

# The Forbidden Island



A. J. Llewellyn

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BY

A.J. LLEWELLYN

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The Forbidden Island  
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*To George Helm and Kimo Mitchell,  
two ultimate Hawaiian men lost at  
sea March 7, 1977. Me ke aloha Poina  
Ole ~ Warmest love, not forgotten.  
And of course, to Goddess Pele.*

# CHAPTER ONE

He rose from the high, glassy surf, negotiating the gigantic waves like some ancient Hawaiian sea god, his long black hair caught back in a ponytail. His naked body glistened in the morning sun, his powerful thigh muscles rippling with each stride towards the shore. His full attention however, was focused on a man cantering across the sand toward him on a magnificent, jet-black stallion.

The rider, clad only in white pants that clung to his lithe frame, wore a fishhook made of bone around his neck.

Hurricane Flossie had passed the Hawaiian Islands, leaving only big, warm waves and this brilliant morning sun. These two men had taken advantage of the exhilarating surf conditions at *Halona* Cove, just as we had. Only my roommate, Aloha and I, were still standing by our parked car on the road above them, surfboards in hand, watching these two men in love on that perfect, desolate curve of white sandy beach.

The naked man, well over six feet tall, was looking up, his face radiant as the rider gazed down at him, mesmerized by the awesome specimen reaching up to him.

"Johnny, tell me I'm not dreaming. Tell me he's real," Aloha whispered to me. "That is the sexiest man I have ever seen. And look at that cock. He's huge!"

The naked man swung easily over the top of the horse. There was no saddle, only a thick blanket between the two men and the horse. From where we stood, we could see the tattoos covering half of the naked man's body, down the entire right side as he exchanged a long, heated kiss with his lover.

Their passion transmitting itself to us. My breath caught as Aloha breathed, "Och, look at the way he's kissing him. That's so hot it makes me want to fuck." His British accent made it sound like *fook*.

"You always want to fuck." I was laughing now. We glanced back at the beach. The horse and its riders had vanished.

"Did you see that?" Aloha was running up and down the cliff's edge, but the two men were indeed gone. "They just disappeared."

I was not so surprised. I knew both men well. *Lopaka*, the man in white, had been my lover once. The sea god was Kimo, his partner for life.

"You know, I've seen that guy with the tattoos

before. He's a hula dancer. A famous one." Aloha sounded obsessed. "I think his name is Kimo Wilder."

"Yeah, I know."

Aloha turned to me. "I had no idea he's gay. Man, that was so hot."

"So let's go home and fuck." I took the words right out of his mouth.

"Not so fast." Aloha had a look of wildness in his eye. "They can't have disappeared. They have to be somewhere."

He ran down to the beach before I could utter a word of protest. I had no desire to catch up with *Lopaka* and Kimo. We'd had a bad parting of the ways after a disastrous attempt at a threesome that I never allowed myself to think about. But Aloha was loping down the rocky dunes above *Halona* Blowhole to the beach around the rocky curve. I followed him because wherever the lovers had escaped to, privacy was most certainly an issue. They believed they were alone on this leeward beach. They weren't trying to lure us into a foursome.

My next thought was, what the hell are they doing here on *Oahu*? They lived in *Maui*. I'd left *Maui* to escape the memory of them, the constant reminder that *Lopaka* had found the man of his dreams and I was a part of his past. No. I was worse than that. I was part of his *ancient*, fossilized

history. Thinking about *Lopaka* was like nursing an infected tooth. Sometimes I bit down on it by accident and the agony ripped through me.

And what were they doing on *my* side of the island?

Finding Aloha had been a godsend. He was the sexiest guy I'd been with, apart from *Lopaka*, but even that happened by accident. As I followed him, I studied his sexy bubble-butt, which looked so good in his burnt orange board shorts. If we found ourselves alone on the beach, I wouldn't have minded getting down and dirty ourselves.

Aloha, a handsome, thirty five year old *haole*, five years older than me, moved here from London as a college student and never left. We couldn't have been more different. I was five foot nine, a healthy mix of Japanese, Portuguese, Hawaiian and French. My mother used to call me her *halo-halo* boy, or fruit salad. I had a trim, compact body and Aloha was a handsome, solid, almost six-foot chunk of sexy, balding, British bulldog muscle, the result of lifting boxes, not working out at the gym.

"Och, there they are." He beckoned me over by some rocks at the end of the cove. "They're fucking!"

A hard lump formed in my throat. Kimo and *Lopaka* were lying entwined on the same pristine piece of sand made famous in the movie *From Here*



to Eternity. *Lopaka's* white pants had been discarded and flapped on the shore, their horse stamping a foot, but otherwise waiting patiently. Kimo's massive mast worked between *Lopaka's* open legs with the kind of uncontrolled lust Burt Lancaster would have fucked Deborah Kerr with if movie censorship in the 1950s hadn't been what it was.

We could hear their ecstatic moans from where we were, Kimo's body muscles taut with the effort of taking his man with such ferocity, alone down there on the beach.

"Doesn't look they want company." Aloha sounded depressed.

"No, it doesn't. C'mon, let's blow this Popsicle stand."

"What's with you this morning? Why'd you suddenly get so grumpy?"

"He's my ex and this isn't exactly pleasant for me."

Aloha was wide-eyed now. "The one with the tattoos?"

"The other one."

Aloha looked impressed. "Och, he's a tasty morsel, too."

"Yeah."

"Well, we could still have a surf, you know."

"Yeah. We could," I shrugged. "Or we could go home and play."

Aloha's mouth twitched into a smile. "I have another idea. Let's surf, then we go home and play."

We ran to the ocean with our boards and took turns taking waves, until Aloha dropped in on my wave, making me wipe out. He thought it was funny watching me tank, but I'd had enough. Gasping and coughing up buckets of water, I struggled back to the beach as Kimo came towards us astride his horse. He was wearing the long white pants now and he lifted his hand in greeting.

"Aloha." His voice was powerful, confident.

"Aloha," we responded.

Kimo's eyes were fixed on me. If looks could kill, I was pretty sure I'd be pushing up a fine patch of daisies by now.

"Where's *Lopaka*?" I asked.

His glower turned into an impish grin. He pointed to his groin and I could see now that two brown arms disappeared below the waistline of his pants. I could also see the huge, gleaming gold wedding band on his left hand.

Kimo's splendid tattoo work was even more fearsome than I'd remembered and I was sure there was new work on his face around his right eye and cutting down to his mouth. He was as powerful and commanding as I remembered.

"I can't keep my hands off him." *Lopaka's* face

appeared around Kimo's shoulder.

"You don't have to." Kimo's voice went soft.

Aloha jumped forward. "I'm Alex Granger, but people call me Aloha."

Kimo leaned down and shook his hand. "I know who you are. I've been wanting to talk to you."

"Um...really?"

"You're the music guy from the swap meet, right? We're looking for three traditional Hawaiian albums to play at our wedding next week. We've had a lot of trouble finding them, even on Ebay. Everybody says if you can't find them, nobody can."

"You're getting married?" I blurted out.

Kimo flicked an irritated look at me, then back at Aloha. "We *are* married. We had a small religious ceremony last month, but *Lopaka's* grandmother has her heart set on a big party. These albums are important to her. Will you be at the stall on Saturday?"

That would be the market stall he ran at the Aloha Stadium Swap Meet on Wednesdays and Saturdays, which was how he'd earned the nickname Aloha.

Aloha was falling all over himself with excitement. "Och, yes, I'll be there. Come by any time after eight. I'd be dead chuffed to help."

Kimo smiled at him. With a nod at us both, the

two men kept moving past us and I stole a look at their retreating backs. A naked *Lopaka* was wrapped around Kimo, his face buried in the nape of his neck. He didn't look back at us.

"Where do you reckon they're going?" Aloha, too, watched their progress.

We saw them curve up the hill towards the main road. I couldn't believe they were taking a horse along the *Kaiolane* Highway, with a naked *Lopaka* riding shotgun. This I had to see. Aloha and I ran with our boards back up to the street. They were cantering across the road at a moment when not a single car on the normally busy road was there.

"Now that's insane. Have you *ever* seen this street with no traffic?" Aloha stared at me.

I shrugged.

"Is there something...a wee bit spooky about that guy?"

I couldn't begin to explain Kimo to him.

"Does he have magic powers? I mean, he's...he's sexy as hell, but dangerous. Those tattoos...I reckon they're the real deal."

"Yeah." I couldn't tell him about the crazy experience I'd had with those two men. I'd never told a soul. Sometimes, when I did allow my mind to drift back to that single night with them, over a year ago, I still couldn't believe it actually happened.

"Well?" Aloha looked at me.

"You already know he's a great hula dancer. He's also a hula master and a powerful *kahuna*. A priest —"

"I know what a *kahuna* is."

"They also say he's a *kupuna*. A wise one. A keeper of ancient, secret knowledge."

"That explains the tattoos," Aloha nodded. "I wonder what albums they're after?" He stared off in the direction in which the two men had ridden. "And what the hell did you do to piss Thor off so badly?"

*Thor*. Not a bad description, god of thunder. Except his allegiance was to *Pele*, the goddess of fire. On second thoughts, perhaps a close relation to Thor. My evening with Kimo had been so filled with fire and magic, I'd even given up smoking, it had been so traumatic.

"I had a threesome with them." I was about to add, *but it ended badly*, when a smile of dirty delight flitted across Aloha's face.

"Wow. You three in bed? That's a best-selling porno movie right there."

I smiled. It could have been.

"Kimo fucked you?"

"He..." I was about to say, *he tried*, and, when I remembered the gargantuan dick he kept trying to shove into me, I could only feel sorry that he hadn't been able to fuck me fast enough. He'd

pounded *Lopaka* with it instead. With Aloha's sudden and real interest in this topic however, I didn't think it would hurt to lie. "He did." My eyes cast furtively around for a bolt of lightning from the sky to strike me dead.

"Any chance you can talk him into a threesome?"

My horrified look must have said it all.

"Nah, I didn't think so, hot boy." He leaned in and kissed me.

It was half an hour later when I caught my first glimpse of the man I came to call the sexy stranger.

Aloha had convinced me to take a run with him up *Nu'uaniu Pali* because its steep incline was the perfect cardio vascular exercise. Our plan was to finish with a quick swim at *Waikiki* Beach once we got back to the other end.

I saw him, this mysterious, sexy stranger, walking along the other side of the street. It wasn't his looks that attracted my attention at first. It was his clothing. I was sure he was a foreigner because he was wearing black jeans, tight black T-shirt, shoes and sunglasses and he was carrying a black sports coat over his shoulder.

That was overdressed for *Waikiki*.

He was tall, around six feet, had caramel-colored skin that spoke of a natural tan, black hair pulled into a short ponytail and a tight, muscular

body. As we got closer, I could see he had a few tattoos on both arms. They were tribal tattoos, but these were somehow not as intimidating as the ones adorning Kimo's body.

I could only imagine what the sexy stranger was packing behind the confident thrust of his hips. I put him in his late thirties, and as I watched his assured swagger, I was hooked. But as Aloha and I circled at the top of the *Pali* and ran back down, the sexy stranger was walking towards us and I got a good look at him.

My dick got hard. Man, he was gorgeous.

"Wow." Aloha sounded awed as we approached him. "Get a load of him."

I was starting to pant now, but not from physical exertion. As we crossed paths with the sexy stranger, I saw that he was holding two long stemmed red roses in his hand. He never even saw us ogling him as he turned off into the open black iron gates of *Nu'uaniu* Cemetery.

Now I was really intrigued. If he was coming to visit somebody here, how could he be a foreigner? Maybe he was back after a long visit some place else? I lost sight of him once we began the long descent downhill.

"If I ever get to fuck him," I told Aloha, "I promise to let you have a piece of him."

"If I ever get to fuck him, I'm keeping him to myself," he responded.

"I saw him first. His ass is mine. Hey, let's skip the swim and go home. I'm feeling kinda frisky."

Aloha threw up his hands. "Gonna need a rain check. I got some appointments lined up to buy stuff for the stall. I gotta get going, but I'll...ah...look forward to reaping the benefits of your horniness later though." He dropped a swift kiss on my mouth and ran off to his car, parked behind mine on the corner of Vineyard Avenue.

When I looked back at the cemetery, the handsome stranger was watching us. As soon as he knew I'd seen him, a small smile flashed across his lips and he turned back into the cemetery again.

As Aloha drove off, I completed my run down to the beach. The trade winds brought a scent of salt and expectation. An ocean swim to me was more than exercise. It was like an exorcism, each time I felt the sand and sea on my skin. It was still only seven thirty, the beach just coming to life. My favorite time in Hawaii. I was wearing board shorts, but shrugged off my running shoes and T-shirt, leaving them on the sand. Throwing myself into the ocean, I reveled in the sense of freedom it always gave me.

And then I noticed him. The sexy stranger. I had no idea how he'd gotten down to the beach so fast, but he was standing there, watching me. In one fluid movement, he strode towards my T-shirt



and picked it up, holding it to his nose. He smiled at me and walked back to the street with it. I laughed out loud. Wait 'til I told Aloha this story.

I didn't have to wait long. When I got home to the apartment Aloha and I shared in *Hawaii Kai*, an upscale residential neighborhood in the southwest corner of the island, he was lying in my bed, waiting for me.

*Hawaii Kai* had been Aloha's discovery. An ancient settlement of fishponds once belonging to the first King *Kamehameha*, most of the district was built around the ponds that were slowly being redeveloped after a century of abandonment.

"What took you so long?" he asked me, even though I was back at the usual time.

He had a sexy Cockney accent, a killer, cock-sucking mouth, a great mind, great body and a total lack of ambition. Aloha was sexy, cool and very laidback. His days were spent sleeping, eating and watching TV. He spent his evenings combing through people's basements for their dusty boxes of CDs and records.

A few weeks after I started renting a room from him, fucking me became part of Aloha's daily routine. Up until then, I wasn't even sure he was gay. He went with me to help me buy a new bed and we lay down together on several. By the time we'd hauled the best one home, we couldn't wait to try it out.

Now, a year later, there was no talk of love, no lifetime plans for us, but a sincere pleasure in gratifying one another. We played together often and occasionally brought other guys to our place to join us. Our arrangement was more than satisfactory.

Lately however, we seemed to be spending more and more time together, especially in my bedroom. Aloha's room was filled with boxes and CD towers. His permanent ads in various local papers for musical collections meant that his phone also rang off the hook.

My room had the great bed and was filled with huge, tranquil blue lava lamps, one the size of a large aquarium, giving the effect of being in water. I'd suspected that Aloha was developing feelings for me, which only made the sex more intense, even if all those feelings went unsaid, at my insistence.

"You want me to beg for it?" Aloha rolled over, his proud erection peeking over the edge of the sheet draped around his waist. He was in the middle of some deep reading—an *Archie* comic. "I was hoping you'd get home soon. Where's your T-shirt?"

"You're not going to believe this. I was swimming and that foreign dude walked right up to me at the beach and took my shirt. Can you believe it?"

"Och. He just walked off with it?"

"Yeah." I looked at that inviting cock and licked my lips. My fingers were teasing that delicious looking head that needed some urgent care.

"The bleedin' cheek of it! Did you follow him?"

"Hell no. What for?" I ran my fingers down his hard cock, reaching the huge balls that always got me excited. I didn't want to fall in love with Aloha. Love hurt. But his cock and balls were the closest thing to a drug for me. Not that I ever told him that.

He edged closer to me. "That was a come-on, laddie. You didn't fuck him?"

"No. I like what I see right here." I pulled down the sheet with a savage swipe, rewarding his morning salute with long licks. "This is what I call a come-on."

"Get over here."

His voice was husky as he drew me to him. I wanted to get back to his juicy pole, but Aloha flipped me on my back, tugging down my shorts. We'd come together out of a mutual need, out of a desire not to cruise the parks, to get laid whenever we wanted, without emotional attachment. Ours was as physical as it got.

"Och. Don't know what I was thinking passing up a chance to get at you. I can always buy CDs later."

"I'll come with you if you like." My fingers

stroked his closely cropped head. He knew I loved the feel of those manly bristles. He leaned forward and kissed me. He got between my legs and I spread them wider to accommodate his broad, muscular frame, my cock hardening now that he was looking at it in his usual sex-starved way.

"I don't know what to suck first, your hungry little ass or this cock," he said. "What do you think?"

With his British accent, ass came out as *arse*, driving me crazy. Just hearing him talk made me ready to fuck in an instant. Before I could answer him, his tongue was on my ass. He loved to eat me and often did it for hours. He always knew if I wanted a few hearty licks before he tore into me, or if I wanted his tongue in my ass all day long.

Now he kept licking, keeping up a slow, methodical, maddening pace. Normally, I would be screaming with joy that he was taking his time. But I was desperate for his cock now. I kept thinking about the stranger on the beach, that sly, quick smile and his mouth-watering ass as he walked away from me. Then I thought about *Lopaka* and I forced myself to stop. Only one thing would wipe him from my mind.

Aloha lifted his tongue off me. "Ready, *Liho*?"

Calling me *Liho*, Hawaiian for rare and precious, was something he only ever did when we were alone and, for some reason, always got us

both wound up. He couldn't wait either. Holding my hips down to keep me exactly where he wanted me, he sank his meaty cock right into me and I felt him lashing away at my tight ass. God, he was a great fuck. With the blistering pace he was keeping, it was hard to keep my hand on my cock.

"Stroke it *Liho*," he whispered. "Let me see how hard you come. You better come. I wanna see some juices, hot boy, come on, show me. That's it, oh...yeah." Then his own hand came down and took over.

I came before he did, hot cream frothing over his determined fist, sending him into a frenzy. Giving me his lovely, velvety tongue to suck, he came inside me, bearing down on me so that I felt the full weight of him. This was always my favorite moment, when he took complete possession of me and his grunts sounded like a prayer as he burst inside me.

"Och." His voice dripped like warm honey into my ear. "Your body would drive any man wild."

He stayed inside me because he knew I liked that, and to be honest, so did he. Aloha raised himself on one elbow, running his hands up and down my body.

"You came too quickly though."

"No." I rubbed my eyes. I was breathless as he moved in and out of me very slowly now. I was

anxious to keep his big dick inside me and I grabbed his ass to me.

"*Liho*, I'm not going anywhere. I'm gonna fuck you for as long as you want. We got all day. It's your day off, remember?"

"I'm supposed to be running errands."

"This is an errand. You're taking care of important business." He landed another kiss on my mouth. "I've a bad feeling about this guy...your T-shirt thief. You want him."

"Yeah, but so what? We've fucked other people together. It'll be fun."

"*Liho*, fucking you is a damned religious experience. It is not *fun*. I'm telling you, I got a bad feeling in me waters about this."

"Don't be ridiculous. Come on, forget about him, think about me," I urged.

"I am thinking about you. One taste of your cock and he'll wanna keep you in bed for days, just like I did. Just don't fall in love with him, okay?"

"Aloha, there is no danger of that. Now would you shut the fuck up and kiss me?"

"Did you just tell me to shut the fuck up?"

"Put your mouth to better use." He gave me his mouth then. We sucked at each other for long moments, the only sound in the world the two of us taking what we needed from each other. The intensity between us was unbelievable. He took

his mouth from mine and he was shaking. God, what was going on between us? He was taking hold of my cock again.

“I’m gonna feast on you.” His fingers were on my face. “Then I want you on your knees, so I can give you the cock you love and fuck you deep and hard with it, just the way you like.”

## CHAPTER TWO

My sexy stranger was there again the following day, wearing similar clothing, this time clutching a lei *ilima* in his hand. Now I was convinced he had some connection to the islands, because only a local, or a local at heart, would know that *ilima* was the flower of royalty. Once, the common people were severely punished for picking the yellow and red blossoms that carry no scent and do not last very long once they are strung together.

What set this flower apart from others was its fragility and gossamer thin petals. It took hundreds of *ilima* to make a single lei and the finished result was spectacular.

Now that we no longer had a Hawaiian monarchy and there was no longer a taboo on picking the flower, it was usually people with a knowledge of the flower's importance that selected it as a gesture of respect for the recipient.



These leis were about the most expensive you would find in one of the many lei shops down in Chinatown.

The stranger was looking in my direction, obviously aware I was staring at him. Hard to tell, since he was wearing shades again, but he was turning into the cemetery now. I wanted to see who he was going to visit. Maybe he needed comforting.

"Johnny boy," Aloha was saying. "He's checking you out."

I felt ridiculously happy until I saw Aloha's long face. "If you put a smile back on your face, I'll treat you to breakfast," I offered.

"Where?" He was determined to feel sorry for himself.

What a wuss. "How about Duke's? It's right on the beach."

"Since it's on your dime, okay. They have live music and they've also got a nice loo if we feel like having a quick shag."

I could never tell whether Aloha was joking or not. Most of the time, I was learning, he was not. He was a wild man, that's for sure. We drove down to Duke's separately, since we were heading in different directions afterwards. I loved Duke's, a nod to old-style *Honolulu* with its bamboo tiki bar and photos of Duke *Kahanamoku*, the father of surfing on every available wall. It boasted big

portions of food, good seats overlooking the ocean and now unfortunately, the one person I wasn't thrilled to see — *Lopaka*.

"Your old cheese is here." Aloha stroked my butt and strolled right up to him. "Greetings." He looked from *Lopaka* to his breakfast companion, sitting across the ocean side table from him. I recognized her straight away. Her name was Nicky and she was *Lopaka's* best friend and she had been there after my horrible encounter with him and Kimo.

She was waving to me now. "Johnny, you look fantastic. How are you?"

"Fine, thanks. And you?" I managed to get out, staring at the baby squealing in *Lopaka's* arms. I'd been nursing that giant toothache for over a year now and never expected to run into him with such alarming frequency. Extraction was the only cure.

To look at the lovely, pixieish blonde Nicky and the dark, Hawaiian *Lopaka*, you'd take them for a handsome, exotic young couple, except that they were both as gay as Christmas and twice as merry. Nicky was married to *Kaiona Ahia*, the top female hula dancer in the islands and frequent stage partner for Kimo.

"Beautiful baby." I looked at *Lopaka*, fishing for information. "Is he yours?"

"No, he's mine." Nicky's face shone. "Mine and *Kaiona's*." She reached her hands out for the baby,

as if afraid somebody was going to snatch him out of *Lopaka's* arms.

"He's gorgeous," I said as a shadow crossed the sun. Kimo had arrived, *Kaiona* in tow. Kimo had eyes only for *Lopaka* and the temperature went up several degrees.

"Och, did they put the heat lamps on?" Aloha was looking around, fanning himself. His eyes riveted to Kimo, whose physical appearance up close was daunting, to say the least. His long black hair was out, giving him an even more striking, mystical look. Though he was dressed simply in jeans and a blue Polo shirt, somehow he managed to make the clothes look very erotic.

"Kimo and *Kaiona* are doing a new show," Nicky was saying. "They've been getting publicity photos done, so we thought we'd come over and grab a table."

How had I not heard about him doing a new show?

"*Lopaka's* in the show too." Kimo frowned at Nicky.

"A new show? Wow, that's cool." Aloha grinned. "A hula show?"

*Lopaka* nodded. "I don't get into the publicity stuff. The focus should be on *Kaiona* playing Goddess *Pele* and Kimo playing her lover, *Kamapua'a*. On stage, anyway. When we go home, I get him all to myself."

Aloha stared at Kimo with the same mix of fear and sexual intrigue most people do, Kimo however, was oblivious. He was too busy nuzzling *Lopaka*.

"And what's your name?" *Kaiona* asked me.

"Johnny *Kaimana*."

"*Kaimana*...are you any relation to Kim *Kaimana*, the artist?"

"Yes, she's my mother."

"I'm such a fan." *Kaiona's* smile was warm and embracing.

"I'm such a fan of yours. I've seen you on stage and I've seen you on TV, but nothing does you justice. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." She was, I thought, pureblood Hawaiian like Kimo, and she oozed timeless, sensuous Polynesian beauty and grace, the type that made men mutiny on whaling ships in the old days. And she had that adorable mini Bridget Bardot wife. I bet they spent the whole day in bed, mauling each other.

*Kaiona* laughed. "What a wickedly wonderful thing to say to me. I think I love you."

"Honey, you are. You're a goddess." Nicky beamed at her.

"You're biased, sweetheart."

"Och, I think you're a wee cracker, too." Aloha wagged a finger at her.

"A wee cracker," *Kaiona* laughed. "I love you

Englishmen. So you're the music guy from Aloha Stadium. You're friends with Henry *Kapono*, right?"

Aloha nodded.

"He's playing here this afternoon. We never miss his show."

"Neither do I." Aloha sighed. "I think I know all his songs backwards."

I sat there glum. I had to work this afternoon.

The baby in Nicky's arms started to squall and *Kaiona* took him. The noise got louder. Kimo reached out one long, beautiful finger and stroked the baby's foot. The hungry cries turned to chirpy gurgles.

"How do you do that?" *Kaiona* grumbled. "I walk, I pace, I carry him around for hours. One touch from his godfather and he quits screaming."

"He has the touch." *Lopaka* looked at Kimo adoringly. "He's like the Pied Piper with children and animals...and me."

Kimo gave him a searing look and the temperature at the table soared. "We'll stop by the stall tomorrow," he said to Aloha. "I need be alone with *Lopaka*." They took off down the beach, arm in arm.

"They're a right pair of horn dogs, aren't they?" Aloha made us all laugh.

The restaurant was packed and, despite our waiter's good intentions, we were still on bread

and coffee half an hour later, so I had no choice, but to get up and leave. I had to get to work. Aloha gave me a vague finger wave and settled in for a leisurely breakfast with the girls. I wanted to strangle him. On my way out, I stopped by a large photo of Duke. He was a majestic man, like Kimo. A different kind of god.

Out in the parking lot, I found a lei *ilima*, its pink ribbon tying the two edges together, clipped under the windshield wiper. Underneath that was a slip of coral-colored paper with some Hawaiian words—*Mai pōina oe la'u*. Not for the first time in my life, I wished my Hawaiian was half way decent. I may not have understood the words, but I got the message. Only one person could have left it there—the sexy stranger from *Nu'uānu* Cemetery. Suddenly, I didn't feel so abandoned anymore.

Instinct sent me up to the cemetery, looking for him. He wasn't lurking outside, but when I pulled up to the entrance of the Royal Mausoleum just beyond it to turn my car around, there he was. He was wearing my T-shirt. He was waiting for me.

He turned into the gates and, of course, I followed in my car, parking in one of the few slots in the courtyard. I was so turned on. I couldn't think straight, but by the time I got out, he'd disappeared. Where could he have gone?

There was only one entrance. I walked around

the royal tombs, empty of people, but was filled with the spirit of aloha. I looked down at the public cemetery, but I couldn't see him there either. Hawaiians have always honored their dead and, in the past four years the islands, of all the United States, had lost more than their fair share of beautiful young men to the war in Iraq. Our cemeteries were filled with them. American and Hawaiian state flags were raised over almost every grave, along with the customary island offerings of fruit, flowers, candy and messages of love.

Still no sign of him. I felt peculiarly bereft. Back at my car, I suddenly felt his breath at the back of my neck, his cock poking at the middle of my back. I leaned into him. He was rigid.

"See what you've done to me?" He growled. "What are you gonna do about it?"

I couldn't detect a foreign accent. Maybe he was an American or even a local, after all. He was rubbing at my ass with his thighs now and his breath was all over my neck and shoulders. Closing my eyes to savor the sensation, I whispered, "I want to taste you, badly."

He moaned, putting one long, soft kiss on the back of my neck. When I tried to twist my head back to look at him, his lips and tongue were all over me, my ears and throat, but not close enough for me to get my mouth on him. I felt him move

away from me. When I opened my eyes, of course he was gone.

He filled my thoughts as I drove home, showered and changed. I was so distracted when I set off for work in Chinatown, I even missed the exit on the freeway. Like I said, I was a tour guide, my job consisting of leading group walks through Chinatown, one of the oldest districts in *Honolulu*. It was a resilient little stretch of only twelve city blocks, twice devastated by fire in 1896 and again in 1900.

The second fire, started by the Board of Health in a futile effort to stem the bubonic plague, completely destroyed the neighborhood. To see it now, with its thriving jumble of businesses and my favorite spot, the Byodo-in Temple on River Street, it was hard to believe it hadn't always been there.

My job was always interesting to me because I knew all the secrets of the neighborhood and I loved sharing them. Aloha and I both dealt well with the public. Thinking about him now, I wondered what he and the girls were talking about. Were they telling him that *Lopaka* had once been mine, that he had once looked at me the way he looked at Kimo, until I blew it? Would they tell him that I had been his and Kimo's big experiment, only it ended so badly *Lopaka* didn't speak to me anymore?



As was my custom, I stopped at the first fruit market on River Street, bought a couple of oranges and walked into the Temple, loving its pattern, in the shape of the phoenix. It was meant to embrace the principle of hope and renewal. As I moved forward to ring the bell, I prayed that some of those good things would rub off on me.

Thanking God for my earthly blessings, I thought of my lei *ilima*, now on my dressing table at home and I gave thanks for having not one, but two sexy men around. I left the oranges as an offering on the altar already laden with fruit and flowers and walked to the Community Agency office on Beretania Street.

I checked my schedule. I had a walking tour of the markets and river temples. I usually threw in a couple of the new art galleries being developed in century old buildings long vacant. One in particular, belonged to my best friend Cindy Lang who had bought an old ginseng store on Merchant Street. After much legal wrangling, she was turning it into a gallery.

A protégée of my mother's, she'd begun to surpass the teacher. Jealousy and in-fighting ensued. Cindy was on her own now, a decision I wondered if my mother regretted, since Cindy had brought so much business to her *Waikiki* gallery. My continuing friendship with Cindy had caused a big rift between me and my mother. We

hardly spoke anymore. I called Cindy now to see if she was open for visitors and she was thrilled to hear from me.

"Come by at eleven," she said. "I'm waiting to get a second phone line installed. I should be done by then. Is your sexy boyfriend with you?"

Usually I corrected her with, *he's not my boyfriend*, but this time, I just said, "No."

"I still get to have dinner with my two mens tonight, yeah?"

"Of course." Friday night dim sum had become a ritual with Cindy whom Aloha adored. "Your mens can't wait."

I picked up my tourists, the Chen family from Okinawa outside *Lai Fong*, a Japanese department store full of wonderful fabrics. *Lai Fong* herself had been a 1900 picture bride and got her start as a seamstress in Chinatown until she became a mogul.

The Chens had come to order tailor-made suits in the Hong Kong style, just like countless others who had come to the islands over the years. Japanese tourists particularly were fond of brand names. Some of them told me they saved up their wages for months and months to come to *Honolulu* to shop at *Lai Fong* or even Tiffany. As long as it was a brand, they bought it.

I spoke enough Japanese to fake it, but thankfully the Chens were bilingual and they had

on their walking shoes. It was gonna be a swell day. I led them through the refurbished Hotel Street. It once fell into such ill repute it was rife with whorehouses and tattoo parlors and now housed boutiques, galleries and a fantastic series of fruit and vegetable markets.

Outside the *Kukicha* Tea House, old men played Mah-jongg and talked a dozen languages at one another in high-pitched glee. I could smell mango, just in season at the fruit stalls and the Chens and I tasted samples from everybody.

At eleven, I took them up to Cindy's gallery. Market Street, like many others, had buildings restored to look colorful and inviting. Her building, painted olive green, had a red circular door and red window frames. We clomped up the red stairs to her studio and residential space, the smell of ginseng still strong, even after the store downstairs had long been cleared of it.

Cindy, a lovely mainlander from New York, met some resistance from the Chinatown Redevelopment Agency when she first petitioned to buy the building, mainly because she was a *haole*, until they saw her work. A photographer, her passion, like Aloha's, was Hawaiian history. Her particular interest was in Chinatown's residents and her photos were spectacular.

She and my mother shared a love of Jerome Baker, one of Hawaii's first photographers. They

worshipped his sepia, hand-edged work. Cindy however had gone one-step further in her photography. She was turning out antique-looking small photos that were once called cabinets. If you lined them up with a Baker, you'd be hard-pressed to tell them apart.

A tiny, dark-haired slip of a thing, she pushed her black cat's eye glasses further up her nose, distressed when we arrived. The Chens were charmed by her little arrangement of red bean *manju* pastries on a hand-painted platter and the tiny cups of hot chrysanthemum tea with which she greeted them.

"What's wrong?" I asked, as the Chens pored over her haunting, lovely collection of hand-tinted photos of very old and very young residents of Chinatown.

"The phone company's here." Cindy was distraught. "They're giving me grief."

"Why?" One phone call to Aloha and he'd come and handle this for her. It wouldn't be pretty, but she'd have her problem solved. Aloha could be ferocious. His hard man, thug attitude was perfect in a crisis, but a little scary in the bedroom. Sometimes I was afraid he'd beat me to death if I didn't come.

"I asked him to hook up a second phone jack. Just one," she was saying.

"So what's the problem? Can't find one?"

"Oh, no. That's just it. They found more than we bargained for."

"How many?" I asked.

"They say there are two hundred and fifty separate phone lines here, running through the walls and ceiling."

"Are you kidding? Two hundred and fifty?" I thought for a moment. "Cindy, I have a feeling that nice little ginseng family was a front for a bookie joint."

"That's exactly what I just told her." The guy from Hawaii Telephone snapped his tool kit closed.

"Isn't it marvelous?" I was beyond excited.

He just stared at me.

"Don't you see?" I was thrilled by all of this. "This puts Cindy on the cultural map. You've got secret tunnels downstairs, a secret bookie thing going on up here. We need to expose the walls and ceiling so we can show the tourists."

Cindy started to laugh.

The Chens were holding up two large photographs. "How much?" they asked.

I winked at Cindy. Let the haggling begin.

That afternoon, I had a tour cancellation, so I went to the Stadium to help Aloha with setting up his stall for the next morning. It was an arduous process, setting up and dismantling it twice a

week, but he was such a good and generous man, I felt it was all I could do to help him when I could.

You won't find the massive swap meet listed in *any* of the guidebooks to the islands. They wouldn't dare. The commercial, ad-paying establishments would kill them. But for those who discover *Honolulu's* best-kept secret, you will find the exact same goods, everything from souvenirs and clothing to Hawaiian antiques for a third of the price in the stores.

Aloha sold everything from records, to CDs, DVDS, cassettes, even eight tracks. He was a legend on the island for his eclectic taste and mind-boggling capacity for entertainment trivia. He had been running market stalls with his father back in East London and his *barker* expertise kept his *Honolulu* market business a thriving and popular one.

Purchasers to his stall were welcome to challenge him to music, movie or television questions. If he was unable to answer, they got their selection for free. In the year I'd known him, only two people got him stumped.

I scanned the stalls being set up. I'd had my eye on a wood-carved turtle and felt a small thrill to find it was still there. Carved of monkey pod wood, it was smooth and warm to the touch. I'd coveted it for weeks, but fretted at the frivolous

expense. At the big silver truck selling *malasadas*, or Portuguese donuts, I joined the long line because Aloha and I were addicted to the damned things.

He was holding court with a family from *Molokai* who sold dark, very bitter coffee. Many food sellers gave other stallholders free samples of their wares, but we had bags of their *Mule Blend* idling in our freezer. We couldn't stand it. Other people seemed to love the mud-like stuff though.

"Hey, *brah*." Aloha looked happy to see me. He was wearing overalls with no T-shirt underneath, and I was betting, no underpants. He was getting me all hot and bothered just looking at him. "Now let me see..." he was enjoying being the center of attention. "Your question was the name of the artist Jeff Bridges found for the soundtrack of *The Big Lebowski*. It was Mad Dog!"

"Nope, it was Moon Dog," *Molokai* coffee guy gloated.

Aloha groaned. "I knew that." He tossed the CD over and received a twenty-pound bag of coffee in exchange. *Molokai* coffee guy looked happy with his paradise bargain.

We looked at each other and laughed.

"It's your fault. One look at you and all I can think about is getting my mouth on you, hot boy." Aloha kissed me. "You're bad for business."

"Hey." Michael, an African American football

player we'd had a pretty intense night with a few months before, raised his hand in greeting. "Man, I lost your number and I'd really love to hang out with you two again. I'm in town for a big game tomorrow night."

"Sure thing," Aloha grinned.

"When?" Michael asked.

Both Aloha and I had enjoyed playing with this well-hung slab of NFL muscle. The fact that he was married with kids only added to his allure. How Aloha had managed to entice him into our bed was still a mystery to me, but one that got us both turned on just thinking about it. We had both discovered that we liked dark chocolate and Michael had seemed to enjoy us. Just thinking about the three of us together was enticing.

"It's up to you *Liho*," Aloha's mouth was at my ear.

"How about tomorrow night?" I piped up as his hand surreptitiously ran up and down my butt.

"After my game. Cool." Michael tapped numbers into his Sidekick. "That's gonna be a sweet treat to look forward to. Hey, here's my cell phone number. Leave me your address again, but keep it cool, no nasty talk. My wife checks my voicemail."

"No problem." Aloha used his free hand to palm the card. He was never usually affectionate



in public.

I had the feeling he was laying claim to me in front of Michael. I smiled at the quarterback who'd given us both a rollicking good fucking and our dicks got hard watching him walk away from us. I settled beside Aloha, handing him the *malasadas* and a large iced green tea I'd bought for him. I told him about Cindy's bookie business, which made him laugh.

"But did she get her second line after all that?" he asked.

"They were still working on that when I left."

"Aloha!"

We looked over to see Kimo and *Lopaka* and a diminutive Hawaiian woman I recognized as *Lopaka's* grandmother, or *tutu*, as we say in the islands. "*Tutu!*" I couldn't help it. That old lady had been dear to me once. I ran out and gave her a hug. She hugged me back, holding me at arm's length to study me.

"You look fine, Johnny. How's your mama?" She squeezed my arm like she was testing a papaya for ripeness. "Don't you feed him?" she scolded Aloha. "He *so* skinny."

"Erm..." Aloha blushed. "I feed him plenty, *Tutu*. He just burns it all off. You can have me though, I'm available and I'm extremely well fed."

The old lady cackled. "You one naughty boy. You from England, yeah?"

"Yeah." Aloha grinned at her.

"You like tea and biscuits?"

We all laughed.

"And cricket." Aloha made the old lady cackle again.

Kimo looked amazing in a tight red shirt and jeans. *Lopaka* was wearing a pale blue shirt and jeans. His wedding ring gleamed in the sun. Kimo had one arm around him, the other around the old woman who glowed under all this masculine attention.

"We're looking for three albums *Tutu* wants to play at our wedding reception. And what *Tutu* wants, *Tutu* gets." Kimo smiled down at her. "The guards let us in, they said you'd be setting up today."

"Hit me." Aloha flipped a pencil into his nimble fingers, licking the tip.

He always did that. I didn't know why, but I found it a strange and deeply erotic thing for him to do.

"Okay, first up we need Alfred *Apaka* singing *Ke Kali Nei Au*.

"Ah. The Hawaiian Wedding Song." Aloha nodded.

Kimo looked instantly relieved. "They told me you were good."

"Which version you want? I can lay my hands on the duet he did with Rosalie Stevenson."

*Tutu* gasped.

"That's the one." Kimo looked at him. "Just out of curiosity, how many versions did he do?"

"Three. But there was something about the meshing of their particular voices. I have that record at home in very good condition. Cover's a little shelf worn obviously, since it was recorded in the 1960s. Pity he died so young, eh? What was he, about forty?"

"Oh, he was wonderful," *Tutu* sighed. "I saw him in concert on the beach at *Waikiki* and when he and Rosalie sang that song, I cried like a baby. I went with Billy Blenkinsop. I remember we ate fish and chips and listened to Alfred singing. Such a wonderful voice."

"What about Billy Blenkinsop?" Kimo asked her and *Tutu* paused a moment.

"It was my birthday. He brought a special birthday cake for me and we sat there under the stars and lit the candles on the cake. He helped me blow them out and his false teeth flew clean across the sand."

We all exploded with laughter.

"You know, we never did find them." She shook her head, earning more laughter.

"Poor Billy," I murmured.

"Poor whoever stumbled on 'em the next day." *Lopaka* added.

When his grandma cackled again, I thought

we'd all cry with laughter.

You're a wild girl, aren't you?" Aloha wiped his eyes. "Okay, so what else you got on your hit list?"

"An album called The Great Hawaiian Singers, 1928-1934," Kimo replied.

"That one I have in the stall. Unopened. Pristine condition. Johnny boy, have we opened that crate yet?"

I knew exactly where it was, having noticed it not selling week after week. I scoured the stacks of plastic, lidded crates and extracted it. Yep, never even opened.

"Rose Moe, boy could that lady sing." *Tutu* pointed to the picture on the cover.

"Where did you get this?" Kimo asked.

"Ebay."

We all laughed. Poor Kimo. Aloha had beaten him to it.

"What else is on your list?"

"Emma Veary."

"Oh man." Aloha shook his head. "I used to see that album everywhere, now she's a collector's item. And you need it when?"

"The wedding party's a week from Monday."

"Monday? That's an odd night isn't it?" Aloha's face scrunched in surprise.

"It's our only night off. We're opening our new show Tuesday."

"That's right. I forgot about that."

"Monday's our only night off and *Tutu* was insistent. It's supposed to be a good night for a party, especially a wedding party." Kimo dug out his wallet. "Here's two tickets for opening night. *Kaiona* said she promised them to you. I think she likes you."

"I like her." Aloha pocketed the tickets. "I can't wait to see your show. *Kaiona* as *Pele*, you as *Kamapua'a* again. I saw the show you did last year at the Blaisdell. She said it's the same show, but bigger and better.

Kimo grinned at him. "Let's hope so. What do we owe you for this record and how do we get the *Apaka* album from you?"

"You can have this record in exchange for the tickets."

"No, no. I want to pay you. How much?"

"You can pay for the other two."

"Okay," Kimo reluctantly agreed. Both of his arms tightened around *Lopaka* now that *Tutu* was scanning the CD collection.

They seemed so blissfully in love. They were such a handsome couple. I was trying hard not to feel jealous and resentful.

Aloha was all business. "I can have the *Apaka* album and the Emma Veary album for you here Wednesday. If I can get her album before the show Tuesday, I'll bring it to the show."

"We would appreciate that." Kimo picked up a Don Ho CD, his eyes alight at the song list. "*Lopaka*, your favorite song is on here. I have to buy this for you."

"Oh, what's your favorite song?" Aloha asked.

"Shells."

"Oh, isn't this is a grand version?"

"This song is how I feel about Kimo. I was just a shell on the sand until he came along, picked me up and took me home."

"That's beautiful, that is." My hard man's face went soft.

"He played me the *Keola* Beamer version on our first date." *Lopaka* was bashful now. "What a beautiful night that was. I love both versions, but Scrappy Olivieri sings it so beautifully. Kimo, have you heard this version?"

"No, my darling, I haven't."

"I'll play it for you right now." Aloha got out his state-of-the-art sound system he lived in fear of getting knocked off the minute his back was turned at the market.

The sound of the conch shell blowing on the CD turned heads. Don Ho telling his drummers to *Keep it steady now*, was sobering in light of the fact nobody on the islands could believe yet that the great singing legend was really, actually dead.

Then little Scrappy Olivieri with the incongruously big voice sang about love and, not

being alone anymore with such richness and such sincerity, you felt you were her. You felt you were right there *in the warmth of sunlight on a lonely shore*, urging the man of her dreams to *take me home with you and I'll sing my song for you*.

I saw tears in *Lopaka's* eyes and Kimo's mouth descended on his. *Tutu* reached out a hand, rubbing *Lopaka's* back. I understood his reaction to the song. His mother had abandoned him when he was very young. He'd felt discarded until he met Kimo.

"You know what." Aloha scratched at his chin when the song finished. "Scrappy's a good mate of mine. Would you like me to ask her if she could sing at your wedding?"

"You'd do that for us?" Kimo asked. We heard she didn't sing live anymore."

"Och. When I tell her it's for you and *Lopaka*, how could she say no?"

"You're a charming bit of crumpet, aren't you?" *Tutu* blew him a kiss, making us all laugh.

"That's so unbelievably nice of you." Kimo seemed overwhelmed. "But we'll understand if she says no. How much do we owe you for the CD?"

"Five dollars." Aloha laughed as Kimo negotiated his wallet single-handedly.

"Sheesh, you two," *Tutu* muttered. "You're married now. Nobody's separating you anymore.

Can't you let go of each other for a moment?"

"No, *Tutu*, we can't." *Lopaka* was suddenly upset.

She snatched the wallet out of Kimo's hand. "There wouldn't have been a problem if Kimo hadn't wanted to make his love for *Lopaka* public. The *kupuna*...the elders, you know...miserable old fools...they made him do many horrible things, sent him off to the wilderness even, separated my boys...just to prove *Lopaka* is the love of his life. I coulda told 'em that."

"They put you through hell, huh?" Aloha asked.

"Hell was my life before *Lopaka*." Kimo's eyes went hollow, his voice quiet.

*Lopaka* put his hand on Kimo's heart. The suffering was still there.

*Tutu* handed Aloha a crisp five-dollar note. "Loyalty like that, we need one big party to say we are a family. And we are proud."

"Amen to that," Kimo smiled.

"I smell *malasadas*. I want *malasadas*." *Tutu* suddenly sounded like a little kid. It was a clever way to break the mood.

"We'll find you some." Kimo gave the old lady a dazzling, doting smile.

"Here, have these." Aloha held up the bag I'd just bought. I pouted at him. "Och, leave a couple for my skinny boyfriend."



*Tutu* pounced on the bag. "Here's my cell phone number." She handed him a slip of paper. "My boys bought me an I-Phone. I'm like Chatty Cathy now. Call me anytime! My *Lopaka* and me, we are organizing everything for the wedding so please, let us know about the music."

I recognized the slip of paper as the same coral shade of paper I'd found on my windshield. Now, this was getting weird. They walked away, licking sugary fingertips. Was *Tutu* limping? It looked like it.

"What on earth did they do to that man?" Aloha's voice broke into my thoughts.

"I have no idea," I replied. But in fact, I did. I just didn't want to think about it.

"You're such a bad liar, Johnny. What's say we pack up? We've got time to go home and discuss a few things in bed before we meet Cindy for dinner, right?"

He led me into his truck, parked right behind his stall and drove me to my car. He got out with me and pressed up against me.

"I'll see you at home."

"Do we have to wait until we get home? I want you to fuck me right now."

"Right here? There's people everywhere. How about you follow me, we'll find somewhere...nice...some place with an ocean view and I'll pull over and fuck you."

"Sure." I loved the way he leaned into me, grinding himself against me.

I got into my car. On the passenger seat was a brown paper bag. Fearing a dead puppy's head or something just as atrocious, I hesitated before opening it. Nestled in layers of tissue was the wooden turtle I'd been wanting for so long. A piece of coral paper fell out. I didn't need to read it to know that it said — *Mai poina oe la'u*.

On the freeway, Aloha was driving recklessly, paying little attention to the thick afternoon traffic. Peak hour on a Friday, everybody was anxious to get home. He took the freeway down south and got off the H One and turned along the coastline road towards *Waimanalo*. Our home was close, but we were definitely taking the scenic route.

Ahead of me, I could see that Aloha was talking on his cell phone. I wanted to tell him to watch the road as he took those hairpin turns around the *Kalaniana'ole* Highway skirting the sea cliffs on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other. Without warning, he swerved off the road into a scenic turnout. There were no other cars there as he parked and climbed out, giving me just enough time to stash the turtle under the seat.

"Roll all the windows down," he instructed as I shut off the engine. He dragged me into the back seat with him. His mouth was near mine. "Take your sweet cock out for me." I did as I was told

and he groaned when his fingers took hold of it.

I was sitting half on his lap, half on the seat, facing away from him as our tongues raked at one another. "Take off your overalls," I whispered and he quickly lowered the straps, leaving his upper body exposed. He pulled my T-shirt over my head and kissed me with increasing need as his eyes fixated on my throbbing cock.

He roughly stripped my pants from my body, leaving them dangling from one leg as he pushed me to my back on the seat and held my ass in his hands. He proceeded to lick and suck at my balls. His mouth moved to my cock and I stroked his head, loving the feel of his mouth on me as he fed himself all the dick he wanted.

"Oh, man." He raised his head. "You have the sweetest cock ever." He put his mouth back on me and there was a sharp rap on the window. We both jumped. Aloha's mouth came off me again and we found ourselves staring at one of *Honolulu's* finest.

"Shit!" Aloha fumed as the cop rapped on the window again.

The cop opened the back door and my head fell out. "What are you doing?"

"Sucking my man's cock." Aloha was stating the obvious.

"That's a punishable offense. Indecent exposure, lewd behavior." Officer Stewart had

busted us before at Queen's Surf and let us off with a warning, after I'd given him a blowjob.

"I warned you last time," he shouted. "I told you there wouldn't be a next time."

"Jesus man, you didn't give me any time to get him warmed up for you," Aloha grumbled. "Get your cock out. Is it hard?"

"Geez, you two..." Officer Stewart shook his head.

"Give Johnny your cock to suck while I get back to work on him."

"Right here?" The cop looked around doubtfully.

"Stand right up against the window. Johnny can get on his knees and blow you."

"No, I want him right where he is. This won't take long, right?" With that, the cop whipped his short but incredibly thick fuck stick out of his pants and flopped it in front of my face. It was like looking up at a pink corn dog.

