



Summer Love

A. J. Lewvellyn

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By

AJ Lewellyn

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Author's Note

The sacred sites depicted in this book are all real but cannot be found in any guidebooks to the Hawaiian Islands. The Vagina Cave for example, was removed from tourist books due to graffiti found at the mouth of this archeologically important site.

Should you, the reader wish to discover these ancient mysteries for yourself, please show these places the ihi, the respect, they deserve and help protect them for the future children of Hawai'i.

Mahalo, thank you.

- A.J. Llewellyn.

Dedication

To Madame Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes.

Chapter One

Pacing outside the bathroom of our house, my husband, Kimo, and I were in agony waiting for my sister to pee. We didn't normally invade her privacy this way and, on any ordinary day, what my twin did behind closed doors was strictly her business. But today, this moment, we were desperately waiting for the news that she was pregnant.

With our twins.

Yes, Kimo and I would know any second if we were to be proud parents in nine months. I could hear *Tutu*, my beloved grandma, shouting. The door opened and my twin sister, still sitting on the can, was grinning, and *Tutu* was doing the Snoopy Dance. She held up the EPT stick.

Pregnant! *Maluhia* was pregnant!

"One boy, one girl."

"How can you tell?" I peered at the stick. There they were, a thin blue line and a thin red line. "Wow." I was awestruck. *Tutu's* husband Sammy

had created these magical EPT sticks and so far, the spiritual community of Hawaii was using these experimental beauties as a good excuse to have lots and lots of sex. It gave a whole new meaning to *make love, not war*.

“Oh, darling.”

Kimo’s mouth swallowed mine, his hand flying straight to my belly. In his mind, I, his husband of eight months, was the mother of his children. Nobody else. We were so happy, we just stared into each other’s eyes for a moment, then my grandma threw herself between us, hugging us.

Maluhia gathered her wits and we hugged her, too.

“How do you feel? Are you okay?” We peppered her with questions.

She looked a bit shell-shocked. She already had her own twins, two feisty, fabulous five-year-old boys, but when she agreed to be a surrogate for us, the full weight of it had probably not sunk in, until now. She looked from me to Kimo and I knew she was thinking about how she was carrying the babies of an important, powerful kahuna. I knew because I could read her mind. Kimo and I had this power with each other. But since we’d begun the process of impregnating her, I’d discovered this new, deeper connection to *Maluhia*, the twin I didn’t even know I had until six months ago. She didn’t know I could read her mind because she

couldn't read mine, and I did not want to freak her out. But I could read her fear, her anxiety and her excitement.

"We're gonna have twins!"

Tutu was still doing her happy dance. *Tutu* should have been exhausted. She should have had more than enough on her plate helping us run our mountain top hula school in Hawaii and looking after me, Kimo, *Maluhia*, her sons *Keli'i* and *Kamaha*. On top of that, she had an adoring new husband, Sammy, but she had been as obsessed with us having twins as Kimo and I were.

She'd shared our dreams, literally and figuratively, and now it was a reality. We were gonna have babies! *Tutu* was looking smug. Sammy's daughter had just given him a grandson and he was a little bit preoccupied. *Tutu* would not only have her own baby, but *two* babies...and she had been right there with us through all of it, every step of the way.

I hugged my sister. "Thank you," I whispered to her. "Thank you so much."

Lopaka. My husband's voice filtered into my brain. *I need to be alone with you now. I need to show you how much I love you.*

Grinning, I turned to look at my magnificent specimen of Hawaiian manhood and his intense gaze fixed firmly on my face. God, he never failed to take my breath away. Six foot four, long, jet-

black hair, a pure Hawaiian man of royal ancestry, the entire right side of his body covered with tribal tattoos. He was the man I loved, the only man I could ever love.

“Go,” Tutu grinned. “Celebrate!”

“We will,” I told her and my husband caught my hand in his. We ran to our bedroom. He took me the second we were inside it, right there on the floor. His greedy hands ripped at the *pireau* around my waist, leaving it in shreds. I was on my back, my husband’s huge cock planted in my hot, wanting ass, two seconds later. I took his long hair out of the *kukui* nut band holding it into a ponytail. I loved his hair wild and free. We kissed with a consuming passion that was customary for us.

Kimo and I had the hottest relationship I knew. In the weeks leading up to the pregnancy ceremony, we’d fucked with even more intensity, if that was possible. We had a hula show we performed in Waikiki six nights a week and we’d even taken to making love between dance numbers. We fucked constantly, even missing cue calls a couple of times, which was not like us.

Our stage manager had been aghast when he caught Kimo fucking me in the stairwell of the Waikiki Shell one night when he should have been on stage inside a ring of fire. But in Kimo’s mind, he was knocking me up.

"Don't you two ever fuck at home?" Freddie had asked.

Yeah, we fucked at home. *Incessantly.*

Kimo took his lovely cock out of me.

"No, no," I shrieked. "Don't take it from me!"

"My love, I am not taking it away from you, but I couldn't decide if I wanted to fuck you or suck you and I wanna do both." He was on his knees now, lifting my ass to his mouth. His black eyes bore into mine. "If that's all right with you."

"Uh, uh-huh." I never could think or speak straight when Kimo was touching me. His long tongue shot out, sweeping across my ass hole and my whole body arched into the air as Kimo sucked on me. His mouth came off me and down over my cock, giving me hot, wet joy as he plunged all the way to the base of my cock.

"Oh *Lopaka*," he moaned, coming off my cock again, driving me crazy. "Baby, I need to fuck you. I'm sorry, I can't wait."

I still couldn't speak, I wanted him so badly.

He looked at me and his voice was in my head. *Tell me. Tell me what you want.*

I want my cock back inside me. Please. Fuck me, Kimo.

He smiled and, as my hand reached down, he watched me put the head of his cock, *my* cock, back where it belonged and he grunted, sticking it back into me. He licked my toes, the soles of my

feet, which were at his shoulders now. He worked his mouth over my ankles, his tongue at my calves, moaning, "I love these legs."

I whimpered as his cock plowed in and out of me with increasingly deeper strokes. He was my prayer, he was my song and now he was staring into my eyes.

"*Lopaka*, I'm going to come, baby, and you'd better come with me, or else..."

"Unngga...oomann...onga..."

Kimo's delighted smile lit up his whole face. "I guess that means you're ready, too, baby."

His tongue lashed across my lips and I captured it with my mouth. I couldn't *not* come if I'd tried. His hand was between our melding bodies, his fingers closing in their possessive way around my cock, *his* cock, and I felt the pure love we held for each other surging with our writhing bodies.

Suddenly the room was hot. The floor underneath my ass felt like it was on fire. "Come with me, *Lopaka*."

And I understood then he was talking about more than a sexual orgasm. My husband wanted me to come with him on a journey. I felt his massive cock pitching in and out of me and I relaxed, my knees slipping over his shoulders.

Then I saw it. We were at the volcano, on the edge of creation, where it all began, where *we* began, the first time Kimo took me for his,

branding me for all time as his partner, his lover. His wife.

I could smell the sulphur and the lava, I could feel it moving underneath me as Kimo's mouth kept feeding from mine. I saw bright day, sunlight fusing into darkest night, then fireworks as we came together in exaltation. We were going to be parents and our deity, our queen, our protector, Goddess *Pele*, was pleased.

Kimo broke off our kiss so he could breathe, so we could both breathe, but he stayed inside me. His burnishing gaze on me. "*Lopaka*, can you ever forgive me?"

I came off our volcanic high quickly, taking his beautiful, solemn, ecstatic face into my hands. "Forgive you...for what?"

His hot tears fell onto my cheeks.

"I was so afraid of you, *Lopaka*. I *knew* the first time we made love. I *knew it was you*. I *knew it was you*. And I was so enthralled and so afraid and I ran away from you."

"Oh, Kimo, I love you so much. There is nothing to forgive."

"*Lopaka*...you are the only person I have ever trusted and I hurt you."

"I forgive you, I forgive you, Kimo. *Please, please* believe me. You came back to me." I couldn't help smiling. I still couldn't believe he was mine.

He turned his face to the right and kissed my

knee, then kissed my left knee, both still slung over his shoulders. He got up off the still-hot floor and, ensuring he remained imbedded inside me, carried me to our bed. Lying on top of me, he glanced up at the painting of us that our friends Nicky and *Kaiona* had commissioned.

It was based on the painting I had seen of Kimo before we met and had coveted. *Phantom Lover*. In it, he was nude, wrapped around a woman. In this one, Nicky had named *Kimo and his Sun*, he is wrapped around me. In the past, before he married me, he seemed like *my* phantom lover. Now he was my whole life. That painting is the one possession I could not live without. If there was a fire, apart from our family members, that painting would be the only thing I would make sure made it out of the house.

"Can you forgive me for not being able to put our babies inside you?" Kimo's voice was husky, his smoldering eyes still fixed on me.

I laughed then. "Oh, darling. You might be a man of magic and great power, but if you could do that, you would be perfect, and if you were perfect, you wouldn't need to be on this earth anymore and I need you. Our babies need you. Kimo...please don't be upset."

His eyes narrowed for a moment. But he knew. He knew I was as ecstatic as he that we were going to be parents. And I, for one, was thrilled

that getting my sister knocked up had not included my husband having to fuck her.

Kimo was reading my mind again and I was getting used to his presence in my brain. He filled me up. He completely owned the rest of me, why not my mind, too?

He was grinning now. "I told you I never wanted to fuck another woman as long as we live." He was rocking in and out of me tenderly. We were both remembering the ceremony, the incredible moment when my grandmother announced that *Maluhia* was ovulating and ripe for impregnation. Our entire family had been here for dinner.

Kimo sighed now as the thoughts we shared washed over us. His mouth sought mine and I stroked his soul tears away from his magnificent face. I had come into the bedroom with him, sucking his cock to get him ready for the moment of delivery. Kimo's parents had stayed in the living room with *Maluhia*, chanting and praying with her and Sammy. My grandma hovered outside our bedroom door to take the turkey baster we'd filled with Kimo's semen, not once, but twice.

Under *Huna*, or spiritual law, I had to lay claim to the babies we were making as mine. Since we chose for Kimo not to fuck my sister, it was a member of *his* family who had to impregnate her.

So, my grandma announced the babies as being mine while Kimo's mother plunged the turkey baster between my sister's thighs. My husband hated taking his cock away from me both times, but Sammy insisted we needed two, er...loads, to be sure. So I kept telling my man it was all for a good cause.

We grinned in a loopy way at each other. A bashing at the door interrupted what could easily have turned into another hot fuck.

"Kimo! *Lopaka!* *Tutu* told me the good news!" It was Sammy, *Tutu's* husband of just six weeks.

"We'll be right there," Kimo shouted back. "I hate to do this, my love..." He took that gorgeous cock away from me. He laughed at my bereft expression. "You know I hate the separation as much as you do." Yes, he did. His fingers snaked over my ass in a protective way. "I never stop wanting you."

We threw on some board shorts and went back into the living room. Sammy was so happy. A splendid old Hawaiian man with a full head of thick gray hair and all his own teeth, he looked like Santa Claus in an *Aloha* shirt.

"What's a Ho Ho?" He asked me under his breath.

"Store-bought cupcakes with a cream filling."

"Eeehh..." He looked pained.

"Why, Sammy?"

"The stick says *Maluhia* will go nuts without them."

"It does not." I snatched the stick out of his hand. "See, old man, it says...*Ding Dongs*." *Ding Dongs*? I stared at the stick. Sammy had teased us about how we'd *ordered* a boy and a girl, saying we weren't ordering takeout. We got the right EPT stick, that's for sure. It was food obsessed, just like my whole family.

"Eeeehhhhh," Sammy mopped his brow. "You know Taki Sanchez up *Waimea* way?" I didn't, but I nodded. I'd learned to expedite Sammy's stories by nodding. A lot. "Eeeehhhh, his *wahine*, his wife want one Abba Zabba...all day..."

"What's an Abba Zabba? Does it have chocolate in it?" My sister still looked dazed. She'd looked that way since the ceremony—since our friend Nicky, a lesbian, had lain beside her and given her the best orgasm with her fingers *Maluhia* had ever had in her life, as Kimo's mother did the honors with the turkey baster.

If Nicky hadn't been in love with her girlfriend, *Kaiona*, I was pretty sure something might have developed between her and my sister. Not that *Maluhia* was gay, far from it. But she had suffered a miserable marriage and she was lonely. She had told me that she loved being pregnant and now was as good a time as any.

We grinned at each other. We were still finding

our way around one another and little bits of wonderful information would tumble out that highlighted how alike we were as twins, yet how unlike we sometimes were as people. For example, my sister had mentioned the day before that her favorite flowers were violets. Kimo and I spent most of the rest of the day planting rows of them around her house so she would always have them. Me, I like gardenias. But I wanted *Maluhia* to be happy. Giving her flowers was one thing. Now I was resolved to finding her a good and decent man.

My husband grabbed me and kissed me, silencing all the mental chatter, and we accepted Sammy's big bear hugs.

"I'm exhausted already." My sister patted her belly. Pregnant for one week, according to Sammy's magic EPT stick, I knew she was going to be a handful for all of us, for many reasons. A new note appearing on the bottom of the EPT stick said so. I shielded that bit of information from *Maluhia*. She was a loving mother to her twin boys, but with their high energy, Kimo and I had been a godsend to her.

We adored the boys and never tired of their endless enthusiasm. It's funny thinking about it, because *Maluhia* is exactly the same kind of parent my *Tutu* was for me. Both had a deep love of the *'aiana*, the land, and relied on us boys being self-

sufficient enough to find things to do in our natural surroundings. Kimo and I had similar parenting styles, except we enjoyed being out there with them exploring all that was new and wonderful.

The twins had evidently been told the baby news because they were now like jumping beans, clambering all over me and Kimo.

"We're going to have a baby!" *Keli'i* squealed, climbing up me like I was a monkey bar.

Kimo picked up little *Kamaha* into his enormous arms. "Don't worry," he told my sister. "You have the best care in the world right here."

"I know," she sighed again. "I wish you'd all been around when I was pregnant with my boys."

We hadn't even known her then, a fact that distressed me when I gave it more than a passing thought.

Sammy, a gifted *kahuna* himself, was a healer like my husband, his particular talent in the area of midwifery. It had already been established that he would be delivering our babies. He was fussing over *Maluhia* now, saying she was not to lift a finger. "Kimo and *Lopaka* and *Tutu* and I are here to help you."

My sister smiled. We had rescued her from a very bad marriage in Kauai. With Kimo's help, the boys' various maladies from asthma to hives, and their frequent nightmares of their father yelling

and screaming, abated. We had never seen or heard from my sister's terrible husband, but the uneasiness was always there with her—sliding deeper and deeper below the surface now, but it was there.

"Let's celebrate." Kimo put his free arm around me.

"I would love that...I know! Let's take the boys swimming with the dolphins."

The boys loved the idea, shrieking with their typical exuberance. Kimo gave me a look that spoke volumes. *I was thinking of a more personal type of celebration, Lopaka. Naked.*

Kamaha wanted to get down on the ground now and Kimo deposited him *wiki wiki*. The little boy flitted around with his twin who scrambled out of my arms. Monkey see, monkey do.

"Can we really go and swim with the dolphins?" they kept asking.

Kimo laughed. "Yes, we can." His face took on a dreamy expression. "*Lopaka*, do you remember when we swam with the dolphins in the wild at Christmas time?"

I nodded. "That was wonderful, wasn't it?"

"Baby, that was the best vacation I ever had in my life."

"I loved every second of it, too, Kimo." *Tutu* and I exchanged glances. It had been the *only* vacation my magnificent husband has ever had in

his thirty-eight years on this earth. I wanted every day he had with me to be a vacation. I wanted to bring him nothing but peace and joy.

"*Lopaka...*" Kimo was twirling a strand of his long hair around his fingers, something he did when he was deep in thought. "We have three weeks off from the show and this may be the last vacation we can take before we have the babies. How do you feel about a summer holiday?"

"I would love it!"

"What? Are you crazy? You can't leave me all alone like this!" My sister pointed at her belly like it was about to explode.

I nudged Kimo. The EPT stick said, *watch out for cranky outbursts*. Kimo laughed.

"You'll have me and Sammy here," Tutu tried to soothe her.

"No. no...I'm afraid when Kimo and *Lopaka* aren't here." My God, one glance at those stripes on the pregnancy stick and my sister's hormones were already kicking into high gear. Boy that stick was psychich.

Kimo frowned. "Afraid of what?"

Maluhia glanced at the children. She didn't want to say anything in front of them. Kimo looked at me, since I could read her mind.

She's afraid he will come looking for her. She's afraid to be alone, I telepathed to him. *She is afraid she will miss out on having any fun now that she's pregnant.*

Kimo nodded. “*Maluhia*, you know I have many protections placed on this property, even surrounding the cliff base. Nobody who is uninvited can set foot near it.” He glanced at me, receiving instant approval. “But this does give me an idea. Since school is closed and we have the three weeks off, how would everybody feel if I organized a summer vacation for all of us?”

Everybody was ecstatic.

Kimo laughed and drew my grandmother aside.

“Hey,” I protested, but Kimo shook his head.

“My love, you organized the most wonderful Christmas ever. I am still reliving it, every single second. Now it’s my turn to surprise you. Do you trust me and *Tutu* to come up with something wonderful?”

“Of course I do.” I was excited now. What would he do? Where would he take us all? *Tutu* and I had so much fun planning Christmas. That was when it began, our dreams of having babies. Six months later, here we were...*pregnant!*

“Does this mean I can still go and play with the dolphins today?” Little *Kamaha*, the one who was a mini replica of me, turned a solemn gaze in my direction.

“Of course we’ll go play with the dolphins, *ipo*, sweetheart.” I gave him and *Keli’i* huge hugs. “Go and put some board shorts on, we’ll make a day of

it.”

“Yay!”

The boys raced out of our house over to the home we’d just finished building for them and *Maluhia* on another slope with a gorgeous view of all the islands. I started planning what we’d need and smiled as my husband dropped his head down to my grandma’s, chatting in an animated way.

“Why does this stick say *watch out for cranky outbursts?*” *Maluhia* asked me. “It’s not talking about me, is it? I don’t have a cranky bone in my body.”

Yes you do, the stick read.

My sister gasped. *Tutu* tried distracting her with a huge box of chocolates. *Maluhia* looked woozy with joy.

As she studied the chocolate selection, Sammy sidled up to me. “This EPT stick have pregnant woman *shishi* all over it. It will last one month, tell you how to deal with one *lolo wahine*, your crazy woman.”

Maluhia was reading the EPT stick. *Never remove chocolates from her. You have been warned.*

“Eeeehh.” Sammy clapped his hand to my shoulder. “I so glad my *wahine* no have no mo’ *keiki*, children.”

Maluhia cackled. She inherited that mad laugh from *Tutu*. “You don’t know my grandma. She

loves the *keiki*. She wants plenty more *keiki*. Too bad for you, Sammy." She glanced at me. "Is this a nice magic stick, or a mean one? It's saying insulting things about me. Says, *I'm inclined to outbursts*. I never had an outburst in my life." She crushed the stick under her heel, jumping on it.

No, she wasn't inclined to outbursts, my sister...

"You're taking the boys for the whole day?" She picked up a hefty fashion magazine and a box of chocolates, swinging her legs up onto our sofa. She bit into a soft center.

I looked on anxiously. *Chocolates*. Were they good for babies?

Kimo's voice was in my head. *I love you. Don't worry*. He came to my side, his mouth swooping down on mine.

The boys were back, just about out of their skins with excitement.

Tutu held the cell phone out to me. "I'll call you as soon as I've made the plans."

"Oh, no." Kimo snatched it out of my reach. "I want to keep a little surprise for you, baby."

"You're going to speak on the phone?" I was shocked. These days Kimo never talked on phones. They messed with his attunement to the infinite.

"No, baby. I'm going to let *Keli'i* handle this."

The little boy shone when Kimo handed him

the phone.

"Keli'i?" Kamaha looked disgusted. "But he loses *everything.*"

"So this is how we teach him responsibility," my wise and loving man replied.

Chapter Two

We own the most amazing place on earth, a beautiful property high on a mountaintop in *Oahu*. We bought it dirt cheap because the place had bad *mana*, bad power, and Kimo and I had worked hard to transform it, to right the wrongs several homeowners had done. Goddess *Pele*, whose dormant home of the Koko Head crater lay underneath the land on which we walked, had given us much in return for restoring the natural rhythm.

Kimo and I had a school for the ancient arts with more and more parents clamoring to get their kids into our immersion programs. When we first moved here, three other families had owned vast estates here. As our school developed, one sold to us for a huge profit and moved to *Kauai*. Another owner died, surprising us by leaving his entire estate to our expanding school. The third property was snapped up by my ex-boyfriend Johnny and

his husband Alex *Aloha* Granger.

We were ecstatic because Johnny, who found my beloved sister on *Kauai*, taught art in our school while Alex taught music. They lived the old ways of the land as we did, so everything just clicked into place.

They not only approved of the extensive protections Kimo kept putting on our lands, but we could not place enough protections for their liking. We had so many wonderful things going on here—animals, flowers, trees, plants, children, ghosts of the ancients. All those who felt drawn to our *halau*, our school, shared a love of the ancient gods and goddesses. Highly gifted, powerful *kahuna*, priests, shared their knowledge and their love of the Hawaiian culture with us and the children we loved.

I watched the twins playing outside the kitchen window while I organized snacks for our outing. Kimo wandered in—I could tell just by the way my body hummed whenever he was near me. I felt complete harmony in his presence and, as always, intense, inflamed desire the second his hands touched me. He wrapped himself around me and I could feel his hard cock in the middle of my back. I naturally curved myself into his strong, muscular body.

He could fuck me right here if he wanted to. And I wanted him to. His mouth was at my throat.

Damn my husband. He knew how to manipulate me.

"What are we taking, my love?" I knew he wanted to talk about something, so he thought he'd soft soap me, make me so crazed with desire I wouldn't be upset.

"*Li Hing* mango, guava cookies, popcorn..." Oh...if only he didn't kiss my throat that way. "Kimo...what is it, darling?"

"Did you make all of this yourself?"

I nodded.

"Mmm..." his mouth captured mine. "I adore how you take care of us, *Lopaka*." I loved taking care of Kimo and introducing the children to new foods. My sister, a country girl, was still getting used to some of the more unusual things the kids responded to well, such as *li hing*, or as we called it when I was growing up, crack seed. Crack seed was our candy and I was thrilled the twins relished it. I used that sweet-salt powder on all kinds of fruit, even baked it into cakes, and it never lasted long in our house.

Maluhia, like my husband, had been denied so much as a child. My mother had abandoned me as a toddler with my grandma and taken my sister to live on the Forbidden Island of *Ni'ihau*. She had grown up with good, strong, Hawaiian values, but some strange superstitions, peculiar fears and an edge of hardness I fought to shake from her

psyche. I wanted her to be happy.

Kimo was kissing my throat and I could tell he was enjoying the speed with which he made my pulse rate soar. I turned to look at him. His craving was real, but I saw it—that flash of concern.

“*Lopaka...*” he gazed down at me and I knew something was wrong.

“Talk to me.”

“I don’t want *Kaiona* to know we’re pregnant yet. So that means we can’t tell Nicky...except...”

Trying to read his mind when he was in this state was difficult. When issues like family safety concerned him, his stubborn protectiveness sent down a black shield. It kept me from reading him until the oddest moments, often in repose or in ecstasy, when he was wide open to me and I knew his deepest, secret concerns.

“That means we can’t see the baby for a while.” Tears sprang to my eyes. I couldn’t bear the idea of not seeing Baby Kimo. My Kimo had fathered him for Nicky and *Kaiona*. I had become insatiably attached to the baby, partly because he looked exactly like my husband, but also because he was just the most gorgeous baby ever. Kimo had resisted closeness with the child until he started spending more and more time with us, and now he was as attached as I was.

“*Lopaka...*what I am about to tell you must

remain between us.”

“Of course.” I was shocked he would even think I would repeat anything he said to me.

“Events will unfold that prove that I should have listened to you in the first place and never agreed to father the baby.”

“Oh, but Kimo, I said that out of jealousy...I love that baby. I love him like he’s my own.” The words were out before I could stop them. I had never said it aloud before, but I was worried about him. I knew Nicky loved him, but her relationship with *Kaiona* was turning out to be very troubled. The thought of not being there if Nicky needed to...

“Yes, she’ll need to leave him with us unexpectedly and that is not the problem. He is our child, *Lopaka*. Yours and mine. I will never speak of this again until I put him in your arms and I can tell you that you are his mother for life. I don’t want to talk about it anymore...” he cocked an ear to the living room where my sister was cackling with *Tutu*.

Kimo seemed to relax. “One day I will do that, *Lopaka*...not too far from now...” His eyes took on that faraway look he got when he was receiving a foretelling, which was a lot these days. We knew that having our own children made our family more vulnerable to harm. Kimo was such a powerful man, there were evil forces who would

love nothing more than to hurt him.

I had learned early on in our relationship that the easiest way for somebody to destroy Kimo was to hurt me or somebody he loved. This now included Baby Kimo, my sister, the twins, Sammy and *Tutu*.

Of our entire clan, only *Maluhia* had been fearful, but she had seen firsthand my husband's wondrous magic. The boys...well, the boys thought he was better than Harry Potter. They had a man who could perform magic right at home! We had rehearsed escape plans, hatched security schemes and, now that we were pregnant, I knew Kimo was going to be more vigilant than ever.

But there was another reason. We both knew that Baby Kimo, now seventeen months old, was developing tremendous *huna* powers. As much as we loved Nicky and *Kaiona*, we both knew neither of them was adequately equipped to protect him.

