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Hawaii Vampire

A Vampire in Waikiki

By

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Dedication

To Madame Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes

Chapter One

Sweating palms, dry tongue feeling like a sock wedged in my mouth, I hoped my terror didn't show. I had to remind myself this was supposed to be fun, but I was starting to think I couldn't go through with it.

The drop-dead handsome man who was exchanging lusty kisses with me, moved off the sofa and got between my knees. He was the most striking man I had ever seen, but being a guy, I didn't analyze the sexual potential of other men very often. Angelis was different. He would have passed for an ancient *Hawaiian* king in different times with his jet black hair, caramel-colored skin, big black eyes and perfect, lean and muscular body topped by a toothy white smile.

Besides, I was about to fuck him, so how he looked was kind of an issue. He was giving me his best shit-eating grin right now and something shifted between us. Good God, was I actually feeling lust for the man? I watched him unbuckle the leather belt at my waist, unzip my pants, and

heard his gasp of appreciation as my huge cock sprang out and greeted him like a long lost friend.

“Delicious.” His tongue swirled expertly over the head. I felt faint for a moment, then that incomparable surge of warmth started from the base of my spine, shot straight to my balls and to my grateful cock—which had never, ever been given this kind of oral attention by any of the countless women I’d fucked.

“That’s it,” I managed to say. “Suck it.” I watched Angelis’s eyes glaze over, as if he was drunk with my cock, letting it slip inch by inch into his hot, hungry mouth. It was like being in my own porn movie when the second guy nudged him aside and took over.

Wait. *This was my own porn movie.*

My first. As in, my first ever love scene, on or off the camera, with another man.

* * * *

My name is Thunder, Jimmy Thunder. I adore women, but I fuck men. They call it gay-for-pay. I call it the best damned way to make a living that I know of—tons of sweat, not much work.

It was Angelis, on the floor now sucking my cock as if it was the last one on earth, who recruited me, who suggested I give it a try. He knew of my lady killer reputation, and when he

caught a glimpse of my cock in the *Kalakaua* Avenue gym shower one day he said, "Man, you'd make a fortune in porn."

My sexual appetite being as voracious as it was, and my lifestyle so secretive, I figured I'd do a few movies, screw some hot chicks...and bail. But it was gay porn Angelis was talking about and I found myself intrigued.

I watched him suck one of my balls now as the second guy, Alan, sucked the other one. Angelis kept up a languid, but insistent pace on the length of my rod with one hand, coming back to graze on my cock head every now and then. He was driving me crazy. I wanted his mouth on me again and then I got it, his swiveling tongue sending waves of joy straight to my toes.

"Thunder, I'm gonna want a come shot here, baby," the director Billy Flamingo whispered and my gaze went to Angelis's face as he started sucking on my meat in earnest. Next thing I knew, he was pulling back and I was jerking like an old-fashioned soda fountain, exploding all over the place.

"I want that dick in my ass," Angelis hissed, coaxing the last shot of cream from me as the cameraman, a guy who went by Bull, kept the handheld camera an inch away from the action. It took me a moment to calm down and then Alan and Angelis were licking the cream from my belly

and from each other's mouths.

I was watching Angelis thinking, *God, I want to fuck you* at the same moment another thought rushed in right behind it. *What are you thinking? He's a guy!*

Angelis leaned up to me and I wanted him naked. I was ready to fuck and I was hotter and more switched on than I had ever been in my life. Oh, there was a woman once...a long, long time ago—before I stopped letting women mess with my head—who'd made me feel this way. He started kissing me and I felt that momentary panic again. He tasted good. That wasn't the problem. It was in my contract as a *top* that I had to lick the *bottom's* ass, suck his cock and fuck him.

"But I'm straight," I told Billy Flamingo when I met him for the first time two days before we shot the scene.

Billy laughed. "Yeah. They all say that in the beginning." He'd sent me off for blood tests to make sure I was clean and non-contagious and asked if I wanted to shoot my first scene with Angelis.

Angelis was the hottest thing in gay porn right now, particularly in the bareback or *breeding* category as some people call it, where no condoms were used and the guys were strictly screened. I didn't need help from the set fluffer. Neither did Angelis. He was openly gay and apparently liked

what I was doing to him.

The man looked like a demigod. I sure did want to shoot my first scene with him and now he was squirming around on my lap on the red velvet sofa of the closed night club. I felt the growing heat between us, or was that the camera lights? I suckled one of his nipples and he gasped, "How did you know?" into my left ear.

He was driving me crazy and it gave me a thrill to rub the crotch of his elegant dress pants, to feel the bulge forming at my touch. I felt my own cock lengthen and harden.

"That's it, feel that boner, baby." Billy Flamingo's whispered instructions would be dubbed out later, our own voices dubbed over, and now that old night club standby *Relax* by Frankie Goes to Hollywood pounded through the sound system. It brought back old, pleasant memories and triggered a horny spike in me that had me putting Angelis on his back, ripping off his trousers, eyeing the massive piece of sweet *Hawaiian* sausage between his legs and not even thinking twice about giving him head.

I eased him back, working my way between his legs, the pulsing beat of the song putting me in an almost hypnotic space. I am not a bad looking guy, quite the opposite. I am not saying this out of...false pride, but because being a handsome guy in *Honolulu* has been both a blessing and a

curse. Like Angelis, much of my blood is *Hawaiian* and we're tall guys with lean, muscular bodies.

Relax don't do it, when you want to come
Relax don't do it, when you want to come

The lyrics thrummed in my brain and now all that mattered was that I did want to come. I forgot about the lights, the people, and concentrated on the huge cock I was handling with inexpert, but willing fingers.

"God, that's hot." I heard Billy gloating as Bull, the camera man, zeroed in an inch from my nose while I inhaled the incredibly sweet, clean scent of Angelis' skin. I stopped sucking the tip of his cock for a second, to nuzzle and sip at the lovely flesh at his thighs. He smelled of oatmeal and honey soap and he moaned, running his fingers into my hair, holding me there, allowing me to inhale and absorb his smell, his intoxicating presence. I felt my canine teeth elongating, and it took everything in me not to sink them into the nearest vein and feed on him. My teeth slipped back, blood hunger stirring the steaming cauldron in my belly, then my mouth went back to his cock.

"I will teach you, I will help you," Angelis had said before we shot the scene. A couple of belts of fire whiskey and I'd been game to try this. Now, I wanted to make him feel as good as he'd made me

feel, and the crazed expression on my face, which had more to do with the fierce effort to not unleash the *real* beast within me, seemed to set him off.

He was humping my face, watching me suck him. *Hey, ma. Look at me! I'm sucking another guy's joint. And loving it!* The music got louder and I took my mouth off that cock. I wanted to get to his ass. I didn't intend to lavish it with quite as much tongue as I did, but damn. *This tastes better than pussy. How can this be?*

Angelis spread his legs wider and I went easy on him, preparing him for my cock, which was massive by anybody's standards. I really needed to fuck him now. I licked and laved at that hole like I was licking the tastiest frosting at the bottom of the mixing bowl. Man, this was *good*.

"Fuck me." He said it a few times, until it sounded like a mantra, louder and louder, a sob, a beggar's prayer for my cock, for...*me*.

I couldn't see straight, I wanted to be inside him so badly. I felt him take me, put my cock right at his ass hole, and I started to move into him. Bull stayed on me, Billy's voice reassuring as the tightest cave I'd ever found myself in wrapped me in a velvet haze of carnal heat.

*When you want to come
When you want to come*

The lyrics were like hot bursts of magma firing straight up my spine as Angelis gripped me to him, harder, closer...closer. I fucked him like I'd been kept away from him for months. It was better than fucking a woman, looking down and seeing his full cock nestled between our flat, hard bellies. I leaned down and kissed him and I knew I was going to come. I pulled out, let Bull get his come shot, and that greedy boy I'd been banging told me to stick my spurting cock back into him.

I was supposed to say, "I just put my babies in you, man." That was the line, but when our eyes connected, I couldn't say the same corny line all the bare-backing guys say in porn. Instead, I put my hand on his belly and snarled, "I just put future *Hawaiian* kings inside you."

It seemed to be driving him wild and he was pulling on his own cock, beating me to the punch, and I felt bad he'd had to jerk himself to his own satisfaction. But I was too busy flying into another panic attack. I was still coming and now had to pull out and let Bull and Billy dictate exactly how they wanted me to take my cock out, stick it back in, and then I finally stopped coming and felt exhilarated that the scene had gone great and everybody was happy.

"Beautiful," Billy kept saying. "Thunder...you are gonna be a star, baby."

Angelis and I grinned at each other. I bent down and dropped a kiss on his chest, right over his skittering heart.

"Oh...nice touch...keep shooting," I heard Billy say, even though this was a private moment. Angelis pulled my head to his mouth and kissed me. It was completely spontaneous and I surrendered to the moment, unhappy when he pulled back. His lips went to my ear. "That was incredible. You were incredible."

"So were you." I was suddenly jealous of whomever he was fucking, whoever got to command that juicy piece of ass pie off camera. And oh...I was just realizing, plenty of other people got to give it their best shot on camera, too.

I was still lying on top of him. He put his mouth back to my ear so I could hear him over the waning music.

"You ever wanna play in private, you give me a call." He kissed my cheek like a shy teenage girl and gave me a gentle push. He swung his legs to the floor and I sat there in a daze, watching him walk that cute ass of his to the restroom.

Bull leaned over to me, his breath smelling of Dentyne gum. "He must like you." I detected a strong German accent. "I never see him stay hard for a top unless he likes him and I never, *ever* heard him say anything like that to another guy before."

He was too focused on his camera as he prepared the next scene to see my stupid grin. The one I hadn't worn on my face since I was about sixteen years old. Bull and Billy were all business now and I was thinking about how I'd lost all control, fell into the honey trap of passion. It would be seen by people, millions of people all over the world. It worried me and I felt the glorious moment of pure pleasure run dry.

"Don't get wiggy on yourself, dude." Bull's voice was firm. "It's just sex."

Wiggy? He had that right, but not for the reasons he was thinking. My eyes followed my sexy co-star who was now slipping on his street clothes. He held up a hand to me, my stomach in knots when he gave me another lovely smile. "See you tomorrow, Thunder. You're a natural, baby."

As I went into the bathroom to clean up, my cell phone began vibrating. I was trying to sort out the feelings I had about everything that just happened. I wasn't living a double life, I was now living three. Skirt chasing beach boy by day, gay porn star by night. I didn't know which was harder. Now I was having fantasies about another man. I didn't know which curse was worse. Having all these lives, or being a vampire in *Waikiki*.

Chapter Two

“You’re late, Jimmy.” My on again, off again, always irksome girlfriend *Nonita* was standing outside the ABC shop on the corner of *Kalakaua* Avenue and Prince *Kuhio* Walk. She worked there three afternoons a week, helping out her dad who was no fan of mine. As she got into my car he was standing, hands on hips, watching me drive away with his demented offspring.

It wasn’t that *Nonita* wasn’t a handful before I met her. *Au contraire*. But her dad was exasperated with pulling her out of strip clubs and brothels and wanted somebody else to take over the invisible, impossible reins of keeping *Nonita* in check. Since we’d met, she’d curtailed these activities until we had a fight, or as I was beginning to realize, she *created* a fight, then she would head right back over to the nearest opium den in search of Japanese businessmen with a yen to part with their...yen, and the desire for some half-*Hawaiian*, half Japanese female fighting fish.

"Are you hungry?" My voice was sharper than I'd intended. It was still dark and I was excited, despite the gnawing hunger of no blood in a couple of days. I knew I'd have to feed soon. I was feeling light-headed. I always got grumpy when I didn't get blood.

My small, pert, part-time girlfriend gave me a wicked grin, knowing I liked to eat at the best places, and afterward, have some hot sex. That was *Nonita's* gift. Her insatiable urge to fuck was the reward for the non-stop headaches she gave a man. Any man.

"Where were you anyway?" She was pouting, but the effect of those juicy, tart, Asian plum lips wasn't giving me the same instant erection it usually did. I could still feel Angelis's cock in my mouth, the way he pulled and sucked and *owned* my cock. I could still feel the rhythm we'd shared, like I'd spent a day in the ocean, at one with the sea. *Stop it. It was just sex. It was just exciting because it was new.*

"I love seeing how hard I make you." *Nonita's* tiny, French-manicured hand was working on my crotch. No need for her to know it was thinking about Angelis that had me all hot and bothered.

"Uh-huh." I let her fingers do the walking to my fly, but I wasn't really looking forward to the sex. Or was I? I pointed the car toward *Waikiki*, the good end with the expensive hotels, even more

expensive boutiques and the worst, most over-priced restaurants in town.

Nonita liked the good names, the hot, new places to eat. She moved her hand away from me to pat down her sleek, chin length bob and I felt grateful for the reprieve, wanting to be alone with my thoughts.

"Why can't you buy a decent car?" She made a big production of having to manually wind down the window. "This one feels so creepy. Like there are things living in it."

"Yes, like you and me."

"And it smells really bad."

I laughed. "Thanks a lot."

"No, silly. I was thinking something more like a rat. I feel like there are claws rubbing at my ankles."

Oops.

She started to look down at her feet, but I distracted her by pointing to some imaginary thing of interest out the window. There was a rat right where she was sitting, but he was a dead one. Leaning down, I picked him up by the tail. He was as big as I remembered, that alley rat, big as a freakin' house cat. I tossed him out the passenger window as *Nonita* turned to look back at me.

I saw the horrified look on the couple's faces in the car beside me. Tourists! They had to be, in His

and Hers *Aloha* shirts. Nobody who lived on the islands actually dressed that way. The rat landed with a thud on their windshield. I cringed inwardly as the car swerved, narrowly missing a palm tree.

Nonita was looking at me now. "Why don't you love me?" *Not this conversation again.* She swiftly switched gears. This streetwise girl recognized a stalled vehicle when she saw one. "I know! Tomorrow, let's go buy you a new car." She looked giddy at the prospect and I would have indulged her an hour of aimless car hunting, except that there were many things that *Nonita*, close as we were, didn't know about me.

The biggest thing being that I am a vampire, the second thing being that my car often doubled as my crib when I couldn't get home before daylight. The massive trunk served as my bed and I'd rigged it so I could lock myself inside the velvet-lined recesses when needed. The beauty of my old '76 Lincoln Continental was that nobody wanted it and there wasn't a thing on it anyone would want to steal. I'd even removed the original white wall tires in an effort to really make it look like a shambles.

Obviously, I'd succeeded.

"Where are we going?" She watched me angle into the narrow parking entrance at the *Waikiki* Parc Hotel. It was like I'd just added water and

she'd turned into *someone nice*. Making *Nonita* happy had been a challenge and a privilege. It's true that guys fall for hot bitches, but now Little Miss Firepants was squirming onto my lap and it wasn't working on me. "Self park, Jimmy. I want you to fuck me before dinner."

"Don't be ridiculous, sweetie." I pushed her off me and she frowned as two harried valet guys simultaneously opened our doors.

Nonita stepped out of the car. She might have been tiny, but she was first in line when God was handing out perfect, perky breasts and long legs. That little stick of feminine dynamite walked with a confident sway toward the lobby. I stared at her, trying not to think about how good it felt fucking Angelis with his rock-hard cock lying between our bellies.

Nobu was packed, the throbbing music hitting us in the face the instant the door opened. Being a vampire, I have acute hearing, smell and my vision is pretty darn good at night, but *Nonita* has acute *man* acumen. She hypnotized the Maitre D' into giving us a good table against the wall and we hunkered down, looking at our menus.

Being *Hawaiian*, there was nothing especially original about Nobu's menu to us. I mean, we on the islands have been eating this type of food since we were *hanabutta*, or small kid time. Asian grannies on the islands have been cooking this

way for ever and you'll find the same food cheaper and quicker at local-style *izakayas*, but the quality of the food is like comparing a Mazzerati with my bashed and trashed Lincoln.

We ordered quickly, *Inaniwa udon* noodle salad with lobster and Tasmanian trout with crispy spinach for both of us.

"Can you bring lots and lots of *yuzu* soy sauce?" *Nonita* asked the waiter. It always bothered me when she didn't say *please* and *thank you*. One glance from me and she added, "Please." Her almond eyes and winning smile, when she decided to turn it on, always got her what she wanted.

I was more than a little shocked that it had suddenly stopped working on me.

"What do you want to drink?" I asked her.

"Pisco sour." We'd both fallen in love with the Peruvian cocktail we'd discovered here. A couple of those and I'd be ready to fuck anybody if I had to. She leaned over the table and put her hands in mine when the waiter was gone. She had a disarming way of decrying public displays of affection one second, then wanting to get fucked in alleyways the next.

"All right, who is she?"

"Who is who?" I looked around, thinking some girl was looking at me, but *Nonita* grabbed my chin with forceful fingers and her gaze seared into

mine.

"The woman that's got you all shook up. It's not that stupid Australian girl, is it?"

I stared at her. "No. She's just a friend." It was sort of true. Clancy was an original, a bright spark plug of a girl, but I wasn't in love with her any more than I was in love with *Nonita*.

"Somebody's got you worked up. You're in a frenzy of sexual heat. I can smell the pheromones. You're intoxicated by somebody, Jimmy Thunder."

Pheromones. She was the only woman I'd ever met who naturally understood them. I've been accused, in fact, all vampires are accused of swamping their victims with pheromones. People never stopped to think about what they swamp us with, everything from bad breath to body odor. I smell it all.

"I don't want to fight. Not with the prices I'm paying."

"We're not fighting. This is foreplay." She was pouting, both from the lip and from the bosom.

I kept trying not to think about how I couldn't wait to get my hands on Angelis's cock again. I wanted to make him come this time. I didn't want him jerking himself off the next time we shot a scene together.

"Where were you today?" *Nonita* leaned closer and I could smell the cheap version of *Pua-keni-*

keni perfume her daddy sold in his stores to tourists who bought it by the bucket load.

"I told you, I had a meeting. It was business."

"Funny business." She had her head tilted to the side and was swinging chopsticks between her fingers.

She was always angry with me. Angry and demanding. Good thing I liked her. Not that I made a habit of eating my friends, but I didn't want this, the constant arguments. Hunting her down, dragging her out of peep shows and whorehouses. I didn't want *Nonita* selling herself for a living. She could have had a good life, she just chose to make it hard.

My thoughts drowned out most of her predictable barrage. I let her rant and rave for several minutes about her desire to settle down and tried not to laugh when she broached the subject of children. As a vampire, I could have them at certain cycles of the moon, but only with a female vampire. And I certainly didn't plan on turning *Nonita* into my mate.

I interrupted her with a raised hand. "Sweetie, I already told you I can't have kids." That was my standard line with every woman and she knew this long before she cast her net and lured me to her.

"We should see a doctor. We could adopt...or try insemination. You're such a manly man, how

can you *not* want children?"

What I didn't want was to bring my family's curse on any child. The truth was I adored children, but both my sister and I had vowed we would be the last of our bloodline. I was saved from getting into another pointless argument by our drinks arriving. I clinked glasses with *Nonita*.

"You know I will find out who she is." *Nonita* had a smile like a tomahawk. "I will find her and kill her."