"Suck it good, baby," Aloha warned as I grabbed it with my hands. Officer Stewart gasped as he lowered his prick into my mouth, his balls smacking my nose and forehead.

"That's it, boy." Aloha stroked my thighs now. His head went back to my cock, his fingers fondling my ass. My legs opened up to him and he mumbled something about my cock tasting like sugar, as he paid close attention to it with his lips

and tongue.

As I worked on Officer Stewart's thick tool, Aloha lifted his head occasionally to watch the action. "You're so hot, Johnny." He put me back in his mouth and as usual, it didn't take long for me to come.

Aloha dropped his overalls and, as I suspected, his cock was free of further imprisonment. I took my mouth off the cop for a moment.

"Hey," he protested as Aloha drove forward, forcing his cock into my mouth.

"Gimme that prick." Aloha reached for the cop who instantly leaned forward to be suckled. "Nice and juicy," he reported, pulling on and off the cop's stiff salami. He lifted his mouth off again, taking his cock out of my mouth. "You wanna get fucked, hot boy?" I nodded and he began to work his hard, slick cock into me.

I moved towards him so Aloha could get more of his huge muscle into me.

"Suck the man's balls, Johnny," he instructed. "I want him to come in my mouth."

And the three of us launched onto a heated fuck and suck session. I lapped and sucked at the balls bobbing in and out of my mouth as Aloha plowed in and out of me. He was working enthusiastically on the cock pressing ever deeper into his throat.

Officer Stewart came like a bronco, shooting his load down Aloha's guzzling throat. He moved up

on the cop's dick, licking and kissing at the red-hot tip just as I could feel Aloha's own orgasm building inside me. He came so hard, it sent me over the top, too, but now he was gesturing to the cop. "Get in here and give me your bloody handcuffs." I loved it when he acted like a thug.

"I'm not giving you —"

Aloha cut him off with a vicious tug, pulling him into the car. He struggled with Aloha for a few seconds as I reached over, grabbing his cuffs, trapping him between us.

"Not this again, please," Officer Stewart sobbed.

"You didn't like it last time?" Aloha asked.

"I loved it," he whimpered. "That's the problem. I'm supposed to be straight."

"Getting head doesn't make you gay. Now spread your legs."

The cop obeyed him and looked upset, but his cock was stiffer than ever. Aloha opened one of the cuffs and snapped it around the cop's cock and balls. The balls were blood red and the head of the cock looked ready to explode.

"Suck him, Johnny." Aloha unbuttoned the cop's starched shirt, squeezing his right nipple. He jerked on the free cuff, giving me easier access to the trussed-up prick.

The cop moaned as I licked and kissed the head.

"I said suck!" Aloha jerked the cuff again and the cop moaned louder as I downed every inch of him. Aloha was back to the nipple now, torturing the cop who was fighting his carnal instincts. The nipple clearly brought him pleasure because as soon as Aloha took it into his mouth, the cop hissed, "Yeessss."

I sucked and bobbed on that cock and Aloha yanked on the cuff again, making the cop squeal. Aloha was really keyed up now. He pushed the cop's open shirt back, squeezing his breasts in his hands as if he was a woman and suckled each stiff nipple in turn. He slapped the cop's right breast as I clamped my jaw on that plundering cock.

"Oh shit." The cop was flipping as the sounds of two men sucking on him, giving him all this oral attention became too much. He bucked at me as Aloha jerked on the handcuff. His hand was down at the cop's ass now, virgin territory for sure. The cop's body went rigid as he came with one deep lunge down my jaw, his nipple fastened between Aloha's teeth.

"Oh God!" The cop's body went slack. I released him from my mouth. He watched as Aloha and I kissed, letting the cop's fuck juice flow between our searching, swabbing tongues. When Aloha released him from his own handcuffs, smacked his ass and sent him on his way, there was a deeply troubled expression on

the cop's face.

Aloha grinned. "One day that man's gonna beg me to fuck him in the ass."

"Just like me." I told him.

"*Liho*, you never have to beg me. I wanna go home right now and fuck you until neither of us can walk anymore." He looked at the dashboard clock. "Damn. I'm gonna need a rain check on claiming that sweet little ass again. All we got time for is a shower."

"I'm not going anywhere."

"You better not be." He gave me a possessive, hungry look.



## CHAPTER THREE

It was weird, but the more I thought about being with Michael, the NFL player, the less I wanted to do it. The cop had been fun. A brief seduction. As we washed him off each other's bodies, I realized I enjoyed my private time with Aloha more than I cared to admit. I was uneasy about the prospect of another intense threesome again so soon.

I said nothing though and, after we dried off, changed and were driving back to Chinatown, Aloha reached across the bench seat of his truck and took my hand in his.

"You want to talk about what's bothering you."

"It's nothing."

"Talk to me." He merged with the traffic on the H Two.

"I don't wanna play with Michael." There. It was out.

"Then we won't."

I looked over at him. "Just like that?"

"Just like that." He fiddled with the radio.  
"What kind of music you want, *Liho*?"

"Something in the vein of *I can't wait until you take me home later and I can be alone with you and I can fuck you all I want* music."

He laughed. "You keep that up and I'll turn around and drive us home right now."

"You'd do that?"

"I would. But I think I'm gonna make you wait."

"You have such a cruel streak in you."

"Yeah, but *Liho*, that's what makes you come so hard."

\* \* \* \*

Aloha wasn't as admiring of Cindy's dirty little secret. He thought the extra phone lines were cool, but he was worried about her being in danger from pirates and other imaginary predators popping up from the underground caves.

"It's funny you mention that. Right after Johnny left the gallery today," she said, "This beautiful stranger walked in. He not only bought a photo, but he asked me out for a date. I told him you two had to check him out first."

Aloha and I exchanged amused looks.

"So I invited him to join us for tea and cakes.

Before we pop out for dinner, we have to toast the future with a glass of champagne."

We sat on her uncomfortable new, modern sofa.

"Of course it's uncomfortable," Cindy scoffed. "I am all about show. I don't give a hoot for comfort, soldier." She poured us champagne and as the sun set, the red lanterns of Chinatown started to light up, giving, as Aloha called it, *a naughty tinge* to our celebration. Cindy put her head on his lap and he started massaging her temples.

I found myself feeling insanely, ridiculously jealous. I couldn't remember the last time he'd massaged *my* head. "We should get going." I jumped to my feet.

I caught Aloha's odd, questioning glance, but Cindy downed her second glass of champagne and they went to wash their hands. I could hear them laughing and joking in the bathroom and the feeling of being left out was, I knew foolish, but there it was.

The three of us walked arm in arm down Market Street, Cindy nestled protectively between us. We knew she lived here and we knew she could take care of herself, but there was something bird-like and vulnerable about Cindy. I was worrying now about this new guy of hers. She had the most colossal lapses in judgment of any woman I knew where men were concerned. Next

to my mother.

At *Wo Fat*, the oldest restaurant in *Honolulu*, we took the stairs to the fourth floor. As Cindy began the awkward climb in her Jimmy Choos, Aloha's hand was at the back of my neck. He drew my mouth to his.

"I love you, you stupid man." He kissed me.

He shocked me with that statement, let me tell you. I was about to respond.

Cindy turned around. "You guys...what's with all the kissing? Where's a hose when you need one?"

*Wo Fat* should have been packed to the gills. The cavernous space that always produced excellent food, was inexplicably struggling, but Aloha and his friends had saved it with a series of excellent musical dinners.

His friends had a band called *Have Fun Gemini* and they played raucous Jawaiian music—Jamaican-Hawaiian fusion—while diners ate rocking dim sum. It felt like we were in Hong Kong, snagging a table away from the speakers, then positioning ourselves to catch the waitresses steering their trolleys down the narrow aisles between the tables. Aloha grabbed the one last plate of freshly steamed Chinese broccoli in oyster sauce and Cindy and I gave him a round of applause.

"Fook the applause, gimme a kiss." He drew

my mouth to his.

"I love you, too," I managed to say, earning a delighted smile.

"Guys," Cindy whined. "Knock it off."

"Sorry," I muttered, not meaning it. We ate and drank and grooved to the music.

Cindy raised her head from the trough. "Say, where are those pastry carts?" She scanned the room, skewering the only waitress in the room with a frosty stare. Cindy sped off, determination in her eyes.

Aloha put his arm around me. "We could be at home naked right now."

"It's all your fault." I snuffled up the last piece of broccoli with my chopsticks. I fed them to my hungry man.

"Do you forgive me?" His mouth moved against mine. We never made out in public like this.

"Honestly fellas." Cindy returned with three bamboo containers, plonking them down on the table. "I'm gonna...ooh! There's my date."

We swiveled in our seats to get a look at her mystery man.

It was the sexy stranger from *Nu'uanu Cemetery*.

What was he doing here? I felt total dismay watching the way Cindy sparkled at him. He was gay. I knew that for a fact. Or did I? All he'd done

was press himself against me, then he disappeared. Yeah, but he'd kissed the back of my neck and left me flowers, too.

I suspected in that moment that he'd followed me to Chinatown that morning and saw me leaving Cindy's. What secret thrill was he getting out of dating our friend?

"We meet again." He smiled at me, moving a chair very close to Cindy. Her cheeks were pink with romantic excitement and a residual champagne flush. She always did wear her heart on her sleeve.

"You've met each other before?" Her enthusiasm was infused with a flutter of doubt.

"Oh, yes." The sexy stranger gave me a cocky half-smile. He was back to his all-black uniform now.

He balked at the baskets of steamed coconut buns, yellow-bean *manju* and miniscule, bite size egg tarts. "Wow, is it always this loud?" he asked, immediately dampening our enjoyment of the festivities.

Cindy's smile faded. Something was going on, she just didn't know what.

I shrugged. "This is pretty quiet for a Saturday night. By the way, I'm Johnny and this is Alex, but everyone calls him Aloha."

He nodded.

"And your name is..." Aloha started.

"None of your business."

"*Mahini!*" Cindy gasped. "That's not very nice."

Ah-ha! At last I knew his name. But *Mahini* didn't look very happy about that.

"*Mahini's* a famous tattoo artist." She snuggled into him, but he looked uncomfortable. "From *Ni'ihau*. They brought him here to tattoo Kimo Wilder in some *mad* tribal ceremony. He goes back home next week. Can you believe it? What a thrill! I've never met anybody from the Forbidden Island before."

The object of her intrigue glared at her. "That was supposed to be a secret. You weren't supposed to blab it to the first people you see on the street."

"These are my best friends." Cindy looked hurt. "I thought it was exciting. They know Kimo and *Lopaka*."

*Mahini* looked really stricken now. "Kimo will kill me."

I had to save Cindy from another romantic disaster. I also had to keep *Mahini* at the table. "Oh, you did the work on his face?" I asked. *Mahini* blinked a couple of times. "Around his eye and his mouth, right? I bet the one around the eye hurt."

He shook his head. "You have no idea."

"The one you did on his penis must have really been agony." Cindy was cowering now under his

death ray stare.

There was silence at the table.

"That Kimo, he's the man, isn't he?" Aloha said, finally.

*Mahini* glanced across the table at him. "You don't know the half of it. He's a fine man. A good man. I respect him more than anybody else I know. A man like that...is very rare." He lapsed into silence again. He was mournful, like the world's most heartbreaking bouncer. He turned to Cindy. "I have to go."

"Leave? But you just got here."

He pushed back his chair and our favorite girl didn't skip a beat.

"I'm coming with you." She mouthed a sorry to us both, trying to take *Mahini's* hand into hers, but he shrugged her off.

"Please. Don't tell him I said anything." *Mahini* left and she ran off after him, leaving us to wonder if Cindy was about to get laid or get herself a punch in the face.

"Are you going to tell me what happened that night with you, Kimo and *Lopaka*?" Aloha asked.

"Why do you need to know about that?"

He hesitated. "Have you ever spoken about it to anybody?" When I shook my head, his warm fingers stroked my face. "Was it as bad as all that?" I felt the tension being released to his fingers. "Oh, Johnny..." his voice was soft,



concerned. I was close to coming unglued. He didn't know how close. "I don't care how fucking spiritual that Kimo is, he's hurt you. It does my head in, Johnny."

"How did I find myself a hot, handsome thug who digs cricket. And sex?"

"I'm the lucky one." His hand was on the back of my neck again. "This Mahogany bloke's got all the charm of a dose of the clap though, doesn't he?"

Mahogany. That made me laugh.

"I think he's been following you." Aloha's voice was quiet. "Please tell me you haven't fucked him."

"Not even close. I didn't rub his head either." His lips came crushing down on mine and all I could hear was my own heartbeat in my head.

Then he took his mouth away. "How did he find her?"

I gasped. "Did you feel that just now when you kissed me?"

"Feel what?" He was looking at me hard, like I was science experiment in his own personal laboratory.

"I think maybe I'm coming down with something."

"Yeah. I'm thinking maybe I am, too."

"Is this what I think it is?" I asked him.

"What do you think it is? We just said it to each

other, unless I'm mistaken."

"We're really falling in love."

"Ya think? I don't know...let me see. You act like a lunatic when I massage a woman's head. I experience homicidal feelings when that jerk Mahogany even looks at you. It might be love. Or it might be Dengue Fever."

"Those are our options?"

"I know. They both have sucky side effects." He looked around for somebody, anybody, to bring us a check. "But *Liho*, don't you think it's weird? I mean, he's obviously got a fuckin' hard-on for you, what the hell is he doing with her?"

"I have no idea. I am sorry he was rude to you, baby. You didn't deserve that."

"Baby, huh? You almost done here?"

"Almost. I want some sticky buns, then I want some hot British buns."

Aloha put some crisp new bills under the salt shaker. "We might need to take those sticky buns home. I can't keep my hands off you much longer."

We were doing a lot of furtive fumbling and ardent face sucking on the walk back to the municipal parking lot. By the time we got into his truck, Aloha was gripping the wheel with both of his hands.

"I know I promised you I wouldn't talk about love. I know I promised you no head- trips, but I

love you, Johnny. I fuckin' love being with you, I love fucking you. I love it when it's just us. I just...wanted to say that. Okay?"

"Okay." For the first time in months, I stopped thinking about *Lopaka*.

"You mean that?" he looked stunned.

"Yeah."

The uncertainty that had invaded his eyes when *Mahini* appeared, vanished. I touched his face. "This is better than Dengue Fever, right?"

"Right." He laughed, revving up the engine to get us home as fast as he could.

Whenever we had a really hot session with another guy, we became insatiable for each other. But this new intensity was something else. When we got home, he grabbed me to him. Our cocks strained at each other through our clothing as he kissed me, his mouth all tongue and big, consuming kisses. Dropping to his knees, he took my cock out of my pants and started sucking it. I watched him work on my cock with the patience of a master craftsman.

"I want to come in your ass," I told him and he gave me a shit-eating grin. I pulled him to his feet. It was hard to be naked in our apartment with all our windows bordering on the nosy neighbors surrounding us, so we almost always wound up in the bedroom to save having to run around and close up all the blinds. Right now, we were too

busy getting each other naked to think about anything else.

Aloha and I got into the sheets and he wrapped himself around me. His kisses were hard and wet and I pushed him down on the bed, spreading his legs. He moaned when my tongue went to investigate his ass and despite my warnings, he kept up a steady stream of noise.

"Aloha, the neighbors will complain."

"They're just jealous." He was breathless now as I slowly got two fingers into his ass. Aloha was the most versatile lover I ever had. He didn't care if he was a bottom or top. Honestly, I think we were both natural bottoms, but he tended to top more with me because he knew I loved it.

"Fuck me." He wrapped his legs around me.

I kept up my two-finger assault on his ass, putting my mouth back on him. He loved what I was doing to him, but I knew he was ready for a good, hard fucking.

"I need that cock, Johnny. Fuck me right now."

There was no restraint as I entered him quickly, like a knife through hot butter.

"*Liho*, why don't you want us to fuck Michael?" he asked.

"You wanna discuss this now, while I'm fucking you in the ass?"

"Yeah. *Liho*, I..."

I pounded into him, making him cry out. He

had one hand jerking on his hot, hard meat, the other was pulling my ass deeper into him.

"Tell me why you don't want to do it anymore. Were you jealous?"

"Yeah." I hated myself for admitting it.

"Fuck, I wish you'd told me." He sounded wistful even as I pounded into him. "Tell me next time."

I stopped what I was doing. We were both panting hard. His cock was rigid as he lay on his back looking up at me. His hands stroked at my face and chest.

"Fuck me slow and gentle, like you really want to," he whispered. "It's okay to want me. It's okay. It's okay to trust me."

I blinked. What the fuck was he doing?

"Show me how jealous you were. Fuck me and show me how much you want me."

I shook my head.

"Show me, Johnny." Our mouths sought for one another as I made love to him in slow, tender earnest. I felt his hands cup my buttocks and the Hawaiian words of love he whispered in my ear sent me off the radar.

He pulled my head closer to his, sucking deeply at my mouth as his ass rose off the bed to meet each thrust. "Come with me," I coaxed. "I can't help it. I have to come." His ass muscles tightened around me as I jerked on his lovely cock. "God, I

wish I could suck you from this angle.”

“Johnny,” he let out a strangled grunt. “I can feel you coming. Don’t stop, whatever you do. You feel so good.”

We came together in a blinding fusion of exploding thoughts and feelings and lay wrapped around one another for the longest time. He stroked my arms and chest. Nobody had ever come close to touching me emotionally like *Lopaka* had. Until now.

A gnawing feeling started in my stomach. I knew I was falling in love with him. What I didn’t know was if I could stay that way, if I could allow it to continue. Being in love was the scariest feeling in the world to me.

\* \* \* \*

“Can you do me a favor and stay away from *Nu’uanu* this morning?” Aloha asked the second his eyes opened.

Not that they’d been closed very long. He’d gotten about half an hour’s sleep, but he wasn’t complaining. I snuggled into him after the five a.m. alarm rang. It was market day. He held me close to him. I was loving my new intimacy with Aloha who last night had delivered on his promise to fuck me until neither of us could walk. After a long, blissful night indulging all our shared

desires, not to mention all our mutual insecurities, we were now so spent, he could hardly muster the energy to kiss me goodbye after his morning shower.

“Come with me, Johnny.”

“I have to work. I’ll meet you at the stall as soon as I’m done.” He sat gingerly on the bed giving me a sweet, long kiss. I badly wanted him to stay in bed with me.

“You’ll stay away from *Nu’uanu*?”

I reassured him with kisses. It wasn’t a promise that would be hard to keep. For one thing, I had no idea what had happened between Cindy and *Mahini* and, if I ran into him, I didn’t trust him to tell me the truth. For another thing, I really didn’t want to see him. Something about him brought out a very dangerous side of me. But mostly, I wanted to be alone with my new feelings for Aloha.

“I know I agreed last night that this is better than Dengue Fever.” He got up to leave. “But I might be wrong. At least there’s a pill for Dengue Fever.”

I looked up at him. “There’s a pill you can take for what we have.”

“And what pill is that?” He stroked my back and thighs.

“Not so much a pill as a remedy.”

“A remedy.” He was laughing now. “And

what's the remedy?"

"Your boyfriend comes to visit you at work."

"That's a cool remedy. Get some gear on and let's go."

"I have two quick tours. I can be with you by lunchtime. I'll even bring you something delicious to eat."

"*You* are something delicious to eat."

"I'll be there by one, I promise." I reached for him again.

He leaned over and kissed me. "I better go." His hand trailed between my legs. "I can't wait until one." At the door, he stopped. "Where did you get this?" He held up the lei I'd found on my car. He was very agitated. "It's him...that Hawaiian asshole. Who else would do this?" He snatched up the piece of paper with the Hawaiian words—*Mai poina oe la'u*. "Was this with it?"

"Yes."

"Then maybe it wasn't him. Do you know what this means?"

"No, honey. You know my Hawaiian is non-existent. What does it say?"

He'd lost interest in the paper now. He tossed it aside. "Whoever wrote this misses you. It says *do not forget about me*. He looked at me. "And don't you forget about *me*. Can you keep your cell phone on today?"

I wasn't due in Chinatown until ten, so I



puttered around the house, listening to music, drinking coffee and catching up on the daily news from the *Honolulu Advertiser* we got for free, owing to the huge amount of money Aloha spent advertising in it.

It was a bit of a thrill when he called me at nine, checking to see if I was out of bed. He never called me during the day. This was new territory for both of us. "I love that you called me, Aloha." I could tell he was pleased, because his voice grew husky.

"How are you feeling?"

"Like I just got fucked all night. And you?"

"Me, too." He laughed.

"How's it going there?"

"Crowded. Should be a good day. I've made six sales already."

"That's great."

"It'd be better if you were here."

"You just made my dick hard," I told him.

"Then get over here. Be with me. I can't wait until one o'clock."

"Four hours, baby. That's all. I have one riverboat tour and one gallery tour. I scheduled myself out for the rest of the weekend so I can be with you."

"You did? How cool." He paused to greet a customer.

"Hey, you heard from Cindy this morning?" he

asked me.

"No. Should I call her?"

"Damned straight. We need the scoop on that asshole she went home with last night. I'm hoping to have a good reason to find him and kick his ass."

He

paused.

"Say, you know, it's Saturday. Let's think of something fun to do tonight."

"You know what I'd love to do?"

"What?"

"Be with you."

"Johnny, that goes without saying. I'll see you later. You drive safe, okay?"

This new tenderness between us had me feeling both light as a feather and filled with dread. I called Cindy, but the call went straight to voice mail, so I left a message. I went to work thinking of only good things. I wasn't going to blow this one. Not this time.

I called her from the office that ten of us guides work out of, but rarely do we run into one another. Somebody always manages to keep pots containing three different types of tea brewing. I poured myself some green tea and left another message for Cindy, reminding her about the gallery tour that day.

When I went there at noon with my party of five, her door was locked. That surprised me. It was never locked. I was concerned now and

immediately called Cindy's house phone, the one we are only to use in emergencies. I could hear it ringing from the street. Somebody was opening a window upstairs. Cindy poked her head out, her eyes looking like ruined black-rimmed slits as she tossed me her keys.

Upstairs, her studio was unkempt.

"Why didn't you call me and remind me?" She threw an embroidered red kimono on her naked body.

"I called twice, Cindy. I was worried about you."

She seemed angry that the tourists roamed the room, looking at her work. "This isn't a good time." Her eyes drifted to her closed bedroom door.

"He's still here?"

She looked at me and the door flung open. For a long moment, I looked at the person standing there. Not only was it not him, it wasn't even a man. It was a woman. And I recognized her straight away. It was Mim, the ex wife of *Lopaka's* husband, Kimo.

We stared at one another for a moment, her scolding gaze traveling to Cindy who seemed to jolt into action as Mim went back inside, closing the door behind her.

"I can explain," Cindy said in a low voice. "She's *Mahini's* sister."

"Mahini?"

"Yes. You know, from last night?"

"I know who you mean, but I don't follow. I thought you were interested in *him*."

"I don't think he's really my type. I have no idea what's going on with him, but he is really strange. After we left the restaurant, we ran into his sister and the three of us wound up in a karaoke bar and next thing I knew, he was talking to some Swedish guy. It was like the north wind blew and he forgot all about me. I had a lot to drink."

Cindy paused, breathing toxic, alcohol fumes all over me. "A lot to drink. Next thing I knew, I was in bed with Mim."

"If anyone can convert a perfectly hetero girl, it's Mim." I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"How do you know Mim?" She was clutching her head now. Cindy was going to wake up in a few hours nursing a double dose of bad hangover and sexual remorse.

"She's Kimo's ex-wife. As in Kimo and *Lopaka*."

"Oh. Well." Cindy gathered the folds of her kimono around her. "I'm going back to bed. That woman did things to me that it should be illegal to do to another human being. If men fucked women the way she fucked me, there'd be no divorces, let me tell you." She glanced at the tourists who were flipping through the cheap poster prints of some

of her most popular photos. "They can have fifty per cent off anything they want."

"Wow. She must have blown your brains out while she was going down on you."

"Which is why I'm going back to bed. I wanna make sure it wasn't a dream."

I watched her wiggle-walk back to her boudoir. No way could Mim ever be better in bed than a guy. Well, maybe a straight guy. So, *Mahini* was Mim's brother. How weird this all was. I called Aloha at the end of the second tour and told him about Cindy.

"This is too weird. Hey, hot boy, you on your way?"

"Yes. Let me bring you some lunch. What would you like?"

"Surprise me. Just get here."

An hour later, he was scooping up the last bit of rice from a bento box. "Did you decide what you want to do tonight?"

"I've thought about it and I just want to be home alone with you tonight."

He grinned. "But we're home alone every night."

"No. I mean candles, dinner, music...and if our asses can stand it, some hot sex."

"We should give our asses the night off and settle for a lot of cock sucking."

"The thing is, tomorrow afternoon, Henry

Kapono is playing at Duke's," I reminded him "He goes on at four thirty, we'd be a little late, but I'd love to go and listen to him, sit on the beach and drink cocktails with you, maybe have some fish."

"We can do both, you know, go out tonight and tomorrow." He straightened his already straight CD racks.

I could tell he was happy. His cheeks had turned all pink. "But that's what I want to do."

"I want to go to Queen's Surf." He was determined.

"Queen's Surf?" I didn't like that idea. A gay cruising spot? I thought we'd agreed we wanted to be alone.

"Would you get your mind out of the gutter? It's written all over your face. It's Saturday. It's Sunset on the Beach tonight."

"What's that?"

"Since we just progressed from fucking to loving, I guess this would qualify as our first date and I think it's a lovely, romantic thing to do. They open up Queen's Surf after dark and they show a movie. Lots of couples go and picnic and make out...I want to go and watch a movie with you and hold hands and shit. We've never done that."

Now it was my turn to blush. "I could make us that romantic dinner to go."

"No, let's compromise. We can have dinner at home, then go to the beach."

I was the happiest I'd felt in a long, long time.

\* \* \* \*

After a fast and furious quickie when we got home, I left Aloha tangled in the sheets, snoring his *arse* off as I went to prepare our dinner to go. I used to cook for *Lopaka* all the time. It felt great to dust off my pretty decent kitchen skills with a gourmet picnic of fried chicken, skewers of shrimp, scallops and vegetables, potato salad and a pineapple upside down cake, because it was Aloha's favorite. Squeezing a chilled bottle of champagne into the picnic basket, I went to waken him with kisses.

"The house smells wonderful. What have you been doing?"

I told him what I'd made.

"Och, you shouldn't have done that. Now I don't want to get out of this bed. I want our picnic alone in here with you."

"I'll get the candles."

"Nah...I want a date with my boyfriend. We'll break out the candles as soon as we get home. Besides, my ass is still sore," he laughed.

"How about your cock?"

"I think that might be broken, too." He pulled me down into his arms.

"I have a remedy for that when we get back

home.”

He grinned. “I was hoping you might.”

\* \* \* \*

Queen’s Surf was packed with families, gay and straight, crowded onto the sandy beach as three men worked on getting a massive movie screen in place.

Aloha and I grabbed a great spot and spread out our huge blanket and devoured our food. We’d just popped the champagne bottle when somebody announced the movie we were about to watch was *The Bourne Ultimatum*. I was surprised we were seeing a fairly current release, for free. The crowd went wild. We laughed and clapped and, as the credits rolled, Aloha’s face shone. He gathered me to him, wrapping himself around me from behind. He fed me pieces of cake with his fingers and we sipped on champagne, letting Matt Damon do the hard work of saving the world all by his lonesome.

I felt myself relaxing against Aloha’s muscular chest. He kissed my head and face and I honestly could not remember ever feeling this good. And to think I got to go home with this great guy and think of other fun stuff to do with him tomorrow. After the movie finished, we went for a stroll along the beach.



"You want some coffee, baby?" He was holding the picnic basket with one hand, me with the other.

"Sure." Down by the volleyball net at the foot of Diamond Head, this had always been *Lopaka's* favorite haunt. I wondered if he ever came down here anymore. I had no idea why the thought came to me, or why it mattered, because it didn't. I smiled at Aloha. "This has been a wonderful date. You...make me feel happy."

"I fookin' love you, *Liho*." He spotted a Starbuck's. "I need coffee, then I need cock." He nuzzled me. "Coffee opens my eyes, your cock opens my whole world." He attacked my mouth as the *barrista* dealt with the two thousand other people ahead of us.

Two seconds later, *Mahini*, walked in, wearing my T-shirt and accompanying Cindy who hadn't returned any of our calls that day.

"Hi you two." She looked embarrassed. "I thought I saw you down on the sand there slobbering over each other."

Aloha gave her a curious look.

"I can't keep my hands off him," I shrugged.

"You don't have to." Aloha grinned at my stolen line, pinching Kimo's response to *Lopaka* for his own.

We'd reached the top of the line. We gave the *barrista* our orders. I could see that Aloha didn't

appreciate *Mahini* pushing up ahead in the queue, but then Cindy was our friend. Aloha asked them what they wanted to drink.

"I hate coffee," *Mahini* fumed.

"Oh, you do not." Cindy cozied up to him, making him seem uncomfortable. "Two espressos, thanks." She handed Aloha some cash, which he waved away.

"He's made off with our girl. Please don't let him make off with you," he said when we got outside.

I could see how upset he was. "Don't think about him, just think about me."

"That's my problem. You're all I think about. I'm obsessed with you, *Liho*."

"I'm gonna give you all night to prove it." I raced him back to the truck.

## CHAPTER FOUR

The next morning, I let Aloha sleep in and I took off for a run up *Nu'uaniu Pali* and *Mahini* was there, waiting for me. He walked past the cemetery, turning into the gates of the Royal Mausoleum a few feet ahead.

I hesitated. Did I want to do this?

When he turned to see if I was following him, it was like an invisible cord connected us and I was pulled along by a strange electrical current towards him. Once I walked through the gates, he was gone. I was getting tired of his games. Then I saw him flitting down the stairs to the final resting place of Hawaii's last ruling monarchs.

"You took your time." He looked scornful. We looked at each other and I knew he was longing to touch me. "Can I kiss you?" He held my face in his hands and moved his lips over mine, savoring me.

He tasted of fruit. I wasn't sure which kind at first, but I realized it was papaya. He had a salty,

spicy scent to him. Oddly, as he kissed me, I felt he was shy. No. Not shy. A little out of his element. He was a loner, I knew that. There was something wounded...tragic, about him, making him even more compelling.

"I live alone." It was as if reading my thoughts. "There aren't any gay men on *Ni'ihau*. I am so glad I came to *Oahu*. It's been so long..." He started kissing me again. "I've tried to get you alone for days." He got his cock and balls out of his pants, harnessed between the zipper and the top button.

It was as if he was afraid to give me total access to him. I've never been a glory hole kinda guy, but he was big, really big. His length surprised me, because until he hardened, it didn't seem that big. Now I was having trouble handling him. But I'm a tenacious guy, and I was willing to work every trick I had to make the most of this.

We moved further down the stairs, my hands and mouth clinging to that hot rod of his. He was uncut, I realized as I started to work on him. He was so ready, his foreskin was already pulled back over the swollen cockhead. I longed to play with this new toy. I'd never had a man who was uncut.

*Mahini* watched me bending down before him and his face lost that insolent sneer. I pulled and pushed on him, squeezing his balls, longing to get them into my mouth. He lost his cool completely when I reached my tongue tip into the slit of his

cock. Oh yeah, this boy hadn't had head for a long, long time.

He was making strange sounds, grasping for support at the steel gates separating the last Queen's final home from unwanted visitors. I worked him over with the fury of a starving savage, his strangled cries echoing in the stairwell until we heard a busload of tourists arrive at the gates. They were Japanese by the sounds of it. *Mahini* was so close to coming, I could taste it. Instead, he panicked. Pushing my face away, he stuffed his raging cock back in his pants and ran up the stairs, taking them two at a time.

By the time I'd pulled myself together and walked up the stairs, he was long gone. Twelve Japanese tourists wearing red party hats, were looking at me as if I was the ghost of some late Monarch. Somebody even took my picture.

"Aloha!" I forced myself to smile. I moved past them as the tourists all chorused, "Aloha," back. The guide went on to tell them about the history of the mausoleum. He was pointing to the remnants of the massive chain the last king of *Oahu* used to harness his cannon in the final, extremely bloody confrontation between his army and that of the fearsome *Kamehameha*, who not only won the battle and united all the islands for the first time ever, but forced the vanquished men to leap to their death at the top of the hill on the

*Pali* lookout.

I walked up to the *Pali* lookout, the thrilling, terrifyingly high cliffs overlooking the island of *Oahu* and the ocean that legend has it carried the souls of the dead across the horizon into heaven.

They called it *Walking the Rainbow*.

Coming here always filled me with a sense of spiritual renewal. Despite its gruesome history, it was an inexplicably beautiful place. The air was heavy with the scent of jasmine and I started to miss Aloha.

When I got home, I let him sleep in just a little longer. I tried calling Cindy, who didn't pick up. I left her a message and made a picnic lunch for us for the long day of music bargain hunting. Today was Aloha's day to scout junk stores, second hand shops and an endless parade of yard sales in search of music. I figured we'd find a nice beach or park to have lunch. I made coffee and put together some French toasted Hawaiian bread and sliced up papaya, returning to our bed with a loaded tray.

He stirred. "I could get used to breakfast in bed." He grinned at me.

Guilt about *Mahini* overcame me and I threw myself at him, sucking hard on his cock, so that he wouldn't taste another man's semen on my tongue.

"Relax, Johnny. It's not going anywhere. It's

yours." He pulled me off his cock and took me in his arms.

He wanted a slow, romantic start to his day and I surrendered myself to his deep, long kisses. He kept moving from my face and neck, down my chest and to my belly, then back again. There was a fixed, almost hypnotic look on his face as he pleased me with his fingers, tongue and lips. I felt myself relaxing to his touch.

"That's it baby. I love how you smell after your morning run." We fed each other breakfast with our fingers and he started working on his coffee.

"This is what I want." I pushed him back so I could enjoy his cock.

"Come up here. I want to suck you, too."

"Not yet, sunshine." I got back to the job at hand. It didn't take long to get him nice and hard.

"See honey, your cock's not broken. I fixed it."

He laughed, watching me do the thing I love most—putting him in my mouth. I loved the taste of the pre-come glistening on the top of his juicy prick. He heaved a sigh as I attacked him with gusto. I lifted my mouth off him and he protested. I reached over to the bedside table and took a swig of the very hot water in my coffee cup. I put my hand on his cock and he begged for my mouth.

"What are you doing? Trying to drive me crazy?"

I couldn't respond since I had a mouthful of hot

liquid so I opened up and took him in my mouth, allowing the hot liquid to spurt over his yearning cock. He thought he was coming and with a shout, he filled my mouth with his hot come.

“What the fuck...that was fantastic,” he gasped, hugging me to him. “You never did anything like that to me before.”

The truth was, it was one of me ex lover *Lopaka's* tricks. Another truth was that it had never occurred to me to do it to Aloha before.

“Show me what the fuck you did so I can do it to you.” He jumped on me and pinning me to the bed with his knees.

We kept trying to get out of bed and head down to those stores, especially since we had to collect Kimo's album, but it was so nice we kept staying in bed, finding new and pleasant ways to derail one another.

Aloha knew how to make me feel like we were on our own special magic carpet ride. I felt he was aware of every single response and my heart opened wide to him. How lucky I was to be with someone who cared so much about me that all he wanted to do was make me feel good. I started to feel even more guilty about my encounter with *Mahini*, then forced those thoughts away.

As Aloha's tongue entered my now slick ass, it still felt tender after our recent fuck fest. We hadn't had anal sex since. I let him continue



licking me, enjoying wave after wave of bliss. For almost an hour, he kept at it, until he needed to fuck me and I needed to make him as happy as he'd made me.

"Am I gonna hurt you?" he asked me softly.

"You could never hurt me." When his cock smashed into me, searing pain gave way to a gulf of pleasure and I screamed his name, clutching his back, my mouth biting into his shoulder as an intense orgasm ripped all the way through me. He came almost as quickly, and we lay, melded together, listening one another's beating hearts.

He kissed me. "*E Homai*," Aloha whispered to me.

"What does that mean?"

"Return me. I want to be back home in you. It's where I belong."

\* \* \* \*

We got dressed up in our best suits for the hula show on Tuesday night, difficult when we kept trying to undress one another.

"Did I leave a bite mark on your shoulder?" I asked, seeing two distinct little indentations.

"My vampire's kiss." He tossed off my love bites with a laugh, not caring at all. "Come on, hot boy. I want to show you off."

Outside the Aloha Shell, a big red sign on the

marquee blazed like a fire. Four little letters that packed a big punch—PELE.

It was the typical pandemonium of any opening night. I was thrilled to see such a crowd for a hula show and for let's say, the Stones. People had come out for the show the media said was spectacular.

The crowd outside was buzzing with the air of expectation. Not just for the new show, but a new era we all knew was being ushered in with it—that an ode to two Hawaiian mythological legends being a sellout, the return of our lost cultural consciousness was here. At least, that's what I heard someone saying outside the theater lobby. It sounded good to me.

A scalper was offering a woman a twelfth row seat for five hundred dollars. Wow. That spoke well of the show, I decided. Aloha and I were delighted to see we had fourth row seats. We herded in with the rest of the eager crowd. The energy I was sure was similar to the Running of the Bulls in Pamplona. Every man for himself. Damn the torpedoes. And that manic, frantic search for the seat. Get out of the way of those bulls.

There were wonderful photographs of the performers lining the walls, but I couldn't get close enough to look at them. Logjam. We bumped into Cindy who was clutching onto *Mahini's* arm.

She barely greeted us, dragging him into the theater.

The Shell bar had gotten creative, selling Lava Floe drinks and Raging Volcanoes, all in keeping with the show's theme. We didn't stop for one of those either. We were minutes away from the show starting, so we forced our way to our seats.

Our seats weren't bad. They were very good, actually. We were three rows behind *Lopaka's Tutu* and Nicky, *Kaiona's* wife, sitting in the front row. *Tutu* must have felt my stare, or else she was just checking out the crowd, because she turned and her eyes met mine. She beckoned us to sit beside her. "Come here boys," she shouted. We lost no time clambering over our fellow bull chasers to get to her. We took our seats beside her. I was sitting right next to her and Aloha was beside Nicky.

"How nice to see you boys," *Tutu* cackled. The old lady glowed in a red and purple *holoku* dress, a *haku*, or head lei of fresh firecracker flowers adorning her salt and pepper hair. "My *Lopaka* made it for me." Her face was radiant.

Aloha handed her the bag containing the two record albums she wanted and her little face shone even more.

An older couple took the seats on the other side of *Tutu* and I knew instinctively they had to be Kimo's parents. The man was an older, less imposing version of him. *Tutu* was gracious and

gregarious with the Wilders who smiled across at us. They were wearing the firecracker *hakus*, too.

"Nicky, you look beautiful," I whispered. She was wearing a short, fire engine red strappy dress with super high heels.

"*Pele* colors," she said, touching the pungent red ginger lei around her neck.

"You're *Kaiona's* little firecracker, eh?" Aloha asked.

"That's what she said," Nicky giggled. "She picked this dress out for me."

"The scent of your lei's making me feel quite randy," Aloha announced.

"Randy?"

"Horny," I translated.

"Don't look at me," she said quickly and the three of us laughed.

"How did you come by spare seats?" I asked her.

"My friend Lydia was supposed to be coming with us, but she went into labor an hour ago. How's that for an excuse?"

We laughed. "You know, I still don't know what's *your* baby's name is," I told her.

"*Kimahana*."

"They named him after Kimo." Aloha nudged me. "It's a wonderful story. Kimo sired him." He said it like the man was a horse, not a person.

"*Kimahana Lopaka Liholiho Ahia*." Nicky said the

names like a prayer. "The first two names are obvious but *Kaiona* picked *Liholiho* because it means rare and precious in Hawaiian. But what am I saying? You're Hawaiian. You already knew that."

"Aloha calls me *Liho*." I saw him blush. "His Hawaiian is pretty spectacular. Mine is rudimentary to say the least."

Nicky grinned and the lights suddenly fell. The crowd stopped talking as the entire theater was plunged into thick, black darkness. The moment of creation.

Aloha took my hand in his. A red ball of light appeared in the middle of the stage.

A fireball.

The Goddess *Pele* is famous for those. A gasp from the crowd. The light and heat grew stronger and we realized we were witnessing a violent, volcanic eruption. A few people shrieked, but most appreciated the incredible artistry that had gone into creating what looked like a real volcano on stage and the lava flowing out of its steam stack.

Out of the smoke and fire, the lovely *Kaiona* appeared. Bare shouldered, she was in long pieces of red fabric that gushed like fingers of lava around her. The crowd went *nuts*, screaming and clapping. She looked very choked up, but managed to keep dancing. I leaned into Nicky

who was weeping now and Aloha and I put our hands over hers.

The crowd went wild as Roland Cazimero's voice broke over her dance. His rousing *I Am Pele* soared over the movements of this gifted artist. It sounded like an anthem and I watched the tears flowing down Nicky's proud face.

When Kimo joined her on stage as her lover, *Kamapua'a*, the pig god, there was a kind of hush as he materialized in a haze of red smoke. As he strode towards her, almost naked except for a red *malo*, the kind of loincloth you see in pictures of old Hawaiian fishermen, he was breathtaking.

Then the noise, like thunder started. The crowd loved him. I wasn't sure if he would be able to ignore the screaming, the yelling, the non-stop applause. He and Kaiona looked at each other, tears welling in their eyes, but they kept going.

"He's a demi god," *Tutu* breathed. And he was. As Kimo danced towards *Kaiona*, I felt his marriage to *Lopaka* had liberated him. There was an exuberance in his performance that had never been there before.

The crowd kept up the endless applause with each step they took in their remarkably erotic dance of sex, love, jealousy and death. The dancers might have been gay, but you totally believed in their characters' all-consuming passion for one another.

It was not until the supporting hula dancers showed up on stage that I saw *Lopaka* front and center. He got a big hand, too. *Tutu* was on her feet, clapping her hands over her head. He, too, managed to focus on his work and not the audience.

As I watched the unfolding show, I tried to focus on the moment. I tried not to think about that night with *Lopaka* and Kimo. But it was just too painful. All the staged fires...it all came rushing back.

My mind was being pulled back to the present. Aloha's hand gripped mine as *Lopaka* descended a long silver cord, upside down from the air, dangling over the stage. It was such a dangerous stunt, I was surprised Kimo would let him do it. Then again, I was certain he would never allow *Lopaka* to do something unless he had complete control over the mechanics.

The crowd watched *Lopaka's* exceptional, supple body twist itself into a brilliant air hula. He was astonishing, his long legs twining and spinning around the almost invisible cable. The audience broke into aggressive applause. I stole a look at his husband's face on stage. Kimo, kneeling at the mouth of the volcano, was watching the stunning man he'd married, his face a picture of sheer, naked desire and absolute pride.

When it was all over, everybody stamped and applauded their approval and as they took their final bows, *Kaiona* and Kimo kissed each other, then *Kaiona* blew a kiss to her wife in the front row and Kimo blew one across the stage to *Lopaka*.

With a quick clasp of our hands, Nicky rushed off backstage, and I was left alone with Aloha, absorbing what I'd just seen. This show was an event, no, a life experience I would never forget. Oddly, it made me re-examine my own life and the poor choices I had made. For the past few days, I'd felt Aloha was it. How or why things had changed, I had no idea, but when I was with him, I felt like I was in water, paddling gloriously. Without him, I felt odd...adrift. I wanted to tell Aloha all these things, but he was checking his cell phone read out and his eyes lit up when he saw who was calling him.

"It's Michael, you know, the NFL player. He really wants that threesome. Honey, are you sure you don't wanna do it?"

I couldn't believe he was asking me this. It was the last thing I wanted. "No. *No*. It's not what I want." Having just replayed that disastrous night with Kimo in my mind, all I could see was catastrophe ahead.

"He's a hot guy." Aloha was working hard to persuade me.

"If it's so important to you, then you have my



blessings. You have a free pass. Go for it."

He looked shocked. "I'm not interested in a one-on-one. Honey, I'm your man. Please don't stress. Please don't get this upset. I'm sorry I suggested it."

I had to get out of the theater. I got up and ran, Aloha's hysterical voice following me. Out in the lobby, I squeezed past people looking askance at me. Air. I needed air.

Kimo, and *Kaiona* were coming out to the lobby now and the crowd was crushing them with their love.

I bolted out of the theater.

Outside, Aloha caught up with me, pressing himself against me. "Please, God. Johnny, it was stupid of me. Please, please forgive me. Talk to me, Johnny. Tell me what's inside that head of yours."

All I wanted to was to run away and hide.

"Let's get out of here." We almost collided with *Mahini* who was in the middle of an argument with Cindy.

"Och!" Aloha yanked me down the street. He kept looking at me. "What happened that night? You've got to tell me. I'm going mad."

"I can't." I started to sob.

"Can't or won't? Come on, Johnny. Whatever happened, it can't be that bad." But it was. He waited out my hysterics, which just grew, not

abating. "Jesus, Johnny." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a tissue. "Blow."

"This must be a turn on," I blubbered.

"Believe it or not, it is." He dried my face with his fingers. "Forget I said anything. One day, when you're ready, you'll tell me."

"I'm ready now."

That surprised him. "Wanna tell me over supper?"

"No. No people."

"Home then." I shook my head. "Come on." He took me by the hand. We walked past Queen *Kapiolani* Park. How apt, we were by the volleyball court. *Lopaka's* old stomping ground. We sat on the beach wall. "Take your time." He rubbed my back.

"You said you were afraid of *Mahini* changing things between us. I'm more afraid of this story changing things between us," I told him.

"Will you trust me? Please?"

"It's just that...I never allow myself to think about that night." When Aloha didn't say anything, I went on. "*Lopaka* and I were done. He was with Kimo for months when he called and said he was Kimo's first male lover and now Kimo wanted a threesome with me, of all people. *Lopaka* wasn't happy, but he was smart enough to realize that it would be better to go along with it, than to risk letting Kimo be alone with another man.

Anyway, *Lopaka* had one rule. Kimo was not to go down on me during our threesome."

"Let me, guess. He did, right?" Aloha shook his head. "Forgive me, *Liho*, but that was a dumb rule. He's in bed with you, of course he's going to wanna suck your cock."

"The truth is, Kimo couldn't fuck me. He couldn't get his dick into me fast enough. He fucked *Lopaka* instead. He was kinda...brutal with him, actually. I felt like he wanted revenge or something, because even though he knew sucking me was *kapu*, he was the one who went for it. He was the hottest guy in the islands. How could I resist? *Lopaka* stormed out of the house, but we didn't even realize at first that he'd gone."

I was lost in the memory of Kimo's breakdown until Aloha nudged me.

"I...I will never forget the shock ...the anguish Kimo went through when he realized *Lopaka* had actually left him. Sometimes, I think I imagined what happened next, but Aloha, I *swear* this is true. The house grew hot. The hardwood floors seemed to be on fire. I thought I was hallucinating until I noticed Kimo picking his feet up off the floor. He was sweating hard. I was on the bed, the only place safe from the damned heat.

"Kimo was on the floor of their bedroom on his knees, chanting. I was petrified. I looked down and I could see fire under those floorboards. It was

bizarre! And his skin was all red... when I touched him, he was burning up. He got really mad at me then. He told me not to touch him, that I'd break the connection.

"He kept rocking back and forth on the floor...he was chanting, *Lopaka, Lopaka, where you baby?* His face went slack and his eyes looked weird. He said, *Oh he's in a forest... he hit a tree.* Kimo was marking an invisible circle with his hand on the floor. He got upset. He said, *I can't see him. I can't see where he is.* He was walking, his hand stretched out, like he was out there in the darkness, trying to find him. Then I saw a blister forming on his neck. He was still sending these...messages to *Lopaka, baby, find someplace safe. I'll find you. I'm binding you. You will be safe.* And then he went down. His mouth was hanging open, his breath coming in short...shallow bursts...he said, *This is all my fault,* and he couldn't talk anymore. I saw these heat blisters forming on his entire left side and I freaked out."

"Why the hell didn't you call a doctor?" Aloha asked.

"He wouldn't let me. He said he needed to keep *Lopaka* safe. He told me to change the bed sheets and get the food *Lopaka* had prepared for us out of the bedroom. Kimo wanted to get rid of the evidence. I would have washed everything away in the kitchen sink, except that I couldn't stand on

that red-hot floor. I did everything Kimo asked me to do as he lay there, I was convinced, dying." I stared out at the ocean. It was as if I was back in that house now.

"He told me to drag him to the bathroom. It was the only cool spot in the house. I got him into the shower and ran the cold tap over him, steam rising off his body. I wanted to call for help. He demanded that I keep following his instructions. But I did defy his wishes, picking up the phone. A really strange thing happened. All the phones in the house were red-hot to the touch. They had no dial tone and I couldn't find my cell phone anywhere. My instinct was to run, but I couldn't leave him there. We stayed in the bathroom, me in the tub, Kimo in the shower, sleeping on and off. Then at dawn, his eyes opened, but he was in intense pain. He told me to call Nicky, to tell her we needed help."

"But you said the phones didn't work," Aloha reminded me.

"I said the same thing and Kimo told me they would work now and they did. She was on their speed dial. There was still an intense heat in the house, but at least nothing burned anymore, except poor Kimo. He still had the awful blisters. He could hardly move. He's a big man and it was hard...he cried out in agony when we threw some clothes on him and got him into his car. Nicky

drove him to *Lopaka*."

