

A. J. LLEWELLYN



**FLY ME TO
THE MOON**

FLY ME TO THE MOON:

**A SEXTACULAR
CHRISTMAS STORY**

BY

A.J. LLEWELLYN

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Fly me to the Moon – A sEXtacular Christmas Story

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To Madame Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes...

CHAPTER ONE

Wondering how long I could keep holding onto this position, sitting on this branch, cross-legged, trying to look sexy and seductive, I studied the wondrous face of my beautiful, beautiful husband.

I shifted the bowl of pears from one arm to the other.

Still asleep!

Sometimes I still couldn't believe he was mine. I also could not believe he hadn't sensed I was out of bed yet. Kimo knew when I wasn't in bed and bellowed like a baboon until I was back in the sheets with him.

Kimo, the greatest, most revered male hula dancer in all the islands had a strong, muscular build, like a footballer, but he was graceful and tall. He had tribal tattoos running from the right side of his scalp down the entire length of his six foot, four inch body, all way down and under his foot. He was a dancer yes, but also a *kahuna*, a

powerful priest.

Sexy, yes. Dangerous, yes, yes.

One lazy black eye opened. "What are you doing over there?"

"I'm waiting for you to wake up."

"Darling...there are other, far more effective ways of doing that." His white teeth glinted in the middle of that dazzling, manly smile. He stretched and held out his great big lion-like hand to me.

"Not so fast," I said.

He raised himself on one massive, muscular arm. God, I loved how he looked. The long black hair, tousled on the pillow, the muscles bulging in his chest and torso as he shifted now.

"*Lopaka*, what are you doing on a tree branch...in the window?"

"It's twelve days until Christmas. Can you guess what I am?"

"The man I love, the man I married...the man I'm going to please for hours on end as soon as he gets back in this bed where he belongs."

For a moment, we both allowed the luxury of that thought to wash over us. We had longed for these days of non-stop lovemaking that now stretched ahead of us.

"Correct answers, but the wrong one in this instance."

He frowned, punching his pillow. My man had limits. Denying him me was the one line I didn't

attempt to cross.

“I’m your partner in a pear tree!”

My husband threw back his head and laughed.

“It’s our first Christmas together,” I said when he yanked me back into bed, sending the tree branch I’d spent so long arranging perfectly, crashing to the floor.

Kimo held me in his arms, looking down at me. “So it is,” he whispered. “I never cared much for Christmas...until now.”

His face grew tender as the *Kona* nightingales started to sing outside. “I’d forgotten about them.” He was absent-mindedly stroking my arms and chest, listening to the peculiar sound of the wild donkeys braying up in the hills behind our house.

They were native only to this part of the island and locals called them *Kona* nightingales because the merry sound they made started at night and finished by sunrise. These guys had slept through the night and were greeting the morning instead.

“Baby.” Kimo’s full attention was on me now. “I’m so glad we came here. I’m so thankful you and *Tutu* found this house.”

I knew that he’d had a very lonely childhood. Taken from his parents at the age of three, he’d been trained and taught the ways of the ancient rulers and medicine men. Birthdays, Christmas, other holidays...they went uncelebrated. I planned to change all that.

When I met him, he was a truly gifted healer and *kumu hula*, a hula master, but he was also remote, grumpy—capable of volcanic anger. I never saw him look happy unless he was dancing.

Or unless he was making love to me.

Now we were married and I felt Kimo relaxing more and more each day. We were spending Christmas with my *tutu*, my grandma, and Kimo adored my grandma. I was sometimes jealous of how much they loved each other, but this Christmas was going to be extra special because Kimo had challenged and changed *huna* law to marry me, another man.

He was smiling now. “The nightingales are happy we’re here. They’re showing us their *aloha*. How about I show you my *aloha*?”

“I would love that.”

He licked his forefinger and placed it on my left nipple. I started to squirm as it hardened under his touch then he bent that beautiful head to take my nipple in his mouth.

Last night, we’d completed a long and grueling dance tour of the islands—it had been a miracle that *Tutu* and I had found this beachfront house so close to Christmas. It was a house of great historic importance because it overlooked the royal bathing pool that once belonged to King *Kamehameha* the great and his first wife, his Sacred Wife.

In a frenzy of need for him, I was kissing and licking Kimo's big shoulders and arms now – his skin always tastes like warm honey to me.

I cannot get enough of this man.

Kimo had wanted to go home, back to our place in *Maui*, but once he'd seen the ocean spray lashing the huge windows around the house, heard the roar of the ocean singing us to sleep – once he'd felt the incredible *mana*, the power of the house, he knew we had to stay here.

He took his mouth away from my chest, his fingers tracing a lazy figure eight over my flat belly now, occasionally straying down to my crotch, making me gasp.

"So..." He was making me wriggle crazily underneath him, trying to get his mouth back on me. "Today, I get my partner in a pear tree...I'm getting what tomorrow?"

"You'll...just have to wait...and see." I was panting hard. It was difficult for me to talk. His dark eyes were on mine, smoky, shiny...almost liquid with his desire for me.

My hands went to his face – Kimo smiled, his fingers pausing at the base of my cock. He didn't touch it.

Oh, he knew how to torture me.

He reached across the floor and pulled the basket of pears toward him. They were Captain Cook pears, grown in the upcountry town built

entirely on lava and there was a buttery, slightly spicy taste to them.

He inhaled the fragrance from the pearly, pale green skin of the pear in his hand now. He bent down again, his tongue making a long, determined path down my thigh, insistent now, pushing at my inner thigh until my legs opened wider for him.

Oh yes, he loved the effect he had on me.

I felt his hand fluttering against my balls, back up to my cock, but never quite touching me. His index finger went to my ass, sending sparks of fire through me.

Thanks to his magic, thanks to the supernatural bond we had, we shared an unusual trait. He called it a fire branch—too long away from each other, we both started burning up, aching...the longer we were together, the worse it got.

Or better, depending on your point of view.

Now, all it took was one touch of that finger and I was a quivering wreck.

Kimo said he'd never had that effect on anyone before. I had that effect on him, too. I could see those slow-cooking embers in his eyes were starting to reach the boiling point.

He did the one thing guaranteed to my muddle my thoughts, scramble my brains and in every other way, completely fry my circuits.

Letting my hungry eyes linger over the

gargantuan cock between his thighs just a few seconds longer, he allowed my fingers to roam its enormous girth for just one brief moment—in one swift movement, he was inside me.

“Oh, Kimo,” I shouted and my husband raised his face to the shaft of morning light that had entered the room, thrusting in and out of me as if it was our last Christmas on earth.

We moved together as one, yet pulled and tugged at one another, trying to get closer, deeper, I wanted him in me harder, longer...I never wanted him to stop touching me.

He squeezed the pear in his big hand and the juice that fell down his face and chin, all over my chest and throat was warm and fragrant. We sucked greedily at each other as Kimo kept plunging in and out of me.

“*Lopaka*, don’t come yet.” He opened his mouth and squeezing the last of the juice from the fruit into it.

He moved his face down to me again, feeding me the hot warm liquid at the same second he came inside me. It sent my own spirit soaring into an intense orgasm that rocked me so hard, that when my husband felt it, his expression became smug.

“Ah.” He licked my lips. “Ecstatic fucking.” He stayed in me, because he knew I would die if he took that cock away from me and he gave me the

most serene smile I'd ever seen.

"If that was just day one, I can't wait to see day twelve, baby." He started to laugh. "I can't wait to see you pull eight maids a milking out of that sexy hat of yours."

CHAPTER TWO

T*utu* had outdone herself preparing breakfast for us. An early riser, she had been gracious in leaving us to enjoy each other in our bed for most of the day but she was hungry and she was excited.

She'd missed us.

"There's my girl." Kimo enveloped her in his enormous arms when we walked into the kitchen.

Tutu basked in his affection then she let me have my hug, too. My grandma was not old, not really. She was pure-blood Hawaiian, had fierce island pride, a knowledge of things of the earth and salt and pepper black hair that looked like it had been styled.

Right now she was wearing a red and white *holoku*, or Mother Hubbard dress. My husband and I were quiet for a moment.

"I feel like we're underdressed in our *pireau*." Kimo was looking down at the purple and red fabric knotted at his waist.

"Do we need to change?" I asked *Tutu*. "Are we expecting...company?"

Tutu had become a bit of a celebrity on the islands since I had married Kimo. She had gentlemen callers coming out of her ears. She called it kissing frogs. Let me tell you, some of them were more like hideous, horrible toads.

"Well," she dimpled. "That old poop Sammy said he might drop by..."

Kimo's expression relaxed. Very, very slightly. He liked Sammy. He'd had his eye on Sammy. He'd handpicked him for my grandma, only he'd been clever enough not to let her think it.

She might be my grandma, but she was one weirdo lady. Any ideas that we were soft on Sammy and she'd bounce off to the next guy and Kimo *knew*, just like he said he knew he and I belonged together, that Sammy and *Tutu* belonged to one another.

"Oh." Kimo kept his voice neutral. "We'll get changed. But you tell Sammy not to eat all the Portuguese sausage."

Tutu laughed her contagious cackle as we rushed to our room and threw on jeans and T-shirts. Kimo's smile was so wide, I didn't think he'd get the neck of his shirt over his head.

"Darling." He gave my cock a kiss before it disappeared into my pants, "I've never had a Christmas like this, with the two people I love

most in the world.”

He had to go and say that when I couldn't drag him back to bed and show him how much I love him.

“You'll show me.” The fire leapt back into his eyes. “Right after breakfast.”

Sammy was already in the kitchen, eyeing the fluffy eggs, the herb-crusted salmon and Kimo's favorite, coconut sticky rice, that *Tutu* had cooked. There was so much food, the four of us would be grazing for hours. We loaded our plates and went outside and I smiled as Sammy held out *Tutu's* chair. It was nice to see a man other than me and Kimo showing my grandma some attention.

“Married life suits you,” Sammy said to Kimo.

“I have never been happier, Sammy.” Kimo forked a stack of sausages onto his plate.

A powerful *kahuna* himself, Sammy had been one of the tribal council elders who not only resisted our marriage, but vehemently opposed our being together. Surprisingly, he had completely changed his mind after spending three weeks alone in the wilderness with Kimo and witnessed his suffering first hand.

“I've never seen love like that,” he told everybody. He knew that Kimo and I had almost literally died being forced to separate for so long. He'd even married us, on a beautiful lava shelf near our home in *Maui*, with *Tutu* and Kimo's

parents in attendance.

I had been resistant to Sammy at first, but I had come to understand Kimo's admiration for him.

Sammy was a believer in love.

And Sammy was a believer in my grandma. Dang. I could see the way he was grinning at her. Sammy had the hots for *Tutu* who was now batting her eyelids.

Kimo and I grinned at each other.

"What are your plans for the day?" Sammy asked Kimo.

"I don't think we have any." Kimo's expression so blissful, we all had to laugh. "Honestly, Sammy, we're so excited to have this time together and I think *Lopaka* and I plan to spend most of it horizontally."

"Thanks for sharing," Sammy rolled his eyes.

"You did ask," *Tutu* reminded him.

"True enough...anyway, so if I wanted to take your grandma away for dinner some place maybe...bring her back in the morning, you wouldn't mind?" Sammy was looking at me, but I knew it was a question for Kimo.

"How do you feel, *Tutu*?" Kimo asked.

"Well..." She picked up her coffee cup. I knew she was beyond excited. "If you boys really don't need me..."

"She's staying out all night?" I asked.

"Listen young man, I raised you. I was the one

who changed your diapers you know.”

“Grandma!”

“I bet he was an adorable baby.” Kimo’s hand was on my thigh now.

“Oh, he was. He always wanted to be nekked though. I couldn’t keep a pair of pants on him.”

“Grandma!”

“I sort of have that problem with him myself,” Kimo said.

“Kimo!”

But everybody was laughing now and Kimo’s smile for me was so radiant I couldn’t be mad at him. He and I both knew he was the one that was constantly tearing the clothes off my back.

“You have her back here in the morning.” Kimo’s expression was severe. “Otherwise I’ll turn you into a cabbage.”

Tutu and I laughed, but I saw Sammy quake. He’d seen first hand the extent of my husband’s extraordinary powers.

“I shaved my legs, just in case,” *Tutu* said.

“Grandma!” My coffee sputtered everywhere.

“Well of course.” Kimo was trying to keep a straight face. “Smooth legs...good, furry, not so much.”

Tutu eyed him for a moment, but the expression on his face gave her no indication that he was making fun of her.

“Where are you taking her?” I asked and *Tutu*

frowned at me.

It wasn't that I was not pleased that my former hermit of a grandma was becoming a bit of a social butterfly, but I had hoped to spend time baking with her. Christmas cookies, pies and cakes...the things she and I did together for years before I took on the gypsy life of a dancer.

Tutu nudged me. "Tomorrow we'll make Kimo one of our caramel apple pies."

She perked me right up saying that and I caught the sweet smile Kimo had for me. He handed me a cup of coffee and I sipped at it.

"Pure Kona," I groaned with pleasure.

"Kimo nodded. "It's good, isn't it? Where did you get this, *Tutu*?"

"Sammy brought it. His daughter owns a coffee farm up in Captain Cook. She's the one who gave us the pears and apples, too."

"Wow." I was impressed. Maybe Sammy would turn out okay after all.

Kimo and I ate all we could then went to look at our piece of ocean while *Tutu* and Sammy busied themselves in her bedroom, *changing light bulbs*.

"I feel good now," I said and Kimo pulled me to him.

"We have the house to ourselves." He sounded positively giddy. We clambered over sea rocks, a frigate bird watching us from its perch on our roof as it contemplated taking off on a flight.

"I can't wait," I said, as we came upon the royal bathing pool.

"Do you know what the Great King did in this pool?" he asked me.

"I'd love you to show me darling, but..." I glanced at the huge windows looking down on us. "Sammy and Tutu..."

"Sammy and Tutu are busy doing what we're about to do, unless of course, I have completely misread that lecherous old goat."

I laughed in spite of myself.

"Lopaka, please take off those clothes. Or I will tear them off you."

He'd shredded just about everything I'd owned. I was down to a few pairs of shorts, two pairs of jeans and one good pair of pants. I quickly dropped my clothes and stood naked before him.

"Turn around," he said. I turned and felt him drop to his knees behind me.

It never failed to turn him on that his name was tattooed on my tail bone, thanks to the pesky *kahuna* who had also thought it a punishment to tattoo my name on Kimo's prodigious cock.

His hands held my hips and I felt his hot breath on my ass. The day was turning slightly cloudy, but then it was winter and storms sprang out of nowhere along this coast.

