



# BEGUILED

A. J. Lewellyn

BEGUILED. A HAUNTED HAWAIIAN  
HALLOWEEN

BY

A.J. LEWELLYN

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Beguiled: A Haunted Hawaiian Halloween

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ISBN: 978-1-55487-156-8

Cover art by Martine Jardin

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## DEDICATION

*To the memory of Hawaii's late, great Obake  
Storyteller, Glen Grant*

## CHAPTER ONE

Gray clouds streaked the blue sky like long, skeletal fingers smearing sunshine. I shivered with the sudden chill. A trade wind picked up the scent of *plumeria* flowers. Being *Hawaiian*, it was a familiar, cherished smell. Usually. But I was born to a superstitious family in the islands and I knew that *plumeria* were the graveyard flowers. I knew the smell was an omen.

*Danger.*

I shook the thought from my head. I was being entirely too fanciful, even for a man preparing a host of small, costumed children for their first Halloween as a contained *ohana*, family. I focused on the little face in front of me, dabbing on more stage makeup.

"Well...I don't know." My sister *Maluhia* scrutinized my efforts. "Spiderman looks a little green to me."

I glanced at her. "He's supposed to be green. He's *The Riddler*."

"That's right, Mama." My five year old nephew, *Kamaha* took his role seriously, even if his pea-

green tights sagged a little around the ankles. "Riddle me this. What kind of clothing can a house wear?"

"I know! I know!" *Kamaha's* twin brother *Keli'i* was squirming in his chair. His Halloween costume was *Shrek*. We had a whole lotta green going on in our house.

*Kamaha* gave a *tsk* sound. "I know that *you* know, you big stupid. But Mama doesn't."

"I give up." My sister grinned at them. "What kind of clothing does a house wear?"

"*Address!*" the boys shrieked, their laughter making *Shrek's* ears fall off.

"I hate these ears," *Keli'i* glowered. I took hold of them and was about to reattach them to his sad little face when I felt a strong burning sensation flooding the entire left side of my body. It was my husband, Kimo. My spirit, my mind, my entire being knew when that man was close.

He entered the front door of our mountaintop refuge with our son Baby Kimo who was dressed as *Superman*. He was adorable in his cape and tights, stretched on his belly across his father's arms, pretending to fly. He ran around the house with his arms still outstretched as soon as his two-year-old feet touched the ground. My majestic, six foot four hunk of *Hawaiian* man smiled when he saw the family tableau in front of him. We were so excited. Just over a year ago, we were newlyweds

and now we had five children in our lives, three of our own and our nephews. We had a happy, healthy, extended *ohana* living with us. We were all together and we were safe. Life in this moment could not have been better.

Kimo's burning gaze drew my attention away from talk of jack-o-lanterns and tricks or treats. I moved straight over to him and his mouth reached for mine. As always, he smelled and tasted of warm honey to me. He gave me one of his patented, whole-face kisses, making my cock start to harden against his. I wanted to jump into his arms and run into the garden, the taro patch, somewhere, *anywhere*...for a hot and dirty quickie. The gnawing hunger that came from even the briefest of separations never failed to make me feel anxious. His tongue probed my mouth with such scalding intensity, it left me dizzy. He pulled away from me, chuckling.

"My love, you are so good for my ego." His big hands cupped my face for one more, sweet, short kiss, then he moved toward the children to admire their costumes.

"Daddy...my ears keep falling off." Although he was their uncle, he was the Big *Kahuna* in *Kamaha* and *Keli'i's* lives. Their new stepfather, Raul, recently married to my sister, had railed against this in the beginning. Now he accepted Kimo's strong presence in the children's lives.

I grinned, watching Kimo hunker down with *Keli'i*, uttering an incantation and magically attaching the ears to his head. The ears even twitched. *Showoff*.

"Oh, cool!" *Keli'i* was ecstatic.

"What about me, daddy? I want something magic, too. Please daddy, *please*." *Kamaha* plucked at the sleeve of the big *Aloha* shirt Kimo was wearing.

My husband laughed. "Mmm...well, I have to think about that, little *Kamaha*. What magical qualities does *The Riddler* have?"

"Loads, daddy!" He squealed when Kimo tickled him. The twins fell into his massive arms as he tickled them both. Our toddler son, Baby Kimo, tugged at my shirt.

"Mama." I picked him up, kissing his sweet little cheeks. I saw orange smears across his face. Somehow, my pint-sized superhero had gotten into the *li hing* mango again. A fine dusting of orange powder on his *Superman* costume and the sweet-salty flavor to his skin were big giveaways.

"*Lopaka*, can we give daddy his gift?" I looked down to see the twins, both now wearing twitching *Shrek* ears, looking up at me with expectant faces.

"Great idea." The words weren't even out of my mouth when the twins ran to grab the wrapped gift we'd brought with us from our



home in *Honolulu*.

"I adore presents." Kimo's eyes shone as he tore through the orange and black tissue wrapping, then lifted the lid on the shirt box. The look on his face was priceless. It was a vintage Aloha shirt with pineapples, palm trees, ukuleles and...scary looking pumpkins.

*Do I really have to wear this?* Kimo telepathed to me.

*Of course you do. It's Halloween,* I telepathed back.

Kimo dutifully removed the shirt he was wearing, my pining heart drinking in the sight of his muscled torso half covered in tribal tattoos. He put the new shirt on, an embarrassed look on his face. Yep, the big bad *Kahuna* was a sucker for our kids.

The baby laughed. "Daddy..." He held out sticky fingers, clutching a long piece of sweet and sour mango. Kimo bit at it, pretending to swallow the fingertips, too, making the baby laugh even more.

*"Lopaka, can we have some toffee apples?"* The twins wore their best, most pleading expressions.

"I want toffee apples, mama." Baby Kimo chortled. The boys had helped me dip the apples into orange colored toffee earlier in the day. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Kimo's glance. Something was wrong. He inclined his head

toward the door. My husband was pacing. *What's going on?* I thought quickly as his face took on an ominous look. *Uh-oh.*

"You want apples, you'll have to hunt for them," I told the children. Kimo caught on to my ruse and gave a flick of his wrist. I marveled at how strong his magic had become.

"You *hid* them?" *Kamaha* looked appalled.

"It's a special Halloween hunt. There's all sorts of goodies hidden in the house."

"What things?"

*God knows what Kimo's conjured up. Hopefully nothing that bites.* "I...er...I tell you what, kids. First one to find an apple hidden in the house, gets a handful of candy."

The boys tore off, with my sister in tow. *Maluhia* never met a candy bar she didn't like. Kimo and I went outside and his tension seemed to increase.

"*Lopaka*, I don't want you to panic."

His words made me panic. We had newborn twins on the property, our precious angels who were the reason we were in virtual seclusion on Halloween, instead of traipsing through the streets of *Honolulu* with our nephews and toddler son, letting them collect all the candy they could get. After a recent attempt on my life by Kimo's ex wife, we had been extra careful to protect our property in the hills of *Oahu*, traveling just a few days ago to the spiritual sanctity of *Kona* on the

Big Island. We were here at the old *Kahuna*, or high priest Village, that for hundreds of years had been a haven for the sick, the cursed and those in jeopardy.

*Like us.*

My husband, being a very powerful *Kahuna* and Keeper of Secrets of the old *Hawaiian* ways, thought Halloween was a frivolous celebration. He hadn't thought much of Christmas either, until he met me.

A sound in the quiet brace of thatched roof houses distracted us. It was our friend *Nohea*. A master *kai kane*, water man, *Nohea* and his wife Katie were among our closest friends and had accompanied us to the *Kahuna* Village with their newborn baby girl.

"What happened?" Kimo addressed him as if he already knew there was bad news.

*Nohea* looked at him. "That's an interesting shirt...Sammy went to pick some *puakala* two hours ago. Nobody's seen him since."

The words hung between us. Kimo sighed.

"This isn't your fault." *Nohea* touched his shoulder. "I'm going to check on Katie, then I'll come and help you find him." His voice dropped. "He should never have left the compound."

"He left the village?" The words were out of my mouth before I could stop them. I felt guilty, because Kimo had been so preoccupied with my

safety and that of our children that he hadn't thought to rein Sammy in as well. As a matter of fact, he'd been certain Sammy, being a gifted *kahuna* in his own right, could protect himself.

Nohea lifted his shoulders in a helpless gesture and walked toward the little house he shared with his family.

"He's right. This is not our fault." Kimo's anxiety however, was palpable. I had no idea why God chose me to be the one to beguile him, but I preferred to see ecstasy on my man's face, not...this.

Sammy, my *tutu*, my grandma's new husband was a wonderful old guy, chubby, gray haired with a fantastic laugh and teeth that had not given him a lick of trouble until recently. The *puakala* he'd gone to look for was for his teeth, an old *kahuna* method for dealing with dental pain.

Kimo checked over his shoulder to make sure none of the children were lurking. I could hear the kids entertaining each other with more silly riddles.

"Why was the belt arrested?" *Keli'i* shouted.

"For holding up the pants!" his brother shrieked back, making my sister laugh in her mad, hen-like cackle.

"We have five wonderful children in our lives." Kimo's voice carried some pain. "Three of them are so anxious to celebrate Halloween...we would

have felt like curmudgeons not to let them enjoy it." It was true. We wanted them to carve pumpkins, dress up and go trick or treating in the protected village, under our careful supervision. Kimo's expression remained grim, his voice low. He began to hum, tuning into Sammy as *Nohea* returned.

"We found Sammy's medicine pouch lying on the ground." He stopped talking when he realized Kimo was doing his *Kahuna* thing. For the uninitiated, it could be an unsettling sight. *Nohea* and I had seen it many times...the vacant look his eyes got, the feeling that he was not in his body.

I put my hand on Kimo's arm. I was able to infiltrate his mind easily these days, thanks to our profound, sometimes frustrating connection. We couldn't bear to be apart for a moment. Our deep spiritual and sexual bond made it painful. The fire-branch instilled by his particular form of magic made it impossible. But now, with one touch, I was able to *feel* the experiences my husband had and now I could see the pouch, drops of blood on the ground. I sensed a presence, knew it was other worldly and I gasped.

A flash of red, like lightning crossed my husband's eyes and we both saw it, or rather sensed it. It was not a happy spirit. It felt old and...*angry*.

I gasped. "He was abducted."

Kimo nodded. I waited. I saw the mental picture of *Nohea* finding the pouch, striding back toward the compound. The sound of footsteps interrupted the image and I was relieved when I saw Kimo's parents who had also accompanied us on our journey. Kimo's mother was holding a large cake in her hands, the scent of warm pineapple and almonds wafting over us.

"Look, *Lopaka*. The Happy Cake came out perfectly in that oven. Don't you think the children will love it?" She looked at us and she just knew something was wrong. "What's the matter? What's happened?"

"Sammy's missing." Kimo's words were calm, but I knew he was troubled by the lack of further vision. His parents looked aghast when Kimo told them what he'd seen.

"If only I'd arrived a moment sooner, I might have seen him, I could have helped him." *Nohea* seemed very distressed, but nobody was blaming him.

Kimo's mother took charge. "I must go to the children. Where's *Tutu*?" She took off before we could respond.

"Dad..." Kimo's voice faltered and his father smiled at him. An older, graying version of my husband, he was as intimidating as his son, minus the scary power and minus the tattoos covering half his body.

"Whatever you need, I'm here to help."

Kimo nodded.

"So..." I tried to keep the despair out of my voice. "Now we go find Sammy." Where did we start? My thoughts raced. "Kimo, what do we tell *Tutu*?"

"What do we tell the kids?" he countered.

"What do you want *me* to do?" *Nohea* was ready for action.

Kimo glanced at him. "I want you to stay here and watch over the children."

*Nohea* shook his head. "There's your mother, *Kahanu* and *Katie*...*Tutu* and *Maluhia*. Not one of them would ever let anything happen to them. I think I should come with you."

"We'll all go." Kimo's voice was soft.

For a moment, we all paused. I touched Kimo's arm. "I'll deal with *Tutu*, you deal with the kids."

"Thanks, babe." He chuckled.

"Anytime, darling." I blew him a kiss and went off to find my grandma, right where I knew she would be hand-dipping pineapple scented candles for nighttime use, before the candy safari began.

*Tutu* and I had tried our best to make our temporary digs as comfortable as possible and so far, we'd done a good job. The old *Kahuna* Village had so many protections on it this precluded any use of cell phones, electricity or running hot water. We were used to the ways of the old *Hawaiians*

though and the kids loved the outdoor bathtub, wood-burning stove and the generous use of candlelight.

"Eh, my *Lopaka*." She surprised me by coming out of the vegetable patch around the side of the house. "You haven't seen my old poop, have you?"

"No, *Tutu*." Sheesh. She and Sammy still called each other mean names from their early days of meeting and instantly disliking one another. These days they purred like kittens in a particularly happy sack.

Balancing a basket on her hip stuffed with ears of corn, blue potatoes and huge, luscious strawberries, her expression became concerned. "*Lopaka*...what is it?"

I didn't believe in lying to my grandma and I never lied to our children, even when they asked tough questions. I took the basket from her hands.

"*Tutu*...I don't know how to tell you this..."

"Spit it out, boy."

"Sammy's...missing."

She looked incredulous. "*Missing*." She shook her head. "Naw, baby, he gone fo' pickin' *puakala*...you know, he got such a bad tooth. But if you ask me, he need to tie one string around that sucka and let me yank it out."

"The thing is, *Tutu*, he was doing that. Kimo showed me a vision. Sammy...Sammy was



abducted. But I don't see a person in the dream."

She stared at me. "What you talking about...you mean one *aukele*? A ghost?"

"Yes."