"What did you do?"

"I waited until they came back. Kimo and *Lopaka* were in the back seat. *Lopaka* was hysterical when he saw me. He kept screaming at me to leave, but he was in bad shape. They were both so sick, but Kimo had it the worst. Nicky and I helped them get into the house. They demanded that I leave and I did. Nicky stood over me, making sure I drove away. I've never seen any of them or spoken to any of them again until this past week." I stole a look at him. Aloha's face was unreadable. "You wanted to know."

"Aye, I wanted to know." He paused. "For two gay people Kimo and *Kaiona* looked like they could fuck each other four ways from Sunday, didn't they?"

I just looked at him. What a strange reaction to the most bizarre experience I'd ever had in my life. "You knew! How the...who told you?"

"*Kaiona*. As soon as you left Duke's the other day, she said to me, *Be careful of that one*. She told me the story. Well, some of it...obviously you know more than she does."

I was devastated. "She doesn't even know me. I've never met her until we saw her at Duke's. Why would she say that?" I wrestled with rage and self-pity. "What about Nicky? What did she say?"

Aloha was watching me. In the cool stillness of that night bay, light from the street lamps reflected in the ocean, casting a blue glow on his face. "She actually feels bad for you. She was a lot more sympathetic than *Kaiona*. Any way you cut it, this is one helluva story and I'm still having trouble swallowing it."

"Try being me." I touched his hand. "How do you feel about me now?"

He smiled then. "I'm jealous that you were with *Lopaka*. I know Kimo's the powerful guru and all, but *Lopaka* has a glow, don't you think? He's quite Buddha-like."

"Yes, but he's also very much in love with Kimo."

"I know that. Otherwise, I'd have to kill him." A moment of silence. He took my hand in his. "I still want you. You're still my hot boy...in more ways than one. The question is where we go from here."

I waited, fearing the worst.

Aloha blew out a breath. "I think we have to agree to no more threesomes."

"Agreed."

"I'll never mention Michael's name again. I promise. I want you to stay away from that Mahogany character." He looked at me. "And I want to meet your mum."

Geez, we never talked about this stuff. When

his *mum* came out from England one time, we kept to our own beds. No sexy time. She made me tea and toast constantly and when she asked me if Aloha had a girlfriend, I realized she had no idea he was gay.

"Where does she live?" His voice broke into my distressing chain of thoughts.

"My mom? She's local."

"And she's full-blood Japanese?"

"Yep. My father's Hawaiian and Portuguese."

"That's where you get your stunning looks." When I reddened, he laughed, stroking my face. "How come you never see her? How come we haven't been to her gallery, since it's practically on our doorstep? All the artists you work with and your own mum is, according to *Kaiona*, a superstar."

My heart froze. "She and Cindy fell out and my mom hasn't forgiven me for still being friends with Cindy. *Kaiona* says you shouldn't trust *me*, but until Kimo came along, *Lopaka* and I were still friends. I don't turn my back on the people I love. I could have stopped seeing Cindy to make my mom happy, but I felt she was wrong to treat Cindy the way she did. And my mom...well, she ain't June Cleaver, either."

"And now Cindy's dumped us." Aloha glanced at me. "And your dad?"

"I haven't seen him in years. They divorced



when I was twelve." I pushed myself off the sea wall, frantic to swim to other, less painful topics.

Aloha jumped up and grabbed me to him. "That's why you don't trust men. I think we're meant to be together, Johnny. I think we have to go for it." For long minutes, we stood there, holding each other. "Can we go home and put the past behind us now?"

"I'm scared, Aloha. I screwed things up badly with *Lopaka*. I cheated on him and hurt him and I haven't allowed anyone to get close to me since then. I don't want to get hurt and I don't want to hurt you."

"Johnny, I'm scared, too. Don't hurt me and I won't hurt you."

We were all over each other. How we didn't crash getting home was beyond me.

At our front door, we were surprised to see a fisherman's net pinned to it.

"What the..." Aloha took down the net and inside found a beautiful sea glass ball, the kind that wash up on the remote beaches from Japanese fishing ships. I was terrified this was another wacky offering from *Mahini*. I dreaded Aloha finding another note. The ball was clear aqua, absolutely stunning. It had not a single flaw in it and would fetch about a hundred dollars on the low end at a good trinket shop. In the net was an

aqua envelope, the same shade as the ball. It was addressed to both of us. We tore into it. It was an invitation.

*Kimo and Lopaka Wilder invite you to the celebration of their marriage...*

"But this is fantastic." Aloha bent down when a small white envelope fell out. It was a hundred dollar bill. "He really overpaid on those albums. We'll just have to get them a fantastic wedding present."

A second card announced absolutely no gifts were to be brought to the wedding. "This is a celebration of love, not an excuse to load up on toasters," Aloha read from the card. "You gotta admire their sense of humor."

"Where's the party?" I asked.

"It doesn't say. We meet up at the parking lot at the top of *Nu'uanu Pali* at six o'clock and they bus us from there. How cool. This is going to be the party of the year, *ipo*." He looked at me then. "You feel strange about this, going to *Lopaka's* wedding?"

"No, I don't. I've got me a hot guy with an accent like James Bond now."

Aloha dropped the package inside our door. "Get inside before I fuck you in front of all our neighbors." We were lucky to make it to the other side of that front door fully clothed.

## CHAPTER FIVE

The Wilders had invited just about everybody they'd ever met to the wedding. Everywhere we went, it was all wedding talk, all the time. The entire island was gripped by romantic love fever and we were swept along with it. Since the grooms had issued strict instructions for no wedding gifts, we all got creative. In Hawaii, nobody arrives *anywhere* without bringing an offering of food, so it was no surprise that two days before the wedding, huge, lavish baskets of fruit and flowers started arriving at the Shell, the theater where *Pele* was playing.

I saw that on the news. Kimo said in one televised interview that he and *Lopaka* were overwhelmed by the outpouring of love, the amazing offerings that filled the massive theater and lined the sidewalks of *Kalakaua* Avenue. We were all part of a royal wedding.

Aloha and I had found ourselves inspired

during our gift buying for the couple. We bought them a *plumeria* tree, picking the deep red and orange *Pele* flower in honor of the goddess both men worshipped.

On the morning of the wedding, we lounged in bed eating toasted Hawaiian bread with guava jam, working our way through our second pot of Kona coffee. Legs entwined, we were watching Kimo, *Lopaka* and even *Tutu* on TV observing all their gifts lined up on the sidewalk. Then Aloha's cell phone rang.

"Kimo," he mouthed. That was a surprise. Aloha wasn't saying much. He was listening though, because his next words were, "We'll be there."

"What's going on?" I asked as he climbed out of our bed and threw on street clothes.

"They want us to come help them move some of the gifts. They know I've got a truck and Kimo says he needs to talk to you."

It didn't take us long to get there, but Aloha kept prodding me about why Kimo needed to talk to me. "I have no idea." And I didn't.

Outside the Shell, Kimo and *Lopaka* were loading up a truck with many of the wedding gifts. They looked a bit stressed out.

"Aloha," Kimo smiled. "Thank you so much for coming here. We really appreciate this. We've taken a bunch of flowers home already and even

to Queen's Hospital and the AIDS hospice in Mo'ili'ili. But the fire department's giving us grief now."

We quickly opened up the flatbed of Aloha's truck and started loading up baskets and buckets and boxes of gifts until the sidewalk was left bare.

"Take a look inside the theater." Kimo looked a little shell-shocked. "It's unbelievable."

And it was. Gifts had arrived from all over the islands and lined the walls on makeshift trestle tables.

"We got two huge banana palms from Guam," Kimo grinned.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Already up at the house. Come on, follow me."

*The house* turned out to be an amazing piece of property at the top of a private road, overlooking *Hawaii Kai*. Right on top of the mountain. Huge wood and iron gates swung open to reveal a compound of one large house and several smaller, cabin-style scatter shot across a paradise of lush, dense foliage.

I never knew anything like this existed in *Oahu*. Especially so close to the most populated areas of *Honolulu*. As we jumped out of the truck, my eyes felt blinded by the colors, brilliant red from the *'ohia lehua* trees inside the compound. Red, yellow

and white torch ginger competed for brilliance with bright red African tulips, the pink blossoms of the Tahitian *hutū* trees and the superb red crests adorning the *wiliwili*.

There were breadfruit trees, calabash trees with gourds ripe for the plucking, *plumeria* trees of many shades. Purple passion fruit vine crawled up the base of an enormous Banyan, its roots dripping in and out of the earth. Banana palms, wild yellow and orange cotton, deep red Christmas berry, gardenia, vibrant red and green *ti*, mountain apple trees swarming with tiny fruit...it was all dazzling. It was a Hawaiian forest, that's what it was and it was all being transformed into a giant *luau* in honor of the wedding party that night. Workmen swarmed everywhere erecting a stage to one side by the edge of the property. There were so many helpful hands, unloading the truck was quick work.

*Tutu* came rushing out of the house to hug us both. I noticed she was still limping and Kimo saw that I noticed it.

"Come in and have a cold drink." She hugged us. We followed her down a very steep flight of stairs into the main house, a splendid dwelling built, it seemed, almost entirely of glass and boasting an unbelievable sight—a lava rock pool in the middle of it.

"This is wow...this is amazing." My eyes were

in orbit. "I've never seen anything like it." Out of the corner of my eye, I saw *Tutu* pull Aloha out of the way. Kimo and I were alone in the massive living room now.

"It is beautiful, but after tonight, I'm tearing it down." He handed me a glass of something cold and delicious looking.

One sip told me it was Hawaiian iced tea. "You're tearing it down?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"I made a pact with Goddess *Pele*. This rock pool has very bad *mana*, bad energy. The man who did this," his hand swept in a disdainful way over the exquisite, certainly unique addition to the house, "Violated all the natural laws. This house is built on a submerged volcano, long extinct now, but some of it was damaged to accommodate this pool. Nobody who has lived here has ever been happy.

"This house has come to us via some...unusual circumstances. I have a lot of protections around it for now, but my deal with *Pele* is that after this party tonight, this whole house will come down."

"What happens then?" I asked.

He paused. "We have an excellent contractor. We will study exactly what is underneath the house and see how much damage has been done. See this wall in front? The original builder just built these walls right into the lava rocks. He

drilled right into *Pele's* home."

"I can see why this is so important to you. I know *Lopaka* loves *Pele*, too."

Kimo's smile was wide and genuine. "Which is why she enlisted us to do this job. There needs to be a lot of prayer and sincere apology to Madame *Pele*.

"When the time is right, *Lopaka* and I will build another house, not exactly on this spot, but we do want to build a new residence. And we want to build a school for the Hawaiian arts. We're going to teach hula, drumming, singing, chanting, medicine, canoe making, star navigation, lei-making...all the lost arts. We will bring *kahuna* and other wonderful teachers from all over the islands to teach the children."

"What a wonderful idea. But it's gonna cost you a fortune."

"You're not kidding. That's why we agreed to do the hula show. It's going to provide us the funds we need to do this. My divorce from my first wife took just about every cent I had, not that I am complaining. It was worth it. I've been given a fantastic new life. And this is why I wanted to talk to you."

"How can I help you?" I asked.

"I know I mentioned that the *kupuna* sent me into the forest and we established it was hell. What was true hell for me was worrying about



*Lopaka* and *Tutu*. You saw what happened to me that night, Johnny. You are one of the few people to have ever seen those blisters on me, caused by a separation from *Lopaka*.

"*Lopaka*, *Tutu* and I...we are so bonded to each other. I knew they would both experience the blisters. Having been through it once, I knew what to expect. *Lopaka* nursed me through that experience. He felt the same physical pain I did, but I knew that our separation this time, because it was being forced on us, *strongly* against our will, because our love was being challenged and tested, I knew he would get the blisters, too. My great fear was *Lopaka* and *Tutu* not surviving it. It caused me much anxiety."

"How long did they send you away for?"

His expression grew uneasy. "Three weeks."

That shocked me. I'd seen what happened to him in just one night. I had no idea how they'd survived *three weeks*.

He was looking into the deep recesses of that rock pool now and I could see the anguish still etched in his features.

"How did any of you survive it?" I asked, feeling very emotional for them and the trauma they must have experienced.

"Our love is real." Then he added, "I don't think they've ever encountered anything like me and *Lopaka* before. During our time apart, the idea

of building the school, of perpetuating our culture came to all three of us. It...emerged that *Pele* requires us to complete this mission. My loved ones did really well during this challenge, but *Tutu*..." his voice broke. "She still has blisters on her leg. I have them under control so they are not getting worse, but they are not getting better."

I was still trying to see how I fit into all this when he blurted, "*Tutu* believes the only unclean thing hanging between us is you. She feels I owe you a big apology for that night. She feels the need to know that you are okay with *Lopaka* marrying me. That you are not...wronged by this."

The words fell between us and tears pricked my eyes again. "I don't have to tell you how bad that night was for me. It was worse for you. I know that, but I tried so hard to apologize and you both shut me down."

"I know. I am sorry we did that. I was so jealous of you, Johnny. I love my man so much. I've never been in love like this before. There's nothing else I can say except how sorry I am. I hurt you both."

And just like that, like a yoke being lifted from an ox's shoulders, I felt freer than I had in over a year. "I appreciate and accept your apology," I told him. "Nothing has made me happier than to be allowed to be part of this night. I thank you for that."

Kimo looked at me. "It is *Tutu's* request, if you are willing to be part of *Lopaka's* procession when he walks down the aisle to marry me tonight."

I got a serious case of *chicken skin* then. "God, yes. I feel honored. Please tell *Tutu* not to worry about me. I have Aloha. I'm happy now. But I feel relieved that we can put the past behind us."

"Good. You want a refill?" He seemed a thousand years lighter, too, and I accepted more tea.

"So her blisters will go away after tonight?" I asked, worrying about her limp.

"I believe so."

*Lopaka* and Aloha burst into the room, with *Tutu* in tow. "Aloha just showed me the *plumeria* tree you bought for us. Kimo, it's already flowering. You have to come and see it."

"It is?" Kimo smiled.

We all went outside and sure enough a bright red fat-petal flower glinted at us in the late afternoon sun.

"It's beautiful." *Lopaka* was ecstatic. "So beautiful. Thank you." He looked at Kimo who nodded imperceptibly, but I caught it, just as *Lopaka* reached over and hugged me, then hugged Aloha, too.

"These *Pele plumeria* are so beautiful and so rare." Kimo touched the leaves. "What a thoughtful gift."

"We will always treasure it." *Lopaka* inhaled a petal's scent. "I wish we could take it home to *Maui* first thing tomorrow..." his voice trailed off.

"Why don't you plant it in the exact spot where you're getting married?" Aloha suggested, to which Kimo and *Lopaka* looked elated.

"What a wonderful idea!" *Tutu* clapped her hands. "I'll take care of that first thing in the morning."

I looked at *Lopaka*. "Kimo told me about your plans. I'm really happy for you. Where are you going to stay when you're demolishing the house?"

"Oh, we don't live here."

"You don't?"

"Can you keep a secret?" When I nodded, he said, "We live at my old studio apartment in *Waikiki*."

"I remember it, on *Kalakaua*, right?" I was surprised he had kept that itty-bitty place.

Kimo was gazing in a blissed-out way at *Lopaka*. "It's our love nest." I felt the temperature shoot up a few degrees as they looked at each other.

"So who stays here?" Aloha asked.

"*Tutu* stays up here and we come up here and have dinner with her." Kimo smiled at the old lady. "And we have breakfast here after our morning swim. She'll be overseeing all the renovations. Thank God she agreed to leave her

house in *Puna*. I must have persuasive powers, don't you think?"

"I wouldn't have missed this adventure for anything." She looked at me. "Are you walking down the aisle with us?"

"Of course I am."

The old lady beamed. "Then you'd better come with me. I need to get you ready."

"Do you need to be anywhere?" *Lopaka* asked me. "Do you have things to do before the party?"

"I don't, no." I looked at Aloha. "Do you?"

"No, not really. Except that I'm not dressed for a wedding."

"Oh, pish." *Tutu* waved a hand. "We'll find you something."

We followed her to another house across the dense patch of ti and gardenia plants. Workmen were busy placing tiki torches and low-lying tables everywhere. By nightfall, the place would look like dreamland.

"What's going on?" Aloha whispered as we followed *Tutu*.

"They want me to walk down the aisle with *Lopaka*."

"Why? Is it that stupid night? They don't want a threesome for the road or anything, do they?"

"Are you high? It was very beautiful—" There was an appalled look on his face. "Kimo apologized to me."

There was a strange look on Aloha's face. "You gonna fuck me before you walk down the aisle with another man?"

"First chance I get."

*Tutu* took us into a huge bathroom. She told us to take our time bathing. We had a fantastic romp in a sunken bath full of bubbles and foamy, ginger-lei scented water overlooking the *Kai* valley below us. I pushed Aloha to the rim of the tub. I swiped some bubbles off his balls. "I've been meaning to tell you." I loved the way he started to harden at my touch. "I love your cock."

"Get up here so I can touch you, too."

"Uh-uh." I was yearning for his cock. "Let me enjoy my food." He leaned back on the cool white tile, allowing me to eat as much as I wanted. My mouth went back and forth between his ass and his cock and his balls, each time my tongue returning to his ass, all those nerve endings jumped on my tongue.

"Lemme come inside you, Johnny, please." His voice was tight as my mouth went back to his splendid cock. He watched me, sighing with pleasure as I sucked with bad intentions. Suddenly, we could hear the sound of chanting, a distant drumming and ahead, the flicker of tiki torches competing with the brilliant sun in the tops of trees drinking the last of the sweet, long day.

"Oh man..." Aloha was turned on now by the music, the hypnotic drumming. "I just stepped back a hundred and fifty years."

I worked on his cock, giving him no respite. He gasped and bucked, flopping around on the bathroom floor, but I would not release him until I was rewarded with a hot, milky eruption.

There was a knock at the door and, if a team of women hadn't been there ready to brush our skin with *maile* leaves and dry us off with surprisingly thick and soft, large *pandanus* cloths, I would have gotten a swell reward.

"I owe you one." Aloha grinned at me. We kissed one another tenderly, then there was a knock on the door.

*Tutu* looked in on us. "Johnny, it's time, just come out in your towel, we'll dress you."

"I'll find you and grab you, hot boy. Whatever you're wearing, I can't wait to get it home and rip it off you." Aloha let me go with great reluctance.

I followed *Tutu* past a bedroom, its door ajar. A naked *Lopaka* was climbing out of a huge bed, Kimo still lying in it, pulling him back with a massive, muscled arm. I heard *Lopaka's* soft laughter as the door closed and *Tutu* was urging me on to a large room, where to my surprise, my mother was smoothing down a muumuu in a beautiful fabric of gold, white and turquoise thread.

"Aloha, honey." She didn't even look at me.

"Hi mom, you look lovely." She didn't respond. I knew she and *Tutu* had kept up a friendship, but I didn't know they were this close. I saw Nicky in a beautiful gold, white and turquoise *pireau*. She was breast-feeding her baby and I was delighted to see that he was wrapped in a mini *pireau* in the same fabric.

Nicky looked happy to see me. Reaching up an arm, she hugged me. "Put a *malo* cloth on and we'll get you into your."

"I don't know how to wear a *malo* cloth."

"Where's *Lopaka*?" Nicky looked at Tutu. "He's the *malo* expert."

"Fooling around with his husband." Tutu pretended to look scandalized.

"Isn't that bad luck seeing each other before the ceremony?" Nicky asked.

"They gave me a wedding, so I let 'em have a little fun. I'm gonna have to separate those two and it won't be pretty." Tutu looked hopefully in my direction.

I backed away. "Don't look at me. Kimo might turn me into a toad."

She looked at Nicky.

"Don't look at me either. I'm with skinny here."

"Cowards," Tutu muttered and rushed out of the room.

Nicky and I laughed. Damn, I liked this girl.



There was something about her. No wonder *Lopaka* cherished her.

"The baby looks adorable, but where's *Kaiona*?" I asked.

"She's part of Kimo's wedding party. She—" Nicky stopped speaking suddenly. *Kaiona* was in the room. She was wearing a splendid *pireau* in varying shades of gold. "Oh...oh, *Kaiona*. Baby, you're stunning."

*Kaiona*'s frown was temporarily replaced by a sunny smile. "You are gorgeous, sweetheart." She dropped a kiss on her wife's lips.

"I'm happy to see you," Nicky gushed. "But what are you doing here?"

"*Tutu* wants me to wrestle Kimo away from *Lopaka*.." She cracked her knuckles in a menacing way. "Never underestimate the power of a good woman."

"I don't." Nicky gave her a lusty look.

*Kaiona* looked fierce. "After everything that man went through proving he still has the *juju*, he's gonna be in that canoe in *Kamehameha*'s cape if it's the last thing I do." She gave Nicky and the baby one more kiss, taking off for the hard task ahead of her.

Nicky nudged me. "She hasn't been speaking to me all day. We had a *huge* fight about the baby coming with me and *Lopaka*. She wanted him with her and Kimo."

"Because Kimo fathered him?"

"Exactly. But the *kupuna* intervened on my behalf. Without *Lopaka's* permission, baby Kimo wouldn't be here at all."

"Whose side was Kimo on?" I asked.

She leaned forward conspiratorially. "In matters of disputes with my wife, Kimo often sides with me. Did she...seem like she's still mad at me?" She sounded anxious.

"No, but she looked like she was ready to kick Kimo's ass, though." And suddenly everybody laughed.

Popping her perfect, swollen little breast back into her strapless maternity bra under her sarong, Nicky handed the baby off to another woman who fussed over his little outfit and turned to me. "Put your arms up, lover."

She and *Tutu* got me into a *malo* cloth, winding it all around my groin and up my butt crack. It felt weird, yet oddly comfortable and snug. Then they tied a long *pireau* around my waist.

*Tutu* kissed my cheeks. "Wait 'til Aloha gets a load of you." She presented us all with triple-strand *pikake* leis, the scent from each one providing a multiple, intoxicating effect as we finished getting ready. *Tutu* bustled off to another bedroom and through the open doorway, I could see *Lopaka* being dried off from a bath, going through the *maile* ritual and being wrapped in a

tiny black *malo*, being wound into the most gorgeous hand-beaten *tapa* cloth I'd ever seen. It was the color of blackest, blank ink and pure, golden honey. It was simply a work of art.

"It belongs to Kimo's mother." *Lopaka's* face was serene. "It's two hundred and fifty years old and all the women in her family have worn it in their weddings."

"Wait!" Nicky's tone would have stopped traffic. "You need honey dust."

Three women were already oiling up his body, in preparation for his wedding.

"Honey dust?" asked *Lopaka*. "What's that for?"

"I was going to put it on your dangly bits, but you're wearing a *malo*." Nicky looked him up and down. "Why are you wearing a *malo*?"

"Because I'm walking down the aisle to the man of my dreams. This will stop me from getting the biggest boner you ever saw the second I clap eyes on him."

The women all giggled. I shook my head. *Lopaka* always has to go there.

"Well," Nicky giggled. "I bet Kimo wouldn't complain."

"No, but the *kupuna* might take a dim view of it." *Lopaka* grinned.

"This honey dust tastes delicious. It's pure, powdered honey." Nicky held up a feathered brush. "You brush it on your honey and—"

His eyes narrowed. "Kimo has never complained about the way I taste."

"*Lopaka*." Nicky was ready to pounce on his nether regions. "When you brush this on your skin and then you come, the powder becomes liquid honey again."

"Oh! Then Kimo will be licking honey off his honey!"

*Tutu* made an executive decision. "His willy's closed up shop, but you can dust up his bottom. Kimo *loves* his bottom."

"Oh, grandma." *Lopaka* groaned as we all laughed again. "Okay, powder me up." His eyes were sparkling now. "Oh, that brush feels so good. I can't wait to try that on my husband. Is he still around?"

"No!" shouted all of the women.

"Sheesh, you're all so *bossy*."

"I'll put the container in the boat," *Tutu* told him and *Lopaka* smiled.

"Boat?" I asked.

"Kimo's taking me off somewhere tonight after the party."

"I'd like to know how Nicky knows all about men and honey dust." I looked at her.

"Honey, I wasn't always a skirt chaser. I used to date men. I know a few tricks."

"I bet you do."

She pinched one of my nipples. She was a

fabulous, feisty little thing.

At last, *Lopaka* was wrapped in the fine fabric, a knot sitting snugly below his flat belly. He had the perfect six-pack. Abs to drool over. He was muscular, yet lean. He was majestic. Kimo wasn't just taking a husband, or in his mind, a wife. He was marrying a noble warrior.

"You look perfect," I told him. "Kimo will have a heart attack when he sees you and he's too young to die."

"Thank you...I think." *Lopaka* grinned. "I don't want him to die, either. Listen, I'm worried about this knot. I don't want it so loose that it falls off in front of everyone but I also don't want my husband to struggle with it when he wants to get this thing off me."

"He's a big boy, he'll figure it out."

His grandma cackled. "*Lopaka*, you'll be like a lovely gift for him to unwrap."

Nicky said it best with, "Trust me, he'll get it off you in no time."

That put the smile right into his eyes. "Thank you, Nicky." He kissed both her cheeks.

*Tutu* was piling dozens of *pikake* leis around his neck and arms.

"Duke *Kahanamoku* gave his bride a hundred *pikake* lei on their wedding day," *Lopaka* told me.

"And how many is Kimo Wilder's wife getting?"

*Lopaka* gave me a beautiful smile. "A hundred and one." His astonishing transformation from man to warrior king was completed with a *haku* of lush, deep green *pandanus* leaves that went around his head.

"Wow."

"You think he'll like it?" *Lopaka* asked me.

"He's gonna go crazy." I hugged him. "Why is your left arm burning up?"

*Lopaka's* eyes looked troubled. "It's Kimo. We get this way when we're apart."

"Every time?"

He looked at me, but didn't speak.

"Did this room just get hot or is it you?" Nicky touched his burning arm.

"Then we're ready." *Tutu* was beautiful in a traditional *holoku* matching Nicky's and my mom's outfits. I saw the relief on *Lopaka's* face.

Somebody handed us all small shot glasses. "What's in it?" I asked. "An ancient Hawaiian concoction?"

*Tutu* nodded. "Green ginger wine. It'll get you good and tiddy for walking down the aisle. To Kimo and *Lopaka!*"

We all clinked glasses. "To Kimo and *Lopaka!*" We knocked back the strange green liquid.

Good and tiddy sort of encapsulated how I felt. Silence descended on our rowdy group as we left the house on the hill and we neared a clearing at

the top of the mountain. For the first time in my life, I felt a rush of patriotic pride at what it meant to be Hawaiian. Our senses tugged us towards the tiki torch parade extending through a dense forest of sandalwood trees interspersed with hanging *heliconia*. I knew the big trees were sandalwood, because the heat of the day had allowed their spicy, sexy scent to linger.

I stepped forward in wonderment. My eyes took in the splendor of the unfolding scene before us. Hula dancers, drummers, fire-eaters, children running around dropping fragrant yellow *pua keni keni* blossoms in our path. And there was Aloha beaming at me in a long line of people waiting for us.

"Nice Aloha shirt," I murmured, of the electric blue Reyn Spooner number adorning his frame. He grinned back at me.

"I'll lend it to you," he shot back.

The drumming and chanting grew louder, hypnotizing us. Across the ocean, Kimo's procession streaked towards us in two double-hull canoes, Kimo standing upright in the second one. He looked like a king in that long red and yellow feather cape, tall and proud, utterly noble. His dark eyes were fixed on *Lopaka*, gazing lovingly back at him.

I noticed his ex-wife Mim and *Kaiona*, of course. As the canoes arrived at the base of the mountain

and the groom's party ascended the hand-carved stairs built into the cliffs, we all lined the edge of the bluff, watching.

When I looked at the next cliff over, I couldn't believe it. I saw the ghosts of our ancestors, ancient Hawaiians, watching the wedding celebration that could very well have been taking place in another time in this very place.

*Lopaka* grabbed my hand. He was shedding tears of joy. "You see them, too, don't you?"

Oh yes, I saw them. I think everybody did. The ancients were here to celebrate love, just as we the living were.

"It's Kimo." *Lopaka's* gaze was still on them. "I'm so glad the ancestors still have this love for him. I'm so glad I didn't take that from him."

"You give him everything." I meant what I said and *Lopaka* squeezed my hand.

There must have been six or seven hundred people, living and dead, assembled here. When Kimo's procession made its way up the steps lined with cold candles and flowers, a live band was playing traditional Hawaiian music.

The song was *Love Song of Kalua*, one of the most beautiful love songs written in both Hawaiian and English, frankly, an absolutely gorgeous song written in *any* language. It's the story of a man who walks through fire for his beloved. How apt. When I realized it was the



Brothers *Cazimero*, one of the most prominent duos in the islands performing the song, my own personal rapture was complete.

Kimo was coming up the stairs as drums gourds beat out the rhythm of the song:

*"Before the night is gone, my arms will hold Kalua.  
My beating heart is true, wanting you,  
Your beating heart I see, wanting me..."*

That cape was something up close. I knew he was a godly man, but the fact his lineage went back to King *Kamehameha* the Great...I was only just beginning to understand why the *kupuna* had challenged and tested him, to try and stop him from publicly marrying another man.

*Tutu, Lopaka*, Nicky and the baby waited beside the three priests who were standing in front of the stage, officiating over the ceremony. The smile on my face was inevitable. I had never seen anything like what I saw before me—an old woman standing by the edge of the cliff broke into a traditional chant.

A line of ghost chanters stood beside her and next to all of them, a young boy in a yellow *pireau* blew a conch shell three times. He was a ghost, but the hushed awe from the crowd told me that everybody saw and heard him. My skin prickled. We call it chicken skin on the islands. And I *knew* everybody felt this profound moment.

Kimo reached the edge of the cliff, his parents

removing the cape to reveal him bare-chested and majestic in a golden-thread *pireau* tied at the waist and extending to his bare feet. He was wearing a *pandanus haku* and around his neck, a fresh *kukui* nut lei and a huge, long *maile*, extending to his waist. I could tell it was the good stuff, from the Cook Islands, since Hawaiian *maile* had practically vanished thanks to years of severe drought. Its thick leaves were intertwined with strands of *pikake*. His hair was brushed out and his skin gleamed in the torchlight.

Man, he was hot.

Kimo started to cry when his eyes locked on *Lopaka* and a choir of Hawaiian women began to sing the chorus of that haunting anthem *Aloha Oe*, their voices sounding like angels more than human voices.

The two men kissed the second they were reunited. You could feel the love between them. I got choked up by sheer emotion. I think that was when I first truly felt the meaning of Aloha.

"Can't you two wait?" joked one of the priests.

"No." Kimo's voice was proud and sure.

Baby Kimo let loose a loud, joyous wail and everybody laughed.

"You tell him little guy." Kimo put his arm around *Lopaka* and didn't let go of him for the rest of the night.

It was a perfect ceremony I wish I could

remember because it was about love, commitment and family.

The priests took turns speaking in Hawaiian and English. They spoke of Kimo and *Lopaka's* undying love. Of being each other's *Ku'uipo*, or true loves. One *kahuna* compared marriage to a sea changing tides and the fervor to which these two rode the waves together. That was the gist of it, anyway.

Everybody kissed everybody, then the feast began. I don't think I've ever had so much fun. And I don't remember touching a drop of alcohol. We all settled around the enormous spreads in groups of families and friends. I joined Aloha at one of the lavish luau cloths laden with food. He'd been sitting with my mother and looked a bit spooked. I hadn't told my mother about him, since we hardly spoke. It didn't look like things were going well between them.

"You okay?" I asked, leaning close to him.

"I'm fine." He pulled away from me as food started making its way towards us. My mother got up and moved, so that she was sitting next to *Kaiona*. My heart sank. Aloha glanced at me and shrugged.

Aloha, *Kaiona* and I rapidly ate *poi* out of the communal pots. My mother was staring over at Aloha with disbelief. A *haole* eating *poi*.

"You like the stuff?" Nicky asked him.

"Love it."

Nicky shook her head and *Kaiona* smeared her lips with some.

We ate platter after platter of delicious food to the beating of the drum gourds. There was no *kalua* pork, a staple of *luaus*, but while some people initially grumbled, nobody could argue the point really. Kimo and *Lopaka* honor *Pele* and since they have such an allegiance to her pig god lover, to them it would be sacrilegious.

There was so much fantastic food, everybody soon forgot the absence of pork. Chicken, turkey, beef and fish came out of the underground *imu* ovens baked to perfection. There were gigantic prawns and shrimp from Kimo's private ponds...it was all delicious. And endless. Somebody told me they'd prepared eleven thousand asparagus spears and there were five hundred bottles of champagne.

At some point, the diminutive little singer Scrappy Olivieri stood up to sing *Shells* and Kimo kept his arm around *Lopaka*, as Scrappy sang the line, *Take me home with you*...I caught *Mahini's* eye, glancing away again, watching Kimo kissing *Lopaka's* face as that lovely lady gave such a warm rendition of that wonderful, sweet song.

It was not until Henry *Kapono* took the mike to sing *Pretty Face* that people screamed for the bridal waltz. *Tutu* took all the *pikake* lei off *Lopaka's* arms

and Kimo held him, the two men moving as one, as *Kapono* sang—

*"Pretty face, what's your name and is that smile for me?*

*And am I fortunate enough to have your love?*

*Pretty face, shining eyes, skin so soft and nice,*

*Could it be that what we have is right?*

*For in my heart, I get excited. And you can see why I can't hide it.*

*I'm in love with you. Forever I will be there by your side."*

Aloha's arms went around me. When *Kapono's* song morphed into the record of Alfred *Apaka's* wedding song, I saw dozens of couples wrapped around and wrapped up in one another.

*Kapono* broke back into *Pretty Face* as soon as the song finished and when his raspy voice sang, *Pretty face, heart of gold, you're so good to me. I'm for you, you're for me, pretty face...* I don't think there was a dry eye anywhere.

It wasn't all tears and romance, however. There was a rousing tribal war dance led by Kimo and his father. There were hula dances galore, which got everybody going. I don't think anybody was sitting down when the speeches began. There was so much food, it was a good thing the speeches were kept to a minimum. I think the most moving however were Kimo's and *Tutu's*.

*Tutu* was hilarious. "Everybody who knows me, will know how shocking this is, but I am at a

loss for words," she began. When everybody laughed, she insisted, "And it isn't the green ginger wine, either." She said she hadn't gained another son, so much as a superior, multi-level handyman. "There isn't anything he can't fix. My bad leg, broken taps, broken *mana*...and he's one hot tamale, too!"

"Thank you *Tutu*," Kimo's laughter reached his eyes.

When he stood up to speak, I wondered what he would say. With *Lopaka* beside him, he seemed to be weighing his words.

"Before I met *Lopaka*, I was a man who thought he had everything. I had money, a nice home, a nice life, I loved my work...and I was married to a good woman, my childhood sweetheart. We were friends, we were lovers. Then we slowly became just friends. It wasn't a bad life, just...not what we set out for it to be."

I stole a glance at Mim who was watching him intently. She seemed to be nodding in agreement. Then I saw Cindy sitting beside her, holding her hand. Cindy glanced at me, then furtively away again. Next to her was *Mahini*, staring right at me.

Aloha nudged me. "Och, is she banging' em both?"

"Shh," I whispered back, tightening his arm around me.

"And then I met this amazing man," Kimo was

saying. "He turned my life upside down. I remember the first time I realized I was in love with him, I broke it off because that wasn't supposed to be my life. He was everything I was looking for in a lover and a partner for life, except that he was a *man*. But each morning I woke up without him became torturous. I had no idea what was wrong with me. I am a *kahuna*. I spend my life healing other people and yet, I could not heal myself.

"*Lopaka*, the first time I heard the song *Pretty Face* was two days after you and I said goodbye. That song haunted me, because I heard it constantly. And every time I heard it, and each time I closed my eyes, the pretty face I saw was yours. I thought the hardest thing in the world would be telling people I was gay. It wasn't. The hardest thing was not seeing your face every day. One of the first things I told you, and it is true to this day – all you have ever given me is joy.

"Once I accepted the fact that I loved you, for me, there was no turning back. In the eyes of the law, you are my husband. In my eyes, you are my husband, my wife, my lover and the best friend I've ever had. *Lopaka*, I love you so much and I thank *Madame Pele* for you, every single day. Thank you for giving me a second chance, so I will miss your face no more."

*Lopaka* was too overcome to speak. He just

reached his arms up to his husband, who held him, giving him a long, greedy kiss. Then Kimo shouted, "Let's eat!"

During the endless platters of fruit, cakes and cookies making the rounds of the luau, Kimo and *Lopaka* spent time with the many groups gathered together. They thanked us for finding Scrappy, for finding the records, the tree and for being part of their wedding.

"Can I please smell your *maile*?" I asked Kimo, who laughed as I held the soft, sweet-smelling leaves up to my face. "That's the smell of Hawaii," I decided and we all agreed. "Maybe after you have had made the islands' peace with *Pele* she'll allow *maile* to blossom freely here again."

Kimo smiled. "That's our goal."

"You've got a new wedding ring on," Aloha observed.

"I know, I feel a bit like the lord of the rings." Kimo's expression was contented. "This new one is a gift from *Lopaka*. According to his law, I belong to him forever and ever and *ever*. Isn't that a wonderful thing?"

"Amazing," Aloha joked and Nicky reached out a pair of sneaky fingers and pinched his nipple, breaking the mood with laughter.

"You're turn next." Kimo turned merry eyes on us, moving on to greet more guests.

Aloha was smiling, but I saw the shiver of panic



in his eyes. He recovered quickly, but from that moment, I felt a gnawing chasm between us. "I hope you don't think I put him up to saying that," I said at last, when things got very quiet and uncomfortable between us.

"No, I don't think that." He picked up a skewer of shrimp and eyed someone across the spread from us.

I glanced over. It was the cop. What was he doing here? I saw the lusty way he was looking at Aloha.

"I gotta take a leak." He dropped the skewer onto his plate. He walked off towards the house and I saw that cop glance at me. Ten seconds later, he was following Aloha.

"Trouble in paradise?" *Mahini*.

"No." I didn't like him sitting beside me, uninvited. He was wearing long beige shorts and a purple tie-dyed T-shirt. I wondered if he'd done it himself.

He picked up the skewer, slid a shrimp off with his teeth, pulled my mouth towards his and he bit off some of the shrimp, sending the rest into my mouth. It was so unexpected, it went down my throat whole and I started choking.

"Your boyfriend's gonna get laid," he teased.

"I don't think so." The fear in my stomach told me otherwise. There was a shout going up in the crowd and I stood up with everybody else in time

to see Kimo pick up *Lopaka* and carry him down the mountain to the boat dock.

"I knew he wouldn't have any trouble getting that *pireau* off him," Nicky giggled. Indeed, *Lopaka* was now clad only in his *malo* cloth, his arms wrapped around Kimo's neck as they made their way towards a boat moored beside the bumping canoes.

Kimo's mother was left holding her antique, family heirloom bridal *pireau*, a dazed expression on her face.

"All I said was *look after it, don't let anything happen to it* and Kimo just pulls it off him," she was saying to anybody who'd listen. "What if that boy had been *naked* underneath it?"

Nicky and I exchanged laughter. "I feel a bit...hot under the *pireau* myself." She looked around. "I wonder where my wife is. I'd love to get my hands on her for a few minutes."

"Want me to hold the baby for you?"

She handed him right over to me and tore off looking for *Kaiona*.

Baby Kimo and I stood well back from the rocky outcrops watching Kimo and his man sail off to their brand new life. I saw them motor off into the distance. That was one way of getting away from it all.

"The party's not over!" *Tutu* was shouting over the crowd.

I went in search of Aloha, half-dreading what I would find. I have always felt bad news in my belly first. Don't ask me why. It's a family trait. There were a lot of people in the main house, many in the pool. There were people everywhere. I looked outside the windows and spotted Aloha flitting through the trees away from the house. I ran from the room and followed them outside, the baby bouncing along in my arms. It was dark out here. Baby Kimo didn't like this part of the property too much.

It didn't take me long to pick out their voices. I could hear them kissing. And there was Aloha standing against a tree.

"Don't look, Johnny. Don't look." It was *Mahini*, trying to block my view with his body.

Too late, I saw Aloha against the tree, his pants around his feet. It wasn't the cop who was turning him around, his hand caressing his naked, proffered ass. It was Michael, the NFL player. Michael, whom Aloha had promised never to see again.

"Och, I've missed that cock," I heard Aloha say. "Fuck me with it, baby."

Tears fell from my heart as I stared at them. I felt my heart breaking in two. Not Aloha. Not this. My body went into shock.

"Oh, no." A woman's distressed voice. It was Nicky. She took the baby from me, trying to drag

me away. “*Mahini*, help me!” she implored.

*Kaiona* was running towards us.

“What’s happened?” she cried and I tore away from them, bursting through the thick night forest away from them all, running, running...I heard myself wailing, heard their voices, following me. And then I was falling, screaming, down a deep, dark hole.

My fall was halted by something weird. My fingers felt around in the darkness. What was that? Little pebbles? I looked closer as my descent into hell began once again. My hand was lodged in the gaping cavern of a dead man’s mouth.

## CHAPTER SIX

There is an old Buddhist saying, *What is the sound of one hand clapping?* If dead men *could* tell tales, the owner of the hand that snapped off and crashed to earth with me, probably would have told you plenty.

Me, I think I have that one figured out. It's the sound of a breaking heart. I've heard it with my own ears. You suffer it alone, you nurse it alone. That's the sound of one hand clapping. It's a sharp snap. Sort of soft, inevitable, but clean.

As I fell and hit the bottom of that narrow cave, I was aware of a terrible smell, a bad pain and when I woke up a long time later, my first thought was Aloha. Of love. I closed my eyes preparing myself for not being able to feel my arms or legs. Yet one by one, everything seemed to work.

I could hear the sound of voices and I was scared. They were calling me, but I was afraid Aloha was among them and he was the last

person I wanted to see. I waited it out. At one point, I heard just a couple of voices. And then the night darkened and I realized I was really hurt.

As dawn approached, I realized the hand was real and the dead body was real. In fact, they all were. It was early morning, I could tell by the dim gray light when one single voice was out there, calling me. It was *Mahini* and his voice was hoarse.

"Johnny!"

"I'm here!" I shouted.

A pause. "Where?"

"Down here!" The tears started again and I couldn't speak.

"Praise God." He sounded so upset. It was very touching, really. "It's okay, Johnny." His head appeared over the opening. "You're all the way down there?"

"Yeah."

"Are you hurt?"

"Just my leg and my hip." I looked around me. "I broke some bones."

"Oh, Jesus." A pause. "Thank God you're alive. I'll get help."

"Don't tell Aloha!" I shouted.

A pause. "He's gone, Johnny. He left with the black dude."

*Of course he did.* I could just see him holed up in a hotel room with Michael and the cop. Worse still, I was imagining them in our bed.

"I'll get help. You thirsty?"

"Yeah."

"You should be. You've been down there about six hours. I'll bring back water."

"*Mahini!*" I shouted.

"Yes, Johnny?" His head was back. He couldn't see me, I could tell.

"Don't leave me here. I'm scared."

"Honey, I have to get help."

"*Mahini* —"

I heard him saying, "Kimo!"

"No!" I shouted. "Don't get them on their honeymoon!"

"They just got home." *Mahini* sounded relieved.

Kimo's face appeared over the edge and he was looking right at me. "What are you doing standing up? Didn't you break some bones?"

"Not mine." I held up the hand. "Kimo, I hate to tell you, but I think I've disturbed an ancient burial cave."

"I'm coming down. Hang tight."

I'd never been so relieved to see another human being in my whole life. Especially one who could undo the bad *mana* I'd unintentionally unleashed on myself and probably all of us on the property.

Kimo, despite his enormous height, shimmied down a thick rope like it was no big thing. He was wearing long khaki shorts, no shirt, no shoes. He had a big bag slung over his shoulders. I was lying

back down now and he came straight over to me, putting his hand over the crown of my head.

"How do you feel?"

"Look around." I was fretting now. "Look at this stuff. I fell right on top of it. I didn't mean to do it. I don't wanna bring bad luck on anyone else. You shouldn't be down here."

"Let's deal with you first, the dead guys next, okay?"

He started making a strange humming sound as he knelt beside me. He ran one hand over me as he went through his bag with the other. I felt this comforting warmth as his hand traveled over me, yet amazingly, he never touched me.

"Nothing broken." He interrupted his weird little song. "But you have hurt your hip and your leg. And your jaw. The impact of landing on your feet."

"My jaw's feeling okay."

"Really?"

His fingers shot into my mouth and went for a tooth, wiggling it. My screams were ear shattering, even to me.

Kimo winced. "*Lopaka?*"

*Lopaka's* head appeared over the opening. "We're organizing a stretcher, Kimo."

"Darling," Kimo shouted. "I need you to gather some plants for me. I need some *puakala* –"

"You want me to cook that?"



"Yes. *God*, I love you. I also need *kukui* leaves and tell *Mahini* to drive down the hill to *Lolo's* house. They've got sugar cane in back of their property. We're going to need three very young stalks." He started the humming again.

"Sugar cane? Will we need to mash it up with Hawaiian salt?"

"Oh. Yeah. Good thinking. Black salt. We got any?"

"Must be some left from last night. If not, I'll get *Mahini* to buy a bag."

*Lopaka's* head disappeared and I heard him repeating instructions to *Tutu* and *Mahini*. I had no idea what they'd been talking about, but I was feeling less stressed and very warm.

"How you doing?" Kimo asked, his hand hovering over my hip.

"He cheated on me."

"Men are dopes," Kimo smiled. He knew I'd told *Lopaka* that about him once. "You know he loves you."

"No, I don't." I started sobbing again.

"*Lopaka!*" Kimo shouted. "Ask *Tutu* if we have any '*awa*.'"

"No," came back the response after a moment. "She's going to get some from Sammy down the road. Kimo, *Tutu* says the coals are still hot in the *imu* and these would be perfect if you're going to bind his hip."

"Great, baby," Kimo said.

"And Kimo?"

"Yes?"

Kimo's hand hovered over my jaw again. I felt a snap and a crackle. Maybe a pop, unless delirium was kicking in.

"I love you, too. Please be safe. I don't like you being down there."

Kimo grinned. "I'm not going anywhere. I'm a newlywed, remember?"

"I ruined your honeymoon," I moaned.

"You did not. We came home to supervise the demo job on the house. We got off the boat and heard about you. Besides, it's back to work for us tonight."

"Oh that's right...I forgot."

"Anyway, every day with my wife is a honeymoon." Kimo looked up as a bucket was being lowered down on the rope.

"Did you have fun though?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. It was the happiest night of my life. Now, lift your head a little. I want you to take a sip of this." He held a bottle of water to my lips and I drank for all I was worth.

There was a noise and dust fell on us. *Mahini* was descending the pit on that rope, his face a mask of torment when he saw me.

"Are you okay?" he asked, producing a small-lidded jar and handing it to Kimo.

"He's a good doctor," I said to *Mahini*.

"How do you know?" Kimo teased. "I haven't done anything yet."

"You make me feel safe." And for the first time, his hand rested on me. Right on my head. I don't remember falling asleep, I just remember being hauled up on a stretcher on a system of pulleys and ropes. Below me, when I stole a glance, that sacred burial tomb with its several bodies with capes and canoe paddles, looked like...well, like something had disturbed it.

And then I was at the top of the opening with a dozen people around me, Aloha among them. My heart sank when I clapped eyes on him and I saw that he was crying, and he came straight over to me. I didn't want to make a scene, didn't want to scream at him, so I closed my eyes, pretending I was asleep.

When I awoke in the main room of that big glass house, I was lying on a mat on the floor on a bed of hot coals. I smelled good, what with leaves and twigs and sugar cane all over me.

"Hey, I think I'm almost done," I joked. "I wouldn't mind a taste of me, right now." I was rewarded with a lusty cackle. "*Tutu*. The lady I love."

She knelt beside me and with a smile full of love, she kissed my forehead. "Sleep little baby."

"My head hurts, *Tutu*."

"Sleep."

And I did. I had to go to work. The thought invaded my strange, unsettling sleep. What for? I'd lost everything. Aloha. *Lopaka*. Cindy. My mother. Now I couldn't walk for God knows how long, I'd lose my job. I hated closing my eyes, even though my body ached for sleep. Each time I closed my eyes, I saw Aloha giving Michael his butt, begging him to fuck him.

\* \* \* \*

I awoke to the sound of hammering and hacking. The house was being torn apart and I was lying on the floor in the middle of it.

"It's okay." A hand shot over to me. *Mahini*. He was sitting beside me. "They had to start. It's a symbolic gesture. Until we deal with sealing the burial cave and saying prayers, they won't be doing much today. How are you feeling?"

"Better." Nothing hurt. In fact, my body felt great, like I was in a vat of lovely, warm honey.

"You feel loosey-goosey?"

"How did you know?"

"They gave you enough 'awa to sedate a horse." *Mahini* moved closer to me and dropped a sly kiss on my lips. He held a cup to my lips. "I have strict instructions to give you more."

I wasn't going to argue. I let him lift my head

and I sucked down the strange root liquid, sort of ancient Hawaiian bootleg, except that its purposes were traditionally medicinal. "*Mahini*, I'm just worried about my job. I'm supposed to be working."

"Kimo called your office, told them what happened. You have a couple days off, honey. Now please relax."