"There is no her. If you want to waste your time, go ahead. In the meantime, let's enjoy our dinner, okay?" I didn't want to fight. I would not fight. Normally I would fight because it guaranteed a damned good fucking afterward, but now I didn't care. I was itching to get back to the set the following day, back to fucking that man.

I needed to know if it had been a fluke or if in fact loving other men might be the very thing I'd been holding out for, the missing link in the chain of my very long, lonely existence.

* * * *

The scene was a hotel elevator. We were shooting on the seventh floor of a new Japanese hotel still under construction. One of the crew guys on our movie had arranged, via his roommate, for us to

shoot here—but we had to be done by four a.m. when the security shift changed. The only fee was that the roommate, the security guard on duty, wanted to watch. No problem.

Angelis, dressed in a pin-striped business suit, stood beside me looking unbelievably sexy, yet credible as a company CEO. The scene called for me to kneel in front of him, unzip his pants and go berserk sucking his cock. Our fingers touched on the brass rail behind us. Our eyes met. I was so excited, yet nervous. The elevator door was jammed open. Billy, the director, Bull, the DP and one lighting guy all crowded behind us.

“Don’t worry about us, just concentrate on him,” Billy had said as we’d started shooting the scene. I wasn’t worried about them at all. I got the zipper down, the cock and balls wedged in the opening of that Brooks Brothers suit not giving me as much access to Angelis as I wanted, but somehow it added to my enjoyment of the moment.

I paused to inhale his clean fragrance. He smelled *so* good. He had a fresh, earthy scent. Not like *Nonita*. I tried not to think about the screaming argument we’d had when I’d dropped her home without fucking her.

My tongue touched the tip of that cock, which was glistening with pre-com. I tasted it. *Oh God*. He tasted like coconuts. I could go down on a

woman and tell you exactly what she'd been eating. Looked like it was gonna be this way with guys, too. For a moment, I rubbed that beautiful prick all over my face, surprising everyone including myself.

"Wow. That feels really good, baby." Angelis stroked my hair away from my face. I knew he wanted me to suck him and I turned my face slightly to take him into my mouth. Oh man, I'd been looking forward to this moment all day. Angelis was so well endowed, he could easily top in movies, but he preferred to bottom. That was, according to everything I read and heard, what made him so hot in movies right now. Most bottoms didn't have such huge cocks.

And I was feeling it all right. Did I say I'd been looking forward to shooting this scene? Hell, I'd *barely* slept, ignoring *Nonita's* barbed texts and lengthy voicemail messages. Now Bull's handheld camera stayed on me as I extended my tongue out as far as I could. Angelis gave a little jump as I took his ass into my hands. I knew I'd pricked him even through the woolen suit fabric with my finger-nails. When I haven't fed on blood for a while that's one of the side effects, my nails start growing into razor-sharp talons, my body's reminder I need more than sex to keep refueled.

I wanted him close as I sucked on his juicy fruit and I found I was good at it. My teeth stayed

recessed in my mouth and when I closed my eyes in ecstasy, it was real. I was not acting. When Angelis started to buck and moan, that wasn't acting either and the hardest thing I have ever had to do was take my mouth from him as he started to come. We had to get that money shot, you know.

He came all over my mouth and chin and I slurped everything up. I held onto his ass, feeling his body tremble, feeling enormous power that I'd brought him such sexual release. Angelis looked down at me as I licked the side and base of his cock, Bull was keeping that camera on my roving tongue and I looked up to watch my on-screen lover smiling.

"Damn. You're good with that tongue." He pulled me up to him and we exchanged sloppy, heart-felt kisses. We looked at each other and had Billy not started shrieking about moving onto the next scene, I knew, just *knew* Angelis and I would keep going.

Angelis and I didn't exchange a word. We just kept staring at each other and I wanted, more than anything, to be alone in a room fucking the hell out of him with no interruptions, nothing but the sheer pleasure of being with him.

"We're done here." Bull and the lighting guy moved out of the now very warm elevator. Angelis came out of his trance and zipped up his

pants, packing away his meaty piston, conferring with Billy. He was in a scene with two other guys now and I felt myself grow hot with fury.

Angelis glanced over at me. "You wanna do this scene with us?"

I looked right into his eyes. "Yes, I do."

A slight smile from him and my heart swelled.

"Great! That's great! Thanks, Thunder. One of the guys didn't show up." Billy was looking at his watch, but I knew Angelis hadn't asked me because somebody hadn't shown up. He wanted me to fuck him and he knew I wanted it, too.

"We've set up in a room down here." Billy pointed to the other end of the hall and the three of us walked toward the sound of noise and laughter. "We're shooting a period movie next." Billy's chain smoking made his breathing labored and his voice come out in gasps, yet the guy was just scraping thirty. "Angelis and I think you'll be perfect as the King. Same sort of set-up...you seem very...comfortable with the sex. Are you interested?"

"Very." I gave Angelis a long look I hoped conveyed my sincere desire to fuck him often and repeatedly, and he gave me a merry laugh.

"Cool!"

Cool. It was better than arguing any day.

The crew was wrestling with setting up the hotel bedroom, so Angelis and I took the elevator

down to the street and I treated us to iced green teas and steamed *edamame* beans at a small noodle shop on the corner. I glimpsed the street sign. No wonder my skin was crawling. We were on *Helumoa* Road.

In old *Waikiki*, this had been the site of human sacrifices. Chickens would come out at night, pecking away at the maggots feasting on rotting bodies. *Helumoa* takes its name from that. The word means *chicken scratch*.

"Are you serious?"

I looked at Angelis. I had no idea I'd said that aloud. "Yes." I felt oddly protective of him, putting my hand on the small of his back and steering him toward the hotel. I wondered how well it would do on such troubled ground.

"You're an unusual guy." Angelis smiled at me and my stomach gave a little lurch watching him suck on the straw in his drink.

"I am?" I laughed.

"Oh, yes. I find you very intriguing, Jimmy Thunder. By the way, I am kinda embarrassed admitting this but I've never sucked a guy with foreskin before and it's a major turn-on."

I stared at him, the moment thick with innuendo. I never thought twice about having an uncut cock. A few women had told me the same thing Angelis did, but I'd never before been so thrilled by the compliment.

Just as I was about to ask him out for a drink, a real drink, the security guard interrupted us. "They switched floors. The lights kept going out. Take the elevator to the fourteenth."

"Thank you." I wanted to make out like a bandit with Angelis in that elevator. Though there was genuine chemistry between us, we talked shop until we reached our floor.

"A guy not showing up for a scene isn't that unusual," he told me. "Models, as they call us guys in porn, often flake. They audition whenever a casting call goes out and some guys go on to do well in the business. Some do one or two movies, then disappear. Some guys just never show up again."

"You think they prefer fantasy and anonymity?" I asked as we got out of the elevator.

"Sure. But the flake rate is very high in gay porn, more so than straight. Guys might want to get their freak on, but they don't want the world to see them doing it."

I suddenly felt uncomfortable about some random guy getting his freak on with Angelis.

"It's especially difficult in our movies, you know, bareback, where we don't use condoms, even though we are constantly tested for HIV, even hepatitis. I've done test scenes with guys where the sex has been through the roof, but they never showed up for the shoot."

He had through the roof sex with other guys?

"You...do a lot of test scenes with guys?" I asked.

"Not anymore." He smiled. "I pretty much know if I'm gonna be turned on by a guy, and if not I've gotten good at faking it."

He fakes it? Not with me, I hope. We got to the room and the scene was still being staged, beds and lamps were being moved around. Angelis might have been the hungriest, sluttiest bottom in porn, but he was HIV negative and planned to stay that way. A scrupulously clean guy, he was always ready for the camera, and his assistant was ready to help him douche after every scene where he took semen up the...er...yin-yang. He went off to the bathroom to prepare himself and I got ready by waiting for him, pondering my thoughts.

When I went for my blood work in order to do the movie, my blood type came in as rare—Jk b—and excited the doctors who wanted to run all kinds of tests on me. I had deliberately withheld sucking anybody's blood, knowing I was going to be tested for HIV—which vampires cannot contract, but would create havoc in a blood panel with antibodies making me look like a walking garbage dump. I would need to abstain again in twenty seven days, when another test would be due, if I planned to keep shooting gay porn.

And so far, there was no downside. I needed to

shoot nights, Angelis only liked to work nights, too. Perfect. Now, the movie was one guy down for a planned threesome and Angelis seemed perfectly happy with me as a sub. We lay around sipping our iced teas in the half-finished hotel room on the king sized bed, draped by Billy's boyfriend, Luke, in very nice Calvin Kline bamboo-patterned sheets. A big clue that I was wearing my heart on my sleeve for Angelis was that I let him eat the last *edamame*.

"This is freaky." He was looking at the sheets now.

"Why?" I asked him. Our bodies were close on the bed. I could think of nothing else. What the hell was wrong with me?

"I went to this gay porn convention in New York—hey, remember that Billy?"

Billy smirked. "Wait until you hear this story."

"...so Billy and I went shopping at Bloomingdales and we picked up these same sheets. This hand reaches for them at the same time and it's this totally hot, packin' guy and he...well, he'd seen my movies. One thing led to another and well, I figured 'Hey, I'm in New York, I'll have me a nooner...'"

Nooner!

"...and I went home with him and I'm really grooving on this guy, then he opens his door and it's full of Nazi memorabilia. And he's so freaking

proud of his collection, you know. He points out the lampshades made of human skin and it was all a bit too *Jeffrey Dahmer* for me. I bolted. I ran like a girl all the way back to our hotel."

"Where does he live? I'm going to kill him," was my response. Everybody laughed except Angelis. He smiled at me in that gentle way of his.

The third guy in our scene was a big hunk of beef who went by Tank. He walked in with that awkward, can't-put-my-arms-down-to-my-sides gait that so many body builders had. He showed up just as we were ready to roll and I recognized him as a chauffeur slash body guard who, like us, also trained at the *Kalakaua* Avenue gym.

Suddenly, I wasn't feeling so special. Angelis had been recruiting other guys.

This disgruntling fact almost sent me into despair, especially when I clapped a load of the heavy artillery dangling between Tank's thighs.

Angelis, Tank and I were engaged in quite a fun little scene, stripping, sipping and sucking at each other until Tank failed to get an erection, despite Angelis's best efforts. Tank sat beside us, thumbing through *Penthouse*, as in, looking at naked *women* to get hard.

He needed two rounds of serious sucking from the female fluffer kneeling on the floor out of camera range to get hard and it made the shooting of the scene difficult since we had to keep starting

and stopping.

Angelis and I, lying on the bed naked, could barely keep our hands off each other.

So anxious to be inside him again, I was dismayed by the fact that it was Tank who was supposed to fuck him. I did get to suck his cock when Tank, suffering a serious case of limp dick for a third time, had to stop and get his dick sucked by the fluffer again.

Lying beside Angelis, I let him poke gentle fun at me as Tank hoovered through a fresh copy of *Hustler*. My rigid cock was cozied up close to Angelis's miraculously chiseled body, and he kept glancing at it.

"You sure you're not gay?" he teased.

I wasn't sure of anything except there was that astonishing, naked body again and I wanted to be on top of him, giving him all I had, feeling his beautiful cock twitching between us. Angelis looked at me in a pleading way, I was sure he wanted me to suck his cock, but we were supposed to be waiting. I couldn't help myself. I needed that dick. I wanted that dick. I bent my head and started sucking him, and suddenly his mouth was reaching for me.

"Shit! Roll that camera!" Billy jumped when he saw that we were getting into a ferocious, unscripted sixty-nine that had the director in paroxysms of joy, and me in paroxysms of *angst*

when that juicy cock was taken from me, but I knew now that I liked my new job. I liked it *a lot*.

I had to watch that *bastard* Tank fuck Angelis, but I kept my hand between Angelis's legs, my mouth moving down his belly when he hissed, "Suck my cock," through gritted teeth, I went straight down to my own private paradise, feeling his hot, burning kisses on my thigh, his tongue on my ass.

No. Oh no. Nobody had ever come close to kissing me there. Nobody. Angelis twisted around to get his tongue on my ass hole and when I felt those sizzling wet licks on that sensitive place I almost wept with joy, then frustration when the director told me to turn over so they could shoot me coming.

Angelis was getting fucked so aggressively by Tank now that he lost physical contact with me, focusing on his own moment, on bracing himself for each plundering of his ass. We did come together—but nowhere near each other.

"That's about the hottest scene I ever shot!" Billy was chortling now and Angelis collapsed face-down on the bed, laughing.

I was exhilarated, but famished for blood now. I had trained myself to satisfy the Hunger two to three times a week. I wouldn't exactly call myself squeamish, but if forced I would admit to being a reluctant vampire. The rest of the time I'd drink.

And I never mix my drinks. Well, almost never. The urge to feed, to kill...some men called it blood lust, I called it *wonderlust*, because I always wondered when I'd get my next fill.

Angelis got up and went to the bathroom to shower, the director following him, talking non-stop in his ear. I had to dress and leave immediately. My canine teeth kept elongating. I was starting to wonder if I *would* get through the night without blood. Sometimes, after really great sex, my ability to control my body was impossible.

I'd planned on downing a couple of Mai Tais, certain I'd be okay. I hadn't planned on being so turned on that I'd be forced to be on the hunt. It was an unhappy prospect in my exhausted, still switched-on state. I was afraid of putting the bite on someone nice, not the usual street vermin I prefer to target.

Outside the hotel, as I was pulling my car out of the driveway, my cell phone vibrated and I recognized the ABC store number followed by nine, one, one. *Nonita's* daddy.

"Jimmy? That you, Jimmy?" He shrieked like I was deaf.

"It's me, *Luisito*. What's the problem?" It was now three a.m. Only one reason he could be calling. No, make that two. Bad news or very bad news.

"*Nonita*...she been gone all day. She no show

up for work. I sent Tito out *foah* find her."

"Where is she?"

"She over at Blossom House." The old man went silent and I knew he was anxious, both for her well-being and my violent reaction. *The Blossom House?* Christ. What was I gonna do with that girl?

"I'll go get her. Don't you worry. Okay, *Luisito?*"

The old man calmed down because I hadn't gone barking mad. In fact, he'd done me a favor. I could find some blood, bring back his daughter, and look like a good guy. I pointed the Lincoln toward *Waikiki*, the shabby end, full of titty bars and flop houses.

Merchant Street, when I first moved here from my family home on the island of *Kauai* over a hundred years ago, was still in the heart of Chinatown. But man, was it a different place then. On River Street, farmers sold their produce by day. The whores and gamblers ran their games by night. I still involuntarily held my breath as I crossed what used to be Blood Town and Mosquito Flats. The stench of human sewerage in those poorest of poor neighborhoods was disgusting back then.

The memories still haunted me. I grew to love Chinatown after it was rebuilt following the big 1920s fire, after the plague and the fires and

everything settled down. A new cop came into town, Detective Jardine. He was the star of the *Honolulu* PD. On any given night, you could see him on the corner of Market and River, scouring the 'hood for signs of trouble. And there was plenty of it, even in the thirties. He was a neat, small man who wore a Fedora at an angle. We both rid the streets of vermin, human vermin. We just had different methods. Mine were more...permanent, if you will.

Forget what you read in the travel brochures. Pests and insects do exist in *Hawaii*. I know, because I live on them. And when I can't find two legged pests to pick off from the backs of decent-living people, I am reduced to feeding on other creatures of the night.

Jardine always acknowledged me. He respected me, never questioned me, but could always be relied upon to be polite. And witty. Sometimes, I still see his ghost on the corner. I like knowing he watches over his old beat, but I miss the warmth and camaraderie of the man. The ghost of an old Chinese man, from a very long time ago judging by the *queue* of hair down his back, flittered right in front of me. This was the part of being a vampire that I adored. Seeing it all. I tended to see the ghosts of victims, a reminder perhaps of my own particular plight. I liked to think of it as a warning sign of potential danger and frequently I

was right.

I parked illegally on the corner of Merchant and River and stood, looking up at the Japanese brothel disguised to look like a dress making salon. Making my way past the first entrance, I got to the second and third doors and the girl who answered the last, a red-lacquered door with green hinges, went to fetch Blossom.

The imperious middle aged woman bustled out in her tight red, beaded floor length gown. She extended her hand. "Ah, Jimmy-San. Such a long time we don't see you."

Smiling, I kissed her pale milky hand. "Blossom, you're as beautiful as ever." She beamed. We were off to a good start. And in truth she was beautiful, but not to my taste. Like many Asian women of *a certain age*, she'd had her eyes surgically altered to remove her Asiatic appearance. A pity. The irony is that Japanese girls born in *Hawaii* are much more protective of their identities, fiercely proud of their heritage.

As Blossom turned and indicated for me to follow her, my eyes remained glued to the other thing that marred her natural beauty. Calluses behind both ears. Her opium addiction had obviously become worse. She must have been doing *a lot* of laying around on both sides of her body with her head on wooden blocks, smoking up that crap to have calluses on both sides. I

would not let the same thing happen to *Nonita*, who went by Natalie here. Blossom led me into the red-velvet lined opium den and I saw some beautiful, barely dressed women tending men, mostly Asian, a few chubby white guys smoking up the filth that was filling my lungs with toxic fumes.

Natalie was on the floor, cradling the head of a middle-aged Japanese business man in her lap. He was lying on his left side, his head on her knee. She held up her finger. He was smoking opium and she was playing with his pencil-sized pecker.

A slim firm hand pulled me away. "He's paying her three hundred dollars, Jimmy-San. Five if she..." Blossom put her pinky finger into her mouth to indicate a blow job. "No sex and no opium. She is fine. I will watch her personally."

"I'll be in the alley. She has fifteen minutes, then I come in and start going nuts."

Blossom put her hand on my arm again and squeezed. Men were known to save up for weeks to get her hands on them, any part of them, back in the day. I knew she still serviced a few happy regulars and I would have said she had a heart of gold, but it's really a cash register lurking under that immaculate bosom. And I kinda respect her no-nonsense approach to life.

I was waiting for *Nonita* by the car, admiring the American battle ship that was bobbing along

on the waterfront. This downtown area was still the first port of call for cruise and naval ships. When Matson Lines first started its cruises to *Honolulu* from the mainland—*In Five Days!* The banners always screamed— their arrival dates in the harbor were called *Lei Day* and you could set your watch by them. People came ashore for fun, love and sometimes, unexpected trouble. Some things don't change.

Flirting with my memories, I saw two hustlers chasing a young sailor down the street. It happened very fast. I fell in on them.

"Get out of here!" I shouted at the sailor who saw my way of thinking and never even turned to look over his shoulder as I wrestled with the thugs in the alley. One of the hustlers got away, but the second guy was not so lucky. I slammed him between the narrow entrances of two shops, down a dark alley. My teeth were already out. He was a white kid with rasta-type dreadlocks. I hoped he wasn't a druggie.

I pulled back his shirt sleeve, holding him against a wall, and he fought me off. But he was a puny guy with mean eyes, and when I saw no needle tracks I sank my teeth right into his arm, freezing the scream right out of him. It felt marvelous, dizzyingly pacifying to feel fresh blood in my veins again. It was *almost* as good as getting laid. He came at the end, they often do. I

like 'em to go out on a high. Why not? His body sagged in my arms. The puncture marks would make him look like a junkie, especially on his arm. I took pains to bite him a couple of more times for that needle track effect and, as I dragged his body deeper into the alley, small plastic bags fell out of one of his shoes.