"You no mean Goddess *Pele*...I know she fooled around with your grandpa once—"

"*Tutu*...you knew about that?" As a young boy. I had actually caught him in the act with the fire goddess who rode him like a buck horse. Kimo, the only living person I had ever told the story to, was insistent that *Tutu* probably knew...and now I knew for sure that my grandma had been...cuckolded by a raging volcano goddess.

"...but Sammy, my Sammy...I keep him plenty happy." *Tutu* nodded in an emphatic way.

"*Tutu*, this had nothing to do with Goddess *Pele*." *This was something else. Something cold...definitely not the fire goddess.*

"What's one ghost want with my old poop?" She bit her lip. "I gone tol' him not to leave the village. But that old..."

"*Tutu*...I want you to stay with the children."

Fear sprang into her eyes. "Oh, my boy...you no think this is because of..."

"I don't know what to think, but I have to go with Kimo. He needs me. We will find Sammy, I promise."

"You help him? Oh, my boy..." Tears glistened in my grandma's lovely, weather-beaten face.

"Thank you...thank you."

She accompanied me as Kimo and his father came out of the house. He gave *Tutu* a long look. I read his mind and knew that he was sorry now that he had allowed my sister *Maluhia's* husband Raul to remain in *Honolulu* to oversee our property there as well as to keep running his business. Kimo wanted all of us together, no more chinks in our united armor.

Kimo took her hands in his. "Katie and my mother will stay with you. Will you be okay?"

*Tutu* snorted. "Oh, we be fine. You go find me my old poop. I not finished with his 'ōpū nui, his fat belly." Kimo wrapped my thin little grandma in his long arms, hugging her until she suddenly leapt away from him as if stung by a bee.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I see dat...t'ing. That t'ing dat has my Sammy. How it get here?" She looked bewildered, her gaze confused and frightened. Oh, great, now *Tutu* could pick up Kimo's visions, too.

"This is a good thing." My husband reassured us. "It means Sammy's calling out to *Tutu* through us. We have to go, *Lopaka*." He caught my hand in his. "Don't worry, *Tutu*. We'll bring him back."

"You hurry. I don't like what I feel." She still stood, looking strange, not like my grandma at all.

But I understood. I felt it, too. We were not dealing with a *Hawaiian* ghost. I knew it was

foreign...and then it hit me. It was *obake*. A Japanese ghost.

Grandma's words echoed my thoughts. "What one *obake* want with my Sammy?"

Kimo looked at her. "I don't know, *Tutu*, but we'll bring him home. Hurry now, the children are looking for the candy I hid in the house...I conjured up a lot of it, but...any second now they're going to figure out we're gone."

"You no tell 'em?"

Kimo looked her right in the eye. "I am not letting down our children on Halloween. I'll bring your old poop back. And we'll go candy hunting all over this village. You have my word on that."

*Tutu* chewed at her bottom lip. She trusted Kimo. Her gaze moved to my face. "You no tell my Sammy I say he has one *ōpū nui*?"

I shook my head and hugged her. I wanted to go back and kiss the children, but Kimo broke into my thoughts, his voice harsh.

"Come on, *Lopaka*. We need to move."

From inside the house, three little boys started screaming "Dadd-ee!" as Kimo, his father, *Nohea* and I made a run for it. My poor grandma was going to have her hands full with the boys and the baby twins who would no doubt awaken to the ruckus.

And Kimo and I would have our hands full with...something else.

## CHAPTER TWO

Kimo must have been very worried. He was never less than loving and kind with me, but since the attempt on my life, rage had seeped beneath the surface and I knew he did not forgive his ex wife's actions. She had paid dearly for them, with her life. We continued to pay, with the constant concern, always watchful, always protective of our children.

Though Mim was found dead in her bed of an apparent heart attack, the presence of scattered white chicken feathers surprised the initial, investigating officers. A few whispers and murmurs on the vine alerted the few *kahuna* left alive in the islands to what her death really was. It was a curse being returned. It was vengeance. She was, according to everything we could find out, acting alone. Or at least, only she and our former friend *Kaiona* whom she had bewitched into turning on us, but we knew Kimo was the subject of jealousy and scrutiny.

*Do you ever regret our lives?* I telepathed to him. *I feel like we cause you so much trouble.* With his father and Nohea walking behind us, Kimo kept the look of incredulity on his face and his thoughts between us.

*I regret only that I did not know you sooner.*

But still, my heart lay heavily in my chest. *What if we don't find Sammy? What if things never get back to normal?*

Kimo squeezed my hand and I shoved aside all those negative thoughts. We were in the sanctuary of the *Kahuna* Village, which lay on the outskirts of the City of Refuge. Though the restored *heiau*, or temple, was something of a tourist spot from a distance with its tall *tiki* statues just begging to be photographed, nobody but *kahuna* was allowed inside the bamboo lined enclosure. The *Kahuna* Village, just beyond it was a closely guarded secret, so secret that most people never even saw it. Those who knew of it from ancient times, before the missionaries came, assumed the village did not survive the purge of the fallen idols by the first queen, the great *Ka'ahumanu*. Upon the death of her husband, King *Kamehameha* the Great, she was nominated the islands' Regent in association with the King's firstborn son to his Sacred Wife, *Keopuolani*.

Queen *Ka'ahumanu's* abolition of the fearsome *kapu*, taboos placed on the islanders by the Great

King during his reign, coincided with the western expansion into the islands, with catastrophic results. A new religion replaced the old, but new diseases, poverty, starvation and death accompanied this new and different God.

The *Kahuna* Village, which the westerners never knew about, managed to survive, the *kahuna* going into hiding. New protective measures were placed on the Village, making it impossible to find unless the need of the seeker was great. This way, sick children, dying adults and even animals sought safety and assured refuge. Our children had heard about the Village in school and were eager to see it firsthand, not realizing that its availability to us came as a consequence of the attempt on my life.

As a powerful *kahuna* and the new father of two babies predicted to be the most powerful healers the islands of *Hawaii* had ever seen, Kimo was the object of much envy and resentment in the magical community as much as he was revered. The easiest way to hurt him would be to harm me or our any member of our family. Even his closeness to my grandma was well known. As we walked away from the Village's hallowed ground, I knew he was wondering if Sammy's abduction had anything to do with him.

Or was it a ghostly crime of opportunity?

Kimo Senior or *Papa Nui* as the children and I called him, *Nohea*, Kimo and I walked through the

peaceful compound. The only sound was that of a bossy cardinal, crowing over a crumb he'd found. I couldn't help smiling. I knew our children had come out earlier, feeding the birds sweet Portuguese bread. The cardinal's little red crested helmet bobbed and he eyed us, quickly picking up the crumb and flying away. I could smell rich, fruity *Kona* soil. This was coffee growing soil, so steeped in its crop the soil smelled of coffee cherries.

The Village itself looked like a picture postcard of ancient Polynesia. Palm trees and *tiki* idols stood over thatched roofs. The sound of laughing children permeated the afternoon stillness. From the south, I could hear the crash of the ocean waves. The *Kona* side of the island had always been the playground of the *ali'i*, of royalty. The *Kahuna* Village, however, offered protection and peace to all. We stood at the front of the compound enclosed with bamboo railings, knowing we would lose our protection once we set foot outside it. The best coffee in the world, *Kona* coffee, came from farms right outside the enclosure. The families that owned them had lived on the islands for generations. They minded their business, we minded ours.

Kimo turned a tormented gaze on me. In the now gunmetal afternoon sky, I saw the red zigzag of fire cross his eyes. He was tuning into Sammy

again.

I touched his arm, though he tried to shrug me away and I gasped when I heard Sammy's laughter in my mind, felt the brush of gossamer fabric against my brain.

"It's a female ghost, she seduced him."

Kimo shrugged. "She has no chance with us, my love. My soul is already spoken for." For the first time in days, I caught his tender smile for me. Lately, he'd been brusque, not so tender in his lovemaking. He feared letting his guard down, feared his love for me letting in a hint of evil that could destroy us. Until our babies were a year old, we would need to be vigilant at all times. After the first year, *huna* law swung into full protection and our children would have an extra security shield.

*Nohea*, a tall strapping *Hawaiian* canoe maker, was an attractive man, big and strong like my husband without the imposing stature and fearsome tattoos, moved toward a clump of bushes. "He was over here." He pointed and as we stepped out of the Village perimeter, it evaporated like a mirage behind us.

The two Kimos and I studied the bushes, saw the medicine pouch still lying on the ground where *Nohea* had found it. I picked it up and my body gave a lurch.

"*Lopaka*, are you okay?" Kimo held me to him. But I was not okay. I felt oddly out of my body



and my breath came in frigid gusts.

"Good God..." Kimo stepped forward, chanting, his hands wrapping my head and the icy feeling left me, leaving only an odd, tingling sensation in my fingertips. Suddenly, I was whirling, dancing...I saw snatches of color and light and I saw the shock on the three men's faces as they watched me move in an uncharacteristic way.

I was helpless. My arms and legs moving in a way not normal for me as a hula dancer. *What the hell was I doing?* I was making digging motions with my arms, aware now of other dancers around me, but not in person. They were in my mind, another time...another place.

"Is he digging for clams?" I heard *Nohea* ask, his voice coming from far away, even though I saw him standing right in front of me.

"It's *tanko bushy*. The Japanese coalminer's dance." This was my father-in-law's voice. I was helpless to stop myself dancing in an anticlockwise direction, stepping in ever smaller, concentric circles. I felt flashes of fabric against my skin, saw snatches of brilliant color. Red, white and something else...paper lanterns lining a path. My heart...no, not my heart, somebody else's heart gladdened at the sight of those lanterns.

*Yes! They will show me the way home.* I heard her breathing. My hands went up into the air, but when I looked at them, they were a woman's long,

pale fingers and a slender, feminine wrist. *My wedding rings! Where were my rings?*

"Kimo!"

"*Lopaka...*" He lunged at me, but the dancer wasn't through with me yet. Drums pounded in my head. Not *Hawaiian* gourd drums. These were insistent, hypnotic *taiko* drums. Dozens of Japanese faces, laughing, clapping, surrounding me. I heard a *samisen*, that strange Japanese style guitar.

I heard Kimo calling me. "Give me your hand, *Lopaka*." He snatched me out of that dark dream and I fell into his arms. The world stopped moving. I stared at my fingers and there were my wedding rings on my hand right where they belonged, the only earthly treasures I coveted.

Kimo held me in his arms, kissing the top of my head. His strength infused warmth in me and I felt a cold clammy feeling curl up like a little ball inside me. A distant voice. *I am still here.*

"Boy...he must keep things interesting in the bedroom," *Nohea* laughed. He must have realized how shaky I was because when Kimo glared at him, *Nohea's* face paled "Don't tell me that was some sort of...*possession*."

My breathing came in jagged bursts. I clutched at my chest, but the fabric I felt I'd been wearing...cotton...wasn't there. I was still wearing the T-shirt I'd been wearing all day, grimy with

the baby's handprints.

"That was *obon* dancing." *Papa Nui's* voice was careful, modulated, but he looked frightened. I didn't respond. I was too busy fighting off the woman who had invaded my body, my soul...a woman screaming for help.

"I must find my mother."

"What did you say?" Kimo was circling me and I was aware of words coming out of my mouth...that I *knew* were coming out of my mouth, but that I wasn't saying. I dropped to my knees and the woman began to bow and scrape before Kimo's feet.

"Please, please...I want to go home."

Just as quickly, I felt her leave my body and I whirled around...to a pathetic, terrified choking sound coming from another clump of bushes.

Kimo's voice was firm. "You can come out now."

"Who on earth are you talking to?" *Papa Nui's* voice sounded strange.

Kimo pulled me up off the ground. "Sammy. He's hiding over there...in the *olena* bushes."

## CHAPTER THREE

"Is she gone?" Sammy came out timidly, his pants pooled around his ankles, his hands covering his manhood. He shuffled toward us. He glanced about, fearful, twitchy, both his knees bloodied. The expression on his face gave new meaning to *he looked like he'd seen a ghost*. What was with my grandma and the lecherous old men in her life?

"What are you doing?" *Papa Nui* looked him up and down. "Have you been there the whole time? What happened to your knees? What are you doing with your pants down?"

These were all good questions, but Sammy almost keeled over trying to bend down and pick up his pants. Kimo let go of me and moved toward him, steadying him. He knelt and began an incantation, his hands hovering over Sammy's knees.

"I just woke up. That *lele wahine*, crazy woman knocked me out." Sammy looked dazed. "I was minding my own business looking for *olena* when

this spirit...you know...she come right up to me —  
"

"I thought you had tooth trouble?" Kimo looked up at him, frowning. "*Olena* is for —"

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Piles. So I got hemorrhoids, okay? I said it was my teeth. I was embarrassed...piles are not very sexy, you know."

My father-in-law grinned as Sammy continued. "Anyway, I was picking me some *olena* and I was applying them...you know...to the ah...affected area when one *aukele*...one ghost, you know...one *lele wahine*, crazy woman...she try to come into my body! She make me dance and dance. You ever tried dancing with your pants around your ankles?"

"Not recently," *Papa Nui* muttered. Sammy glanced at him, his arms waving madly.

"I tried to run away, not easy when your pants are down. And then I fell. I musta got knocked out. And I feel her in me and then...and then she go away and I asleep you know...and then I wake up and see her jump into *Lopaka*. He do same crazy dance as me! Dat be one *Lele wahine*, that's for sure..." Sammy shuddered and reached for the medicine pouch in *Nohea's* hand.

"What does she look like, this *obake obon* dancer? When she spoke just now, she seemed young...very young." Kimo was anxious for information and Sammy was jittery.

"She is young...maybe, I don't know....early twenties. Long, black hair." Sammy uncapped a small bottle and drank from it. I suspected it was 'awa, the Hawaiian equivalent of a thimbleful of brandy.

