

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair, seen from behind, stands on a beach. She is wearing a long, flowing white dress that trails behind her. Her right arm is raised, with her hand behind her head. She is looking out at a vibrant sunset over the ocean. The sky is a mix of deep red, orange, and yellow. Several palm trees are silhouetted against the bright sky. The water in the foreground is dark and calm.

A. J.
Lewellyn

My Hawaiian
Song of Love

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By

AJ Lewellyn

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Dedication

*In Memory of Eddie Aikau. Because "Eddie
Would Go."*

Chapter One

“Katie...Katie...”

Mr. Nagasaki, the old man beside me was digging me in the ribs, waking me from the first moment of sleep I'd had in twenty-four hours. “Wha...what is it? Are we landing?”

“No. You're snoring.”

“I don't snore!” A quick glance at the furtive, amused looks on my fellow passengers' faces told me otherwise. “Oh geez. I'm sorry. I didn't sleep very well last night.” That was an understatement. How embarrassing. Here I was, twenty-eight, about to start a whole new life. Convincing myself I wasn't ugly just because Jeff dumped me the day before...then finding out that I snore.

“So, who's the bastard?” A kind smile invaded Mr. Nagasaki's sun-crinkled face.

I stared at him.

“You shouted *Bastard* a couple of times.”

Oh, joy. Not only did I snore, but I talked in my sleep. What else was there in my arsenal of unattractive qualities? I'd so carefully avoided

talking about myself the whole flight and had taken genuine pleasure in listening to this old island man's reminiscences of *Honolulu* before World War II. Mr. Nagasaki, a proud seventy-nine, had raised three generations of family on the islands. He contented himself with flying around the country visiting them, now he was widowed.

He grinned. "Whoever he is, he's an idiot. You're a pretty little thing. You deserve better. I think you and I should run away together."

I laughed, feeling myself relax a little. "Sure. On your dime, right?"

Mr. Nagasaki's own laughter revealed a nice set of store-bought teeth. He pointed a spidery finger over my shoulder. "Take a look out the window."

And there she was...my new home. A green-gold jewel in a sea of aqua. My spirits lifted in my journey's final moments to see the familiar, endearing fringe of the foothills of the *Ko'olau* Mountains, extinct *Koko Head* volcano and my beloved *Diamond Head*. What was it Jeff had called that magnificent mountain? A hill.

"*Aloha*, ladies and gentlemen, please fasten your seatbelt and return your seat to the upright position for our final descent into *Honolulu*."

The intercom announcement sent a ripple of excitement through the cabin. I'd been nervous and upset the entire flight from Los Angeles, but in that moment, I knew a complete sense of peace. Of everything being right.

* * * *

We all applauded the soft touchdown. Since nine eleven, airline passengers were grateful for that. We didn't take it for granted anymore. We were grateful not to be bumped from flights, strip-searched or finding ourselves on flights where everything went awry.

I took the brown, bouncing baby from the woman behind me and held him so she could strap on her backpack.

"*Mahalo*," she smiled. "Thank you." Her little bundle of island joy whooped and giggled in my arms. I wanted one of those. Now I was wondering if it would ever happen for me.

"No problem." I handed him back, following my fellow voyagers outside the boarding gates, where a burst of balmy, fragrant air greeted us. *Honolulu* always smelled like a fresh flower *lei* to me. Speaking of which, my gaze picked out the *lei*-laden Pleasant Holidays attendant. She was a beautiful island woman so lovely she had a glow about her. Wearing a traditional long, blue *holoku* dress with a pink hibiscus behind her ear, she had *leis* draped over both arms. She could have stepped out of a nineteenth century postcard of *old Honolulu*. "Hi, I'm Katie - Katrina - Garrison."

She scanned her clipboard. "Ah. There you are. My, you're a pretty one, Katie." She put a purple

orchard and pink *plumeria lei* around my neck. "You booked a rental car with Dollar, didn't you?"

I nodded. My Mustang was three days away, languishing somewhere in the Pacific and a rental car came with my travel package. She told me how to find the check-in counter once I retrieved my luggage.

"And you're staying with us at the Outrigger for three nights?"

Another nod. I was mesmerized by her beauty. Her nametag read *Kaiona*. "I love your name," I blurted.

"*Mahalo*, Katie. Do you know who she was, the Goddess *Kaiona*?"

Aware of impatient travelers waiting their turn, my blue eyes met her cocoa brown ones. "She was the Goddess of the Lost and she came from the *Ko'olau* Mountains. I've just never met a real life goddess before."

She blushed. She looked mostly *Hawaiian* and maybe a dab of something else delicious, I couldn't believe *Kaiona* called me the pretty one. I was five foot two, my blonde hair had a mind of its own and I was a bit too skinny if you wanted my mother's opinion.

I also didn't look like a picture postcard in my khaki pants, white T-shirt and sneakers. She was staring at the wooden *honu*, or turtle, I wore on a cord around my neck with every single outfit. Turtles represent good fortune in *Hawaii*.

"Don't forget to come to our orientation tomorrow morning at the Outrigger. Free breakfast. You also get a free tote bag. Don't forget your coupon." She had pearl-white teeth in a face already perfect.

Since other travelers looked ready to tackle her to the ground for their *lei*-greeting, I thanked her and went to pick up my suitcase and find the Dollar counter. I stood in line, waiting my turn. I smiled, thinking about *Kaiona's* tote bag offer. I had plenty of them from previous trips back in Los Angeles in a storage unit along with the bulk of my belongings. Moving had been Jeff's idea. After several wonderful *Hawaiian* working vacations together and a lot of planning and dreaming, his enthusiasm started to rub off on me.

We even bought the book *So You Want to Move to Hawaii* and followed all the instructions. I loved the idea of living in a place where we could take lingering beach walks, making love in exotic, unusual places. We'd even bought topographical maps, looking for ancient trails we could hike in tropical rainforest that have no snakes or spiders.

Jeff had persuaded me that if we were going to make a move, now was the time. We were young, no immediate plans for marriage and no kids yet. We sold off everything except what we really wanted, arranged to ship my cherry 1969 Mustang over on a freight carrier. Then the night before we were leaving, he hit me with the news.

He'd met somebody else.

This was supposed to be our big, magical day, moving to *Hawaii* together. Yet here I was, traveling alone and he was with...Susan. My mind snapped back to the present. A nasty mainland woman with a pink Hibiscus luggage ensemble was berating the Dollar girl.

"I am not paying extra for car insurance. My policy back in the US covers rental cars," she screamed, evidently unaware that *Hawaii* is one of the fifty United States.

"Things have changed in *Hawaii*," Dollar girl insisted. "With the rise in theft and vandalism, if something happens to your vehicle, you're responsible. You have to pay out of your own pocket and have your insurance company on the mainland reimburse you."

Dollar girl caught my eye and I shot her what I hoped was a sympathetic smile. Now that I thought about it, Jeff would make a big stink, too. When it was my turn, Dollar girl was frazzled, but she didn't take revenge on me.

"Would you like a free upgrade to a convertible?"

"Wow, I'd love that. Thanks so much."

I found my spanking-new, ice blue PT Cruiser in the parking lot, loaded my suitcase and laptop into the trunk, dropped the top, hunted out my favorite all-*Hawaiian* music radio station and took off for sunny *Waikiki*.

My Hawaiian Song of Love

The song playing was *Starting All Over Again* by Iz, one of my favorite singers. I found myself laughing. The universe was having some gentle fun with me.

I took a lingering sniff of my *lei* and turned on my cell phone. Jeff and I had planned to meet our *Hawaiian* friend Jimmy at Duke's Canoe Club on the beach. I wondered if Jeff had told him the news. I wondered if Jimmy was lost to me as a friend forever. I brushed these gloomy thought aside. I was about to spend three nights in *Waikiki*. Plenty of time to start looking for an apartment and a job.

Zippping down *Nimitz Highway* along the Pacific coastline, my heart jumped at the sight of the *Aloha* Tower, for decades the beacon of welcome for travelers to the islands. I have tons of photos in old books of pretty island girls lining the shore on *lei day* to greet foreign ships docking in *Honolulu Harbor*.

I was ecstatic to be back on my island, back in the land where men are *kane* and the women, *wahine* and nobody honks their car horn unless it's an emergency. I shouted, "*Aloha*," to everything, the two main malls, the old missionary church, the turn off for *Iolani* Palace and then *Nimitz* turned into *Kalakaua* Avenue, going one way. Hard to believe, but until recently, the narrow, chaotic *Kalakaua*—named for the last King—was a two-way street, havoc enough going in one direction.

As I curved toward the expensive mélange of designer boutiques and luxury resort hotels that scream *Waikiki*, I caught sight once again of *Diamond Head* in the distance. How I wish I could have seen *Waikiki* before we all came, before it all changed.

My cell phone rang. Jimmy. Right on time.

"*Aloha* Jimmy," I shouted.

"*Aloha*, queen *wahine*. You're here?"

"Of course I'm here."

"I heard the news, Katie. You okay?"

A stab of bitterness flicked at my heart. "Jeff didn't waste any time, did he? Forget about all that. Are we still on? Drinks and *pupus* at Duke's Cano Club?"

"I'm sitting here waiting for you, queen *wahine*."

"Good thing, too. I'm five minutes away."

I swung into the valet parking lot of the Outrigger, almost colliding with the most magnificent man I'd ever seen.

He stopped and his head turned slowly.

He was angry. I felt his fury, like I was just another *haole*, a foreigner not watching the road, driving like I was still on the mainland. People swirled past us, the car behind me was honking and the valet guy was holding my door open, anxious to get my car out of the way of the endless tide of tourists.

But the gorgeous man just stared at me and I

was staring at him. Was I drooling? I gulped, taking in every last inch of him. He looked like he was pure *Hawaiian*. He was around six feet and change, short, gleaming hair and he was wearing a crisp white shirt with *Hawaiian* patterns on each shoulder. Tight black pants and an incredibly muscular build completed the demi-god look. He oozed contained anger and he oozed control.

"*Au kaumaha*, I'm sorry," I said. "Are you okay?" I could tell he was surprised I spoke *Hawaiian* like a native. But then I always told people I was *Hawaiian* at heart. He just flicked me a glance and kept moving, leaving a lingering scent. I closed my eyes. Sandalwood.

Although his maleness, his barely suppressed rage and our near accident left me shaky, I'd had two close encounters with a *Hawaiian* god and goddess in one day. I'd definitely made the right decision to come here, with or without Jeff.

I left my bags with the concierge at The Outrigger, practically mowing down leisure-seeking tourists in my haste to get downstairs to Duke's. Geez, I was a public menace in our out of a car.

The hotel's popular restaurant and bar tumbled right onto the beach at *Waikiki*. If its namesake Duke *Kahanamoku*, were still alive, he would be my kinda guy. A big, ocean *kane*, man, with charm, wit and athletic ability, not to mention good looks, he won five Olympic gold medals for

swimming and is considered the godfather of surfing.

The guy I'd almost run over looked a lot like him. Blowing a kiss to my silent idol, I scanned the tables for Jimmy and found him waving to me from his perch by the empty bandstand.

We embraced and I took a good look at him. An underwater photographer, Jimmy, despite his three hundred pound bulk, was in demand on the TV shows and movies being shot on the islands. It wasn't just his cheery disposition and great talent that got him the gigs. Jimmy was the most fearless person you'd ever meet.

"What's that?" I touched a cluster of holes in his arm bearing recent stitch work.

"Shark bites, darlin'."

"Are you joking?"

"Nope. He left one of 'em in me." Jimmy showed me a tooth on a leather cord around his neck. "My shark could eat your turtle any day." He tapped the wooden pendant around my neck, taking my chin in his fingers. "How are you *really*?"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the demi-god with the white shirt do a slow walk-by. Our eyes locked, but Jimmy had my face in his hands. My demi-god just kept walking. My sagging spirits went with him.

"I'm fine, Jimmy. How are you?" He seemed nervous, which was odd for such a laidback guy.

Maybe he was afraid I'd throw myself on the sea grass floor in hysterics.

"Eh..." he shrugged. "Can't complain. I'm waiting to hear if we have another season of the TV series *Lost*. Only got a couple summer bookings so far, but my *wahine* didn't just dump one big sandbag over my head. You sure you're okay?"

I don't know about you, but when somebody keeps inquiring after my mental state, I always want to break down in tears. I sucked in my breath and exhaled. "Yes."

"Well, if I hear of any jobs, I'll keep you in mind. The fishpond project you and Jeff got started up in Turtle Bay is a thriving business now. Sixteen families all make their living from it, thanks to you."

"I'm so happy to hear that. I'm glad we could help." That had been the happiest six months of my life, learning ancient *Hawaiian* history and its unique system of farming while excavating and rehabilitating the long dormant pond.

Just remembering the way Jeff had fucked me early one morning in a tangle of mangroves before the other workers were awake, still made me squirm.

Jimmy took a piece of paper out of his pocket. "This is the list you wanted. All the good local books you should read. Probably you read most of them already. Probably you should ask somebody

more intellectual than me, but these are my favorites. I also gave you a list of some good, second-hand bookstores."

"Mahalo, Jimmy."

He grinned at me. "So, how'd you find out about Jeff's new *wahine*?"

"What does a girl gotta do to get a drink around here?" I changed the subject.

Jimmy signaled the waiter. "Two *Mai Tais* eh...and ah, you want the crab and macadamia wantons?"

My look of glee was all he needed.

"Mo' betta you bring two orders. My friend here eats like a horse," Jimmy told the waiter, who laughed.

"So, how'd you find out about Susan?" Jimmy asked again when we were alone.

"He told me."

"Hmmp." Jimmy swirled patterns on the wooden tabletop with a chubby finger.

"Jimmy, how long have you known?"

He shrugged. "'Eh...a few weeks."

"A few weeks? Jeff said it was recent...that he just met her." I should have known he'd been lying.

"And you're okay with the fact they're both moving here, too?"

"What!"

"Eh...me and my big mouth. I thought you knew."

"No, I didn't." Now I understood why Jimmy was so jumpy. "Oh geez...you've met her, haven't you?"

He looked away, as if deciding whether to make a run for it. "I met her this morning. They're here. They came on a different flight. She wants to meet you. They're waiting upstairs. Waiting for the okay to come down here."

Chapter Two

I fled from the table. Not only were they here, but they'd gotten early check in and I was on the run. I did not want to meet Susan. There was no reason, no reason at all I told myself that I had to run into them, even if we were at the same hotel. He really was a jerk. I couldn't believe Jeff had brought her here to start the life he was supposed to be starting with me.

Poor Jimmy. He'd looked miserable. "I can do this. I can be a friend to you both."

Nothing like being torn between two former lovers. In spite of our long friendship, I had to let him go. I didn't want Jeff pummeling him for information about me.

I skipped the cocktail and the wantons. I had to find accommodation and a job, fast. Still too early to check in, I left the hotel and headed back toward the airport. I spotted a wireless shop outside *Ala Moana* mall and I pulled in, found parking about a hundred years later and bought a cell phone with a *Hawaiian* telephone number. It

was a necessity to have a local number while I was looking for work.

I had the names of three people we had been referred to from the mainland. One was an architect friend of Jeff's dad, but considering Jeff and I were no longer *a deux* and that he was here with Susan, I didn't think it was smart to call any of them.

Nippy's, my favorite *Hawaiian* fast food joint, was close by. Once you've tried Nippy's, you become addicted for life. I had no fear of running into Jeff here. He was a strict burger and fries guy. Business looked slow, but the restaurant smelled of good, delicious food, so I popped in and ordered a *mahi mahi* plate lunch and *Hawaiian* iced-tea.

I was finishing my meal when I saw an older man walking to the window with a help-wanted sign. "I'm looking for a job," I said to him.

He looked me up and down. "You look like a model."

"That's nice of you, but I'm not."

"You done this kind of work before?"

"Yes." I only half-lied. I'd done catering work putting myself through college.

"Where?"

"Well, in Los Angeles, where I'm from."

"So, you're a *malihini*, a newcomer?"

"I'm a *kama'aina* at heart." An old-timer. He liked that. "I'm starting my Master's degree in the

fall at the University of *Hawaii* at *Manoa*. I really need a job."

"And you think you'll like Nippy's?"

"I think I'll love Nippy's." *Until I find a better job.*

"Well...I don't know. You *haole* come and go..."

"Please, I need the job." I couldn't believe I was begging this guy for a job at Nippy's. "I know the whole menu."

His head cocked to one side. "What goes with the plate lunches?"

"Well, first I ask if they want their fish or chicken broiled or fried and then I place the order and I make sure they get two scoops rice, one scoop macaroni and I get the drink order and I'm *pau*, all done, when the cook gives me the meat order."

He was getting a kick out of me, I could tell.

"Eddie, I can vouch for her," said a voice behind me.

"Mr. Nagasaki!" I was delighted to find my champion was my seat companion from the flight. "Where are your teeth?" I asked him.

"I left 'em in the car. I would have kept 'em in if I'd known I was gonna bump into you again, Katie."

"Even without them, you're still the most handsome man alive."

Eddie, the manager looked at me. "Can you start tomorrow, seven am?"

"Sure can."

He smiled, his mouth resplendent with numerous gold teeth. "You get free eats when you work here."

"I am all about free eats."

Eddie left us and I turned to Mr. Nagasaki. "You like napples?"

"I'm a cherry guy." He grabbed us another booth and I splurged on coffee and cherry napples at the Bonaparte's Bakery that shared space with Nippys. This job was going to be a disaster for me if I ate like this every day. Not that weight was a problem for me. I couldn't believe I already had a job. I'd work off my obsession with napples being on my feet all day.

Mr. Nagasaki and I clinked coffee cups. A customer discarded a *Honolulu* Advertiser on his way out the door, so I grabbed the classifieds.

"What you looking for?" Mr. Nagasaki asked.

"An apartment."

"You're in luck. See Lydia, behind the counter there? She got one friend that got a guesthouse up in..." He scrunched his nose. "Can't t'ink of da name. But it's one of dem local neighborhoods. Up in *da kine* mountains. Lots of trees, lousy phone service. It's near *Kailua*."

Kailua was only the most beautiful beach in all the islands. "Really?" I made a beeline for the harried food server.

"Yeah, my Auntie Germany needs a tenant. It's

a guesthouse," she told me. "It's in *Kailua*. It's not beachfront, but it's on the hill. The town is called *Maunawili*. She's cool."

Maunawili. I'd never heard of it. But being close to *Kailua* was good enough for me. Lydia called her Aunty and sent me off to meet her.

"You want me to come with you?" she asked. "I could go with you when my shift's over."

"No, no, don't worry. But tomorrow night, after work, I'm taking you out for *Mai Tais* as a big thank you."

"I *nevah* forget the promise of a free drink." Lydia grinned.

Back at the car, the radio had been carved out of the dashboard. Oh well. They'd already played my song. I already knew I was *Starting All Over Again*. I called the car rental agency reporting the theft, then asked a taxi driver waiting at the top of the taxi line for the best way to get to the *Pali* Highway.

I loved the drive over the *Pali*, my favorite place in *Oahu*. It's littered with foreign embassies on both sides, large *Hawaiian* homes with lush green foliage. Queen Emma's Summer Palace is on the right and just past that, the *Pali* Lookout where the bad guys always wound up for their final scenes in *Hawaii Five-O*.

Taking the turnoff for *Kaneohe-Kailua*, I kept my eyes ready for the sign saying *Maunawili*. I'd never seen it in all my trips up this road, but at last,

there it was. I found myself plunging into a strange new *mauka*, mountainside world of sprawling private homes, two schools, a few churches and horse stables.

Aunty Germany was waiting for me outside a large property on the outskirts of *Kailua*. She turned out to be a tall, busty blonde woman who moved here from Germany twenty years ago and had gone by her country name ever since.

“Call me Germany. There isn’t a single store or office in *Maunawili*. But it’s five minutes to *Kailua*. Plenty business there, foah’ sho.”

She looked and talked like a local. Dressed in a red *Hawaiian* shirt, jeans and a cattleman’s hat with a cigar flower *lei* around the brim, Germany was a woman of easy grace and a ready laugh. Draping a pink *plumeria lei* around my neck, she kissed my cheeks and I detected the scent of cinnamon gum on her breath.

Germany showed me the property. It was ramshackle and jungle-like and I loved it. She had a large number of cats. I loved cats, so that wasn’t a problem. I could hear horses from the ranch next door. I heard bird sounds and smelled a thousand different herbs and flowers. I was intoxicated. Germany told me *Maunawili* was full of rich, reclusive hippies who’d long ago bought up cheap land and wanted to live like *Old Hawaiians*. There were firm rules about no stores and businesses of any kind. Almost all the properties were owner-

occupied.

My guesthouse was small, just one large room, with a small bathroom, small kitchen with a camp stove, microwave oven, a fridge and two closets. It was all I needed. The rent wasn't small though. Fifteen hundred dollars a month, so I knew I'd have to get another job soon. I'd saved up a bit of money but wanted to hold onto as much of it as I could for when I started college in the fall.

"You can move in tonight," Germany said.

I told her I was staying at The Outrigger. I gave Germany a deposit, promising to bring the rest in cash in two days' time. We exchanged phone numbers, hugs and a kiss on both cheeks.

Back at the hotel, I checked my e-mail on my laptop and found messages of support from my parents and a few friends. I sent off cheery responses with my new cell phone number and told them all I was doing great.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. I'd been in *Honolulu* for four hours and I'd found a job and a home. I deserved a celebration. Putting on my new red bikini, I slipped on candy pink *Hawaiian* hibiscus shorts that came down just past my thighs. I put my room key card, a twenty dollar note and my credit card into a secret mesh compartment on the inside of my shorts, grabbed a pretty, pink and red *pireau* and took the elevator down to the lobby and went to the beach for a swim.

Past Duke's, there was a sign for canoe lessons. I was about to sidestep the sign and the guy standing beside it, except that he intercepted me.

For the second time that day I found myself facing just about the hottest man I'd ever seen. He was *Hawaiian*, very tall, around six two, and muscular, with shoulder length hair and a wicked gleam in his eye. He also had that air of contained menace hidden by a lazy half smile that some men do so well.

"My last run for the day. Twenty Five dollars."

"How long does it take?" I drank in his perfect body.

His eyes were doing some land cruising of their own. "As long as it takes. You got some emergency?"

I laughed. I was on *Waikiki* Beach on a beautiful afternoon. There was no place else for me to be. He escorted me onto his double-hulled canoe and we began paddling out to sea. "But I only brought twenty dollars with me."

"Sunset discount," he shrugged. "Let's roll."

We paddled past the tourists lining the shores to a rock wall built decades ago for nervous swimmers, but now served as a sort of demarcation zone for people interested in swimming ocean laps.

"One, two, carry me home," the hot *Hawaiian* sang. He had a deep baritone. "Paddle, cute blonde girl, that's it. Say, you got some muscle

tone to you, very nice."

He was sitting right behind me, his knees touching my back each time he pulled the oars towards me. "What's your name?" I asked him.

"Kai kane."

"Waterman?" I turned back to him. "You are the biggest flirt I ever met."

The look on his face was severe. "No, I'm not. I don't always do this."

Yeah, right. I'd just realized we'd paddled way out to sea. The only sound was the slapping of our oars, the ocean waves, which were lulling us into a false sense of security. And our increasingly heavy breathing.

He leaned in and kissed me, his tongue flicking at my open lips, his pace slackening on the paddles. My body reacted instantly to him and he knew it, too.

Smiling, he took his mouth off me. "I don't always do that either."

I tasted peanut butter and something else...apples. "What else don't you do?" I watched his eyes narrow. It wasn't like me to be this forward, this brazen or this plain, outright horny.

"This."

He pulled me up by my feet so that I was flat on my back in the middle of two seats. He hauled the paddles in, kneeling between my legs. He struggled to get my shorts down and I had to help him, anxious to get his pants down, too.

"Wait, wait, little *wahine*. I need to look at you." He pronounced *wahine* the *Hawaiian* way, vah-heen-nay.

He undid my bikini at its sides, his face registering lust and unbridled pleasure at my gleaming pussy that was bald except for a heart-shaped patch of pubic hair I'd had waxed for Jeff. That he never got to enjoy.

"Aren't you a surprise and a half," he grinned.

"Take your shorts off," I whispered.

"No time," he panted. "I need to eat your pussy." His fingers touched me and they were cool, yet insistent. "I knew you'd be this beautiful." His tongue went straight for that little patch of heart-shaped hair. "Beautiful." He spread my legs. "Give yourself to me."

"But I am."

He looked at me, his brown eyes darkening. He caressed the wooden turtle around my neck. "Turtle girl, I'm gonna bring you out of your shell."

His guttural rasp had me spreading my legs further, raising my ass from the canoe, offering everything I had to his hungry lips. His tongue went straight to my ass hole. No man had ever kissed or licked me there. Jeff wasn't very experimental. And here was this stranger going straight for it.

I crushed my breasts in my hands as his tongue moved to my pussy. Long, slow licks. I bucked

and juddered until at last his tongue reached my clit. "Oh..." It was an effort to remember not to say, *Jeff*.

The canoe rocked in the open ocean and my water man remained in control.

"Mine," he whispered and he started to lick me. Damn. He knew was he was doing.

Although *my* orgasm was fierce and intense, it was over so fast I was disappointed until he spread my legs further and immediately went down on my ass again. *Oh, my God*. My body floundered under the intense pleasure he was giving me, but he kept his mouth exactly where I needed it. He got me so worked up, my fingers reached for my clit. He pulled his head away.

"No go *dere*. That's *my* pussy." He licked my fingers clean, smiling at me. "Very sweet juices." He claimed my clit with his tongue once again. My clit felt huge in his mouth. It was almost unbearable since I had just come, yet he kept suckling on me.

Lowering his pants to reveal what looked like a massive Polish salami between his legs, the head of his cock was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. The foreskin pulling back, I realized he was uncut, a longtime fantasy of mine. My shaky hands reached out longingly to it.

"Oh, *wahine*." He poked at my waiting, wet pussy, plunging into me with one strike. He fucked me like Jeff had never fucked me. His

hands went under my ass and I felt his full length taking the measure of me, my feet flailing around for support.

I came so hard and so fast as he pumped into me. It wasn't gentle, it wasn't romantic, but it *was* the most erotic thing that had ever happened to me. His warm seed spilled into me and I grasped his tight muscular back wishing I could keep him inside me forever. A huge wave came as my tall *Hawaiian* kissed me and we almost capsized.

We fell about laughing, spitting up salt water, trying to dress ourselves and paddle, all at the same time. I gave up trying to tie the bikini bottom on as he paddled us back to the beach and I just stuffed it in my pocket, slipping my shorts back on. Grabbing my own paddles, I matched him stroke for stroke. He had me laughing, all the way back to the beach at *Waikiki*.

He let me out at the beach. "I suppose I should tell you...this isn't my canoe and I'm not a canoe instructor."

"You're joking, right?"

He disappeared into the crowd as a guy came running toward me.

"My canoe! There it is!"

Several people passed in front of me and I slunk away, embarrassed and mortified and just a little giddy with the naughtiness of it all. As I came back into the lobby, I saw the demi-god I'd almost run down earlier.

He was standing by the front desk, talking to a tearful, disheveled woman. He had a hand on her arm, talking to her in a comforting way. They walked out of the hotel together.

"Excuse me, do you know that man?" I asked the concierge.

He smiled. "Ah yes, that's the *Aloha* Patrol."

"The *Aloha* Patrol? I've never heard of them."

"They're a new force of men, a few women, who patrol *Kalakaua* Avenue up to *Kuhio* Avenue. They're here to help you."

I thanked him, wandering toward Duke's. I really wanted a *Mai Tai* now. The *Aloha* Patrol, eh? I'd have to think up some emergency reason to get my demi-god to even glance in my direction.

Sitting at one of the tables, I spotted Jeff making out with a woman I assumed was Susan. Jimmy was sitting beside them. Susan was feeding Jeff a mac wanton. Duke's had been my discovery. Now it was all hers—my life, my Jeff. Even Jimmy, whose face fell when he saw me. I rushed past them, back to my room.

I was going to call Germany. I didn't care if I was giving up deluxe accommodations. I had to get the hell out of Dodge. With a pang, I thought, *but I'll never get to know my Aloha Patrol demi-god if I leave.*

I heard Jeff's voice behind me and I took the stairs, afraid he would catch up with me. I didn't want to hear again that he loved me, but Susan,

well he and Susan *shared something special*. Something he'd never experienced before, not with anybody. Not exactly the thing the woman he was supposed to be marrying wanted to hear.

Well, I'd just experienced something special, too. A *lei* greeting like no other.

An hour later, after I'd showered and talked myself into not feeling guilty for having blazing sex with a complete stranger, I was heading up Germany's road, stopping for a woman who was walking a leashed llama. Now I'd seen it all.

Tears fell from my eyes. Tears I hadn't shed since Jeff's defection. I brushed them away, determined to stay positive and upbeat. I found Germany waiting for me at her gate and I could tell by her sad gaze that she knew I'd been crying.

She put her arms around me and the tears came back. "I had a feeling you were nursing a broken heart. Come in, leave your car under this tree here. Make sure you check for cats before you drive off in the morning."

She hugged me with one arm as she took some of my stuff out of the back seat.

"Don't even mention the rent money. You bring it tomorrow. I know you're working, if not tomorrow, *whenevah* you get the chance. Don't worry, I know where you live."

She helped me unload my things into my new home.

"You want a little cocktail?" Germany asked.

"Sure."

"There's a table right outside your room. It's yours. I'll come visit with you in about an hour, okay?"

"That's great, thanks." I hung up my clothes and I was setting up my laptop when I realized I had no phone jack. My cell phone couldn't get reception either, so I gave up the idea of calling my college professor until the next day.

The room felt warm. I tried opening the window that led to the garden, but it was stuck. I'd ask Germany about it later. I left my front door open, at least I'd air it out a little.

There was nothing in the way of sustenance in my little cottage. I'd have to shop later, but since Germany had offered cocktails, I went outside with my purloined newspaper from Nippy's, reading a funny article about a surfer who'd punched out a fourteen foot tiger shark because it had dared to bite his surfboard.

A persistent croaking sound surrounding me on all sides was getting to me. This wasn't the *Hawaii* that the writer Armine von Tempski described as having *the whispered language of nature*.

My pussy tingled at that moment and I remembered my canoe ride and relaxed.

Germany appeared, holding a tray with a few crackers and cheese, a bottle and two glasses. She was wearing a thin white nightdress. She was

naked and I could see the outline of her huge breasts beneath it.

"You like?"

"Excuse me?"

"Apricot schnapps?"

"I've never tried it. This all looks wonderful."

We sipped at the liqueur, which had me buzzed in no time and she must have guessed I was hungry. She generously allowed me to scarf up all the crackers.

"That lovely sound you hear is *coqui* frogs. Until a year ago they never existed here. They came as stowaways on a shipment of trees from Portugal. Now we have an epidemic."

"Ah, they're *malihini*, like me."

She laughed.

"Do you get used to it?"

"Yes."

I heard a car engine, a tap of a horn.

"Wow...she's early." Germany looked guilty. "That's my lover. She gets very jealous." She picked up the tray and darted through the trees toward her own home. I heard the sound of footsteps and was surprised to see it was the beautiful *Hawaiian* woman, *Kaiona*, who had given me such a warm *lei* greeting at the airport.

No, having a hot tongue all over me in the middle of the ocean...that was my idea of an *e komo mai*, a hot island welcome.

Chapter Three

At six am the next day, *Waikiki* was a ghost town, very much like Las Vegas before it wakes up in the late afternoon. I knew I didn't want to live in *Waikiki*, which I always described as Hong Kong meets Venice beach, but I loved being able to come to it whenever I wanted. I still couldn't believe I was living near *Kailua* beach, though staying there would be tough with my income from Nippy's.

I had no idea what my work schedule would be like and I hoped I'd have time to get to the bank to get money for Germany and over to Sears to buy myself a coffee maker.

Reporting early for duty, I found that earned me extra points with Lydia, who turned out to be the day shift manager. We were all called by the foods we liked to eat. Eddie, my gold-toothed boss was called Chicken, but only behind his back. Lydia, who was not only my manager and trainer, but soon to be new best friend was Short Ribs. I was *Mahi Mahi* because I liked the fish.

The new Chinese chef was Chili, apparently a joke because he never touched the stuff. It was strenuous work that went in short, frantic spurts, the first massive influx of starving customers barreling in at seven thirty.

We saw it all. Factory workers, employees from Sears, which backs onto the restaurant. There was a lothario who came in daily with three different women. Most heart breaking was *Kaimuki*, a homeless nine-year-old boy who lived in *Ala Moana* Park. He came in with a small tin full of pennies, wanting whatever his pennies would buy.

Lydia gave him a huge portion of *mahi mahi* in a takeout box and a large soda. She shooed away his pennies. "Go through Sears. Run now, boy."

Kaimuki slipped like a ghost through the department store, just as our boss Chicken was walking in from the parking lot side.

I already adored Lydia, with her constant stream of bad jokes. She was around my age and she was such a kick in the pants. She was a mix of *Hawaiian*, Korean, French and she said, *something else my daddy don't know*. She was funny, observant and always had something witty to say to unpleasant customers.

"Keep smiling, sunshine," would get her an involuntary upward lift of the mouth.

She was kind and patient with me. Being a Nippy's fan, I knew the menu pretty well, but

customers sometimes spoke in a short hand unfamiliar to me. I learned fast, with much prompting from my new pal, who by lunchtime knew all about Jeff and Susan.

My job was an endless round of taking orders, getting payment, loading up trays, calling out numbers and cleaning up tables after diners left. There were no dishes to wash since everything came in takeout cartons. Our customers knew to toss everything except the trays into the trash. We collected those, wiped down tables and piled up the endless newspapers people left behind.

Lydia gave me an hour's lunch break to take care of my errands so I drove down the block to hit up the local branch of my bank, which took up almost my entire break and I came roaring back into the mall, starting the frantic search for a parking space. I didn't notice the man entering the pedestrian crossing in front of me until I almost hit him.

Arrgghhh!

It was my *Aloha* Patrol demi-god. What was he doing in this neck of the woods? His eyes narrowed and my hands flew to my face. My foot came off the brake and the car lurched forward.

He jumped back, just in time.

"Oh my God! I did it again. I'm so sorry! I didn't get you, did I?" He glowered at me. Suddenly he broke into a deep laugh, revealing the nicest teeth I'd ever seen on a man.

"No, but you know what they say about third time being the charm. Maybe you'll get lucky yet."

I certainly hoped not. Lucky to nab him, yes, killing him, no.

"What happened to your car radio?" Now he was all business.

"It got jacked yesterday."

"Where were you?" He had a notebook and pen in his hand, jotting notes.

"Right here."

"You weren't in the car?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Nothing else taken?"

"No."

He nodded, slipping the book and pen back into his pants pocket.

"I'm sorry," I said again and he waved a big paw in a casual gesture.

"Ain't no big thing. Now, are you gonna let me cross or do I need to arrest you?" He was grinning now.

All the cheeky things I could have said, but all I could do was giggle like a nine year old. Oh man, I wished I was one of those sophisticated *wahine* who could come up with a quick quip.

He got tired of waiting, gave me a little finger wave and walked around the front of my car.

I was just on time getting back to work. It was a busy afternoon and Lydia and I hardly had a chance to talk except for her little reminders,

"Hey, *Mahi Mahi*, don't forget the *Kahu* sauce with that order."

Mid afternoon, Lydia announced, "This really sucks."

"What?" I handed a loaded tray to two young men.

"Look up."

I did. I had a line of guys in front of me. She had two women.

"All the guys want Katie." Lydia slid a tray toward her female customers. The women went to a table leaving Lydia with nobody. None of the men in front of me budged toward her. "Well, I may not look like her, but I'm not exactly a freak show either," she huffed.

A familiar face appeared over the arm of a guy three people deep.

"Mr. Nagasaki!" I was happy to see him.

"I'll make the sacrifice. Since I plan on spending the rest of my life with Katie, I'll give up my place."

I laughed, everybody laughed.

"Whaddya want?" Lydia was very cranky.

"I left my teeth at home. Mo betta you give me da chili."

"Anything else?"

I lost track of their conversation. My gaze had locked in on the guy about five people back. It was my *Aloha* Patrol demi-god. *Oh, Lord*, I thought, *please don't let me do something stupid like spill his*

food on him or spit in his eye. I was nervous when he reached me.

"How long have you been working here?" he asked.

"Second day."

"Can I trust you with my food or will you finish me off with it?"

I giggled in spite of myself. Then I couldn't stop. That's me, Nervous Nellie. In situations out of my control, I lose the plot. Completely.

Lydia was staring at me, wide-eyed.

I thought sad and serious thoughts and composed myself long enough to take his order, *mahi mahi* broiled, a bottle of water. He didn't ask for my number.

"Thanks, *Mahi Mahi*." He stepped out of line to wait for his food.

I bit my lip and tried to focus on the next guy in line. When the demi-god's food arrived, it was Lydia who gave him the tray. He gave me a sexy half smile and moved to the back of the restaurant. When I glanced back again, he was gone. After work, I dropped into Sears and bought a coffeemaker, half hoping I'd see him around. I gave up, then went to Starbucks and allowed myself the luxury of a bag of Kona coffee.

I found Germany standing in the garden, painting a pair of red birds sitting on a branch on the distance. I'd never seen anything like them. They had enormous, long dipping bills, longer

than their bodies it seemed.

"They're honeycreepers." She greeted me with a hug. She put her brush down. "They're very rare for *Honolulu*, but these two have been coming around for days now, sipping at the Angel Trumpets." She had a stack of half-finished canvases beside her.

"You're good." I tried not to sound surprised.

"*Mahalo*, Katie. Did you see the Happy-Faced Spider that came to live here?" She pointed to a huge yellow spider that had spun an intricate web beside her.

"Oh! It really does have a happy face on it!"

"Yes and they're almost extinct. First one I've seen in three years."

"I love living in a place where there are rare and mysterious creatures."

She smiled. "I knew you were the right one to move in. I put a basket of homemade bread in your room. I saw Echo the gecko in there when I took fresh sheets and blankets in there. Make friends with him."

"He lives in my house?"

"He lives on the roof. He likes the bathroom window. Sometimes, he like come in from da rain. But no kill him. You kill him, ten years bad luck."

"I would never kill him."

She gave me a look that dared me to try.

"Oh, I brought your rent. First and last, it's all here."

"Mahalo." She took the envelope. "What did you buy at Sears?"

"A coffee maker."

"I'll make coffee for you in the mornings. I had no idea you were going to disappear at the crack of dawn."

"I start work at seven."

"You want a swim?"

"Sure. Where?"

"In my little rock pool here."

"I'll get my bikini."

She put her paintbrush down. "I'd rather you were naked, but my...friend is in the house, she'll want a swim, too."

I blushed when she said that, but Germany suddenly got all bossy and bitchy.

"Did I mention that we don't wear shoes in the home here?"

"No, but I know it's the custom." I wondered why she'd turned so cold.

"Aloha."

I turned. "*Kaiona*," I grinned.

"You know each other?" Germany was surprised.

Kaiona was staring at my turtle necklace. "I don't remember you."

I had a feeling that was a lie. "You gave me a *lei* greeting yesterday at the airport."

She nodded. "Well, hello again."

The two women exchanged looks.

"Well, I'll...get back to my room." I sensed *Kaiona's* need to be alone with Germany.

"You didn't tell me you got a new tenant," I heard *Kaiona* say as I retreated.

"She's a friend of Lydia's. Typical *haole*. I quoted her an outrageous rent and she didn't bat an eyelid."

My heart sank down to my bare toes. My God. Why was she talking about me like this? Then I realized, Germany had told me that *Kaiona* was the jealous type. And there probably was some truth to Germany's claims about the rent.

Just when I starting to feel a little bit better about myself, *Kaiona* and Germany had really punctured my balloon.

Well, I thought. I'd just stay away from Germany. I'd paid rent for the next two months. Plenty of time to find a better job and another place to live.

Somehow though, my heart suddenly wasn't in it.

Chapter Four

I drove down to *Kailua* to get some supplies and was thrilled to find the library was still open with its weekly book sale. I snapped up some good books. A few had been on Jimmy's list and I got them for under a buck each. At a surfboard shop that also had Internet access, the stoner guys who ran it, sold me a small antenna for my cell phone. There was a Nippy's across the street and I walked in, ordering the chili.

"You work for Nippy's right?" the counter girl asked me.

"Yes," I smiled. "How did you know?"

"You're still wearing your nametag."

I got a free chili to go, bought some groceries at Foodland and when they presented me with a *Maikai* card for future discounts, I felt like a local. Sitting at an outdoor table, I ate my chili and called my college professor, who had asked me to contact him when I arrived. Dr. Canlo was pleased to hear from me.

My plan was to study *Hawaiian* literature and

philosophy. I had to narrow down the actual thesis I had in mind. I told him about my job at Nippy's and he laughed.

"You didn't waste any time."

"Nope. Me, never." Since I was unsure of my work schedule, we agreed that I would call him again as soon as I was settled.

I loved *Hawaiian* history, its kings and queens, its gods and goddesses. I was anxious to hike *Koko Head* crater in the back of *Diamond Head*. This extinct volcano is where they say *Hawaii's* enduring volcano goddess *Pele* made her home, before moving to *Maui* and then to the big island, where she was still busy and actively erupting at *Kilauea*.

When we hung up, I went home, took a long shower and when I saw my gecko for the first time, crossing the bathroom window, I smiled at him. All night, I lay awake, because of a cacophony of noises outside my window. The world's loudest, endless chorus of *ribbits*.

At five-thirty the next morning, Germany was at my door. "You got time for breakfast?"

I wrapped a *pireau* around me and joined her at the table outside my room. I was afraid things were going to be awkward, but she'd gone to some trouble with flowers and napkins. "Germany, how lovely." She'd brought me fresh Portuguese bread, sliced papaya and a cup of strong coffee. "What should I feed my gecko?"

"Nothing. He feeds himself. He's a big insect eater." She frowned. "I just have to keep him away from the happy-faced spider. I've seen him eat spiders three times his size." She gave me a second cup of coffee in a thermos. I thanked her and went to work.

* * * *

Just before lunch, my *Aloha* Patrol demi-god was back. I was so shocked to see him, but there he was, his solemn gaze fixed on me. "You survived my food!"

"Yes, that's why I'm back." He ordered the same meal, retreating to the back of the café.

I felt a bit let down that our interaction had been so minimal and Lydia was about to say something, but then I received a phone call.

Chili the cook handed me the kitchen phone. It was Germany. My car was ready to be picked up from the docks.

That afternoon, Lydia came with me to collect it.

"Was there an earthquake in your car?" She peered in at the tossed contents when we went to collect it.

I'd stuffed boxes of books and clothes in it and it did look messy. "No. When Jeff and I broke up, I had to get his stuff out in a hurry."

"I would have burned it all. Don't you wish

you'd destroyed everything of his?"

"Only when I allow myself to think about him."

"And how often is that?"

"Only when people remind me of him."

Lydia followed me to Dollar in the rental car. To thank her, I treated her to not only a *Mai Tai*, but those decadent macadamia-crusted wantons at Duke's. Half way through my cocktail I didn't care if I ran into Jeff and Susan. She was telling me a funny tale about making love with her boyfriend Ramon at the beach and realizing they had an audience of hatching sea turtles. I was determined to finish my drink.

We listened to a live performance of the wonderful Henry *Kapono* right there on the oceanfront, my toes scrunching the sand. This was why I'd come to *Hawaii*. Sun, sand, ocean, music and to my left, *Diamond Head* beckoning its own *Aloha* to me.

And then I saw my *Aloha* Patrol demi-god. He was running along the beach with a little red board in his hand. He was wearing long red shorts. I saw him hoist the connecting rope over his shoulder and he plunged into the surf. I saw a tattoo across the small of his back, partially obscured by the shorts.

It's just like *Baywatch*," Lydia sighed.

We stood, along with dozens of others as he rescued a tearful, choking girl. He carried her to shore and we all broke out in spontaneous

applause.

"So, he's a lifeguard, too. Not just *Aloha Patrol*." Lydia caught my surprised look.

"Don't think I didn't notice. You think that guy comes into Nippy's every day?"

My heart pounded. "Really? He's not a regular?"

"Oh, please."

I watched him crouching over the little girl, rifling through a medical kit beside him. I wanted to offer help, but felt foolish about interrupting him. Then the little girl's family was there. I would just be in the way.