Ice. The scourge of the islands. It destroyed lives, ruined families, and it infuriated me that we couldn't curb its grip on our people. I crushed the contents of the bags under the heels of my shoes and hid the dope dealer amongst the rubbish. I tried to shake off the feeling that it might have been fun to fuck him as I fed on him. I was obsessed with balling men all of a sudden, that's for sure. There was blood on my shirt, but not too much. I felt better than I had in days. My vision was sharp and crisp and the air smelled of ginseng, sandalwood incense and baked duck. Back at the car, *Nonita* was waiting for me.

She was in a terrible mood. I for once, was not. "Where did you get to?" she fumed. "I thought you'd ditched me." I felt my canine teeth easing back into my gums, but not quick enough. I gave her a closed-mouth smile and slipped my arm around her.

"Sweetie." I kissed the top of her head. "I'd never ditch you. But I have to get you home now. Your dad is frantic."

"Don't you want me?" she asked.

No. "Sweetie, I'm tired. Let's get together tomorrow night."

"Fuck you."

"No, *Nonita*. Fuck *you*."

She laughed. I took her home and the way she was nodding off told me she'd either been toking on the opium or she'd gotten some serious second hand intoxication. She came to at one point and freaked when she realized we were at her father's house, not mine. He came running out of the front door and she turned glittering, angry eyes on me.

"Thanks a lot, Jimmy." She spat in my face. I watched her walk up the driveway of her father's house, knowing in that moment that I would never ever see her again, and wondering what I'd ever seen in her in the first place.

Chapter Three

The *Kalakaua* Avenue Gym was home to a variety of guys who trained hard and for different purposes, but all of us were gym rats of the two-legged kind. Being who I was, I trained nights and paid for the privilege of working out late. I loved the people here, loved the sense of pushing my body. And if I were honest, I'd say I hoped to get a glimpse of Angelis.

A week later I found him there, lying on his back in the middle of the boxing ring, his trainer standing over him, repeatedly dropping a medicine ball onto his stomach. So that's how he got those great abs. Angelis turned his head and saw me, his face registering no recognition, but then he was getting some pretty rough treatment.

When he got out of the ring and started working on the speed bag, our eyes connected and I smiled, mouthing *hello*, but he looked away from me. I tried a third time and again I was distinctly rebuffed. Now I was mad and feeling really

stupid.

I checked the readout on my vibrating phone and saw it was Clancy, my part-time Australian girl friend. I picked up my bag and left the gym, taking her call on the third ring. "Clancy, where are you, girl? Where have you been hiding?"

"Where have *I* been hiding?" She was laughing now and I found myself smiling. I wouldn't have minded seeing her, but I needed to sleep.

"You want me to come to yours?" she asked. I was getting used to her odd, Australian way of speaking. I very rarely invited *Nonita* to my house, but Clancy came over often. She understood that I needed my sleep, even if the reasons were a mystery to her. I lived with my sister and she adored Clancy, suggesting I transform her into a lifetime partner, but I wasn't sure I wanted to spend eternity with her.

"How about tomorrow night?" I cradled the phone against my ear. I wanted to sleep in my own bed, to stretch out and feel the moon on my skin. I put the car into gear and weathered the storm of disappointment on the other end of the phone.

"You always say that." Clancy's voice was flat. Beyond hurt. She was a tough, country girl from some place called Mudgee whose train driver father had run his rig off the tracks and died. She had been named after some guy or *bloke* as she

called it, from an old Australian poem *Clancy of the Overflow*.

I found Clancy intriguing because she was a classical violinist, teaching kids at *Kamehameha Schools*, the most prestigious school in the islands. As I pointed the Lincoln toward home at *Makiki*, I found myself softening toward her.

"Come on over, but there's nothing to eat and I need to sleep. So it's gonna be a quickie."

"I'll bring the vittles." Clancy did have a way with words and maybe she was the antidote I needed to all that gay sex. Besides, my sister *Kalani* would be pleased to see her, I knew. I called her now, letting her know that Clancy was on her way, but I got her voice mail and left a message.

My sister and I are the last of our family. Our home once belonged to our aunt, who left it to us. It was pretty much intact, full of turn of the century bric-a-brac. Er...nineteenth century I am talking about. Much of what Auntie Genoa left us would be at home in a museum. There was splendid Biedermeyer furniture and a dozen or more antique Hawaiian quilts, gourds, glass...a treasure trove of memories. On the nights when sleep evaded me, I wandered the huge rooms filled with heavy furniture of *koa* wood, touching precious objects Auntie Genoa and our descendants before her had treasured. Each called up a time of snatched laughter and music, dim

lights. And sometimes, when I thought about how nobody but my sister and I were left, there was pain.

She, like I, trusted nobody and yet she trusted Clancy. I sometimes thought they would make an ideal couple, though I never broached the subject. How could I tell my own sister, *I think you could be gay?*

My parents had a bizarre sense of humor. I was born *Ho'ano* Thunder—Divine Thunder—and my sister's name *Kalani* translated to Heavenly. Can you imagine that? Heavenly Thunder suited her, but I stuck with my childhood nickname of Jimmy.

Now, as I threaded from the peaceful drive along punchbowl, upcountry toward *Makiki Heights*, this little known area, my private haven, opened onto a single lane road I knew very well. I approached the *Tantalus*, an area of extinct shield volcanoes, Cook pine forests, rainforests and astonishing, ancient trails still pristine due to a lack of tourist invasion. Most of them didn't even know *Makiki* existed. My property gave me peace and privacy. A vast expanse of acreage, it stretched from a sprawling *mauka*, or mountainside ranch house, to a separate house *makai*, facing the sea at *Ala Moana*.

I parked the car down the long driveway to our private residence off the dirt road from *Tantalus*. I

found *Kalani's* precious horse Isaac's saddle straddling the *lanai* out back. That meant she was at the beach house. I walked through the house and found her sitting on the beachfront *lanai* with Clancy, who looked up from her glass of *Hawaiian* iced tea and gave me a lovely smile full of warmth and promise.

Clancy was pretty – blue eyes, dark brown hair, strong, slim build. I liked her, had enjoyed our little time together, and she had been a rock for my sister whose horse, her most beloved companion, was dying.

I knew by *Kalani's* face that the news wasn't good. She didn't look at me because, between us, there was no shield. We might not have trusted humans enough to make one a lasting companion, but if she could have, Isaac would have been one she would give the gift of eternal life. That was one of the many things God got wrong, I thought. The first being how unfair it was that animal companions didn't live as long as people, the second was allowing a *kahuna's* curse to stick.

Our people weren't born vampires, they were cursed to be that way. But we had never been able to lift the curse since the *kahuna*, then *his family*, had died. They took a lot of money from us to allegedly remove the curse, finally confessing that his secrets had gone with him, too.

"You look well." My sister was talking in code.

She knew I'd feasted on blood, I knew she hadn't. She nudged Clancy, who was sitting beside her on the wicker love seat. "Show Jimmy what you brought."

Clancy stood and with one arm, gave me a hug, almost tipping out the contents of her glass in her effort to reach my neck. She took me by the hand into the kitchen and showed me a picnic basket filled with tiny rolls with rare roast beef, chicken wings and one-bite egg tarts.

I smiled at her. "You made all this?" I took the glass from her hand and picked her up into my arms.

"Of course. I haven't seen you for days. I've missed you."

I gave her a kiss, then glimpsed my sister's sad, bent head outside on the *lanai*, the rolling, crashing waves of *Ala Moana* Beach an apparent desolate echo to her pain. "We should give her some."

"She's had hers, these are for us." Clancy stole another kiss and I grunted, picking up the basket and carrying her into my bedroom.

I let her down on the bed and quickly took off all her clothes. I enjoyed seeing her naked.

She started peeling off my shirt. "What...where did this blood come from? Are you bleeding?" Her eyes were wide with fright and I silenced her with kisses.

We made love quickly and, for me, without as much pleasure as there should have been. I had feared as much. I rolled off her. Clancy sat up in bed, pushed her long dark hair back over her shoulders, reached into the basket, handing me a chicken wing.

"Thanks, but I'm not hungry." I moved my head to her lap. She deserved better than me. She deserved somebody who adored her, who would spend hours seeking her pleasure in bed. She didn't deserve to be ignored for days on end, then given a fuck, not love. She reached a hand down, stroking the hair away from my face.

"Why don't you love me?" she asked. Oh, *Hades*. Not this again. "I think we could be so good together. I'd do anything you want. *Anything*."

"I never lied to you, Clancy."

Her hand stopped. "I know. I think that's what hurts the most." Her hand started moving again and I put my arms around her, feeling the tears falling from her heart, straight down my face.

Later, after she cried herself to sleep in my arms, I left her in the bedroom. My sister and I had private quarters nobody ever saw. I was going to sink myself into my little den, but *Kalani* was sitting at the dining table, crying.

"I have to let Isaac go. It kills me because I am not ready to say goodbye."

"*Kalani*, I know sweetheart. I know how much it

hurts.”

She nodded. “Will you be there with me? I’m going to do it tomorrow night. I can’t let nature run its course. He’s suffering. I can’t bear to see him suffer.”

“I’ll be there.” I wrapped her in my arms and wondered by what trick of fate *Kalani*, the most beautiful person I knew, should also suffer such torment. For a long time I just held her, listening to the sure and steady beat of the antique clock my great grandfather had won from King *Kamehameha* IV in a poker game.

“You know, if you showed just a touch of this side of you to the women in your life, you’d be so happy.” My sister tilted her face back to look at me. We were similar. Strong, *Hawaiian*, proud. But she was magnificent in her beauty and her benevolence.

“Jimmy.” Her strong, brown and stroked my face. “You think maybe you’re gay?”

I laughed then. “I was going to say the same thing to you. I think you and Clancy would be so beautiful together.”

Kalani’s warm brown eyes moistened. “You...you wouldn’t mind?”

“Mind? I’d love it. I’d get to keep her in the family.”

“Would you...would you help me?”

I laughed again. “You want me to help you

seduce my girlfriend?"

Kalani laughed too, releasing some energy. I got up and took a bottle of our rarest, most precious Absinthe, a 1797 Roquette, and poured us each a generous shot.

"All right, I'll help you." I clinked glasses with my sister, who looked happier than she had in weeks. We sipped at the liquid, the refreshing taste of herbs and flowers finishing like butter on the tongue. It gave you a very nice buzz for about twenty minutes, a clarity of mind, a feeling of power, then wore off very quickly.

I had no problem pairing *Kalani* off with Clancy, not really. I was just having problems with my own unresolved feelings toward Angelis.

"Who is it?" my sister asked and I looked at her, feeling miserable.

"Nobody I could ever...or should ever want to have. *Kalani*, it's a man."

"Tell me about him." She lay her head on her arm across the table and we talked. And talked. And it felt good to talk to *Kalani*, even though she couldn't help. What mattered was that she understood. And, no matter what, she still loved me.

* * * *

The scene was Ancient Hawaii. Servants stood on either side of me in the palace throne room, feather *kahili* standards waving tall in the fading twilight. Tiki torches flickered in the still-warm tropical breeze.

Drums pounded in the distance and I, King of *Hawaii*, sat on my throne, surveying the scene of merriment around me. My naked screen sister was playing a Harpsichord recently introduced to us via a ship's captain. He was now nuzzling the ample breasts of my beloved onscreen wife, his pantaloons discarded at his ankles while a half naked island girl suckled lazily at his growing erection.

The cacophony from my screen sister's pounding fingers was terrible, but only served to make my drunken court laugh harder.

"*Kile* time!" I clapped my hands and scantily clad maidens and clearly aroused men gathered into a circle around me. I slid the coconut shell across the floor. In a traditional *kile*, especially among the *ali'i*, royalty, I would take as a bed partner whoever the bowl reached first.

But this wasn't a traditional *kile*. Emboldened by our exchanged looks all night, one of my chief soldiers, *Ahi*, stepped on the bowl, stopping it in the middle of its path. He crushed it with his big foot, just to make a point.

A murmur from the group. "Your Majesty." *Ahi*

bowed his head and I arched a brow in his direction. I had no problem with taking a male lover. Not when they looked like *Ahi*. The newlywed warrior glanced down at his bride's open mouth and back at me, his expression imploring. *Ahi* was a magnificent specimen. Six feet of brown, sinewy brawn and a handsome man, whose long black mane I could already envision wrapped in my fist as I fucked him from behind.

My cock hardened at the thought. Our eyes locked and I rose from my throne. "Carry on everyone!" I paused to beckon to another soldier whose face had registered disappointment at my selection. His smile widened and I knew my hands would be full with this pair, that's for sure.

We walked out of the ballroom and I dipped my head to kiss *Ahi*, who closed his eyes in ecstasy. Out of the corner of my eye I could see *Nonita* watching the scene. Jesus Christ! What was *she* doing here?

Ahi's tongue danced over mine, my hand massaging his bare ass, cupping what was soon to be mine. The third member of our naughty trio, *Noa*, pressed himself against me and I felt his rigid cock. We, too, exchanged kisses and I pulled back.

"What...what's a matter? *Cut!*" Billy, the director went mad. "Thunder, what's the problem?"

"Alan's been eating onions again." To the actor I huffed, "Man, you need to invest in a toothbrush."

"Sorry, Thunder." Alan, the actor portraying my would-be lover was blushing now.

"Yeah, I can smell you from here." Angelis, who was portraying my chief soldier *Ahi*, wrinkled his nose. "What the hell have you been eating? Dead bats?"

Alan let out a ripper of a burp. "I was in the middle of lunch when they called me. Chili bowl. Lots of fresh onions."

Angelis looked at him. "Home made?"

"Zippy's. The finest. I never even got to finish it."

Angelis shook his head. "Bummer."

I was pissed now. *Nonita* had vanished, but I was sure she was somewhere close. I turned my anger on Billy. "Oh, and tell Felicia to lose the bobby pins in her hair. They didn't have bobby pins back in ancient *Hawaii*."

Angelis and Billy were laughing now. We'd spotted a king's guard with Nike shoes earlier in the shoot and had to re-do an entire scene. Not that I was complaining about having to kiss Angelis all over again. *Four long days* I'd had to endure not being able to touch him. And this after he continued to totally ignore me in the gym each time I saw him.

"We'll glue some shells on the bobby pins," Billy was saying. "We need to be able to see Felicia give head unobstructed. She is one mighty cocksucker."

"If you say so." Angelis looked dubious. He hadn't been thrilled about allowing chicks in on the erotic action, but as long as he didn't have to go anywhere a woman's twat he just ignored the female presence on the set. And neither of us, being native *Hawaiians*, was sure about portraying ancient royalty as being bisexual. But, according to everything I'd read, they had even been an incestuous bunch, screwing their own brothers and sisters.

"Now," Billy was saying. "Let's get you in the bedroom and Alan, don't kiss Thunder anymore. Just suck and fuck, okay? Geez man...you do smell. Anybody got any gum?"

"I've got some." A small, familiar, volcanic ball of feminine fire walked naked between us.

"Ah Natalie." Billy absent-mindedly gave *Nonita's* ass a squeeze as she handed Alan a pack of *Big Red*. "Do you know everybody?"

"Not in the biblical sense." *Nonita* giggled, looking at me. "Except Thunder. We go back a ways."

Me, I was so shocked, I couldn't speak. What the hell was she doing here...naked? Was she stalking me?

"I gotta get ready for the orgy scene." *Nonita* walked past us and *Angelis* gave me a half-grin. We watched her walk away, and she must have felt our stares because her ass developed quite a wiggle.

"Okay, come on, get into the bedroom." Billy sounded frantic. "We gotta vacate the floor by two a.m. and we still gotta shoot the Queen's lesbian orgy scene."

Angelis and I walked down the hallway together. "You pissed at me or something?" he asked.

"Yeah, something."

"What? What is it?" He stopped and touched my arm.

Christ. I felt like a nine year old girl. "Why do you ignore me at the gym now?"

He shook his head and fell back in step beside me. "I had no idea how you wanted to handle things away from here...I didn't want to...you know...muddy the waters."

"It's a bit late for that." I almost said, *I've put my tongue in your ass*. I felt gloomy and even more stupid.

"Is she somebody you've been fucking?" My heart fell right back into place. *He's jealous!*

For a moment, I wasn't going to respond. It still pissed me off that he'd been ignoring me off set. "Not anymore."

“How is she?”

At the door to the bedroom, I put my mouth right up against his ear. “Not as good as you.” I murmured, then walked past him.

Even I was impressed by the transformation of the ultra-modern, sleek Japanese hotel room to royal *Hawaiian* boudoir. The crew had done a bang-up job setting up the threesome scene. A multitude of contemporary sins had been covered with *tapa* cloth, grass, *ti* leaves and fake tropical flowers interspersed with some actual, real live foliage. I started to relax a little bit. I recognized red torch ginger and gardenia. A nice, fragrant touch.

My two male lovers got to their adoring knees. Those two expert cock suckers worked over the source of all my aggravations as well as my pleasures, their tongues colliding and swirling over the head and base, doing wondrous things to me. Damn, these guys were good. I stroked their heads, watched as they pulled and pushed on me, fed on me. I needed to fuck, and I needed to fuck now. I picked up Angelis by his long ponytail and kissed him, pushing him onto the bed. He lay on his back, and once again I found myself drooling over his well-toned body, the result of many careful hours spent punishing himself at the gym. Maybe I could forgive him his silence after all.

“Okay, now spread his legs.” I hated when

Bobby gave me direction, but then it was *his* fantasy we were acting out, so I did as I was told. Bull, the cameraman, got extra- close as I ripped the loin cloth from my man's thighs and started to lick from his knees up to his pretty ass.

I had been waiting all day to dine on Angelis again and I paused to inhale the scent of his skin. It was always on the tip of my tongue to ask him what soap he used, but it seemed to me such a *gay* thing to ask. This was our second movie together, *King's Paradise*, and it certainly was paradise for me.

Angelis and I had a natural rhythm together. Alan was a different matter. He may or may not have been gay, he claimed he wasn't, but now the fluffer was gagging on his meat. They were out of camera range as I hovered over Angelis. Next thing I knew, Alan's tongue moved to my ass from behind and my brain officially went to pieces.

God, it feels good, no matter who's licking me back there.

"Oh, Your Majesty." Angelis writhed under my oral influence. "Please, please fuck me."

I stood and let him look at me before I gave him the ass fucking of a lifetime.

A phone rang somewhere and I wanted to laugh, but stayed focused on that hot ass moving around underneath me. I felt Alan's hands reach underneath my balls to guide my cock into

Angelis's quivering, clutching ass. The screaming inside my soul stopped. It was the weirdest thing. I could have sworn Angelis too seemed...soothed by our union and I lapped at his mouth, Angelis holding my head to his. It was as if we were giving each other mouth to mouth resuscitation. Bull smiled his approval as I moved in and out of the lovely man on the bed. I looked down at Angelis, hardly able to stand how beautiful it felt to be balling him bareback again. I felt his cock between us and almost crowed with pleasure.