Suddenly his tongue as on my spine, and I stifled a cry. I felt the way he was licking me,

loving me with his mouth, then he moved away again. I heard his clothes drop onto the rocks and he was back to me, his hands moving down my arms. He put a big, hot wet kiss on my neck then his arms went under me and he was carrying me to the royal bathing pool.

It was big. But then King *Kamehameha* the Great had been a massive man—seven feet tall and powerfully built. Kimo filled the pool very well, sitting cross legged inside it, placing me sideways on his lap.

“This pool was for the King and Queen *Keopouolani*. She never bathed in it without him,” Kimo said.

“She didn’t?”

“No.” His smile was warm and sweet. “You know why?”

I shook my head. I couldn’t speak. His beautiful cock was rigid, wedged between our bodies—it was just begging for my attention, but my husband kept me on his lap, his hand between my legs.

He kissed me and it was glorious and passionate, but he was buying time. I could tell he was watching the waves.

“Okay,” he said. “Turn around and face me. Put your knees on either side of me. Now lower yourself onto me, darling.”

I felt his cock steam roller into me. Our breath

quickened.

“Oh God, you feel good,” he murmured. “So good.” He was so lost in our molten lust he almost forgot his ulterior motives here. “Rise, baby. On your knees, all the way up.”

“No,” I whimpered. “You’ll come out of me.”

“I know. I promise you, this will feel fantastic. Trust me, *Lopaka*...please.”

Against my better judgment, I followed his instructions and, each time his cock came out of me, I hated it. I wanted contact again. Because I was looking away from the ocean, I didn’t see the wave coming, but my husband’s lustful grin said it all.

“Take your cock, baby, NOW!”

I plunged back down on him as the wave came into the pool sending a frothy, frenetic water jet over and between us and straight up my ass. The shock of cold inside me as my husband’s hot cock shot into me right after it was like an electric current. I came so hard, I saw stars—one more thrust, Kimo was right there with me.

We were laughing and crying, everything all at once.

“That...was...unbelievable.” I clung to my husband who stroked my back and put another of those dizzying kisses in the hollow of my throat.

“Yeah.” His voice was husky, his face dark. “That old King had some moves on him, didn’t

he?"

The exhilaration of the moment was still with us. I could feel a tingling sensation in every hair follicle, every pore of my skin.

"I don't care if they haven't left yet," my husband said then. "I'm walking into that house naked, with you in my arms, and I'm fucking you until neither of us can walk anymore."

"You hear me complaining?" I wound my arms around his neck.

CHAPTER THREE

F*ly me to the moon, let me play among the stars...let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars..."*

Kimo's eyes flew open. "That's not a Christmas song. Aren't I supposed to be getting two turtle doves today, my lovely partner in a pair tree?"

I laughed, yawning and stretching. I'd figured out how to get our Ipod synched with the clock radio and now Frank Sinatra was waking my sexy husband who, as always, was wrapped tightly around me, my cock firmly in his hand.

I often wondered where he thought it was going to go, the way he held onto it all night, but it was a beautiful way to sleep and an even better way to wake up.

"This song is how I feel about you," I said. "You fly me to the moon."

"I do?" Kimo's face nuzzled into my neck. For a moment we listened to Frank sing, "*You are all I worship and adore.*"

"You see, Frank knows me so well, Kimo. I think he's positively psychic."

"Oh, darling..." He was nuzzling my neck and back, his grip on my cock tightening. "What do I get for my second day of Christmas?"

But I just laughed.

"Lopaka, you have such a cruel streak in you," he pouted.

"Well, it won't be long and I don't want to spoil the surprise. But I think you'll be very happy."

He raised himself on one elbow, released his hold on my cock and turned me over onto my back, his hand traveling from my face down the entire length of my body. Heat rose between us. "I'm already very, very happy."

And then he kissed me.

Outside the window, the Kona nightingales burst into their off-key but hearty song.

"I guess it's time to wake up." Kimo laughed.

In the kitchen, we walked around naked. I was trying not to be uneasy about my grandma being gone all night, but I did trust Kimo's instincts completely.

"I'm going to make us some breakfast and a little picnic for day two of Christmas," I said.

"A picnic? Where are we going?"

I was too busy humming *Fly Me to the Moon* to respond.

The coffee was in the French press, ready to be

plunged. Kimo did the honors while I sliced up fruit and made dollar-sized coconut, macadamia and taro pancakes. My husband's favorite thing in the whole world.

Kimo inhaled deeply. "Oh...oh, that smells good. What can I do?"

"You want coconut syrup, passionfruit or simple syrup with these?" I asked, flipping the pancakes onto a platter.

"Simple syrup." He took the canister out of the cupboard and emptied the entire contents into a saucepan.

"Get into bed and wait for me," I said and my husband ran like a gazelle.

Putting most of the sugar back in the container, I stirred the sugar that remained in the saucepan, with some water and poured it into a jug. I couldn't wait to spring my surprise on Kimo.

He was sitting up in bed waiting for me. "Does my surprise begin now?"

"Yes, darling, why?"

"Because I believe *Tutu* will be coming home in about two minutes, so probably, we should lock our bedroom door."

I went to put the tray down, but Kimo said, "Let me." And with a flick of his wrist, the door closed and locked itself.

"Your powers are getting stronger," I said.

"No, baby. I'm just showing off."

* * * *

Tutu was in the kitchen when Kimo and I came out to officially greet the day. We hugged her and *Tutu* smiled at us when she saw that we were wearing shorts and reef walkers.

"You tekkin' your husband out now?"

"I am. How was your date, *Tutu*?"

She blushed.

Kimo hugged her. "Mmm...I think I detect afterglow."

"No." *Tutu* frowned. "I think I'm getting a cold."

Kimo and I laughed.

She held up a plate of pancakes. "These are *ono*, delicious, *Lopaka*. Me and Sammy are gonna have one fine breakfast." Her voice dropped. "Can we use your Ipod?"

"Of course, *Tutu*. It's your Ipod, too."

She beamed. "I'm gonna hang out with that old poop Sammy. Just for something to do, you know."

"Yes," I murmured. "Just for something to do."

"Want me to fix that cold of yours?" Kimo asked her, earning a frosty stare.

"When you come back," she said, ignoring him. "You and me, we cook up one big feast for dinner, *da kine*?"

“*Da kine, good.*” I handed Kimo our bulging picnic basket.

Kimo’s eyes blazed with excitement as we left the house. Frank Sinatra was already telling Sammy that he flew *Tutu* to the moon before we’d even closed the door.

It had been so long since we had unregimented schedules and I was enjoying having Kimo to myself so much that it was a shock when I realized we were only on day two of our vacation.

“I know,” my husband said, reading my thoughts as usual. He slipped his free arm around my waist. “This is so lovely, *Lopaka*. I love just being with you.”

We kissed and then I pointed to the tiny jetty at the northern edge of our beach, at *Kamakahounu*.

“Here it is.”

A boat waited for us at the end and we scampered over the exposed coral and lava steps to get to it. Inside the tethered boat were two oars.

“Where to?” Kimo asked me as I picked up the oars. “No darling, let me do that.”

“I want you to relax. I am the captain of this expedition.”

Kimo smiled, leaning back, watching me. One long, sexy leg shot out to sit on my lap. I love his feet. We spend a lot of time lavishing attention on each other’s feet.

First of all, being dancers, our feet took a

beating. Secondly, there wasn't an inch of him I didn't love. Thirdly, he had the mark of the fire goddess *Pele* on the sole of his right foot. It gave him the power to protect her volcanoes and the forests and creatures that came with it.

It also gave him his unique gift of healing. When Kimo and I became very close and we knew we wanted to spend our lives together, he let me into his secret, sacred world more and more. I went with him to hospitals, accident sites, AIDS hospices, people's homes and even to a sinking cruise ship where he helped so many people.

His touch on the sole of a half-dead baby's foot could restore life. I'd seen him bring back animals hit by cars, men suffering horrible ailments due to *incurable* illnesses. It meant a lot to him to heal.

It meant a lot to me to keep Kimo safe and protected, that special foot of his well-loved so he could pour his *mana*, his power, into the job he was ordained to do. The plus side was that the more he healed, the more our passion grew and that made me one *very* happily married man.

His foot was on my crotch now and we were about to capsize.

"Just testing. Just need to make sure I have your full attention." He shifted his foot so that it rested between my thigh and my arm.

I sighed. "I don't suppose there's any point in asking you to close your eyes for this next bit?"

“No. If I said I’d do it, I would only be lying. Besides, I can’t keep my eyes off you, *Lopaka*.” I felt the full force of his love for me, which never failed to surprise and delight me.

I veered around the cove past the black sand beach and we were passing the only manmade relic remaining of King *Kamehameha* the Great.

Kimo sat up as we moved past the King’s personal temple, *Ahuena Heiau*, where he had once performed gruesome human sacrifices to the god *Lono*. The original temple had been destroyed two hundred years ago. One third of it had been restored in recent years and it was kept up by two *kahuna* who were close friends of Kimo’s.

Nobody else was allowed to set foot on it and I watched as Kimo bent his head now saying a prayer as the temple disappeared behind us. I knew Kimo was sending a prayer to *Lono*, to thank him for protecting our people and he’d also offered a prayer for the dead.

The heavy *mana* of that place lifted as we moved faster now and I said, “We’re almost there.”

And then, there we were. It was a place bordered by a rock wall some people say was built by *menehune*, fairy folk. Others credit the sea goddess, *Wehi-Wehi*.

Whoever was responsible, it is a closely guarded local secret. It is a place of refuge. It is a

place few people are allowed to visit, but then it had been worth all the strings I had pulled to bring Kimo there.

We tethered the boat to a worn wooden post and Kimo held the picnic basket in one hand, my hand in the other and I led the way inland to a small series of ponds that housed the creatures we had come to see.

Kimo let out a cry of enchantment when we came upon the unusual sight of a colony of turtles basking on the olive green sand of the sheltered bay. Two enormous green sea turtles presided over their brood. The turtles ranged in age and size and Kimo's eyes danced over them. "Oh, *Lopaka*, they're magnificent!"

The bigger of the pair raised his head and looked at us.

"This is Rock," I told Kimo. "Rock, this is my husband, Kimo. Oh, and this is Rock's wife, Doris." I indicated the smaller turtle who appeared to be smiling. "They are the great grandparents to all these little guys. Rock and Doris mate for life."

"Just like us." Kimo nuzzled me.

"Merry Christmas," I told him. "These are two turtle loves."

"Oh...*Lopaka*."

"*Lopaka*!"

Tutu's friend, *Lala*, came running over to us.

"Oh, this must be your man...wow, are you a hunk or what?"

"*Lala*, this is Kimo." I laughed as she took in his splendid form. Her mouth hung open. My husband has that effect on people.

"Hi *Lala*," Kimo said. She was a feisty lady, eighty if she was a day. She was holding a turtle, about twelve inches long and he didn't look so good.

"Poachers." Her distress was palpable. "We just pulled him out of a fishing net. He's got a deep gash on his belly, poor thing."

"Show me." Kimo dropped the basket and held the turtle in his hands. I rummaged through our basket and pulled out some sea sponge and chopped shrimp.

As Kimo held the turtle, his flippers and little feet started to twitch. Kimo was humming, it's how he tunes in to the universe.

Lala's eyes streamed with tears. "He's moving! I know it's silly, but they're like children to me."

"It's not silly." Kimo's voice was firm. "These turtles are practically extinct. You are doing something wonderful here. *Lopaka* darling, he's hungry."

I held out some sponge in the palm and the turtle took it from me. We watched him eat. "I'm going to hold him for a moment, but I don't want to overdo it," Kimo said. "What can we put on his

belly to protect him?"

Lala held some gauze in her hands. When we turned the turtle over in *Kimo's* hands, the wound was gone.

"But..." *Lala's* face went pale.

"Merry Christmas." *Kimo* pointed to the sand. "This is olivine sand. The green fire must be close. I can offer the turtles protection, but I need to do it up in the hills. The sea is not my provenance, but because the turtles live on volcanic sand, I can help."

Lala couldn't speak at first, she was so overcome.

"First we swim with *Rock* and *Doris* then we visit the green fire," I told my husband.

"Not this little guy though." *Kimo* stroked the turtle's tender, pale belly. "Can he stay in one of the ponds for the day?"

"Absolutely." *Lala* beamed. "I'll let you do the honors."

Kimo and I spent an hour swimming with the turtles and the younger ones proved to be entertaining and very flirtatious. Until we ran out of food. We emptied the picnic basket feeding those beautiful sea treasures.

"And I thought that picnic was for us," *Kimo* said, but I knew he wasn't upset.

"I have something else in mind for us."

Kimo laughed. "I just know you do. We'll be

back, *Lala*." Together we walked up the hills toward a thickening line of trees. Kimo was at home in the forest and as we walked higher and higher, I could feel the volcano roiling beneath our feet. This was a rare occurrence, this green fire. It had been building for some time since the last eruption from Kilauea ten years ago, but some parts of the island had found this green, not red, inferno bubbling beneath surfaces of long-hardened lava rocks.

Kimo prayed to *Pele* and asked for protection for the turtles and we found some 'ohelo berries growing from a raggedy looking tree. I'd found them so bitter in the beginning when Kimo got me eating them. Now I found them sweet. But that might have had something to do with the fact his sweet fingers fed them to me.

We ate a couple berries each and gave the rest to the goddess, tossing them between two rock crevices, right into the fire, right into the bosom of Madame *Pele*.

"Wow, it's hot. I love it here, baby," Kimo said.

I could feel the energizing *mana* of the green fire myself. "Get your clothes off."

"My, you're so bossy today." His fingers were on his Velcro snaps and I loved that he had difficulty getting his shorts off due to a raging hard-on.

"You're a demi-god," I whispered. I never

could get over how truly stunning he was.

"Get your clothes off." He was very aroused now. "I need you, *Lopaka*."

"Do you now?" I tossed my shorts and shoes off and pushed myself into Kimo's strong arms. Our cocks strained for each other as we feasted on one another's faces for a moment.

"Please lie down, baby." My hands roamed his body.

He did as he was told, right on our piled up clothes on a huge lava stone, the warmth providing that extra thrill to our carnal activities.

I looked up at him. "The first time you fucked me, it was on the edge of the volcano and you offered me to *Madame*."

Kimo's smile turned wicked as he lay on that rock looking at me.

"You changed my life...now I'm a sort of butterfly. And I'd like to make her a different offering, a different butterfly. We're men in love and I'd like to offer Goddess *Pele* my husband, the Venus butterfly."

I bent my head down and kissed him and Kimo sucked on my mouth hungrily.

"*Lopaka*, I hope this means you're going to fuck me."

"Not quite, baby." I tongued my way down his chest, torso and thighs, coming back to his groin and the tattoo of *Pele's* lover, the pig god

Kamapua'a, my husband's personal god, which is tattooed right at the base of that majestic weapon if his.