"Did you see if she was wearing a yukata? A kimono?" I asked.

"Yes. And she has long, black hair."

"You already said that." Nohea looked spooked.

"I did?" Sammy took another shot of 'awa. "She's pretty, but she crazy...where she went? I never like to see ghosts. This one...that hair...she try to make me walk far away." His hands shook.

"Did you see an image of paper lanterns lining a road?" I asked. Sammy nodded and I looked at Kimo. "I kept feeling the kimono was too revealing, that her parents were watching and she was nervous...she didn't want them to be ashamed of her. She was showing too much skin." I paused. "I could hear drums." The noise started up again. The color and movement.

"Oh, there he goes again. What's he doing now?" Nohea got out of my way as I leapt about and I found myself twisting, turning...

"Lopaka...you must listen to me. I know you are in there. Lopaka...tell me what you are seeing." Kimo's voice brought me...no...dragged me back to the present. I tried so hard and my voice came out in a whisper. She was choking me.

"She's looking for the lanterns. Where are the lanterns?"

Some part of me was aware of the men around me looking at one another questioningly.

"She needs to go back to the other side...but she doesn't want to go without her parents. Her parents are waiting for her."

The *obake's* hold on my psyche took all my strength. I was aware of the deceptive power of the dead stranger's hold on me. Aware of her words, "*I am afraid of the hungry ghosts.*"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Nohea glanced from me to Kimo who looked troubled.

"I don't know..." he was lost in thought...lost in spiritual search. He stared at me, willing the girl ghost to say more. He was in my mind now, in a way he never had been before, but his love for me was so strong, the *obake obon* dancer was unable to resist his magnetism. Aloud, Kimo went on as he reached for her. "I would say...she is in the place we call in our world, *in between*. For her it's purgatory. She's not able to join her ancestors. Our equivalent is she is unable to walk the rainbow."

He was back outside of me now, staring at me. "*Lopaka*...I keep getting the word *kami* from her. Ask her, is that the Japanese word for ancestral spirits, like we *Hawaiians* have *aumakua*?"

The *obake obon* dancer's little spirit went from joy to despair. I felt hot, wet tears leaking down

my face.

"Yes! Yes!" I felt the words come out in an impassioned shriek.

"I thought so." Kimo's voice was soft. "We have to help her. She can't find her way there to the other side of the rainbow. Her people are waiting for her." Kimo snatched me to him, bringing me back to his heart, his soul, with a kiss. I felt his spirit flying through me, the warmth of an oven seeping into the cold places where the cold, lonely girl raced to hide from him.

"That is you I'm kissing, isn't it?" he asked after a moment. I felt the female creature inside me recoiling, curling up again like a sleeping snake.

"Yeah, but she's still inside me."

"Oh great. Are you gonna start spitting up pea soup and screaming profanities?" Nohea asked.

When we all looked at him, he shrugged. "I saw *The Exorcist*. Isn't that how these things usually go?"

Kimo looked nonplussed. His movie viewing had been limited, owing to his full immersion into the *Hawaiian* way of walking with spirit. Until the children and I became a part of his life, he'd never even gone to see a movie. I had memories of *The Exorcist* though because *Tutu* and I had watched it over at my sister's house one afternoon. Demonic possession wasn't something I cared to experience personally. I shuddered, thinking about the little



girl in the movie and how she became sicker and sicker...I closed my mind to the scene where she masturbated with a crucifix as her head was spinning around...oh yeah...and images of devils' heads appearing in the polished surfaces in her mother's immaculate kitchen. Damn my sister and her big fat, flat screen television.

Sammy sounded jumpy and distracted when he asked, "What does she want with us?"

"You heard her. She wants to go home." Kimo sounded testy, but I knew, instinctively *knew* that he was glad of this problem, that it was not a direct threat to our children. But still, I could not go back to them in this state.

"Sammy threw her off, why can't *Lopaka*?" *Nohea* asked.

"Because as my mother-in-law is fond of pointing out to me, I married a man with one tender heart. It's in *Lopaka's* nature to help people."

Me, I fell in love all over again with Kimo in that moment. *Tutu* was my grandma, but she raised me and in my heart and obviously Kimo's, she was my mother.

"And I thought *my* wife was a handful," *Nohea* laughed.

"What's going on out here?" We all jumped. *Tutu* marched out of the compound, rounding on Sammy. "What you doing? You doing the nekked

dance?"

"No." His knees looked a lot better as she struggled to pull his pants back up, buttoning them around the vicinity of his armpits, about where he usually wore them.

"What's going on? What's wrong with my boy?" *Tutu* was in my face now. I looked at her from far away. The girl dancer was in awe of my grandma. Something familiar...home. *I want to go home.*

"What? What is he saying? What happened to my boy?" She shouted at *Kimo*. "What you do to my son?"

*Tutu* pummeled her hard little fists into *Kimo's* chest, then grabbed my face and kissed me and I was back in my body again. The *obake obon* dancer recoiled once more. She did not like public displays of affection. *Tutu* looked at *Kimo*, an angry cast to her thinning lips as she planted her feet far apart, hands on hips. "You like tell me how my boy get one girl ghost in him?"

"How does you know it's a girl ghost?" *Nohea* asked. He looked petrified now.

"I see her face and her hair." *Tutu* stuck her balled fist up to my nose. "You get outta his body or I give you what-for!"

*Hahahhahaha!* The laughter in my head must have been coming out loud. Yes, it was. I saw everybody wincing as I kept up the giggly sound

in a high-pitched, manic girlish way. The *obake obon* dancer thought *Tutu* was funny.

"Geez, Louise," Sammy whined. "I don't got nearly enough '*awa* to cope with this."

Kimo told grandma what had been going on.

"She's an *obon* dancer? Where she live? Where her people from?"

"We don't know."

"Okay, so let me understand this. My *loco* husband come out to pick some *puakala*..."

"Actually, it was *olena*," Sammy mumbled.

"You got bottom trouble? Why you no tell me?" She shook her fist in his face. "Oh...dat's why you got your pants down." She seemed mollified by that. "And here I thinkin..."

Sammy interrupted her. "The *obake obon* dancer...she try to get in my body...I get knocked out..."

"You got knocked out?" *Tutu* rushed into Sammy's arms and his chest puffed out in a manly way.

"Wait a second...isn't *Obon* a Buddhist ceremony honoring the spirit of deceased ancestors?" *Nohea* asked.

The ghost inside me woke up...I got the image of a cave and a long, long sleep.

"She was murdered." Everybody looked at me. "She's buried in a cave."

Kimo's face was a blend of emotions. I knew he

wanted nothing more than to take me home, fuck my brains out and spend the evening sorting out candy with our children. He touched my cheek and I kissed the palm of his hand. Lord, I loved this man. His eyes were tender and he took his gaze from me, turning to the others.

"We're at the *Kahuna* Village. Remember, this is a place of sanctuary. In the day of the ancients, people knew to come here. Somehow our little *obake obon* dancer knew to come here for help. We have no idea how long she has been here, waiting." Kimo fell silent.

"What is *Obon* exactly?" My grandma peered into my eyes, an anxious look on her face.

"It's the time the living honor the ancestors' spirits with dance. With celebration. *Obon* is considered a gathering of joy." This was *Papa Nui* speaking. He paused. "They say it is the time when the dead supposedly come back to visit the living...to reunite with them. But *Obon* is celebrated in the summer, I thought..."

"So they honor their dead, like we do. But this is October," I said.

"So...it's like..." *Tutu* paused. "Like the Mexicans celebrate the Day of the Dead. Or like...or like..."

Kimo finished the sentence for her. "Today is Halloween. It's another day of the dead."

## CHAPTER FOUR

Kimo held me in his strong arms, his mere presence infusing me with such heat, that he *almost* obliterated the icy patches in my head and in my soul in which the *obake obon* dancer had taken up her stubborn residence. A rustle at the gates and my grandma groaned.

"What are *you* doing here?"

I peeked around Kimo's massive arm to find my sister, *Maluhia* and fear sprang to the surface for me. "Who's with the babies?"

"Relax. They're fine. I left them with Katie, *Mama Nui* and *Kahanu*. I just...I got a weird, bad feeling. " She looked at me. "What's the matter with him? Why does he look like that? Kimo...*Lopaka*...what is going on?"

I was about to say, *I'm fine*, when I realized I wasn't. The *obake obon* dancer came out of the shadows. She wanted my sister. *Oh no*.

"Get her out of here, Kimo...the dancer wants her." I backed away, Kimo trying to hold onto me

with one arm, pushing my sister away with the other, but *Maluhia* wasn't about to be pushed around by Kimo or anybody else.

"Why is he talking like a girl? What happened to his face? What did you do to my brother?"

She shook a threatening fist in my husband's face. She had *Tutu's* feistiness, my sister. Kimo was so surprised, he just stared at her.

"What do you mean...talking like a girl?" I spluttered, realizing ten seconds later I did sound like a girl. A girl with high-pitched squeal.

"It's an *obake*." Kimo talked in low, soothing tones to *Maluhia* who went mad.

"*Obake*, huh? Get out of my way!" She sprang at me, shouting *Hawaiian* swear words I never in my life thought would come out of my lovely sister's mouth. "*Ilio wahine*! You bitch! Get out of my brother now!"

The *obake obon* dancer flew into a snit of her own, shouting at my sister to leave her alone, to leave *us* alone.

"It's not me! It's not me saying that!" I tried to shout over the *obake obon* dancer's voice.

"I'm not leaving her in there!" My sister started slapping me and even kicked me right in the balls, sending me spinning to the ground. "Sorry, Kimo, but it's the only way." My sister raised her foot and I looked up in terror as her foot threatened to come right down on my head.

"Enough!" Kimo picked her up and slung her over his shoulder like a sack of sugar.

"Put me down!" My sister beat his back with her fists and Kimo handed her over to *Nohea*, who tried to keep a grip on her as Kimo knelt beside me.

The ghost hung on, hiding in my heart, panting hard, whilst I got over the shock of taking the punishment for her crime of invading me.

Kimo was furious. Whether with my sister or the ghostly girl who wouldn't vacate the premises, I wasn't certain, but I also knew we were all in trouble. The ghost wouldn't leave and one more kick in the groin from my sister and Kimo would have had no more...er...toys to play with. And my husband was a man who liked his toys. His hand hovered over my cock now and I felt a sensational feeling flood through me. Oh, what a turn on. He was healing the hurt and...getting me hard. Two more seconds of this and I'd be coming in my pants.

My husband smiled, enjoying the power he had over me, frowning in the next instance at the knowledge that somebody else had a small part of me.

*I will get her out of you. Hold onto that. Own it,* Kimo telepathed to me.

*Maluhia* was sobbing now, crying "I want my brother back," in between fearsome bouts of

yelling at the *obake* to get out of me. "You can't have my brother! Get out of him right now!"

"I am going to fix this." Kimo kept his voice calm, but I knew he was very upset. He hated seeing my sister so out of control. "She took us by surprise, *Maluhia*. We had no idea what we were walking into."

"Why does she resist me?" My sister's eyes glittered with anger.

"She wants to go home. She doesn't want to be left in...limbo. *Tutu*, please, take *Maluhia* back into the compound." Kimo's voice was gentle, but I sensed his urgency.

"I'm not going without my boy. He is my son." *Tutu's* face was an inch from mine. "I raised him up, I no leave him with no *obake*."

"Yeah. That makes two of us."

"Three."

Three? I glanced over and saw that Katie was out of the compound. All three women stood before me and Kimo, hands on hips and the little Japanese specter within me, started brushing her hair.

"Is he brushing his hair?" My sister got a mulish look on her face.

"Don't kick me again. It's not me. It's her. I can't stop myself." I glanced at them, fearful of another smack down as my hand kept stroking my head.



"Well, that's just rude if you ask me." Grandma leapt forward and slugged me. I fell back on the ground.

"Sorry, *Lopaka*. That was for her, not for you."

Kimo pushed her away from me. "I want you all to go home. *Nohea* please get them back into the compound for me." My grandma came toward me. Kimo held up his hand. "Next one who touches my husband gets a hot foot from me."

"Sheesh," *Tutu* muttered. "Whose side are you on?"

Kimo just glared at her, helping me to my feet again. His hand flew to my face, sending numbing warmth to the spot where *Tutu's* hot little fist had landed.

*Put it back on my cock. That felt so good.*

Kimo laughed when he received that message.

I hugged my sister and grandma and Katie gave me a kiss on the cheek. "You're my best friend. I owe my life to you. I want you back."

"I'm not going anywhere," I promised her and I caught my husband's relieved smile. *Maluhia* pushed Katie away from me, holding onto me again before *Nohea* took the women back into the *Kahuna* Village. My sister sent one last unhappy look in my direction.

"*Maluhia*, you are going to be together again," Kimo's voice was firm. "We're going to get help."

"He's my brother." My sister openly wept and I

was so upset at the thought of perhaps not seeing her again, not as myself, anyway, that it almost sent me scurrying into the sanctity of the *Kahuna* Village. Kept apart all our lives, our recent discovery of one another had been a constant, sometimes painful process of found joys.

"Yes, he is. He's also the man I love and the mother of my children. Please, trust me." Kimo watched the three women in our lives walk into the Village together and I felt a measure of equanimity that they were protected in there.

"Where are we going to get help?" I asked Kimo.

"There's a Taoist Catholic priest right here in *Kona*. It's a good place to start." Kimo frowned. "*Lopaka*, is she still inside you? Because you look like yourself again."

"She's still there." The ghost girl inside me started laughing. I stopped her. "I'm getting better control of her now."

"There he goes again, giggling." Sammy shook his head. "I hope you don't start singing. That voice is like nails down a chalk board."

"That wasn't very nice." I tried not to feel affronted.