I had to turn him over and the sensation of taking him from behind with him grinding and shoving up hard against me was too much.

With the workout Alan was giving my own ass I didn't last long. I pulled out and came all over Angelis's raised hips, then put my cock straight back inside him, coming in one long, beautiful orgasm inside and all over the man hammering back at me.

I bent to lick my own juices off him and I flipped him over again. Alan and I starting to work on Angelis's needy cock with hungry mouths. Christ, I could feel my canine teeth elongating. I worked feverishly to coax them back into my gums and I gave him lots of tongue.

"Oh...oh yeah..." Angelis moaned and twitched as Alan and I took turns deep throating him. Although it *was* in my contract as a top that I

had to fuck and be willing to suck cock. I wasn't just getting used to it, I was starting to crave it. Something in my belly relaxed as that tasty piece of *Hawaiian* sugar cane made its way down my throat.

Alan and I pulled off Angelis's exploding cock and I watched him come all over our hands, feeling immense job satisfaction.

"Nectar," I whispered, licking some off my fingertip and feeding some to Alan. It wasn't a scripted line but I could tell everybody liked it. When I put my rigid cock back into Angelis's inviting ass, Alan licked at the cream on our slippery, sweaty bodies.

"Take me, take *me* my Lord!" Alan squirmed onto the bed, offering me his ass doggy style, and I moved out of Angelis and into the smaller, but equally buff man who had obviously prepared himself with a mountain of lube. I slipped in easily and Angelis rose from the bed onto his knees and kissed me.

I held his pony-tailed head in my hand. "It's good to be king." I felt my voice rumble with an earthquake of an orgasm all over Alan's bubble-butt.

Billy ended the scene with the three of us standing in a circle, jerking each other off, our cocks coming by rubbing against each other. I had my hand on Angelis's ass the whole time. I just

couldn't keep my hands off him, but I stayed away from his cock for the come shot. Billy liked shots of cocks coming with no hands in sight.

"Nice one." He clapped me on the back and I watched Angelis walking to the bathroom. I glimpsed him as he was getting into the shower. He looked so fine, and the truth was, I'd enjoyed fucking him and was looking forward to continuing our on-screen tryst tomorrow night. The other truth was, I was starting to enjoy fucking guys and doing the things we did together. He was showering now, the door ajar, and I thought about joining him in there. What was I thinking? I was *not gay*.

"There's another bathroom in the next room, door's unlocked." Billy was checking his watch. It wasn't like him to be in such a rush, but I understood he was trying not to get our security guard buddy fired from his job, so I headed to the room next door.

I took a shower and was drying off when the door opened. Angelis was walking toward me, naked except for his towel, his cock half hard. I didn't know how it happened, but next thing I knew his cock was in my hand, our mouths all over each other, and I wanted to come inside him without having to take my cock out for *anything* until I'd fed him every last, precious drop of juice.

A pounding erupted at the door. "Angelis, we

need you."

He took his mouth away from me and we were both breathless. "So, give me your phone number." He spoke right against my lips.

"You got a pen?"

"Tell me. I'll remember it."

"I don't want to let go of you." I held his face in my hands. *God. What the hell was I doing?*

"Tell me your number." His lips brushed against mine, and the mutual desire was so palpable I wanted to scream at the injustice of having to send him off to get fucked by another man.

I rattled off my number and was rewarded by a tender swipe of his tongue across my lips.

"Keep your phone on and wait for me. I'm gonna want you to fuck me all night."

"I'll be waiting." I kissed him goodbye and got one of his shit-eating grins that kept my cock so stiff it was almost impossible to get my pants back on.

He let himself out of the bathroom, looking down at my crotch with a raised brow. "Keep that dick hard for me, baby."

Chapter Four

I was tense, yet in an almost high state about the prospect of an actual date with Angelis. Would it be like dating a woman? Would we go eat some place? Or would we just fuck? How long was he going to be? Should I book a table at a restaurant?

What if he didn't call me?

"Hello?" Alan's voice startled me out of my reverie. He was standing beside me pressing the elevator button and I shrugged.

"Sorry, man. I didn't hear you." *I must be falling apart not to hear him.*

He leered at me. "I just said, you seem to be digging the action, you know, fucking guys. You've developing a taste for it."

Alan needed to watch the way he was talking to me. He had an attitude I didn't like at all.

"Yeah, I enjoyed fucking you in the ass very much, Alan." I couldn't help myself.

He laughed then and kept jabbing at the down button like that was going to speed things up. He

reeked of onions now that it was coming out of his pores. He was smirking, checking the readout on his Blackberry, or as I liked to call them, *Crackberry*.

With quick thumbs, he started texting somebody and he looked back up at me. "Chicks really dig the gay-for-pay thing. I can't keep 'em off me."

"Really." I was finding that hard to believe, what with the stench of onions and his generally...unpleasant disposition. How weird. I'd just fucked the guy and had a whale of a time doing it, but I couldn't stand him.

He sneered at me now. "Yeah. And I see your little lady friend seems to really dig the lesbo route."

"What do you dig?" I asked him, thinking if I put the bite on him I'd be doing society a big favor, but onions in vast quantities gave me heartburn. And I thought *Nonita* showing up had been the last straw.

"I dig it all, man. I have to say though, you and Angelis...you seem to really groove to each other."

Maybe Alan wasn't so bad after all.

The elevator finally arrived and I couldn't think of anything clever to say as Alan cursed his cell phone's lack of reception in the small space. We rode in silence down to the hotel lobby. The

security guard unlocked the side door to the parking garage. "Hey man, that was a hot scene," he said to me.

"Oh, were you there watching us film?"

He indicated the monitor on his desk. Angelis was on a bed with Tank and I almost burst out laughing. They had the outsized guy dressed up in old-fashioned breeches and hose, a stupid hat on his head.

"What the fuck is that supposed to be?" Alan was laughing. "Fletcher Christian in a midget's outfit?"

"I guess they *are* trying to make him look like a South Seas explorer." I shrugged. "You couldn't pay me enough to wear tights."

Alan clapped me on the shoulder. "Well dude, since you're doing *Robin Hood* next, you might have a problem there."

I didn't know if he was joking, so I let the comment pass. It did give me a little thrill thinking about doing another movie with Angelis. We shot each one in about three days and, so far, had shot two in three weeks. I knew I could fuck him all day every day, and felt myself grow hard just thinking about it. On the monitor, a third guy entered the frame and I averted my gaze. I wanted to run upstairs and beat the crap out everybody and drag my man home with me. I couldn't believe how much I hated seeing Angelis with

other men. Would I ever get used to it?

When the security guard walked us like royalty to our cars, I gave him a fiver and he looked pleased. Alan gave me a finger wave as he climbed into his spanking new Prius. I got into my car and pulled out into the warm night air of *Waikiki*. God, even out on the open road, *I could still smell onions! His scent was still on my skin!*

I called my sister but got no response. I drove home, listening to a CD of Sonny Chillingworth, one of the late, great singers of the islands. His falsetto voice filled the air and I paid particular attention to the slack key guitar. Beautiful. Traffic was heavy only through *Waikiki* and I relaxed when I reached the misty, twisting *Tantalus* away from the madness, the endless shops. I loved going home.

Opening the moon roof to the night air, I craved a good long howl. Vampires aren't supposed to howl, or even want to howl, but I'd had some hot sex and now I was anticipating a hot date. It was the anticipation that I had not experienced for a long, long time.

In the driveway, I found my sister's beach cruiser and I parked beside her. The saddle was missing from the *lanai* and I guessed she'd gone up the hill to our ranch.

We never told our sexual conquests about the ranch. My aunt had filled once bright and airy

rooms with so much stuff it would have given me a headache, except that, like the house down by the beach, I was deeply attached to each and every item in there. There were ancient fertility gods carved out of sandalwood, long extinct on our islands, thanks to over harvesting for trade with China in the early 1800s. There were antique Tahitian bedspreads and, in the entrance hall, a magnificent Ray Jerome Baker photograph of a young girl my sister had developed from a tiny *cabinet* picture, many, many years ago.

Kalani had cut a *plumeria* stem, its pink petals dropping onto a *koa* sideboard from the vase she'd put them in with flaming red *ti* leaves. Red in our family meant death.

I walked through the house and out the back to the stables, once overrun with chickens, dogs, sheep and horses. We had never been able to bring ourselves to kill our chickens or sheep and they had all died of old age. There was conversation from the stable and I found *Kalani* kneeling in the stall beside Isaac. I was shocked to find Clancy with her. Isaac, the magnificent black stallion we had rescued from a horse sale on the island of *Molokai*, lay on his side breathing heavily. It was dangerous for a horse to lie down, their organs getting crushed that way, but it was Isaac's way of begging my sister to let him go. A catheter was taped to his forelock and he seemed to be in great

pain.

I put my hand on her arm. "Do you want me to do it?"

"Jimmy...I can't...I can't do it." She was sobbing now, the tears streaking down her chin. Outside, I caught Jose's eye. These days, the ranch foreman's job was relatively easy. We didn't have much to harvest, and what mangoes, oranges, bananas and taro we did harvest we ate or gave to our neighbors in the old *Hawaiian* way.

"Let's get him up." I nudged my sister gently. We'd never be able to move Isaac once he'd passed and I wanted his life to end the way she had planned it. The poor horse whinnied as we got him to his feet and our pathetic procession moved very slowly beyond the bananas and the coconuts to a dirt track that led to private trails in *Maunawili*. Jose walked ahead and we followed, down a slope, down...down...and I heard Isaac's soft cry.

"Where are we?" Clancy asked, sounding spooked.

"His favorite place," I told her and we coaxed the animal to lie down. All four of us stroked his beautiful ears, neck and mane and with his head in my sister's loving hands, Jose, *Kalani* and I began to chant, "*Aloha, uhane nui au*, you are loved, you are Spirit Greatness." Clancy joined in, her words a whisper, and then Jose handed me the

needle and I put it in the catheter, delivering the fatal shot that shadowed all of Isaac's pain and took him away from us.

My sister and I were the only ones who could see his majestic spirit soar and gallop away, beyond the veil from this world to the next. The end was so quick, his life force gone so rapidly, that I knew he would have died anyway, probably within the hour. But for my sister, respect and dignity were due the animal who had given her so much.

All four of us wept when Isaac closed his eyes for the last time. I put my hand on Clancy's arm, keeping my voice low and gentle. "Take *Kalani* inside. Jose and I will bury him." For a long time after the two women had left us, Jose and I looked down at Isaac.

"You go home too, Jimmy. I'll do this."

"No. He's my horse, too. We picked a good place, though, right?" All our animals were buried here, on high ground near the entrance to the sacred trail leading to the extinct *Koko Head* crater. It had been Isaac's favorite place to come visit, to raise his head to the wind.

We covered him with his blanket and I saw the ghosts of all our other horses. They'd come to stand vigil, as was the *Hawaiian* way. It was time. We started to scoop dirt over him. I found myself thinking it was time we filled the place with new

animals again, with love, with laughter and more sweet, beautiful horses for my sister to love.

* * * *

Back in the beach house, my sister was restless. She needed blood. As Clancy cooked dinner, I slipped away with her to my bedroom and offered her my services.

"But you're going to be naked. People will see the puncture marks," *Kalani* protested.

"Here. Take it from my arm pit." Man, she did not hesitate and I felt the sharp sting of her teeth as I let her suckle on me.

Then Clancy was calling, "You two want rice or potatoes?"

"Potatoes," I shouted back, hoping I'd remembered to lock the door.

"What are you two doing in there?"

My sister took her mouth from me just before I was about to push her away. My heartbeat was racing, my head spinning. We didn't bite each other too often, just out of necessity. She wiped her mouth, the color back in her skin.

"Thanks." Her body gave a little lurch.

"You okay?" I put my arms out to steady her, but she was smiling at me, her hands drawn to her chest.

"Oh! Isaac just entered paradise. I can hear him

cantering. Oh, Jimmy! He's so happy." I took her in my arms and held her. My beautiful, precious Heavenly Thunder. The woman with the perfect name.

"Dinner's ready!" Clancy's voice sang out and for a moment, I paused.

"Who does she remind you of?" my sister asked, regaining her composure now.

I looked at her. "She reminds me of mom. They have that same...musical quality."

"Let's play some of our old records." *Kalani's* eyes shone. She wanted to celebrate Isaac's safe passage. How had we become two such sad and lonely people?

"Okay, let's." I knew Clancy would enjoy listening to our music. It had been years since we'd brought out the old seventy eights and thirty threes. We had original, one-sided seventy eights of the last Queen, *Lili'uokalani's* Royal Band. Tonight, I wanted whatever would make my sister happy.

As if on cue, my cell phone rang. I checked the readout. What I wanted to see was *Angelis*, followed by a sexy message or his phone number. What I got was *Good News! Would you like to please the woman in your life? Tired of excuses? Let us help you! Call today for a penile enlargement...*

Cell phone spam...somebody up there had a wicked sense of humor.

Chapter Five

Clancy made roasted chicken with steamed *Cshumi* garlic potatoes, *warabi*, which are edible fern shoots with fiddleheads, and bitter melon from our garden. My sister and I were very impressed with the way Clancy found our exotic greens and even knew how to cook them.

"I had help," she confessed. "Jose told me how to cook them, but I think they're banging, even if I do say so myself." She speared a potato and grinned at me. I half fell in love with her in that moment. Clancy was looking around the candle-lit living room. "You do have the most interesting house I've ever been in. Each time I come here, I find there's something new to look at."

My sister beamed and gave me a penetrating glance. *Tonight. I want her tonight.*

Clancy was staring at a huge wooden shield that my father had brought from the Sepik River in Papua New Guinea. "Now, that's not *Hawaiian*."

"No, it's not." I broke into the bread Clancy had baked, handing some to my sister. It had a crumbly consistency. Damper, she called it, traditional outback Australian bread. I liked it. My sister was moon-faced watching Clancy take in the calabashes lining the sideboard, the lobster-claw *heliconia* in dizzying shades of pink and red *Kalani* had placed in chunky vases all over the large room.

"I feel like I've stepped back a century." Clancy allowed me to pour her more wine. "The walls are really amazing."

"It's uncut rock." My sister finally managed to get some words out now. I preferred to see her love struck than pining over Isaac. She needed this.

"All this *koa* wood furniture must be very valuable, no?" Clancy sipped at her wine.

"Perhaps, but to us it has great sentimental value." I put down the wine bottle and attacked the bread again.

"Could you see yourself living here?" *Kalani* asked her.

Clancy lowered the glass and looked up at her, the liquid staining her lips the color of blood. "Yes. I could." She glanced at me and blushed, and I covered her mouth with mine.

My sister made herself scarce and I broke off our kiss.

"I feel so bad for her." Clancy reached for my hand. "I know you do, too. You were fantastic to her when...when...you know..."

Nodding, I topped up her glass again. I hadn't planned on doing this tonight, but it was getting late and I was expecting a call from Angelis. I had to get this sexual show on the road.

"Leave the dishes. Let's go to bed." I picked up the wine bottle and our glasses as we sloped off to my room.

"I say, this wine is a bloody good drop. What the hell is it?" My little violinist looked at the label. "A sixty one Latour! Bloody hell. It *is* a good little drop!" She giggled in a drunken way and I took my time undressing her. I knew all her erogenous zones, though I admit with some guilt, after mastering their locations, I didn't often do much to satisfy them. I flicked a long lick across her breastbone, one of the places that sent her spirits soaring.

Her body arched off the bed. "Aarrghh!" I was thinking how I couldn't wait to really learn Angelis's body, learn what truly floated his canoe.

We spent a long time kissing and I went down on her, eating her to a crashing orgasm. I came back up to her face, holding the wine glass to her lips. She drank and I started to kiss her, holding her to me.

"Clancy, would you really do anything I asked

of you?"

Her eyes opened and blinked to a soft focus. "Well...um...what did you have in mind?"

"How would you feel about making it with another woman?"

"Another woman? Sure." She stretched out on the bed, like a contented cat. "I'll be honest. I've had fantasies about having sex with another woman. I'd be interested in a threesome with a guy too, you know."

"Would you now?" I let my fingers stroll across her belly, feeling her body's natural response.

"God, you know how to touch all the right buttons," she gasped.

"How about if we played with another woman right now?"

She gawped at me. "Right now? You are full of surprises today. Ummm...who did you have in mind?"

"My sister."

Clancy laughed until she realized I wasn't laughing. I was staring at her intently. She sat up on the bed. "Your *sister*? You make love to your sister?"

"God, no. I want the two of us to...bring you bliss. I want to watch you with her."

"Your sister?" She seemed dazed for a moment. "Your sister!" She lapsed into silence and I held my breath. "How...what...did she *say* she wanted

to...you know..."

"Yes." I shrugged.

"You mean, she's a lesbian?"

"No...well, maybe. I'd say she's bisexual...possibly she's gay. But the thing is, she's everything I'm not. She's a fantastic person...very physical. A great lover..."

Clancy frowned at me. "You're a great lover. Some of the time. Have you...have you shared people before?"

I nodded. "Once, a long, long time ago."

"Another woman?"

I shrugged. "Yes...but it didn't work out too well. It was...an experiment and not a good one, but it left me certain my sister loves women. She's very attracted to you and..." I sent a silent call out to *Kalani*. We were so connected, our minds and hearts so close, I saw her raise her head from her pillow and get up from her bed. "Clancy, I don't want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable, but it would turn me on very much to see you two together."

The truth was, it wouldn't. But it would solve one of my love dilemmas, that's for sure. I eased her back down on the bed and tried to kiss her, but her emotions were on red alert now.

"Who was the other person you shared?"

"Nobody you know. It was like a hundred years ago." It *was* a hundred years ago, but I

couldn't tell Clancy that. I let my hands roam her body, giving her soft kisses, nuzzling her jaw line, the other place that always drove her off the compass. I heard the soft tap at the door and felt Clancy stiffen momentarily, but then my mouth was on hers, my hand cupping her small, perfect breast and I felt my sister getting on the bed with us.

"Hi there." Clancy giggled, but then my sister's mouth was on hers and I watched the way they kissed each other. Damn. Maybe this would be erotic after all. I let my fingers trail down Clancy's belly as she and *Kalani* kissed each other with a burning hunger that shocked me. *Kalani* simply drank in the woman on the bed, her tongue probing her, and Clancy whimpered as my sister's tongue moved in and out of her mouth.

My sister must have been starved for affection. I hung back and watched as she took one of Clancy's nipples into her mouth and sucked it. The nipple hardened to a pebble and *Kalani* took command of Clancy's body now, her fingers reaching down to the sopping pussy that yearned for her touch. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. It might have been Clancy's first time with a woman, but she wasn't shy in sharing her body with my possessive, demanding sister whose face dipped down and began feasting on that hot little twat. Clancy's legs opened up to her and she lay

there, enthralled watching another woman eat her.

"Oh *Kalani*," she moaned. "That feels so good. Oh...oh...that's so good." She couldn't keep her eyes off the woman going berserk between her legs, yet she kept closing her eyes in ecstasy, then seemed to jerk herself back into watching the action. Damn. I might not have been here at all.

