s almond-shaped eyes lingered on me. “Yeah, I want.”

And I lay with him listening to his rhythmic

breathing, knowing that out there on another island, Kimo was lying in somebody else's arms and I wondered if it filled her up, the way it did me.

His face swam into my brain and I saw him smile and laugh. I hoped she was making him feel that way. Then I realized I truly did feel that way. I wanted his happiness, above even my own.

\* \* \* \*

I dropped Johnny off at work on a sleepy-quiet Front Street. The Phantom Lover painting had been replaced by the typical floral stuff tourists usually went for, and he let me keep his red Honda, his pride and joy.

"So, I'll see you at five," he said. "I'll book the restaurant and I'll get off early." He looked at me. "I promise."

He dropped a kiss on my lips but I held his head to me, kissing him back with lots of tongue. "Oh, so now you want to make out," Johnny said with a laugh.

I laughed too. "Is your cock hard?"

"Yeah, dammit."

"Keep it that way." I drove off and sped towards the south side of the island. I was driving against traffic as most people were heading towards the busier section of the island. I was

heading to *Makena*, a remote section of the island, which was one of *Pele's* homes. *Haleakala* volcano, long dormant, erupted years and years ago, the lava flowing to the sea. The lava fields extended all the way to the ocean at *Makena*.

I could feel my lava stone springing to life in my pocket and I could hardly wait to take him to visit Madame's vast, oceanic canvas.

On the Kings Highway, the road narrowed to one lane going each way and lei stands appeared on the sides of the unmarked road.

I hopped out at the only one that appeared to be open and snatched up fruit and flowers, leaving the required money in a plastic bucket. The honor system was still alive and well in Maui.

At *Makena*, the road became treacherous, yet the view was out of this world. Lava, lava, lava, as far as the eye could see, from the ocean to the peaks of *Haleakala*. This was all the result of the 1790 volcanic eruption that covered entire towns and villagers. The road had been built in the bottom portion, along the shoreline, and I took my time making it over the rocky terrain until I arrived at the end of the road they call *La Perouse*, in honor of the French explorer. I locked the car. Car burglaries were alive and well in Maui, too.

Taking two huge stems of red torch ginger and my lava buddy, I clambered out onto the stones that Madame *Pele* built. I walked quite a long way

out and found a boulder big enough to sit on. Taking my lava boy out of my hand, I put him in the middle of a pile of stones. His own little coffee klatch.

I lay the stems of the ginger together on the stones, knowing they were biodegradable and I listened for *Pele*. I felt her voice on the wind. She was tired. I felt her aching age, her tiresome struggle with mankind, all that we do to her lands. Pollution, building, destroying. I felt her desolation.

*Pele* hovered near me and I felt her fill my heart. Warmth and passion filled me again and I looked at my stone, zinging in the sun. When at last I felt he'd had his fill, I picked him up and I felt his warmth. Not the raging heat from the first day I met him, but he was renewed and for both of us, it was enough for now.

I looked forward to my evening with Johnny. It seemed ironic to me that when it didn't matter, when our relationship didn't require his presence, he was there. Just when I needed him most.

\* \* \* \*

Johnny and his loving affection were the best medicine I could have found. Our dinner at *Haili Maile* was wonderful and I tried hard not to imagine being there with Kimo. This converted

grocery shop was the best-kept secret in tourism and I hoped it stayed that way. We split the appetizer of Sashimi Napoleon and as we bit into the layers of fish and wantons, we paused for that small surprise right in the middle: the hidden *shoyu* leaf that packs a mouthful of spicy flavor.

It wasn't there.

When we asked our waitress, she explained that an old Japanese man grew the *shoyu* and brought it to the restaurant himself layered in thin papers each and every morning. His recent passing meant that the *shoyu* was no longer available.

"It's very difficult to grow," she said. "You're the first people in weeks to notice the difference."

To me, it was a bad sign of another island tradition passing. Johnny didn't see it that way, but I couldn't help feeling Kimo would understand.

The rest of the meal was fantastic and I wished I could have rewarded Johnny with a damned good fucking, but he seemed happy just to have me near. We slept butt to butt. It was sweet and it was calming. In the morning when he dropped me at the airport and I prepared to fly to Honolulu, he said, "Be gentle with him, the big dope."

I laughed, because I felt there was no way Kimo would be back. It was a delicious dream. Too delicious. It was like looking at a huge cream cake

and not daring to imagine eating it because just visualizing it would pack on pounds. Just dreaming of being touched by Kimo again would bury me.

By the time I got to Honolulu, my heart and my stone buddy were fully engaged in the act of hope. I realized how much I'd missed just being on the same island with Kimo. Even if he was a big dope.

\* \* \* \*

I saw him on stage that night and knowing his body as well as I did, I was stricken to see that he'd lost even more weight. How much I wasn't sure, but he didn't seem well. Something was off. Something was very wrong and I wondered if he was sick.

Of course, I couldn't vent my concerns and after our group prayer, I fell into step with Roland as Ginger and Kimo, closely trailed by Eddie, headed for the front of house and their eager pack of adoring fans.

"How did Kimo seem to you tonight?" Roland asked me over supper, as he simultaneously fielded a cell phone call from his boyfriend and kept up a rapid text messaging session with somebody else. It was getting to be distracting just being around Roland. Between our dance numbers, he had that Blackberry in his hand, tip-

tapping away at it. Even having a cup of coffee with him, when he remembered to show up, was like having tea with the Mad Hatter. "Clean cup, clean cup!"

"He seemed fine. Why?"

Tip-tap, tip-tap. Roland hesitated. "He's not himself. He doesn't glow the way he did when he was... you know... um... did you two break up or something?"

I have never been good at hiding my feelings. I was as easy to read as a child's first picture book.

"Yeah," he said. "I knew you were balling each other. I caught the vibe. Well, actually, I got the feeling when I shared the room with him and he asked about you and Johnny and if I thought you two were serious. What kind of straight man wants to know that shit? Damn!"

"What?" I asked. "Who the hell are you texting anyway?"

"Nobody important. Anyway, I had no idea he was gay. When and why did it finish?"

"He dumped me before we got back home."

"That's too bad." Roland shook his head. "Even though Mim's screwing around with Jessie?"

"You know about that?"

"Everybody knows about that," Roland said. "Mind if we split? I gotta meet up with somebody. I'll walk with you part way home."

"Sure," I said.



We were halfway down the block when a black car pulled beside us. The driver's window came down.

"Hey, handsome."

Roland stared. "Hey," he said, looking uneasy. "What are you doing here?"

"This your boyfriend?"

"No," said Roland. "He's just a friend."

"Get in," the man said. "I'll give you both a ride."

"No thanks," said Roland. "We've got some place to be." He yanked me down an alleyway and he shouted, "Run!"

The black car followed us and Roland and I hurtled dumpsters, bins and even a pair of kissing transvestites, like extras on a Jackie Chan movie.

I could feel the car's engine close. This guy was trying to run us down.

At the end of the alley, we threw ourselves over a fence. "What the fuck is going on?" I asked as I could hear the car idle on the other side of it. The driver seemed to give up and with a squeal of brakes, he reversed out of there.

"A fling. A stupid, bad mistake fling."

"But your lover...the baby."

"Doesn't mean I don't love David. It was a momentary lapse. Don't tell me you never cheated on a man. God, knowing you, probably you haven't."

"I'm going home," I said.

"Don't judge me," Roland said.

"I'm not judging you. I'm tired. We almost got run down by some freak in a black car. What if I'd been David? What if you'd been walking with the baby in a pram? What if the freak had a gun?"

Roland didn't say anything. He was shaking and I knew he was involved in something more than a one-night stand.

"Are you in trouble?" I asked him.

"I'm going home," he said. "See you tomorrow." He ran off like a frightened rabbit and I took my time getting back to my apartment, in case the black car was following me.

When I walked in, my house phone, the one only three people have like my *tutu*, Johnny and Nicky, was ringing.

I was too rattled to answer it. I took a long shower and when I came out, the phone was ringing again. Somebody kept letting it ring out, then just re-dialed.

"Hello," I said, picking up my lava stone to test its warmth.

"*Lopaka.*"

The stone in my left hand felt like a lit match. I fully stopped breathing. A pain started in my left arm, shooting through my entire body.

"Kimo." I couldn't figure out how he'd gotten my number. Was he going to fire me?

"Can I see you?" he said. His voice was so quiet. "I really, really need to talk to you."

"Right now?" I asked. I thought my pounding heart would split my chest open. I put down the rock, but the pain did not subside.

"Please."

The pain in my arm moved to my heart. I thought I was having a heart attack.

"Please," he said again, his voice a ghostly hammer in my soul.

"Okay. Where do you want to meet?"

"Wherever you say. I'm in Waikiki, about two blocks from your apartment."

My God. He knew where I lived.

"Meet me at Duke's Canoe Club, you know in The Outrigger, in twenty minutes," I said.

"It'll be crowded," he said.

When I didn't respond, he didn't hesitate further. "I'll be there."

I hung up, wondering what I'd just done. I realized there was safety in numbers and I needed to be in a public place with this man. I didn't trust myself alone in my apartment. Whatever he had to say, I'd hear him out. Be afraid, grandma had said. *Be afraid and still do it.*

## Chapter Ten

I was dressed in my finest pants and a silk shirt, threading my way through the throng of revelers at Duke's at the Outrigger. Kimo was already waiting for me. He too, was looking elegant in pants and a shirt, the tattoos on his face, neck and his big, muscular arms attracting attention from men and women alike.

"Thank you for coming," he said, touching my arm. The effect was like being jolted by a live electrical outlet. "We have a table near the beach. It might be quieter there."

The waitress looked harried and led us to the table, slapping menus down on the wooden tables. "Can I get you a drink?"

I noticed the covert way Kimo slipped some folded notes into her hand and suddenly, her attitude was a lot more sociable.

"What would you like?" Kimo asked me and the pain in my left side kept flaring up. I'd left the stone at home and I was still on fire.

Kimo's eyes shifted to me and I saw the deep anguish in them. Our legs were close and I could feel the heat radiating from him.

"You want a Mai Tai?"

I nodded because words were failing me.

"Two Mai Tais, please," he said to her and his attention was back on me. I kept pretending to study the menu. My whole left side was on fire. I really was having a heart attack.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"No," I gasped. "I'm not."

He touched me then and the fire flew up into my throat.

"Oh God," said Kimo, his hand flying off me. We looked at each other. "You feel it too? That freakin' burning?"

"You mean I'm not having a heart attack?" I gasped.

"No."

"Then what the fuck is it?"

"It's separation anxiety. Baby, we need to leave," he said, tossing some money on the table. He pulled me with him, back through the bar and out onto Kalakaua Avenue.

"Which way?" he said as we stood out front, gulping at the night air.

"I can't think." I was panicking. I had never felt this way ever. I had no idea where I was.

"Baby, left or right?" he said, and his fingers on

the back of my neck stroked at the hot river of sweat flowing onto my shirt collar. "Street number?"

"One, two, zero, three, four."

Kimo kept a hold of me and asked a taxi driver for directions. In short order, we were working our way up the street towards my apartment. I covered his hand with both of mine and his hand jumped at this new lick of fire.

"It's my fault. It's all my fault," he said. "Just let me get us home."

And he did. At my building, he struggled with the keys with one hand because I wouldn't let go of the other.

"Don't let go," he said, when I relinquished my hold on him. "Just turn the handle for me."

We were soon inside my apartment and the clothes were flying off our scorching bodies. He ripped my trousers from my legs and when he saw my raging cock, he dropped to his knees, tugging at my underpants. I watched him struggle with those too. Suddenly he was sucking the tip into his mouth, over the top of my underpants.

He didn't let go. Kimo pushed me to the ground, working on my cock like it was a meal in a desert mirage. I watched, slack jawed as he took my whole cock in his mouth and I begged him for his cock.

"Please, please fuck me," I said and his eyes

looked up at me, like dry tinder in a wildfire.

Kimo held my cock and sucked it all the way into his mouth. "I need this," he said, taking his mouth from me. "It's all I can think about. Please don't make me stop." He sucked me back in again and his mouth closed in ecstasy as he sucked on me the way he liked me to suck on him.

It was some sight, the man I loved eating me for the first time ever. Kimo sucking any man off for the first time. My balls started to retract and I felt him moan around my cock as I started to come. He got excited when I started to boil over in his mouth. He looked beautiful with sweet cream bubbling out of his mouth but he swallowed it all, sucking and licking at his own mouth and fingers.

"I knew you'd taste this way," he said as I reached up to kiss him. I unbuckled his pants and released his cock, which lunged at me. I licked at him but Kimo wanted the main course. "I have to fuck you right now. I'm on fire, Bobby."

He got between my legs and he looked at me. We were both aflame, but his skin was so hot, he'd started to shake. I took hold of that boiling piston and pointed it where we both needed it, my rampant, hungry asshole.

"Take what's yours, Kimo. Come on, baby. Fuck your man." And with a cry, that hot cock entered me and with difficulty, moved into me.

"Jesus, baby, did you become a virgin again?"

He worked his way into me. "You haven't been with anybody else, since me...have you?"

Kimo gave it all to me, every last thrust and push until I had him inside me completely and as he fucked me, he babbled about needing me, loving me and how much he had missed me.

Our bodies joined stickily as he kept up his aggressive pace. We took each other over the edge and remained in each other's arms.

"I feel better now," I said, and Kimo finally laughed.

We lay on my bed, touching each other in awe. He was enthralled with my cock, like he'd discovered a new toy. He said it made him feel potent, to know he could bring me such pleasure. The first time we moved to suck each other off together, they must have heard our cries all the way in Australia.

For a long time, we lay there, our cocks within reach of each other's mouths.