"I am going to have my parents stay here while we're away. My mother would love nothing more than to have that baby for a few days." Kimo glanced out the window with me and I could see the boys playing with geckos in the garden. "Will you be okay with not taking Baby Kimo to...on...our summer vacation?"

"Yes." I trusted Kimo. I knew that *Mama nui*, or great mother, my special name for Kimo's mother, would relish being here with her husband, Kimo

who we called *Papa nui*, and the baby.

Kimo grinned. He pulled me more tightly to him and I felt my cock hardening against him. "Would you like me to finish what I started?" His hand shot into the fly of my shorts.

"Oh...yeah."

"You two..." my sister walked in, opening the fridge door. "It's a good thing *Lopaka's* not pregnant. You can't keep your hands off each other." She walked off with a carton of chocolate milk.

Kimo stared after her. I reached up for a kiss. He looked back at me.

"Care to finish what you started in our bedroom?"

"No. I want you to fuck me right here over the kitchen sink."

Kimo blinked, but he was aroused, all right.

"What if somebody walks in, *Lopaka*?"

"You'll think of something."

I turned around and waved my ass at him. "Now fuck me like a husband should fuck his kitchen whore of a wife." His hands went straight to the waistband of my shorts, dragging them down my legs, stopping to kiss and lick his own name tattooed right across my ass.

Yep, he owned me all right.

I poked my bottom out and I heard him mutter, "Oh, fuck..." then *bliss*. He was inside me again.

He heaved into me and my belly relaxed. My God, it was as if we hadn't made love for weeks. It was always like this...this fever...it was always this hot, this astonishing. My husband wanted my mouth and he held me to him. I turned my face around so he could kiss me and I saw those long eyelashes of his and it took my breath away.

Kimo's eyes opened, staring at me. He was awed by our connection, over and over again, as I was. "When we are the parents of twins, tell me you're still going to want me like this..."

"I'm going to want you more," I told him. We both knew this was impossible, and yet...he thrust his way into me with renewed intensity. We were both ready, we were both there and we came, Kimo clutching my face with one hand, my belly with the other. I felt like he really had put babies into me, that hot flow coursing through me.

My husband reached for my cock, licking the juices from his fingers. "*Lopaka*...you are something else..." He grinned, giving me his mouth again as the screaming heat waned, the passion slaked...for now. My man was reading my mind again.

"Baby...it can only be quenched temporarily. I've never wanted anyone the way I want you."

"You want to take a shower?" I asked him and he held me against his chest.

"No, I do not. We can bathe together later. I

want your scent on me. I want *you* all over me. But let's go get those boys before they start chasing the chickens. We didn't have any eggs again this morning."

* * * *

"What do you want me to wear?"

Kimo was in our bedroom. We treasured dressing for each other. Naked and wrapped around each other was our favorite attire, but this wouldn't work in *Waikiki*. It was June and very warm, but I knew Kimo was very self-conscious of his tattoos. People always stopped and stared at him. Until we had the twins in our lives, he was oblivious to it. Now, all his protective instincts toward them warred with his acceptance of his *kahuna* status.

"These jeans." I picked up the Levi's I enjoyed seeing him in because they were nice and tight. And they had a button fly. I *loved* playing with those buttons. "And this T-shirt."

Kimo grinned. It was red, had buttons down the front and I could slip my hand down his chest any time I wanted.

"I want you in these shorts." Kimo picked out the long red and white, hibiscus print vintage board shorts he'd bought for me. "And this T-shirt." A sleeveless white tank. "And baby, please

go commando.”

We slobbered over each other a moment, falling on the bed. We adored our bed. It had once belonged to Princess Ruth, the last ruling monarch of the Big Island. It was enormous, bigger than a king size bed and for my six foot, four inch husband, it was perfect, especially since the three boys in our lives liked to snuggle with us for story time.

Kimo was a master storyteller, weaving tales so convincing, the characters felt real. The bed added to the ambience of our hot, sexy, but comfortable Hawaiian furnishings. *Aloha* and Johnny found it at an auction and Kimo and I bid for it, not wanting it to wind up in some hotel in another country.

“I could stay here with you all day,” he muttered, naughtily reaching between my legs again. We had to coax each other with kisses just to get upright long enough to go outside and find our little mischief-makers. We strapped the boys into their car seats and the sound of their laughter always made me smile. I stopped smiling when Kimo thought he was being clever by using my distraction to remove the baby’s car seat. My heart fell. Then I remembered his words. I felt guilty being happy that one day soon, somehow, the baby would come to live with us.

I didn’t know how or when it would happen,

but I felt an immediate, overwhelming sense of...*menace* and I forced myself to wipe the thought from my mind.

The boys looked at us expectantly from their car seats as we approached the gate to our property. Kimo had done some wonderful spells that made access from the bottom of the mountain almost impossible, unless you knew the correct chant and, apart from our immediate family, nobody knew it except our neighbors, *Aloha* and Johnny.

"Can we go the fun way?" *Keli'i* asked, looking at his brother for support.

"Yeah! Let's got the fun way!" *Kamaha* shouted and Kimo looked at me, laughing.

I sighed. *Maluhia* hated for us to take the kids the *fun* way. But then again, if I was a kid with an uncle who could make the family SUV do what Kimo made it do, I'd want it all the time, too.

"Do it, Kimo." I grinned at him. As he revved the motor, I double checked that the kids were all buckled up. They held their little arms in the air as if they were on a Disneyland ride, and then we were up, up, way up and he pointed the car down. We whooshed forward, screaming with manic pleasure as the Land Rover's tires skimmed the forest of trees that obscured our property from public access. We dipped and soared and hit the highway with such skill that the boys and I

applauded the pilot.

"Thank you, thank you," Kimo was grinning. "One of my better ones, if I do say so myself." The car behind us seemed to skitter, the driver looking spooked when I checked over my shoulder. I wondered if he would ever tell anybody and if they would believe him about the time an SUV dropped from the sky and landed with pinpoint precision a decent car length ahead of him.

* * * *

"Can I swim with *Liho*?"

Little *Keli'i* was looking up in his sweet, hopeful way at Kimo. He had the heart wrenching, pinched look on his face that he got when he wanted something badly and thought that it might be too much to ask.

"If I have anything to do with it, yes you can," Kimo told him. "Come on now, babies, *wiki wiki*." As I unbuckled them, the boys piled out of their seats and into his big arms.

The valet at the Kahala Hilton took over the wheel and I saw the awed look on his face when he glanced at my husband. Kimo turned heads every place we went. The kids giggled and squealed until we got to the stairs, then they wanted to run down themselves to the dolphin lagoon. Kimo deposited them gently to the floor

and they took off.

"Give me your hand, darling." He reached for me. I slipped into his big paw and he gave my fingers a squeeze.

"You just made my cock hard," I muttered.

"Yeah," he grinned. "How about that?"

There was a group already finishing their dolphin swim and our twins danced around with excitement. Children under ten are not allowed to swim with the dolphins, but since they'd come to live with us the twins had become the only exception to the rule. They had completed every educational program the Explorer group offered for small children, plus Kimo has single-handedly healed every sick baby turtle, every snuffly dolphin. Of course, we had also been very liberal with free tickets to our hula show.

Kimo kissed me and drifted off to the changing cubicle to put on his board shorts. If we had been alone, we'd be in there assaulting each other. I got a warm feeling in my belly knowing Kimo was mine and I'd get to do all the rude things I wanted to do to him back home.

I knelt on the ground, one eye on the cubicle, the other on the boys as I wrestled them into their mandatory life jackets.

"Oh, he's here! He's here!" *Keli'i* pointed to the dolphin swimming back and forth in a straight line by the lagoon's edge. It was indeed his friend,

Liho, and *Keli'i* wriggled in my arms. "I have to touch him, *Lopaka*. I have to touch him!"

Kimo burst from the cubicle like a radiant war hero, his eyes seeking mine, and *Keli'i* tore away from me, into the pool before I could stop him. The dolphin, which normally abhorred anybody touching his face except for kisses on his nose, loved our boys and suddenly, the entire pod of five dolphins was upon us.

Jason, one of their trainers, swam over to us. "Ah, the Wilders are back, I see." He laughed as the boys kissed and played with the dolphins, holding their hands over their blow holes and hooting with laughter when the dolphins sprayed them.

"Are they happy?" *Keli'i* asked Jason. He asked this question every time.

"Yes they are," Jason responded, glancing at me. "There's always one in every group." Jason scooted the other dolphins away to rest and *Liho* stayed with us, basking in the attention of four pair of hands stroking and touching his body.

"Jason." It was *Kamaha* who turned grave eyes on the trainer this time. "You know how dolphins get caught up in tuna fishermen's nets?"

"Yep," Jason replied, giving *Liho's* flank a reassuring pat.

"Well, how do you know you're eating dolphin-safe tuna? How can you make sure?"

It was a fantastic question, I thought, for a little boy of five.

"What a beautiful question." Kimo stroked the boy's head. Jason looked at the boys.

"There's only one way."

"What's that?" asked *Kamaha*.

"Eat peanut butter."

* * * *

The boys loved their dolphin swim. As we went back upstairs, I overheard somebody say, "Look at those two men with those children. What a beautiful family." Kimo and I grinned at each other. We retrieved the car and headed north toward *Waikiki*, a peaceful feeling between us all. The boys always got upset when we said goodbye to the dolphins, but they believed our promises that we'd return.

I turned to check on them and was touched that they were holding hands. They were learning the important lesson of comforting one another.

"Where are we going now?" *Keli'i* asked, his little foot shooting forward to Kimo's shoulder.

Kimo reached up one long finger and stroked the sole of the foot, making the little boy giggle.

"Me too, me too," *Kamaha* urged and his foot, too, got some *kahuna* power.

"We can walk, look at the funny tourists, find

some place nice for lunch,” Kimo replied, putting his naughty masculine powers to good use at my crotch. His hand hovered, making sure I was hard. He kept me in a perpetual state of arousal. As my hand sneaked over to his lap, I was pleased to discover I had some tricks up my own sleeve.

“You have the benefit of baggy shorts, my love.” His look of reproach was soon overcome by merry laughter.

Miraculously, we found parking and ambled along *Kalakaua* Avenue, each of us holding one of the twin’s hands, Kimo pausing to look at the volleyball players over by Queen’s Beach.

“Where would my three favorite men like me to take them for lunch?”

Keli’i jumped on the beach wall and into Kimo’s waiting arms. “I wanna go to Duke’s.”

“No...not Duke’s.” *Kamaha* scrunched his face. “I wanna go to Legend’s.”

“Not Legends...”

Kimo and I laughed as the battle raged on.

“I want to go to Kimo and Boots,” *Kamaha* shouted. He didn’t really. He loved being down here in Waikiki and Kimo and Boots was close to our house. He just adored saying the name, because it was Kimo’s name and...boots.

“Not Kimo and Boots.”

Kimo stepped into the fray. “How about if I pick a new place? A totally new place?”

"Yay!" the boys shouted.

"Wait..." *Kamaha* snapped his fingers. "We have snacks *Myypaka* made."

"*Myypaka*...I love that." Kimo gave me a soppy look that would have had us leaping straight into the sack, normally.

"Yeah...we have snacks. Let's go to the movies, then we can go to lunch!" *Kamaha* looked at his brother who was suddenly on board with that decision.

"The movies?" Kimo's expression became doubtful. "I can't remember the last time I saw a movie...I don't..."

"Perfect!" Why hadn't I thought of it before? I'd promised myself Kimo and I would relax and have fun...dang. I would love nothing more than to be in a dark movie theater with my hand in his pants, his stiff cock in my mouth...

*Lopaka Wilder...you are a bad man...*Kimo was in my head again and he was grinning at me.

"Let's see what's on at the movies!" The boys were dragging us down the street.

"It's the new Harry Potter movie!" The boys were dancing around. *Maluhia* and I had taken turns reading them all seven books and they had been enthralled.

Kimo looked bemused. "Harry who?"

His jealousy of Harry Potter always amused me. When I read the books to the boys, Kimo was

outside reading the riot act to the growing colony of wild birds that had taken refuge on our mountain estate. He magically *knew* when story time was over and it was his turn to be err...tucked into our own hot sheets. He had not read the books, but I think it peeved him that the boys were awed by a fictional wizard.

He had never seen a Harry Potter movie since we didn't own a TV. When the boys watched the DVDs, they did so over at their own house. Kimo and I weren't into TV. At all.

"He's a boy wizard who goes to school at Hogwarts..." *Keli'i* started to explain.

Kimo studied the movie poster of the boy wizard, now a man, and his best friends Hermione and Ron. Behind them stood an artist's rendition of Hogwarts.

"Our school is prettier than that," he scoffed under his breath as we scooted the boys into two seats between us, his long arm stretching around my shoulders.

I knew he wanted to kiss me and we reached for each other over those little heads and exchanged a sweet kiss full of promise. Oh, we were gonna be parents!

Giving everybody their own special bags of treats, I settled down with my little family to watch the unfolding movie, sneaking looks at Kimo who looked as enthralled as the boys, truth

be told. Despite a few negative comments under his breath like, "They use wands? It's so old fashioned," he was like a kid again, right along for the ride with the rest of us.

At the end of the movie, the boys were in orbit over all the magic we'd seen.

Kimo wasn't so impressed.

"Why is Professor Snape's hair so greasy? Is he too busy to wash it? If he's so powerful, can't he just...magically clean it?"

The boys thought this was hysterical.

"He keeps it dirty because...because...why does he keep it dirty?" *Keli'i* asked me.

"Because he's a big stupid," *Kamaha* responded and the boys fell about laughing.

"A really big stupid." Kimo grinned.

I knew this was a bit of jealousy on his part because the boys adored Snape. "Not everybody's like you," I told him. "They don't all have your powers." I wasn't kidding. This was a man who'd taken me to the moon for Christmas, as in *literally* flew me to the moon...but that's another story.

Our cell phone was ringing and *Keli'i* pulled the phone out of his pocket with pride. "See, I didn't lose it." He answered it with great maturity. "*Aloha.*"

I grinned. He'd picked up a few tricks from me. I saw his face take on a look of delight. "*Tutu!*" His voice would have been heard across three

continents. "It's all planned! Kimo! *Tutu* did it! We're going on vacation!"

My husband looked at me, smug in the knowledge I had no idea where we were going. *Kamaha* and *Keli'i* argued over who was going to talk to their mother first and Kimo pounced on me.

"What's wrong, my love?"

"Nothing. I'm...I'm very excited."

Kimo's eyes narrowed. Damn. I couldn't keep anything from this husband of mine. "You're worried about *Maluhia*. Why?"

I glanced over at the children who were both shouting movie trivia into the phone, coupled with, "I told her that already, you big stupid!"

"No, *you're* the big stupid!"

"Kimo, she's so lonely."

He looked at me. "What is it you are saying, *Lopaka*?"

I dropped my voice, even though the kids were in their own little zone. "She'd never had an orgasm until the other night during the ceremony...with Nicky."

Kimo looked stunned. "Never? How do you know this?"

I looked at him and shrugged. I just knew.

"What are you suggesting? I hope you don't think I'm going to diddle her..."

I laughed. "Are you kidding? No. That's not

what I had in mind." He flew into me then, his soul searching mine, our hearts and minds connecting.

Kimo looked surprised. "You want me to..."

I nodded. "That's exactly what I want you to do."

"But *Lopaka*..." his face got that look again, the look I worshipped, when life presented him with the impossible and the infinite worked in alignment with him to make it a reality.

"But a man is coming for her soon." Kimo looked at me. "Late in her pregnancy, but I feel him. He's a good man. He will love her."

"I know, darling, I feel him, too. But she is so horny..."

Suddenly the entire theater was silent. Everybody was staring at us.

Kimo burst into laughter.

I had to complete our conversation mentally. *Our babies were conceived with love, Kimo. If I was carrying our children, you'd be inside me every day.*

He looked at me, his eyes smoky with desire now. *That's true, darling. So, you want me to do what...Mypaka? Conjure up a man for her?*

"Exactly!" I said it aloud, because I was excited now. "That's exactly what I want you to do. I want you to summon her a summer love."

Chapter Three

“I love it!” my sister breathed. “Oh, *Lopaka*. How *exciting*. If it’s true that somebody is coming...somebody you and Kimo feel is a good man. I trust your instincts. But I would adore...” She grinned at me. “A summer love.” Her face got all moony and I hugged her tight. “Can I be outrageous in my choice?”

“Er...how outrageous do you want to get?” I resisted the strong urge to remind her that she was carrying *my* children in her belly.

“I know just who I want,” my sister whispered.

“You...do?”

She nodded. “I know you and Kimo are devotees of *Pele*...” she glanced at me.

“You want to sleep with the goddess?” I almost keeled over with shock.

“Don’t be silly. I want to sleep with her brother. I dream of him sometimes, you know.”

“Her *brother*?” Her *brother*! “Which one? I mean, she had five of them.”

My sister looked at me, then around us as if the house was filled with spies. She held up her hand, putting it to her forehead, the way little kids do when they're playing in the water, pretending they are sharks.

She is so country, my sister, she could not even say his name, for fear of invoking the deity's wrath.

"*Kamoho'ali'i*," I whispered and my sister's eyes widened.

"You...you said his name out loud." She bit her lip.

"Well you're about to sleep with him so you might want to...bend your mind around the idea of saying it yourself."

She blushed. "I...am?"

"Yes." *I hope so.*

* * * *

I found my husband lurking outside my sister's house playing with the twins and three piglets our favorite sow had recently birthed. Pigs were sacred animals on our property. We never killed, ate or sold them or any of our animals actually, since Kimo was devoted to *Kamapua'a*, the pig god as well as his on-off lover, *Pele*.

He handed over the squealing pink bundle to the twins, who adored our piglets, handling them

like they were puppies. Each and every critter on our property was safe from being hunted and killed and they all co-existed beautifully, except the twins and the chickens. Kimo was taking a proactive approach to dissuading the twins from chasing the poor brooders all over our property.

Kimo drew me aside. "What did she say?"

The burning sensation I experienced when I was separated from him turned to a mild form of heartburn. Kimo put his hand on my left arm and the burning stopped. It was this way for both of us. We no longer spoke of this phenomenon, since it was a part of us. He just knew to make it stop hurting and he always did.

I didn't even need to tell him, he was reading me again. His face took on a thoughtful expression. "She wants to sleep with *Kamoho'ali'i*? That's easy."

"It is?"

"Sure. I was afraid she was going to ask for somebody difficult, like Elvis."

I couldn't resist laughing. A dead mortal would be difficult for my husband to conjure up, but an ancient god of the sea was not? And he said I was something else?

Kimo pulled me closer to him. "I must say, I am happy, *Lopaka*. You know sharks are our *aumakua*, our family guardians. I must pray to *Pele*. She will send him to us. *Maluhia* does understand, though,

he can only come to her at night and he will leave by dawn, right?"

"Err..." My head was swimming. I felt like I'd missed out on an important conversation somewhere along the line.

"Don't you see, darling? She understands it is an interlude, and I hear he's got a massive cock. If her brother is anything to go by, she'll be wanting that in a man."

I grinned. Yep, I'd certainly gotten that in my man. Kimo frowned. "This does alter our vacation plans somewhat. We're going to have to stay right on the ocean. *Kamoho'ali'i* isn't much of a landlubber."

He let go of me and wandered off, pulling on a strand of hair. I watched his magnificent ass walking away from me. He turned again. "Take off all your clothes, *Lopaka*, then get into bed and wait for me. I'll be there in five minutes."

My husband, being a man of his word, arrived a few minutes later with a bottle of champagne and a single glass. We always drank out of the same glass. I sat up in bed and smiled as he waved at the bedroom door. It closed softly and locked itself. He held up the bottle and the champagne popped its own cork. I scrambled to my knees and ripped at the Velcro tab on his shorts, working the zipper down. I inhaled his scent. He always smelled like warm honey to me.

I took his hardening cock into my hands and licked at the tip. I groaned, loving the taste of him. Kimo poured a glass of champagne and held it to my mouth. I sipped at it and he let me get back to work. I pulled down his shorts and he obligingly stepped out of them as I ran my hands down the silky sheen of his skin. It covered the hardest, leanest, muscular body on record, but the softness of his skin never failed to thrill me.

"Lie down, baby," I whispered.

My husband gave me a slow smile, putting the glass and bottle on the nightstand. He got on the bed, his long, strong legs surrounding me. He could tell I was in a serious, sensuous mood and he got comfortable. Lying back on a mass of pillows, his glowing eyes drank in the way I licked and kissed his fingertips. I slowly moved up his right arm, the one with all his tattoos. I suppose I love the right side just a little bit more because I understand his spiritual history now, I know his stories.

I am his story.

And yes, I take great pleasure and significant pride in being the only person alive who is allowed to get close enough to those fierce, important markings to put my mouth on them.

Kimo was moaning. "I love when you bathe my body with your tongue, *Lopaka*." His hot, hungry cock was very hard, but I had a job to do and I did

not want to go *dere* until I had completed my mission—complete sensory fulfillment for the man I loved more than anything on this earth.

My tongue ran up his neck and he gasped, turning his face for me. I lay gently on him, to get better access to his face—his beautiful, beautiful face that, along with the sole of his foot, contained the most spiritually power-packing taps, or tattoos, on his being. The ones on his cock and groin also brought sensual pleasure, but I had discovered the ones on his face and his foot sent him into a carnal, emotional frenzy.

He'd told me, and I believed him, that until he met me, his tattoos had no sexual impact on him.

Heh, heh, heh. Just call me a lucky guy, since it was now my privilege and my wifely pleasure to lavish all my love on him. I felt his hands grabbing my ass. He had a smile on his face, his eyes remaining closed as I paused in my oral ministrations to look at the tattoos, his newest ones, on his right eyelid. There were two triangles, indicating his marriage to me and the birth of Baby Kimo. With the birth of our twins, two more would be added.

He'd never *gotten around* to getting his first wife's story tattooed on his face, but he'd had to in order to get his divorce from her and marry me. Her tattoo was by his temple.

As a sort of trial, the elders decided I would

have to be tapped onto his eyelid. Kimo wanted me and Baby Kimo together. For most mere mortals, those tattoos would have caused tremendous agony. Kimo couldn't *wait* to get them. He leapt off the bed now as my tongue traced those two tattoos. I felt his pulse quicken, the heat ripping through our bodies like an electric shock.

"Suck my cock, suck my cock, *please, Lopaka, please.*" It was like a mantra. I flicked my tongue across his dry lips and he sucked it into his mouth, his eyes opening to give me that imploring look he got when he needed me, when he needed that bonding again.

I dropped my head to the tattoo of *Kamapua'a*, the pig god on his groin. Kimo crowed with pleasure as I paid the lover of *Pele* his due respect, then writhed around the bed, anxious to get his cock in my mouth.

"You see the name on that cock?" he asked as I took the massive head into my mouth. I tasted his pre-come juice and couldn't wait to have all of it, but I needed just a little bit more of him first. I released his cock for a moment, letting it bobble against my chin and lips.

"Yes, I see the name on that cock," I whispered.

"What does it say?" His hands were threading through my own long hair and I almost came.

"It says...*Lopaka.*"

Kimo grinned, forcing his way back into my mouth, but I quickly pulled away from him. He got that look on his face—the one he got when he could read my mind, when he knew what was coming next and, despite what he wanted, what he needed, he could never have denied me. His legs widened. He picked up the glass of champagne and poured it down his rippling abs. I went berserk, licking the bubbly fluid from his belly, balls, delicious ass and finally, that cock.

“Arrggghh!” My husband’s ass flew off the bed as my scorching mouth descended over the full length of his eleven-inch prick. I closed my eyes, savoring the taste of him, the length and width of him, and when my mouth came back up again, he already knew what I wanted. His right foot was waiting and I put two fingers into his ass to get him ready for me. My tongue went straight to the tattoo of the sun on his right sole. Kimo was panting now.

This was his secret doctrine. This was who he was. The Keeper of Secrets. There were only three living Keepers in all the islands, and Kimo was turning out to be the most powerful of them all.

For all the damage his feet took from walking around barefoot, from dancing, he never felt pain or experienced discomfort. But one touch of my tongue on that sensitive place and he was in an agony of ecstasy.

I'd asked him once if his ex-wife ever made him feel like this and he looked at me as if I was crazy. "She would never dream of licking my feet," he'd told me.

Now he was pawing at me. "*Lopaka*, fuck me!"

I did not hesitate, I did not torture him anymore. I tore into him, his beautiful thick cock so long I was able to lick the head and fuck him at the same time. As I plunged into his spectacular body, I saw what I always saw. His secrets. It was like entering a rainforest, full of dark, beautiful mysteries. I saw ancient warriors, kings, snatches of sight, voices chanting, all those who'd helped my husband absorb the knowledge that he carried with him each and every day.

Then, I saw where he was taking us...I saw a house in a forest...I saw ocean and waves...Kimo smiling at me and I saw how much he loved me, then...the picture shifted to the two of us in wet suits, fucking like maniacs underwater over an ancient shark *heiau*, temple, and my heart skipped a beat.

Why was he thinking about this place when I was inside him? He had taken me there in the throes of our first hot fling, *fed* me to the sharks. It was the last time he'd fucked me before abandoning me...until we reunited and...and...*why was this place in his mind?*

My God, the big island of Hawaii.

"No, *Lopaka*, don't torture yourself...oh, my love. You misunderstand..." his voice rasped out loud. "Oh, my baby..." He held my ass, pulling me into him harder, and I saw it all now. I understood and, if possible, I loved him even more...I looked down at him and came at the same moment he reeled into my mouth, giving me his entire soul to consume.