I moved off the bed, leaving them alone. I was restless now, happy that *Kalani* and Clancy had found apparent carnal togetherness. I had a feeling this was going to be a big thing for both of them. I wanted to find my Big Thing. I wanted a call from Angelis.

* * * *

He called me at three a.m. when I was asleep in my sister's bed. The sound of lovemaking from my room surprised me. Clancy had never been a noisy lover with me, now she was the star of her own porn movie.

"Are you fucking somebody?" Angelis asked me.

"No. That's my sister. In bed with her girlfriend."

"So...what, you're all alone?"

"Yep." I punched the pillow and rolled over to my side. "I'm glad you called."

A pause. "I'm with some people. Something

came up. I want to see you, but I can't. Can we get together tomorrow night?"

Some small bubble of hope broke in me. I recognized a brush-off when I heard it. Man, I was usually the one doing the brushing off. He was even using my line! I was starting to feel bad for all the girlfriends I'd treated in such a cavalier way.

"You still there?" he asked. I could hear music. A loud beat in the background.

"Yeah, I'm still here. Hey, look. Don't worry about it. We'll work together soon I'm sure, right?"

"Don't, Jimmy. I want to see you. I'm...I'm in a bind. I can't do it right now."

"It's cool, *brah*. I understand."

"Shit. No, you don't. Look, you can come down here, but things are a little weird."

"Weird how?"

"It's my ex's birthday. I'm popping out of his birthday cake in about forty five minutes."

I laughed. "I'd love to have you pop out of my cake."

"It isn't funny. I got roped into this. I'm gonna be naked, jumping out of a big cream cake."

"Sounds yummy to me."

"So come down here, but be warned. I...ah...won't be able to talk to you really until the birthday cake schtick is over. We're on the top

floor. Ask for the Craven party."

"Tell me where you are, Angelis. I'm on my way."

"If we're gonna do this, you should know my name is actually Tem. It's *Temeura* Tarleton. All my friends call me Tem."

"*Temeura*. That's a Maori name, isn't it?"

"Yes, my father's from New Zealand." God, now wonder he was so hot, a mix of all kinds of South Seas blood. A potent force, that's for sure.

"No wonder you're so beautiful, Tem. Now tell me where you are."

"Oceanarium."

"Oh, this I gotta see."

He groaned. "I knew I made a mistake calling you, you're never going to let me live this down."

"Yes, I will. *Eventually*."

He groaned again.

"Let me go get dressed."

"Don't put too many clothes on, Jimmy. I like your muscles. I like you half naked."

"Humph. Well, as soon as you're done with the cake popping, I'll take you someplace we can be naked. Or we can go eat. Whatever you want."

"I want naked."

"Naked it is. See you in a few, babe."

Oceanarium was a bizarre invention of some mad genius who bought a building on *Kalakaua* Avenue. The wrong side of *Kalakaua* Avenue with

no beachfront views, it was a three story, three hundred and eighty *thousand* gallon aquarium filled with stingrays, sharks, piranhas, reel fish and other venomous denizens of the deep. You couldn't escape the large, gliding sea creatures slithering along the pristine tanks lining the walls and ceilings of the restaurant.

I'd never eaten there, only had drinks a few years back with some girl or other. Some *Nonita* type girl, pre- *Nonita*. But now I was in one of my best suits and I was hunting down a cake-popping naked man. My cell phone vibrated as I entered the restaurant. I checked the readout. A text message from Tem...*R U Here?* I hate text messages. My spelling sucks and my thumbs are not quick on the draw. I picked out the letters *Y-E-S* and got a smiley face in return. My man was happy. Good.

The bottom floor was jumping with late night revelers and I took the elevator to the top floor, where things were a lot more elegant, the food more expensive and the Craven party alive and kicking.

"You Tem's friend?" a big burly guy asked me. I blinked. He could have been Tank the porn actor's double. I spotted Tank across the room. He *was* his double. Twins. I nodded and he told me to get myself a drink. I stayed back from the long table filled with a bunch of guys attended by

scantily-clad waiters in Roman outfits. Tiny togas, gold leaf shoes and head wreaths. It all screamed GAY!

I ordered a glass of red wine and checked the time on my cell phone. Three forty a.m. I was generally okay until nine a.m. if I wasn't running around in broad daylight. But then sleep overtook me and I was defenseless. It wasn't that I would turn to dust, I was just useless. Could I talk Tem into coming home with me? Should I go with him and slip away after a quickie?

They wheeled the cake out a few minutes after I arrived. Good timing. Singing, loin cloth-clad men accompanied it and as INXS's *Need You Tonight* belted over the sound system, Tem came bursting out of the cake in a red g-string. He moved across the dinner table in a mesmerizing stripper-dance routine, sliding along on his knees onto the lap of a big, bearded guy. Humph. He liked the daddy type. The guy removed the g-string with his teeth and he buried his face in Tem's groin for a moment.

I wanted to kill daddy bear. Then Tem sprang away from him, running from the room with laughter and applause following his hot, naked ass.

My cell phone vibrated. A text message...*Come back here*. Where was here? A waiter came out and led me to the bathroom where Tem was waiting

for me, covered in whipped cream. I kicked the door shut and we lunged for one another, kissing with total abandon. It was an all consuming fever, this need I felt for him. I didn't ever want to stop tasting him. I started licking him from head to foot, then got down on my knees and sucked his cock.

"Finish that at home," he hissed. "I want to be alone with you."

"Nuh-uh." I kept going. I couldn't have stopped. He was my drug. I was his *Nonita*. His Clancy. I was his whore. He started to fuck my face in earnest when he realized I was not going to give up that cock.

Nothing had prepared me for how good it would feel when he finally came in my mouth. I opened my eyes and saw him watching the way I gobbled down his juices.

"Am I really the first guy you ever did that to?" he asked, when the quaking stopped and I was sure the eruption was really over. He pulled me to my feet.

"Yep."

He grinned and gave me a nice, long kiss. He got dressed and I'm sure he felt uncomfortable with his skin all sticky, but he shrugged. "I live close by. I can take a shower as soon as we get home." *We. Oh, I'm in a world of hurt and I love it...*

I nodded, still savoring the flavor of him. Fish,

he'd been eating fish.

"How did you know that?" he asked, surprised. I hadn't even realized I'd said it aloud. He leaned over and kissed me again. "All I've been thinking about since you left the set was getting you to fuck me again."

"Me too." We grinned at each other like a pair of loons. Tem let me take his hand and we walked into the restaurant, but we didn't get far. His ex came over and held out his hand to me.

"Michael Craven."

I appreciated a man with a good, hearty handshake. I acted sociable. "Jimmy Thunder, nice to meet you."

"We're all going to *Hula's* for a quick night cap. Just come and have one drink, okay?"

Tem nodded. "One drink, Michael. Jimmy and I have plans."

Michael nodded, his eyes sweeping over Tem in a voracious way, and I felt myself following Tem with great reluctance outside the restaurant.

"Let's leave one of our cars at my place and head over in the other to the bar. I promise you, we'll stay for one drink." Tem's smile was encouraging, genuine. We waited for our cars and he stood close to me, one finger sneaking up to trace my jaw line. I badly wanted to kiss him, but then our cars were there. I took care of the valet guys, held Tem's door open for him, ran around to

my car and saw that Michael was standing by watching us, appraising me.

I followed Tem south of *Waikiki*, down the curve of *Kahala* and into the parking lot of Queen *Kapiolani* Park, which bordered on the *Honolulu* Zoo. I could hear an owl hooting and I smiled as I parked beside Tem and held my passenger door open while he climbed out of his car and into mine.

"Give me a kiss, Jimmy. I need it."

Of course, he got all the kisses he wanted. I pressed up against him in the front seat, our kisses and dry humping steaming up the windows. I hadn't steamed up a car since...I couldn't remember when.

"I love making out with you," he moaned and I voiced my agreement against his open mouth. I wanted nothing more than to be alone with him, but he rubbed my hard cock through my jeans.

"We have to go back, Jimmy. I promised." It was back to *Waikiki*. I had no idea what *Hula's* was and it surprised me. I thought I knew the island pretty well. Tem directed me to what I had no idea was the gay district of nighttime *Honolulu*. He told me to pull into the parking entrance of the Grand Hotel and we rode the elevator to the second floor to the hottest, longest-running gay night club in *Hawaii*, *Hula's Bar and Lei Stand*.

Who knew?

The club stretched over several rooms with a dance floor, big screens, lots of music, drinks and private little rooms with man-man couples making out and...I suspected more. I yearned to be in one of those rooms with Tem on my lap, my mouth on his, but he was taking my hand now as we walked into the main room, where heads turned and the air around his face received kisses galore.

I knew instinctively he wasn't going to ditch me for the fan love. He stayed with me every second, despite Michael and other men attempting to lure him away from me for a dance.

"You want to dance?" I asked him.

"No, baby. I want to sip a cocktail on your lap and look at *Waikiki*."

I had never been to a gay bar in my life and, despite the noise I was surprised to find I liked it.

"What do you want to drink?" I asked him as we sidled up to the bar.

"I'd love a Mai Tai. You like Mai Tais?"

Grinning at him, I couldn't help feeling absurdly happy. It was my favorite cocktail. We found huge, comfortable, black leather bound chairs just as another party was leaving, and Michael and his friends took up the other seats.

We moved from one cocktail onto our second and more people showed up. It was too loud to talk now and when *I Heard It through the Grapevine*

came over the sound system, Tem moved from his seat onto my lap, turning his face to mine, claiming my mouth for his. I could hear people talking over the music, but nothing else mattered but kissing him, feeling the heat between us, the urge in me to mate.

"Let's go," he whispered in my ear. We made our excuses to cries of *party poopers*, but we were in serious need of privacy. I noticed an empty room.

"No, baby." His hands encircled my arm. "Take me home and fuck me."

He didn't need to say another word. We were out of the building, parked at the zoo, crashing down the rose trellis gardens to his apartment building in six and a half minutes. I'd never been to an apartment there before, but I'd often wondered what they were like. We swapped a lot of hot kisses as Tem unlocked the door to his place. On the surface it was beautiful and decorated in a way I liked, but then it hit me. Something was wrong here. *Terribly wrong*. Something sinister and evil lurked here and I hesitated crossing the threshold.

I could feel it. A curse. Only the cursed understood a curse. It took one to know one. But I had no idea what this one was.

"What is it?" Tem asked as my skin began to crawl and my bones felt chilled. Here I was with

the man I wanted to be with more than anything. More than power or money, I wanted him. But who the hell was he?

“Tem, I’m sorry, but I can’t come inside.”

Chapter Six

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Tem dragged me across the threshold and the cold energy I felt from the doorway swept over me like rime ice. I recognized the energy as *obake*. A ghost. Okay, ghosts I could live with. I wasn’t afraid of the dead. I was more afraid of the living and the *undead*—as in other vampires, but I didn’t run into too many of those in *Waikiki*.

Tem’s apartment was decorated in the Japanese *kabuki* way. Very streamlined, modern. Elegant. Sparse. Holy clutter, Batman, my house would give this guy hives. Tem’s décor surprised me. I hadn’t expected this. I wasn’t sure what I expected...rock star posters taped to the wall? Bed sheets pinned to the window frames instead of curtains? He gave me the obligatory tour and as we walked by his bedroom, I saw it was the only nod to comfort, with a fantastic, comfortable looking proper bed and not, thank God, a damned futon. One door remained closed and I saw

instantly it had ectoplasm seeping around the hinges. Ah. The source of the haunting. Tem of course, not having a bat's vision like I did, would not be able to see the ectoplasm. I wasn't even sure if he was aware of the heavy presence in his apartment.

"What's in there?" I pointed to the closed door.

"Oh, that's my brother's room. His name is *Todah*. He's...away right now. You'll meet him."

Like a giddy girl, I warmed to his talk of the future, no matter how abstract. He said he wanted a shower after all that whipped cream.

"I want to bathe you," I responded, surprising us both. He didn't have a bath, only a shower, but we stepped arm in arm into the stall with the fabulous water jets coming from all angles, then took turns soaping each other with the awesome knobbly hunk of handmade oatmeal and seabuckthorn soap.

"This shower was definitely built for two." Tem gave me that boyish fuck-me look that had countless men all over the world creaming their jeans watching his movies.

We dried each other off and, naked, he took me by the hand into the pristine kitchen that looked like it was never used. He rifled a wine rack and extracted a bottle of red wine. So far, so good.

He opened it, pouring me a glass of a very good Joseph Phelps Insignia, 2002. I'd seen it in wine

listings and knew that it cost a hundred and fifty dollars a bottle. I think that's when Tem got my heart completely. We toasted each other, I complimented him on his choice of wine, and he leaned over and kissed me. To me, that was an invitation to get busy molesting him.

After just one sip, we were all over each other, and although that delightful-looking bed seemed to be calling out to me, I let Tem take command of my body right there in the kitchen. He bathed my body with his tongue. I rolled around on the kitchen floor with him. Damn. The floor smelled like apples. How did he do that?

"French floor cleaner," he gasped as my mouth and tongue sucked frenetically on his balls. "God, you give the best head. I still can't believe you're a novice." He let me carry him to the bedroom, but once we were in there he assumed control, working my ass with his fingers and tongue.

"One day I'm gonna fuck you," he growled.

"One day you can. Right now, I want to try something." I'd noticed three red roses in a vase by the bed. Thornless. Good. I'd never tried this trick on a man, but a few of my girlfriends adored it. I took out a rose and started running the petals over his body. He smiled at the delicate touch and I watched his nipples harden as the flower grazed his soft skin.

He was moving now as I pushed the flower

down his abs. Ah...that spot right there. I followed his involuntary jerk with my tongue and found one of his erogenous zones. I felt his cock stiffen against my elbow, but I wasn't ready to go there yet. I let the rose do its magic, twirling and flickering it all over his belly and groin, then heard him let his breath out as I got to the base of his cock.

Yes, I loved fucking him, but now I wanted to make love to him and I prayed for no interruptions, no interference as I began to study the relief map of Tem.

"Jimmy, please kiss me." He pulled my face to his with urgent fingers and I kept the rose moving up and down his long, thick, perfect cock until I got too jealous and wanted a little piece of it for myself. He propped himself up on two pillows to watch me, and as I bit off a rose petal, I caught his lusty gleam.

I got between his legs, put that petal on my tongue and let it roam over his cock, moistening the leaf at the tip, over and across his balls until I got to my target, his hot little ass. His legs were askew now and he was yelling out as I made a figure eight with my tongue on his sensitive ass hole, the sensation of the petal against skin too much for him. He started to come and I moved my mouth to the main course, swallowing his hot cock with glee.

He came so hard, as if in retaliation, holding my head to him. But it wasn't a domination or control gesture. I knew, instinctively, he wanted to come inside me, not to be parted for anything, and as I licked and sucked him in the waning seconds of his release, I wondered if I could keep fucking him on camera and share him with the world. *Don't think about that now. Just enjoy this moment.*

Tem's cock was sensitive after he'd come, but he told me he'd gotten used to having guys stroke or lick it for the camera. "In my private moments, I like just what you're doing, just holding it."

"I like just holding it...you're still hard."

His eyes grew dark and shiny. "That's what you do to me." He put me on my back and climbed up on me. My hot jockey man pointed my hard cock right where he wanted it and I took over, holding it as he took his time lowering himself onto me. I slipped into him a little at a time as he ground away at me, getting closer and closer to my hips until I was all the way inside him. God, I was going to come. I held off as long as I could, stroking his cock, which was bouncing on my chest.

This was actually a fantastic way to fuck him. I could reach his beautiful cock with my tongue and hand, holding his ass to me with the other hand, all the while exchanging hot, beautiful kisses. Then something amazing happened. His ass

muscles clamped down, imprisoning me and when I came inside him, I screamed out in pleasure. It was like walking into a golden light, a sensation I never experienced with *any* woman.

The pleasure was beyond the luxury of not having to pull out. Coming inside Tem was the most spectacular feeling on earth, and when he started to come again I sat up, scrunching up my knees so his whole cock was in my mouth. I was still inside him and I could feel his orgasm ripping through his muscular body.

"Oh...oh...Jimmy. Your mouth feels so good." He relaxed on my body and I held him to me. We'd been fucking each other since early evening and he'd had more sex than I had, but we were nowhere near spent. We started all over again, exploring, feeling, touching, sucking and finally I was back on top of him, his lovely, hard cock lying between us.

"I dream of your cock, I dream of how it feels to fuck you," I told him, and when I came inside him a second time I discovered another one of his erogenous zones, his left arm pit. I waited for that moment his ass claimed me and the feeling of being alive was right there, again and again, ours for the taking. I adored learning his body and when we fell asleep at seven a.m. we were spooning. Wicked, delicious, spooning. I couldn't remember the last time I'd spooned anybody.

At a quarter to nine, my body's vampire clock woke me. Time to leave. I woke my man with kisses.

He whimpered, holding me to him. "No, don't go."

"I have to go to work, baby. It's not that I *want* to go."

"Then call in sick. I want to be with you."

"I can't do that, darling. I have to work."

"What do you do?" he mumbled.

"I run a business."

He nodded, half out of it, his eyes closed. If we were at home in my bed with the curtains sealed to daylight, the house protected from any possible intrusion, we could have stayed entwined.

"Can I see you tonight?" I asked and his smile was so sweet I almost caved in and stayed with him.

"Yes. I'm not working. Jimmy, let's do something fun."

I couldn't stop kissing him. "I'll pick you up at seven."

"That's early."

"But I already miss you." I stroked his head and he burrowed into me.

"You do? Make it six forty five then." He gave me his mouth for one final kiss and I dropped a peck on his pecker, threw on my clothes, ran for my car, driving like a drunk away from Queen

Kapiolani Park and up a residential street to a spot I knew very well. I parked in front of a long stretch of fence outside a house whose construction had halted due to lack of funds some months ago, then climbed into the trunk of the Lincoln and embraced full sleep, dreaming of all the fun things I could do out of the bedroom with my naked prince.

* * * *

I was getting behind the wheel at sunset when I spotted an old Chinese man walking up the street in his slippers. He kept looking over his shoulder and I realized he was being followed. He looked terrified. The two guys trailing him noticed me and I walked right over to them.

"Unless you want trouble, get lost right now."

"Fuck you," one of them said.

Who did he think he was, *Nonita*? "No, fuck you." I grabbed them, clunked their heads together and they dropped like trees.

The old man stared at me. "Where do you live?" I asked him. He pointed a shaky finger at an apartment building and I walked him home. The poor old thing was shaking like a whippet.

"Thank you." He gave me a little, humble bow, his hands held in a prayer position. He was still shaking. "I try to get my exercise...I can only go

when my wife is sleeping. She is very, very sick...thank you."

I waited until he was safely inside his ground floor apartment and then I tossed the two unconscious would-be muggers into the trunk of the Lincoln and deposited them at the parking lot of the *Haunauma Bay* parking lot, a place well-guarded by the local *Aloha* Patrol. I clunked their heads again, ensuring they'd sleep a bit longer and left them to the capable hands of *Honolulu's* finest.

At home, I found my sister in a state of half sadness, half joy. "Clancy is wonderful...she's everything I want. Please tell her it's okay to love me. I need to be with her, Jimmy."

"Yes, yes." I was checking my watch.