"You want to have a shower with me?" he said. "I want to wash the last few days off me. I've been in purgatory."

We had a bath instead, a cool bubble bath, Kimo lying in the tub, his legs and arms around me. He splashed water over my neck and back, kissing anything of me that was close to his lips.

I loved the feel of him, the manly scent of his skin. "How much weight have you lost?" I asked



him.

"I don't know. I haven't felt like eating."

We lapsed into a peaceful honeyed silence again.

"I can't give you up," he said. "I just can't."

"You don't have to," I said and reached up for a kiss.

I felt his long wet hair on my arms, like gossamer threads. What would he tell his wife about where he'd been tonight and why he was wet?

Not realizing I'd said the words aloud, I was rewarded with a rebuke. "Don't talk about her. My heart is still on fucking fire."

"I know how to fix that," I said.

"Yeah? How?"

"I'll show you," I said, dropping underwater to claim the cock I loved more than anything else in the world.

His hands moved to my head and shoulders, his feet bracing themselves on the slick tub tiles as I sucked on his beautiful manhood underwater and let his beautiful balls hit me in the chin as I took every last inch of him in my grateful, suck-happy mouth.

Kimo was on fire in a different way, a better way as his cock worked towards giving me what I wanted.

"Oh, *Lopaka*," he screamed. "Oh, baby, I love

you!"

\* \* \* \*

I wanted to see Kimo eat something other than me and he lay on the bed, watching me prepare a tray of *pupus* for us, the way Johnny always did for me in *Lahaina*.

He looked like an animated little kid as I fed him *Kimchi* – Korean cabbage – with chopsticks, then fed him *poi* from my fingers.

"That's *Tutu's poi*," he said. "I can tell. You know I stayed with her those last two nights?"

"No, she didn't tell me."

"You two are not gossips are you?"

I shook my head. "I hate gossip. So does my *tutu*."

He sipped at the iced green tea I poured him, then he was hungry for me again.

I slept in Kimo's arms, my cock back in his fist until about four a.m.

"Baby, I have to go," he whispered.

"No, don't leave me."

"I'll never leave you," he said, his voice fierce. "I'll never leave you again." He stroked and licked my face.

"I know you have to go home," I said as he held me in his strong arms again.

"No, this is home. With you. I just have to go

back to my house. But I'll see you tonight. All my nights will be with you."

"What will you tell her?"

"I don't know yet." He touched my face and I felt his mouth at my eyes and despite his words, he stayed a little longer and this time, when he made love to me, it was free and soft. There was no torment there. The heat remaining between us was what was always there. Pure love and lust.

The man I loved lifted his head at last and said, "I have to go. There's so much I want to say but it has to wait."

He put his hand on my belly, which was like stoking a smoldering furnace. "I will never betray you knowingly again. Please forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive."

"Oh, there is. You're just saying that because you're happy."

"You made me happy," I said.

And with that he was gone.

\* \* \* \*

I floated on a dreamy sex cloud all day, not sure what to expect that night at the theater. Kimo seemed to be waiting for me and kissed me hard.

"I'm taking you somewhere special for supper after the show," he said. "So stick around afterwards. I have to sign some autographs, then

we can go.”

There were a dozen red roses waiting for me in my dressing room that night with a mushy card from him saying he loved me. I was looking forward to the evening. All of it.

He was as good as his word and I hovered after the show, feeling Ginger’s curious stare since she knew I had no interest in snatching any of her limelight.

Her eyes practically fell out of her head when she saw Kimo take my hand and lead me out of the venue. His car was across the street and he let me into the passenger side. It was a beautiful car, a BMW of some kind. He slipped behind the wheel and said, “Wait until you see this place.”

“Where are we going?”

His eyes were alight. “I’m about to do something with you I never did with another person. You may find this hard to believe, but I’m not especially romantic.”

“That’s not true.”

“It is true. You brought it out of me. Now I want to do like a million romantic things with you. You’re all I think about. Everything I read about, hear about, everything I see, touch...taste, I want to do with you. I’ve even made lists. Look.”

He opened the dashboard and out tumbled a pile of papers. Clips from newspapers, cocktail napkins, lists on bits of paper, lists on long sheets.

I could hardly get my eyes fixed on a single line before he snatched them out of my hand and stuffed them back into the glove compartment.

“See, I am a man with a plan.”

“Lots of them, apparently.” I sat back and enjoyed Kimo taking control, loving every single second of his hand in mine as he drove his car over to the north shore.

“Can you give me a clue?” I asked.

“Nope.”

I settled back down again and luxuriated in the feel of his skin, our thumbs stroking one another. He pushed the car on towards Turtle Bay and as we plunged along the untamed *Kamehameha* Highway, right at the edge of the sea, we rounded the curve of *Waimea* Bay. It looked like it was just us and the moonlight out here in the place of no streetlights, no noise and no traffic.

And a van on a hill.

“Thank you for waiting for us,” Kimo said, as we pulled up beside it.

“No problem,” said the man waiting for us in the driver’s seat. The van had a sign on the sign saying ‘Romantic Interludes’. He looked at me and he smiled. I was transfixed by the view of the ocean below us, the sea and all her enchantments extending further than my eye could see.

Kimo’s hand was at my back. “Come on, baby,” he said. “I’ve got something to show you.”

He led me down a small slope and there on a flat bed of grass was a small table set with dinner for two.

My eyes filled with tears and I looked at Kimo. Nobody had ever done anything like this for me in my life, before I met Kimo.

"It's like the tree house back in Hawaii," I said.

He saw my emotion, which affected him too. "You can leave us," Kimo said to the man. "We won't be long. And thank you."

The man disappeared and Kimo took me in his arms. "This is just the beginning," he said and at last he kissed me.

The table had been set with wonderful dishes, from lobster, which Kimo fed me with his fingers, to asparagus that we shared with a kiss down the middle and plates of *kulolo* – a coconut pudding – that he fed me with his fingers, like *poi*.

"*Tutu* told me it's your favorite thing," he said of the coconut pudding.

"Not my favorite thing," I said, moving my hands to his crotch. I felt his cock growing in his pants.

Kimo's laughter rang out over the island. "Your favorite food then," he said.

"One of them," I said, my hand reaching for his zipper.

Dinner was over, now I was ready for dessert.

\* \* \* \*

At home that night, Kimo's eyes had that intensity I had really missed. I had no idea what he told his wife, but he was in my bed – our bed – until the small hours of the morning. I hated to let him go but he said, "I'll pick you up at nine a.m. I have to see you early. I can't wait until night."

"Okay," I said, turning over for one last kiss. "There's something I want you to have."

"What's that?" His mouth twitched into a lazy smile as he got dressed. I reached into my nightstand.

"My house keys."

Kimo took them and turned them over in his fingers. For a moment I thought he'd hand them back to me. "Thank you," he said and for the first time since we'd said goodbye in *Puna*, he looked really happy.

"Please drive safely," I said.

"I have good reason to," he said, giving me one last kiss. "I'm happy. Very, very happy."

\* \* \* \*

Kimo was back two hours earlier than I expected. At seven, he arrived, saying he wanted to spend the day with me.

"I want us to be together as much as possible."

We went for a long run together, coming home and showering. Our day was spent mostly fucking, when we weren't preparing food together. He left me at six, when he went off to chant and mentally prepare himself for the show. After the show, as was becoming our new routine, he was all mine again.

It was about two weeks into this routine that we were making love one morning and there was a knock at the door. I was sucking with total lust on Kimo's cock when the knocking started. At first, we ignored it. Then it became more insistent and Kimo looked at me.

"Is that your other boyfriend?"

"I don't have another boyfriend," I said, a bad feeling starting in the pit of my belly. He got up from the bed, his erection still in full swing and as the hammering at the door continued, he opened it.

There, to our complete disbelief and surprise was Mim, Kimo's wife.



## Chapter Eleven

“Cover yourself with something,” were her opening words, before she tried to slam my door shut. She pushed Kimo out of the way, advancing on me like a tigress, her hands like claws, reaching out to me.

“That’s enough,” said Kimo, grabbing her arm. He threw one of my sarongs from a chair around his waist, but she was like a madwoman. On the whole, I couldn’t blame her.

“They told me he was screwing someone and I didn’t believe it. He’s like a cold statue at home. But this – a *mahou*. Oh my God. No wonder!”

She hauled back and her fist almost connected with my face, except that Kimo stopped her. He squeezed on her hand until the pain made her cry out.

“You wanna talk, *mahou*? How about the girl you’ve been fucking for almost a year?”

Now I was the one who was shocked.

“That’s not the same thing,” she said, spitting in

his face. Kimo kept his hold on her.

"It's not the same thing, you're right," he said. "Because I love *Lopaka*. We love each other."

"Love! What does love have to do with it? It's sex. Sex you and I stopped having long ago. I cannot believe you're fucking a *mahou*! How long have you been gay?"

"I'm not—" he stopped. "I don't know. *Lopaka's* my first."

"How touching," she screamed, in sarcastic fury.

Kimo put his arms around her then and Mim let out an angry howl, beating on his back.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Look, I felt the same way when you started with Jessie."

"She's no threat to our marriage," Mim said. "I made that clear to you."

"And I'm no threat either," I said. "Kimo made that clear from the start. He wants his marriage with you. I'm just...his lover."

She looked at me and hatred slipped to disbelief.

"Jessie saw you and Kimo screwing, only she thought it was a woman. For some reason, she thought it was Mrs. Affatata!"

Well that was one mystery solved, the voyeur who'd spied on us that night at the Guest House.

"Join us," I said.

"What!?" she said.

"Come to bed with us. Join us. Right now. Come on."

The horrified look on Kimo's face was not matched by Mim. Surprisingly, she said, "Okay."

Kimo's long look to me could have been interpreted a number of ways, but I wanted to focus on Mim.

"Help me undress your other wife," I said to Kimo. "Kiss her."

He started to kiss her and I saw the tears fall down her cheeks as Kimo and I undressed her. I can't say she had the hottest body I'd ever seen, but she certainly had huge knockers. And the hairiest pubic thatch on record.

I moved us all over to the bed and I took Kimo's face away from her as I stripped away the sarong.

At first he tried to stop me, but as my tongue met his and our lips touched, he lost his inhibitions. He kissed me with fervor, but then I pulled back, letting Mim have his mouth. He kept his hand on the small of my back. It felt comforting and encouraging as I became increasingly swept up in our little game.

We kissed for a long time and I moved Kimo's left hand to his wife's breasts, encouraging him to lick and suck her nipples.

She groaned as his mouth and hands worked on her. He transferred his mouth to me and I

heard her hiss in frustration. Passing his mouth back to her, I rubbed her back, sending my fingers down her spine. She arched her back with an instinctive thrill as Kimo's mouth moving back and forth between her breasts.

It wasn't as hard as I thought it would be, watching Kimo with another person, especially his wife.

"My turn," I said and he released her immediately, giving me back his tongue.

"Doesn't he have the most beautiful cock you've ever seen?" I asked her as I took it in one hand.

She nodded.

"Kiss it for him," I told her. I moved back to watch her. "Now, take the tip in your mouth." She followed my instructions. "Suck him in now. Slowly." She almost bit the tip off in her clumsy efforts to give him head.

"No baby," Kimo said. "Let *Lopaka* show you how to do it."

Mim's face was a mask of indignation, but then she saw the way I went down on him. I pushed Kimo back against the pillows. "Watch the two people who love you most giving your cock the full attention it deserves," I told him.

There was a dangerous look in his aroused eye. I knew telepathically he was warning me not to get creative. No anal funny business in front of his

wife. I held his cock and showed it to Mim.

"Take the tip in your mouth. Softly, like this." She watched me. "Now your turn."

Kimo was moaning when I started licking the length of his pole as Mim worked the head. I came off my post to tell her how to tongue and lick the head at the same time. "I will nudge you when I want to switch places, okay?"

"Okay," she said, and I kissed her cheek. We went back to our task and in a minute, I nudged her. I moved to the cock head of my dreams as she worked the shaft; and then I moved my tongue up and down. Kimo's ass came off the bed as he watched two tongues bathing him, meeting, licking at each other, loving him and wanting to give him nothing but rampant pleasure.

"He's going to come," I said. "It's all yours."

"She doesn't like to swallow," Kimo said to me. "Please, *Lopaka*. Don't stop." And I said to her, "Keep licking, Mim, lick around the base and his balls, while our husband comes."

Kimo held my head as he came, humping my face as if he was settling a score and I moved my mouth to let her lick the tip. She did so after some hesitation.

"That was great," said Kimo, rising to kiss us both.

"Mim's turn," I said. She looked a bit shocked when I told her to stand up. I pulled three scarves

out of my drawer and blindfolded her.

“Trust me,” I said to her as Kimo looked at me, mouthing “What are you doing?”

“Kiss her,” I said. I stroked her arms and back, even her erect nipples as Kimo kissed her, I bound her arms behind her with the second scarf and I told her to move her feet apart.

I took the scarf and slid it between her thighs. I motioned Kimo’s head to her nipples and he started on her breasts again. I moved him down and he worked towards her belly button as I took the scarf end to end and see-sawed back and forth between her open thighs, letting the silk of the scarf rub against her clit, all the way back to her ass and back again.

With each successive move, her clit was getting more powerful sensations and she started to moan.

“I think she’s ready,” I told Kimo when he reached her pussy and ran his fingers between her clit and the scarf. “Lie on your back,” I told him. I took the third scarf and laid it over his face. I maneuvered Mim into the kneeling position right over his face, releasing the bind on her hands.

“Can you breathe, Kimo?” I asked. He gave me a thumbs up.