Kimo winced. "Sorry to tell you, my love, but he's right."

I felt the color coming to my face. My hidden demon and I were ready to sing the entire Lennon

and McCartney songbook to the next person that parceled out mean comments to us.

"Boy, you are one huffy haunting host," Sammy was rummaging for a fresh nip of 'awa in his medicine pouch.

"Back at you." I narrowed my eyes and my new grandpa looked up in surprise as the *obake obon* dancer flew right back into his body.

"She's kinda got a mean streak to her, doesn't she?" *Papa Nui* looked at us and grinned.

Kimo uttered an incantation and Sammy slumped to the ground in the middle of a digging dance. "That takes care of both of them for a little while. How are you feeling, baby?"

"Alone." I smiled. I relaxed for the first moment since this began.

"Good." Kimo tossed Sammy over his shoulder. "Let's go this way." He waved his hand and somehow cut a magical path through some trees. "Walk ahead of me, baby. I like looking at that hot ass."

I caught my father-in-law's grimace. He loved me and he absolutely adored his son, he just wasn't all that comfortable with our rampant, open displays of affection.

We walked for about half a mile when we came to a large, pagoda-style house that had a peaceful, spiritual feeling to it. I noticed Buddha statues of different kinds in the front yard. Wilted roses,

sprigs of rosemary, the offering for remembrance and tiny coffee berries lay at the feet of each statue. A very old, gaunt man was showering under a hose, his naked, wrinkled body not exactly a sight for sore, tired eyes.

"Arrrgh!"

"Sorry, Jamie." Kimo dropped the sack of potatoes, I mean, Sammy onto the ground, propping him against a tree. Sammy's jaw fell open and Kimo gently inched the lower jaw to Sammy's chest, causing his head to droop. Sammy snored, intermittently letting out a girlish giggle.

Jamie, who covered himself in a skimpy towel went inside and came back out in a long pair of pants and a tunic top covering his bony body.

"I would offer you refreshment, but we have none. We are on our thirty third day of fasting."

"How many of you are here?" Kimo asked.

"Right now three. I am here alone right now for a couple of days. The other two have gone to the volcano for an organized tour. They'll stay at the Volcano House overnight." He grinned. Like Sammy, he had a full set of teeth to be admired. He sat on a stone seat, indicating that Kimo, *Papa Nui* and I should also sit.

Kimo introduced us and Jamie nodded. He was an old Scotsman who'd traveled a long way to be in this part of the world.

"Years of spiritual duty in remote corners of the

world are interspersed with fasting and contemplation in *Kona*." He seemed very grumpy. I didn't think fasting was agreeing with his *joie de vie*.

He listened to our story without any sign of disbelief or incredulity. He just nodded. "You'd better come inside."

At some point, Sammy must have awakened because as Jamie was ushering us into the house, Sammy began fretting.

"Only corpses wear shoes indoors." He was adamant we all remove our shoes. In our concern over getting information from Jamie, nobody even thought about shoes, though in the islands, most families adopted the Japanese custom of removing their shoes before entering a residence.

The voice coming out of Sammy's body was the girl's, but she was creating such a ruckus, Jamie winced.

"I know I look much younger, but I am seventy-two years old. Please don't shout like that, it hurts my ears."

"Seventy-two? You look much older," Sammy spat, making Jamie gape.

"Sorry, Sammy." Kimo leaned across me, pinched Sammy's shoulder with his big hand and Sammy's eyes rolled up into his head and back down to the ground he went.

"Neat trick. Remind me to keep on your good

side.” Jamie chuckled as we walked through the almost barren house, past the most depressing bedrooms I had ever seen. Each one was Spartan with rows of mattress pads on narrow wooden frames, thin, dark blankets folded at the foot of each bunk and crucifixes nailed above each one. It was Dickensian, to say the least.

When I thought of the bedroom Kimo and I shared with our decadent bedding and all the hot sex we gave each other, I thanked God my *Hawaiian* people didn’t believe in self deprivation. Perhaps the people of ancient times were denied certain foods and lived under strict *kapu*, taboos enforced by the Great King *Kamehameha*, but with the abolition of the old gods, a more indulgent form of paradise arrived in the islands to the consternation of encroaching Christian missionaries.

“This house is used by various priests. Sometimes there are many of us. Right now it’s just me, until tomorrow and by next weekend, we’ll be full again.” Jamie led us to the kitchen, where a group of handmade shelves housed books rather than food. He busied himself filling a kettle. He looked absolutely ancient and frail. A good reminder to never observe a religious fast for longer than a few days, I thought.

Jamie boiled water and offered us cups of it with sliced lemon. It was surprisingly good.

"Well now, do you know how *Obon* started?" he asked. Before any of us could respond, he told us a story about a young man who once asked Buddha how he could make the soul of his dead mother happy. "Buddha replied that it was not the dead who needed to feel happy, but the living. Buddha however, saw the need of a way for the living and the dead to once again bond. And so, Buddha said, *you can feed her soul, you can give her gifts of food and love. You can give her sustenance for her soul's journey to the Pureland.*"

I thought I understood now. "That explains the *obake obon* dancer's fear of the hungry ghosts."

Jamie sipped at his boiled water, looking at me with infinite sadness. "Oh, yes, a soul not sent to the Pureland is hungry and starves for love...for nourishment. Many Asian cultures burn paper money and leave elaborate offerings of food for the dead. And the hungry ghost is always on the outside looking in on the celebration of *Obon*."

I felt silent. I always told Kimo that until I met him, I was on the outside of life looking in. He had given me love, stability, a nurturing beyond anything I had ever experienced and magic, every single day. He sensed my thoughts, I could tell, because he covered my hand with his.

"...So *Obon* became a summer event," Jamie was saying. "It's been celebrated in Japanese culture for hundreds of years, although I don't

know about here on the islands. I have no idea how widely practiced it is." He paused. "I assume it's been here for as long as the first Japanese workers were allowed to bring their families here. Once they were free men, of course."

"Isn't *Obon* celebrated a few times a year?" *Papa Nui* asked.

Jamie looked pleased. "Yes. There are three versions of it, celebrated three times a year between July and August, a time to clean the graves of the elders, a time of gathering."

"Well, it's past summer, but we want to help our little *obake* find her way to the Pureland. What do you suggest?" Kimo asked. "Can we give her a special festival?"

"Oh, I don't think that's possible. I mean, her family isn't here. She needs family members...ancestors. You're asking the impossible. I have no idea who her people might be."

"I got a distinct vision of walking a path lined with paper lanterns," I told Jamie who nodded eagerly.

"You're talking about *Toro Nagashi*. That's how the festival ends, with the floating of lanterns. Paper lanterns are illuminated with candlelight and floated down a river or into the ocean, symbolically signaling the ancestral spirits' return to the world of the dead."



"Our *obake* never got to have her *Toro Nagashi*." Kimo's voice was full of compassion. "The fact that *Lopaka* saw them lining a road could mean that this girl was living upcountry, that she wasn't near an ocean or river. Or it could mean that she is simply waiting for the journey to begin and the journey to most places begins on a road."

Jamie eyed the still smoldering kettle in a hungry way and I quickly got up and refilled his tea cup. I listened to the discussion, feeling increasing desperation and disappearing joy when I remembered the sensation of having the young woman's spirit inside me, urging me to help her find her family.

"Do you think she could have lived in this area?" *Papa Nui* asked Jamie.

"It's possible..." he shrugged. "I have lived on and off in this house of worship for thirty years. I am not aware of any Japanese families around here before then or even during that time. I do know I need to meditate on this. Please excuse me."

Kimo bowed in acknowledgement. Being a high priest himself, he understood Jamie's desire for spiritual contemplation. As the little old man shuffled off to another room, *Papa Nui* went to peruse the bookshelves lined with leather bound volumes. Jamie banged a gong and we could hear him chanting. Kimo led me back outside.

We wandered together through clusters of thick bamboo stalks, seeking privacy. Kimo turned and looked at me. "I think we're going to have to waken Sammy and ask him some questions...well, the girl dancer, anyway. To be honest, I suspect she came from this part of the island, but it must have been a long, long time ago because only native *Hawaiian* families even know of the *Kahuna* Village now. *Lopaka*...for all we know, she's been hovering outside the Village for decades."

Finding a huge banyan tree, we sat against its sturdy trunk. I turned to look at Kimo. Watching my husband's wonderful face when he talked was my singular obsession in life.

"What?" His voice was gentle, his smile knowing.

I shook my head and he caught my wrist in one of his big hands. "You want your husband to fuck you. Is that it?"

"Oh, *Kimo*..." I had no idea where our boundless need for one another came from. I had no idea whether right now it was psychological or physical or emotional. Our passionate, early morning romp on the sea grass matted flooring of our bedroom at the *Kahuna* Village seemed like a long time ago now. I needed him, I wanted him. He pulled me toward him, onto his lap, his scalding tongue roaming over my face and neck. He wanted me, too.

After a couple of minutes, with the sound of Jamie's chanting and the merry chatter of forest birds drowning our soft moans, Kimo lifted me up and put me on the ground on my back. Pulling down my pants so that they dangled from one leg, his face reflected our mutual urgency and he knelt between my open legs, moving down to my cock and waiting ass. After giving me some long, lavish licks, his tongue stirred up so much heat in my ass that I drenched in sweat and panting heavily. It was as if I had a raging fever. He was hungry for the main course and my fingers shook at the buttons of his Levis, anxious to feed him. Neither of us cared any longer who caught us. We were two married men having consensual sex and my husband's liberated cock sprang out, jutting straight for my ass.

"I need to be in you, *Lopaka*."

His mouth sought out mine again and I tasted myself on his tongue, our souls...our bodies...rejoicing at this trial by fire. I almost screamed when he entered me. My legs spread to give him easier access to me. I was completely open to him and his gaze turned possessive and proud as he gave himself to me fully.

I reached up to take Kimo's face into my hands and his eyes closed as he thrust himself into me. I felt him enter my thoughts and I *knew* his joy that only he could make me feel like this. He knew I

was as hungry for his release, hungrier even than I was for my own.

“Come with me, darling, come with me, my *Lopaka*.” Kimo’s hand curled over my rigid cock and I held him tighter, and though he had never, ever taken his cock from me for any reason, I always held onto his ass in our final moments of coming for fear that he would.

“You always put me exactly where you need me.” His voice at my ear sent my orgasm spiraling, a shimmering that consumed us both as we came together. Our pounding hearts beat like the *obake*’s drums and Kimo laughed, licking up a trail of sweat at my neck.

“You are one hot fuck, my beautiful man wife.”

I laughed. “You’re not so bad yourself.”

A rustle of sound...a clearing throat.

Kimo frowned. “Who the hell is that?”

## CHAPTER FIVE

"Sorry to interrupt you two." *Papa Nui's* voice came from behind our tree. "But Jamie has an idea."

"Be right there, dad." Kimo chuckled, helping me to my feet so we could straighten up our clothing. "Time to wake up grandpa."

I joined *Papa Nui* and Jamie back in the kitchen while Kimo went to wrangle Sammy. He was less than the life of the party when he entered Jamie's house and found nothing but hot water to drink.

"What kinda *Hawaiian* house is this?" he bleated. "No tea, no coffee...not even some 'awa?"

"Is the spirit still in him?" Jamie stage whispered to Kimo.

"No. I believe she's back inside me." I sighed, feeling the heavy weight of the female wraith who had decided to hop host bodies once again.

"Oh, so he's always like this?"

None of us knew how to answer that because we'd never seen my grandma's roly poly husband

denied sustenance. Sammy banged around the kitchen, opening empty food cupboards. Hello, Mother Hubbard. At the top of one cupboard was a large container of salt. Sammy took it down, shaking the package. Oh no, he couldn't really be thinking of consuming salt. I got up, moved over to him and noticed a small jar of bamboo growing on the window sill.

"Four is the number of death," I announced. I extracted one of the stalks, but the statement and my actions were not mine. They were my *obake obon* dancer's words.

"Really?" Jamie was bright eyed now. Prayer seemed to have done him some good. He seemed in a much better mood. I sat back beside my husband, my hands folded primly in my lap and noticed Sammy munching on the bamboo stalk I'd removed from the window sill.

"What is your name?" Jamie asked me.

"*Lopaka*."

"No, not you. Her."

I thought a moment. "It doesn't work like that. She hides and then she just announces herself. She says stuff. I never know what's going to come out of my mouth next."

"*Bonsawa ru*." Jamie's voice was soft and the little girl inside me sat up straight.

"Good evening to you, sir," I responded.

Jamie beamed. "She's a well brought up little

Japanese girl."

"I'm not little. I'm twenty-two."

"You're little compared to me," he chuckled. "Can you tell me what happened to you?"

The words remained there. The only sound was Sammy's persistent chewing.

Jamie looked at me. "You say she was murdered? It must have been a big event on a small island."

I shook my head. "No, my parents think I ran away."

"Oh." This collective sigh of despair had the girl in me sobbing. The shame of what happened to her consumed her. My husband put his arms around me.

"We're going to help you." He hugged me tight and the girl sat in her cave, knees pulled up to her chest, a skeleton lying on the ground beside her.

"I see a red scarf around the skeleton's neck," I whispered.

"Red and white are the colors of *Obon*. They're good luck colors." Jamie's words chilled us all. Somebody had strangled our little *obake* with a good luck scarf.

"Ask her something else in Japanese," Kimo urged Jamie.

"I don't know much..." He pursed his lips. "But I do know somebody who does. Be right back." He sprang from the kitchen, leaving the rest

of us to chatter about what had just happened.

"Do we need to find her body?" Sammy asked. This was a practical question.

"I don't think so." Kimo was deep in thought. "There are caves all over this island. As long as we help her find her ancestors, her tortured soul can rest. *Lopaka* and I get a sense her family is already dead...in the Pureland and they are unable to rest because she is not with them. And she of course, is an innocent victim, her soul in torment. Nobody has shown her way to the light."