When our mutual frenzy subsided, Kimo still did not let go of me. He looked up at me, grinning. "I can't keep any secrets from you, can I?"

I shook my head. We had spent Christmas on the big island, but had not gone anywhere near that submerged, secret shark *heaiu*, that few people knew existed. Partly because, I realized now, we'd been on the other side of the island in *Kona*, and partly because the memory was painful.

But now we would revisit, plant new seeds, sow happy memories, because it was here that my sensational husband would call up the ancient shark god to bring my sister what she needed.

"I am your story, too," Kimo whispered, pulling my face up to his. "A great god is going to bring your sister all the joy you've brought me. You and I did everything *Pele* asked of us, *Lopaka*."

"And now she's giving us two beautiful babies."

We grinned at each other like the giddy, love-struck fools that we were.

Chapter Four

I stared down into the kitchen trash, Kimo beside me.

"What is it, my love?" He stared at the contents of the rubbish and I saw the dismay on his face, too. My sister had consumed a one-pound box of chocolates in the time we'd taken the kids out for the day. She'd eaten a ton of other junk food, too. Chips, candy bar wrappers, commercial cakes..."Well, eating chocolate will give her the euphoric feeling being in love gives you." My husband picked up a wrapper and dropped it again. "But I'd prefer it if she ate pure, dark chocolate in much smaller amounts."

"It's a good thing we're going away tomorrow, that we can start cooking up some passion for her." I slipped my arm around Kimo and he grinned.

"A very good thing." He started nuzzling me. "Oh, baby, I forgot to mention, you must get some

urine from her. We'll need it tomorrow as an offering to her Summer Love."

"Okay. Now get back to work molesting me, please."

He chuckled, his mouth making mincemeat of the quivering pulse at my throat.

"Oh you two..." *Tutu* came into the kitchen, *Maluhia* in tow, and we all started laughing.

From our earliest days of courtship when we spent all our time in my little studio in Waikiki, Kimo loved to watch me prepare his food. When we bought our mountaintop home, knocked down the original house and rebuilt, Kimo designed every last square inch and we now had the house of our dreams. We had an open plan kitchen, huge living room and dining areas. We couldn't bear walls between us and it had been an architectural challenge. The only walls were around the four bedrooms. Our beautiful, huge bedroom was our bordello, our private sanctuary.

As much as we treasured our private times, Kimo and I both love to entertain and we are very Hawaiian. Our mealtimes are for *talking story* with family and friends, and on Sundays, they can stretch over whole days. He can watch me cooking from every room except the bathrooms and bedrooms, and I love knowing he's always within arm's reach where I can see him, too.

"Where would you like dinner tonight?" I

asked Kimo now. *Tutu*, *Maluhia* and I always let Kimo decide on this. This was his meal contribution, unless he was manning the barbecue, his specialty. We all waited for his decision, because based on his choice, it would influence what we made.

"The family room."

"*Da kine*, good." *Tutu* I loved this room the best. We could make anything we had on hand and dine luau-style, around a low-lying, huge rectangular, unbelievably beautiful table made of rare *koa* wood. Kimo's parents had given it to us as a wedding present. We could sit on the floor for hours and the kids adored it.

"So now we make *kalua* chicken." *Tutu* ticked off our menu. "Some herb-crusted salmon, greens, some steak for our baby mama and we'll need some mashed sweet potato. I feel our Baby Kimo will be here. Thank goodness we got plenty poi for dat boy."

Kimo's eyes sent radar love to my grandma, with lots of sloppy seconds for me. "I'll get the *imu* ready, baby. Come on kids, come and help me."

Little *Keli'i* looked up at me. "*Mypaka*, when are baby *Pele* and *Kamapua'a* going to be here?"

I was so shocked I couldn't speak.

"When are they gonna come out of mama's tummy so we can play?" He was waiting for an answer and I was waiting to find words for a

response. How did he know the names Kimo and I had chosen for our twins? We hadn't told anybody, not even my grandma.

"Aren't you funny?" *Maluhia* cackled, just like grandma. Lordy, I was hoping that laugh was going to skip a generation.

"I'm not funny! That's their names! They told me!" *Keli'i* was on the verge of tears and Kimo and I dropped down to him.

"You talk to the babies?" I asked him.

"What do they tell you?" Kimo asked.

"It's a secret." *Keli'i* got all bashful on us and Kimo drew the child into his arms. Good luck keeping any secrets from him, kid, I thought. Whatever Kimo did to that child's foot, got him laughing and confident again. "Baby *Pele* does all the talking."

"That figures," my husband smiled.

Nobody else said a word. We all wanted to know what she had to say.

"She said she is safe. That grandma Evelyn is with them."

We all looked at each other, all of us on the verge of tears. Evelyn was the mother who had abandoned me, but kept my sister. She had died last year, before I'd gotten a chance to see her again.

My sister's hand was at her mouth. "*Keli'i*...the baby said these things...to you?"

"Uh-huh. She likes to swim. She swims with me at night in my dreams. And she said they are safe. When is she gonna be here, Mama? I miss her so much."

We all gaped at him. "I know her from heaven. She doesn't forget me, even though I'm here now." The little boy's lips took on the firm cast my grandma's did when she would brook no argument. I took him in my arms and hugged him.

"They'll be here in nine months," I told him.

"Is that a long time?" he asked.

I nodded. "A little bit long."

"Yeah, I thought so." he reached for my husband's hand. "Come on Kimo, we get the *imu* ready now."

"I see him talking to all the nature spirits," *Tutu* whispered as soon as the boys were out of earshot.

"He started patting my belly this morning." *Maluhia* looked pale. "He kept saying, *the babies are safe, Mama,*" She wiped her eyes.

Tutu put her hand on my sister's belly. "No more chocolates for you, my girl. *Lopaka* and I are gonna look after you plenty good!"

"Umm...I don't know if this is a good time to bring this up, but Kimo needs some urine from you," I told *Maluhia*.

"What dis be for? Da shark god?" *Tutu* asked. Boy, there were no secrets in our family at all. "Good, we use da babies as bait." She put her

hand back on *Maluhia's* belly. "*Pele* and *Kamapua'a*, huh? I like dat."

* * * *

Kimo's parents arrived as we were arranging food on the table and *Mama nui* placed her hand on my sister's belly. "We hit a home run, eh?" She laughed. "It's all in the wrist action, you know."

I laughed, thinking of her plunging the turkey baster into my sister's womb. Her astonishing husband, whom the kids and I called *Papa nui*, was an older version of my Kimo. Same kingly quality, minus the raging spiritual heat my Kimo projected.

Mama nui put her hand on my belly. "Are you feeling a phantom pregnancy, *Lopaka*?"

The thought had never occurred to me that I would, even though *Maluhia* was my twin. An odd look crossed *Papa nui's* face, but he said nothing.

"Not yet," I smiled. "*Mama nui*, can I ask you something?"

"Anything, my child." As we walked away from my sister, she dropped her voice. "How I wish those babies were inside you, *Lopaka*."

"Oh, *Mama nui*, thank you." I kissed her cheeks, watching the way Kimo's face glowed seeing us together.

Her hands squeezed mine. "What did you want

to ask me?"

"How did you feel when you were pregnant with Kimo?"

She didn't hesitate in her response. "Very powerful. He was an easy baby to carry. He gave me a lot of dreams, busy dreams." She paused. "I can't remember them now, but I remember thinking he's going to look just like his father."

And, of course, Kimo did. I walked over to my husband whose arms immediately went around me.

"He looked a lot like Baby Kimo." *Mama nui* looked around. "Where is he, anyway?"

"*Mama nui! Mama nui!*" The twins ran into the room and she held her arms wide for them.

"My babies! My babies!" and the two boys laughed as she hugged and kissed them.

Papa nui easily hoisted the boys to his shoulders. I adored watching him with them. I think at first, Kimo was a little chagrined that this parental nurturing had skipped a generation, but he was very pleased that his father was overjoyed about our baby news.

"This is a big celebration tonight, eh?" He held up a couple of bottles of champagne and the twins began a chorus.

"Can we have some, *Mypaka?*"

Tutu and the boys had decorated the table with leaves and flowers from our garden and it looked

festive and so pretty. We all hunkered down and Sammy said a prayer of thanks, the boys lap-hopping from one adult to the next. I stayed glued to my husband's side, then our cell phone, now in *Kamaha's* proud possession, started to chirp.

"It's Nicky," he told us. "She's here with Baby Kimo."

Kimo got up from the table and, because *Keli'i* was parked on my lap, urged me to stay. He went outside with *Kamaha* gripping his hand as he worked his magic on the grounds, which would part like the red sea to allow Nicky's beach cruiser up the mountain trail.

I could hear the baby screaming within seconds. I swear my heart faltered. He never screamed like that in our house. *Keli'i* went running, *Tutu* and I close behind. *Kamaha* looked stricken as Kimo lifted the screaming baby out of his car seat in Nicky's car. She was talking a mile a minute to Kimo, but he wasn't paying a lick of attention to her. He was trying to stroke the baby's foot, but the baby was having none of it.

"*Lopaka.*"

My arms went out to Baby Kimo who lunged straight for me. I held him close, rubbing his back. Then, and only then, was Kimo able to work his magic on the boy's little foot. I saw the mark at the same second Kimo did. A strap mark across his right calf. We exchanged dark looks.

"Who hit him?" Kimo asked Nicky in a clipped tone.

"*Kaiona*...it was an accident."

"An *accident*." Kimo's voice turned glacial.

I turned and went into the house. If I stayed, I'd beat the shit out of Nicky. I took the baby into the house, letting the twins help me make a fuss over him.

Nicky followed, babbling a mile a minute at me, but I didn't care to hear her dopey excuses. The baby dry-heaved in my arms as Kimo's fingers kept working on his foot.

"*Tutu*," I heard him say. "Get the ointment."

"The baby ointment?" *Keli'i* asked. "I get it."

Time had stopped for me. I was tuning into the baby and I knew he was frightened, I knew he was hungry.

Maluhia's soothing hand was on my arm. "What do you need?"

"Some of *Tutu's* poi, some sweet potato." The baby was calming down and he started to laugh as Kimo stroked his foot. *Keli'i* returned with the ointment.

I felt Kimo watching me, worried about how upset I was.

"If you can just keep him for a few days..." I heard Nicky saying. *Kaiona*, stress. No sleep. I'd heard this song many, many times. I could honestly not recall a single time that baby brought

us a minute of trouble.

Lopaka. What do you need from Nicky? You need baby clothes? Kimo's voice was inside my head.

"I have everything I need, darling," I said aloud. *Get her out of here before I kill her.*

"You want some chicken?" *Mama nui* was asking Baby Kimo who smiled at her. He also had a special place in his big heart, that tiny little boy for *Papa nui* and I watched the two Kimos grinning at each other.

"*Haupia,*" came the baby's sure and steady response.

Our family members all laughed. The baby laughed back, pleased he'd entertained us.

"*Haupia?*" My sister was cackling now. "Eh...*Lopaka*...he has a sweet tooth! He must get that from our side of the family. So I go make one coconut pudding..."

"I want some, too!" the twins shrieked.

"Eeeehhh, grandpa want one pudding, too," Sammy shouted, making the baby laugh even harder.

Kimo accompanied Nicky outside, turning to his father.

"Dad?" His voice was soft, hesitant. I got a sudden glimpse of my husband as a little boy. *Papa nui* was on his feet, following him and I was thrilled to see Kimo turning to his dad in a time of need. Kimo had been removed from his parents so

early, he never regained the warmth of feeling he should have had for his father, but I was seeing it coming back in moments and it made me very happy.

Meanwhile, I marveled once again how much the baby looked just like Kimo except that his hair was blond like Nicky's.

Baby Kimo pointed to the dish of poi *Mama nui* was holding. "I want some."

Everybody laughed as he opened his little mouth, the twins taking turns feeding him from their fingers.

It was hard for me to think about leave that baby at home. I wanted him with us on our trip, but I trusted my husband that it was the right decision. I also knew Kimo's parents would dote on him. *Tutu* and *Mama nui* competed heavily over the children and this would give her the chance to spoil him rotten—alone.

Kimo had gotten rid of the strap mark on his leg, then actually used the phone for the first time in a long time, to rip *Kaiona* a new one. I knew by the end of that conversation that things between her and Nicky had deteriorated badly, and she confessed she took it out on the baby.

"He won't keep his clothes on," she kept moaning.

"But that's because he has a dirty diaper. He hates a dirty diaper. He thinks his clothes will get

dirty, too."

"I didn't know that," she responded.

"*Lopaka* and I told you this the last time you were here. He's in a hurry to grow up, this little one." He didn't like her reply apparently, because his tone grew chilly again. "*Kaiona*, if you ever lay a finger on him again you won't live long enough to regret it. Trust me on that."

* * * *

As we crawled into our bed that night, Kimo pulled me to him. "Thank God we're having twins. I couldn't bear the arguments. Did you see the way they kept grabbing at that kid?"

"I'm guilty of being a baby hog, too," I reminded him and Kimo's big hand made a lazy circle across my belly.

"Yeah. I noticed that."

"He loved every second of it." I grinned. For me, the happiest moments were watching him play with the twins. The three cousins were becoming incredibly close and I loved how gentle the twins were with the baby.

"*Lopaka*...he is safe in our house, you do know that?"

"Yes." I snuggled into my man, feeling the evidence of his desire for me. His beautiful, big cock found its way between my legs and I enjoyed

the feeling of it sliding in and out of my thighs.

"You've already begun the detachment process from Nicky, I see." His voice was dry and I felt wetness on my face.

"Don't, baby." His thumbs moved across my eyes. "Don't be upset. "I made sure he has no memory of what happened. He will not learn fear."

"Can you protect him when he goes back to them?" I asked Kimo as his mouth moved to my nipples. He paused and I realized now that this was why the baby couldn't come with us. Whatever shielding magic Kimo was working required complete isolation and protection for the baby.

"Yes," was all he said, his mouth, hands and body wanting what they wanted right now.

"Can you put warts or a painful boil on *Kaiona's* ass?" I asked him.

"I already did," my man mumbled. As his body moved over mine, I thanked God for cavemen because mine was as insatiable as they came.

Chapter Five

Kimo woke me with kisses around four thirty in the morning. This was our usual time to awaken when we were doing the show. We'd get up and take a long run together, chant and pray, fuck like bunnies, then join our family members for breakfast.

But we were on vacation now and I burrowed under his armpit, licking any part of his skin that I could reach.

He moaned, kissing my throat. "Run with me, *Mypaka*."

Kimo relinquished his customary grip on my cock and held his hand out to me. In the darkness, we slipped on shorts and running shoes. We checked on all three boys who were sleeping in the room we'd long ago designated for Baby Kimo. We both melted seeing little *Kamaha's* protective arm slung around the baby.

We had no need for baby monitors in our

house. We were all very tuned in to the children, and *Tutu's* inner time clock was tuned in to the early morning schedule Kimo and I kept.

Moving silently, we glided out of the house and into the velvety coolness of the still sleeping sky.

Kimo turned and ran noiselessly all the way to the pig corral. It always shocked me that such a big man could have such grace. At the wooden enclosure, he stopped, picked me up into his arms and took me into the baby den. We fussed over the newborn additions as the mother pigs greeted us with soft snorts. We loved those girls and the proud males who had sired our litters.

My husband reached over and kissed me, his hand snatching a couple hairs from my head at the root.

"Ow." I rubbed my tender scalp.

"I'm sorry, my love. I needed to be sure I had the roots." He touched my head. Pain gone. He was wrapping my hairs around others in his hand and I guessed them to be his and Baby Kimo's since I could hardly see an inch in front of me in the darkness.

"Does your mother know you are doing this magic?" I asked him.

"No, darling, only you." He inched forward on his knees and buried a little leather pouch with the hairs in a hole he'd obviously dug the day before when I'd been talking to my sister.

“When we start receiving messages from *Kamapua’a* through *Keli’i*, I will be satisfied our children are safe. Until then, *Mypaka*, we trust *Pele* to honor and protect us.”

“She will,” I told him. With great care, he picked me up, carried me back over the wooden fence and put me on the ground, running up hill away from me.

Our runs together were the only time Kimo got competitive with me. I know I am the only person he has ever run with who is in the same peak physical condition he is, but he also needs to shine and I let him. Still, he likes to push me and, in doing so, he pushes himself.

I followed him through the *‘ohia* forest on our property. I loved the earthy, yet tender smell of *Pele’s* power plants. She is an *‘ohia* girl and we have maintained her cherry red blooms, and the ferns that mysteriously pop up around them, like they were human babies.

We paused to visit with our newest residents. Our home had become a refuge for birds and insects believed to be extinct. Somehow, they all found their way to us and we were thrilled with the family of *Oloma’o*, Molokai Thrush that had mysteriously appeared a few weeks before. Endemic to Maui, Molokai and Lanai, these beautiful birds had disappeared with increasing development.

Here they had found a home. With us, their children and all their secrets were safe. Warbling to us from the hollow of a tree, a lone fellow Sammy had identified as a *Kama'o* poked his head out at our approach. He was a mud-colored, close relative of the *Oloma'o* endemic to Hawaii, but again absent from the skies for decades, this little fellow had some news to share.

We saw a second head and instinctively reached for one another's hands.

"They're nesting." Kimo looked ecstatic. "Oh, *Lopaka*...wait 'til the children find out."

Our little friend burbled away, making us laugh. As we pushed through the rainforest that made up the northern edge of our home, we were greeted by such *manu mele*, bird song, we found ourselves invigorated and inspired by the many species of animals that found refuge on our mountain.

Rice birds, myna birds, red whiskered bulbus and cardinals greeted us. Our favorite songbird, an assumed extinct genus called a Black Masked *Po'ouli*, had been with us several weeks. He was making his presence known, but as usual, this shy little guy hopped away when we got too close. The last known *po'ouli* had died in captivity. The only two known to be living in the wild had not been seen for over a year when this little fellow arrived.

Kimo and I had no idea if he was one of them, but so far, he wasn't talking. He seemed happy enough though and we were thrilled to have him here.

We had worked hard to make all the species co-exist and all our residents co-operated.

When an exhausted, but beautiful cat showed up, Kimo realized she was pregnant and she and *Maluhia* immediately bonded. This gorgeous furry girl delivered kittens with Sammy's help and she and her delightful offspring seemed to think they were bigger kitties than they really were. They patrolled our mountain, acting as guardians of our property. In exchange for good food, a ton of affection and *Maluhia's* bed to sleep on, they never chased birds and more or less kept the twins in check.

We had difficulty only with a *Pue'o*, a rare Hawaiian owl that had materialized one night, attempting to steal one of *Maluhia's* kittens. The owl also went after our sacred piglets and even other birds, but Kimo sat down with him and told him what was what.

Pue'o was told he was most welcome as the king of the forest, but he must not eat the other residents, except for rodents. With fruit trees on the property, we had plenty of those. They were harmful to the ground nesting birds on our land, and not endemic to the islands, therefore

potentially fatal to our budding eco-system.

"King of the forest, eh?" My husband told me the bird responded.

Pue'o took his work seriously and hooted a greeting to Kimo, one king to another. Me, he treated as a royal appendage, rating a rapid blink of his amber eyes. At least he didn't try to eat me.

Running fast now, we came out of the forest and into the old lava tube the boys loved tumbling through. I could hear nothing but our breathing and, as we burst into the mountain air again, we paused, surveying the majestic place we called home.

"We own a mountain," I whispered and my husband laughed.

"Yes, we do."

We stopped to stare at the ocean below us, lights twinkling across the expanse of water from Maui, another place we call home.

I knew he was going to pick that exact second to run, but I was too quick, and now ahead of him. We raced each other all the way through our three-mile loop back to our house and to the *lanai*, the verandah overlooking the sea. We'd installed an outdoor shower a couple of months before and it had become the location for many incidents of outdoor...*fun*.

Breathing heavily, we faced each other.

"Take your shorts and shoes off." My

husband's voice was low, intimidating. "Stand by the shower and don't move." I did exactly as I was told. He went into the house and came out with a large velvet box. My cock went rigid.

"Mmm...*Mypaka*..."

He ran his tongue across my waiting mouth. I tried to get his tongue, but he was too quick. "Arms up." I quickly complied. He opened the box. There were two compartments. The main one held a pair of gold handcuffs. He put them on my wrists, attaching me to the showerhead. He ran his hand over my ass before proceeding. Another compartment contained a box with a band of five gold cock rings I'd given Kimo for Christmas. He loved them so much he'd had the handcuffs made by the same man.

He bent down, put the cock rings around my cock and balls and stepped back a moment in the pearly pink dawn to look at me.

"You are so hot."

He was on his knees instantly. His tongue went from the tattoo of his name on my tailbone to the crack of my ass, across the back of my thighs, up to my throat and ran down my breastbone to my crotch, all the way to those gold rings.

"Please untie me, baby, please. I want to touch you."

"Nope. Sorry."

His mouth went to my left hip, his tongue

tracing a V line down to my crotch again. His breath was hot on my skin. I didn't think I could take much more of this. I needed his mouth. Kimo turned his attention to my right hip and again, another V. This time he kept my hips in his hands and he stuffed my cock into his mouth. He gave my cock the workout it needed, pulling, sucking, wheedling it into submission. He brought me close to orgasm twice, the third time he didn't stop and when I came, his left index finger ran across his name on my ass and I felt like I'd burst into flames.

He swallowed all my come and I think I passed out because the next thing I knew, I was in his arms and he was carrying me back to our bed. He left me alone while he ran us a bath. I could smell jasmine and tuberose. When he came to gather me into his arms again, I felt privileged and very deeply loved as he lowered me into warm, scented water, his hot cock sticking toward me, demanding attention.

Kimo pressed the remote for our I-Pod and Alfred Apaka's lovely *Hawaiian Wedding Song* duet with Diane Moncado, one of our surprise favorites from our own wedding, filtered into the room. I thanked God that it was time for *my* breakfast. My husband lay back, allowing me to get my hands and mouth on the only thing I hungered for—that beautiful, commanding cock.

* * * *

I made breakfast for everybody, pancakes with peaches and bananas that Kimo and the twins picked off the trees. I was in the pantry searching for macadamia nuts when I came across a box of Ding Dongs hidden on the top shelf.

This was what I called fortuitous. I whipped them out of there, into a bag containing ingredients I was taking on our trip so I could keep my family steadily supplied with delicious baked goods.

I found a packet of candied macadamias at last, chopped them as a final garnish to my pancakes and the twins wolfed down their food, scurrying off to hurl last minute items into their respective backpacks.

Tutu and I fought like cheap whores over a free-spending john concerning who was going to feed Baby Kimo his breakfast.

"I'll settle this."

Maluhia snatched Kimo off my lap and took him herself. Boy, was she grumpy when she was off the chocolates. The baby giggled and grandma and I fumed.

"You can feed me breakfast," my husband nuzzled me.

It wasn't that he was the booby prize or

anything, but I adored feeding Baby Kimo. Grandma got wise, waving a Ho Ho under *Maluhia's* nose. Boy, my grandma must have been ready for this battle before I'd even set foot of bed. Between the Ding Dongs and Ho Hos, we had the cupcake turf covered. *Tutu* got the baby, picked up his plate and ran out to the garden with him, cackling like a wild hen.

What a dirty trick.

I narrowed my eyes, watching my sister snuffling the chocolate off the inside packaging on the cakes like she'd been denied the stuff for months.

Kimo laughed at me. "You have to get up pretty early in this house, baby."

"I did get up early," I reminded him.

"And did my little...early bird...enjoy his...worm?"

Just thinking about having his cock in my mouth again made me forget everything else.

"I could go for a little something...*extra*."

Kimo threw back his head and laughed. "I was hoping you might say that." He leaned forward. "And I think you might find I have just what you're looking for back in our room."

I just knew he would.

We came out of our room to find Sammy and all the children leading our neighbors, *Aloha* and Johnny, into the house.

"Och, we couldn't let you leave without getting our *keiki*, our kid fix," Aloha laughed as the three boys each pulled on his hands. "I love coming over here. They always make me feel like The Beatles."

"Who?" my sister asked. I never knew if she was serious because she always acted like she'd never heard of anything. But as Aloha reached out and tickled her side, she started laughing.

"You dozy mare. You can't tell me you never heard of The Beatles."

"I'm pregnant," she responded.

"Not by one of them. I think they're all dead, except that daft drummer and Sir Paul's got his hands full. Congratulations though." Aloha was practically doubled over in amusement at his own joke.

"Congratulations!" his husband, Johnny, hugged her, then me, then Kimo, handing me a plastic shopping bag from Hilo Hattie filled with toys. "Stuff for the kids to do on the plane."

"That's so sweet of you. Plane, huh?" I grinned at Kimo who was giving an oblivious Johnny a peevish look.

"We're going in a plane?" Keli'i was dancing around again. "*Mama nui*, are we going in *your* plane?"

"Yes." She laughed as the little boy hugged her kneecaps.

"I love that plane!"

We all got a kick out of that since it was the *only* plane he'd ever been on.

"I'm gonna miss you wee corks." *Aloha* was a little misty-eyed. "I don't know what I'm gonna do without my wee willy winkies for three whole weeks."

Mama nui looked like she'd been sucker-punched.

"Three whole weeks..." She glanced at me. "Oh, *Lopaka*. I didn't think about that. I won't get to see the babies, or you or Kimo or *Maluhia* or *Tutu*..." she bit her lip.

"So you come *wid* us." *Tutu* patted her shoulder. She was in a generous mood all of a sudden.

I glanced at Kimo who shrugged. "Yes, come with us," I echoed.

Maluhia nudged me. "Is our family a bit...you know..."