“Mim,” I said. “Move your tush until your clit is right on your husband’s open mouth. That’s it, right over the silk. The sensation when you come

will be incredible.”

“How do you know?” she asked me.

“I wasn’t always into men, Mim. My ex girlfriend was Japanese and taught me tons of tricks. Jessie’s gonna love it when you try this on her.”

She laughed then.

“Okay, Kimo,” I said. “Get your hot tongue wagging, baby. Make your wife come.” I kept up a non-stop chain of dirty talk in their ears as Kimo and Mim went for it. As I stroked his cock, she rubbed back and forth on his face with such a forceful rhythm, I was surprised they didn’t make fire. When she came, she started to shake and I held her in my arms as Kimo, who was sweating profusely under that scarf, looked like he was suffocating.

She came off his face and I pulled off the scarf from his face and the one from her eyes. They grinned at each other. Kimo looked at her and then at me. I could tell he wanted to fuck, but he didn’t want to fuck me in front of her.

“Fuck her, Kimo,” I said, though saying those three little words was like carving out my own stomach and spleen with a blunt penknife.

“I think your other wife deserves a turn, but for now, let me have a piece of that fuck pipe,” Mim said, drawing him to her.

Kimo was in her instantly, giving her a

rollicking good fucking that was very difficult for me to watch. I got off the bed and deciding they needed some privacy, I threw on some clothes.

“I...er...I ah...I’m gonna get us all some bagels,” I think I said and left them alone. I glanced back at Kimo but his wife was all he was focusing on.

She was making a lot of noise and I couldn’t bear it. I let the door close softly behind me.

\* \* \* \*

I ended up at my usual spot at Diamond Head, with a cup of coffee and a stale muffin I fed mostly to the pigeons. There was a volleyball game on, but not a good one. The participants, a group of hot young girls, were all drunk. Nobody seemed to mind though, especially the spectators. The girls were flopping out of teeny bikini tops and actually providing a pretty good laugh when they hit the sand face-first.

Removing my shoes and holding them in my hands, I walked along the beach closer to Diamond Head, I trying not to think about what had just happened. One way or another, I had actually been good for Kimo and Mim’s marriage. I kept him happy and out of her way and I had just given her a couple of new tricks for her arsenal. At the end of the day, if I looked at things



in a clear-eyed way—hard when my eyes were swimming with tears—I had known from the beginning that he was married.

It should never have come to this. But whenever I even thought about not being with him, the pain and fire in my left side became unbearable.

I found myself clambering over rocks that had such sharp edges they made my bare feet bleed. Damn. And I had to dance tonight. I found my way to a bathing pool by an area once called Queen's Surf. My mother had waitressed at the bar and restaurant of the same name there when I was a little boy. I remembered in that moment, a Chinese-themed night with chop suey and egg rolls and I remember running around playing chopstick swords with the chef, until my mother came in the kitchen and dragged me home. I never understood how that landmark restaurant was allowed to be demolished.

Waves crashed into me and my shoes fell out of my hands. It was okay. I was too busy trying to get washed out to sea myself. Getting slammed against rocks and thudding waves was doing my soul some good. At last, I climbed up on a flat rocky ledge and I watched the sea churning in a continuous wash until I stopped remembering the past and I quit feeling sorry for myself.

My left arm was not burning. I had a feeling the

news wasn't bad. If Kimo was dumping me out with the recyclables, I thought my body would know.

I scrubbed at my tears and headed home. I even remembered to stop for bagels.

When I walked in the door, Kimo and Mim were making eggs and coffee. One look at me and Kimo knew how upset I was.

He seemed to weigh his words. "Is it raining out?" was all he said and Mim's mad laughter felt like a stinging slap.

"I went for a swim," I said, shrugging it off. "The bagels made it home dry, though."

"Get changed," said Kimo and his tone was terse.

"You've got a wild child on your hands there," I heard Mim say and then Kimo said something I couldn't hear. Their shared laughter ruined me and I wished they would both go home.

I showered and changed and they were sitting close together when I re-emerged. Kimo was looking at my damaged feet that I had covered in Band-Aids. He put a plate of eggs in front of me. He was sipping a cup of coffee and his arm went around the back of Mim's chair.

"We've been talking," Mim said. I had the distinct feeling that I was a naughty school kid about to be given the sentence of military school by his parents.

I looked longingly at the coffee cup Kimo held. He had forgotten to pour me some, but I did not want to get up and pour my own when Mim was enjoying her moment in the spotlight.

"Kimo and I have decided that there's no reason to alter any of the arrangements that are going on in our lives."

I looked at them both. "What does that mean, exactly?"

Kimo seemed to come out of whatever strange trance he was in and slid his coffee cup towards me. She was watching as I picked it up and took a healthy swig.

"Well, he gets to keep you, I get to keep Jessie, but to the outside world, we are a happy, loving, married couple. I am happy he's found someone so willing to be of constant...service to Kimo —"

"I love Kimo," I said.

"Yes, I'm sure you think you do, dear." Was Kimo going to let her keep talking to me like this? Apparently he was. His eyes were fixed on her. "But the point is this. You're lovers. But Kimo and I are married. Whatever you do together is your business. Spend the whole night together if you wish. Now things are out in the open, I'm sure we'll all feel happier. However, if you ever want to teach me a few more sexy tricks, I'm open to it."

"I've forgotten most of them," I said, feeling sullen and hateful. I caught Kimo's sly grin, which

vanished in an instant.

"Well, I'm sure you know more than you care to admit and if you'd agree to share some tricks of the...er...trade, I'd be willing to keep turning a blind eye to the fact that my husband's turned queer."

Trade, eh? Queer? Boy, she was really something.

"I'll have to think about it." I didn't want to lose Kimo, but I didn't like the idea of having to give her sex lessons.

"In the meantime, I am open to another love fest with you both. Maybe a foursome with Jessie?"

The hopeful look in her eyes was revolting.

"I'd rather give you the sex tips," I said.

Kimo burst out laughing.

"One way or another, I always get my way," she told me, giving me a dramatic wink. Mim gathered her belongings and gave me a hug. Kimo walked downstairs with her. Suddenly I felt as if I was choking. I hated the threat of Mim wanting threesomes and foursomes. I hated thinking of having her show up whenever she felt like it.

I loved Kimo with all my heart, but I didn't want things like this, with Mim disparaging me, but especially Kimo, holding her largesse over our heads.

I heard him come back in, but I didn't make a

move. I was about to cut off my own limbs by telling him I couldn't do this. That it hurt me too much.

"Are you okay?" He was kneeling in front of me. He took my feet in his hands. "How could you let this happen? You have to dance tonight."

"I wasn't thinking."

He moved away from me, to the overnight bag he always carried with him. He took out a small jar with special ointment he used on his own feet, which took a lot of damage from his solo dances.

"No!" I jerked my feet away. "You need it yourself."

"Your feet are my feet," he said, rubbing the salve into them, making them feel wonderful. The pain in my left arm and side started then and Kimo was looking up at me.

"I had to play her carefully, baby. Those things you are thinking, they hurt me. Say anything except that you don't want to be with me."

Oh, joy. I had to go and pick me a hot, sexy, hung hula dancer who can read my mind. I felt his fear then. I felt his distress as acutely as I knew he felt mine.

"I don't want a threesome or a foursome with her," he said. "I only fucked her because you turned me on so much and you were wonderful with her, *Lopaka*. She should never have said those things to you. You are so beautiful, but I couldn't

say anything because I need to be with you and I..." His eyes moved to my feet as he gathered his thoughts. "There's a reason I stopped loving her. Now maybe you can see why. She's really not a very nice person."

I wanted to ask why he just didn't get a divorce but I already knew he had a lot invested financially with her, as well as his public image.

Not knowing how to respond because he'd sensed my impending train wreck and put me right back on track, I said, "I love you."

"I know you do. I love you too. That's why, when our show moves to Maui, I want us to stay there. To live there permanently. Oh, *Lopaka*, I have the most beautiful house there. High up on a mountaintop. She hates it, which means I know you'll love it. We will be so happy there and she can't just burst in there whenever she wants. It's just one more week." He stopped speaking. "What?"

"Where is the house?"

"It's kind of a remote place. It's called *Kahakuloa*. It's—"

"I know exactly where that is. My favorite place to kayak is the Olivine Pools."

He threw himself between my legs and into my arms. "You just get it and I love it." The ointment jar crashed to the floor. There's a reason I just want to fuck you senseless all day long," he said,

kissing and licking my face.

“You haven’t done much of that today,” I sniffed.

“Are you gonna move to Maui with me?”

“Of course I am.”

“Then you are going to get fucked. I’m gonna do all the things to you that you wished I’d done when Mim was here.”

He pulled me to the floor and ripped my nice clean clothes right off my body.

## Chapter Twelve

Knowing that I was going to be spending the whole night with Kimo was such a luxury that I never noticed the pain in my feet until the show was over and I was bleeding all over the dance floor.

I hobbled backstage and Kimo wrapped my feet in towels and bags of ice. He brought the car to the stage door, pouring me in, a petrified look on his face. He jumped behind the wheel. "I'm taking you to Dr. Hansen—"

"Oh, no you're not. You're taking me home. I get to keep you all night!"

He laughed, taking turns at wide angles. "I know she was a bitch today, baby, but isn't this better, all out in the open? No sneaking around anymore?"

"When are you telling her about Maui? I'm kind of afraid of what she'll say."

"I sort of already told her while you were out ripping your feet to shreds."



"Before you even asked me? You're awfully sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"I'm sure of you." The look in his eyes got my dick hard all over again.

"Pull over and fuck me," I said.

"Honey, I'm worried about your feet. Dr. Hansen can tape them up for you and it will help them heal much faster."

"Fuck me first, then you could take me to a proctologist for all I care."

"We have the rest of our lives together, *Lopaka*. Your feet are your fortune; we have to take care of them."

But my hands were already in his pants. "You ever had anyone babysit your step children?"

"Step children?" His eyes were wide. "But I don't have any."

He pulled over to the side of Nimitz Highway as fast as the tires would let him. "Baby, I don't even think we can park here."

A commotion across the road attracted our attention. It was Roland. He was being beaten up by the guy who'd followed us the week before. Another guy was joining in.

"What the fuck," said Kimo.

"Roland had a one night stand with that guy and he chased us down the other night," I told Kimo. "He tried to run us down with his car."

The expression on Kimo's face was one I will

never forget. "Stay in the car," he said quietly. He turned off the ignition and marched across the road, oblivious of six lanes of opposing traffic.

Roland was screaming as the two thugs kept laying punches on him. Of course, I did not stay in the car. I played human dodge ball with several cars and made it over to the other side of the road as Kimo was circling the two attackers. Roland lay in a heap on the ground. I scooted him out of the way and I heard the two guys laughing at Kimo, challenging him.

They weren't laughing when Kimo reached in and grabbed the driver by the solar plexus, squeezing hard and tossing him with a thud to the ground. He lay in an agonized mass, clutching his chest and writhing as if he'd been skinned alive.

The guy left standing started to run. Kimo grabbed him and pulled his arm up behind his back.

"You stay away from my friends," said at his ear. "Both of them. You understand me?" He pointed to the guy on the ground. "Tell me you understand and I'll make it stop."

The guy nodded.

"I can't hear you," Kimo said, jerking the guy harder. On the ground, the writhing man screamed like he was in labor.

"Yes, yes! I'll leave them alone," said the guy and Kimo pushed him away. He moved over to

the guy on the ground, chanted something and the guy stopped screaming and lay prone, as if he was asleep. I knew I had just seen an ancient form of magic, black magic, I had always believed, called *Loa*. It was something I had never witnessed before, only heard about. Roland and I were astonished.

The two men crawled off and Kimo shifted his attention to where I was cradling Roland's head in my hands.

"Hospital for two," he said, trying to keep his voice light, but I knew he was controlling the deep rage he felt for the two men who had hurt Roland. He ran across the road and came back with the car. Between us, we got Roland in the back seat.

"I'm okay," he kept saying, but when Roland saw Kimo put me in the front seat, buckle me up and kiss me, he was stunned silent.

Kimo drove Roland to Queen's Hospital, where he showed the group insurance card taken out by the show's producers for its dancers.

Roland was given two stitches in his head and had two ribs taped up. My feet looked like bowling balls were dangling from them by the time they were done wrapping them. Kimo dropped Roland at his apartment in Kaimuki and said, "Let me know if you're up to dancing tomorrow night."

"I will be fine, I promise," Roland said. "I'm

really sorry, Kimo." Head down, he limped inside the house he shared with his lover.

Kimo started the car again. As we drove away, he reached for my hand.

"I'm gonna say this and I want you to know I am not trying to keep you away from your friends, but *Lopaka*, I don't want you hanging out with him anymore," he said. "More best friends get hurt or killed in the crossfire of that type of attack than the intended victim themselves. If anything happens to you, I will die."

I believed him, because I felt that way too. I promised him, leaning over to kiss him.

"You know I wanted to kill that man tonight."

Nodding, I caressed his fingers. "Was that taxing what you did to him?"

"A bit. You know what it is, don't you?"

I nodded again.

"Did it scare you?"

"No. I trust you. You saved Roland's life tonight. I hope he heeds the warning."

"He probably won't," said Kimo. "I'm glad you weren't scared of the magic, it's not something I use...often. But like any skill that's hard learned, it's good to know that you can still...harness it when necessary."

"It was a big turn on," I said and I saw the relief flood his face.

"Do you mind if we go home and make love?"

he said. "I really feel the need to be alone with you in our sacred place. And you can show me how you babysit your step children."

"Can we stop for some ice cream first?"

"Sure, baby." His fingers had started moving over mine again. I felt the man I love come back into his body. I suddenly felt fiercely protective of him. I never wanted anything to harm him or put him in the position he'd just been in, ever again.