On stage, Henry *Kapono* was introducing a female dancer who was on her knees beside him. It was *Kaiona*.

I glanced back over at my demi-god and he was surrounded by beautiful women. He was laughing and chatting with them. Lydia had to be wrong about him coming to Nippy's to see me.

"Hunh, look at that." Lydia frowned. "Your boyfriend's one big flirt."

"He's not my boyfriend." *Oh, but why did it feel so good to hear her say it?*

"Yet. Question is why's he taking so long to hit on you?"

"Because he's not interested in me."

"Oh, really?" She inclined her head.

The demi-god was staring at me just as a perky brunette was throwing herself into his arms,

putting her arms around his neck.

"I can't watch. It hurts my eyes."

"Mine, too." Lydia slid the bill toward me. "Pay and we'll split."

I felt the demi-god's gaze on me, but I was focused on *Kaiona*.

"He's gone," Lydia whispered.

"Good." I relaxed a little.

"This hula dance that *Kaiona* is going to do for you is the hardest form of hula you can ever learn," *Kapono* was saying. "You spend years learning this dance on your knees, so long you want to cry. Did you want to cry, *Kaiona*?"

"I still do," she giggled, making the crowd laugh.

"Our hula was banned by the missionaries for many years in the islands," *Kapono* continued. "And women like *Kaiona*'s great and great, great grandmother practiced in secret, which is why the hula still exists today."

He nodded at his band members and they launched into a haunting rendition of *My Hawaiian Song of Love*, written over a hundred years ago about a seafaring man, forced to return to the ocean and left mooning over his island girl.

That one night 'neath stars above, memories so endearing...hope no one's been hearing my Hawaiian song of love...

To me, it was the ultimate love song. *Kaiona* captured the anguish and joy of first-blush love

with her graceful hand gestures and sway of her generous hips.

The crowd loved her. They say you should keep your eyes on the hands with hula dancers. My gaze was glued to every inch of her. *Kaiona* was mesmerizing. It was a pity she wasn't so gracious off stage, I thought. Then instantly felt very mean.

I didn't see Germany until the following morning. She knocked at my door at five thirty and, slipping on a *pireau*, I joined her outside. I wondered who the demi-god had spent the night with and I brushed the thought aside. I had just been royally dumped and here I was lusting after an *Aloha* Patrollin' Life guardin' *Hawaiian*. I bit into some warm Portuguese bread and sipped my coffee. "I saw *Kaiona* dancing last night. She's wonderful."

Germany gave me a wan smile. "Yes she is." She paused. "*Kaiona* is married. It's just a sex thing. A very, very good sex thing. She's in heavy training for a contest. Getting fucked is not good for her training, for her legs, you know. But I don't believe in depriving my dancers completely. I believe it makes them anxious, so I...keep her happy. Weekends she goes back to her family and Sunday night, she's mine again."

"You train her?"

"I am her strength and conditioning coach. I watch her food intake, her...everything."

It didn't seem fair to *Kaiona's* husband that he

was going without sex while she was being *kept happy* by Germany. To me it felt weird and somehow very wrong. It also felt wrong to be talking about all this, but Germany seemed depressed.

"Don't worry about me." She gathered our plates. "You get onto work now."

At the mall, I found parking and walked into Nippy's. Lydia cocked her head towards the kitchen and I followed her in.

"He's been in here twice today looking for you. I could tell he was surprised the first time when you weren't here. He sort of went through Bonaparte's pretending he was going to Sears. He came back with a bag from Sears and he still didn't see you. He hung out for a bit, but he left. I saw him driving out of here a few minutes. Nice car, too. He's got a big, black Lexus."

It was hard to hide my disappointment.

Lydia drew in her breath. "Don't look now, but the cavalry's back in town."

I tried to take deep, calming breaths and almost choked to death when I saw him in black pants, a charcoal shirt and a black sports jacket.

"*Aloha.*" *That wasn't too bad. I sounded calm.* I gave him a serene smile. "That was an amazing rescue last night. That little girl was so lucky you were there."

He stared up at the board. "It's my job."

"You want the usual?" I asked.

"The usual? Oh...sure."

"You don't sound sure. Wanna switch it up? Ummm. You look hot." *Now why did I say something so dumbass? You look hot. Come on girl, raise your game a little.* "Errr...I don't mean hot, like you're in heat. I mean, you know, like the weather's hot. I mean, you look...good."

He was smiling now. "Thanks...I think."

Lydia was on the floor behind the counter with Chili the cook. They were covering their mouths, trying not to laugh.

"I'll take the *kalua* pork. Is it good?"

Oh geez, did he have to ask me a question? My brain has officially stopped working. Did I just tell him he looked like he was in heat? "I don't know. I don't eat pork. But Lydia likes it. Right, Lydia?"

She was on her knees, holding her stomach, crawling to the kitchen now.

"Okay, I'll take Lydia's word for it."

The demi-god handed me some cash and I rang him up, gave him his receipt and our fingers connected. I felt a rush of heat all the way to my calves, our gazes fluttering to each other's faces.

He moved away, waiting for his food.

In the kitchen, I could see Lydia and Chili wiping their eyes, pointing at me. When the *kalua* pork order rolled out, I handed the demi-god his tray and he thanked me, walking to the back of the restaurant.

"He's in love with you," Lydia whispered

dramatically.

"What? Would you stop it?"

"Why else does he come in here, order food he doesn't eat —"

"What do you mean he doesn't eat it?"

"He gives it to whoever wants it down the back."

"How do you know this?"

She pointed. "They're all fighting over him now. He's like Santa Claus. Look."

He'd slipped through Sears and was running across the tire installation center to the parking lot. He definitely had not had time to consume any food. Usually, I was so busy I didn't notice him leaving.

"Yeah, he usually waits a bit and watches you. Your boyfriend's late for somet'ing," Lydia shook her head. "Aw, he gave his food to that little homeless kid, *Kaimuki*."

Indeed, our little waif friend was lurking in the back, chowing down on the demi-god's plate lunch special.

"Doesn't Child Protective Services know about this kid?" I asked Lydia.

"He lives in the park with his mom." She shrugged. "I give 'em all the food I can."

I worked a double shift since we were shorthanded. That evening, I met Lydia's love, Ramon, a hot looking Filipino guy who worked in the automotive section of Sears. I'd noticed him

hanging out, smiling at her through the windows. A lot.

Lydia felt the demi-god, as she had come to call him, too, was extremely shy. She felt he was working up to asking me out. Well, I was off for the next two days. It made me sad not to have him to look forward to the next morning. At ten p.m., we locked the shop, mopped the floor and Ramon hovered, waiting for Lydia. How nice to have someone there for you, making sure you got home okay.

I told her to leave, since it was now just the two of us, but she and Ramon thoughtfully walked me to my car. I'd never been here this late before and it was a long walk in the almost cavernous parking lot.

Lydia was looking around as we neared my car.

"You looking for muggers?" Ramon asked her, putting his arm around her neck and kissing the top of her head.

"No, I'm looking for Katie's secret admirer. I felt sure he'd be here waiting for her to finish work."

"You're goofy." I hugged her goodbye. I turned on the car radio, but I didn't much feel like the song selection on any of the stations. I hated to admit it, but I was disappointed the demi-god wasn't here, too. In the still-warm tropical night, I took my time driving over the *Pali* to my new home, marveling at how pretty parts of *Honolulu*

still were. As I veered up the steep highway, I tried picturing it as it once was, a stream that provided water to the burgeoning town of *Waikiki*.

On the radio, Iz was singing *Starting All Over Again*.

"You told me that already," I laughed and pulled into the driveway at home.

Chapter Five

The place was in darkness when I arrived. A tiny light outside my door was the only thing that allowed me to pick my way through her vast jungle to my room. Dropping my bag, I heard the unmistakable sounds of a woman in ecstasy. I couldn't help but sneak forward and take a peak.

I saw the glimmer of candlelight coming from Germany's house. Right in the doorway, a hundred yards from me, a naked *Kaiona* was sitting in a huge wicker chair, the type you imagines some ancient Polynesian king would have enjoyed. Her legs were spread, her dainty feet propped on the arms of the chair. Germany was naked, kneeling in front of *Kaiona*, obviously going down on her. *Kaiona* was in a world of her own, going crazy from the things Germany was doing to her.

She held the blonde head to her tightly, her mouth open, her eyes looking up at the stars as Germany sent her into their vicinity. *Kaiona* seemed to come forever. When it was over, she

kept holding Germany to her, then she started to cry.

"I don't want to go home," she sobbed.

"Then don't." Germany lifted her head, reached up and kissed her.

I sighed. Nobody was going to be fooling around with me tonight, unless the happy-face spider started getting funny ideas...

I slept very well, very late and was shocked to see it was eleven a.m. when I finally awoke.

Half the day gone. *Kaiona* must still be here for Germany to have skipped making me breakfast. I took a long shower, aware that my skin smelled of cooking fat. I washed my hair and was dressed in my favorite khaki shorts, white top and tennis shoes, when Germany came to the door.

"Lydia's on the phone. They're short-handed. She wants to know if you can come in just until five."

"Thanks." I picked up my purse. "Tell her I'm on my way."

"She said to bring a swim suit." Germany shrugged.

A swimsuit? Why did I need that? Bikini lunch service? I had an entire bag with a towel, beach wrap, bikini, snorkeling gear and a beach read, since I never liked being without reading material. I slung it over my shoulder and headed off to work. It didn't take me long to get there, but finding parking though was something else. I

could see Nippy's was crowded and, after a futile pass for the seventh time, Ramon came running out of Sears.

"Lydia just called me. Get inside and help her, I'll find parking for you."

"Thanks, Ramon."

We had a tough day. Understaffed and with a new cook who kept producing the wrong meats, each order became an ordeal. All day long, I hoped my demi-god would come, but he didn't. When I finished up at five, relinquishing our duties to the evening crew, Lydia hugged me.

"Wait 'til you see what we have in store for you."

I followed them out to *Nimitz*, down another street where Ramon backtracked and circled until I was convinced he'd lost his way. I was beginning to regret my decision to join them for this mystery excursion. On the other hand, it wasn't like I had other offers pouring out of my ears. My mind circled back to men. Why hadn't the demi-god come to Nippy's today? It was Saturday, he probably had a date.

Outside a sprawling, family dwelling in *Ainahaina*, Ramon told me to leave my car. I jumped into the back seat of his car with my beach bag and we drove down to *Hanauma* Bay, a marine reserve on the edge of the shores on the windward side of the island.

Up until a year ago, with the price of

admission, you could buy a tub of food to feed the fish that swam right through your legs and into your hands. Unfortunately, some tourists got creative and fed the fish home-brought items that proved to be fatal. Feeding the fish was now strictly forbidden, but still, they continued to seek human contact.

"I thought the bay closed at sunset," I remarked.

"We're night snorkeling." Lydia's eyes sparkled. "Oh look, honey guy, there's your family now."

We parked and walked up to a Filipino family with coolers, beach mats, picnic baskets and a mountain of snorkeling gear, waiting for us from outside the ticket booth. A handsome older man who looked like he had to be Ramon's dad, greeted us.

"We got the tickets. I'm Ferdie. You must be *Mahi Mahi*. They told me you were a little hottie."

I laughed and his wife embraced me.

"I'm Alicia. These are my daughters, Ana and Amelia. The one hopping on one leg is Brian. Lydia is so happy to have a new friend. And don't mind my husband, he's harmless."

Another young man was racing towards us and he looked so like Ramon, maybe a couple of years older, that he had to be a family member.

"This is my oldest son Raul," Ramon's mother told me.

Raul was stone cold gorgeous. There was something alive and strong about him that just drew you to him.

"He's a cook at the Nippy's in Kailua," Lydia told me. "He's a fantastic chef."

Raul laughed. "Thanks, Lydia." He shook my hand. "You must be *Mahi Mahi*, right?"

A cute Asian girl walked toward us and I saw her possessively grip Raul's arm as we lined up with the other chattering families waiting to get into the park. People started applauding and I turned to see what the action was. A small white van was pulling up and six hot guys in unmistakable *Aloha* Patrol wear jumped out. And so did my heart. It leapt so far out of my chest I thought it might never come home. Last guy off the van was my demi-god.

Our eyes held and he mouthed *Aloha*, then went to join the rest of his crew.

"Oh, now I can relax," Ramon's mom sighed. "Now those guys are here, I won't worry about coming back to the parking lot and finding just a hub cap where the car used to be."

"How long has the *Aloha* Patrol been operating?" I asked her. "I never noticed them until recently."

"They've had them in *Waikiki* on *Kalakaua* Avenue for about a year. Now they're branching out to other tourist places, particularly parking lots because of the theft and vandalism. They just

make everybody feel safer. Problem is it's like spraying for roaches. They clean up one place and the roaches find somewhere else to nest."

The park attendants opened the doors and we ran for the bay, picking a primo spot right in the middle. Raul's girlfriend dragged him to a more private spot and I saw the unhappy look on his mother's face.

"I hope this is a passing thing. That girl does not like our family."

The hopping boy, Ramon's youngest brother, Brian, came up to me.

"I'm not allowed to snorkel alone. Will you be my snorkel buddy?"

"Absolutely." We sorted through the gear finding snorkels and goggles and Lydia and I walked with our dates toward the water's edge.

As I entered the cold, bracing water, I adjusted my goggles and, hand in hand with Brian, I plunged beneath the gentle waves. Visibility was zilch and the coral beneath me felt awfully close, when the coral shelf dropped, expanding into a wonderland of graceful, orange Spanish Dancers with frilly petticoats, waiting for us.

One of them undulated in my hands and flitted away when Brian splashed past me, following a wiggly little silver-black *Manini*. We gave each other a high five and kept looking for more fish.

Lydia nudged up to me, pointing to a marvelous yellow trumpet fish, so-called because

both ends look like trumpets. They eat everything, according to books I've read.

I lifted my head to readjust my snorkels and goggles and saw my demi-god strolling the beach with another Patrolman. His head was turned to me and I smiled. His gaze flicked to my left and I saw that Ramon and Lydia were locked in a rather erotic embrace for a family venue.

Brian swam up to me. "Katie, I saw some *Uhu*!"

"You did? Show me!" And I dog paddled after him until we spotted the school of luminous purple-blue *Uhu* and miraculously, a beautiful *humuhumunukunukuapua'a*—the smallest fish in the islands. This was the official state fish also known as the triggerfish—not that any self-respecting islander would call it anything other than a *humuhumunukunukuapua'a*.

It is illegal to catch these little blue and yellow guys, but the one that circled my outstretched hand seemed to know I was friendly and after passing through two of my fingers, he swam off to investigate other foreign bodies in his reserve.

"You know how I learned to remember the name *humuhumunukunukuapua'a*?" Ramon asked me, spitting into his goggles to de-steam them.

"How?"

"There was an old episode of *Hawaii-Five O*. There was a character on it, a boxer called *humuhumunukunukuapua'a*. That's how I learned. Hoo moo hoo moo nookoo nookoo ah poo ah ah."

Lydia and I laughed. "That's my honey guy." She kissed him. "King of the re-runs."

"Book 'em Danno," I giggled, as Brian tugged my arm. Time to investigate more fish buddies.

We ducked underwater and then I saw it. At first I thought I'd imagined it. I lifted my head, took a deep breath, adjusted the snorkel's mouthpiece, going back under. Nope. It was real. He was there. A giant sea turtle.

He lumbered toward me and my rapturous arms reached out to him. I swear his flippers reached out to me and I touched them, holding onto them, crying and laughing at the same time. I pulled Brian to me and one of his little hands joined mine on a flipper. The three of us did a little ocean minuet and then he was gone, pedaling off into deep waters.

To me it was a sign. I was where I was meant to be. I was doing the right things with my life. When we came back to the surface, Brian and I were hugging each other, Ramon crouched beside me.

"You...you swam with a turtle! I've never seen a turtle here. I'm coming here for years and I never see a turtle and then along comes Katie and he's here looking for you. I saw him reach his flippers out..."

"I touched him, too!" Brian shouted. "With this hand!"

It hadn't been my imagination then. I couldn't

help grinning.

"Katie." Ramon fixed his dark, serious eyes on me. "You have to say prayers tonight. And you need to say *pomaikai' au*."

"*Pomaikai' au*. How beautiful. Doesn't it mean blessed am I?"

"Blessed you are, Miss Katie."

Brian went off to snorkel with his dad and his sisters, while a glum-looking Raul waved to us from his spot in Siberia next to his girlfriend. Ramon and Lydia persuaded me to walk over to Toilet Bowl, an intriguing lava-rock stone bowl that fills up with water and with each surge, the waves flush out the bowl. We watched as small fish and hermit crabs came and went with each gush.

"These are '*opih*i." Ramon pointed to some shellfish clinging to the rocks we were walking across, toward an area called *The Witches Brew*. "They are the most delicious things ever, but you won't find them on any restaurant menu. Not on *Oahu*, anyway."

I studied them. "They're limpets. I remember seeing a few of these working on the fish ponds' outer walls up on the north shore."

Ramon nodded. "Probably not many, right? The locals eat them all. My brother Raul and I cook a lot. We have a fantasy of opening our own restaurant and putting '*opih*i on the menu. You know, it's sacred food. The volcano Goddess *Pele*

was the only goddess known to eat '*opihī*."

This was useful information for my thesis, which I stored away in my mental filing cabinet. A huge, swift wave bowled us off the rocks. Shrieking and dripping wet, we climbed back up, heading back toward *Hanauma* Bay. I saw the demi-god and two other Patrolmen watching us from a railing above us. I was surprised to see him looking so angry. What was bugging him?

"Uh-oh," Ramon whispered. "I hope those guys aren't going to ticket us."

"Why would they ticket us?" I asked.

"Toilet Bowl's kinda...dangerous."

"Oh, now he tells me," I laughed.

"You put us in jeopardy?" Lydia asked in a teasing way. Then her voice fell. "Say, that's your boyfriend, *Mahi Mahi*. How long's he been here?"

"Since we arrived."

"Well, maybe his hankering for you will stop him from giving us a lecture."

The demi-god watched our entire progress and, when we reached Ramon's family, I glanced back, but he was gone.

Ramon's family had prepared a feast that would have rivaled the sort of royal *luaus* entire villages prepared in ancient *Hawaii* for visiting kings. They were so gracious to me, so embracing, that I asked them when I could move in with them.

"Right after me, sister," Lydia quipped and we

all laughed.

* * * *

I spent the next day on my own, organizing my writing and research materials for my thesis. The Brothers Cazimero were playing on my I-Pod, the line of the song, *This must be just like living in paradise*. As usual, my music was on track with me. Another workweek looming, I put a call through to my professor to let him know my work status. I was going to leave him a message, but he was in his office on the University of *Hawaii* at *Manoa* campus.

“Come by my campus office. Let’s talk.”

“Great. I’ll bring coffee.” I loved the drive up to the old *Manoa* valley neighborhood of *Mo’ili’ili*. Lush and green and very tranquil, there was something reassuring and yet deeply studious about the campus. It had a shabby, quiet gentility to it. I had great difficulty finding my professor however and, when I finally did locate his closet-sized room, I sighed in contentment. He was just how I pictured him. Harried, bespectacled and surrounded by stacks and stacks of books and papers. He cleared off a chair for me and I handed him a now lukewarm cup of takeout coffee.

“Now, any thoughts about your thesis? What you want it to be on?” He downed his drink in two sips. I saw him rifle through a collection of

cups around him. He was eyeing the dregs of one, the murky contents of which looked like a flirtation with serious gastro-intestinal distress.

"Here, have this, I haven't touched it yet." I slid over my own coffee and he glowed with gratitude. A professor's life must be awfully boring, I thought if a little thing like this gave him such pleasure.

I told him I wanted to write a comprehensive report on *Hawaiian* Gods and Goddesses. He looked a little bored until I said I had uncovered two hundred and fifty of them, yet not one book in the pantheon of *Hawaiiiana* covered all of them.

"For me, it's interesting to know what homage families of old *Hawaii* used to pay to them. I know that only a handful survived the missionary purge, but I have collected a few stories handed in the oral tradition from families who continued to worship *Lono*, *Hina* and of course, *Pele*."

I told Professor Canlo that I had worked on the fishponds and met families who'd shared stories and suddenly, I was speaking his language. He drained his second coffee and moved to his vast collection of filing cabinets.

"It all started with wet taro farming." He kept pulling out papers. "Once you can align yourself with that practice, you'll understand everything."

He handed me a typed bibliography of books I'd never even heard of, then he presented me with what he called a *Pele* Packet.

"I must run." He checked his watch. "My wife's waiting at *Ala Moana* Mall for me."

We agreed to stay in touch via phone and email and I watched him get lost on his own campus as I strolled out the gates to where my car was parked. I drove a short block up to the *Manoa* Road and curved left into the driveway of the *Waioli* Tearoom.

Once upon a time, this tiny cottage in its verdant garden setting, was the guesthouse of the Princess *Kaiulani*, who would have been Queen of *Hawaii*, had the monarchy not been overthrown by US armed forces.

The *Waioli* Tearoom was the house *Kaiulani* had given her guest, the great author Robert Louis Stevenson to reside in during his long stay in the islands. Her crown lands once extended for miles, alas now only a hotel in her name still exists on what she then called *Ainahaina*. A sliver of a shadow of what it once was.

Waioli was still pretty and restful and while the gardens were still lovely, some of it had been torn up to make way for a parking lot and a cement courtyard. I did feel Stevenson's ghost peering over my shoulder as I ordered a cup of Peaberry coffee and a sandwich. A gang of birds, spearheaded by a bossy, adorable red-crested Cardinal talked me into feeding them as I spent a wonderful hour sifting through my course materials.

Many of the books on the list were long out of print, but Professor Canlo had photocopied pertinent pages in his *Pele* Packet.

I was thrilled to find many articles often cited in journals but completely unavailable to me. He'd handed me the proverbial moon on a platter. As I brushed the last of the crumbs towards the impatient little Cardinal hopping beside me, I hugged my books and papers to me. This had been a wonderful afternoon.

* * * *

I woke up at five out of habit. My body must have adjusted to the unusual heavy labor because I was ready to face the workday. I stretched and there was a soft knocking at my door. I didn't have time to cover my nakedness. Germany was opening the door. Her gaze took me in, though her tone was business-like.

"Are you working today?"

"Yes." I pulled up the bed sheet.

"*Kaiona's* been here all weekend. She's joining us for breakfast."

"I'll be right there." I quickly showered and in the still wakening morning, I found myself putting one foot in front of the other to my little patio. I could smell the Portuguese sausage. It was playing my song.

Kaiona and Germany seemed to be in the

middle of an ongoing fight. "Well, just ignore her the next time she calls. She does not own me," *Kaiona* was saying.

Germany seemed exhausted. "It's just dinner."

Nothing like stepping into somebody else's drama first thing in the morning.

"Dinner, that's all." *Kaiona* pointed a knife at her like an accusatory finger.

This was making me very uncomfortable. "I have to get going."

Kaiona barely noticed my presence. Germany seemed miserable, but wished me a good day.

"You have to remember who's paying for everything," Germany was saying as I walked to my car.

I didn't care how talented she was, I didn't like *Kaiona* very much at all. My demi-god was first in line that morning when we opened up at seven a.m.. I couldn't believe it. I was wiping down my counter and he jumped right in.

"What time do you get off work?"

Three people were standing behind him and I was aware that everybody could hear us. "Four o'clock." I couldn't quite believe I managed it with a steady-sounding voice. He was wearing his *Aloha* Patrol outfit. He looked gorgeous. His hair was wet, like he'd come straight from the shower.

He frowned. "I have to work until five. Can you...I'll pick you up five thirty outside this entrance, okay?"

He didn't order anything, he just took off and Lydia came over and hugged me.

"You have to come in early tomorrow and tell me *everything*."

I could barely respond. I was so nervous about the fact I was finally going to be spending time with him, I didn't know what to do with myself. I was a butterfingers all day long and, at lunchtime, Lydia told me to go inside the mall and buy a nice dress. Oh God. I was going on a date. Was I mad? I was still recovering from my last romantic inferno.

"You look cute in the shorts and T-shirt, but you need a little sexy somethin'. Mind you, if I had your body I'd walk around naked all day."

I laughed. "You're such a good friend. But listen...can you maybe go with me?"

She beamed. "Let's do it."

When we finished at four, we went to her favorite store in the mall. Lydia talked me into buying a short black, strappy dress with a pink hibiscus motif and black sandals with pink hibiscus flowers on them.

"No underpants," she insisted.

"Trust me, I am wearing underpants."

"Okay, okay. Howzit?" She held up a tiny pink pair of panties, thankfully not g-strings, but scanty enough. Now my Fuck Me outfit was complete.

He was already waiting for me in his car when we came back downstairs.

"I'm scared." God, my knees were shaking.

"Everybody's scared." She hugged me. "What is it you fear most?"

"Getting hurt again."

"So, you go in knowing it's not him you're afraid of, but inappropriate old bullshit."

"Not so old, Lydia. I still have skid marks down my back."

"Which were not caused by him." She pushed me forward so that he saw me and his face lit up. He got out of his car, opened the passenger door and I slid into the seat, depositing my purse and shopping bag with my old clothes at my feet.

"You look...adorable," he grinned. He closed the door, went around the car, slipping into the driver's seat.

Lydia was right beside him.

"Where are you taking her?"

"Er..."

Ramon came running out of Sears, a tire iron in his hand, steering her away, giving demi-god a cheery wave.

Lydia pointed to her right eye, then jabbed her finger at the demi-god as if to say, *I'm watching you.*

The demi-god just laughed. "She's a pistol, your friend."

"Yes, she is."

He turned to me as he shut and locked his door. Clearly he was afraid of a surprise attack from my

protective friend. "Did you buy that dress for our date?"

No use lying. I blushed. "Yes."

"It's a good thing I'm a big man. I'm gonna be beating off guys all night."

I almost wet my pants.

Chapter Six

We drove out of the mall and we both spoke at once.

"I don't even know your name."

"*Kahanu*," he grinned.

"*Kahanu*. What a beautiful *Hawaiian* name." I didn't add, *it's perfect for a demi-god*.

"What's your last name?"

"*Akoa*."

Mmm. *Kahanu Akoa*. Mrs. Katie *Akoa*. Oooh, it had a nice ring to it. I mentally shook myself.

"What's your name?" he asked. "I can't keep calling you *Mahi Mahi*."

"*Mahi Mahi* is a lot more exotic than my real name. I'm Katie Garrison. It's really Katrina, but everybody calls me Katie.""

"Katie. I love that name. It's feminine and sort of...naughty, too. Just like you."

For some reason that made me laugh. For the first time I noticed he was out of uniform, wearing jeans and an *Aloha* shirt that appeared to be vintage Duke *Kahanamoku*. It had hula girls, *leis*,

ukuleles and a few pink hibiscus in the mix.

"It is vintage and you're right, it's one of Duke's. You have a good eye."

"So where are we going?"

"Well, I thought we'd stay away from *Waikiki*. It's where I work and I'll be tempted to bust bad guys all night. I was thinking the north shore. Have you been out to *Haleiwa*?"

"Not for a long time."

"You been to *Haleiwa* Joes?"

"No." I had tried to go once with Jeff and he got mad because we had to wait and we left, having a very ordinary meal someplace else. It had been an ugly experience. I wiped the thought from my mind.

"*Haleiwa* it is."

"I...I would love that, *Kahanu*, but you've had a long day. Are you sure you want to battle the freeway at this hour?" I was also aware the north shore was a good hour's drive at the best of times.

He was merging with the traffic from the mall onto a special lane that dumped cars right onto Highway One heading north. "I'm sure I want to be alone with you and that I want to take you somewhere nice."

I wondered how many times in one night he was going to make me feel like I was on the verge of an orgasm.

He glanced at me. "Do you need to get home at any special time?"

"No. You?"

He shook his head and we instantly launched into asking each other questions. It wasn't awkward or weird, I felt like both of us wanted to know everything about each other. I told him I lived in *Maunawili*. He lived, he told me, at Turtle Bay on the north shore.

"Oh no. I feel bad that you have to drive me all the way back to my car after dinner."

"I don't mind." His hand reached over and covered mine. I felt warm, tingly and had to clamp my legs together again. "Katie, I went mad all weekend. I saw that guy, you know Lydia's boyfriend, driving your car on Saturday —"

"He was driving my car?" I thought a moment. "Oh, wait a second, he parked it for me. I couldn't find parking so he did it for me."

"I thought he was your boyfriend, man..." he shook his head. "Then I saw you all at *Hanauma* Bay and I realized I was wrong. I came in twice yesterday to see you."

"You came to...see me?"

"I come in every day to see you. You get weekends off?"

"Yes."

"Okay and what days are you working nights? I worry about you being in that mall alone at night."

"Ummm...Thursday." My heart was quivering at the thought that he worried about me. "Ummm,

Lydia and Ramon walked me back to my car last time."

His face took on a weird expression. "Like I trust *him*. He took you to Toilet Bowl, oh and just to give me a mini stroke, Witches Brew at night. That place isn't safe in the daytime, let alone at night. I wanted to arrest him."

I smiled. I kinda liked this feeling of somebody worrying about me.

"What? Am I coming on too strong?"

"I've been waiting for days for you to ask me out. I...hated the thought of not working all weekend and not seeing you."

His expression became tender and he quickly pulled over to the shoulder. "Tell me you don't have a boyfriend."

"No boyfriend."

His mouth swallowed mine in a delicious, engulfing kiss that let me dazed and obviously, affected him, too. I'd never been kissed like that, like the man was consuming me with passion and reverence and I was returning his long, long kisses with all the dedication I could muster.

We broke away from one another, breathless. He almost flooded his engine, not realizing the car was still running when he tried cranking the key over.

"So you're not seeing the big guy I saw you with at Duke's that first day I saw you?"

"Who, Jimmy? No."

"What about the old Japanese man who says he's going to spend the rest of his life with you?"

I laughed. "Mr. Nagasaki? The one who keeps forgetting his teeth?" *Kahanu's* grave gaze flicked over to me, then went back to the freeway. "He's your only competition."

Kahanu laughed, then his hand sought mine and, when he pulled my fingers into his palm, settling it on his lap, I felt like we'd always done this.

"I like the feel of you," he grinned.

"I like the feel of you, too."

"So you haven't met anybody else since you arrived?"

The way he asked that question made me suspect that maybe he knew about the canoe-thieving *kai kane*. Were they friends? Was I being ridiculously paranoid? "Nobody I am seeing right now." *There. Good answer.*

"What about the guy you left back on the mainland?"

"There's nobody back there." *That was true, Jeff was right here.*

His fingers squeezed mine "No ghosts?"

"Ghosts? One or two, but no bleeding bodies."

"Good enough. So it's just me and the toothless guy, huh?" He drew more of my hand into his, a lovely, warm gesture. "With your driving, maybe you'll mow him down one of these days at *Ala Moana* Mall. At least, I can hope, right?"

We both laughed then and he merged back into traffic single-handedly, moving quickly onto the Two Highway and I felt the switch in psychic energy. Once you left *Honolulu*, you were in Old *Hawaii*, a different time and place.

"You felt it too, huh?" he asked.

"The change in energy? Yes, I felt it. What about you? I saw all those women draped all over you at Duke's. You must be dating at least one girl?"

"You, I hope."

I gazed out the window, making a silent wish that he really was this sweet, that he wouldn't turn out to be a weirdo.

"There's no woman in my life. None. I'm not a womanizer. I work too hard and I don't have the emotional resources to...run around. I'm not your typical beach boy."

"I sensed that." I pushed my fingers further up his hand until our fingertips touched. The feeling wasn't just rousing. It officially sent trickles of warm honey-sweat straight down my thighs.

"Katie Garrison." His voice was thick. "I think we might be in trouble here."

Oh yeah, we were in trouble all right. Big trouble in little *Haleiwa*.

The tiki torches at the entrance of *Haleiwa* Joe's were already lit when we arrived at six thirty. We were still a good hour away from sunset, but the effect was like walking into a grand old *Hawaiian*

homestead at dinnertime. The parking lot by the edge of the ocean was filling up quickly, but *Kahanu* found a space close by the entrance, giving my fingers another squeeze.

"Stay there." He got out of the car, took my bags, putting them in the trunk. He came to my door and opened it. When he held his hand out for mine, it felt like the most natural thing in the world.

At the hostess desk, there was a short line but within a minute the sweet-faced brunette who apparently knew *Kahanu* and welcomed him, picked up two large menus. I saw the way she looked at our entwined hands and her tight smile. She led the way to a small back table for two and *Kahanu* released my hand to hold my chair out for me.

Okay, I might have imagined the look on that woman's face. She was busy, it was dinner. People wanted their seats before sunset so they could enjoy the drop-dead gorgeous view over their first drinks of the evening. There was a relaxed, island vibe to *Haleiwa* Joe's and we definitely had one of the better tables.

Kahanu reached for my hand again. "Would you like a drink?"

"Mmm, no, I'm driving later."

"So am I. If we have one each now, we'll be fine when we leave in a couple of hours."

His smile was so warm and engaging I had a

bad feeling I was going to find it hard to ever say no to this man. "Okay, then." I smiled like a loon at him.

"What would you like?"

His legs were surrounding mine, which were crossed in a ladylike way between his. Our eyes locked. *What would I like? You.* "Umm." Boy, I was really losing the plot. *Concentrate, Katie. You've seen good-looking guys before. Yeah, but I've never been kissed like that before. Ever.*

"Wow, and I haven't gotten to the difficult questions yet," he laughed.

"I'd like a *Mai Tai*. They're my favorite."

"Mine, too."

A cute, surfer-type waiter came to our table, told us the selection of fish on the menu that evening and said he'd return with our drink orders.

"What looks good to you?" *Kahanu* asked.

You do. "Umm." Oh no, not this again. *Think Katie! Order your brain to function. Now! I glanced at him and he was reading the menu.*

"Do you want to share some crab cakes to start?"

His thumb was making lazy circles in the palm of my hand. Oh, Buddah. What was I going to be like when this guy went way south of the border? I was going to be a hideous, ridiculous wreck. "Sounds great."

"What else?"

"I think the *ahi* tuna with the ginger firecracker sauce sounds amazing." I squeezed my thighs together. He was now raking his fingertips down the length of my hand. It was a wonder I wasn't re-enacting the Meg Ryan scene from *When Harry Met Sally*. "Yes, Yes! Oh! Oh!"

"*Ahi* it is. I'm going to have the *opi'a*. That way we can trade bites of each other's food."

"I'd like that."

He let go of my hand when the waiter returned with our drinks and took our order.

"I'm surprised you have the *opi'a* on the menu this time of year," *Kahanu* told the waiter. "They're usually swimming for cooler waters by now."

"That's global warming for you. Their clocks are screwed up. Just like mine this morning."

We laughed at his little joke and the waiter collected our menus and left us alone again. We toasted each other's health.

Kahanu looked at me. "And here's to somebody's better driving." He leaned on both elbows, chin in his hand, looking into my eyes. "How long have you been here?"

"A week."

That surprised him. "Did you plan your move or was it...spontaneous?"

"I planned it down to the last detail. Shipped my car over and brought only the essential things. I'm starting my Master's Degree in the fall at the University of *Hawaii* at *Manoa*." I stopped talking.

I was babbling and I'd had only one sip of my rum cocktail.

"Katie, I knew you were really special. You're doing your Masters? What in?"

"*Hawaiian* literature and philosophy."

"Now I'm really impressed."

I told him my passion for the ancient gods and goddesses and a strange look came over his face. "Anything wrong?"

"No, I think you've hit on something very necessary. Now there's such a resurgence in the *Hawaiian* culture, our history and our language, it's the perfect time. You should publish it as a book when you're finished. There are books out there that talk about the usual, well-known gods and goddesses. The rest are ignored."

"I've counted two hundred and fifty so far."

He looked at me. "I know of about twenty. Obviously I'm going to learn a lot from you."

Over the crab cakes, he told me that he was one of the original *Aloha* Patrolmen and the original twelve-man force had recently been beefed up to sixty.

"I'm in charge of the project so I am the one responsible for training and for assignments. It's been a crazy few months, but I know the people out there appreciate our efforts and it's worth the long days, the extra hours I put in."

He forked a chunk of crab into my mouth.

"Katie, I don't have a lot of free time right now."

It's going to get better, but I promise you as much as I can, I will make time for you."

"You already have."

He took possession of my hand again. "I can't believe you've been here a week and you found a job and a place to live. *Maunawili's* such a local place. How did you find it?"

I told him about Germany and Lydia being friends and how I'd snapped up the guesthouse.

"How long have you lived in Turtle Bay?"

I felt him slightly stiffen but he answered quickly enough. "Four years."

"Do you like your place?"

"Very much. It's a house on the beach. The turtles still come up occasionally and hatch in the sand, but a lot of redevelopment's been happening." He paused. "Their clocks are off too, I guess."

"And do you live alone?"

"No, I have a roommate. You'll meet him."

The waiter brought our respective fish dishes. One bite of *Kahanu's* smooth, buttery *opi'a* and I felt like I'd ordered the wrong fish. He fed me so much of it though, it all worked out in the end.

"Can I tell you something?" He wiped up a drop of ginger sauce from my chin with his thumb and licked it off, making me squirm in my seat. "You have no idea how wonderful it is to have dinner with a woman who actually eats her food. You look like you eat maybe a lettuce leaf a day.

It's a beautiful thing that you don't."

"*Kahanu*, I'm a girl who definitely likes her food."

Over coffee, we talked about my family. I told him my mother died when I was very young and that my father had remarried when I was eleven and my aunt and uncle raised me after my dad and his wife relocated to Australia.

Kahanu acted aghast at this. I guess growing up, losing both parents had been tough, but I'd learned not to cave into self-pity. I allowed myself odd moments, but I had never allowed loss to govern my life.

"You're surprised? You're *Hawaiian*. This is the land of the *hanai* system of adoption. Families raising families. I wish you could have met my aunt, *Kahanu*. She was a wonderful woman." Wow, I was close to tears. Why had I mentioned her? "My aunt and uncle died a few years ago. I...still miss them."

"Of course you do. What about your father?"

"I have no idea where he is. I had to hire a private detective to find him for my aunt's funeral...oh, you don't want to hear all this."

"Yes, I do." He was stroking my hand again. "Has what your father did...had it...made you lose your desire to ever have children?"

"No, not at all." I was stunned by the question. "Should it have?"

"I want children. I just want to be clear about

that."

Boy, this guy was one pleasant surprise at the bottom of the cereal box after another. Most guys never brought up the subject of children, especially on the first date. "What about you, *Kahanu*? Are you close to your family?"

"No, not really."

His fingers detached from mine. He picked up the check and looked at it, but I felt the way he'd pulled into his shell. He took a moment for himself, tossing a credit card on the receipt tray. Then he looked at me. His eyes were very dark now and I realized he was forming his words carefully.

"I've carved out a good life for myself...a wonderful life. It's rich and it's full and I have created my own...sort of family. But something is missing. Something I just can't live without anymore."

I knew he stopped short of saying, *I hope that something is you.*

On the drive back to the city, we talked of less touchy subjects, but he did tease me about my taste in music. "*Hapa*? Are you kidding me? You like *Hapa*?"

"Yes. I love their music."

"Man, I went to one of their concerts and it went on for *ever*. I was going crazy. I was there for about three hours and they were still playing when I got up and left. I bet if we drove by the

Blaisdell Center right now, they'd still be on that stage."

He glanced at me and realized he really was talking to the wrong person. He finally, mercifully, reached for my hand the first time since he'd let go of it over dinner.

"You and my roommate will love each other. He's a big *Hapa* fan."

At the mall, he drove me right to my car. He took me to the driver's side after retrieving my belongings from his trunk. *Kahanu* gave me a long, scorching kiss.

"I'm following you home."

"Oh no, don't do that. It's such a long way from my place to yours. Don't you have to be up early tomorrow?" I had my arms around his neck and I heard him gasp when I stroked the skin between his shirt collar and his hairline. I could feel his tension and then his mouth was on mine again. He seemed to let go of me with great reluctance.

"I want to make sure you get home okay. Besides, I want to see where my best girl lives. Come on, show me the way."

He stuck close to me in the thirty-minute drive from the mall to my place. At one well-lit intersection, he caught my gaze in a look that held a lot of heated promise. *Kahanu* made it all the way to Germany's property and he followed me in, parking right behind me. The place as usual, was in darkness. She'd left my outside light on, a

faint glimmer from where we were standing, but that was it.

"This isn't safe." He frowned. "I don't like thinking about you stumbling around in the dark out here."

I couldn't help myself. I threw myself at him and he caught me in his arms, kissing me. "You're so sweet to worry about me, but I'm okay, really."

"No, I'm walking you to the door." He was looking around and he'd obviously glimpsed her house to the far left. "That's her place over there?"

I nodded and led him to my little cottage. The night was so still and quiet we didn't speak again until I'd opened my door and we were inside.

"No lock?" He ran his hand through his hair. "Katie, you're killing me. How am I supposed to sleep nights knowing you're in here without even a lock between you and some...wait a second. There's a lock. Why aren't you using it?"

"Germany's here all day long. She got me believing I'm perfectly safe up here." I could see a muscle working overtime trying not to blow a gasket in his cheek.

"Please tell me you'll start locking the door."

"Okay. I promise."

He looked around. "So this is Katie land." He went to my desk and a small smile played on his face as he looked at the books and papers assembled on it. "It feels nice in here. So, why don't you get ready for bed and I'll tuck you in,

then I'll head home."

"Or you could stay."

"Not tonight." He pulled me to him and kissed me. "Do you shower before you go to bed?"

"Why? Do I need it?"

He laughed then. "No, baby. I'm just wondering about your routine."

"Well." I paused. Ordinarily, I would be showering and getting into bed naked and falling into a deep sleep. It was now eleven pm and he'd just rejected me. I felt a better battle plan was in order.

"You must have some complicated night ritual, huh?"

I laughed again. "No. I'm just thinking. If you weren't here, I'd be showering and then I'd read in bed."

"Nude?"

I blushed.

"Now I'm a happy man. Go on, get ready."

"I have a lot of notes I have to go through. I might not get to sleep for a while."

He sat on my bed. "Well, have your shower then. I'll wait for you."

"I don't want to. I don't want to wash you off me." His eyes flashed a warm wine color and he grabbed me to him, kissing me. I loved being in his arms and, when he put me on my back and lay next to me, covering my face with kisses, I silently implored him, *please stay, please stay*.

Kahanu lifted his mouth from mine. His hand ran down my body, resting on my belly. "I'll lie here with you until you are ready to go to sleep. Then I'll drive home."

He kissed my pouting mouth and I got up and cleaned my teeth, returning with a copy of *A World Between Waves*. He was lying on top of the bed with his socks and shoes off. Oh, he had such nice feet.

"Read me something from it." He sounded sleepy.

"Have you heard the story of Bernard Wheatley, the hermit of *Kalalau*?"

"No baby, tell me all about the hermit of *Kalalau*."

"Well, it seems he was a brilliant, brain surgeon who had a nervous breakdown and completely flipped out. He left the hospital where he was working and just disappeared. Then there were rumors this crazy hermit had climbed the summit of the *Kalalau* and was living there."

"This was recently?"

"No, this was in the seventies. Anyway, a newspaper man, Bob Krauss —"

"King of the islands. I met him once. A fine old man with a wonderful memory."

"You know Bob Krauss? Oh my God, I'd love to meet him."

"No way. I think he has all his own teeth. One love rival is enough. Go on, I want to hear about

your hermit."

"So it seems that Bob found out—"

"Bob now, is it?"

"Do you want to hear this story or not?"

"Only if Bob dies in the end."

We laughed and he snuggled up to me, one arm around my waist, the other, out to his side. I noticed he was careful not to lean in too close, keeping his groin area well away from me.

"So Bob decided to go find this hermit who had been living off his wits in a very difficult landscape for over two years. He slept in a cave when the weather got rough, which it does in *Kalalau*. Bob had a friend take him out to *Kauai* and they got into this boat and he wanted to take Dr. Wheatley some gifts, things he could use, maybe soft soap him a little to get him to tell Bob his story."

"What do you buy a hermit?" *Kahanu* asked.