"Don't leave me." I could hear walls separating. I was dreadfully afraid and, when I closed my eyes, all I could see was dead bodies.

"I won't." *Mahini's* hand closed in mine and I gripped him to me, wafting off into la-la land.

It was some time later when I awoke again and I could feel a breeze. I opened my eyes. The roof was gone and a lot of doors and windows and walls were gone. *Tutu* was in the kitchen.

"He's awake."

I tilted my head and it was *Lopaka*, looking down at me. "Somebody blew the roof off your house," I said and *Lopaka* smiled.

"Thar she blows. We're having an early dinner, we're going to the theater in a couple of hours. Do you think you're ready for some soup?"

"Soup? I could eat a steak right now."

"You cracked your jaw and broke a tooth. We have it plugged up. It might hurt to bite down on a steak. It's coming along beautifully, but Kimo says soup would be good, build up your

strength.”

A pair of arms went around me and hoisted me to a semi-sitting position against a pile of pillows.

Kimo moved around to look at my eyes. He shone a flashlight into them. “Much better. I’m pleased with your progress. Now you’re awake, there’s a couple things we need to discuss.”

I nodded as he took a bowl of soup out of *Lopaka’s* hands.

“We would have taken you to the hospital, had your injuries been worse. My main concern was for the curse of the tomb. You need to make a prayer of apology tomorrow. I’ll help you. But until I feel you’re well enough, you must stay here. I don’t want this thing affecting you, bringing you bad energy. Do you understand?”

“Yes. But my job—”

“You have until the end of the week. The whole island knows you had a fall.” He spooned some of the soup into my mouth.

I tasted vegetables and chicken and soft noodles. My toes curled in joy. *Tutu* had made me chicken noodle soup.

Kimo’s voice was gentle. “Now, let’s talk about you finding the tomb. What exactly happened?”

I told him about finding Aloha and Michael and running from them. “Nicky, *Kaiona* and *Mahini* followed me. They were worried about me. I just wanted to get away from them. And next thing I

knew, I was falling. Oh. I remember now. A body blocked my fall. His mouth was open and my hand went into it. Then we both went down. I woke up and his hand had broken off. I was holding it."

Kimo was intent on every word. "So the first man, the first body was quite high up?"

"Yes." I closed my eyes, trying to picture it. "He was wedged there. Weird, huh?"

Kimo fed me some more soup and I could tell by the scrapings we were at the bottom of the bowl. "You want more, Johnny?"

"Please."

"Everybody loves *Tutu's* cooking." Kimo smiled as she came and took the bowl from him.

Her sweet face hovered over mine. "Did I mention I'm single and looking?"

"You got me," I grinned, moving back against the pillows. The sun was setting and *Lopaka* came back with soup for me.

"I like not having a roof." *Lopaka* was looking at the sky. "It's like being in a nature house."

He gave Kimo an ardent kiss and left us alone again.

"This house was built on sacred ground, which explains the bad *mana* associated with the problems all home owners have here." Kimo spooned more soup. "I am grateful to you for finding the cave, Johnny. Not grateful for what

happened to you, but at least we know now, we have a holy duty to protect the life of this land."

I nodded.

"We have you packed in salt, for your protection. You must stay like this all night. *Lopaka* and I must leave to dance, but you'll be okay with *Tutu* and *Mahini*. We're going to come back after the show and we'll all spend the night here. Tomorrow, we'll start prayers." His voice suddenly dropped. "There's something else I need to discuss...there's a *kahuna* coming tonight. He's here to help. He's going to keep watch over you until we come back. His name is Sammy. And uh..."

Kimo was shoveling soup into my mouth faster than I could swallow it. "Uunhuuer." I was aware of a twinge in my jaw now.

"I kinda have my heart set on this guy." More soup being ladled, more secretive looks around him. He saw the horrified look on my face. "What, are you in pain?"

"You got your heart set on *another* man?"

Kimo laughed then. "For *Tutu*, Johnny." His voice dropped. "Keep an eye on 'em will you? She's a little resistant, but he's perfect for her. Get to know him, if you like him, it wouldn't hurt for you to tell her that."

"Why's she resistant?" I was getting sleepy now.



Kimo put the bowl down on the ground, swept the hair from my eyes. "He was one of the *kupuna* who took me away from *Lopaka*. Now get some sleep." His hand stayed at my brow and I was a gonner.

\* \* \* \*

I awoke to a kiss on my mouth. Just a quick one. The night was dark and the roofless house filled with candlelight. *Mahini*. He moved away again. "Don't go," I whispered.

"I'm not going anywhere. I've been here all evening." I felt him stiffen and his fingertips, which had been touching mine, fell away.

"Oh, he's awake."

I looked up to see a cherub-faced chubby old guy in a pink aloha shirt grinning down at me. I recognized him as one of the priests who'd officiated over the wedding. I hadn't talked to him, but he had such a jovial spirit, a healthy mouthful of teeth and a full head of thick gray hair. He oozed senior sexuality. He *was* perfect for *Tutu*.

"How are you feeling m'boy?"

"Better. My jaw hurts though."

"That's because your body is coming off the 'awa." His hand hovered near my jaw and I felt the familiar flow of warmth I'd gotten from Kimo. "I

still got a few tricks."

I laughed.

"I don't think I'm supposed to make you laugh, might hurt the jaw."

"But it'll help his soul," *Tutu* said. She stood beside me, hands on hips, glaring at Sammy.

"Don't you have anything better to do?" he griped at her.

"Nope. I like ragging on you, you old poop." She turned on her bare heel and I caught his lusty gaze, despite his cruel words.

"Mean old biddy."

*Cripes, geriatric love.*

Sammy left my jaw alone and crossed over to the sideboard. "Is this slice of cake for me?"

"Nope. This one with the arsenic is. The other one's for Johnny." She brushed past him and brought the second plate over to me. "It's honey cake. I put a lot of extra honey, you won't have to chew."

She broke some off with her fingers and I saw the cranky look on Sammy's face as she fed me. "I could get used to this." I tried to smile, but it hurt.

She put her lips to my forehead. "That's just the fever talking."

"No it isn't. It's been a long time since anybody took care of me like this, *Tutu*."

Her face melted into a look of empathy. "You're a good boy, Johnny. I'm gonna tan your man's

hide when I see him."

"Would you really do that?"

"Oh yeah, she could strip paint with *her* voice." Sammy reached over the sideboard for a second slice of cake.

"Old poop," she sniffed.

"Old biddy."

Sheesh.

*Mahini* came into the house.

"Cake's on, if Sammy hasn't eaten it all," *Tutu* told him. "Everyt'ing okay out dere?" I loved it when she lapsed into island speak.

"All safe and secure."

The sound of a car and I felt *Tutu* finally relax. "My boys are home." I saw the dark look she shot at Sammy's back.

*Lopaka* was the first one over to me, studying me. Kimo stood beside him and they checked me out like a new car they were going to buy. The only thing they didn't do was kick my tires.

"We're going to leave you here." Kimo's hand was at my jaw. We're gonna sleep in the bungalow up the hill. *Tutu's* in the house with you, Sammy's here, too."

I nodded. "Thanks, Kimo. I'm so sorry about all this."

He waved away my words. "No, we're sorry." His voice dropped. "How did they get along?"

"Mean as a pair of sacked snakes to each other."

"A lot of verbal sparring," he nodded.

"Yep, exactly."

"Foreplay," he whispered and we grinned at each other. Kimo's voice rose now. "Do I detect honey cake?"

"I hid a few slices. That Sammy would eat anything if you let him," *Tutu* huffed.

"Yeah. And I'm really desperate to be eating your food." Sammy retorted. "I'm going to bed."

"Old poop."

"Mean old biddy."

Kimo looked at me, trying not to laugh.

\* \* \* \*

I was aware of hands changing coals under my hip at some point. I was aware of the infusion of warmth against my jaw at another point and it was late, very late when *Mahini* came to me. He covered my face with kisses.

"My breath is bad." I turned away. "I haven't showered or washed my teeth since yesterday."

"Yes it is bad, but I don't care. I'm so hungry for you." His tongue invaded my mouth and a movement at the front door startled us.

"*Mahini*. What are you doing here?" It was Kimo.

"Couldn't sleep, I came to talk to Johnny."

"He needs his sleep, *Mahini*. We have an early

start tomorrow." Kimo waited until *Mahini* was out of the house again. "You okay?" he asked.

"I'm fine, thanks. Uhn...I'm having bad dreams though."

"We'll fix that in the morning." He watched me for a moment, and I drifted back to sleep, dreaming of a dead man's hand in my mouth. When I awoke the next time, the fog had left my brain. There was an ache in my hip, my jaw hurt, but I was alive and more or less intact.

"You need a salt bath," *Tutu* told me. "We'll get you out of your packing there and you should go down to the beach and have a really good swim, then you can come in and shower and you probably want to brush your teeth."

She and Sammy moved the endless mounds of stuff off me. Instead of feeling free, I felt naked, exposed and fearful.

"You'll be okay," she assured me. "*Mahini* has volunteered to go with you."

*Mahini* smiled at me and I saw him taking in my beaten, battered body. He held out his hand as I stood up and they all seemed to be holding their collective breath. I was grateful not to be completely naked. Somebody had put me into a white *malo* cloth.

"How's your leg?" *Mahini* asked and I knew he was genuinely concerned.

"Better," I said. "The hip's better, too."

Tutu clapped her hands together. "That's swell. Now go and have that soaking and I'll have some nice soft food waiting for you."

"I really want a steak," I whined.

"You can have that, too," she said, touching my cheek. "We'll just make sure to plug your tooth up good and don't eat on that side of your mouth for a few days, yeah?" She turned to her open-air stove and Sammy stretched as *Mahini* and I slipped down to the beach.

We were alone down at the edge of the rocks when he found a large, flat stone and stood me on it. "Oh, this is like unwrapping a package I have been looking at high on a shelf, but just couldn't reach," he said, unraveling the *malo*.

I felt it coming away from my thighs and my dick was free now, his black eyes fixed on it.

"I'm not supposed to do this, but I'm so hungry for you, Johnny." His mouth moved to me, taking the head of my cock into his mouth.

"*Mahini*." He looked up at me. "That feels so good, but I am full of bad *mana*. Tonight, we can be alone together. You can have me all you want."

"Is that a promise?"

"No matter what."

He didn't say anything. He just took me by the hand and led me into the water and we played and frolicked in the foamy surf until *Tutu* came outside and called us back to the house.

*Mahini* gathered me to him. "I'm gonna fuck you all night."

"Not until you let me finish the job I started at the cemetery." Aloha was in my thoughts, but they weren't happy ones. All I could think about was revenge. Back at the house, I showered, washed my hair, brushed my teeth and I got dressed in the clothes I'd arrived in the day of the wedding. It had only been two days ago, but it felt like two years. Somebody had cleaned and pressed everything, even my underpants. *Tutu*, probably.

There was a commotion in one of the rooms as I came out and I could see everybody was congregated in a bedroom. *Lopaka* and *Mahini* were holding fire extinguishers, *Tutu* looking anguished. Sammy was just watching with a bemused expression. He just shook his head and slipped out of the house.

"You're just in time." Kimo looked at me. "You almost missed the party."

I caught *Mahini's* feral grin.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"We're setting fire to the room. Destroying it." That was when I realized Kimo was holding a flamethrower.

"But it's full of furniture. Don't you want to remove the furniture?"

"No." Kimo, I realized then, was very angry. I'd

never seen him like this.

"I know you're taking the house down, but setting fire to it?" The words came out of my throat and Kimo's head turned, his eyes boring into mine.

"This is the room the *kahuna* invaded. They took me away from *Lopaka* in the middle of the night. They abducted me."

Tears fell out of *Lopaka's* eyes when Kimo said this.

"When we tried to fight them off, they tied me up. Then they beat up *Lopaka*."

"What did you do to them?"

"Bad things to one of them, but it was a little hard with my hands tied." He looked at the others. "Don't put the fire out until I say. *Lopaka*, stand with me, baby."

"I want to help," I said.

"You're part of the reason we're doing this right now." Kimo turned on the flamethrower. "This is part of your apology. Just stand there and watch."

*Lopaka* moved to Kimo and wrapped his arms around him.

Kimo smiled then. "It's hard for me to maintain my rage when you're holding me like that."

"Try."

Kimo shrugged. "*Tutu*."

She quickly moved beside *Lopaka* and took



Kimo's left hand. It was like watching the *Ghostbusters*.

"This one's for *Tutu*." Kimo pumped a long lick of fire at the bed. I saw then that the windows had been removed from the room, nothing electrical was left in it. It started to burn. "This one's for my husband, *Lopaka*. This one's for me. And this one's for you *Pele*!" He launched a flame at a pile of clothes on the floor.

"Say when!" *Mahini* was poised with the fire extinguisher. *Lopaka* moved away from Kimo, ready with his.

I realized Sammy was around the side of the house, near the burning, smoking room, waiting with a fire extinguisher of his own. The room was cooking, the heat almost unbearable. We all backed up, except Kimo who was chanting and *Tutu* who stood beside him, wringing her hands, looking up at the roofless house.

"Not yet!" Kimo shouted. He grabbed *Lopaka* and kissed him. "Nobody is *ever* going to take me away from you again." I watched him raise his eyes to the skies and break into a mile-wide grin. Lightning and thunder roared overhead.

"Oh she loves it!" *Tutu* cackled, clapping her hands.

"Okay. Now!" Kimo and the men doused the fire in record time. Kimo almost looked disappointed. When it was over, the room was a

mess of charred remains. "Beautiful view now," Kimo laughed, slipping his arms around *Tutu* and *Lopaka*.

Outside, Sammy grinned. "And they say *Pele* has a flair for the dramatic."

It released some energy setting fire to that room. Kimo was looking so wild-eyed now, I was afraid he was going to want to torch everything. Me, I was scared and I admit now, I almost wet my pants during that little ritual. *Lopaka* had always revered Madame *Pele*. Me, I was more than a little afraid of her.

As we all left the smoky room, Kimo clapped his hand to my shoulder. "Johnny, your life is about to change. I hope you're ready."

I didn't know what to say. *Tutu* gave me a reassuring grin and handed me a tray of food. "House is full of smoke. One quick breakfast at the other house and we get started, yeah?"

"Yeah." I was beginning to feel afraid. I might wet my pants yet. Over our hurried breakfast of *ahi* tuna, rice and fruit, Kimo told me the electricity to the entire house had been disconnected pending the rebuilding process. "How did *Tutu* cook rice with no electricity?" I asked.

"Wood-burning stove." *Lopaka* accepted a piece of *ahi* from Kimo's fingers. "We're bringing in generators tomorrow so we won't have problems

with electricity.”

“We’ve placed a lot of protections around the property and everybody is safe.” Kimo seemed positive. “Until we have appeased the spirits, nobody is to sleep away from here. *Mahini*, I know you’re anxious to get home, but until I’m sure everyone is okay, I need you to stay here.”

*Mahini* lifted his shoulders. “I could spend my time doing worse things.” He gave me a meaningful glance. *Tutu* and I cleared up the dirty dishes and we all walked up to the cave.

“We found an entrance through the cliff. It’s difficult to get to the cave, but that’s how they put the bodies in there, by sea,” Kimo said. “I’m waiting for instruction on whether to seal the entrance.”

“Instruction from whom?” I asked.

“*Pele*, of course. My inclination is to leave it unsealed on the other side, but to make sure this side is completely secure.”

“How are you going to do that?”

He pointed to a pile of shrubs in sacks. “We’re going to plug up the hole and plant ‘*Ohia lehua*.” He flipped open his cell phone. “We don’t always get reception up here, but we got it now. You want to speak to Aloha before we start?”

“No. Why would I want to do that?”

He looked at me with incredible warmth. “You need love. You need to know he’s waiting for you,

before we start this. Otherwise you might feel...discouraged."

I found myself looking around for *Mahini*.

"*That* is not love, it's sex. Revenge. I tried it once and it proved...well, look, you obviously need to go through this so I'm not going to judge. But I still want you to speak to Aloha."

He pressed the phone in my hands and walked away to give me privacy. I felt my spirits plummet when I heard Aloha's voice.

"*Liho?*"

"Don't you *liho* me you two-timing whore. I'm only speaking to you because Kimo said I have to."

Kimo was talking to *Lopaka*. I wondered if he had super-sonic hearing or something, because he was giving me a hard look. I heard his voice in my head. *Be nice*.

Now I *was* gonna wet my pants. He was one spooky guy, for sure.

"I deserve that." Aloha's voice was gravelly from emotion. "I hate that I can't be near you. That I can't touch you. Kimo said you could be home by tomorrow. Is your hand still green?"

Green? I looked down and sure enough, my hand was a lovely lime green color. The color seemed to be crawling up my arm. I looked at Kimo and screamed.

"He's got a big mouth," Kimo fumed, snatching

the phone out of my hands. "Come on, we need to get started."

"But...how long has it been green?"

"Since you came out of the pit."

"How come I didn't notice it before?"

"You haven't quite been in your body, Johnny."

"Is there anything else you're not telling me?"

Kimo looked at me. "No. Now let's get busy."

The ritual of apology was long, but not unpleasant. We gathered around the mouth of the cave where I had fallen. Kimo told me the skeletal body of the man I'd fallen on was propped there in more recent years. Possibly punishment for a thief who had come in from the sea.

We knelt down as a group over the mouth of the cave, everybody holding hands as Kimo said a chant. It was lovely and I wish I'd understood it since it was all in Hawaiian. I don't know what the workmen going berserk tearing down the main house thought about all this as they hacked away at the wood frames, piling everything up, but they didn't appear phased by any of it. By the end of the day, I was feeling lighter of spirit, but physically exhausted.

Not much of the house was left standing so we helped *Tutu* move into the biggest bungalow with Kimo and *Lopaka*. It was the one where I'd had the ceremonial bath with Aloha. They gave me a smaller bungalow up the hill from them. *Mahini*

showed me the way, pointing to his own bungalow over another ridge.

Mine was small, but very neat, with a bed, a table and chair and small bathroom. Perfect for my needs, though I had no idea how long Kimo thought I needed to stay here.

"They want you back in the main bungalow." Mahini walked up the hill to his own digs. I returned to the others and lay on a *pandanus* mat in the living room, Sammy and Kimo working on me, plugging up my nagging tooth with fresh root and *Tutu* and *Lopaka* were cooking an early dinner.

I loved the open-plan living room and kitchen area. You felt included in the cooking as well as the eating.

"That's true, eh?" Sammy nodded, when I mentioned it. "This way you can keep your eye on the cook and make sure nobody's spitting in your food." The others laughed. They all seemed energized by the day of atonement. Me, I was lagging.

Kimo put his hand on my head. "Sleep a bit. We'll wake you when dinner is ready." And just like that, I was gone.

I awoke to delicious food smells. Sammy was holding a plate with a big steak right under my nose, the others laughing. Kimo and *Lopaka* were setting a low table with plates, flatware and big glasses they were filling with juice by the looks of

things.

"You feeling better?" Kimo asked me. "Try this. It's fresh papaya and lime."

"Much, much better, thank you." I took the glass and downed it, feeling some sense of normalcy returning to my disquieted state.

He watched me, smiling, and then *Lopaka* was down on the floor beside him. He and *Tutu* had outdone themselves with the cooking and we ate with appreciation and true hunger. I was determined to eat every bit of steak and kept to the good side of my mouth, eating small bites at a time.

I noticed Kimo and *Lopaka* tended to drink out of the same glass, off the same plate. Maybe they were ignorant of the fact, but they did everything together.

"We have to go to the theater," Kimo announced when they'd consumed the last bite of food. "You can sleep in the bed in your bungalow tonight. You should sleep well, but if you need anything, *Tutu* and Sammy will be around."

"That old poop," *Tutu* grumbled.

"We'll leave you alone for the rest of the night, but we'll be back after the show if you need anything. In the morning, don't even think of going back home until we get a chance to check you over. Okay?"

"Okay." I looked down at my arm, which had a

green hue, but was definitely not in the *Incredible Hulk* neighborhood anymore. "Kimo, do you think the cave guardians are appeased?"

"Almost."

"Almost?"

"You're still breathing, my friend. I would take that as a good sign."

\* \* \* \*

I lingered over a large glass, okay two, of green ginger wine with *Tutu*, watching her throw wood from the house frame into the fire she'd built in the rustic fireplace.

"What happened to *Mahini* tonight?" I asked her.

She shrugged. "He keeps by himself. That's a man used to his own company. I get the feeling he wants to join in, but he sits in his little house and eats fruit. Lying he's paying penance for something."

I nodded. "*Tutu*, I think I'll turn in." She hugged me and I could tell we both had a nice buzz going. *A nice buzz going*. Cindy had said that the night Aloha and I had dinner with her. I missed her terribly. That night seemed like a long, long time ago. I walked to my bungalow with one of the tiki torches *Tutu* gave me. With no electricity and no streetlights, it was eerie and



quiet up here. I found *Mahini* coming out of my bungalow.

"Just checking to see if you were in there. I thought I saw candlelight." He was wearing shorts and he carried a large white candle in a paper cone. "Want to come to my room?"

He held out his hand and I took it. I didn't want to be alone. I didn't want to think about Aloha kissing me and telling me he loved me. It hurt just too damned much.

Half way along the trail, *Mahini* stopped. "I've longed for you. I've dreamed about you." His smile in that flickering candlelight was shy, no bravado there now.

"How long has it been since you were with a man?" I asked him.

He was running his hands over my body, as if he couldn't believe the feel of my skin. "Too long. I'm isolated on my island, *Ni'ihau*."

"You haven't been with a man since you came here, to *Oahu*?"

"One man did some good things to me in the cemetery the other day." His hands were at my pants. "Can I touch you?"

I nodded and he was unfastening it, a gasp escaping his hungry soul as he brushed my cock with his fingers. "You're beautiful." He sighed and I pulled his head towards me, our tongues finally touching.

In his cabin, lit by dozens of tea lights in a rainbow of colors, I was enchanted by the scene waiting for me. There was a very inviting-looking bed with white bedding and soft, plump-looking pillows. There were gourds hanging everywhere, charcoal drawings pinned to the walls and his tattoo paraphernalia lined a sideboard. I was a little surprised to see my T-shirt on a coat hanger with a drawing of my face pinned over the hanger. It was a very good likeness.

"You thought I was joking about my feelings for you?"

I put my hand to his face and he kissed me in a starved-savage way.

"I'm so glad you're here." His eyes scanned my body again.

*Mahini* lay me down on his bed with an inviting-looking white cotton coverlet on it. He lay beside me, touching me reverently. It surprised me how tender he was being because I could feel his need. He was a solitary man, but he must have created that life for himself. There was something tragic about *Mahini* and, as he took all my clothes off, a soft moan came from his lips, I waited for him to touch me.

"I want you naked, too," I urged, but he shook his head.

"Patience, Johnny." He started to kiss me, our tongues licking at each other. For several long

minutes, that was all he did, kiss me. Then his mouth started moving down my body. He wanted to luxuriate in being in bed with a man and I was fine with that.

He stroked my right leg with one hand, the other picking up my right foot. He started sucking my toes. Nobody had ever done that to me and, as he finished with one foot and picked up the other, he smiled when he saw how hard he'd made me. But still, the tongue fest continued.

*Mahini* got to his knees at last and took my cock in his hand. He looked at it, stroking it and each time he pulled up, he topped it with a kiss, then his tongue shot out and he started licking me. He was taking his time, working gradually further and further down the shaft with his searching mouth. He was gorging himself on my cock and I'm not sure who loved it more.

He sucked my balls one by one, taking his time releasing them. "Lovely." He parted my thighs and licking from my ass up to the base of my cock. I wanted to be in his mouth so badly, I was rolling around on that bed trying to get it past those sucking, insatiable lips.

He worked me like he was a puppet master. He was in complete control. When *Mahini* finally took me with his mouth, I came so hard, I was seeing stars.

"Shooting stars!" He was looking out the

window, raising his head from me. "I hope you made a wish. I did." He was hovering over me, his hand moving between my legs now.

"Somebody mentioned something about fucking." I put my hand to his shorts. That big thick cock twitched between his legs. No undies. Just the way I love my men. "Let me suck your cock." I moved forward to grab it.

"Oh, I'm gonna fuck you boy, but not now. Let's go outside. This is too intense for me."

"I need you." For me it was a matter of pride, not a need for cock. I got a lot of action at home. I swallowed over a hard lump in my throat. *I used to get a lot of action at home.*

"Soon." He pulled me up from the bed. He gave me a *pireau* to wear and I threw it around me. Just my luck to bed a guy with sexual hang-ups.

Outside in the very dark night, he took my hand again. "I want to show you my favorite place." As we trudged ahead in the dark, he said, "I have to leave the day after tomorrow."

"You can't stay?"

He shook his head. "I have to go to work."

"Your work as a tattoo artist?"

He smiled. I was going to tell him his determination to remain mysterious was becoming tiresome when he blurted, "I also teach elementary school in *Ni'ihau*."

"You do? Tell me about your island. How many

families live there?"

"There's about two hundred and thirty people all together."

"What is your life like on *Ni'ihau*? I'm trying to picture it. I'm trying to imagine what you do there."

"I live alone in a small house in a town called *Pu'uwai*. It's where everybody lives. It's not particularly pretty and it's not on the coast. It's very secluded. Our nearest island is *Kauai*, but the interesting thing is *Pu'uwai* is the one place where you cannot see *Kauai*. Weird, huh? Like the owners of the island don't want to tempt us."

"Are you allowed to travel easily?"

"Oh, yes. People go to *Kauai* all the time. I go occasionally. But visitors to *Ni'ihau* are strictly forbidden, unless a resident, or one of the owners invites them."

"When you're not teaching, what do you do?"

"I write, I read, paint some...and I draw." He looked at me and a slow smile spread across his face. "And I dream." *Mahini* pulled me to him. "Would you like some fruit?"

If it got us back into that little cottage, I was all for it. He surprised me by grabbing at a tree branch, shaking it and as if on cue, two ripe papaya tumbled into his hands.

"That's a good trick." I laughed.

He laughed, too, sitting down on a big flat

rock, patting the space beside him. Out of nowhere, he produced a knife and started paring the fruit.

I looked at him. "Can I ask you something?"

"You've been doing a good job of that already, but go ahead."

"What were you doing with Cindy?" I asked.

"Making you jealous, mostly." He leaned in to me and kissed me. "My sister, you know, Mim, has no idea I'm gay. Most people in my family don't. I was married fifteen years. Once I loved women...now I love men. It's hard to find them on *Ni'ihau*. And to be honest, until I saw you, I wasn't really looking."

There was a lot more to the story, but he didn't seem to want to tell it.

"My sister can't ever come back home, it's hard for her." He paused. "Once you leave *Ni'ihau* for more than a year, you're never allowed back."

"Wow, I had no idea. To be honest, I don't know much about the island."

"Don't worry, most people don't."

"What's it like there?" I asked.

"Like nothing else on earth." He took my face in his and he kissed me, slow and deep. "I want to make love to you now." He took me back to his room. I lay back on the bed and let him have his fill of me again. He gave good head, he just didn't want to receive it. It was the oddest thing. He got

more of a thrill making me come, then coming himself.

He held me as sunlight broke through the mountain sky. It wasn't supposed to be anything like this. But now as his imminent departure approached, I couldn't bear the idea of never seeing him again.

"I have to see you again." His kisses lingered on my skin.

"I'll have to think about that."

"*Think about it?* Johnny, I'm gonna go crazy without you."

"You won't get naked, you won't let me suck your cock—"

"Tonight. You can have it all tonight. You have to come and visit me." His hands felt so good against my skin. "I can't be without you."

"I want to be with you too, *Mahini*."

"Then I'll get you the documents. I'll call you. It might take a couple of weeks. But you're so hot, you're worth the wait."

*The Forbidden Island*...a man I wasn't even supposed to be with...I couldn't hurt Aloha, yet he'd hurt me. I wanted *Mahini*. I wanted them both. His mouth moved over mine.

"You make me want to live again."

I wanted him, but fear had oddly gripped me, too. *What had I just gotten myself into?*

## CHAPTER SEVEN

*M*ahini made me go back to my own bed shortly after that. He was afraid the others would find out what we'd been up to. I would have told him Kimo and *Lopaka* were no dummies and probably already had it figured out, but I was tired and I wanted to sleep.

When I woke up in the morning, full sun had bloomed early. I had no idea what time it was. I had no idea where my wallet, house keys or cell phone were. Then I remembered. Back home with Aloha.

One way or another, I'd have to face him again.

I picked over the clothes I'd discarded on the floor and I put on my jeans and T-shirt. Outside the room, the valley below us gleamed like a new jewel. I felt better than I had in days. The greenish tinge in my hand was almost gone. I blew out a sigh and decided to take a walk.

I took a long walk over the hillcrest of the property. I'd worked up a good sweat and was



about to head back when I spotted a horse through the sun-dappled trees. I knew who the rider was just by the gleam of his jet black hair. It was Kimo perched astride his horse, *Lopaka* perched in front of him. Kimo was wearing the long, khaki shorts again. And nothing else. *Lopaka* was wearing a beautiful, long sleeved almost translucent white shirt, completely open, matching long pants and a serene smile on his face. I was a good distance above them, but I had a perfect view of them. Kimo was kissing *Lopaka's* neck and shoulders. *Lopaka* was moaning about how good it felt.

Kimo was grinning. He brought the horse to a halt. "Why did you wear the shirt? You know I love your body."

"I was cold."

"Don't I keep you warm?" Kimo was nuzzling him again.

"Oh, yeah..."

Suddenly, Kimo picked up the shirt by its tail, took it in his fingers and ripped it all the way up to the collar.

"Oh, Kimo," *Lopaka* moaned. It was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen and I was spellbound. *Lopaka* was as hypnotized I was and Kimo said, "Bend over, baby." *Lopaka* bent down so that his entire front was on the horse blanket, his hands clutching at the horse's thick black mane. Kimo

ripped the shirt collar away and the rags from his husband's arms fell to the ground.

Kimo's eyes followed his hands as he ran them over *Lopaka's* back. A beautiful back, to be sure. In the greatest act of love I have ever witnessed, Kimo kissed and licked *Lopaka's* neck and back for a long time. I was too captivated to leave them alone. I prayed they didn't know I was here so I could keep watching.

"Rasmus, stand," he instructed the horse who didn't move a muscle. Kimo went back to the task at hand, loving the man in front of him and he muttered a constant stream of Hawaiian words in *Lopaka's* ear, some of which I caught, but didn't understand.

*Lopaka* kept up a non-stop stream of *that's so good's* and *I love you's*. At last, Kimo's attention was on *Lopaka's* cute ass. For a long moment, he just stared at it lustily, knowing it was his.

"I love this ass."

"It loves you." *Lopaka* turned his face to the side. "I love you, Kimo."

"Who's ass is this?" Kimo's thumbs were moving down the crack of *Lopaka's* ass, touching him over the thin fabric separating them.

"It's yours. It belongs to you."

Kimo kissed the small of his back, winching down the pants just a little. He looked around him, found a tree branch and snapped it off. For

good measure, he threw the horse's reins over the stubble of a broken tree branch.

"What are you doing?" *Lopaka* gasped. "Oh no, baby you don't have to rip them. You gave me these. I love them. You can have me, Kimo. Just take me."

But Kimo was holding up a piece of the cotton and plunged the tree branch in, like it was a knife, right between *Lopaka's* ass cheeks. I almost screamed.

He ripped the trousers separating him and the ass he loved and there was *Lopaka's* unharmed smooth brown butt, just begging for attention.

"Oh Kimo, fuck me." *Lopaka's* inviting ass and balls were visible from where I was standing.

"You want it right here?" Kimo asked him, one hand running between *Lopaka's* thighs, the other trying to get the waistband of the pants cut off with that twig. That's when I saw it—Kimo's name tattooed across *Lopaka's* tailbone. Kimo's ravenous mouth went right to his own name, licking and kissing the letters. *Lopaka* moaned.

"You want your husband's cock?"

"Oh, yeah. Please, Kimo. All of it. I want you inside me."

"Keep your head down and your ass up." Kimo took off his shorts, maneuvering himself with some dexterity, tossing them to the ground. He had a huge, hungry erection. "Oh, baby. You're so

beautiful." He looked at the ass in front of him, raised it up to his desperate lips, impaling *Lopaka* with his tongue. *Lopaka* went crazy, but kept a hold on the blanket. The horse turned to stare at the two men going crazy on his back, then Kimo's smoldering face was up again and he entered *Lopaka's* ass, making them both moan.

"Oh my God, nobody feels like you do," He stroked *Lopaka's* back. He fucked his man wife with vehemence.

*Lopaka* pushed himself back on the cock he adored. "I need it all Kimo, feed it to me. I need it, baby."

Kimo's eyes glowed like coals. "Get up here." With difficulty, *Lopaka* raised himself up and Kimo pulled him up to his naked thighs so *Lopaka* was sitting on his lap. Well, leaning it on it, anyway. He, too, had a raging hard-on and when Kimo looked down and saw it, his eyes went black. It was obvious he loved having this effect on his man.

He was whispering more stuff in his ear now, *Lopaka* ablaze with desire and that massive, ten inch tool in his ass. He started moving his ass up and down, his legs really working now, balancing the balls of his feet on the tops of Kimo's feet.

"Oh those strong legs," Kimo said, his hands all over them. "And I love this cock. Baby, I'm going to come, but I wanna hold off. I want you to come

with me." *Lopaka* was lost to the sensations of being fucked and he worked Kimo's cock over like only he could.

Kimo was licking and sucking his neck and shoulder, his hand coming down on *Lopaka's* raging prick. "Come with me darling, come with me. I want to make you come, *Lopaka*."

*Lopaka* just said, "Fuck me hard, Kimo."

And Kimo went berserk, holding *Lopaka's* hips down on him, giving him the fucking he was begging for. I knew both men were close to coming and Kimo's hand kept jerking on his man's dick, the other, holding him to him.

"Oh, Kimo." *Lopaka* pulled his husband's arms tighter around him, and then he was coming all over Kimo's hand and, with a shout, Kimo came, too, the two men sucking on each other's mouths, their bodies flexing and bending towards one another.

Kimo put his fingers to his mouth, licking *Lopaka's* come from his hand. "Such sweet juices." *Lopaka's* leg muscles twitched and pulsed from the exertion of the incredible fuck they'd just shared. So in sync, their mouths moved towards one another, Kimo holding *Lopaka* to him, claiming his mouth from behind.

"Don't take it from me," *Lopaka* suddenly said.

"I'm not taking it away from you. Ever." Kimo kept kissing him and they slipped off the horse's

back and were writhing on the ground now. *Lopaka* was on his back and Kimo was between his legs, hushing him with kisses.

Christ, they were going to start doing it again in a second. These two were something else. They got my dick hard though. All my senses were aflame. What I needed was to get fucked, too.

I needed Aloha.

I ran all the way down that mountain, hearing nothing but my thundering feet and my beating heart all the way to our street. My body was complaining. It hadn't had this much exercise in days. I was at our door, beating on it.

He came and opened it, a sulky look on his face. "Lost your key?"

"No. Just my goddamn marbles. I need to fuck you right now." He opened his mouth, then I saw him. That cop, Officer Stewart. He was sitting on our sofa. I couldn't be angry, considering I'd just spent the night with *Mahini*, but this wasn't the reception I'd expected.

"This isn't what you think," Aloha started to say.

"Trust me, I think it probably is." I flounced to my room. It looked like they'd been in my bed. I couldn't see straight I was so angry.

Aloha followed me. "Let me explain." But I was throwing things into an overnight bag.

Not that I could find much. My closet looked

like it had been ransacked. In my haste to find stuff, I made even more mess. The half-finished coffee cups from Monday were still on the bedside tables. I nudged one by accident, sending coffee all over the sheets. He held my hands, trying to talk to me. My heart pounded in my head. I hated him. I had to get away from him.

"Listen to me. We had a robbery," Aloha was screaming now. "They cleaned us out. They took everything. Even your lava tanks."

I stopped long enough to look around me. I took a long slow walk around the apartment. His bedroom was empty. Not a single box. "I brought this on you," I whispered. "My God. The bad *mana*. I unleashed it on you."

"No, I brought this on myself. I got drunk last night and I got rolled."

I glanced at him. "You brought a stranger to our house?"

Aloha was pulling at his hardscrabble hair now. "I was drunk!"

"I'm going." But my keys, cell phone and wallet were all missing.

"No." Aloha had my keys and cell phone. "Your wallet's gone, but they left your driver's license on the TV."

"*They*." Aloha and his goddamned threesomes. "How come they left the TV?"

"It stopped working yesterday."

"Great."

The cop was hovering. "I'll er...be in touch." He kept trying to hold Aloha's gaze. Aloha was focused on me, though. The cop let himself out the front door.

"I love you, you dumb ass!" I shouted.

"I love you, too, Johnny, which is why I hate to do this." He reached over and snapped a handcuff on my wrist, hooking the other cuff up to the fridge door. There was a grim look on his face as he punched some numbers into his cell phone.

"He came here, just like you said he would." I knew he was talking to Kimo. "He's gonna be here in a few minutes to pick you up." Aloha looked at me. "He sounds really pissed."

"I won't forgive you for doing this!" I screamed and he walked away to his empty bedroom and closed the door.

Kimo arrived twenty minutes later in jeans, shirt and formidable-looking Nike *Pele* shoes the size of canoes. It was always a surprise to me how big this guy was. Aloha let him in, since I was shackled to the fridge. Unfortunately, there wasn't a morsel of food in it either for hurling at them or eating. I was a sitting duck. Aloha handed the cuff key to Kimo who looked around at the apartment, carefully avoiding my eye.

"I thought you were going to wait and let me check you over?" He wasn't looking at me, but I



knew he was talking to me.

"I missed Aloha."

Aloha went into his bedroom and banged the door shut.

"Well, it doesn't look like it's a good idea for you to be here. You got any place else to go?"

"Umm...well, we got robbed. My credit cards are gone. I have no cash."

"You can't come back to us. You can't be trusted. You promised me you would follow my instructions."

I felt the tears falling down my face and my life felt like it could not get worse than this. "Kimo, I'm so sorry. Please, forgive me."

He didn't seem to believe me. "Crocodile tears, Johnny."

"No, they're not. Kimo. I don't want to unleash any more negativity on anyone else. Aloha didn't...deserve all this, despite what he did."

"I should have left you in the hands of the ancients. I— " He reached over and unlocked the cuff, tossing the key onto the sideboard. "I won't give you a third chance. You have two minutes to get your things."

"Should I get my car and follow you?"

"Your car?" Kimo looked over his shoulder out the door. "I think you'll find you have another item to report stolen. You now have one minute."

Kimo drove me back and I checked my cell

phone for messages and found that my service had been interrupted for non-payment. I'd never not paid a bill in my life.

"With what you've been through, it doesn't surprise me that your communication has been messed up."

"But I paid this bill."

"I'm sure you did." It was a flat statement. He seemed angrier than he ought to be. Maybe he was preoccupied with the house demolition and now I'd screwed up things with the spiritual atonement.

"I'm sorry, Kimo. Honest."

Kimo looked at me. "You know, I think you are."

"Is there anything I can do to help today?"

"Ask Sammy what needs to be done. Get him to check you over, too. I'm more likely to turn you into a toad in my present mood."

"Can you do that?" I asked. "Not that I want that or anything..." He didn't even crack a smile. He got out of the car and had a strange look on his face. "Kimo, what's going on? It's not just me, is it?"

"Nothing's going on." But his eyes got that weird look again. He was striding towards the bungalow he shared with *Lopaka* and *Tutu*.

"Talk to me. You can trust me."

He just turned and looked at me. The screw-up

recently handcuffed to a fridge. Suddenly we were both laughing.

"You want coffee?" he asked.

"Please."

Kimo kicked off his shoes at the door. I was barefoot anyway and we walked into the kitchen. He took a pot off the stove, filled two mugs and took milk out of the fridge.

"The generators are working?" I asked.

He nodded. "Beautifully."

We took them into the living room and Kimo flopped onto the sofa. I saw him staring into the black, tamped-out fireplace. Again with that mournful expression.

I took a chair opposite him and waited.

"*Lopaka* went shopping." His tone suggested it was stage four, possibly terminal...shopping.

"In Siberia?"

A faint smile. "No...*Ala Moana* mall." I stared until he added, "With my mother."

"Well, let's shoot her." That got me a bigger smile.

"I can't believe he wants to be...away from me. I can't believe how horrible I feel. Why does he want to be with her and not me?"

Men in love, I thought. There's nothing worse. "Kimo. You ever been in love before?"

A long silence and then he shook his head.

"Well, neither has *Lopaka*."

"He loved you once."

"Not like this...Kimo, are you jealous?"

"Yes." His voice came out in a whisper.

"Of your *mother*?"

"If you laugh at me, I *will* turn you into a toad."

"What about the burning? You know, when you're apart?"

"It doesn't happen when he's with *her*..."

"Kimo, let me tell you something. That man loves you. I have never seen *Lopaka* so happy, so devoted to anyone. When he met my mom—"

"Was he close to her?"

"Hell no. She's a weirdo."

Kimo laughed.

"And that's my point. She wasn't exactly nice to him. Once she got to know him, she adored him. She never forgave me when we broke up."

"Wait a second...is this supposed to be making me feel better?"

"I'm trying to tell you a story here. Anyway, *Tutu* is lovely and I adore her, but she's a bit of a fruitcake, too, you gotta admit." Kimo didn't say anything. Suddenly, I was fearful that *Tutu* was hovering. She could probably turn me into a toad, too, if she focused her mind to it.

"*Tutu's* down at the *taro* patch picking vegetables." Kimo read my mind.

"In my time with *Lopaka*, she drove him mad. She's come such a long way, but there were times

when she got so reclusive, she was a pain in the ass. One time, we went all the way to the Big Island to visit her and she refused to let us in." That surprised him, I could tell.

"We waited for days to see her. She eventually allowed him to visit, but it was very...disturbing that she was living like a vagrant when he sent her money every week. I think she was giving it away...who knows? Anyway, the point is he has no mother and he has pined for that...connection. What are your mom and *Lopaka* shopping for?"

"Food...spices. She's teaching him to make *kalua* chicken. From scratch."

"*Kalua* chicken? I've never heard of *kalua* chicken. Only pork. Oh, wait a moment. You don't eat pork. Okay, so who's he learning to cook that for?"

He hesitated. "Me."

"But this is wonderful. You gave him that, Kimo. You gave him a family."

"Nothing's the same when I'm not with him, Johnny. Coffee doesn't taste as good, the sky's not as blue—"

"You freakin' head case. Keep your cell phone on. I bet he calls you soon. I hope you're ready to go shopping." I paused. "That's why you call him your wife sometimes and your husband other times, isn't it? You're each other's whole world. God...how I want that."

He gave me a look of real empathy, then his cell phone rang. Gazing at the readout, a soppy expression invaded his fierce features. "It's my world!"

"What a shock." He grinned, but as I trudged up the hill, leaving him to his non-stop babble of love nonsense, I felt my body over to make sure I wasn't sprouting webbed feet or warty skin of a deep green hue.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

I walked in and dropped my duffel bag full of clothes on the floor. *Mahini* knocked on my door a few minutes later. I was lying on my bed contemplating my misery and he took my silence for an invitation and let himself into the room.

"Kimo said you should call the bank and report your credit cards being stolen. And call the police about your car. Boy, the gods are plenty mad at you, eh?"

He didn't know the half of it. I was strongly hoping Kimo hadn't told him he'd found me handcuffed to my fridge.

"Kimo says morning reception is good up here. He says I should give you this." He handed me Kimo's cell phone.

When I turned it on, a naked to the crotch *Lopaka* smiled back at me. I couldn't take anymore of Kimo and *Lopaka* and their gale-force love. I let the phone fall onto the bed beside me. "Thanks." I

rolled over.

He hesitated. "*Tutu* says when you're done, she and Sammy want to check you over. Kimo's gone to meet *Lopaka*."

"Fine." I sat up on the bed. I looked at him then, and the expression on his face was so woebegone, I felt bad for being such a brat. "Sorry."

*Mahini* gave me a brilliant smile. "Would you like a kiss?"

"Oh, yeah." I laughed when he threw himself on me.

"I'm not Kimo. I can't be out in the open about this, but don't think I am not longing to touch you. I'm leaving in the morning, but I'm gonna send for you, okay?"

"Okay." I lay back on the bed, letting him kiss me.

"Tonight, I'll even get naked with you," he whispered.

"You'd better, or there'll be trouble."

He let himself out and I made a bunch of calls. I even called Mr. Jin who oversees the tour guides. I got his voicemail and left him a message saying that I would be back day after tomorrow. As I called the bank, the other line rang through and I clicked over to find Mr. Jin. We didn't even exchange preliminaries.

"There won't be a need to return to work." His voice was firm, resolute. "Your services are no



longer required."

"What?" I was dumfounded.

"We had a complaint."

"A complaint? Who from?"

"Cindy Lang."

"What kind of complaint?" I asked.

"She says you went to her studio uninvited."

"That's ridiculous, Mr. Jin."

"She also says you stole one of her cabinets. Her best piece. She says it is a photograph she will be unable to reproduce. She is talking about suing the firm unless we fire you."

*Now* I was ready to wet my pants. "This is unbelievable. Mr. Jin, she's one of my best friends."

A pause. "I guess she sees things differently. I strongly advise you not to contact her unless you want her to file a restraining order. Good luck to you." He hung up and I allowed myself a few moments to have a freak out. Fired by my boyfriend and my job, all in the same day.

I called the bank back and was relieved to find the thieves had not accessed the embarrassingly low funds in my checking account. They had tried, but were unable to crack the debit card's pin number and the bank's ATM machine had eaten the card. With my ID, I could retrieve it.

The thieves had been stupid enough to leave me my driver's license, so I said I would be over to

the bank within the next day. My credit card was another story all together. The thieves had maxed me out, going crazy on some internet-shopping site. The card had been flagged for suspicious activity and I put a stop to the card, filing a claim for the fraudulent charges. They said they would mail me a new credit card and I gave them my address with Aloha. Technically speaking, I still rented my room there.

I reported the stolen car to the local police who sounded bored. Then I called my cell phone company. Some nasty woman told me I needed to pay four hundred dollars before I could have phone service again. Four hundred dollars. There was five in my checking account. It would have to wait. Next, I called Aloha who answered the phone, thinking it was Kimo. Our conversation deteriorated rapidly when he heard my voice.

"This isn't a good idea." He hung up on me.

What all of this meant was that once I was free to leave the property, I had no money, no car, no job, no boyfriend, no home and no place else to go.

\* \* \* \*

*Mahini* might have been given the okay to leave the property the following morning, but I was not. I figured if I didn't squawk too much and made

myself useful, I'd buy myself some time.

"What time do you leave in the morning?" I asked *Mahini* as we helped the workmen digging trenches and hauling bricks and cement.

"I've got a nine o'clock flight to *Kauai*. And from there I wait for the boat back to *Ni'ihau*."

"Is that the only way back to your island?"

He nodded. "There's a chopper that takes medical supplies, but it is very expensive and very unreliable."

Kimo and *Lopaka* arrived with bags of food and Kimo's mother. "We're going to make *kalua* chicken," *Lopaka* told us all. Is that *imu* still operational down by the pond?"

"Should be," Sammy nodded. "Kimo said that was the only one that was okay to keep."

"Great. Johnny, you wanna help us?" *Lopaka* smiled at me. He dropped his voice. "Thank you for what you said to Kimo. I love him so much Johnny. I only tell him five thousand times a day, but hearing it from you, well...you just don't know. I think he finally feels at peace about me and you."

"I meant every word, *Lopaka*. And I want to thank you. You've both been so good to me."

*Lopaka* shook his head. "We helped each other, Johnny. And I won't rest until you and Aloha are screwing like squirrels again."

That got a big laugh out of Mrs. Wilder who

was stirring the *kalua* sauce on the stove. "Bring him here for some of this and you'll be er...you know...in no time." She wiggled her brow suggestively.

"I would love to Mrs. Wilder, but I'm not allowed to see him right now."

"Please, call me *Mama Nui*," she insisted, giving me a hug. "You're *ohana*, our family. And one day, we will all have a big *luau* and we'll cook for your man, *da kine*, okay?"

I laughed. There really was a nice energy between *Mama Nui* and *Lopaka* and when the three of us took the chickens out on trays, I sensed a bit of jealousy from *Tutu*, who was waiting with giant banana palm leaves to wrap the chickens. *Lopaka* thanked me and I gave *Tutu* a reassuring hug, returning to the house

I was in the kitchen when *Tutu* caught up with me. "You okay Johnny?"

"Sure." No, I wanted to say. *I've just lost everything and I am terrified. I am glad Lopaka is happy, but I am not. And I don't know why these bad things keep happening to me.*

"Hmm. Well, when you feel like telling me what's really going on, I have two big ears and one small mouth. I no repeat anything you tell me. But don't fret, Johnny. All of us wanna help, yeah?"

"Thank you, *Tutu*." I kissed her cheek. I

couldn't tell them what was going on. I couldn't intrude on their generosity longer than I needed. The quicker I got out of the way, the quicker *Lopaka* could get back to focusing on the man he really loved.

Kimo was in the kitchen now and I saw the way *Lopaka* felt his presence, turned and threw himself into his arms. I watched the way they kissed each other with their whole faces, the way they moved, perfectly in sync and I knew we had never had that, me and *Lopaka*. The man I'd once loved, not wisely, nor well enough.