"That's how I feel about you," he said. His voice dropped to a whisper. "That's exactly how I feel."

Damn. Kimo and his mind reading again.

"You want some coffee?" he asked. "With that ice cream?"

"Coffee, ice cream and you," I said, leaning in for a kiss, which was returned with warm and great enthusiasm.

"*Lopaka*," he said, when he got out of the car at Jack's Cone Shack near our studio. "How do you feel about babies? I mean real ones?"

"I've never given it much thought."

"Then do," he said and ran into the store, which was flooded with tourists anxious for a respite from the sizzling heat.

A baby? For us? I had no idea what he had in mind but I wasn't ready to share him with anyone. I was already sharing him with another wife.

I caught his gaze through the window of the ice

cream shop and he flicked his tongue out at me. I felt its intention shoot straight to my cock and I had to grab the door handle. Man this guy was amazing. He'd gotten me harder than hell and he was nowhere near me.

Kimo laughed when he saw me squirming. I could give up Roland, I decided, trying to keep my breath even and my facial expression nonchalant. I could give up anything, except for that man half covered with black tattoos.

## Chapter Thirteen

Roland and I both reported for duty the following night but things were very chilly between Roland and Kimo during our evening prayer before the show started.

As soon as we were alone in our dressing room, Roland said, "So, you're back on with Kimo. How long you think it can keep going on?"

"As long as we want it to," I said.

"He's married," said Roland.

"She knows all about us."

That was a big surprise, I could tell.

"Yes, she has Jessie, Kimo has me, we're all as happy as we can be," I said, in a sing-song way.

Roland undressed quickly, his body covered in bruises. "Help me put makeup on," he said.

I helped him as best I could, hoping Kimo wouldn't burst in and think something was going on. He might have been a mind reader, but he had the jealousy of...of, well a fire-breathing Pig God in the peak of the mating season.

By interval, when we crammed into the green room and stuffed our faces with crabcakes and spring rolls, Roland was told to switch dressing rooms with Lon and Lon was pissed, since my room didn't have a TV. I hadn't requested one.

"Ask for it," I said. "The production manager is great. He'll do anything for you."

"What's up with Kimo and Roland?" Lon asked.

I shrugged, because I never gossip.

"If you ask me, Roland's in big trouble. I heard Kimo bailed him out on his gambling bill. He likes those internet gambling clubs you know—"

"No, I didn't know." Here I was gossiping, after all. I was beginning to realize I didn't know Roland very well at all. But I was delighted to discover the more I found out Kimo, the more I loved him. I was so touched that he had taken care of Roland's gambling bill.

I felt stupid for not knowing Roland's real addiction. Now Roland's frantic text messaging and constant worrying made sense. He was a gambler. The guy with the car had been a loan shark. I was so proud that Kimo had stepped in and helped. It made me more glad than ever that I had pursued my Phantom Lover. No matter what the future held.

\* \* \* \*



When Nicky called me on my cell, complaining that she could never get hold of me, Kimo suggested she join us for lunch. She was surprised when she heard we were back together and I thought at first she would refuse, but when we picked her up at the store, Kaiona was with her.

I felt uncomfortable, until Kimo's hand covered the distance between our seats and I saw Kaiona watch him firmly take my hand in his.

He drove us just a few blocks to Hausten Street and he said casually, "You ever been to The Willows, *Lopaka*?"

"No, I haven't."

"Oh my God, neither have I," said Nicky. "Kaiona's been promising me for ages to take me there. Haven't you, honey?"

Kaiona was noncommittal and Kimo squeezed my hand.

The Willows turned out to be a grand 'Old Hawaii' restaurant in a lush garden setting. It was 'Poi Thursday' and Nicky groaned when she saw the sign. *Poi* is not her thing.

"Don't worry, there's plenty of other wonderful food for you to enjoy," Kimo said, hugging her. The restaurant was set around the edges of an ancient fishpond that once belonged to King *Kamehameha*.

We were taken past the buffet-style rooms to a

lovely thatched hut, straight out of ancient Hawaii and even Kaiona, the Queen of Frost, thawed just a little as lovely hostesses fluttered around us, bringing wonderful Hawaiian food as musicians played old melodies I recognized from childhood.

“Are you flirting?” Nicky asked as Kaiona’s eyes danced over our hostess.

“Only with my eyes, sweetheart,” said Kaiona and Kimo casually changed the subject.

“This restaurant was started by Victoria Kamamalu, a granddaughter of our Great King. Initially, it was the site of lavish feasts, luaus that went for days. It became a more commercial establishment but it was closed for a long time.”

He paused to order for everybody and I watched Kaiona nod in approval as he suggested different types of meat and fish. Our hostess went away again and Kimo took up his story, taking my hand in his.

Kaiona’s eyes lit on that, a spark of fury. Kimo was oblivious, telling us that the Great King had used the fishpond in battle since it had underground caverns that served as an escape route during early invasions.

Nicky and I were entranced; Kaiona was fidgety until the food arrived. She snatched up a poi bowl, gobbling hers up and Kimo fed his bowl to me from his fingers.

“Oh boy,” said Kaiona. “Will you two stop?”

I saw Nicky nudge her under the table.

"What?" said Kaiona. "He's married. Is nobody going to talk about the great big elephant sitting beside us?"

"My wife knows about us," said Kimo, which surprised Nicky. "Oh yes," he said. "She has her lover, I have mine. I have everything I want."

Frowning, Nicky said to Kaiona, "Why didn't you tell me Mim knew? You talk to her every day. You've made me feel horrible for feeling loyal to Bob...I mean, *Lopaka*. And she knows all about them?"

"It's still not right," said Kaiona.

"This isn't like you," Nicky said. "To be so judgmental."

"Oh, please," said Kaiona. "You're such a Pollyanna."

"No, she's not," I said, leaping to my friend's defense.

Kimo was handing around dishes of meat and fish, ever the host, while this whole ugly discussion took place.

"What are you trying to say?" Nicky said to her wife, laying down her fork.

"What they are doing is wrong," said Kaiona. "I feel bad for Mim."

"You sure you wanna do this, Kaiona?" Kimo's face took on a hard cast. I had never seen him so angry.

"Sure I wanna do this."

"You wanna do this, really? I mean, do you really wanna go there?"

She met his stare. "I'm not afraid of you."

Nicky and I were left stumped. Neither of us had any idea what was going on.

"This has nothing to do with my marriage," said Kimo.

"I think it does," Kaiona said. "You're flaunting your relationship here."

"Well, I'm sorry it bothers you so much, but I'm not going to stop seeing *Lopaka*."

"And what about your wife?"

The waitress appeared. "Everything okay?"

"Yes, thank you," said Kimo. "I think we're ready for the check."

She looked surprised, but slipped away again, an anxious look over her shoulder.

"Like I said, it has nothing to do with Mim," Kimo said.

"It has everything to do with her," Kaiona said.

"She's had a lover for ten months, flaunting that in my face but that is supposed to be okay?" he said. "I lay there night after night hearing her and our supposed houseguest making love in the guestroom."

"No, she didn't," I gasped. Why had he stayed with her?

"She trusts you. She's my friend," Kaiona said.

"Really? And are you my friend, Kaiona?"

She looked flustered then.

"Well, are you?"

"Of course. I'm your friend and hers."

"I'm actually in love with *Lopaka*. I hope she loves Jessie half as much as I love my man. What's your opinion, since you are so...ah...intimately acquainted with their situation, Kaiona?"

Kaiona looked shocked.

The waitress returned with the check and Kimo dumped some notes on the receipt tray and she hesitated before scurrying away with it.

Nicky looked at her, back at me, then at Kimo. And suddenly, I knew. I knew everything. That Kaiona had been screwing around with Jessie and Mim. Screwing around on my best friend, Nicky. Hurting my lover's feelings.

"Oh come on, Kaiona," Kimo said. "Fresh out of sassy comments now?"

"I just don't understand why you couldn't let it blow over. It would have ended, eventually. Did you think that screwing a guy would ease your pain and suffering?"

"Don't you dare judge me," Kimo snapped. "You are about to open up a whole can of pain you really don't want opened."

"You're threatening me?" she spat.

"I'm saying keep your opinions to yourself. Live and let live. I have no judgments to make on

you and you'd better not make any on me."

"Well, I think what you're doing is morally wrong. Throwing your marriage away on a *mahou*, for God's sake."

Kimo lost his last shred of control then. "You are going to regret talking about *Lopaka* like that."

"Well, I don't, so there."

Kimo stood up and threw his napkin on the table. "Well, since you want to get high and mighty with me, what about the fact you introduced my wife to Jessie? You encouraged it from the start."

"I don't think—" Nicky said.

"Don't," said Kaiona, stepping over her words. "Don't say it."

"Apologize to *Lopaka* and it's all forgotten."

Kaiona was too worked up and I had a horrible, ghastly feeling that everything was about to explode.

"No," she said and I saw the terror on her face as Kimo shook his head.

"You really are selfish," he said.

I touched his face, willing him to stop. I knew then what he was about to say and I knew Nicky could not survive it.

"Baby, let's go."

"With pleasure." He snatched my hand. We left the restaurant, leaving the two women to themselves.

Outside, I put my arms around Kimo.

"What we are doing is not morally wrong," he said, stubbornly.

"I know, baby, and I'm so proud of you. Thank you for not telling Nicky. Kaiona's been messing around with Mim and Jessie, hasn't she?"

He nodded.

"Kimo, I love you so much, I hate to think of her doing this to you."

"I have you, that's all that matters now."

"Thank you for not saying anything to Nicky," I whispered in his ear.

"How could I? She's your best friend. I would hate to hurt her feelings."

"You still hungry?" I said.

"Yeah. You ate all the *poi*."

"Well, how about lunch in bed? All the food and cock you can handle."

"Sounds good," he said.

We were about to get in the car when a tearful Kaiona approached us.

"I'm sorry," she said, reaching out to hug me.

"You're so full of it," Kimo said to her. "You had your chance. You are selfish, just like I said. You tell your girlfriends that I withdraw the offer. I will not impregnate you. You cannot have my baby. Go to a fucking sperm bank, just like all the other childless couples."

Kaiona opened her mouth but Kimo was so

enraged, she knew better than to push it.

Nicky was hovering in the distance, anxious and worried.

I got into Kaiona's face. "Nicky will never find out from us what you've done, but if you hurt her, I will come after you myself," I said to her.

"Don't waste your breath," Kimo said to me.

We got into the car and drove away. "You were going to give them a baby?" was all I could say.

"Not anymore," he said. "Subject closed."



## Chapter Fourteen

I was lying on the chaise of the house I was sharing with Kimo in Maui. Two months we had been there and every moment had been precious. Not only was it the most magnificent house I had ever set foot in, but it sat perched high on a mountaintop at *Kahakuola Head*, unable to be accessed by anybody without a key to the gate at the bottom of the hill. The house had perfect views of all the islands. On a clear day, I could see each and every one of them, including *Ni'ihau*, the Forbidden Island.

Often, I had compared Kimo to the ancient Hawaiian gods and kings, not knowing he was a direct descendant of the last Maui king, the eighteenth century monarch, *Kahekili*. From the painting we had hanging in the living room, there was more than an eerie resemblance between these two warriors.

The property had been passed down to Kimo, the only earthly thing he prized, apart from a few

treasures he inherited from his now-deceased parents. Once I had arrived and spent time on his turf, I understood why he'd stayed with Mim so long. Kimo craved stability, he wanted a family.

"Watch me, baby," he was saying now, and I laughed, shielding my eyes from the sun. He was totally naked, standing on the edge of our cliff, about to dive two hundred feet into the ocean. The precise spot was once known as *Kahekili's Leap* and was the exact same place where Kimo's famous relative dived into the ocean.

It scared me every morning when Kimo took that leap, but it was an obsession. Some men drank, some men took drugs, some men drove fast cars, my husband liked to dive hundreds of feet to the ocean, then climb all the way back up the sheer cliff face in time for breakfast: me.

"I'm watching," I said joining him at the edge of the precipice. It was the only activity I would not do with him, but he didn't seem to mind. As long as I was with him, naked, horny and waiting for him at the top, he was a happy man.

He drew me to him and kissed me. "See you in a few minutes," he said and took his death-defying swan dive to the sea below us.

We had fights about the dive when I had first moved to Maui. He hired geologists who studied the cliff and the ocean tides who gave him specific times for him to dive. Times hadn't changed much

since *Kahekili* was king. He was told in no uncertain terms not to dive after eleven a.m. in summer unless he wanted to die and so far, he was not choosing to challenge their findings.

My lover hit the water and I watched, anxious until he rose to the surface, waving. I clapped and cheered and watched him clown around in the foamy waves, as I laughed and waved back, blowing him kisses.

"I love you," he shouted back and began the long climb home. I loved watching my naked love god do that climb. In twenty minutes he would be with me. For fifteen minutes he would have me, then immediately after that, he would want breakfast.

And that meant Chan.

Chan was the only fly in my romantic ointment. He was Kimo's elderly housekeeper and although he didn't live in the house, he seemed resentful of my presence and disapproved of our lifestyle, constantly spying on us fucking. It seemed to give Kimo a secret thrill, knowing that old man was watching us. Most of the time I was able to ignore the old man, though I was always aware of him. When he left each day at four, I was always relieved. I adored my private time with Kimo and I loved taking care of him, one of my biggest problems with Chan. For me, it was a pleasure to cook for Kimo and planning romantic menus was

my way of thanking him for the life he had given me.

We sailed the islands, ate at endless expensive, romantic restaurants, but Chan felt it was his duty to cook for Kimo and the results were minuscule portions of vegetables and chicken. We laughed between us when Chan was gone. The old man was still cooking for one. A small one. Because Kimo had a big appetite.