"Well, that's the lovely part of the story. I'll read the extract here. *What do you give a man who has rejected almost everything we consider valuable? We argued for an hour. Finally, we decided food would be safe. But what kind of food? Fresh meat would spoil in the valley. Coffee? From what I'd heard about the eccentric hermit, he probably didn't drink coffee.*

"Fresh eggs would be a big treat but they would probably get broken going through the surf. We were all afternoon shopping for the hermit. It was worse than Christmas. I finally bought a loaf of French bread, it

My Hawaiian Song of Love

was light and durable and something Wheatley wouldn't be able to prepare over a campfire.

"I took a couple of packages of chicken noodle soup mix on the assumption that the flavor would be a treat after two years of living on fruits and taro. A tin of corned beef and a hunk of cheddar went into the sack. The last item was a windproof Zippo lighter and four extra splints. They'd last longer than the matches he was always asking lost tourists for."

"Did he take the gifts?"

"Just the lighter and the splints. He went crazy when he saw candy bars in the sack Bob threw in as an afterthought."

"What a weirdo. If somebody brought me candy bars, they'd be my friend for life."

"I must remember that."

"You have me," Kahanu smiled. "You are going to have an awfully hard time getting rid of me."

He drifted to sleep and I read for a while, but soon nodded off. My eyes flew open. I had no idea how long I'd been asleep, but I loved the fact he was still here, still sleeping, so I turned a page.

"Baby, I'm going home."

"Oh no, why? I'm not going to sleep yet."

"I hate to tell you, but you've been asleep for about half an hour."

"No I haven't. I've been reading."

"Baby, you were sleeping."

"What makes you say that?"

"You snore."

I sat up on the bed. "You're the second person in a week to tell me that."

"The second person?" He was awake now.

"Mr. Nagasaki told me."

"Mr. Nagasaki!"

"He was sitting next to me on the plane coming here."

"I'm gonna find out where that old coot lives and flush his teeth down the toilet."

I laughed. "Does my snoring bother you?"

"It's a cute, girly snore. You just need a damned good fucking, which I'm...anxious to provide." He gave me another kiss. "I'll call you in the morning."

"Can you please call me when you get home just so I know you're okay?"

"Don't you start. One worrier in this family is plenty." He looked at my dejected face and relented. "We'd better exchange phone numbers. Give me your cell phone." He programmed both our phones with each other's numbers.

My gecko skittered across the window and introduced him to *Kahanu*.

"He better be a girl gecko and not a boy gecko. I get enough competition as it is." He kissed me again. "One way or another I'll see you tomorrow. Even if it's brief. I don't get another night off until Thursday." He put on his shoes and socks. "Can you do me a favor? Let me have these."

His hand slid up my thigh and his tongue shot

down my mouth as his fingers went up beneath the hem of my dress. I felt his heat, the maleness of him as he went to the strap of my bikini panties. He slid them down my thigh, never once touching my pussy, and skimmed my feet, turning to look at last.

"Did you buy these pink panties for me?"

I nodded. "Lydia picked them out."

"That girl's got my back. Baby, I'm going to keep them in my pocket all day tomorrow. God, you are one beautiful woman, you know that?"

I couldn't speak. His mouth was back on mine.

"What happened to the hermit in the end?"

"One day he just vanished."

"That's a very sad story. Pick something happier to read me next time."

I laughed. One more smooch and he was gone. I took my dress off, slipping between the sheets. I slept and it felt like only a few minutes later, but the phone was ringing and I heard his voice.

"Baby, I'm home. Get some sleep now."

"You, too."

"I can't. I want to think about you."

He rang off and all night long, I dreamed with a smile on my face. I dreamed of *Kahanu* making love to me and the odd thing was, I felt the presence of somebody else there...I felt guilty, but I couldn't help it.

I was thinking of my *kai kane*, my waterman from the canoe.

Chapter Seven

“He’s gay, I’m telling you. How could he keep his hands off you the way you were dressed last night?” Lydia shook her head. “He doesn’t look it, but he’s a *mahu*, hon.”

“Would you stop it? He sounvenired my panties. That’s something isn’t it?” She was really bursting my pink happy bubble.

She snorted. “Yeah...so he can put them on for his boyfriend.”

That made me laugh. It was the last time I would smile for several hours. Within minutes, a local garment factory’s sixty workers were sent home when a small fire blew out all their electrical circuits. They evacuated their building *en masse* and flew straight to us, like worker bees following the queen. Lydia and I manned the cash registers and helped a freaked-out Chili in the kitchen.

The computerized cash registers went on strike and we switched to paper orders, still ringing up receipts on the registers.

Phone calls to our boss Chicken went

unreturned and our rotating staffers were *gone surfing*. Yeah, it might have been paradise, but for Lydia and me it was a bit of a nightmare. The factory workers had nothing else to do and, with cheap eats handy, they kept ordering food, so we couldn't ask them to leave.

We were so busy cleaning up after them and juggling the usual crush of customers that I was surprised after assembling one particularly complicated order, to look up and find *Kahanu* standing over me, furious.

"Why haven't you returned any of my calls?"

Was he kidding me? "I haven't stopped since we opened up."

"I called your cell phone three times. When you don't return my calls, baby, and the phone in the kitchen's constantly got a busy signal, I think something's happened and I...I...geez, is it always like this?"

Glancing over at the phone, I realized Lydia must have hung the receiver up incorrectly in our frantic search for more help. Nobody could have called back if they'd tried. "Chili, I really need those three fried *mahi mahi*, babe," I called out. No response. "Chili?"

More people were coming in and it was beyond standing room only.

"Lordy, he's done a bunk," Lydia screamed.

"Are you kidding me?" I went into the kitchen. The back door was swinging open and he was

gone. Lydia and I clung to one another.

"I've had this recurring nightmare about this exact moment," she sobbed, a tear slipping down her cheek.

"Me, too." I bit my lip. I reached over and fixed the phone receiver. Paper orders were blowing on their carousel. We were in deep doo-doo.

"What's going on?" *Kahanu's* head was over the counter.

"Not now," Lydia snapped. "This poor girl's been slammed since seven o'clock this morning. Our cook's done a bunk and it's just her and me and if you make her cry and run out of here, I'm gonna give you one big belt in the eye."

Kahanu raised his brow. "I'm just asking."

He picked up his cell phone and started making calls. Ten seconds later, he asked me how to get behind the counter. I was too slow in answering so he vaulted it and people started clapping.

"What are you doing?" I gasped.

"Helping you. I'll cook."

Lydia stopped crying. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I need a kiss first."

She moved toward him.

"Hey!" I squawked and *Kahanu* laughed, leaning over and planting a big one on me.

He busied himself reading orders. "One of you needs to tell the crowd what's going on."

"She's the manager." I pointed to Lydia.

Kahanu waved her out front and Lydia made

her speech, telling everybody we were short staffed, but everybody would be fed.

Mr. Nagasaki came to the counter. "I can help out in the kitchen."

"Excellent." Lydia snatched him by the collar and took him back there.

"Your boyfriend's in there?" Mr. Nagasaki was by my elbow now. "I knew I shoulda worn my teeth today."

"Is there a problem?" Lydia asked.

"No. We'll be like Iron Chef America. But in this place, the secret ingredient is...everything. I often wonder what's really going on with the *Chicken Katsu*."

"*Allez cuisine*." Lydia gave him a gentle push into the kitchen.

After some grumbling, everybody settled down and orders were coming out of the kitchen. I was very impressed with our two chefs. It was beginning to look like paradise after all. At two o'clock, the crowd started thinning. Our tables were full and I saw *Kahanu* out there tossing papers and food remnants that people had left behind. Lydia and I had not stopped working. The night cook arrived two hours early to help us out and I hadn't even realized we now had an extra hand. Ramon was running around cleaning up, too.

I was worried about *Kahanu* taking this much time off his own job. For a big man he sure was

fast and he had four tables cleaned off and new people sitting at them in no time. He turned to look at me, caught my appreciative stare and grinned. As soon as I had taken care of the people in front of me, he came right over to me.

"Baby, I have to go."

"I don't know how to thank you."

"You walk him to his car and give him plenty of tongue," Lydia suggested.

Kahanu laughed. "Yeah, you walk me to my car and...what she said."

"I won't be long." I ran out of the restaurant with him. His arms were around me and for a long moment, I just luxuriated in the feeling of being with him.

"You smell of *Katsu* sauce." He said kissed my hair.

"I'm sorry I didn't get your calls, *Kahanu*."

"No. I'm sorry. Katie, it's been a long time since I even wanted to date a girl. I just worry about you. This job is too stressful. Feeding people is a worthy thing, but, baby, this is too much."

"It's not forever." I burrowed into him for a moment and his arms tightened around me.

"And then you sent my love rival back there to help me. Good thing there weren't any decent knives handy."

We laughed and I reached up for another kiss. "Thank you for today. I have no idea how you were able to swing it." He silenced further words

with his mouth.

"I took my lunch break. I was hoping we could have it together."

"And we did," I smiled. "Sort of."

"I have more romantic things planned for tomorrow. I have two hours between my two shifts. As soon as you're done in the afternoon, call me and I'll give you directions."

"I'm not going to talk to you until then?"

"Baby, you're gonna find me to be a very persistent pest between now and then."

I had to relinquish my hold on him and let him get back to the world. Back at Nippy's two evening workers were now at the registers and Lydia was carrying a tray of food over to a table where a pair of women was about to slide their butts.

"Get your ass out of there you chubby Chihuahuas," Lydia snapped. "Me and my girl here, we *gots* to sit down. We got cabin fever of the feet here."

I laughed in spite of her rudeness, relieved to be off my feet for a few moments.

"Your boyfriend was damned good in the kitchen, wasn't he?" Lydia pushed an iced tea toward me. "Man, he can cook. Plenty people gonna be grumbling tomorrow when our food's back to its usual crappy standards."

I laughed. "I think I'm really falling for him," I confessed.

She grinned. "I never coulda guessed. You know, I don't think even my Ramon would get in the kitchen and take shit like that from anybody."

"He took shit? Who from?"

"The old guy. Nagasaki. Asked your man a whole heap of personal questions like what his intentions were."

"Oh, no."

"Your boyfriend came right out with, *Old man, my intentions are to marry that girl. I want to be clear about that.*"

"He said that?"

"Yep."

"Isn't that a little weird?" I asked. "We've only had one date."

"And you're complaining?"

"No, no...but it just surprises me."

"You're not used to such a manly man, huh?"

"So you don't think he's gay anymore?"

"I'm thinking he straddles both fences."

She made me laugh as usual and we were walking back to the counter when the door opened and a tall, very tall *Hawaiian* man with shoulder length hair, skin the color of cocoa, and dressed very expensively, walked right up to me.

I almost fell over when I looked at his face. It was my canoe-thievin' *kai kane* from *Waikiki* Beach.

"*Aloha.*" He gave me a sinful, sexy smile and slid right past me and over to Bonaparte's bakery.

"I think I just puddled my panties," Lydia

sighed.

* * * *

He came back the next day, but I didn't notice him until Lydia nudged me. "Don't look now girlfriend, but Bachelor Number Two is over there by Bonaparte's sipping coffee and staring at you. Don't look up. Oh, now you can look."

I could see he was getting a refill. He immediately turned back, caught my gaze and grinned. When I looked back again, he was gone.

Lydia sighed. "Two guys. Say, what perfume you wearing? Amma get me some of that."

I laughed at her. "No. Only one guy. And you've met him. He's more than a handful." Just thinking about *Kahanu* made me smile. He'd called me twice the previous evening, called me as I was getting to work this morning and he'd asked me to call him on my lunch break. I always sensed tension in his voice until we'd spoken for a minute.

When I finished work, I called him as I'd promised. He'd already told me to bring a swimsuit to work. Now he told me to put it on under my clothes. He gave me directions to the parking lot at Queen *Kapiolani* Park.

When I arrived, he came straight over to me and this time, there was no holding back. He was wearing long green board shorts with turtles on

them and a black tank top. He pressed me against my car, leaning right up to me. Man, he was hard...and *huge*.

"I got the night off." He was grinning at me, wanting to see my reaction.

"You're kidding!"

"Nope. I switched with somebody. I...I had to be with you, Katie."

"I've been looking forward to this all day. I've loved all our phone calls and —"

He covered my mouth with kisses.

Tonight, I'm not letting him get out my bed for anything. Not anything in the world.

We walked for quite a while through the park, hand in hand and down a thick patch of bushes that emptied out at what looked like the back of a private residence.

Kahanu smiled. "It's a private residence, but it's also a restaurant."

A little old Japanese woman was setting a table on the back porch. She was wearing an old fashioned *kimono* and she greeted us warmly, indicating for us to take our seats. For as far as the eye could see, it was all trees, flowers and glimpses of ocean.

Kahanu held my hand, kissing my fingertips one by one and the old lady brought us bowls of *miso* soup and a dish of *poi*. It was the one typically *Hawaiian* staple—mashed taro—that I have never really taken to. To me it always tasted bland, but

when that man dipped his two fingers in the dish and fed it to me, I fell in love. The old lady watched me lick his fingers clean, gliding away into the kitchen and *Kahanu* dropped a swift kiss on my lips.

"You're being a naughty girl. You're not supposed to eat *poi* like that."

I laughed and the old lady returned with more dishes of vegetables and fish, the scent of lemongrass and ginger reaching our greedy noses.

Kahanu seemed to enjoy arousing those banked fires between us, teasing me constantly. We'd be in the middle of a conversation and his fingers would stroke the inside of my wrist and I would wriggle in my seat. He was enjoying the effect he was having on me.

When the old lady materialized with small bowls of *kukicha* twig tea, we hurried to finish our meal so we could be alone again. We bid the old lady and her husband, the chef, an extravagant farewell and veered down toward the ocean, not back toward the car. At a rocky outcrop, he turned to me.

"Take your dress off, Katie. Please."

I whipped it off immediately.

"Holy hot rocks. What the heck is that?" He squinted at my teeny rainbow-of-sunsets colored bikini. Lydia had zeroed in on it for me at Island Fashions. "I said a swimsuit. Not something I want to shred with my teeth to get at you."

"I thought you wanted something decorative...not functional. You mean we're actually going swimming?"

He looked shocked. "Of course." He took off his shirt and he was ready to go. His body was simply magnificent. His shoulders were perfect and broad, not a blemish on his perfect skin, which rippled with good health.

I remembered the *kai kane* and pushed him out of my mind. I went a little bit bananas then, throwing myself into *Kahanu's* arms.

He kissed me. "Come on." With a tug from him and a shriek of surprise from me, we were in the water.

A wave crashed over us and I had to fight to keep up with him. I heard the roar of the ocean as we swam toward a cove. I had to keep stopping to see where he was going and soon we found ourselves at a rocky outcrop around the curve past *Kohala*. He hauled himself out, beckoning me to follow.

We were at the mouth of a cave. We stood, breathing heavily.

"Lie down," he commanded.

I did. It wasn't comfortable lying on top of sand and rocks, the saltwater lapping at my back.

He lowered himself onto me. "You have to trust me, Katie. Just hang onto me. Wrap your legs and arms around me."

And I felt, rather than heard the wave of

thunder. *Kahanu* smiled, and the rip carried us away...down...down we fell, locked in our embrace until *Kahanu* was ripped away from me as one final wave roared between us.

One more fall and I let out a silent, waterlogged scream as we plunged head first into a quiet, underwater lagoon. I couldn't breathe, pushing my way to the surface.

"Swim!" he yelled and I fought the wash of the tide back out of the cave.

And then, silence.

My bikini bottom was gone. I found myself treading water, in the middle of the deepest blue pool I had ever seen. The waves thundered over us, but inside the womb of the cave, we were sheltered.

"This is my private paradise." He swam to me. "One day, I'm going to come here with you and I'm going to make love to you for hours here until you push me away because you can't take it anymore."

"That'll never happen. I doubt I would ever get tired of you."

He chuckled, pulling me into his arms. He propped me on a wide, cold ledge. "Yes, I'll put you here and I'll make you take off these scanty panties..." his fingers moved to the sides of my bikini, except now he was realizing it wasn't there.

I felt his warm breath on me.

"Let me see you. Please, Katie. I won't touch

you. I want to see you. I need to look at you."

"No. Not unless I can see you, too."

"I asked first. Just let me take one little peek. That's all I'm asking. Just open your legs and let me take one good look."

Oh, he was looking all right. I felt his finger trace the heart-shaped pubic patch.

"Did you do this...for me?"

"I did." It wasn't a lie. I'd had it re-waxed just for him. Just in case. "Your turn."

"I haven't finished looking."

I felt his fingers close around my thighs, opening me up to him. Oh God, he was so close. I felt his cold, wet hair on my inner thigh. It was all I could do not to beg him to lick me. I wanted to hold his head to me. All I wanted were his fingers and tongue.

With a monumental effort, I pushed myself away from him. I spotted my bikini bottom floating and I scrambled away from him, slipping back into the pool. Swimming away from him, I felt his surprise, then he grabbed my leg.

"Don't do this. Please let me see you."

"No. I want to see you, too."

He was holding both my legs now. He held them apart.

"We can do this the easy way or the hard way."

I resisted his efforts until somehow my legs were over his shoulders and my pussy was up against his mouth.

"They say this used to be a pirate's cave, but to me, Katie, you are more spectacular, much more of a treasure than any gold or jewelry."

I was paddling with my hands now, trying to stay afloat.

"Please, let me look at that sweet little berry."

His hands were lifting me back up to the ledge and I was grabbing at him. Things got out of control fast.

"It's been so long since I tasted *kohi*," he whispered.

I cried out as his tongue darted between my thighs, a hair's breath away from my own thunder in paradise.

"You are lovely."

His mouth moved forward again. He was on me then, licking with an urgency that had me bucking and gasping and when I came, he sensed it, drawing my clit between his teeth and I flopped around like a dying Marlin on that ledge. "Please, please let me have you," I begged and he released me from his mouth, hoisting himself up to the ledge. He was between my open thighs now, but suddenly he seemed shy. "Can you please get those shorts off?" I was tugging at the button and Velcro on them.

"It's...I...so long..."

I was shocked to see tears on his face. "*Kahanu*, what is it?"

"Put me inside you," he whispered, his mouth

edging aside my bikini top and capturing my nipple.

I pulled his shorts down with my hands and feet. When at last I got my hands on that magnificent cock that would have been right at home on an Arabian stud horse, I stared at it.

"Is it...real?"

He laughed. "It's real. Am I um...am I going to be too big for you? I need you so badly, Katie."

"I don't know," I confessed. "But I need you, too, and I'm game if you are." My hands ran over that smooth, thick, long tool that looked like one of those home massagers women aren't supposed to stick inside themselves, but frequently do.

"Hurry, baby. You can play with your new toy later."

"It's the most beautiful cock I've ever seen."

He gave me his mouth as I put him at the entrance of my grasping pussy. Even the head, just the head, felt like I was giving reverse birth, but I was determined to take him. I wanted him inside me. I wanted to be his lover.

I heard the ocean bellowing above us and it seemed to add to the intensity of our private little world under the earth, between the ocean and the sky. My fingers let go of him as he moved more of himself into me.

Our mutual need was so great that when he stopped to check on me at one point, I pushed him into me, my hands at his ass. "How do you say

cock in *Hawaiian*?" I asked.

"Ule."

"So fuck me with your pirate's *ule*. Make us both forget the long day we've had. It's just us...just this. Our need to have each other right now."

"Katie...I don't fuck women...randomly."

"I know. Baby, please, *Kahanu*. You're inside me and I need you to fuck me now."

He was hovering over me and I felt his hesitancy.

"What's wrong?"

He didn't speak. He looked at me and I saw tears on his face again and then he was moving deeper into me, but with a gentleness that made it easier to handle his massive size. I didn't think I could take him all the way, but I did.

"Oh God, Katie..."

I encouraged him with kisses. He fucked me slowly, but with increasing urgency. My impassioned cries seemed to spur him onto delivering me ultimate ecstasy. I felt another orgasm building and couldn't believe it, then I realized it was his and I watched the intensity come over his face, his gaze fixed on me as he fucked me harder and faster until we both came.

He collapsed on top of me and I loved how he felt, how his muscles seemed to be recuperating from the effort of fucking me, not just with that marauding cock, but with his whole body.

For a long moment, he just lay on me and we listened to each other's heartbeats.

He kissed me, "I wanna do this again. At home in bed."

I begged him to stay inside me.

"Home. You can have me all night."

We worked our way out of the cave, the sexual tension between us too intense for us to joke or laugh. Back at the spot where we'd left our clothing, I slipped on the dress and his eager hands took the bikini from me.

"At this rate, I'm not going to have anything left to wear," I grinned.

"That's the plan." He led me back to the car.

"*Kahanu*, I want you again."

"What, right here?"

I shrugged. "Why not?"

And he pushed me to the ground, until I got what I wanted and he got what he wanted, right where we both needed it.

Chapter Eight

He led the way back to *Mo'ili'ili* saying he knew all the short cuts and he parked in front of me at my usual spot. I had him where I wanted him now. He couldn't drive anywhere without me letting him out. Aware that I was naked under my little dress, I felt a little exposed when Germany came over to greet us.

She was perfectly friendly when I introduced them. I felt certain *Kahanu* was about to mention the lack of lighting, when *Kaiona* appeared.

"*Kahanu!*" She looked shocked to see him and he sure seemed surprised to see her. Especially since she was naked, in nothing but red high heels. The conversation was a little awkward, but it was clear they wanted their privacy and we wanted ours.

"Are they getting it on?" he asked me.

"Yes."

Afraid he was going to ask me more questions, I took off my dress and started kissing him.

We fell on the bed and made love again. His

knees were red from kneeling on that ledge, but he didn't care. We made love until the early morning, when he wrapped himself around me, holding me so tight I didn't think I could breathe. Still, I had the best night's sleep I'd had in ages until he was waking me with kisses.

Light was starting to poke through the early morning mist.

There was a knock on the door and, without waiting, Germany was in my room.

Kahanu was so jolted out of sleep, he threw his body right over mine.

"You two want breakfast?"

"No thanks." He waited until she'd gone. "Does she always barge in like that? Come on. I know we have to get to work so, we gotta hurry."

"What are we doing?"

"I'm taking you somewhere special to fuck you like you've never been fucked before."

"I think you already did that last night."

"No, baby, that was me staking my claim. I'm just getting started on complete domination and control."

I laughed and he leaned over and kissed me. "Did I snore last night?" I asked him.

"No, angel, you didn't." he smiled. "That's what happens when your man fucks the hell out of you. Come on, let's go. Put on shorts, a top and your tennis shoes."

He was back in his shorts and tank top from

last night. I bit my lip. I didn't need to go anywhere. I would have been happy to go another round right where we were.

Outside, Germany and *Kaiona* sat at the table, their chatter stopping the second they saw us. We exchanged greetings.

"Oooh, it *does* smell good." *Kahanu* pulled out the only remaining chair, settling me on his lap.

Germany grinned. "Everybody likes my coffee and sausages." She poured us both coffee and *Kahanu* tore a piece of her freshly baked bread, putting a piece of sausage and a slice of papaya on it and holding it up to my mouth.

"God, you are so *Hawaiian*," *Kaiona* chuckled.

"Try this baby." *Kahanu* fed me and the combination turned out to be so good, we wrestled over whose slice of bread it was.

"What's your rush?" Germany asked when we got up from the table.

"We're going for a walk," *Kahanu* grinned.

"Very athletic of you. We'll come, too."

Kahanu's face fell. I caught the amused glances between the two women. They were messing with us. Just my luck. Behind their backs as the two women led the way, *Kahanu* shook his head. We got into my car, *Kahanu* at the wheel and he pulled out onto the road.

"*Maunawili* Falls is which way?" he asked Germany.

"I'm not going there." She got out of the car.

"Don't be ridiculous," *Kaiona* snapped. "Nothing's going to happen to you." She grabbed at Germany's shirt, pulling her into the back seat.

"Turn that way." Germany, pointed to the left as *Kaiona* nuzzled her.

There was a lot of laughter coming from that back seat and I saw *Kahanu's* pained expression. Pretty soon, he'd turned into another road, then another.

"It's a long way." Germany sounded anxious. A quick glance told me the women were half naked back there.

"This is as far as we can drive," *Kahanu* announced. "You want to stay here or come with us?"

The women were out of the car before his question was even complete.

"I'm sorry," he whispered to me.

"It's okay." I stroked his face. I loved feeling the stubble on his chin and when I thought about how that would feel when his face was between my legs, I got instantly wet.

"Here we are." He held my hand as we approached a black gate, the only sign indicating we were about to embark on an unmarked trail.

"Is this the trail that was closed for a couple of years?" I asked, excited now.

Kahanu turned and looked at me. "Yes. There was a bad storm and the trail eroded from flooding. It gave the state park administration a lot

of time to rehabilitate the trail, time for plenty of plants and insects we thought had vanished to come back and thrive. It's only recently been re-opened."

"I've read all about the waterfall." I was excited now.

Kahanu squeezed my fingers in a reassuring way. We started walking uphill right from the car. Despite my pleasure in discovering a new trail, I found myself feeling quite depressed. We both had busy days ahead of us and I had no idea when I would get a chance to be with him alone again.

"There are a lot of trails, twenty two miles of them actually, but today we're taking a two-mile loop upcountry." He sounded like a tour guide.

Kaiona gave a mock gasp, making everybody laugh. Walking and climbing are easy for me, but not so easy with *Kahanu's* hand constantly moving between my legs. For about a mile, we walked through a forest of pungent coffee and mountain apple trees. I glimpsed the *Ko'olau* Mountains through the bright, shiny leaves of *Kukui* nut trees.

We waded through a stream that held thickets of lush and heady yellow and white ginger, crossing into the thickening forest. I could smell my favorite flower, the *pikake* all around me and I tried hard to listen to everything *Kahanu* was saying when he pointed out things to us, but then when the others weren't looking, his hand kept sneaking out to touch my butt or grab my hand to

his lips.

We came to a fork in the trail and he pulled me with him, a finger to his lips. Silently, we ran though a dense stand of *Hau* trees that thinned out as we moved. He darted down another turn and I saw enormous brackets of bamboo. Everything was still and quiet except for our breathing and our quickening pace.

"This is it." He dropped down to his stomach, dragging me along the ground and through a small opening.

"What is this place?" I asked as we got to our feet again.

"A bamboo forest, baby. You'll see. When the wind blows, you feel like you're standing in the middle of a woodwind instrument. Hurry, baby, take everything off. We don't have much time." He started unbuttoning my shirt. "I dreamed of these nipples all night long." He flicked his tongue over one as he struggled to release them from their captivity.

I almost screamed.

Kahanu was having a lot of trouble removing his own clothes. He had a huge erection, which made me happy. He still wanted me, despite our hours of lovemaking.

I got his shorts down and I took the head of his cock into my mouth.

"Oh, God, baby. Don't do that. I want to be in you."

"You wouldn't let me suck you all night. Katie wants to suck her cock."

He laughed. "Well, my job is to make you happy. Come here for a second though." He took me in his arms and oh, how good it felt to touch his naked body again. His juicy cock, his muscular, rock-hard body. He lowered me to the ground and I wrapped my legs around him as he lay on top of me. I loved the feel of his weight on me. The soft fullness of his lips was such a contrast to the rest of him.

Then his hand went to the wet patch between my legs.

"I love knowing I did this to you." My wild *Hawaiian* man was kissing my throat.

His fingers were in me and although I longed to suck his cock, I wanted whatever would make him happy. "I feel so safe," I moaned. "Oh, *Kahanu*, you feel so good."

He fed me his whole tongue, which I sucked on feverishly. He kissed me in a way Jeff never had...like no man ever had. I reached up and took his hands in my face.

"I want to lick you. Please, please let me lick your cock."

"You think you can push me around? I have the blood of ancient *Hawaiian* kings in my veins."

"That's why I want you," I whispered into his mouth. I could hear the voices of the others calling us, but he let me push him back against the carpet

of old and dead bamboo, disintegrating into a fine, white powder. I ran my hands over his legs and arms and his magnificent, rigid cock and his balls, which reacted with instant recognition and urgent need to my touch.

He moaned as my nipples grazed his thigh. He watched as I leaned over him, licking, licking my way down his warm, hard body.

Kahanu took my legs and moved me over his body. For one, gorgeous moment I lay on his and felt the rush of heat, the quicksilver as he opened my legs and put me over his face, sipped frantically at me.

"Mmm, nectar." I rode his face in fury, working on his cock, which was pushing its way down my throat. I knew I was making him feel as good as I felt.

His outstretched arms clutched at dried bamboo stems on the forest floor as he kept up a litany of, "Oh baby, Oh Katie," right into my pussy.

Then he took his mouth off me. "Don't stop, baby it's coming. Katie, the wind is coming, you'll hear it, and you'll feel it..."

And then he was back on me again.

I didn't stop. I couldn't stop. A breeze kicked up as I took my pleasure and *Kahanu* screamed his, to the windy chorus of a thousand joyful flutes.

Chapter Nine

We didn't want to leave and we didn't want to let go of each other.

"Katie, I'm gonna bring you back here and fuck you, I promise." He threw on his clothes, kissing me and we smiled at each other. The bamboo forest still chimed within us. We were white from the bamboo powder. I felt changed...cleansed, yet whole.

"We just bonded." He looked into my eyes. "When I am with you, I feel my *uhane nui*, Katie. You bring me closer to Spirit. You bring me to the light."

I didn't know how to respond to that except to shower him with kisses. I guess he liked my reaction because he carried me out of that place, in his arms and as we wriggled on our bellies back to the girls, we encountered their feet and their *unamused* expressions.

"Where the hell were you?" Germany asked. "We were afraid you got eaten by bears."

"There aren't any bears in *Hawaii*." I resisted

the urge to laugh.

"What were you doing on the ground?" *Kaiona* asked.

"We went to the bamboo forest." *Kahanu* dusted himself off and starting on me, lingering in private areas that made me giggle.

"And you have to go down like that to get to it?" *Kaiona* asked.

"Yes. We have to get to work. You want us to leave you so you can hang out here for a while?"

The women declined and we headed home. Back in my guesthouse, he hung up his clothes that had been hanging up in the back seat of his car and we showered together.

"How am I supposed to get dressed with this?" He pointed to his rigid cock.

"I can take care of that."

"Nuh-uh. I'm already late. I'm thinking of going with those bears as my excuse."

I laughed. I loved seeing him in his *Aloha* Patrol uniform. I'd never had a thing for men in uniform. Until now. I touched his crisp, starched shirt and my hand traveled down his pants. He caught my longing look.

"Oh, Katie. " He pulled me to him. "It's yours, baby, come on, take it out."

"I can wait."

"Yeah, but I can't."

He was on top of me and my hand was guiding him into me, the way he liked, and we both let out

long breaths.

"How..." he didn't finish his sentence. He just gave me something to think about for the rest of the day.

"Is that afterglow I detect before me?" Lydia asked when I sailed into work only five minutes late.

"Afterglow, afterglow, afterglow." I giggled like a fool.

She spent the rest of the day telling me I was as useful as a wet noodle but I was too happy to let her disapproval at my lack of proper rest bother me. I made a few tiny mistakes, but fueled by passion, I was in a happy haze that lasted until lunchtime, when I checked my messages. It was ridiculous to feel disappointed that he hadn't called, but I was. He said he would call me during the day.

Oh no, it was starting already. The will he, won't he, the agony of insecurity. I had to stop the mental express train to Hell Town. Fixing a smile on my face, I promised myself to do a better job in the afternoon and I even swept the floor. Twice.

"Your boyfriend hasn't called, has he?" Lydia asked me.

"How'd you guess?"

"I'm a girl, darlin'."

"Yeah, it sucks, doesn't it?"

She shrugged. "The phone works two ways, you know. You could leave him a message."

"No. I don't want to seem desperate."

"But you are, aren't you?"

"Oh, thanks a lot!"

She blew me a kiss and suddenly her whole expression changed. "Now *that* is a hot number."

I followed her gaze. Yikes. He was standing beside an SUV with a flat tire out front. He was at least six four, maybe taller. Huge. Absolutely massive, but muscular and very lean. He had long back hair caught back in a ponytail. He wore a long pair of shorts but was bare-chested and had jet-black tattoos down his entire right side of his face, neck, arm, torso, and I could see as he turned, his leg.

He opened the passenger door and another equally hot guy stepped out. Not as tall or as fearsome looking, he was still a compelling presence with long hair and a wonderful laugh. The two men kissed and opened the back door. Out tumbled three little boys who squealed with laughter. Oh, how cute.

"Don't look now, here comes Bachelor Number Two," Lydia hissed.

Kai kane was standing in front of me, looking quite...stunning in a black shirt I'd seen in Tommy Bahamas upstairs in the mall. I knew from touching it in the store that it was silk and retailed at three hundred bucks. He was one sexy chunk of beefcake.

"*Aloha.*"

"Aloha." I pressed something wrong on the register, making it snarl and spit at me. "What can I get for you?" Manic fingers pressed and tested and finally, Lydia's fingers reached over.

"Excuse me." She pressed one button, making the madness go away.

"What time do you finish work?"

I stared at the *kai kane*. "I...er..."

"Four thirty," Lydia responded.

"Lydia!"

"Would you...meet me for a coffee then?" he asked me.

"No, sorry."

"Yes, she can and she will. Where?"

"Lydia!"

"Is that a yes or a no?" He sounded amused now.

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket. Besides, he hasn't called. Right?"

"Lydia!"

Kai kane laughed. "Well, I know her name, what's yours?"

"You may call me *Mahi Mahi*." I sounded like a total bitch.

"So should I meet you here after work?"

"No, you should not."

"You should, too. Probably you got dumped," Lydia said.

"That's not very nice." I was stung now. "Why would you say that?"

Kai kane watched our exchange. I guess it was better than watching Wimbledon because he said, "Your serve," to Lydia, who laughed.

"Well, I'm just saying. She don't owe nobody nothing. If he can't call, he has his own sorry ass to blame."

"He's working," I bleated. "He's busy."

"Not too busy to be in here all day long before he got you to—"

"Enough. I'm sorry, but my friend has allowed her miniscule amount of power to go to her tiny brain."

"Tiny brain? Girlfriend, do you *want* me to fire you?"

"Would you, please?"

Mr. *Aloha* was laughing now.

"Not until the night crew gets here," Lydia cackled.

"You see what I have to put up with?" I stalked off to the kitchen, hiding until I knew he'd gone.

"What's wrong with you?" Lydia asked me once she'd told me the coast was clear. "He's hot. He's almost sexier than your other guy. Oh geez...you're not in love, are you?"

"No..." I returned to my register.

"You said you were falling for him. You didn't mention you had your head in a bucket and you'd already gone down the waterfall. Don't fall in love. I did and I spend all day worrying some hot chick's gonna come and buy those spinning wheel

tire thingies. He gets a huge commission on those."

"Are you kidding? Ramon is crazy about you."

"Really?"

What was it with us women that we doubted ourselves so badly? "And besides, I get a very clear view of anybody rolling in. Any chicks under seventy, I'll run out and hit them with a meat cleaver."

She gave me the *shaka*, we're cool sign. "I got your back, too, sister."

One hour later, in the middle of an unexpected late afternoon crush, I heard the word I'd come to worship, *Baby*.

I looked up and *Kahanu* was there, all smiles, very eager to kiss me. He leaned in for a quick one.

Lydia was bossing the night crew around in the kitchen. She saw *Kahanu* and hustled out, ready for battle. "About time you showed up. She's been a miserable bitch all day."

"Lydia!"

Kahanu grinned. "You have?"

"I haven't. She's making up stories. It's...defamation of character."

"You didn't call her all day," Lydia huffed.

"You missed me, huh?" His smile was positively goofy now.

"Yep. She swept the floor twice."

"Lydia!"

"Honey, I will always call you...or stop by. I'm too afraid of Lydia and that eye thing. She put the curse on me, baby."

"Yeah, I did, do that, didn't I?" She rocked on her heels. "So watch yourself, bub."

"I intend to."

"If you two wanna drool over each other, please do it someplace else." Lydia pushed us toward the door. "I just cleaned the counters."

"Actually, I can't stay. I'm working. I just wanted to say hi." *Kahanu* leaned over, gave me a kiss and ran...

"What the..." I ran after him, colliding with somebody right outside the restaurant.

We banged into each other with such impact that I fell down. I must have hit my head or something, because next thing I knew I was lying on the ground and the man standing over me was the *kai kane*.

Chapter Ten

“Oh, *Mahi Mahi*, are you okay? I’m so sorry. I didn’t see you. Can you wiggle your fingers?”

“Of course I can. I just lost my balance. Can you help me up, please?”

“Stand back.” A deep voice parted the circle of faces above me. It was the man with tattoos all down the right side of his body.

“She’s with me, I can handle this.” *Kai kane* looked pissed.

“*Nohea*, you just knocked her into a cement wall. I can tell by her eyes she has a bad concussion. Now stand back.”

The tattooed man turned a benevolent smile on me. His eyes held mine and I felt myself let go when his hand moved to my head. It really hurt. Now I felt a warmth and the man I’d seen him kissing looked down at me. He knelt beside me, holding my hand.

“It’s okay, this is my husband. His name is Kimo Wilder and he is a *kahuna*. He is a great

healer and we're going to help you. Can you tell me your name?"

"Katie." For some reason, I teared up.

"Very good. Now, Katie, you just relax. Kimo's going to put his hands on your head."

I felt a burst of white fire and it was the last thing I remembered for a long time.

When I opened my eyes again, I was in a strange room, lying on the floor, but I felt very snug and warm. The man who had been holding my hand, was standing over me again.

"How are you feeling?"

"Very strange."

He sat beside me. "My name is *Lopaka* Wilder. My husband Kimo —"

"The *kahuna*?"

He smiled. "Right...well we brought you here because the hospital was being difficult about medical insurance. Nobody knew if you had any and...well, my husband is the greatest healer in the islands. You could not be in better hands."

"I like you. You're pretty."

I looked to my side. Two little boys were kneeling beside me.

"Am I having double vision?"

Lopaka and the boys laughed.

"No...these are our nephews. Our darling boys, *Keli'i* and *Kamaha*."

"Wow."

"And this is our other darling boy, our son

Baby Kimo."

He was a giggling, blond replica of his massive father, but my head throbbed and I couldn't say much. The baby reached over and shocked me by putting his hand over my right eye and the pain stopped.

"Kimo, you are such a good little boy." *Lopaka* pulled the baby onto his lap.

"Is he a *kahuna*, too?"

Lopaka nodded. "He will be."

"How is our patient?" Kimo was standing beside *Lopaka* and I watched the loving way *Lopaka's* hand wound through his husband's feet.

"She's doing great. Still in pain on and off, but her pupils are normal now."

"Isn't she pretty?" one of the twins asked and he kissed my cheek.

"Very." Kimo grinned. "I think she needs a little more sleep though." His hand came down over my eyes and I flew off into a thick white cloud.

* * * *

When I woke up again, I was convinced I was seeing double once more. A woman was walking toward me. She was the spitting image of *Lopaka* who was kneeling beside me.

She was pregnant.

"This is *Maluhia* and our babies are in here."

Kimo who was kneeling on my other side, put his hand on her belly.

"Oh...congratulations. Boy and a girl?"

Kimo looked at me. "How did you know that?"

"I don't know...I guess because..." I looked from *Lopaka* to *Maluhia*.

"We're so excited," *Lopaka* grinned. "In two months we're going to have more babies!"

I wondered how it all worked, Kimo, *Lopaka* and *Lopaka's* sister, but of course, I didn't ask.

"Are you hungry?" *Lopaka* asked.

"Yes, but I should be getting back to work."

"Not today you won't be. Your boss, Lydia, she knows you're here. She's coming by later with your purse. Is there anybody we should call to let them know you're okay?"

I thought about *Kahanu* and the strange way he ran off. "No, not really."

"You sure?" *Lopaka* gave me a wonderful smile. "Well, perhaps you'll feel like calling whoever he is after a little food."

My hand went to my head. "Is that a dinosaur egg?"

"Not quite. Kimo's done wonders with you. In a few hours, you'll be perfect."

A wonderful, feisty little old lady came into the room, peering into my face. "How you fillin'?"

I realized she was saying *feeling*. "Hungry."

Lopaka hugged her. "This is my *tutu*, my grandma, but everybody calls her *Tutu*."

The sweet little old lady nodded. "You want to have lunch with the family outside or you wanna stay here?"

"No, I'll come outside."

"Boys!"

Her voice was like being hit with an axe. The three boys came running in and gently led me outside where a pretty table had been set overlooking what appeared to be the entire island of *Oahu*.

"Are we on a mountain?" I asked.

"Our mountain," one of the twins responded. *Tutu* came out with a platter of food, Kimo and *Lopaka* right behind her.

"I can't believe how nice you all are. Thank you so much." I sipped the drink *Tutu* put in front of me. It tasted bitter.

"It's '*awa*, it's to help you realign your body," *Lopaka* told me.

Tutu put a plate with some fish and an enormous amount of greens in front of me. "You eat now."

And I did. I was fascinated by the lunch chatter about a school the two men apparently ran right here on the property.

When the boys ran off to play, Kimo put his arms around *Lopaka*.

"Sweetheart, we are doing everything we can to help Nicky. The baby is in good hands. We knew this day would come..."

"Yes, but I had no idea things would be so bad for her...I can't bear to hear her crying, Kimo..."

"I know, darling. Please don't stress. She's going to be okay."

"Who's Nicky?"

"My best friend. She's in a very bad marriage and it's just awful. She keeps finding out they owe money everywhere and I am pretty sure another woman's involved..."

I tried hard to follow all the threads of conversation, but I was still not feeling good and *Tutu* put another glass of the 'awa into my hand.

"You come with me now."

She led me to a chaise on the *lanai* and Baby Kimo came running over to me. He put himself into my lap. A few sips of that bitter brew and I felt a strange sensation like my entire skeleton was being rearranged.

Tutu patted my hand as Baby Kimo curled up on my lap like a cat and the two of us went to sleep. I woke up some time later to find *Tutu* sitting beside us, shelling peas. I felt fantastic. Sort of tall and strong. I felt my head. No more egg. She took the little boy off my lap and he turned into an instant hooligan, running around after his cousins.

"He knows you're better now." *Tutu* split another husk. "He's going to be a great healer, just like his father, mebbe even better."

I shifted on the chaise. "I can't believe how

good I feel."

Tutu smiled and then *Lopaka* was beside us now.

"You look so much better, Katie."

"I feel better."

A squawking sound interrupted us.

"They're chasing the hens again." *Tutu* thrust her bowl in *Lopaka's* hands and sprinted off in direction of all the noise.

"Baby Kimo is gorgeous. All the boys are gorgeous. May I ask did your sister give birth to Baby Kimo?"

"Oh no, Kimo fathered him, but he's our friends Nicky and *Kaiona's* little boy."

"*Kaiona*?"

"Yes, Nicky's wife."

Nicky was gay and married to a woman and having marital problems. It had to be a coincidence. It couldn't be the same *Kaiona*.

"What is it?" *Lopaka* was instantly concerned. "Kimo!"

"No, no. I'm fine."

"You don't look fine."

Kimo was coming toward us now, one of the twins in his arms.

"No, you're not fine. You look sick." *Lopaka* put his hand on my forehead.

"Here, have some water." *Tutu* was back, looking anxiously at me. "She got upset when you mentioned *Kaiona*."

"Boy, you're all sharp as tacks around here." I gulped at the water.

"You know *Kaiona*?" Kimo asked.

I looked at them all. "Well...maybe it's not the same *Kaiona*."

"Are you involved with her?" *Lopaka* asked.

"Not me! Is your *Kaiona* by any chance a hula dancer?"

They all nodded.

"Beautiful, *Hawaiian*...sort of a bitch?"

Kimo started to laugh, but *Lopaka* gave him a look of reproach. "Well darling, she is, you have to admit she is."

Lopaka handed me a photograph of a cute little blonde, Baby Kimo and yep, it was definitely *Kaiona*.

There was silence for a moment. I hated to gossip, but I also hated thinking of what *Kaiona* was doing to this poor girl Nicky, too.

"Don't feel like you're gossiping." Kimo read my thoughts. "Our friend is really grieving. Anything you can tell us will remain...confidential, but we want to help."

"She's sleeping with Germany," I blurted.

"Who's Germany?" *Tutu* asked.

"She's my landlady and *Kaiona* is there all the time. In fact, it's become quite...unpleasant to be around them. They argue a lot. I stay away from them. I don't think *Kaiona* likes me being around much. I think she's very demanding and difficult.