After dinner, I joined *Mahini* in his bungalow but he was in a strange mood. He was wearing a pair of black shorts and he threw a shirt on as soon as he let me in. He climbed onto his bed, sitting cross-legged. He didn't invite me to join him. I didn't know if I was supposed to sit on the floor, on the chair containing books and papers and a few discarded clothes, perch on the end of the bed, or stand.

His hands stretched down to his knees and he glowered at me. "You went home to see your *haole* boyfriend."

"No. I went to get my things. I haven't been home since the wedding. As you know, we got robbed. There wasn't much left. Can I sit on the bed?"

"Not at this time."

"Why are you angry with me?"

"I thought we were starting something."

"We are. If you don't want to do this, I'll go to my room. It's okay."

"No, I want you to stay."

Boy, this guy was one mental mind fucker.

"You still want him?"

"Who? My ex?"

His face relaxed a little.

"No. It's over." Boy, that hurt to think that. I lifted my face to his. "I really want to be in bed with you. Take your clothes off and let me suck your cock, or I'm going back to my room."

"Get 'em off me." He sprang towards me. "And get your mouth on me." He was quite amazing naked, his skin smooth and very dark. Most of his tattoos were self-inflicted and quite dazzling. But I was craving that astonishing, uncut dick distended now with all that unshed come.

"Let me make this better," I whispered. I knelt down and took the head in my mouth.

"Off your knees and in my bed."

I whimpered when he took that choice hunk of beef away from me, but I latched onto it with my greedy hands once we got on the bed and started kissing. I was on top of him and he got testy, trying to get my clothes off me.

Finally, our bodies touched, naked, and I saw his nipples harden. I bent and licked them. He was

thrashing around on the bed as I grabbed hold of his cock with my warm, wet mouth. Licking at the head, I allowed it to engulf my mouth, luxuriating in the flavor of it. He had such a sweet taste to him.

"It's my diet. Very pure. God, nobody's made me feel this good in a very long time."

"You were waiting for me." I couldn't get over the taste of him. "You're like...sugar cane."

He laughed then. "You eat sugar cane?"

"Oh, yes. When I was a boy, there was a sugar cane field on my way to school and my dad would walk with me and he'd cut me a stalk. That was our candy, then. That field is gone now."

"Almost all of them are gone." He reached out a hand to stroke my head.

"I love this foreskin." I moved my mouth down his cock and came back up, the foreskin rolling with me. I tugged on it with my lips, my tongue moving into the opening.

"Fuck, that's good." He caressed my head and I moved back down, pushing the skin back with my sucking mouth. And there it was. I lifted my face away to stare at that glistening, perfect head, oozing just the barest teardrop of pre-come.

"Mmmm." I licked it. "Ambrosia." He writhed around the bed. "When I sucked a really juicy sugar cane, the liquid would run down my hand," I told him. "I don't plan to waste a drop of you." I

slid my mouth over the entire shaft, taking his inflamed head into my throat, his feet and hands floundering on the bed.

"Oh fuck, let me come, let me come...please..." he held my head and flooded my throat. I concentrated on not gagging and disrupting his euphoria. I felt him shudder, but still, he kept coming. I squeezed his balls, urging him to complete fulfillment.

*Mahini* fell back on the bed and I could tell by the raging pulse coursing through his body that it had been one spectacular orgasm.

I raised my head. "You still owe me."

He opened one eye. "I do?"

"Yeah, that was too quick. I need more."

He stared into my eyes then. "It's all yours."

I started again on that responsive lightning rod, enjoying the fact he immediately got hard again. I took my time, licking, sucking, stroking with my tongue and I felt him spreading his legs underneath me.

I kept a hold of that juicy plumber's tool and let my face raid his thighs. He opened up to me and I licked his balls, the tender flesh between his thighs and ass, then I was facing his ass hole. I stared at it, moving my greedy mouth back to his cock. He stifled a shout when he got my mouth back to where he needed it, but I moved away again, sucking those balls, licking, licking all the way



back to his cock and his ass started to move under my left hand.

My tongue made a beeline for his ass hole and he lifted off the bed, jerking away from me. "Keep those legs apart, or I'm going back to my room right now," I snapped.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I don't usually allow myself such... fulfillment."

"Listen bitch, when I tell you I want your legs open, I mean like this." I took his feet in my hands, yanked his legs apart so his ass hole was in the air, his balls almost at my chin. *Mahini* gurgled and groaned as I suckled on that puckered little hole. Even that tasted sweet. He acted like he never had a tongue up there in his life. He looked at me in shock, lust and honest *need*...when I grabbed his cock and pulled on it. I worked that gear stick until we were going at a nice clip. He wasn't making much sense but when my thumb shot into his ass and my mouth reclaimed his cock, we were speaking the same language.

He shot like a cannon straight down my throat as my thumb went to the hilt in his ass. Where was Aloha when I needed him? He was fantastic at giving hungry men a good ass fucking while I nursed on their neglected cocks.

When I let him go at last, *Mahini* had a manic

look to the eye. "How the fuck could that man cheat on you? Johnny...you rocked my world, honey. I can't believe I have to leave you."

"Then don't."

He gave me his mouth and rewarded me with feverish kisses. "I'll send for you. I promise you, Johnny."

"Are you throwing me out?"

"I don't want us to get caught. Johnny, please wait for me. I'll call. I'll write you as soon as I get back to *Ni'ihau*. Okay?"

No, it was not okay. I was crushed. How could he think that it was okay to shuffle me off to my room after giving him two explosive orgasms like that?

"Next time you come, will be in my bed in *Ni'ihau*." His tongue was at my ear. "I'll make you come all day."

I smiled then, allowing him to push me out into the night. Outside his dark bungalow, I looked at the stars in the sky. My old apartment in *Maui* had a view like this. *Lopaka* and I would fuck for hours and look at the stars, making up stories about them. *Lopaka*, who was now lying in his husband's bed.

As I picked my way towards my own bungalow, I realized I wasn't thinking of *Lopaka*, but Aloha, and how fine it would be to make love to him in that apartment in *Maui* and see his face

when he came under the glow of stars we could almost touch.

Aloha, who was probably also in another man's bed.

\* \* \* \*

*Mahini* was gone from the property by the time I awoke and I was back at the house to receive my day's instructions. Only Sammy and *Tutu* were there and after giving me eggs and sausage and two major cups of coffee, for breakfast, *Tutu* told Sammy to check on me.

"You a bit depressed?" he asked me.

"Yes." I was relieved not to have to explain myself to him.

"Is normal after what you had. You be fine now, m'boy. I think you're good to go."

*Go? But I wasn't ready to go. I had nowhere to go.*

"Kimo said the police found your car. You need to go to the North Shore to pick it up. So, I will take you," Sammy offered. "Hurry and get packed. You're free to go now."

"I don't wanna go."

"You'll be fine." He clasped a firm hand on my shoulder making it clear I was to leave. I wanted to cry.

"Mebbe..." *Tutu* looked uncertain. "Mebbe, he should stay."

"Don't be ridiculous. He's fine. We'll get him mobile and get him on his way."

"There's something not right with that boy," *Tutu* said.

I walked from the house and went to get my stuff together.

\* \* \* \*

The bank's assistant manager scrutinized my license and with some reluctance, handing over my debit card. Heck, it wasn't like I had much money in it. For me though, it was a small piece of security. It was nice to have it back. Sammy drove me to the police station in *Haleiwa*. My car was in a gated area. I was happy to see it again. Sammy took off before I could even say goodbye or thank him properly.

To my shock, I was charged almost three hundred dollars in impound fees. Now I was on the verge of collapse. It left me with two hundred and fourteen dollars on my ATM card.

The girl at the station looked at me in a sympathetic way. "I know it's like getting robbed twice, yeah?"

She was right about that. She swiped my card and I left. My car was working all right, but somebody had taken it for a joy ride, or as the joke goes, driven it like they'd stolen it. As I drove

along *Kamehameha* Highway, I saw all the burned out shells of cars on the side of the road and did try, very hard to count my blessings.

I parked near the post office and went for a swim at the beach. It was ten o'clock. I wasn't quite sure what to do next, but a job seemed like a good idea. I was willing to do anything, wait tables...how the mighty had fallen. I missed my job. I missed Aloha. I was really, really missing my life.

By one o'clock, I was convinced Kimo's hocus-pocus hadn't worked. Storeowners would see me coming and the word *No*, formed on their lips before I'd even completed a sentence.

And I tried every store, from cafes to those endless sarong and surfboard shops that also house tiny Internet cafes. And then I hit the string of *okazayu* shops across the road from the beach. There you can buy bento boxes filled with inexpensive Asian-Hawaiian delicacies.

I almost fainted with relief when a young Japanese woman said at the very last one, "Sure, we could use some help. Last guy we hired couple days ago nevah show up this morning."

I would have cleaned her toilets with my tongue I was so thankful to find work.

"Oh look...he's here. Dere's da buggah now."

My heart dropped to the level of the linoleum floor. "Well..." I was aware that I was starving

now. "Can I buy some lunch?"

"Sure. Papa, you take care of him. I go scream at one buggah." And she followed the surfer-looking dude who'd just arrived into the kitchen.

The old Japanese man gave me good-size portions of all the items I chose and spooned them into the neat compartments of the bento box in his hand. He waved away my money "Sorry. I know you really want work."

I took my box away, walked down to the beach and ate on the sand. A lot of people lined the crest doing the exact same thing until a lifeguard came and roused everyone off the beach.

"Bad jellyfish!" he shouted from his seat on the massive land vehicle. "We've had some bad stings and more of them keep coming up to shore. Nevah seen nothin' like it before."

I'd finished my lunch anyway, so I headed back towards Sunset Beach, figuring I could try there.

By nightfall, I was exhausted and, after filling my car with gas and buying a few essentials like fresh toothpaste and soap, I was down to a hundred and eighty dollars in my funds. No way could I squander money on a room, so I slept in my car, covering myself with my clothes. I parked by the beach at Turtle Bay and there were a few other guys doing the same thing. I figured I was safe.

I slept with my money in my underpants, terrified of losing what little I had left. I didn't sleep well. All night, passing traffic, strange people peering in my windows and a constant, nagging fear kept jolting me awake. I kept dreaming of a black hand and thought I might never get over finding my own in that dead guy's mouth.

As soon as it was light, I went to the public shower and washed myself, dressing in clean clothes. I'd have to get a job today. I *would* get a job for sure. I took the freeway towards the city. My time on Kimo's property had filled me with calm and, up until that morning, poise. I'd been safe. Now I was afraid of the impatient drivers, panicking at the rage I could feel from people battling the morning traffic. I parked in the squalid parking lot that always made me wonder if I would come back to find my car flogged to the nearest chop shop and I walked down River Street to the temple.

My father used to have many stories about Chinatown in its day. My mother, too, had stories of her childhood here, but these days, she was into art and money. And my father was a subject that was strictly *kapu*. Not that I entirely blamed her. Their fights were legendary in our neighborhood and one day he left to go buy cigarettes. He promised me a trip to the park to feed the ducks,

but he never came home. I had dreams about him for a few years, but one day they stopped.

At the market, I asked for a job, got big laughs and bought oranges for the Goddess and an apple for me. I banged the gong at my temple and knelt at the altar. At the feet of *Kwan Yin*, goddess of compassion and abundance, I wondered why I was thinking about him. Like that night with Kimo and *Lopaka*, he was on my list of feel-bad memories. I had once thought Cindy and my mother had a singular talent for picking bad men. Obviously, in choosing Aloha, I was a freakin' fool for love, too.

As I walked down the street, a couple of people were pointing at me. Oh God, did they know that I'd been accused of theft? I spent a harrowing day trying to get work, even at the lei shops on Market Street. By noon, I was starving so I hit the cleanest noodle café I could find. I just needed sustenance. Some *saimin*, an iced tea and I'd be good to go. I paid the four dollar check and sent a prayer to the gods and goddesses of poor people everywhere. You could still eat cheap in *Honolulu*, no matter what anybody said.

It was the same ordeal in the afternoon. I pondered driving up to *Mo'ili'ili* and asking Nicky for a job. She owned a cool bookstore café and had walking tours running from it. I was a tour guide. I needed a job. Then I fretted that she would call



*Lopaka* and tell him I'd been scrounging for a job. After she'd said *no*, of course.

By six, I knew I was done for the day. I bought a coffee at Starbucks down at Diamond Head. It dismayed me to think that the last time I'd been down there, Aloha and I had been all over each other. Now we were just All Over. I had one hundred and seventy two dollars left. I had a three-quarter tank full of gas and nowhere to sleep. I did what any other self-respecting scrounger would do. I went home to visit my mother.

\* \* \* \*

My mother's house was in *Ainahaina*. Her small, squat, immaculate dwelling was dark and quiet, except for a small glimmer of light from within. She had a Zen garden out front that I enjoyed making patterns in as a kid, just to freak her out. It was perfect now, of course. I was about to knock when it flew open and a tall, thin Japanese guy around my age peered out at me, flooding me with light. He was holding a meat cleaver. Geez.

"What do you want?"

"I'm here to see my mother."

"Your *mother*? You got the wrong house."

"No. My mother is Kim Kaimana. This is her house."

"She doesn't have a son." He was looking me over.

And then she was in the hallway, looking tousled and she was slipping a black, embroidered kimono over her tiny frame. "I'll take care of this."

"He says he's your son."

"No. He's my nephew."

*Nephew!*

"He has mental problems."

*Well, that was sorta true.*

She was pulling me away from the house, "What are you doing here?"

"I'm in trouble, mom. I need help."

"Help? You need my help? You chose that...*haole* over your mother. You are no longer my son." She turned away from me. "And stop telling people I'm your mother. That boy thinks I'm thirty years old."

That boy, I thought, must have been as blind as three bats. I waited for a moment. Anger consumed me. I tried to think nice things, like what would Jesus do? If Jesus had dealt with the crap I'd had to contend with when he came out of *his* tomb, he would have done what I did. I wrote, *Thanks Mom* in huge letters across her horrible Zen garden, then I drove as far away from her house as I could.

I went back to the north shore. Another night at the beach, but this time the police moved a bunch

of us away from our spaces around four in the morning. I drove away, found another spot and, too sleepy to be fearful, I zoned out until around six thirty.

Showering in the public shower again, sorted clean clothes from the dirty ones that needed to be washed and I spotted the *pireau* that Mahini had lent me. No way he could ever reach me now with no cell phone and no address. Maybe it was for the best.

I stopped by Ted's Bakery at Sunset Beach and bought myself an enormous chunk of Macadamia nut cream pie and two coffees and plunged along *Kamehameha* Highway to get back on the freeway towards Chinatown.

My thoughts went instantly to Aloha and I told my brain to stop. I turned on the radio and the song playing was Lenny Kravitz's *It Ain't Over 'Til It's Over*. Somebody up there, I thought, had a sadistic sense of humor.

Traffic was heavy, but I felt sustained after the delicious, empty calories of the pie, squaffed during dangerous tactical maneuvers between lanes. I hardly thought about Aloha at all, well, maybe once all the way to Chinatown.

\* \* \* \*

Two nights later I was down to a hundred and

forty dollars. I was desperate to see Aloha. Maybe he would talk to me, at least let me stay a few days. I had paid rent on my room, after all. I couldn't handle living like this anymore. I was nervous though, driving up our street. I cut the lights outside the building and I was about to get out when I saw the cop, that horrible Officer Stewart, walking up to our front door, carrying a pizza carton.

*This isn't what it looks like. Yeah, right. Honolulu PD always came bearing gifts, especially late at night. Circling back down the street, I headed to Halona Blowhole's parking lot. It was a measure of comfort that I'd had happy times here with Aloha. Even if one of them was with the cop. I was sitting in my car, wishing I reached for the gallon of water I'd bought when I'd refilled with gas. I was so thirsty the last couple of days. As I looked out over the ocean I ogled all that water. How did that poem go? *Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink?**

Hunkering down in the back seat, I finally drifted to sleep, jerked awake by parking lovers, honking cars rounding the bend.

\* \* \* \*

For a few more days, I hunted for work. I had lost my appetite days ago and now craved only water,

buying it by the gallon. My only other expense was gas, so I picked one area each day and covered as much turf as I could by foot. Finally, with seventy-seven dollars left in my account and no way of knowing if my credit card had ever arrived at Aloha's, I took the chance of going to Nicky's store, The Haunt.

I went after showering and putting on clean clothes straight from the dryer at the Laundromat. Clean clothes always gave me a boost and I needed it. She was sitting behind the counter, reading a book when I walked in. I could tell I'd startled her. When she put the book down on the counter, I saw it was a history of *Ni'ihau* and I thought briefly of *Mahini*. If he had tried to contact me, I had no way of knowing it. There were huge, framed photos of *Kaiona* in hula mode on all the walls and Hawaiiana books adorned the shelves. The store was looking good.

"Did you lose weight?" Nicky asked me. The coffee smell was heavenly. My mouth started to water. "Let me get you a cup." When I tried to hand over my money, she smiled. "Baby sitting fees from the wedding." She was eyeing a stack of chunky-looking muffins. "You want banana or apple?"

"Apple, please."

Again, she declined payment. "I can't charge you. You're family. Are you sure you're okay,

Johnny?"

"I'm fine, thank you. How are *Kaiona* and the baby?"

She went into raptures about family life. "You just missed them. They've gone to the park." She looked at me. "How's Aloha?"

"I have no idea. We're no longer together." I felt a sharp pain along the left side of my chest. Man, it still hurt. "Actually, the reason I came in was because I've worked for years as a Chinatown tour guide."

"Yes, I know."

"And I'm wondering if you have any...openings on your walking tour?"

"We're a bit beneath your standards, sweetheart. Ours is you know, brief. Fun."

"I can do brief. I can do fun."

"Sweetheart, I just don't see you liking it. The money's not great."

"I don't care about that. I really want to work. I'm a born tour guide."

"Sweetheart, if I had an opening here in the shop, I'd hire you to do both. You really will get bored on our dinky little tour. You're very, very good, you know."

My gaze hit the floor. No again, naturally. "I see. I understand. Thanks for your time, Nicky. And thanks for breakfast." I shuffled out the door before she could see me bawling like a baby. It

was only when I'd crossed the lights at University Street, that I realized that I hadn't touched the coffee or the muffin. I saw the reflection of a very skinny man in the window of a sarong shop and I was shocked to realize it was me.

I gaped at my shadowy self. I looked like one of those postcards of Robert Louis Stevenson when he lived here in *Honolulu*. Like me, he looked like a human stick insect, except he'd been dying of tuberculosis.

Ignoring the strange fog in my brain, I pushed myself onto the next store. A bookshop. Maybe this would be my lucky day.

It wasn't. I spent another fruitless day searching for work and that night, having spent the last several sleeping at north shore beach parking lots, I angled back to *Halona* Blowhole. I didn't want to use up unnecessary gas. Besides, I was craving familiarity. Frankly, what I was really craving was a bed and nice, clean sheets.

A carload of drunken teenagers pulled up at one point, but I had so many clothes thrown over me, when one of them looked in the window, it appeared that it was a jumble of crap, nothing worth taking.

I got fearful though and prepared to hurtle into the front seat and drive off if necessary. Things got strangely quiet when another car rolled up and the teenagers pulled out of there. Peeking out the

window to see what was going on, I was startled to hear a sharp rap at the other back window. I turned my head.

It was that goddamned cop.

I started to choke up when he got on his walkie-talkie. He was arresting me and I hadn't done anything wrong. He demanded I open the door and I just wept. "But I'm not doing anything wrong. I'm just sleeping!" Christ, I was falling apart at the seams.

He plucked his cell phone off his utility belt. "Kimo. I found him. He's down the hill apiece at *Halona* cove. I'll hold him 'til you get here."

I wound down the back window a little. "Why are you calling Kimo?"

"A lot of people are worried about you, Johnny. Aloha put out a MPB on you and Kimo said I should call him if I found you."

"People are worried about me? Why?"

"You're joking, right?" The cop moved away from me and stood by his own car.

I was glancing down at my right hand. No more green, as far as I could tell. What was his problem? I was afraid to drive off in case he hunted me down, claiming I'd given him good cause to shoot me. On the other hand, that was one way out of this mess.

Lights from an SUV shone into my rearview mirror, bouncing painfully into my eyes. The SUV



skidded to a stop right behind me. Kimo and Aloha got out and came towards me. Aloha became unglued when he saw me. His tears set me off again. He wedged his hand into the opening I'd made in the window. He was trying to unlock the door.

"Let me in baby," he begged.

Kimo held him back.

Aloha went crazy. "I'm not listening to you anymore! I did everything you told me to do. I stayed away from him. I did everything you said and...*look* at his face! Johnny...open the fooking door!"

Kimo tried to stop him.

I flipped up the lock and Aloha was in the car with me. We clung to one another. He was hysterical, begging me for forgiveness.

Kimo looked upset when he leaned in. "Aloha, you need to calm down."

"I can't calm down!"

"You need to bring him up to the house. You need to relax so you can drive. Johnny, when we get there, I want you to take out everything you have in the car with you." He stopped. "Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

"Come on, follow me."

I was mystified by these cryptic instructions, but Aloha took the keys out of my hands and gave

me a swift kiss, cranking up the engine.

"God, I missed you, Aloha, you big bastard."

His hands shook and he missed keying the ignition a couple of times. "I should never have gone along with this. I'm never listening to another fuckin' human being as long as I live."

"Aloha, what's wrong with my face?"

"Nothing, baby."

"I don't believe you." I turned the rear view mirror over and I got a look at myself. I really could not believe what I saw. A streak of white ran up through my right eyelash, my brow and shot up my hairline. I looked like I'd been skunked. "What the fuck is it?"

"Kimo thinks it's a curse." Aloha's voice sounded anguished. "We're going to get through this, baby."

"No. I can't go through this again. I have nothing left to give the spirits. I'm tapped out. Why are they still cursing me?"

"It's not the spirits, baby." Aloha was chewing his lip. "Kimo wanted to tell you himself. I trust him, but I'm not letting him take you away from me again."

"You promise?"

"Fuckin' A."

"If the spirits didn't do this, then who?"

Aloha just shook his head. Tears were rolling down his cheeks. We were heading up the

mountain in the dark. I didn't want him to crash so I quit pushing it.

"He says it was *Mahini*." Aloha was sobbing now. "*Mahini* did this to you."

## CHAPTER NINE

We pulled into the gates of the Wilders' property and Aloha parked off to the side. As soon as we got out, Kimo was over to us, instructing us to remove everything from the car.

"*Mahini* did this to me?" I asked. "Why?"

Kimo glared at Aloha. "Come over here. I want to look at you." To Aloha, he said, "Don't leave anything in there. Check the glove compartment, too. Spread it all out on the ground."

"I feel better. Safe." And I did. A new calmness was infusing my soul.

"You should." Kimo was circling me. "You're home. I'm very angry with you. Why didn't you just come home when all this crap started?"

*Lopaka* and *Tutu* were running out of the house now. *Lopaka* clearly wanted to touch his husband, but didn't want to disturb his concentration. They both hung back for a moment. *Lopaka* moved over and hugged me, launching himself at Kimo.

*Tutu* was holding me. "Oh, my boy. You look terrible. I'm going to feed you, come on."

"In a minute." Kimo reluctantly disengaged himself from his wife. "Johnny, is everything on the ground yours? Check carefully."

"I think so...wait. This *pireau* isn't mine. It belongs to *Mahini*."

"Set it aside." I noticed a group reaction from the others. "What else?"

"I feel...better. I feel warm."

"He's protecting you." *Lopaka* smiled at me.

"Has he ever given you a gift?" Kimo asked as Aloha came and put his arms around me. I never wanted him to let go.

"No..." my mind was drifting. "Wait. There was a lei. Somebody left a lei on my windshield."

"A lei. When?"

"A couple of weeks ago. I think it was *Mahini*. There was a note with it. It was on the same notepaper I've seen *Tutu* use."

"Where is the lei now?" Kimo asked.

I looked at Aloha.

He shrugged. "It's probably still on your dressing table. I can't imagine the thieves thought there was any value in a dead lei."

"What else has he given you?" Kimo prodded me now. "I know you've had a stressful time Johnny, but please think for a moment."

It came to me then. "A turtle."

"A turtle?" Aloha squawked.

"A wooden one. I've had my eye on it for months at the Swap Meet and he left it with another note in my car."

"I'll kill him." Aloha was enraged.

"Where is it?" Kimo asked me.

"Under the driver's seat."

"You need to get it out yourself and place it in the *pireau*. Tomorrow, you and Aloha will go and get the lei and bring it here and we'll destroy it all."

"Oh my God," *Lopaka* whispered.

I put the turtle and the note inside the *pireau*.

"He's given you *he malama pu'olo*."

"What's that?" I asked.

"A bundle," Kimo said.

"A bundle. So, that's not good, right?"

"No. Not good at all. Are all those clothes you're wearing yours?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Tomorrow, we destroy the bundle. Right now, you need food and you need sleep. You probably shouldn't have sex. That might make *Mahini* mad. If he senses you are happy, he won't be."

"How would he know?" I asked. "And why is he doing this to me?"

"Domination and control. He wants you so he's been isolating you, destroying the things you love.

He's a powerful *kahuna*. He's also a bit disturbed. He promised me no funny business while he was here. I didn't count on him falling in love with you."

"I can't be with Johnny and not make love to him," Aloha insisted. "I can't do it."

"Then you should sleep in separate quarters." Kimo was equally insistent.

My heart sank. I wanted to be with Aloha.

*Lopaka* looked up at him. "Kimo." When Kimo turned, *Lopaka* gave him one long, deep, soul kiss then took his mouth away from him.

Kimo frowned. "All right, you made your point. Have sex. Geez."

*Lopaka* smiled. "Honey, the power of love is the best natural healer. Next to you."

"Is this going to be a long ritual?" I asked.

Kimo hesitated. "No. I help you set fire to it and we destroy the curse. But I have a feeling...Johnny, does he have anything that belongs to you?"

"My white T-shirt."

"Are you supposed to go visit him?"

I looked at them all. "Yes." My voice cracked.

"You told him you'd visit him?" Aloha was really upset.

"I thought you didn't want me anymore and he was really persistent."

"You fucked him?"

I glanced at the others. "No. Not really."

"What's not really?"

"Oral sex."

Aloha swiped at his face with the back of his hands. He was crying again.

"Johnny," Kimo said. "You're going to need to visit him, you know. On the Forbidden Island. You need to get your T-shirt back. After our ritual tomorrow, you'll feel a lot better."

"He has to go and stay on that flipping island?" Aloha shouted. "I won't let him do it."

"We don't have a choice." Kimo shrugged. "The good news is that male visitors to the island must leave by sunset. He won't even be there a full day. There's more good news. It gives Johnny enough time to get his T-shirt back and fully release the binding. Once he comes back home, we'll destroy the T-shirt."

"That's still plenty of time for him to have sex with Johnny."

"Well, not necessarily." Kimo was grinning now. "Johnny's gonna be as sick as a pig when he gets off the boat from *Kauai* to *Ni'ihau*."

"I am?"

"Yeah, sorry to tell you that. "You won't be having the time of your life. The owners of *Ni'ihau* have kept the same World War Two gunboats in effect. It's a real deterrent to anybody with romantic notions of courting someone on *Ni'ihau*."



Anyway, you'll spend most of your time puking your guts out. Maybe *Mahini* will insist on sex. Maybe not. Whatever, he'll want to get you back there. Pretend you can't wait. Once we get you off *Ni'ihau*, you never need to deal with him again."

"I like the *we* part of it." Aloha's expression brightened.

"Of course, we're family." Kimo gave us both hard looks. "I hope you remember that."

*Tutu* appeared at the door of the bungalow. "Food's up!"

Kimo slid his arms around *Lopaka*. "We'll see you in the morning. You won't be disturbing us if you come in and eat and take a bath together."

I looked at Aloha. That bath. With the great views. Suddenly, I didn't care about what I had to go through. I wanted my man, I wanted my life. I wanted it all back.

As if reading my thoughts, Aloha leaned in and kissed me. "Come on you. I'm gonna feed you, bathe you, then I'm gonna show you what we Cockney lads do to the men we love."

Aloha and I ate everything *Tutu* put in front of us. She was so worried about me it was very endearing.

"Kimo was very upset with Sammy that he made you leave," *Tutu* told me. "Kimo believed me that something was wrong, but we had no way to find you. I so sorry, Johnny."

Her apology was upsetting to me. None of this was her fault. After she was sure I couldn't eat another bite, she went to run us a salt bath.

"It's red salt. It's not very sexy, but protecting and cleansing. You're gonna have to wait for sexy time until you get to bed."

"So how is Sammy?" I asked her.

"That old poop."

"I think he's kind of sweet on you. I like him, *Tutu*."

"Nevah gonna happen. He was mean to my boys."

"Kimo says he was just applying Hawaiian spiritual law, *Tutu*," Aloha reminded her. "Wasn't he the *kahuna* who called an end to Kimo's trial?"

"He's still one big old poop." She sloped off to her bedroom.

I had a funny feeling the old biddy wasn't really hating on the old poop.

In the bathroom, she had left soft towels and tea lights lit on the vanity. She'd also left me a brand new toothbrush and I spent long minutes cleaning my teeth, anxious to be minty fresh for Aloha.

He sported a rock-hard dick and he was anxious to get me in the bath. "You got too skinny, even for me." He led me down the steps into that wonderful pool of water. "I know this is supposed to be for medicinal purposes, but this here is technically a medicinal fuck."

"Is it now?" I asked him as his arms went around me and his mouth sucked at mine. Oh God, we'd missed each other.

"Christ, I need to fuck you, Johnny," he whispered into my mouth.

"Then do it."

"I don't want Mahogany to hurt you."

"Keep calling him Mahogany. It takes away his power."

"We can wait."

"No we can't, I need you Aloha. I need to feel you in me. I need to feel you coming inside me. I need to hear the sounds you make when you fuck me."

His eyes turned gray, the way they always do when he's super turned-on. He pinned me against the wall of the bathtub, and my legs were around his waist as his cock went right for what it wanted.

"Och, you fucking make me want to come all day long." The head of his cock was at my hole.

"Stick it in," I begged. "Please."

He flipped me around so I was facing away from him. And he stuck me all right. He took his time, starting slowly. He pushed himself into me, took his cock out, driving me crazy, then putting it back in again. Then I felt him hit all the way home and he started fucking me as if our lives depended on it.

I gripped the wall and slipped and ended up

under water in a sea of red salt, holding onto the steps. He lifted me up, my fingers reaching for the wall again.

"I'm gonna fuck you Johnny. I'm gonna make you forget all about him." He was thrusting in and out of me now, fucking me like a witness who knew too much. Aloha was tossing me back and forth in the water like a rag doll, until he came with a fury I'd never experienced with any man before. His cock throbbed inside me. I could feel his essence, his life force expanding in me and I flipped my legs back to wrap them around his waist.

He was holding me to him from behind. Man, he was still coming. I clenched my ass muscles around his marauding cock and was about to come when a hand materialized out of nowhere, its fingers stroking in a feather-like motion across my face. I blinked and the sensation was gone. But I'd felt it. I'd seen it. It was a black hand. Then *Mahini's* face appeared in the bathroom window. I completely freaked out.

Aloha was a groaning, convulsing mess, his hands moving down to my still-limp dick. "You didn't come." He was devastated. "Jesus, Johnny. You *always* come."

I didn't say anything. *Mahini* wasn't there. I'd just imagined it. Aloha saw my distress though, and turned my face to him.

"Did I hurt you? Och, Johnny...I just needed you badly...I didn't mean to hurt you."

"It's not you. It's him. I just saw him, I saw his face."

"Where?"

"In the window."

"Christ, Johnny, you're shaking. Are you afraid of him? You think I'd let him hurt you? Christ, I have to be mad to agree to let you go to that island without me."

I turned and hugged him then. "Just hold me."

He picked me up, throwing me over his shoulder, carrying me naked to his bungalow. I saw the clean white sheets. I wanted to be in those sheets with him. I wanted him to hold me and tell me it was all going to be okay. What I wanted desperately was to stretch out in that lovely bed and sleep.

"I'm not letting you go to sleep until you come." His hands were all over me again.

"Aloha. I need to sleep. Can't you just hold me?"

He was kneeling on the bed, looking at me. "I've missed you, Johnny. I prayed you'd come back. I've been holding me mum's rosary beads. Look." He held them up from the nightstand.

I saw the grief in his face. "Why did you fuck Michael at the wedding?"

He looked away from me. "That's what this is

about."

"I just want to know. I wanna clear the air. I won't bring it up again."

"I was pissed at you and *Lopaka*. I saw you standing next to him when he was waiting for Kimo to come up the mountain. You were holding hands."

"No, we didn't."

"Yes, you did."

Now, I remembered. "That was a very profound, beautiful moment. We saw all these ghosts lining the cliffs, ghosts of the ancients. I have never seen that before. And *Lopaka*, he was so grateful they all came for Kimo. That he hadn't taken that away from him. That's what he told me. I told him that he gave Kimo everything and he squeezed my hand. That was it. That was all."

He absorbed that for a moment. "He told me the exact same thing."

"Don't you see how much they love each other?" I asked.

"Yes, but Johnny, he loved you once and you loved him. I know there's been nobody for you since him."

"Until I met you." I saw him blink, as if I'd hit him in the solar plexus. "What about my mother? Did she say anything to upset you?"

He shrugged. "She said she was pissed that she wasn't at *your* wedding. When I told her I was

your boyfriend, she laughed and said something mean like, *Oh, you think? That boy can't sit still for a cup of tea, let alone a relationship.*"

That was my mother. Always going to bat for me, ha ha. I didn't know what to say, but suddenly, the words were out of my mouth: "I'm surprised you still want me, now you've met her. Now you've gone through all of this." Aloha gave me that lazy, sexy smile I adore. The one that gets my cock hard.

"You already told me you don't get along with her. I didn't expect her to be nice. Although I must say, I did entertain a small fantasy that I'd bowl her over with my British charm. It worked on her son, you know."

"Yeah, it did. One more question. Did you fuck the cop?"

"The cop? Get *outta* here. Are you kidding?"

"What was he doing bringing pizza over to you?"

He got quiet. "I have no idea. I've been here for days. I didn't do anything, I swear."

"Please don't ever fuck around on me again."

"I won't." He pounced on me with kisses. He gave me lots of tongue, which always revved my engine, but I was consumed by what I'd seen Kimo and *Lopaka* doing. I wanted to fuck like crazy. I wanted to get on a horse with Aloha.

"That's a bit athletic for me, *Liho*," he laughed.

"But I'll throw you over the end of a sofa and give it to you good and hard, if it makes you happy.""

"Give it to me good and hard now. Give me your mouth. I want your tongue." He just kept grinning. "What is it?" I asked, finally, exasperated. .

"Och, I'm just so happy I have you right where I want you. I am never letting you out my sight again."

For some reason, that made me happier than if he'd fucked me on a horse.

I took hold of him then, working on his tasty joint like it was my last meal on death row. I pushed him down on his back, my hands fluttering up and down his inner thighs, finding sanctuary between his ass cheeks. I forced him to open up to me, to let my fingers hit his magic button and I felt his pleasure as I hit the opening to his ass.

"Johnny," he moaned as I let my fingers stroke the opening, forcing it to respond. I lifted my mouth off his cock. He contorted on the bed, his ass hole responding to my searching tongue. I reached up a hand and slowly started jerking on his cock, which got hard. Fast. He was lost to the sensations at his ass.

"Time to fuck my baby." His eyes shone into mine. "I'm not coming again until you do." He got between my legs and he was relieved to see I was



hard.

He started sucking me and I rocked back against each thrust of his hot, wet mouth on me.

"Oh, that feels good," I moaned. "Aloha...I never thought we'd be doing this again." I looked at him and his face looked strange.

"What is it?"

"Just come for me, *Liho*. I need you to come. You're doing my head in. Just tell me what to do to make you come."

"Keep doing what you're doing."

Next thing I knew, I couldn't breathe. He was choking me. I fought him off, but the look in his eyes was one of homicidal rage. The black hand was over my nose and mouth. I yelled and screamed for help. I kicked him away from me. He went down to the ground with a thud.

The door to our room burst open. It was Kimo and Sammy. They looked at me, lying there choking and bawling. They shifted focus to Aloha who was sobbing on the floor.

"It wasn't me," he kept saying. "It wasn't me doing it! Baby, I'm sorry...I'm sorry."

Kimo came over to me. "Are you okay?"

"I saw this black hand. I knew it wasn't Aloha. It was *Mahini*. But it was Aloha. It was a black hand." I stared at them helplessly.

Kimo put his hand on my shoulder. His voice was gentle. "I tried to warn you. Johnny, does

*Mahini* have any of your hair?"

"My hair?" I was clutching the bedclothes to me now and Aloha was staring at my neck.

"How could I do that to you?" he gasped. Your throat..."

"It wasn't you," Sammy insisted. "It was *Mahini*. Johnny saw the black hand. *Mahini* must have left something in this room. Were you ever in this room with him, Johnny?"

"No...man, I can't think. Wait, wait...I came in one time and found him here. He was waiting for me."

"Get out of bed, we need to flip the mattress over." Kimo's face was grim.

I realized now that he was stark naked and, for the first time, I saw that he had *Lopaka's* name tattooed down the length of his penis. Then I remembered Cindy said *Mahini* had done it. Man, that was about the sexiest thing, I ever saw.

Sammy however, was wearing giant grandpa undies. Not such a sexy sight.

*Lopaka* was at the door now.

"Stay out of here," Kimo barked. "I don't want anything to happen to you."

*Lopaka* handed him a *pireau*.

Kimo took it, wordlessly wrapping it around his waist. "Get off the bed and don't touch anything," Kimo said to me. Aloha got off the floor, the three men turning over the mattress.

I yelped in fright when I saw a piece of black fabric wedged into the side of the mattress.

Kimo was chanting and a weird smell permeated the room.

Sammy looked at me. "*Mahini's* power is in plants."

"What's that smell?" I asked.

He shook his head. He wasn't going to tell me. "What was the lei he gave you?"

"*Ilima*."

"How many did he give you?"

"One."

"We'll get it first thing in the morning." Aloha looked ashen now.

"We may not have time to wait." Kimo removed the fabric. In it were two different hairs intertwined and a bone. "He's feeling you again. He's going to try harder now to overrun your thoughts, your feelings."

I looked at the small package in Kimo's hand. "It looks like a human finger bone."

"Ow, gross!" Aloha shuddered.

"Really creepy magic." Kimo looked disturbed. "In the old days, when you got a bundle, it was from somebody close and they either had access to your hair, a bone of one your ancestors, or pardon the disgusting thought, your excrement."

"Where'd he get the finger bone?" Aloha asked.

"He must have taken this off the hand that

Johnny grabbed in the cave." Kimo's mind was racing now, I could tell.

"What hand?" Aloha asked. "What the hell's going on here?"

"This is good." Kimo smiled now. "I didn't think it was going to be this easy. I'm going to drive you home right now and we'll get the lei and burn the shit out of everything before morning. The finger bone we'll have to bury, then all this crap will stop, except we'll still need the T-shirt. In the meantime, I want you both in our bungalow until we can give this one a thorough cleansing."

Kimo drove me down the hill to my apartment. It was now three o'clock in the morning. I felt terrible for keeping him and Sammy up. Sammy was back at the house, doing some salt ritual with the bundle. Kimo kept throwing questions at me about *Mahini*. Had I received mail from him? Phone calls?

"It's hard for him to call you if he's on *Ni'ihau* because they have no telephones, but he can easily swing a day trip to *Kauai* and call you from there. I'm guessing he'll write though, because he needs to send you paperwork to get you to the island."

I explained that I had been unable to retrieve calls from my cell phone and I hadn't been home to check the mail. Then a thought occurred to me. "What's to stop him trying to get me to meet him

on *Kauai*?" I asked. "I kinda dread that. There'd be no limit to the time I'd have to be with him there."

"I would agree with you except for one thing. Having you on his island, having you come all the way to his home will solidify his spell. Your energy there would seal the spell. Sammy and I are going to cancel it in a way that he will have no idea what's been done until the moment you destroy the T-shirt." He gave me a severe look. "By the time I'm through with this guy, he's gonna wish he'd never started this. I don't hold with manipulation and control. People either love you or they don't."

When we arrived at the apartment, everything looked the same, yet strangely unfamiliar. We flipped on lights in the bedroom.

Kimo looked at the long dead lei *ilima* which was pitiful in its decayed state. "Did this particular flower have any special significance to the two of you?" he asked me.

"Not for me, but the first time I saw him, he was visiting *Nu'uano* Cemetery and he was holding two red roses. Second time, he was holding a lei like this. I don't think it was the same one, because I know *ilima* doesn't dry well and the one he gave me was spectacular. It was absolutely fresh."

Kimo nodded, picking up the lei and the note in a plastic bag. "That explains a lot. He was

connecting with you. Cementing the bond. Any idea who he was visiting?"

I shook my head. "Maybe I should check."

"No time soon." Kimo looked around.

I took the charger for my cell phone, which was still plugged into the kitchen wall and I picked up the mail on my way out. "Kimo."

He turned and I held out an odd-shaped letter to him. "It's from *Mahini*."

Kimo saw the terror on my face. "We're going to get you through this, Johnny. I will not let him hurt you anymore. Do you hear me?" When I didn't respond, his voice became gentle again. "Do you trust me?"

I nodded.

He touched my cheek with a big, caring hand, sending a ray of warmth to the tooth that I'd forgotten was still hurting me. He took the envelope from me. He was feeling it, in more ways than one.

"We're going to have to wait until morning after all, Johnny. He's put something in the envelope and it's too dark to tell what it is. I need to examine it in the morning light."

"What...do you think it is?"

"My guess is, it's bone powder. Fragments he ground down maybe."

"From the finger?"

"Exactly. This poor, pathetic fool is trying to

make you fall madly in love with him. It's a good thing he mailed this. You can bury the powder with the finger. He just keeps making this easier."

"Kimo, just one thing. He obviously knows you are a very powerful *kahuna* yourself. Didn't he think you might guess what was going on and that you'd help me?"

"Oh, no." Kimo shook his head. "He knows *kahuna* operate in secrecy. He thinks he's being clever. I'm sure he has no idea you're staying with us."

"Couldn't he find out?"

"Not one single person outside of the compound knows you're with us. Nobody, except my parents and Nicky. My parents I trust with my life. Nicky is the one who tipped us off about your condition. And I trust her completely, since she is the mother of the child *Lopaka* and I fathered."

"What about *Kaiona*?"

He shrugged. "The fewer people who know, the better. I want nothing to interfere with her performance each night. She is the star of the show and I want her kept...blissfully ignorant."

I tried to absorb all of this as we got into his car and shot back up the hill. "Kimo, you said that bundles were sometimes made up of bones of ancestors. The man in the cave, the one with the hand isn't an ancestor of mine."

"No, but you and *Mahini* both touched and held

it. He was down there with you, united in death. He thinks, also bonded. It was a stroke of genius, considering the man in the cave was a thief and you yourself have now been accused of theft."

"You know about that?"

"Aloha went to Chinatown to find you and your boss told him about Cindy's cabinet, the photograph. I'm guessing *Mahini* stole it. I am also guessing it will mysteriously re-appear in her studio again, if it hasn't already."

"Why would he put it back, or have somebody else put it back?"

Kimo swung into the driveway of the property and he turned to look at me. "He wants you, Johnny. The whole purpose of this was to isolate you, destroy your life here so that when you go to him, you want *only* him, that you have nothing but *Mahini* in your life. What use are you, if you wind up imprisoned?"

I thought about that for a moment. "What's to stop him from taking more hair from me, or something else?"

Kimo smiled. "You are not going to go there with a single thing except your papers for travel and the clothes on your back. And your wallet for the boat trip. You are gonna put on one hell of an acting performance, Johnny. Make him think he's all there is. He won't even think about doing anything more, because he'll think he's succeeded."



So you need to stay away from your old life, your old connections until you go to *Ni'ihau*."

"I don't think I'm that good an actor."

He was suddenly quiet, staring out the window at *Lopaka* and Aloha walking towards us. "When I had to impregnate Nicky...it was part of my divorce settlement with my first wife. In that final moment, I didn't think I could go through with it. I love *Lopaka* so much, *so much*, Johnny. He was right there with me and he told me, *Pretend she's me*, and I did. I mentally was able to visualize and believe it was the man I love and not somebody I didn't."

*Lopaka* opened the car door to get at him.

"I'm here, baby." Kimo held him. "We're okay." He started to get out of the car, turning to me. "Pretend he's Aloha and you'll sail through this. Love will keep you safe, I promise."

Aloha was holding a blanket. "Come on, bean pole, let's get you inside."

## CHAPTER TEN

In the morning, the old poop and the old biddy were the first ones up. Five a.m., thanks very much. Aloha and I were wrapped around each other on the sofa bed in the living room. I was handcuffed to him. It wasn't a sexual thing. He'd been afraid I was going to leave him in the middle of the night. I was afraid he was going to leave me. Sammy had locked us together so everybody could get some sleep. I'd never felt crazier, yet more cherished in my life.

"Do I smell coffee?" Aloha asked loudly, then moved back to nuzzle me. Our right hands had been cuffed together so we were able to spoon.

"Yes and behave yourself or you won't get any," *Tutu* cackled.

I heard her slap something and when it was followed by a masculine yelp, I assumed it was some wayward body part of the old poop.

"They're like Elizabeth and Darcy, aren't they?"

Aloha asked me, still ninety per cent asleep.

I knew who Elizabeth and Darcy were, because he made reference to Jane Austen books constantly. I had yet to read one. I made a mental note to start. Sammy passed me the key to the cuffs and I unhinged myself from Aloha.

"Don't go far," he mumbled.

"Kitchen," I shot back. Wearing a pair of Aloha's shorts, I padded over to *Tutu*. I put my arms around her and she held me, radiating warmth and deep love. I never wanted to let her go.

"Ah, Johnny." She brushed the tears out of my face. "I'm gonna feed you up good with taro pancakes and eggs and some *Portagee* sausage. Here's one coffee for you and one coffee for your crumpet man."

I took them back to the sofa bed.

"Did you sleep okay?" Aloha asked me.

"Better than okay. I slept with you."

He grinned. "Did I hear somebody mention Portuguese sausage?" he asked.

*Tutu* cackled again. "Coming up, crumpet man."

Aloha's hand shot straight to my cock. "If I can't have your sausage, I'll have to settle for *Portagee*."

"If you two gonna mess around," *Tutu* twinkled, "I'm fo' sho' gonna throw something at

you." She started muttering under her breath. "Sexy time here. All the time. That's all they do, these boys."

"You're just jealous," Sammy snapped.

"Shut up you old poop."

"Mean old biddy."

I sipped at the coffee. "You make the best coffee in the world, *Tutu*."

But she was gone.

Sammy looked at me. "Can I have a word, Johnny?"

"Sure." He tilted his head outside. "You can say anything in front of Aloha," I told him. He looked utterly dismayed.

"Well...I ah..." His voice faltered and we stared at him. "I just wanted to apologize for sending you away. I got jealous, you know."

"You daft old geezer." Aloha was sitting up now. "What the fook are you talking about?"

"The old biddy." Sammy's cheeks flushed pink. "She had all your attention...you know, she and I were doing just fine. We had one magic Christmas with Kimo and Lopaka and she and I... we had one argument about Kimo and *Lopaka* having babies and next thing I know, no more *huli huli* for me."

I laughed, because I couldn't be mad at him. "No need to apologize, Sammy. But I have a feeling things are okay in the bedroom

department now, right?"

He turned beet red and promptly vacated the kitchen.

Aloha and I tried desperately not to laugh. "Don't look now," Aloha wheezed. "But I think grandma's making up for some lost, old people's *huli huli*."

I snatched the cup out of his hand. "Don't look now, but Johnny wants some young people's *huli huli*." Our eyes locked, conveying the very clear message our rigid cocks were already sending each other.

\* \* \* \*

Kimo decided to plant the finger bone and the powdered bone from *Mahini's* letter under the 'Ohia *Lehua* covering the hole I'd fallen through. We dug up the original plant, replanted it over the bones, then planted fresh plants along with it.

"Check your cell phone today." Kimo reminded me. "I bet you find you have service again."

Of course, he was right. I became obsessed with this patch of garden and over the coming days, watered and fussed over it, adding new plants to the pack as the mood struck me. The burning and bone re-burial ritual seemed to release a heaviness from all of us. I launched myself into helping around the property, spending all my time with

Aloha, *Tutu*, Kimo and *Lopaka*.

A second letter had arrived at our apartment from *Mahini's*. We were all already sick of this guy. Aloha, who had to work the market stall, brought the letter home after he checked our mail on his way up the hill.

"We have to decide what to do about our apartment." Aloha was on edge. "It feels really bad there. Maybe we should give notice and move out."

"I think that's a great idea," Kimo agreed. "You can give your thirty days notice now and just stay here. There's plenty of room and there is no rush. Besides, you do so much to help around here. Now show me that letter." He and Sammy dissected the letter wearing disposable gloves, like they were taking apart a bomb.

There were no bone fragments this time, but I got to see a sample of Sammy's particular power. As they unfolded the letter, he said he detected the scent of 'awa root. "I drank that, didn't I?" I asked. "When I was sick?"