Kimo was near the top now and I ran to greet him. He swept me into his arms and moved me back onto the chaise. He got between my legs, his mouth intent on mine, then he took hold of my cock, a hungry gleam in his eye.

"We have company," I said. "Maybe we shouldn't."

"Darling, Chan is not company."

"He brought his granddaughter, Coco. I do believe he's trying to fix you up with her."

Kimo's eyes traveled to the kitchen window. The young woman was indeed watching us. She hurriedly moved away when we looked in her direction.

"He's out of here today," said Kimo, that blank, 'subject closed' expression on his face. He swallowed my cock with the same passion he tackled his beloved cliff and I wanted to give in to the exquisite sensations, but I was starting to feel guilty about the old man.

"I don't want him to lose his job," I said, panting hard now.

Kimo came off my cock. "He's not out of a job, baby. I'm sending him to Honolulu. He can work for Mim. I'll send the granddaughter, too. Mim might like her."

I laughed at that sly smile, then his mouth went back to work on me. "Could you stand being alone with me?" he asked, lifting his mouth off me again.

"Yeah. I could stand it. A lot."

This time he didn't stop, really giving the Chans something to think about.

\* \* \* \*

Kimo had asked me not to take work that took me away from Maui, even for a few days. This altered my lifestyle dramatically. I was used to working for my living and I had money saved, but I liked having my financial independence. I wanted to keep sending money to my *tutu*, but Kimo had bought the land her house was on and surprised the two of us by giving her the deeded trust. She could have earned a living renting out some of the acreage she now owned, but *Tutu* liked her solitude.

Her life worked well via the old bartering system. Besides, she was insisting I keep my

money, not that I did of course.

The truth was, neither Kimo nor I really wanted the separation that a dancer's life brought

So when I got a dancing engagement with Kaiona's dance troupe, I wanted to take it, because I really needed the money.

"I have money, what's mine is yours," Kimo said. But I was stubborn, so he came to *Hilo* with me and I was thrilled to have the two things I loved, Kimo and my work. We went to visit my grandmother and I tried to return my lava stone to her.

"No," she said, after holding it in her hands a moment. "*Lopaka*, your troubles are not yet over. Oh, my boy, be strong. You are going to need it."

When she handed that stone back to me, it was like pocketing a fireball.

I had no idea then that she was very right. Kimo and I were about to be challenged in ways we never thought possible.

\* \* \* \*

Kimo and I had a peaceable meeting with Kaiona and Nicky, who were both relieved that I had taken the chance to work with Kaiona again. They both stressed the importance of their love for us and Kaiona's apologies to both Kimo and me seemed heartfelt.

But I knew they wanted Kimo's sperm. Who wouldn't? Hell, I was addicted to the stuff. But I also knew that Kimo's heart was soft where people he loved were concerned and I knew, if I was willing, he wanted to give them the baby of their dreams.

It was not until our three-day show concluded that Kimo dropped the bomb on me. He wanted me to agree to his giving Nicky a baby. The only criteria was that she and Kaiona did not want the ol' turkey baster method. They wanted Kimo to impregnate her, as in, fuck her.

I went mad and told Kimo I would never agree to it.

"You want to fuck my best friend?" I asked him. "Is that what you're telling me?" "No," he said, looking distressed. "When you put it like that, it sounds terrible. But it wouldn't be like that. It would be a very serious, ritualistic procedure. Just like in the old days. I would love to have a baby with Kaiona, our two great bloodlines joining, except that she can't conceive and Nicky is the woman she loves, the way I love you."

"When you put it like that, I feel churlish and mean. But I just hate the idea of it."

"You would be there," he said. "You would be a part of it. You would be right there beside me, every step of the way. She will be working with

the *kahuna*. They will know when she is at the exact moment she is able to conceive. And along comes Kimo...”

He didn't pressure me any further. He knew he'd planted the seed, dammit. My man knew my heart and knew that my better nature would eventually prevail.

What really presented a challenge to our unity however was the fact that Johnny came to the last show and when he came backstage to see me, I saw that he was deeply attracted to Kimo.

And Kimo was deeply enjoying the attention.

Back in our hotel room, as I packed our belongings for early morning checkout, Kimo said, “I've been thinking. I'd really like a threesome.”

The stone in my pocket felt like it was setting my leg on fire.

“Oh, with Mim?” I asked.

“Not with Mim. No. I'm thinking, another man.”

“You, me and another guy?” I wanted to be certain because suddenly, my whole world was falling apart. Kimo wanted to fuck my best friend. Now this.

“Of course with you, darling.”

It was the last thing I wanted, but I also understood. I might have woken the sleeping dragon, but now that Kimo was out of his damned closet/cave, he was feeling a little curious. I would



rather he experimented with me, I decided, than without me.

"You got anybody in mind?"

"I want to make it with Johnny."

"Johnny?" I was incredulous. "He doesn't even have a very big dick. I know guys who are really hung..."

But Kimo had made up his mind.

"Why Johnny?" I asked. I felt very vulnerable about Kimo making it with my ex. The man had broken my heart. It felt like Kimo wanted to take the knife left in me by Johnny and twist it just a little bit.

"Why not?" countered Kimo. "You still got feelings for him?"

"Not feelings of love. Feelings of hurt."

He hesitated because he knew this was true. "He was inside you. Now I want to be inside him."

I was silent for a few moments, continuing to pack our things.

"All in all, I'd rather you fucked Nicky," I said.

Kimo laughed. "I don't want to fuck Nicky. I want to give them a baby. That will be ours too. We'd be godparents, you know. She is your best friend."

I looked at him. "You're really pushing it, you know?"

"*Lopaka*. I just want to fuck him. I'm not talking

about moving him in with us or making it a regular thing.”

“You want to experiment.”

“Exactly!”

“With the man who broke my heart.”

He looked at me. “He still has feelings for you. I want that heart connection.”

“You want to play with fire,” I said. “If we’re going to do this, then there need to be some ground rules.”

“What rules?”

“First, I don’t want to hear about you fucking Nicky again for at least three months. Second, it’s a one-time deal with Johnny and he doesn’t stay all night. And third, you are not allowed to suck his cock.”

Kimo looked amused. “I can fuck him, but not suck him?”

“Yes. In case you’ve forgotten, it took a long time to get you to suck my cock. Why should he get it on the spot when it took me months to get it?”

Kimo seemed to be considering things. “Agreed. I promise not to suck Johnny’s cock.”

I was more hurt than anything else and trying hard to act as if I wasn’t. Grandma had been right. But I knew there was no U-turn here. I had to follow things through if I wanted this man and in spite of all my misgivings, I did want him.

Amazingly, our lovemaking was typically mind-blowing that night. Kimo was so lit up about the idea of the threesome; it seemed to make him want me even more.

At the airport, Kaiona and Nicky were waiting for the same plane. When they said they were stopping at Maui for a few days, I felt Kimo had orchestrated everything. He was going to blow his seed all over the island, if he had his way.

\* \* \* \*

I made plans with Johnny to come to our house the following night. I didn't want it to be at our house. This was Kimo's idea. He was more excited than I had seen him since the first time he fucked me.

"This isn't going to be a habit," he said. "You've opened a door to a whole new world for me and I want to try this. That's all, but I want to do it with you."

He wanted to hold off making love all day so that we would enjoy the evening even more. When he saw how upset I was, he gave in and we had our usual fantastic morning romp. Afterwards, when he rolled off me and lay back on back on the bed, he put an arm across me.

"I don't know how I thought I could go all day without touching you," he said. "I must be out of

my mind.”

We showered together, a sense of expectation building as we made the house ready. I made lots of *pupus* that would require no work once Johnny arrived and by the time he was at the door at seven p.m., Kimo and I were ready to go.

I don't think Kimo understood before that moment that men are not like women. They don't require a ton of foreplay or romancing. It just takes a look. One look between two men and they're ready to fuck.

When Johnny arrived, I could tell he was as excited as we were and also a bit nervous. He stared at Kimo with lust and awe and I stepped in and moved things up a level in the heat department. The temperature was nuclear before we'd even started.

I pulled Johnny's head to me and started kissing him. His feelings for me were evident in the way he sucked at my mouth, his hands in my shirt, feeling my nipples. Kimo watched with envy and wonder until I took my mouth from Johnny and watched him kissing Kimo.

Kimo hesitated only briefly before allowing Johnny to probe his mouth with his tongue. Kimo held Johnny and me to him and we could feel his cock straining at his pants as he turned to kiss me.

“I love you,” he said into my mouth and I took my men by the hands and led them into the

bedroom. I'd already set up food and champagne and Johnny murmured his approval.

Johnny helped me undress Kimo and had the same reaction I always did when he saw Kimo naked. Those tattoos were a thrill. You knew this was a powerful man and his body gleamed in the warm evening light filtering in from our bedroom windows. Johnny and I licked and kissed Kimo's chest and magnificent abs, moving up to his neck and mouth. He was in heaven as we put him on the bed and tugged off his pants and Johnny got a look at that cock for the first time.

"You lucky, lucky guy," Johnny said to me. "I don't know if I can handle anything this big."

"That's why I need help," I said. "This is too much for one man." And Kimo smiled at me. "Johnny, get started on his cock, honey. My fantasy has been to suck Kimo's gorgeous ass while another guy's working on his cock."

Johnny picked up that hard tool and I spread my lover's ass cheeks. He was hesitant at first, knowing that Johnny was watching everything, but Johnny was enjoying his delicious man-sized meal. Kimo knew he was about to feel very, very good, so his legs opened up to me and I attacked his puckered asshole like a bitch in heat. I sucked and kissed and licked his ass as poor Johnny struggled with my baby's colossal cock.

"You need help with that?" I asked, coming up

from Kimo's ass. Kimo was nodding as I kept my hand on his ass, striking him with my fingers and I instructed Johnny to lick the shaft.

"Work on his balls, honey," I said and took my favorite cock in the world down my throat and Kimo went berserk, moving in and out of my hot, ravenous mouth. He was about to come and I lifted my mouth off the cock head so Johnny could share the joy. We licked and sucked furiously at my man's juices covering our faces as he showed us how happy he was with what we were doing to him.

When he stopped gushing, we took turns licking the head, despite how sensitive I knew it must have been.

"Look at Kimo's poor balls," I said to Johnny. "I think they need help."

"Help? What's wrong with them?" Kimo's hands flew to his nether regions.

"Move those hands away," I barked.

"Baby," he said. "I'm seeing a whole new side of you. I love it."

"You ever played sling the hook?" I asked.

"No," Kimo laughed.

I brought a scarf out from our bedside drawer. "Help me," I said to Johnny. We put the scarf around his ball sac and up around the base of his cock, fashioning a cock ring, pulling tight so that we didn't cut off the blood flow but brought

incredible pressure to the area.

Kimo moaned.

Johnny and I went back to work immediately. This time when Kimo came, he screamed, shooting a fountain of hot liquid onto our expectant faces. Johnny and I licked his juices off one another's faces and I could see Kimo's hands between Johnny's legs, stroking his cock and I immediately got jealous. Well, he wasn't breaking any rules. He was allowed to stroke, he just wasn't allowed to suck.

"I want to fuck you," Kimo said to Johnny, his engorged cock ready for more. Johnny immediately got on his knees.

Kimo wasn't feeling fancy about getting Johnny on his back, the way he loved to fuck me, but he was having a lot of trouble mounting his mare. He dipped between Johnny's ass cheeks, sucking and licking at his quivering hole but despite his excitement and obvious readiness, Kimo could not get his massive meat into Johnny's ass.

"Baby," I said to Kimo. "You gotta get your man ready. Get the lube out."

He reached for the lube by the bedside table and flipping Johnny over on his back, started kissing him as I squeezed the lube on his fingers.

"Now, work them in slowly," I said. "Get him nice and open for that tank." I moved down to suck Johnny's cock and Kimo worked on his ass.

He was impatient to fuck and quickly got his cock back to Johnny's hole. Kimo stared at Johnny's cock, which was in my hand.

"This is the sexiest thing in the world to me, fucking somebody who's got a hard cock staring at me," he said. He started screwing his way into Johnny's ass. Nothing was going to stop him. Johnny moved his ass the way he knew how and Kimo kept plunging, even when it was obvious that Johnny couldn't take it all.

Impatiently, Kimo took his cock out of Johnny, pushed me to my knees and rammed it into me. I was used to his size and his power, but he hadn't spent any time with me at all and it hurt the second he entered me. He'd never taken me from behind like this before, being deliberately rough with me, as if trying to impress Johnny.

He fucked me like I was a plastic sex doll. There was no pleasure, no mutual passion there. This was an act of complete domination and control. When he started to come, he pulled my head back until my mouth dropped open and Johnny's cock slipped into it.

"That's it, suck him, bitch," Kimo said, filling my belly with his boiling essence.

He'd never talked to me like that since we'd gotten close and he pulled out of me, pushing me away and moving up to Johnny's cock. With a spiteful look on his face, he took Johnny's cock



into his mouth.

“Oh yeah, suck me. Kimo,” Johnny said and Kimo gave him a master class in cock loving. I focused on breathing, not fully believing that Kimo had violated the terms of this threesome. He’d done it with deliberate intent and that was for me, unforgivable. My heart broke, I swear I heard it. I got off the bed as Johnny moved around to a sixty-nine position and I left the bedroom.

Unable to think, I gathered a few things, including my grandma’s power rock, which crackled at my touch. This was not surprising. There was big trouble in paradise. I walked outside as I heard the happy noises of two men bringing each other total satisfaction, of my lover sucking Johnny’s cock.