"Crackers? Darling, we're a bunch of weirdoes. You just figured that out?"

"But Baby Kimo...Nicky will be back for him in a day or so." *Mama nui* looked worried.

"Oh, pish..." *Aloha* flapped at her words like a pesky fly. "That girl constantly brings him over here. *Lopaka* can just call and tell her they're going away for a couple of weeks. Bet she'd jump at the chance to be alone with that wacky woman of

hers, eh Johnny? We'd love to stay here. And we can take care of the house and all the critters. Even the turtle menagerie next door."

Kimo and Sammy exchanged looks.

You want me to call Nicky? I silently asked my husband who shook his head.

Not yet. "We'll call her from the big island. Let's just get into the car now. Come on everyone, *wiki wiki.*"

Kimo drew *Aloha* aside and I saw him talking earnestly to him. "If she calls here, call us on the cell and we'll call her back, but don't tell her we're out of town. We'll deal with her in a couple of days."

Will we get cell phone reception where we are staying? I telepathed to Kimo.

He didn't skip a beat. "This number on the wall here is Sammy's daughter's landline. She lives near the place we're visiting and you can always leave a message with her."

Aloha didn't question Kimo. He knew there was always a method to his seeming madness and, since it was Kimo who saved both *Aloha* and Johnny's lives from an ancient bundle curse, *Aloha* was only too happy to comply.

"This'll be like a second honeymoon." *Aloha* wrapped himself around Johnny who giggled. "Say...is our old bungalow empty?"

"It's all yours," I told them as little *Kamaha*

tugged at my hand.

"Mypaka, do I have to wear shoes?"

I looked at his feet. "No. With all the adults in this family, I'm sure we're all gonna be fighting over who's going to be carrying you. Once we land in *Hilo*, I want you to wear some shoes, so put some in your backpack." I glanced apprehensively at my sister. Was I contradicting her wishes?

She gave me a brilliant smile. Good, she liked my answer.

"Don't forget to feed our cat. She has three kittens," Keli'i was tugging at Aloha's hand. "They get mighty hungry."

"I'll feed 'em up for you," Aloha grinned.

I raced into the bedroom and tossed handfuls of the brand new baby clothes I'd bought for Kimo into a bag. Dressing my husband and the kids was a passion of mine, but I especially enjoyed finding matching shorts for the two Kimos.

The baby swaggered in his new adorable black and white hibiscus print shorts that matched the ones Kimo wore.

"Oh, how adorable." Mama nui and Baby Kimo both thought he looked pretty hot. And his daddy looked pretty damned edible, too. Man, I drooled over how hot my husband looked in those long shorts and black flip-flops.

I caught his smoldering gaze. Pity we only had

a half hour plane ride. I just knew that man was going commando under those shorts.

We piled into two SUVs, ours and Granddad Kimo's. My Kimo wrestled with the baby's car seat. I had no idea why he'd removed it in the first place, then I knew. He had expected Nicky's visit and wanted her to see his car seat on the *lanai*. He didn't want her to suspect for one minute that we were going anyplace with the baby.

Now I felt his anxiety, underneath the thin layer of merriment. Kimo wanted us all out of here. *Now. Aloha* took the wheel on one vehicle, Johnny the other and, after making sure we were armed with plenty of food—typical Hawaiians, we never went anywhere without tons and *tons* of food—and diapers for the baby, we took the slow way down to Waikiki and on to the airport.

At Nimitz Highway, we detoured to the private hangar section and our excitement caught up with us all.

We ran from the vehicles, *Aloha* and Johnny bringing in all the baby seats. We waved them goodbye as all three boys roared up and down the gangway making us laugh as they tried out every seat, then picked adult laps to sit on. Mine and Kimo's. The onboard hostess, Sherry, who had been working for the Wilders for years, looked nonplussed at the three rows of food containers, toys, books, child seats and discarded backpacks.

Baby Kimo's sweet tooth detected cake and he was peering into the container of chocolate coconut cupcakes I'd baked. All three boys grabbed two each, Kimo grabbed two, *Maluhia* got two, everybody else got one, after we wrestled them away from her. Sherry passed around juice with bowls of sliced fruit and we strapped the kids in for takeoff.

When I unbuckled the baby mid air, he crawled into my arms, the twins in the seats beside us, arguing over who got what toy in the Hilo Hattie bag. They kept us all entertained as we soared over the lovely green jewel of *Honolulu*.

My belly spasmed in momentary fear. I loved our home and would deeply miss it. Kimo put my arm around his shoulders as he eased our seats back into a lovely reclining position, his head on my lap. For the next thirty minutes, I zoned in his stately presence, him and his Mini-me, dreaming of waterfalls, red sunsets and being home again with our goddess, *Pele*.

We arrived in Hilo to a light tropical drizzle. Exiting the plane, I took a deep appreciative breath. *Vog*. Ah, the smell of Hilo, that marvelous volcanic fog. I took a sniff at my arm and I could smell the scented rain of my beloved home.

"That's when I fell in love with you." I looked up to see Kimo's warm gaze on me.

"When?"

He grinned. "When we flew here for hula rehearsals, the first thing you did was sniff your skin and I just fell in love with you, *Lopaka*."

Kimo had never told me that before. I hurled myself into his arms and he lifted me off my feet as I put my mouth on his.

"The things I have to do to get a kiss around here." He held me off the ground, his voice husky. We kept staring at each other until *Keli'i* tugged my shorts.

"*Mypaka*, why did you sniff your skin?"

Kimo laughed. "Love gets no respect."

"Here. You try it. Smell your arm," I told *Keli'i* and soon, he and *Kamaha* were both sniffing. *Maluhia* got in on the act.

"I smell it!" She shouted.

"Me, too! I smell like...flowers!" *Keli'i* crowed, as *Kamaha* nodded in agreement.

"It's cool!"

Maluhia came to me, slipping her arm around me. "So this is your home, where you were raised. I want you to show me everything."

"I will." It was hard for me knowing that a big piece of my life was taken away from me through no fault of my own. I would never get the chance to know my mother, to hear her voice, to personally know the smallest thing about her.

Maluhia doled out information in tiny increments, I suspected because our mother's

death a year ago still wounded her terribly. And *Tutu* didn't remember much about her at all.

But *Maluhia* was giving me something greater, the precious gift of my nephews, her own place in my life and of course, the children she was carrying for me and Kimo.

We'd both lost the past, but we had the future. Our mother had chosen to separate us, but I knew *Maluhia* felt as strongly about this as I did. We were taking our time asking each other small questions. We were Hawaiians. We had *plenty time to talk story*.

Kimo's thoughts invaded mine, but outwardly, he tickled the twins until they shrieked and we made our way over to a Dollar rental car kiosk.

I watched Kimo's dad shouldering the giggly baby, a mini replica of him. I knew that he, too, had many regrets about the past, of sending Kimo away at a very young age to be schooled in the ways of the ancients. They'd missed out on so much.

Kimo and I would not let anybody take our children away, even though we knew they were going to be powerful healers. We had promised each other—and *Maluhia*—that our children would be better healers, better *kahuna* for being raised with love, affection and their parents' protection.

With *Kamaha* straddling one shoulder, *Keli'i* the

other, Kimo handed over a booking slip to the Dollar cutie who fluttered her eyelids at Kimo.

"Your wife is so pretty." She glanced at *Maluhia* as if testing the waters.

"Oh, I'm not married to her, I'm married to him." Kimo dragged me to his side, a beatific smile for me, and I saw the daggers in Dollar Cutie's eyes. We would be lucky to get out of here with a bicycle.

"All the good looking ones play for the other team," she muttered. She took her rage out on her computer keyboard.

"And I'm pregnant with their babies!" *Maluhia* was making mischief now and Dollar Cutie looked at us in shock. I could tell she didn't know what to make of that comment.

"Here's the key to your family van." She almost threw it at us and we had to bite our lips not to laugh when she put up a closed sign and fled from her kiosk.

We found the van and were delighted it had so much room. Baby Kimo wanted to sit with the twins who argued over who was going to be next to him. Kimo settled it by putting the baby between them and *Mama nui* fumed about only getting one cupcake.

"I'll bake some more tonight, I promise." I put my hand to her cheek and she looked happy again.

Taking the wheel, I peeled out of Hilo Airport heading north along the Hawaii Belt Road towards the *Hamakua* Coast.

"Where are we going exactly?" I asked Kimo who just shook his head at me.

"Try making a surprise for your husband and he just gets in the car and..."

I laughed. "Well, I just know the vicinity we're heading in...not everything."

"So *you* say." His hand reached for mine and that's when I knew.

A lump formed in my throat. We were going to the Valley of the Kings.

I took the turn off for *Waipio*, the most magical, most enchanting place in all of the Hawaiian Islands. It was where King *Kamehameha* was raised in secret so that enemy forces of the Big Island's king could not destroy the man who, it was foretold, would be the greatest ruler of them all.

It was also, until recent years, restricted by sugarcane growers who had leased land from the Bishop Estate, the largest trust fund in Hawaii and actually, the whole of the United States. In a landmark court decision, actual ownership of vast tracts could not be proven to belong to the Bishop Estate, and former sugar plantations were now holiday rental properties most travelers still didn't know about.

"I smell ginger," *Keli'i* breathed.

"What else can you smell?" I asked.

All three boys took deep, appreciative breaths, but nobody spoke as we turned into the lush valley of incredibly steep cliffs over two thousand feet high. We all gaped at the magnificent rush of waterfalls surrounding us and the black sand beach curving just below us.

"Wow!" the twins exclaimed in unison.

"Wow!" Baby Kimo echoed the twins, making everybody else laugh. Baby Kimo chortled with pride at his own cleverness.

We drank it all in, passing papaya farms, flower farms, grazing horses and beautiful, partially hidden plantation houses.

"Pull over, baby." Kimo's voice was quiet as I veered to a spot where we parked and locked the van.

"Come on, everybody." Kimo got out the backpacks. His father and I each took a twin, Kimo took the baby and we walked single file through a narrow path of switchbacks, which was actually quite tame by *Waipio* standards.

Tutu and Sammy were in the rear and I could hear Sammy chanting now. When I turned and saw the lush vegetation closing in around us, I realized why the path was so easy.

It was an enchanted path.

Some magic had just begun.

Chapter Six

In the Valley of the Kings, we arrived at a spot that I knew, without question, was a sacred place. Ahead of us was a freshwater pool of the most brilliant blue I had ever seen. Gigantic cliffs surrounded us on three sides, a small waterfall and rock pool.

I felt very little human activity here and thought most of it had to be of the *kahuna* variety. Kimo had all three boys remove their clothing. Again, nobody spoke as we approached the peaceful pool of water.

Kimo took the baby in his arms. "*Lopaka, Maluhia*, you bring the twins. Everybody else, please come with us and stand behind them."

Tutu handed me a bag of flowers and plants she had gathered back home in Oahu. We tossed these ahead of us. '*Ohia lehua*, red blossoms sacred to *Pele* went first, then *Uhaloa*, a plant traditionally used in healing.

I stared at it for a moment. *Uhaloa* was used to counteract disturbance.

Amaumau ferns, the first plants to grow out of fresh lava, also indicating new birth, went next. *Laua'e* ferns, for strong and steady growth, and a plethora of gardenias from our home, all entered the water. As we each stepped forward ourselves, I felt an incredible energy, a surge of infinite power. One by one, our family members surrounded us, fully clothed in the water.

Kimo began to chant in his hypnotic, incredibly tranquil way, from the ancient prayer for creation, the *Kumulipo*. The sky seemed just a little brighter, the sun more brilliant. His music reverberated around the natural landscape. I felt the sighs and whispers of nature spirits, of guardian ghosts.

Kimo paused and Sammy moved beside him. Together they sounded out the *Kahuna Tone*, a strange but wonderful sound that didn't seem human, transporting the *kahuna* to another dimension.

I had witnessed it only in my dreams, when Kimo and I had been forced to separate during his *kahuna* trial when he wanted to marry me.

Now, I felt the energy level shift. A higher vibration. And suddenly, ahead of us, I saw what I will never in my life forget.

A Pyramid.

It must have been there before, but invisible to

my eyes, certainly. I felt like we'd shifted sands and were in ancient Egypt but a lush Egypt with waterfalls and forests.

And then my husband spoke in English.

"In this Valley of the Kings, I would ask for the ancestors of our families..." his voice broke and I reached out a hand, placing it on his back. "I would ask for our ancestors who love us, to please come forward."

For a long moment, nothing seemed to be happening. And then a woman appeared by the waterfall. I had no clue who she was, but *Maluhia* became instantly hysterical.

"Mama!" She swam towards the woman, the twins trying to follow. Kimo turned to me and *Tutu* and I instantly held them to us.

The twins stared in wonderment at the apparition of their dead grandmother, but I felt nothing. I had no kinship with her. She had given birth to me so that *Tutu* could raise me and I could marry Kimo...and...and...tears welled in my eyes when I looked at the cliff ahead. There was my beloved grandfather, *Tutu's* husband.

Tutu and I clung to one another. Kimo looked back at me, his eyes glistening with tears.

"He's no longer bent over. He can stand tall again," *Tutu* murmured, tears flowing freely down her cheeks. "He looks so beautiful..." she whispered and he smiled at us both.

Kamaha crawled up into my arms, his little fingers brushing the tears from my face as, one by one, our ancestors lined the edges of those huge cliffs.

"He's here." Kimo's voice was quiet, but confident and strong. I knew he was very awed.

In the middle of the men and women stood a seven-foot giant. I knew it was King *Kahekili*, last king of *Maui*, *Lanai* and *Molokai*, Kimo's great, great, great grandfather. The home we owned in *Maui* had belonged to this great man, the only king *Kamehameha* had not been able to kill. It had been rumored he was actually the father of *Kamehameha*, and now I could see he probably was.

He was magnificent.

And then a woman appeared, standing apart from everyone...a woman in a yellow *pireau*, a sarong, with long lava-black hair, a red hibiscus behind her ear. *Goddess Pele*.

My body and mind seemed to be spinning and I knew we were in the most powerful vortex probably in the whole of the islands and certainly all of the United States. I felt the connection between the Egyptian Pyramids and the Hawaiian Volcanoes.

This indeed, was a humbling experience.

"I ask that you protect and bless our children," Kimo spoke again. "I thank you for meeting us here. You are never far from our thoughts. Or

from our hearts.”

“Kimo.”

He looked at me, but I was pointing to his right. It was the Great King *Kamehameha*.

“My God...” Kimo’s mother clapped her hand over her mouth and a soft rain began to fall, a magnificent rainbow arcing in the distance.

“It is written,” *Tutu* nodded with satisfaction. The *kapuna*, the elders, vanished one by one, Kimo making sure we each submerged ourselves fully in the water. The last of our ancestors to leave was King *Kahekili*.

He stayed until *Maluhia* swam back to us, grief stricken that her mother was gone.

I knew we had to leave. I stared at the great king. He remained where he was until we went back the way we came, the sacred, luxuriant gardens of the true and original Paradise sealing itself behind us.

Kimo took my hand. “You and I have one more pledge to make, my love. Let’s settle everybody into the house, then you and I have a date with a shark god.”

My sister stopped sniveling at once.

* * * *

“*Lopaka*, did I just have a lovely dream?” *Kamaha* asked me as I walked with him in my arms back to

the van. He'd begged me to hold him that way and not put him in the backpack.

"Something like that, baby," I told him and everybody started talking at once.

"Kimo, you were wonderful." His mother took his beautiful face in her hands and my heart swelled with pride for him. She never acknowledged his power or his compassion, so he didn't know what to say.

"Thank you," he told her. It kinda covered it all.

Back at the van, the children all wanted to be held, but we had to put safety first and put them in their seats. Kimo stroked the soles of their feet and they slept until we came to the turnoff back on the road to *Hamakua*.

Tutu and Sammy owned a huge, sixty-acre, former fruit plantation in *Hamakua*. They rarely came here, but purchasing it had been a brainwave, especially when developers thought it was be a *fantastic* idea to turn it into a resort.

Though it had been Sammy's gift to my grandma when they were married, we had all stayed for a week when our hula show came for a sell-out tour. Kimo and I brought the whole family, except for the baby, with us.

Sammy's daughter was living in *Tutu's* old place up in *Puna*, about an hour away. I knew Sammy would have loved to spend more time here, but *Tutu* couldn't bear the idea of leaving the

twins for any length of time. Now we were all going to be here to enjoy it. As we drove up the long driveway, the kids woke up and exalted in the endless, winding meadows extending down to the ocean.

"There's your tree house kids—oh and look, tons of fruit on the trees. You can pick 'em any time you want. Me and *Lopaka* make fine pies for everybody." *Tutu* cackled. "Oh, Sammy, it's plenty beautiful, just like I hold it in my mind." I turned and saw his benevolent smile as he stroked her back.

We piled out, the kids marveling over everything, but Baby Kimo had the strange look on his face he got when he had a dirty diaper. We quickly sorted out bedrooms and, as the men emptied out the van, I took the baby into the room *Tutu* designated for him and the twins and quickly changed him.

Once he was clean again, the baby gave me his feet to kiss as I tightened the adhesive strips on his diaper. He laughed and laughed and, as soon as I was done he reached his arms up to me.

"Kimo want."

I was giving him kisses galore when his daddy walked into the room.

"Isn't he adorable?" I asked.

"Ha ha ha!" The baby laughed.

"He's adorable and so are you." Kimo gave us

each a big kiss. I put the baby on the ground so he could toddle off in search of the twins whom I could hear in the living room squealing over something.

"We have a very sexy bedroom." Kimo wiggled his eyebrows at me and led me to the room two doors down that overlooked the orchard. "I made sure *Maluhia* got the ocean room away from the kids so she can screw in private."

"Screw?" I laughed.

"Honey, what you and I do is make love. What she and *Kamoh'oli'i* are gonna be doing is hot screwing." He grinned. "Not that I'm saying that's a bad thing."

In our room, he looked at the stack of bags and boxes we had. I closed and locked the door, while he paced.

"You got her urine right? We'll have some quick lunch, then you and I will go make our visit with him..." He was searching through one of the bags I'd packed. "*Lopaka*, what is this?"

It was the Ding Dongs. "They are sex aids, darling."

"Sex aids?" He gave me a quizzical look and my eyes strayed to the tree trunk filling out my husband's crotch area.

"Yes. Whenever I need...mo' Kimo, I plan to adopt *Tutu's* trick and bribe *Maluhia* to watch the boys."

He didn't say anything. I think he was trying not to laugh.

"I'm a cock whore. She's a cake whore. I've got me what I call a win-win situation." I did a swan dive across the bed to get my hands and mouth back on my husband's body.

"Lovely, *Lopaka*, I'm not going anywhere." He stroked my head in an absent-minded way, but I was already inside his shorts, lost in lust for that beautiful cock that could never be replaced in the satisfaction department by a *cup cake*. Kimo tried to push himself away from me. "Honey...*Lopaka*...we have so much to do." This was a first for him, denying me his cock, but then my tongue was on his perineum and he gasped. I eased him down to the bed, licking, sucking and gulping relentlessly at the space between his balls and ass. I got his shorts all the way off, felt him melting, his fingers threading through my long hair.

"Want me to stop?"

He hissed. "God *no*..." and I went back to work, aware of his rigid cock stroking the side of my face. How hard it was to ignore it and focus on his most private place. He thrashed about on the bed, his splendid, sinewy legs trying to pull me closer.

"Ooh...oh..." he murmured as I gave a few light licks to his balls. His poor cock kept jutting me in the face...wondering why it was being

ignored, but I wanted total relaxation, total...acquiescence...before I gave it any respite.

"Baby...*Lopaka*...forgive me," Kimo rasped. "I never meant to say no to you. I love you, *Lopaka*. Please, *please*, put your mouth on me."

"Not yet."

He ground out an infuriated, exasperated sigh, but I was moving in a slow, methodical way from his ass to his balls, my tongue flat against his skin and I heard his guttural moan. Glancing at his face, I saw him relishing the way I needed him, how my need to bring him unremitting pleasure was transmitting itself to him.

I took my tongue off him and his eyes widened in surprise.

"What...what are you doing?"

"Apologize for trying to stop me."

"Yes! Yes! I apologize!"

"You don't sound very sincere." Scooting upward, I hovered over his face. "Open your mouth."

He just looked at me.

"Open it."

He slowly opened it and my tongue entered this prized cavern, seeking his, the other place where I'd learned I could bring him to a complete frenzy. I licked his tongue and felt the rush of fire, but I didn't stop. He held his mouth open, his tongue hanging out. He couldn't have stopped me

bringing us both exquisite tortures if he wanted to.

Kimo had a tattoo of King *Kamehameha* on his tongue. Almost nobody knew about it, but it was another secret source of his power, therefore another hidden hot spot.

I gave that king a pretty good show of...*loyalty*, until I knew Kimo simply couldn't take it anymore. He snatched my whole head in his hands screaming, "Take your cock, take it!" I lowered my mouth over his aching erection and I felt its heat, its contained power. I came away again, licking the head of his cock, the lovely vein between the head and the shaft and he flopped about, moving up, wanting more...I swallowed his cock in one smooth gulp, his eruption sending his ass into my waiting hands.

I held him exactly where I wanted him, my thumbs moving into his ass, Kimo's ferocious orgasm never seeming to end.

When he calmed down, I lapped at the juices I hadn't managed to swallow and he whined when I took my fingers away from him.

"Ugghh....no...no....I need you."

"Yeah, you do, don't you?" I finished off my blow job with a kiss for the head of his superior cock and Kimo's black eyes gleamed at me.

"Come here." His voice was soft as he pulled me into his arms. I adored the way his heart hammered at his chest. "I always need you. I...I...I

don't need to explain myself with you, do I..."

"Nope." I stroked his lovely chest, my fingers moving to his mouth. "I just never like to see you anxious, Kimo. It hurts me."

"I am never anxious about anything except you and our children. I have a clear head now. No more stress, thanks to you."

I laughed. "Good."

"But what about you?"

"That, my darling, was a sixty eight."

"Meaning I owe you one?" He laughed then. "I have something very special planned, *Mypaka*. Can you wait until we are alone this afternoon?"

Raising myself on my elbow, I looked into his worried face. "Yes. I'm not going anywhere."

"I know." He raised himself up, taking my face in his hands and giving me the kind of soul kiss that always curled my toes. "And before this trip is over, I'm gonna have you back at that volcano giving you the ass fucking of your life. I think Madame would like another *Lopaka* offering."

"Yeah baby, just think of me as the gift that keeps on giving."

Kimo's laugh was deep and genuine. "Where are those Ding Dongs, baby? I have a feeling we're gonna be needing 'em."

Chapter Seven

We drifted in a calm sea in Sammy's dinghy, both anxious to return to our distraught children. All three boys had been inconsolable as we drove off, *Maluhia*, *Tutu* and Sammy having to tear the boys away from us and back into the house.

As long as I lived, I didn't think I would forget those three little devastated faces peering out at us from inside the house.

"We'll be back before they know it," Kimo and I said over and over to each other.

Right now, we had to focus on our love spell. We were planning to spend one week in Hawaii and two in *Molokai*. Kimo said the spell would hold for the seven days we were on the big island, but once we left, it would be broken.

My sister understood this *now*, but if she was anything like me, she would grieve the loss of the cock that rocked her. I'd thought I was going to

die when Kimo and I separated briefly while we were dating.

“Stop those ugly thoughts, my love. You wound me. There is a big difference between me and *Kamoho’ali’i*...oh...” he turned and I could feel this strange, icy presence. The water rippled and Kimo began to chant in Hawaiian. I recognized snatches of it. It belonged to *Pele*.

In the legend of *Pele*, she was banished from her home in Polynesia by her mother. Her brother *Kamoh’oli’i*, to whom she had been very close, changed himself into a shark. He guided her on her voyage to the Hawaiian islands where he, too, became a revered deity.

Kimo took the vial of *Maluhia’s* urine and poured it into the water. Amazingly, a ripple beside us formed into a water fin, and as I watched, what looked like a shark started to form...and circled our boat.

My husband kept having a conversation with this ancient deity and I marveled all over again at what a holy man Kimo really was.

“I’m just a man in love,” my husband whispered, giving me a kiss. We took a paddle each. “No baby, come and sit in my arms, I want to hold you.”

Scrambling between the legs I adored, I held myself to him as he muscled his way back to shore. The late afternoon was so magnificent and

tranquil I felt like our family must be the only family on earth. And as we rounded the Hamkua coast, our babies lined the small jetty as we pulled closer and closer to them.

"There they are!" Kimo shouted and the boys waved and cheered. "Get in, boys, let's take a little ride."

"Don't be long," my sister called. "Sammy's cooking fish."

The boys piled into the boat with us, their earlier misery forgotten.

"I love this place!" *Keli'i* shouted.

"I love this place!" *Kamaha* shouted.

"Ha, ha, ha!" the baby shouted, making us all laugh.

* * * *

Sammy's daughter, Annie, was at the house when we returned. I changed the baby's diaper again and he tore off to find the twins who were cooing over Annie's son, the object of much teeth gnashing for my grandma.

I found *Tutu* in the kitchen looking rosy-cheeked. "We get the *keiki* to pick some fruit and we bake some pies. Look at all *dis* food Annie bring us!"

Kissing her dear, sweet cheek, I perused the massive amount of food Annie had generously

brought—chicken, fish, vegetables, rice, poi and a big drum of *halo halo* ice cream. *Halo halo* is a Filipino dessert of mixed fruits, red bean and taro. Mixed with ice cream I bet it would be yummy. Over pie, it would be awesome.