We all sat silent.

My father-in-law was the one to break the spell. "I bet if we threw an *Obon* party, with your spiritual know-how, Kimo, you could show her the way."

The little girl inside me hugged herself tighter as Kimo looked doubtful. But I thought it was a great idea.

"Kimo, I think we should do this. Okay, so, it'll be a different Halloween. The children can have an *Obon* dance."

"But we don't know how to do an *Obon* dance," Sammy whined.

"So our little friend will teach us." I shrugged. "I got a feeling from the images I saw that some dancers practiced, but everybody joined in the party."

Jamie returned with a lovely, middle aged



woman who was a mix of races, and I could tell by her eyes, some Japanese thrown in for beautiful measure. Jamie introduced her as *Maile*, a very *Hawaiian* name.

"You want to know of the history of Japanese people on the big island?" she asked us, her gaze fixed on Kimo. He was an imposing presence with his good looks, his big build and that hot body half covered with black tattoos.

She deposited a plate of sliced pineapple on the kitchen table and Sammy and *Papa Nui* attacked it.

"The first influx of Japanese immigrants came in 1868, there were 153 of them, all laborers, brought to the islands to work the sugar fields in *Maui* and *Oahu*." She frowned. "They had contracts, some might say, slave contracts. They ranged from three to five years, but those who survived it and chose to remain in the islands, were freed. Some returned to their homes, some stayed."

We knew of that part of it. It was well documented in histories of the islands.

"In 1917, the first Japanese immigrants came to the Big Island. Some came as free laborers, still working sugar fields. Some came to try other things..."

"I didn't know that." Sammy looked impressed.

*Maile* nodded. "This wasn't an easy place to live. I think some families picked it because it was

far away from the reminder of the tough years on *Maui* or *Oahu*. You know of course, there are Japanese families that have moved here more recently...but from what Jamie told me, you think this girl was here a long, long time ago."

"We think so." *Papa Nui* smiled at her.

"And you think she was murdered? How awful." *Maile* looked at Kimo. I sensed a bit of a crush going on there. "You know, there is an old Japanese cemetery up in *Honaunau*. It's been many, many years since I saw it. My father showed it to me."

We all got excited then. We were onto something at last.

"It's not a formal cemetery," she warned. "It...well, last time I was there, the local people kept it up. It was maybe a dozen graves at most. I think *Hawaiian* people are respectful of the dead, especially when it's people who worked hard and chose to live their lives out in a beautiful part of the world."

"Can you take us there?" Kimo asked.

*Maile* nodded. "I can try and find it for you." She emphasized the *you*.

Kimo refused to conjure up an easy trail to *Honaunau*. No matter how much grumbling Sammy did, Kimo resisted with a curt, "No." I would have been happy with an easy path myself, but I always knew there was a method to his

seeming madness when he chose to do things the hard or mere mortal way. He was able, through his *kahuna* magic, to vanish and materialize from one place to another, cut walk ways through mountains and, to the joy of our children, make the family SUV fly. If he insisted on taking the hard way some place, there was a good reason for it.

"If I had your body, I'd walk around naked all day," Sammy said, by way of buttering up Kimo. When that didn't work, Sammy was more direct. "If I had your power, I'd just show off already and conjure up an escalator."

We had to suck it up however, and go by foot through the town north east of Captain Cook, since there was no actual road leading up country to the tiny inlet of *Napo'opo'o*. We were heading to a stream that would lead us into the remote, old *Hawaiian* neighborhood high above *Honaunau*, in the shadow of *Mauna Kea* Mountain. Our three mile hike to the town was rough since much of it was over rough, lava-strewn pathways that dipped in dangerous drops to large boulders covered in moss. Thankfully, we carried water in bottles provided by Jamie who, despite his decrepit appearance, was as agile as a bunny.

It all would have been made easier however, if Sammy and Jamie hadn't squabbled the whole way. And for me it would have been a lot more

pleasant if *Maile* hadn't been openly flirting with my husband. He endured her ridiculous prattle with good humor for the first couple of miles, but all that stopped when she mentioned how she had always envisioned herself as a *kahuna's* wife.

"Eh, my *Lopaka* can tell you it is sometimes a thankless task." Kimo laughed, reaching for my hand and kissing it. You know what they say about pictures telling stories.

"I adore being married to you," I told him.

"Just as well or there would be thunder in heaven," Kimo grinned and the look on *Maile's* face also spoke several fat volumes.

At last, we came to the stream and a rush of fresh air and coolness from low hanging monkey pod trees reinvigorated us. Sammy just about wept at the sight of fresh mangoes bulging from trees. Even Jamie partook of those and I had a feeling he was the happiest he'd been in a long, long time. We cupped our hands, relishing the wonderful, cool water.

*Maile*, recovered from the shock of realizing Kimo was a happily married *gay* man, pointed upstream. "I think the graves were this way, but it's all so overgrown now."

Kimo nodded. "I can feel this used to be some sort of *heiau*, a temple, but it was allowed to go to sleep." We all pressed forward on hands and knees. In a thatch of vines, I stopped.

"What is it baby?" Kimo crawled to me, looking stricken.

"This is Prince *Kuhio* Vine." I moved around, trying to track the spine of the plant that produced stunning red, tubular bell-shaped flowers. "This is a very rare vine, Kimo. The prince brought it to *Oahu* from the West Indies. I always thought it was found only in *Waikiki* because he loved it and planted it around his property." Being a teacher of *Hawaiian* lore in our own school had its advantages. Even subjects I didn't actually teach myself seeped into my subconscious mind. "Somebody brought it here."

"Red," murmured Kimo. "Red and white are the Japanese *obon* colors, remember?" We moved around together and soon we all formed a daisy chain, following the thick stems of the vine.

Underneath a huge patch of vine, Kimo was feeling around. "I think this is a headstone."

Sure enough, we pulled away enough vines to reveal broken and crumbled, gray headstones. We read the names, although some were merely marked with symbols, Japanese symbols.

And then I saw them. Two gravestones together, a little way off, under a giant *kamani* tree, with big glossy leaves.

"*Lopaka*..." Kimo called out to me from long ago, from some place not familiar to the *obake* stirring within me. She forced me to scrabble

forward and I felt helpless, unable to stop as with a sinking heart, my trembling hands brushed away the debris of many years of abandonment.

The names on the graves were so faded, but my trembling fingers traced over the outline.

*Tsuchiyama.*

The girl's grief was so profound, her heartfelt scream, her death wail was so loud, from somewhere else, cattle lowed, birds cawed in response. I threw myself prostrate on the ground. But it wasn't me. It was the *obake obdon* dancer.

"I think..." Kimo's voice went very soft. "I think we found her people."

## CHAPTER SIX

I paid no attention to what was going on around me. On my knees now, I rocked back and forth, singing a song in Japanese, *Minna de nakayoku, tabe ni koi...*

"What is that?" Sammy asked.

"I have no idea." Tears flowed down my cheeks and from inside my soul a girlish voice uttered, *The bird song*. I looked up to see Kimo staring at me with worry.

"*Lopaka...you need to come back to me now. Tell her it's time to take a rest.*"

*Hato pop po mame ya hoshii ka...*

Kimo's voice, his presence filled my head.

*You're here!* I was so happy to have him back inside my mind again.

*I'm here, my love.* He took my hand and led me out of the cave and the sad, weeping girl creature recoiled. The awful singing stopped.

"Thank God for that," Sammy snapped.

Kimo brought me back out of my head.

*Maile* looked terrified. "Wha...what was that? What's going on? What happened to his face?" She pointed at me with a wobbly finger and with a shout of panic, stumbled over her own feet as she bolted back through the forest, batting at tree branches in her haste to get away from us.

"What's the matter with her?" I wondered, then glanced down at my hands. They were not my hands. They belonged to the pale, slender Japanese girl. Only I had scratch marks all over my arms and fingers. My hands were bloodied and my fingernails broken.

I saw snatches of her violent ending then.

"She fought for her life." The words were out of my mouth before I could even make the memories stop. The *obake obon* dancer screamed inside my soul, *Stop. Stop hurting me. Please don't hurt me. Mama!* Kimo held me, to make me stop rocking and I felt a sense of peace envelop me for the first time since we'd found the gravestones.

"What is happening to me, Kimo?" I hated the pain inside me, the inconsolable grief. It tore at me, leaving me breathless and agonized.

"She's becoming stronger. She's home now. She wants to be with her family."

"These were houses. There were three of them." *Papa Nui* pointed to what looked like foundation stones.

Yes.



"She's saying yes, Kimo."

He nodded. "She's speaking aloud."

I nudged him. *We lived in that house.* I pointed to the one closest to the two gravestones. My fingers shook. I was starting to get more glimpses of the murder now...

"*Lopaka*, don't."

I forced the ugly thoughts from my mind, trying to concentrate on what my father-in-law was saying.

"Can you remember who else lived here? What about in this house?" *Papa Nui* pointed to a distant slope and I gasped.

"The *Takayamas*." I bent my head and cried. "He...hurt me."

The men were silent for a moment.

"So the man of that house hurt our little *obake* and then lived right next door to her family while they went through hell thinking their daughter had left them." Kimo sounded very angry.

"They must have been here a long time ago." *Papa Nui* crouched down on the ground. "These graves are made of cloud stone and it hasn't been in use in the islands since about 1920. It was very difficult to come by even then, and almost impossible to transport because it was heavy. I know it was considered sacred..." He looked bewildered for a moment. "And here I thought I'd forgotten all my schoolbook history."

Sammy nodded. "You see a few graves with cloud stone in the old *Manoa* Cemetery in *Oahu*."

"Right." *Papa Nui* wiped away a few tendrils of weed from another gravestone. "You talking about the old Chinese cemetery? You see those graves from the sugar cane workers and the babies...oh, that baby cemetery will break your heart. Kimo, look."

Kimo reluctantly took himself away from me and went over to where *Papa Nui*, Jamie and Sammy were kneeling. "An unmarked grave."

"It has the Japanese symbol of hope scratched on it." Jamie put his hands together as if in prayer. "I suspect her parents died, hoping she would be found, that one day, she would come home and...she could be buried beside them."

My hibernating *obake* seemed to waken, but she was silent. I realized she was in shock. To the others I said, "For her, no time has passed. She...she is coping with the news that her parents are long dead." On some level, perhaps she knew it...or maybe, just maybe she hoped she could heal her shame. That they would know she'd been a good girl. Not a bad girl. I realized something else, something terrible in the growing silence.

"She was killed around this time of day," I whispered. "She's afraid because she always dreams it."

Kimo came back to me, gathering me in his

arms. "Let's get this party started. Let's return our girl home to her family in the Pureland."

"We need to know your name." *Papa Nui* looked right into my eyes and the frightened girl responded.

"Aoi." It sounded like *ow-ee*.

My father-in-law repeated it. "What a beautiful name."

"It's from *The Tale of The Genji*, a classic work of Japanese literature," Jamie smiled at us all. "It makes sense. Until the early part of the twentieth century, it was very common to name children after characters in that story. In later times, *geisha* girls went by some of the character names..."

We all looked at him.

"What? Man cannot live by prayer books and contemplation alone," he huffed, stomping off to look once more at the foundation stones. "I'm allowed to read..." he muttered loud enough for us all to hear.

"I think we need to have our *obake's obon* party here." Sammy chewed on his bottom lip. "The more people we have, the merrier. We need food and drink, we need music. But she must be shown the way to her Pureland in a place she feels safe. I was hoping we could do this at the *Kahuna* Village, but the *mana* here is very strong..." He glanced at me, fearful that I would start sobbing again.

"We have the stream, we can float the paper lanterns out that way." Kimo's thoughts were racing. I could feel them as strongly as if they were my own.

"Kimo..." my hand touched his shoulder. "I feel strange."

He gave me a gentle smile. "You look like a young Japanese lady..."

My hands flew to my hair and it was piled on my head, heavily lacquered. "You're not thinking of bringing the children here, are you? I don't want them to see me like this."

The *kimono* that seemed to just appear on my body was beautiful. The red lapels, trimmed in white satin were lavish and soft. Jamie's eyes did a happy dance.

"That's a *furisode* you're wearing. See the *sodes*...the armholes are so wide? That's made for dancing. And the *obi*? The sash...it's bright red...it's..."

"The murder weapon," Sammy murmured.

"No. It's not." I was certain of it. Then Aoi spoke through me. *I was strangled with a red head scarf. It belonged to his wife.*

"What a creep." My father-in-law's anger was raw.

Kimo touched my face. "My love, we have to bring the children here. They'll just think I did some magic, made you a groovy Halloween

costume. Children are the way of heaven, darling. They are the guardians of the light." His voice dropped. "And *our* children belong to the rainbow. It's in their blood, the way of the rainbow. There is no more potent, no purer way for Aoi to find her way to the promised land."

"We have to walk back?" Sammy was whining again.

Kimo smiled. "Yes and no...I'll make a magical path, if Jamie doesn't mind...I will stay with *Lopaka*. Dad, you and Jamie and Sammy can go get our family." On my nod, he rose, instructing the three men on what they would need to bring back.

Jamie snapped his fingers. "I have little tea light candles back at the house. They would be perfect to put into the paper lanterns."

Kimo said a few words, gave a few flicks of his wrist and a nice, smooth path emerged.

"Ah," Jamie looked pleased as he cracked his knuckles. "And the best part is it's all downhill."

"Why didn't you conjure this up before?" Sammy asked.

"You knew *Maile* would freak out and we needed her to find this place, right?" *Papa Nui* asked and I saw the look of appreciation that passed between father and son. I was so pleased Kimo's parents finally understood the enormity of not only their son's power, but his compassion.