"Oh...darling," he moaned, squirming on that stone. The goddess of the burning stones had never had an offering like this. No sir. Not in a million fiery years.

Kimo almost sobbed when I bypassed that famished, perfect cock head of his. Open those legs," I told him and he let out a cry when my tongue stabbed at his asshole.

I had been his first male lover and I loved knowing his ass was mine and I got between his legs now. He was floundering on the rock now.

"Touch my cock, baby, please, touch it," he begged.

"Not yet."

He groaned as my mouth went back to work. Kimo's ass was humping my face, anxious for closer contact, needing more of me and I put my hands together, steeping the fingers together as if in prayer and using the two middle fingers like two mini cocks, I slid them straight into him.

"Oh God...oh God," he muttered, thrashing around as if he was trying to get my whole hand up there. I fucked him with my fingers and opening up the palms of my hands, I used my thumbs to hook around his perfect, massive balls, massaging them against my forefingers and I

thought he would pass out from pleasure.

"Suck it, suck it," he screamed and I swallowed the tip of that beautiful dick straight down my hungry throat.

Kimo's eyes flew open as I kept up the relentless assault on his ass, thumb-hugging his balls and working on pleasuring every inch of his eleven inch cock with my greedy mouth.

The effect of everything I was doing was like a butterfly flapping its wings. Kimo came with such force, he fell back on the rock panting.

"Mmmm...nectar," I said, when he'd stopped rewarding me with his precious juice. I kissed the tip of his cock which was just getting started. He needed to fuck me and he needed to fuck me now.

But Kimo was reaching for me, flipping me over so that my ass was in his face.

"Show me what you did to me. I want to do it for you. That was amazing, baby...my own private turtle love."

* * * *

We could barely walk by the time we'd finished giving *Madame* a rockin' Live Nude Men lust in the lava show. It was hard to put our shorts back on when we just wanted each other naked, but we made our way down to the shore and *Lala* was there, anxiously pacing the sand.

“These tiger sharks turned up.” She bit her lip. “They are the only threats to my babies. I can’t believe how close they are.”

“Oh no.” Kimo patted her arm. “They’re not interested in eating the turtles. They’re my *aumakua*, my family guardians. I summoned them to protect your babies. There are six of them. They will attack any predator, man or shark that tries to hurt them.”

“Really? How cool!” She looked at me. “Wow, *Lopaka*. You scored, when you met this one, hon.”

Yep, I sure did.

CHAPTER FOUR

“**L**opaka, darling, I think you’re cheating a bit with these chickens. Are these supposed to be my three French hens?”

“Well...” I was undaunted, when he woke up and found me in the kitchen the next morning preparing the day’s meals.

“They are three extremely different, sexy recipes and, since today I am your *courtisane*, your little French whore, that means I am wearing a French maid’s uniform, and I am *thinking* in a French accent, and I plan to talk dirty to you in French all day, so technically speaking, yes, they’re your French hens.”

“Can you give me an example of this dirty talk?”

“Right after I finish making breakfast I’m going to *fumer le cigare*.”

“Which means...?”

“I’m going to suck your big cock.”

Kimo licked his lips. “Go on.”

"Then I'm going to *avaler la fume*. Swallow all your come."

My husband gulped. "Are you naked under that little apron?"

"*Mai oui*. A *courtisane* is always ready to please her man."

Kimo's eyes were sparkling "I've never had a French whore before."

"Then you're in for a *very* special treat. I want you to *foutre* me over and over again."

"I hope that means you want me to fuck you...often. Can you get that apron off please?"

"*Mon amour*, I'm about to make your favorite of all favorite chicken dishes for breakfast."

He stopped messing with the tie on my apron. I think I saw him drooling.

"You mean Hawaiian Haystacks?"

"*Bien sure*, of course."

"You are one hot little *profiterole*, my darling *courtisane*." He picked up a water chestnut and chewed on it. "Where's *Tutu*?"

"She and Sammy are...partaking of the royal bathing pool. Then they're going water skiing."

Kimo laughed. "Are they now?" He was rocking on his toes, an amused expression on his face. "*Lopaka*, do you miss doing the show?"

"No." I flashed him a guilty look. "I do miss seeing you on stage in nothing, but that little red *malo*. That loin cloth...mmmm...Kimo."

"So, help me to understand what happens. I get my Haystack, then what?"

"I get what I want. *Service trois pieces.*"

"You get to service three pieces?"

"The cock and its two balls."

Kimo was looking at me. "Now I get it! I've got the three French hens. All of this food is...window dressing." He shook his head. "I do believe I miss wearing that red *malo*. Would you like me to put it on for you, darling?" His eyes strayed to my crotch and his grin widened. "Why *Lopaka*, I think you're getting a nice French hard-on."

"*Je bande pour toi.*"

"Which means what?"

"I have a boner for you."

Kimo laughed. "How do you say, turn the stove off. I've gotta *foutre* you right now?"

"You just did."

My husband grunted and pulled me to the floor.

* * * *

It was many hours later that we were lying in bed, our legs entwined and Kimo was holding me in his arms, when we heard the oven ping.

Kimo's eyes flew open. "Is that dinner?"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

"*Lopaka*, I think I want you to speak French to

me for the rest of our lives. You've made me crazy today."

"So I'm a good *courtisane*?"

"Good? *Cheri*, you're the best. What are we having for dinner?"

"Chicken *a l'orange*. And I'm making chocolate soufflés and oh...I was thinking whipped cream dream."

Kimo blinked. "Is that a sexual thing?"

I arched a brow in his direction. "I wouldn't be your hot little whore if it wasn't."

"Do we need anything special for that?"

"I've got some whipped cream in the fridge...specially for you."

"Oh...*Lopaka*. And this is only the third day of Christmas!"

I got out of bed and put a *pireau* around my waist.

"*Lopaka*. You know I love you...*sans culottes*."

He laughed. For some reason the French version of *without pants* kept us laughing all day long.

"I'll be right back." I looked at him. "Please don't move."

"How can I move? My sweet little French whore fucked my brains out. If you find them, please bring them back."

I hurried into the kitchen and found my grandma dissecting the chicken and splitting it between two huge platters. One for me and Kimo,

one for her and Sammy.

"Aloha." She gave me a kiss. "Are you having fun?"

I nodded and grandma giggled. "I'd forgotten how groovy sex is. Oh, Sammy's taking me to *Kauai* for a couple of days. So you two wild things will have the place to yourselves."

"You do mean a couple of days and not weeks, right?"

"Of course."

"You will be back for Christmas, *Tutu*? Promise me."

"Promise *you*? I'm more worried that Kimo will come to his senses and kidnap you and take you somewhere far, far away from me."

"Not going to happen. He adores you. You're the other woman in his life, you know."

"I can't wait until Christmas." She hesitated. "I invited Sammy to join us. That's *da kine*, right?"

"It's *da kine*, *Tutu*."

Back in our bedroom, my husband closed and locked the door. "Did you find my brains, darling?"

"Non, monsieur. But I did find zees lovely can of whipped cream."

"And you brought dinner, I see."

"Sammy and *Tutu* are going away for a couple of days."

"I heard. I'll give him my cabbage lecture

before they leave in the morning.” Kimo fixed me with a stern look. “He’s not taking her away from us, okay?”

“Okay.”

“*Lopaka...*” he pulled me into his arms and held me. “I know she’s got her odd little ways, but she’s different now. She won’t go into hiding anymore. She’s happy with us. You are going to have the Christmas of your dreams, I promise you that.”

“I already am,” I whispered.

“What did you plan to do with this cream?” my husband asked me.

“Torture you with it.”

“Well, it seems to me, my three French hens have been beautifully well fed today, but I think it’s my turn to...how do you say it...*sucer toi?*”

“You want to suck me? But Kimo...”

He opened the can, shook it and squirted cream in strategic places on my body. The sight of that long pick tongue working on me with such concentration got me hard in an instant. Kimo had a tattoo of King *Kamehameha* on his tongue and it never failed to inflame me.

“Oh Kimo...” He was using the tip of his tongue only to lick all that cream off me. When he got to the head of my cock, I thought I would explode before he could even get me into his mouth.

He ran that delicious tongue up and down my shaft, his eyes on me, knowing I was on the verge of *le petit morde*. An orgasm. We'd both agreed the French had it right calling it a little death.

His hands went under my ass cheeks and he held me to him, using just the tip of his tongue again. Oh...God. "Kimo." He opened his mouth and I sighed in bliss as he started to suck on me. He gave me his fingers, which were covered in cream and I suckled on them greedily.

He came off my cock for one brief moment to say, "You taste so good," and I yelled for that mouth to claim me again.

His finger tips stroked my asshole, coaxing me into a frantic eruption. I felt it bubbling up from my toes, up my legs, through my thighs and I was whispering gibberish—it was like a match being lit to gasoline.

I grabbed and pulled and tore at my husband who kept my ass exactly where he wanted it, exactly where I needed it and I came in his mouth.

He didn't stop sucking me until the spasms subsided and the world stopped spinning like a mad child's toy.

"*Vive la France.*" Kimo bent toward me, giving me a long and sultry, open-mouthed kiss.

CHAPTER FIVE

Bath time in our house was a sacred ritual. Kimo and I always bathed together and we took our time. *Every time*. So when grandma and I went house hunting in Kona, the en suite bathroom of the bedroom I knew was perfect for me and Kimo, clinched the deal. It was big, it was deep, it had massage jets and a naughty handheld device we had a lot of fun with. And it was on the *makua* side—it overlooked the mountains, which always gave us the feeling of being close to *Madame Pele*.

Tutu cornered me in the kitchen early the next morning. “When you tekkin’ your husband up to the volcano? I wanna borrow your bathtub for one sexy bath before me and Sammy fly to *Kauai*. Sammy says you and Kimo can use his truck for the Chain of Craters Road. It’s gonna be icy and snowy up top.”

“Are you sure?” I asked. Frankly, I was very grateful. I’d been worried about using the rental car because Kimo and I were going to be spending

the night sleeping with *Pele*. I was worried about leaving the rental car on that mountain all night and having the engine freeze over. It would be worth it though—Kimo and I had won the right to spend the night in *Pele's* volcanic lava pit.

“Did I hear you say we’re going to *Kilauea*?” My husband has hearing like a bat. It’s so acute, telephones hurt him, cell phones mess with his *psychic wiring*. It also makes it damned hard to keep a single thing secret from him.

“*Lopaka*.” He was back in the kitchen. “What’s that behind your back?”

“You’ll have to wait and see.” Now I was nervous about the Four Calling Birds. The Three French Hens, Two Turtle Loves and the Partner in a Pear Tree days had been exquisite.

I wanted this day to be the best one yet.

So grandma helped me keep my secret a few minutes longer. She surreptitiously removed the lottery documents for the night’s stay in Haleakala and sent me off to bathe Hawaiian style with my husband.

“I prepare one big feast for you and Kimo. You like fo’ have some *poi*, son?” she asked Kimo.

“You know I love your *poi*.” My husband hugged her. He took the moment, opportunist that he was, to whip the document out of her hand.

Grandma shrugged. “If you wanna spoil your surprise...”

Kimo's eyes glowed as he read the letter. "Lopaka..." he breathed. "We won the lottery?"

"That's how this whole thing started. When I found out we'd won, I thought, we'll celebrate the twelve days of Christmas and on day four, you get a night with the goddess."

Kimo gave me his patented wicked grin.

"I've applied every single year and I've never won before," I said. "And then I met you."

"See..." Grandma looked smug. "Being Kimo's wife brings you many blessings."

Kimo's smile included her. "I'm the one who got lucky, *Tutu*." He was re-reading the instructions. "I can't believe it...this has the official state seal and everything. I think we're the first people I know who've actually won this thing."

I'd known for two weeks that we had won the volcano lottery prize—a night's sleep in a tiny cabin in the fire pit of the small, dormant crater at *Haleakala*. It's a lottery only local residents can apply for and only six people a year win the right to sleep in the *Iki*, or little crater.

I planned to tantalize all my husband's senses yet again on day four of our lust-filled winter wonderland, but I was nervous in case my planned surprise of four *pu'eo*, the rare Hawaiian owls who live in the crater, didn't show up.

Kimo was tapping the paper. "Today is Four Calling birds...you mean *pu'eo*? We're going to see

pu'eo?" Kimo was so happy at the prospect of seeing these beautiful and extremely endangered forest birds, for a moment he even forgot about sex. But only for a moment. "We'll need a hot, sexy bath and some warm clothes. *Tutu's* got the food under control...now I just need you, baby." And he swept me up into his arms and carried me to our room.

One hour later, we'd hugged *Tutu* and Sammy goodbye and took the short cut right through the middle of the island along Saddle Road.

I'd feared Saddle Road until I met Kimo. Riddled with ancient ghosts and their accompanying *kapus*, taboos, I was always fearful of doing something wrong and unleashing some island curse.

It's such a minefield of the seen and unseen, that Saddle Road is officially banned by all the car rental agencies. Rental cars get stopped by military police, since there's munitions testing going on both sides of the road. But we were in a local car, a truck and my husband was at the wheel. This was his turf. Pele was the Queen, but Kimo was her consort. And mine.

He held my hand as we listened to Brother Iz singing *Somewhere Over the Rainbow* on the radio. We both saw the huge rainbow arcing over the Chain of Craters Road as we made our ascent. We looked at one another and smiled.

Things couldn't be more perfect.

The radio died half way up and we got excited then. We were getting close to *her*, the *other* other woman in Kimo's life. Like *Tutu*, it was a love I shared and, as we drove past the Volcano House Hotel, we both started screaming like little kids.

We were here!

Parking the truck in one of the blue slots, as instructed, we walked to the visitors' center to check in.

The park ranger who came to check the lottery document, did a double-take when he saw Kimo. Sometimes, I forgot how forbidding he looked, half covered with tattoos, the menacing air, his massive height and imposing build. It kept me in a constant state of arousal, but the skinny guy behind the counter blinked several times. "Kimo and *Lopaka* Wilder. That's you two?" he squeaked.

"Yes," Kimo said.

"You're a couple."

"Yes." Kimo was looking at him.

"Are you a wrestler...or something?" the guy asked him.

Kimo looked nonplussed.

I looked at the ranger. "My husband is a *kahuna*."

"A what?"

"You're working at *Haleakala* and you don't know what a *kahuna* is?" Kimo asked.

Another ranger stepped in. It was *Keo Manane*. A friend of ours. "Kimo, this is John Stevens. Our new ranger." He glanced nervously at John, who was still fixated on the tattoos running from the right side of my husband's face, down his neck, disappearing under his long-sleeved sweater and reappearing on his right hand. "He's from Virginia. He's going to be spending the night with you in the cabin."

Kimo looked at me.