She looked at me. "Where have you been? I've been worried."

"Oh, *now* you're worried." I gave her a gentle kiss on the cheek. I knew that her attachment to Clancy had been growing for the last few months and having her to think about took her mind off losing Isaac. "Sis. I have a hot date. I mean, a seriously hot date. And I don't want to have to worry about...blood."

"You've lost the thrill of the kill."

"No, honey. I never had the thrill of the kill. I just prefer to kill bad people if I have to exercise this option. I'm happy right now."

"How alike we are. Pathetic excuses for vampires." She lifted up her long hair and pointed to a spot behind her ear. I drew her to me and my teeth pierced her skin. I drank from her, holding her close until I felt her heart thundering and she pulled herself away from me.

She smiled at me, rubbing the puncture wounds at her ear. "Clancy and I want to go to *Molokai* this weekend and find another horse."

"Good idea. Maybe you should think about getting two. They'll be companions for each other."

She looked so happy then. "You wouldn't mind?"

"Mind? I would love it." When had time ceased to bring its earthly pleasures to *Kalani* and me? "Darling girl, plan on bringing back two horses that need a good home. I've got to get ready for my date."

"Are you going to bring him back here tonight?"

I thought for a moment. "I'm not sure." I really *wasn't* sure I was ready to bring Tem into my private world, for him to be here, to know my life. Even as I knew I very much wanted him to be the complete center of it. "Is it important?"

She shrugged. "I was just hoping you'd find time to talk to Clancy..." Her words fell between us like a cashmere throw and I hugged her. We'd

have to wait and see.

I called Blossom, the lovely Asian hostess of the opium den. I had something special in mind for Tem that evening. Something I hadn't done for many, many years...

"Ah, Jimmy-San." Her voice trickled into laughter, the kind of laughter F. Scott Fitzgerald once said people with money had. *Bastard!* He stole that line from me. I should never have taken that vacation to the mainland, never should have gotten drunk with him. Man that was a hundred years ago, forgive and forget ...

Blossom listened to what I had in mind and told me she knew the very place for privacy, perfection and utter romance. "You call my friend, *Osan*. He will be happy to help you. Any friend of Blossom is a friend to *Osan*." Great, she was telling me I owed her a favor. Oh well, I was a man falling helplessly, mindlessly in love. It couldn't be helped.

When I got off the phone, it rang immediately and I was delighted to find my naked prince on the other end of it. "Did you get any of my messages today?" he said by way of a greeting.

"No, Tem, but just hearing your voice put a smile on my face *and* made my cock hard."

He started to laugh. "I've been leaving messages for you all day. Don't you check that cell phone of yours?"

"Not during the day...sometimes. Today there was no time. Anything wrong?"

"No..." he hesitated. "Are we still on for tonight?"

"Of course we are. I just got through planning a very hot date for us. I hope you're not trying to wriggle out of it."

"Not a chance. I've never been much of a wriggler."

"I'll see you in an hour."

"What do you feel like doing?"

"I told you. I got it all planned. Wear something comfortable. Something sexy."

"Will I be wearing my clothes the entire date?"

"Not unless something goes horribly wrong."

He started laughing again and let me go get ready. I was getting the idea it wasn't any easier dating men than it was dating women, the sex was just hotter.

"You are the happiest I've seen you in a long, long time." *Kalani* reached a hand out to me and I kissed it. "Is he worth it?"

"Worth what?" I asked, curious now.

"Whatever you are going to have to do in exchange for whatever small favor Blossom's doing for you?"

"Yes." I was skimming through my messages. Six of them. He liked me. He really liked me. "I do believe he is."

"Oh Jimmy..." My sister threw her arms around me. "Do you think it's *possible*...do you think we could find happiness at last?"

"Keep the faith." I kissed her cheek and ran to the car.

I stopped by an exercise-for-home store in our neighborhood and bought a treadmill. The guy helped me load it into the Lincoln and gave me a cheery wave as I continued on my high, heading back into town to pick up my man.

At six forty five, I was at Tem's door and he opened it, looking positively edible in tight blue jeans over black boots and a tight black silk shirt tucked into his jeans, his long hair brushed out and gleaming.

We stood on his doorstep exchanging a long, wet, promising kiss and I felt our hardening cocks straining for one another through the confines of our pants.

"You want to come inside for a quickie?" he asked and the hardest decision I had ever had to make in my life was to say no.

"I think I'll make you wait." I took his hand and led him to the car. He didn't hesitate getting in, but then at night, it didn't look so bad.

"Where are we going?" he asked, the voices of monkeys from the zoo chiming in our ears. We both laughed, as if they knew we were up to...*monkey business*.

"I need to make a quick stop," I told him and he nodded. Tem smelled as fantastic as ever. It was all I could do not to drag him to the back seat and rape him.

"I've organized something...special. You don't have any plans for later do you?"

"Nope. I'm all yours. Oooh. You've got Taj Mahal. I love Taj Mahal." He slipped the CD into the player and that gravelly, sexy voice accompanied us the hill to the old Chinese man's apartment where we pulled up out front.

"Where are we?"

"I want to take a present to somebody. Do you mind helping me with the treadmill?"

"No...I was wondering what that was doing back there." Tem and I carried the bulky treadmill to the old man's door. "Who's it for?"

"An old man. I don't know his name." Tem was staring at me now. "I rescued him from two muggers when I left your place. He was out walking and they were about to jump him. He'll be safer using this."

"Wait a second. Is he Japanese?"

"How did you know that?"

"Most of the old folk here are Japanese. You know he will never accept this gift, right?"

"He won't?" I felt my spirits plummet.

"No, honey. We're gonna have to do a drop run. We'll leave it at the door, ring the bell and

run. That way he will have to accept the gift, save face and be safe."

"What did I do before I met you?"

Tem laughed and we followed his plan, crouching down out front as the old man came out, saw the treadmill, looked around, circled it, stood staring at it, circled it again and scratched his chin. His old, creased face broke into a huge grin and we watched him lug that thing across the threshold. It took some effort, but he finally got it through his door. Tem and I gave each other a high five.

"What a nice man you are." Tem kissed me as we got back in the car. "You're one surprise after another, Jimmy Thunder. Just one question, think he'll use it?"

"I hope so." I'd know soon enough. I'd keep my eye on the old coot and give him what-for if I spotted him on the street. We drove down to the waterfront at *Kahala* and the private *tatami* cottage I had booked for us, courtesy of Blossom.

Following the directions to a gated road, I stole a glance at Tem who was looking open-mouthed as we rounded a crest of rocks and pounding waves to a small, private Japanese hotel that had no signs, no names, and a breathtaking view of the Pacific.

"Jimmy...it's magnificent."

I had been guaranteed an oceanfront view and

now as I pulled up at the gate, two male *geisha*, very rare, prized creatures in the Japanese culture, opened our doors and bowed to us. I was thinking, *good thing there are no dead rats under the passenger seat*. One of them took the Lincoln, dwarfed by the car's massive interior, and I hoped he'd be able to reach the gas pedal. The other *geisha* moved like a wraith, leading us along a wooden walking bridge over a beautiful tropical garden to a room that was, indeed, on the waterfront.

It was an enchanting room with a low-lying table set for two, two massage tables waiting for us in the alcove beside it and *beyond* all this, a bed. Two more *geisha*, scantily clad in white loin cloths, bowed to us and indicated that we should undress and shower in the bathroom.

We almost tore each other's clothes off. We badly wanted to fuck but I knew we had to wait. It would be richer and more fun if we waited. I wanted to fulfill the fantasy I had in mind, so it was with very stiff cocks, under towels that hid *nothing*, that we came out and lay down on the tables. I turned my head to watch Tem's face as his *geisha* waved smoldering braids of ginseng and lemongrass over his back and then placed five warm lava stones from his neck down his spine all the way to the ass that I coveted. My lover groaned and opened one eye to look at me.

"Oh, my God. Did I just die and go to heaven?"

"Not yet, baby." My own moment of warm torment was upon me as hot rocks found their way to my back. It all felt so good, but what made it better for me was watching what they were doing to Tem. The *geisha* kneaded and pummeled him and I could tell his shoulders and back needed the extra attention they got. When those small strong hands made a final sweep down to his tail bone and the *geisha* told him to turn over, his anxious cock sprang into the air.

"Mmmm..." I leaned across the narrow space between our massage tables. "Somebody's massage needs a happy ending."

My lover laughed in a way that filled my soul with music as I quickly devoured that happy, come-slicked head, sending the blushing, giggling *geisha* into the next room to give us privacy.

Chapter Seven

Dressed in soft silk *kimonos* we were delighted to learn we were ours for the keeping, we watched the *geisha* prepare our dinner table for *kaiseki* dining. Tem sat very close to me, although there were three other sides to the table he could have chosen. I took his face in my hands and kissed him with great tenderness. I wanted to show him how much I wanted to care for him...not just fuck him. He closed his eyes. I hadn't realized how long his eyelashes were. I couldn't wait to learn every little secret to his soul as well as his body.

"What is *kaiseki*?" He leaned into me and I put my arm around him. He still felt warm from the massage.

"Lots and lots of courses...all seasonal foods. One course may be tea, another...just a piece of fish."

"How exotic. I've never eaten this way before. Jimmy...I have to say this is an amazing date.

You...you've blown me away. What made you think of doing this? You bring all your dates here?"

"Nope. You're the first." *A long, long time ago, I took a woman to a female geisha house...but I'm not telling you that, Tem.* Aloud, I said, "I got the idea from you."

"From me?"

"Yes. Your apartment, the way you've decorated it, in the *Kabuki* style."

"Oh, honey, that's not my style. That's my brother. He breaks things. He..." Tem's face took on a troubled expression. Just as quickly, he covered it with, "I like things. I like vases and flowers..."

Flowers. Tomorrow I would send him some.

"How old is your brother?" *Careful, Jimmy. Tread lightly now.*

"Twenty-two. He's seven years younger than me."

"You said he's away. Is he at college?"

"No. He's...he's in a special hospital. On the mainland. He'll be home in a few weeks."

"Hospital! Oh, Tem. Is it...very serious?"

He looked pained. "It's a kind of...teaching hospital. They run tests. We're not sure what's going on with him. ADD...maybe. A mental imbalance...we just don't know. But I'm not allowed to see him. My parents live on the

mainland now and even they're not allowed to visit him. He's allowed to call me..." His voice trailed away and I said nothing for a moment, hoping he'd tell me more, even though I was sure he'd said a lot more than he intended.

"I'm sorry, Jimmy. I didn't mean to get into all that..."

"Tem, I'm so glad you told me. But don't you think we should fly there and visit him?"

He blinked a couple of times. "You...you don't know what it means that you even said that." He lapsed into his gloomy thoughts again. "He's such a beautiful person, at least he was before the trouble started."

I stroked his back and felt him relaxing again under my touch. "Tell me about him, what is he like?"

He smiled in the fond way one does when talking about a cherished sibling. "*Todah*? He's a musician. He's so talented, Jimmy. He went to *Kamehameha* Schools and he has a gift for *Hawaiian* chanting and drumming. He...is...was...in his last year at the university of *Hawaii* here at *Manoa* and he was just a normal, bright, happy kid. Then we moved into the apartment and weird shit started to happen."

I knew then that the *obake* had come with the apartment and targeted *Todah*. I needed to make sure it did not go after Tem. Something *Todah* had

done, something in the bedroom...somehow he had connected with the entity. Had *Todah* summoned it? It was an evil entity and in order to deal with it, I needed to learn as much as possible.

For now, though, I had to bring the light back again for Tem. "Well you'll love my sister. And my house. She fills the house with flowers and vases and...lots and lots of things."

He perked up. "I would love that! When can I meet her?"

"Um...well...how about tomorrow night?"

"Cool! I'm shooting a scene, but after that?"

"You're shooting a scene tomorrow night?" It cost me plenty not to add, *without me?*

"Are you jealous?"

"Jealous? Me? Of course I am."

"You'll get more work."

I almost choked. "It's not the work I'm jealous of, Tem." He laughed and leaned into me again, as if he knew, just *knew* he'd get rewarded with a kiss.

Our *geisha* came out holding a tray with two delicate cups in fine, almost translucent white china and placed them in front of us. We lifted the lids and the scent was so intoxicating it made us both woozy. Lemongrass and lime tea. We sipped the hot liquid, and within minutes, the second course arrived.

Tem was in a state of expectant bliss as he lifted

the lids of both our tiny black dishes and for a moment the scent of the snapper sashimi, snapper *shirako*, a grilled, salty version, and fried *soramame* beans swamped our senses. Our *geisha* indicated through action, not words, that we were to pick the bowls up, put them to our lips and swallow. The effect was staggering. Crunchy, smooth, juicy, firm, fried and raw. Unbelievable.

"Can I ask you something, Tem? And I'm not judging you believe me, because I'm doing it too, but why do you do porn?"

He shrugged, toying with the empty dish in his hand. "I don't feel judged by you. I've been doing it for about a year. My ex...Michael."

"Cake boy?"

He smiled. "Yes, cake boy. He...we...well, he loved the idea of me doing it. He produces movies and he got me started. Part of why we're no longer together is that he doesn't enjoy sex alone anymore. He'd rather have cameras and lights." He shrugged again. "What about you?"

I looked at him, wondering how on earth Michael would want to share this demigod with *anybody*. "I think because I was meant to find you."

His mouth opened, but then our *geisha* were back. We grinned foolishly at the luminous green of the next two bowls. The color enthralled us. Tem was like a little boy, anxious to open his gifts,

our gifts, and when he lifted the lids we found a white milky soup with an amazing, warm scent.

"White *miso*," our *geisha* said. "Very rare. From Kyoto."

I looked up at him. "Thank you." I picked up a bowl and held it under Tem's nose. The *geisha* nodded encouragingly as he inhaled the aroma and I held it to his lips and he swallowed.

Tem's eyes remained closed. "Oh, Jimmy." He shook his head as if coming out of trance. "Taste." Tem took another sip and put his mouth to mine. We kept eating this way, from one cup, or each other's mouths, and I kept kissing him. I just couldn't keep my mouth or hands off him.

We loved the *Kyoto Egg*, a perfect, boiled egg with a still-liquid center. We couldn't believe how good that was.

"That's like custard...very pure, very clean. Almost sweet, don't you think? How do you suppose they cut the egg in two without the yolk bleeding into the egg white?" Tem asked me, but I was as clueless as he. We gushed over the next course of bamboo sushi. The stems arrived on a bamboo platter like little parcels we had to unravel. Inside were shrimp, which naturally we shared. The dishes kept coming until the *geisha* brought us the last course in a long, mysterious-looking lacquered red box.

"What's in it? What's in it?" My excited boy-

man lifted the lids, oohing and aahing over the perfect *mochi* ice creams. There were round rice-paper dumplings of green tea ice cream with red bean sauce and *Daigaku Imo*, fried sweet potato dipped in honey. There was a small, spouted container beside it. "Oooh, what's in that?" Tem's hand reached for the lid and I caught his fingers just in time.

"That's for me to know and for you to find out." I kissed his fingers and I looked up at the *geisha*. "Thank you. You can leave us now." Once we were alone with nothing but the ocean as witness, I started untying his *kimono*.

"This is my idea of dessert." I started nuzzling his throat, trying not to think about how nice it would be to sink my teeth into him. If I made him my mate, we could feed on each other, love each other, *forever*. We took our final tray to the bed, where I'd asked to have red rose petals scattered on the bed sheets. He gasped when he saw them.

"Lie down, baby." I kissed the back of his neck and he obeyed me, his cock already flying at full mast. I told him to remain on his right side, facing away from me and he turned to look at me.

"Please take that thing off. I want you naked too."

I nodded and removed the robe, his eager hand stoking my proud erection.

"You have such a gorgeous body. I love your

muscles, Jimmy."

I felt my chest puffing out like some ridiculous caricature from a Charles Atlas commercial. I got on the bed, and lying very close to him, I removed one of the *mochi* and fed him with my fingers. I watched the way he licked the red bean sauce and I hoped one day he'd lick my blood that way. We worked our way to the sweet potatoes and I told him to close his eyes. I held a small fried wedge smothered in honey up to his nose.

"Inhale, darling." I kissed his shoulder as he took a deep breath and I saw the smile spread over his face as he bit into the morsel in my fingers. Then I took them away even as he was still licking honey from them.

"Do I still keep my eyes shut?"

"Especially now." I kept my mouth at his ear and I picked up the small, covered jug. Good. It was still warm. I smoothed back the hair away from his ear, tilting his head to the angle I wanted and held the pot under his nose. Complete trust. He hadn't opened his eyes and I waited for the scent of the honey to reach him. It didn't take long.

"Mmm, that's yummy."

I poured a drop, just a drop behind his ear and he moaned when it hit his skin. I licked it and kept moving down the entire right side of his body. "Turn over, baby." He turned over, and this time I had him move his left arm up so I could put a

drop under his armpit. He went crazy then, grasping and pulling at me, flip-flopping on the thousand-thread count bed sheets, his cock leaking in my hungry hand as he started to sob. "Oh God...nobody has ever made me feel like this."

Pouring the rest of the honey on my fingers, I gave them to him to suck and bent my head to take possession of his cock with my gluttonous mouth. He sucked on my fingers with the same fury I did his hot, hard piston. When he came in my mouth, it was better than honey. It was the taste of everything we'd eaten.

It was the taste of love.

Lying side by side, kissing, licking, touching, I felt so much joy when he fell asleep, his head on my chest. I had no idea how we were going to top this night and I had no idea how I was going to cope with the idea of some stranger, probably several, invading his body the next night. But, for now, he was with me and he was safe. I hoped he felt loved, even though no such words were said.

"Where did you come from?" he suddenly asked, his fingers raking down my chest. "Where did you come from, Jimmy Thunder? How did you find me?"

"We just got lucky, I guess. You spotted me in the shower that day."

He chuckled. "Is that what you thought? I've

had my eye on you for months."

My arms tightened around him. "Months? And you never said anything? What took you so long?"

"Nerves. It took me that long to get up my nerve. I didn't really want to get you into porn, I knew you were straight and I just didn't think you'd date me."

I bent down and kissed him. "I hate to say it, but probably you're right."

"How do you feel about it now?" His hands were moving down to my cock.

"How do I feel about what you're doing to me?"

"No. About doing porn."

"I never want to see you with another man as long as I live." *There. I'd said it.*

He laughed. "They all say that. Every single guy I've dated. But actually, they get a kick out of it."

"Not me. I can't bear it. I know it's what you do. I am not going to make a big deal out of it, I have to learn to live with it because I like doing the work with you...but it's like a knife in the gut thinking about some guy hurting you...using you."

He looked up at me, his eyes searching mine, his voice husky. "You really mean that, don't you?"

"Yeah." I rubbed my eyes and I felt his hand

moving down my body. "You don't have to do that."

He glanced at me, startled. "But I want to suck you. I want you to fuck me. I don't want this night to ever end. I don't want to think about you going back to women."

"Women? Are you joking?"

"I know you're dating that idiot *Nonita*."

"Not anymore. That's over."

"What about the Australian girl...what's her name, Clancy?"

"That's over, too."

"I saw you with her a few days ago."