Germany said she was married, but I assumed it was to a man because Germany said *Kaiona's* in training for a contest and can't have sex, but they are at it all day long."

"Was she there last weekend?" Kimo asked.

"Yes." I was thinking back. "I caught them...it's not difficult. They're not discreet. And I heard her say she didn't want to go home and as far as I know, she didn't. You know, she's not very nice about Nicky. Germany made a comment to her over breakfast...she said, *have dinner with her. It's just dinner. Remember who's paying the bills.*"

"Man, she just disappeared on Nicky, but Kimo told her she was okay." *Lopaka* looked devastated.

"Who's Germany?" *Tutu* asked again.

"She's the woman *Kaiona* claims is her conditioning coach." Kimo glanced at me. "Do they work out together much?"

I hesitated.

"You're not doing anything wrong. Our friend is in trouble. We need to know how badly. Nicky's been convinced they're having an affair."

"To be honest, I'm at work all day, but the times I am home I hear them having sex. Nothing more. Germany cooks for her, she kind of dotes on her, but I can't say that I see a lot of conditioning work going on."

Kimo looked at me. "Where does she live?"

"*Maunawili.*"

He asked me to explain the setup and I

described the property and how I rented the guesthouse.

"How much are you paying?"

When I told him, they were all appalled.

"Tell me, do you think Germany is...in love with *Kaiona*?" Kimo asked.

"To be honest, no. I think she was infatuated at first. But she seems drained all the time. I think she's starting to feel...trapped."

"Just like Nicky," *Lopaka* whispered.

"You're going to have to tell her," Kimo told *Lopaka*. "You're her best friend and the only one she can take it from."

Lopaka shook his head. "I don't want to be the one to tell her. Kimo, that woman pulled out of our show to train for the contest. A show we put all our money in. She put extra strain on Nicky's business blowing through all their cash and now this...I think she's gone loopy."

"I have to think about this." Kimo looked troubled. "We're going to have to move quickly, but this was definitely an act of God that you came to us today, Katie. Let me ask you something, how attached are you to staying in your guesthouse?"

"Not attached at all. My boyfriend...well, he worries about me there. It's remote and very dark at night and to be...plain about it, I think he finds the Germany and *Kaiona* thing a bit...weird. They insisted on going on a hike with us, then they didn't want to walk. It was weird."

"When is your rent due next?" Kimo asked me.

"Not for another three weeks."

"You need to get out of there once this whole thing blows wide open. You are most welcome to stay here. We have quite a few bungalows and we can assure you *Kaiona* won't be seeking revenge, but we need to do something because she has just about emptied their mutual bank account. The bank foreclosed on their house. Nicky has been putting out one fire after another."

Lopaka nodded. "Nicky works like a Trojan in her bookstore. She's very worried and *Kaiona* just lies and yells at her and still their money's vanishing."

"I...I had no idea."

Kimo held up his hand. "Here's what we do. Give notice. Tell Germany you can't afford the rent. Start packing this weekend. When is your day off?"

"Sunday."

"Then we'll get you out Sunday. Obviously, you can't say anything to *Kaiona* about knowing us."

"What are you going to do?"

"*Lopaka* and I are going to come and help our new friend Katie move out and, to our shock, there's *Kaiona* with the landlady. You won't be involved, it will all be innocent and yet truth, revealed."

"God, I love you." *Lopaka* and Kimo exchanged

a look that felt like an instant heat wave.

"Katie, can you pull it off?"

"Yes." I wondered how Germany was going to take my defection. Probably, I'd never see my last month's rent again.

Kimo looked at me. "You can stay in touch with *Lopaka* and, if there are any problems, call us immediately. I rarely touch a phone now. It interferes with my..." His hand made a sweeping gesture across his head. "You let us know how she takes your news. We'll come sooner than Sunday if things become difficult. But for now, you just stay there and relax."

"You know there is someone I should call...let him know I'm all right. Only thing is though, I don't know *Kahanu's* number by heart. It's in my cell phone back at Nippy's."

Lopaka grinned. "*Kahanu*? I think we have their number in my cell phone. Let me check."

"*Their* number?"

"Yes. You do mean *Nohea's* lover, right?"

"*Nohea*?" Now I was going to be sick.

"Yes, *Nohea*. You know, big tall guy you were with this morning—the guy who crashed into you?"

"They're...lovers?"

Lopaka's face clouded. "For about ten years now...you didn't know?"

Chapter Eleven

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Between reckless sobs, I told Kimo, *Lopaka* and *Tutu* everything that had happened to me...since the moment Jeff called off our wedding.

"If you ever pull a stunt like that..." *Lopaka* shook a warning finger at Kimo.

"If I ever do, then the world will have gone mad." Kimo gave him a reassuring kiss.

"This is better than a romance novel," *Tutu* insisted.

"Katie...I don't know what to tell you. I heard..." *Lopaka* hesitated. "I heard that *Kahanu* and *Nohea* were maybe having some problems, but this is weird. What on earth are they up to?"

"That's easy." *Tutu* flapped her hand. "They want a baby mama. Like you two."

"A baby mama?" My spirits plummeted.

"I don't think so, *Tutu*." Kimo shook his head. "I didn't sleep with *Maluhia*. That was artificial insemination. Both of these men are courting her like single, straight guys."

"Katie already has her answer. *Kahanu* told her over dinner." *Lopaka* looked at our enquiring faces. "He told her something is missing in his life. He wants a woman. He wants babies. He wants our hot little blonde here."

"They both do." Kimo clicked his fingers. "That's why they tag team her. They want her to fall for *both* of them."

"You really think so?" Why did the idea thrill me as well as infuriate me? "Why didn't they just tell me the truth?"

Tutu cackled. It sounded like she was getting ready to lay an egg. "You would have taken the next flight back to the mainland, *foa' sho*."

There might have been a lot of truth in that, but still, Kimo said it all.

"They should have told her the truth from the start."

"Can't you turn them into toads?" *Lopaka* asked his husband who laughed.

"I think Katie likes 'em the way they are."

"No, I don't. I hate them both." I was a little incensed when they all roared with laughter.

Lopaka's cell phone rang. He checked the readout. "It's your boss, Lydia."

My mood darkened a shade or two more. Wait until she hears my news. I could just hear her now, *I told you so*.

I made arrangements for Lydia to pick me up in the morning. There was nothing I needed that

night except more sleep. The three little boys played with me all afternoon and showed me their favorite trees, pigs, horses, goats, birds, cats and their two dogs, a pair of labs named *Maui* and *Molokai*. The dogs seemed very skittish and one of them bore a mark around his muzzle that showed me he'd had his jaw taped or wired shut at some point, but they were the sweetest most docile animals and they stuck close to the children.

Dinner that night was fun. I was a little more coherent and the boys entertained us with wild, made up tales Kimo would start and they would finish.

"You know any good riddles?" *Kamaha* asked me as he tried to hide a piece of broccoli in his milk without success.

"Here's how you hide it," Kimo whispered conspiratorially. He picked it up and threw it over his shoulder, making everyone at the table laugh.

I didn't know any clean riddles, but tried out a couple of *knock, knock* jokes on the kids. "Knock, knock."

"Who's there?" the kids asked.

"Aardvark."

"Aardvark who?"

"Aardvark a hundred miles for one of your smiles."

The kids thought I was the funniest person alive, until I ran out of jokes.

After dinner, *Maluhia*, *Lopaka's* pregnant twin

sister, sat on the back *lanai*, sharing a blanket with me while Kimo and *Lopaka* tucked the children into bed.

"They love my boys," she smiled, rubbing her belly. She had wolfed down a huge piece of meat at dinner.

"How are you feeling?"

"Very happy. The babies kick me constantly. I went from craving chocolate to craving meat and now even the horses are looking good to me."

I laughed. We talked until the moon deepened in the sky and the stars shone over us. It was a sweet moment when we both fell asleep. She woke up first and shook me gently awake.

"We should both get inside." She led me to the room Kimo and *Lopaka* had designated for me and she went toward another. She turned around again. "They say it's a sign of real friendship when you can fall asleep in front of each other."

She kissed my cheek and went to her room. What a lovely, warm woman she was.

It was *Tutu* who woke me with a glass of something green. She gave me food to take to work and told me I was to eat it and nothing else. "We fix something very tasty for you tonight."

I hugged her, I couldn't help it. "You're all so good to me."

"Eh," she beamed. "We already love you, too."

I didn't tell Lydia my news. She came and picked me up and *Tutu* watched us leave. Then a

wonderful thing happened. As we pulled out of the Wilder's property, a road seemed to open up and allow us access, dumping us onto the highway. When we turned and looked, the road was no longer there.

"Is that the coolest thing or what?" Lydia asked. "The same thing happened when I drove up. I had to call their number, the old lady answered and boom, open sesame. That Kimo guy, I hear he's like the biggest, baddest *kahuna* around!"

"He's a nice man. That whole family...they were wonderful to me." I leaned against the car window. Kimo and *Lopaka* had tried to talk me out of going to work, but let me go with strict instructions for Lydia to drop me back at the mountain top residence that evening. The children were still sleeping when I left and I was sorry not to get some big hugs from those little guys. They were just adorable.

Lydia waited for me outside Germany's while I showered, threw some clean clothes on, tossed my work papers into a book bag and grabbed a few clean clothes for the next day. I was startled to find Germany waiting outside for me.

"Is everything okay?"

"Well, actually, the thing is..." she glanced toward her house.

I got the feeling *Kaiona* was listening to us. "*Kaiona's* very uncomfortable with...you being around here. Your boyfriend came over late last

night looking for you and she felt he was spying on us. I told her she's being ridiculous." Her voice dropped. "The thing is, I need to keep her happy, Katie. She's my top client. She pays me a lot of money."

Yeah, Nicky's money. "I see. Well, I'm disappointed, you know I love it here."

She shrugged. "How soon can you move out?"

Boy, she was in a hurry. "I'm paid up for a few weeks, right?"

"Can you move out tomorrow?" She edged closer. "I can't stand the arguments anymore, Katie."

"What about the money I gave you for the last month's rent?"

"I can give that back to you. Plus half of what you paid for this month. "

"When?"

"Tomorrow."

"Give the money and I'm gone."

"We have a...workout in the morning and we'll be back here by ten. You be packed and ready to leave and I'll give you the cash. I don't have money, but she'll give it to me."

Yeah, straight out of Nicky's pocket.

"I'm sorry. I feel bad about this..." her voice cracked. "I love her, Katie. And she wants you out of here."

You love her? "I understand." I got into Lydia's car, my hands trembling as I called *Lopaka*.

"Katie, are you okay?"

I quickly told him everything. I could hear him repeating things to Kimo.

"Katie, we'll take you there first thing in the morning. This is perfect. We'll get you packed and by the time you're ready to leave, they'll be back. Are you okay with this?"

Deep breath. "Yes."

"There's something we want to talk to you about. Kimo talked to *Kahanu*...no, don't start. He has no idea we blew them out of the water. It's just that he mentioned to Kimo you're doing your Master's and...well, since you're going to be staying with us for a while, we think we might have an interesting job for you. We'll talk about it tonight."

A job? For me? Maybe things weren't so bad after all. I finished the call, feeling Lydia's weighted stare.

"You gonna tell me what's going on?"

I told her everything, leaving the news about my men until last. "And guess what I found out? Bachelor Number One and Bachelor Number Two? They're lovers."

She almost drove into a tree. "I knew there was something up with that guy."

I was not in the mood for work that morning and almost ran out of the kitchen door when I heard the immortal word.

"*Aloha*."

"What can I get for you?"

He looked taken aback. "I came to see if you're okay. I'm so sorry I smashed into you yesterday."

"No problem. As you can see, I'm fine." I was seething...I wanted to scream and shout and punch him.

"You like *Hapa*?" he asked me.

Boy, talk about manipulating me. "I've had a head injury. I can't remember. Lydia, do I like *Hapa*?"

"No," she grinned. "They give you hives."

Nohea was undeterred. "They're playing at the Blaisdell tomorrow night. I have two front row tickets."

"You're...making that up."

"I promise you I'm not." He extracted an expensive looking wallet from his pants pocket and withdrew two tickets. "Can I trust you with these?"

He handed them to me and, sure enough, it was exactly like the man said. Front row seats for *Hapa*.

"Enjoy the show." I passed them back to him.

"You're afraid of hives?"

"I'm not going out with you."

"You wouldn't be going out with me. We'd be two people meeting at a show. Here, I'll even give you a ticket. You decide if you come or not."

I looked at it. *Hapa*. "I play the *Maui* album religiously." *Damn. Why did I say that?*

He smiled. "Is that your favorite album? Mine,

too. Do you like them better since they reformed or are you a purist?"

The line behind him was filling up. Oh God, *Kahanu* was standing there, staring at us. "I can't talk anymore, sorry. I have people waiting." *Nohea* turned, saw the long line, caught *Kahanu's* gaze and I tapped his hand. "Why don't you ask your boyfriend to go with you? I am sure he would enjoy it. Oh, wait. That's right, he says he doesn't like *Hapa*, but considering he lied to me about everything else, maybe that wasn't true either."

Nohea looked stunned.

"Yeah, I know everything. Now please leave. I have work to do."

"We can explain."

"Oh, I'm sure you can't."

He turned and left without a word. I saw him at the back of the restaurant talking to *Kahanu*, who looked agitated. I took a couple of orders. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught his glance, but refused to look at him.

Nohea took his arm. They walked out the back way.

"Aw...ain't love grand?" Lydia snorted.

The little homeless boy *Kaimuki* was standing in front of me. "*Kaimuki*, do you like *Hapa*?"

"You wouldn't," Lydia laughed.

"Why not?"

"I love *Hapa*," the little kid piped up. "I heard 'em play in the park once."

"Here's a ticket to their show tomorrow night. You want some *Mahi mahi*?"

He stared at the ticket. "Is this for real?"

"As real as it gets."

"Thank you, Katie."

"Here's a bottle of water. You drink too much soda," I told him, making him laugh.

* * * *

Kahanu did not return that day and my anger just mounted. It felt good to be busy and, that afternoon, Lydia arranged for me to have the following day off so I could relocate and rest up a bit.

"Keep your cell phone on."

She hugged me and she and Ramon walked me to my car where it had been sitting since the previous day. An envelope on the windshield. I opened it and found a long handwritten letter from *Kahanu*. I threw it into the backseat and drove to the Wilder's property. As soon as I arrived at their gates, the boys came running, Baby Kimo holding a piglet in his arms.

"We got a baby!"

"Oh, how cute. A piglet." I touched the soft, pink little body and the boys all kissed and hugged me.

"Hey."

I looked up to see a tall blond man watching

me.

"My name is *Aloha*, I'm one of the neighbors. I see the kids have won your heart."

"They have indeed. I'm Katie."

We shook hands.

He hoisted one of the twins in his arms and got a big hug.

"I wanna hug, too," the other twin squealed.

"Me, too," the baby shrieked and they all got hugs. Back on the ground, they ran toward the house, laughing and teasing one another.

Aloha grinned. "The thing about those boys is that they take your heart, but they don't keep it. They let you have it back again. My husband Johnny, you'll meet him in a minute, we're not interested in having our own kids, but we are just crazy about these three."

"I can understand why."

"How are you feeling? I hear you had a bad accident yesterday."

"I'm fine. Kimo's a magician."

"Aye, that he is."

I realized then that *Aloha* was English.

"My Johnny had a really bad accident. He almost died. I had a bad accident, too...well, he saved us both. We owe him everything."

"Katie!" *Lopaka* came out of the house and gave me a hug. "I see you met *Aloha*. Now come and meet Johnny and hear our big idea."

Kimo and *Lopaka* offered me a dream job that

evening, teaching their kindergarten and first graders all about the gods and goddesses of *Hawaii*. They had an amazing set up, classrooms scattered over the property where children learned about hula, drumming, chanting, *mele* songs, all the ancient arts.

Aloha was in charge of the music collection for the school, his husband Johnny was the art collector, my job would be literature. Since most of the *Hawaiian* literature was via oral tradition or written in the often symbolic and hidden messages in songs until the missionaries came to the islands, it would be my job to track down the earliest books written, everything from journals to novels to academic articles. I didn't know what to say.

"That's how I reacted when they first asked me," Johnny chuckled.

He was a cute Asian-*Hawaiian* guy and he and *Aloha* seemed to complement each other they way Kimo and *Lopaka* did. I was trying to picture either of these couples introducing a woman into the mix and found I could not.

"There's something we should tell you...this was originally Nicky's project," *Lopaka* told me as Baby Kimo crawled into his lap for attention. He became a little more guarded with the toddler in his arms, but managed to convey the message that she was unable to meet her deadlines with all her personal distractions.

Kimo nodded. "She's very happy to hand everything off to you. Whatever you need, we want to make our resources available to you."

I couldn't wait to start my new life. I wanted nothing more than to step into the future in this safe, wonderful place. That evening, *Tutu* showed me the cute little bungalow that was to be mine.

"You want to stay here tonight or you want to sleep in the house with everyone?"

"I want to sleep in the house with all of you. Tomorrow I'll be ready to sleep here."

"Naw, baby, you *teck* your time. Everybody likes our house. Even *Maluhia*...she got one nice big house over *dere* and still she like our house better. It's the love you know. It's the *mana* of my Kimo and my *Lopaka*." She patted my hand. "You don't be sad, *Kettie*. Your *mens*...*dey* be back."

"But I don't want them back."

She cackled that crazy way of hers again. "You love *dem*. I know *dat*. *Da* skies know *dat*. *Da* flowers and *da* bees know it. *Foa' sho!* But I give 'em one fine ass kickin' first."

I laughed. "You do that, *Tutu*."

We heard the sound of a car horn.

"*Dat* be my man! My Sammy!" *Tutu* sprinted off.

I saw her coming back down the hill with a wonderful old chubby guy in an *Aloha* shirt.

"I missed you, too," he was saying to her, his arms entwined with hers. "I even missed your

lousy foot rubs.”

Tutu cackled and as I watched their mutual bliss, I couldn’t help feel more than a twinge of regret. I just wanted one man...*one* man who loved me. Was that so much to ask?

Chapter Twelve

A peculiar thing was waiting for me in my room. *Kahanu's* letter was sitting on my bed, propped against the pillows. Now, until a few minutes before I walked in, I hadn't decided to sleep in this room and how could it have gotten here from the back seat of my car anyway?

I was more than a little spooked. I stuffed the letter in my backpack and got into bed. Despite total exhaustion, I was unable to sleep. It was crazy to have these feelings for *Kahanu*. I tried to rationalize things up there on that mountaintop in the quiet darkness. I had never experienced darkness like this. There were no streetlights, no distractions, no cars. Just me.

My thoughts were that *Kahanu* had awoken something long dormant in me. Something that had been missing for me, but I hadn't noticed when I'd been with Jeff. Jeff had noticed and split. I still didn't like the way he handled things, but it was better than marrying me and then dumping me. And then sleep took me over, a lovely feeling

of peace, shattered at the crack of dawn by three little hooligans jumping on me.

I can't remember the last time I woke up laughing, but the twins and Baby Kimo were so cute and so funny, they got me giggling, despite my initial shock.

"Sorry." *Maluhia* poked her head into the room. "Some people have roosters, we have the boys. Breakfast is ready. I hope you like pancakes."

"Pancakes!" The three boys shrieked, dragging my resistant body from the comfortable bed out to the *lanai*. I went with them, wondering if my T-shirt and shorts were appropriate attire and I noticed Kimo and *Lopaka* wearing nothing but *pireaus*.

They greeted me with warmth and I was aware of Kimo's full-throttle gaze. He was psychically examining me. I could feel it.

"You're doing better," he grinned, picking up his tiny son who was such an angelic replica of him. "You wanna help daddy eat some pancakes?" He kissed the little boy's head.

"I wanna help! I wanna help!" All three boys crowded his chair and, when I saw the huge stack of pancakes *Lopaka* placed in front of him, I realized this was a daily ritual.

Lopaka poured a warm jug of coconut syrup over the pancakes.

"Don't be stingy, baby," Kimo chided.

"Are you calling me stingy?" *Lopaka* frowned.

"I poured out a whole jug!"

"I meant the kisses, darling. I need a kiss before anything."

Lopaka leaned over, gave him a smooch and *Kimo* beamed.

"Now, we eat!"

Maluhia sat beside me, grinning. "That's the closest I have ever seen them coming to an argument. Oh, *Tutu*, thank you." She eyed the thick steak in front of her, attacking it with gusto.

"You like pancakes?" *Tutu* asked me, stroking my head.

I nodded eagerly and she laughed.

"You like *liliokoi*, passion fruit pancakes or coconut?"

"She's having greens," *Kimo* announced. "She can have pancakes tomorrow. Oh and *Tutu*, please give her some salmon. We're still building up her strength."

"Welcome to my world," *Lopaka* whispered, sitting on my other side.

"I'd let you have some steak," *Maluhia* announced. "But I don't share well with others."

"It's all yours," I grinned.

Tutu picked up the plate in front of me and bustled to the kitchen. I stared at the space in front of me. *How in the heck did Kahanu's letter get here?* I looked around me, but nobody seemed to notice my confusion. Something was going on here. I stared at *Kimo*. *Lydia* was right. This guy...if he

was responsible, must have had some major mojo going on. I stuffed the letter under my butt and looked up when *Lopaka's* cell phone rang.

"It's Nicky." I saw the looks traded between Kimo and *Lopaka* who dashed away and returned with a pretty blonde woman who must have been Nicky.

She, too, was wearing a turtle necklace. We might have been sisters. We exchanged warm greetings and she sat beside *Maluhia*, but apart from a loving embrace to her son Baby Kimo, she seemed distracted and upset.

Baby Kimo went from his mother straight over to *Lopaka* who took the little boy in his arms in a protective way. Baby Kimo ate the Portuguese sausage on *Lopaka's* plate and looked around for leftovers on everybody else's plate.

Kimo put a piece of sausage from his plate into the baby's mouth.

"What you want, baby boy?" *Tutu* asked him.

"*Poi*, please," he responded, making everybody laugh. He was a pistol this little guy.

Sammy came out in *Aloha* pajamas. "Good morning, good morning!"

I felt a searing heat underneath my thighs. Was I sitting on a hot insect? No, it was that damned letter. I couldn't believe it. As Sammy ran around the table hugging everyone, my ass burned like I was sitting on hot coals. I squirmed in my seat, swallowing my food and trying to ignore the

sweat pouring off my face.

"Daddy, can we go for a canoe ride?" one of the twins asked Kimo.

"Sure," he replied. "If that's okay with your mama."

"It's fine with me." *Maluhia* forked the last bite of steak. "There's still time before school starts."

"Aren't we leaving for Katie's place soon?" Nicky sure was jumpy.

"There's time, Nicky. I want you to eat something." Kimo's voice was low and calm.

"I can't eat." She pushed her chair back from the table and ran off, sobbing. Baby Kimo shrank in *Lopaka's* arms.

"Katie and I will go talk to her," *Maluhia* offered.

"Thank you." Kimo distracted the boys with plans for their canoe ride.

"Yay!" They ran off to change into their swimwear. *Maluhia* took my hand and we left the *lanai*. As we neared the coastline, I tossed *Kahanu's* letter with a violence I had never felt in me, over the edge of the cliff, into the ocean.

"Why did you do that?" *Maluhia* asked me.

"I don't want to read it."

"Well, you're going to have to."

"What do you mean? It's gone now."

"It'll come back. You don't know this place. It's magical. You're not allowed to run away from your dreams here. Just ask me. I'm living proof."

We found Nicky sitting on a rock further ahead. I was surprised how huge the property was and this seemed to be a place she cherished, because *Maluhia* seemed to know exactly where to find her.

"Eh...you shouldn't make a pregnant lady chase you." *Maluhia* sat beside her and Nicky threw her head into lap and that lovely woman who was the spitting image of *Lopaka*, stroked her head in a calming way.

I sat beside them and said nothing. We let Nicky cry until she ran out of some steam.

"*Maluhia*, I'm not strong like you. I can't live without her."

"You don't have to live without her." *Maluhia's* voice was soothing.

"I just want her to love me. I've done everything for her. I have given her what she wants and it's still not enough. *I'm* not enough."

Boy, was she speaking my language...the verbal bleeding of the hurt and wounded.

"What is she like?"

"Excuse me?" I aware of Nicky and *Maluhia* staring at me.

"This woman, Germany."

"Nicky, if I tell you something, will you believe me and not think I am trying to...placate you?"

She nodded and I took a deep breath.

"Germany is a nice woman, but she is not beautiful, she's not...you. I think your *Kaiona* is very selfish, if you want to know the truth."

"Are they happy together?"

"No, I don't think so."

Nicky nodded. "She's so strange lately, grumpy, snappy, mean..."

If I were Nicky, I'd be taking my baby and running for the hills, but I didn't say so.

It was as if *Maluhia* was reading my mind. "I left my husband. I took my twins and I left. I never looked back. You and Baby Kimo can have a life without her. You can start again."

"But I don't want a life without her. She's everything. Without her...no...I can't think of it."

Maluhia seemed surprised, but I could see she was in a tough position. *Lopaka* and Kimo clearly adored Baby Kimo who seemed very much their son. I had only known this family one day and I could see what Nicky had not. Nicky was going to have to choose between her wife and her son and it was evident she was choosing her wife.

"Baby Kimo drives *Kaiona* crazy," Nicky sighed. "He has so much energy."

"He's a baby!" *Maluhia* seemed shock by Nicky's lack of maternal concern.

"So is *Kaiona* and in my family, she has to come first."

"You already put her first and she cheated on you!" *Maluhia* seemed to be losing her patience.

Nicky took off running and *Maluhia* sighed.

"You're getting us at our worst, I'm afraid."

I shook my head. "I just don't want you to get

upset. You need to relax."

Maluhia laughed. "Believe me, I am spoiled rotten." She paused. "I feel Baby Kimo belongs here with Kimo and *Lopaka*...I just don't want Nicky to do something she will regret one day..."

Those words remained with me as I went to get ready for my big move-out from Germany's. As I walked toward the Wilder's house, I could hear Baby Kimo screaming.

"No, mama, no mama! Don't go!" I looked around the side of the house and was surprised to see it was *Lopaka* and not Nicky, who was holding the sobbing child.

"Kimo, I don't want to leave him." *Lopaka* was very upset, trying to calm the child who wept in a traumatized way in *Lopaka's* arms.

"We're not going to be long. You tell me what you need, *Lopaka*. It's my job to make it happen." Kimo reached out a long finger as he spoke and I watched him stroke the sole of the little boy's foot.

"I don't want to be selfish...I know Sammy has patients who need him...can we ask Sammy to stay with *Tutu* and *Maluhia* until we can come back?"

I watched, my heart breaking for the baby who clung to *Lopaka*.

Whatever Kimo was doing to the baby's foot seemed to work, he relaxed completely now.

Kimo took *Lopaka's* face in his free hand. "It is done, my love. He'll stay."

Kimo went into the house and I walked over to *Lopaka* and the baby whose glistening eyes lit up in a smile when he saw me. I poked my tongue out at him. He poked his out at me and giggled. Oh, he was a gorgeous child.

"Do dat again!" he implored and I did, knowing I was probably doing something his parents would end up hating me for. Ten seconds later, Sammy and *Tutu* joined us.

"You want to come and feed the turtles with your grandpa, baby? It's one big important job, you know." Sammy held his arms out to the baby who laughed.

"Turtles!"

"Go, quickly," *Tutu* whispered. "We'll keep him distracted." She kissed *Lopaka's* cheek.

He grabbed my hand and we ran to the SUV in the driveway. Inside, Nicky, looking vacant and quiet, was slumped against one of the baby seats strapped in the back.

"Do you have much back at Germany's house?" Kimo asked me. "Or can we leave these here?"

"I have very little there. Just a suitcase, really. Most of my things are still in the trunk of my car."

He nodded and we were off. I had no idea how he did it, but that man seemed to make that car fly. It was the weirdest sensation...no, we were flying. Even Nicky cheered up as we careened over treetops, startled birds darting away from us. Kimo was chatting away with *Lopaka* about hula,

of all things and I hung on fearing a crash landing, face first in the dirt.

We landed with a soft thud on Germany's street.

"How...how did you do that?" I asked.

"That was brilliant, Kimo. One of your better ones." Nicky applauded him.

At Germany's house, *Kaiona's* car was parked in front of us and Nicky started to cry again. Kimo got out and touched the hood.

"They're here already. Engine's hot." We could hear the unmistakable sound of laughter and oh no...*Kaiona* in the throes of ecstasy.

There was a stricken look on *Lopaka's* face when he turned to glance at Nicky.

Kimo beckoned us out of our seats and we left the doors open.

Lopaka took my hand. "Which way to your place?"

I pointed and we were inside the house quickly, everybody following me. We were done in one short, quiet load, all the while, *Kaiona's* animated shrieking piercing the otherwise quiet surroundings.

Kimo looked at *Lopaka*. "You know what to do. Be careful, darling."

The two men exchanged a swift, but full-bodied kiss. Wow. Kimo moved fast for such a big man, but he and Nicky made a beeline for Germany's house.

Lopaka looked at me. "Key?"

I quickly peeled it off the key ring and he put it on the table in my house and we left. I heard the yelling and screaming, then *Lopaka* called somebody from his cell phone.

"Get in the car, Katie." He slammed the trunk shut. He got behind the wheel and started backing up as Kimo and a hysterical Nicky came running toward us. They jumped into the car as *Kaiona* came after them, a sniveling, naked wreck, begging for forgiveness.

Lopaka got us out of there before *Kaiona* could react. Germany was right behind her, keys in hand. I saw *Kaiona* jump behind the wheel of her car, but as we headed down the hill, Kimo raised his hand and a huge truck rumbled from the side of the road and parked right across that narrow canyon road, blocking her path. She honked and screamed in fury.

"We did it!" Nicky was suddenly coherent. "I can't believe it." She handed me an envelope. "Here's your rent deposit. Germany gave it to me."

"No. Germany said *Kaiona* was going to give it to her. That means it's your money. I can't accept your money."

"Please. You did me a big favor. Seeing my wife with that woman...it's snapped me out of my brain fog...all the lies. All the rubbish she's been telling me."

I put my arm around her. "I'm so sorry." Nicky's resolve melted. She cried in my arms all the way to the Wilder's house.

Kimo and *Lopaka* took her inside and to give her some privacy, I took my belongings into the bungalow that was to be mine. I half expected to find *Kahanu's* letter sitting on the bed there and was relieved when I didn't.

I went back to the main house and retrieved my overnight things from there. In my bungalow, I started unpacking things and found to my absolute shock, the letter he had written me, buried underneath the clothes I had packed at Germany's house not five minutes ago.

There was no way *anybody* could have put it there.

Chapter Thirteen

I struggled with what to do with the letter, when there was a knock at the door. It was Johnny.

"Heya, I wanted to make sure you're okay."

I accepted his hug. "I'm fine, thank you. I'm worried about Nicky."

"By now she's had some *'awa* and she'll be asleep soon. She's in very good hands here."

I nodded.

"You know, we used to live in this bungalow." Johnny smiled. "We just bought a ranch down the bottom of the hill, but this is a very healing place. You'll be very happy here."

"What's going to happen with Nicky and *Kaiona*?"

He sat on the bed beside me. "I think they're going to keep *Kaiona* away from Nicky for a couple of days and, depending on her, probably they'll enter into *Ho'opono'ono*."

"Ah, the forgiveness ceremony." I recalled everything I'd read about the ancient system of an

entire family being involved in problem solving.

"That's it. So, listen, Kimo and *Lopaka* want me to show you around the school and the property. See what you're getting yourself into."

It suited me. I left *Kahanu's* letter in the bungalow and wandered around with Johnny. I was very impressed with everything I saw.

"Everybody here must stay within the property border," he told me. "It's been magically sealed, so *Kaiona* can't come in without permission. Nobody can. The cool thing is if anybody tried to walk off with one of the kids, they're bounced like a ball. I've seen it happen."

"Take one of the kids? Who would do that?"

"Well, Kimo's a very powerful *kahuna* with some dangerous enemies. The children and *Lopaka*...and *Maluhia*...oh and *Tutu*, are very protected here. They are Kimo's weapons in healing and teaching, but they are also targets." He paused. "I'm saying too much, I'm sorry."

I spent the rest of the day learning the workings of the property. I sat in on hula classes, drumming and chanting and the twins raced over and hugged me when they saw me.

Around noon, the classes broke up for lunch, prepared by *Tutu* and *Lopaka* and by two thirty, a chain of cars appeared to collect the kids from school, well supervised by Kimo and *Lopaka*.

Aloha, Johnny and I took the kids swimming in a rock pool at the base off the cliff on which the

Wilders lived. We sipped papaya juice from coconut bowls, watching dolphins playing in the surf. Little *Kamaha* was sitting on my lap, eating chunks of pineapple.

Back at the house, Kimo, came and joined us on the *lanai*, his big shoulders much in demand as a perch for the kids.

"You've never seen our hula show, have you?" he asked me.

"No. I haven't."

"You'll have to come see it. We're starting up again in a few months. *Lopaka* and I took a hiatus to be with the children. To be frank, we haven't missed it at all."

"I like you being home every night," *Kamaha* grinned, clambering over to *Aloha's* lap.

"We like it too, sweetheart. This will be our last run for a while."

"You promise?" *Kamaha's* sorrowful expression was heart breaking.

"I haven't broken a promise to you yet, have I?" Kimo tickled him, making him laugh.

Kamaha decided it was my turn for a hug and I took his little face in my hands. "You know, I can't get over how much you look like *Lopaka*."

Kamaha looked up at me. "I like looking like *Lopaka*. Nobody cooks like *Lopaka*."

"Hey!" *Tutu* stood indignantly beside him.

"Aw...*Tutu*. You cook great, too!"

She narrowed her eyes at him. "You are a

beautiful child of God."

Kamaha laughed when she kissed the tip of his nose.

"*Tutu* can we have upside down watermelon cake tonight?" he asked.

"Yeah, that would be so cool!" *Keli'i* squealed.

"Yeah, cool!" the baby echoed.

All the adults laughed.

"In this house, *keiki*, children rule." *Tutu* grinned. "I make one nice big cake for the little *keiki*!"

I grinned. "And the big ones, too, please."

Kimo was staring at me. "Would you please read that letter? The *menehune* are kinda getting tired of trying to make you open it."

The *menehune*? *Hawaiian* fairies? Was he kidding me? I had a strange feeling he wasn't...but I didn't want to read the letter. And yet, I did.

In my bungalow later, there was a knock at my door. It was *Lopaka*. "Are you okay?" He looked at me with sweetness and compassion. "Katie, you are a gorgeous girl. You should not be having boyfriend problems. If he hurts your heart, pick another one."

There was such deceptive strength in this man. He was so strong, yet his touch was light, like an eagle feather. "Was being with Kimo easy for you? I mean, did it work out easily?"

"Oh no, not at all." He laughed. "Read the letter

or don't read the letter, but just so you know, *Kahanu's* coming over here in about an hour. The poor guy is a wreck."

"He deceived me."

"Read the letter."

"No, I don't think I will."

Lopaka laughed. "I see you with him. I see you with both of them. They are..."

"My tropical thorns in the side? My island nightmares?"

"They are your *Hawaiian* song of love."

His words hit me like a brick. I remembered the song I'd heard at Duke's. I remembered how it felt to be in *Kahanu's* arms. And then there was a knock at the door.

"Oops. Guess he's here already." *Lopaka* stood up, opened the door and there he was.

"Oh, praise God. Now I can breathe again," were the first words out of his mouth.

He latched the door and lunged at me.

"I'm not ready for this." I squirreled out of his arms. He caught me to him and I could feel his heart thundering in his chest.

"Katie, I need you. I haven't touched you for days."

"That's your fault. Not mine." We were at an impasse. He didn't want to force himself on me and I didn't want to weaken. "My God...I've been sleeping with a gay man. I mean no protection..."

"We're both clean, Katie. We've been together

for a long time...and we've been faithful to each other until you. If that's what's worrying you. Katie, I know this is new, but I know I love you. I believe in love at first sight. I believe in the big bang theory. I mean you almost banged into me twice...I just...it's been a long time for me. You kinda...sneaked up on me."

"You sneaked up on me, too. You and your boyfriend."

He sighed. "We've been together for a while and for a long time, I thought it was enough to be with him. I am not gay, I'm bisexual. I love you and I love him. If you let us...we'll make you the happiest woman alive."

"It's not what I want. I don't want to come between you."

"You are only enhancing our relationship. Katie, think of it. You would always have one of us. Me or him...or both of us. You would have all the attention you ever need."

"It's too much...I can't think."

"So punish me, take it out on my body, but don't punish me with silence, I don't think I can deal with that."

I sat on the bed feeling very emotional. I did not want to have a fight. I did not want to cry, but I also wasn't ready to have my brains fucked out. He sat beside me and put his arms around me. As soon as his mouth touched my throat, it was all over for me. He could have nailed me to a cross

and I would have let him do it.

Kahanu undressed me slowly. "I want you, Katie. God, I want to fuck you on the floor of the kitchen at Nippy's. Just take you unaware one day."

That actually aroused me and he seemed to know he'd hit a mark. He pulled down my panties with his thumbs and moaned when he saw my pussy winking up at him.

His mouth went instantly to me, my legs opening up, like they were on automatic pilot. He licked and sucked frantically at me and I stroked his gleaming head of thick black hair and brought his mouth to mine. He gave me his tongue to suck.

"Put me in you."

"Not a chance." I pushed him back on the bed and grabbed his massive, rigid pole with just my lips. I worked him over with my lips and tongue and he thrashed around on the bed, trying to work his way inside me. When he flipped me onto my stomach, pinning me to the bed with his knees, I begged him to fuck me.

He started to turn me over, but I shook my head. "No, from behind." I reached my hand around me to put him in me, but his head was already at my ass, his long tongue flicking into my ass hole, down to my pussy. Nobody had done that to me...nobody except *Nohea*, but just as I was starting to enjoy myself, he plunged that huge tool into me. Okay, I thought, I still have to teach him

how to eat pussy, but he sure knows how to fuck it.

I had no idea if they could hear us down at the main house, but I felt like no man had ever touched me the way *Kahanu* did. My bottom rose to each of his thrusts and he took off on long, sure strokes, finding his way back home again until I was screaming at him not to take it from me. He kept his lunges short and fast until we came together and I reached around to hold him to me, drops of sweat from his chest falling onto my fingers. Tears slipped down our faces. What were we doing? This could never work.

"I need you, but so does he."

Kahanu kept himself inside me and there were still tears in his eyes as he hovered over me, giving me long, slow kisses.

"You're the first woman I've fucked in a long, long time. You're the only woman I want to fuck."

His cock started to harden again and he kissed my eyes and nose, his face an inch from mine.

"I die a little death each moment I'm not with you."

Chapter Fourteen

The twins came and hammered on the door when it was time for dinner. As *Kahanu* and I walked over to the *lanai* with them, Baby Kimo ran to me, jumping into my arms.

Kahanu grumbled, "You always like the guys with no teeth," making me laugh. As we neared the table, he asked, "Are you going to go to *Hapa* with *Nohea* tonight?"

I shook my head. "I gave the ticket away."

He looked upset, but didn't say anything. "I'm not going to be able to stay for dinner, I have to work, but I would like to come back and spend the night with you. Would that be okay with you?"

"Yes."

He made arrangements with *Lopaka* to call when he was making the approach and I immersed myself in the world of the Wilder family. I could not have asked for a more appropriate distraction.

Kimo asked me not to go to work for a couple of days. "You need the rest and besides, I can

protect you better here...I don't want *Kaiona* getting any ideas of revenge. Until we start *Ho'oponopono* proceedings with her, she'll be a loose cannon."

I didn't mind taking time off work, but Lydia sure did when I called her. "I have a feeling you're never coming back," she moaned.

Assuring her I would, I ended the call, joining *Maluhia* outside on the *lanai* again, sharing our blanket, looking out at *Oahu*. *Tutu* came and joined us, and we scooted over, giving her some blanket.

Tutu looked at me. "Kimo tells me you worked on the fishponds up on the north shore."

"I did and there's one on *Molokai* I started on. They're just opening up a lost one they found in *Pelekunu*."

Tutu nodded. "We have a fishpond here we haven't told anybody about. The twins found it one day. It's a shrine to *Pele*. Would you wanna help to clean it up?"

"Oh, I would love that. Can I see it?"

"Tomorrow plenty of time." she smiled. "Oh it's so nice to have girl talk, yeah?" She wiggled her toes as *Maluhia* yawned and stretched.

"I have to go to bed now. I cannot keep my eyes open." She hugged us both.

"And I bettah go to or my husband no give me *huli-huli* because *his* eyes aren't open," *Tutu* remarked.

Maluhia and I laughed, the old lady beaming conspiratorially. "You want to come in, too?"

"I think I might stay out here a while." I wanted to think about things...about men, about life. But my interlude with *Kahanu* had left me restless. I walked around for several minutes, hardly able to believe this piece of paradise. Unlike Germany's place, the wildness here had been embraced, nurtured. There was a zing in the air even at this late hour.

There was the sound of soft laughter, of love and I looked down over the edge of the cliff and was shocked to see a naked Kimo and *Lopaka* locked in a heated embrace in the middle of the foamy surf. Kimo held *Lopaka* to him as a pair of sharks lazily circled them. Oblivious, or perhaps not, the two men kissed with the kind of fervor I'd only ever dreamed about.

I was about to walk away when Kimo picked up *Lopaka*, carrying him to a rock pool closer to the shore. It was one of three I recognized from playing with the children down the earlier in the day. He put his man down and for a moment, I caught a glimpse of his enormous cock and he was sitting cross-legged in the rock pool now, his face level with *Lopaka's* crotch.

He fed greedily on *Lopaka's* cock.

And then *Lopaka* hissed, "I need that cock, Kimo." The big man leaned back and I watched *Lopaka* straddle his husband's hips, one hand

reaching behind Kimo's head to release his long hair from the confines of its ponytail and then he lowered himself onto Kimo's cock.

At least, I was assuming he was because the look on his face was one of instant relief, yet increasing sexual tension and I heard their soft, mingled sounds of ecstasy as *Lopaka* planted his legs either side of his husband, riding him hard and fast as Kimo leaned forward, pulled *Lopaka's* legs tighter around his waist, locking himself in those strong legs, sucking on *Lopaka's* nipples and throat as *Lopaka* held Kimo's hair in his hands.

"Whose ass is this?" Kimo asked him in a rasping tone as *Lopaka* kept up a pounding pace on his lap.

"Your ass," *Lopaka* panted.

"Who does it belong to?"

Lopaka was grinding down on Kimo's lap, rising up again with help from Kimo who was holding that ass in his hands.

"It...belongs to you," *Lopaka* sobbed and I watched as Kimo's cock came right out of *Lopaka* and plunged back in again, as *Lopaka's* head dropped and Kimo's tongue went into his mouth.

"I...ugh...oh...Kimo," he whimpered.
"Oh...Kimo."

"*Lopaka!*" Kimo shouted and then I heard him chanting something in *Hawaiian* that seemed to render *Lopaka* completely senseless.

His legs relaxed their grip on Kimo at the same

time that Kimo's plundering of *Lopaka's* mouth only intensified. Their ecstasy was both provocative and heart-rending. I knew I'd witnessed not only great love, but also a sincere dedication, not to mention one hell of a wicked sex life.

I heard Kimo laugh as the sharks swam back and forth in front of them.

"Look baby, we turned on the *mano*."

Lopaka clung to him as Kimo pick him up tenderly. I pulled back quietly, afraid of being seen as the two men came back up the steep mountain steps.

I wondered if it would be as hot watching *Kahanu* and *Nohea* together...

Back in my cabin, I opened the letter. It left me weeping. *Kahanu* had gone to some trouble to put his thoughts on paper and there was a note from *Nohea*. I suddenly felt guilty about ditching him for the *Hapa* concert.

His note read, *I can keep coming into Nippy's, but I need to spend time with you. I want to know you.* There was also a simple, thick white card. It had only his name, *Nohea Kahalepuna* and his phone number.

I knew who he was then and couldn't believe I hadn't recognized him. *Nohea* was a famous navigator and canoe maker. He had navigated a double-hulled canoe around the world recreating the first Polynesian voyage from the Marquesas

Islands to Tahiti and onto *Hawaii* using only the stars in the sky and the feel of the ocean to accomplish his daring feat.