"John," *Keo* said. "Kimo and *Lopaka* are the two top male hula dancers in the islands and Kimo has a PHD in Hawaiian philosophy and religion, as well as being a great *kahuna*. They are friends of the Volcano Parks."

"Excuse me." John tugged *Keo* away. "I can't spend the night with them, they're gay!" I heard him say.

Kimo rolled his eyes.

"Don't be stupid," *Keo* was saying. "They're married to each other. Besides, what would he want with a scrawny thing like you when he's got *that* in his bed?" he jabbed his thumb toward me.

"My sentiments exactly." My husband's hand moved around my waist, making me blush.

"And another thing," *Keo* went on. "They know this volcano better than we do. You might actually learn something."

"If you say so." John threw us a doubtful look

and came back with a surly expression on his face. "Here's your overnight parking permit. This needs to go in the windshield of your car."

"Thanks." I took the permit from him.

"I'm supposed to accompany you for the day." John's nervous gaze flickered to my husband's face again.

"No need to do that," Kimo said. "How about we meet you back here an hour before sunset and we'll go to the cabin together?"

"An hour before sunset?" John squawked.

"It says on the paper. We need to be in the pit by sunset and out again at sunrise." Kimo was looking at the guy in an odd way.

"Oh." John's hands shook as he looked at the paper again. "No...no, I'd better come with you. In case you lost."

"In case *we* get lost?" Kimo was stifling laughter now.

We took back our lottery documents and went back to the truck to put the parking permit in the windshield.

"Here I was, looking forward to spending the night with my wife...and my favorite goddess and then I find out Barney Fife's coming too," Kimo fumed.

Then we looked at each other and fell about laughing.

"Baby." He was wiping the tears from his eyes

from laughing so hard. "Did you see his face? The way he looked at me. Like I was about to bite him."

"We'll make it fun." I was feeling anxious again.

"*Lopaka*, in my experience, every second with you is fun." We put on our backpacks and I let my gaze linger on his hot, sexy body. We were wearing jeans, sweaters and walking boots. Man, he was one hot tamale.

We walked back to the visitors' center and I noticed a blond couple walking ahead of us. By their conversation, I could tell they were foreign. Swedish. Kimo was fixated on the woman who was tall and yes, she was beautiful.

I'd never seen Kimo openly admire a woman before, even though, when I met him, he was married to a woman. He was staring at her and, as we reached the counter at the rangers' station, she was asking about purchasing a picture of Goddess *Pele*.

Kimo was transfixed. I was only thankful she wasn't coming on our hike. Beside the Swedish couple was a huge tank filled with lava stones stupid tourists had stolen and mailed back to *Haleakala*.

Once a month, Kimo and a rotating crew of *kahuna* returned the lava stones after saying prayers over them, to the fields. It was a never-

ending task.

The Swedish woman was pointing to the poster beside the tank. She wanted a copy of that. John held up a finger to us indicating he would be a moment and he took the woman's traveler's check and her passport.

He was giving her change when Kimo blurted, "Please don't steal her children."

I glanced at him and suddenly I realized. He hadn't been ogling the blonde. He knew she'd souvenired lava stones.

The blonde didn't realize he was talking to her at first, then she feigned innocence. She denied taking stones. "See," she opened the flap of her backpack. "No stones."

"That's because they're in there." Kimo was pointing at a small pouch in back.

She turned even whiter than she already was.

"I can hear them screaming." Kimo was insistent. "They don't want to be taken."

"What's a few stones," Barney Fife started to say.

Keo quickly cut him off. "Have you got stones in there?" he asked her.

"I don't believe in curses," the blonde spat. "I want them for my friends."

"Oh and they are just gonna *love* you when their lives start turning to shit." Kimo glared at her as the man with the blonde opened the pouch. He

withdrew an astonishingly large plastic bag filled with stones.

"That's a lotta stones!" Barney Fife was gaping at her.

"I told you, they're gifts." She was defiant.

"Not anymore," Keo said as Kimo took the stones out of the bag. They crackled and moved like sparks of fire in his fingers.

"Holy crap!" Barney Fife's eyes widened. "They're alive!"

"Of course they're alive," Kimo snapped. "She stole them from the *Halemaumau* trail."

"Hully what?" Barney Fife asked.

Kimo looked at me. "Since we're going that way anyway, we'll return them." The Swedish couple left with their poster and fearful glances in our direction as Barney Fife watched Kimo rummage through the tank for other stones belonging directly to the trail.

"How does he do that?" Barney asked me.

"It's what he was born to do." I watched my beautiful man do his thing. I caught his playful smile and took the stones he was holding so he could feel a fresh batch.

"This one, darling." I pointed to one lonesome one on the side of the tank.

Kimo's eyes flew hotly to mine. His fingers went to that stone and we looked at each other. "Well done, angel." He was proud of me. "Can

you spot any others?"

I shook my head. My specialty was the outcasts, the lonely ones...they were ones who called to me, because they recognized what I had once been until I met my Kimo.

"You hold onto this little guy." My husband put him in the palm of my hand. "He wants to hang out with you. We'll put him back with his family before sunset, okay?"

"Okay." I felt the stone come to life in my hand.

"He's flirting with you. I think I'm jealous," Kimo said, making me laugh.

Barney Fife just stood there staring at us.

"Ready?" Kimo asked him.

"Have fun." *Keo* gave us a finger wave as we took off for our trek, a little more weighed down now that we were carrying rocks. I saw him crossing himself in the Catholic way when he thought our backs were turned.

"I thought we'd start along the Thurston Trail," Barney Fife started to say.

"No we will not." Kimo was giving him that look again. "It has to be *Halemaumau* Trail. Unless you'd like to get to the crater tomorrow morning."

Barney Fife glanced at *Keo* who nodded, then gave us a guilty look.

"Look after him," *Keo* called out as we walked out the door.

Barney Fife was wearing his ranger uniform

and carried a backpack. He looked at Kimo. "You want to lead the way?"

"Sure." I saw the relief on the ranger's face.

We walked for a mile, stopped and deposited some rocks.

"My God, they're the exact same color, with the yellow sulphur residue on them." Barney Fife was bending down, studying them as Kimo recited a quick prayer to *Pele* for the witless thief who'd removed her beloved children. "How did you know?"

I nudged Barney Fife. "He's praying."

"Oh," he whispered back.

As we continued to walk and stop, admiring Madame's handiwork, a tree here, a fern there, a beautiful red *'apane* bird flying over our heads, he watched everything we did so intently, I thought, I'd never get a chance to be alone with Kimo. I needed to be alone with him.

Just tell me when, a voice in my head said. I gasped, looking up, and found Kimo's gaze on my face.

Are you in my head? I asked him mentally.

Of course I am.

Wow. This was new. I liked it.

I do, too.

That made me laugh. "What's funny?" Barney Fife asked.

"I'm just happy." I shrugged. "I love being

here. This is the place Kimo and I fell in love.”

Barney Fife rolled his eyes. “Thanks for sharing.”

Kimo and I laughed. At a fork in the trail, we automatically went left and Barney Fife ran after us.

“You sure know your way around this place. My wife said we’d all get lost. She’ll be real proud of me when I make it back in one piece.”

“I’m sure she will.” Kimo smiled at him.

We went through the lava tubes and came out damp, but exhilarated. We were getting deeper into the heart of the volcano and now, we got rid of the rest of the rocks, except the little guy still in my hand.

“Hungry?” Kimo asked me. He knew I was. We were always hungry, for food and each other.

Food first, I said mentally and Kimo smiled.

We found a clump of ferny trees and we pawed through our backpacks. While Barney Fife ate two ham and cheese sandwiches, Kimo and I shared soup from a thermos—it was unbelievably delicious—miso broth with chunks of salmon, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots and lime leaves.

We poured it into a plastic cup and spoon fed each other as Barney Fife stared at us. Then Kimo opened one of the containers of poi and offered Barney Fife a scoop before our own fingers had touched it.

"Eeww, no." He shuddered. "It tastes like glue to me." Tourists always said that and we always wondered how they knew what glue tasted like.

I ate the poi from my husband's fingers and Barney Fife stopped eating. His eyes bugged out as Kimo fed me some tart, but juicy apple slices. I was dying to kiss him.

"You always eat that way?" Barney Fife asked us.

"What way?" I asked, picking up a piece of apple and feeding it to Kimo.

"Feeding each other, drinking from the same cup, eating from the same spoon."

"Yes." It was a thing with us. One of the things I loved most.

Kimo packed our containers away.

"You ready to go?" Barney Fife asked.

"Sure." Kimo's eyes were gleaming.

No. I want you to fuck me, I screamed mentally to my husband who seemed to be ignoring me. Maybe the mental mojo thing had stopped working.

Dang.

We stood up and Kimo plunged further into the forest and I lagged behind him miserable because we'd lose our light in here and I needed the light.

Barney Fife panted behind us. "What's the rush?" he asked. "Why did we speed up?"

"Sorry." Kimo turned around, talking over my

shoulder. "It's nothing personal." He reached over and his fingers gripped Barney Fife's shoulder.

The skinny ranger stopped talking mid-sentence and fell to the ground, slumped awkwardly over his backpack.

I heard something break. It sounded like glass.

"Oops," Kimo said.

"What did you do to him?" I asked.

"Letting him have a little rest. I wanted to find something a little more private, since my Christmas angel apparently wants to get fucked. Is this enough light for you?"

I threw myself into his arms and Kimo laughed.

"How could you even think we lost the mental mojo?" he asked me. "We just got it. It's only going to get better, baby. It's only going to get stronger."

"How long do we have before he wakes up?"

"As long as we want. But right now, thirty minutes."

"Perfect."

"I aim to please." My husband gave me a mock bow.

"Then strip right now. Everything except those walking boots."

"Mmm...why do I keep getting an image of a mirror?"

"Stop that." I was going to have to guard my thoughts with this husband of mine. He'd find out

all his sexy secrets before I was ready to deliver them.

I rummaged through my backpack for the mirror I'd brought and I put my lava stone inside the backpack, took off my boots, socks and my clothes.

"What now?" Kimo asked me, looking like the hot, hung god that he was and I gave him my best, canary-eating grin.

I beckoned and he followed me towards a very large tree I'd been eyeing. Leaning my palms against it, I decided it was perfect. Kimo was standing behind me. "Get me ready for you," I said.

"You know I love fucking you the other way, so we can look at each other."

"I know, baby. You can have me like that all night. This is something special. You have to take me from behind. So you get the full visual impact of your Four Calling Birds."

Standing back from the tree, I kept my palms on it at arm's length. I was holding the mirror in one hand and I parted my legs slightly, poking my bottom out to Kimo who groaned. He was instantly on his knees, his face in my ass, licking me like he always did, like I was the only plate of ice cream at a kids' birthday party.

My breathing got heavy, Kimo's licking and sucking even more insistent and I could feel the

familiar fire building in my belly. He could feel it too because his hand instantly went to it, pulling me closer to him.

“Oh God, Kimo,” I whimpered. “Please let me have you. *Please.*”

He stood up and his mouth went to the back of my neck and I arched into him. I stepped back, planting my feet on his walking boots. He let out a satisfied grunt as he held me to him and as he put that beautiful cock at my ass I casually let the mirror fall to my left foot. Kimo was too busy claiming my ass to notice what I was doing. With my toes, I scooted the mirror exactly where I wanted it and my husband drilled into me, keeping my hips firmly in his massive hands.

“I never get tired of taking you.” His face came down, over the side of my face and I tilted my head back to receive that hot tongue in my mouth.

He fucked me then, knowing exactly how I liked it, fucking me the way we both needed it and I barely managed to hold onto that tree. Kimo was in me, hard and deep and our thighs molded to one another. He ran one hand over my back and neck, giving me his fingers to suck. I felt his orgasm build in me at the same moment I was about to come in his possessive fist.

“Look down,” I panted. “Look into the mirror as you’re coming.”

Kimo had to bend to get a good look and I

heard him gasp. "That's the sexiest thing I ever saw." He paused.

"No, don't stop! Please don't stop!"

"Oh, but it's so beautiful, *Lopaka*." I felt a tear splash from his heart onto my back. "I'm looking at our four balls, bonded together, quivering for each other...oh...oh...they're calling for each other!"

And with that, my husband exploded inside me, his fingers closing over my cock, bringing me to ecstasy with him.

Over our heads, we heard a hoot.

"*Pu'eo*," Kimo whispered. "Darling, there are owls coming to greet us." He stayed in me, looking at our balls, like eggs, warming, wanting one another. "I couldn't get closer to you if I tried. "Not that I'm ever gonna *stop* trying."

* * * *

Barney Fife was propped against a tree, drooling as his head lolled against his chest. "You said thirty minutes," I whispered to Kimo. "It's been two hours."

"Shhh...he's waking up."

Barney Fife's eyes swam into focus, his head flopping from side to side. "Am I napping?" he asked in a thick voice.

It took everything in me not to laugh in his face.

“You feeling all right?” Kimo asked him.

We were eating and drinking and Barney Fife’s dry tongue ran along his parched lips. “I’m thirsty.”

“Here, drink this.” Kimo handed him an unopened bottle of water from his backpack.

“Oh, thanks.” Barney Fife opened it and poured it down his throat. He rummaged through his own backpack, produced a thermos and shook it, a strange look on his face.

“It’s broken. How the heck did I break it?”

“What’s in it?” Kimo asked.

“Soup.” Barney Fife looked gloomy.

“Here, have some of ours.”

Barney Fife sat up suddenly. “Wait a second...how did we get here?”

“Where? The lava pit? We walked.” Kimo removed the cup lid of Barney’s thermos and filled it with our soup.

Yeah. Kimo and I walked, Kimo carrying the ranger over his shoulder.

“How come I don’t remember?” Barney rubbed his eyes and ran his hand over his head.

“You were tired. It’s been a long day,” Kimo handed him the cup. We had set up camp outside the cabin, which contained two beds, an unpleasant-smelling portable toilet and a stack of odorous blankets.

Barney was staring at our fire, sipping at the

soup. "Oh, that is good. What's in it?"

"It's parsnip soup. My grandma made it." Something made me reach for the stone in my backpack. When I first met Kimo, *Tutu* had given me a volcanic stone to hold and keep until things between the two of us fell into place.

This stone was cool to the touch and I smiled. The other stone only grew hot when things were bad between me and Kimo. Things were good between us. Very good. I didn't need a stone to tell me that.

He was smiling at me now, remembering.

"Your grandma's a good cook." Barney eyed our thermos longingly.

"Here, have some more." Kimo generously poured some more soup for him and we shared the rest of our tasty stash. As long as I didn't have to share my husband's body, Barney could eat every last bite of our food.

"It's amazing here." Barney seemed in awe. "You know, if we didn't have your fire, it would be pitch black here. There's nothing here. I mean nothing. It's spooky, don't you think?"