“I tell her we pregnant with *da* twins.” My grandma sounded smug. “Her baby one scrawny, chicken-looking thing.”

Biting my lip to keep from laughing, I went to marshal the kids up for some fruit picking and found them with Kimo out back, dancing. Sammy, Annie’s husband Eddie and a couple of other guys were playing *New Hula Blues*, one of my favorite Taj Mahal songs, in an impromptu jam session.

As I stood in the doorway I took in the grazing horses and cattle of the emerald green high country in the distance, the craggy lava mountains, the pink sunset infusing everything with love and warmth. Topped by the sound of good music and laughter, the scene made me feel like I’d stepped back in time, listening to *paniolo*, cowboys making music after a long day on the ranch.

I felt a fresh rush of adoration as the twins sang, *Oh darling, please take off your shoes. I slice me some sashimi...give me the new hula blues...*

Baby Kimo was swaying his hips, looking giddily up at his father, who held his tiny hand in his. The twins joined in a cute little circle, doing a

fair hula together. Annie, a sturdy, strong Hawaiian woman, wandered over in her long, pink *holoku* dress and got between Kimo and the kids, insisting on a dance with him.

I was used to his hypnotic effect on women. They were just drawn to him. The baby's eyes turned to me and I knelt down, opening my arms to him. He ran to me as the twins stuck it out with Kimo and Annie, clowning around now. As the baby snuggled into me, I knew he was tired. It had been a wonderfully full day. I sat on one of the wicker chairs on the *lanai*, rocking Baby Kimo in my arms.

My sister was soon beside me.

"Do you get jealous?" she asked me softly, as I glanced down and saw the baby's eyelids drooping. If I tried to make him nap, there'd be hell to pay. He so badly wanted to be a big boy. This way, he got a catnap and I got him to sleep on me, the most wonderful feeling in the world.

My sister put her hands together under her head to indicate he was asleep.

"No, I don't get jealous," I told her. Sometimes I did, but not of Annie.

"Was it hard for you to see our mother?" she asked me.

"No." I was surprised by the question. The baby was really asleep now. I could feel his rhythmic breathing against my throat. I was aware

of my husband watching us, but I stayed on *Maluhia*. "I'm sure it was...difficult for you." I didn't know how else to put it.

"I..." My sister paused and I knew this was a struggle for her. She kept so much inside, that girl. "I loved her, *Lopaka*, and I know she loved me, but...she wasn't...a warm mother. She wasn't...sweet like you. And I fight that part of me...I fight the part that is her...every day."

"*Maluhia*, you're a wonderful mother," I responded quickly.

She put her hand on my arm and I was aware of *Tutu* coming out of the house now. I glanced over at her and she was looking so anxious.

This was not a conversation I wanted to have right here...or right now. And as my sister drew in a breath, I knew I didn't need to have it at all anymore. But my sister did.

"Any questions you have about her, I can try to answer them, *Lopaka*. I have felt so guilty that she...left you. But I honestly think that she never tried to find you because she didn't know what in the world she could say to you. How she could ever ask you to forgive her?"

I blinked a couple of times, aware of Kimo's close proximity, ready to rescue me. *Tutu* was wringing her hands. She'd tried so hard with me, raised me the best she could, and I'd turned out just fine, I thought.

"There's nothing I need to know about her," I told my sister. "My world is wonderful. God gave me everything I needed, *Maluhia*. My *Tutu* was the best mother I could have had. I feel grateful our mother delivered me to her."

"She was a wonderful woman when she wasn't drinking." My sister sounded so wistful.

"I'm sorry," was all I could say.

Maluhia gave me a tremulous smile. "So you could...forgive her?"

"I forgave her a long time ago. Her gift to me was you. She pointed the way to you and I just don't want to wake up one day and find you are a dream."

"*Lopaka*, I feel the same way. But there's something she said to me...out there today. She's with our children...all our children, and I want you to know, these babies I am growing for you...they are my gift to you...and hers. She said to tell you that."

I nodded. "Thank you." I held Baby Kimo just a little bit tighter.

Kimo walked up to us then, his gaze raking my face.

"I think *Tutu* wants some fruit for pies," I told him.

"Does she now?" Kimo relaxed, knowing I was okay. "How about it, kids? Wanna help pick some *ono*, delicious fruit?"

Baby Kimo stirred in my arms with all the screaming from the hyperactive twins. Kimo reached one of his magnificent fingers under the tiny foot in my hand and stroked it, sending him back into dreamland.

My sister put her head on my shoulder and we sat in beautiful silence, watching the sun sink over the home of the fire goddess's island paradise.

* * * *

"I can't help it," I whispered, afraid we would wake the children. "I've never seen a shark god before. Of course I want to get a look at him."

Kimo groaned. "Seen one huge, hung, horny Hawaiian god, you seen 'em all. I wanna get back to our room. I've been sharing you all day. I need to get my lovin' on."

I couldn't resist laughing. "You'll get your loving, my good man. *After* I get a load of *Kamoho'ali'i*. Are you sure he's coming this way?"

My husband frowned. "Yes, I'm sure he's coming this way."

It was eleven o'clock at night, completely dark except for brilliant night stars so luminous they seemed to be shining a pathway for my sister's Summer Love.

We were crouched down, hiding in some lush red and green *ti* plants blanketing the walkway

outside the beachfront.

"I feel like such a voyeur," Kimo complained.

"Do you think he'll be naked?"

"Well, he won't be wearing a Brooks Brothers suit!"

"Keep your voice down! We don't want to scare him off."

"He's about to get laid, *Lopaka*. Nothing can scare him off." A pause. "Have you forgotten you're a married man?"

"I'm very happily married, as it happens."

My husband looked slightly mollified.

"I just want to see him...oh...there he is now. Oh...wow..."

A massive Hawaiian man, well over six feet tall, was coming up from the ocean. He walked slowly, but with great assuredness toward my sister's room, which had its own entrance. I craned forward to steal a closer look.

Damn. He was hung like a flipping rhino...he was gigantic! His skin was black and he appeared African, the way many ancient Hawaiians did. He was regal, poised...his eyes were big, fathomless...almost scary. Like a shark's. Steam seemed to be rising off his glistening skin as he reached her door.

The shark god's face turned, those all-seeing eyes connecting with mine for one brief, predatory second.

My sister opened the door, emitting a gasp of...joy.

The immortal shark god entered her private room and the unmistakable sounds of lovemaking could soon be heard.

"He's a man of few words, but evidently, swift and...err, pleasing action," my husband observed.

"Did you see the size of him? If he hurts my babies...I'll...I'll cut him up and use him for bait!"

"Fuck me, big boy!" *Maluhia* suddenly screamed.

Kimo and I had to cover each other's mouths to keep from laughing as my sister told the shark god over and over how good his cock felt inside her.

My husband dragged me around the side of the house, pinning me against the back lanai.

His warm hand stole around the back of my neck, his hot breath tickling my ear. "Well, that's one twin's erotic pleasures being catered to...how about the other twin?"

"Yeah, but I want you out here."

"Out here?" My husband was aroused, I already knew that. He was always up for any shenanigans I had in mind. That's what kept our lovin' so hot.

"What did you have in mind...*big boy*?"

"Stop it!" I hissed. "She might hear us."

"She's in the throes of orgasmic thrill and he's

got his hands on his first piece of ass in God knows how long...and speaking of ass..." Kimo drew me closer to him. "What's this in your pants pocket?"

"A candy cane."

"Hmmm. And what is..."

"It's a sex aid."

"Another one?" Kimo's smile was such a turn on I had to kiss the corners of his mouth and his eyes.

"Take it out of my pocket," I commanded.

He removed it, grinning at me.

"Open it."

"It's a big one."

"You've got a big cock."

Discarding the cellophane wrapping in his pocket, Kimo held up the peppermint-scented cane. "Now what?"

"Put it in your mouth, the hook part, and suck it."

Kimo did exactly as I instructed, his eyes never leaving my face.

"Now kiss me."

He took the cane from his mouth, his tongue plunging into mine, and I felt the hand on my ass drawing me closer. I adored kissing Kimo. We spent hours drowning in each other's pleasure. He had turned out to be the best kisser I'd ever met in my life.

I tasted peppermint, I could taste apples from the pie I'd baked for him, then I took my mouth away from him, sinking to my knees.

Not hesitating to free him from his shorts, he wrestled with me a little because he was anxious to fuck me, but I was in a mood to suck some cock. His cock.

I sucked the candy cane for a moment, looking up at him, Kimo's cock growing harder by the second. He groaned, swiping my chin with the radiant tip of his erection.

Reaching back up, I gave him the cane to suck again and he dutifully gave it some attention. I took it back again, gave it a careful licking to make sure there were no hard edges left to the hook, Kimo's gaze intent on me.

I placed the hook between his cock and balls, right at the base of the shaft, angling it up towards my mouth. "By hook or by crook, I always get what I want," I told him and plunged my mouth straight down that hot, rigid cock, hearing him gasp as I took more and more of him into my hungry throat, using the cane to meet me half way. I ran that sugar stick up and down the shaft as he groaned and I pulled my mouth back, using just my tongue tip to lick the head of his cock over and over as I kept the cane busy.

"Now this is what I call a candy cane," I murmured and sucked him back into my mouth.

Kimo came so hard, he slumped back against the wall of the house, holding my head in his grasping hands.

As if I was going to go anywhere.

I slurped away at him in total abandonment and he was anxious for me now, wrestling with me to get at my crotch.

We sank to the polished boards of the still-warm *koa* wood lanai, Kimo ripping off my shorts and upending me so that my cock was now over his face. I heard a sound and looked around to find the shark god, standing there, watching us.

"Show him a how hula god fucks his hula boy," I told my husband who immediately got up, glaring at *Kamoho'ali'i*.

"*Kauhale i keia manawa*, go home now," he told the towering giant. To me he growled, "You belong to me, *Lopaka*. I share enough of you around here as it is."

Throwing me over his shoulder, he stormed back inside to show me exactly what hula gods do to cock hungry hula boys—away from prying eyes.

Chapter Eight

I awoke to the sensation of being smothered. I opened one eye and found Baby Kimo curled into me, the way I was curled, in turn, to my husband.

The lovely odor of a dirty diaper. I groaned.

"Welcome to our future." My husband kissed my shoulder and I tried to shift the baby a little, but all three boys were lying on top of us. Kimo's hand, which was firmly encircling my waist under the covers, tightened its hold on me.

"Mama!" Baby Kimo was awake now, covering my face with kisses. Our bedroom door opened and *Maluhia* bustled in with a tray of coffee, breakfast rolls and fruit.

"Did you wake them?" she flashed accusatory eyes at her twins as Baby Kimo reached over to kiss his daddy.

"Somebody smells. I'll change him." My sister held her arms out for the baby who shrieked.

"No! Kimo want Mama!" His little arms clung to me.

Mama? The mental fog was clearing. When had he started calling me Mama?

"I'll bring a fresh diaper." My sister was in a damned good mood.

"We'll come with you. Where are my shorts?"

Kimo frowned.

"On second thoughts, yeah, bring me a diaper. Good idea. Thanks, hon."

Kimo smiled again.

The twins were dueling over food now, pawing at the rolls and fruit.

Reluctantly moving away from one another, Kimo and I sat up and he fed the baby some pineapple before it all disappeared.

Maluhia returned. The boys graciously moved over so I could change his diaper.

"There are pancakes in the kitchen, kids." *Maluhia* ruffled their little heads and off they went, pushing and poking at each other to be the first out the door.

My sister sat on the foot of the bed, holding the tray as I finished changing the baby and put his diaper into the plastic bag on the floor. Kimo took possession of the tray again, pouring out coffee. *Maluhia* took one cup and, as soon as I'd sanitized my hands, I took another, the baby tumbling onto Kimo's lap.

"Daddy!"

"Angel!" The two Kimos grinned at each other.

"How was last night?" I asked, passing the cup back to Kimo. We always shared our coffee...our food...everything except what was under the sheets.

"He's insatiable." She glanced at my husband.

"You can talk in front of Kimo."

"Well...it's just that..."

The baby was lying on his back on Kimo's lap, his little feet on his daddy's chest, his intense brown eyes staring back up at her.

She glanced down at him. "I don't know..."

"He's a baby. He doesn't understand a word you're saying."

"A *baby*? Your son is a thousand years old...I'm embarrassed talking about...you know, *doing it* in front of him. I have this feeling he understands everything."

Baby Kimo picked up a breakfast roll, tearing it with his fingers, giggling when Kimo took a bite.

"Did you have fun?" I was getting worried now. I couldn't read her anymore. I got a lot of cloudiness when I tried to tune into her.

"Yes, but...I couldn't handle more than three times with him...*Lopaka*...I've seen Kimo naked. Sorry, but I have...anyway, he's enormous and you're well...you know...*lean*. Not an ounce of body fat on you. Pure muscle...how do you fit all

of him in your...you know...because the thing is, *Kamoho'ali'i* kept trying to do a little um...*backseat driving*."

A quick twist of her head and Kimo's sipped mouthful of coffee just missed spraying the sheets and the baby. I hunted around for a clean towel.

"And he wanted to..." She opened her mouth and pointed inside.

I stared at her. "You've never given a man a blow job?"

She looked shocked. "Of course not."

"Boy, did I marry the right twin," my husband muttered, popping a piece of bread in my mouth.

"You mean you do that?" My sister's eyes were bugging out now.

I shrugged. "Sure."

"And you...*like* it?"

"I love it."

"Can you teach me how to...you know..."

Kimo was grinning again.

"Umm...I guess."

"How will you teach me?" My sister was like a small dog...with a great, big bone.

"The best way is with Popsicles."

She tore off to the kitchen and Kimo burst out laughing.

"No wonder her husband was sexually frustrated."

"Kimo!"

But then his hand was underneath the sheets again and the baby was throwing fruit around the room.

"God, I want you so much," I muttered as three women descended on us.

"We have no Popsicles." *Tutu* sounded very dramatic...she might as well have said we have no food, no shelter, no electricity...

"Yes, we all want lessons." *Mama nui* pointed at Kimo. "Can't you show us on him?"

Kimo was laughing again.

"No, I can't show you on my husband. First of all, you can't learn by watching. I have to show you how, then you practice on the Popsicles. And nobody in this room gets to manhandle my own personal Popsicle but me."

"Fair enough...I suppose..." *Tutu* played with her bottom lip. "Look it, all us girls want to have a spa day."

"A spa day?"

"Yes. Up at one of them big fancy Kona hotels. You know, manicures, pedicures, hair and face packs..."

"I'd like to do that!" I loved the idea of making myself beautiful for Kimo.

"No, you wouldn't." My husband wasn't laughing anymore. "I am not spending the day away from you."

A day. A whole day. No, I didn't want to do

that.

"So," *Tutu* went on. "We figure, we have our day...you and Kimo and the boys go and do something fun and we meet for dinner and for dessert, you can give us blow job lessons on Popsicles!"

"We'll bring the Popsicles!" *Mama nui* grinned.

"That's generous of you." I couldn't hide my sarcasm.

The women all looked at me so pleadingly, I couldn't say no.

"You have my blessings." Kimo kissed my throat. To the women he said, "You couldn't have a better teacher."

"Kimo, you're pretty damned fantastic yourself."

"You're the best. I love you, *Lopaka*..."

"Ha ha ha!" the baby shouted. Talk about interrupting a mood.

* * * *

Right after breakfast, Kimo and I drove the boys to *Ka lae*, otherwise known as South Point, the southernmost tip of the whole of the United States.

Ka lae, the very sacred heart of the *Ka'u* district, has historical, spiritual and great archaeological significance to the Hawaiian people. It was here that the ancient Polynesians first landed in their

double-hull canoes. We drove very slowly along the old Mamloha Trail, Kimo weaving a picture for the boys of sleepy paniolo, cowboys mustering cattle, of horses meandering at a slow pace. We showed the boys the most sacred place of ancient burial complexes and *heiaus*, temples.

At *La'aloa*, we took them to the fourth century surfing *heiau* and *Keli'i* felt it to be *very mellow*. "Its name, *La'aloa*, means very sacred. The ancient Hawaiians believed surfing and swimming to be very healing practices," Kimo told the boys and we let them body surf with us hiking down to a beautiful green sand beach off what is rumored to be a bottomless pond. This was *Luahinivai*, to our way of thinking, the most beautiful beach on the big island, but it probably wouldn't be found in a tourist guide.

The boys were charmed by the old time ambience. The swaying palm trees, the whisper-quiet flap of tropical birds flying overhead, and a fairly tame break.

Though having never learned to swim before we met them, the twins were now fearless, strong swimmers. We worked with them to master body surfing as much as possible and Kimo and I couldn't wait to buy them surfboards.

Baby Kimo was already a confident beach boy, unafraid of water and keen to learn to swim. He could tread water and kick, and adored the praise

when he let a wave carry him from my arms to Kimo's.

We had such a wonderful time, it was hard to get back into the van, but my husband was a man with a plan. We drove on to park on a hill and there was a rickety wooden ladder leading down to the ocean, a pristine stretch of white sandy beach.

Kimo fixed the ladder with a flick of his wrist.

"You're magic!" *Kamaha* grinned.

"You're loads better than Harry Potter!" *Keli'i* shouted.

Kimo looked thrilled.

We climbed down the ladder, the baby in a backpack strapped over his daddy's back, and we paddled around the ancient surf break until we found what we were looking for—a large pod of hawksbill turtles nesting on some rocks.

"You can look, but not touch," Kimo whispered. "We're going to swim past them. And we will say, *Aloha, honu*, hello, turtles, then we have something to show you."

"*Aloha honu!*" we shouted a greeting as we swam out to the rocks we wanted to show the boys. Petroglyphs. These ancient rock carvings were not exactly a secret, but our people protected them fiercely. The battle for *Ka'u* against development had become a project for me and Kimo and many of our family and friends.

"What's this a picture of?" Kimo removed the baby from the backpack, tapping one drawing that all three boys scrutinized.

"It's a surfer!" *Keli'i* shouted.

"Very good." Kimo nodded. "What about this one?"

"That looks like a dog," *Keli'i* said.

"Dog!" the baby giggled.

"You're right. It is a dog. Very good." Kimo beamed at the children.

"Did they really have dogs in ancient Hawaii?" *Kamaha* asked.

"They really did. They were among the first animals to be brought here. They brought them as food."

"Food?" the boys looked upset.

"They were a special breed of dogs that didn't bark. Pretty soon people made friends with the dogs, but yes, for a long time they were food."

"Sammy told us a story about a *luau* for King *Kamehameha*...I forget which one..." *Kamaha's* face crumpled in concentration.

"The third king," I prompted.

"Right! That's right...and the children from the royal school went and they had baked a hundred dogs and the missionaries got all upset..."

Keli'i looked at me. "People don't eat dogs anymore, do they?"

"Not at *luaus*, baby."

"How come we don't have a dog?" he asked.

"Well, because you know all our animals come to us, and we haven't had a dog come to us...yet."

"If one comes to us, can we keep him?"

Kimo nodded. "Of course. Now...what do you think this looks like?"

The boys all examined a long, flat rock with a very dark, very, very old petroglyph of a man with a helmet shaped object on his head.

"Dog!" the baby shrieked, enjoying the laughter he generated.

"I know this sounds weird, but you know what he looks like to me?" *Keli'i* said at last.

"What, baby?" Kimo was as curious as I was.

"He looks...sort of like...a..."

"Space man," he and his brother chorused in unison.

"Very good!"

"You mean he is?"

"We think so," Kimo replied. "Just one of the many mysteries of our island kingdom, my darlings. Now, who wants to go on a helicopter ride?"

"Me!" we all shouted and we climbed the ladder back to our van.

I already knew, without him having to ask me, that Kimo wanted me to call our friend, *Manu*, who owned a helicopter charter. When I switched on the iPhone, I was surprised to see there were no

messages from Nicky and *Kaiona*. My God...I would have been calling a hundred times a day to check on Kimo if he was my baby.

He is your baby. This is good news. Don't worry anymore. Now call Manu.

I smiled at my husband. I was still getting used to him flying around in my head.

* * * *

We met *Manu* at a small field strip outside the airport in Hilo and he was sweet and adorable with the boys who were all excited about their first helicopter ride. The baby was put into a special harness between Kimo's legs, earphones over his ears, and the boys wore some, too. This way, they could hear *Manu's* narration as well as some soothing music should they become nervous midair.

He didn't know our little thrill seekers. We whirled up into the sky and, for the next forty-five minutes, the boys experienced a ride that outstripped any Disneyland theme park.

We dipped, dived and soared over the chilly, snowcapped *Mauna Kea* mountain, felt steam rising up to our faces out of the roiling volcanic crater at *Haleakala*, zipped right between a waterfall and the jagged edge of a cliff at *Laupahoehoe*, and circled over a magnificent

rainbow at the edge of the *Waipio* Valley.

As we came back to where we started, the helicopter gently landed and we applauded our safe return.

"You know what was really amazing?" *Kamaha's* face shone. "I didn't see anything man made. God did it all..."

"Yes he did," Kimo smiled at him.

"Dog!" the baby shouted and even the pilot laughed.

As we walked across the field, I felt my tummy rumbling. "Who wants lunch?"

"Me!" the others shouted.

"What do you feel like?" Kimo asked.

"*Pho*." A little voice said, and I looked down at *Kamaha*.

"What did you say, darling?"

He got all shy on me, burying his face in my thigh. "*Pho*."

I grinned. Now I remembered. I picked him up, swinging him to my hip.

"Me, too, me, too!" he brother squawked and Kimo reached down for him.

"What's *pho*?" Kimo asked. "I know I should remember it..."

"They want to go to Oodles of Noodles." I smiled.

"*Pho*! Now I remember. The beef noodles. You remember that place?" Kimo and I were always

amazed at how the boys remembered the littlest things. "I love that place! It was your find, *Lopaka*. Where was it again, my love?"

"It's in *Kailua* by the Safeway there in the mall." I loved that place, too. It wasn't just that it was kid friendly. The menu was awesome, the quality of food was amazing and their *mochi* ice cream was my favorite ice cream of all time. I couldn't wait for the baby to try it.

"Right...well, we can sing songs in the car and..."

"*Pho!*" the baby squealed, even though he had no idea what we were talking about. I kissed his dear little face. Lord, I loved that child.

* * * *

We drove home happy and well fed, the baby napping in his car seat, his face smeared with red bean ice cream. The twins sang Hawaiian songs with me and Kimo. It had been so much fun eating out with the kids, swapping bowls of noodles, tasting dishes from all over the world. The two Kimos loved the macaroni and cheese, the *pho*, like the other men in our little group, and we all devoured several different flavors of *mochi* ice cream.

Taking home a twelve-portion pack of mango, pineapple and red bean *mochi*, it hadn't lasted two

miles.

We arrived home to a ton of cars parked haphazardly all over the place.

"What's going on?" Kimo looked at me.

He parked as close to the property as he could and the twins grabbed the baby's hands as they all clambered up the grassy slope towards the house. Kimo put his arm around me.

"What a beautiful day, baby, thank you."

"Kimo, I had a blissful time, but if I don't get to be naked with you in the next five seconds..."

"There he is!"

Startled, I looked up to see about twenty women of varying ages, race and types of clothing descending on us.

"There's the blow job teacher!" my grandma shrieked. "Come on, *Lopaka*. You got some anxious *wahine*, women, here." I was staring at her hair. She looked like...

Shirley Temple. My husband's voice was in my head. But damn, he was right.

"Come and teach us how to suck cock!" *Tutu* cackled and all the women fell about laughing.

I think they're snookered. My husband was grinning at me.

But I want to be alone with you, Kimo.

Tonight, baby, tonight you'll have me all night long.

"But I thought we were going to have dinner, then play with Popsicles for dessert," I whined.

Tutu threw up her hands. "Change of plan. *Maluhia's* all horned up for her shark man and Florence here is eighty-seven, she could drop dead any moment, she's got no time to lose."

Florence gave my grandma a withering look.

"And Annie here is desperate. Her hubby watches sports all day. There's, like, six football games starting tomorrow so she wants to get a jump on things tonight, if you know what I mean...and..."

"Okay, okay."

"Excellent." *Tutu* cracked her knuckles. "Let's party."

Chapter Nine

In a high and *loud* state of expectation, the women crowded around the kitchen table. The men had been banished to another part of the house with all the children. Somebody had brought over a TV set, plugged it in, and they were all agog over something called *American Gladiator*.

"Make sure you pick a Popsicle flavor you like," I instructed my new pupils over the racket. "You're going to be sucking these babies for a while, and you'll want to enjoy it."

Kimo wandered into the room and, as usual, my stomach somersaulted at the sight of him. I could never get over what an astonishing specimen I'd married. He gave me that smile that always guaranteed a rapturous response from me. But not this time.

"What are you doing here, darling?"

He ignored my question. "Are there any cherry

Popsicles left?" Pulling up a seat, he accepted a Popsicle from Annie and a glass of champagne from somebody else.

"Thank you very much." He took an appreciative sip, then tore into the plastic packaging around the Popsicle.

Florence pointed a shaky, stubby finger at him. "But he's a man."

"That I am. But I don't know everything and I'm keen to learn," Kimo looked up at me. "I am all about pleasing my man."

"That's right. He's a new homo," *Tutu* nodded vehemently. "He can stay."

"*Tutu!*" I started to say, but I was drowned out by the chorus of women asking Kimo questions.

"You mean you diddle his doodah, too?" Florence asked.

"Of course." Kimo sipped at his champagne. "I adore *Lopaka's* doodah."

The women all laughed in a conspiratorial way and Kimo glowed. He loved being part of the fun. I glanced at my sister. Thank God she was drinking orange juice.