"Yes, but that was to heal you. He's using it to sort of...draw you in. Hypnotize you. Now stand back." The two men chanted together, holding the letter open and the faint, but evident shape of an X appeared on the page.

"This is sad," Sammy sighed. "Let's read it and burn it, then come with a good response."

*Mahini's* letter was deceptively sweet and endearing. Per Kimo's instructions, I wrote back a letter that would have made Elizabeth and Darcy proud. I wrote, acting like I was longing to be with him and yes, I would make myself available to him whenever he could procure travel documents. I mailed the letter to the *Kauai* post office box address *Mahini* had given me.

And then we waited.

Kimo told me there was no post office in *Ni'ihau*, that all mail went to a central drop location in *Kauai* and once a week was taken by chopper—in good weather—or the dreaded gunboat—in bad—to the Forbidden Island. Though I dreaded having to face *Mahini*, I looked forward to seeing this fascinating, odd island.

Aloha gave notice on our apartment and he went and packed up what was left our stuff and brought it to the property, storing it in the now-cleansed bungalow *Mahini* had once occupied. My great bed we moved into our bungalow and though it took up a lot of room, we loved that bed.

"Oh my God." Kimo gaped when he saw the boxes stacked in our bungalow. "Is this okay for you, being so cramped?"

"It's just like home." I grinned at him. "We're used to it."

"I'll take your word for it."

Aloha gave Kimo and *Lopaka* a thank you gift,

his old and wonderful record player—and we all had so much fun playing vintage records in their bungalow. We set it up in the living room along with a stack of records. All day long, even the workmen gave Don Ho and other musical legends pretty vigorous workouts. One afternoon, I spied Kimo dancing, arms tightly wrapped around *Lopaka* to a rare and early Beamer Brothers album. They were naked except for their *malo* cloths they often wore to swim or practice hula exercises. I smiled when I realized *Lopaka's* feet were several inches off the ground. Kimo was completely supporting him with those big, strong arms.

On another jaunt into town, Aloha got us a joint post office box for any incoming mail and, after *Tutu* went and helped him clean it, the apartment was no longer ours. Our security deposit was swallowed up as our last month's rent and the landlord was happy to have the place clean and tenant-free, ready to rent out again, at a jacked-up rate, of course.

When Aloha came back up the hill with *Tutu*, I was thankful to shut the door on the times we had in that apartment. I was grateful to still have the man who gave them to me, and when his face lit up at the sight of me, his skunked, skinny boyfriend, I wondered what gay gods and goddesses had made it possible for me to keep him near me.



Aloha was making the rounds again of the stores and yard sales, re-organizing his lost collection, which he stacked in boxes and crates in *Mahini's* old bungalow. Duplicates he donated to Kimo and *Lopaka's* burgeoning collection. It burned me up that I wasn't allowed to go with him.

It bothered me a lot, but he kept saying, "One day, *Liho*, you'll be out there with me again, sneezing in dusty attics. Then you'll be sorry, laddie."

Mind you, it wasn't like I had time on my hands anyway. I was learning a lot of new things, planting and cooking with *Lopaka* and *Tutu*, trying not to miss Aloha on market days. I suffered all day without him, agonizing that he might not return. When Kimo and *Lopaka* left the property one Saturday for the matinee performance of their show, I felt totally alone, since *Tutu* was going shopping for fish and other things we needed.

I was stressing about money and not working and, although my new credit card had arrived in the mail, *Tutu* went mad when I offered her money for groceries.

"You're family!" She shook her finger in my face, promised to bring me back some *li hing* mango, then she left, handling Kimo's pickup truck like it was a tank, lurching up the steep driveway in it.

I watched her flooring her ride down the hill, could have sworn I heard her yell, *Yee ha!* and I hoped that nobody else was on the road. I locked the property gate—to which we all had keys—and I was all alone.

She had said she wouldn't be long, but for the first time, I forced myself to absorb the feeling of loneliness and I decided to explore the enormous property, finishing with a swim at the bottom of the mountain steps. My life might have been more isolated than it had been, but it had never felt as rich. I lay in the ocean water, floating on my back and started to count my blessings.

A hummingbird flew over me. It was a delicious moment. She dipped her beak at my bare chest and, fluttering her little wings ten thousand miles a minute, took off. I had blessings, indeed. When I started to swim back to shore, I looked up at the vast mountain that had become my refuge. I was starting to dread the day when I could no longer call it home.

I had almost made it to the top of the steps, when I found one of the workmen standing there staring at me. He'd been watching me romp around naked in the water. He had a thick head of dark hair and was dressed in a blue singlet, blue pants, a belt with a gleaming silver buckle and black work boots. He leaned on his rake. He was a hot one, all right.

Licking my lips, I said, "Hi." I picked up my shorts and was about to put them on.

He said, "Don't."

I looked up at him.

"Where's your boyfriend at?"

"Ummm...he's at work."

"So, we have...time, yeah?"

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Eddie."

"Eddie. Hi. I'm Johnny."

"I know who you are. I watch you all the time with your *haole* boyfriend. I like some of that for me." He threw the rake down and, as I came up the stairs, took my hand. "Your room."

I shook my head. "Not my room. Down here. Come on."

"In front of...everybody?"

"Nobody else here. I know a nice place down by the water here. Come on."

He pushed himself against me so that I could feel his throbbing cock in his pants. He squeezed my ass with determined, strong fingers. "I want you alone...I want you to fuck me."

I was a gonner. His arms were very muscular. The thought of taking this big, thick guy got me really worked up. We ran to my bungalow and my heart thundered as I took this man's clothes off him and my tongue ran over his salty skin. He was delicious. I got his pants and boots off. Oh, no

underpants. I love men with no underpants. He had a slightly frightened look in his eye when I torpedoed in on his stiff cock, which also tasted salty and, as I ran my tongue over the slit, I felt his hand on my ass.

"Mister, I never had no dick in me before. I gotta try it."

I grinned, showering his solid, ripe cock and meaty balls with all the attention I could give him. He was moving around on the bed and I pushed his legs apart so that his pretty ass hole was winking up at me. My tongue started to slurp away at him. I couldn't help myself.

"Oh....mister."

"I can't do this." I lifted my head. "I can't."

"Why? Why you stop? That feels so good."

"No..."

"Och, Johnny. I thought you liked the workman get-up. I went to a lot of trouble to put this thing together." Aloha lay on the bed, looking up at me.

"I feel like I'm cheating on you."

He started to laugh then. "Baby, we both know it's me. God, you're adorable."

"Where the hell did you get that wig?"

"From the swap meet. You like it?"

"Yeah, but it's too good. You look like a totally different person. I've missed you all day and then you come home in that outfit, man I had to have you."

"Baby, that's the point." He saw my unhappy face. "You think you're cheating on me, huh? Wow...you must feel serious about this commitment thing we got going."

I felt he was making fun of me, but then my face was in his hands and his mouth was on my eyes, my nose and finally, blissfully, taking over my mouth.

"You know what? From now on, when we play our little games, I'll be *Alex*, since that's my real name, then you won't be cheating on me. Is that a deal?"

"A very good deal."

"So am I gonna get this ass fuckin' or what, mister? Your boyfriend gonna be home soon."

"Not soon enough." And he laughed as I took his cock back into my mouth. "Nobody fucks me like he does."

*Alex* looked at me from Aloha's face of love. "They better not."

"This might hurt, *Alex*. I would normally spend a lot of time getting you ready, but my lover's coming home and I'm too turned on."

"Fuck me, mister," he whispered. And I did.

Fucking *Alex* was as good as fucking Aloha. Since our little role-playing dictated that this needed to be a quickie, I wanted him to come at the same moment I did.

I had my hand on his dick, but then I pulled out

of him. I pulled him to his feet and held him in my arms. Our cocks strained towards each other, one of the loveliest things about being with another man. I took both our cocks in my hand and rubbed them together. They loved each other. As the heads met and kissed each other, *Alex's* tongue met mine and I let go of our cocks, which started their own magic on one another.

"Oh...sweet Jesus. It feels so good, *Liho*."

"You can't call me that." My hands cupped his beautiful ass. "Only my boyfriend can call me that." He was breathing heavily and I looked down at our cocks.

"Look." His eyes followed mine and he saw the heads welded together with pre-come and he gathered me closer.

I looked in his eyes. "I love you." I don't know who came first, but our hands both shot to our shooting cocks and we cried out as we felt the fruits of our passionate labor spill over our needy fingers. *Alex* took some on two fingers and fed it to me.

"Better than *poi*, huh," he grinned. "Fuck, Johnny. That was hot."

"I know. Now get out of my room. My man's coming home."

*Alex* looked at me and laughed.

\* \* \* \*

That night, *Tutu*, Aloha and I prepared a grand after-show feast for Kimo and *Lopaka*. I couldn't keep myself away from that old lady and I feared I had become too clingy. I said this as she and I dressed an enormous piece of salmon, and she smiled.

"You one nice boy, Johnny. You like one more grandson." She felt the lift that gave me and she put her hand on my cheek. "But your mama, she does love you."

"No, she doesn't. She said she's no longer my mother."

She tilted her head. "She no mean this. When she say dat?"

I told her about the night I went to her house.

"You know your mama one vain woman. Sorry, she my friend, but thirty?" She shook her head. "You no blame your mama when her son interrupt sexy time. I talk to her. I make her *blubber*, Johnny. You see. She will be all *huhu* –"

"*Huhu*? My mother? Are we talking about the same woman here? I've never seen her cry."

"When I get through wit dat woman, she'll plenty *huhu* like nobody nevah *huhu*."

I laughed.

"Yeah, she love you. She just don't know how. So you and Aloha, when this one curse bye-bye, you gonna have to go over and teach her. I help

you.”

I gave her a big hug. *Tutu* wasn’t one for long conversations and whenever things got emotional, she’d send you off on an errand. She made her point and she sent me out to the garden with a list of things she needed.

Aloha followed me out to the garden. “You didn’t tell me about what happened with your mother.”

I shrugged. I was bending down to dig up sweet potatoes. “We’re not exactly best friends anymore.”

“But you needed help, Johnny. I saw how you were. Anyone could see you were in bad shape.”

“I don’t want to be upset tonight. Can we talk about this another time?”

“Okay.”

I smiled at him. “I’ve never been happier, Aloha. Even with that freak still holding my T-shirt. Just...please let me feel good for a while.”

“You beautiful madman.” He hunched down to help me. “I feel very protective of you, *Liho*.”

“I feel the same way about you.” We leaned in to each other and exchanged a kiss of sweet longing, hurrying to fill *Tutu’s* order.

There was an immense satisfaction in cooking sweet potato, taro, beans and strawberries I’d pulled from the garden myself. Not to mention the herbs we used to crust the fish and sprinkle over



the salad dishes.

Kimo and *Lopaka* came back right after the second show. They never ate much between the matinee and evening shows Saturday so they were starving. Nicky walked in with them. *Tutu* scrambled to set another place for dinner at the low-lying table in the middle of the dining room. We'd scattered pillows and cushions all over the floor. You could eat all you wanted and pass right out, just like the ancient kings did in the old days.

Something was clearly rotten in that girl's Denmark though, because she looked like she'd been crying. Kimo had his arm around her and *Lopaka* followed, a grave look on his face.

"What's going on?" Aloha asked him. My English bulldog never could resist a damsel in distress.

"She had a fight with *Kaiona*." *Lopaka's* voice was low. "She's going to have some supper with us, maybe stay the night."

"Where's the baby?" I asked.

"*Kaiona's* mom has him. Don't ask. That's what the fight was about."

Nicky and the two men admired the beautiful table we'd set with flowers and lemon leaves and tiny *pikake* buds we'd hidden under every crevice, giving a pungent smell of jasmine to every movement at the table.

"This food was made with love." Kimo's hand

hovered over the dishes piled along the middle of the table, luau-style. We all helped ourselves. *Lopaka* sat on one side of Kimo, Nicky on the other. He fussed over her a great deal, a fact not ignored by *Lopaka*, who nonetheless put a brave face on things and appeared to be quite normal.

I, on the other hand knew the man well and was feeling very bad for him. I sensed some deep pain. I'd never seen Kimo blatantly ignore him before. But then again, Nicky was still upset and I felt that he was probably trying to jolly her along so she wouldn't spoil our party.

Kimo was in full flight, *talking story* as we say in the islands. And he was a master storyteller. "The great Queen *Ka'ahumanu*, now there was a woman with a fearsome appetite," he said. "My great grandmother's great aunt was her lady in waiting and when I was a little boy, my mother told me this bed time story about how the Queen would be propped on the floor like we are and she would eat and eat and *eat*."

"She apparently ate a dog a day. Can you imagine? Women back then couldn't eat anything the men were allowed. So, she would eat until she was practically bursting, then she would lie down on her belly and one of her male attendants would get on her back and *stomp* on her until she was almost sick."

He had Nicky and the rest of us convulsing

with laughter. *Lopaka* too, laughed in all the right places, but something sure wasn't right.

"Then she would roll over, lie on her back and they'd drop more pieces of food in her mouth."

"And this was your bedtime story?" Aloha asked.

"I know, terrifying, huh?" Kimo grinned. "My ex wife eats like that."

Everybody laughed except *Tutu* and *Lopaka*.

"Don't," *Lopaka* whispered.

"My husband doesn't like it when I poke fun at Mim," Kimo told us.

"I love it when you Mim bash." Nicky giggled, holding out her glass for more wine.

"I don't." *Lopaka* looked very unhappy.

"Honey, allow me my fun." Kimo's tone was sharp.

"Please don't make jokes about her."

Kimo clearly didn't like being told what to do. "She's not even very nice to you, *Lopaka*."

"Maybe not, but she let me have you."

*Tutu* was staring at him and Kimo. She, too, knew something was wrong.

Kimo shook his head, a look of fury on his face. "All she does is extort money from us. Every time she calls, I wonder how much it's going to cost me. And *Lopaka* and *Tutu* keep saying give her whatever she wants."

"That's nice of you," Aloha said.

*Lopaka* didn't look up. I knew he was deeply upset.

"That's my boy. He got one *tenda* heart." *Tutu* looked at *Kimo* when she said this.

*Kimo* was busy pouring more wine for anybody who wanted it.

*Nicky* took a refill, turning the subject to *Mahini* and me. "When are you going to *Ni'ihau*?" she asked.

Great. She was assuming the tension between *Kimo* and *Lopaka* was because of me.

"Too soon for my taste," *Aloha* responded as *Kimo* glanced at *Lopaka's* dinner plate. *Lopaka* had barely touched a bite of food.

"I'm waiting for the paperwork," I told her. "Apparently, it's a pretty big deal to get an invitation. Isn't that right, *Kimo*?"

"Yes, it is." *Kimo* was watching an unaware *Lopaka* who now was helping *Tutu* clear the plates.

"Wait until you see the salmon," *Lopaka* told us over his shoulder. "*Johnny* and *Tutu* did a wonderful job."

"Have you ever been there?" *Nicky* was asking *Kimo*. She was a little tipsy and she seemed to be flirting with *Kimo*.

His eyes grazed hers for a moment. "A few times."

"What's it like?"

Kimo seemed to ponder the question, but I knew his focus was really on *Lopaka*. "Very dry and unattractive."

"Like that old poop, Sammy," Tutu pronounced as *Lopaka* placed the huge Salmon platter on the center of the table.

That made everybody laugh, even *Lopaka*.

Kimo started describing *Ni'ihau* and its unusual history. "The Sinclair family bought it from King *Kamehameha* the fourth for ten thousand dollars. Actually, he tried to talk them out of it, saying the land was useless, that it couldn't be farmed because it was so dry. The Sinclairs didn't believe him because they'd sailed past it and thought it was quite lush. He told them it had been an unusually wet year, but they wouldn't listen.

"King *Kamehameha* even told them he was turning a piece of swampland into a beach on *Oahu*, that he was going to call it *Waikiki*. He offered them *Waikiki* and they turned it down."

"I didn't know that," I said, a sentiment echoed around the table.

"They would be the richest people alive if they owned *Waikiki* wouldn't they?" asked Aloha. "I mean, how much money can *Ni'ihau* be bringing them?"

Kimo eyed him appreciatively. "Exactly. It was a colossal mistake. However, they do seem to have respect for the inhabitants of *Ni'ihau*. The King

wasn't lying about the island being quite barren. What sheep and cattle they do have, eat up all the natural vegetation. We have no idea what's really going on because they won't allow the *kahuna* to set foot on there to collect and gather specimens, which is why it has been valuable to us that *Mahini* was allowed to spend one year as the elementary teacher there. Hopefully he can tell us what plants and birds and insects still live on the islands."

"I didn't know he was going to be there on a temporary basis." I felt suddenly fearful. I didn't want to bump into him on *Oahu* once I'd retrieved my T-shirt.

"It might be longer. I think he likes it there. So far, he hasn't been able to find out much, since he hasn't spent a lot of time there. His family comes from there, but the rest of the people have been there for years. The same five last names for just about all of them." He forked a piece of salmon.

I could tell he loved it. *Tutu* and I low-fived one another.

"How many people are on there?" Nicky asked, inhaling another glass of wine.

"The Sinclairs and their offspring, the Robinsons, have owned it for years but they don't live there. They live on *Kauai*. There are about two hundred and thirty people still living on *Ni'ihau*, but it's a humble place. No electricity, no phones,

no post office, no police. No crime, either. In December, they announced they're bringing a photovoltaic power system to the island so they'll have electricity, telephones. Internet." Kimo paused. "It will be interesting to see how that island changes once it has some modern conveniences."

"I can't imagine living without my TV." Aloha sipped at his wine. "Until I came here, I watched the telly all the time. You guys don't like it?"

Kimo glanced at *Lopaka* who was back in the kitchen area, helping *Tutu* with dessert and coffee. "I can't remember the last time I watched television. I hate it. When I met *Lopaka* and we started spending all our time together, I loved that even in his little studio, he didn't have a TV. My ex wife had one in every room." There was a pause. "I guess that was the last time I saw TV. Just before I moved out of that house." He looked at Aloha. "Have you missed having a television?"

Aloha thought a bit. "No. I get a lot more done."

Kimo smiled.

"And it gives you a lot more time for other things." I shot Aloha a meaningful look.

"So what do the people do there?" Nicky asked.

"They go to church a lot, they sing. Some of the best musicians come from *Ni'ihau*, you know. They talk to each other."

"Oh boy." *Lopaka* raised his brow. "With TV and internet, all that's going to change."

"Yeah." Kimo didn't look very happy about it.

"But you have I-Pods," I said. "I see you running with them, training with them."

"*Lopaka* and I aren't total Neanderthals," Kimo laughed. "We have a laptop and we download our music at the studio in *Waikiki*. We love music, it's our...thing. We don't love TV. There's a difference."

Nicky leaned on Kimo's shoulder. "What does this tattoo mean?"

He seemed to be ignoring her and Aloha asked, "So if the Sinclairs aren't making money off *Ni'ihau*, how do they survive financially?"

"They do very well. They have a lot of property in *Kauai*. They're building a big resort hotel there out of some of it." He paused. "They run boat and helicopter tours to *Ni'ihau*, but you don't see anything of the island. It's a simple hunting or fishing trip. Even the helicopter tour is...brief."

"What's this tattoo, the one with all the triangles?" Nicky's hands were on his arm again. When *Lopaka* came in with the coffee, Nicky was tracing tattoos with her fingertips.

*Lopaka's* face didn't register anything, but I saw his gaze drop down to the tray in his hands. Kimo's black eyes were on him, but *Lopaka* calmly distributed coffee and cups as *Tutu* came out with



a massive tray with dishes of bread pudding.

"*Tutu*, that's too heavy for you." He took it away from her.

The old lady's eyes were fastened on Nicky who was unbuttoning Kimo's shirt, trying to see the tattoos on his neck.

*Lopaka* gave Kimo the first cup of coffee, administering primo Kona with milk and cream for whoever else wanted it.

Kimo peeled Nicky's hands off him, sticking a bowl of bread pudding into them. "Some people feel the Robinsons ought to be credited with maintaining the Hawaiian language and culture," he said. "Since *Ni'ihau* is the only island that is fully *manaleo*, meaning, where Hawaiian is the official language and the one most spoken by the residents."

"And how do you feel?" *Lopaka* asked.

"I have some...reservations about the place." Kimo's attention was on *Lopaka* who squeezed beside *Tutu*, sipping at his own coffee cup.

I didn't remember ever seeing *Lopaka* drink anything on his own. He and Kimo were sort of sickening that way.

"The real problem is that the owners have recently allowed missile testing there. Oh...don't let me get started on that."

"Mim comes from *Ni'ihau*, right? Did you ever go there with her?" Nicky asked.

Kimo's eyes cut to *Lopaka* who was rubbing *Tutu's* shoulder.

"I told you not to carry it," *Lopaka* was saying to her, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

"Yes, but look at all the attention it gets me." She barely suppressed a cackle.

Kimo watched them both and I wondered what was going on in his head.

Nicky was still babbling. "I mean you must have been there with Mim, you know, her whole family being from there and everything..." Kimo's hand casually went to Nicky's shoulder and she stopped talking mid-sentence. Her eyes went blank and she flopped to the floor like a wet noodle. Ten seconds later, she was snoring her ass off.

Aloha and I burst into laughter.

"Oh, poor Nicky must have been tired," an oblivious *Tutu* murmured. "I'll put her to bed."

"She's fine where she is. She's comfortable. She'll sleep." Kimo's eyes were riveted to *Lopaka* who was still working on his grandmother's shoulder.

"Want me to put some salve on it?" he was asking her.

"I'll take care of her." Kimo's voice was sharp again. "Come here, *Tutu*."

She moved over to him and got comfy on a pile of pillows. *Lopaka* was gathering dishes and was in

the kitchen when Kimo's hand shot out to *Tutu's* shoulder. Ten seconds later, *Tutu* was also flat on her back.

"That's some knockout punch," Aloha laughed. "How long will they be out?"

"As long as I want." Kimo was unable to resist a grin. He moved over to one of the sofas. We took the opposite one. His head turned to *Lopaka* and his voice dropped to a soft command. "*Nahenahe*. Come here."

*Lopaka* stiffened. But he turned and came to Kimo who pulled him down beside him.

"You knocked them out?" He shook his head at Kimo who took *Lopaka's* feet into his hands.

"*Nahenahe?*" Aloha asked. "Doesn't that mean compassion?"

"That's what he gives me, compassion." Kimo looked at *Lopaka*. "I love your feet." He started stroking and kissing them toe by toe, then he started massaging them on his lap. He reached into a drawer by the sofa and extracted a small jar. The contents smelled wonderful, like warm apple pie, as he formed what looked like yellow paste into a small ball in his hands. He immediately squashed it into the ball of *Lopaka's* left foot, gazing intently into his husband's eyes.

"Oh no," *Lopaka* groaned. "Just when I was starting to enjoy it."

"Doesn't it feel good?" I asked, mystified.

"My husband's going on a hunting expedition," *Lopaka* sighed.

"I know his body as well I know my own." Kimo's eyes never moved from *Lopaka's* face. "I can always tell by his feet if something's going on with him and I know something's going on."

Aloha and I traded glances.

*Lopaka* gave a little flinch, but Kimo caught it. His thumb pressed on a point on the sole of *Lopaka's* foot.

"Please don't." *Lopaka* became emotional. "It hurts when you do that."

"Don't I always make you feel better after we clear away the problem?" Kimo asked, but *Lopaka* didn't respond. He'd turned his face away from us.

I felt like we were intruding on a very private moment, but things got so still and so quiet, I was afraid of disturbing them if we got up and left. I glanced at Aloha and he was fixated on them, too.

"What's wrong with your heart?" Kimo was asking *Lopaka*.

"Nothing."

Kimo looked taken aback. "*Lopaka* Wilder, in all our time together, I have never, *ever* known you to be dishonest with me."

"Maybe it was you mucky-mucking with Nicky all night," Aloha said and I wanted to kick him.

Kimo pressed the point again, literally, and

*Lopaka* started to howl. "What is it?" Kimo asked him, pulling him into his arms, holding him. "What's wrong, baby?" But *Lopaka* just sobbed into his shoulder. Kimo kept stroking him with one arm, his other hand glued to that spot on his foot.

*Lopaka* ground out, "It's my problem. I have to work it out."

"We work things out together. Just tell me."

"I can't give you beautiful babies."

"Yes, you can."

*Lopaka's* voice was tiny. "Not like Nicky can."

"I don't believe what I'm hearing." Kimo seemed dumfounded as *Lopaka* tried to wrestle his foot free. "And don't pull away from me. Keep talking."

"She can give you beautiful babies. You said so in the car."

Kimo frowned at him. "A lot of women could give me babies. *Lopaka*, this might come as a shock to you, but I knew going in that you couldn't give me babies. Not in the traditional sense. I admit to entertaining fantasies of knocking you up and Lord knows, I try, several times a day, in fact. I would love to be the first man in history who knocked up his husband, but we always knew we were going to have to use a surrogate."

*Lopaka* didn't say anything. When Kimo's fingers zeroed in on that hurtful spot again, *Lopaka* yelped, "But *I* want to be the one to give you

babies. I know I'm being stupid, but I want them to be ours."

"Oh, darling," Kimo's face went soft. "Whether we use a surrogate or we adopt, they're still going to be our babies. You must know that?"

"Forgive me for interrupting, but why can't you both...inseminate Nicky or some other surrogate? Then you would have babies from both of you," Aloha said.

"I want a baby that's Kimo's and mine. Coming out of me. I know I'm being..." His voice trailed away.

"Nicky's a beautiful girl and I adore the baby you and I gave her." Kimo's hand was really working over *Lopaka's* foot. *Boy, try keeping a secret from this guy.* "I knew as soon as I told her that we'd probably make other beautiful babies, I knew she'd be pushing for more." Kimo sighed. "Oh, darling...I didn't think...for one second that you took that to mean I wanted her. Or that I want *her* to have them. *Lopaka*, she doesn't have your spirit. She isn't the weight I carry in my soul, or in my cock. You are. *Lopaka*, you gave me my balls back."

I felt that familiar whoosh of heat flaring between them.

Nicky was awake now, but they hadn't noticed.

"She isn't you." Kimo shuddered. "She has a...*pussy*."

"You say pussy like it's a bad thing," Nicky muttered, while Aloha, *Lopaka* and I howled with laughter.

"I have respect for all women. They are the mother earth." Kimo grinned. "Nicky, don't get me wrong, but you were my female swan song."

"Does that mean you won't give me and *Kaiona* another baby?"

"Sorry, no."

"But you love baby Kimo. He should have a sibling."

"Nicky, I can't. Under spiritual law, I belong to *Lopaka*. Any more babies we make will be ours." He stared at *Lopaka*. "And they *will* be ours. They...made me get his name tattooed on my cock, branding me. Those *kahuna* thought I'd balk at that, but they don't know us very well. It just made us hungrier for each other."

"That's why you did it?" Aloha was shaking his head.

"Yeah, and *Lopaka* got *Mahini* to put my name right over his ass. His ass is mine."

"It always was," *Lopaka* said as Kimo's hands moved back to making his feet feel good, not clearing out pain.

"But she's so nice to me when I'm pregnant," Nicky whined. "I love being pregnant. How about if I have one for you and one for me?"

"Until she can learn to be nice to you all the

time, you shouldn't even be thinking about making more babies with her," Kimo responded.

"Holy cow, it's just...*sperm*."

The four gay men in Nicky's company all went berserk.

"Are you mad?" I asked her. "*Just sperm?*"

"It's the staff of life," Aloha smacked his lips together.

Kimo's hand had drifted now to *Lopaka's* ankle.

"No! Don't...no go *dere*." *Lopaka* lapsed into island speak.

"Does that hurt, too?" I asked.

"No, no. It's just...oh...he's uh...rubbing my...uh..."

"Cock," Kimo supplied. "How's that feeling, baby?"

*Lopaka* gasped. "You need to get your hands off it. Right now."

"Not...yet." Kimo was staring into *Lopaka's* eyes and the rubbing continued in a slow, sensuous rhythm.

Aloha's own fingers snaked towards my foot, snatching it into his lap.

Kimo glanced over at him. "That's it. Right there. Start with little circles, clockwise, until you find it. Take your time. You should feel a little grain...almost like a grain of rice."

"Oh, yeah, yeah, I feel it." Aloha was intent on my ankle and, when he looked at my face, he



knew he was hitting a home run. I had never been so turned on in my life.

"When I feel like torturing him, I take my time," I heard Kimo say as I flopped around on the sofa. "I stop. I take my time starting again..." He and Aloha exchanged wild grins.

*Lopaka* was writhing in his lap now and Kimo hadn't even gone anywhere near his cock. When Kimo's hand moved up the back of the ankle, *Lopaka* grabbed at his own crotch in a futile effort to hide his bulging erection. "Oh, no...not there, not there...oh Kimo..." He seemed to be thrown into an oncoming orgasm. "Kimo...oh..."

"What's there? What is that?" asked Aloha, moving his hand to the back of my ankle.

"His prostate."

"Damn. So that's like sticking your cock up your man's ass without the actual fucking."

"It's the ultimate foreplay." Kimo stared down with increasing yearning at the raging cock practically humping his face.

"Does this work on chicks?" Nicky asked, rubbing at the side of her own foot.

"I have no idea." Kimo's dark eyes skewered *Lopaka's*. "Are we very clear now about who I want?"

"Yeah...oh, yeah." *Lopaka* was snatching at him, trying to rip his clothes off.

"And are we clear about *what* I want?"

"Oh...uh...ung...unh...yeah."

Kimo picked him up and stalked off to their bedroom with him.

I was in exquisite agony, my dick begging for release from my pants. I didn't care if Nicky was there. I had to have him. My hands grabbed at Aloha's fly and he chuckled.

"Man, this is something else...I'm gay my whole life and a goddamned newbie's teaching me a thing or two." Suddenly, his face clouded. "I wonder what else he knows?" He realized now that I could feel what he was doing inside me. "Can you really feel that?" Aloha was peering into my sweaty face. "This really is some potent shit!"

"I'm feeling something here! I'm gonna go home and trying this out on *Kaiona*. See ya!" Nicky bolted from the house. She was in the car, the squeal of tires very loud as Aloha pulled my pants down.

"Stick it in," I moaned. "Fuck me, Aloha. I gotta have that dick right now."

I could hear *Lopaka's* cries coming from their bedroom and it got us all hot, too. "Come with him." Aloha's hot breath tickled my ear. "I want you to come with him."

*Lopaka* beat me to it, but I came a close second. Aloha and I had such a crushing orgasm together, we were still lying on the sofa, Aloha's belly on my back, imbedded inside me, just the way I liked

him, when I realized there was a knock at the door.

*Tutu* got up and answered it. *Tutu!* Man, she'd been there the whole time we'd been fucking each other's brains out.

"Sammy, you old poop."

"You old biddy, you."

"Where you been?" she asked as he came into the room. Aloha was covering me with his body and we were both trying not to laugh. We were pretending to still be asleep.

"This must have been some party," Sammy laughed.

"You got no idea," *Tutu's* voice dropped. "Say, Sammy, you like to have one foot massage?"

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

The next morning, Kimo was standing naked on the edge of the cliff on the border of our property. Aloha and I were setting a table outside for breakfast when he raised up his arms.

*"Lopaka! Watch me!"* he was shouting.

*"Bravo, darling,"* he shouted back. *"Fantastic!"* As Kimo took a graceful dive to the crashing waves hundreds of feet below, *Lopaka* was chanting, *"Please don't take him from me, please don't take him from me."* We heard a splash.

Kimo called out, *"I love you, Lopaka Wilder!"*

*"I love you, too, Kimo!"* When he turned back to us, *Lopaka's* face was ashen.

*"You okay?"* I slid a glass of champagne to him and he chugged at it.

*"He gives you these little heart attacks every morning?"* Aloha asked.

*"Every morning. At least this isn't as death-defying as the cliff at home in Maui."*

Aloha looked at me. "That tops you turning green, *Liho*."

*Lopaka* put the glass down and went back to the cliff peering over the edge. "He likes to climb up by hand. He'll be here in about half an hour. I'll just finish getting breakfast. But stay right there. There's something we want to talk to you about."

I felt a quiver of fear when he rushed inside, but Aloha put his arm around me, reassuring me with kisses.

"It's all good, Johnny. Kimo already talked to me and I think you're going to be very happy. At least I hope you will be."

*Tutu* hadn't surfaced yet. Probably, she was still bumping uglies with Sammy. Aloha and I drank in the gorgeous view and the amazing solitude, then Kimo was up over the top of the cliff, *Lopaka* racing to him with a big towel and big kisses. They gobbled at each other's faces for a moment and Kimo wrapped the towel around his waist, pulling out a chair as *Lopaka* re-emerged with a platter of eggs and salmon, asparagus spears and scoops of sticky rice.

"Mmm...this smells so good." Kimo moaned when *Lopaka* came back with Portuguese sausage, pancakes and slices of honeydew melon and gigantic strawberries from the garden. He dished up for all of us as Kimo stroked his ass. "I want some food, then I want *Lopaka*." He grinned. "The

two things that fuel my universe."

Sammy came staggering out of the house in shorts.

"What's wrong with you?" Kimo handed him a plate.

"My feet. That crazy woman gave me the most....*violent* foot massage I've ever had in my life."

Kimo glanced at the rest of us and we all exploded into helpless, teary laughter.

"It's not funny. She wouldn't let up. She was at it for hours. Didn't you hear my cries for help? I may never walk again."

"You're going to have to show her how, darling," *Lopaka* whispered to Kimo and then *Tutu* came out, looking lemon-lipped.

"Have some champagne." Kimo hid his smile when he saw her grim expression.

*Tutu* mustn't have gotten lucky last night. Sammy patted the seat beside him and she hesitated only for a moment, before taking it. Sammy, I noticed had his feet tucked well away from her.

"You talked to them yet?" *Tutu* asked.

"No. We were waiting for you and Sammy." Kimo looked at me. "Is your cell phone plugged in?"

Aloha nodded. "Yes, I put it in the kitchen, like you said."

Kimo's eyes were grave. "I think *Mahini's* going to call you today. You will act very natural. Very normal. Very hot to see him."

"I don't think I can do any of those things." I saw their stern looks. "But I'll try. But I was wondering, if he doesn't have a phone, how's he going to call me?"

"It's Sunday, his day off. He's going to cadge a ride to *Kauai*, run some errands, mail off some letters...make a few calls, buy groceries...and in the meantime, there's something *Lopaka* and I want to talk to you about." Kimo sipped at his coffee, passing the cup to *Lopaka*, whose eyes were intent on him. "It's about your job. Or rather, you getting one."

My heart sank. I should have guessed they'd be tired of me freeloading.

"We are planning this school, as you know. Now that the *mana* here already feels so much better, we're really thinking ahead. Johnny, I asked Aloha to start archiving Hawaiian music. He's going to start from the beginning, with the great singers and musicians. He's going to collect what he can of the *paniolo*, the cowboys, the specific island legends. He's finding sheet music, records, eight tracks, reel to reel, everything."

"Oh, you couldn't have picked anybody better to do that. It's perfect. Aloha is all about Hawaiian music."

"Exactly. And we think you're the perfect person to archive Hawaiian art. Do it any way you can, whether it's obtaining copies, prints, whatever. Everything from Savage and Kelly to the Reeds and what have you. Find those old Matson Line menus, digital photos. I want notes, notes, notes. I can get you access to the Baldwin House antiquities. They have an amazing collection of pre-western contact Hawaiian art. We'll pay you both salaries, we'll support you anyway we can.

"Consider yourselves to have unlimited funds for acquisitions. But we want to do this privately, because when we are ready to start rolling, we don't want government interference. No infernal committees and no endless, unnecessary board meetings. We do this the Hawaiian way, the way *Kamehameha* Schools should have been run."

They all looked at me. "You're asking me to help?" My mind was reeling.

"Johnny, you know so much about art and music. Together you and Aloha can bring so much to this place. So what do you say?"

"I say a big yes. I think...oh...I can't believe how emotional I feel. When can I start?"

"As soon as you come back from *Kauai*. I want you to get your head back together first."

My cell phone started ringing.

"Let the games begin," Kimo said as I raced to



pick up the phone.

*Mahini* sounded very far away, but his voice was sexy and I could tell, he was anxious to talk dirty. "You ready for me to fuck you?"

"Oh, yes. I can't wait." I poked my tongue out at my cell phone.

He chuckled. "Your wish will be fulfilled." There was a pause and I heard traffic.

"Where are you calling from?" I asked.

"I'm at a payphone in *Kauai*. I don't have long. I came to run some errands. I got a ride on the medical helicopter that was coming back to get supplies. It leaves again in two hours. I've been on the list two weeks." Another pause. "I miss your body."

"It misses you."

I was aware of the intent looks from Kimo and Aloha.

"You still seeing that *haole* guy?" he asked me.

"No. That finished."

"That's good, honey. That's good. So you must really miss me."

"I'll show you how much when I see you. When can I come over there?"

"Well, I just mailed you the permission form. A week from Thursday. Can you manage it?"

"Yes, of course. I wish we didn't have to wait so long." *God, I could feel the bile rising in my throat.*

"Yeah, me, too, honey. What about work? Can

you swing the time off?"

"I don't have that particular job anymore, so it's not a problem."

"Oh...really?"

*Yeah, Mahini, like you didn't know.*

"What happened? I thought you loved that job."

It still rankled to say, "I got fired. They claimed, well, Cindy, remember Cindy? She claims I robbed her, that I stole a valuable photograph."

"I...I was unaware of that. Did you do it?" He started to laugh.

The urge to swear and scream at him was strong. I was trying hard to muster up a response. The sore tooth in my mouth gave a little twinge. In the distance, I watched a frigate bird cresting over a high mountain slope. The sun dazzled my eyes through the lavender fringes of its enormous wings. It was the loveliest thing I had ever seen.

"Honey, I was just kidding."

"They're talking about lawsuits, arresting me..." I let that one hang out in the wind.

"That's...very unfair. I can't even believe they think you did something like that." When I didn't respond, he asked me, "So how are you making money?"

"This and that."

"That sounds very...depressing."

"It is."

"Well, if things work out between us, and I hope they do, Johnny, then I want you to think about moving to *Kauai*. You could live here and we could spend weekends together and when my tenure is up, I'd give up *Ni'ihau* to be with you...if that's what you wanted."

My mouth tasted metallic, rusty. Every word I said hurt me. "I would love that. I...I don't feel there's much here for me anymore, *Mahini*."

"Oh honey, things have a way of working out. You'll see. You have me, that's all that matters, right?"

I held the phone away from my ear for a moment, afraid I'd tell him to go fuck himself.

"*Mahini*, since the day I met you, you're all I think about." That wasn't a lie. I just wasn't thinking the things he *wanted* me to think about him.

"I sleep in your T-shirt," he crooned.

"How...sexy."

"It is. Honey...where are you staying? You obviously moved out of the *haole* guy's apartment. You sent me a post office box address."

"Yes, I'm staying in a hotel. A weekly rental in *Waikiki*. Very small, very clean, but I can't get mail or calls there. You can always reach me on this number."

"Yes, I'm happy about that. And ah...have you seen Kimo at all?"

I had my rehearsed speech ready. "I have seen him, yes."

"Oh...really? Up...uh...at their mountain place?"

"Mountain place? Oh no. I ran into them one day at a coffee shop. It was very civilized, quite...friendly. But you know..."

"He doesn't want you hanging around *Lopaka*."

"Something like that."

"And you never see the *haole* guy?"

"No. That didn't end well. We got robbed. Everything was stolen. I've had a very strange time here, *Mahini*."

"Oh, honey, it'll get better. What day can you arrive on *Kauai*? I'll feel...better as soon as I know you're home."

*Home*. I really felt like retching now. "I can come next Wednesday. How long can I be with you on *Ni'ihau*?"

"Only for the day, honey. You have to leave by sunset, but it will be the first of many visits...would you like that Johnny?"

"Yes, very much." *Yeah, about as much as I want ptomaine poisoning.*

"Try and get a helicopter ride. Book it now so you're almost guaranteed a flight. Sometimes they cancel if not enough people book. I know it's expensive, but it will mean that we have longer together. The boat ride is a little bumpy. And it

takes forever. I have to go honey, you be good, okay?"

"You too." I heard him laugh as he disconnected the call.

"Well, that was an Oscar-winning performance." Kimo reached out his forefinger to my mouth and the pain in the tooth vanished.

"You think he bought it?"

"*Liho*, I bought it." Aloha looked awed. "You fair did my head in saying you couldn't wait to see him."

I looked at Kimo. "I said all the right things, didn't I?"

"You were perfect."

"He told me to book a chopper. He said it would be expensive. I just got through telling him I'm just about destitute..."

"You will not be on a chopper," Kimo assured me. "You're going by boat. I will not allow you to be subjected to him for longer than necessary. Do you trust me?"

"Absolutely." Aloha nodded his head along with me.

"Now, go have some...sustenance from your man. I need some from mine." Kimo grinned. "So don't bother to knock."

\* \* \* \*

Kimo and Aloha pored over maps of *Kauai* to find the ideal place for us to stay. Initially, Kimo didn't want Aloha to go with me, but meet me there once I came back from *Ni'ihau*. He took into consideration our stringent objections and agreed in the end that I needed the support. I think he knew that if Aloha wasn't with me in *Kauai*, I would simply fall apart. They settled on the *Waimea* Plantation Cottages and I let them handle the travel details. I just wanted this thing to be over.

Aloha would not let me pay for a thing. "You haven't been working and I don't want you coming home to a stack of credit card bills. I want to take care of this." When I started to object he put his arms around me. "*Liho*, I consider this an investment in my future."

I was becoming aware that the others were keeping me busy during the day to keep my mind at peace and Aloha kept me busy in bed each night to keep my spirit at peace. Deep down, I was frightened about being with *Mahini* because I felt with complete certainty, he would have sex with me, one way or another.

Kimo had told me I would be physically ill from the boat ride and suggested that I *really give the performance of my life* in that arena. He told me that at most, I'd have five or six hours with *Mahini*. He constantly went over my game plan

with me. Then the day before we were leaving, he walked up to me and Aloha outside our little bungalow where we were planting more flowers.

"I've been thinking about the hair problem. To put your mind at ease that he could take some of your hair while you're visiting him, I think we should give you a buzz cut. Real close to the head. Do it today and wash your head well." He handed Aloha the clippers he was holding.

"Clippers, eh? Excellent idea." Aloha wiggled his eyebrows at me. "I've had this fantasy about clipping Johnny's head. Though this particular fantasy also involves me being in combat boots and Johnny being in a barber's chair."

Kimo looked at him. "I can help you out with work boots. Will they do in a pinch?" When Aloha nodded, he said, "You'll have to improvise on the barber's chair. We haven't got one of those. The boots are in the workmen's cabin by the waterfall. I'm off to indulge in a little fantasy of my own. Some hot man on man action in the outdoor shower I just finished installing."

"With your husband, I hope," Aloha laughed.

"I got him handcuffed to the shower head right now."

I didn't know if he was joking or not, but I was too distracted getting my first-ever buzz cut to give it further thought.

Aloha brought the chair out of our room and

the pristine work boots that belonged to *Alex*, his alter ego and popped me naked into the chair. Looking at my naked boyfriend in nothing but those boots put me in a high state as he buzzed my head. It didn't take too long. It was quite relaxing actually, sitting in the warm afternoon sun feeling the hair fall off me.

"Och, you're a fine island specimen. You look like an Asian David Beckham, minus the tattoos. "Now let me at your dick."

"Oh no, not that."

"Hey, it's hair. And since it's part of your dangly bits, he might think it's more powerful or some such crap to snip off some pubes."

"Go easy. Don't chop off anything important."

"I won't." But he looked a little too happy to be wielding those clippers for my comfort. "Spread your legs." He threw my legs over the arms of the chair. "Have I ever told you I love this ass in front of me?"

"Yeah. Remember that while you're down there."

He put some kisses on it, smiled, then put some bad intentions into those kisses. My cock was flying at full mast, imploring him for a little of that love. He looked at it, licked the head briefly, topping it with a kiss. I moaned in frustration.

"This won't take long." He dropped another wet kiss on my dick. "I need to fuck you, Johnny."



He swirled those clippers around, covering my genital and anal area, then he turned off the clippers. "You're lovely." He put his tongue to work where the clippers had just been.

I wanted him in me and as he leaned forward to give me the cock I love, the chair went back and we were on the ground.

"This is why we need a barber's chair. You okay, Johnny baby?"

"Oh yeah...can I have my cock now? Please?" I could hear *Lopaka* and Kimo's cries now and Aloha stabbed into me with that molten tool, warmed by the sun and the heat of our passion. He sawed into me and I clutched at his back, his warm skin becoming slippery to the touch. "You want ownership of this ass?" I asked.

"Yeah...yeah."

"Then give me a proper seeing to." I'd learned to use his language. His Cockney-speak. The language that always made him go nuts when he was fucking me.

Aloha took me out of the chair and planted me in the middle of all the dirt and flowers and budding grass. He took long, hard strokes pulling all the way out and then replanting himself all the way back in me. We never lasted long when he did that.

"Aloha!" I shouted and came when I felt him unspooling deep into my belly.

He grunted, thrusting into me and I felt the familiar quaking in his body, the way he always reacted after giving me everything he had.

"Fuck...Johnny...fuck...."

"It's okay, baby." I wrapped my arms and legs around him. His hand was on my newly naked head and our eyes closed as our thundering hearts beat out a Morse code of love notes to each other.

We were still there on the ground when we heard a car horn. We threw on some clothes and ran to see who was making all the noise. I saw Nicky behind the wheel of a car, sunglasses on. I could hear her baby *screaming* frantically in the back seat. She got out with him as *Lopaka* came hurtling from the house naked, throwing a *pireau* around his waist. Man, I always forgot how hot his body was. As soon as *Lopaka* took that little boy in his arms, the baby stopped all the racket. *Lopaka* was using soothing tones, rubbing his back

Nicky was hysterical. "I have no idea what's wrong with him. I'm at the end of my rope. *Kaiona's* always yelling at me because he cries all the time."

*Lopaka* was getting a lot of smiles from the baby, then Kimo came out, wrapping a *pireau* around his waist, too. He didn't like their sexy time being interrupted, I could tell. The baby took one look at him though and stuck his foot out to Kimo. Everybody laughed and Kimo picked up that little

appendage and kissed it.

"I think Baby Kimo's hungry." *Lopaka* kissed the teary little face against his chest.

"Hungry?" Nicky squawked. "He *hates* everything I give him. I've tried every jar of Gerber's..."

"You're giving him commercial food?" *Lopaka* looked appalled.

Kimo took hold of the baby. "He's a Hawaiian baby. He needs proper food." Kimo looked like *he* wanted to start screaming at her.

"He needs *poi*," *Lopaka* nodded.

"No, he hates *poi*. Just like me."

*Lopaka* shrugged. "Come on, let's feed him."

We went into the kitchen and *Tutu* was thrilled to see the baby. Kimo handed him off to *Lopaka* again who was in his element, the baby on his hip, organizing bowls of food with *Tutu's* help. He turned around, a little bowl of food in his hand.

"Baby." He smiled at Kimo. "How about you give Kimo his first taste of *poi*?"

Kimo looked at him.

"Everything tastes better to me when it's on your fingers and I know your son's going to feel the same way. Besides, his father should be the one to teach him to enjoy it."

Nicky looked on helplessly as Kimo took the baby, scooped up *poi* onto one finger and popped it into the baby's mouth. He sucked on it greedily.

"He likes *poi*," Kimo laughed. "Oh, he's an adorable boy." Again and again he gave the baby *poi*, then they tried home-cooked sweet potato, avocado and tiny pieces of salmon. He loved everything they gave him.

*Tutu* and *Lopaka* brought out tiny dishes of everything and Kimo kept feeding him, stroking the baby's back. The little guy was holding onto Kimo's ponytail, his other arm tucked into Kimo's chest. *Lopaka* took a photo, front and back. It was obvious when the baby wanted his mother's breast.

"I don't breast feed him anymore. *Kaiona* doesn't like it."

Big Kimo fixed Nicky with a look that soon had her fumbling for her top.

The baby latched on with surprising force as she held him to her. "I don't understand it." Nicky sounded depressed. "Why does he give me so much trouble?"

"That's trouble?" Aloha asked.

"Because you're resisting what he needs." When the baby seemed to have enough, Kimo handed him back to *Lopaka* who sat on the floor, holding him as *Tutu* prepared containers of food for Nicky to take home.

"I try very hard." Nicky's voice wobbled.

Kimo took Nicky's feet into his lap and started working on them. I watched her relax in an

instant. "Yes, you do try very hard," he told her. "But you're not tuning into him. He is a smart boy. He communicates well. Just start listening to him."

*Tutu* showed her the containers of vegetables, fish and the poi.

Nicky frowned. "Am I going to have to cook for him all the time?"

"You should." Kimo gave her a stern look. "I know *Lopaka* would. Breast feed him as long as you can, Nicky, it will keep him healthy and strong."

"But he's thirteen months old." Nicky was resistant. "I've got two prima donnas. My wife and my kid."

"No, you've got a healthy Hawaiian baby." Kimo looked at her. "Nicky, what did you think was going to happen when you asked me to father him? He's got one mother who is a talented, temperamental, artistic high priestess. And me for a father. What did you think you were going to get, Beaver Cleaver?"

"Beaver Cleaver?" Aloha started laughing. "Boy it *has* been a long time since you watched TV."