"Not to us," I said. "We crave this."

Kimo was smiling at me, his face warm and lovely in the firelight. I wanted to kiss him badly and, when Barney Fife got up to look inside the cabin, Kimo's fingers tugged at my chin, our lips meeting for a second and then Barney came right

back outside again.

"That toilet needs emptying and the blankets smell funky."

"Yeah, we noticed." Kimo gave him a smile. "I put a protective circle around us and lit a magical fire. We can sleep out here and we'll be very warm all night."

Barney Fife looked horrified. "I...I think I'll sleep inside." He stumbled into the cabin and next thing we heard was awful, hideous snoring.

Kimo and I laughed hysterically.

"It's like being back at the beach house with the Kona nightingales." Kimo kissed me. "He's a character, isn't he?"

I nodded.

"Now." My husband drew me to him. "Where were we?"

"You were kissing me."

"So I was." He lay beside me, our bodies instinctively leaning into one another as he kissed me as if it had been weeks or months and not minutes since he's put his mouth on mine.

Kimo undressed me slowly and kissed every inch of me. I had a hard time keeping my hands off him, but he kept brushing my fingers away. He wanted me to wait my turn. He wanted to enjoy me. I had never been with such a sensuous man and each day he surprised me more and more.

The stone in my hand suddenly crackled and

my eyes flew to it. What was going on?

Kimo's full attention was on me, but mine had gone to some other place. Another reality. I saw snatches of images. My God...I could see Kimo, in this very cabin, lying sick on one of the beds. He was covered in the fever blisters that both of us developed when we were separated.

A figure stood over him, worried. My mind's eye went back to Kimo. He was dying. The figure standing over him was Sammy.

I started to cry.

Kimo's mouth came off my torso. He was between my legs, hovering over me, frantic now. "*Lopaka, Lopaka?* Baby, what is it?"

I couldn't speak.

"Oh God, no." Kimo was upset now. "Don't, baby...stop feeling it. Put the stone down."

I shook my head and sobbed. And then the image went away, but the feelings were still there.

"You really love me," I whispered and Kimo was lying on top of me now, protecting me, coveting me.

"*Lopaka.* You just realized that?" He knew I was dealing with the images in my brain. I felt him moving from me, his hand going down to my foot and I jerked it away from him.

"Don't take the pain away from me." I could feel his eyes on my face. "Kimo...I've seen them, too."

"I know you have." He lay beside me now and his hands roamed my body, bringing peace back to every cell of my system.

For a moment, neither of us spoke. "Kimo, I had dreams of us having twins, too. So did *Tutu*. That's what kept me alive, knowing you and I would have that life together. But..."

"Do you see her face? The woman who will have our babies for us?" he asked me.

"Yes." The tears were streaming down my face now. "I don't know how, but she looks like me."

Kimo smiled then and sat up, gathering me into his arms. "We have no walls left between us, *Lopaka*. There are no more boundaries. We read each other perfectly. Does that scare you?"

"No."

"Good, because it doesn't scare me either." He started making love to me again and, this time, he got on top of me, as I lay on my back looking up at *Madame Pele's* stars and he was as hard for me as I was for him.

"I am never going to stop trying to knock you up." I knew he meant those words.

The stone in my hand was content as Kimo licked and kissed his way down my body.

Four *pu'eo* came and circled over our heads.

"Send a message to *Madame Pele*." Kimo's cock prepared to enter me. "Tell her, by any means necessary, I want this man to be the mother of our

children.”

They hooted and flew off and Kimo and I, dazzled by the four calling birds, started fucking like we’d been deprived of one another for months.

“I want to be on your lap.”

It took me a second to realize I hadn’t said this aloud.

He responded wordlessly, by keeping himself inside me, kneeling and pulling me with him as he sat cross legged, my legs wrapped around his waist. I felt his breath on my throat and he fucked me sweet and deep.

I was still sitting on my husband’s lap, his cock pulsing hotly inside me when Barney Fife came stumbling out of the cabin looking for us.

CHAPTER SIX

Kimo rewarded me with a wonderful breakfast at our favorite breakfast place—Ken’s House of Pancakes in Hilo.

He was watching me now, drinking in the way I was licking my fork. I was wondering if it would be rude to lick my plate when he asked me, “Darling, would you like some more pancakes?”

I nodded happily and the waitress rushed right over when Kimo looked in her direction. The girls here knew us well. In the weeks since we’d been doing our hula show, we came here almost every day.

When we did the show, we often came in late at night since the place was open twenty-four hours. They liked us because we ordered the same thing each time, making their jobs easy. Plus, we tipped very well.

“Can we have a tall stack of regular pancakes, please, Mary?” Kimo asked her. “We’re going to need some more apple chicken sausage, another

coffee, oh and some more coconut syrup, please.”

She hurried away. The place was packed, but I was too busy playing footsies with my husband to pay too much attention to the people standing in line waiting for tables.

“It’s Five Gold Rings today.” Kimo’s eyes bored into mine. You got anything special planned, oh sexy one?”

“Of course I do. Do you know me at all, Kimo?”

He burst into laughter then. “Can you tell me what involves?” His hands were on my thighs. I would have sold every last state secret if I’d been a spy.

“It...ah...it involves a Farmers Market stop and then home.” Man, I could not think straight.

He took pity on me, removing those hands from me. “You and me at home naked, eating great food, having great sex. And five gold rings.”

Mary chose that moment to put our order on the table. She shook her head and hurried away to the next table.

Kimo’s hands were back on me now. “Naked, as in all day?”

“We have the house to ourselves,” I reminded him feeding him some hot pancakes smothered in coconut syrup.

“*Lopaka*, these days of Christmas just keep getting better and better. You’re better than Santa Claus.”

“That’s because I’m your ho ho ho.”
Kimo threw his head back and laughed.

* * * *

We hit the Hilo Farmers Market on the corner of *Kamehameha* and *Mamo* Streets nice and early since we’d been up and at ‘em since dawn. Kimo and I were in the same space, happy and well-fed and looking forward to getting down and dirty back home. We loved shopping here since everything was fresh and organically grown. It was a matter of pride on the Big Island that the volcanic soil allowed fertile growing without the use of pesticides. We went straight to the fish guy who greeted us like family.

“I got fresh *opakapaka*, red snapper.” He pointed to a big wooden tray. “And this *ahi*, yellowfin tuna is smokin’ it’s so good.”

“We’ll take all the *opakapaka* and a pound of the *ahi*,” my husband said. We had a routine. We paid and darted off to the fruit and vegetable stand while the fisherman told the next people, “Ah sorry. The *opakapaka* all gone. The two dancers snapped it all up. Get it? Ha, ha, ha! It’s snapper and they snapped it up?”

The shoppers didn’t think it was so funny.

At the fruit stand we liked best, a mother and daughter team lit up when they saw us. “We got

your favorites," they told us. "Apple bananas and these ice cream bananas here taste just like vanilla." We bought two bunches of each.

We sampled avocado, mangoes and cherimoya, buying some of each. *Tutu* adored rambutan, those furry Chinese fruits so we bought some for her.

At the vegetable truck, where literally an old Chinese couple sold their wares from out the back of their station wagon, we bought daikon radishes, Chinese ferns which we loved with chicken and fish dishes, tiny, purple eggplants, bunches of basil and sweet Hawaiian peppers. Another couple from the *Waipio* valley sold us sweet, very sweet baby cucumbers and Peruvian sweet potatoes.

We hit the *malasadas* truck for fresh no-hole donuts, Portuguese sweet bread and even some Portuguese sausage. On our way out, we bought a Christmas fruit cake from an English couple who gave us samples of three kinds. We picked the one with tons of island fruit, including spicy, crystallized ginger.

Kimo and I paused at another truck and bought a cluster of fresh, fragrant ginger, already salivating over having that with our fish for dinner.

My husband stopped when he saw the Christmas trees being unloaded from a massive U-

Haul. "Lopaka, would you like a Christmas tree?"

I had been hankering for one ever since Thanksgiving, but Kimo had been so down on Christmas, I hadn't pushed the issue.

"Look, darling." He was so happy. "This one is perfect. It's a happy tree." He saw the look on my face and beamed. "You like it too, huh?"

He went crazy buying Christmas garland and holly berries and the tree guy hauled our tree to the back of Sammy's pickup.

"Now it's Christmas." My husband gave me a long, wet kiss.

"Home, darling," I screamed as we roared along the road back to the Forty-One Highway and down to Saddle Road. "I know I've just eaten, but I'm still hungry."

"What did you have in mind?" he asked me, as if he didn't know.

"I need your cock, Kimo."

"It's all yours. Let me find a nice place to pull over. You know I can't think when I've got your mouth on me."

I grinned. I loved having that effect on my gorgeous hunk of lava man.

Giving him head in Sammy's truck wasn't easy, but the thrill of getting caught by cops, other motorists or God forbid, the US Army, was kind of an extra thrill.

Kimo's cock filled my mouth, but I pulled off

him, earning a shout of protest. "Maybe it would be a good idea to give you this." I rummaged through my backpack and produced a square, red velvet covered box.

"What is it?" His eyes were burning now.

I just smiled and he opened it, staring at five beautiful gold rings, joined together by a band with our initials on it.

"It's too big to be another wedding ring and too small to be a bracelet."

"They're cock rings." I grinned as my husband went mad.

"Oh God...put them on me. Put them on me, baby. You tied me off with the scarf a couple of times, but never...oh...oh that's tight."

"It's supposed to be. You feel okay?"

"I feel like if I don't come in your mouth right this second I'll drag you to the side of the road and rape you."

"Mmm...Kimo, that sounds sexy, but I want you in my mouth."

He was jumping all over the place trying to get me to suck him back down my throat. His whole body trembled with what I was doing to this one special part of his body. I felt his ball sac pull up in my hand. I felt him tense and I heard his sharp intake of breath as my tongue went into the slit of his cock and, with a roar, my husband came. And came. The intensity of his release, the sheer

pleasure he was experiencing actually sent him into a dead faint.

When he came to, a few seconds later, he looked at me. "That... that was unbelievable. *Lopaka Wilder*, you are a bad man."

I laughed and he nuzzled my neck, dragging me into the back seat. "What we are about to do might get us arrested, but I want you to wear these rings. I want you to fuck me. I want you to come as hard as you made me come."

"Anything you say."

Kimo took my face in his hands. "I love you. And your naughty golden rings."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Tutu rushed into our bedroom very early the next morning and woke us. We'd spent the entire day in the living room with our incredible Christmas tree. Naked with nothing but our wedding rings and the five golden rings, we'd had a rapturous day, putting the rings away for another day after we both passed out—twice.

The whole house smelled of Christmas tree and she was so happy with the way we'd decorated the mantel piece with holly and garland and she kept running back and forth.

We were practically unconscious.

"What's the matter with you boys?" she asked.

"Lopaka tried to kill me."

"He did? How?"

"I gave him the five gold rings and..."

"Oh my God. You're only supposed to use them *once* a day, sparingly." Tutu looked shocked.

Kimo laughed. "Now she tells me."

"You didn't mention that, grandma." I looked

at Kimo anxiously. "Did I break my toys?"

"No. I didn't break mine, did I?"

"They're fine. Just resting."

"How many times did you use them?" *Tutu* asked us.

Kimo and I looked at each other and laughed again.

"Four times," I admitted.

My grandma almost fell over. "It's day six. Six geese a laying. Tonight. Remember?"

"I hadn't forgotten," I pouted.

"If it's tonight, we have plenty of time to recuperate." Kimo pulled me to him, throwing his leg over me again.

"But I'm making breakfast," *Tutu* said.

"The nightingales haven't started singing yet," Kimo mumbled into my shoulder. "We don't get out of bed until those pesky critters sing."

As if on cue, the braying started.

Kimo and I groaned and *Tutu* cackled, running off to the kitchen to start breakfast.

"So what is it we're doing for six geese a laying?" he asked me.

"Something we've never done before."

"Yeah, what's that?"

"You'll just have to wait and see. And don't try and read my mind. I'm sending you false images."

"I can see that." He sounded huffy. "I keep seeing images of *Tutu* waterskiing naked. God

help me, darling, your mean streak's really showing."

In the kitchen, *Tutu* was squealing and we heard her slap somebody, obviously Sammy. "Stop that," she was saying.

Kimo looked at me. "On the plus side, I guess she's a good indication you'll never get tired of wanting sex."

"No, I never will."

"Mmmm..." He went right back to sleep.

* * * *

What finally dragged us out of bed was that grandma was making an awful lot of noise in the kitchen.

She was upset.

Kimo tried to calm me saying it was probably nothing, but we put on *pireau* and found her thumping around innocent pots and pans. The house smelled wonderful, but it was cold.

We'd used the last of the wood in the fire place, making love in front of it the entire day before.

"I can make a fire with my hands of course," Kimo offered. "But it won't smell like wood burning." He slipped outside and grandma and I watched breathlessly as that incredible hulk attacked the woodpile on the side of the house, chopping wood with an axe, looking like an

ancient Hawaiian. He looked up to find four admiring eyes on him and smiled.

"He's a mighty fine specimen, isn't he?" *Tutu* sighed.

"The mightiest." I put my arm around her. "Want to tell me why you've been crying?"

She bit her lip.

"Darling." I kissed her face. "It's better you tell me. I might get upset, but I can't turn Sammy into useful household objects."

Wait. It was Kimo's voice in my head. I looked outside the window and his eyes were on me.

"You communicate telepathically now?" *Tutu* asked me.

"It started yesterday." For a moment, her eyes brightened.

"What's going on?" Kimo came into the house, dropping wood into the fireplace and stacking some in the storage box beside it.

"That old poop Sammy made grandma cry," I blurted out.

"What did he say exactly?" Kimo flicked his hand at the logs and they burst into flames. For a moment, we all contemplated the flames.

Outside, wind and rain started lashing the windows, even though the sky was blue. A tropical snow storm, we called it in the islands.

"His granddaughter is pregnant," *Tutu* sniffed.

"Well, that's nice." Kimo was standing now.

looking at her.

"No, it's not. He thinks she's something special because she's gonna give him a great grandchild."

"Well, it is his first, isn't it?" Kimo asked.

Tutu sniffed. "I had a dream last night and I dreamed you and my *Lopaka* had twins and when I woke him and told him, that man laughed at me. He said I would be waiting a very long time before you could give me babies."

"The nerve!" I fumed as grandma started to bawl. Her tears set me off and Kimo put his arms around both of us.

He took us the living chairs and made us sit down. He wiped our eyes. "You had the vision too?" he asked her.

Grandma stopped sniveling. "Yes. Wait...you said it was a vision?"

"We had it too." Kimo's was quiet. "And last night..."

"Did the *pu'eo* come while you were in the crater?" she asked quickly.