Kimo finished his drink and somebody topped him up. This worried me a little, because once he entered Champagne Happy Town, Kimo had few inhibitions when it came to...er...diddling my doodah.

"Come on, darling, we're waiting." He licked

cherry juice from his fingers and I started to speak.

"You know, my *Lopaka*, used to be a bingo caller," *Tutu* suddenly announced. "I think that's where he gets his diddling skills. It's all in the throat muscles, you know."

"*Tutu!*"

"Come on *Mypaka*, my Popsicle's melting."

"I...er..."

"Wassamatter?" somebody snickered. "Kimo got your tongue?"

Oh no. My husband's gaze migrated to my crotch and I had visions of him taking over my classroom and showing them how to diddle a *real* doodah.

"So, the first thing you want to practice is how to please your man with your tongue, then we're going to work on giving him a blow job with no teeth," I told my compliant students who happily followed my lead circling the tips of their Popsicles with their tongues.

"If I pretend my *Howie's* doodah is a Popsicle, I might actually get to enjoy this," one woman said, making everybody laugh.

"What don't you enjoy about it?" I asked her, genuinely curious.

"The taste for one thing."

This seemed to be a recurring theme around the room.

"Slip some celery into your man's diet," I told

them. "You'll get some nice, sweet juices out of him. It has to be raw celery though."

"Is Kimo sweet and juicy?" Florence wanted to know.

"Florence, I can't keep my mouth off him. Now, girls, watch what I do."

We had great success with the different licking tricks I showed them. Everybody was keen to explore sucking techniques that wouldn't make them gag and wouldn't result in teeth scraping delicate private areas.

"Look at the new homo go," Florence gasped. "He put his mouth all the way down to the stick!"

Kimo came off his Popsicle. "Well, I get to play with a much bigger Popsicle right there." He pointed at my crotch. "This here is nothing in comparison."

"Yes, well, as I was saying," I interjected as Kimo drained his glass, holding it out for another refill.

"You have such a pretty Popsicle, *Lopaka*." Kimo was looking at me in that *I'm zipping past Happytown and making a sharp right into I'm gonna attack your pants town* way.

"Thank you, sweetheart. Now, everybody, when you take your husband's cock—"

The women broke into hysterics. "Is that what all the homos call it?" a voice slurred.

"I personally think cock is very sexy," Kimo

offered.

"It's so...sinful sounding," one of the women giggled.

"I think it's erotic." This from *Mama nui*, who up until now, had been very quiet.

"*Honestly*. One sniff of the barmaid's apron and you all turn into the class clowns?" I shook my head.

"I don't know. It depends on how pretty the barmaid is and you're very pretty, *Lopaka*." My husband had his hand on his chin, his Popsicle turning into a red puddle on the table.

"Thank you, darling, now concentrate. Please."

Kimo was holding his glass out for yet another refill, but I snatched the bottle away.

"What's the matter? Afraid of running out?" he asked me. Right before my eyes, the bottle was refilling itself.

He took advantage of my momentary distraction to rummage in my shorts.

"Stop that." I slapped his fingers and his eyes narrowed.

"*Lopaka*. I appreciate your expertise, but our friends want to learn how to drive their men crazy."

"Exactly. Which is why I'm going to show you all how to do the—"

"Sorry to interrupt," my sister piped in. "But I have an emergency sex situation here. I'm

expecting a hot date in a few hours and he's got a huge..."

"Doodah," I supplied.

"Cock," everybody else chorused.

"Can you teach us something quickly that I can use my hands on mostly and just a little bit of my mouth...I mean...I don't want to suffocate myself, you know."

"Well, the Double O is good for that—"

"The Double O!" My husband lunged for my pants again. "That's one of my favorites. Here, I'll show you."

"Kimo! Stop that!"

He had my now stiffening cock out of my fly and his luscious lips were an inch away from me.

God help me... I was squirming, trying to move away from him.

His grip tightened on me as Florence said, "Wow...he's got a big one for sure."

"Doesn't he, though?" Kimo was stroking me now, a look of territorial pride on his face.

"He gets such a big pistol from his grandfather's side." *Tutu* sounded smug.

And I lost complete control of my classroom.

"Now, pick up your Popsicles..." My voice sounded pathetic, even to me.

"Oh, *Lopaka*." Kimo shook his head. "Don't be such a fuddy duddy. Who wants me to show them how to do the Double O on a live model?"

"Me!" the women all shouted, moving their chairs around us.

"Get naked, Sweet Cheese. Daddy's taking the wheel for a while." Kimo dragged my long shorts down to my ankles.

This couldn't be happening. He had his right hand wedged down the base of my cock, his fingers in the *okay* position as we called it.

"Are you comfortable, baby?"

Comfortable? I was dying here.

"Here, baby, sit in my chair." He turned to the women as he got to his knees. "This is a great treat for your man, especially if he's a sofa jockey. Guaranteed to get his mind off the TV and onto you. *Lopaka...stop wriggling.*"

"He needs some *pakalolo*, a happy cigarette," one of the women suggested. I was shocked to realize it was my mother-in-law, *Mama nui*.

"Have we got any?" *Tutu* asked.

"No happy cigarettes. *Maluhia's* pregnant," my husband insisted. "Here, baby, have some champagne."

I drained the glass in one gulp. Unfortunately, I was still sober and my husband was in the fast lane. He was about to give me head...in front of a bunch of women!

He immediately formed the okay sign with his other hand, showing the women how the two thumbs should meet in the middle of the shaft and

as he edged the two O's further and further apart. "The live model will go berserk."

The live model was breathing heavily as the live model's husband drove him quickly out of his skull with the hand job from hell.

"Can I try?" somebody asked as I flopped around in the chair, the pressure building in a maddening way in my cock and balls.

"Hell, no." My husband's hands stopped moving. "This is *my* Popsicle."

"Don't stop now!" I shrieked.

"Now you all watch," Kimo continued in a maddening way. "He's about to explode. Watch, then run to your husbands and try it out. I predict a lot of smiling faces over dinner tonight."

He started those fingers moving in that tight Double O, dipping his head at the precise moment I was ready to erupt, putting his mouth over the head of my cock. When he'd drained me of every last drop, the only woman still sitting at the table was my sister.

"Dang," she said. "I'm a straight woman, but that completely turned me on."

My husband looked at me and grinned.

* * * *

Our extended *ohana*, our family, went out to the Kona Village resort *luau* that night, dressed in our

best vacation clothing. I wasn't especially keen. I dreaded watching bad hula and I worried about the quality of food at these commercial things. The benefits, however, far outweighed the negatives. The men were all beaming, the women aglow with being the reason for all that happiness.

Kimo and I had promised the ladies more sex tips the following day.

"I just want to be alone with you," I'd moaned as we were taking a shower, getting ready for the evening fun.

"As soon as we get home, I promise you we'll put the children to bed and I'll be inside your ass all night." Kimo was soaping my back as he said this, but I was still feeling peevish.

"I promise you, I'll have you walking funny tomorrow," he'd whispered and I believed him as I felt his hard cock jabbing my belly. Now, I felt new qualms as we entered the gigantic gates of the luau, a gift of Florence and her husband whose daughter, Ginger, was the star female dancer here.

A big sign told us this luau had been awarded the best on the island and the sounds of laughter and soft Hawaiian music set the mood.

Two handsome hunks at the tiki-torch lined entrance placed fresh flower leis over our heads. I was thinking that fresh flowers were a classy touch, a big step up from the shell leis you usually got at these things.

One of the hunks was staring at me. I recognized him as Eddie who used to dance with me and Kimo. He'd married Ginger and I knew they'd had a kid. Ginger once had her sights set on Kimo and, when he fell for me instead of her, she stopped speaking to me.

I greeted Eddie in a friendly way, but he just stared open mouthed as we all walked by, the twins gripping our hands and Baby Kimo in *Mama nui's* arms.

"How the mighty have fallen," Kimo whispered to me.

Being the number one male hula dancer in the islands, it wasn't just a privilege to be selected to be part of Kimo Wilder's dance troupe, it was a responsibility. Some dancers thrived on Kimo's exacting nature and went on to start their own schools, returning with us for each of our new shows. Kimo was very loyal and supportive of his dancers' dreams, But Eddie...Eddie had disappointed him.

He and Ginger had walked away from the spiritual path to a life of easy money and showmanship. I suppose being in the best *luau* on the Big Island meant something to them, but it wasn't hula. For two talented dancers schooled in authentic, ancient worship, it had saddened me and Kimo when they chose the path of least resistance.

We took our seats at one long table and, although it wasn't a beachfront luau, it was very pretty. As we looked at the long tables of food, I decided the kids were safe, even though they would probably stuff themselves, regretting it in the morning.

The *imu* ceremony began and only Kimo, the baby and I remained at the table. I couldn't bear to look at the poor stuffed pig being brought out of the underground oven.

The boys came running back to the table.

"I'm not eating the pig," *Kamaha* said. "I keep thinking that could be one of ours, Kimo."

Kimo put *Kamaha* on his lap next to the baby and little *Keli'i's* face crumpled. "Why do we kill animals, *Mybaka?*"

I pulled him onto my lap. "I know, *ipo*. It's very upsetting."

"It would be awful if anyone ate my pigs. I love my pigs," he snuffled. "If everyone got to know how sweet they are, they'd never eat them."

"That's true." I kissed his little face. This was a boy who'd adored *kalua* pig when he first came into our lives. Thanks to *Mama nui's* ingenuity, we now got to eat *kalua* chicken and turkey. None of us could tell the difference anymore between pork and chicken. And we were such suckers we never killed our chickens and turkeys. We still bought them, like everybody else.

"I'm not having pig," the twins insisted.

"Good for you," we told them. Everybody came back and we all raided the food troughs. Baby Kimo ate everything on his plate and was starting on mine when he gave me that funny look.

I raced off with him to change him and had a moment of panic when I realized there wasn't a changing room in the men's toilet. I couldn't take him into the ladies' room. This had never been a problem before. But I smiled to myself, it was something I'd have to get used to in the future.

Then I saw the sign, Baby Changing Station, and I raced inside the small, kinda smelly cubicle. Kimo was hammering at the door within seconds.

"Everything okay?"

I unlocked the door and he burst in, looking alarmed.

"Everything's fine," I told him, explaining what happened.

"You're right, we're gonna have to get used to this," he grinned. "I went crazy when I felt you panic, *Lopaka*. Don't do that to me."

*If he was married to a woman...*the thought tumbled from my mind before I could stop it.

"If I was married to a woman, I'd be the unhappiest man alive. *Lopaka*, this happens to fathers all the time. We're lucky with the twins that they don't need diaper changing. This isn't gay discrimination, darling. This is father

discrimination. Father...what a gorgeous word."

He wiped any uneasiness from my mind. He always did. We took Baby Kimo back to the table where the twins were chowing down on baked *kulolo*, coconut and tarot pudding.

"*Lopaka*, it's your favorite. We must get you some." My two Kimos went off in search of some and I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to fight a staggeringly overweight Ginger.

"I've been hiding ever since Eddie told me you were here. I can't believe you and Kimo came to see our show. Is your tour over?"

"No, honey, we're just having a little family vacation. We miss you. How are you?"

"I'm great...I've put on a little weight..."

"You're beautiful," I insisted, hugging her.

"If you were a man, I'd have to kill you," a voice said.

"Kimo. Oh, honey," I laughed. "Ginger wanted to say hi." I introduced her to everybody else and I saw how hard Kimo was staring at her.

"Mama!" I looked down and Baby Kimo was holding a slice of *kulolo* in his outstretched hand. Without even thinking, I picked him up and plonked him on my lap, sharing the slice with him, leaving Kimo to hold up our end of the conversation.

"I want you to come up and dance during the show," Ginger urged Kimo who didn't respond.

She shuffled away as a man took the microphone, announcing that the show was about to begin.

"Boy, did she get fat," my husband announced to the entire island. I shot him a reproachful look, but he was too busy letting the baby stuff *kulolo* into his mouth to notice. Soon, he was drawing my chair closer to his as the space around us darkened and the stage lights flared. His mouth came down over mine in a hot, spicy kiss that made me want to drag him to the men's room for a quickie.

We're leaving soon. I need you, his voice came into my head.

I need you, too.

The show started with Kimo's protective arms around me and the baby who oohed and aahed like everybody else over the fire dancing and the hula girls. It was giddy, gaudy stuff. Not our kind of hula.

"I'm not sure I can take much more of this," my husband muttered. "I don't recall cowboy hula being in the ancient chants, do you, darling?"

"No, I don't. My god, their hula skirts are made of tinsel."

"Is that what it is?" *Mama nui* leaned across the table. "I've never seen the can-can in hula, either."

We all had to stifle our giggles as the show got progressively more Disney and a lot less Polynesian.

"Coconut shell bras... I don't think I can watch

anymore." Kimo looked pained.

"Now, those I like," Kimo's father responded, making our whole table laugh.

"Ladies and gentlemen...we have a very special guest in the house." The announcer had the mike again.

"*Kumu* hula, the great hula master, Kimo Wilder, is in the house and we would like to ask him to come up and do a little dance number for you!"

He led the applause and Kimo looked at me. "I'm not dancing without you. And I'm not dancing with *her*..." I knew he was talking about Ginger.

"Why don't you take the twins up and do *Pele's* war dance from *Noho Ana I Hilo*," I told him. "It's perfect, it's from this island."

"Not without you." He dragged me and the twins up to the stage and looked at Ginger. "Where's Eddie? Bring him up here."

That familiar churlishness of hers at being passed over gave way to meanness. "Eddie doesn't dance anymore."

Kimo gave her a look that would have smelted steel and she vanished into the wings. The crowd was getting excited now as they saw me and the boys lining the edge of the stage. Maybe none of these damned tourists knew who my husband was at this moment, but by the end of our little

performance, they were damned sure gonna know what authentic hula looked like.

Eddie came out, looking excited as Kimo instructed the solo gourd drummer in the troupe to beat his drum the way Kimo wanted him to do it. He looked awed by Kimo's fierce appearance, and when we took off our shirts the crowd applauded. I knew they were thinking, *Oh, a striptease.*

In only his long pants, Kimo cut a dramatic figure. Those pecs, those tattoos...and then he opened with a chant to *Pele*, blessing all those within the house. All five of us men on stage began the war dance. The twins, our best pupils ever, kept their heads and didn't succumb to stage fright. Like us, they were swept up with the story of *Pele's* search for a home, her lust for life, her fight to burn her beloved islands into existence.

The crowd loved it. Kimo kept our pace chanting, the drummer beat the *ipu* gourd in perfect time and, when it was over, *Pele* must have been pleased. Her reputation was intact.

I was so proud of the twins who performed magnificently. When Kimo bent down to pick them up in his massive arms, the crowd went crazy.

Eddie was in tears when he hugged me and Kimo. "You have no idea..." he whispered, but I did.

The magical moment was soon over and my husband wanted to go home. He was ordinarily very gracious with the public, but he disliked people pushing and shoving when we had the kids with us.

Maluhia was in fits of anxiety, afraid her lover would become impatient and return to his home in the sea. So we left quickly, before the tourists could shanghai my husband with their cameras.

"We'll get a ride home with Florence and her husband," *Tutu* insisted. "Us oldies wanna kick up our heels some."

"Kick away," I told her and *Mama nui*.

We loaded the kids into the van and took off at a blazing speed.

"Eddie didn't miss a step. Man, I hate that he's gone over to the dark side," my husband muttered as he careened around a curve a little too sharply. All three boys had their arms up in the air. If we were a Disneyland attraction, we'd be *Mr. Wilder's Woo-hoo Ride*.

"Step on it, will you?" *Maluhia* surprise me by hissing from the back seat. She never sat in front despite my urging, because Kimo scared the life out of her with the way he drove. Me, I loved the way he drove, one hand on the wheel, the other meddling with...certain parts of my pants. And then, at last, we were home.

Maluhia kissed all the boys goodnight and

scurried down the hall.

"I'm not tired," the kids wailed as Kimo and I bathed them in the tub. I was so hungry for my husband at that point, I couldn't see straight. He put his hand on my back as I bathed a sobbing *Keli'i* and I felt a flood of heat swamping my senses. All three boys insisted they were not tired, no, *not at all*, even as we tucked them into bed together.

They fretted and fussed as I started reading aloud from their favorite bedtime book, *Mele and the Fire-Woman*. I was not even a page into the story, however, when all three boys were asleep.

"Mama's time for beddy-byes." Kimo plucked the book from my fingers, picked me up and carried me to our own private chamber of secrets.

He put me on the bed, closing the door with a flick of his wrist from where he was, kneeling between my legs. I loved when he showed off. Turning his full attention to me, he started undoing the fly on my long pants and I snatched ineffectively at his. We were both all thumbs and the fire in my belly was reaching a dangerous pitch.

"Put it out," I begged. "Put the fire out. Please, Kimo....please, Kimo." I saw the *kahuna* flame flicker in his eyes and, at last, he had freed us both from the confines of our clothing.

He just stared at me a moment. "I can never get

over how beautiful you are, *Lopaka*." He dropped down between my legs, his tongue twirled across my ass hole and I almost screamed. Raising his face again, I saw my desire matched with his and, at last, he gave me what I wanted. Planting himself inside me in one long, swift swipe, I felt his balls slapping at my thighs as he drove in and out of me.

I could never understand how he got any movement happening, considering how tightly I always gripped his ass with my feet and hands.

He fucked me beautifully, and when he'd put out that first blast of remorseless fire, we laughed and laughed, my husband still buried deep within me, my hands still holding him.

"It was never like this with...*her*," he whispered. I hated when he brought up his ex-wife, but it never ceased to amaze either of us how strongly the passion raged between us. Ours was a fire that could never be put out...and I knew he was in my head again, because I felt his pleasure at the same thought.

"I want to bathe you," I told him. He nodded and flicked his wrist again. I heard the bath taps turn themselves on as he remained inside me, kissing my face, telling me how much he loved me.

"The day will never come when I will stop wanting you like this," I told him. My husband

grunted and picked me up, carrying me into the bathroom.

He put me on the floor, squeezing the contents of whatever bottle of good smelling stuff was handy into the path of the running water. He fucked me in a much more leisurely way this time, determined to drive me crazy, stopping at precisely the wrong moment to reach over and turn off the taps.

"Let's finish this in the bath," I whispered and was rewarded with a sly grin. He picked me up, but once in the tub the feeling of the silky smooth water scented with *pikake* and gardenia excited us, and I went cock crazy.

Turning around so that I was facing away from my husband, I lowered myself onto him again. Fucking me like this had never been his favorite way until I had his name tattooed on my tailbone. Now it was a major turn on for him, and for me, to have him impale me as he looked at my permanent branding. I was his. He was mine.

"*Hana mai!* Fuck me, Kimo!"

He held me now, one arm wrapped around me as I straddled his powerful thighs, the other hand encircling my cock.

"Oh, *Lopaka...*" I felt him pounding into me, and that familiar surge of warmth filled me up as his orgasm spread from his body through mine.

"Come with me," he urged and I saw a shadow

cross the window. My sister's lover, I assumed.

Kimo paused. "What's he doing out there?" We splashed around a little more until carnal hunger got the better of us. Towel drying each other, we returned to our bed. This time, Kimo and I luxuriated in our privacy, in the long days stretching ahead of us with no work to do. We spent all night pleasuring each other, starting to fall asleep around dawn—my husband spooning me the way he always did, his cock nestled between my hungry thighs, one hand holding me close to him, the other wrapped around my cock. He kissed my back, neck and shoulders and I felt his mouth move to my nipples. Oh...he was a bad *kumu hula*.

His cock hardened and I started to turn around so I could have him again, but he flipped me roughly over onto my knees. It surprised me because this was definitely not his style. Now, as he touched me, the hands were not his. I turned and saw it was the shark god, his flat, predatory eyes determined to conquer me. I opened my mouth and screamed...but no sound emerged. I was invaded from within by a cold, clammy feeling. It happened so fast...

The sensation of something slick and slippery against my skin, a sharp, unexpected turn and a shark's jaws opening. I saw rows and rows of sharp, double-

edged teeth as he swallowed me whole. He was so opposite to Kimo, whose fire consumed me, but gave me so much life. I was drowning in my effort to fight off the shark god, struggling to keep breathing. I could hear Kimo beside me, panting, then the room grew hot.

Oh no, not this. Why was I being dragged back to the moment of our greatest terror? This was the worst night of our lives, the moment when a bunch of strangers on an old fashioned homo hunt broke into our home and took Kimo away from me. From somewhere deep within me, Kimo urged me to fight the memory, but just as a drowning swimmer comes to an actual acceptance of death in his dying moment, I gave in to the horrible replay of that night in our mountaintop home in Oahu. It was before we were married, when we barely had time to express our intentions to one another, let alone the whole world, that we belonged together and that our souls yearned to care for one another.

Kimo and I were making love and our customary heat was all-consuming, so it took us a few minutes to realize the fire was external, not the power of our mutual inferno. The flame was new to both of us so we lost precious moments to protect ourselves.

Men with torches surrounded our house. They burst into our house and I heard Tutu screaming from her bedroom down the hall. The look on Kimo's face was deadly. He jumped off me and we ran for our clothes. Too late. The men rushed our room, charging us. It took four men to hold Kimo down while the others started

beating me. My strength and my courage to fight back surprised them. Kimo, lying on the floor, one arm wrenched behind his back, shot out his hand to a man who kept punching me in the groin. In spite of all those men on him, Kimo got his hand on my attacker's groin, chanting words I knew were curses of the ancient black art of lua.

My attacker screamed. His pants were on fire. Kimo went for the man punching my face, then Sammy, the man now married to my grandma, screamed for everyone to stop.

"He still has his powers to inflict such damage," he told the furious invaders. "Get him off the floor."

"Stop hurting him or I'll kill you all." Kimo's eyes glittered dangerously as the man with the burning crotch screamed and retched on the floor.

"I don't think you are in a position to bargain." Sammy's voice held a tone of mockery. I remember him glancing at the screaming man and deciding maybe Kimo still held a few chips in his hand. "Stop what you did to Leke and we can talk."

"Give me my arms back and I will."

The men holding Kimo released him long enough for him to place his hand on the writhing man's crotch. The man lay whimpering on the floor as the other men grabbed hold of Kimo again and I slumped against the wall. My mouth tasted of blood. I was aware of a loose tooth, but I didn't care. I was afraid they were going to kill Kimo.

"Renounce him and all this will stop." Sammy

pointed to me.

"Never." Kimo remained defiant. "I love him. That's why I requested the council's permission to marry him. I understand the need for a trial. I understand I am asking for...change to our belief system. But invading my home and attacking my loved ones...that's low, even for you, Sammy."

Sammy paced the room as I kept thinking, Kimo wants to marry me? No wonder they've gone bonkers.

"Where...where is my grandmother?"

"She's okay. You'll both be okay, if, Kimo decides to come into his right mind."

"I am in my right mind." Kimo stared at Sammy who looked away first.

"Don't you see...you can't marry another man. It's against the laws of nature."

"No, it is not. A kahuna may marry the one who loves him, whom he loves in return. And as long as there is no diminishing of the kahuna power, it is written."

"Why can't you just keep him on the side...like every other guy with a fetish?" asked another man.

"He is not my fetish. He is the man I want to spend the rest of my life with. If I am not mistaken, huna law states that if there is a fire branch, if there is an actual physical impediment to separation, then the union is deemed sacred."

"Yes, I heard about that." Sammy was sweating

profusely. We all were. The room was hot with all those torches. "I heard you...allegedly got fever blisters all over your body when you were separated from him."

"I almost died." Kimo's voice was quiet. "I will gladly go through it again to show you."

"Then I'm afraid the consequences are on you." Sammy rubbed his face. "Kimo, stop this nonsense now and we will all go away."

"No."

Sammy sighed. "Then you will experience the forest trial. Are you prepared for that? Are you afraid of that?"

"I'm not afraid," Kimo shot back. "Are you? Will you allow us to marry when I prove our love is real?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we get to it."

"No!" Kimo screamed. "I want an assurance now."

"I can't do that." Sammy shook his head.

Kimo shot his foot out and placed it on the throat of the man on the floor who started gagging. "I think you'll find, Sammy, that my powers have not only remained strong, but they have greatly improved."

"Stop it. He's choking."

"Give me an assurance that Lopaka and I can marry when all this is over. Or do you want me to work my way around the room?"

"You can marry him if you can prove your powers still hold." Sammy glanced at the man on the floor.

"He's dying. Bring him back."

And Kimo did.

The kahuna argued over who would accompany

Kimo on his forest trek. I realized nobody had discussed this since they expected him to renounce me and apologize to them for being gay.

Kimo came to me after working on the man he'd choked. "Lopaka, my love. I am so sorry...you know I have to do this?"

I nodded, afraid I would cry. I wanted to be strong for him, for us.

"I...Lopaka...you need to know that you will develop the blisters. You will get sick, too. I don't want that to happen to Tutu, she doesn't deserve this."

"I not go no place, no time soon. Dat fo' shoa!" Tutu shook her fist in Kimo's face. A big bruise was developing under her eye.

"Who hit you?" Kimo ground out.

"You no worry. You go. Me and my Lopaka we wait. And you show 'em you big strong man." For the first time ever since my grandpa died, my Tutu wept and Kimo held her briefly before the men took him away.

"Who's going with him?" I asked.

"I am." Sammy glared at me.

"You old poop!" Tutu glared at him. "My boys love each other. They show you!" She lunged at Sammy, kicking him in the crotch.

"Ooof." He doubled over. "You try that again, you old biddy and..."

"And you what?" Tutu's hands were up in a fighting stance. I pushed her behind me and Sammy

backed away. There was something like admiration in his eyes.