They said it couldn't be done and he'd done it. From what I'd read, *Nohea* made a living manufacturing handcrafted canoes in painstaking, old-fashioned detail. They said he was reclusive. They said he was an artist, an ocean man and a believer in myth being more potent than fact.

He'd stolen a canoe because he wanted to be alone with me and have his way with me. Dang. He was my kinda guy.

And he was still chasing after me.

Kahanu came back to me around two in the morning, waking me with kisses. He was pleased that I'd read his note. "Will you spend the weekend with me and *Nohea*?" he begged.

"Why don't we start with dinner and take it from there?"

"Baby, you don't understand. He wants you, too. It's killing him not to be able to see you."

"He's not jealous of me? Of what we're doing together?"

Kahanu looked genuinely surprised. "No. He wants this relationship, too."

"I can't decide if this is truly amazing or truly weird."

"Let me get him here, then you can see how amazing it could be."

"What, now?"

"Well...Kimo and *Lopaka* are probably sleeping. They have to let him in...how about tomorrow night?"

I couldn't help it...I was excited just thinking about it.

* * * *

It was late afternoon when *Tutu* showed me her fishpond and I had to say it was a remarkable discovery. I knew of no other shrines like this to *Pele*, the only *Hawaiian* deity who had no known physical representation, unlike the gods *Ku* and *Lono*.

"We've started cleaning it up. At high tide, we get such good fish, but we haven't started harvesting them yet. We want to watch how the pond works. See dere?" She pointed to an indentation. "They come and go. Kimo wants to pull back some of the plants, take a look."

"This pond has been added to, see this line here?" I pointed to a spot half way. "This was the original pond. Then somebody added to it. They did a good job, it's almost hard to detect it, but I've learned a lot about fishponds."

Tutu smiled at me. "Kimo say that, too. You wanna help us with it?"

"I would love it."

All over the property, animals roamed freely. Peacocks, mud hens with cute little bald heads.

"We don't eat 'em," Sammy told me. "Mud hens are sacred to *Pele*. Dey be fire birds. She be one mad *wahine* if we..." he made the gesture of eating them.

There was a horse corral, a goat corral and two pigs with a baby piglet lived in style and comfort. *Nohea* was leading the twins around on a pony and they squealed with joy.

In the merging twilight, I noticed people flitting in the trees. I was a little surprised to find out they were family guardian spirits. Sammy, *Tutu* and *Maluhia* told me the story of many of them.

When Kimo called for *Maluhia* so he could check her over, she took me by the hand. "Come, I tell you the story of how *Lopaka* found me. It will make you cry all day."

As Kimo worked on her feet, *Maluhia* told me how *Aloha* and Johnny came to her home in *Kauai* and recognized her instantly as having to be *Lopaka's* twin.

"It was my mother's spirit who sent them to me." *Maluhia* started, jolted by Kimo's thumb in the sole of her foot.

"Daddy!" Baby Kimo shrieked, giving his father his foot. Kimo kissed it, making the baby giggle and *Tutu* came and removed the baby so Kimo could concentrate on his sister in law.

"That's your kidneys." Kimo looked at her. "It's fear. What are you afraid of, *Maluhia*?"

She didn't speak and I watched Kimo pressing

the point on her foot until her face crumpled. "That I'm going to wake up and find that my life here is just a beautiful dream."

Maluhia laughed when *Tutu*, Baby Kimo and I all reached in to hug her. "I can't breathe," she squawked. "Okay, okay. I get it!"

Kimo looked at me. "Your turn, Katie."

"Oh no. Do I have to?"

He raised a brow at me and nervously, I extended my foot just as *Nohea* walked into the room, the twins tumbling in front of him. What was he doing here? My stomach went into knots. I hadn't expected him so soon.

"Me, too, me, too," the twins screamed, obviously used to having their secrets exposed by the *kahuna* in their lives.

Nohea's presence saved me from further examination. He came to me, kissing my cheek. "You missed a great concert, but I must say, I enjoyed your little replacement. That kid *Kaimuki* is something else."

"I feel guilty about that," I admitted.

He shrugged. "You were angry. It's my fault, really."

"Yes, it is."

"Is there some place we can talk?"

I hesitated, then Kimo suggested we might find privacy near my bungalow. We walked in silence for some way and then we came to a table and two deck chairs. I thought somehow they'd been put

there for us.

"I know *Kahanu* feels better since you talked..."

"We didn't really talk. We fucked."

He smiled. "That, too."

"What is it that you want from me? A threesome?"

"Not just a threesome. A life. A family. Katie, think about it. You like sex with both of us and the three of us would be incredible together. If this works, you'll always have a man to fuck you and we'd give you a wonderful life."

"I...I don't know what to say." *I'd been saying this a lot lately.*

"Katie, there is nobody in my life except *Kahanu*. There never will be. I need you both."

Nohea was all over me now, hugging and kissing me. "I don't get this." I pushed him away from me. "You just decided one day you want a woman and you set up an elaborate charade to lure me in?"

"Did it work?"

Nohea's face was so anxious I almost forgot to be angry. "Not yet, cowboy." He was intent on getting his tongue in my mouth and I would have pushed him off me if his tongue wasn't so...well, inviting...and if his fingers hadn't started to find their way into my shorts. He took his mouth off mine, nuzzling my throat, which I was quickly discovering was one of my erogenous zones. My head went back and next thing I knew, *Nohea* had

lifted me out of my chair and onto his lap, my shorts on the ground. I felt his warm hand on my skin and I held my breath as he let it rest just below my belly button.

“Relax,” he whispered in my ear.

His fingers moved to the knots of fabric holding my bikini bottom together, impatiently pulling the ends apart. The thin fabric fell away on his lap and I was left exposed, completely naked, a wanton, willing offering held captive in his strong, brown arms.

He licked his lips. “I’ve never had anything as delicious as you. Even when I am with *him*...I’m wanting you...”

Nohea now had full access to me and he grunted his approval, kissing me. I arched my body to him, silently willing his hand to move down, down between my legs.

His left arm was under my back holding me, his right hand moving back and forth between my hardening nipples and my legs. I felt his hand disappear between them and I groaned into his mouth as he kissed me.

“Aaah,” we both sighed as his fingers found my hot spot.

My legs opened wider and he slid two warm fingers into me, his thumb strumming slow, firm strokes on my clit as I bounced around on his lap. He held on to me, not letting me go, not taking his probing fingers from me.

"Come, baby girl," he whispered. "Come all over my hand."

And I did. He took his fingers off me and I grabbed at his hand, trying to put it back.

"Honey, I just want to get us more comfortable. I've wanted to get my mouth on you for the last two weeks."

He picked me up and carried me inside the bungalow. He laid me across the bed, his hands stroking my face in a reverent gesture, his mouth moving to the back of my legs. He licked each leg in turn and his tongue moved up my leg toward my pussy, which kept arching towards him.

He took a long time getting there and I was so syrupy by the time he reached my clit that he guzzled on me like he was in a speed-eating contest, stopping just before I came.

"*Nohea*, What are you doing? I'm so close."

"It's time to rescue the captain."

He opened a pack of Lifesavers, putting one candy on his tongue, dropping it on my clit. He gazed at it for a second. I was pulling on my own nipples as he started licking me again. The sensations were out of this world. He started sucking in earnest and I started to scream as I felt my clit being sucked into the tiny hole of that Lifesaver. My ass was off the bed, my hands gripping his head to me.

"Don't stop!" I shrieked as *Nohea* gave one more suction motion with his whole mouth. The

orgasm I had was so intense I saw fireworks in my head and then the dark night turned white.

"Katie?"

"Hmm?"

"I think you passed out. Baby, are you okay?"

"Oh...yeah..." My body felt liquid and hot. And then his tongue shot down to my ass.

Nohea placed a kiss on each butt cheek, making me giggle. "Katie, tell me what you want. I want to learn everything about pleasuring you."

There was a knock on the door and it opened without invitation.

"Now...that is a sight guaranteed to make a man get hard."

"Welcome home, baby. I got her all warmed up for you."

Nohea grinned up at *Kahanu* who came toward us and yeah, he was hard all right.

I could not believe I was on my bed with one man while the other man I wanted was getting ready to join us.

"Remember when I told you I was gonna bring you out of your shell?" *Nohea* whispered in my ear. His hot voice rippled through me.

"Uh...huh." How could I forget that hot fuck on the stolen canoe?

"Well, you ain't seen nothin' yet."

Chapter Fifteen

My fantasy bubble burst. This could not be happening. "I think I need to be drunk to do this," I sighed.

"I don't want you drunk! I want you to remember the first time the two men who love you are making love to you."

Kahanu covered my mouth in tiny kisses. I was crying when he started to lick my lips. "No, no...I can't do this," I sobbed. "I want my own man. A whole man. I don't want a man who wants another man."

And then he was on me, naked and, when our bodies connected, I felt the familiar flames between us, the match to gasoline as he covered my face with kisses, impaling me with that big cock before I could get up off the bed.

I grasped him to me and I was aware of *Nohea's* body on the bed, aware of his nakedness and the voracious way he watched us. *Kahanu* fucked me and I watched *Nohea's* mouth move to his boyfriend's left breast, sucking in the nipple. It

shocked me because I never did that with *Kahanu* yet the effect was driving him over the top and I felt him grow harder and bigger inside me.

We came together, quickly. It somehow added to the intensity of the moment to have *Nohea* there. His hand went between our bodies, straight to my pussy.

"Let me feel your cock. *Kahanu*. Oh, babe, your cock is still hard and so wet. My turn now."

"Not yet, baby."

Kahanu kissed my face and neck. He tongued my nipples the way I liked and he knew I was getting aroused again.

"You ready baby?"

I nodded. When *Kahanu* pulled out of me, *Nohea's* mouth went straight to that huge cock head. It was weird at first to watch him sucking my man's cock, but suddenly, I was more switched on than I had ever been in my life. "Teach me everything about how to fuck you both." I grinned.

Nohea took his mouth off *Kahanu* and smiled. "Katie, are you ready to have your life turned upside down and to know complete bliss?"

"Yes," I whispered.

The two men grinned. "I'm gonna fuck you."

Nohea pushed *Kahanu* out of the way and put his face between my legs. His tongue dipped into my drenched pussy and I crushed my nipples in my fingertips. *Kahanu* pushed my fingers away,

taking them in his hands, sucking them one by one into his hungry mouth.

"Perfect breasts, Katie," he whispered into my mouth, giving me his tongue for a fleeting second.

Kahanu kissed me, rubbing slow, stimulating circles on my belly, his fingers sliding down to my clit. Then he and *Nohea* fought dueling tongues over me until I came with a racking sob.

"Fuck her!" *Kahanu* guided *Nohea* into me. "She needs your cock."

"I've waited so long for this moment."

Kahanu's eyes burned brightly, his fingers moving down to my ass and stroking at me, sending me screaming into another dimension entirely. We slept entwined, with me sandwiched between my hot *Hawaiian* men. All night, one or the other would reach out for me until I was too sore and too spent to accommodate anything other than sleep. In the morning, *Kahanu* left for work giving us both wonderful kisses and at first it felt a little awkward being alone with *Nohea* again, but he simply gathered me in his arms and I slept on, feeling satisfied and strong.

"You're not alone anymore," he whispered and then the world went away...until the squawking of chickens woke us.

"Wha...what is that?"

Nohea bolted from the bed and I lay there laughing. "That's the boys, chasing the hens. They do that every morning."

We'd missed dinner so I was ravenous for breakfast. We showered together and things got a little steamed up in there, but I was still sore so I asked for a rain check and we got dressed and headed over to the main house.

I was determined to start work on my school literary project that day. It felt natural and wonderful to have *Nohea* with me though. In fact, he was wonderful with the boys who all gravitated toward him.

"Can you really feel which way to paddle from the ocean waves?" *Kamaha* asked.

"I can."

"Can you really read the stars?" *Keli'i* asked.

"Absolutely."

"Wow," breathed the baby, making everybody laugh.

"You should come and teach some classes here on canoe making." Kimo swallowed a swig of coffee, sliding his cup to *Lopaka* who seemed very down. "And when you have some time, I would love for you to set aside some days for navigation classes. We can work out whatever terms you want."

When the twins raced off to get ready for school, the two Kimos wandered off to talk canoes with *Nohea*. I helped *Lopaka* clean up the breakfast dishes.

"Nicky's planning to take a long trip." He sounded close to tears. "*Kaiona* did not show up

for *Ho'oponopono*. Nicky wants to take the baby and leave."

"Are you joking?"

He shook his head.

"Kimo will never allow it." The words slipped from my mouth.

Lopaka gave me a tremulous smile. He put his finger to his lips. Something was going on...and a few seconds later Baby Kimo was climbing all over him.

"Swim, mama."

"What a great idea." *Lopaka* kissed the little face smeared with mango. The baby laughed in his arms.

Kimo, who brought in the last of the breakfast dishes, stopped to watch them.

Lopaka gave him a dazzling smile. "Darling, do you want to come swimming with us?"

Kimo's gaze was clear, profound and full of love. The searing intensity between these two men was palpable.

"There isn't anything else in this world I would rather do."

He dumped the dishes in the sink, kissed his man and, as the little family wandered off, *Nohea* came and put his arms around me.

"What's wrong, Katie?"

"I have a very bad feeling about Nicky taking the baby from this place. I don't know how he's going to cope without the enormous love and

attention he gets from this family."

"You really care about them, don't you?"

"Oh, *Nohea*...very much." I also wondered how the twins would react to the baby being gone. The three of them roamed the property all day long, playing and loving life.

"I would tell you not to worry, but you probably will."

"I'll try not to."

Nohea hugged me. "I don't believe Kimo will let Nicky take that baby away from this place. She is obviously under deep duress."

I nodded. "She's having a bad time."

Nohea's voice turned soft. "I knew Kimo years ago, before he married *Lopaka*. He had intense abilities even back then, but it's weird...I would say he's much more powerful, but also much more compassionate now." He gave me a long look. "Sometimes, it takes just finding the right person in life to make it all fall into place, doesn't it?"

His words made me shiver. He wasn't doing too badly in the power or compassion departments either.

Nohea grinned.

He caught me in his arms, crushing me to him, his tongue making a V between my breasts. I couldn't believe it. My breasts were actually swelling up in his face.

"I've never seen that before." He laughed.

"Neither have I." I was very aroused.

Nicky came into the kitchen, looking wan and disheveled. "Am I interrupting anything?"

"Nothing that won't wait," Nohea grinned at her. "How are you?"

"I'm okay."

"How are things at the book shop?"

I hadn't realized Nicky and Nohea knew each other and I felt a ridiculous stab of jealousy.

She shrugged. "Not great...my heart's not in it. But I was thinking, since Katie's taking over the school's literature program, she should come and see it. Maybe there are some books that are useful..." her sentence drifted away.

"It's a wonderful idea." I jumped at the chance. "When?"

"As soon as Kimo and *Lopaka* are ready."

One hour later, we were on our way. Kimo was at the wheel of the SUV, *Lopaka* beside him. Baby Kimo was strapped into his car seat between me and Nohea. Nicky was in the last row of seats, checking her cell phone for messages.

"Fast way, daddy!" baby Kimo held his arms up like he was on a Disneyland ride.

"Fast way coming up!" Kimo threw the car into overdrive.

"What's the fast way?" Nohea asked.

I watched him laugh like a kid as we careened over the mountains, skimming treetops and telegraph poles. We narrowly missed hitting a tour bus and settled down between two lanes.

"Ooops," laughed Kimo.

"That was fantastic," *Nohea* laughed. "Did you see the looks on the tourists' faces?"

Even Nicky laughed.

"And people think I did something sailing the world single-handed."

I leaned over and kissed him.

"Katie," he grinned. "I could get used to that."

Chapter Sixteen

On the corner of King and University Streets, a surprisingly large bookstore dominated the street. *Nohea* reached for my hand.

"I had no idea this book shop was here," I told them. "It's two blocks from my university."

Nicky unlocked the front door to *The Haunt*. It felt like she hadn't been there for days. Mail was piled up, there was a dusty feel to the place, but oh, what a beautiful bookstore it was.

Huge, framed photos and paintings of *Kaiona* in her hula outfits, were stacked against the walls. Boy, Nicky really was pissed at her.

It was a fantastic space, a bookstore and coffee bar. She had everything under the *Hawaiian* sun here. I looked out at the courtyard, which held eight tables and scattered chairs and one giant Banyan tree, a wedding gift, she told me from *Kaiona's* parents.

"What are you going to do with her pictures?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Give them to her parents to

hold. I can't look at her face every day on these walls."

"What are you going to put up instead?"

She pointed and it was a painting that was so magnificent, I couldn't take my eyes off it.

"It's called *Phantom Lover*. Guess who the Phantom is?"

"Kimo." I looked at the painting of a naked Kimo wrapped around a woman. He disappeared below the thighs, hence, he was a phantom.

"Nicky, I'm not sure I like him being with a chick."

Kimo laughed. "Only in art, Katie, only in art."

Lopaka threw his arms around me. "I love this girl!"

Kimo touched my cheek in a reassuring way. "I posed for this painting long before I met *Lopaka*. Nicky and *Kaiona* gave us the most beautiful gift. An exact replica, except that I'm all over *Lopaka*."

I nodded. "Exactly as it should be."

Nicky grinned at me. "That's why I wanted their painting up on the wall, but Kimo said no. It's private. This one is lovely, too, so I tracked it down and bought it."

Kimo reached out a long arm and pulled *Lopaka* to him. "I don't think I could do this painting now." He and *Lopaka* exchanged one of their typically scorching looks.

"Where is your painting?" I asked them.

"In our bedroom," Kimo grinned. "You'll see it."

It's the only inanimate object I truly treasure."

"I want one just like it, but with you and me and *Kahanu*," *Nohea* whispered into my ear, making me blush. I covered my embarrassment by walking around the store, examining books.

Nicky made us coffee on her antique cappuccino machine.

"I used to work on one just like this years ago," I told her. "It made the best coffee in the world."

We all sat outside, sipping our coffees, Baby Kimo and I blowing milk at each other through straws.

Nicky handed me a file with all her notes for the Wilder's school. "Why don't you come up here tomorrow and we can go over everything. I just have to get my head back on straight. My cook and the waitress quit after *Kaiona* was rude to them and I haven't had the energy to interview new people. I'm bringing in food from outside and just making coffees right now."

"I know somebody you should hire," *Lopaka* said quickly.

"Who?"

"Katie and her friend Lydia. They're the dynamic duo over at Nippy's."

Nicky's head swiveled in my direction. "Would you be interested?"

"Baby, this is a fantastic idea," *Nohea* said to me. "You're all about books and you girls can handle the kitchen and waiting on these tables, no

problem."

Why did I get the feeling Nicky and I had been set up? "I...think I'd like that very much." With the money from the school and my income here, I would be financially secure. Plus, I could walk to the university from here. "Let me talk to Lydia. I can bring her up here after work tomorrow to meet you."

"Call her now," Nicky insisted. "I'd need you girls to start tomorrow or Thursday at the latest."

I gaped at her. Leave Chicken in the lurch? I called Lydia who was joyriding with Ramon. She was happy to come by and check the place out and they arrived twenty minutes later.

"This is excellent." Nicky was buoyant when Lydia and I formally accepted the jobs and I saw the victorious looks the four men exchanged.

"We'll start Thursday," Lydia decided. She and Ramon took off again and Nicky was on the phone ordering food supplies.

"How about we celebrate with a little lunch then we go home?" Kimo asked. "There's a cool looking noodle place across the road."

"No." *Lopaka* flinched. "I hate that place. It brings back bad memories."

Kimo was instantly concerned. "Bad memories? Of what?"

Lopaka looked troubled. "Never mind..."

"But I do mind. Is it something to do with me?"

"You don't remember?"

Kimo gaped at him. "Should I?"

"It was before we were married."

"Before we were...*Lopaka*, I don't remember a single thing about my life before we were married. What did I do?"

"You broke up with me and...and...I was there having lunch alone and you came in with Eddie and Ginger and...and...you ignored me."

Kimo just stared at him. "I was a wreck when we broke up, in case you don't remember. I think it's time we kicked those bad memories in the ass. Your husband and son are taking you to lunch there. Come on, Katie, *Nohea*. We're gonna start creating some wonderful new memories."

Nicky waved us off as she flipped through bills and order sheets. "I have work to do. Pick me up on your way home."

Kimo held the baby in one arm, *Lopaka* in the other and we crossed the road.

"Are you and *Kahanu* affectionate like this?" I asked *Nohea*.

I saw him flinch. "No, not in public." He hesitated. "Until last night, Katie, the closest we've come to anything remotely physical is bumping into each other in the bathroom. We haven't made love in months."

"Are you serious?"

Nohea sighed. "So you see, I have a lot at stake here, Lady Katie. *Kahanu* and I both want you and

we love each other, too. But he has not *wanted* me for a long time. Last night gave me hope that we still have that old you know..."

"That old black magic called love?"

He laughed. "Yes. Something like that."

And for the first time I didn't feel like I was a home wrecker. I felt like maybe I *was* the missing piece. Maybe we could be together, as a whole.

* * * *

Back at the Wilder's homestead, Kimo and *Lopaka* showed us the painting of the two of them. Baby Kimo was glued to *Lopaka*. He snuggled in his arms as I looked at that spectacular painting. It was not only the most romantic picture I'd ever seen, but the most erotic.

"I wanted it in the living room for everybody to see, but *Lopaka* wanted it in the bedroom," Kimo shrugged.

As I looked at the unbelievable painting, I realized I was standing in the most beautiful bedroom I'd ever seen, too. The smell of island flowers in bowls by the gigantic bed, over which the painting hung, was so heady, I almost felt high.

"I would never get out of bed if this was our room," *Nohea* grinned.

"We never want to." Kimo gazed at *Lopaka*. "From the day we got married, we live each day

like it's our last and each night like it's our first."

Lopaka wriggled himself and the baby into his husband's arms as I realized what was different about this painting. "You're not a ghost in this one!" I pointed to Kimo's long, solid legs. There was just a hint of a penis, just a hint—or maybe it was my memory of catching them in the act—at the thighs of the two lean and muscular men embracing. Once again the painting was from the left side, not revealing Kimo's body length tattoos on the right.

"I know, that's why I love this painting." *Lopaka* was dreamy-eyed.

"Is it called *Phantom Lover*, too?" I asked.

Lopaka hesitated and I saw Kimo put a reassuring kiss on his shoulder.

"No. It's called *Kimo and his Sun*."

I felt my eyes well up with tears.

"Oh, Katie." *Nohea* put his arm around me. "You're such a sweetheart."

"Remember that." *Lopaka* elbowed him. "Or I'll make my husband turn you into a wicker chair."

I laughed, but *Nohea* looked a bit taken aback.

"Can he do that?" he whispered to me.

"He's a demi-god. Don't tempt him."

Kahanu came between his work shifts and *Nohea* and I greeted him warmly.

"I could get used to this," he grinned.

"You know, I said the same thing to her this morning." *Nohea* gave him a sweet smile and I

wondered why they'd stopped having sex.

We couldn't indulge in too much more chatter. The Wilders wanted us to join them for a twilight picnic with the kids.

Lights built into the stone steps leading down to the ocean, guided our way, giving the place a romantic, seductive feel.

We ate lobster and shrimp, purple asparagus and then *Tutu* came to the cliff's edge, demanding the boys come to bed, so *Kahanu*, *Nohea* and I bid the Wilders a good night and we took the boys up to her.

"We'll be right there to tell you a story," Kimo called after the kids.

"I hate when the kids are asleep," *Lopaka* sighed. "I miss them when they're not awake."

"You are so adorable." Kimo said and I kept remembering the way he had taken *Lopaka* in the pool beside us a couple of nights before.

"I have to go to work," *Kahanu* sighed after the kids gave him tearful goodnight kisses, begging him not to go.

"We don't want you to leave either," I told *Kahanu*, kissing him goodbye at the car. "I can't wait to be with you again." I resisted the urge to frisk him.

He grunted. "I like the *we* part."

"You do?"

"Yeah." *Nohea* put his arms around both of us. "We both do."

Chapter Seventeen

Nohea left me alone that night, returning to his home so he could complete some plans on some competition canoes. I was relieved. I wanted to get working on my required book list for the school and I was glad for the physical and emotional respite. I woke early having completed my list, which included books, crayons, pencils and small chalk boards for the children to craft materials for projects I had in mind.

I left the list in the kitchen of the main house. Tutu walked in, poured me fresh guava juice and shooed the two dogs away from their self-appointed guardianship of the fridge, persuading them with chunks of fresh chicken.

Maui and Molokai accompanied me on a lovely, fragrant walk around the property and I was surprised to see Kimo and Lopaka running toward me from the wooded section of the property. Man, the bodies on those guys.

"Good morning!" they greeted me in unison.

"Good morning. I left my book list in the

kitchen."

"Excellent." Kimo ran up and down on the spot, *Lopaka* and the dogs returning to the house. "I'm sure it won't be a problem approving it. You're going to Nippy's this morning to resign, right?"

"I am."

"Good. We'll see you when you get back."

Lydia came to pick me up and we walked into the restaurant together, giving notice as a united front. Our boss, Chicken was so angry, he said we could leave immediately.

"I'm never going to get to fuck you at Nippy's now." *Kahanu* moaned when I called him with the news.

"You'll have to make do with the kitchen at *The Haunt*." I laughed, knowing he was smiling on the other end of the phone.

"What do we do now?" Lydia asked me. "Ramon's working..."

"Let's stop by the book store and see if Nicky needs us," I suggested.

"Cool. You'd better call your big brothers Kimo and *Lopaka* and let them know what happened."

"And you better call your man, before he runs through Nippy's with a tire iron looking for you."

We snagged a parking space a few doors down from the bookstore and found that it was open, a frazzled looking Nicky on the floor unpacking boxes.

"Two workers reporting for duty," I told her and she hugged us with gratitude.

Lydia and I quickly found it was a lot more pleasant and a heck of a lot less stressful than Nippys. All her food was delivered and I itched to get into the kitchen and cook, but in the meantime I had both hands full re-mastering the cappuccino machine.

Nicky was distracted and frequently grumpy when we asked her questions and there was nobody else to turn to. I made a call to *Lopaka* at one point, when she disappeared from the store and he told me to do what I could, to relax. They all trusted me completely.

At lunchtime, the two Kimos and *Lopaka* arrived with *Maluhia* and she seemed happy to be out without the twins crawling all over her.

"We thought we'd coax you into having some lunch with us." Kimo looked at Nicky, who was on the phone arguing with somebody. It had been a marathon call that had gone on all morning.

"Lunch?" She perked up instantly.

Then an odd thing happened. Ramon, Lydia's boyfriend arrived with his brother Raul, just as Nicky went to lock the back gate.

"We were worried about you." Ramon hugged Lydia. "Say, you don't smell like chicken grease anymore!"

"How about that?" Lydia laughed. "Is this a beautiful store or what?"

Raul and *Maluhia* were staring at each other. It was obvious that there was some chemical bond between them. She might have been pregnant with twins, but his gaze didn't leave her face.

Kimo took it all in, his glance connecting with *Lopaka* and some unspoken message transmitted itself between them.

Raul's face moved to her belly and I quickly intervened. "I think everybody's met Ramon, but Raul, this is Kimo Wilder and his husband *Lopaka*. *Maluhia* is *Lopaka's* sister."

Raul's gaze remained on her belly.

"That's *Lopaka* and Kimo's twins in there." I rubbed *Maluhia's* belly like she was a Buddha. "I always rub them for good luck."

"They're...wow...how..." Raul stumbled over his words, but when *Maluhia* gave him one of her radiant smiles, I knew that poor man was a goner.

Lopaka low fived me and we grinned at each other.

"Let's go." Nicky put a sign on the door saying we'd be back in an hour.

"He's a lovely guy, crappy girlfriend," I told *Lopaka* as we slipped outside.

"You don't think it's serious?"

"Not at all."

"I'll let my husband know." He squeezed my hand. "By the way, we love your reading list. Go crazy. We want you to have whatever you need."

"Wonderful!" I was so happy.

"I have to get back to work," Ramon grumbled.

"But I don't." A smitten Raul smiled at *Maluhia*.

"Wonderful." Kimo held open the back door to the SUV. "Come with us."

Ramon looked at his brother, glanced at *Maluhia* and clamped his mouth shut, waving to us as he ran back to his car. As we drove, Lydia, Nicky and I watched the way the new lovebirds cooed at each other. We grinned at each other and I hoped with all my heart that this could really be happening for *Maluhia*.

I felt Kimo selected the restaurant with great care. We wound up at the glorious Banyan Café at the *Moana* Surfrider out on the sands of *Waikiki* Beach. We shared pizzas and pastas and *Maluhia* got the hamburger she seemed to constantly crave.

Raul and I were appraised on how *Maluhia* got pregnant.

"Turkey baster." Nicky announced. "It was wonderful." When everybody laughed, she hastened to explain. "*Tutu* said it was time, that *Maluhia* was ovulating. Kimo and *Lopaka* were in the bedroom and *Lopaka* got a healthy load out of Kimo into a turkey baster.

"*Maluhia* and *Tutu* and I were in the living room with Sammy, *Aloha* and Johnny and Kimo's parents. We said prayers and since I was the only qualified muff diver in the joint—" She glanced at Raul whose open mouth was a comical sight. "Yes. I'm a lesbian, honey. Anyway, I went down on

her, got her good and juicy and Kimo's mother poked her with the turkey baster!"

I saw *Lopaka* covering his face with his hands. Kimo took one hand back, reclaiming it.

Nicky looked defiant. "Well, Sammy offered, actually even *Aloha* offered, but I could tell he was just being nice. He is not a pussy guy. Sammy is, but *Tutu* would have killed him."

Raul started to laugh.

Maluhia looked at me in mute despair, and I shrugged.

"When are you due?" Raul asked her.

"Two months. I'm glad...I can't stop eating. It wasn't like this with my own twins."

"You have your own twins?" Raul's eyes were the size of Frisbees.

"Twins...they'll be five next month. *Kamaha* and *Keli'i*."

"I can't wait to meet them." Raul sounded sincere.

Nicky giggled. She was on her third *Mai Tai*. "Be prepared to fall in love, they are two fantastic boys. I'm going to miss them." Her face fell again. She was obviously thinking of her trip and I wondered again about her own baby who was on *Lopaka's* lap without a care in the world.

"I think it's time for dessert." Kimo signaled the waiter.

"I'm still having a hard time believing you two are gay. I see you holding hands and everything

but you're both so...masculine..." Raul shook his head.

Kimo laughed.

"Do you two ever fight?" I asked them.

"No. Not since the day he said he'd marry me."

The waiter came to Kimo, who gave him a nod. The waiter took off again.

"How depressing." Nicky propped her chin in her hands.

"Not to me." *Lopaka* gave Kimo a look that had my own toes curling.

"You know, Kimo, I should really hate you." Nicky wagged a finger at him. "You took away my best tour guide, you know."

"Tour guide?" I asked.

"Yes, we used to do walking tours of *Old Honolulu* out of the store, but then *Lopaka* got himself a husband and well, nobody was ever as good as *Lopaka*."

"Sorry." *Lopaka* shrugged. "Hey, I told you to get Johnny to do it. He's a wonderful tour guide. His tours in Chinatown are the best."

"Yeah..." She toyed with the ice cream on her plate. "I've just kinda lost interest in developing things again in the store."

The waiter returned with a huge dish piled high with chocolate cake, ice cream, brownies, more ice cream, dripping chocolate sauce and whipped cream.

"This is *Lopaka's* favorite," Kimo smiled. "It's

called the Tower of Chocolate."

"I want another hamburger," moaned *Maluhia*.

"And you shall have it." Kimo sent the waiter off to the kitchen again.

"*Lopaka*, you really eat this?" Raul jabbed at the gooey confection with one of the spoons in the middle of the table. "You have like zero per cent body fat."

"I eat like a horse," *Lopaka* assured him, feeding Baby Kimo a spoonful of decadence.

"Mmm...yummy," the baby giggled.

"We do rigid workouts because of our show. We have a conditioning coach and we work it all off in...other ways, too." *Lopaka's* sly grin was infectious.

"The other ways are my favorite." Kimo's big grin was contagious.

The rest of us dug in and *Maluhia* got her hamburger patty, spooning ice cream and sauce onto it.

Kimo shrugged, feeding *Lopaka* with his own spoon and licking the chocolate off his husband's lips. It was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen.

Nicky wanted to go home with the Wilders right after lunch. I took the opportunity to go to see my professor two blocks up at the university. I showed him the reading list I had prepared for the school and which the Wilders had approved. He immediately became intrigued with providing me with source material long unavailable in

publishing.

Since his own father had translated *Hawaiian* myths and legends into English, he knew of tons of books and shorter stories that I had never even heard of. As he scribbled down names of titles and photocopied sheets of paper for me, I thought I had to ask Kimo about letting the professor come and talk to the children.

Lydia collected me and dropped me back home with the boxes of material I had amassed. Kimo and *Lopaka* greeted me and we pored through everything on the living room floor. They loved everything I showed them.

They loved it all, especially Professor Carlo's additions, agreeing he was a perfect choice to come in once a month as a guest teacher.

Lopaka left me and Kimo in the living room to talk as he balanced Baby Kimo on his hip, dressing a huge piece of salmon with a herb crust. He and *Tutu* were preparing another family meal, but to me, it was another feast.

"There's something else we'd like to discuss with you." Kimo looked over at *Lopaka* who was laughing as the baby stirred something in a bowl. "I feel...we feel...we can...trust you. The chances of Nicky and *Kaiona* reconciling at this point are very slim. Now that she's been cut off financially, *Kaiona* has taken it badly."

He stopped and I knew he was selecting his words carefully now.

"Kimo, you're not going to let Nicky take that baby away from his family are you?"

I saw instantly a burden had been lifted from him.

"No, I will not. Katie, he's my son. And he is Nicky's son, but right now, she's no good to him in her...fractured state. *Lopaka* and I agreed to father the baby in a very old religious ceremony, but since Nicky is determined to leave the island and travel away from my protection, I cannot allow her to put Kimo in harm's way. I believe she needs complete privacy and a lot of space from *Kaiona* and I know that the baby is safe here."

I nodded.

"The thing is...she wants to disappear. She talks to *Lopaka*, since they are very close. And yesterday she mentioned to him that you know about a fishpond project in *Molokai*. I can't imagine that *Kaiona* would even think of looking for her there."

"I think that's a wonderful idea. I can give you the contact information for the group leader. Nicky would have to commit to six months, but it was a life-changing experience for me working on the one up on the north shore. I think it would be better if you handled all the arrangements so I officially know nothing."

"Agreed." Kimo nodded. Another pause. "Would you be willing to commit to running the store for at least the length of time Nicky is gone,

possibly longer than six months?"

"I would love it. I think Lydia and I make a fine team, but I would, if Nicky is willing, like to make better use of the kitchen and actually cook meals. Ramon is actually a good cook and so is his brother, Raul. I'd like to have island food, plus the usually muffins and cookies."

Kimo smiled. "I think Nicky can travel, rest assured that her other baby is also in very capable hands."

I looked at him. "Do you think Nicky and *Kaiona* will ever reconcile?"

"Oh yes." Kimo had a faraway look in his eyes. "*Kaiona* will come to her senses. If she ever comes to the store, and she shouldn't, since none of this had anything to do with you, but if she does, you call us right away. Okay?"

I went to my bungalow and located the fishpond information in my files. I came out to find Nicky waiting for me with a huge hug.

"You'll really help me?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Then I want you to move into the store."

"Move...in? Where?"

"Upstairs. I sleep there on and off, but I'm going to move my stuff out. I want to know somebody's around. I like the rooms upstairs to be used. I'll take you to work tomorrow and show you everything, okay?"

I handed her all the information on the pond

and was heading into the house with her, when I saw *Kahanu's* car pulling into the driveway.

He braked and came running down the slope toward me. I threw myself in his arms. "I had no idea you were coming here. I've missed you all day and I have so much to tell you!" He laughed and I noticed *Lopaka* hovering. Beckoning me over, he whispered.

"There's a canoe moored down at the bottom of our mountain. Follow this map and take your man with you. You make a right and you'll find this little blue lagoon. You have to make sure to hit it before sunset. Fuck him so that he is facing the sun. You sit on his lap and, as you see the sun hit the bright red rock, tell him to close his eyes and as it slips below it, tell him to open them again. He'll have an experience he'll never forget. Then come back home and we'll all have dinner."

"I have something to share with you," I told my hot, panting man.

"Unless it involves being naked and inside you, it has to wait."

"That's exactly what it involves. Let's go." I made him change into board shorts in the bungalow and took him down the side of the mountain. The canoe was waiting for us.

Clutching the directions, I led him down the steps built into the mountain and we arrived at the canoe. It was a single hull, two-seater and we got in, paddling around to the bay to our right. And

there it was. The blue lagoon. We clambered out and I started taking off my clothes. The instructions told me exactly where to put *Kahanu* for maximum impact.

"What are you doing, baby?"

"About to rock your world. Get those pants off."

He stripped quickly, his cock already yearning for me.

"That's a sight for sore eyes." I let my hands linger on it. I knelt in front of him and started sucking and licking my sugar stick, looking out for the red rock. It was to his left and I pushed him back, seeing the sun hover slightly over the rock.

"Sit down in the pool...right here." I made sure I could see the red rock over his left shoulder.

Kahanu happily obeyed me and I perched over him. "Put me in you, baby," he whispered. "I love watching you do that."

I knelt on either side of him as the water raged in foamy blasts around us, yet the small lagoon, sheltered with lava rocks, remained calm, the water surprisingly warm. I lowered myself onto his beautiful dick and I sighed with pleasure to have him in me again.

The sun was coming down towards the red rock, so I started riding him fast. I didn't know what he was going to see, I just knew I wanted him to experience it. The sun hit that red rock.

"Close your eyes, *Kahanu*."

"Why?"

"Please, trust me. I'll tell you when to open them again." I leaned back and watched the long dark lashes against his face and I kissed his eyelids, making him smile, all the while keeping up a cracking pace on his cock.

The sun fell and I leaned forward. "Now, *Kahanu*! Open your eyes!" I fucked him with all my love and every ounce of female power that I had. I heard him gasp as he pulled me hard to him and I felt his cock tense and release inside me.

My own orgasm followed immediately on his and a tear fell down *Kahanu's* cheek.

"Oh...my...God...the green flash. All my life...Katie...it's supposed to be a myth."

He was looking at me and he was so overcome, he just pulled my face to his and buried his tongue in my mouth.

"How did you know?" he asked, still buried inside my possessive cunt and not making a move to free himself.

"*Lopaka* told me. What did it look like?"

"Oh, baby...it was like a ray of emerald green, clean across the horizon. Just...beautiful. Christ, no wonder those two always look like they've got a secret. They really do!"

Back in the house, *Lopaka* was grinning. "Did it blow him away?"

I took a platter of vegetables from him and took

it to the dinner table. "Sure did. How did you find out about it?"

"Stick around. Honey, I'll teach you things that will have your guy screaming for you all day long."

"*Lopaka!*" Kimo's voice came from the bedroom.

We grinned at each other and *Lopaka* went to his husband, making my mouth water in anticipation at the ancient mysteries of lovemaking he was willing to teach me.

Chapter Eighteen

Nohea joined us for dinner and it was another wonderful evening. Nicky did not turn up at the house, despite the fact, I overheard a distressed *Lopaka* telling Kimo that she promised the baby.

Did Baby Kimo miss her? It didn't look like it to me. *Nohea* had a surprise for everybody. A double-hull canoe he was testing out for a client. "I even brought life jackets for the boys, but something tells me they're already experienced watermen," he chuckled.

Still, all three boys dutifully donned the jackets, picked up paddles, even the baby who was so endearing dragging his behind him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he shrieked whenever he dropped it.

"He's a pistol isn't he?" *Kahanu* grinned at me. We climbed into the huge canoe and as the stars started taking their place in the sky, *Nohea* explained the different constellations to the boys and about how he could tell in which direction he

should paddle.

Kimo had the baby between his legs, *Lopaka* had *Kamaha* and *Kahanu* had *Keli'i*. I watched the way *Kahanu's* gaze remained on *Nohea's* face as he taught the boys the way of the night sky.

"You see kids? That whooshing pattern over there is the Milky Way...and over there is a pattern you can only see in the *Hawaiian* Islands. It's called the Summer Triangle. By the end of this month, we'll be able to see the Southern Cross, which is spectacular."

The boys were attentive and eager. "Where's Sagittarius? Daddy showed us that one," *Keli'i* asked.

Nohea explained we'd be able to see it later in the year. We paddled close to shore, the boys having fun helping the men paddle and I caught the gaze between *Kahanu* and *Nohea*. Whatever had gone wrong between them, I had a feeling *Kahanu* had just fallen in love again with his *kai kane*.

Somehow, I felt, it was up to me to get them back in sync.

In our bungalow that night, the two men undressed me and I helped them lose every last stitch of clothing. What a pleasure, what a privilege to have two such wonderful, lusty men wanting me.

They each took turns kissing me. "Now, kiss each other," I commanded.

Nohea hesitated.

"Now!"

Their mouths met and for the first time, I felt more than a twinge of jealousy. The kiss went unbroken and I no longer existed.

"I'm sorry, *Kahanu*, I'm so sorry I hurt you." *Nohea's* words were rushed, but impassioned. *Nohea* picked up and put him on the bed and I stood watching the way he licked *Kahanu's* body from his face down his torso and down to his cock.

"Oh, yeah! Suck my cock!" *Kahanu's* stricken gaze flew to my face. "Katie..."

"I want to watch you both." I sat beside them. "Then I'll join in."

Nohea went on as if I was indeed no longer a part of the equation. A part of me wanted to run and hide, another part of me was utterly enthralled. He groaned as he came to *Kahanu's* meaty cock head. His mouth moved in circles over it, and when he lifted his face to ask *Kahanu* a question, the shaft was glistening with spit.

"Can I fuck you?"

"Yes! God, yes!"

I was shocked the way *Kahanu's* manly legs opened up to *Nohea*. I realized he was the dominant force in this relationship and I wondered what in the world had happened to pull them apart. *Nohea's* tongue ravaged *Kahanu's* private depths.

"I can't wait anymore," he rasped, pulling on

his own, rock hard piston and moving straight into the man we both adored. The look on *Kahanu's* face was one of recaptured bliss.

"Baby, I missed you." His hands moved to *Nohea's* face and they practically ate each other's faces in their haste to make each other come. They came together, *Nohea's* thrusting cock keeping up a blistered pace in his man's ass, *Kahanu* coming with a strangled cry all over his own chest and belly.

I was extremely turned on watching them, but I felt I had no place here.

"Where are you going?" *Nohea* grabbed my hand as I got up from the bed.

"I'm....giving you two some privacy."

"We don't want privacy. We want you."

Tears streaked down *Kahanu's* face. "Katie, don't leave me. Please don't leave me." He reached for me, giving me his mouth. *Nohea* remained inside *Kahanu* and took turns kissing us, his hand playing with my ass and pussy. At one point, *Nohea* reached down and licked my ass as *Kahanu* fondled my clit. At their coaxing, I leaned forward and sucked *Kahanu's* cock. The three of us came together, *Nohea* in *Kahanu's* ass, *Kahanu* in my mouth and me all over their exploratory fingers.

We showered together and slept as we had before. "We're having a Katie sandwich," *Kahanu* sighed, wrapping my body from behind, *Nohea* in

front of me. And the odd thing was, it didn't feel strange at all...

* * * *

The next morning, Nicky showed me the upstairs residential space above the store. There was a side entrance to the building leading to a large space upstairs that rivaled any New York loft, except the view here was spectacular. There were the *Ko'olau* Mountains to the right, *Waikiki* beach to the left.

Three bedrooms, two bathrooms and a communal living space. It was perfect for me and Lydia and any visitors we might have.

By the end of the week, Nicky had made her plans to leave, telling me I could do whatever I wanted with the store, including resurrecting the walking tours and whatever I wanted to do with the kitchen. By Saturday morning, Lydia, Ramon and Raul were all on deck, working.

It was a new beginning for all of us, one that *Kahanu* heartily endorsed. He said he had something special planned for us on Saturday night, but wouldn't tell me what.

"I want you to have something to look forward to," he insisted. "It's a celebration."