I got into my truck Kimo had paid to ship to Maui, and I drove away into the deepening twilight, feeling sick to my stomach. The man I had given all my love and trust to, had violated that trust. With the man who had also betrayed me. I suddenly felt as if Kimo must have hated me very much. It was his idea, after all, to bring Johnny to our bed.

As I drove towards the lost byways of *Hana*, away from our home, away from our lives, I wondered if Kimo and Johnny had even noticed yet that I had gone.

## Chapter Fifteen

I drove, not caring that the roads in *Hana* were hazardous, since there were no street lights in the district. I felt I could get lost in *Hana* and at last when night deepened and the tears were truly blinding me, I pulled over into a turnout and switched off the lights and the engine and I howled like an old crone into the night sky.

The pain I felt was so immense and in the lush, green-black wilderness, I screamed Kimo's name until my voice couldn't utter a single sound.

I was worried he would find me, that he'd figure out that I would run out here and hide. I had nowhere to go. With all his powers of magic, he could tune into me easily, so I started the truck up again, plunging deeper into the forest of unseen perils, taking on off-road detour. My truck hit a tree stump with an ominous thud and steam spurted from the engine. It hadn't seemed like a bad hit, but when I got out, the radiator was sputtering a different story.

Turning off the lights, I left my truck there, took the few belongings I'd brought and I kept walking. The pain in my left arm started then, but I ignored it. I knew it had to be affecting him too. This was like giving up heroin, I was sure. I had to give up Kimo. And I never, ever wanted to see Johnny again.

I kept walking, wishing there were wild, savage beasts lurking in the *Hana* forest. At least I'd be assured of a swift death. I was shocked when the pain in my left arm moved up my neck and nestled in my left jaw. I was seeing black spots in front of my eyes, but I didn't care. The pain of withdrawal must be like any addiction, I decided. I just had to live through it.

\* \* \* \*

In the morning, I woke up, finding myself on the ground, my arms wrapped around the base of a Eucalyptus tree. My eyes were crusted over from continuous tears pooling in them. My first thought was, 'They probably know I've gone now.' My second thought was I must have had a very high fever. My whole body was on fire. I heard a chopper flying overhead. I didn't worry. I knew Kimo wouldn't have called the police, so nobody would be looking for me. I fell asleep again

I don't know how long I was there before I felt

something prodding me in the back. It was an angry-looking redneck with a gun.

"That your car back there?" he barked.

I looked up at him, struggling to see him. "Yeah, sorry."

"You fall asleep at the wheel?"

"Yeah. I hit a tree, I think."

"You shoulda stayed with the car. Your name *Lopaka*?"

"No. Bobby." I was not going to live with Kimo's influence anymore. "I'm sorry about the truck. I'll call for help."

"I already called Triple A. One of my choppers spotted you an hour ago, figured you were a Fed. Then I found your car. Your registration says *Lopaka Kik...something*."

"*Kikawa*. *Lopaka* is my birth name. I go by Bobby." That was when I realized Mr. Redneck was what one would call an alternative farmer. He grew *pakalolo*, or marijuana and took his multi-million industry very seriously. My best bet was to play innocent.

"Mr..."

"No names. Just get off my land."

He jerked his rifle over his shoulder and I took the hint to walk on outta there. Except that I couldn't get my left leg to cooperate. It was dragging beside me.

"Geez, you really hurt yourself," he said. "That

didn't even look like a bad accident."

He put his arm under me and helped me get to the main road.

"Man, you get bit by some critter? You're burnin' up."

"No, I'm all right. Just get me to my car. Maybe it'll start."

"Your car is gonna get towed, sonny. I'm gonna get you to a hospital."

"I don't need a hospital." And then I slipped from his arms into a dead faint.

\* \* \* \*

I woke up at *Hana* Veterinary Hospital. It would never happen like that in the movies. In a movie, I'd wake up to some hot doctor anxious to mend me, heart, body and spirit. I woke up on a steel table lying next to a big black, awful-smelling dog that was hooked up to a drip feed, his sleeping tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth.

"How are you feeling?"

I moved my head to see a grizzled man with enormous Coke bottle glasses, peering down at me.

"You don't appear to have any broken bones. I did an ex-ray on your left leg. Mebbe it's a sprain. I woulda given you a shot of penicillin to bring down the fever, but I had no idea if you're

allergic.”

“I’m fine,” I said.

“You don’t look fine. Have a rest if you like, then my wife can drive you home.”

“What’s happening to him?” I pointed to the dog.

“Castration. Don’t worry, I never confuse my patients.”

“I really have to get home,” I said. I was starting to worry. I didn’t feel like I was on fire anymore. That had to mean that Kimo was close by.

“Nothin’ doin’. Open up.” The old man stuck his thermometer in my mouth and I only hoped it hadn’t been in Fido’s ass moments earlier.

“Your fever is comin’ down. I’m a betta doctor than I thought,” the vet cackled, unleashing a bad case of nicotine breath. Your friend’s on her way to pick ya up.”

He helped me into the waiting room just as Nicky arrived, a flurry of nerve endings.

“Oh, *Lopaka*,” she said, gathering me into her arms. I fell against her. “Kimo called me; he said you were both in trouble.”

She helped me outside and I saw him sitting in the passenger seat of Kimo’s black SUV. He looked out at me and his face said everything. It was a mirror of my own hopelessness and suffering.

"Come on," said Nicky, hefting me into the back seat. "He would have driven himself, but he's in a lot of pain. What's the matter with you both?"

The interior of the SUV felt like it was on fire. Nicky cranked up the air conditioning. Neither Kimo nor I spoke. I stared at the back of his head in silent fury. He reached out his left arm behind me, his fingers searching for mine. I gave them to him, squeezing his hand. He gave an involuntary jerk. I looked down at his hand and saw heat blisters on his wrist, traveling up his arm.

The gods had tortured Kimo in more ways than I could ever dream of myself.

"I'm so sorry," he rasped.

My anger fell away. "Me too," I said and tears fell from my eyes onto his fingers. I heard his distress, when he felt my hot tears.

"Pull over, Nicky, please," he said.

"What? I'm late for my doctor's appointment as it is," she shrieked.

"Please," he said again.

She seethed as he got out of the car and staggered to my door, shutting his own. Tears were coursing down his cheeks. His hair was matted, his skin bright red. I saw the blisters under his open shirt. Each step must have felt like his skin was splitting in two. I pulled him to me.

"Okay, now you can go," I told Nicky.

She was biting her lip looking at me. "Are you going to be okay?" she asked me.

"We're going to be fine," I said.

She drove us home, with constant, worried glances at us and Kimo lay sprawled in the back seat, his head and torso on my lap. I kept thinking about him with Johnny. I wanted to stay mad.

When we got home, Johnny came running out of our house.

"What's he doing here?" I yelled. "Get out of my house!"

"Kimo and I were worried about you," he hollered back. "You've been gone all night." He looked at Kimo lying across me. "What's the matter with him?"

"Just go," I said. "Get out of here!"

Johnny went into the house and got his things, while Nicky and I followed, dragging Kimo inside.

"Put him on the sofa," I said. "I want to change the bed sheets."

"I already did," Kimo whispered. He looked like he was at death's door.

Nicky and I took him to the bedroom. All the remnants of last night were gone. Johnny and Kimo must have done a clean-up job, saving me the trouble.

Johnny hovered at the door. "I need to talk to you," he said.



“Go away,” I said, through clenched teeth.

Nicky took his arm. “We’re going,” she said. “I’ll make sure he leaves. You need me, you call me, okay?”

I nodded. Kimo lay back on the bed and I took everything off him. I took a good look at the weeping blisters traveling to his hip. They seemed to stop there. I went into the kitchen and found the plates from last night jammed in the sink. I pursed my lips and organized a small tub of iced water.

The house was quiet. *My stone*. Where was my stone? I felt in my pocket. It wasn’t there. Then I remembered it was in my jacket pocket. I ran to Kimo’s SUV and found it on the floor. The stone was hot. Very hot. So, there was still trouble in paradise.

I brought it in and put it on the windowsill, found a soft cloth and padded back to the bedroom. Another blister had formed on his hip in the short time I’d been away.

Patting him down with the icy towel, I felt his heavy breathing come in short, labored gusts.

“I don’t understand,” I said. “If we’re back together, how come your fever is still raging?”

“Because I wronged you and you haven’t forgiven me.”

My hand paused in its ministering to him. “You were horrible,” I said.

“Yes, I was and I’m sorry, *Lopaka*. It will never

happen again. Now you know I can never cheat on you. Look what happens to me.” He tried to smile but his lips were cracked. He was dying from the inside out, like a sea drying in the acrid sun.

I kept soaking the towel and squeezing it on him. Nothing was bringing the fever down. His eyes were glossy, but I felt his complete attention on me.

“*Lopaka*, I am so jealous of what you had with Johnny and I know we had an agreement and I violated that agreement. If you don’t want this anymore I will understand.”

“I love you,” I said.

“Even though I’m an asshole?”

“You’re my asshole.”

“Who will never hurt you like that again.”

“I don’t understand how this magic works,” I said. “How come you and your wife don’t burn up when you’re apart?”

He looked at me again. “I’m not in love with her. It’s not a sacred connection. I feel loyalty to her, but I feel things on a whole other level with you. When I first started training, they told me, the person I was meant to be with, we would have this fire branch between us. I never expected it to be another man. And I never experienced it with anybody until I met you.”

“When did you first feel it?”

"The second I saw you and Johnny together at the dance school in *Lahaina*."

I stroked the drenched hair away from his face. Later, I would wash it and comb it, and we would bathe each other.

"*Lopaka*, I'm so sorry. I love you so much, you have to believe that."

"I believe it, Kimo. I just never want Johnny's name mentioned ever again. He's not ever coming here again. I never want another threesome. Can you live with that?"

He started to sob. "Yes, yes. I'm so sorry."

"Then I forgive you." I leaned forward and kissed him. He kissed me back, but there was little strength in that kiss. I got really worried then.

"You're not going to die, are you?" I asked.

"You need to get me into an ice bath," he said. "Run the cold tap only and throw in all the ice we've got in the house."

I ran to the bathroom and ran the bath tap, ran back to the kitchen and grabbed all the ice in the freezer. There was a big bag full at the bottom. I ripped it open, the ice was like an iceberg.

By the time I got Kimo into it, the ice was starting to melt.

\* \* \* \*

I bathed him like a baby for a long time and paid

special attention to his entire left side.

"Are you ever going to touch my cock again?" he asked me.

"Yes," I said, but the truth was it had betrayed me. It didn't feel like mine anymore.

"Of course it's yours," he said. "And it didn't betray you. I did. Your cock just went along for the ride."

I put my hand in the water and stroked it. He reacted instantly. I wasn't going to give him immediate gratification, but he seemed to be okay with that.

"Hold your breath," I said, pushing his head under the water and he gasped, coming up for air. "That feels so good," he said. "Get in with me, baby."

"It's freezing in there," I said.

"No it's not. It's nice. I've even melted all the ice. Please, *Lopaka*, I need to hold you."

I climbed in, leaning against his stomach. He held me from behind and our cocks bobbed in the water, yearning for each other. Kimo wrapped his arms around me and leaned back. I felt his strength returning and I felt the love flowing between us. Then I remembered sleeping against the tree the night before.

"How did you find me?" I asked.

"It wasn't easy. I had to tune into you and you were fighting me. I found you when you hit that

tree stump. I just couldn't get to you. These damned blisters started coming up." His arms tightened around me and I settled back against him. I heard him sigh and then he was asleep.

I allowed myself to relax and I too, drifted off, woken at some point by the sound of the phone ringing. "I'll get it," I said, but Kimo wouldn't let go of me. The phone stopped, then started again.

Reluctantly, he let me go. It was Johnny. I hung up on him and I unplugged the phone. Tomorrow, I would have the number changed. I checked the time on the kitchen clock. Four p.m. I checked on Kimo, who was waiting for me in the bath.

"Who was it?" he asked drowsily.

"Johnny. I'm changing the number tomorrow."

Kimo nodded. "You unplugged the phone, I hope."

"I did." I picked up the shampoo bottle and I washed and conditioned his hair, and pulled him out of the tub, drying him off. The bed sheets were drenched from the ice bath I'd given him, so I found clean sheets and put him to bed. He was hungry for me and I for him, but I wanted to clean up the dishes, the evidence, of last night's activities.

"Let me get some food."

"I don't need food. I need you."

"You need to eat. I'll be right back."

Bustling around the kitchen, stacking the

dishwasher, putting finger foods together on a tray, restored my sense of equilibrium. I looked at my stone and picked it up, but it still glowered in my hand. Once Kimo was better, it would quit being angry, I was certain.

When I returned to the bedroom, he was waiting for me. His skin was still hot to the touch, but not as bad as it had been.

"I need to fuck you, fill you up again, show you who this cock belongs to," he said.

"Feed first, then fuck me," I said. I climbed on the bed and he took my cock in his hand as I fed him the way he loved, with my fingers.

"I know I hurt you last night—"

"Don't talk about it anymore. I want to forget about it. Okay?"

"But I've never fucked you like that. Like you weren't mine. I'm sorry."

"I forgive you," I said, putting a piece of chicken in his mouth. He had my cock hard by then and his was practically screaming for me.

He took the tray away from me, putting it on the floor. He pushed me back on the bed and his mouth zeroed in on my cock and my ass. He sucked and licked me and I felt the fire ball growing in the pit of my belly.

"Lie back," I said. "I want to get on top of you."

I straddled his hips, and the blisters seemed smaller, but still looked painful. He didn't care; he

just wanted to be inside me. I hovered over him and pointed his cock at my ass and he plunged it straight home. I rode up and down on him and he loved watching the way I swayed on him, his own personal hula dancer, rocking his world.