"Please...please look after him." I begged Sammy. He didn't say anything. He left me and Tutu on our own and the men all left, our house in shambles. For three long days, I wallowed in misery. I couldn't feel Kimo, but I could think of nothing else. I realized the third night after his leave-taking that he had tried to put a wall between us, so that I would feel no pain, but the wall crumbled and I was in agony. I knew it had to be a thousand times worse for Kimo. The fever blisters started on my left leg. I was unable to walk on that foot by midnight and, the next day, when I was due to start dancing in a friend's show, I had to cancel it. The blisters ballooned up my thigh, over my belly and up to my neck.

Tutu and I were miserable. She was afraid to leave me alone, so she called a friend of hers who went and shopped for us and, when she saw the condition I was in, she insisted on calling a doctor.

"No. No, doctor," I gasped as Tutu held a cool glass of water to my lips.

By noon, one of the kahuna council members came to see me.

"Kimo is in very bad shape, I hear. If you give me the word, I can tell them that you no longer wish the challenge to continue and he can come home."

"No. My grandma wants a wedding." I caught Tutu's grin and it encouraged me. I was more furious

than anything else. It was obvious now that Kimo and I loved each other.

"You don't need to prove anything to anyone." If this was the kahuna's idea of a pep talk, it wasn't working.

Every day, they sent different kahuna to try and talk me and Tutu who was now also in bad shape with the fever blisters.

It was two weeks of almost unendurable physical, emotional and spiritual hell.

And it was Mahini, a kahuna from the Forbidden Island of Ni'ihau, who offered us the first ray of hope. A tattoo artist, he was the first one to come with any actual news of Kimo and a genuine sympathy for what the three of us were going through. Mahini gave me a piece of lava stone Kimo had energized for me.

"He looks like you do, but he remains so strong. I respect that man so much. He asked me to give you the stone and this." It was some of Kimo's hair. A kahuna's hair is his sacred weapon and he was letting me know he still trusted me.

I think my grandma and I turned a corner in that moment because we knew that Kimo must have known we hadn't caved in. I knew we would win. I wept as Mahini told me that Kimo had passed every test, despite his weakened state.

"They even made him get a tattoo on his penis. To see if the pain would stop him."

"What is the tattoo of?" I asked him, feeling more

clear headed than I had in weeks.

"It is your name."

"Then I want one, too. I want you to put his name on me. And I want you to tell him."

It was grandma's idea that I get the tattoo on my tailbone.

"Your bottom belongs to him, my boy. I t'ink he gonna like dat."

And Mahini did his tattoo, left us a kindly gift of some 'awa root and grandma and I brewed it, drinking to Kimo's health and ours.

That night, we both had the dreams of the twins we would have in the future...but the kahuna would not bring my lover home for another week. In that final week, Kimo visited me in dreams and I luxuriated in them. Yes, I was in high fever, but I was also in a high state. If I had died, I knew it was because Kimo had died and we would be together. I knew however, as the dreams of our children grew stronger, that Kimo and I were meant to bring a little boy and girl into the world, possessed of great healing powers and great benevolence...

"Lopaka! Baby, what is it?"

I blinked. I was in my husband's arms, where I belonged, but I was shaking and Kimo was all over me now.

"Lopaka...you are on fire. What happened?"

"He was here. He was in here..."

"Who?" His thoughts flared through mine. "*Lopaka*...it's impossible. I sealed this room magically. Nobody can come in...baby, your heart is pounding..." His face took on an odd look. He'd just seen what I'd seen. "He...he..." Kimo looked at me. "You saw that terrible time...you don't think I would ever let *anyone* hurt you again, do you?"

He sighed. "I understand your fears, *Lopaka*. I swear to you, nobody will ever take our children away, nobody will destroy *us* to get to them. Please trust me."

"You know I do." I buried myself in his big arms, but Kimo was anguished now, knowing that I'd had a bad fright. "*Lopaka*...I would never let another man touch you...he knows you are mine...I would never let him steal into our sleep and try to reach you that way..." His hands stroked calmness back into me. "Sweetheart, I want you to listen to me. You are very psychically tuned into your sister, and what happened just now was you tuning into her."

That made sense. I felt Kimo's warmth infusing me again.

"So, my baby doesn't want to make it with a hot Hawaiian sea god?" He cradled me in his arms.

"I make it with a hot Hawaiian fire god every single day. He's so cold baby. Clammy. He gives

me the creeps."

Kimo tightened his hold on me. "Horses for courses, my love." He kissed me. "I can...sever the connection between you and *Maluhia*, but I'd rather not, for the sake of our children. But...I saw your vision. He's not particularly tender with her. God. It's like having a teenage daughter, isn't it?"

"Kimo, I want to leave here."

"We can't yet, baby. If we take her away from him now, she'll become obsessed. She has to tell us she's ready to leave."

"She's frightened of him, Kimo."

He smiled then. "No, you are. You are a loyal, loving man and you thought that old fish eater was trying to take you." Kimo gave me another lovely kiss and moved between my legs again. "She'll be ready soon. I give her maybe one more night. Then our real vacation can begin."

My husband took my right nipple between his teeth, getting me all hot and bothered again. He made my heart pound even faster, but this time for a very beautiful reason.

Chapter Ten

My husband, being a man of his word, did have me walking funny in the morning. But if he snapped his fingers, I would have been ready for sex in an instant.

I made coffee for the adults and squeezed fresh juice for the kids, noticing the way Kimo's father eyed *Tutu* playing with the baby. He loved that boy so much.

Tutu let me take the baby from her.

"*Papa nui*, you want to hold your grandson and give him a little breakfast?"

"Sure!" he beamed and he bounced his tiny mirror image on his knee as I rustled up some pancakes.

"Mama, I want pancakes," the baby said.

"Coming up, Kimo. You want bananas in that?"

"Yeah!"

"Okay, *Papa nui*? You want banana pancakes, too?"

Kimo and *Tutu* were outside, laughing about something, but I glanced at *Papa nui*, whose grave eyes were on me.

"Everything okay?" I asked, suddenly uneasy.

He hesitated. "I confess, *Lopaka*, when I first met your sister, *Maluhia*, I did think...maybe...you know...that Kimo might fall in love with her. That he would give us grandchildren, and I feel very guilty about that."

The words hung between us. I didn't know what to say, but *thank you for sharing* wasn't high on my list of snappy comebacks.

"I just want you to know that it was...wrong of me. I have never seen my son so happy, so well loved."

He came and stood beside me, looking out the window at Kimo clowning around with *Tutu* and the boys. Baby Kimo was fiddling with the buttons on his grandfather's *Aloha* shirt.

Papa nui kissed the top of the baby's head. "I...well...a long time ago, when Kimo was married to Mim, we had lunch. I was surprised to hear from him since they stayed very separate to us, but my son was very upset. He told me she was having an affair. He didn't know what to do, how to please her..."

I sliced a thousand bananas as my father-in-law unspooled his tale. I was afraid if I stopped chopping, he'd stop talking.

Papa nui looked sad. "In his time with you, my son *laughs*. I have never seen him like this. And the fact you include us, that you have given us these wonderful children and even that crazy old woman out there...*Lopaka*, I wish I could have given my son something to hang onto, that day over lunch..."

The baby had successfully pulled the button off his grandfather's shirt and was now trying to eat it. I gently extricated it from his fingers, distracting him with some banana.

"Well...I just want you to know, my wife and I love you. And we are so grateful every day for you..."

I couldn't take anymore. I threw my arms around him, making the baby laugh.

"Hey!"

We turned around. My husband was in the kitchen, hands on hips.

"You trying to steal my wife, dad?"

Papa nui laughed. "Naw. But I'll let you have my sloppy seconds."

Kimo threw his head back and laughed.

* * * *

I wanted to make breakfast for everybody, but Kimo insisted we go out.

"But I love making breakfast for my family," I

pouted. I liked pancakes in the morning and they'd become a ritual in our house.

"You make breakfast for your family every single day, darling. We're on vacation."

"Where did you want to go?"

"I was thinking K-Hop."

"K-Hop!" I put the brakes on my petulance. "Oh yes, we have to take the boys. We haven't been back there on this trip." I knew in that moment, I didn't know how, but I knew, that this would be our last night here before we took off for *Molokai*.

Bundling everyone into the van, including our hung over oldies, we hurtled up the Hawaii Belt Road, dovetailing to Ken's House of Pancakes. Our family took up the largest table in the place and I picked up the baby, putting him on Kimo's father's lap.

Papa nui's face lit up.

"He wants his grandfather," I whispered. I watched him and *Mama nui* make a big fuss over him. The twins were crawling all over their mother and *Tutu*.

"What am I?" Sammy asked me. "Chopped liver?"

No, you're the man who took Kimo away from me...I know you love my Tutu and I forgive you...but...

Sammy was looking at me. He knew. I didn't

know how, but in some way, he knew I was holding onto the past. I patted his shoulder in an affectionate way. After all, it was Sammy who put a halt to Kimo's trial, who brought him home to me and *Tutu*. It was Sammy who married us and who loved my grandma with his whole heart. I had to stop living in the past, I had to quit fearing future. I had to live, as our ancient culture prescribed, fully in the now.

In this moment, I could only be responsible for living each and every second with all the *Aloha* I had. And I remembered a time when *Tutu* and I were alone, long before I knew Kimo, long before I had four generations of family under one roof. I thought to myself, *pomakai au*. Blessed am I.

"I'm stealing you away for a little bit today." Kimo drew my chair closer to his, nuzzling me. "It's time we paid a little visit to Madame."

"Madame!" My visits with Madame *Pele* were always memorable when I was with my husband. "But I have no gifts to bring her, Kimo. I can't go empty handed."

"She'll get her gifts." Kimo looked giddy with his hot little secrets. And then I was in his brain and I knew.

He was taking me to the Vagina Cave. Practically my whole life spent on this island and I'd never been there. Now I couldn't wait.

The waitress came and took our order. "Say,

where have you two been? I never see you anymore." There was a time when Kimo and I had been performing on the Big Island and Ken's was our daily habit.

"Well, we're back and we're hungry." Kimo grinned at her.

She looked at me. "I bet I know what you're going to have. Tall stack, lots of fresh pineapple and coconut, and passion fruit syrup."

I was shocked. "How do you remember that?"

"You eat like ten horses, but you don't look it."

Kimo laughed. "That's my husband for you."

"Sometimes you order a double stack."

"A double stack sure does sound good." I smacked my lips.

"Dog!" the baby shouted across the table and, for some reason, even the waitress thought this was wildly funny.

* * * *

Several packets of Ho Hos exchanged hands between Kimo and *Maluhia* immediately after breakfast, and our family members dropped us outside a surfboard store in *Kea'au*. Our arrangement was that they would pick us up at one o'clock, two hours from now. In the meantime, they were taking the boys to the house where I grew up and, if I knew our kids, those two

hours would whiz by as they explored *Tutu's* magical old property.

"Come, my love." Kimo held his hand out to me and we began a long climb past the surfboard shop, through some gates and past a small residential development. We hiked less than a mile through a lovely *'ohia* trail and I had to stop. That familiar swaying feeling when I was close to *Pele* came over me.

She was here, I could feel her. Tears prickled the back of my eyes and Kimo's voice was in my ear.

"I think she's pleased we're here."

"Have you been in the cave before?"

Kimo hesitated. "I came with..."

"Your ex-wife."

"You'll be pleased to know neither of us was invited inside by the goddess when we asked permission. I have a feeling this time I'll get *carte blanche*."

Why did I feel absurdly, even childishly pleased that Mim had been denied entrance to Madame's Womb?

The Vagina Cave, one of the least known, yet most powerful representations of Goddess *Pele*, had been removed from tourism years ago due to graffiti found at the entrance to the cave. It is not mentioned in one single guidebook, and those who know about it, keep its exact location a secret.

While mere mortals are denied access to it, Kimo, being who he was, stood by the cave's entrance now, asking permission for us to enter. He was humble, he was anxious. I felt a gust of warm air push us from behind as if invisible hands were giving us a shove.

Kimo chuckled. "Beautiful things happen to me when I'm with you, *Lopaka*."

We entered the cave and stood for a moment, getting our bearings. Having been in many caves before, this one was unusual in that it was very narrow and, I realized, plunged almost straight down. My husband handed me a flashlight and I followed him down a very narrow, very steep ledge of lava. I felt like I was walking on a tube.

"We're walking on her insides," Kimo whispered. "Watch your step, *Lopaka*. It turns right here." We kept moving down, down into the dank earth. It was a good thing I wasn't claustrophobic. It was pitch black, except for the arcs of light we were creating. I could hear breathing. Mine, Kimo's and Mother Earth. We were both silent, making our way into a room with the only light source we'd encountered since we'd entered the cave. We looked up.

How amazing. There was a pinpoint of light reaching right up to the sky, infusing everything in what looked like an altar room, with a ghostly, gray-blue light. Directly above us was an even

larger room and there it was, the remarkable vagina made by *Pele* in a fit of volcanic eruption. It must have been sixteen feet in length. Many had been here before us, judging by the offerings left at the lava shelf, which really did look like a vagina.

Kimo and I knelt before this astonishing altar and he opened the backpack, producing fruit, flowers, one of the cupcakes I had made, and a Ho Ho. I looked at him.

"I guarantee nobody in their life ever brought her one of those," my husband whispered, apparently thrilled with himself for thinking of it. He began a chant and we settled into meditative poses. Closing my eyes, I looked for the place Kimo and I always went when we mediated—the edge of the volcano, the first place we ever made love.

Finding myself flung far into the future, I saw our twins, our beautiful boy and girl. The images flashed past me and I had to fight my own emotion. I had to be ready to receive her message and fight the urge to be with them. I wanted to touch them, but Baby Kimo was running beside us now, me and Kimo. I was startled to see our son's hair darker, my wise little boy alive with knowledge and with great power. Then we were at the Valley of the Kings and the Goddess spoke to me.

I heard her clearly though she remained as if

she'd been waiting for us high on that cliff above the pyramid. She looked exhausted, her eyes pained with the suffering of a woman born of fire, sworn to protect her islands, thwarted by developers, by people who just didn't understand.

"Before your children are a year old, you must make a gift for six women you trust. Entrust them with their heart's protection. Six is the sacred number, *ka lei aloha I na kupuna*, in the circle of love of the ancestors."

"But what do I make them?"

"I leave that to you to decide."

"Can I bring you one? I love you so much, Madame..."

She laughed, her voice sounding like a crackling fire. "Yes." She pointed to a place in the altar room where she wished me to bury her gift.

"*Lopaka*, you must learn who to trust and know with all the love you have in your heart, that you must always apply that love. No matter what."

The next voice that spoke shocked me. It was my birth mother, whose face replaced the Goddess's face. I tried not to react in an emotional way.

"No matter what," she said, her voice sounding like my sister's. "I am always with you."

Coming back to the present, my eyes opened and I looked at my husband.

"Did you see it all?"

He nodded.

We were both silent for a long time, contemplating the messages we had received. I adored making the Goddess laugh. Now I had to decide on a gift, and the six women I could trust...

"How many are there that you trust right now?" he asked me quietly.

"Three. Your mother, my *Tutu* and my sister."

"We still have time to find the other three, my love. Please don't worry."

"Did you see our little girl?"

Kimo smiled, but I knew he was as emotional as I was.

Our beautiful girl looked just like the man I loved.

And our other son looked just like me.

Kimo took my hand. "I love you, *Lopaka*. Thank you for my life."

"Kimo..."

"Don't say it. I know. I saw it. *Lopaka*....please trust me, my love."

"I do." I tried not to think about the betrayal I saw ahead, the hurt, the anger, *death*...I tried to think only of the good.

"*Lopaka*...our lives are just beginning. We have the Goddess's blessing."

Yes, we did. And that was more precious than anything to me...except my husband and children.

We came back out to the daylight and I took a

deep breath. A part of me wanted to rush right back into Madame's womb, another part was grateful to be in the warm sunshine. And then I could smell something on the faint wind.

"What is it?" My husband was following me through some underbrush and stopped when I stopped.

I bent down and touched the silky-soft leaves I had detected. A small gift from Madame.

"What is it?" Kimo asked me again.

"A sex aid, darling."

He looked at it. "And I thought you'd just found us a nice quiet spot to have a quickie."

I picked the plant, counting the leaves, feeling an extraordinary sense of victory. I was going to give our women's blow job class a lesson they'd never forget.

"Put this in the backpack," I told Kimo who quickly complied. "As for that quickie...where do you want me, baby?"

"Right here will do just fine."

I laughed. "I love you, Kimo."

He pulled me into his arms and his tongue shot right into my mouth. I could taste pancakes and maple syrup and I tasted love. He groaned as his cock hardened against me.

"Why do I never quench this thirst?" he murmured against my lips and I wrapped my arms around his neck.

Lowering me to the ground, he dropped the backpack, never pausing from giving me the kisses I wanted and needed. From somewhere, I heard *Keali'i Reichel* singing *Hawaiian Lullaby*.

Kimo took his mouth from me, smiling when he figured out where the music was coming from. "Our Ipod's in the backpack. It accidentally turned itself on."

We both knew there are no accidents. We looked into each other's eyes as *Keali'i* sang:

"I can smile when it's raining, And touch the warmth of the sun, I hear children laughing, In this place that I love..."

Kimo undid the Velcro snaps on my shorts and looked pleased when he saw a rock hard cock waiting to greet him.

He kissed my cock, but his ravenous gaze was already on the main course.

"I crave you, *Lopaka*...it's like an ache in my soul..."

"Tell me about it," I whispered as a drop of rain fell. How perfect. Madame *Pele* wanted a show and we were taking our time. "I wish I had our babies inside me."

Kimo's eyes burned into mine as his fingers stroked heat, a mounting fire, then a blazing lava trail from my ass, ripping through my belly. Rain came in tiny, fragrant drops I caught with my tongue as my husband put my legs over his

shoulders and entered me deeply.

It felt like months since he'd been inside me, my body shook from the force of the emotions I experienced when he gave himself to me. I feared him taking that hot cock away from me, but from this position, it was hard to reach his ass with my hands.

"I'm not going anywhere. It's your cock," he whispered into my ear. "It's always belonged to you."

Over his head, I saw a rainbow brighter than any I'd ever seen, its colors distinct and shiny new. Kimo's tempo picked up pace. He wanted to come, he wanted me to come, he wanted to please the Goddess and then *Keali'i* sang,

"Where I live, there are rainbows..."

Kimo and I exploded in time to the song's final refrain, a delicious sex-love chorus, then the sun came out, making us laugh.

A honking horn. "Our family's right on time." Kimo's voice was husky. He licked the juices I'd shot all over him from his fingertips. "Just so you know, I'm never going to stop trying to knock you up, *Lopaka*."

I reluctantly unwound my legs from his neck. "I'm gonna hold you to that promise."

* * * *

The children were upset that we'd spent a couple of hours away, a situation easily remedied with a trip to a local coffee shop on *Keawe* Street, where we bought them hot chocolate and fussed over them.

Mama nui, *Tutu* and I put our heads together. I outlined the game plan for the afternoon and evening. My co-conspirators were delirious with my ideas, which left a small shopping expedition ahead.

"Can I stay here and read the paper?" my father-in-law asked as we got up to leave the table and head across the road to the KTA Superstore.

"Yes," *Mama nui* responded.

Sammy wanted to go to the local hardware store. Only Kimo was interested in coming with us. Inside the market, I carried baby Kimo on my hip with *Kamaha* strapped into the cart I was pushing while Kimo strapped *Keli'i* into his.

As I filled my cart with delicacies for a special romantic dinner that evening, I noticed Kimo whizzing by with *Keli'i* squealing with laughter. *Kamaha* naturally wanted to join the fun on the other cart.

"You want to go with, Daddy?" I asked Baby Kimo.

"No, Mama." The baby clung to me and I kissed him.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Kimo

clowning around and I picked up the final ingredients I needed. Lord, I loved that big old ham of mine.

"What are you buying?" he asked me, skidding to a stop beside me. "I wanted to take you out to dinner tonight. I thought we'd try Brown's. Everybody says it's the best food on the island."

"Well, I have something else in mind." I smiled at him.

"No romantic dinner for Daddy?"

"Oh, Daddy's getting a romantic dinner he's never going to forget."

"Really?" He perked up instantly, racing off with the twins again. And then he was back.

"Do we need champagne?"

I thought a moment. "Definitely not."

His eyes widened. "I know what that means." This time he took off with a big, shit-eating grin that didn't leave his face all afternoon.

* * * *

There were three times as many women crowded into our kitchen that afternoon. But I was prepared this time. I had a secret weapon. Well, two. I had the makings of the tastiest, most lethal drink in the history of the free world.

"Ladies, I'm gonna make us all some buttery nipples," I announced, throwing Irish cream

whisky and butterscotch schnapps into chilled cocktail glasses. Kimo was having a whale of a time hearing about last night's escapades from our grateful students. He was a gonner by the time I decided to teach them the ol' Hawaiian game of Ice, Ice Baby.

"Get your pants down," I told my husband who was on his third buttery nipple and just about game for anything.

"He always wants to undress me," Kimo told the women who gasped when they got a glimpse of the *new homo's* gargantuan goodies.

"Will ya look at that?" Florence was the first one to speak. "It's so big, *Lopaka's* whole name is tattooed down the length of it."

Kimo giggled. "*Lopaka*, your hands are cold."

"Watch and learn, ladies." I unpacked a Popsicle, licked it a little, gave some to Kimo who dutifully licked it, making a face.

"The buttery nipple's much tastier, '*paka*."

"Yes, I know, sweetheart."

The licking and sucking went back and forth. Kimo watched intently as I went back and forth from the Popsicle to his cock. I left the Popsicle with him, concentrating on the one between his legs and he was staring down at me, his face flushed.

"'*paka*, are there people watching us?"

Boy, a couple of cocktails and my husband got

positively goofy.

“Now ladies, when your husband gets ready to blow, you keep your mouth on him. This part is crucial.” I took the Popsicle out of Kimo’s hand. “When he’s ready to come, put the Popsicle right up against his balls and you will give him an experience he will never, ever forget.”

They all craned forward and I completed my mission. By the time my husband’s forehead slumped against the kitchen table from the force of his erotic eruption, I was the only one left in the kitchen. Humming a little tune, I unpacked the plant I’d picked outside the vagina cave.

Our last night in Hawaii was going to be another experience none of us would ever forget.

Chapter Eleven

*M*aluhia declined to join our little love dinner that night, but she did help us prepare a feast for our men.

"I would feel funny bringing the shark god," she told me. "He doesn't say much and when he does, I am sure it's profound, but he doesn't make a lick of sense to me." She suddenly squirmed. "The things that man does to me...oh, *Lopaka*..."

Grinning, I handed her a plate with a piece of raw fish spiced with *furikake*. "Give this to him. You'll blow his mind."

"Can I eat it?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, as long as I get to enjoy the benefits..." She wandered off to her room to prepare herself for her lover.

Kimo and I tucked the boys into bed that night with bowls of bread soaked in warm milk. I cuddled up with them while Kimo told them the

story of *Pele's* surfing contest. It was a well-known tale and one they had heard before, but the boys got a kick out of Kimo's passionate version of it.

He had a way of making her and her legendary cohorts come to life.

"...and her brother, the shark god, *Kamoho'ali'i*, would sometimes turn himself into a surfboard so *Pele* could ride him to shore."

"She never wiped out, did she Kimo?" asked a sleepy *Kamaha*.

"No, never." Kimo's face shone as he described the great fire goddess riding the ocean like one born of water.

Kimo hunched down. "...and then, she took her long sleep, her fires burning low." The boys hunkered down in the bed, lulled by his words. I had to fight to keep my own eyes open. I couldn't wait for our festivities to start, but I was enjoying my husband's impromptu performance.

When all the boys were safely asleep, I gathered up their bowls, tucked them in one last time and we sneaked out of the bedroom.

Kimo and I looked at them for a few seconds more, before closing the door.

"So much love in this house," I whispered.

"Do you know how much I adored watching you walk around that market with our baby on your hip today?" Kimo gathered me to him as we walked down the hallway to our room.

I grinned. "Do you know how much I adored doing that?"

He gave me a sweet kiss and *Tutu* descended on us. "Are we ready to roll?"

Kimo and I ran to our room and dressed in the clothes we picked out for each other. He was disappointed, my choice involved long pants and a nice shirt. He had nothing but a *malo* cloth in mind, but as we strolled out to the back *lanai* hand in hand, he was delighted by the moonlight paradise the women in his life had created.

We had strewn fairy lights through the trees and across the supporting beam on the lanai. We'd set a table for six, decorated with sweet-smelling *maile lei* running the length of the table, scattered with orange *mokara* and yellow ginger blossoms.

Kimo turned and looked at me. "I haven't seen *maile lei* since our wedding day." He put his face to the green leaves, inhaling the fragrance, looking over everything, even the portable record player we had set up outside.

"This beats Brown's, *Lopaka*. You know, baby, you always manage to surprise me."

"And our evening just got started."

He nuzzled me. "I know. Dance with me."

Kimo rifled through the records, picking a nice slow one, *I'll Weave a Lei of Stars for You* and underneath the most brilliant, beautiful stars I was certain I could just reach out and touch, I danced

in my husband's arms. I felt *Papa nui* and *Mama Nui* joining us, then Sammy and *Tutu*.

When the song was finished, my husband kissed me.

I'm ready for bed. His voice flittered into my head and I laughed.

"Girls. Are we ready to lay on a feast?"

I want to feast on you.

That got me laughing again and *Tutu* looked at me.

"Did you two start the party without us?"