On Friday, the last day before Nicky left, she helped me scrub the kitchen from one end to the other in preparation for a busy weekend. I wanted the kitchen in good shape for what I anticipated to

be brisk business.

She had left her bed upstairs, but I still hadn't moved in, apart from buying new sheets for it. I wasn't ready to leave Kimo, *Lopaka* or the kids yet.

They weren't ready to let go of me either, since their other favorite blonde was going away for a while. So we all decided I could spend some nights at the store, some nights with the Wilders.

Nicky seemed alternately jubilant about her secret journey and then tearful, because she was so lonely.

"I've given Kimo and *Lopaka* legal guardianship of the baby," she told me. "I'm gonna miss that little guy, but Kimo's parents will bring him to visit me. I totally trust and love them. I'm going to miss *Tutu* as well, but she won't leave *Maluhia* while she's pregnant."

"Maybe they could both come?" I suggested, scrubbing at the kitchen floor. I was surprised to find it was actually white, not gun metal gray.

"No, she's giving birth to a very powerful *kahuna's* babies. She's kept hidden away from everybody. She never goes anywhere without Kimo and *Lopaka*." Nicky grinned. "You know, they got married on that property. It was the most fantastic wedding I ever went to in my life. I wish you'd been there. Magical doesn't even begin to describe it. And despite the fact hundreds of people were there, it's funny when people talk about it, because they cannot tell you exactly

where it was."

"How did Kimo manage that?" I asked her.

"He has a mission from Goddess *Pele*. She's taking back *Hawaii* for her children. Anything that involves her children has some heavy *mana*, heavy power, attached to it."

Sitting on her haunches, she flicked a strand of her honey blonde hair out of her eyes. "You know *Aloha* and Johnny?"

"Yes." I thought of the two lovely men who'd helped me move into the Wilder's property.

"There was this *kahuna* from *Ni'ihau*, you know, the Forbidden Island? He became obsessed with Johnny and put all these ancient curses on him and stuff. It was bizarre. And then Johnny fell down an ancient burial cave and it all got horrible.

"Well, all that's in the past, but things with that *kahuna*...what was his name? Oh, *Mahini*, that's it, well, he's suffered for what he did, but who's to say he wouldn't want to hurt Kimo's babies?"

I shuddered, thinking of Nicky tooling around the islands with Kimo's son and I understood more than ever why he'd refused to let her take Baby Kimo with her.

Nicky gave up the cleaning, happily handing her scrubbing brush to *Nohea*, who must have regretted his decision to drop in for a visit. He assured me it was no problem and we scrubbed away in happy unison, unleashing some pent up aggression on the kitchen floor.

When Nicky left the bookshop saying she had errands to run, *Nohea* dropped his brush.

"I wanted to make sure you're okay about last night. I know it must have been weird for you."

I felt his breath on my face and it was surprisingly erotic. My hand paused for one brief moment, but he must have felt it too, because now he was staring at me.

All I could hear was our labored breathing as I stated moving the scrubbing brush in circles again. I felt him move behind me and suddenly his tongue was on the small of my back. It sent a flood of juices straight down my legs. His tongue slid across the line of skin between my top and my shorts.

"Undo them," he whispered. "I need to taste you."

I got wet immediately, fumbling at the button and I undid it as his fingers worked on the zip. His mouth and hands were all over me, and then I felt his breath teasing my ass.

"*Kahanu* and I are arguing over who gets to fuck you in the ass first." His long, lovely tongue worked down the crack of my ass as he slipped off my panties. I gasped and bucked under his slithering tongue. It settled right on my ass hole. God, he could teach *Kahanu* a thing or two. He moved that thrilling, silky tongue up to my sopping clit and I realized he must have been starving for pussy, the way I hungered for his and

Kahanu's cock.

He turned over onto his back, slipping a bit on that soapy floor until his mouth nestled at my open pussy, reaching up to lick me. I came in a blinding fusion of colors, riding that man's face like a horse in the Kentucky Derby.

Nohea stroked my legs and thighs as my orgasm subsided, then he pushed me up and away from him.

"On your back," he whispered, his mouth going straight back to work on my ass. I lay there watching him, hardly able to believe this beautiful man wanted me the exact same way he wanted *Kahanu*. He brought me to another crushing orgasm and when he lifted his face, glossy with my juices, I stroked his head.

"I want to lick you, too, *Nohea*."

He shook his head. "I need to fuck you know." He slipped into me and we slid around on that soapy floor, which added to the frenzy of the moment. I took in his manly scent, a different scent to *Kahanu's*. He had a faint smell of the sea. The hotter he got, the more he tasted like a rutting, fucking *kai kane*.

"Oh, Katie...that's it, baby. I have hungered for pussy for so long, but you...you are something else."

I didn't think it would be possible to come a third time, but I did with *Nohea's* orgasm crashing over both of us like twelve foot wave.

He lay on top of me and we both shook. "Not bad, eh?" he joked. We dried each other and got dressed again.

"You ever had a guy fuck you in the ass?"

Shaking my head, I nestled into him.

"I knew it! When I put my tongue on your ass that very first time...I just knew it. You mean I'm gonna be the first?" I could feel his smile widening against my forehead.

"Yes. You're the first in just about everything. You and *Kahanu*."

"Tomorrow night, you're spending it with us, at our house. We need to see if we can live together, the three of us."

"Really?" I was certain my voice squeaked.

Chapter Nineteen

*K*ahanu was nervous when he picked me up at the bookshop on Friday evening. Lydia and I were switching off. She and Ramon would work Saturday and Raul and I would work Sunday. *Kahanu* was going to drop me back to the store Sunday morning so that Raul and I could get things started for our eleven am opening.

Kahanu drove north on the freeway toward Turtle Bay with my hand in his, shooting occasional glances at me, like he couldn't believe I was with him, that we were really doing this.

He veered off to the H Two freeway, towards the leeward side of the island. They call it that because it doesn't get the rainfall the rest of the island gets.

"Where are we going?" I asked him. I was trying hard to hide my disappointment. I'd thought we were going to his house.

"*Waianae*." His voice quiet. He changed lanes in a tricky maneuver to get onto the highway that cut down to the leeward beach towns.

"What are we doing there?" I asked him as his

fingers played in my hand.

"You're going to meet my parents."

"I am?" Shock had me doing an immediate inventory of my outfit. I was wearing a pale pink strappy sundress and matching heels. My turtle necklace was in place and I'd brought a bamboo purse. In the trunk was my small overnight bag with shorts, bikini, toothbrush and another dress for Saturday night. I didn't want to think about my work clothes being in there too. I had two days of being Cinderella before I turned back into the scullery maid. "Your family lives in *Waianae*?"

"Why are your hands clammy?" He frowned. "Are you nervous?"

"Nervous? I'm having a stroke here. You didn't give me any warning."

"I want my parents to meet the woman I'm going to marry." He grinned. "They never thought that day would happen."

"What if they don't like me?"

He turned grave eyes on me. "You're not having a stroke. You're have a psychotic break, baby. They are going to *adore* you."

"But—"

"I'm still going to marry you. In fact, I kinda feel like they're my trump card. I know you are gonna love them, then you won't leave me."

"Leave you? I've got your hand *imprisoned* here."

He smiled and turned down a winding road.

Wild chickens ran across the road in front of us, a cow grazed on the side of the road and a huge cat strolled down the middle of the road, scattng at the last second.

"This is *old Hawaii* out here," *Kahanu* told me. "A lot of people here were given land under the Homestead Act. Most *Hawaiians* are still waiting since Congress passed a bill to give parcels of land back to the indigenous people, but we live old-style out here."

"Kind of like Kimo and *Lopaka*?"

"Very much like them. You love those men, don't you?"

"Oh...I can't believe how much I just want to be around them. You're okay with that, aren't you?"

"They're the only men in the world I'm not jealous of you being around. I know how much they love each other." He pulled into a large property.

I saw paper lanterns hanging outside a large ranch house, which had chickens and pigs in the front yard.

"This is it, hot legs."

He gave me a long, succulent kiss that worked some magic on me and then we were walking into the house. I had just kicked off my shoes at the door when a tall *Hawaiian* woman dressed in a red and purple *muumuu* walked down the hallway toward us.

"Oh, you are...gorgeous." She enveloped me in

a hug. "So you're the girl who's won my son's heart."

We stood and hugged each other for a long moment and I felt the oddest sense of familiarity, of belonging. I fought the urge to weep into her neck and then she was holding me back, looking at me.

"*Kahanu*, you have to show her the turtles after we eat. But first, young lady, you got a big family to meet."

"I can't wait." I wondered why on earth *Kahanu* had told me he and his family were not close.

He took me out to the backyard, where a barbecue, luau-style party was in full swing. Twenty people stopped talking and doing what they were doing and they all looked at me.

I almost died of fright.

Kahanu introduced me to everybody, keeping his frail old *Tutu* until last. She was wheelchair bound, but she was an innately beautiful old woman with long gray hair. She was smoking a cigar, holding court on the joys of sex and chocolate.

"Well, hello, sweetheart."

She reached up with a strong grip to pull me into a chair beside her.

"Behave yourself," *Kahanu* told her. "Don't get my girl drunk."

"Don't you have something else to do but pick on old people?" she shot back. He shook his head.

"Don't accept more than one drink from her. She'll ply you with *'awa* and you'll forget your own name."

"Your name, maybe," she laughed.

As *Kahanu* went to talk to his various family members, the old lady gripped my arms.

"We are so happy he finally found a girl. I'd given up on him."

"I don't know why." I felt the need to defend him. "Women love him. He just works harder than any other man I know."

She raised her brow to me. "You must be one very understanding, *wahine*. The last one fled when she found out he—"

"Grandma," a young girl said, coming over with a large turtle in her hands. "Koko won't eat."

When he what? I was anxious to get back to the conversation, but we never did. It was late when we took our leave, a plate of *haupia* coconut pudding in my hands.

"They loved you."

Kahanu seemed very relaxed as we moved back up that long road toward the highway. I wondered when the last girl had been to meet his family and what secret she'd discovered that sent her running for the hills.

"They don't know you're gay, do they?" I was surprised at how long it took me to figure out this truth.

Kahanu stood with his car keys in hand. "No,

they don't."

"Is that why you had a bad fight with *Nohea*?"

"*Nohea*?"

I shivered slightly under his icy expression.

"That had nothing to do with this."

"I'm...I'm not a beard, am I?"

His expression turned even more grim. "Is *that* what you think of me?"

"I don't know what to think! I thought we were having dinner with *Nohea* and then here we are meeting your family. I'm dressed to get fucked, you know!"

Kahanu's expression altered into one of amusement. He was trying very hard not to laugh. "And you are going to get fucked. What's the problem?"

"Why all the subterfuge?"

Kahanu sighed. "The simple truth is that I was always straight and then I met *Nohea*. I would have fallen for him whether he was a man, woman...or a giraffe. I was going to get married. I...I met a girl. We had a threesome and next thing I knew, she was gone and he was my anchor."

"So what was the fight about?"

Kahanu ran a hand through his thick hair.

I could still smell roasting meats and warm flowers on the air from his family *luau*.

"He got addicted to online sex...he...well, he didn't physically cheat on me, but it was devastating."

"I'm sorry."

"Yeah, me, too."

"You must mean a lot to him if he didn't actually screw the guy."

"It was a woman, actually. And yeah. It sort of helped us. We both had to finally admit what we both always knew. We like sex with each other, but we *love* women. Now, you wanna come home and get that fucking you deserve or you want to stand here and think ugly, demeaning thoughts? *Nohea's* probably going crazy, thinking we eloped."

We drove to Turtle Bay, making a turn off the *Kamehameha* Highway onto a short trail and he pressed a button, a large wooden gate opening to give us access onto a large property that appeared to tumble straight onto the ocean. A long house with large windows nestled in a clump of eucalyptus trees, a spray of red and orange hibiscus surrounding the wraparound lanai that had two wicker chairs facing the ocean.

A light gleamed from within and as we parked next to a black SUV. *Kahanu* took my hand and we walked into the house. I hadn't been sure what to expect but when we walked in, I was stunned at the simple beauty of their home, a classic beach house with unadorned windows facing the ocean.

Nohea, in nothing but Calvin Klein underpants made his way toward us, champagne glasses in his hands.

"I missed you," he whispered in my mouth and then *Kahanu's*. "How were the folks?"

"They love her," *Kahanu* grinned.

"That goes without saying." *Nohea* clinked glasses with us. "Just so you know, baby girl, you're gonna have to go through the same thing with my family next week."

"Your parents don't know you're gay either?"

"Oh, my parents *know*, they're just hoping they wake up and it's all a horrible dream. But don't wear that dress, whatever you do. I'll have you on the floor, your panties in ribbons before we get through the first cocktail."

"Is that a fact?"

"What, you don't believe me? Oh, foolish woman." He handed my champagne glass to *Kahanu* and, in seconds, had me on the floor, showing me he was indeed, a man of his word.

We fucked all night and we fell asleep entangled. I had no idea how long I'd been dozing, but I was awakened by the sounds of euphoric fucking. My eyes flew open and it all came back to me. I followed the sounds until they became increasingly louder. I halted mid step when I found them on the bed in another room. I gulped, taken aback at the sight of *Kahanu* on his belly, his stiff cock poking to the side, legs spread as *Nohea* fucked him like he was taking no prisoners. *Kahanu's* ass rose to every single thrust, crying out as *Nohea* pulled out and plunged back

in again in a savage display of sheer ownership.

"You think can bring that little bitch whore to our bed and get away with it?" *Nohea* asked. His hand was at *Kahanu's* neck, holding on for support as he plunged back inside him again.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," *Kahanu* whimpered, as he took increasingly harder strokes.

"Gimme that ass, bitch, give it to me...that's it." *Nohea* was relentless.

I must have gasped because they both turned to look at me. "*Nohea*...Are you angry he brought me here?" I asked, wrapping my arms around my now shivering, naked body.

"Katie...baby...it's just love games, baby."

Kahanu was wild-eyed. I couldn't keep my gaze off his muscular ass rising to take the internal beating he was thoroughly enjoying.

"You want to make it better for him?" *Nohea* grinned.

"Can I suck his cock?" I asked.

"No. His cock is mine right now. Just watch and tell him how beautiful he looks getting fucked."

Kahanu's gaze was on me. "Let her have her cock. It belongs to her, too." His voice raspy.

"Not yet, bitch. I want her to see how hard you come when I'm fucking you in the ass. Look at his cock, Katie. Oh...man, I'm gonna come. *Kahanu*..." He pulled out, gushing fresh cream and putting his cock right back into *Kahanu's* insatiable ass.

"You better come, bitch, or I'm sending her

home." *Nohea* slapped *Kahanu's* ass. Something registered with *Kahanu* because *Nohea* was pulling him toward him by the belly, drilling him deeper and harder. He didn't even put a hand on that raging cock and *Kahanu*, whose arms went up to encircle *Nohea's* head in a passionate embrace, came, shooting hot, sweaty cream all over the sheets.

"That's better, bitch." *Nohea* pushed him down on the bed. *Kahanu* was breathing heavily, still joined by the ass to *Nohea's* body.

"I expect Kimo has the same problem with *Lopaka*." *Nohea* stroked *Kahanu's* neck and back.

"What problem is that?" I asked, still trying to absorb what I'd just seen.

"He fucks his man like a bitch in heat all day long and he still can't knock him up."

"Yeah. But you could knock me up," I felt I needed to show good humor, good sportsman ship while I mulled over the drastic course in direction my relationship had taken. I'd never have *Kahanu* if I didn't play *Nohea's* game. His aggression was a side to him I'd never seen before and it unnerved me. I still didn't know if I wanted to be here, if I wanted to keep doing this. It was crazy. It was surreal. It was the biggest turn-on I'd ever experienced in my whole life.

"Mmm...I see I've got two bitches in heat." *Nohea* gripped *Kahanu's* hips. "Get on your back. Don't let my cock out of you or I won't let you

have it for the rest of the day."

Kahanu turned over and his hand covered his eyes. His cock was still hard. I knew then he was embarrassed to have me see him like this.

"You want his cock?" *Nohea* asked.

"Yes," I whispered.

"Sit on his face, I want to watch him feasting on you."

"Come here, baby."

Kahanu reached a hand out to me and, when I bent to kiss him, I tasted semen on his lips. I didn't think I could do this. Then his hand was between my thighs, pulling my leg over his head. I rode his face for a while and *Nohea* watched intently.

"Now lean forward and suck his cock."

I leaned forward and watched *Nohea's* cock moving in and out of *Kahanu's* ass as I tongued his cock and balls.

Kahanu's tongue had become unrelenting, like he knew I was on the verge of exploding all over his face. In spite of my misgivings, my orgasm crashed down hard on me and then *Nohea* was fucking *Kahanu* with increasing speed, *Kahanu* kept his hand on my head and I knew he was about to shoot.

"Oh, Katie!"

Kahanu took his mouth off me as he came down my throat, giving me hot, hot suds to sup as *Nohea* pulled his cock out of *Kahanu's* ass and I found my greedy mouth sucking two fountains of white fire,

my hand gripping the two cocks that had brought me so much satisfaction.

The three of us kissed each other and *Kahanu* lay on the bed beside me, his arms wound tightly around me. He'd read my reactions. He didn't ask me if I was okay. He was too afraid of my response.

"I'm right here," he whispered in my ear. "I'm always here."

We took a shower together and as sleep overcame us, I felt *Nohea* pull a sheet over all three of us and he got onto the bed on the other side of *Kahanu* and his arm draped over both of us.

I didn't wake up again until I felt a raging cock at my pussy and one in my face. I couldn't believe how horny these two guys were, but I liked the fact that they were including me this time, so I gave them both something to think about as we got of bed to start our day.

They both gave me long smooches, which were a delight.

"I have to go to work, but as soon as I get back, we're taking you to dinner."

Kahanu snuggled in bed with me as we waited for *Nohea* to bring us breakfast. "Don't leave me here." I whimpered as he bent to lick my nipple hardening between his fingertips.

"I have to leave you here baby, I can't take you with me.

"Then drop me home."

His arms tightened around me. "But *Nohea's* been looking forward to this day. He so badly wants to spend time with you. It would me feel beyond good to know the two people I love most in this world are having a beautiful day together, waiting for me to come home and fuck them."

"I can't spend the day with *Nohea*," I insisted.

"What, you fuck me, but you can't date me?" *Nohea* asked. He brought a laden tray to the bed.

I looked at the tray with three apricot colored roses, the enormous coffee pot, the thick slices of *Hawaiian* bread, the papaya and lime, the huge strawberries on the stem and the scrambled eggs on one plate with three forks.

"Wow. Do you cook like this every morning?"

"Yeah. I was hoping to switch off with you."

"I knew there was a catch in this somewhere," I grinned and we all laughed. Breakfast was fun and the three of us showered together one more time. I got the feeling the two men wanted a little private time, so I left them to it. But I was wrong.

"Where are you going?" *Kahanu* dragged me back into the bathroom.

As *Nohea's* tongue strayed to *Kahanu's* ass and mine to his cock, *Kahanu* groaned.

"I didn't create a family, I created a freakin' monster." His stiff cock slipped between my lips, seeking refuge before being forced to be away from me for an entire day.

Chapter Twenty

Nohea and I gave *Kahanu* extravagant lingering kisses on his way out the door.

"What are you two going to do today?" he asked us.

"I'm going to take Katie out in the new canoe and then I'm taking her out to lunch and then I'm bringing her home and fuck her four ways from Sunday. Maybe not in that order."

Kahanu's expression was bleak. "Damn. Can I ask you two not to fuck when I'm not around?"

"No," *Nohea* and I chorused.

"Sheesh...I was just askin'." He looked miserable.

"I love you." I gave him another kiss.

"I love you, too, baby."

Nohea's mouth moved over his. "I love you so much, K."

"I love you back." He smiled then. "You two make me wanna play hooky."

"Don't," *Nohea* grinned. "I want her to myself for a while."

"That just made my dick go soft."

Nohea's hand drifted to *Kahanu's* crotch. "No it didn't. Now get to work. You got a woman here who's soon gonna be eating for two."

Not yet, I thought. I was on the pill. I was not about to go down that long and winding road. As soon as *Kahanu* left, *Nohea* looked at me.

"Ready for a canoe ride?"

"Sure." He took me out the back to another house adjacent to the one he shared with *Kahanu*.

"This is my work space." He unlocked the door, introducing me to his ocean voyaging world. He showed me photos of the canoes he'd made to order all over the world. It certainly was an upgrade on showing a chick some etchings.

He showed me around his enormous studio and I saw photos of the two men together on walls, on his big oak desk and I suddenly felt awkward, knowing this was what *Kahanu's* life was like away from me.

"How do you really feel about this?" I asked him. "You obviously have a good life with *Kahanu*. Do you really want to share him with somebody else, especially a woman?"

He picked up a miniature canoe, fiddling with its paddles. It was obviously an issue for him. I'd done one acting class in my life and it was Acting 101, picking up props to avoid dealing with a direct question.

"I'll be honest with you, Katie. My concern is

what happens to him if you decide you don't want this. I don't think he realizes how...difficult this must be for you. I've had months to absorb the idea and make an informed decision. I know he told you about my online dalliance.

"You've had a few weeks and some of that has been tough, I know. Even last night was tough for you. *Kahanu* and I do have tender times, but we're men and last night was the first time in months that I have fucked him alone. And yeah...it's hard sharing him, but it's also wonderful. You already have our hearts. You've already shown us you are one in ten million."

He really was a very nice man. I crossed the room and put myself in his arms. I think that surprised him. We stood like that for a long time and I could hear his heart beat, I could hear his shallow breathing. I put my face against his chest and he picked me up and took me to the sofa.

"Are you comfortable?"

I nodded and he got on top of me, kissing me from head to toe. By the time he'd worked back to my thighs, he stopped.

"Let's go."

"Go? Are you mad?"

"I am going to make love to you for the rest of our lives. Right now the tide is perfect and I want—"

"Yeah. And Katie wants this." I flipped open the fly on his shorts, whipping out his long, super-

thick, uncut cock and proceeded to gorge myself on it. He half lay back on the sofa watching the way my tongue discovered the pleasures of an uncut cock.

He knew I was having fun but he was going crazy. "Katie, honey, push the skin back like that...it feels so good when you push the skin back with your lips. Now, tug it forward again. God you're like *Kahanu*."

I took my mouth off him. "I am, how?"

"He's the most sensual lover I ever had. You're right up there with him."

When *Nohea* came in my mouth with a blinding force, I thought about having him in my ass.

"*Kahanu* wants to be the first to fuck you in the ass. I suppose I should allow him to go first."

"Well you can take it in turns, but we should do it when we're all together."

"Okay, hot stuff." He scooped me off the sofa.

The North Shore is not a great place to swim, but it is a surfing Mecca. We took so long getting out into the ocean, the waves were very rough and although we had fun, I would have been petrified in lesser hands.

We returned the canoe to his house and *Nohea* looked at his diver's watch.

"Let's have lunch," he suggested.

We got into his SUV and we drove toward Sunset Beach. "You want to go to *Haleiwa*?"

"I'm in your hands."

His hand reached across the seat and dipped between my thighs, still clad in semi-wet shorts.

We drove past Sunset Beach and headed down the turnoff for *Waimea*, where a little old Chinese woman was putting fresh ginger stems at the shrine of the drowned surfer, Eddie *Aikau*.

"Mind if we say hi?" *Nohea* asked me.

"No, not at all."

We stopped just behind the old lady who squinted at us, then grinned.

"*Nohea!*" She slippah-shuffled towards him and he bent down to hug her.

"Mrs. Chan, I want you to know my friend, Katie Garrison."

Friend.

"Where's *Kahanu*?" she asked him.

"He's working."

"Oh, poor you. I know how much you miss him when he working." She patted his arm, returning to her duties. "I see plenty sharks out dere today. And some on dry land, too, eh?"

She gave me a disparaging look that sent me slinking back to the car.

Nohea laughed. "Oh, she's harmless."

"That's going to keep happening, isn't it? People thinking I'm stealing one of you away from the other?"

"She's our housekeeper. She's got a good eye. Most people don't know we're a couple. We keep it very low key."

We drove into *Haleiwa* and we turned off the highway onto a dirt patch and parked up close and personal with two other cars.

An archway over a lurid purple beaded curtain read The Breakers and we walked into the perfect sixties tiki-surfer dive. The Beach Boys were even playing on the stereo.

"*Kahanu* hates it here, but it's my favorite hangout." *Nohea* led me to a table by the windows. We sat, playing footsies as he ordered for both of us. Pretty soon we were noshing through roasted clams and calamari, fish and chips and plenty of mineral water to wash it all down.

"You like fudge?" He took my hand at last across the table.

"As opposed to what?"

"Well, for dessert. *Jamesons* has excellent fudge. We can walk down there and buy some and we can have it in bed."

That got my harlot's pussy quivering.

He smothered a smile. "You don't think I've forgotten that I owe you one, do you?"

"I planned on reminding you."

He took my hand up to his mouth. "*Hapa's* playing again this week. Will you go with me?"

"I would love that."

"Yeah, you owe me one too. Maybe that calls us even."

"Don't count your chickens, bub."

Nohea laughed. "This time, I want my arm

around you the whole time." He slapped some notes on the bill tray. "Let's go, hot stuff."

We picked up a pound of fudge and as we walked into the house, *Nohea's* cell phone rang.

"Hi, babe. We just came back from lunch." He took the phone into the living room and talked to *Kahanu* for a few minutes.

It was stupid to feel jealous that *Nohea* got a phone call and I didn't. I took the opportunity to call *Lopaka* and got his voicemail. I left a message telling him and Kimo that I was fine, that I would call back in the morning when I was at the store.

Nohea came back to the bedroom with his phone. "He wants to talk to you."

I took the phone from his hand. "Hi."

"You gave him a blow job?"

"Yes, I did. Was I a bad girl?"

"You know you were. Did you have to do that? You know I'm going crazy without you here."

"I'm going crazy without you, too."

There was a pause.

"You know I love you don't you?" His voice cracked.

"Keep telling me that. I might get it eventually."

"I'll do that. Try and stay out of the sheets, will ya?"

"How can I? *Nohea's* naked and he's got a hard on."

There was a strangled cry on the other end of

the phone.

"I love you," I whispered and ended the call.

"You've got a touch of the devil in you, Miss Garrison." *Nohea* pulled me toward him.

"You like?"

"Oh, yeah. You have no idea how much."

He did a pretty good job of showing me in the gentlest lovemaking he could possibly have given me. We were still glued together when *Kahanu* came home, demanding attention and sexual relief.

"Mmm," I murmured, from my perch on top of *Nohea's* rock hard body. I rubbed my face in his pants as *Nohea* helped me get *Kahanu's* cock out of his pants.

"Suck it baby."

Kahanu's body was tense. I felt his anxiety abate as he eased his way into my mouth. He bent down to kiss *Nohea* who tongued his mouth in a frantic way as I licked and sucked at *Kahanu's* balls. *Kahanu* fucked my mouth like it was the last one leaving the station and *Nohea* grabbed the base of the juicy pole.

"It's polite to share, Katie."

"No. Katie wants it." I took the cock back and *Nohea* laughed. He moved underneath my chin to nuzzle *Kahanu's* balls and then he nosed me out of the way so he could get a mouthful of dick.

Kahanu happily took turns feeding us both.

"Who gets to suck you 'til you come?" *Nohea*

asked him.

"Well I've been thinking about that all day and, *Nohea*, I think I'm going to come in your ass. You are not letting my woman think I'm the only one in this house who likes to take it the hard way."

He took his cock away from both of us and lay back on the bed, his hands under his head. "Come on, *Nohea*. Show Katie how much you love to get fucked."

Nohea looked at me and I knew he was suddenly shy.

"What an incredible turn on," I grinned and he was soon back in the game. He got between *Kahanu's* legs and I watched the way he sucked on *Kahanu's* cock. He slaved over that cock with a mixture of genuine relish and a major dash of ownership. He kept coming off *Kahanu's* cock to tell him how good he tasted, making *Kahanu* demand for his mouth to get back to work.

"He' so good at this." *Kahanu* stroked *Nohea's* chest. This is how he won me over."

I could tell he was ready to come, but then he pushed *Nohea* away from him.

"Get on top of me." As *Nohea* straddled him, *Kahanu* looked at me. "You see how hard he is. He loves to suck me and he loves for me to fuck him.

Nohea's face looked like he was in a mixture of pleasure and pain as *Kahanu* fucked his obviously tight ass.

"Ride me, you cock whore." *Kahanu* grunted,

his mouth on *Nohea's* throat and chest, one hand pulling on that delicious piece of cockmeat. I watched as *Nohea*, bouncing up and down on his man's cock, kept up a steady stream of 'ono, good,' as *Kahanu* asked over and over in English and *Hawaiian* if he liked getting fucked, if he loved that cock inside him.

Kahanu was talking crazy shit to him and *Nohea* was getting off on it. Suddenly, *Kahanu* was slamming into him, *Nohea* powering down with each thrust. *Kahanu* shot inside him and *Nohea* cried out as *Kahanu* jerked on his cock like he was trying to rip it off. *Nohea* erupted in *Kahanu's* hands, white foam covering his fingers.

An emotional *Nohea* remained on top of *Kahanu* who gave me his fingers to taste.

"Put him on his back, *Kahanu*, but stay in him. I want to suck his cock while you fuck him again. Are you gonna stay hard?"

Kahanu just looked at me and I could see he was completely crazed with lust. "Katie, suck him for me, please baby."

Nohea moaned as my mouth flew to his still dripping cock.

"Oh Katie. Gentle licks, baby. Oh...that feels good." His went back and forth. "Nothing beats this, getting your cock sucked and your ass royally fucked all at the same time."

"Good." I lifted my head for a second. "I must remember that."

My first inkling that *Nohea* was not keen on having me join them again anytime soon was the following morning, when *Kahanu* dropped me back into town. He was going to have the day free to be with *Nohea* until the evening, when he was due to patrol *Hanauma* Bay.

After some frisky business in bed, we'd gone to dinner at Roy's, one of the nicest restaurants on the island. It had been wonderful being out with both of them. They were both gracious and very naughty, feeling me up under the tablecloth.

We'd returned home to some ecstatic fucking and I awoke in the middle of the night to find *Nohea* fucking *Kahanu* again. This time, I left them to it.

In the morning, after a shower and some breakfast, this time on the back *lanai*, *Nohea* kissed me goodbye.

"We'll see you soon Katie, okay?"

"Okay." I was stung. *We'll see you soon*. Years in the dating cesspool had taught me that when a guy said, *I'll call you*, or *I'll see you soon*, what he really meant was, *sorry, I'm not interested in you*.

"Katie, what's wrong?" *Kahanu's* voice broke into my thoughts as we took the H Two back towards *Honolulu*.

"Nothing."

"I think I know you a bit better than that."

I turned my head so he wouldn't see the tears in my eyes. "Do you think *Nohea*...had a good

time this weekend?"

"Are you kidding? Of course he did. Katie, we haven't had sex like that for a long, long time. He hasn't wanted to fuck me the way he did this weekend...well, for a while. We both loved it and we love you."

I smiled and his fingers tugged my chin toward him. His eyes went back to the road.

"Katie, we had a very intense experience with you and we need to regroup for a day or so. I'm not disappearing. I'm too afraid you'll come to your senses and run for high ground."

I didn't say anything. Coming to my senses was high on my to-do list. Right under *get my head Examined*. He dropped me at the store and I thanked him for a wonderful weekend.

"The pleasure was all mine."

He kissed me and for one moment, I forgot that he'd changed all the rules, changed everything and for that moment, it was just *Kahanu* and me again.

I almost said, *I miss you*, but I didn't. I was anxious to get out of the car now. I could see it had all been a huge game, some hideous experiment. "Thanks again, *Kahanu*." I walked around the side of the bookstore, took the stairs to the upstairs apartment, flung myself on my bed inside the empty bedroom and wept.

Chapter Twenty-one

“Sistah, that be some seriously kinky shit.”
Lydia popped by at one o’clock on the pretext of checking on us, but really to get the gossip. The store was slow, which surprised me, but I took the chance to slip out back and take a seat under the banyan tree and talk to Lydia about my wild weekend.

“How are you feeling about it?” she asked.

“I had a good time. I truly did. I know it’s insane, but until this morning, it was wicked good, Lydia. Now I feel like a goddamned ho’.”

“Wasn’t it weird watching them together?”

“At first...” My voice trailed away. I knew they were at it again right at that moment. All by themselves.

“What are you going to do?”

“Nothing. I think it’s probably over.”

“Oh, honey. Are you brain damaged, or is this lack of sleep? They’ll be back with a vengeance. I’ve seen the way he looks at you, the way they both look at you. At least they gave you advance

warning that they're spending a couple of days in hiding. They may be men honey, but you shocked the shit outta their gay asses. And you know, their gayness might give 'em an extra sensitivity being straight doesn't."

I laughed then. It was such a good laugh it restored some equilibrium for me. After a long and productive day, Raul took me up to the Wilder's property that night and it was nice to see everyone again. The kids corralled me, getting missed hugs and kisses and the adults were warm and gracious with me.

"How are you?" *Lopaka's* gaze searched my face. We were in the kitchen and he was mixing juices to give to the baby in a sippy cup. Baby Kimo settled in *Lopaka's* lap again, eating freshly cooked red snapper and baby beets with great concentration.

Lopaka looked at me. "I was dying to know all weekend what was going on."

"It was beautiful. And then the north wind blew." I gave him all the gory details. He was a lot less horrified than Lydia, but his advice was clear and correct.

"There is no law that says you have to be with them. *Kahanu* did misrepresent things to you. You must love him a lot to have gone along with it at all. What bothers me is that his concerns are all about *Nohea's* feelings and not yours. *Nohea* knew what was going on and his feelings were

protected. *Kahanu* put him first, above you. You walked into a bear trap and got sent back out into the rain again."

I hadn't thought about that. He was right, of course. But in a weird way, I felt they wanted me to think about things. How did I feel? I still wasn't sure. A couple of days away from them would tell me. But *Lopaka* was right. My feelings were important. It was up to me to sort them out. I had only myself to protect my feelings. That made me feel very alone.

"You have all of us."

Lopaka was doing a great impersonation of Kimo's mindreading technique. I was thankful then to have the time, to be among my friends here, and to think. I cast off my disappointment over the morning's events and concentrated on my chosen family.

Neither man called me that night and I left them alone too. It hurt like hell to be left like a stray dog, but a long night of going through my thesis and organizing things for my first session with my professor forced me to push those men right out of my mind. It was only when I was in bed, ready to fall asleep that I missed those two hard cocks and the men who belonged to them.

The next night, Kimo and *Lopaka* were yearning for some private time. I volunteered to baby sit the kids with *Tutu*, Sammy and *Maluhia*.

"Are you sure?" *Lopaka* asked me, running

through the list of things I'd need to know.

The only man approved to set foot on the property during their overnight absence was Raul and, like my guys, he was off being a wuss somewhere. He had switched off with Ramon at work that day and we had no clue where he was. *Maluhia* was very hurt and I consoled her. *Tutu* gave her a neck massage while I made chocolate chip cookies with the boys.

We had a wonderful evening playing together and I slept in my old room in the house. Baby Kimo, who slept in his own anteroom off Kimo and *Lopaka's* room, was in his crib beside me until his parents came home. At midnight, he awoke, crying and held his arms out to me. I was so sleepy, I just reached out and grabbed him and his sobs subsided as he nestled in my arms. He remained there until Kimo and *Lopaka* came home a little while later and took him from me.

Kimo's big hand went to my forehead and I was aware of a lovely warmth and then I was asleep again.

Next thing I knew, a new rooster in the garden started crowing.

"Shut the fuck up!" Sammy shouted from the next room, making me laugh.

Tutu and I made breakfast of ricotta and blueberry pancakes with simple syrup.

"Kimo loves eggs, but ever since we got *da* twins, no more fresh eggs. Tomorrow I buy some,

make him plenty happy.”

We looked at each other and laughed.

Maluhia came out of her room, her happiness restored. Raul had just called her. He couldn’t wait to see her that night.

After breakfast, I put a call through to Johnny, *Lopaka* and Kimo’s friend and husband of *Aloha*. “I have a proposition for you.”

Johnny laughed. “That sounds intriguing.”

We agreed to meet for coffee on my way to work and for the first time in many days, I drove my own car. Being autonomous and feeling strong was the right prescription for me.

I met him and *Aloha* at their house on the same mountain but further down the hill from Kimo and *Lopaka*. I liked their place enormously. It was very retro, Fifties in style, down to the chrome *cracked ice* yellow laminated dining table and chairs, naugahyde booths lining one wall with vintage tabletop juke boxes.

“Kimo and *Lopaka*’s kids go mad here,” *Aloha* laughed. The found art gracing the walls was made by hillbilly superstars they told me. The entire living room was dedicated to music. Record albums, CDs, eight tracks, you name it. It lined shelves built from floor to ceiling. There were enormous lava lamps everywhere and I got the feeling it was a real love nest.

The two men hugged me. Johnny loved the idea of doing the Walking Tours of *Old Honolulu* out of

the store again.

"You know she turned me down months and months ago..."

Aloha put his hand on the back of his neck.

"Och, don't fret, wee one. Things happen when they're meant to." Wise words from that muscular Cockney man of his.

They followed me to the store and came in as I was unlocking the door.

"*What the fuck is going on?*"

I turned to see *Nohea*, looking very angry...frankly terrifying, descending on us. He looked *Aloha* and Johnny up and down.

"Who the *fuck* are you?"

"They're friends of *Lopaka's* and *Kimo's*. Johnny and *Aloha*, I want you to know my friend, *Nohea*."

His eyes swiveled to me. I could see the rage in his face. *Friend?*

"Johnny and *Aloha* work with me at the Wilder's school. Johnny is going to do walking tours out of the store. Johnny, I'll just print out the old schedule for you." My fingers trembled slightly and I saw the look of apprehension from *Aloha* as *Nohea* paced the interior of the store.

The computer was in a compliant mood with the printer and faithfully spat out several pages of documentation.

"I'd like to read these over." Johnny paged through the stack of papers. "The only days I'm not free are Wednesdays and Saturdays because

Aloha's doing the Stadium swap meet those days —
"

"That's where I know you from," *Nohea* snapped his fingers. "I buy music from you all the time."

"And on Mondays and Tuesdays I work in Chinatown. But I would love to work Thursdays and Fridays and if you're willing, *Aloha* is more *Hawaiian* than most *Hawaiians* —"

"I remember you now." *Aloha* grinned at *Nohea*. You come in with the *Aloha* Patrol guy. You like *Hapa*, he doesn't."

I laughed at that one.

"Katie loves *Hapa*, too," *Nohea* told *Aloha*.

The temperature warmed up a notch.

Johnny glanced at me. "I was thinking Mondays and Tuesdays, when *Aloha's* all miserable at home on his own without me, he can be doing the walking tour here instead."

"You've got yourselves a deal."

"I'm going to get online and look up some of the histories here, see if I can't jazz the tour up a bit." Johnny indicated the computer. "Did you know Nicky used to have a ghost bus tour midnight on Saturdays?"

"No, I had no idea."

"What, are you managing this place now?" *Nohea* asked me.

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"Away."

"We should do the bus tour together," *Aloha* nudged Johnny. "That'd be a gas, wouldn't it?"

I wonder what happened to the bus?"

I shook my head. "I couldn't tell you and I have no contact with Nicky at this point, so I can't ask her. Maybe *Lopaka* knows."

"Good idea. I'll ask him, since he's the one who created the tour. If we can work it out, you want the bus tours, too?"

"*Aloha*, I want the whole enchilada. And speaking of music, can you do something about some *Hawaiian* music for this place?"

"You mean canned or live?"

"Live would be amazing. But for every day, I think we'll need canned."

"Och, I know tons of local artists," *Aloha* grinned. "We could do weekend theme nights, Polynesian parties, tiki tangos...and I can put some CDs together for you."

"My I-Pod's got a ton of *Hawaiian* stuff on it," *Nohea* offered. "We can download it onto Katie's computer and get it on speakers in the store."

"Can we do that?" I asked.

Aloha nodded. "We can do anything you want." He walked through the store. "You want music in the kitchen?"

"Sounds groovy. I have a discretionary fund." I hoped Nicky didn't fly off the handle that I was dipping into it so quickly.

Nohea was behind the counter now, looking at the computer. "This has plenty of memory. It's perfect."

He walked outside the door.

"Are you leaving?" I asked.

"No, I'm getting my I-Pod. It's in the car."

"Are you doing him?" *Aloha* asked me as soon as he'd gone.

"Yes."

"Shit, I thought he was going to kill me. You almost got people poopies all over your nice hardwood floors."

"He's hot in a Neanderthal kind of way." Johnny winked. "What happened to the other guy?"

"Umm...I'm still seeing him too. They're what you might call...a *twofer*."

The two men roared with laughter.

"You gotta be careful of the quiet ones Johnny. Cheeky as cheetahs." *Aloha* drifted to the corner of the store when *Nohea* returned.

"Why didn't you tell me?" *Nohea* hissed.

"Tell you what?"

"That she's gone and you're all alone here?"

"I'm not alone."

"You're right. Not anymore, you're not."

And I felt a rush of heat from the tip of my nose to my suddenly damp panties. "Who wants coffee?"

"Me!" *Nohea* and Johnny shouted.

"I'd like a cup of tea if you don't mind, love." Aloha closed his notebook. "Then I'm gonna hit my warehouse and find you a decent speaker set up."

Nohea stayed with me all day, helping in the store as Raul and I made a few lunches and dozens of coffees.

"Is it just me or is this world's crappiest coffee?" I asked the guys mid afternoon.

"It's the world's crappiest coffee," Raul agreed. "I just didn't want to say anything."

"Well let's get some decent stuff in here," I insisted.

"I know a guy." Nohea paged through his cell phone numbers. "He's a sales rep. He can bring in big bags for you to sample and you try 'em all for a week or so and he'll come by and give you whatever you pick out."

"That sounds great." I smiled. "Can I get his number from you?"

"If you give me ten minutes alone with you, I'll give you anything you want."

I looked at Ramon who waved me away. Nohea and I ran up the stairs at the side of the building and went into my almost empty bedroom.

"Love how you've decorated the place," he joked.

"I'm never here," I retorted

"Where have you been the last two nights? We came by here."

"At the Wilders."

"Oooh, baby's been hiding." He had me up against the wall and I felt his cock harden against my belly. "I've missed you so much."

I couldn't speak. I'd started to cry uncontrollably.

"Oh, sweetheart. Oh, my beautiful *wahine*...I'm so sorry. I keep messing up with you."

He pulled me to the bed and he pulled my skirt up and my panties down, his hand working its magic between my legs.

"Tell me how to make you feel better."

His mouth moved over my face, kissing my tears, his fingers inside me now. I gasped because I was still tender from the workout he and *Kahanu* had given me all weekend.

"Are you sore?"

He realized how sensitive I was down there.

"You want daddy's tongue on you, make you feel all better?"

His face moved down, his tongue tip putting soft, tiny licks onto my slick and slippery pussy.

"Oh baby, I don't taste another man on you. You really haven't been with anyone, have you?"

He buried his face in me, two fingers buried deep inside me and when I came, he lifted his warm, wet mouth from me.

"I crave you, Katie. You are all I think about."

* * * *

We settled into a sexy, loving routine, *Kahanu*, *Nohea* and I. We spent many nights together, sometimes at my place, sometimes at theirs and one night a week I stayed at the Wilders to be with the kids and to give my men a night to themselves.

A couple of weeks after I gave them their one night off, they both squawked about missing me, so Kimo insisted that all three of us come and stay with them for a night. Sometimes, I pinched myself, hardly able to believe how much those two men doted on me.

Nohea and I created fantastic meals for our nights in Turtle Bay. Our nights in *Waikiki*, the three of us would go out, or sit in the apartment above the store eating stir fry we'd made in the shop kitchen.

One night, I drove home to Turtle Bay, exhilarated to be seeing my men and was overcome with emotion to see that the two wicker chairs on the *lanai* had now become three.

Kahanu came by the store for quickies and sometimes it was just the two of us. Sometimes all three of us romped in that room upstairs. One afternoon I left them to a heavy man-man session while I worked downstairs with Raul.

That was the day I discovered the secret passageway from my room down to the store.

"Did Nicky ever tell you about it?" *Kahanu* asked me.