Kimo sat up and swung his legs to the floor, keeping himself in me. He pulled my legs up, holding me up by the ass, he gave me the ass fucking he should have given me the night before. He sucked my nipples, bent down and licked my cock.

We came together strongly and his mouth released my cock so he could kiss me, my come spilling back and forth between our mouths.

He cradled me on his lap, his cock moving into me, then out, in slow circles as his orgasm subsided. My body shook with the violent passion of our coupling. Kimo kissed me and said, "Still think this cock doesn't belong to you?"

I shook my head and at last, we fell back on the bed, spooning into a sweet sleep, my husband inside me, my cock, right where it belonged, in the palm of his hand.

## Chapter Sixteen

It was a few months after the Johnny incident and we were back to normal. Things between us had never been better. I got work on a show in *Lahaina* and Kimo relinquished his hold on me enough to let me work five evenings a week. Since he was at every performance, we spent more than I earned, but we had wonderful dinners afterwards and it was a thrill, night after night, to see his shining, adoring face in or near the front row.

Kimo had a couple of tense conversations with Mim, but then things were always like that between them lately. Kimo said it was just 'Mim being Mim' but he looked worried.

When Nicky and Kaiona flew to Maui and came to see the show, I was pleased. We all had dinner at Longhi's in *Lahaina* and the cool salt breeze of the ancient whaling harbor added to my already famished state.

They didn't mention the baby issue, but I saw



Nicky's devastated face whenever a pregnant woman or a woman with a baby pram strolled by, my heart went out to her. Kimo's fingers gripped mine and I wished I could just say, "Yes, fuck my man!"

"How is it going?" I asked Nicky when we bought ice cream and the four of us strolled along Front Street. It was my first moment alone with her in months.

"I tried in vitro, but Kaiona was so against it. I'm sorry, Bobby. I mean, *Lopaka*. It's not your problem."

"You're my friend," I said. "I wish the only solution wasn't you having sex with my man."

"Is that how you see it?" she asked. "It wouldn't be like that. It would be conceiving a baby with love. I know you didn't have a mother, but whatever happens, I want you to be my baby's godmother because you're my best friend and I know you will be such a loving force in his life."

"A boy?" I said.

"Oh yes, we have dreams about him."

"And what is his name?"

"Something Hawaiian. Something old." Her face took on a dreamy expression and I thought how beautiful she would look when she was with child.

\* \* \* \*

After we parted company, Kimo drove me towards west Maui, where I still sometimes went to visit with *Pele*.

"There's something I want to give you," he said, checking his watch.

"What are you up to now?" I asked but he would only smile in an enigmatic way.

Just past *Wailea*, he stopped the SUV and urged me to follow him. I clambered over broad, flat rocks between two giant hotels and we crept along the wet shoreline.

Kimo's face was ecstatic when he showed me the moonlight. "We're just in time. Look."

The moonlight had hit the water like a spirit tunnel and at that moment, a handful of sea turtles lumbered out of the ocean as in the sand, dozens of babies started to hatch in the hidden depths.

We held our breaths, watching the miracle of nature and Kimo put his arm around me. The baby turtles stumbled on the sand as their mothers nudged and nosed at them, pointing them in the direction of the water.

"When you meet your mate in Hawaii, legend says you're supposed to give them an animal. I've never given you one yet, but I've meaning to give you this moment for a long time. I love you, *Lopaka*."

"I love you, Kimo.

A wave interrupted our fervent embrace, taking all the turtles to sea with them.

"Thank you," I whispered as Kimo laid me gently on the sand, his mouth closing over mine.

\* \* \* \*

It was late that night, that I was in the kitchen getting a glass of water. I kept looking out the window at the stars and the sky, when Kimo walked in, wrapping his arms around me.

"I'm getting lonesome in that bed. Is everything okay?"

Tightening his arms around me, I said, "I think you should give Nicky a baby."

Kimo kissed me temple, my cheek and my throat. "Are you sure? I mean, I know exactly what it would be, but I need you to be completely okay with it."

"My mother didn't want me, Kimo. She threw me away. It's not fair that she was able to have me and discard me, yet Nicky, who would be the most awesome mother in the world, pines for one. She wants a baby so badly. Besides, I like the idea of being a fairy godmother."

Kimo kissed me. "Your mother didn't throw you away."

"Yes, she did. You weren't there. You don't know."

"You're right. I wasn't there. And I'm sorry I wasn't. I would have kicked her ass."

I smiled, turning around to hold him.

"So we'll help her?"

"I want to, as long as you are okay with it."

"I'm okay with it."

He reached over and picked up my rock.

"Why's this stone so hot?"

I took it out of his hand. I had no idea he was aware of my stone, not really. And yes it was hot to the touch.

"Usually, it means trouble," I said.

"Between us?"

I nodded. "Baby, is there something you're not telling me?"

He hesitated. "Nothing bad. I mean...the thing is...*Lopaka*, I already sorta...promised Mim I would do the baby thing."

"Did you now?"

"Yes. It's all part of our divorce settlement."

## Chapter Seventeen

Nicky and Kaiona scheduled the ritual for the following month. They stayed in Maui, dropping all the western doctors they'd been working with and they began the process of preparing Nicky's body to receive Kimo's semen in a ceremony going to back to Ancient Hawaii known as *Po'o lua*.

Both Kimo and I, Mim, and her girlfriend, Jessie were to be the godparents.

Kimo gave me an old medical text to read and I soon became caught up in the whole ritual. From what I learned, it was not unusual in old Hawaii for childless couples to use another man for impregnation, but at the precise moment of conception, as in, as soon as the 'stud cock' came, the permanent partner laid claim to the child in the womb. In this case, that would be Kaiona.

As Kaiona and Nicky holed up in Kaiona's family compound upcountry in *Makawao*, where the actual ritual would take place, at Kimo's

insistence, he and I remained in our home. He wanted us to be away from the others, to have our own private space until the ritual was to begin.

Nicky was on a diet of vast and icky-tasting greens. Kaiona cooked for her, waiting on her hand and foot, whilst I doted on Kimo.

He was required to consume *ala-ala-wai-nui* plants gathered by a *kahuna* who delivered them to our gate every day. I cooked them up like greens and doctored them with garlic, lemon juice, ginger and oyster sauce and they helped Kimo get used to the bitter taste after a couple of days. The plants were supposed to ensure absolute potency, not that I believed he needed them.

Kimo and I talked about the book he'd given me to read and we marveled over the medical, magical uses of common plants in Old Hawaii.

"Is there anything in there about what I can eat to knock you up?" he asked me.

I loved him for that. "Let me check," I said. "Oh, here it is. It says, keep trying."

Kimo laughed. "Good advice."

We weren't supposed to make love the day before the ritual according to the *kahuna*, who wanted Kimo primed and ready, but Kimo and I were ravenous and I knew he was so afraid of losing me, we had sex the second we woke up.

The night before the daylong ceremony, we had a very early dinner with Kaiona and Nicky at

Aloha Plate Lunch, a very casual restaurant in *Lahaina*. I loved the coconut shrimp, the beach setting and the stray cat living on the premises named *Ahi* that prowled the tables for shrimp tails.

The women were brimming with joy about becoming parents and I realized for the first time, Kimo was really dreading the ceremony. As we were leaving, I handed Nicky a *pikake lei* I had strung by hand especially for her, with flowers from our garden.

She opened the box and looked at it. "I can't wear that," she gasped. It's bad luck for a pregnant woman to wear a *lei*. They say it might symbolically strangle the baby."

"You haven't looked at it yet," I said. She lifted out the delicate strand and saw that it was open-ended.

"*Lopaka*," you're the best," she said.

"Amen to that," Kimo said, anxious to get me home.

He fucked me all night and said more than once, "I can't go through with this," but of course we had to seal the marital deal. And Nicky needed a home run.

Very early the next morning, two *kahuna* came to collect Kimo, demanding that I remain behind. He went mad, saying I was his life partner and he needed me with him.

They were refusing to budge and he started to become unglued. The two *kahuna* watched my darling have a complete meltdown screaming, "I won't do it. I won't go through the fire again."

"Darling, I gave you permission," I said, trying to appease him.

"The blisters! The blisters!"

"You had the fire blisters?" they asked.

"Yes! Yes!" he shrieked. "Even in my mouth. Here!" He stuck out his tongue, jabbing his finger on it.

"Because of him?"

"Yes!"

The two *kahuna* were agog. "Mebbe mo betta you come too," they said, looking thoroughly astonished.

We drove to *Haleakala* Volcano, hiking to an area called *Pele's* Paintpot. A naked Nicky was already there, sitting on the massive boulder with a serene expression on her face. Kaiona's family was with her. Introductions were made and I leaned forward and said, "Darling, do you feel anything?"

"I think," she said, "an ant just crawled up my doodah."

Kimo and I roared with laughter but everybody else was acting like we were being sacrilegious.

The *kahuna* chanted and eventually, we all piled into cars and drove to Kaiona's family home.



\* \* \* \*

There was a special bath for Kimo, bathed by two women who brushed leaves over his body and then, with a worried look at me, he was led naked to another room where the *kahuna* chanted with him. Kimo beckoned me to join him. He was wearing a sarong around his waist and nothing underneath it.

I stood beside him as the *kahuna* spoke. I recognized the words, "We will eat the fruits that cause the impregnation for the bearing of chiefs."

We went into the dining room where the family members, Mim and her girlfriend Jessie, sat on low-lying seats and plates of scrambled eggs and *kanawao* fruit were passed between Kimo and I and Kaiona and Nicky.

It was truly an unpleasant combination. Not a taste I am likely to forget in a hurry. We all ate quickly though, as the bitterness seemed to increase with each bite and at last, the *kahuna* said we were ready.

In her parents' bedroom, Kaiona laid Nicky on the bed. She had a *haku*, or floral wreath on her head, one on her right foot and several untied *leis*, including mine, around

her neck. The two women lay on the bed together and started to kiss.

"I love you so much," Kaiona said and started

to make love to Nicky. I felt like I was intruding on a private moment and that we should all leave.

Nicky moaned and Kaiona sucked her pert little breasts and her hand traveled down to Nicky's pussy, which I was surprised to find, once the sarong had been removed from her, was waxed and hair-free.

Kaiona's fingers traced the public mound and the clitoris, one finger, then two, then three, moving in and out of her. I looked at Kimo who was clearly, not turned on. I threw myself in his arms and kissed him. He closed his eyes, kissing me back with his whole heart.

I knew then what price he'd paid to be with me and I loved him even more, because I knew how much he did not want to be here.

"Pretend she's me," I whispered in his ear. "Close your eyes and feel me with you." My hand moved to his cock, which was getting nice and hard.

Finally, he was ready and Nicky seemed in the throes of an orgasm.

I took the sarong off Kimo and I saw the looks on people's faces, especially Kaiona and Nicky's as he moved towards them with his majestic cock.

Kaiona looked like she'd seen a ghost and Nicky's mouth dropped into a frightened 'o.'

The *kahuna* started beating gourd drums that seemed to put Kimo in a trance. I moved forward

with him and pushed him just a little to the bed. He got up on the bed as if he was afraid he might hurt her and knelt between her legs. I lay beside Nicky, stroking my man's belly and his cock.

"Touch him for me," I said to Nicky and she reached out her small, nervous hands, stroking him. She smiled at him.

"You're beautiful," she said. "Thank you for this gift."

"You're welcome," Kimo said, tears in his eyes and Kaiona and I helped part Nicky's thighs, so that he could enter her.

Kimo leaned down and kissed Nicky with passion and great sensitivity.

She reached for my hand and I kissed it. Kimo looked over at our entwined hands. We were part of a very profound moment. The beating of the gourd drums kept up their steady thrum. Kimo entered Nicky and she cried out. Kimo started moving in and out of her. He started crying as she wrapped her legs around his waist and I knew he needed me.

I reached towards my beloved and kissed his tear-stained face until he came.

"*Po'o lua,*" Kaiona announced, laying claim to the child in Nicky's womb as hers.

\* \* \* \*

The women were all ecstatic when it was over. Kimo seemed forgotten as they fussed over Nicky, who remained on the bed, knees drawn to her chest, eyes closed. Kaiona stroked her head and face.

Kimo seemed shattered. He must have been upset, because he let me drive his sacred BMW back home. He sat far away from me, turning his face to the window when I asked if he was okay. We arrived at home and he looked like a broken man as we got out.

I watched him go into our bathroom.

"Let me run the bath for you, baby," I said. "Let me take care of you."

"No. I want to be alone for a while, okay?"

"Okay."

He looked at the floor. "I feel like I've been raped." He went into the bathroom and closed the door. I heard him run the shower and I didn't know what to do.

I waited for about an hour in shocked silence. I felt awful. None of this had been my idea. I had raged against it. It was Kimo and Nicky who had talked me into it. So why did I feel so guilty?

The hot water steam stopped swirling under the door and still the shower motored on. My thoughts ran amok. Something made me pick up the lava stone. It was cold. I blew out a sigh. That should have been good news, so why did I feel

like my relationship was over and that everybody had what they wanted, but me and Kimo?

With the shower still going, I left him a note. Two words. *I'm Sorry*, and I took my stone for a walk.

I wondered where I would go next, what I would do. Probably Kimo wanted to put everything behind him, us included. The thought of us being over left me feeling desolate. I should never let him have sex with Nicky.

My first refuge would be Grandma. I wondered what she would say. I had no desire to move back with her but I would stay and visit for a few days. Then what? I knew I loved Maui. With or without Kimo, I felt like it was home. I thought about not waking up next to him and the pain ripped through me, like a knife to the heart.