"You think *Maile* will tell people what

happened here today?" *Papa Nui* asked.

Kimo smiled. "She'll wonder herself if it all really happened. She'll put it down to too much..."

"*Maui Wowee?*" I interjected.

"I believe the local equivalent is *Kona Gold*." Kimo grinned.

"Now, how do you know a thing like that?" I asked.

Kimo assumed a superior expression. "I am a *kahuna*. I know everything."

"We smoked some when Kimo went through his *huna* trial." Sammy looked guilty for a moment.

"Is that so?" I was indignant. "My grandma and I suffered with no assistance and you two got high?"

"It's not like there were strippers or lap dancers involved, *Lopaka*. I was on trial for my life. I was in agony. I was on trial for loving *you*." Kimo's gaze burned into mine.

"Sheesh. And I thought the children knew how to manipulate me."

*Papa Nui* laughed and Kimo's expression once again turned smug. With some final instructions, the others went off to the *Kahuna* Village.

Once they were well on their way, I pounced on my husband.

"Let's have a quickie, gorgeous."

Kimo laughed. "Well...I always did harbor a small, but persistent fantasy of...you as a *geisha*."

"Well, then have at it, bucko."

He kissed me, his forehead smacking against some strange ornaments in my hairdo. "Ow! You almost took my eye out with a chopstick," he grinned.

"Oops...sorry." I was determined to recapture our heated moment and I rained loving kisses on his beautiful, tattooed face. Pretty soon, his hands were roaming my elaborate satin *furisole* and I saw his slight frown when his hands cupped...*a slightly protruding female breast*.

"*Lopaka*..." He lay me down on the ground, on some hastily assembled palm fronds and his manic hands worked to unpeel layers of fabric. He sat back on his haunches, a pained expression on his face. "Giant granny panties, baby."

"They probably wore bloomers in those days. Not thongs."

He shook his head, his big warm hands sliding the acres of fabric down my thighs, which automatically opened up to him. I felt a cool rush of air, but something was wrong.

Kimo winced.

"What? What is it?"

"Umm...well, baby, I have good news for you and some bad news."

"Oh, God. Which do I want to hear first?"

"Well...I suppose the bad news."

"Which is?"

"Right now, you don't have a cock or um...your balls. What you have is a vagina."

"Aarggh!" My hands flew to my crotch. Oh my God, *a vagina*. "There's no good news here. How can there be good news? You're married to a eunuch!" I was on the verge of tears again, this time my own.

"Well, no, let's not be hasty. This condition is temporary." I read his mental thought, *I hope*. "The good news is that you're very hairy down there, so I am not coveting a minor. That's good news, isn't it?" He laughed, but not for long. His husband was in a precarious mental state.

"Fabulous," I snapped.

"But in the er...more bad news department, looking at a pussy is definitely giving me an iffy stiffy."

"Liar!" My hands shot to his crotch. Just as I suspected. "Rocket man, I think you're ready to launch."

"I am not having sex with a...*woman*!"

"It's still me, you know."

"Yes, I know. I keep getting shimmers of you and I *know* it's you and a hard cock is my natural response to you, but, honey, the only ass I ever want to fuck is your brown one. I need parts and pieces. I need dangly bits. I need your cock."



"Shut up." I sat up, brushed down the kimono and wrestled Kimo's hands away from the button fly of his Levis. "I can still suck your cock."

"Did you just tell me to shut up?" His eyes glittered, but as my greedy lips touched the head of his cock, he stopped squawking. "Oh...yeah...you can do that. But let me take out the chopsticks from your hair. They keep hitting me." Try as he might, he couldn't do it. "That would take an act of Congress," he joked, wiping the smile off his face when he saw the dark expression on mine.

"Can I please suck your cock now?"

Kimo looked down at me, nodding. "As long as our *obake* friend can stay out of it...I would love you to put your mouth on me, sweetheart."

Our friend moved right back into her cave when she got a load of the power tool my husband was packing between his thighs. His cock was my constant labor of love. As I slid his jeans and Calvins down his long, muscular thighs, I heard him sigh, felt her recoil again and I went to work, pleasing the cock that never failed to indulge me several times a day.

"Mmm...Kimo, why do you taste so good?" I took my mouth from him long enough to give him a sultry glance. He inhaled sharply, grabbing my face and putting his cock straight back in it. He exhaled in relief. Until me, Kimo claimed he'd

never been particularly romantic or sexual. He insisted that his ex wife wasn't interested in sucking his cock and when we shared a brief, emotionally painful threesome with her, I discovered this fact to be true.

Once Kimo decided his marriage was over, the thought of sharing each other with anybody else was unthinkable. My mission in our sexual relationship was to come up with new and varied ways to keep my man satisfied with my mouth since he'd been deprived for so long. Kimo loved everything we tried and he enjoyed our little fantasy games. He was the most ardent lover I'd ever had. Like me, he was always ready for sex and, to my delight, easily aroused. There was nothing he wasn't willing to try with me, but in truth fucking and sucking were our main focus. We weren't big on toys, except the odd cock ring and a pair of handcuffs.

"I still don't think we've caught up on all the years we didn't know each other." Kimo's voice was thick and growly, intruding on my sexy mind train. "I never stop wanting to stick my cock inside you. Oh, *Lopaka*...the things you do to me with your tongue, baby."

"Kimo, get on your knees." He smiled, knowing what was coming. The most difficult *hula* dance in the world is done on the knees. The first time I did it as a child, I cried. For hours, the pain in my legs

was unimaginable, but it is a rite of passage for *hula* dancers of the old way, the spiritual way. When Kimo and I practiced, we rewarded each other with blow jobs. The results spoke for themselves. We both had very strong thighs and super happy cocks.

As my husband balanced his weight on his knees, my mouth went crazy on his cock and balls. His ass rose off the ground as my fingers sought out his ass hole and with my thumb, I kept up a rhythm I knew would drive him mad.

"Oh yeah...oh, baby, put your fingers in me. Put your hand in me. Fuck me, *Lopaka*."

He rotated his hips in the *hula* way, trying to get more of himself in my mouth, groaning as he hit the back of my throat. I relaxed, taking my time getting my tongue where I could, coming off his cock to bark more instructions.

"Get on your hands and knees." For a moment, he looked bewildered. "Kimo, do you want me to stop?"

He shook his head and quickly turned over, getting on all fours. His beautiful, dark brown waxed ass was waiting for me. With my left hand slowly stroking his cock toward me from between his thighs, I gave some oral love to his ass hole. Kimo hissed the second my tongue made contact with his hot ass and I sucked and licked in a furious manner, feeling him open up to me. I

didn't dare check if I was in possession of my cock, despite the feeling of a massive erection in my big mama's bloomers. I kept tonguing and sucking Kimo's ass, enjoying the telltale signs that he was close.

Kimo bucked against my face, my whole tongue sliding into his ass. My husband went berserk as I jerked on his cock.

"Suck my cock, suck my cock...put your fingers in me...I wanna come in your mouth, *Lopaka*...please baby...*please* baby."

I slipped two fingers inside him, moved myself under him and Kimo rode my face like a buck horse, giving me his precious seed hard and deep in my throat. He babbled a lot of nonsense, panting hard as I thrust my fingers in and out of him and I held his ass with my spare hand so I could keep him in my throat.

"Oh, God...*Lopaka*...I swear I never fucked anyone the way I fuck you." He slowed down his pace, letting his cock slide all the way out of my mouth and back in again. His face looked mournful when I took my fingers out of him.

He didn't seem at all happy when he took his cock out of my mouth and buttoned it back into his jeans again. "*Lopaka*, my love...I think our *obake* friend's done hiding in her cave."

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Kimo held me in his arms as we sat against a large *hau* tree on the edge of the clearing. He looked down at me with a strange expression. "You know, the first girl I ever had a crush on was Japanese."

"Really." It struck me odd that, for the first time in our relationship, Kimo was telling me about his past relationships. Owing to extreme, irrational jealousy on both our parts, it was a subject that never came up. During our courtship, Kimo was married to a woman, Mim, the one who tried to kill me long after they were divorced and Kimo gave her everything she wanted, at my insistence. We had rebuilt our finances staging a *hula* show tour all over the islands, creating a life together out of a shared passion for *hula*, the Goddess *Pele* and our children.

The more I learned of Kimo's previous existence with Mim, the more shocked I became at how separate their lives were as a couple. Mim

had preferred women and Kimo had immersed himself in his work...until he met me. Once we met, his twin lives as a dancer and as a healer became my life, too. Kimo needed not only a buffer between the rest of the world and his extraordinary gifts as a high priest, but an assistant. Occasionally, he would make the odd remark about Mim, but even after she tried to kill me, she was never the subject of lengthy discussion. To do so was to give her power. There was a saying in our culture, *there is life in the word and there is death in the word*.

Kimo never, ever talked about his past relationships. I always thought she was his first love, but not his first lover...

As usual, he read my mind. "I think it's easier for me to talk about my past because right now you're...someone else." He hesitated. "I have never talked about other lovers because you are *au*. You are everything. I can't bear to think of who you were with before me. I mean, you saw how crazed I was because you were once involved with Johnny."

"There was never any other man apart from Johnny. Then I met you."

Kimo's smile was thin. "But we were both with women, in my case, a lot of them. I always thought it was a topic best left where it belongs. In the past."

I waited. Clearly he had something he needed to get off his chest. I patted my neatly coiffed updo wondering how on earth women bore such elaborate styles.

"Her name was *Miko* and I thought she was the sexiest thing alive."

"Really." I have never been the sort of man who felt the need to...unburden himself of past indiscretions. I had no idea why Kimo wanted to do this now when I was in such an emotionally fragile condition.

"I was nine, she was eleven."

That made me laugh, although the girly ghost made it come out like a titter. "So she was an older woman."

"Yes. And for your information, *Lopaka*, I loved her first, you second. I was never in love with Mim. I married her, but until you came along, I had no idea what love was." The look he gave me was severe. God I wanted him...

"So tell me what happened to this *Miko*, your older woman. Go ahead, make me jealous."

Kimo shrugged, a hint of mischief in his big brown eyes. "We practiced kissing."

"Ah, so I have her to thank."

Kimo threw his head back and laughed. "Among...others."

"You're cruising on slippery surface streets there, darling."

"*Lopaka*, I am obsessed with you. Don't I show you many times a day how obsessed I am?"

"Well...yes, you do. How old were you when you lost your virginity?"

"Oh...you don't really want me to go there, do you?"

"Yeah. Rip of the Band-aid. Go for it."

Kimo looked askance at me. "We might shock *Aoi*."

"She's dead, darling, let her sail into the Pureland with a smile on her face."

Kimo grinned. "She was an older woman."

"Another one?"

"I was sixteen, she was thirty."

*Aoi* let out a blast hysterical laughter. Kimo was not amused.

"I hope that's her laughing and not you."

"A little of both." I stroked his cheek when he frowned. "I bet you had a beautiful, big monster of a cock even then." *Titter*.

"Well...I guess." The evil glint was back in his eye. "She was my *hula* teacher."

I cocked a brow. "So I wasn't your first *hula* dancer then?"

Kimo shook his head. "I didn't ever come with her the way I do with you. My heart didn't pound, I didn't find myself flying into orbit...I enjoyed it. I was sixteen and she had a few moves on her." He imitated the rolling of a dancer's hips.



Why did it bother me so much that I was not his first *hula* dancer?

"You were my first man, my only man," he rushed to reassure me with kisses. "I never even *thought* about fucking a man until I met you. Does that count?"

I nodded. I had questions about the lady *hula* dancer, but did I want to know the answers? "How long did it go on?"

He shrugged. "On and off for three years. I fucked a couple of girls in the *hula halau*, the *hula* school and Mim went crazy. I ended up marrying her to appease her. I was faithful—"

"Wait a second...Mim was your *hula* teacher?"

Kimo nodded.

"How come I never knew this? I never even knew she taught *hula*." Something else occurred to me. "She was that much older than you?"

He lifted his shoulders. "I was very indebted to her. She taught me so much about *hula*. She gave me a lot of freedom." He went into deep thought. "I guess that's when we started to drift apart. She stopped being...my partner in crime. She lost interest in me."

"I can't believe that."

"You know that's true, *Lopaka*."

"She tried to kill me because I became your new wife."

He shook his head. "No, that's not it. She

enjoyed being Mrs. Kimo Wilder, but she did not enjoy being *my wife*. There's a difference."

"Oh my God, I *adore* being your wife."

His smile for me was tender. "Can I tell you something? We had money...well, I had money and she enjoyed spending it. And the odd student she took in for private tutoring, as you know, often became her lover. When you and I had our raging, magma-inducing affair and I broke it off with you, I returned to Mim. I felt so guilty. The night I came home, I tried, God how I tried to make love to her and it was a sham. All I could see was you. I closed my eyes and you were there. And we had sex, Mim and I...we had sex, it wasn't lovemaking. We lay in bed and I knew my marriage was over. She went down the hall to her girlfriend and I lay in bed listening to the rain. The heavens opened up and cried because I'd left you."

We were silent for a moment.

"*Lopaka*, I went through hell. I know I tortured you every day. It was traumatic to have to see you at the theater every day and not touch you. And...and...I wasn't kidding at our wedding when I said that Henry *Kapono's* song *Pretty Face* plagued me. It was playing everywhere I went. In my car, everywhere. I stopped eating. I stopped sleeping and then the fucking fire started in my arm and I knew. You were my beloved. You

beguiled me and I thank God for it every day."

"*Beguiled*. Kimo, that's exactly the way I feel about you."

"God, I want to fuck you now. Think you could convince *Aoi* to bring my cock and balls back so I can fuck my man wife for a moment?" He entered my mind again, ushering the *obake obon* dancer out of the way and his hands worked at the layers of the ceremonial dance robe I wore and his fingers shot to my crotch. We both groaned when he connected with my cock and balls.