"She's involved with my sister now."

"Your sister is dating your girlfriend?" He looked amused.

"My ex-girlfriend, yes. I kinda...got them together."

"You got them together? So it's really over with her?" He looked happy now.

I looked at him. He *had* to know I was all his. "From the second I fucked you, yes." I pulled his face to me. "Let me tell you now. If you let me, all our nights will be wonderful. I want...I want to try and work things out with you, see where this goes. If you want to, that is."

Tem laughed then. "Yeah, I want to, Jimmy. I'm scared as all shit, but I think I'm falling for you."

Dang. So that made two of us.

Chapter Eight

“You’re a beautiful lunatic.” I was laughing, reaching my head out the window of the Lincoln to give Tem another goodbye kiss. Three times I’d driven away, and each time he’d called my cell phone saying he needed another kiss. We’d had no sleep, but I was heading home to catch up on my zzzzs and Tem...well, Tem did not want to spend the day alone.

“I have to work, baby.” I’d told him this many times.

“What kind of business are you in?”

“I run a business empire.”

“That sounds mysterious.”

“It’s not. It’s very boring.”

“Well, why can’t you have a *bring your boyfriend to work* day?”

“I will, baby. Very soon.”

Now I was kissing him again, and at last he let me go. He had told me as we sipped tea in bed that morning at the cottage that he had started

shooting his movies at night because his boyfriend had wanted his days free to spend with him.

"If I can't be with you, I may as well do the movies during the day so we have our nights free."

"Don't do that. Honey, please, just give me a little time. We've just met." I was trying not to stress. I wanted to enjoy the buzz our night together had brought me. I did not want him to see me in my bad state, when I was weak and vulnerable. Being that way brought out a grumpy side of me.

One block after I drove away, he called and, of course, I circled back.

The laughter on his face, the kick he got out of seeing me come running, took the grump right out of me. I pressed down the window control. "Come here." He dutifully poked his head in the window and covered my face with kisses. "I'll pick you up at six."

"Six? The shoot doesn't start until eight."

"Aren't I allowed to exercise my option to take my boyfriend out for a pre-porn cocktail?" I pretended to pout.

"Very much so." He gave me his mouth again, I gave his ass a good feel-up, and this time when I drove away he did not call me back. I drove and drove, checking the cell phone readout. Goddamit. And I called *him* a lunatic. I circled back, but he

wasn't outside his apartment. I parked in the zoo lot. The monkeys were laughing at me again. The day was already hot. Seven thirty a.m. but I still had time before I officially became useless. I walked up the garden path to his door, which was ajar. I pushed it open, felt that frisson of frigid air, and closed the door behind me. I disliked leaving Tem alone here with this...entity. But, I knew it was not Tem, who had connected with it. I walked to Tem's bedroom and he was lying in bed naked, a look of pretend grumpiness on his face.

"You took your time."

"Let me make it up to you." I strode toward him and felt ridiculously pleased to see the smile on his face matched the one between his legs.

He was watching the way I hungered for him. "Oh baby, don't you know this body belongs to you?" he whispered.

* * * *

When I got home, my sister was pacing. She hardly ever stayed up in the mornings. "When are you going to talk to Clancy? She thinks you're seeing another woman and it's driving me crazy. You *have* to tell her about your boyfriend. Come clean, rip off the Band Aid. Tell her you're gay. How was the date, by the way?"

Couldn't she tell? I was over the moon about

Tem. "Sublime. I really, really like this guy, *Kalani*. He does something to me." *All kinds of parts of me.*

"So, when am I going to meet him?" Her tone had turned tender. She could see I was enraptured.

"Actually, tonight. He wants to meet you."

"He does? You must bring him home for dinner. Oh my, I'll need to polish the silver, and what should we eat?" She looked so happy I pulled her to me and hugged her. "Mmmm...I can smell him on you." She held her nose to my throat. "Oatmeal, roses and sex."

I'd have to remember that. The smell of me and Tem, *oatmeal, roses and sex*. My cell phone vibrated and it was him. I hit the button and said, "Hi, baby."

For a second, he didn't speak, but I could feel him smiling. "I didn't expect you to answer." A pause. "I meant to ask you, what should I wear tonight, to meet your sister? What does she like?"

"She likes leather." I was joking but Tem was distracted now. "That's the other line, it's my brother."

"Go talk to him, I'll see you this evening. I can't wait."

"Me too." And then he was gone. I wanted to talk to Tem about his brother, but I recognized the need to tread carefully. I did not want to alienate him or upset him anymore than he already was.

"You're worried about him, why?" my sister asked as I switched off the phone.

"I told you. He brings out things in me I thought died a long time ago." I shook my head. I didn't want to be sad today.

"You feel protective of him."

I looked at *Kalani* and nodded. That was exactly how I felt. About Tem and the brother I believed might actually be in mortal danger.

"Then I do, too." Dear, darling *Kalani*. She went off to the kitchen singing. I went off to my room to catch a little rest, but not before I took a good look around and did some revamping. I was going to bring out the French milled bed sheets I'd been saving and open boxes of candles. *Flowers. I hadn't sent him flowers.*

* * * *

The scene was the cockpit of a plane. I was the captain, he was my co-pilot. He was supposed to seduce me mid-air. At least—now that Tem, as Angelis, had done his diva routine and had me replace the actor who was supposed to be the pilot—that was the threadbare plot.

We had the use of somebody's small plane in a hangar and lots of jokes were flying around about how *I'll never fly that airline* and *This gives new meaning to flying the friendly skies*. There was a new

nervousness between me and Angelis now. I hadn't been expecting that. The plane was so small it was hard to move around in the cockpit, what with the director and a skeleton crew in there with us, but the second I felt Tem's warm breath on my face, I forgot everything and everybody.

I held him on my lap, and things were so intense between us our kisses started fogging up the windows.

"Man, I've never seen that before." Our director Billy was chuckling. But Tem and I were in a zone. I couldn't wait to fuck him. We weren't Jimmy and Tem. We were Thunder and Angelis and we were two fucking machines, ready for some porn star fun.

He started undressing me and I practically ripped his shirt off. I couldn't resist licking the spot on his abs that I knew sent his psyche into somersaults and I heard Billy murmuring his approval.

"Reverse cowboy...nice!"

Angelis climbed on my rigid cock, facing away from me, and put his bare feet on the consul, riding me like a horse in the Kentucky Derby, pretending to land the plane in the middle of a rip-roaring orgasm.

When I started to come, he pulled off me and got between my knees, holding my cock to his cheek.

"Oh yeah, that's it, come on his face. Oh yeah, that's beautiful." Billy kept telling me to come and then Tem seemed to forget he was Angelis. His eyes closed and he was about to put me in his mouth, he was about to ruin the money shot, until I jerked out of the way. As my lover turned accusatory eyes on me, I ran my cock across his lips, clubbing his pouting mouth gently, making Billy go nuts with joy.

After we cleaned up and Angelis went back to the cabin for the next scene where he had to calm *the passengers* and get gang-banged for his efforts, Billy took me aside.

"Is something going down with you two?"

"What's the matter?" Angelis was beside us now.

"Is something going on between you two?" Billy asked again.

"Yeah. Is that a problem?" Angelis looked pissed.

"Are you kidding? You're giving me gold. It's hot shit what I'm seeing. I just hope it stays that way."

Angelis and I looked at each other. "Hey, we just want to fuck each other, not fuck each other up," I assured Billy.

"Speak for yourself," Angelis joked. "I plan on messing with you until you're a stuttering wreck."

"Aren't they cute?" Billy asked Bull, who just

raised his eyes to the friendly skies.

I didn't go into the cabin and watch the gang bang and I couldn't be a part of it, since even though we had a laughable excuse for a plot, somebody had to pretend to be flying the plane. The stewards were busy servicing turbaned terrorists in the galley. I could hear the happy, fucking sounds from the cabin and I fully stopped breathing. For a moment, I felt light headed. I thought I was going to be sick. The sensation got worse. I felt a metallic taste in my mouth. *Oh, God.* I was picking up on Tem. I was so tuned into him now I knew he wasn't enjoying the fuck I couldn't see – and couldn't bring myself to watch.

God I wanted to take him home, take him away from this life. These feelings were so new for me, for a moment, I allowed myself to enjoy experiencing them. I knew our bond was deepening. If we became life mates, neither of us could cheat...*one step at a time, Jimmy.* My emotions swung like a pendulum. I was pleased he was faking the fucking...but wasn't happy that he wasn't enjoying himself. I couldn't stand it. I had to look. I quietly opened the cockpit door and saw my love taking one guy in his mouth while another one fucked him in a semi brutal way. I had never wanted to kill two people more in my life.

It was too much for me to handle and when

they took a short break to move Tem to the floor, I watched him wordlessly move wherever Billy instructed and I walked out of the open door down to ground. I paced, feeling Tem's stomach muscles cramping. I knew now he was getting fucked doggy style. The anguish stayed with me even when I knew he'd come and that he was okay. I worked hard to keep a blank look on my face until Bull strolled past me.

In a calculated way he grinned. "Man, that Angelis sure likes to get his butt plugged, doesn't he?"

My man was third guy down the stairs and I took him in my arms, kissing him. He was trembling.

"Why did you leave? I looked everywhere for you. I thought—" I took that beautiful face in my hands and kissed him. His heart was racing and when my tongue went into his mouth, I was hit with that metallic taste. The guy he'd been required to service was a drug addict. It was in his spunk.

"I will never leave you, Tem. *Never.*" His hands held mine to his face. "Let's go home, baby. I want to wash them off you."

We drove back to Tem's and he sat right up close to me, my arm holding him tight though it was damned illegal. No cops stopped us. The gods of heaven and the underworld had turned a

benevolent eye on two men newly in love.

At his apartment, the chilly demon was aware of me now, intrigued. Contained in *Todah's* room, it needed its Keeper to emerge but it was moving now, whispering a language I didn't understand. I only knew I was not letting my man stay here a second more than necessary.

Tem didn't mention the bad taste in his mouth or that he hadn't enjoyed the last fuck. We washed each other in the shower with that wonderful soap of his and when I got to his rigid cock, I sighed. It was my favorite thing in the whole world. Tem squirmed with pleasure as I squeezed and stroked it.

"Tilt your head back, baby." He obeyed me and I washed his hair, massaging his scalp and when he was squeaky clean and really turned on, I knelt under the hot shower spray and sucked him off. Tem went berserk in my mouth and I was rewarded with a fresh load of man cream. Oh, boy was I beginning to crave that stuff. He pulled me up, throwing himself into my arms. I resisted fucking him. I just wanted to nurture him. We dried each other off and he pushed me into the living room.

"Go wait for me. I want to make myself beautiful for you."

"You *are* beautiful. Don't make me leave you."

Tem relented and I watched him dress, looking

sexier than ten demigods in black leather pants, black leather vest, black leather wrist ties and silver bracelets only a guy like Tem could pull off without looking like a screaming queen. It made me very glad I was taking him to a place with a bed, because I knew I'd want to have him in it before the evening was through.

I was nervous about him meeting *Kalani*. Before I'd left the house I'd instructed her to get rid of Clancy for the evening so we could deal with one introduction at a time.

Tem was an excellent passenger. He let me drive as fast as I wanted. It was clearly understood. I had the wheel, he had control of the music, and he wielded the CDs like a DJ—changing tracks, changing from one CD to the next, then back again. I was so half crazed with *Temeura*-itis, I didn't care what he did as long as he gave me kisses at every red light. That was another unofficial rule.

"We have to get your stuff on an I-Pod, Jimmy." He slid another CD into the changer.

"Let's do it."

He smiled. "Do you know what an I-Pod is?"

"I should. I own the computer store down at *Ala Moana* Mall."

"You do? Man, I thought you might be a loan shark or a hit man or something."

I felt jumpy. "What makes you say that?"

"You've got that virile man thing going on, but you also have that edge of quiet danger."

I glanced at him. "Is that a bad thing?"

"Jimmy, it's a major turn-on."

"So why would you think I wouldn't know what an I-Pod is?"

"This might sound silly, but you are...I don't know, like someone from another time and place. Chivalry isn't dead, it drives a disgusting-looking but pretty far out Lincoln."

I laughed then and he swung his feet around, putting them on my lap. "This is why this is a cool car. You've got the original leather bench seat!"

Stroking his feet with one hand, I kept the other on the wheel. "Tomorrow, I'm taking you to the shop and I'll let you pick out I-Pods for us both. We should get one for *Todah* for when he comes home."

"You don't have to do that." He reached over, putting his hand on the back of my neck.

"How about if I *want* to do that? How about if I want to do that very much?"

"Then I guess we're going shopping for I-Pods." The silly grins stayed on our faces all the way to *Makiki*. "Oh, smell those pines!" Tem's face turned up to the open moon roof. "Oh, this is amazing Jimmy. I've never been up here and I've lived my whole life in *Oahu*."

We paused at different spots where he could

see the lights of the city and I pointed out the small, extinct volcanic craters, the various trails leading through almost virgin forests. We got out and he could see, from one vantage point, the incredible vistas of the few properties, including mine—although I didn't tell him it was mine—stretching down to the ocean.

"You are teaching me an island I never knew. An island I'm falling in love with, Jimmy."

Back in the car, I looked at him. "Give me your feet." He swung them back onto my lap and I turned the car down the last stretch. Taj Mahal started singing *Moku La'a*, Sacred Island. In that moment, *Hawaii* became at last for me a *very* sacred island.

He didn't say anything as we pulled into the driveway. He took his feet off my lap and stared at the lit-up beach house, which looked more joyous than it had in years. I felt his tremor of fear.

"What's wrong, *Temeura*?"

"Maybe we should wait."

I stared at him. "Wait for..."

"What if...what if she doesn't like me? What if she doesn't want you dating a guy who does porn?"

"My sister lives with a guy who does porn, remember? Besides, *Kalani* wants to meet the man who's turning me into a st...st...stt...stuttering wreck." That got him laughing again, so I stole

myself a kiss and we walked hand in hand to the back door. *Kalani* came to greet us right away on the *lanai*, looking elegant and regal in a long, traditional burnt orange *Holoku* dress.

Something, a recognition of souls...I don't know what, but something happened. She instantly connected with Tem in a way that made my heart sing. They adored each other. He gave her a magnificent yellow ginger *lei* he'd bought her during the day, and for a long moment she stared at it in its long, cellophane box.

"Oh, Tem. It's beautiful! Too beautiful for me to wear." Was she kidding?

"But you must wear it, it's perfect with your dress. Here, I'll put it on you." The scent was pungent as he opened the box and lifted that beautiful work of art, a *lei* crafted like an ancient *Hawaiian* cape of royalty, over *Kalani's* head. For several seconds, Tem and I just stared at her.

"What?" she laughed.

"You could be Queen *Lili'uokalani*, don't you think, Jimmy?"

"Absolutely. *Kalani*, you look lovely. Don't I have a beautiful sister, Tem?"

She hugged us both, then looked at me. "You didn't tell me he was so gorgeous."

"Yes, I did. I believe the words I used were *drop dead* gorgeous."

"You two are fantastic for my ego." Tem had

his arm around *Kalani*, who was gazing up at him, awestruck.

"Yes," I went on. "I told you I can't keep my mouth and hands off him...Clancy!"

My little Australian spark plug stepped out to the *lanai* and looked from me to Tem, a nasty look on her face.

"Jesus bloody Christ. It's true then. You're *bloody* gay."

I fought off the urge to jump in my car and drive away fast. "Yes."

Clancy stood there, hands on hips, looking Tem up and down. "Shit! I knew it! I knew you were gay!"

Thanks a lot.

Clancy was laughing now. "And all the time I thought I was ugly! And you're a bloody shirt lifter!" Was she having a breakdown? What was she doing here? *Kalani* was supposed to invite her tomorrow night so we could talk...I could apologize. Now she was cackling like a mad old hen. "God, I could never figure out how to get him to...oh! You rotten bloody bastard!" she slapped my arm. "I should bloody hate you, you know. Mind you, Tem *is* a bit of hot crumpet. Love the threads, mate."

Tem smiled, but there was tension between them. My sister shot me a guilty look.

"I'm sorry," I gulped and Clancy slapped my

arm again. “No worries. I promise you I haven’t peed in your food or anything.”

That broke the ice. Everybody laughed but me. I watched the two women corral my man into the house, both of them feeling his ass up in his leather pants, and I felt childishly enraged. This was going to be a bloody long night.

Chapter Nine

It wasn't as bad as I thought. The four of us got along very well. Tem was charmed and charming, the girls produced an impressive meal of perfectly cooked *ono* fish, *Kahuku* sea asparagus, red leaf butter lettuce from our garden, and bread pudding made with our own taro. The conversation flowed, though I did catch the occasional hurt look from Clancy, who over dessert suddenly said, "Your sister is bloody awesome in bed, Jimmy."

Tem almost choked on his wine while I mumbled, "I'm glad." Then Clancy blurted, "But I wish she had your cock."

"Thanks a lot." Now it was my sister's turn to feel the sharp needles of Australian honesty.

"Oh *Kalani*, you're *sensational* in the sack. You make me pop every time. I've never done it with a Sheila before and it's...amazing." She looked back at me. "But do you think you might wanna, you know...pack your pork in me occasionally?"

Tem was laughing now. "What a wonderfully bizarre expression!"

Pack my pork? "No. I don't."

"You're not being fair, Jimmy. I'm not *that* ugly, am I?"

I looked at her, exasperated. "You're not ugly at all. I adore you. I just don't want to fuck you. I'm sorry."

Tem stepped in with, "Why don't you buy a strap-on?"

"A strap-on!" The women exchanged lusty looks. "Where do we buy one of those?"

Oh God. I could *not* believe I was having this conversation with my sister, her female lover, and my boyfriend.

"At a sex shop, of course." Tem sounded very matter of fact.

"Where do we find one in *Honolulu*?" The women were looking at me but I had no clue.

"Wait..." Tem was hysterical now. "You do porn but you don't know where the sex shops are?" He put his wine glass down, because he was in danger of spilling the contents everywhere. I didn't personally find this all so funny.

"What do you mean...*porn*?" Clancy was all over that one.

"He didn't tell you?" Tem stared at me, shocked. "Ooops."

"But you hate sex." Clancy shook her head.

"You can never *wait* to get it over with."

Could this get any more humiliating?

Tem stopped laughing. "Are you joking? Are we talking about the same guy?" He was looking at me in a different way now. "Jimmy's the most sensual man I've ever been with. Jimmy..." he knew now that I meant what I'd said at the *geisha* house, that I wasn't interested in women. Suddenly, I knew he needed to be alone with me as much as I needed to be alone with him.

He put his hand on my arm. "You were telling me the truth last night at the *geisha* house..."

"Not a word of a lie." Staring at each other intently, he still seemed stunned, emotional...and then Clancy pounced on our private conversation.

"*Geisha* house? He took you to a *geisha* house? But you're gay. Why would you want *geisha* girls?"

I glanced at Clancy. "They were male *geisha*."

"Bloody hell! Male *geisha*! In *Waikiki*!"

"Is there a female *geisha* house?" my sister was excited now.

I took my eyes off my lover's face for a fraction of a second. "I'll find out."