"Nope, not me." The three of us ran into the house and picked up the appetizers. Our men were sipping sparkling mineral water when we returned.

"We're wondering why there's no booze." Sammy looked right at my grandma whose cheeks turned bright pink.

"Lopaka...why don't you explain?"

"Me?"

"This was your idea."

"Well..." I caught my husband's arched brow. "After that little fiasco at Christmas..."

"That wasn't a fiasco. That was damned good fun!" Sammy insisted.

"Yeah, that none of us can remember. So, I found more *kihu* this morning."

"You did?" My father-in-law looked ecstatic.

"He did," Kimo nodded.

"And well, we women put a little less into the food this time, and with no alcohol involved...we should all have one hell of a party!"

"I'll drink to that!" Sammy raised his glass, then our men attacked their goat cheese panna cottas.

"Oh, *Lopaka*," Kimo moaned. "This is unbelievable."

"Which dish did you slip it into?" My father-in-law asked me.

"I'm not saying." I glanced at my husband. "And don't try reading my mind. I'm creating false images for you."

Kimo went crazy over the fire roasted *Kona kampachi*, his favorite fish in the whole entire world. Since we could only get it here, I'd bought more to take with us to *Molokai*.

The men loved the coconut tiger shrimp, the *furikake*-crusted snapper and the salad of fresh *Waipio* Valley greens. I knew the men devoured this, thinking the lethal little joy leaf we'd all discovered was in this, but actually, I'd sneaked it into the *furikake*, the Japanese blend of spices I'd used to crust the fish.

"Ah-hah!" Kimo jumped around in his seat. "Finish the fish, guys. It's on the fish."

Tutu laughed. "Don't try fooling your husband anytime soon."

"I won't." I felt my husband's arm tighten around my waist, then the spark of magic seemed

to ignite in every one at the same precise moment.

It is hard to describe the sensation because you are not *out of it* when you eat the *kihu* leaf. Far from it. You become super aware to all your surroundings. You become aware of your lover's heartbeat, colors come to your view you don't normally see. You feel so much love, so connected to everything around you...

We had such a romantic evening and, by the time we brought out the chocolate soufflés for dessert, we were all ready for more intimate moments.

"Goodnight, everybody." My husband held the dessert in one hand, me in the other and we retreated to our room. We laughed when we heard our giggling oldies rampaging past our room to theirs.

Everything in our room seemed to be infused with a gold light.

"Lopaka...you are so beautiful."

Kimo dumped the soufflé dish onto a chair and took my face in his hands. Our kiss went on for so long, I was seeing stars. I wanted my husband naked, but it took me a long time to get him that way because even the buttons on his shirt held a fascination for me in my heightened state.

I was super aware of his breathing, the touch of his fingers, the texture of his hair...and I felt him luxuriating in me the same way.

He was holding my left hand to his mouth. Sometimes, I would catch his restive stare on my eternity ring. He'd given it to me for Christmas. It was my favorite, a gold band with small diamonds around it. I knew he longed to give me one big, huge spanking diamond. But of course, being a man, a solitaire was not something I could publicly wear. My band of diamonds meant a lot to me.

"You should have bigger diamonds because you are the most precious thing to me." Kimo's voice swam to me from a purple love cloud and we stroked one another's bodies, falling to the floor in a heated embrace.

"If I buy you bigger diamonds, will you wear them?" he asked me, crawling between my legs.

"No, I treasure my diamonds, Kimo. Please don't buy me anything else. I have everything I need. You give me everything."

His face went soft as he kissed me. "I want you so much..."

"I want you," I whispered. Next thing I knew we were thrashing around, trying to get to one another's cocks. He knelt over my face feeding me his cock as I sucked on his. I had a sudden flashback to being a little boy on my grandma's property, walking to school with my grandfather one morning. I remembered him cutting me a piece of sugar cane as we walked and I could still

taste its liquid sweetness.

My grandfather was laughing, listening to my story...what was it I had been telling him? I held my husband closer, his cock, his life essence sweeter than any piece of sugar cane...

"Oh...Lopaka..."

We kept up a delirious rhythm of licking, tasting, sucking one another. He carried me to our bed and fed me soufflé with his fingers. I cherished the taste of those fingers more than anything, and I was humbled by how much he loved me.

"Our vacation is just beginning," he whispered as he moved into me. I cried out when he entered me. The colors that exploded in my head were electric hues of the rainbow.

"What color are we?" he asked me, threading his hands through my hair, holding my face to him.

"We are all the colors," I said as Kimo kissed my throat. And I saw a blazing field of poppies bloom all the colors of the sun...I felt the heat of the day, felt my husband's desire for me build to the point of no return. And I saw stars and showers of flowers when he came inside me, showing me once again how happy he was to be my heart's home.

Chapter Twelve

Kimo and I were up before the children, which was unusual. Sammy and *Tutu* were up too...we'd hit the right formula for our little love herb. Now, I examined the black stems and threw them away. The plant only thrived for a day, but once every six months was plenty for us.

Sammy brought me strawberries from the garden. The morning was already brilliant and blue, tinged with gold and pink hues. Dang...that little leaf had really packed a wallop. I was still high, or heightened. I felt happy and wonderfully in tune with everything and everyone around me.

"I bought you a little gift when you weren't looking yesterday," my husband nuzzled me at the sink.

"You did?"

"Uh-huh. Close your eyes, baby."

I was rinsing the strawberries and I closed my eyes, seeing bright, cherry colored hibiscus

flowers behind my eyelids.

"Open, baby."

I saw a huge four-pound bag of *Hualalai* coffee, my favorite coffee in the whole wide world.

Of course, I was ecstatic and had to brew some right away. Then our little darlings were stampeding into the kitchen. Kimo and I covered their little faces with kisses.

"I'm hungry," they all said.

"*Lopaka's* making strawberry pancakes right now," Kimo told them.

"While you're waiting, who wants Kimo to make them a rainbow?"

"I do, I do!" all three boys shouted.

Kimo took the baby's diaper off him and the twins dumped their pajamas on the kitchen floor. I watched out of the kitchen window as he turned on the hose, arcing the flow of water to make rainbows for the kids. Then of course, they had to play under the spray of water.

I caught my husband's adoring gaze and my heart did a flip-flop in my chest.

"What's all the noise?" *Maluhia* stumbled into the kitchen.

"Are you okay?"

She nodded numbly.

"Would you like some tea?"

"I'd like to leave here. I'm sorry, I know we said a week, but I...I..."

My sister was looking distraught now. I stopped doing everything and took her hands in mine.

"I'm okay...the sex is great, but there's no conversation. I mean, I tried talking to him, but all he wants to do is stick his you-know-what in my mouth. He enjoyed the Popsicle, though...all five of them."

Five of them?

"You sure you want to leave?"

"Yes." She looked relieved that I wasn't getting upset.

"No problem. I'll let Kimo know."

"He can't...he can't follow us, can he?"

"I don't believe so. But we'll check with Kimo."

I was relieved. I was pleased. I was excited to get on with our trip to *Molokai*. Kimo wandered into the kitchen a few seconds later, the three boys throwing their wet naked bodies at *Maluhia* and she laughed.

"That's my bath taken care of for the day," she grinned.

The baby crawled into her lap and Kimo and I traded thoughts. He was very pleased with *Maluhia's* decision.

"When you were all outside last night having your romantic dinner, it was hard for me." My sister shook her head. "I realized I couldn't bring him to the table. What would he say? I yearn for

that connection. I want so much to find my rightful companion."

Kimo hugged her. "I waited my whole life for your brother, *Maluhia*. You don't have long to wait, I promise you."

"Do you know what he looks like? Is he cute?"

"He's adorable," I blurted.

"You know what he looks like? What's his name?"

The twins were fighting for her attention and I handed the baby off to *Tutu* who'd come into the kitchen looking as blissed-out as I felt.

"I don't know his name..." Memories of my meeting with the goddess kept unfurling at a slower pace now in my mind. "I do know it's love at first sight."

Kimo nodded. He was right there with me...I could see, amidst some difficulties ahead with certain people in our lives, *Maluhia* would find her love.

She sighed now, ruffling her children's heads.

"My summer love sure was fun there for a moment...but I realized...I am not a fun type gal."

"Wait a second, are you saying I'm not fun?"

My sister laughed. "You gave blow job lessons to every lady in the neighborhood. You're beyond fun, *Lopaka*. They're all gonna be devastated that you and Kimo are leaving. I'm just saying I'm like you, a nester. I want my one man who wants me."

She paused. "You and Kimo have the hottest relationship of any couple I know. I aspire to that."

"Amen to that." My husband picked up a strawberry and popped it into my mouth.

* * * *

We hit the *Hilo* farmer's market right after breakfast, loading up on groceries for our trip. It wasn't that *Molokai* had no local produce of its own, but it was remote and there were things we all loved that might not be available on this outer island.

I left a message for Nicky and *Kaiona*, letting them know the baby was fine. I was amazed that there'd still been no calls from them. When I called our home, I found *Aloha* there. He assured me everything was fine and said the girls hadn't called him either.

Kimo didn't seem surprised.

"Are you kidding?" *Tutu* snorted. "They're kicking up their heels, those two. That baby belongs here, with his family."

Kimo gave her an appreciative look. One day, yes, he would be with us permanently. I dreaded having to return him and pushed the thought aside. We were on vacation now.

We all went a little bit crazy buying up food.

Being Hawaiians, we knew it would all get eaten. My sister was in a lighter mood than she'd been for days and, as we loaded up the rear of the van with our mountain of purchases, she wanted to check out the supermarket one more time.

The kids had been fantastic during our shopping expedition, but now they were restless. So, while the others went to the KTA Superstores, Kimo, his dad and I took the kids for a walk.

The *Hamakua* neighborhood we were in was a mixture of good and bad. You never knew what you would find here. A lot of families had been here for generations, some of those families liked their solitude. Now as we climbed a hill, we found fewer homes and more ranch style properties. Our boys loved horses and we found a small white horse that was in pretty bad shape, grazing from mere stubble in a corral.

Then we heard a long, low whining sound.

Baby Kimo immediately started to cry. "Dog," he blubbered into my chest. This time he wasn't playing for laughs.

"There it is again. That's a dog in distress." Kimo's head went in every direction until he pinpointed the sound. We all ran to a tract home that looked abandoned and were shocked by what we found. One yellow-colored dog was tied to a tree, its muzzle taped with duct tape. He looked like a puppy, but it was hard to tell since he was

absolutely skeletal.

His dark haired companion was not doing much better though his muzzle wasn't taped shut. He was clearly in pain.

"No food, no water...somebody left them here to die." Kimo was furious. The yellow dog went into a panic when Kimo approached him. He was clearly terrified of being punished. Kimo calmed him with his touch, slowly removing the tape off the poor dog's snout. It left a huge, ugly patch that put our boys in tears. I kept the twins busy when I spotted a hose.

"See if you can find a dish, babies." They ran back with a battered, old metal bowl and filled it with water. Baby Kimo was stroking the dark dog beside us and, after the first dog drank, the second dog got some refreshment.

"Dad...we have to get them out of here." Kimo looked at his father. "Who do we know that has a horse trailer?"

Papa nui pulled his cell phone out of his pocket. "I'll make some calls."

Kimo and I stayed with the puppies while his dad went to get the car. The boys were all very upset, but I knew with Kimo's help, the puppies would be okay.

"Can we keep them, can we keep them?" they kept asking over and over.

"Yes," we told them repeatedly. When *Papa nui*

returned with Sammy, they had bolt cutters, it took some work to free the puppies from their bindings. *Tutu* arrived with fresh chicken, which the dogs, after at first balking at her offerings, devoured.

"We need to get them to a vet." Kimo was feeling their skin and their bellies. "We need to get them hydrated. I think this one is pregnant. I'm feeling puppies. Probably dead, due to malnutrition."

"I know somebody who can help." Sammy and Kimo carried the puppies to our van. We put them on the floor in the back and they huddled against one another, the boys wanting to sit right there with them.

Florence's husband arrived with a dilapidated looking horse trailer. When we opened the gate to the corral, we expected the horse to bolt, but he had to be led into it. His legs were so shaky.

Kimo and I did a sweep of the exterior of the house, peering inside the windows. The place seemed abandoned and we couldn't hear any noises of other animals in distress.

At their farm one ridge over from our rental house, Florence was waiting for us with an old man who was a retired vet. Dr. George, as she told us to call him, examined all the animals, then hooked the dogs up to subcutaneous fluids in the kitchen.

"I think you're right about puppies, but I don't hear heartbeats." He ran his hand over the starving dog's thigh. "A couple more days and they would have been dead."

Outside, we could see the white horse grazing on good, clean grass.

He was at it for a long time, finally lifting his head to look at us. He was free and he would be okay.

"We'll look after him," Florence told us. "We'll feed him some hay and oats. But the puppies..."

"Will have a home with us," I told her. "The boys are already in love."

Outside, we fed the horse some carrot sticks and I left Kimo to deal with organizing veterinary care overnight. The dogs needed to be hospitalized.

The white horse was quite delighted with the carrots at first, but his real interest turned out to be the hay Florence dumped at his feet.

Kimo came out to join us. "The *poki*, the pups are going to Hilo Small Animal Hospital. They're going to keep them hydrated, give them X-rays and run some blood work. I promise you, as soon as they're ready to travel, they're coming to *Molokai*."

He got down on the ground and talked to the twins. "Sweethearts, listen to me. Those puppies are going to be fine, I promise. But the girl dog

needs to have some surgery to remove her puppies and she's too sick right now. She's going to have to stay a few more days. Do you understand?"

The twins nodded.

"And they're going to get much better if they have names and if you come inside and tell them you love them. What are their names?"

"*Mau*i," said *Kamaha*.

"*Molokai*," said *Keli'i*.

Baby Kimo just laughed.

"I agree. Very fine names. Now come on, kids, let's say *Aloha* to our new four-legged friends. We're heading to our next adventure."

"Kimo, why do people do bad things to animals?" *Keli'i* asked.

"Sometimes, people are very sick and they hurt animals and children and old people. It makes them feel powerful."

"Do they get punished?"

Kimo's eyes glittered. "One way or another, they get what's coming to them."

"And we can really keep the *poki*?" *Kamaha* asked.

"We can really keep the *poki*."

And just like that, our three boys got two new, adorable and loving dogs that would be fattened up and running our household in no time. And two sad, lonely, dying animals found a second

chance. A whole new world of *Aloha*.

We flew to *Molokai* that afternoon and none of us could wait to set foot on the island. The boys had their noses pressed to the windows, looking at the unbelievable two thousand-foot *pali*, or cliff face that separated the one-time leper colony of *Kalaupapa* from the *topside*, as locals call the rest of the island.

The boys were agog at the moss covered almost five thousand foot tall Mount *Kamakou*.

"Oh, cool!" they shouted when we circled in for a landing. As we disembarked, our seasoned little travelers had to be the first ones off the plane.

"Come on, baby." *Kamaha* and *Keli'i* reached, grabbed baby Kimo's hands and he chortled as they helped him down the stairs.

"It feels so different here." The twins weren't wrong. You could feel the energy level drop to a very slow, soothing pace. Something in me just felt...still. The island was green, green, green, but it had a vibe, despite the pervasive languidness. It had a feeling of being truly alive. I couldn't wait to explore.

A friend of Kimo's had rented us his holiday homestead up in the *Halewa* Valley and had left his own family's van parked for us on the outskirts of the airport—the keys as promised, left on top of the rear right tire.

We loaded everybody up and Kimo sat at the

wheel. "Feel that, baby? That's old Hawaii."

"I know." I smiled at him. The children were excited to see the house we'd be calling home for the next two and a half weeks, especially since Kimo had casually mentioned there were horses, donkeys and ponies on the property.

"Kids, tell me what you notice as we're driving." Kimo paused to let some cattle cross the road in front of him.

"No traffic lights," *Keli'i* said.

"Very good. There are none. No traffic lights, no parking meters—" he put the brakes on the van. "Look over there. That's the Dragon's Tail."

Jumping out of the van, we all took a good, long look at the remarkable lava formation that did, indeed, look like a dragon's tail.

"We can do some snorkeling down at that beach," Kimo said as we all buckled up again and veered upcountry, and the boys were thrilled when they got their first look at the house. It really was magnificent. Far from the ocean, it had an unbelievable view that at night would be really something.

"Kids, look over there. What island do you think that is?" Kimo picked up the twins as the baby climbed into Sammy's waiting arms.

"*Maui*?" asked *Keli'i*, then he amended it. "That's *Oahu*."

"And what is *Oahu*?"

"It's home."

"Very good. Now any time you miss *Oahu*, you can look over there and see it."

"No, thank you." *Keli'i* turned his face away from the island. "I like knowing it's there, but I would rather be here with my family."

"Me, too," *Kamaha* said.

"Me, too!" the baby shrieked.

Kimo laughed. "I think I hear an echo."

And just like that, our intrepid voyagers turned their full attention on their great big new adventure.

Chapter Thirteen

We all loved the house. The rooms were huge and there was plenty of space for everybody. There were board games and big comfy chairs, but we were all glad just to have limitless time and so much quiet, we just dug our heels in and relaxed.

By the next morning, when we'd driven around a little, we were glad we had brought so much food with us. In a few days, we decided, *Mama nui* and *Papa nui* were going to return to the Big Island, pick up the puppies and buy more groceries. What was available on *Molokai* was very limited, but small surprises delighted us constantly, like the very sweet rainbow-hued mangoes that grew on trees all over the property.

Then there were our chickens that we were told laid blue eggs each morning.

At least they had, until the boys started chasing them.

There was no nightlife, our nearest neighbors joked, except on Monday nights. At ten thirty the locals all lined up for the bread run at *Kanemitsu's Bakery* in *Kaunakakai*. Speaking of *Kaunakakai*, it was the center of all the action.

And the action took place over three short blocks. Not that we cared. We loved it. All of it. After taking a long, rambling walk in our valley the first day, the boys wanted to keep the feeling of being the only people in the world, so we barbecued out back. When night fell, they were dazzled by the stars, begging Kimo to tell them a story.

I think that was my favorite non-sexual moment of the whole trip—Kimo wrapped in a blanket beside the fire, all three boys asleep on his lap.

As we tumbled into our own bed that night, his hands reached out to me.

“I wish I’d met you ten years ago.”

“We met when we were supposed to meet.” I hated when he tortured himself, me...us over the years we didn’t know each other, when he belonged to somebody else.

“I never belonged to her. I told you, I was the loneliest man alive until I met you.”

“No, the second loneliest.”

Kimo covered my body with his.

“Can you stand how much we all need you?” I

asked him.

"I can handle you. You think I can't?"

"Just...making sure."

He looked down at me, his fingers stroking my hair and face. "*Lopaka*...you said he was adorable."

"Who?" It was always hard to think straight when my own personal love god was touching me.

"*Maluhia's* new man."

"I did?" I thought a moment. "In the kitchen back on the Big Island? Honey...he's adorable for her, not for me."

"You don't like adorable?"

"Not particularly. I like majestic...magnificent...kingly...big, bad and dangerous to know with a big whopper that has my name all over it."

He grunted. "And I'm not adorable?"

"No, babe. I'm adorable. She's the Kimo, he's the *Lopaka*."

He laughed out loud, moving over me, letting me feel that amazing cock stroking my belly, my chest...crossing my nipples and throat, down my sides, up to my lips...never quit letting me catch him with my tongue.

"Who owns this cock?"

"I do," I gasped, trying to catch hold of it.

"You sure about that?"

"What? Of course I'm sure. It's mine. Give it to

me, Kimo, please.”

“I don’t know...”

Flipping him over onto his back, I straddled him and he held my hands, keeping me away from him.

“I want to kiss you, please let me kiss you, Kimo.”

He got that glazed look when I was doing something amazing to him. I was rubbing his cock with mine, making us both forget everything but this moment. Seeing them together never failed to turn me on, the way our bodies reacted to one another.

Kimo’s breath came in short bursts as he kept looking from my face to my cock, which was caressing, teasing, kissing his...and he groaned.

“Kiss me, *Mypaka*.”

I gave him my mouth and, as our tongues licked and suckled at one another, we came together, all over one another.

He put his arms around me and held me tight. “No woman could ever make me feel the way you do, *Lopaka*. You see what you do to me?”

* * * *

In the morning, *Tutu* and I made breakfast. We had fun trying to figure out the wood-burning stove, which my father-in-law mastered. He even

took over the pancake making chores.

My sister wandered in, obviously in a weird mood. "There isn't much in the way of shopping," she sniffed. "And I don't feel like hiking and swimming."

"You could lie out back in a hammock and read magazines and listen to music," *Mama nui* told her.

"There's a hammock?" my sister perked up instantly.

Right after breakfast, Kimo, Sammy, *Tutu*, the kids and I drove to the island's prettiest beach, a gorgeous and completely deserted three-mile stretch of white sand at *Papohaku*.

We left my in-laws to...er...explore each other...and went off to see *Molokai*.

As we approached the shoreline, a sign warned us the currents were so treacherous that we *could become a part of the food chain*, which made my husband, and therefore the kids, laugh hysterically.

The boys got a kick out of the dozen or so trucks we saw with dogs in the back.

"They call that catching air, here on *Molokai*," Sammy told them.

It made them yearn for our puppies, which, we were told, were recuperating well.

"*Mypaka*, they need to catch some air, too," *Kamaha* insisted.

“They will, baby, I promise.”

Sammy patted his small, worried head. “No *huhu*, little guy. Dey be here bumbye.”

I loved when Sammy got local with the kids. He and my grandma were so perfect together. I had to pinch myself to remember they’d been together less than a year. I felt like they’d always been together. Even though I loved and missed my grandpa, Sammy was good to *Tutu* and he loved our kids.

Back on the property, the ranch hands let the boys help them with mucking out the ponies and, with our supervision, they got to ride on a very easy trail.

We found a wonderful pond at the end of the trail with a waterfall and we let the kids play in the water. Baby Kimo was the first to do a striptease, jumping into the deep blue pool fearlessly. Thank God, Kimo was right beside him.

* * * *

The next morning, we woke bright and early and headed to a farmers and crafters market in front of the two banks on *Ala Malama* Street in *Kaunakakai*. My sister was very excited. I was, too, when I saw an incredible selection of gemstones and shells. I knew then exactly what I was going to make for my six women, per *Pele’s* instructions.

Kimo was right beside me, agreeing that the peridot, which is considered to be Her stone, was perfect for necklaces. I was going to mix them with pieces of firestone and anything else I found in the next few months that I felt would make beautiful, wearable gifts.

"They're lovely," my husband insisted. "I just wish they sold big diamonds here."

"I love you, Kimo."

"Baby, I love you back." He gave me a wonderful kiss and darted off to stop our wayward toddler who was stripping off his clothes again.

Walking back to the van, we considered having lunch at the Hula Shores restaurant. The only one who was really keen was my sister. So in an effort to make her happy, we decided we'd have sunset dinner there and watch the hula show that was a longtime fixture at the restaurant.

"The hula dancers are old ladies," my husband hissed. "This I have to see."

Aloud he told the kids that hula was created by the Goddess *Laka* on *Molokai*, and that we would take them for a picnic the following day to the mountain valley where it all began.

"Can we go to *Kalaupapa*, too?" The twins surprised us by asking to go there.

It was a place I wanted to visit, as well. One of my personal heroes was Father Damien, the

Catholic priest, who'd died helping the isolated residents of the onetime leper colony.

"Yes, we can go there," Kimo told them.

"Can we go kayaking?"

"We can do anything you want to do," we told them.

My sister, pleased with the prospect of an evening outing, was happy to return to the house for my grandma's specialty of thick sandwiches filled with lobster salad and hunks of chocolate honey cake.

The kids gobbled everything, then settled down for some serious finger painting, until they could go horseback riding in the afternoon.

I caught Kimo's eye. He slipped out of the living room, flicking my sister a Ho Ho. I asked her if she would keep an eye on the baby for me so I could jump into the sack for a nooner with my husband.

"You want hot sex with your husband? Now there's a shock." She glared at the cake. "I'm not partial to Ho Hos."

Since when? Boy was she grumpy when she was off the sex.

"Let me have half an hour with my husband and I'll bake you any cake you want."

"I want chocolate cup cakes with that *li-hing* stuff."

"You have yourself a deal." I was about to tear

off, but hesitated. "*Maluhia*, is everything okay?"

She looked at me in surprise. "Yes, why?"

"You seem...I don't know...not happy."

She laughed. "I kinda miss having sex. But thanks to you and my...summer love...I'm ready for the new guy. I finally know what good sex is. Can't blame a girl for being a bit ornery now that she's not getting her rations."

Nope, couldn't blame a girl there. Especially since I went berserk if I didn't get my...rations...several times a day.

I kissed her cheek.

She waved me away, leafing through an ancient copy of *Marie Claire* the owners of the house had left behind, one benevolent eye on our boys who had started painting each other.

I ran down the hall to the lovely, airy room I shared with my Kimo and found him lying across our bed, waiting for me. He gave me a sexy, dreamy smile, holding out his hand to me. I heard the satisfying click of the lock on our door as I straddled my husband's body.

"What did you have to promise her to watch our baby?"

"Chocolate cupcakes."

"Mmm...the things we do for love."

"I'd make her ten dozen if she wanted them."

"*Lopaka*, please get naked before I tear those shorts to ribbons."

He could do it, too. I moved off him, not wanting to break contact, but as I rolled over, his hands were on my crotch.

"I found a song on the radio just now." He reached across me, turning it up...and I smiled as I heard the lyrics...*summer love is like no other love...*

Maybe not, but my husband and I were sure gonna do our best to prove that when it comes to hula men, that's the hottest kind of love there is.

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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