"On your back," he commanded.

"No time for that," I puffed. "Get your pants down." There was nothing ceremonious in the way I crouched over him, but it sure as hell was hot. Kimo's face went slack as his cock entered me inch by inch. I was so turned on I seemed to just inhale him and he grabbed my ass, humping me, pushing me up and down on him.

"Oh, *Lopaka*. I love the way your ass just takes everything I have to give it." I leaned into his chest and Kimo's hand curled around my cock as I moaned into his throat.

"Fuck me, Kimo, fuck me." He kept up a steady pace, my legs bouncing up and down in the air and I knew I was going to come. Kimo's tongue found its way to my throat, the one place guaranteed to make my psyche go haywire. He pumped in and out of me, matching his thrusts in

time with his steady jerking on my cock.

“Here it comes, baby...” His long tongue lured my mouth to his and I felt the tingle that always started at the base of my spine, shot down to my toes and back up again, finishing in a silent roar as Kimo and I came together. “That’s it, baby, come for me. Show me how hard you can come for me.”

And I did. For long moments, we remained fused together, my legs wrapped around my husband’s waist. I did not want to let go of him and he bent down and kissed my knees one by one. He stayed inside me, protecting me in his embrace, trying to shield me from my thoughts. Mim’s desperate acts still came straight to the surface. She had tried to kill me out of revenge for losing Kimo’s prestigious name. She was still Mrs. Wilder, but she raced through every dime we paid her, lost her home, which I insisted Kimo buy back from the bank and give to her, but her anger was deep and bitter.

He pulled out of me gently, cuddling me in his arms, his back against the tree. Kimo’s long fingers stroked the palms of my hands that lay in his lap.

“I lived to regret marrying her, but I owe her a debt of gratitude in a way. I hurt her when I was younger and I swore I would stay faithful and I did for a long time, even when she was cheating on me. I focused on my work. My loneliness and unhappiness forced me to become a better healer

than I might otherwise have been."

"That's ridiculous, Kimo. You're happy now and your powers have never been greater. You proved that in your *huna* trial."

He beamed. "That's true, but the unhappiness I felt forced me to put my own problems to the side in order to do what it was that the *kupuna*, the ancestors wanted me to do. And then one day Goddess *Pele* decided she had a different destiny in mind for me." He pulled me into his arms, carefully avoiding the chopsticks, and kissed my upturned mouth.

"I have never, ever regretted a moment of my life with you, *Lopaka*. Never. Every day gets richer, more profound. It's a constant delight. Without years of pain I truly don't think I could have appreciated what I have found with you."

We kissed deeply and, just as I was thinking Kimo might revise his opinion of fucking a pussy, we heard the merry laughter of our children.

I jumped up, hoisting the big cottons bloomers up my thighs, running to meet our babies.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

*Shrek* and *The Riddler* stopped in their tracks and stared at me.

"Bet you don't know who this is," Kimo told them, keeping a chuckle in his voice.

*The Riddler* looked at him. "Is that a riddle, daddy?"

"No. But I have a riddle for you."

"Sorry, daddy, but your riddles are corny."

"They are not! My riddles are very funny."

"No they're not. Go on, tell me your riddle, I bet it's bad."

"Bad," echoed *Shrek*.

"Bad! Ha ha ha!" Baby *Superman* chortled.

Kimo glanced at his pint-sized namesake and I knew my husband's feelings were hurt.

"Come here, *ipo*, little sweetheart." I reached out for my toddler son, but he went berserk. "No! I want mama!"

"But I am your mama. It's me, Kimo."

Baby Kimo started to cry, reaching his arms up

to his daddy who easily hoisted him to his hip, but *Keli'i* and *Kamaha*, in their little green Halloween costumes were very impressed.

"Is that really you, *Lopaka*? Wow, daddy, how did you get his voice to sound like a girl? Boy daddy, your magic is really cool!"

"Better than your riddles," *Shrek* insisted.

"No. My riddles are excellent. My riddles are extra funny. You'll see."

*Shrek* sighed, his ears twitching magically on his head. "All right. Tell us your riddle."

"What did the neck tie say to the hat?"

The kids all looked at each other.

"I guess I'll be hanging around!" Kimo screamed and there was a pause before everybody, even the adults laughed.

"See, I told you it was a good riddle!" Kimo looked so pleased with himself, but the baby's expression remained grave as he stared at me.

"Daddy, who's that?" he was pointing at me.

"That's your mama, baby."

"No." The baby's face was solemn. "Not my mama."

Kimo put the baby on the ground, and as I sat cross legged on the hard dirt, my little superhero in blue tights came over to me.

"What's your name?"

"*Aoi*."

"I want my mama." For a moment, I felt *Aoi*

relinquish her hold on me and knew the kids could see the real me because they all gasped.

"We're not stuck with her, are we? I want my *Lopaka* back." My mother-in-law sounded frightened and now even *Shrek* and *The Riddler* looked wary.

"Who is she, daddy?" *Keli'i* asked.

My sister and grandma arrived chatting animatedly about chocolate cake recipes, with our baby twins in back packs, and they fell silent when they saw me.

"She's an *obake*, a girl ghost..." Kimo's voice remained gentle. "Her name is *Aoi* and she lived here a long time ago. She was an *obon* dancer."

"That's the Japanese dance with the ribbons, right daddy?" *Kamaha* asked.

"Yes, *ipo*. And she lost her way to heaven and she wants so badly to be with her family...so we're going to have an extra special Halloween with music and dancing and lots of food and singing..."

"And riddles?"

"And riddles. And we're going to help *Aoi* find her way home to her parents."

"Wow. Cool." *Kamaha* stared at me. "And she's inside *Lopaka*?"

"Yes." Kimo seemed relieved the kids appeared to be taking all this in stride.

"Does she know any good riddles?" *Keli'i* asked



and all three kids stared at me.

*Titter.* As fascinated as the children were by *Aoi*, it hurt my heart that my baby son would not come anywhere near me.

"I know a riddle," I told the children who took a step closer.

"Why do you have chopsticks in your hair?" *Kamaha* asked.

"Why do you have scratches on your face and arms?" *Keli'i* asked.

"Did somebody hurt you?"

"Yes," I whispered. And the baby stepped forward and kneeled on my lap, putting his head on my chest.

The twins just stared at me.

"Would you like some Happy Cake?" *Kamaha* asked me then. "My *Mama Nui* makes the best Happy Cake in the world you know."

"The *whole* world," *Keli'i* nodded.

My mother-in-law beamed as *Aoi* and I both started salivating at the thought of cake.

"I would love some cake, thank you, *Kamaha* and *Keli'i*." They tore off and I was humbled by my nephews' simple acceptance of the ghost girl. I was, as ever, bowled over by the sweetness of the children *Kimo* and I loved. The baby was messing around with the large sleeves of my dancing garment, loving the texture of the unfamiliar fabric.

He laughed, playing peek-a-boo with me until *Kamaha* came back with a slice of cake.

"Trick or treat, *Aoi*."

The *obake obon* dancer must have looked puzzled.

"She didn't celebrate Halloween when she lived here," Kimo told the children.

"Well, she can tell me a riddle, then she can have some Happy Cake."

*Tutu* let out her trademark cackle. "My little man is negotiating with an *obake*!"

I felt *Aoi* search around her memory banks, the baby stroking my face in a loving way. I kissed his fingertips.

"Here's a riddle." I settled the skirts of my *furisode* around me as the baby clung to my lap, his chin resting in his hand, his intense gaze fixed on my face. Now, my fearless little boy was fascinated by me and the *obake obon* dancer inside me.

"What did the running boy say when he ran into a porcupine?"

"I don't know, what did the running boy say to the porcupine?" *Kamaha* asked.

"Ouch!"

The boys thought that was hilarious and soon, other riddles tumbled out, making us all laugh. I felt *Aoi's* effortless pleasure in the children's company, but she and I both wanted that slice of

cake. Baby Kimo helped me gobble it up, *wiki wiki* and then my sister *Maluhia*, nudged me, handing me a second piece.

"Mmmm." *Aoi* was in Happy Cake heaven.

"Mmmm." Baby Kimo was, too.

"I'm sorry I beat you up, *Lopaka*. But if she thinks she's hanging around, *Mama Nui's* gonna give her one giant *Hawaiian* ass-kicking." When I glanced up at her, *Maluhia* wagged her finger at me. "I'm just saying."

More and more adults and children arrived out of the *Kahuna* Village and I was impressed with all the Halloween costumes. *Aoi* seemed awed by the ghosts, goblins, warty witches, mummies and a *Harry Potter* who must have mystified her. I felt her perk up at the sight of a *samurai*, even if he was wearing red tennis shoes with his outfit.

*Titter.*

*Aoi's* laughter made the children giggle every time. They brought her food, which she ate with dainty fingers.

"Why don't you eat with the chopsticks? Isn't that why you have them in your hair?" *Keli'i* asked.

*Titter.*

The sound made the children laugh again, but Jamie shook his head.

"I lived in Maine once, on Cape Neddick. I stayed in the rectory of a church directly opposite

the lighthouse there. That lighthouse blew its fog signal every ten seconds. I thought that was the most irritating sound in the world until now."

"That's not very nice. I think mama's laugh is worse." *Kamaha* waved his hand toward his mother who was cackling like a demented hen.

"Poor kid." Jamie shook his head.

"Actually..." *Kamaha* smiled over at his mother. "I like it."

Baby Kimo took advantage of a pretend pirate's focus on the conversation to grab his sword. He was thrilled when his dad got on his knees with a borrowed *Star Wars* laser beam. I laughed, watching the baby clown around with his father. I don't know which of the two Kimos enjoyed the swordplay more, but the baby soon bent down, tumbling in somersaults toward his father. Kimo caught him up in his arms, tickling him.

"Me, too, tickle me, too!" the other children shrieked and my husband was swarmed by a rogue of heavily costumed children.

In the distance, I saw the grave looks on *Tutu's* face and those of *Maluhia* and my mother-in-law. They were guarding the babies from *Aoi* and I tried to give them a reassuring glance, but I heard *Tutu's* *hmmph* across the small clearing.

There were about twenty-five people with us now and Kimo sealed up the magic entrance leading to the *Kahuna* Village. The children ran

around in mad circles, watching the adults prepare food and small candy hunts. *Papa Nui* and Jamie were improvising on the paper lantern scheme. They had paper Halloween bags with jack-o-lanterns on them, inserting tea light candles in the bottom of each one. The two men were having quite a gab fest and I noticed Jamie sipping some red wine...or was it grape juice? Either way, he was in fine form and my heart opened up to all these people willing to help an *obake obon* dancer find her way to Paradise.

## CHAPTER NINE

The children went on a treasure hunt for candy as Kimo and his father started up a barbecue. The children returned from their short escapade, each with an overflowing pile of candy in plastic buckets shaped like pumpkins.

"You want to try some candy corn?" *Kamaha* came over and asked me.

*Titter*. The *obake obon* dancer liked those and she enjoyed the Hershey kisses, too.

"Here, mama." Baby Kimo pressed a piece of my favorite candy, a *Bounty* bar in my mouth and I savored the coconut and chocolate.

"Ha, ha ha!" the baby chortled and went off to follow his father's voice to find the hamburger that was on offer to him. We all sat around luau-style, eating and drinking. Both *Aoi* and I enjoyed the *poi* and the fruit medley. As the sky turned dark, we lit candles, placing them in carved out pumpkins and gourds. Then the men lit *tiki* torches, a few of them clustered together with

musical instruments

A strange energy enveloped us all.

"Look what I found." I looked up to see our friend *Nohea* holding a *samisen* down toward me. *Aoi* seemed emotionally overcome by the long-necked, fretless Japanese lute, but I myself had no idea how to play it.

"May I play the children a song?" The voice was not mine, but *Aoi's* and the children all sat around me in a circle, eager to hear the strange instrument being played. I had a growing sense of ghosts emerging in the near darkness, but not sinister ghosts. *Hawaiian kupuna*, the ancestral spirits who guard the living love music and they adore children. Both are the sounds of love.

"I'm going to play a song my mother used to sing to me of her country, Japan." *Aoi* smiled at the children and I felt myself drifting out of her...something was going on, then *Kimo* was beside me, urging me back into my body.

"You need to be strong, my love. You have my seed in you. It is your grounding force. Stay with her, *Lopaka*...now is the crucial time." I floated back into my body, trying to find a place inside me that wasn't being crowded out by *Aoi*. I felt *Kimo's* hot breath on my face, felt *Aoi's* gasp of surprise and I was back in my body, allowing her to play her song. It wasn't her fault that she was trying to crowd me out. She was afraid to leave us,

petrified of being left alone in the dark as she had for so many long years. She was terrified of abandonment, now that she had hope.

*As soon as she stops singing, get up and start moving. I will instruct the men to start playing loud, happy music.* Kimo's voice was strong in my mind as Aoi played her *samisen*, her voice like a rippling brook as she sang:

*Hakone Mountains hard to cross,  
The mighty fortress lies right here,  
High up in the ranges, deepest in the dales,  
Rising in front, peaking in the rear,  
Oh, clouds around the tops, oh, mist fills the vales,  
How dark are the cedar woods, huge trees in rows and rows,  
See, the narrow winding lane that shines with moss...*

Aoi's head dropped inside my mind and I felt my own head sink toward my chest. "That's all I remember," she mumbled. "It's all I *can* remember..."

I willed her to her feet as Sammy, Nohea, Papa Nui and a few others began some rousing *Hawaiian* slack key guitar. I did not recognize the song, but when a few of the men began the rhythmic pounding of the *ipo* gourd drums, the dancer in me, both of them, reacted the only way we knew how.