At the bottom of our hill, an enterprising young tourist couple was selling hot coffee and slices of fruit from a converted hot dog cart and apparently doing okay. I bought a cup of coffee and a piece of watermelon, both of which helped get rid of the taste of the ceremonial food.

I thought about the ceremony. It had been beautiful, once I removed my emotions from the equation. We had all contributed to creating a new life and I was happy for Nicky. I wanted her to experience the thing she wanted more than anything: motherhood. My left arm started to

ache. Twenty minutes away from Kimo and I was already falling apart.

I retraced my steps and headed back to our house

And my uncertain future.

When I walked in the front door, Kimo practically knocked me down with the full force of his embrace. "Where were you? Why weren't you here when I got out of the shower? What the fuck does this letter mean?"

What question did I answer first?

I stepped into his arms and felt the chill in his bones thaw as our hands connected with one another again. Kimo could not get close enough to me. He could get enough of me. His mouth was all over me and I returned his great, gnawing hunger.

"As long as we live, I will never allow anyone to talk me into doing anything like that again," he said, kissing me over and over.

We fell on the bed and I pulled the towel off him. He started to cry when I took his cock in my hands.

"I'm sorry I let you do it," I said. "I'm so sorry."

He shook his head, unable to speak. I moved my mouth to his cock, which was hardening with every stroke of my fingers.

"Take it, it's yours," he said and I wanted my mouth to work wonders for him.

Kimo moved underneath him as I touched,

stroked and sucked him until I got him the way I like him, rock hard.

“You want to come in my mouth or inside me?” I said.

He pulled me to him and put his tongue in my mouth. “I taste coffee,” he said. He probed again. “And I taste tears and I taste doubt. *Lopaka*...I never meant for you to feel abandoned. I’m sorry.”

Undressing me with all the concentration of somebody who wanted to take note of every last freckle on my skin, he moved so that we could suck each other’s cocks and at last, when he couldn’t wait anymore, he said, “I need to fuck you. I need to forget what happened today.”

I pulled him to me and urged him inside me. Our legs and arms were akimbo, our tongues fucking at each other’s mouths. “Don’t come yet,” he said. “I want to fuck you with my mouth.” He kept grinding his way into me, my body feeling like it was split in two as he raised my hips and as he drove all the way into me, he took my cock into his mouth and sucked me.

Kimo stopped sucking. “Oh fuck,” he said, putting his mouth straight back on me. He kept at it until we both exploded.

“I wish you and I could make babies,” he said. “If you want one, I’ll give you one. I’m thinking maybe a surrogate. But this is strictly a turkey baster proposition. I never want to fuck another

woman as long as I live.”

I laughed then. A baby with Kimo. “I’d love a baby but I want some time alone with you,” I said.

“Yeah, me too.” His cock slipped out of me. “There’s something else I want,” he said.

“What’s that?”

“I want you to fuck me.”

\* \* \* \*

Kimo was more excited about me fucking him than I was. He was so ready for it, that I had to calm him down. We opened a bottle of champagne and I took my time, kissing and licking him, getting his ass nice and juicy.

“Would you just fuck me?” he said, impatient to get on with it.

Now I knew there was no going back for him and I was happy to give my cock-happy baby exactly what he wanted.

“We need lubrication,” I said.

“We have some.”

“We do?”

“Sure...from when he who must not be named was here. Remember?”

I scavenged through the bedside drawer.

“Perfect. Now stick that cock into me,” he said, surprising me. We downed a couple of glasses of champagne and I started my anal assault on Kimo.



He was so eager for that cock in his ass, he kept pushing against me, trying to get it in him. I took my time and I could tell it was an unexpected feeling for him. That pleasure-pain I felt whenever he took me always melted the second I felt him get all the way in.

Kimo gasped with the unfamiliarity of a finger in his ass.

"That's different," he said. I moved it in and out, sucking his cock, teasing his nipples, then I put a second finger into him.

"Wow, that's hot," he said. "That feels good."

"It doesn't hurt?"

"No. It's amazing." He held my hand to him, as though he was afraid I was going to move to Israel and I started massaging his perineum, his very sensitive space between his balls and ass.

"Oh hell, yeah," he laughed. "That's great, *Lopaka*. Give me one more finger then fuck me." He started to relax and I worked on stroking his beautiful cock, which was hard and dribbling pre-come. I swiped at it with my fingers and licked it.

"You okay?" I asked.

"Yeah...oh yeah. Baby...this is something else."

I could feel the inferno of warmth waiting for me. My cock slowly entered him and soon, I was engulfed with his virgin man-pussy and I felt him opening his legs to me.

"Oh yeah, baby. Fuck me, *Lopaka*. Fuck me."

And I started giving it to him as his hands flew to my ass pushing me into him. I reached down to kiss him, loving the feel of his tightness, his increasing wetness, loving the sounds he was making, the way he was begging me to give it to him. I showed him no mercy because I had to have him. I pulled on his cock and it bobbed on my hand.

“Oh...oh man...I had no idea.” Kimo’s head shook from side to side and I felt his orgasm blister from deep within him. I knew this was how it felt to him each time I came with his cock inside me.

Kimo almost came off the bed, with me impaling him with my red-hot poker. I pinned him to the bed with my hands and took long strokes in and out of him. He rocked with me as my hand kept its stroking pace on his beautiful fuck meat. He came and his orgasm reached me and I felt like I’d somersaulted in water. Over and over we twisted and turned together and we came up for air, my beautiful man whispering in my mouth, “I love you.”

Kimo was crazy about fucking and getting fucked. I thought he’d want a break after the first time but I loved how insatiable he was. We were up all night and in the morning, we lay in bed, Kimo holding me as the room grew lighter and lighter and the whole world was awake.

"She didn't mean to leave you," he said then. I knew he was talking about my mother. "She was young and she was in trouble and she made a mistake she probably spent the rest of her life regretting. I don't know how she could do that. I personally can't be away from you for more than half an hour without feeling like I'm having a heart attack."

"Twenty minutes seems to be my limit with you," I said.

He kissed me and his fingers kept stroking the contours of my face and I felt the tension and stress of Mim, the baby, all of it, leaving me.

"I don't know how Mim could let you go," I said. "It would kill me if you said goodbye." His face took on a somber look. "Sorry. We should be celebrating," I said, but his arms still held me down.

"We are celebrating," he said. "A life of all good things. Let's go out somewhere fun for dinner tonight. You trust me to pick the restaurant or do you want dinner here at home?"

I wanted dinner alone with him, but I knew he wanted to be out amongst people, with noise and chatter and lights.

"You can pick the place," I said. "I trust you."

He started flipping through phone book. "I wonder if Alan Wong is booked for tonight."

"Oh, no you don't," I said. "I take back

everything I said. I'm picking the restaurant."

"I had to get me a bossy wife," he said and smiled.

\* \* \* \*

"Are you sure about this place?" he said when we pulled up for a late lunch/early dinner in *Wailuku*, the bad end of *Wailuku*, full of flop houses and bordellos. "This looks kinda...sordid, baby."

We were outside the alleyway leading to Sorabol, the best Korean restaurant in town. I loved that place. The food was superb, which would make Kimo happy and I'd get to cook for him, which always made me happy.

"It's so weird looking," he said when we got to the door. "All those faded lanterns. And those travel posters! I was thinking fine dining. I wanted to take you to the most expensive restaurant in town. This place is like a bad dream."

"Aloha," the hostess greeted us.

"Aloha," we responded. "Can we get a *Yakiniuku* table?" I asked.

Kimo laughed when he saw the table loaded with a charcoal brazier in the middle. "Tabletop cooking, I love it."

Our waitress came bustling over. It was Chanel, my all-time favorite. "Bobby," she squealed, giving me a hug. "Where have you been hiding?"

"With him," I said, introducing her to Kimo. "Is the chicken good tonight, Chanel?"

"I'll bring you the best. You know I always do. You want all the veggies with that?"

"Please. And some *Shik hae*, and how is the *kalbi*?"

"You're eating beef?" she asked.

"No, Kimo likes it."

"One portion *kalbi*. You like *kimchi*?"

"Yes, please," said Kimo. "He's got me hooked on that stuff."

We held hands under the table and the happy sounds and smells of good eating and good fun erased the bad memories of the diet of bitter greens.

Chanel came back with our food. She popped endless plates on the table and got our burner going. "You like vinegar and soy, yeah?" she said.

"Yes, thank you," I said, opening up the grill.

"You mean you're cooking it yourself?" Kimo asked me.

"This is your first time here?" Chanel asked. On his nod, she said, "Ah, then I leave you in the hands of an expert. I'll come and check on you in a few minutes."

I busied myself cooking the chicken and beef the way I like to cook it. Kimo practically inhaled the thinly sliced beef.

"*Lopaka*," he said. "You are the best cook I

know."

"I love taking care of you," I said and he reached over and kissed me. "Here, try this."

He obediently opened his mouth and I popped in a piece of chicken with my chopsticks. "That's amazing. What did you cook that with?"

"Pickle brine, you like it?"

"Oh my God, I love it. We have to get one of these burners for our house."

"I would love that," I said. "Did you try the *Shik hae*?"

"You mean the drink?" he sipped at it. "That's good. What is it?"

"Sweet rice drink. Ah, here's our *kimchi*. Thank you, Chanel."

"You finished all the beef? You want more?" Kimo nodded eagerly and she hurried away again.

"Is this tofu?" He picked it up. "Not as good as yours, baby, but a close second."

Kimo and I did some major damage to the vast array of dishes Chanel kept producing.

"Thank you, I love this place," he said to me when there wasn't a bite left on any of the dishes. "I love you for bringing us here." He signaled Chanel for the check. "You ready for some Hawaiian?"

I laughed then. "I'm always ready for Hawaiian."

Chanel brought the check. "No dessert?" She

fake-pouted.

"No, I have my dessert right here," Kimo said, pointing to me. Chanel laughed and removed the dishes we had left on the table.

Kimo kept staring at the check. "I think she added this wrong. She must have left off something."

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Twelve dollars."

"No, that sounds about right."

"Then she's getting a nice big tip" he said.

That was my man, heart like a lion.

"Any regrets?" he asked. Johnny had asked me that once, but I knew with Kimo that the concern was real.

"None at all."

"Because you're stuck with me, you know."

"I like being stuck with you. Kimo, there's just one thing."

He looked at me.

"I have to go home to Grandma soon. I need to return the stone."

"You're right. You don't need it anymore and we should tell her we're on track finally."

He read me so easily. I wonder if he really understood how much I loved him, how much he'd given me.

Kimo shook his head as he signed the receipt and pocketed his credit card. "You give me so

much," he said. "You are *au*."

It was a lucky thing we were heading home. Telling me I was *au* — all in Hawaiian — was the kinda talk that made me forget everything else.

\* \* \* \*

Kimo and I arrived home, throwing open the windows, lighting incense, making coffee and Kimo stacked our collection of *Pele: The Fire Goddess* CDs for us to listen to as we unpacked a few of the boxes Mim had brought to the ceremony of his belongings.

He had fun showing me old photos and old letters. He was remarkably relaxed for somebody who'd just agreed to pony up half his earnings and most of his real estate.

The first CD out of the changer rotation was Arthur Lyman. I loved the opening track where Lyman taped exotic sounds of birds long since extinct and an actual volcanic eruption got my horny man all lathered up and we were soon engaged in a heated sixty- nine on the living room floor.

We were there when a FedEx guy arrived, startled to see two men having sex to the tune of a volcanic eruption. I threw a rug over Kimo, who was laughing, and I went and opened the door, a sarong around my waist.



He didn't look appalled, just embarrassed. I signed his electronic clipboard and he came back from his truck with a massive cardboard box.

"Thank you," I said as Kimo joined me at the door. The FedEx guy took off as if we were about to get undressed in front of him, then I realized he'd been intimidated by Kimo's appearance. I loved having such a dangerous-looking dude.

I turned and kissed him. He pulled the sarong off me. "Did you ship this package?" I asked him.

He took his lips off me long enough to say, "No," then went right back to plundering my mouth with his tongue.

"Then who sent it?"

He reluctantly took his mouth off me and we checked the paperwork in my hand.

"It's from Kaiona and Nicky," he said. "Wow. What could they be sending us?"

He brought a box cutter out from the kitchen and we hacked at the box for several minutes until the packaging fell away to reveal the painting, Phantom Lover.

I was in bliss. Especially when I saw this was not the Phantom Lover I knew, but a special one, made just for Kimo and me. I was in the picture with him, not the woman. And Kimo was in it solidly. No more disappearing man. I burst into tears and Kimo held me.

"What a beautiful gift," I kept saying. "How

did they get it? It's amazing."

"It's us," he said, kissing me again.

"I want you to put it up in our bedroom, then I want you to fuck me under it," I said.

"In our bedroom? Nobody will see it there."

He saw the look on my face and quickly said, "I think we should put it in our bedroom. Good idea."

We mounted that painting with some effort. It was heavy and we didn't want it landing on our heads in the middle of a great fuck, and at last, Kimo and I fell on the bed, grabbing at each other. I kept looking at the picture as the man who was immortalized in it, fucked me as if his life depended on it. We sank into each other's arms in a tangle of suckling mouths, bonded limbs and stroking fingers, as Madame *Pele's* rage morphed into the sound of rain and thunder.

The song playing was Jake Welsh's *The Love Immortal*.

Kimo and I moved together as one, reveling in each other, stoking our eternal flames.

"I will never, ever leave you," Kimo said and our heat-seeking mouths could no longer be contained, reaching for one other.

And the men in the picture and in the bed loved each other rightly.

Just as it had been foretold by the ancients.

## 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 the 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 a named Venus, a cat named Banjo and Koko, a turtle. A.J. Llewellyn believes that love is a song best sung out loud.