"Yes," we said in unison.

"You did ask for babies, I hope." *Tutu* was so anxious, it practically broke my heart.

"The three of us here, this is a sealed circle." Kimo took both our hands and, holding them to his face, kissed them. "What is discussed here, remains between the three of us only."

"I wouldn't tell anything to that old poop."

Tutu's fire was back now.

"No. She's not even going to see him anymore. You're going to turn him into a toad," I told Kimo.

"*Lopaka*," my husband gently chided me. "What happened to that romantic man I married? She loves that old poop...I mean, Sammy. Listen to me, he is the greatest midwife on the islands. Of course he's excited about delivering his own great grandchild. He has no idea how long it will take for us to get pregnant. And *Tutu* we are going to rely on you to find somebody for us. A...surrogate."

Tutu was excited now. "Of course!" She looked anxious. "You did ask the owls for babies, didn't you?"

"Yes." Kimo nodded. "I said I want *Lopaka* to be the mother of my children."

"Then it is written." *Tutu's* face looked dreamy.

"Believe me, I'll keep trying to knock him up, but in the meantime, you find somebody for us." Kimo smiled now. "And if she happens to look anything like *Lopaka*, that would be an extra bonus."

"A baby mama!" *Tutu* clapped her hands.

"I don't care what we have to pay her, but I am not going to fuck her," Kimo said.

"Of course not," grandma looked affronted. "That's what turkey basters are for."

Kimo and I roared with laughter. Suddenly

Kimo stopped. "Your paramour is here, I can hear his footsteps. Now be nice, both of you. We need him to deliver our babies."

There was a knock on the door. Kimo went to answer it. He turned suddenly and looked at us both. "And leave the subject of our children to me. I'll deal with Sammy myself."

"I still say you should turn him into a toad," I muttered and felt guilty when Sammy rushed in brandishing the most magnificent heart-shaped wreath I had ever seen in my life. It was a mass of fresh red roses and it was fragrant and very, very beautiful.

"I bought it for our front door. I thought it would be perfect, a wreath of love for a house of love...oh...say, now *that's* a Christmas tree." He looked bashful now.

"Oh, Sammy," *Tutu* gushed and threw herself into his open arms.

* * * *

A house of love. We had a long, leisurely lunch with Sammy and *Tutu* and when Sammy said we had to decorate the tree, we couldn't just leave it bare, Kimo resisted at first, but we all drove to the Kona shopping mall and went berserk buying tree lights and ornaments.

Kimo and I found a box of glass hula dancers

and, when we came home, we played Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra Christmas carols on the I-pod, covering the tree until it shone with glass and glimmer.

When Kimo plugged in the lights for the first time, a group of tourists out in a boat saw the lights and waved. We waved back.

"Aloha! Aloha!" *Tutu* and I shouted.

A-looooooha!" they shouted back and the four of us laughed.

"*Fly me to the Moon...*"

"That's our song." Kimo pulled me to him so I could dance in his arms. I stood with my feet on his so our heads touched and Sammy and *Tutu* danced beside us and when the song was over, we retired to our bedroom. I could hear *Tutu* giggling and we shut the door.

"I'll run a bath," I said. We were getting our sexual stamina back, judging by the raging hard-ons we both had now.

"That's a great idea, baby." Kimo opened the closet before I could stop him. "What is this?" he asked me. His long, lovely fingers were on the suit bag I thought I'd hidden in the closet.

"It's for our date tonight," I sighed, going into the bathroom and pouring nice smelling oils and bubbly stuff into the running bath.

"Oh, *Lopaka*." I came out to find him fingering the charcoal colored suit I'd bought for him with

the matching shirt. "This is exquisite."

"I'm glad you like it." I watched him take out the suit behind it. Slightly smaller and black, it had a red shirt with it.

"You are going to look really hot in this." He grinned at me. "Is this for tonight?"

I nodded.

"You've blocked me perfectly, not that I'm trying too hard to read your mind right now. I'm finding I like your little surprises. But I keep seeing lights and people and I hear loud music."

"Do you now?" He didn't know the half of it. I was taking my horny love god to a sex club. Not only had he never been to one, he probably didn't even know they existed.

I took him by the hand and we climbed into the bath. We adored bathing one another, but for me, washing Kimo's hair was a positively sensual experience. As a *kahuna's* wife, part of my job was to make sure his hair never got into the wrong hands. His hair, finger and toe nails were considered magical and potent. In the hands of one who wished to harm him, they were dangerous weapons.

In the hands of an enemy, they could be used to control, injure or even kill the *kahuna* and even his loved ones.

For centuries, the spouses of *kahuna* had to dispose of these things effectively. It had become

my proud job to protect Kimo, a job *Tutu* always helped me with. Now as I sat behind Kimo, my legs wrapped around him, I massaged his scalp, combing through his hair with my fingers.

“Nobody ever touched me the way you do,” he said. “My ex wife...”

I hated when he talked about her. She had a female lover and Kimo had given her practically everything in their divorce. I encouraged him not to contest the ridiculously high monthly alimony payments she demanded, I just wanted him.

But it galled me how little she did for him when they were together. For years she’d cheated on him and he’d tolerated it, living a separate life. I still didn’t know how she could ever keep her hands off him.

“Oh, *Lopaka*...I didn’t mean to talk about her.” He turned around now and his face was on mine, his hands all over me. “I don’t want to regret the past, because I believe it all had a purpose, but every minute of every day, I thank God and I thank Goddess *Pele* for finally sending me you.”

He was on his knees and he was kissing me. He slid his hands underneath my ass and lifted my cock to his face. God, watching him suck my cock was as near to a religious experience as I’d ever had. He took such pleasure in doing it and it was one of the things that had led me to come up with my sexy idea for Six Geese a Laying.

"A-ha!" He took his hot mouth off me. "It involves cock sucking!"

I shook my head. "I'm not saying a word."

He chuckled and bent his head again as his mouth worked over my shaft, his long tongue moving back to the head of my cock. For a man who had never been anywhere near another man's dick before I met him, he'd turned out to be the best, most talented lover I'd ever had.

Kimo knew I was close, but he didn't want me to touch him. "Just come for me, baby. Please come for me. I need to taste you."

He bathed my cock head with his long, wet tongue, taking me back into his mouth again and I watched myself disappear down his throat. He began humming, the vibration shooting straight through me sending me over the top, coming into his insistent, sucking mouth.

"Mmm...you taste like warm eggnog." He licked the head of my cock even though it was crazy-sensitive. He had a real ownership issue, my fine hunk of a husband. "I've been thinking. *Lopaka*, maybe we should invite my parents to Christmas dinner. God...look at your nipples. When you come, they always stick out like that, and they drive me wild."

He bent his head and suckled on me and I went berserk, trying to get his cock inside me. "Put me in you."

I gasped with sheer pleasure when I had him back inside me for the first time all day.

* * * *

“Wowee.” *Tutu* was admiring our new suits. “You both look so handsome.”

Kimo’s long hair was brushed out and it gleamed in the light of the Christmas tree.

I handed *Tutu* the package of his hair and nails and she slipped it into her pocket.

“Come here.” Kimo held us in his arms. “I love you both so much.”

“Mmm...we love you too,” I said and we each kissed a cheek. “Cop a feel grandma. Does my husband have the most gorgeous ass in the world, or what?”

“It’s damned gorgeous. That’s a baby-making ass, that is.” She patted my husband’s rump, making him laugh.

“Do we have to leave our Christmas tree?” Kimo asked, but I assured him we would have plenty of time to enjoy it.

“Send Sammy right back,” *Tutu* whispered to me. “I made a little dinner for two for me and him. I know you two have a hot night planned. Have fun!” Her eyes sparkled and then Sammy was waving to us from the beachfront.

“Our chariot awaits,” I told my smiling

husband. We ran outside and he was delighted to see Sammy in his speedboat. Kimo held my hand, helping me inside and we were quickly off with a splash of waves and the three of us gulped at that delicious, cool night air.

We rounded three bays and up ahead there were lights. Kimo's eyes took it all in as Sammy dropped us off at the jetty. Other couples were getting out of boats, too.

"You'll be able to get home okay?" Sammy asked us.

"Absolutely," I said. "And thank you, Sammy."

Kimo and I gave him hugs and we walked hand in hand, towards the Hilton Village ahead of us. *Tutu* and I had handpicked the room I'd booked for me and Kimo. We arrived at the entrance of Donatoni's and the Maitre D' smiled when he saw me.

"Mr. Wilder, how lovely to see you again. I want to thank you for the show tickets. My wife and I loved it. Loved it! Your room is ready, if you'd like to follow me?"

Kimo kept his arm around me, his hand at the small of my back. He looked like a King, a great Hawaiian King and I loved the admiring, sometimes fearful looks people gave my husband. We passed many elegant private rooms, obviously intended for romantic meals for two.

"Oh!" Kimo's face shone when we reached the

room we were to enjoy for our supper. "Oh, *Lopaka*, it's beautiful."

The table for two was already set with champagne and caviar. It was a treat we rarely allowed ourselves, but tonight we were having a feast of all the senses. A fireplace beside us licked away happily and we toasted each other, looking out at the blanket of sea and stars.

This was the *Kohala* coast. Kimo assembled a blini with some caviar and a dollop of sour cream, popping it into my mouth. He reached across the table and kissed me, taking some of it back. I'd already chosen our menu and, as my husband poured us more champagne, our waiter bustled in with a lobster and a tureen of hot butter sauce.

We were not the types to boil any animal alive and I had asked for our lobster to be killed humanely. I wanted him frozen first and then boiled. Kimo loved lobster, one of the few guilty pleasures we considered a major Sex Food Group.

I dipped a piece of lobster in the butter and fed it to my husband who licked my fingers in a lascivious way. We had so much fun feeding each other and finishing that whole bottle of champagne. Kimo looked at me. "I need to be alone, naked in a bed with you. Can't we just book a room for a couple of hours, or just stay here for the night?"

"No darling." I looked up to see the waiter

bringing us the check.

"Your limousine is here, sir." Kimo's face burst into a sunshine of smiles.

We paid quickly and left that stunning restaurant. Outside, a long black limo was waiting and the driver greeted us, holding the door open for us. Inside, there was more champagne.

"You're spoiling me." Kimo held me to him. "I want to fuck you...God, I've always wanted to fuck you in a limousine."

"Darling, no. Not yet. You can fuck me on our way home. I would never deny you anything, but I've got something really special planned. If you wait, you'll come really, really hard."

"I always come hard for you." When I didn't budge, he frowned. "Am I allowed to kiss you?"

"You'd better!" I was thrilled when he gave me the most indecent kiss one man ever gave another man fully clothed.

We had to rearrange ourselves as we pulled up in front of the sleek black building at the edge of the road filled with luxury hotels and boutique shops.

Our driver opened the door. "I'll be out here waiting for you."

"Thank you," I told him and Kimo and I climbed out of the car and the door to the club opened.

Ricky Sweet, one of the male hula dancers from

our show opened the door and Kimo and I greeted him. Kimo was surprised to see Ricky, I was not. Ricky had helped me organize my surprise for Kimo and he wished us a Merry Christmas.

“Put these VIP wrist bands on. Have fun! Armand will show you the way.”

We walked into a dense, dark, sexy, exotic space.

Naked men danced in cages, naked and half naked men were walking around, they were dancing with other men and Kimo gaped at the threesomes and foursomes going on in rooms to our left and right.

His eyes were like orbs and I almost laughed, until a big burly guy with cropped gray hair came to greet us.

“Lopaka?”

“Yes.”

“This way.” He gestured with his left hand. He took us into an elevator and we rose two floors and came out onto a series of doors.

“Number six. Merry Christmas!”

I told Kimo to open the door and we walked into a room with a round banquette in it and glass on three sides. We sat on the banquette and I started undressing Kimo who hadn't quite finished getting my clothes off when suddenly, the windows were lit up and my husband's jaw dropped.

Six incredibly huge, hung guys, two of them body builders from the gym where we sometimes trained, walked naked towards chairs and sat in them as six more naked men came and knelt before them.

In a superb display of synchronized cock-sucking, the six kneeling men started working on the big, beefy dudes and I threw myself on the floor, in a panic to get my husband's pants off.

He was leaking pre-cum all over my face and fingers. He was torn between watching me and watching the show. I was anxious to get his fine meat in my mouth and Kimo moaned. "They can't see us?" he asked.

"No baby." I came off his cock for a moment. "Are you sorry about that?"

"Hell no. I don't want any man coveting the best cock sucker in the business. Lopaka...this is so hot. I can hear the sounds they're making. Those are some big muscle men getting some really intense action. *Oh baby.*" He held my head to his cock and he fucked my face, coming with two or three of the other guys in the room. "Six geese a laying," my husband laughed. "I love it."

He gasped when all the cock suckers stood up and bent over the chairs. Despite having just come, all the guys who'd just been sucked had huge erections, just looking for homes. "Oh, *Lopaka.*"

I got on the banquette, face down and my husband pulled down my pants, watching the way those big guys tore into the hot, heaving asses over those chairs and my husband rammed into me, fucking me as he watched and listened to the action on the other side of the glass.

The curtain dropped down again when the last guy had come and we lay, my husband imbedded in me and he kissed my back and shoulders.

“I want to go home and I want you on your back in that limousine. I want to fuck you with that driver going crazy knowing he can’t have you.”

“Okay,” I said.

Kimo took himself out of me, turned me over. “Tonight’s gonna be a hard act to follow, lover man.”

I just smiled as he took me in his arms and kissed me, once again, as always, sending my spirit straight to the moon.

CHAPTER EIGHT

We were out of bed and out of the house on the seventh day of Christmas before it was even light. Dressed in shorts, thick sweaters and flip flops, we walked hand in hand along the breakfront.

Kimo was carrying the bag with our wet suits, but he wasn't allowed to look in the bag yet. Knowing him, he probably had ex-ray vision along with all his other gifts and he'd see right through it.

I wanted to take Kimo to meet my friend, *Nunu*, who was going to take us on a very special swim, a dolphin swim.

We met *Nunu* at his house about a mile from ours and we arrived energized by our brisk walk and lots and lots of kisses.

"You took your time." *Nunu* scratched his chin. "I never saw two people take so long. I watched you from my kitchen window. Three steps forward, four steps back all that kissy-kissy stuff."

Kimo laughed. He liked *Nunu* straight away. What wasn't to like? He was eighty years old with the body of a twenty year old, looked like Santa Claus, dressed in long red shorts and he was a shark guy, just like Kimo. *Nunu* handed us hot mugs of fresh Kona coffee and thick slabs of hot buttered Hawaiian bread.

Nunu was married to a woman who was eighty two. They met over the internet and he called her his older woman. It was love at first sight. Funny thing was they'd crossed paths all their lives, yet never met.