Tiki torch lights flickered, a line of paper bags



filled with lit candles smiled up at us as *Aoi* and I began to dance.

"You're funny," *Kamaha* laughed, watching *Aoi* doing her digging, circular, *obon* dance. *Aoi* laughed, too. "Come, children, I will teach you."

The children first, then some adults, got into the dance, *Hawaiian* style. Everybody had fun, laughing and clapping, but then I heard my baby daughter *Pele* wailing in the distance.

"Keep dancing." Kimo was right beside me. "*Tutu* is with her. She'll be fine."

"She needs me, Kimo." My daughter's pain twisted through me. I never let her cry. I never left her alone this long. My babies were my soul. I watched my twin, *Maluhia*, pick up my little girl. *Pele* adored everybody in our family, but responded only to me and Kimo when she was distressed, which was not often. *Pele* let out an unearthly scream as she looked up into the face of the wrong twin. One day, our children would know the priceless gift *Maluhia* had given me and Kimo, that of being a surrogate mother for us, but for now, my daughter only knew that it was not her mother holding her.

*Tutu* took the baby, comforting her the way she'd comforted me when she'd raised me. Singing and swaying with her. I turned to Kimo who nodded, smiling in a reassuring way. And I understood, then why Kimo was keeping me

away from our infants. *Aoi's* town was coming to life. The little grass and bamboo houses that once populated the clearing were coming back into being. *Aoi* gasped when a couple drifted toward her. The woman was crying.

"*Hahaoya! Mother!*" *Aoi* sobbed.  
"*Daifu...father...oh...*"

I, like *Aoi* was fixated on the old Japanese couple staring at the daughter they had not seen in about a hundred years. The woman begged her daughter to join them.

"Come home, my child. Come home."

*Aoi* resisted and I knew she was afraid. The persistent beating of the drums was the only sound now. The music, the dancing, the chattering had stopped and I was dimly aware of the lit-up paper bags moving as if by unseen forces toward the stream.

"Follow the light, *Aoi*," *Kimo's* voice was low, hypnotic. "That's it, *Aoi*...your parents miss you so much." He took my hand and he saw the terror there.

*Aoi* gasped and *Kimo* followed my gaze. Standing outside one of the houses was the ghost of the man I knew had murdered the *obake obon* dancer. He blocked her path to the Pureland.

A murmur went up in the crowd. Had I said these words out loud? Paper lanterns floated down the stream and I felt *Aoi's* urgent need to

find her way to the light, to lose this hollow darkness, but the man who had taken her life stood there and we were both afraid of him.

Images of him choking Aoi with a red scarf skittered through my mind. I saw him leaving her, alone in the darkness and running home, a sick smile on his face.

"You have no power!" Kimo's voice was commanding. He moved around the old man, chanting an incantation in *Hawaiian*. I did not recognize it, until I heard the words *ha'alele ho'i* and I knew Kimo had isolated and snuffed out the old Japanese man's *mana*, his spirit. He banished him, so the old man's evil energy would never harm again, in *anybody's* lifetime.

In that moment, the entire clearing was suffused in a bright, yellow-gold light. A man who looked just like how I imagined God would look, held out his hand and with Aoi's parents on either side of me, I walked toward the floating lights drifting down the stream.

I felt freer than I could ever remember and then, a sort of tear in my soul. Aoi moved out of me, into the day, the stream rippling invitingly in front of her. She turned to me and, for the first time, I saw how lovely she was, I saw her face, shining and pure...she turned and laughed at me...

*Goodbye...*

*Goodbye, astral angel, I whispered and with a*

merry burst of laughter, she was gone.

Everything fell into darkness again and I looked down to see that I was still wearing the *furisole*, but I was me.

Nobody said anything for a moment. Then the twins started shouting.

"Wow...this is the coolest Halloween *ever*!" *Keli'i* was awed.

"Daddy, you turned that man into stone!" *Kamaha* yelled and sure enough, there was a pillar of stone where the ghost of the old man had been.

"Only the most powerful *kahuna* can turn someone into stone." Sammy sounded awed. "You ever done that before?" he asked Kimo.

"I never needed to before." He looked at me. "How are you feeling?"

"Fantastic." I bent down to scoop up baby Kimo into my arms, loving the way his chocolate smeared face buried itself in my throat. I checked on the baby twins and Kimo asked that we all hold hands and say a prayer for the soul of *Aoi* reuniting with her family. He conjured up the downward trail back to the *Kahuna* Village, but there was one more thing I needed to do.

"No. You've done enough. Home, baby." Kimo was adamant.

"I want to see her grave, Kimo." He nodded, understanding that I needed to say goodbye. The children huddled with me as I looked at the little

old headstone that now bore three new letters, AOI. She'd found her way to the Promised Land and I was grateful to be a part of it. As my fingers ran over the letters, I knew time would weather down her name, but I would never forget her.

"You want to leave her some candy, kids?"

"Do I have to?" *Kamaha* asked. But each of our boys parted with a few pieces of candy, leaving the *obake obon* dancer a colorful little pile at her headstone as we do in the islands. Because the dead, like the living, must be honored with nourishment. Sammy left a *naupaka*, a half flower that is native to our home. They say that the other half of each flower is in heaven.

*Tutu* left *Aoi* some chicken wrapped in a *ti* leaf, my sister left her a whole, ripe mango and Jamie the priest left her half a plastic cup of red wine.

"For medicinal purposes," he insisted.

"Of course," I agreed. "You've blessed it. It's holy wine."

"I don't know...I feel bad leaving *Aoi* all alone out here." *Keli's* dear little face looked so sad, I thought he might cry.

"Oh, my little sweetheart, she's not here. She's on her journey. Didn't you see the ghosts of her parents? They came to take her to heaven."

The little boy nodded. "But she was waiting here a long time, *Lopaka*. I could tell. Can we come back again one day and bring her more candy?"

"Of course we can."

His face brightened. "The stream we floated the lanterns on goes out to the sea, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does."

"So that way she can walk the rainbow?"

"Yes."

"I bet it's so beautiful, that rainbow. I bet when she reachd the sea, she can see it."

Kimo and I hugged our warm-hearted children. Their knowledge and acceptance of other realms never failed to please and astonish us. As for me, satisfied our girl ghost would not go hungry in the afterlife, I was ready to go home.

"I love you." Kimo put his arm around me as his mini replica settled against my chest.

"I love you." I reached up for a kiss, thrilled when no sad, frightened creatures hid in dark caves in my mind. There were no scary places there. Only rays of sunshine.

And I felt it in that heartbeat. It was like a starburst inside my chest. That single moment when the paper lanterns had done their work. I just felt it.

*Aoi* had entered Paradise.

## CHAPTER TEN

Back at the house in the *Kahuna* Village, the families drifted back to their own houses and our own *ohana* helped the boys go through their candy stashes, allocating which pieces they could keep for the coming day. I got a big kick out of the way they swapped coveted pieces, each shoving aside the duds, such as tiny, Big Island apples and packets of nuts.

"It's Halloween, who gives out nuts?" they wondered.

They all loved their gummy worms and the gummy rats my sister found in a store in *Kona*. Kimo and I had managed to find them all bubble gum from their favorite cartoon characters and the children laughed hysterically when *Tutu* showed them how to make bubbles.

I wanted some Happy Cake and, after we finished off the last crumbs, big hugs and goodnight kisses were exchanged. *Mama Nui* and *Papa Nui* drifted off to their bed.

*Tutu* took my face in her hands. "Eh, my boy, you do one fine thing for dat girl. You scare da pants off me and lemme tell you, my pants got some mighty strong elastic."

"Thank you for sharing," I grinned at her.

"You no go do dat again, yeah? I old, you know. "

"Don't worry, *Tutu*. I won't." She kissed my cheek with a loud pop. "My boy got one tenda heart. I always do say." She and Sammy drifted off to their room. My sister hugged me and we kissed each other's cheeks. She went outside to sleep in the hammock, her new and sacred pleasure.

Kimo and I gave the kids tearful, *I'm not tired* baths and we tucked them into the big *koa* wood bed in the room allocated for the children of *kahuna* in the Village. Boughs of orange blossom and night blooming jasmine jostled with '*ohia lehua*, the red flower sacred to Goddess *Pele* right outside the big, open window.

"I love this room," a sleepy *Keli'i* whispered.

"Oh *ipo*, I know you do." I stroked their sweet, drowsy little faces. "Riddle me this." They all looked up at me. "Who are the cutest boys in the world?"

"We are," *Keli'i* mumbled.

"Ha ha ha," Baby Kimo chortled.

"That's such a dumb riddle." *Kamaha* shook his head.



"Nope. Wrong answer. Me and Kimo!" I laughed and the boys looked disgusted.

"*Lopaka*, your jokes are worse than daddy's and his are pretty bad." *Keli'i* shook his head.

"Hey!" Kimo protested.

*Keli'i* shrugged. "I'm just sayin'."

The boys fell asleep in the big bed, the scent of the islands filling the room. Kimo and I went to check on our baby twins one more time, satisfied that they were snug in the crib they shared in an alcove of our room.

"A salt bath for you, my love, then I want you to tuck *me* into bed." Kimo smiled. "Wasn't it nice of *Aoi* to leave us this lovely *furisole*?"

"Very nice."

"I can't wait to get my hands on my hot *geisha* boy." He gave me an impassioned kiss that promised big things to come.

Kimo bathed me in a warm bath filled with Big Island red salt. Though the ritual was supposed to be one of purification, his hands would dip down into naughty places and I started to hunger for him as if I'd been denied him for thousands of lifetimes.

"I'm on my own, unhappy island of hungry ghosts," I told him.

Kimo's eyes glowed in the candlelight of coconut scented candles in the bathroom. "How would my baby like me to feed him?"

"Stand up, please."

He dropped the sponge into the bath and stood up, my wanting mouth going straight to the fabric of his crotch, finding...taunting his huge cock, licking from the tip, all way down the shaft to his balls, which rubbed against my face.

"Oh...*Lopaka*..."

He wouldn't let me finish the job I'd started, saying I could have all the cock I wanted when we were in our bed. It was dawn before he decided that the salt bath had done the trick of protecting me from further spiritual activity. I shooed him away while I put the *furisole* back on and made myself hot and sexy for him. He was pacing our bedroom when I slipped inside. I closed the door, Kimo magically locking it with a flick of his wrist. He was anxious to put his lusty hands on the man he married.

As I lay back on our bed, Kimo straddled me with his powerful thighs. It always made me smile when he imprisoned me with his body, as if I might run away...but where would I go? I needed this man.

"*Lopaka*. I do believe that next to naked, I like you this way best." His eyes gleamed as his big hands untied the wide swathe of fabric, the *obi* around my waist. He opened the *furisole* as if unwrapping a package and leaning back on his haunches, breathed a sigh of pleasure. "My sweet

little *geisha*...just what I wanted. My meat and two veggies...my toys are all intact." He licked his lips and his tongue tip went straight to my cock.

I felt dizzy with arousal. My cock was hard, my brain and body were on fire.

"*Hana mai*, fuck me, Kimo."

He chuckled, his hand hooking my left leg over his shoulder, his possessive fist taking a hold of my cock. "Oh, no. I mean to take my time. Open your legs, baby. Daddy wants to lick your ass." I kept up a low whimper as he stroked and flicked at me with his long tongue. I knew he was ready for me, but his nose moved up my thigh.

"How come you smell like roses? It's an unusual scent on you, my love. I'm not saying I don't like it...I'm just unaccustomed to it."

"Don't you know?" I grinned up at him, wishing he would suck my nipples. Kimo made me crazy when he did that. "All good geisha wear the scent of roses for their favorite lovers."

That familiar touch of lightning crossed my *kahuna* husband's face. "Now I have to fuck you." He bent down, taking my nipples, one by one into his mouth, my ass in his hands, his thumbs raking over my ass hole. "I love this brown ass. I love it."

I quickly turned over, my face buried in yards of fabric. "Take me this way," I urged. It was not Kimo's favorite way, but seeing his name tattooed on my ass, just as my name was tattooed on his

battering ram of a cock, never failed to inflame him. He lifted me off the bed, entering me from behind as I rotated my hips, keeping my ass arched up to him.

Kimo fucked me slow and deep, savoring the way I moved more and more of him, keeping him close, keeping him hard.

He held onto my waist, his hand span covering my lower back. I felt every finger of heat urging me to fulfillment. Kimo coaxed me, demanded I come with him and miraculously, our ferocious screams drowned out by the *Kahuna* Village cock announcing daybreak.

Kimo drove in and out of me, satisfied only momentarily. "Turn over." His breath came in short gusts and he kept himself in me as I turned over, my gaze meeting his.

The cock crowed a second time as Kimo prepared to make love to me all over again.

From his room, Sammy shouted, "Shut up, stupid bird!"

Kimo grinned down at me, his hands moving my legs around his neck. "Baby, it's just like being home. Me not being able to get enough of your ass and crowing cocks challenging Sammy to early morning duels."

I nodded. "I'm ready for a little more sword play with one particular crowing cock myself, you know."

His hand encircled my cock and he pushed himself into me, making both of us moan.

*"Lopaka, your wish is my command."*

*"Yeah, I know."*

And somewhere on another island, some happy, well fed ghosts settled down to their sky clad slumber, having walked the rainbow, never having to know shadows and sadness again. I knew we would one day meet again. Just as I would meet my own *kupuna*.

By some other sea.

## 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.

A. J.'s website is located at:

<http://www.ajllewellyn.com>

A. J. can be reached at this email:

[AJ@AJLlewellyn.com](mailto:AJ@AJLlewellyn.com)

Visit his myspace page at:

[www.myspace.com/ajllewellyn](http://www.myspace.com/ajllewellyn)