She hadn't, but the discovery had Raul spooked. "Lydia thought she was imagining it, but sometimes she comes into the store and she swears things are moved around."

"So somebody's using it." *Nohea* was angry. "That doesn't thrill me, knowing my woman's sleeping upstairs."

Kahanu frowned. "I don't want you up there alone, *ever*. We can put a lock on the other side of the door, but I think it's a bad idea. I want you to have an escape hatch if you ever need it. I'm thinking that on the rare nights we're not with you, you need to be with Kimo and *Lopaka*."

They must have been concerned. Kimo and *Lopaka* showed up an hour later and examined the secret passageway.

"It's definitely being used." Kimo sighed. "I feel the energy. It's two people. Who would want access to the store after hours? The only person I can imagine is *Kaiona*."

"Do we have any idea where she is?" *Lopaka* asked Kimo.

"No. She's dropped out of sight." He seemed troubled, but he gave me a smile nonetheless. "You must always come home to us, we're your family, too, you know."

Chapter Twenty-two

One morning, *Kahanu* was driving me to work after he'd imperiously told me he wanted me naked under my dress.

"I want full access to you at all times."

It was thrilling and naughty to be naked under that dress. One gust of wind and I was in my own porno movie. As we drove, he hitched up the hem of the dress, until my pussy just peeked out and he smiled, his hand playing with the outer lips as he negotiated a left hand turn.

"Open your legs," he barked.

And I did, feeling the moist heat escaping, meeting his probing fingers.

"See how wet I make you?" he crowed.

We reached a red light and I saw a guy in an SUV beside us, looking down as *Kahanu* took his hand from me, gave him a finger wave and put his fingers back on me again.

"What?" he asked innocently.

My hand clamped down on his intrusive digits. The man was staring at me and I was deeply

embarrassed, exhibitionism not being one of my strongest fantasies.

“Open your legs, bitch.”

The lights had turned green, but neither vehicle moved. *Kahanu* checked the review mirror.

“Bitch, open your legs right now.” He pulled my dress right up. The guy in the SUV lowered his window and I could hear his sharp intake of breath as *Kahanu* worked on me, fingertips sliding on my clit, moving in and out of me. I grabbed his hand, but it was only to push those elusive fingers into me. My orgasm was building.

Kahanu talked a lot of rude nonsense about how much trouble I would be in unless I came for him, right there and then.

“You want me to take my hand away?” he shouted.

I shook my head, opening my legs wider, grasping at his remorseless hand, almost taking the whole thing inside me, aware of the stranger watching us. Cars started honking behind us and in a blinding fusion of colors, like fireworks going off in my brain, I came all over my man’s hand.

“Good girl.” He took his fingers off me. He glanced over at the guy, licking his fingers with slow deliberation. He moved the car forward. “Baby, you should see the look on that guy’s face!”

Lydia, Raul, Ramon, *Nohea* and I overhauled the store’s menu and we needed guinea pigs.

Kahanu offered to stop by during lunch and I called Kimo and *Lopaka*.

"Bring the whole gang," I told them. I even called my old friend Mr. Nagasaki who had hunted me down and was eager to see me and sample our new menu.

"Great coffee." Kimo sipped his drink appreciatively. "I never wanted to say anything but the coffee here always sucked."

I gave the three boys freshly squeezed papaya, lime and honey smoothies and they proclaimed them "*Ono*, very yummy."

"Please...more." Baby Kimo held his empty cup to me.

"I like a man who knows what he wants," I told him, getting him a refill as everybody laughed at that sweet, audacious little boy.

There was such a wonderful party atmosphere to our sample lunch that when customers wandered in off the street, they got more than they bargained for. *Aloha* and Johnny turned up with a walking tour crowd of six Japanese tourists who delighted in the bonus of a free meal.

Lopaka, *Tutu* and *Maluhia* were in the kitchen with Raul and me.

"There's too many of us," I insisted. "*Maluhia*, go and sit down and kiss your man."

"With pleasure." She scurried away to a table.

"Do you have a fever?" I asked *Lopaka*. "You're burning up."

Tutu looked at me. "Five minutes away from his husband and they get like this."

"Are you serious?" His face was flushed. "Go. Please ask Ramon and Lydia to come back here. We're just about ready."

I didn't need to tell him a second time.

Nohea and *Kahanu* pushed *Tutu* out of the kitchen and the three of us starting plating food.

"This is gonna cost you hot stuff." *Nohea* smiled.

"What payment do you want?" I grinned at him.

"I wanna get fucked in that lagoon at sunset and I wanna see the green flash. And *Kahanu*..."

"...wants to fuck his woman in the ass," *Kahanu* finished.

Lydia ran into the kitchen. "Get ready sistah. Everybody's expectin' lunch." She looked around. "Wow...we did good, huh?" She marshaled Raul and Ramon into handing out plates and by the time we'd finished, everybody was eating and telling us there wasn't one thing they didn't like.

"You need some *poi*," was *Tutu's* only suggestion. "If you like, I can make."

"I like. We'll pay you."

"No pay. I do fo' love."

I beamed at her, very happy that everybody was enjoying their food.

"This *Hawaiian* soul food is better than Nippy's," Mr. Nagasaki pronounced. Raul,

Ramon, Lydia and I high-fived each other.

"Och, it's smashing." *Aloha* agreed. "Wicked good."

I was nervous about my night in bed with the guys. I knew whatever happened, they would never deliberately hurt me. But still, they were about to go where nobody had ever been before, not even my gynecologist.

Nohea made a beautiful dinner of white asparagus from *Kimo* and *Lopaka's* garden, artichokes and *Kona* crabs, which we ate with melted butter, eating from each other's fingers. We ate huge shrimp pulled straight out the fishpond I had helped rehabilitate on the north shore and cooked at *Giovanni's Shrimp Truck*.

"These ones have coconut dressing." *Nohea* fed them to us, taking turns licking the dripping juices from my chin and *Kahanu's*. Then his mouth moved down to my breasts and dinner became a floorshow.

"God, I love you." *Kahanu's* mouth roamed between my legs. He licked me as *Nohea* pushed his face down to my ass.

"You ready for something different?" *Nohea* asked me.

"Uh-huh."

He pulled up my legs so that my ass was in the air. *Kahanu* licked at my ass hole with the same relentless energy he always gave me, but this time his tongue remained at my hole, working its way

into me. *Nohea* positioned me so that I opened up to him a little more. I had them both work on my pussy and ass at the same time and I had come to really savor those adventures, but this was something else. Nobody touched my pussy but as *Kahanu* worked over the nerve endings in my ass, I came, and the sensation was deep and intense.

"Fuck me, baby!"

My man threw his pants down to his ankles and wedged his rigid cock out of his Calvin's and he was ready for take off into my ass.

Kahanu's cock started moving into me. *Nohea* kept his grip on my legs, stroking *Kahanu's* mouth with his tongue.

"Take your time, *Kahanu*. Make her love it."

My ass felt like it was on fire. I didn't think I could take that massive pole up that tiny hole.

"Relax your ass, baby." *Nohea* stroked my belly. He's going to make you feel good very soon. I know it hurts, but not for long, angel."

I tried hard to relax but I was in extreme agony. I felt like I was being split in two. He only had the head in me but he waited and kissed me, telling me how much he loved me. When he bent to suck my nipples, my ass relaxed and I felt him go in. I still hurt like hell, but suddenly, a new feeling...a different sensation all together.

"Fuck!" I screamed. "That's unbelievable!"

And *Kahanu* went berserk then fucking me with slow, deliberate, long strokes. "You are so lovely,

baby. Oh, Katie...you feel so good."

Nohea's hand shot down to my pussy, rubbing at my clit, and when *Kahanu* was ready to burst, his whole body shook. He came inside me, the look on his face was one of pure bliss.

"Wow, Katie...wow." He lay on top of me, *Nohea's* hand still between us and I came then, with a flash of purple haze zooming across my brain.

"I want a taste." *Nohea* pushed *Kahanu* out of me. His face went to my ass and his soothing licks quieted the fire in my previously virgin ass.

"Your turn," I whispered when *Nohea* lifted his face.

"Not tonight, Josephine. I'm giving you a rest. Tomorrow, I'm plundering your ass, guaranteed."

He put lotion all over my butt and though my ass throbbed, by morning, *Kahanu* and *Nohea's* hot little harlot wanted her ass fucked again.

Nohea couldn't wait. As *Kahanu* watched, he took me from behind and the deeper penetration was simply astonishing. I felt a thrill of warm, wet heat shot straight up my spine. I'd never felt anything like it.

Kahanu moved underneath me and positioned me over his stiff cock. With one man in my ass and the other in my pussy, I couldn't speak...I couldn't think. I was in a carnal heaven. God, I thought as I came over and over again. No wonder guys want to do this to each other. It's just so good.

* * * *

Once I'd experienced anal pleasure, it became my obsession. My men's, too. But soon, after a couple of weeks, they wanted pussy, too, and the three of us enjoyed the fact that they could fuck me at the same time. I still loved giving one head while the other one was fucking me, but they loved knowing their cocks were rubbing so close to one another front and back, so near, yet so far.

It was a Saturday night and *Kahanu* took the night off work. He and *Nohea* picked me up at the store and said they were taking me somewhere special.

"Pack your toothbrush and deodorant, maybe a *pireau*, no clothes. You won't need them."

Kahanu was in the bathroom with me, watching me pack my cosmetics. Maybe he thought my beauty regime was limited to running a toothbrush across my teeth, but I was a woman, dammit and I wasn't leaving without my arsenal.

His hand covered mine when I picked up my pill packet.

"Leave it. I want to get you pregnant."

"*Kahanu*, I don't want to start bleeding and ruin our weekend."

"Baby, I love fucking you when you're bleeding. Katie. Have I ever not fucked you when you're bleeding?"

No, as a matter of fact, the scent of a menstruating woman seemed to send my horny duo into overdrive. The added benefit for me had been that I'd stopped getting period cramps with all the joy my little ovaries were experiencing.

"Katie, I want you pregnant."

I left the pill packet, put on my favorite pink dress and high heels. *Kahanu* scrutinized me.

"It's hot, baby, but don't you have anything shorter?"

I laughed and dabbed my favorite *Pikake* oil on my pulse points.

In the backseat of *Nohea's* SUV, while *Nohea* drove, *Kahanu* and I fooled around. He moved my dress up and ripped my panties off me

"Oh look at that, Katie's panties got all torn up." He held the dangling threads up for *Nohea* to see.

"That's too bad. They sure don't make panties the way they used to." *Nohea* pressed the power button for the window, which lowered in an instant. *Kahanu* tossed them out the window. His fingers and tongue went back to work on me.

"Don't let her come," *Nohea* yelled over his shoulder.

"I don't know how I can't not let her come. She's so wet."

"Then stop what you're doing. I want to make her wait."

"You're so mean," I pouted and *Kahanu* kissed

me, making up for taking his fingers off me.

We drove to the outer edge of *Waikiki* and down the end by my beloved *Diamond Head*, we turned into the ultra expensive splendor of the *Halekulani*. I'd never been here before. I'd only ever heard of the stunning hotel they said was the best in all the islands.

My men had booked us into one of six bungalows overlooking the ocean and we had a magnificent bedroom, which had ocean views from all sides. We had a private kitchen and a chef on call whenever we wanted him and a Japanese *furo* bath with an array of oils and delicious-smelling bubble baths lined up on the sides.

"They cook anything you want here." *Nohea's* eyes shone. "We'll get him to make dinner and leave us to it. I don't want you lifting a finger tonight."

He looked at me.

"Why are you still dressed? *Kahanu*, take off her dress. I want her in nothing but those sexy shoes."

Kahanu took my dress off, up over my head and I felt the familiar thrill it gave me when his tongue touched my throat. He ran his hands over my belly, cupping my ass cheeks as he held me to him. We kissed each other with ferocious abandon. I wrapped my arms around his neck and he picked me up. I wound my legs around his waist and he kissed me again.

"Christ, I'm starving for you."

He took me to the balcony door and unlocked it. The sea breeze prickled my skin as he put me into a huge wicker chair strategically placed so that the chair gave a great view of *Waikiki* and *Diamond Head* in the distance. He draped my legs over the arms of the chair and he looked up at me, in that worshipful way of his.

"I'm so hungry for you."

He knelt in front of me and seeing this beautiful man raining small kisses on my open thighs was an unbeatable sight. He lifted his head for a moment and I could see the roiling tides of oceans in his melting brown eyes.

"Look at your view."

His tongue traced a long, torturous path down my left leg.

"I know how much you love this mountain. Look at *Diamond Head*, then watch your man taking possession of what's his again."

I had no idea if anyone could see us from other bungalows or even from down on the beach, but as *Kahanu's* tongue ran from my left big toe, up my calf and thigh and zeroed in on the one place that made me forget everything, I didn't care who was watching us. In a rush, my emotions, my need for him, completely conquered me.

Kahanu and *Nohea* both had that effect on me. When they changed places and *Nohea's* hands and mouth were on me, nothing else mattered.

"I'm humbled by you Katie. You have the

purest heart of anyone I've ever known."

I gave myself up to them, and once again, I was theirs, whole-heartedly and unreservedly.

Chapter Twenty-three

The night we came home from the *Halekulani*, I had a horrible dream. *Kahanu* woke me with kisses, holding my sobbing body in his arms.

"What's the matter, baby, please talk to me."

He cradled me in his arms. I clung to him, unable to speak, comforted when he kept talking in soothing tones. *Nohea* was stroking my head and back.

"Our little girl had a bad dream." *Nohea* kissed me. He didn't know the half of it. I stayed in *Kahanu's* arms, sandwiched between my two demi-gods and finally, we all went back to sleep.

In the morning, *Kahanu* woke me again with kisses.

"I need to feast on that sweet, creamy cunt."

After a quick, delicious front and rear attack from my two men, *Kahanu* went to work, leaving *Nohea* and I to nest a little more. He pulled me into his arms and stroked my head, always guaranteed to lull me into a content state.

"Want to talk about the dream last night?"

"No. I'm too scared."

"Scared. Of me?"

"No. I'm scared of making it real." And then my tears fell all over his chest.

"You're really upset. What, is it related to, us?"

"No." I buried my face in his arms and he held me for a long time.

"Is it about somebody you love?"

"Yes."

"So you think it's a prophecy."

"Yes."

"Is it...is it about *Lopaka*?"

I gasped, fresh tears pouring from my heart.
"I...how did you know?"

"Baby, I think I had the same dream."

We called *Lopaka* and *Tutu* answered the cell phone. She sounded very distracted. "I need to talk to Kimo." My voice wobbled. "I know he never talks on the phone, but it's very important, *Tutu*."

Tutu didn't hesitate. "You come up here, yeah? The boys miss you. We miss you. Bring da mens for breakfast."

Nohea and I jumped in the shower and we held hands tightly as he drove us into town and somehow, he got us to the Wilder's property in about thirty minutes. It was Kimo who came to greet us. One look at our faces and he knew I was on the verge of tears, but it was *Nohea's* distraught face that seemed to ignite his own worry.

"Tell me quickly. If we need to talk privately, I'll work it out a bit later, but let me know the nature of this problem now." He looked over his shoulder, but *Lopaka* wasn't coming out of the house.

I started. "I had a bad dream. A very bad dream. Oh, Kimo...I hate to do this, but it didn't feel like a dream. It felt real. I'm very worried about *Lopaka*."

He didn't move. "Tell me what you saw in this dream."

"I saw *Kaiona* coming to the store. She...*Lopaka* was there for some reason. I dreamed he brought me something. I keep thinking *poi*, but I have no idea why he would bring it to me, except now I'm thinking I was because *Tutu* suggested we should have *poi* at the café. Anyway, in my dream, she started out okay. But she was waiting for him. She knew he was there. And she...and she..."

Nohea put his arm around me. "She attacked him with a knife."

Kimo looked at him. "You had the dream, too?"

Nohea nodded.

Kimo looked grim. "Have you told anybody else?"

"No." I was still shaking. "Not even *Kahanu*."

Kimo's shoulders seemed to sag. "*Tutu* has had the same dream, twice now."

I saw the tears in his eyes.

"*Kaiona* knows *Lopaka* is my life. The best way

for her to hurt me, *truly* hurt me, is to kill the man I love."

He stepped forward and touched us with surprisingly burning hands.

"You need to go over this again with me in as much detail as you can recall. The attack must be happening soon. I need to pray on this and ask for guidance."

Kimo looked away, focusing on some point in the middle distance. He was pulling on his hair in a thoughtful way. When he looked back at us, the emotion was gone.

"I promise you both, no harm will come to my man. He is protected. He is safe. And I want to thank you for your love and your deep connection to *Lopaka*. We really do have the most magnificent friends."

He took turns hugging us and, walking to the door with his arm around me, he whispered. "Katie, not a word to *Lopaka*."

I nodded and I turned to look at *Nohea*. I reached for his hand and found it was already there.

After breakfast, Kimo led us outside and we sat in a circle on the back *lanai*, littered with children's playthings. I always marveled how these children had no TV in the house but an abundance of affection and attention and access to nature in its purest, distilled essence. They made a game out of everything, the way we did in the old days. The

Wilders wanted nothing to interfere with their lush life. I knew we all felt that way.

Kimo and *Tutu* talked to *Nohea* and me, asking for specific details of the dream. We all saw practically the same thing. *Nohea*, who was taller than both *Tutu* and me, said he walked into the store in his dream and the *Phantom Lover* painting on the wall had been slashed. After that, his sequence of events was identical.

"*Kaiona* was wearing a red cord around her neck. I remember that." I looked at them. "That's partly because the rest of the dream for me was muted colors."

"I seen da red cord, too." *Tutu* nodded vigorously. "She's wearing something that belongs to Kimo. Dat's where she gets her power."

"What would she have that belongs to you?" *Nohea* asked.

Kimo shrugged. "She and Nicky have been around this house for a long time..."

"I think it's something very personal." *Nohea's* voice was soft. "My sense is she's working with somebody. This feels like very old magic."

Kimo looked at him. "I'm inclined to agree. I—"

"Katie," an excited *Lopaka* came out of the house, the three boys in tow, holding a bowl of *poi*. "Taste this. I think it will go wonderfully on your new menu. *Tutu* made it. It's one day old so it's perfectly fomented—"

He stopped when he saw all of us sitting on the

ground, huddled together. A chill ran down my spine.

"What is it?" he asked.

Kimo stood up, extracted the bowl from *Lopaka's* hands and handed it off to me. With his arm around him, Kimo walked back into the house. I wondered how he was going to tell him what was going on.

"You need to go to work, Katie." *Tutu* smiled. "*Lopaka* will be safe now."

"I'm not working today. I was thinking now that we're here, *Nohea* and I could work on the fishpond."

The look of relief on the old lady's face was immense. "Can you take *da* twins down *dere wit'* you?" I noticed that when she became distressed she lapsed into heavy country talk.

"Absolutely."

"Sammy and I are gonna take *da* little Kimo and look over *da* grounds. Say some prayers, make sure Madame *Pele* watch her children."

Nohea and I had able help from the twins who learned quickly to identify what weeds and plants were strangling the natural vegetation of the pond. We pulled weeds, sang songs and suddenly I was aware of a presence.

Fear tickled the back of my neck.

I saw a woman huddled in the dense undergrowth up ahead. She had long, very long grey hair that looked matted. She was quite old

and *Keli'i* saw her, too, because he went toward her and I pulled him back.

"But it's *Madame Pele*."

He was surprised by my fear.

"I want her to see her pond, *Katie*."

And then the woman vanished. *Nohea* and I both knew enough *Hawaiian* folklore to know that *Pele* never appeared as a very old woman. *Unless there was danger imminent. And unless you were completely foolhardy, you had to heed her warning.*

Chapter Twenty-four

Johnny wanted to talk to me about new ideas he had for tours, The Ghostly Tea Tour, Movie Tea Tour and Book Tea Tour, where we would show tourists the hidden book and movie sites around the island, giving them afternoon tea as well.

Despite my distracted state, I had to keep my mind on business and I loved everything he was telling me.

He suggested that two extra rooms on the side of the building that *Nohea* and Raul and I had recently discovered and currently housed a bunch of rubbish could be used for the teas. We could decorate the rooms with the themes of each tour, selling locally-made books, gifts and boxes of island cookies, coffee and tea.

"There's something I want to show you. *Aloha* and I found a bus. We can get the bus tour listed in all the free local papers with the walking tours. I think it means late Saturday night hours for everybody, but it would be a lot of fun."

"Sounds great to me." I was thinking we were

going to need more staff soon.

"The Chamber of Commerce is willing to put us on their official guidebooks for a fee, if our walking tour can be expanded. I have an idea. I'd like to really turn the tour on its ass. There's something I want to show you. We'll be quick. I'll have you back in ten minutes."

Nohea refused to let me go at first, but nobody else was in the store, Raul was over an hour late.

"I won't be long," I told him and left him in charge as Johnny drove us in his ancient Camaro up the *Manoa* Road. "I'm proposing turning the walking tour into a pure ghost tour. Our store is supposedly haunted. The whole neighborhood is supposed to be screaming with ghosts. You got any candy?"

"Candy?" I rifled through my purse and found two Jolly Rogers.

"Perfect." He jumped out of the car and I followed. At the entrance I did as he instructed, leaving the two candies just inside the gate. There were others there already.

"We ask the spirits permission to enter, especially when we are not visiting family," Johnny said.

It could have been my imagination, but I was certain a cloud crossed the sun at that moment and the cemetery took on a sinister, abandoned feeling. We walked past tall trees shading the oldest part of the cemetery. Red and green *ti* leaf

sprouted in abundance on some of the very old graves, giving color and life to those long ago reposed.

Plumeria trees, the so-called graveyard flowers, bloomed in abundance. Their soft, fresh fragrance carried on a warm trade wind and in that moment, I believed in ghosts.

At a black gate, I saw the sign *Baby Cemetery* and I gasped. We were silent, inspecting the graves of long-dead babies from one hundred, even one hundred and fifty years ago. They were the offspring of the Chinese laborers who had been brought to the islands to work the sugar and pineapple fields. I couldn't believe the festive offerings of fruit and candies left on all the graves.

Johnny looked at me. "In my culture, we always feed the dead. We take care of the dead so the dead take care of us."

He knew so many stories and had such a wonderful way with words, that I was intoxicated. I forgot the time, I forgot everything but this moment in the baby cemetery. I wanted to remember it all, because it touched me so much. "Whatever you need, anything I can do, you have it."

Johnny smiled. "Thank you. I'm thinking, if it's okay with you, I should start working for you full time."

"I'm thinking what you're thinking."

We returned to the store in a happy frame of

mind.

"Trouble." *Nohea* sat at the counter pointing to a dejected-looking Raul sitting at an outside table.

"Did you ask him what's wrong?"

Nohea looked at me. "Talking to my man about our woman is all the drama I can handle, baby. Why don't you take a crack at it? I'll bring you out a coffee."

"What's going on?" I asked Raul who didn't waste time in venting his anger.

"All I asked Kimo for was to let me take the twins, the little boys I love like they're my own, out snorkeling with my family next Saturday and he said no. I think he's taking this responsibility of his way too far."

Nohea brought out coffees for us and I put my hand on his arm. He took a seat next to me, his arm around my shoulders.

"Raul, right now, things are...a little weird. Once the babies are born, he'll relax a little."

"He'll never relax. He takes this whole *kahuna* thing too seriously. I'm not saying it's crap, but he's not being rational."

Before I could respond, he ran on.

"There was a woman in here yesterday. She says she knows Kimo and she says he's arrogant and self-serving and that he's not as powerful as he thinks he is."

Nohea's arm froze around me. "What woman was that?"

"I don't know. She was kinda weird, you know, asking if he and *Lopaka* come here much—"

"Oh, man." *Nohea* got up from the table. "I'll get the phone."

He handed me the receiver. I had *Lopaka's* number on speed dial and I waited for their phone to ring.

"What is it?" Raul's gaze was on our grim faces. "Are...are *Maluhia* and the kids in danger?"

Neither of us responded and when I heard the phone answer, I was surprised to find it was Kimo.

"I'm in the middle of making love to my man. But I saw your number and I knew it was an emergency."

"A woman was in here yesterday asking Raul about you and *Lopaka*."

"How come he didn't mention that when he was yelling at me this morning?"

"Kimo," I heard a voice say and I realized *Lopaka* was talking to him.

"Tell Raul he'd better come up here." Kimo's words raced. "Get *Nohea* to bring him. I need him here. And Katie, don't worry honey, that bitch has really pissed me off now. She wants a war, she just got it."

"What bitch?" I was mystified.

But Kimo was talking to *Lopaka*. "Baby, we need to find a white rooster. Right now." And then he disconnected the call.

Kahanu turned up twenty minutes later. “*Kimo* told me everything. He’s given me a job to do. I shouldn’t even be here, but I’m worried about you, *Katie*. If something goes wrong and anything happens to you —”

“I’ll be fine. Please, go help our friends.” I gave him a kiss and sent him off into a battle unknown.

Ramon and *Lydia* arrived a few minutes later looking exhausted and nervous. “What’s going on?” she asked. “We got this weird call to come to work and act like nothing’s wrong. *Raul*’s car is out there. Where is he?”

“I can’t...I don’t know.”

“Is everything okay, *Katie*?”

“I don’t know. Just go along with whatever happens, okay?”

She gaped at me. “I’m going to call your life *Gays of our Lives*.”

“My life? This has nothing to do with me.”

Lopaka appeared in the doorway with a bowl of *poi*, just like in my dream. Our eyes met and I knew he was both terrified and resolute.

“*Tutu* sent this for you to try.” He stepped forward. He’d reached the counter when a shadow darkened the doorway.

It was *Kaiona*.

The look on her face was one of sheer madness. Madness and hatred. *Kaiona* brandished the knife from my dreams right near my face.

“I’m not after you. I just want him. *Kimo*’s

whore."

"You can't have him." I put him behind me. *Lopaka's* entire left side seemed to be on fire. My hand reacted to the sensation and *Kaiona* chuckled. It was a ghastly, creepy sound.

"They are connected by fire. If he's burning up, that means Kimo's not around. Give me the whore and I'll let you live."

"No. I won't let you hurt *Lopaka*."

"Hurt him? I don't want to hurt him. I just want to kill him."

Out of nowhere, Kimo materialized behind her and I almost fainted. Was he a shape shifter? All I knew was the whole room grew very hot and he advanced on her, silently, like a giant cat, his eyes like red-hot coals.

For the first time, she seemed hesitant, as if realizing things had changed.

"*Kaiona*." Kimo's voice was deathly quiet as he whispered to her from her right shoulder.

"You came for him. Good. You can watch him die."

"Would you really take his life?"

"Just watch me, Kimo." She lunged back, slicing at Kimo, who vanished, then reappeared behind her.

"You're better than she said you were." *Kaiona's* darted everywhere, but Kimo was gone.

He materialized again, right in front of her and startled, she took a step back. Somehow he was

behind her again.

"Tell your keeper, *you are not of my house, therefore you do not know the secrets of its closets.*"

"My...keeper?" For the first time she seemed frightened.

"Why do you want my husband?" Kimo asked her, but he had disappeared completely.

Kaiona was twisting and turning, confused as he emerged, disappeared and all the while, kept asking questions.

"You would curse me, the father of your son and send him straight to hell?"

"He's not my son!" she spat.

"Yes he is. A curse on me is an early death for him. You really want that, *Kaiona*?"

Lopaka's hand was on my arm, his fingers gripping mine. His face was almost white.

"You should have thought about that before you took my woman away from me, Kimo. You interfered. You ruined my life."

"How like you not to take responsibility for your own actions." *Lopaka* was unable to keep silent any longer.

She must have been crazy to lunge at *Lopaka*, because Kimo was back, his hand on her shoulder. All life seemed to leave her face as the gleaming blade hovered an inch from *Lopaka's* heart. She sank to the floor. I saw him drop to his knees, his hand on her chest, chanting in *Hawaiian*.

"Don't do it, baby, please don't do it. Let her

live." *Lopaka's* voice pleaded, until he saw the blood on Kimo's arm. "She...cut you?"

"*Lopaka*. I'm okay. Please, darling, let me do my job." He reached down her top and tore a long red rope that appeared to have a lock of hair on it, snatching it into his hands. *Lopaka* was over to him and in his arms, hysterical. The knife wound seemed deep, but Kimo's only focus was *Lopaka*.

"I love you."

I grabbed a clean cloth from the kitchen and *Lopaka* held it to Kimo's arm.

Kimo looked at me, his arms tightening around *Lopaka*. "Call *Nohea*. I...sedated her. He knows what to do. I need...a few moments with my husband. Can we—"

"My bedroom upstairs...it's all yours. The secret passage is open." I thought they'd be on the floor fucking before they even got up the stairs, but I left them alone, returned to the desk and picked up my cell phone, punching in *Nohea's* number on autodial. He didn't even wait for me to speak.

"I'm there!" And then he was rushing through the front door with a carry bag and a plastic food container in his hands. "Are you okay?"

His lips traversed my face as if trying to convince himself I was okay, then he dropped to the floor and checked on *Kaiona*.

She tried to get up, but she seemed glued to the spot.

"Do you remember what happened?" Nohea asked her.

"What am I doing here?"

Nohea's expression was priceless. "Who were you working with, Kaiona?"

"I don't...am I working?"

Nohea looked at me. "Boy, when he does a whammy he doesn't mess around. Whose blood is on her?"

"Kimo's."

"She tried to kill him?"

"She went after Lopaka. It was horrible."

"Where are they now?"

"Upstairs."

"You need to take these to them." He handed me the carry bag and food container. "I'll stay with her. Katie, did he take something off her neck?"

"A red cord with some hair on it."

"Get up there now...there's no time to lose."

I was aware of Ramon and Lydia huddling in the kitchen.

Nohea urged them to leave and I went up the staircase, embarrassed and mortified to be disturbing my friends. I crept down the hallway thinking maybe they were finished, but they weren't fucking, even though they were naked.

"Katie, come in. You brought the clothes?" Kimo asked.

I got a close-up look at the massive cock that

must have been the source of *Lopaka's* constant serene state. I handed him the bag and the two men hurriedly threw on fresh clothing.

"Katie, please, can you bag up all the old stuff we were wearing?"

Kimo's expression was grave. Why did I get the feeling this thing wasn't over yet?

"Did you bring the chicken?"

My eyes were on *Lopaka's* ass. Kimo's name was tattooed on his tailbone. Wordlessly, I handed over the food container and Kimo ripped the lid off, feeding *Lopaka* pieces of roasted chicken. He handed me some, too, telling me to eat it, then took a large piece for himself.

"Take this down to *Nohea*, make sure he has some, I'll come down to feed the rest to...*her*."

His face took on a disgusted look and I took off down the stairs.

"Are they ready?" *Nohea* was very agitated now.

"Almost. He wants you to eat some of the chicken."

Nohea didn't hesitate. He took some and ate it, as *Kaiona* stirred on the floor again.

Kimo was back downstairs, *Lopaka* at his side. He held the carrier bag in one hand and the red cord with the hair in the other. Kimo took the cord and the plastic container and knelt beside *Kaiona*.

He put his hand on her forehead, the red cord with the hair appearing to cause her great

discomfort.

"*Kaiona*, you sent me *ho'opi'opi'o*, the death curse. You wish me and my husband *ano'ano*, death." He nodded to *Nohea* who got behind *Kaiona* raising her up. Kimo fed her some chicken.

She chewed slowly, looking at him as if she were in a fog.

"Go to your keeper, the one who sent you here. There, find your home, your food, your drink, your mats, destroy your keeper and that will be your gift to me. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

I sure didn't understand anything he was saying.

Kimo put his hand on her head. "In the name of our children and our children's children, this *kapu*, this taboo is finished. This store...*ua noa a*. It is free of *kapu*."

He stood up. "There, it's done, she can't hurt us anymore."

Kaiona got up off the floor and walked up the street, oblivious of traffic screeching to a halt, she crossed the road, heading upcountry.

"Where is she going?" I asked.

Kimo looked at me. "Back to the sender of the curse."

We locked the store as Lydia careened around the corner in Kimo's SUV. She and Ramon got out of the front seats and we all piled in, *Lopaka* and Kimo glued to one another.

Nohea took over the wheel, buckling me in beside him.

"Kimo, you two need to sleep, to seal the spell. Are you comfortable back there?"

"Yes. I'd rather be naked in bed with him, but this will do nicely. Thank you all." His eyes drifted shut.

I could tell he was exhausted. "Where are we going?" I asked *Nohea*.

"Our place."

Chapter Twenty-five

At the door to the home I shared with *Nohea* and *Kahanu*, *Keli'i'i* peered out from behind a bamboo blind, a pinched look to his little face. *Kahanu* opened the door and let us in.

"Oh, sweetheart." Kimo scooped the little boy into his arms. "We're home now. It's okay."

"Is everything all right?"

Kahanu was looking at me and all I wanted was to be alone with him. He kissed me and *Nohea* and then he took me into his arms and I felt better than I had all day.

Kimo picked up *Kamaha* and giving him some attention, too.

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

"With *Tutu* and Sammy and baby Kimo. Until I sent the curse back to the sender, I needed to make sure they were completely safe."

"Did...did you know who the sender was before *Kaiona* came to the store?" I asked him.

"Oh yes. I had to see this through and get this back." He held up the red cord. "Like your man

said, it's something deeply personal. I never would have guessed this of her..."

"Is that your hair on it?"

"Yes. And only one person apart from *Lopaka* would have access to it." He saw the confused look on my face and for a moment, he looked very wounded. "It was my ex wife, Mim."

We went by boat from our house across the ocean, *Lopaka* holding *Kamaha* in his arms, Kimo holding *Keli'i*. Nobody spoke, the tension so thick that when *Nohea* started to sing, it improved the mood enormously.

An hour later, *Nohea* cut the engine and we drifted for a few moments. Kimo's eyes were all over the place. He held a finger to his lips and focused on the mountain ahead of us. To our left were the stone steps of Kimo's property, but now the water level dropped and *Kahanu* slipped out of the boat, taking the anchor and dragging us to shore.

"Quiet now, everybody." Kimo climbed out with *Kamaha*, taking *Lopaka* next.

We crept out of the boat in single file and I felt a deadly chill as we entered a cave that appeared out of nowhere. I turned and *Nohea* held up his hand.

Kimo turned. "Come, Katie. He'll meet us later. We need to hurry now."

It felt wrong, very wrong to enter that cave. I couldn't explain the feeling, but I knew this was a

sacred, *kapu* space, but with *Lopaka* in front and Kimo in the rear, I felt protected as we crawled along the tight, dank space.

The boys held onto the two men, arms and legs tightly wrapped around them. They must have practiced this. Kimo was chanting softly and the terror in my heart subsided, then I smelled a weird death smell.

Kimo whispered, "Hurry, the cave is about to seal."

We scabbled faster still and we found ourselves on the edge of a huge drop and a pool of green water below. Wordlessly, *Kamaha* unwound himself from *Lopaka* and I watched him move to a ledge on the right. We all followed.

"Good boy." *Lopaka* hugged the boy and then I heard a loud boom. I turned to look and *Keli'i* and Kimo were safe, but the hole we'd crept through had vanished. The green water was rising and Kimo urged us not to look, to keep going. I saw weird bodies come to the surface.

"Don't look!" Kimo shouted.

I kept my eyes on Lydia's ass ahead of me. We came to an opening, the smell of earth. Tiny, steep stairs loomed immediately ahead. When I turned to look behind me, the earth was swallowing us up. It felt like we were buried alive. *Lopaka* and *Kamaha* took the stairs on all fours and the rest of us followed suit. *Lopaka* knocked at a clump of hard earth above him.

"They're here!" A door hatch opened and we were climbing into the open, just as I didn't think I could breathe anymore.

Raul and *Tutu* greeted us.

"Everyone okay?" The old lady scanned our faces and liked what she saw, taking off through a clump of trees.

"Where are we?" Lydia asked.

Her confusion was a perfect mirror of mine. I'd lost all sense of direction.

"This way." *Lopaka* held his nephew's hand. "*Kamaha*, until we're at the safe house, you need to stay with me, sweetheart."

Kamaha nodded, climbed up into his arms again.

Kimo had *Keli'i* back in his arms, leading us through an almost impenetrable mangrove. My feet sloshed through muddy grasses. Somehow we all got through and suddenly we were in the middle of thickets of bamboo, that seemed to have been arranged in a haphazard fashion.

The smell that greeted our noses next was bizarre. It was a sweet, sickly smell and then we were moving through cloying, clinging vines.

"Just keep moving!" Kimo shouted. "Keep moving."

We came out to the edge of a steep, incredibly lush gorge, a waterfall of rainbow colors ahead of us. The boys wriggled out of their uncles' arms. Kimo and *Lopaka* embraced one another. *Kahanu*

looked at me and grabbed my face to his. Ahead of us, standing on the other side of the gorge was the woman I knew to be *Pele*, only now she was young and beautiful again. She had a red hibiscus behind her ear, her long black hair gleaming in the sun. She turned and vanished.

A pair of ghosts, a man and a woman, and a little boy with a conch shell, an ancient child of a proud people, watched and smiled. I was completely overcome. I wondered how long they had all been here.

Then a voice whispered in my ear, *we have always been here.*

Tears fell down my face and *Kahanu* held me.

"Oh, my love..."

Kimo was moving again. "Don't be afraid, boys."

The boys showed no fear, plunging directly into the path of the waterfall. *Kahanu* and I held hands and jumped and I found myself laughing and crying as we hurtled, holding tightly to one another's fingers as we plunged into the bluest water I had ever seen.

Even my skin looked blue.

"Hurry." Kimo was all business, and once all of us had landed, the boys wound their arms around their uncles' necks and we were on our hands and knees, crawling through a dense, dry cave.

"Ah," *Lopaka* breathed. "Smells like honey."

And it did.

"This is making me hungry," Lydia sighed and we all started howling with laughter.

At the end of the passageway, we found ourselves turning through another cave that appeared to be made of bone. The material was cream colored and slippery. The sound of water rushed overhead and then, darkness. We waited, breathing heavily.

Kimo shouted, "Okay, now!"

A hole above us opened up and earth fell on us. A rickety ladder came down and there were Raul and Sammy, hoisting us to freedom. We were right by the edge of *Pele's* fishpond and I saw the spirits flitting through the trees as everyone laughed and hugged.

Out of the house, *Tutu* came with a huge cigar in her mouth, an old blunderbass in her hands.

"Sort of a shame really, I've been itching to shoot someone."

Kimo hugged her. "I love you, *Tutu*."

"I love you, too." She patted his back, opening her arms to hug *Lopaka* and the twins.

"Where's our other girl?" Kimo asked and from under a pile of what looked like rags, Baby Kimo pushed his way off *Maluhia's* lap, her distended belly evident.

"What took you so long?" she quipped, as *Lopaka* rushed to her.

"Mama! Mama!" Baby Kimo threw himself at *Lopaka*, clinging to him.

Kimo looked at them as his arms encircled *Maluhia*. His dark eyes took in the love between man and baby and then Baby Kimo's arms stretched out to him.

"Praise be to *Pele*." *Tutu's* face was slick with tears. "Everybody's back. You got the talisman?" she asked Kimo who reached into his shirt and pulled out a leather pouch.

"Come, Sammy, you old poop."

"You old biddy," Sammy retorted. As she walked up the slope, the twins prancing after her, Sammy grinned at me. "Man, I love my old hen."

"Mama, can I watch my *Lion King* DVD now?" *Kamaha* asked.

"Sure." *Maluhia* smiled and the boys ran off to her house.

"I didn't know you had television," I told her.

"I do. Big plasma flat screen TV. It's my other baby. Kimo and *Lopaka* hate TV. It's my favorite thing in the world next to a thick, juicy steak." She waddled off after her boys.

"Do I get to reward my favorite warrior for saving my life?" *Lopaka* asked Kimo.

"You'd better." Kimo took his hand and they drifted into the house.

Lydia and Ramon looked at me. "There's a few empty bungalows," I suggested. They ran off and *Kahanu* took my hand.

"Want some private time with your own warrior?"

"I would love that." We walked up the hill to my bungalow, which really got a workout these days and then *Kahanu* was kissing and undressing me. His body was so warm, his eyes full of concern. It had been so long since I'd had him to myself that I wanted to luxuriate in the feeling of being one on one with him.

I was stroking his beautiful, muscular arms, encased in the cocoa colored skin that was my delight and my envy. I could see his splendid dick, hard, the tip glistening, waiting for me. His lovely, golden face went right between my always ready thighs. He ate me like I was his last supper.

"You know I fell in love with you the second I saw your eyes?" he moved his head away.

I clutched at the bed sheet. I was so close to coming and he wanted to talk? "Ah...no, I didn't know that. You are the most incredible thing that ever happened to me," I said, gasping as his fingers entered me and his thumb made light brush strokes across my clit. For a minute, that was all he did, stroke me, alternating with lingering licks.

"Come for me baby."

His voice reverberated deep inside me. And I did. He got between my legs.

"I love what you do with your mouth, but I need you Katie."

He threaded his hands through my hair and I reached down to pull him into me.

"Make it a good one, *Kahanu*. You still haven't knocked me up." His mouth, his whole face swallowed mine and he fucked me like a man who really was trying to impregnate his woman and this was his last chance. He came with my hands pushing his magnificent ass to me, trying to get more and more of him into me.

"Oh, Katie..."

His raging fire coursed through me.

"Don't ever leave me."

"I won't," I gasped, my rapid heartbeat echoing his as I came a second time. *Kahanu* stayed in me, propped on one arm and our hands roamed one another's bodies.

"One day soon...I'm going to ask you to marry me. Katie, I couldn't bear it if you said no. You...you will say yes, won't you?"

"Of course I will."

He kissed me and our door opened. "Nice to know my partners in life are worried about me."

"*Nohea!*" I reached up and kissed him. His mouth landed on mine and one hand went to my taut nipple, the other went between my legs to feel for his man's cock.

"Mmmm...you're still in her."

He kissed *Kahanu*, then suckled my nipple, making me squirm. His erection was evident in his jeans and *Kahanu* and I ran our hands over the front, his cock getting bigger by the second. We fumbled with the zip and he was home free, back

in my mouth where he belonged.

"Hey," *Kahanu* protested. "I want some of that."

We took turns sucking *Nohea's* fuckpole, *Kahanu* still inside me until *Nohea* pushed him off me and took his place.

"How do you feel about twins?" he asked me and sawed through me like a knife through hot butter. *Kahanu* kissed us both, urging us to fulfillment.

"Take him," I nudged *Kahanu* and his eyes brightened.

"Oh...man," *Nohea* moaned.

"Don't come," I urged. "I want you to wait."

"He's licking my ass and I'm inside you," *Nohea* moaned again. "Do you have any idea how good that feels? I can't wait."

"Wait for me, *Nohea*." *Kahanu* impaled him with his engorged cock.

"Oh, yeah, fuck me...oh baby, you're so hard."

"Fuck me too." I squirmed underneath him and *Nohea* gave me a beatific smile.

Kahanu's fingers pulled on *Nohea's* distended nipples. "I love your tight ass," he hissed. "All the years I've been fucking you and it's still always so tight for me."

The sensations of this double fucking were incredible. Surprisingly, *Kahanu* came first, his orgasm setting *Nohea* off like a rocket inside me and the ripple effect deep inside me sent me soaring into a wonderland of clouds and blue,

My Hawaiian Song of Love

blue sky and fireworks exploding in my head.

“Oh...she’s coming...our beautiful girl is coming.”

Nohea reached down and kissed me.

Chapter Twenty-six

I heard on the local news radio in the shop the next morning, that Mim Wilder, former wife of *kumu* hula, Kimo Wilder had been found dead in her *Mo'ili'ili* home, dead at the age of forty nine of an apparent heart attack. That was the first time I realized she must have been a lot older than her former husband.

"A spokesperson for *Honolulu* Police Department said today that there were no suspicious circumstances, but one department official, who spoke to KHJ-FM on condition of anonymity informed us that she was lying in her bed. Mysteriously, white chicken feathers were found at the scene." The announcer went on to say that out of respect for his former wife's passing, Kimo Wilder was closing his school until the following week.

Nohea, who was straightening books on the shelves, traded glances with me.

"I wonder what happened to *Kaiona*?"

He shrugged. "I bet she went straight back to

that Germany woman."