Kimo laughed, glancing at *Lopaka* who had the baby asleep in his arms.

"I love it when he goes to sleep on me," he whispered.

Kimo watched them from a face of pure love.

"He hates me," Nicky said again.

"Och, he does not." Aloha patted her back. "He loves yer, ya wee daft thing. You're just overwhelmed."

"You can say that again. It's all a conspiracy, you know."

"What is?" Kimo asked.

"Society against women. Look at Beaver Cleaver, since you mentioned him. What about that name? A woman hater came up with that one."

We men all looked at each other.

"Think about it His first name is Beaver which is a euphemism for a woman's vagina. And Cleaver. Cunt masher. I rest my case."

"Boy, you need some rest." *Lopaka* looked at her sadly as *Tutu*, Aloha and I laughed.

"Why don't you leave him with us for a couple of days?" Kimo suggested. "Just spend some time alone with *Kaiona*."

Nicky sat up again. "You...wouldn't mind?"

"Are you kidding?" *Tutu* was ecstatic. "We'd love it."

Nicky ran out the door and came back with a bursting diaper bag. "One night would be great. *Kaiona* can get some sleep now. Oh...thank you all." She was gone without even kissing her little boy goodbye.

"A baby in the house! I'm gonna need to make some mashed sweet potato," *Tutu* hurried off to the kitchen.

Kimo moved over to *Lopaka*. "That's the only other man in the world who can get away with being in your arms."

*Lopaka* laughed. "Until our baby comes."

Kimo nodded. "You look so beautiful with him."

"He has your face, Kimo. The most beautiful face in the world." *Lopaka* nuzzled closer to him and Aloha and I quietly left the room.

"They're natural born parents." Aloha looked unhappy. "It hardly seems fair, does it?"

We were both quiet for a moment.

"So, you fancy a bit of how's your father?" Aloha asked. "We could turn in early. We got to get up at the crack of dawn for our trip."

"A bit of how's your father?" I laughed.

"Yeah. And if you're a good boy, I'll give it to you all night." Aloha rubbed his thumb across my mouth. "You need to know, this guy Mahogany messed with the wrong Londoner. I'm not gonna tell you how, but just know, I'm gonna fuck this guy up."

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Kimo's parents owned a small private plane and they jumped at the chance to visit family in *Kauai* and take us along for the ride. Kimo drove us all to the airport, about half an hour's drive from the property, giving me and Aloha last minute instructions. I had to see the baby and hug him before we left.

"God, we thought it was just us," Kimo grinned. "We're already dreading giving him back to the girls. You should see him. He's stomping around the house naked in a pair of blue baby Crocs."

And there he was, holding onto *Lopaka's* fingers, tottering on unsteady legs. As soon as he saw me, he stuck his foot out to me.

"Sorry kiddo, that only works with him." I pointed to Kimo, who grabbed up the baby, stroking the foot. He must have done something right because the baby was laughing hysterically.



The baby got on the floor again and stood uncertainly. *Lopaka* held the baby's chubby hands again and said, "Go to daddy." Kimo got down on the ground and held out his arms. The baby's fingers slipped off *Lopaka's* and, with a chortle, he barreled into Kimo's arms.

"I got it. I got the photo!" Aloha said, holding up his cell phone as everybody applauded the baby.

"How long has he been walking?" I asked.

"Just today." *Lopaka* grinned. "*Tutu* says it's the *poi*."

"Ha ha ha," the baby laughed, wriggling out of Kimo's arms to do it all over again. *Lopaka* held his hands again and Kimo held his arms wide open, but this time the baby staggered to me.

"I think I'm jealous," Kimo laughed.

"Oh darling, don't you see?" *Lopaka* held out his arms to the baby. "He's a chip off the old block. He is just like his daddy. He already ran to you. Now he's got to try a new challenge."

Kimo grinned. "I think you're flattering me."

"He walks like my Uncle Harold does after too many champagne bitters," Aloha said, getting a big laugh.

"We better get going." Kimo's voice was low, but I could tell he was anxious.

"Don't be long." *Lopaka* kissed him. "We'll miss you."

"Come with us. We've got the baby seat now."

I got a kick out of how much joy those two men got in putting the baby in his car seat. He screamed when they tried to put clothes on him, so they let him ride *au naturel*, with nothing but his little Crocs.

"He is a chip off the old Kimo block." *Lopaka* joked.

"I seem to remember *Tutu* telling me she could never keep clothes on you when *you* were a baby," Kimo teased him

"Ha, ha ha!" The baby's hysterical laughter set us all off, the perfect antidote to fear and anxiety.

On Nimitz Highway, Kimo passed the main airport to a small, private airfield and stopped outside a hangar with a beauty of a small plane waiting. Kimo, *Lopaka* and the baby gave us all hugs, telling Aloha to take care of me.

"Aye, he's precious cargo." Aloha held me tight.

Mrs. Wilder held the baby in her arms and he giggled at her. I could tell she longed for one of her own. Kimo and *Lopaka* watched her loving way with him. I could tell they wanted nothing more than to give her a grandchild.

"I want a photo of *Mama Nui* with her boy," said *Lopaka*. "Baby Kimo has two *Tutus*, but *Mama Nui* is in a league all her own. She made the man I love." He moved forward to hug her and she held

him and the baby in her arms. "And you made him just perfect."

"Didn't I though?" She smiled. "Oh *Lopaka*, I love you so much."

"I love you, too. We're going to miss you. All of you."

Kimo took the baby out of her arms and we climbed on board. It was such a luxury to travel in comfort, that it instantly soothed my fears of being away from the Wilders. A very pretty stewardess offered us champagne, which made me feel like a character in a romantic movie.

Aloha and Mr. Wilder settled down to a game of backgammon, trying to play quickly before the twenty-eight minute flight was over. It was one of Aloha's favorite things to do. I promised myself it was another thing I would learn, for him and for me. He played aggressively and well, shooting me the occasional glances, making sure I was okay. I felt a bit like *Lopaka*, being cared for by a vigilant Kimo.

We were in the air for about fifteen minutes and were enjoying the tasty *pupus* the hostess kept passing around. Suddenly, *Mama Nui* was next to me. "Are you okay?" she asked, covering my hand with hers.

"I am, thank you. I can't tell you how much I appreciate this."

"It's no big thing." She was a Hawaiian woman,

through and through. "Now you know that we need to come back in five days? We need to be at the airport very early, at eight o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes, we'll be there." *I hope.*

"When all this is over tomorrow, I hope you and your lovely man have a few days of rest and fun. *Kauai* is wonderful. Have you been there before?"

"No. Next to *Ni'ihau*, it's the only island I haven't visited."

"It's such a romantic place." She took my hand and squeezed it. "Aloha loves music, I know. If you get a chance, go visit the old Coco Palms hotel estate. It's wonderful. It was a lovely hotel until Hurricane *Iniki* destroyed it."

"That was in 1992!"

"Much of the island is still showing the effects of the damage. Some buildings, some properties are still waiting for their insurance checks, if you can believe it. Anyway, Chuck, the manager of the estate is a good friend of mine. Ask him to let you walk around. A lot of Hollywood movies set in the south Pacific were made there. Oh, and ask him to show you bungalow fifty-six.

"What's special about bungalow fifty-six?"

She smiled. "It's where Elvis Presley stayed when he was making *Blue Hawaii*."

I watched my beautiful man laughing over

having one of his pieces removed from the board. He'd have to start again. I wondered if he was letting Kimo's dad win because Aloha was an excellent player. I thought about taking my own personal hound dog to bungalow fifty-six and showing him a thing or two.

"You know, I never been closer to my son than I am since he met *Lopaka*." *Mama Nui's* face grew wistful. "And we've been so...grateful to spend time with their friends. You're all such lovely people. And my husband and I love you all. You're so good to each other."

"What a sweet thing to say. Thank you."

Her eyes were sparkling now. "Oh look, we're here."

We rented a convertible. The Wilders assured us we wouldn't regret it and they rented one for themselves. They were visiting her family in a remote section of the *Na Pali* coast, an area with no roads, no phone service and sporadic electricity. *Mama Nui* was fretting that we'd need their help and they wouldn't be available.

"We'll be fine," Aloha and I told them. We said goodbye to them and we took the opposite direction headed south towards *Waimea*.

Knowing that unlike the other islands there was no main road that covered the whole of *Kauai*, we were expecting to lose our way at some point. We planned to take our time, enjoying the scenery. We

had no deadline. Tomorrow morning, I had to report to Burns Airfield to go to *Ni'ihau* but today was for fun and for each other.

The feeling of peace, tranquility and raw natural beauty was pervasive on the drive through one vast expanse of lush, unspoiled land after another. I had never seen anything as green as the plants and trees on *Kauai*. I caught my breath when I spotted the tallest mountain peak to my right, so green it was almost blue. Its magnificence almost hurt my eyes.

"That's *Wai 'ale 'ale*, the wettest place on earth," Aloha shouted over the wind whipping our faces. We grinned at each other, the stress and tension melting from our bodies and our psyches in this land of deep aloha.

Hotels would be tucked away and yes, there were condos. But so much of the land was left untouched, I felt like I had stepped back in time to the *real* old Hawaii. As we neared *Waimea* Canyon, often dubbed the Grand Canyon of the Pacific, things changed a little. There were many private ranches and properties sporting *No Trespassing* signs. They were everywhere. There was also a ton of red dust as we sped along the highway, then we saw the sign for the *Waimea* Cottages.

We pulled into a long private road.

"This used to be a sugar plantation and the cottages belonged to the workers," Aloha told me.

"They rent them out now. I picked the one that looked the prettiest and the most secluded."

"It's spectacular." I was awed as we passed movie-set gorgeous grounds with sweeping palms and the type of cottages you think of when you imagine tropical idyll, tucked into dense profusions of tropical foliage. At the check-in office, we removed our shoes per the instructions on the door. The red dust was omnipresent here, too, since the dirt all over the property was the same color.

"*E komai*, welcome. You're a nice shade of red," joked the guy at the front desk. Indeed, we had a fine coating of red dust all over our bodies and clothing.

"How did the dirt become red?" I asked.

"A volcanic eruption caused three rivers to merge and flow to the sea and if you look down at the ocean, the water is muddy and red. Not very...inviting. But still, there's plenty to do here. If you have any questions, just ask me."

"We will, thank you." Aloha picked up a brochure. "Is there a market nearby?"

"You're in luck. The Sunshine Market is open at three thirty this afternoon. It will be in the park across the way there. People sell local produce and it is all wonderful stuff, right out the back of their cars or in tents."

"*Mahalo*." Aloha picked up the keys and we

followed the guy's directions, and there it was. A postcard-perfect red painted house with flawless gardens in a secluded, romantic setting. My mother would be thrilled if she saw this.

"It's huge." I couldn't believe all this was just for us.

"Two levels, baby. I thought we needed some elbow room for a few days."

We walked up the stairs and I turned and looked over my shoulder. The view of the ocean to my left and *Waimea* Canyon on the right, was breathtaking. I felt humbled by the splendor of it all.

"I feel like carrying you over the threshold." Aloha touched my cheek. "No, I think I'll wait until tomorrow night when you come back from that frickin' island."

"It's beautiful. I know you must have spent a fortune."

"We've never had a vacation together and we deserve it. Och, Johnny, look inside."

It was furnished with mahogany and rattan furnishings, very Hawaiian, very elegant and very clean and welcoming.

"Och, a TV." He threw himself on it.

The master bedroom had sweeping ocean views, a great bed and its own TV.

"All right, I get it. I just died and went to Heaven." My goofy boyfriend was flipping



through the channels with the remote. "I feel powerful again with this thing in my hand." He rolled on his back, pulling me to him. "I want your hands all over me."

We kissed a bit, but started to feel grimy from the red dust, so we jumped into the shower together and Aloha washed me like a baby, concentrating all his efforts on my body. He even shampooed my head stubble. It was an energizing, arousing experience. He was undoubtedly the most sensuous lover I'd ever had. When he got behind me and started cleaning my ass out with his tongue, I almost hit my head on the ceiling. He stopped what he was doing long enough to check my cock and to his pleasure, he could see I was rock hard.

"Success at last." He kissed the back of my neck, putting little sips and bites on me, making me want more. He turned off the taps and we fell onto the bed, still dripping wet. "Och, *Lihō*, I never want your feet to touch the ground again. I want you in these sheets for the rest of our lives."

"All right by me." I sighed with pleasure when his tongue went back to my ass and my body jerked in response to his frisky, forceful tongue. He put me on my back. I wanted him badly and he knew it. Our hands met above my head as he slowly entered me. Tears tore at my eyes and I felt his emotion so acutely it took my breath away.

"Wrap your legs around my waist," he whispered. He picked me up and moved to the edge of the bed so that he was sitting up and he held me to his chest. It allowed me freedom of movement to be riding him, yet he held me so tightly, I could hardly move at all.

He fucked me slow and deep, and all that mattered was *this moment*, being with my man, being his. Aloha kissed and licked my face and my throat. He always knew kissing my throat sent me into a sexual frenzy, and when he moved one hand between our bodies to take hold of my cock and stroke me along with his own pending orgasm, we came together so hard, I actually lost my sense of vision for a moment. A blinding white light flashed across my brain.

He must have experienced something similar because he cried out, "Whoa!" as he came hard and long inside me.

His lips closed down on my throat and I let out a sob, all my nerves feeling exposed and vulnerable. He always coaxed the strongest orgasms out of me.

"Beautiful." Aloha's face was wet with unexpected tears. "My beautiful, beautiful man." A few more kisses, then he asked, "Want some lunch?" I was too dazed to speak, so I just nodded. "I want to kiss some more, fuck some more, eat and swim." He smiled, giving my mouth tiny little

kisses from one corner to the other.

"Och, no." I did a fair impersonation of him. "I don't want to do anything that involves not touching you."

"Let's go to that car market thingy and load up on food, then I want you again."

"Now you're talking." I put my tongue into his mouth and our urgency took us over again.

"*Fook*. Shopping can wait." He pulled me on top of him.

\* \* \* \*

We loved the Sunshine Market and loaded up on peaches so juicy they dripped down our chins, banana butter and soft, fluffy fresh Hawaiian bread, a chocolate *haupia* pie and taro leaf enchiladas from a Mexican family selling out of a converted hot dog cart. We ate everything in bed with our fingers and I understood finally why food tasted better to *Lopaka* this way. As Aloha fed me the creamy chocolate-coconut from that pie, I closed my eyes and savored the flavor.

"I'll feed you like this for the rest of our lives," Aloha promised. "Just come home to me."

The next morning, Aloha dropped me with great reluctance at Burns Field. I went very early as I'd been advised, hoping my little plot with Kimo was going to work. Aloha and I had stopped

fucking at midnight and I washed with the soap Sammy had given me that would eliminate all scent of another man, namely Aloha. Being a *kahuna* of plants, Kimo said *Mahini* would smell Aloha on me for sure. We didn't even kiss when he dropped me at the field.

I looked at him and said, as gently as I could, "Go home and watch some TV."

Aloha was distressed. "I feel sick. It's doing my head in. I can't bear the idea of you going through this."

"I can." I felt strangely euphoric. "Try that soap baby, and keep the faith. I'll be home this evening."

"Am I allowed to kiss any part of yer?"

"You're a brat, you know that?"

He frowned. "Remember, you call me from anywhere, run to me if you need me. I hope to *fucking* Christ that chopper's not going out today."

"Me, too."

"You ready for a three hour cruise, Gilligan?"

"Aye, aye, skipper." I got out of the car and I went to the pilot's office.

After scrutinizing my paperwork and checking I had cash for the trip, the pilot informed me that the chopper would not be flying out to *Ni'ihau* that day. He seemed positively gleeful about giving me this news. "We're waiting for some medical supplies. Might be two days, might be three."

*Score one for the skinny, skunked guy.* "But I don't have two or three days," I squawked. "My paperwork is good for today only."

The pilot shrugged, scratching his pimply chin. "Lemme make a call." He walked to a back room and I could hear him on the phone.

I leaned my head out and saw Aloha's anxious face. I gave him a thumbs up and he flashed his headlights in acknowledgment and drove away.

"Sorry 'bout that, but they're waiting for you down by the harbor at *Kaumakani*. I can give you a ride." The pilot sauntered back to me. "You're going by gunboat with a couple of islanders heading back to *Ni'ihau*."

"A boat ride? How wonderful!"

"You won't think so in about half an hour."

"Half an hour? I thought the chopper took ten minutes."

"Yeah, and the boat takes three hours."

"Oh well....say, my friend that I'm visiting. He's expecting me to come by chopper."

"When you don't get there, he'll figure it out. They're used to delays on *Ni'ihau*. It's a way of life there. They never say, *I'll see you at ten o'clock on Thursday*. It's always just Thursday."

"It doesn't sound like you like the place much."

He shrugged. "I have some family there. They can't wait to get to *Kauai* and pile up on things like toothpaste and deodorant and whatnot...then they

can't get home fast enough."

I put on a happy face all the way to the harbor. Keeping that smile on my face was something else. For three hours, two elderly women and I endured the most gruesome sea voyage this side of the First British Fleet sailing across the world to establish a penal colony in Australia a couple of hundred years ago. I was developing a new respect and deep and utter sympathy for refugees who attempted new lives in distant lands in boats like this.

We bounced along in that decrepit old tub, all three passengers until we were as sick as parrots, and just as green. Our heads lolled over the side of the boat as we kept barking at seals. I had never been so sick in my life.

By the time we docked on the coast of *Ni'ihau*, my eyes were crusted, feverish little slits in my skull, my paperwork was drenched and all I wanted was a nice quiet spot to lie down and die.

*Mahini* was waiting for me, but first a gigantic, burly islander demanded to see my documents. Like I could have forged them between *Kauai* and landing here. I handed them over and he skewered me with a malicious glare, "Be back here by six forty five this evening. All visiting men must be off the island by sunset. You be here, yah?"

I was too ill to respond, my tongue like a thick

towel in my mouth.

"He got the sickness bad," the giant said to *Mahini*, who slipped his arm under me as I took tentative steps on dry ground.

I was disappointed how dry and barren it all was, but then in my current condition, I thought maybe I wasn't being fair. All I could think was how I was not looking forward to having to get back on that boat in five and a half hours.

"What did you do to your hair?" *Mahini* sounded pissed.

"It's turning white. I couldn't stand it. I think it must be stress."

"Easy, easy." His arm was strong, his presence reassuring in my weakened state. "I should have warned you it was bad. Too bad the chopper didn't come out. Next time, take lots of anti-seasick pills. I'll make you some ginger tea as soon as we get home."

His cologne, which normally inflamed my desire for him, suddenly made me nauseous. I collapsed on the ground, throwing up again.

*Mahini* pulled me to my feet again, a little roughly I thought. We walked for I think about ten miles, though it might have actually been only one. I spotted some forlorn, half-starved sheep grazing at bare rock.

"The sheep and cattle have destroyed much of the natural vegetation," he told me. "I've taken

several long walks, several miles in fact, and I was surprised how much of the island is like stubble. Sort of like your head."

I gave him a sick smile, mentally filing away his comments to tell Kimo. I was surprised how alert I could be in my compromised condition. As we tottered along, I wondered how long I could stretch out our little expedition.

"Why are you dragging?" I could tell his patience was wearing thin. "Are you gonna be sick again?"

"No, but...can we walk...just a little bit? I need air. I need to feel the ground underneath my feet."

"We are walking." He was almost screaming. "Don't you want to be alone with me?" Boy, he was one self-obsessed head case. He insisted on going to his house and I kept my mouth shut and my eyes open. I noticed no plants, no pretty trees. A couple of straggly efforts, the type you see in pictures of the Australian outback. It was ugly.

He got me to his house, a little white clapboard affair on stilts. It was organized in a neat way along with a string of other, identical houses. Nothing about his house set him apart, except that both neighbors had electrical generators outside and he didn't.

"I have no use for modern conveniences," he sniffed.



My legs were uncooperative handling the four steps leading up to his door and I felt his frustration and mounting anger. He was not in the least sympathetic to my plight.

"Shoes!" he shouted and I kicked them off, aligning them by his outside the door. Inside, I lay on the sofa, trying to pull myself together. "Have a shower," he snapped.

*A shower. Good idea.*

"Have some tea first."

*Tea first. Good idea.* I was in no better shape when he came out of the kitchen and handed me a cup of the promised ginger tea. I sat up, my hands shaking and the tea started to slosh. After a couple of sips of the scalding liquid, the ginger tea was starting to work. I wasn't feeling the automatic urge to vomit, but I was still a mess.

"You're really sick." He looked livid and now I was beginning to feel very afraid.

"Yeah, I'm so sorry, *Mahini*." I sipped my tea as we lapsed into silence. He paced the room and finally lunged at me when I'd drained the last of it.

"Better?" he asked.

"Not really."

"Get into bed. I'll bring you another cup."

"Let me have it out here in case I spill it again. I'm feeling dizzy." I looked around, wondering where the bedroom was. The house wasn't much. Simply furnished, there were candles where there

would normally be electrical lights. No TV, no stereo system. I found the bathroom, which had a bad smell, making me throw up the entire cup of tea. I was drooling and retching. I was vomiting up blood. I wiped my mouth on my arm, not wanting to leave a trace of bodily fluids he could use against me in a spell or ritual. I started to cry. I couldn't get through this. I was going to die.

"You okay?" He was thumping on the door.

I quivered with fear. *God help me*, I said over and over I my head. *Please, please help me*. Then I thought about Aloha and the way we'd laughed last night. I wanted that, I needed that again.

"Yeah." My voice quivered. I washed the snot, tears and bile off my face and opened the door to whatever awaited me. Down the hall, I found the bedroom and lay on top of the Hawaiian quilt bedspread, too weak to even pull it back.

*Mahini* wasn't happy when he saw me lying on top of what was obviously a valuable item to him. He almost pushed me to the floor in his haste to pull it off the bed, folding it and putting it on top of the bureau.

I lay between his soft, warm sheets and he stripped quickly, getting in beside me. The sight of him naked had been burned in my mind, but now he was presenting me with his dick to suck and the thought of anything other than hot tea entering my mouth made me retch.

"Lovely." He was very angry and, when he realized it was freaking me out, he tried a different tactic. "I know I'm being a jerk. I've just missed you so fucking much, baby. I've been a monk since I last saw you. All I've thought about is being with you."

He held out his arms to me and I tried not to react to the cologne. My senses of smell and light seemed to render me extra sensitive. Soon my eyes were streaming.

"I'm sorry," I sniveled and he reached across the bed for my tea.

"Drink up, then we'll lie down together. Did you become allergic to me or something?"

"It's the cologne. I...I don't know why..."

"I'll take a shower. Don't move."

I couldn't have, even if I'd wanted to. There was nothing to do but sleep. I had no idea how much later he was back in bed with me, but I felt his body close, heard him say something. Next thing, I felt him parting my legs and I opened my eyes. He was sucking my cock and saw that he had me hard.

"Johnny, I want to keep your come. I want to keep it with me until I see you again." He had a teacup in his hand.

Coming can be an involuntary thing when a man is sucked by a hot, willing mouth. But I'd been instructed by *kahuna* more powerful than

*Mahini* and I conjured in my mind the saddest, most upsetting memory I could find. I could not leave this island with *a single drop* of my essence in his freakin' teacup.

I pictured the last time I saw my father. The image was replaced by Aloha and I banished his face from my mind. I saw my father, buying me an ice cream, telling me he would come back, that we would go and feed the ducks. And then he got into his car and he was gone.

A frustrated *Mahini* shook me. "I need your come. You come like a whore for that *haole* guy, don't you?" He looked like a devil as he plunged his cock inside me. I felt like he was tearing me in two and I tried hard not to scream. I remembered my mission.

"We haven't got much time." He fucked me vigorously until he came. At last, it was over and he got off me.

I lay there, my hands over my now shriveled cock. I hadn't come. I hadn't come...*praise God*.

He was nudging me. I jolted awake unaware I'd drifted off.

"How are you feeling?" He was fully dressed now and I could see his concern was sincere.

"I'm...okay." *I will be, when I get away from you.*

"You're not going to believe this, but you have to leave. You've been asleep for hours. I think they feel really bad, but it's the rules. They're waiting

outside for you."

"What are they afraid of anyway?" I asked as I crawled out of bed.

"Well, in the old days, the rule was for male visitors coming to see women. Obviously you can't get me pregnant, but it's still a rule."

"I need my underpants."

He handed them to me and helped me into my jeans. Then he gave me the T-shirt he'd swiped off the beach lo, so many weeks ago. I couldn't believe it. No subterfuge, no games, no tricks. *He just handed it to me.*

"Leave the T-shirt you wore this morning. I'll meet you in *Kauai* next time and bring it with me."

"No honey, I wouldn't do that to you. It smells horrible. I will feel mortified just thinking about leaving you stuff with barf all over it. I am the crappiest date ever."

"No, I am. I feel horrible that I lost my temper and acted like a baby. I'm really sorry, Johnny."

"Don't worry about it."

"Let me keep your T-shirt. I'll wash it and return it—"

"Please, *Mahini*," I implored. "Let me leave with some dignity, please sweetheart."

He handed me two white pills and a glass of water. "Oh, all right...take these. They should help make the journey back a little easier."

I swallowed them, but as I headed back to the

boat in the company of the burly Hawaiian and tall, equally imposing buddy of his, I turned and gave *Mahini* a feeble wave. Before he was even out of my sight, I was on my knees, throwing up. A lovely sight that must have been.

On the boat back, a middle-aged woman sat next to me. She had a strange scent to her. Not bad, just...unusual. She was wearing a long skirt, a long top and she wore a cowboy hat with a dried cigar flower lei on the brim. She had different colored nail polish on every finger. There was a happy-hippie aura to her.

"Oh, you have the sickness bad." She was very comforting. "Poor little thing. Drink lots of warm Coca Cola when you get back to *Kauai*."

"I didn't see anything of the island," I fretted.

She let lose a strange cackle. "Trust me. I live here and you haven't missed much." She handed me a piece of paper. "If you're looking for a real nice play fo' stay, my daughter just bought one house, she could use a paying guest."

"Thanks." I lapsed into a restless sleep. My mind played over my visit. Did I leave anything behind? No, I hadn't.

Three hours later, I saw *Kauai* and I saw my man. He was waiting for me. This must have been how *Lopaka* felt with Kimo. The...knowing that as I stepped ashore into Aloha's waiting arms, I was home with the right man. Aloha held me for the

longest time as people got off the boat around us. I didn't get hysterical, the way I thought I would. Strangely, it was all a relief. And even more strangely, I still felt nauseous, but I was hungry, too.

"We're together again, that's why." He was out of his mind with worry, I could tell. "How did you get the T-shirt?"

"He gave it to me."

"He *gave* it to you?"

"Guess he didn't want me barfing on his things. He wanted to keep the shirt I wore, but I brought it back." I held it up and Aloha held his nose.

"Oh, *Liho*. Sorry, it's stinky."

"Thanks."

He stroked my arm. "Was it bad?"

"Yes." I hesitated. "He wanted to blow me and keep my come."

"Kimo did warn us about that, darling." Aloha stroked my back. "You look awful. Did you uh...come?"

"No." Tears were coming to me then. I'd had to keep things together in *Ni'ihau* and now I was starting to unwind.

"I brought you some ginger tea. Kimo also gave me these pills. They're ginger, too."

I gulped at the pills and the tea. "That's weird. He gave me ginger tea, but it didn't taste like this."

"*Fookin'* bastard. Probably slipped you a mickey."

"I threw it all up." Back in the car, I spied an icy bottle of water and I attacked it.

Aloha just stared at me. "You've had a bad time."

There was no denying it. It was true.

"Did he...did he hurt you?"

"He fucked me when I was half unconscious."

"He raped you."

The words settled like red island dust on our bodies. "No. I went there knowing what would happen. I didn't think he'd force himself on me, but Kimo thought he would." Aloha didn't touch me. He was letting me talk. "And I did everything Kimo said—think the worst thoughts...but I only want happy ones. You were in my mind and I had to banish you. I got through it."

"I only want your thoughts to be happy ones. I love you, Johnny."

"I love you, too." And he kissed me despite how I smelled and tasted.

"What do you want to do first? You wanna go back to our room and take a shower?"

"A very long one. I wanna wash him off me. I wanna go somewhere fun, then I want you to make love to me."

"In that order?"

I nodded and he tried hard to hide his



disappointment. "I can do that. I found somewhere fun for us to go."

He drove me back to the cottage and I showered for a long, long time. I came back into our room to change.

Aloha was holding the piece of paper the woman in the boat had given me. "What's this? Did he write it?"

"No. A woman on the boat said her daughter bought a house and needed the guests."

"That's really weird, because I've booked us at the same place for our last two nights."

"That's amazing. But wait...do we have to leave here?"

"The new place is in the *Ko'olau* district. The rainforest. It's supposed to be even better. I want to get far away from *Mahini*. I spoke to Kimo and we have to bag up everything you wore and the white T-shirt. We need to burn it all tonight. We can do it down at *Waimea* Canyon. He said the beach is so crappy nobody walks along it and we can find an isolated spot and finish this bloody thing once and for all."

I nodded and as I sat down to put on my shoes, a giant tear slid down my cheek. Aloha was over to me then.

"Put your shoes on, lover. I'm taking you out."

We drove to the beach and sure enough, we didn't have trouble finding privacy. We picked a

spot, made a little funeral pyre and lit it all. Aloha was sending a chant out across the ocean.

"That's impressive, baby. What did you say?"

Aloha glared across the ocean. "I sent that asshole back his own curse."

"You...what?"

"Let's see how he likes getting skunked. You hungry?"

And suddenly a great weight left my chest. I almost fell over from the sensation.

"That was fast." Aloha held me in his arms until I stopped careening.

"Now I am hungry." And we had our first good belly laugh since we'd left *Oahu*.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

It was the next morning we met her. The woman who changed everything. Aloha drove us towards the luxurious, dazzling *Ko'olau* Mountains and along the foot of it was a sprawl of former plantation houses being transformed one by one into bed and breakfast accommodations. Aloha and I were delighted to see that *Plumeria* House was as beautiful as he'd been led to believe. We pulled down the driveway and two little boys, twins, came barreling out. They must have been four or five years old and adorable specimens of Hawaiian manhood.

"I'm *Kamaha* and this is my brother *Keli'i*," the first boy said.

"No, I'm *Kamaha*. He's *Keli'i*," the second boy insisted.

I was staring at *Kamaha's* face. He was the spitting image of somebody I knew. When the boys dragged us into the office, the harried

woman behind the counter turned and I knew it was no mistake. She looked just like him. I was convinced they had to be siblings. I was looking at Aloha who looked liked he'd seen a ghost.

She gave us the key to our room, number six. "It's our nicest one." Her eyes narrowed. "It only has one bed."

"We're a couple. Is that going to be a problem?" Aloha asked her.

She hesitated. "No. No, it's fine. If you need anything, you just ask."

"What's your name?" I asked her.

*"Maluhia."*

I repeated it. "It's lovely."

"It means peace." When she smiled, it was him.

*Lopaka*, my brain whispered.

\* \* \* \*

"Do you think they're...twins?" Aloha asked me in the sanctity of our room, which was an oasis of pure white furnishings in what looked like a tree house. From every window, it was trees and more trees.

"Could be. They must be the same age."

"The likeness is...uncanny. Did he ever mention a sister?"

"Never."

We had a private balcony overlooking the

mountains and birds flittered about that I had never seen before.

"We're in the boondocks." Aloha happily thumbed through his *Kauai* guidebook to see if there were pictures of our feathered companions. If he was upset that I had fallen asleep after throwing up last night's dinner and he'd had no sex, he sure didn't show it. We heard screaming downstairs and we rushed to the balcony again *Maluhia* was chasing a man out of the office.

"You've been gone for two days!" *Maluhia* might have meant peace, but she sure wasn't experiencing much of it right now.

"I got busy."

"Busy? You wanna talk busy? We have two boys and a hotel to run and you rented a room to two *Mahu*!"

His head shot up to our balcony and we stepped back just in time, but he said to her, "Keep your voice down. Who cares? Their money's as good as anybody else's."

In our room, we retreated to our bed.

"If I wasn't convinced she's *Lopaka's* sister, I'd say let's leave right now," Aloha muttered.

"What's that noise?"

"What noise? Wait...I hear it, too."

I opened our door and little *Kamaha* was sitting on the top step outside our door.

He was having a severe asthma attack.

Aloha grabbed him and ran with him downstairs. "Does the *keiki*, the child, have a ventilator?" he asked a shocked *Maluhia* who was slamming things around the office. She quickly produced a small inhaler and *Kamaha's* lips went right to it. Aloha squirted a puff into his mouth.

"One more." *Maluhia* was wringing her hands.

*My God. She was like a young Tutu.*

Aloha obliged her.

"Thank you." She looked exhausted. "Where did you find him?"

"Upstairs."

She nodded. "He likes being up there. He says it's like a tree house." She looked at him. "You feel better?"

He nodded, but I could tell he was trembling in Aloha's arms.

"Don't baby him." She was terse now. "He'll grow out of it. I did."

*Kamaha* ran outside.

"Thanks again." She turned back to her work.

We looked at each other, shrugged and went back upstairs.

"So let's analyze this rationally." Aloha paced our room. "She's in a bad marriage. Her business is sketchy and her little boy is sick. Kimo could fix him in a heartbeat. And, best of all, if she needs money she could donate an egg or two for Kimo and *Lopaka* to have a baby. They'd pay her

whatever she wanted." He looked at me. "What's bothering you?"

"*Lopaka's* mother abandoned him when he was a baby. If she's his twin sister that means the woman I met on the boat was *Lopaka's* mother."

"What was she like?"

"Odd. I didn't...want to keep talking to her. Mind you I was pretty messed up."

"How are you feeling?"

"Better...I'm sorry about last night."

"You can make it up to me tonight."

"You know I will." There was a knock at the door. It was the twins.

"Wanna see my turtle?" *Kamaha* asked, holding out the smallest turtle I'd ever seen.

We got on the floor and, keeping the bedroom door open so their mother wouldn't think we were molesting them or anything, we played with the boys. Aloha snapped off a couple shots of them on his camera phone.

"I love having my picture taken." *Kamaha* seemed on the verge of another wheezing fit.

*Maluhia's* troubles became evident in the afternoon. We heard her haggling with Hawaii Telephone to keep her phone on. The gasman came and tried to cut her off a half hour later.

"I have paying guests," I heard her beg and he left to return a few days later when she offered him two freshly baked pies.

She was in bad trouble. We had to get her out of there.

The boys cried when Aloha and I drove off for dinner that night. I was beginning to worry about them. They were sweet, adorable boys who, though clearly a handful for their mother, were also a source of joy to her. She just had no help. A sudden flash of *Tutu* being with them crossed my mind. *Tutu*. She'd have three more babies to love. *Maluhia's* husband had vanished in the afternoon, whilst we made mud pies in the backyard with the boys.

"They'll be okay, baby," Aloha kept saying to me.

"We need to call Kimo. I have a terrible feeling she's going to take off with those babies and we'll never see them again."

Aloha looked at me. "In the morning, I'll take a photo of her and we'll call him and tell him what's going on. He can look at the pictures and decide, but I'll take your instinct on this. I think she might bolt, too, if things get too bad. *Liho...*" his voice faltered. "Don't you think it's weird we came to this place to stay?"

"Yeah. How did you find out about it, anyway?"

"You are not going to believe this, but I saw ad on TV. That's all I did when you went to the Forsaken *Fookin'* Island. Watched TV. And there



was an ad and I called and got the husband. The weird thing is, she just told me this afternoon that she doesn't have a TV ad."

"I think somebody upstairs wants us to help Kimo and *Lopaka* after all they've done for us."

"We'll call them as soon as we get a photo of her. I promise."

Aloha drove us to a restaurant he assured me was the hottest restaurant in town. It was certainly the gaudiest. *Keoki's Paradise* was like a gay set decorator's idea of the south Pacific, if the said set decorator was stoned out of his brain and given too much raffia, too much glue to sniff and ten thousand coconuts to work with.

Everything, and I mean *everything* was made of coconuts, from the chairs and tables, lighting, menu covers and there were fake palm trees with more coconuts than I could count all through the restaurant.

Aloha thought it was all fantastic and my eyes kept taking it all in, long after my brain stopped functioning. The waitresses kept pressing their coconut bras into our faces as they brought our drinks and our meals.

"If they sent us a waiter in a coconut *malo*, I wouldn't throw him into the *koi* pond," Aloha said.

I kept a smile on my face without effort because I knew this was going to be my life with this man.

He loved everything in life and I loved him for it.

We couldn't wait to get home. I knew Aloha was anxious to be inside me and I wanted that, too. I needed him to be tender, but he needed to take what was his, to claim his rights and after getting all my clothes off, he was on top of me on the bed. He pushed me to my stomach and started eating me out from behind. Getting eaten and fucked that way has always turned me on. Normally, he reads my body like a well-lit street map and he knew exactly when I was ready for his cock. This time, he was ready after just a couple of licks.

"You wanna get fucked?" he asked me, running his hands up and down my sides.

"Yeah, I wanna get fucked bad." I knew this was what he wanted to hear, what he needed to hear and I banished the thoughts of *Mahini's* anal invasion from my mind.

Aloha shoved that huge rod straight through me, like a red-hot lance, and he kept gasping and muttering, "God, Johnny. I love you."

He turned my face to his, felt my tears and he groaned, realizing I was very upset. He sucked on my mouth, kissed away the tears in the sweet, warm way of his, slowing his thrusts until he was in me all the way and I was ready for him to keep going. Aloha was on his side, holding me to him, his hand ran over my belly in slow, soothing

circles, creeping down to my cock which hardened at his touch.

He licked and sucked at my throat, stroking and pulling on my cock and still, his cock stayed in me, warm, waiting...for me. And then my hand moved to his ass, pushing him into me. He got the message, timing his hand movements to his hard, bone-crunching jolts in and out of me, and he was telling him I'd better come or else.

"Give me your mouth."

I kissed him as he fucked me to such an incredible orgasm. We came together so hard, the room's contents shook. "Stay in me." He held me to him, his cock still pulsing in me. I loved the feel of that, and he knew it.

"Beautiful." He kept stroking the ass cheeks that were housing his cock. "Christ, Johnny. I didn't mean to make you cry. I thought you were ready."

"You got me ready. That was great." He held me a little tighter and we fell asleep like that, the way I liked, the way I'd never ever slept with anyone else.

\* \* \* \*

"I got it!"

Opening my eyes, I looked at Aloha's cell phone. "Nice photo. What time is it?"

"Seven a.m.. Time to call Kimo. He handed me the phone. "You should tell him. This all happened because of you coming to meet Mahogany."

I called Kimo's cell phone. I was relieved that he answered. More and more, he let *Lopaka* deal with phone calls because they messed with his healing energy. He sounded sleepy, but he picked up on the urgency of my tone and he was cognizant immediately.

"Is everything all right?" he asked me. "I got your message that you have destroyed the T-shirt."

"Kimo, everything is fine, but I need to speak to you and *Tutu* immediately."

There was a pause. "No...*Lopaka*?"

"Kimo, there's something I need to show you."

"I *never* keep secrets from *Lopaka*."

"I'm not asking you to. There's something you need to see that concerns *Lopaka*. I believe it's something fantastic, but I also believe it needs to come from you. Or you and *Tutu*. I can't decide which."

"Well, Alice, take me down the rabbit hole then." Another pause. "We're in bed. Give me a couple minutes. I'll go find *Tutu* and we'll call you on speaker phone, okay?"

"Perfect."

He called us back a minute later. Aloha checked

we didn't have any eavesdroppers and we focused on the call.

"What's going on?" Kimo asked.

I could hear rain in the background. Good, our plants and trees on the Wilders' property needed it. "Aloha and I have been staying at this cottage and the new owners are a young couple with two little boys," I said quickly. "We saw the wife and both of us...well, we almost fell over. Aloha took some pictures. I'm going to send them to your cell phone, okay?"

"Okay." Kimo paused. "Oh...*Pele*. She has my baby's face. My God...*Tutu*...they could be twins. Does *Lopaka* have a twin sister?"

I could hear *Tutu* sobbing now. "You found *Lokelani*...after all this time?"

"You knew he had a twin sister?" Kimo was asking her.

"Their mother...she always loved that little girl, but she was very sick. She had asthma all the time."

"Her little boy *Kamaha* has asthma really bad," I told them.

"I can fix that." Kimo's response was automatic. "*Lopaka* has a twin!"

"Did you see the pictures of the boys?"

"Not yet. I can't take my eyes off her face. Oh look at them. This one looks like a baby *Lopaka*."

"That's *Kamaha*. He's a wonderful little boy. His

brother is *Keli'i*."

*Tutu* just kept weeping. "Their mother was so consumed with the little girl, she couldn't handle *Lopaka*. She took that baby girl away from me and never saw either one of us again. She even told me the baby died and that's why she wanted to leave *Lopaka* with me. I didn't believe her, but I've never had proof that she was still alive."

"You never told *Lopaka* he had a twin?" *Kimo* asked her.

"No." *Tutu's* voice was low.

"Did *Lokelani* tell you about her mother?" *Kimo* asked me.

"She's not *Lokelani* anymore. She said her name is *Maluhia*. I think she and her mother are estranged. I didn't tell her that her mother gave me her address. I'll tell you what's weird though, *Kimo*. *Aloha* saw an ad for her bed and breakfast place on TV and she says she doesn't have a TV ad."

"So the mother hasn't been around?" *Kimo* asked.

"No. And because I sensed they're estranged, I wanted to tread carefully because I wasn't sure how long her mother would be on *Kauai*. You see, that's how I met her. It was the mother. I never got her name. She lives on *Ni'ihau*. A strange woman, but nice. She took pity on me when I was coming back on the boat and told me to stay with her

daughter at her new bed and breakfast. The family is struggling. *Maluhia* works very hard. We're worried about her."

"You don't like her husband, do you?" Kimo asked.

"No, I don't. He disappears for days. I think he's young and very immature. She's on the verge of having her utilities shut off and we're her only paying guests."

"Do they know about us?" Kimo asked.

"They don't know a thing. But we're afraid to wait too much longer. We think she might take off and leave with the boys. I think, right after the show tonight, you should fly to *Kauai* and meet her."

There was a brief moment of silence.

Kimo said, "*Lopaka* and I...and *Tutu* for that matter, have felt that we're meant to have twins. This didn't start...the dreams...until I went into the wilderness. I never wanted babies until I met that man and I became obsessed with having babies with him. I had the dreams first, but never said anything to him. I was afraid I'd freak him out. But in the wilderness, I saw our babies very clearly. A boy and a girl, and so did *Lopaka*. We always assumed it was because we were planning in vitro fertilization and the chances of twins are so high.

"We have known our children would be

powerful *kahuna* who will one day take over our work. *Tutu*, why didn't you tell us about *Lopaka's* sister? We told you *everything*. Why did you say nothing?"

The old lady sounded like she was on a fresh crying jag. "He's so happy. For the first time ever, I see *Lopaka* happy and these stories...his mother...these are old things. Hurtful things from the past."

I jumped in, lowering my voice when I heard a noise on the stairs. "Kimo, she needs a place to go and she needs money. She needs a refuge."

"We can provide her with all of those things. And the priceless gift of her brother. This was extraordinarily sensitive of you, Johnny. You were right to bring this to me and *Tutu*. I think...I think I should tell him and *Tutu* can explain things to him." He paused. "There's something you're holding back."

"How does *Lopaka* put up with you?" I asked.

Kimo and *Tutu* laughed then.

"She's a little..."

"Homophobic?" *Tutu* asked. "Some people in the country are. My boys will win her over...*Lokelani* still alive. I can't...fo' sho' I can't believe it."

"Johnny." Kimo's tone was urgent. "Don't let them out of your sight. We'll be there tonight. It might be late, but we'll be there. Bless you, both of



you."

"Good." I shut the phone, relieved that they were on their way.

"Och, does that mean we can't go and get any food? I'm starving, me. I got fucked all night by this hot Hawaiian guy. I've got to get my vittles on."

"It's a bed and breakfast," I reminded him. "Let's go see what she's made for us."

"You're a genius, you are."

"Don't start fondling my ass." I removed his paw. "We'll never get down there."

"Och, you're a mean man." He slid all the way down the stairs on the banister.

\* \* \* \*

After a long day of feeling like the world's most intrusive bodyguards, Aloha went to pick up Kimo, *Lopaka* and *Tutu* from the airport. They had to fly back the next day for the show, but they kept calling me to check that *Maluhia* and the kids were still around. *Around?* Those kids never went to bed before midnight. Neither did their mother who cleaned constantly. When they arrived, I ran to meet the glow of headlights, *Kamaha* in my arms.

He was excited to see new people, but then his little mouth dropped into an O when he saw *Lopaka*. "You look like mama."

*Lopaka* gathered that little boy into his arms and wept.

"What's going on?" *Maluhia* was coming out of the office, walking down the steps, broom in hand. Little *Kamaha* wriggled out of *Lopaka's* arms, running towards his mother. She was staring at *Lopaka* and *Kimo* took *Lopaka's* hand, his other hand reaching for *Tutu*.

Aloha and I hung back as the three of them moved forward.

*Maluhia* looked at *Lopaka* . "I...I...."

And *Lopaka* wept. "I know." They ran into each other's arms screaming and crying and laughing all at the same time. They couldn't get over each other. "There's somebody you have to meet," *Lopaka* finally said when they'd calmed down enough to speak. I saw *Kimo* push *Tutu* forward. "This is our grandmother. She raised me."

*Maluhia* threw herself at *Tutu* who hugged and kissed her, stroking her beautiful face.

"And this is the love of my life. This is my husband, *Kimo*." *Maluhia* looked taken aback, daunted by *Kimo's* physical appearance, and then intrigued.

"You're...gay?"

"Yes."

"Are you a *kahuna*?" she asked him.

*Kimo* nodded. "Yes."

And she smiled. "You're a handsome devil,

aren't you?"

Kimo laughed and hugged her. "We want to meet the boys," he said.

*Kamaha* hurled himself at Kimo. Those two boys were mesmerized by him. Kimo turned to us. "Thank you for what you did for us. Thank you."

"Are these tattoos real?" *Keli'i* was asking.

"I wanna tattoo," the boys started saying.

Kimo laughed, getting down on the grass with them. *Tutu* was running around like a demented chicken. She wanted to hug everybody. Me, I wanted to be back in bed with my man.

Aloha pulled me into his arms and we walked back to our room. "How are you feeling?"

"After what we just pulled off...I feel like Santa Claus. And speaking of pulling off..."

"You have a one-track mind, sonny."

"Yeah. One of the things you love about me, right?"

"It's what I love most about you." He steered me off to our room, leaving *Lopaka* and his family to find each other again.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

We came down for breakfast, not sure of what we'd find, but everybody was up and at 'em and the boys were climbing all over Kimo and *Lopaka* who clearly adored them.

I could tell *Maluhia* was a little uncomfortable with the two men's relationship, but she was impressed with her new brother-in-law's healing powers. "That man fixed my son's asthma. He hasn't coughed once in about twelve hours!" she whispered to me.

"He's a great, great healer," I told her. "He saved my life."

"Did he really?"

I caught Kimo's smile and was about to grab some eggs and bacon when *Maluhia* asked her brother, "Are you really gay?"

"Yes, I really am."

"Except when I see you crawling all over each other, I find it hard to believe either of you is gay."

The boys always ask me why you kiss each other so much."

"We kiss because we're in love." Kimo tickled *Kamaha*, who giggled. Kimo was stroking the boy's foot and there was a moment of silence.

"Do you plan to have children?" she asked.

"We can't wait," *Lopaka* told her.

I saw the yearning in his face. The conversation was going in a very personal direction. When I saw *Tutu* drawing the two boys away to play with her, Aloha and I went back to our room.

Kimo caught up with us. He looked distracted. "We're leaving in an hour. On my parents' plane. Can you come back with us?"

"We'll be ready." Aloha squeezed my hand and whispered. "Honey, if they're about to ask her to be a surrogate, I think they're in for a huge disappointment."

He wasn't wrong. An hour later, we came out and an hysterical *Lopaka* was being led away by a grim-faced Kimo. Aloha unlocked the car doors and we threw our bags into the trunk.

"That woman!" Kimo was beyond angry.

"She's stolen my granny!" *Lopaka* sobbed. "She's staying here. She says she wants to be with the boys and with *Maluhia*."

He looked so pitiful, that I reached out and hugged him.

Kimo took over. "Baby, *Tutu* had a

very...intense experience with us. She feels we're okay without her for a while. She'll come back to us. And your sister will come around. She's going to know you and she will love you and one day, she'll come back to us, too."

"You think so?" *Lopaka* asked.

"I know so. Besides, aren't I enough of a handful for a while?"

*Lopaka's* tears turned into a watery smile. "Yes, you are."

"Well, let's get back to our life, gorgeous." Kimo opened the back door and let *Lopaka* in, sliding in beside him. He kept his arm around his man who nestled into him.

We were just about to take off when *Maluhia* came running towards us, thumping on the roof of the car.

Aloha lowered the window. "What's wrong?"

"I want to talk to him." She was pointing to me in the passenger seat beside him.

"Is there a problem?" I asked. We all got out of the car. *Maluhia* was pacing back and forth, *Tutu* behind us, trying to keep the boys at bay.

"I just realized that..." she pointed to *Lopaka*. "That man said you met my mother and she told you about my place here."