Noni. Yes *Nunu* and *Noni* ran boat tours and it was my grandma who befriended them first. They had come to see our shows and we got talking and now, they were taking us to swim with a pod of dolphins.

She was hugging me now and got very shy when I introduced Kimo. Until we got married, we'd kept our relationship very low-key. We hadn't been married that long, but Kimo was getting inundated by my many friends, not that he ever complained.

I could tell he and *Noni* liked each other. She looked like a female *Nunu* and she kept saying, "A fine catch you got there, *Lopaka*," and I couldn't hide my smug smile.

We went to the bedroom to change into our wet suits and molested each other, just a little.

Kimo's face was aflame with joy and impatience as the four of us huddled against the cold spray of their small speed boat.

"Did he tell you where we're going?" Noni shouted over the roar of the motor.

"No, he's very secretive this morning," Kimo shouted back. "But my guess it's something to do with the ocean."

For some reason that struck us all as ridiculously funny.

It didn't take long to reach the shoals where I now saw a pod of spinner dolphins playing in the deep water.

Kimo's head spun in my direction. "We're swimming with wild dolphins?"

"They're not swans, but we're guaranteed at least seven." I melted when I saw the tears in his eyes. *Dolphins!*

We stopped by the pod and Kimo and I slipped into the frigid waters feeding the very sociable dolphins fish from a bucket.

We swam along with some who were intrigued by us. Others wanted nothing to do with us. One was very happy to see us however.

"That's Bucky and he likes his teeth to be rubbed," *Nunu* told us.

"Really?" Kimo looked enchanted. Bucky opened his mouth and Kimo instantly rubbed his teeth with the palm of his hand.

“They’re round like pebbles!” Kimo exclaimed. “Ooh, and his tongue is rough, like a cat’s.” Bucky snorted at him and swam away.

Kimo laughed and swam after him. Bucky stayed away and when Kimo gave up, Bucky came back and bucked him!

“That’s how he got the name.” *Nunu* chuckled as Kimo laughed and fed Bucky another fish. “He likes to be chased.”

I watched Kimo swim and chase, swim and chase and a dolphin came up to me and I touched her fin. It felt like rubber, her skin like silk. She was lovely.

“That’s Pearl.” *Nunu* made kissing sounds to her. “She’s a real little doll.”

Pearl did not feel real, yet when I looked in her fathomless eyes, I felt her power and beauty and then Kimo joined us.

“Hold on to her fin,” *Nunu* said. “She’s a diver.”

“We’re allowed?” Kimo asked.

“These dolphins want to play with you. If they didn’t want to visit you, they’d be gone. *Lopaka* said you’re special and all the super-friendly ones are here.”

We held onto her fin and she plunged to the depths. She moved so fast we couldn’t believe it, then she turned around and around, playing with us until we had to come back to the surface to

breathe.

Pearl berated us for being landlubbers. We swam beside her and she took off to the deep again, but this time she was gone.

"She broke up with me!" Kimo sputtered when we came back to the top. Bucky was back and he gave Kimo a shove.

Kimo laughed so hard he swallowed more water. We puttered around with Bucky and a few of the others, but Pearl seemed to have sent a signal and they all vanished en masse.

"Sharks!" Kimo greeted them with a morning chant. The three sharks circled us and then they were gone.

"They were beautiful," *Nunu* said. "Pity they sent our buddies away."

"We had a wonderful visit." Kimo climbed back into the boat and pulling me on board. "Thank you, all of you."

Kimo sat back on the white leatherette seat, his arms around me. *Nunu* and *Noni* looked at us—they knew it was hard to say goodbye to those beautiful creatures.

"As long as I never have to say goodbye to you, I can live with anything." Kimo kissed the top of my head.

Back home after we'd showered and lay snuggling on our bed, Kimo said to me, "I hope we don't wipe every last dolphin off the face of

this planet before our children get to swim with them.”

“We won’t. I can see it, very clearly. You and the babies playing with Bucky.”

Kimo laughed and pulled me closer. “So, what’s on the menu sex-wise today?”

“Sorry, we’re out of sex right now.” I giggled when he growled.

“I don’t think so.” One very persuasive hand reached between my legs and he bent and took my left nipple into his mouth.

CHAPTER NINE

“Are you kidding me with this thing?”
“Shhh,” I said the next morning as eight adorable little girls on stage sang the “Eight Maids a Milking” section of the Twelve Days of Christmas.

My husband slouched in his seat, disappointment screaming from every pore. “Those costumes!” he fumed. “They look like our old living room curtains.”

“They *are* our old living room curtains.”

Kimo found his funny bone again and laughed.

Tutu and I were in heaven. She was sitting on the edge of her seat, her face pink with happiness. I’d been donating money to the school for years and once I met Kimo, he had doubled our donations and *Tutu* had been instrumental in organizing costumes for the Christmas play.

Bringing Kimo to the Volcano Elementary School was a dream come true for us. This was where I’d gone to school until grandma nabbed me a hula scholarship at the Bishop Estate’s

prestigious *Kamehameha* Schools at the age of seven.

The children were so awed by having a *Kumu Hula* of Kimo's stature sitting in the audience, they were flubbing their lines, stubbing each other's toes in the dance numbers and staring out at him in blind panic.

When the teeny tiny children came out in hula skirts, Kimo's petulance vanished. He was as charmed as the rest of the audience.

The school head mistress hurried over after the last number. "Kumu Wilder, is there any chance you could give us the closing prayer? It would mean so much to the children."

"It would be my pleasure." Kimo shot me a look of remorse. He got up on the stage and the children crowded around him as he stood up and chanted. I recognized it as the closing prayer from all our dance rehearsals and performances. He looked mighty fine in a well-cut suit, but just as mouthwatering in jeans and an Aloha shirt.

He was so regal up on that stage—I have no idea if he knew how much aloha, how much love everybody in that place had for him, but when the show was over and the children swarmed him, *Tutu* and I held hands, watching as he laughed and hugged each and every one of them.

I loved watching Kimo with children. He *adored* children. They naturally gravitated to him, rarely

showing an ounce of fear at his imposing appearance. He got a lot of attention from the single mothers, all batting their eyelids at him now.

He was the sun and I was just grateful to be one of the planets spinning around him.

"Kimo." He turned immediately towards me. I handed him the massive bag with the children's Christmas presents. *Tutu* and I had gone through the letters the children had written to Santa. They each had one toy from their list, plus \$100 gift cards to Macy's so that their parents could buy shoes and any other necessities.

"I love playing Santa." Kimo started calling the children's names one by one and handing them their gifts. The kids tore into everything and more than a few missed their gift cards at first, dropping them on the floor with their discarded wrappings.

"These are wonderful gifts." Kimo looked at me with gratitude.

There was one special boy Kimo had been treating since he'd lost his left arm to a shark. He'd had phantom pain and recurring nightmares.

Pono came over to me now and I hugged him.

"Kimo," I said again and his eyes went from my face to the little boy beside me and Kimo held his arms out to him.

Pono ran to him, Kimo's face igniting as he picked the little boy up and swung him around.

“You got your new arm!”

We had paid for his state of the art prosthesis and the rehabilitation and now he had a wonderful new arm that looked very real.

“I feel like Wolverine.” *Pono* giggled as *Kimo* put him back on the ground. “My arm has steel titanium in it!”

We all laughed and *Pono’s* grandmother and mother thanked us for everything. The other kids had stopped shunning *Pono*, but something about him tore at me. Kids can be so cruel and when I was a kid in the town of *Volcano*, my handicap was that my mother had abandoned me as a toddler and everyone knew it.

“*Pono’s* gift is still in the bag,” I told *Kimo* who rummaged until he found it.

“More gifts?” His mother was shaking her head. “You’ve given him so much already.

“*Kimo* and *Lopaka* love children,” *Tutu* told her.

Pono was ecstatic over his Hot Wheels, the only thing that had been on his list. He gave his mother the Macy’s gift card and she looked very happy.

“This is going to be a wonderful Christmas!” She clearly hated to tear her son away from *Kimo*.

“Amen to that,” *Kimo* said as we walked outside. “Darling, that was so lovely...I’m sorry I was grumpy at first. Do you forgive me?”

I laughed.

“It doesn’t bother you that I’m not perfect?”

"You're perfect. Absolutely perfect."

"Oh, my love, you're biased." He gave me an indulgent smile. "What's next? Is my family hungry?"

"When are we not hungry?" *Tutu* laughed.

"I know!" Kimo snapped his fingers. "Let's go to that restaurant right on the ice pond at Reeds Bay... what's it called? Seaside. We can get freshwater fish and I bet the pond is really pretty today."

"Well..." Grandma and I exchanged small looks.

"Out with it. What else have you two been up to?" Kimo dropped the empty bag into the trunk of the rental car.

"I told your parents we'd...er...have lunch with them today." *Tutu* looked worried now.

"My parents? Isn't Christmas enough time to be with them?"

"Boy, you are one Mr. Crankypants today aren't you?" *Tutu* glared at him.

"I love your parents," I said. This was a sore point for Kimo. When I first met him, he told me his parents were dead. It was a huge shock when they came backstage at one of our shows and introduced themselves to me.

Kimo was angry. "You love everybody, *Lopaka*."

"Doesn't he though?" *Tutu* dimpled. "*Lopaka*,

didn't you give this big baby any *huli huli* this morning?"

"Of course I did."

Tutu shrugged, choosing to ignore my husband's anger. But I couldn't get away from it. He didn't want to have lunch with his parents and he felt like we'd gone behind his back to arrange it.

A car rolled in beside us. It was Kimo's parents and they were all Christmas smiles and raindrops and roses and whiskers on kittens...and I wanted to cry.

Kimo's eyes narrowed. He was royally pissed. Kimo's mother and father were proud, pure Hawaiians, both immensely tall and Kimo Wilder senior is the spitting image of his son.

Tutu flicked me an unhappy glance and rushed forward to hug Mrs. Wilder, who had never told me to call her anything, but Mrs. Wilder. I loved her though because she gave birth to Kimo and I wouldn't have him without her. Besides, she seemed to accept me and that was important to me, because I wanted them to be happy for Kimo.

"My goodness, *Lopaka*." She laughed when I hugged her and didn't let her go. "Sorry we missed the show. How was it?"

"Kimo stole the show," I told her.

He was watching me and I couldn't read the expression on his face. When he was mad at me, it

was the most horrible feeling in the world. I felt lost at sea, as if he was sitting in the boat with a life preserver and he was refusing to throw it to me.

"I bet he did," Mrs. Wilder laughed.

"He said a beautiful prayer," I went on. "The children were just in awe of him."

"Oh, how nice."

It bewildered me when she dismissed anything Kimo did. I honestly think she took his brilliance for granted.

She turned to *Tutu* and the two women hugged each other. Mr. Wilder, who had already told me over and over to call him father, came over and hugged me.

"*Lopaka*, it's always nice to see you."

"*Makua*, father, we've missed you."

The two women plopped themselves on a kiddie bench in the weak winter sun and busied themselves chatting.

"*Lopaka*, I need to speak to you for a moment." Kimo yanked me by the hand up the slope, back towards the school.

"What's wrong?" I looked over my shoulder at our family members waiting for us.

He dragged me into an empty classroom. "Did you have to hug him like that?"

"Who?" I was stumped. "You mean your father?"

"Yes, my father."

"You're jealous of your father?"

"Well, he is a man and he looks like me...but he's not a Mr. Crankypants like me."

"That's true. Hmmm...I'll just go back and talk to him, shall I?"

"No!" He slammed me against the wall.

I looked at him and I wanted to run away.

"*Lopaka*, I can be such an ass and I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

"It's okay."

"What are you two doing?" Mrs. Wilder poked her head in the room.

"Mom, you need to give me five minutes alone with *Lopaka*." She removed her head and he flicked the classroom door shut. "You still think I'm perfect?" he asked me, one hand on my face, the other fumbling at the buttons on my jeans.

"No, you're not perfect." I pushed his hand away. I didn't want him like this.

He grunted. He got my jeans undone and pulled my cock out, God help me, I was rigid.

"Am I a little bit perfect?" he whispered in my ear.

"Not even close." I gasped as he lifted me up. I held on to the writing board on the wall for support as he got his precision work tool out of his pants.

He was asking me questions, but I couldn't

concentrate. When Kimo was making love to me, I couldn't see straight. I couldn't think straight. But now he wouldn't let me have that dick. I needed that dick.

"Do you forgive me?" he asked. "For being a jealous ass and for being mad at you when all you did was something beautiful?"

I let out a sob. "Yes, Kimo, please. I gotta have you inside me."

"Oh...you are going to have me inside you. I just have one more question."

"What is it?"

"You wanna get fucked here or on the floor?"

"Here's perfect."

"Ah...you said it. I'm perfect!"

"No I didn't. You haven't fucked me yet."

He was in me then, the two of us talking gibberish, Kimo seeking out my mouth and tongue as he thrust into me, then pulled completely out of me. Each second he was out of me was sheer torture, but each new entry was like sky rockets shooting us into orbit. When he came, he coaxed me into coming with him with that mystical, wonderful hand of his, his mouth on mine.

I was pinned to the wall, my greedy legs wrapped around him, pulling him into me and then we were gasping for air.

We were still coming when he whispered, "You

know what I'm maddest about?"

For a moment, I concentrated on breathing again. Our hearts beat in time together and he held my ass in his forceful hands, pulling me closer to him.

"I'm mad that you just don't get it. You think I'm the sun? *Lopaka*, you are my sun. I share you only because I have to. Everything and everyone else is just planets out there floating in space around us. Do you get that now or do I need to show you again?"

"You might need to show me again as soon as we're alone this afternoon."

"Mmmm..." He was kissing my throat. "I was kinda counting on that."

CHAPTER TEN

“This is my favorite day of all.” Kimo was in heaven. “Oh, *Lopaka*, this you have to do for me every day for the rest of our lives.”

Kimo was lying naked on our bed, watching me dance, just as naked, my naughty image reflected in nine mirrors placed all around our bedroom.

I was doing a complete strip tease for him to the Eartha Kitt song, *Santa Baby*. Wearing nothing now but a tiny red g-string with holly berries on the crotch, then Elvis Presley was informing Kimo it was gonna be a *Blue Christmas* without him.

Kimo laughed. “Get over here. I want to get those holly berries off you.” He stretched out one long arm.

“Not yet, darling. Don’t you want to see your Nine Ladies Dancing?”

“I suppose I should really, just to be polite.” He wore a sly grin, sitting up now, watching me as I ripped my g-string off at the side. I was now completely naked and my husband was licking his

lips, watching my cock and balls gyrate to Elvis in nine different mirrors.