Within a few days, Kimo found this out to be true. He and *Lopaka* attended a memorial service for Mim, but *Kaiona* hadn't been there.

"What will happen to her?" I asked Kimo as he and *Lopaka*, *Nohea* and I lingered over dinner. *Kahanu* was on *Aloha* Patrol duty and I couldn't wait for him to come home to the property. The weirdness of the whole episode in the store sat heavily with me.

"You really want to know?" Kimo asked me.

"Yes."

"She has no real memory of what happened. She is in an...altered state. I believe Germany will care for her, but *Kaiona's* days of being the best female hula dancer in all the islands are gone. The power and passion that fueled her talent turned to madness.

"I let her live because it was my husband's wish, but she will be a happy, sunny creature who loves life and if Nicky wants her when she comes back from *Molokai*, she'll find a much changed woman."

"So Nicky has no clue what happened?"

Kimo shook his head. "No. And it must stay that way."

"We understand." *Nohea* squeezed my hand, and then we heard the cell phone ringing. *Kahanu* was home. I felt *Nohea's* body relax at the same moment mine did.

* * * *

Returning to our normal routine was a relief. *Nohea*, *Kahanu* and I lived and loved together and spent long, sexy nights in bed, stealing spicy moments together when we could during the day.

As Kimo and *Lopaka's* school flourished, Nicky's business was having record success and I felt a pang every time I thought about having to hand things back over to her.

I said nothing to anybody about my fears on the subject, since it would make it all too real.

Then one night, *Kahanu* and *Nohea* planned to have dinner alone together and I decided to visit the Wilders, Raul and I were closing the store.

Mr. Nagasaki came in to see me. "*Aloha*, beautiful." He must have had something important to say. He was wearing his teeth. "You got a few minutes for an old man?"

"Sure."

Raul hesitated. I could tell he was not happy about waiting. He was anxious to get back to the Wilders. The *Kaiona* episode had upset all of us.

"This involves you, too," Mr. Nagasaki said and, although the cappuccino machine had been cleaned out for the night, Raul fired up three cappuccinos and we sat at one of the few tables inside the store.

"Ah, this coffee is so good." There was foam on

Mr. Nagasaki's upper lip when he put his cup down. "I'll be brief. As you know, I own this building."

Raul and I were shocked. We had no idea.

"Well, I do and I've been leasing the store to Nicky and I watched with a heavy heart as she increasingly let it go. I've watched the love you've put into it and well, she just informed me by letter she does not intend to renew the lease which is up at the end of the month."

My heart sank to my shoes.

"She said in this letter that she intends to remain in *Molokai* and that *Kaiona* very much wants to be with her there. She said I should let you all know that she's going to close the business."

"That...surprises me." I was unable to think. And then there was a rap on the door. It was my man in uniform.

Kahanu saw the look of misery on my face as I let him in. I clung to him and he held me tight. "I came by to make sure you were okay, I was about to head home and I saw you all in here. Is everything okay?"

I told him the news, but his face registered nothing. "Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, baby." He came inside and shook Mr. Nagasaki's hand.

"*Kahanu*, let me get you a coffee." Raul's shock clearly etched in his own features.

"She's booting us out of here?" *Kahanu* asked. I loved that he said, *us*.

"That's the plan." Mr. Nagasaki sipped his coffee. "I hate to see the shop close, especially after all the hard work you've put into it – all of you."

"Can she do that?" Raul's shoulders drooped.

"Well, yes, she can. She said if I could find a buyer, she would sell the business."

We all looked at each other.

"Does she mention a price?" *Kahanu* asked.

"She asked me to value it for her and I must say whatever the cost, I want more than anything to keep you all in here."

Kahanu's hand reached out for mine. "We should go into it, you and I, with Raul, *Maluhia*, Ramon and Lydia."

"Excellent!" Mr. Nagasaki clapped his hands together. "I will tell her I found a buyer. Since she seems to care not that the business is finally turning a profit and I like what I see here..." he stopped speaking. "Katie, is *Kahanu* your boyfriend or *Nohea*? Frankly, it's been a question on my mind."

"I am." *Kahanu's* voice was firm. "*Nohea* is our best friend." In that moment, that became our official story. I saw Raul's wicked grin, but when Mr. Nagasaki turned to him, he adopted a poker face.

"Don't worry, I will be very fair with all of you." Mr. Nagasaki looked up at the *Phantom*

Lover painting. "The only thing does not come with the sale of the business is that painting. Nicky wants to keep it."

"Absolutely not." Kimo's eyes flashed when I told him the news. "I will buy that painting from her, no matter how much she wants for it. As far as I'm concerned it truly belongs to *Lopaka*."

"He loves that painting. It's a strong part of our history. I will not let her take it away from us now. I will buy it and for as long as you have the store Katie, it's store property and it's a talisman to watch over you."

Lopaka moved into Kimo's arms, effectively soothing his ire. "No, *huhu*, baby, please. It breaks my heart to see you upset."

Kimo melted when *Lopaka* kissed him. "The power of love." For a long moment, he just stared at his husband. "If you need financial help keeping that store, you tell us. You are a very important part of our lives now, Katie."

"Absolutely," *Lopaka* agreed.

I saw Kimo's restless hand move below the waistband of *Lopaka's* pants, to fondle the ass he adored.

"That's so wonderful of you." I didn't know what else to say. "I think, at least, I hope, that we won't need to ask you for anything more than a blessing on the store once we officially take it over."

"You got it." Kimo was making his husband squirm now.

"Kimo, I do have one question though, which bothers me more than anything."

Both men looked at me.

"What about the baby? She's not taking him to *Molokai*, is she?"

"In a word, no. She's welcome to come here anytime she wants to visit him. But she made a choice between her son and *Kaiona*. I gather they've never been happier, but *Kaiona* isn't particularly interested in sharing Nicky's attention." Kimo looked at *Lopaka*. "Besides, our son has the perfect mother right here."

I still had no idea how Nicky could ever have left that baby to go anywhere. In a million years, I could never leave my child.

"No, I don't think you would." Kimo was apparently reading my thoughts.

"He does it to me all the time," *Lopaka* sighed. "Thankfully most of my thoughts are in the vein of *I wish Kimo would fuck me right now.*"

The three of us laughed.

"So, are your men excited about the baby?" Kimo reached a lazy hand to rest on my belly.

Baby?

Chapter Twenty-seven

“Uh-oh. You mean you didn’t know you’re pregnant?” *Lopaka* asked as *Kimo*’s hand apparently resumed doing naughty things in very private places.

“Now that I think of it, if they knew, she wouldn’t be spending the night here alone with us.” *Kimo* smiled. “So, which of your two men are you going marry?”

“*Kahanu*...but nobody’s asked me yet.”

“Oops,” *Kimo* grimaced. “I didn’t mean to spoil your surprise.”

I gaped at him.

Lopaka’s face looked dreamy. “*Kimo*, I remember when you asked me to marry you.”

“I don’t recall *asking* you to marry me. I remember begging you. I remember getting on both my knees and groveling like a drowning dog.”

“You didn’t have to beg me, baby.”

My cell phone rang. It was *Kahanu*. I left my nuzzling friends to strip search each other in

private.

"We miss you terribly." *Kahanu's* voice crackled.

"I miss you, too. Both of you."

"We love you so much Katie."

"You know I love you, too, don't you?"

He paused. "It was hard to see your beautiful face at the store tonight and let you leave without me."

"Oh baby. We'll be together tomorrow night, won't we?"

"Yes. And there's something I need to tell you. We don't want any more nights off. We want all our nights together."

"Me, too."

"That makes me the happiest man tonight. And if you want to make us the happiest guys alive, meet us for dinner tomorrow night. We have something special planned."

"Wow...dinner out with my best guys. What's the occasion?" And then it hit me. *He was going to ask me to marry him!*

"Meet us at John Dominis restaurant and one of us will drive back here with you after dinner."

"Wow, John Dominis. This must be a special occasion." They were taking me to just about the most exclusive restaurant in *Honolulu*.

* * * *

The next day, Lydia and I hit *Ala Moana* mall. We couldn't choose between two dresses we found so we called *Lopaka*. He and Kimo drove to the mall and immediately picked out an entirely different dress.

"This champagne color will look beautiful with your skin and hair," *Lopaka* balanced Kimo's hand and the coat hanger with admirable dexterity.

It did, too.

"I wish I could wear something like that for my husband." *Lopaka* looked so wistful.

Kimo's face registered a myriad of emotions. "Are you trying to tell me something? Am I supposed to buy you a dress?"

"No, I just..."

"For the record, naked is my favorite kind of outfit on you."

The two men grinned at each other in a loopy way, making Lydia and me laugh.

Back at the bookstore, Lydia did my hair and makeup and I felt like I was going to the prom as I drove to *Waikiki*. Which of them was going to propose to me? I rubbed my belly, thinking of the new life growing in me. Wow. Two men and a baby. How would they react?

Following the directions *Kahanu* had given me to John Dominis restaurant, I couldn't help feeling giddy. They had never taken me to such a lovely restaurant before. As I rounded the curve to *Kaka'Ako* Waterfront Park, I smiled, thinking I

would always remember this night, the moment when they asked me to marry them, when I looked out and saw boats in the harbor of the city I loved, *Waikiki* in the shadow of my favorite *pali*, *Diamond Head*.

I parked and the Maitre D' took me straight to their table by the window. My first thought was, as those two impressive men stood to greet me was, *they will always take my breath away, no matter how old I become.*

My second thought was...*who the hell is this blonde?*

She had breasts that looked like they came with a bicycle pump, a dress that barely fit her, a tan that could only have come from a fake bake and teeth so white, it hurt my eyes to look at her face.

"Darling." *Nohea* kissed me. "This is Sandy. And we can't wait for you to meet her."

Kahanu must have seen my bewilderment, because he whispered, "Are you okay?"

"What's going on?" I tried to keep the tears from flooding my flushing cheeks.

I pulled out my own chair since *Kahanu* was too busy staring at me to do it and I sat down. I couldn't believe it. This wasn't a marriage proposal. This was...

"Well, this is only part of our surprise, but we think Sandy's great and if you want her to...you know..." *Nohea* was looking at me with so much hope on his face it was repulsive.

The waiter brought us menus, asking if we wanted drinks.

"What do you want, baby?" *Kahanu* asked me, his voice seeming very far away.

"Mineral water, please."

"Have a *Mai Tai*."

"I can't. I'm driving."

"I'll drive you home. Baby, you love *Mai Tais*. Please have one."

But I couldn't have one. I was pregnant. And my two men now wanted a foursome.

"Are you okay?" *Kahanu* was really concerned now.

I looked over and felt a spasm in my heart at the way *Nohea* and Sandy were flirting with each other. He held her hand and the gesture splintered my heart in a million pieces. I felt like I was choking. My two loves weren't looking for a wife. They were looking for a harem.

"Katie?"

"Hmm?"

"Something's wrong. Tell me what's wrong."

"*Kahanu*, will you excuse me for a minute?"

He stood up as I excused myself, tears in my eyes. I picked up my purse, walking sedately towards the restroom and turned to look. *Kahanu* was sitting down again and I saw the laughter he exchanged with *Nohea* and Sandy.

Then I saw her reaching across the table to stroke *Kahanu's* face. I couldn't be a part of this. I

couldn't bear it. I turned and kept walking all the way out the door. It was chilly outside, the ocean wind whipping at my face, turning my tears into small trickles of ice.

In my car, I started the engine with shaky fingers. They hadn't come out, but I didn't expect them to. I turned the car out of the drive and pointed the car back towards Kimo and *Lopaka's* house, sobbing the entire way.

I called their cell phone as I neared their property. "It's me, Katie."

"Katie, is that you? What's going on?" *Lopaka* sounded freaked.

He was coming out of the house as I pulled my car in. Kimo came out from behind him and I got out of the car. My legs and stomach felt weird.

Kimo was moving toward me. I felt a trickle of something on my leg and I looked down and realized it was blood. I fell to the ground before Kimo could catch me.

When I woke up, I was lying on a *pandanus* mat in the Wilder's living room.

"She's awake, *Lopaka*," Kimo called.

When I was able to focus my eyes, I saw Kimo sitting beside me, stroking my head. *Lopaka's* anxious face appeared beside him.

"Did I lose my baby?" I asked him.

"No." Kimo smiled. "Your baby is solid as a rock. You cut your leg. I don't know how...but it was pretty deep. I think I sealed it closed."

He kept stroking my head, his hand on my forehead feeling soothing and oh, so warm.

"You want to tell me what happened?"

I started to cry. "They brought a girl with inflatable tits to dinner."

Kimo looked at *Lopaka*. "Am I supposed to understand what that means?"

"Don't look at me. I'm a gay man, too."

"I thought I was getting a marriage proposal. They invited me to this expensive restaurant...they've never taken me to anything so fancy. John Dominis."

"Kimo loves that place." *Lopaka* shook his head. "He took me there when we were... Oh, I hate remembering when we weren't married."

"Then don't, my darling. I never do." Kimo's hand had settled on my brow. "Go on."

"Well, it was so lovely, all the boats and everything..."

"It is a romantic place," *Lopaka* admitted.

"That's why I took you there," Kimo told him. "But oh no, my man's idea of a romantic dinner is in bed."

"Mine, too," I giggled.

Kimo laughed. "Well, as it happens, *Lopaka* has introduced me to a whole different world now, Katie. The bed tray is my favorite invention of all time."

I laughed in spite of myself. "So, I walked in wearing my new *fuck me* dress."

"It does scream that," *Lopaka* shrugged.

"And there was this blonde with them. With a tan."

"The bitch!"

"What's wrong with a tan?" Kimo asked.

"Whose side are you on?" *Lopaka* asked.

"Katie's of course. I'm just trying to follow the logic. Go on, sweetheart."

"And white teeth. Very white. And huge tits."

"Oh, store-bought titties!" *Lopaka* nodded.
"Now I get it."

"And she was all over them. And they told me before we'd even ordered that they liked her and that they knew I liked blondes and surprise! They want a foursome!"

Kimo's brows shot up into the stratosphere. "So what did you say?"

"I excused myself and fled."

Neither man said anything for a moment. They just chewed over things.

It was Kimo who asked, "Did they follow you?"

"No. They were having a good time. They're probably home in bed with her by now."

Kimo looked away from me, *Lopaka's* hand on his hair, stroking it. Kimo took his hand and kissed it. "Have you ever discussed bringing another woman to your bed?" he asked.

"No. Why would I?"

"But you haven't specifically said you *didn't* want that."

"Umm...no."

"So, your poor fools thought they were doing something nice for you...to uh...sweeten the deal and you ran out on them."

"I...I..." I blinked back tears. "I didn't think of it like that."

Kimo leaned over to *Lopaka* and got himself a kiss. "I think you need to call them right now and talk to them."

Lopaka picked up his cell phone. "They called us looking for you. They're pretty upset. I told them you were here and that you were hysterical."

He handed me the phone and, when I called all the numbers I had for the men, Sandy answered the landline.

"Those men are mine now, bitch!" she spat into the phone and hung up on me.

"The bitch!" *Lopaka* said again when I told them what happened. He picked up the cell phone and pressed redial. This time, it was busy. She'd taken the phone off the hook.

"I lost my guys." I started to howl again.

"No you haven't." Kimo's smile was sweet. "In my early days of discovering my true sexuality, I experimented." He looked at *Lopaka*. "With disastrous results."

"You...cheated on *Lopaka*?"

Kimo looked pained. "We had a threesome. At my insistence. I hurt *Lopaka* very badly."

Lopaka put his arms around Kimo. "We'll talk

more in the morning Are you comfortable there? “

Before I could respond, my eyes had drifted shut again.

Chapter Twenty-eight

I left a message for *Kahanu* on his cell phone as soon as I was awake. I hated thinking of him being with another woman. I hated thinking of *Nohea* being with another woman, too, but I just couldn't believe *Kahanu* would do that to me. It must have been a long, rambling, embarrassing message I would be best forgetting when I was in my right mind again, but I had to let him know I loved them both. I didn't want to be with anybody else. Man or woman.

When *Tutu* came into the kitchen to make breakfast, I fell asleep again until Baby Kimo tottered over to me with a coconut and mango muffin, waving it under my nose. He giggled when he saw my eyes open and I grabbed him to me, covering his face with kisses.

"You want to share?" I asked him, feeling the wound on my leg now as I sat cross-legged. He nodded and squatted in my lap as we shared chunks of rich, warm muffin.

"Me next, me next!" The twins cried. Monkey

see, monkey do. *Tutu* cackled and brought over more muffins on a plate.

"Oh, I want a picture." *Lopaka* came out of the bedroom, a *pireau* wrapped around his waist. He took a photo with his camera phone. I watched him press some numbers. "I just sent that to your men." The smile on his face was adorably smug.

Lopaka put an enormous amount of food on a large bed tray, including a pot of coffee and he stood beside me. "Who wants to have breakfast in bed with Kimo?"

And the three little boys shrieked in my ear, running behind him.

"Come on," *Lopaka* said over his shoulder. "You come, too."

Tutu handed me a cup of coffee. "It's decaf, you know, make da baby happy."

She patted my belly and I kissed her cheek. "Who are you having breakfast in bed with?" I joked.

"Sexy Sammy. He's the only other guy left in the house!"

I laughed, kissing her again and wandered off to join the others.

"Help," Kimo shouted from under a pile of children. "Katie, I'm being attacked by *menehune*!"

I had to laugh. Those three lovable boys were definitely legends in training.

Lopaka grinned at me and picked off the first boy he could get his hands on. It was *Kamaha*.

The boys happily ate everything on the tray, but I noticed *Lopaka* made sure to feed Kimo plenty, by hand. The mood on that bed was jubilant and it put me in a better mood.

"Are you going to work today?" Kimo asked me.

"I think I should."

"Good girl."

"Can I come back here tonight?" I asked.

He looked startled. "You...don't want to go back home?"

"I...don't know that they want me back home."

"Of course you can stay here, but I want you to talk to them."

Baby Kimo stuck his foot into Kimo's face and he kissed it, stroking the sole, making the baby shriek with laughter.

"I left *Kahanu* a message."

"Not *Nohea*?" He gave me a meaningful look. "You need to leave him one, too. He's the....uh...he's the one who probably started all this."

For some reason it made me happy to know for sure that it hadn't been *Kahanu's* idea. I wondered how their great big experiment was going.

"Katie, he was just being a guy." Kimo caught *Lopaka's* amused glance. "I've finally accepted the fact that men do dumb things in the name of love. *Nohea* probably thought you would like...inflatable tits."

"For the record, I don't."

Lopaka held a cup of coffee to Kimo's lips. "So, just for my own record, you don't want me to get inflatable tits?"

"I will kill myself if you do." Kimo tickled the boys, sending fruit and cake crumbs flying.

When I left the bedroom to call *Nohea*, the boys told me they wanted a swim. "Give me three minutes and I'll take you boys down to the beach."

"Cool," Kimo grinned. "And I can have a little more private time with my flat-chested man here."

I left a message for *Nohea*. On impulse, I called the house phone number again. Still busy. I knew that *Kahanu* must have left for work already and was certain he'd have checked his messages by now. I couldn't make myself nuts. I had to give them time.

Lopaka came in with the empty tray.

I turned to him. "How long did it take Kimo to realize he wanted only you?"

"Oh sweetie, you can't go by us. We've got that fire thing going on. We both start physically burning up when we're away from each other."

"*Lopaka!*" Kimo's voice rose from the bedroom.

"Let me take that tray. And tell the boys, last one to meet me at the stairs is a rotten egg."

Raul drove me to work and I knew it was hard for him to part company with *Maluhia*.

"I feel so protective of her. I hardly got to see

the boys this morning."

"Oh, I took them swimming, and it was all I could do to get myself dressed and go to work."

He grinned at me. "*Keli'i* lent me one of his imaginary friends to come with me to work so I wouldn't be lonely. Some little character called *Loki*."

"Oh, *Loki* isn't imaginary. He's a little conch shell blower. He's a little ghost boy who lives on the property."

Raul's face paled and he almost drove us off a cliff.

I couldn't help laughing. "You're in *Hawaii*, Raul. Little boys, little *Hawaiian* boys have a strong connection with the infinite."

"God help me." Raul looked petrified. "Is he...is he here with us?"

"I don't see him right now."

"But you've seen him?"

"Oh yes. Flitting about on the property."

"Oh my God. My kid sees dead people?"

"Yes indeedy, darlin'."

"Do you think he...er...came with us?"

"Of course. *Keli'i* loves you. He wouldn't lend *Loki* out to just anybody, you know."

Raul gave me an appraising look. "You're a wonderful girl, Katie."

"Back at you, Raul."

* * * *

We had a busy, but very pleasant workday, but I didn't get a phone call from either of my men. By the time I finished work, I was exhausted and angry. I kept picturing them with that blonde and it was enough to reduce me to tears. *Lopaka* called me at five, knowing I was finishing work.

"I've been dying to know what's going on."

"Nothing. They never called me."

"Give them time, honey. Listen, it's our night off. We want to celebrate. Are you coming home?"

"If that's okay. I don't want..."

"Baby, just come home. Kimo's got something special planned. No inflatable titties, I promise. Now I know you're coming home, it'll really be a party. Tell Raul to shut up shop and bring Lydia and Ramon with you."

"I'm not dressed for a party." Lydia switched off all the machines and locked the doors.

"You look gorgeous to me." Ramon kissed her as we piled into one car and headed home. Everybody was waiting for us, the children running around excited and happy.

Aloha and Johnny pulled up in their truck, jumping out to hug me.

"How would you like a hot ride with two guys?" Johnny asked me.

"I'd love it." I got in with Ramon and Lydia in back.

Kimo and *Lopaka* had *Maluhia*, Raul, the

children and Sammy and Tutu in their three-row SUV. *Lopaka* and Kimo buckled the kids into their car seats in the back and with a honk of ours horns we were off.

"Where are we going?" I asked *Aloha* who was at the wheel, one hand over on Johnny's lap.

"I have no idea. They just told us not to expect to be home until the morning."

Lydia looked at me. "It's okay with me if we open up late tomorrow."

I felt myself relaxing for the first time in two days.

"Looks like we're going to the airport," *Aloha* veered off *Nimitz Highway*.

"Oh, we're flying somewhere." Johnny's eyes sparkled when he turned to look at us. "Kimo does this every now and then. Goes on a wild tear, taking us some place fantastic."

"Where did you go last time?" I asked.

"I'm not saying in case we're going back there tonight."

We turned onto a private road. Excitement caught up in my throat as I saw a small private plane waiting for us.

A very tall, handsome *Hawaiian* couple waved and I knew instantly they had to be Kimo's parents. The man looked very much like him and the way *Lopaka* flung himself into the woman's arms, I just knew it. The children screamed to be released from captivity and I watched the twins

sprint toward the man, who bent down, laughing and scooping them up.

Lots of kisses and hugs and then I was introduced to *Mama Nui*, who was indeed Kimo's mother. I watched the way mother and son and father and son embraced.

Mama Nui insisted I call her that.

"*Lopaka* gave me that name."

She gave me a hug.

"And this is the man who started it all, my husband, who it may not shock you to learn is also named Kimo."

I watched the way Kimo's parents hugged *Tutu* and *Maluhia* and I knew *Mama Nui* was anxious to have more babies in her big nest.

"How are you feeling?" she asked *Maluhia*, putting her arm around Raul. "You look beautiful."

"I feel beautiful. Big, but beautiful," *Maluhia* laughed. And I saw her tummy jump. *Mama Nui* had her hand on *Maluhia's* belly when it happened.

"Good *t'ing dere's* two babies in *dere*. Otherwise me and *Mama Nui* gonna have one big girly fight every single day," *Tutu* cackled.

Everybody laughed and Kimo urged us to board the plane.

A honk of a car horn and we turned to see Raul and Ramon's parents, looks of great excitement on their faces and there was Brian, my snorkel buddy

and his sisters, Ana and Amelia.

Everybody hugged and laughed. Now it really was a party.

"No..." *Keli'i* suddenly shouted. "I no go dere!"

"What's wrong, baby?" *Maluhia* asked her son whose tears set off the other boys. Baby Kimo was in his grandfather's arms and Kimo didn't know who to hug first.

He stepped forward and picked up *Keli'i*.

"What's wrong, sweetheart? Talk to me."

But *Keli'i* could not be pacified. Kimo did the foot-rubbing thing he always did to the kids and finally the little boy's piercing wail subsided to a persistent sob.

"I'm not going back."

"Back where?" Kimo was frowning, trying to follow the logic. He looked at *Lopaka*.

"Where we found them, darling."

Kimo's face registered total shock. "*Keli'i*, look at everybody here. This is your birthday. It's our special day. You're with your family. We're going to have fun."

Keli'i buried his face in Kimo's neck.

"Don't you trust me, *Keli'i*?" He swayed back and forth with the little boy. He reached over to *Lopaka* and took *Kamaha* out of his arms, holding both boys.

"This is your family. We're just going to our other house tonight. All of us. You've been there before. Nobody's leaving you anywhere. Okay?"

"Okay," *Kel'ii* said.

Kimo kissed their little faces and Baby Kimo yelled until Kimo reached over and gave him one too.

"Since you're giving kisses away..." Kimo silenced *Lopaka* with a big smooch.

Kimo went to hand off *Keli'i* to his mother, but the little boy was looking around for Raul whose arms instantly reached out for him.

"Me, too! Me, too!" *Kamaha* shouted and Raul reached over for him.

"Are we going on an adventure?" Kimo asked.

"Yes!"

"I don't think we're going anywhere until I get more enthusiasm." Kimo frowned. "Wilder Family Members. Are we going on an adventure?"

"Yes!" we all screamed.

"That's more like it."

We clambered on board and everybody flung themselves into seats as Kimo and *Lopaka* checked on everyone.

"Okay!" Kimo stood at the head of the plane as we taxied down the tarmac. "Tonight, in honor of the twins' birthday, we're going to...*Maui!*"

Everybody screamed and clapped.

"We will be in the air about..."

"Three minutes," the captain's voice came over the loudspeaker. "Tell the boys they can come into the cockpit if they want."

"Cool!" shouted *Kamaha*, plucking Baby Kimo

from *Mama Nui's* lap and they charged up the aisle with *Keli'i*, Brian, Ana and Amelia.

"I think I better go with them." Kimo went after them.

"How much do you know about the twins' father?" Raul asked me across the aisle.

"Not much. I know who does though." I pointed to *Aloha* and Johnny. "They're the ones who found *Maluhia*. It's an incredibly beautiful story. It involves a ghost, so brace yourself, bucko."

He turned and looked at *Aloha* and Johnny who were leafing through a magazine together.

They looked up and *Aloha* just knew. "I'm gonna sit next to Katie. It's really Johnny's story."

Maluhia happily stretched her legs across two seats. "Wait until you get to my size, sister. You'll get gas and swollen feet."

Aloha nudged me. "You're pregnant?"

"Yes."

"And where's the baby daddy?"

"You don't want to know. Besides, I'm in a good mood. You know any good jokes?"

"Actually, I do. They're all filthy. But funny." He took my hand in his. "So, I'll tell you about this camel who goes into a bar..."

I was laughing all the way until we touched down at *Kahului* Airport.

We rented three SUVs at the airport and the sun was just starting to begin its last hurrah as Kimo

and *Lopaka* led the way to the upcountry town of *Haili'i Maile*. I hadn't been to Maui in a long time and I'd forgotten how peaceful and tranquil it was.

"This is our favorite restaurant." *Lopaka* was ecstatic when we got out of the cars outside the *Haili'i Maile* General Store.

It soon became mine. *Lopaka* urged me to try the Sashimi Napoleon and I split a crab pizza with *Keli'i* and I still wanted more. It was a wonderful restaurant and the food was so good. I was surprised how good the three boys were during the meal. I was used to them running around like hooligans.

They went with *Lopaka* and *Tutu* to the kitchen to *supervise* the birthday cake and Kimo reached out and touched me.

"How are you doing, little sister?"

"Little Sister. That's her perfect name." *Maluhia* swiped pizza crust from *Keli'i's* plate.

"I'm doing great, thanks."

"Don't you think her men are wondering where she is?" *Tutu* asked.

"Yes." Kimo's face looked dreamy.

"Little Sister, I think our great guru's messing with your men's minds just a little bit," Lydia whispered.

"You think so?" I glanced at Kimo who looked away from me.

"Katie, Katie. I brought you one chocolate cake,

because that's what baby wants." *Keli'i* handed me a plate with great care.

"How do you know that?" I asked him.

"Because he told me." He patted my tummy with confidence and I went into shock as he climbed up on my lap. "He said it was okay for me to have one bite, too."

Maluhia and *Kimo* threw back their heads and laughed. *Raul* reached over and patted my arm.

"Ain't he somethin' else, Little Sister?"

Yeah. He was somethin' else.

As the twins and Baby *Kimo* crowded around the huge ice cream cake flown in especially for the occasion and blew out the candles, my brain was stuck on one thought.

Kahanu, *Nohea* and I were going to have a little boy.

Chapter Twenty-nine

We flew back early the next morning after spending the night at Kimo and *Lopaka's* wonderful waterfront estate in *Kahakuloa*. I could feel the intense *mana*, the natural power of the place, especially the cliff which gave off a view of all the other islands.

The Wilders had turned their *Oahu* property into very much the same type of place, one filled with *mana* and tropical lushness, not to mention an abundance of love.

We took the kids kayaking and they loved the Olivine Pools, taking great care to listen when Kimo told them every living thing was sacred in the reef bed. The kids picked up stones and shellfish, putting everything back where they found them.

"What do we take away with us?" Kimo asked them.

"Memories!" shouted *Kamaha*.

"Pictures!" shouted Brian.

"Daddy!" shouted Baby Kimo, holding his arms

up to his father.

It was hard to go home, feeling like I didn't really have one with the men I loved. No word from them. I knew I had to leave them alone.

Lydia and I dragged our sorry butts through the rest of the day and closed up at six.

"Let's enjoy the sunset," she suggested. "Let's go to Duke's for cocktails. You can have juice. Can you eat the mac wantons or are they too spicy for you?"

"I am surprisingly ravenous for everything." She and Ramon drove me to *Waikiki*. We were on *Kalakaua* Avenue when I spotted two *Aloha* Patrolmen. Neither of them was *Kahanu*, but my heart did give a little lurch.

The shocks weren't over yet. At the trolley stop further ahead, I saw *Nohea*, dressed in board shorts and a uniformed *Kahanu* in deep discussion. They turned and walked into the entrance of a hotel, *Nohea's* hand on the small of *Kahanu's* back. Lydia and I stared at them.

"What do you make of that?" she asked.

I just didn't know.

At Duke's we got a good table and the three of us ordered *pupus* and I sipped on watermelon juice.

"Mind if we go say hi to a friend?" Ramon gestured to a family on the other side.

"Not at all." I watched the people on the beach, the sounds of laughter, of joy filling my unhappy

ears. What were *Kahanu* and *Nohea* doing in that hotel?

"Katie."

I looked up to find the last person I expected to find. The last person I *wanted* to find. My cheating ex, Jeff.

"I need to talk to you."

Lydia was over to me instantly. She knew who it was before I even had to tell her. "I'm getting Ramon. He's dying to kick this guy's ass."

Jeff paled. Indeed, I could see Ramon advancing toward us. Oh, *Pele*. This, I didn't need.

"Just give me a moment, please."

I held up two fingers. "Two minutes."

Lydia leaned toward Jeff. "I just bought a brand new bunch of chef's knives off Ebay. They're in my purse and I'm not afraid to use them."

She pointed from her eye to him. She was watching him.

"How did you find me?" I asked.

"It wasn't easy. You've quit talking to everybody. Your parents wouldn't tell me anything and I..." his voice trailed away. "Who called the cops?"

Lydia and Ramon were talking to two *Aloha* Patrol officers now. Dear God, I thought. Don't let one of them be *Kahanu*. The two men's faces were on us now. It was a relief to see that neither of them was him. "What do you want, Jeff?"

"Now that I'm here, I don't know where to

start. I've rehearsed this a million times."

I could now see Ramon circling, watching us, a nervous look on his face. "Spit it out, Jeff. My friends are waiting."

"You're making this really hard for me."

"Just say it."

"I want you back. I made a mistake."

"You must be kidding. You lied to me about everything!"

"I was mesmerized. She hit me like a thunderbolt. I'd never had sex like that in my..." He winced.

"Jeff, there's no easy way to tell you this, but you did me a favor. You don't really love me. I'm familiar and safe and you're lost. But I'm not a sofa. Or a comfortable pair of shoes. I've grown a lot in the months since I've seen you. I think it's time you moved on. I'm sorry it didn't work out with Susan, but it's not my problem."

"No, it's mine." He sounded bitter. "She emptied my bank accounts. She ran off with a friend of Jimmy's."

That surprised me. "I'm so sorry." My mind reeled back to the night before I left Los Angeles, alone in the apartment we'd shared, knowing Jeff was with Susan. Knowing that he'd stopped loving me.

"...and all the time you and I were together I knew I could trust you completely."

"Yeah. And look where that got me." I gave

him a half smile. "Look, baby, it's over. Just let it go."

Jeff toyed with the saltshaker. "*Hawaii* isn't the same without you. Without you, Katie, it just isn't paradise."

"Well, I wish you'd thought about that when you dumped me the night before we were coming here."

"Is it paradise for you?" He seemed broken. I'd never seen Jeff so vulnerable before.

"Yes. Very much so. I have to go, Jeff. I'm sorry. I really am. You...you're not a bad guy. You're just not my guy. But I wish you everything. I wish you so much love, honey. Just not with me."

He opened his mouth to speak, but a powerful energy descended on us. Ramon was trying to hold him back, but an enraged *Kahanu* hurdled the railing and was immediately over to us.

Kahanu pulled me to him. His body was shaking with the force of his anger. He squared off with Jeff. "Stay away from my woman." His words were quiet, despite his evident fury.

He dragged me out of the restaurant, the angry expression fixed to his face.

"*Kahanu*, talk to me!" I shouted, but he just yanked me harder.

We arrived at the parking zone just in time to see *Nohea* reversing speed up the steep driveway, almost causing a collision with a car behind him trying to come forward. He threw the car into Park

and as *Kahanu* got behind the wheel, *Nohea* tossed me into the back seat like a beach towel.

Kahanu moved forward with a squeal of brakes, *Nohea's* grip strong on my arm as we circled the parking structure and came straight back out again.

Thrusting some notes at the bemused valets, *Kahanu* narrowly missed become a mass murderer of a bunch of tourists and screamed out of the building. He looked in the rearview mirror.

"What are you doing? Fuck her, man. You're the reason she left us!"

I felt an ache in my heart. "I didn't leave you. You wanted another woman."

Nohea was all over me, kissing me.

"I saw you holding her hand. Have you been in bed with her the last two days?" I asked him, slapping his hand away.

"What are you talking about?" he gasped. "We haven't been with anyone else."

"She answered our phone!" I pushed him away and reached for the door.

"When did she answer our phone?" *Kahanu* shouted back. He was so stressed out, a car honked as he accidentally swerved into another lane.

"Watch the road!" *Nohea* barked. "I'll handle this. Baby, when did she answer the phone?"

"That night. I called all the numbers and she answered the house phone and she said, *they're*

mine now, bitch."

"What was she doing in the house?" *Kahanu* asked him.

"You went to bed in a huff. I let her stay a while because she got drunk..." *Nohea* shook his head. "I didn't...we didn't fuck her. Is that what you've been thinking?"

"You're the ones who brought her to dinner."

"He's been punishing me for it ever since. I haven't had sex since you left us," *Nohea* grumbled.

He pulled me into his arms and stroked my head and neck, trying to calm me down. "I didn't pick her for us. I picked her for you." He kissed the top of my head. "I know...it was a lousy, rotten idea."

We were silent for a moment.

"Are you telling me she didn't want to sleep with you?" I asked.

"She only wanted to do it if you were there. Maybe she thought she'd make you jealous enough to come home."

"I couldn't," I whispered. "I can't share you two with anybody. Not....now."

We came to a stoplight and *Nohea's* mouth moved over mine. I felt the tears on his face.

I wiped his tears away with my fingertips, kissing him with all the love I had. He pushed me down on the backseat. My legs opened up to him and he was frantic, trying to get his shorts down.

"If you're not inside her in ten seconds, I'm pushing you out of this vehicle and you'll never see either of us again," *Kahanu* screamed.

Panicked, *Nohea* got his cock out and our mouths met.

"Fuck her!" *Kahanu* shouted.

Nohea's hand was between my legs, and feeling how wet I was, how much I wanted him, I heard him groan. He hardened in my hands and I crowed with delight when he plunged deep inside me.

"I'm in...oh man...oh, Katie. Nobody feels like you baby!"

"Make her come!" *Kahanu* shouted, driving like a lunatic, changing lanes, making other drivers honk. It must have been bad. People didn't honk in *Hawaii*.

"I'll focus on her, you concentrate on the road."

Nohea fucked me with increasing abandon. *Kahanu's* hand reached out, pulling my knee back and I felt *Nohea* slip into me lower, deeper and then I was coming.

"That's it, baby, come for me," *Nohea* implored.

Kahanu kept his hand on my leg. *Nohea* came within seconds of me and *Kahanu's* hand fell away. He pulled to a stop and ran around the backdoor.

"Get in front!"

He pushed *Nohea* away from me. I reached insatiable, grappling fingers out for him and he got himself out of his trousers and shut the door as

he got on top of me.

"If you ever pull a stunt like that again, I'm calling the police."

"Me, too." I stuck my chin out defiantly.

"We tried coming up there and our cars broke down. Both of them. You got Kimo plenty mad at us. I have a good mind not to fuck you with this cock."

"You can't escape me now." My hands shook as I unbuttoned his *Aloha* Patrolman's shirt. I tweaked his nipples and felt his body stiffen.

"Your breasts seem bigger." He suckled at a brown nub. "More sensitive..." His eyes narrowed. "You smell different."

"How do I smell?" my voice was a whisper as he threaded his hands through my hair and my head went back down to the car seat.

"Like a woman who's....pregnant, I hope."

I gave him a smile.

"Pregnant, did she say she's pregnant?" *Nohea* was all over the road.

"She didn't say. Are you pregnant baby?" *Kahanu* asked.

"Fuck me first and I'll tell you."

He finally let me have the cock I loves and he fucked me gently at first, then we increasing aggression as I told him how much I'd missed him.

"I'm trying to wait for you. I want to come with you, Katie." His voice dropped and he whispered

in my ear. "Come with me, baby. Show our child how much you love me, let the baby feel it, too."

He whispered this over and over until I felt my orgasm bubble up and he felt it, too, unleashing his pent-up hot juices inside me.

"Tell me," he whispered when he could finally speak.

"Yes," I whispered back and then *Kahanu* started to cry.

* * * *

They asked me to marry them while we were sitting on our new porch swing for three on the *lanai*, eating coconut shrimp and seared scallops from each other's fingers. The sun was dripping into the water, casting a warm, fuzzy pumpkin color on the horizon. Neither of my men could keep their hands or mouths off me.

"We should go to the OBGYN soon." *Nohea* put a shred of carrot in my mouth. "I do trust *Kimo* and *Sammy* to help us. *Maluhia's* positively glowing."

"All these babies coming." I snuggled between them as *Nohea's* hand rested protectively on my belly.

"No morning sickness at all?" *Kahanu's* arm tightened around me.

"Nope. I feel wonderful. Now." I reached up for a kiss and got one from each of them. "There is

one problem though."

"What's that?" *Kahanu* said his grin wide.

"I'm the horniest pregnant woman in *Oahu*."

"That's not a problem," *Kahanu* said, picking me up and carrying me into the house. *Nohea* got between my legs as *Kahanu* put me on the bed.

"What's the longest time any man's ever gone down on you?" he asked me, his tongue a tantalizing half-inch from where I wanted it.

"Um...er...I don't know," I said.

"Well let's see how long it takes until she just can't take anymore." He dipped his head and I felt the wonderful flicker of desire igniting in me again.

Kahanu kissed me, his hands all over me. I was drowning with pleasure and they were right there with me.

"Welcome home, baby." *Nohea* lapped at me with great enthusiasm, making me flood his face. "Oh," he moaned. "She does taste different, *Kahanu*."

"I know, doesn't she? What does she taste of to you?"

Nohea nuzzled on my throbbing clit a moment. "She tastes like what they would give you to drink the moment you enter heavenly paradise."

* * * *

We got married on *Kimo* and *Lopaka's* property

with just our family and friends and accompanying ghosts and ghost gods.

It was Kimo and *Lopaka* who gave me away. *Kamaha* let me hold his pet frog as I walked down to meet my two men, who looked stunning in their green *pandanus hakus*, or head *leis*.

Kamaha took his frog back. "I better hold him now. He cries at weddings."

That made a whole bunch of us. Though *Kahanu* was officially my husband, all three of us took our vows. There was a photo *Tutu* took of that moment when we became one and it is my most cherished possession. In it, I am wearing my traditional *Hawaiian* wedding dress made of beaten *tapa* cloth, a *haku* of *maile* and *'ohia lehua* on my head. The three of us are laughing and we are so happy.

It was during our wedding *luau* that *Maluhia* went into labor and we traveled by boat to *Ka'ena*, the place already selected for her to give birth to the babies. Although we all went, the men were not allowed to join us.

It was Sammy, *Tutu*, *Mama Nui* and I who accompanied her into a stand of tall trees that had been the birthing place of all the babies of kings and *ali'i*, royalty. I had no idea that Kimo was the great grandson of the last king of *Maui*. Great misfortune was said to fall on a royal child who did not follow tradition.

Only one royal child did not, Prince Albert, the

son of *Kamehameha* IV. Some say his untimely death at the age of four was the reason he died so tragically.

Lopaka, officially under *huna* law was Kimo's wife. He was therefore allowed to hold *Maluhia's* hand and he coaxed and comforted her. There was some special vortex to this precise spot, according to *Mama Nui*, that induced labor and ensured a healthy delivery.

When the first baby showed its crown, I went to get Kimo, who, as a *kahuna*, was allowed to assist in the actual delivery. He was very emotional as he delivered his child by hand. He cried when he cut the umbilical cord.

"She's perfect." He claimed her as the daughter of Kimo and *Lopaka Wilder*, in the way of ancient *Hawaiians*. He kissed her as *Lopaka* cleaned her off and then *Lopaka* held her as the second child, their son, made a very noisy entrance into the world.

He, too, was accepted in the name of Kimo and *Lopaka*.

Maluhia, *Mama Nui*, *Tutu* and I all took turns kissing the tiny babies. Kimo and *Lopaka's* bright tears were only of joy. When *Lopaka* put both babies into Kimo's arms, Kimo looked at the man he loved.

"And now my heart is full. There are no more spaces left." And they kissed one another.

"Our other men will be going crazy, let them see the babies," *Tutu* instructed and Kimo

disappeared through the trees.

When we carried *Maluhia* back to the boat very late that night, a doting Raul kissed her brow.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"I could really eat a hamburger now."

And she made everyone laugh.

The journey through inky black water was illuminated by the Summer Triangle and the Southern Cross. I huddled against *Kamaha* as *Nohea* navigated our way and all the children slept, except for the newest boy who guzzled milk from *Maluhia's* breast as *Lopaka* allowed *Mama Nui* to hold his precious daughter.

"She has Kimo's face," she whispered. And the boy, we decided looked just like *Lopaka*.

"Don't be a baby hog," *Tutu* snapped after about thirty seconds had passed and *Mama Nui* laughed, graciously relinquishing her quarry.

Back at the Wilder's property, the baby girl was being breastfed and three little boys were anxious to hold their new babies.

"When can I play with your baby?" *Keli'i* asked me.

"Very soon, darling."

"Will he chase the hens with me?"

"You'll have to show him how."

He ran off giggling, chasing *Kamaha* through the house.

My husbands and I drifted to our bungalow, which had been decorated with *pikake* and

gardenia flowers, the scent so pungent, and as we prepared to make love for the first time as a married family, I begged *Kahanu* for his body.

"Nohea, I want you to fuck Kahanu so we can all come together."

"Okay, but after that, it's my turn to fuck my pregnant wife."

I kissed him and *Kahanu* entered me, ravenous for my body, his tongue slaking our mutual, magnificent eruption. I felt *Nohea* find his way into the man we loved and my rapturous cries filled the night.

And I didn't care who heard my song.

My Hawaiian song of love.

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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