"Yes, she did."

"Is there a problem?" Aloha echoed my words, putting his arm around me.

"Where did you meet her?"

I hesitated.

"It's okay." Kimo tilted his head towards her.

"On the boat from *Ni'ihau*."

"When?"

"Two days ago."

"What did she look like?" *Maluhia* was pacing again.

"She was middle-aged...she had on a long skirt." I was trying to visualize her now. I smiled. "All her fingernails were painted different colors."

"Is this her?" She thrust a photo from the pocket of her skirt, right under my nose.

I felt horribly depressed looking at the picture. It was not the woman I met on the boat. "No. That's not her."

*Maluhia* grunted. "That's okay. This isn't really my mother. Okay. What else do you remember?"

"She had a hat on with a cigar flower lei. And she had an unusual perfume."

"It's not...possible," *Maluhia* was saying over and over again.

"What perfume?" *Lopaka* asked.

I tried to remember. "It was familiar...but unusual."

"It's okay, baby." Aloha was rubbing comforting circles on my back.

"Wait!" My shout made everybody jump. "I know where I smelled that scent before. I just

don't know what it is. It smells like Aloha's mother's rosary beads."

Aloha looked at me. "That's roses on her beads."

"Oh my God. It's all my mother wore." *Maluhia* lifted a trembling hand to her mouth.

"I've remembered something else. Her mad laugh. She cackles like *Tutu*."

"I don't cackle," the old lady huffed.

"Yes, you do," we all said and she huffed some more.

*Maluhia's* tears flowed relentlessly down her cheeks now. "I don't know how...how did this happen?"

"What is it?" *Lopaka* went to her, putting his arms around her.

"Our mother...she's dead. She died six months ago."

\* \* \* \*

*Maluhia* was convinced that between the nonexistent TV ads and her mother's ghost making an appearance, the signs were for her to leave *Kauai*. "I'm afraid of what my husband will do if he finds me gone." She shivered. "He'll go crazy...not that I care. I think he's got another woman."

"Who owns this place?" *Tutu* asked.



"We rent. It's...oh, it's been so hard."

"We will do everything we can to help you," Kimo told her. "We will protect you and keep you all safe. But we need to leave. Bring what's essential. Clothes, toys—"

"Toys?" She looked dazed. "My boys don't have toys."

"Can I take my turtle?" *Kamaha* asked.

"Yes." Kimo smiled.

"Then what we're wearing is about all I have of value," *Maluhia* said. "Let's go."

Kimo's parents were waiting at the airport in *Lihue* and had the same reaction we did when our stuffed little rental car arrived with mirror images of *Lopaka* in female and tiny boy forms. *Mama Nui* was enthralled with those boys who in turn, were enthralled with the plane they were taking to *Honolulu*. Kimo laughed as his mother kept kissing *Maluhia's* face.

"Now I have two of you." She hugged *Lopaka* to her as well.

"You have to share," *Tutu* cackled. "Boy, I do sound like one rooster, eh?" She cackled again.

The boys had never been on a plane. Neither had *Maluhia*. The boys ran down the aisle, trying out every seat, looking out all the windows. Their mother was clearly nervous to have fled her bad circumstances, but then her eyes would connect with *Lopaka* or *Tutu* and I would see her calm

down again.

At *Honolulu* airport, we took Kimo's and his father's cars to *Ala Moana* Mall. We ran into The Baby Shop on the top level and *Lopaka* and Kimo went berserk buying car seats for the boys, which they had great fun trying out. They bought them clothes and shoes, since the family had fled with practically nothing, while *Mama Nui* took *Maluhia* and *Tutu* clothes shopping.

Aloha, Mr. Wilder and I cooled our heels drinking Frappuccinos in one of the outdoor garden cafes. I couldn't believe it when I saw those men tumble out of the store with boxes and bags and boys. The girls rolled along and *Tutu* cornered Kimo in a conspiratorial way.

"I buy one gift for when my granddaughter ready to give you and my *Lopaka* two fine babies."

"Oh, and what's that?" Kimo asked.

She opened a Williams Sonoma bag. "I know you no wanna do the *huli-huli* with her. We gonna do it the *semi*-homemade way. So I get dis. One turkey baster."

Kimo, Aloha and I fell about laughing.

Recovering quickly, Kimo asked, "What makes you think she'll do it?"

"Two t'ings." *Tutu* held up gnarled fingers. "When she sees baby Kimo, she gonna feel real bad fo' my *Lopaka* that he no have baby that look like you. And second t'ing is when she see you

two dance. She gonna *huhu* like nobody evah *huhu*."

"I love you, *Tutu*." Kimo wrapped her in his arms.

\* \* \* \*

It was wonderful to be back home. I was stressing a bit about taking up two bungalows for the two of us and all our stuff, but neither of us wanted to think about moving out. We dumped our bags and went to the main house where we were all going to have lunch before setting off for the matinee of *Pele*.

Kimo was walking towards us. "I want you to know that we will never forget what you did for us. We're going to be cramped for a week or so, but two of the new bungalows will be ready very soon. In the meantime, we will manage. *Lopaka* and I don't want you to even *think* about moving out. This is your home. You belong here now." He smiled at me. "The white streak is fading in your hair, Johnny. Congratulations. Now come grab some lunch before I eat it all."

Lunch was fantastic. *Tutu* and *Lopaka* prepared lobster rolls, fish, salads, chicken...a feast. Nicky, *Kaiona* and the baby joined us and it was wonderful to see the two older boys taking to their little cousin so readily. Nicky and *Kaiona* were

mesmerized by *Maluhia* who couldn't get over the fact these two gorgeous women were a lesbian couple.

"You look just like *Lopaka*," Nicky kept saying, squeezing *Maluhia* tightly. I saw the jealousy flare in *Kaiona* and thought a bit of competition might do this prima donna some good.

"The resemblance is spooky," *Kaiona* drawled, holding Nicky to her.

*Maluhia* was staring at *Kaiona*. "You..." she pointed to her. "You look like Goddess *Pele*."

*Kaiona* loved hearing that.

"She is *Pele*," Kimo told her. "She is playing her in the show we're doing."

"What kind of a show?" she asked, the expression on her face very odd.

"They're hula dancers," *Tutu* beamed. "Kimo number one man in da islands and *Kaiona* number one girl. She play *Pele*, he play *Kamapua'a*. And my *Lopaka*. He is number two man. He dances so beautiful, too. He does one fine dance in that show..."

"You're a hula dancer, too?" *Maluhia* looked at *Lopaka*.

"Wait until you see your brother dance." Kimo fed *Kamaha* a forkful of greens. "That's what made me fall in love with him, *Maluhia*."

She looked at *Lopaka*. "I used to dance. Until I had babies."

"Then we have to get you to start again." He hugged her and I could see it was difficult for her to accept all this new love. Oh, she'd struggled, this girl.

"*Kaiona*, your baby is beautiful, but how come the baby looks like *Kimo*?" she asked.

"He fathered him for us," *Kaiona* said in an off-and way and I saw *Maluhia's* eyes widen. "With *Nicky*."

I thought *Maluhia* might faint. She was assigned a room of her own and Sammy agreed to bunk with *Tutu*, officially.

"Glad to do it, especially since she's started getting so good at those foot rubs."

We were all quiet, desperately trying not to laugh.

"Foot rubs, eh?" *Kaiona* wielded a forked piece of *Mahi Mahi* around. "Funny you mention that. *Nicky* started giving me these incredible foot rubs..." Her face went gooey, which was saying something for this tough cookie. "To be honest...she gets me so worked up..."

That was it. All the men rolled around laughing.

"What have I missed?" *Kaiona* asked, narrowing her eyes. *Nicky* distracted her with a kiss.

The twins were going to sleep in the living room, which excited them. "Near the fireplace!" *Kamaha* was spinning around. "Cool! Look!" When

he saw Nicky's turtle necklace, he held up his pet turtle to her.

Nicky was a turtle girl, I remembered. She looked at that little critter and her eyes widened. "This is a very rare...I mean...supposedly extinct turtle. Where did you find him?"

"Near my place in *Kauai*."

"And what do you feed him?"

"Not much. He doesn't like anything except some greens and baby shrimp."

"That's exactly what he needs," Nicky nodded. "Want me to help you build him a terrarium?"

The little boy nodded eagerly.

*Maluhia* might have thought our private lives unusual, but she fully approved of *how* we lived. She loved the house and the property and, after Kimo, *Lopaka* and *Kaiona* left for the theater, we gave the new members of our *hanai*, or extended family, an express version of the grand tour.

"Horses!" *Maluhia* sighed. "Oh, *Kamaha* longs to ride a horse, but he can't, because he has asthma."

"Not anymore," I reminded her and she nodded, smiling at me.

Kimo had organized house seats for all of us and we all prettied ourselves up and set off in four vehicles to the Shell Theater.

In the lobby, *Maluhia* and the boys ogled the photos of Kimo and *Kaiona* and she looked proud as she studied the photos of her twin brother on

those walls.

It was the first time I'd been out in *Honolulu* for weeks and I was grateful to be seeing the show again. I was very happy for the Wilders that the show was still packing 'em in.

"*Lopaka* took Kimo's name." *Maluhia* was studying the show program when we took our seats in the front row.

"Yes, he did," I replied. "I wish you had been at their wedding, *Maluhia*. It was the most romantic wedding I have ever been to."

"Yeah, me, too." Aloha grinned at her. "I've got ten sisters, so I have been to a lot of weddings." Honestly, the lies my goofy boyfriend told.

She didn't say anything.

The boys fidgeted until the theater went dark. It was as if they knew something momentous was happening. Then an announcement was made.

"Today's performance is dedicated to *Maluhia*, *Kamaha* and *Keli'i*, the newest members of the Wilder family."

"That's me!" *Keli'i* shouted and people laughed and applauded.

And then silence. Out of the blackness came fog, then red light. And then she appeared.

*Kaiona* as *Pele*.

Aloha and I reached for each other's hands as the show unfolded.

Kimo drew the usual deafening applause. He

was typically magnificent, riveting and scalding hot in his red *malo*. He and *Kaiona* went through their mating ritual and *Maluhia's* face went crimson.

"Does that woman *realize* he's married to my brother?" she hissed at me.

I patted her hand. "It's called acting." But her mouth set in a grim line. Boy did she look like *Tutu* now, and I suspected that she was gonna provide *Kimo* and *Lopaka* with their own babies sooner rather than later.

When *Lopaka* appeared, doing his aerial dance, I saw the tears fall down her face, I saw her expression. Now she was getting it. *Kamaha* jumped on her lap, *Tutu* slipping an arm around her as *Maluhia* watched her newfound brother.

"He can't fall, can he?" she asked me, suddenly stricken.

I shook my head.

\* \* \* \*

At home that night, we celebrated with a late supper and after the boys were tucked into the sofa bed, the last of the cedar wood fire releasing its pungent embrace, Aloha and I retired to our own digs.

"I love this bit, when I get you to myself." He grinned.



We had difficulty opening our door. Now what, I thought. Then we got it open. Something had been blocking the entrance. Something delicious. It was an old-fashioned barber's chair. And some combat boots.

"Johnny, my dick just got hard."

"When doesn't it?" I laughed.

"One day when I'm old and grizzly and my dick stops working, are you gonna leave me?" he asked. The look on his face was so hang dog, I lifted my shoulders.

"Only if your tongue stops working." I sealed that promise with a kiss. I wanted to try out the chair, but Aloha had a fantasy involving sunshine and stuff. He wanted to go for a moonlight swim instead. "There are sharks," I reminded him.

"Kimo's *aumakua*, his personal guardians, are sharks. They would never eat us."

When we edged towards the water, Kimo and *Lopaka* had beaten us to it. They were going at it in the ocean.

"Och, Johnny, *Lopaka's* fucking Kimo," Aloha moaned. "That is so hot."

Indeed, *Lopaka* had Kimo bent over the flat rock, *Lopaka* suspended over him, giving Kimo the ass fucking of his life. I was afraid of them catching us. We were very close. Before I could respond, Aloha had my shorts down my skinny ankles and he was sucking on me. This was the second time

I'd spied those two men and, as I heard their impassioned lovemaking, I fell to the ground and wrapped my legs around Aloha's head.

He worked two fingers into my ass and gave my cock a dynamic workout. He kept coming off me, coming back down, his fingers burrowing into me. There's nothing like the sensation of being close to coming and hoping like hell that whoever is making you get there, doesn't suddenly stop.

"Aloha, I'm gonna..." My brain registered a shooting star flashing across the sky and as I grabbed his hand in a desperate attempt to get more of him in me, this time I managed to make a wish—that Aloha would ask me to marry him. When I stopped coming, I saw his poor, leaking cock and he was leaning on me, needing my mouth. "How do you want to come?" I asked.

"Inside you, *Lihō*. Did you make a wish?"

I nodded.

"So did I. I wonder if we made the same wish?"

As he entered me, his dick ripe and ready to burst, I wondered too. I bit down on his shoulder to stop myself from screaming out loud and I felt the way he stabbed at me, his body needing mine, the way I needed his. "I love you," I said as he came inside me, his hands scrabbling at the earth hugging my bottom, trying to get into me deeper, trying to hold me to him closer. I looked up at the brilliant night sky and his face came down over

mine.

"Close your eyes, baby." He kissed my eyelids and his tongue and lips worked all over me.

"That was a fuck and a half." He grinned as we got up to dust ourselves off, we saw that Kimo and *Lopaka* were sneaking into their house, unaware they'd turned us on so much we'd fallen to the ground in our haste to have each other.

\* \* \* \*

We all settled into a fantastic routine. Some evenings, Kimo and *Lopaka* disappeared to their place in *Waikiki* for the night after their show, some nights they stayed on the property and we all cooked great meals together. There was no word from *Mahini*, not one. When I asked Kimo about it one evening, he gave me a long look.

"He violated many *huna* laws and he is not allowed near you. There will most likely be a *huna* trial, but this is not something I want you to worry about."

"So I've heard the last of him?"

Kimo seemed to be picking his words with care. "He was my brother-in-law once and I'm afraid I may have upset him, not to mention my ex-wife. *You* have heard the last of this, Johnny. But I haven't." His eyes twinkled.

*Oh, boy, I told myself. Remind me never to get on*

*this guy's bad side again.* "Are he and Mim close?" I asked him.

"Not particularly."

"But she's angry with you about what we did?"

"She's upset with *Mahini* and, since his curse has been returned to him, it has had a ripple effect. Casting old, dark magic reflects badly on a family. She's been having a high old time juggling all her hot little girlfriends." He grinned. "She's...how can I put it? She's distanced herself from her beloved brother because nothing must get in the way of her bedroom antics."

"Bedroom antics?" *Lopaka* perked up instantly. "Ooh...I have something here that's just *perfect* for bedroom antics, Kimo." He ran into their bedroom and came out holding up the tiniest pair of underpants I'd ever seen.

Kimo smothered a smile. "And what are those, my love?"

"My slave boy costume. You know...my fantasy about being abducted by a pirate king..." He held up an eye patch. "And this is your costume."

"An eye patch? That's all I get?" Kimo laughed.

"Well darling, what else does a pirate king need to corrupt his captive...educating him in the fine art of man love?" *Lopaka* gave him a beatific smile, drifting off to their bedroom.

Kimo's tongue was practically hanging out of

his head. "If Mim ever finds a woman half as sexy, half as dynamic as my man, she will be a very lucky woman indeed." He patted my knee. "Excuse me now, Johnny. I have a slave boy to go and...er...corrupt."

Aloha looked at me. "I wouldn't mind a bit of sexual corruption myself, mister."

"Your wish is my command," I told him. Which was probably a bad thing, since he developed an instant swagger he may never lose again. I was happy to reward my man, since we were working hard on our respective projects for the new school. We strongly believed in the sexual reward system.

"First thing tomorrow, I'm buying you an eye patch," I whispered to my hot man as we jumped into bed.

"You do that and we may never leave our bedroom again."

I sighed in bliss as his tongue found mine and we fell into that deep, warm well of love that was becoming more intense, more pleasurable and more fulfilling every day. We loved spending all our time together. We were becoming increasingly like the Wilders, joined at the hip and then some. I went music hunting with Aloha, he surfed the net with me tracking down Hawaiian art.

*Maluhia* thrived under the creative atmosphere. She made wonderful leis and we all constantly wore them. She made gourd drums and *pandanus*

mats and, with *Lopaka's* coaxing, started hula again.

"I want you to teach the children in our school," Kimo told her.

She was very excited. *Kamaha* proved to have *Lopaka's* natural hula rhythm and *Keli'i* had a talent for drumming and chanting, which the boys were learning from Kimo.

Aloha and I were compiling wonderful additions for the school and we spent hours playing music to the boys and letting them pore over artwork. And then my sweetheart punctured my hot-air balloon by informing me he wanted to go and see my mother.

"Why do you want to do that?" I asked. "That's a horrible idea."

But Aloha was adamant. "Well, generally speaking, when you decide to spend your life with someone, you want to get to know their parents. And I want to meet yours."

"Oh boy. I...I'm not ready for that. One afternoon with my mother and you'll dump me for sure."

"Why would I do that?"

"She's nuts. You're really gonna think I'm weird if you meet the folks."

"Sweetheart, no weirder than you turning green, your hair going white...the only thing you didn't do is spit up pea soup all over me and call

me Beezlebub."

I had to laugh at that one.

"Besides, if we ever broke up, what would I ever tell my new bloke? *Well, my last boyfriend got possessed by ancient cave spirits and a psycho witch doctor, but other than that, he's one hot, skinny fooker...that'd go down really well, wouldn't it? Who'd believe that story?*" He gave me a fierce look. "I want to meet your mother. We're gonna go to her gallery, take her out to lunch and pave the way for her meeting *me mum.*"

"Your mother's coming back out?"

"Yeah. I think it's about time I told her I'm gay and I've got me a sexy island man for a husband."

"How do you think she'll take it?"

"After a cup of tea, or maybe a couple bottles of port and a good lie down, I'll think she'll be okay. She likes you. I just hope she doesn't start whining on about bloody babies. "

"When...uh...when do we have to go see my mom?"

"I was thinking today. No time like the present, eh?"

"Can we jump into bed first?"

"Are you horny or scared and need pumping up?"

"Somewhere in between. If you run out of there screaming and never want to see me again, at least I'll have your come inside me."

"You daft bugger. I've seen you at your worst. I mean, absolute worst. And I still fookin' want you, you barmy git." He reached over and grabbed the button on my pants. "But never let it be said that I *ever* let my husband walk out the door without a proper seeing to." He shoved me back into our bungalow and advanced on me in a thrilling, menacing way. He stripped me in record time and held my face in his hands. "Being naked with you is the sexiest thing in the world to me." He picked me up, throwing me on our bed.

\* \* \* \*

We put on our nicest shirts and pants, making sure we looked decent. My skunked look was almost gone and my hair was long on top, sort of the *Top Gun* look, Aloha said. We drove in Aloha's truck to *Waikiki* and the noise and madness jangled my nerves having been away from the lunacy and up on the property for a while, but Aloha seemed very much at ease.

He played *Kapono's Stand In the Light* CD and just thinking about that man singing at the Wilders' wedding put a smile on my face all the way to valet parking in The Outrigger. Jostling for space with dozens of tourists, we walked down to the imposing hotel-shopping center that catered purely to Japanese tourists.



The signs were all in Japanese, the hostesses, storeowners and staff were all Japanese, and they were not particularly welcoming to whites or locals. Not only were we both, but we did not carry ourselves in a way that indicated marginal intelligence, burdensome wealth and a desperate need to offload it on the first hideous bauble that had Tiffany stamped all over it.

"Do you feel like a frickin' hillbilly?" Aloha loosened his top button.

"More like America's most wanted. I'm waiting to see who calls nine one one first."

Aloha laughed until a haughty hostess who looked like she wanted to bar us entry, locked on my almond-shaped eyes. She realized, I was one of her people. We turned the corner and she stopped us.

"May I help you?"

"No thanks, I know the way."

She said, "You like the souvenir shops? They are on *Kalakaua* Avenue. Not in here."

"That's not very nice. Do you think that's nice, *Liho*?" Aloha asked me.

I put my hand on his arm. "We're going to the Kaimana Galleries," I told her in rapid fire Japanese. "I will be sure to tell my mother how nice you were to us."

She stared at me unblinking, as we passed her by.

"Man, you are so hot. You never told me you could speak Japanese. You never talk to me in Japanese when we're fucking. I'm bleeding deprived."

I grinned. "I'll make it up to you." I told him what I'd said to the hostess and he laughed.

At the door to my mother's gallery, I hesitated. Aloha's hand was on the back of my neck. It was the first time he had touched me since we got out of the truck.

"I'm here, Johnny. We're in this together."

"Can't I get a root canal instead?"

"I'll take you to get one afterwards." He pushed open the door, dropped his hand and nudged me inside, ahead of him.

My mother was talking to a Japanese couple and her head swiveled in our direction, like *Robocop*. She did not look pleased to see me. She was talking in Japanese, telling the couple she could ship their purchases to Okinawa that day. She assured them the photographs would be safe.

Aloha and I waited for her, walking around the gallery rooms, examining her grouped photos. My mother's specialty was the temples of Chinatown, the hidden Asian shrines in old neighborhoods. My favorite pictures of hers though were the stunning series of photos from the old Chinese cemetery in *Manoa*. She was over to us now, a nervous look on her face.

"Johnny-San, your mother is velly suplisd to see you." I hated when she spoke fictional Japanese-English, like that weird old guy on the *Kung Fu* series.

"Mom, I would have called, but we wanted to surprise you. How are you?" I tried to hug her, but she stepped back away from me. I saw Aloha's eyes flash in an ominous way. "Umm...Aloha and I wanted to come by and see you."

"For what purpose?"

"Purpose?" I was squirming in my shoes now. I couldn't believe she was going to be this rude. "We wanted to say hi. Aloha wants to get to know you."

She looked at him. "For what purpose?"

*Oh no, not again.* I wanted to die. I searched the floor for a big enough hole to fall through. Where were those ancient burial caves when you needed 'em?

"Well, I love your son and I want to spend the rest of my life with him."

She just stared at him until even he was looking uncomfortable. Two more tourists walked in and I saw her move over to them, gushing insincerity.

"Let's go," I hissed.

"Och no, I plan to make her talk to me."

For twenty minutes, she ignored us, long after the tourists who must have thought she was a desperate artist who would be willing to sell her

work for next to nothing, had gone.

Aloha was studying a set of three photographs in a lit display case. He spent so long there, my mother was intrigued enough to move over to him.

"What do you think of them?" she asked.

"They're my favorites, I think."

She eyed him in a skeptical way. "But they're some of my earlier work. I have better..."

"No you don't. These are exquisite. They remind me of the work of Mings. Stark and yet..."

"You know Mings? How you know Mings?"

"Well, actually, Johnny's taught me a lot about art. He loves photography, as you know. And we prowl the antique stores. We've seen some Mings."

"Here, in *Honolulu*?"

"No. We saw them in *Kauai*, actually." He turned and looked at me. "The day we went to Sunshine Markets, we popped into that antique store in *Hanapepe*. What was it called?"

"That's right, I remember." It was a dim recollection. I was so freaked about going to *Ni'ihau* the following day that I barely took in visiting the place. "Collectibles and Fine Junque."

Aloha laughed. "That's it. Junque with a q-u-e on the end."

"I've never seen a Mings in Hawaii." My mother rushed to get her appointment book, the

one the size of a small house. She jotted down the name of the store, then scanned the pages of her fearsome book. "Now, you must come to dinner. I am free four weeks from Tuesday."

Aloha gaped at her. "Four weeks..." He recovered fast enough to say, "That works for us."

I cringed. Four weeks. Aloha winked at me and I thought to myself, well, if it's awful and I was pretty sure it would be, he had only himself to blame.

"Och, she's a piece of work."

Aloha gripped my hand as we I wandered back to the truck, which was tucked against a wall in the parking structure. I was so overwhelmed by what he'd done for me, what he'd gone through repeatedly being there for me, but as usual, I didn't have the words.

"I want to fuck," I told him.

"Right now? I thought you wanted a root canal?"

I just looked at him.

He grinned. "Right now. Here?"

"Yeah. Up against the hood. We've never fucked on the hood before."

He unbuckled his pants, letting them drop to his ankles. God, he was Commando. I *loved* when he went Commando.

Aloha braced himself against the hood, arms splayed, offering me his delicious ass. "Go on

baby. Give it to me.”

I wrapped myself around him from behind. His shirt tail hung down. “Open the buttons.”

“Baby, this is supposed to be a quickie.”

People were cruising the parking aisles looking for spaces—nobody had seen us yet. The thrill of getting caught, the pleasure of fucking him was too much for both of us. As he unbuttoned the shirt, he could feel my hard cock against his ass and I heard him sigh, which had me lifting his shirt up over his back and I started covering it with licks and kisses. Aloha moaned as I started licking my way in a straight line down his spine.

“Fuck, Johnny. You’re doing my head in. *Fook* me. Now.”

I remembered the way he’d offered his ass to Michael, the thing that had started our odyssey—and the memory erased by the one of Kimo tonguing Lopaka’s tailbone. I imagined my own name tattooed on Aloha’s ass. Then I let him have it. The restriction of his pants around his ankles made him nice and tight and he thrust that hungry butt to me, demanding that I stick it to him. He wanted every inch of my marauding cock in his wanting ass.

Somebody honked and cheered us and Aloha laughed. “Oh man, this is hot!”

I grabbed his balls to mine...so close, they hugged each other beneath our bodies and I

squeezed them together, too much of a handful for one hand so I reached around him with the other hand, going from his swollen dick to his engorged balls, giving them equal opportunity attention.

"Johnny, fuck...I'm coming!" he shouted.

Aloha's orgasm spilled all over my greedy fingers as I filled his gluttonous belly with my own seed. He tightened his ass around my dick as I plowed into him one last time, squeezing our balls together. He collapsed on the hood and I lay on his back, panting.

"I want your name tattooed on my ass." He rubbed his hands across mine, which were still holding our balls.

"Mmmm...I want your name on mine, too."

"You do? Cool." I felt his smile and as I pulled out of him, he turned around and kissed me.

"I'll leave it to you to find the tattoo artist," I told him.

We got ourselves into some semblance of order. As we pulled out of the parking space, we saw Officer Stewart in his patrol car, watching us.

"A little out of his jurisdiction," Aloha snickered. "I wonder if he was watching us?"

"No. If he'd caught us publicly fucking, this time he really would arrest us." Aloha reached across the seat and took my hand in his. "Johnny, I never fucked him, I swear."

"I know. I wasn't questioning that."

"What is it then?"

"I don't know...it's weird seeing him here."

"Maybe he found himself a nice island boy. It's not so far to come. I came from England to find you, Johnny. That's a lot further than *Hawaii Kai*."

I leaned over and kissed him. His eyes were gray, just the color I liked.

"Yeah, I'm still turned on," he whispered as he handed the parking ticket to the attendant. "We better hurry home."

\* \* \* \*

We had a wonderful dinner that night with Kimo and *Lopaka* and the whole gang at probably the best restaurant I have ever been to in my life, *Legend Seafood*, on Beretania Street at the corner of River, my old stomping ground. I'd never been here before and was surprised to find it was not a tourist trap. It was filled with locals and we were given a private alcove for the enormous family we were. Not only was it the best Chinese restaurant I'd ever set foot, in but the dim sum was the best I'd ever tried.

*Maluhia* and her twins initially balked at trying the delicacies that came around in trolleys from fast, attentive servers, but were soon won over by Aloha's tempting way with chopsticks. He even asked our waitress to bring children's chopsticks



for all three of them and he showed them how to use them. He was the perfect person to coach them in this new style of cuisine since he was the only other chopstick dunce at the table.

*Maluhia* found that she loved the steamed shrimp bao.

"They're Johnny's favorite too," he told her.

I caught Kimo's grin and we low-fived each other around *Lopaka's* back.

*Lopaka* and Kimo were terrific hosts, fussing over all of us, their respective parents and grandma, the children and *Kaiona* and Nicky who taught the twins what yucky vegetables were the easiest to hide in a glass of milk.

Everybody fed everybody from their chopsticks and their fingers. I lost count of the number of orders of the garlic squid steaks we ordered. *Tutu* and Sammy watched as one of the servers cooked asparagus in oyster sauce right in front of us.

"Better than mine." *Tutu* bit into a stalk.

"Nothing's better than your cooking." Sammy nuzzled her, making *Tutu* blush.

Little *Keli'i* crawled into *Mama Nui's* lap and she fed him pieces of lobster. *Maluhia* watched, I could tell in gratitude and a sense of ceaseless wonderment at the beautiful place she'd found herself in life.

She looked at me with teary eyes and mouthed

the words, *Thank you*.

"I could get used to this." Aloha kissed my ear.

Everybody concurred and *Lopaka*, who was bouncing Baby Kimo on his knee, shouted, "Oh look, my favorite thing. Dessert!"

We let the kids pick the sweets and I loved the way Kimo took *Kamaha* into his arms.

"Wanna bite of my pie?" the little boy asked, holding up a tiny egg tart the size of a silver dollar.

"Sure," Kimo grinned.

"Not with your whole mouth," *Kamaha* said crossly. "A little bite."

Kimo laughed and took the whole tart in his mouth, his lips closing over *Kamaha's* fingers, making the little boy laugh.

"My turn, my turn! Eat my fingers, too!" *Keli'i* jumped off *Mama Nui* and raced over to Kimo.

Aloha put his arm around me. "Wanna eat my fingers?"

"I wanna eat every inch of you."

The waitress deposited a bamboo basket with a lid right in front of me.

"Oh no, thank you," I told her. "I really couldn't eat another bite."

"You like! You like!" she kept waving her hand at it.

I looked at her, then I caught the silence at the table. Nobody was speaking, but everybody was

staring at me, except Aloha who was gulping at his beer. "What's going on?" I asked.

Nobody responded. I felt the collective intake of breaths.

"Open it," Aloha said finally. "Like the lady said, you like." Under his breath he muttered, "At least I *fookin'* hope you do."

I took the lid off the basket and there was a tiny oval dish and on it, two silver rings. The workmanship was exquisite. They were wide bands that looked like a mixture of Hawaiian *Kuuipo* rings and Irish Claddagh rings. I understood then what they were. Turning to look at Aloha, my blurry eyes couldn't find him. He tugged at my arm. He was down on his knee and he, too, was crying. "Oh no, not that...don't cry, Aloha. Oh my God."

"Johnny, will you marry me?" he asked.

"You want to marry me?"

"I'm on both my knees now. Please say yes. Our whole family's here."

"Of course I'll marry you, Aloha. Please get up here." And I pulled him into my arms as everybody cheered and clapped.

"I got the same guy who did Kimo and *Lopaka's* rings to make ours. Do you like them? I designed them myself." He was so anxious and I couldn't stop kissing him.

"Look!" I held out my hand to everybody after

he'd slipped the ring on my finger.

"We've already seen it," *Lopaka* grinned. "He's been hoarding them for weeks. It was so hard not to say anything. But I must say it looks lovely on your hand, Johnny."

"It feels lovely," I said. "I love the feel of this ring on my finger."

"I want us to get married," Aloha kept saying. "Christ, I think I'm having a heart attack. For a moment I thought you were going to say no."

"Why did you think that?" I asked.

"Because I...Christ, where's the waitress. I need a drink."

I laughed. "Aloha, I love you."

"But I want a small wedding. Not a big one. Just the family. Everyone at this table. And your mother, if she behaves herself."

*Lopaka* and I laughed.

"Kimo, can you marry us?" Aloha asked.

"I could get ordained, but Sammy's the best. He married me and *Lopaka*."

"Okay then, will you be my best man?"

"It would be my honor."

I looked at *Lopaka*. "Will you be mine?"

He nodded eagerly. "Oh another wedding to plan. I can't wait." He was ecstatic.

"Oh and I do want that little boy, you know, who blows the conch shell? He was so cute at your wedding and I see him around the property all the

time."

We all eyed each other and I finally spoke up, "Aloha. I am sure he'll be there."

"Cool."

"Um...but the thing is and I don't quite know how to tell you this, but he's a ghost."

Aloha paled and blinked a couple of times. "You mean I see dead people?" He looked around the table. "You've all seen him, too?"

We all nodded and smiled.

"A ghost...no wonder he never *fookin'* responds when I say hello to him."

*Maluhia* who'd been silent up until now opened her mouth and let loose a wild laugh. I'd never heard her have a real belly laugh before, but she had the same crazy cackle as her mother and grandmother. Her laugh set everyone else off, too.

*Kamaha* was tugging at my shirtsleeve. "Can I be in your wedding?"

"Yes, you can be our hula dancer."

"And me! What about me?" *Keli'i* asked.

"You can drum and chant."

The boys grinned at each other.

*Kamaha's* face turned grave. "Can my turtle come, too?"

"Of course."

He ran around the table screaming like the happy little kid that he was.

After dinner, Nicky and *Kaiona* took their

sleeping baby home.

"Wait, I want to kiss his wee brow," Aloha said, and of course, the twins wanted their brows kissed next.

Kimo's parents hugged us all then left, and the rest of us headed to the Wilders' property. The others congregated in the main house, but Aloha and I needed to be alone. As we undressed each other with great tenderness, the tears would not stop flowing.

"*Liho*," Aloha's tone was tender. "I was wrong what I said the other night, about the sexiest thing in the world was being naked with you. The sexiest thing in the world is you and me being naked with our wedding rings."

He pushed me on the bed and made long, languorous love to me all night long.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The next morning around six o'clock, Aloha woke me with kisses and licks at my ear. "I'm going for a bike ride. Stay in bed and I'll come home and give you some white-boy lovin'."

"You do that. Don't be long and baby, please be safe."

"Aye, I'll be safe."

"Why don't you stay here and give me that lovin' right now?" I asked, stretching.

He shook his head. "I need to keep my strength up if I'm gonna fuck you all day."

"Okay," I laughed.

"Wait for me."

"I will."

He reached down and gave me a lovely kiss, keeping his body away from me. Damn. The man knew me too well.

\* \* \* \*

It was some time later when I awoke again. It was a hot glorious day. I checked the clock. Eight fifteen. Aloha had been gone over two hours. That was one heck of a bike ride, I thought. I heard voices outside. I threw on my shorts and a T-shirt and looked out the door. *Kaiona* and Nicky were coming down the driveway, *Kaiona* had the baby in her arms. Their expressions were grim.

"Is everything okay?" I asked them, running to them now.

"I don't know. Kimo called us demanding we all come here. His parents are right behind us."

"What's going on?" I asked.

"He said something's going to happen, something bad."

That was weird. "Has he ever said anything like this before?" I asked.

*Kaiona* put the baby down so he could toddle towards a cackling *Tutu*. "Only one other time."

"And did something bad happen that time?"

She looked at me. "Hurricane *Iniki*. So now, when he talks, I listen."

Kimo was out of the house, coming towards us, *Lopaka* right beside him. I saw no clouds in the sky, only blue beyond blue. No hurricane was coming, I was sure. But Aloha wasn't here. Surely not...

"You're all here, thank God. Nobody's to leave



this property, okay?" He was scanning the troops.  
"Lopaka?"

"I'm right here, darling."

"Don't leave my side." Kimo's gaze settled on me. "Where's Aloha?"

"He went for a bike ride over two hours ago."

Kimo put his hand on my shoulder. "Johnny, let's not panic yet."

"It's him isn't it? Oh my God! Not Aloha!"

Kimo looked at me with such pity, that I knew. "If it is him, I promise you, he'll be okay. I *promise* you. Do you trust me, Johnny?"

He marshaled me, *Lopaka* and Sammy into his SUV and we prowled the long stretch of road between us and the highway.

We were almost to the bottom when I spotted a glimmer of metal. "Kimo. Stop."

"That looks like a bicycle in the bushes!" Sammy shouted.

"Wait here." Kimo sprang out of the vehicle. "I'll check."

But I couldn't wait. I had to know. I knew it was his bike the second I saw its crushed frame and shattered parts. Six feet away was Aloha's crumpled body. He was covered in blood. Kimo and Sammy were over to him before I could even react.

"It's okay." *Lopaka* held me back. "It's okay."

I couldn't cry. I couldn't even breathe. When

Kimo looked up at me, he was covered in Aloha's blood.

"He's alive Johnny, but he's very badly hurt. It's too much damage for us to take care of him at home. Let's get him to the hospital. We can keep working on him there."

We put him into the bed of the SUV, Sammy and I in back. Sammy chanted and prayed over him while I held his hand, the one with his wedding ring on it.

"Somebody hit him and just left him for dead," Kimo was saying into his cell phone. "We're on our way." Over his shoulder, he said, "This was a bad accident. Whoever did this knew he'd hit him. This wasn't something you couldn't know. They should have called the police. We've lost two valuable hours getting him help."

"What are you saying, that it was intentional?"

Kimo's eyes held mine in the rearview mirror. "Know anyone who'd want to hurt Aloha?"

Two people came to mind. *Mahini* and Officer Stewart. When I told Kimo this, he nodded. "If it was the cop, then it should be easy to find out. His car must have a lot of frontend damage. If not, Sammy and I have ways, but I hope it doesn't come to that."

He picked up his cell phone again.

\* \* \* \*

Aloha went into emergency surgery at Queen's Hospital seven minutes after we arrived. The nurse gave me his wedding ring to hold. Kimo, *Lopaka* and Sammy were well known at the hospital, I discovered from their many visits there doing healings for patients. While Aloha was being operated on, two more *kahuna* arrived and I recognized them from the Wilders' wedding.

For three hours, they all waited with me, then the emergency room doctor came out and told us Aloha had broken all six bones in his pelvis, had a collapsed lung they had repaired and multiple head injuries. "Somebody hit him, then beat him up." The doctor was quietly angry. "He's lucky to be alive."

Kimo squeezed my hand. "Stay strong, Johnny. If the cop did this, I'll get him, don't you worry about that." He and Sammy and the other two *kahuna* were allowed into Aloha's recovery room to start their spiritual work on him. Kimo took our wedding rings with him. "The power of love is the strongest magic I know." He touched my shoulder and went to work on my man.

I thanked God profusely for allowing me to live in a place where western medicine embraced and encouraged the works of native priests.

A long time later, Kimo came to me. He looked exhausted. "He's out of the anesthesia. He talked

to us and the police. He says it was the cop." He blew out a breath. "He's asleep now, but when he wakes up, I know he'll want you right there with him."

I nodded and he took me and *Lopaka* to his room. Aloha was on his back, his head covered in bandages. His leg was in a sling and there was padding under his hip. The *kahuna* were still praying over him. I had no idea how Aloha and I would ever be able to thank them all for their love and kindness.

Seeing him lying there looking so helpless and hurt, I couldn't believe anyone would do this to another human being. I wanted to touch him, but the *kahuna* held his hands and I left them alone to do their thing. I hovered like an anxious mother. I thought of my own mother and wanted nothing more than to call her, but I remembered her appointment book was full. I would break down totally if she made some nasty comment to me.

Kimo and *Lopaka* never left us all day. We heard the cop had been arrested and assured that his family was now safe, Kimo allowed *Mama Nui* to bring food to us.

She arrived with baskets of food I didn't think I could eat, but the *Saimin*, noodle and pork soup she gave me lifted my heart and gave me energy.

"You cooked pork?" I asked her.

"No, it's chicken. Works good, huh?"

An hour later, Aloha's room was full with the various members of our huge family. *Tutu* had stayed home with all three children. I was glad, Aloha looked so bad, it would have been traumatic for them to see him like this.

One of the nurses came in and said, "Family members only."

"This is our family," I replied and she shrugged.

"You have five minutes."

"His color is good." Sammy was pleased. "You know, he's in such good shape, I'm sure it's the only reason he survived this. I'll tell you what, he's got a will of iron, this one."

"I know," I said. "Thank God." I stayed alone with Aloha. Kimo and *Lopaka* promised to come by first thing in the morning. Thanking them profusely, they told me, promised me, he was going to be okay. *Mama Nui* had brought me a toothbrush and paste and I showered quickly, cleaned my teeth and got into the tiny cot by Aloha's bed.

All night long, I kept getting up to check his breathing, checked the monitor, I just wanted him to keep living. I hated being on the cot, far away from him in case something went wrong, so I stayed on his bed, perched on the edge, practically glued to him. I could not lose him now.

It was still dark when his eyes opened and

slowly, he got his focus and he found me, staring down at him. "Johnny..." he started to cry. I knew he was in terrible pain.

"This is for the pain." I held up a small tube the nurse had showed me. I gave him a shot of Morphine. I could feel it hit his system as if it had entered my own bloodstream. He let out a long, slow sound and his eyes stayed on me.

"Sleep, baby."

"Stay."

"I'm not going anywhere." My hand closed over his hand, which was plastered over with tubes and portals. "Just sleep, darling." We were in this position, me asleep sitting up when the door opened. It was my mother. I was going to snap at her but her woeful expression got to me. She moved right over to me, enveloping me in a hug.

"Oh Johnny, I would have come last night, but I didn't find out until very late and the hospital wouldn't let me visit. Kimo and *Lopaka* are waiting to come in. I just wanted to talk to you alone for a minute."

"Mom...he's all broken and hurt...he was lying there on the ground..." I really lost control then, and she hugged me to her.

"He's going to be okay." She hugged me and I realized she was crying, too.

Kimo and *Lopaka* came into the room and Aloha

woke up. He saw my mother weeping next to him.

"You gave us quite a scare." She touched his bandaged face.

"Sorry." He kept turning his head until he saw my face.

"How do you feel?" I asked him.

"Like I got hit by a car."

"That police officer..." My mom's face got fierce. "They say on the news that he was angry with Alex for choosing you over him."

"And I'd choose Johnny again, too." Aloha winced as he shifted in the bed.

"Oh, Aloha..." I leaned over and kissed him.

"Stop that you two." We looked up to see a grinning Kimo and *Lopaka*, walking into the room. "Love is the best medicine, but maybe I can do a little something to help here." Kimo's hands started working over him.

"He's a magician," I told Aloha who smiled.

"He sure is," *Lopaka* sighed, making everybody laugh.

"I feel warm." Aloha smiled.

I smiled too, remembering how good it felt having Kimo work on me. His hands were hovering on Aloha's pelvis. My mom got up to leave. "Don't go," I said to her. "Do you have to leave?"

She shook her head. "I'll stay as long as you like."

"Are you hungry?" the nurse asked Aloha in a loud voice.

"Yeah."

"What would you like to eat?"

"Johnny's dick."

"What did he say?" The nurse scrunched up her nose.

"Let me put it to you this way," Kimo responded through the eruption of laughter. "I think he's going to be just fine."

\* \* \* \*

My mom came every day. They all did. She brought Aloha and me *miso* soup and various teas. When she discovered he loved crab rolls, she brought those, too. One afternoon, when Aloha was craving solid, hot food, she brought three bento boxes and we perched on his bed, munching out of our little compartments. Over lunch, she told me that Cindy's gallery was not doing very well since she had removed herself from the walking tour. Aloha touched my arm when my mother told us that.

"You got her almost all her business. Obviously, it was not appreciated, Johnny. I heard she accused you of theft, but Mim said the photo was there all along. Imagine that, you, a thief. You would go hungry before you even stole a grain of



rice." She looked at Aloha. "I hope you know he's a sweet boy.

"That's why I love him."

"Yes, but he is stubborn and...what is the word..."

"Beautiful?" Aloha asked.

"No..."

"Wonderful?"

"Well, unless it's something along those lines, no go dere, Mama-San."

My mother looked at him and just laughed.

"Mom," I said. "I'm so sorry."

She looked surprised. "What for?"

"For choosing Cindy's side over you. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

She put her arms around me. "You're very sweet, but it was my fault too. I was jealous of your friendship with her."

"You were jealous of Cindy?"

"You used to hang out with me, remember?"

I didn't say anything. She was right.

"You can make it up to me. You bring Aloha to dinner as soon as he gets out of here. And we talk all about the wedding."

"Can't wait." Aloha shifted closer to me on the bed. My mother left and Aloha looked at me. "My dick doesn't get hard anymore, Christ, *Liho*, I think it's really fucked up. Normally, I just have to look at you and I'm ready to go."

"Don't be silly." I fumbled under the blanket and thin hospital sheet. I played with him a bit. *Flaccid*. "It's the medication."

"No, I'm buggered."

"You are *not* buggered. You're not getting out of marrying me that easily, bud." I tried rubbing his ankle. That didn't work either.

"Johnny, you need to forget about me. Find someone else. *Fook*, I can't believe I'm saying this."

"I can't believe you're saying this."

There was a knock on the door and Kimo walked into the room. "Hi you two...say, Aloha, you look much better. My wife's next door visiting another friend. He'll be here in a minute." He looked at our faces. "What's wrong?"

"Kimo, Aloha's worried his cock is not working. He says I should find somebody else. I know it doesn't fall under the category of your usual healing, but is there anything you can do to er...jump start him?"

Aloha laughed then. "My husband thinks I'm a car."

"Well," Kimo grinned. "The human body is, sort of..." His hand hovered over Aloha's groin. When he started to squirm, Kimo laughed. "I think his battery's been recharged. I'll leave you two alone. *Lopaka* and I will be along in a few minutes." His face got all mushy. "I wonder if there's some place I can sneak him to for a

quickestie?"

He floated out of the room and I attacked my man with my mouth.

"Och, Johnny...." As his unyielding cock sought refuge in my famished mouth, his moans got louder and louder. "Oh..."

His hands went to my head and I pulled and sucked on that baby as if my life depended on it. In my mind I did. I kept picturing him on the road, crumpled, I kept trying to imagine my life without him. I loved and lavished that cock with licks and sucks. I was filling myself up with him. I felt his cockhead expand in my mouth and I quickly licked at that hot little slit that gave out the sweet, hot nectar I'd come to crave.

"Oh God, Oh God," Aloha was flopping around on the bed now as I grabbed his balls in my hand.

His clock slipped down my throat and he gave it all to me, every last, delicious drop. He kept my head on him until he stopped coming and still, his body hummed and throbbed with the release of all that pent-up pressure.

Aloha brought my face up to his and he kissed me. "I can't wait to fuck you again, it's been so long."

\* \* \* \*

He was home a week later, our wedding rings back on our hands after Kimo and Sammy did a full healing ritual on Aloha. He was doing very well, but refused to go to my mother's until he was not using the walker the hospital had given him. Within days, he was on crutches, a few days after that he used a cane. I thought it was incredibly sexy, but one week later, his body gave into his overbearing will and he walking upright without any assistance. So my mother got her way and one fine evening, we were driving with Kimo and *Lopaka* to her house for dinner.

"She's a freak," I kept saying.

"He's not kidding. She really is," *Lopaka* confirmed from the front passenger seat.

"I can handle her." Aloha squeezed my hand.

"But she does weird things," I bleated.

"She makes up the rules as she goes along," *Lopaka* laughed. "The first time I met her, I did something to upset her and...oh my God, remember the funeral?"

"How could I forget the funeral?"

"You met Johnny's mother for the first time at a funeral?" Kimo was laughing now.

"My grandma's funeral. He was such a good sport about it. Oh Aloha, she'll do something weird tonight, I just know it."

"Weirder than all the crap we've just been through?"

"No...but it might be the thing that finally tips the scales against me."

"Och...piece of cake." And suddenly we were in the driveway of my mother's house.

I was shocked to see that she'd written *E komai, Welcome Johnny, Love, Mom* in her precious Zen garden. The door was opened by the same kid I'd seen last time, only this time he was all smiles, shaking everybody's hand.

"Wait!" my mother screeched, Aloha's foot poised over the front doorstep.

"You left your shoes pointing the wrong way outside."

*Oh, no. The insanity had already started.*

"What do you want me to do?" he asked her.

"Walk around the house three times," she insisted. "Banish the bad *chi*."

Kimo and *Lopaka* were trying to contain their amusement, but Aloha didn't hesitate. He took off and as he passed by on the second lap, my mom put her arm around me.

"Eh, Johnny, I like this one. He's a keeper." She was getting a kick out of her own nuttiness.

"He's definitely a keeper."

The others were inside when Aloha finished his journey and joined me on the doorstep.

"What did I tell you?" he grinned. "Piece of cake." He gave me a kiss, but I held him to me.

"There's something I want to say," I whispered.

"You want to tell me now?" His hands ran up and down my arms. "When we're not alone and I can't do anything about it?"

"I just want to say that I love you so much and how happy I am that you are my *kealohapau 'ole*."

"Johnny. You're learning Hawaiian? Oh baby...what does it mean?"

I repeated it, afraid I would break into tears before I could get the words out. "*Kealohapau 'ole* means you are my never-ending love."

Aloha's eyes turned gray. "Och, Johnny, for a man who thinks he has no words, you just know how to get my motor running."

I laughed as he held me tighter and I felt his cock grow hard. "Let's hope you still feel this way after my mother visits next week."

"Mmm..I can't wait." I pulled his mouth to mine and we sipped at each other's mouths for a minute.

"Hey you two." My mother opened the front door. "You've got the rest of your lives to do that."

"Yeah, we do, don't we?" Aloha looked down at me and he laughed the way I loved to see him laugh, right from the heart.

He gave me his mouth again.

My mother muttered, "Men!" She walked down the hallway, leaving the front door open.

"*Aloha oe*," Aloha said to me then. "You know what that means?"

"Yeah, I do. It means you love me forever."

And he kissed me again to remind me that he was a man of his word.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

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