Pointing to my hula-hooping, hip swaying cock, I talked over the wailing girl chorus. "See, darling, this is your lady and there are nine of them. They're your Nine Ladies Dancing!"

"Mmm...your cock and balls are my ladies. I love that code word for them. Bring them over here so I can show them how much I appreciate their...talent, their fine positioning and....unbelievable coordination."

But I kept swaying my hips and he got off that bed. Uh-oh. I recognized that look. Millions of cave girls saw that same look when their horny half-beast men wanted to drag them into caves.

Kimo stood behind me, his hands on my sides, sliding them down and moving them across my belly and down to my crotch. He started swaying with me, catching my cock in his hand on the back swing. The song over, he laughed when the next one was *Fly Me to the Moon*.

"You had to sneak that one into the mix, didn't you?" He picked me up and carried me back to our bed.

"I have an extra special surprise today."

Kimo dropped me on the bed and started mauling me. "What's that?"

"We have the whole house to ourselves. Grandma cooked us some *huli huli* chicken and

greens and she and your mom have gone Christmas shopping and then *Tutu's* got a hot date with Sammy."

The words hovered between us.

"So, if I was to want to see some more dancing ladies throughout the day..."

"They're yours to watch."

"...In any room of the house."

"You got it."

"And touch? I can touch them whenever I want?" He had that famished look in his eye again.

"They're yours to do as you see fit. However, I do have something I want to try on you first."

"Oh, what's that?" Kimo was fondling his ladies, making them feel very happy they stopped by for a visit with the horny hula *kahuna*.

"Ever tried the grapes of rapture?" I asked him.

"I don't believe so." His eyes glinted with the prospect of hot fun. "How does it work?"

"Like this." I got him onto his back and, out of a small ice bucket, I withdrew a bunch of frozen, seedless grapes. I told him to hold them near his crotch and he willingly complied. I started from his toes, licking and sucking his feet. I loved his feet, but as I moved up his ankles and licked the backs of his legs, I knew this was a spot he loved.

I reached up and bit off a grape. Kimo could watch everything I was doing either by looking

down or by watching me in one of the mirrors. I took that frozen grape between my teeth and grazed it along his inner thigh. And then I ate it.

Back to his ankles, I licked and sucked and kissed. I could see his raging erection waiting for me. But oh no. I'd mentioned *rapture*. Me and my nine ladies were going to give him rapture, and then some.

I bit off another grape and rolled it with my teeth up and over his knee and his legs opened. His skin smelled like warm honey, the way he always did when he was aroused. I stopped his fingers and hands and I grabbed another grape.

"Suck me," he hissed. "Please, *Lopaka*, you're killing me."

I rolled a fresh grape toward his crotch and Mr. Firepants jumped off the bed. Licking my way across the tattoo of the pig god *Kamapua'a*, the god I swore climbed into our bed many a night to have his fair share of me. I offered him a grape, but as I let it stroll over his forbidding tusks, I swallowed it.

Kimo's breathing was ragged now.

My tongue was chilly when I plunged it between my man's naked thighs. I was driving him crazy and his head tossed back and forth as I plucked another grape and let it do wild and wonderful things to his ass.

Kimo's face went slack.

Oh, he hadn't been kidding. He was about to come! I quickly moved the grapes aside and took his precious pole into my mouth and, as I sucked him, I shoved a frozen grape right up his ass, the home of his own dancing ladies, and he screamed, yes, *screamed* as he came.

"Lopaka!"

Me, I never talk with my mouth full, but I know a good meal when I get one, and I am a man who loves grapes for dessert.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

On the tenth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me a damned good morning ride and then I gave him a small box filled with ten brown colored M&M candies.

“What are these for?” he asked me. We’d had so much fun with fruit the day before he was still in raptures this morning.

“Well,” I told him, trying to get a better look at him, but it wasn’t easy since his cock was imbedded in me from behind and my ladies were still tucked in for the night in his other hand. “Right after breakfast, I’ll show you.”

Kimo and I got out of bed and threw on *pireau*. Like eager kids, ran to the tree to squeeze and shake every gift that had our names on them.

“Is it cheating if a corner of this gift paper accidentally gets open?” Kimo asked me.

“Yes it is.”

“You’re no fun.” He poked his tongue out at me. *Honestly*. “But it’s cheap gift paper. Accidents

happen.”

“Open this instead.” I pulled him to me, pointing to the knot on my *pireau*.

“Don’t mind if I do.” He stripped it from my body. “Oops.” He pointed out the window and his parents were walking along the beach outside our house.

I gave them a finger wave and Kimo and I fell about laughing.

“My mother may never get over it,” Kimo laughed, when we could finally talk in complete sentences.

“Well, she knows for sure my ass belongs to you.” I pointed to my bottom.

“Mmmm...Yes it does, doesn’t it.” He turned me around to take a look at his name marking me forever as his. “That always gets me hard.”

“Me too. Can you believe I’m hard again? I must be a secret exhibitionist.”

“I’d fuck you right here and now, but my parents are about to walk in.” Kimo looked mournful as I covered up again.

His parents walked in, the four of us looked at each other and suddenly, we all started laughing.

It unleashed some energy, that’s for sure.

Tutu came out of her room and she and Mrs. Wilder and I went to the kitchen to make a feast of guava French toast, sliced strawberries and honey dew melon, chicken apple sausage and *Tutu*

handed me a small piece of paper.

"You got it!" I exclaimed and *Tutu* grinned.

I carefully opened the rice paper that was folded three times and contained three tiny leaves. Tiny in stature, but they packed a fantastic sexual punch. Give one to your man and when he comes, he sees rainbows and pixies and stars and...well you get the idea. The other bonus is he wants to come *a lot*.

"Mrs. Wilder," I started to say.

"Please, call me mama. We're family now. And besides, I've seen you naked. No wonder my son is senseless over you." Her voice dropped. "Where did you get that tattoo? My husband wants me to get one."

Tutu and I glanced at one another. "It was part of Kimo's *huna* trial," *Tutu* told her. It was done to Kimo on his... you know... his doo-dah to humiliate him. But as you can see it backfired."

Mama just stared at us. "I had no idea what they did... what you went through." She was lost in thought for a moment.

"This leaf is the ultimate aphrodisiac," I said. "We're going to give it to our men with the sausages. Make sure your husband gets the whole leaf in one bite and er... well, put it this way, be prepared to be ravaged all day."

"Really?" she looked impressed. "But why should he have all the fun? Why can't I have one,

too?"

Grandma and I were natural pleasure-givers. We looked at each other and back at her.

Finally I spoke. "You suck his cock one hour after you feed him the leaf and you will be one happy *Mama*. I promise you."

"Really?" She looked much happier now.

We went back to the living room with our loaded trays and I found Kimo openly playing with the tornado lab *Tutu* and I had bought for our neighbor's son. Torn wrappings littered the floor.

"Look what I found, *Lopaka*. It's a tornado lab!"

"Yes, I can see that, darling, but it doesn't belong to you."

"Lemme play with it. I can make my own tornado using a remote control!"

What was it about boys and toys? "Have some sausage." I shoved it into his mouth and sat on his lap. He chewed thoughtfully, suddenly aware that his mother and my grandmother were doing the same thing with their men.

What did you give me?

On the tenth day of Christmas...

Don't sing at me!

Don't look at me in that tone of voice!

Kimo's expression changed and he laughed, picking up a glass of champagne and putting it to my lips. *How long before it works?*

*...my true love gave to me...ten lords a leaping...
Oh, you're a bad man.*

I laughed out loud and realized everybody was watching everybody.

"Did they slip us Mickeys?" Sammy suddenly asked.

"You slipped me a Mickey?" Kimo's dad looked at his wife in total astonishment.

"He gave it to me!" She pointed at me.

Man, that lady had a big mouth!

But then the leaf started working.

All three men started to fidget.

"I'm taking some food to our room," I told Kimo whose flushed face followed me.

Kimo's dad was nuzzling his wife's cleavage. Damn. Did Kimo miss nuzzling cleavage?

"Hurry!" Kimo was running to our bedroom.

When I got in there, he was pacing. "How can you even think I miss cleavage? I crave your cock twenty-four seven and it's only gotten worse." He lunged at me and I managed to get our breakfast tray on the floor without any spillage. I looked at the clock, checking the time. I had forty minutes before I could suck his cock and feel the effects he was feeling.

Kimo was giggling now as he lay on me, sucking and kissing me. "Have you ever noticed how pretty the colors in this room are?"

Man, that was some fast-acting shit! I'd slipped

it to him once before, but this must have been one hundred per cent grade A bionic stuff!

"*Lopaka.*" His nose pressed to my skin. "You smell like peaches. I love the way you smell."

Outside in the living room I could hear sounds of love and laughter. Lordy, I hoped our family members weren't out there having a foursome.

"So what is it that you gave me?"

"*Hene,*" I whispered as Kimo nuzzled my neck.

"Oh, rainbow potion. Wonderful! I love you, *Lopaka!*"

"I love you, too, Kimo."

"Can I have my M&Ms now?"

"Well, you're supposed to hide them on your body and I'm supposed to look for them, blindfolded and search for them only with my tongue."

Kimo laughed and laughed. "I don't think so. I got the munchies." He opened the box and all but one went into his mouth. "This one. This little itty bitty one, I'm going to put right on your willy. It's a beautiful willy. Did I ever tell you how much I love it '*paka?*'"

It took everything I had not to laugh. He put the almost melted chocolate drop on the head of my cock and started sucking.

Oh boy. He was in paroxysms of pleasure and he kept stopping to tell me how good it felt. It was like being in bed with Chatty Cathy.

I finally pushed him off me because I needed to suck his cock. I wanted to get as giddy and goofy as he was. I sucked and I sucked and he conducted an imaginary orchestra as he came in my always hungry mouth and I was relieved.

“That was extra groovy.” He was slurring his speech, staring at the ceiling. “Look *‘paka!* Now I know why you gave it to me today! I see *menehune*, the fairies. And they’re leaping everywhere!”

He started to laugh, pointing out the prancing, dancing little buggers.

But I couldn’t see a thing.

“There’s more than ten. There’s dozens and some of them are ugly!” He was hysterical now and all of a sudden I could feel it. “You don’t think they can see us, do you?” Kimo asked me. One of them blew him a raspberry which made us laugh and laugh.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Fly me...fly me...

Out in the living room the I-pod was stuck.

Kimo opened one eye. I could see it because we were lying head to toe and I was clutching onto his foot as if he was about to run off somewhere.

"What happened yesterday?" Kimo asked.

"I can't remember."

"That was some strong-assed shit. I forget everything after seeing the hairy naked little fairies dancing for us."

I laughed. I didn't remember much after that.

"That *hene* got mixed with something wild. My guess is battery acid...my God. My parents ate it."

Fly me to the moon...

Somebody had fixed it.

Kimo was out of bed, *pireau* around his waist and I quickly followed him to the living room. *Tutu* and Sammy and Kimo's parents were preparing breakfast.

"Merry Christmas!" *Tutu* ran over to us.

"Christmas? It's Christmas?" we kept saying.

"We lost a day." Mama lifted her hands. "I'm sure I had fun, but I can't remember a bloody thing."

"Neither can we." Kimo picked up a small parcel from under the tree. "Come on, let's get changed," he said to me.

"Just one minute." *Tutu* stopped us. "I know you two and your sense of time. No Hawaiian time today. We're having Christmas dinner at four o'clock. I want you at the table dressed and ready."

"Of course, *Tutu*," I said as Kimo pushed me back into our room. "What's going on?" I asked.

Kimo grinned. "I have a very special, very private present for you."

"For me?"

"Uh-huh."

"What is it?"

"Open it." I tore open the bright red packaging and found a beautiful gold ring. It had five diamonds imbedded around it and it was just the loveliest thing I had ever seen.

"Let me put it on you." Kimo put it on my wedding ring finger. It looked amazing next to my wedding band, my most prized earthly possession.

Kimo kissed my hand. "I have one more surprise."

"This ring....Kimo..."

"Oh, *Lopaka*, you've given me such a wonderful, wonderful life. And I want you to have diamonds, it bothers me not to see you wearing diamonds. I thought this was perfect because it's not flashy, but they're there and I think..."

There was a strange beeping sound.

"What's that?" I asked.

"The other part of my surprise."

He dragged me into the shower, but suddenly the room went dark and we were spinning. And spinning and spinning. We were going down. I clung to my husband and the shower stopped and we opened the shower stall and naked, we stepped onto a conveyer belt, stumbling a little as it sped up.

"Where are we going?" I asked him.

"You need to put this on." He handed me a blue suit with Velcro tabs. I pulled it over my legs and he touched my cock. "I hate saying goodbye to this, but it's only for a little while."

He got into a blue suit too and next thing I knew we were climbing into the front seat of what looked like of those old Gremlin cars from the 1970s.

The red car took off in a bumpy way. No wonder those rust buckets got such a bad reputation, I thought. It sputtered up a set of stone inclines and amazingly, we were launched into the

sky. Earth suddenly seemed very far away from us.

“Kimo... where are we going? What’s happening? Are we still drugged?”

“No, my darling. Hey, we lost a day, what were you going to do for day eleven and eleven pipers piping?”

“*Tutu* got us tickets to a gay drag review.”

Kimo stared at me. “Thank God we missed it.”

“I was going to suck your cock in a glory hole, Kimo.”

“A glory hole?”

“Yes, a private room with a hole, except you don’t know whose cock it is.”

“But you were going to suck mine?”

“Of course.”

He grinned. “You know how you keep singing *Fly Me to the Moon*, well, I thought, hey, why not?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I pulled some heavy spiritual strings, *Lopaka*. We’re going to the moon!”

“But we can’t go to the moon!” I gasped. “My grandma’s expecting us for Christmas dinner!”

“To the moon, *Lopaka*! Darling, I am all about dinner. I am all about... stuffing... hot meat... pounding pudding... we’ll be back in plenty of time.”

I laughed, giddily. I wasn’t sure it if was atmospheric pressure, Christmas joy... or both.

Pretty soon though, I was very short of breath.

"There's only one thing that fixes that," my husband's cock was out of his pants, swinging in my face.

"You sure about that?" I asked as he sought to get it into my vacant mouth. I heard his sigh as we made contact at last and I felt his eyes watching me, doing what he knows I love doing best.

For a moment, I came off him. "I don't know how you're going to top this next year."

I didn't want to mention that twelve very disappointed little drummer boys would be waiting for us at home, being the twelfth day of Christmas.

Kimo was frowning until I put his cock back where it belonged. "I'm going to try, darling." He stroked the hair from my face. "I'm going to try. Merry Christmas, darling."

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 her fridge and a healthy collection of Hawaiian records keep this writer refueled. A. J. loves male/male erotica, has a passion for all animals (especially the dog, the cat and the turtle). A. J. believes that love is a song best sung out loud.