Tem leaned closer to me. "Where's your bedroom?" We got up together and Clancy pulled at Tem's arm.

"Nooo...I want go to the sex shop! Please go to the sex shop with us!"

Tem tore his eyes away from my face. "Give us half an hour."

"No!" I shrieked.

"Sweetheart...I took her cock away from her, I really should replace it. It's the least I can do." He smiled at Clancy. "Give us an hour and we'll go find you a new toy."

"What do I wear to a sex shop?" Clancy asked.

"You're dressed perfectly. Now...let me go get the frown off my man's face."

Just being alone with him was all the aphrodisiac I needed, but Tem was a man on a mission. He yanked down my pants the second I closed the bedroom door and he produced an old fashioned lollipop from his pocket. He unwrapped it, put in his mouth, then into mine. I tasted chocolate and berries. It went back and forth for a couple of minutes. He gripped my ass in his hands as the sucker fell from his mouth and I scooped it up with mine.

"Suck it for me," he whispered. I did and, for some reason, I got harder and hotter. He spread me on the bed, taking the sucker out of my mouth, running his tongue all over it. He ran it over my legs and thighs, following up with his tongue until he got to my ass.

Tem's breath felt warm, and knowing the taste of that sucker, when he started licking my ass with the same intensity he gave the sucker, I began to

feel wonderful. God, the way that thing moved in circles over my ass hole, followed by his tongue, I felt delirious, warm, hot, hungry. I wanted his fingers in me, and to my way of thinking, *the old way of thinking*, my ass had always been an exit.

The head of the lollipop was right up against my ass hole now and I was humping it and then...*bliss*. One finger entered my ass and his mouth moved to my cock, giving me the most mind-bending orgasm that blew the lid off my world as I knew it. I was holding his hand to my ass, keeping his finger there as I exploded in his mouth.

What the hell was happening to me?

Tem came up to kiss me. "You think that felt good? Nothing beats a cock in your ass. And I promise you, the day I fuck you, I will make you feel like a god."

I held him to me, knowing I already loved this man, that I could no longer live without him. "If Michael came back and wanted you...if things were different and he didn't need the lights and cameras, would you go back?"

Tem laughed, putting the lollipop back in my mouth. "Not even if he was the last man left on earth."

* * * *

We all piled into my sister's snazzy Trans Am. Cool. That meant I could snuggle with Tem in the back seat. Twenty seconds later, we all piled out again.

"I know the Lincoln sucks, but all the cool music is in there," Tem insisted. I got grumpy because that meant I had to drive, and now my sister and Clancy were clowning around in back.

Looking over my shoulder at them, I glanced at Tem. "That could have been us."

He reached over and kissed me. "I think I'll make you wait." Having my own words from the night before thrown back at me sucked even worse than the Lincoln. Tem put his feet on my lap, directing me to the store from Punchbowl once we were back in town. On *Kapiolani* Boulevard, he told me to look for Action Adult Books and Video. We found it all right, but I was surprised by two things—Action was spelled Aaxtion, and that the store existed and I'd never seen it.

There were two stores in one. Backseat Betty's was the naughty lingerie and toy section, so we started there. I wondered if old Queen *Kapiolani* was having sleepless nights in her grave knowing there was a *Mega Sex Emporium*, as the store advertised itself, on the street named after her.

"Toys!" Clancy rubbed her hands together. The girls' heads practically swiveled off the compass.

They were dazzled by everything they saw. Tem drew immediate attention from a few of the male customers. He was either oblivious or was aware of it and deliberately ignoring it. I wondered if this happened to him a lot and it drew out the vampire in me in a big way. Mr. Protector kicked into gear and I found all my senses engaged. I took a careful look at everyone, but saw no immediate signs of danger.

Tem commandeered the fake dick corner. He seized about the biggest cock I'd ever seen in my life. It came with a harness attached to it. "This is it. This is about the size of Jimmy's cock."

I smiled at him. "You're flattering me."

"No honey, if I was flattering you, I would have picked this one." He grabbed a hefty looking thing that was the size of a barge.

"Now we're talking!" *Kalani* inspected the barge with some authority.

Tem shook his head. "I don't think that's going to make Clancy feel very good. Unless you like the idea of giving her a tonsillectomy while you're screwing her."

"We'll take the smaller one then." My sister did not look thrilled.

"Here. You should also try this double-dildo. You'll love the texture of it, almost like the real thing." Tem shopped with the girls as men drooled over him across stacks of books, DVDs

and an amazing collection of bottles of Jungle Juice. Jungle Juice, or poppers as they're known around the club circuit were used by some of the guys we'd worked with on our movies. Tem never used them and I'd never tried them. They gave you a swift high, but I soon learned the guys who used them never got erections, and Tem told me they play havoc with your immune system.

"Jimmy, I found something fun for us to play with...oh look, it's our first movie together!" And there it was, under New Releases. I was shocked to see the two of us on the cover, almost naked in that nightclub scene.

"My God Jimmy, you two look hot together." My sister was studying the cover now and two guys rushed over, begging *Angelis* to sign the magazines they'd just bought with him naked on the covers. He was friendly but not flirtatious and signed happily, posing for a photo with one of the guys, as the other one snapped the shot with a camera phone.

"I knew it was you!" A third guy sounded smug. "I love your movies. Oh...can you sign the DVD cover if I buy the new one?"

Tem said he would, then slipped his arm around me. "Get used to this, honey. It's going to be happening to you next." I hadn't thought about any of this, how little I knew about the gay sex industry, but I *did* know this—Tem wanted to

leave and I steered our little group to the counter to pay for our purchases.

I whipped out my credit card, but Tem insisted it was his treat. "Product replacement," he whispered huskily and I just had to kiss him.

"What did you buy for us?" I asked him, but he just smiled like a cat and said I'd have to wait and see. Back in the car, the girls rummaged through their purchases and Tem put his feet on my lap.

"Let's go and have a nightcap!" My sister was all excited now.

Tem looked at me and shrugged. "I'm game."

I fired up the Lincoln. "Would you be very upset if I said I want to be alone with you?"

"Crushed," he grinned. "Don't you want to go and have some fun?"

"Yes, but the party is in my pants, waiting...very...patiently...for you."

His eyes glowed. "I know a place we can get a killer scorpion for four. Then you'd better take me home and ride me, cowboy."

Chapter Ten

I woke up at four o'clock the next afternoon, gingerly greeting the approaching sunset. Tem was not in bed with me, and I remembered now — that damned drink. I couldn't remember driving home, or making love to him again. I'd driven him to the gym at some point...yes, and then we'd come back home to bed.

Voices. In the living room. I flew out of my room and there he was, sitting around the table, drinking tea and talking to the girls. He gave me a sunny smile and I grinned at him in a loopy way.

"You're here." *I didn't even act this way when I was a teenager.*

"Did you know you sleep like the dead? Of course I'm here. I've only been waiting *all day* for you to wake up." He reached his hands out to me, pulling me to him and dropping a kiss on my bare belly. *Naked.* Geez. I forgot about that.

"*Kalani's* like that. Sometimes I put my ear to her mouth to make sure she's breathing." Clancy

was laughing now, but I was woebegone. I wanted Tem back in the bedroom.

"So." He looked up at me. "What'll it be? Coffee, tea, or me?"

"You, of course."

"I think they're worse than we are." My sister was leaning across the table, kissing Clancy before we'd even left the room.

"What happened last night?" I asked him, peeling his clothes off. Actually they were my clothes, a T-shirt and jeans. They looked sexier than hell on him.

"We had a scorpion at Fusion and then we came home and had some rockin' great sex. You don't remember that?"

"Of course I do," I lied. "But did we go to the gym?"

"Yeah." He laughed. "We got to the parking lot but came home, we wanted to fuck so bad. Don't you remember that?"

"It's the gym part I forgot. Now I know why. We didn't do anything there. God I love waking up and finding you in my house." I took his face in my hands and kissed him.

"Jimmy...do you have a sleep disorder? I mean...it's just...you scared me. I thought you were dead."

Oh, no. Not this. It had been many, many years since I'd let a lover sleep with me during the day.

"A family thing." I shrugged. *I can't let this happen again, not until I'm ready to tell him the truth...but can I ever tell him the truth?*

He smiled then. "A family thing, huh? Well, I guess every family has its thing, right?"

"Absolutely. And would you like to see the thing I have for you?"

He glanced down between our legs. "Would that be the thing sticking out at me, begging for my attention?"

"Yeah! You know what sweetie, I think you might be psychic!"

My beautiful man laughed and took my cock into his eager hands. Oh yeah, he was psychic all right.

* * * *

Tem and I spent every available moment together. He wrapped up another movie a few days later and we celebrated with a moonlight dinner for two down at the beach outside our house. We sipped champagne, ate cold salmon and asparagus, and almost got washed out to sea in the middle of an incredible lovemaking session.

"That's not a bad way to go," Tem laughed, sputtering. "But I'm too young to die."

I know a way you can live forever and ever. "Yes, you are. Way too young." I put him on my lap and

we picked up exactly where we'd left off when Mother Nature interrupted us.

"Jimmy?"

"Yes, baby?"

"You really do hate watching me with other men, don't you?"

I hesitated, but he was in my arms, his legs wrapped around my waist, and I had been waiting all day for this moment, when I had him to myself. "I hate it more than I can say, but I know this is what you do. I—"

"You never watch, but you come to the set and wait for me. I love knowing you're there. I...feel so...safe when you're there."

"Oh, Tem. I love making you feel safe. If you let me, I will always be there."

"I'll let you." He tightened his legs around me and I covered his face with kisses.

The next morning, we finally hit my computer store at the *Ala Moana* mall down in *Waikiki* and I encouraged Tem to go crazy picking out I-Pods and skins and a laptop for him to download music for all of our family members.

"What about a laptop for *Todah* when he comes home from the mainland?"

Tem hesitated but I wanted him to pick out something nice for his brother. He leaned into me, oblivious to all the stares in the busy store. "Jimmy, why didn't I hit on you the first day I saw

you?"

"At least you finally did." We registered all of our purchases and took our Apple bags out of the store to meet Billy Flamingo for early drinks before meeting the girls for dinner. Billy wanted to talk to us about a special project.

"You really trust me with all these computers and I-Pods. I mean...wow, Jimmy."

I looked at Tem. I so badly wanted to say, *Trust you? I love you!* but all my instincts raged at me to keep something back, to not give him my entire soul to stomp on, just yet. So I simply said, "Of course I trust you." It was enough, it made him happy.

Tem had suggested *Holokai* Grill on the beach walk because it was brand new, but then we passed the Outrigger *Waikiki* Hotel and Tem looked at me.

"We have to call Billy and change the meeting place. We have to go to Duke's."

"Sure darling, anything you want." I took my cell phone out of my pocket and looked for Billy's number. "Any special reason why?"

"Because I have to go to Duke's with you, Jimmy. I have to kiss you there." God, the things this guy said to me.

"Are you insane, saying stuff like that when I can't do anything about it?" I grabbed him and planted a big one on him as people milled around

us, somebody muttering, "Get a room," which sounded like a plan to me.

If you like the beach and if you like good tropical drinks, and if *Hawaii* is in your blood in any shape or form, sooner or later you will come to Duke's and pay homage to the Godfather of Surfing. And if you have any romance in your soul, you will come to where the Spirit of *Aloha* will leave your lover breathless, wanting to be taken home and...but no, we were meeting my sister. Dessert would have to wait.

All my romantic fantasies jumped the shark in the Outrigger's lavish lobby, when Tem stopped outside the island resort store, where tourists paid too much money, and I, Jimmy Thunder, would never be caught dead or undead in...until now.

"*Aloha*," my spirited companion told the store assistant, a man wearing a toothy grin, a screaming *Aloha* shirt and a fake *kukui* nut necklace. *Why?* I wanted to scream. *Why* wear a fake when the real ones are everywhere?

Tem dropped the computer store bags at his feet. "We want His and His *Aloha* shirts."

No, we don't!

The sales assistant grinned and brought out one set of garish shirts after another. Could my stylish boyfriend possibly be joking? Yes! That had to be it. It was going to do nothing for my street cred, walking around in matching shirts with another

guy. Tem was holding up a shirt that felt silky-soft to the touch. My thoughts came to a screaming halt. My days as Jimmy Thunder, womanizing man about town, were over. Just like that.

Tem was nudging me. "What do you think?"

I think I like not being me anymore, but you will never, ever get me to wear an Aloha shirt, especially one that matches. Never! "I am really much more of a vintage shirt guy." *Ha! Nice save, Jimmy!*

The salesman beamed. I could see dollar signs glinting off his store-whitened teeth. *Ka-ching!* "Ah, man after my own heart. We just happen to have a few lovely vintage Duke *Kahanamoku* shirts."

"Vintage Duke! You don't say! It's fate, isn't it baby?" Tem picked out the only pair in the pile, ripped off the leather vest that kept me drooling over his body and covered it all up in a vintage *Aloha* shirt.

Billy and his partner, Luke, were waiting for us. They'd snagged a table right on the ocean front. I saw their momentary surprise at our His and His *Aloha* shirts, but then I remembered these were two gay guys who would probably think it was cute.

"You're adorable!" Billy jumped up, hugging us. "Luke, don't they look cute?"

Tem looked so happy that I packed my inner grinch away. The atmosphere at Duke's was

electric and so was the action in my pants, what with Tem interfering with my person the way he was. Suddenly I was craving blood. I ignored the urge and agreed to Tem's suggestion of a Mai Tai.

"Do you know what Mai Tai means?" Tem asked me, pulling his chair closer to me. Any closer and he'd be doing a lap dance and I'd be inside him. He'd unbuttoned the fly on my jeans and was having his own private party down there. Using the menu to hide my growing erection, I extricated his probing fingers and I put his toys away.

"No, I don't think I do." *How the hell was I supposed to button my jeans now?*

"It means *The Best* in Tahitian. It's the perfect drink for you, Jimmy, because you're the best."

"How cute!" Was Billy ever the gay cruise director when he wasn't working. "Listen, sales on the DVD are hot, hot, *hot*. We want to shoot a special Angelis and Thunder DVD...just the two of you, maybe one threesome, you know how ridiculously popular *ménages* are, but really package it as a lovers' special. All location stuff, I'm thinking maybe *Kauai*. Somewhere romantic and lush, some indoor and outdoor stuff."

Our drinks arrived and my spirits soared. Just the two of us, maybe a third? Oh, hell *yeah*, I liked that idea.

"What do you think, Jimmy?" Tem looked

elated.

"I think it's a fantastic idea." We all clinked glasses and Tem's face clouded. "I need to wait until my brother comes home. I want to make sure he's settled."

"Absolutely," I agreed. We had to present a united front.

"We can do it in a couple of months." Billy had a *Kauai Today* brochure out now. "They celebrate *Kamehameha* Day then. This year all the *hula* troops are having a huge event on *Kauai*. I thought we could shoot some of it for the DVD."

"Geez, Billy, that sounds like you actually want to make a decent movie, maybe even some art." Tem raised his glass to him.

"Don't get too excited. It's a one-off, but man cannot live without stretching his piggy nature at some point." Billy looked at us. "Unless we do such kick-ass sales, we end up doing more Angelis and Thunder movies."

"I could live with that." I grinned at everybody, loving the idea of not having to share Tem or Angelis with anybody else. Whatever happened, whatever it took, I'd make sure we shot the best, the hottest sex scenes in history.

Tem leaned forward. "I don't want to shoot another movie until we go to *Kauai*. I want to spend some time with Jimmy."

"Fine with me," Billy shrugged.

Ultra fine with me. As Billy and Luke drifted off to shoot some porn back at the still-under-construction hotel, I asked Tem how he felt about canceling dinner with the girls and getting a room here for the night.

"Nooo...I don't want to ditch our chicks, I want to have dinner with them. Besides, I live down the block, you know. We can run home, have a quickie, then meet the chicks." He put his arms around me. "But I'm not going anywhere until I get a really nice long kiss from you."

I held him to me, settling in for some serious lip locking against the backdrop of rolling surf, *tiki* torches and a live band belting out a kickin' version of *Beyond the Reef*, when I caught sight of her out of the corner of my eye. God, maybe if I didn't look up, maybe if I just kept kissing Tem she'd walk right on by.

Nonita.

But no, the little witch stopped right at our table and tapped me on the arm. "*Aloha, Jimmy.*"

I reluctantly broke off the most fantastic kiss I'd ever shared with anybody.

"Hey, *Nonita.*" Tem grinned at her and she gave him a cruel smile.

"I just wanted to let you know, you and me, Jimmy, we're gonna have a baby!"

Chapter Eleven

“We’re going to be daddies!” The girls, who had happily been watching the waves from their spectacular waterfront table at Bali By the Sea, hadn’t seen us coming.

“Daddies?” Clancy asked.

Tem nodded. “Jimmy’s been a naughty boy. He knocked up *Nonita*...”

“*Nonita*?” My sister was looking at me. “She’s having *your* baby? That’s impossible!”

“I know.” I shrugged, holding out a chair for Tem.

“You mean you really are shooting blanks?” He looked at me. “You mean we’re really not going to be daddies?”

“No, we are really not.” I couldn’t believe how crestfallen he looked.

Clancy mercifully changed the subject. “Look at you in your matching shirts! Oh, *Kalani*, I want matching dresses!” She was fingering the fabric of

Tem's shirt. "Wow, it's so soft, like butter."

He nodded happily. "Vintage Duke *Kahanamoku*. I know where we can find you some vintage *Hawaiian* dresses. We'll go tomorrow, right after I go with *Nonita* to see the doctor."

I groaned. "I told you, sweetheart, it's not mine."

"But what if it is? That child will need us. She's a lunatic. That baby's going to need a solid family around it. No child of ours is going to grow up like *Rosemary's Baby*. I can just see little Jimmy growing up shocked to find that pole dancing is not just something Santa does once a year."

Pole dancing? Little Jimmy? A solid family? Two gay porn stars, a family of vampires, and a ghost curse I still haven't identified. Yep. The American dream!

"Tem, you're such a sweetheart." *Kalani* looked at him with so much *Aloha* that it poured liquid sunshine right over my troubled thoughts.

"Thank you, you are, too. Oh, look..." He reached into the breast pocket of my *Aloha* shirt. "Div got the number of the *geisha* house for you."

"Div?" I looked at him, startled.

"Yes. *Kalani* finally got around to telling me this morning that your real name is *Ho'ano*, Divine. It's such a beautiful name. And it's poetry. Divine Thunder. I want a pet name for you, a private name, but I'm not calling you Ho."

I laughed then, the girls shrieking, "Ho!" I

kissed him and he broke away from me, saying, "So, that's why I picked Div."

"Do I get a pet name?" *Kalani* asked him hopefully.

"No, honey, that's Clancy's job. I've got my hands full here, you know. Not that I'm complaining."

Div. I didn't care what he called me. His hand was back under the table, and this time I let him enjoy the party in my pants. I wanted long, slow nights with him, I wanted to peel away the outer layers of style he had. I wanted to know that substance that kept coming to the surface more and more every day. I wanted dinner over with so I could be alone with him, *talk story*, as we said on the islands. I wanted to get that stupid shirt off him and lick every inch of his body. And take my time doing it.

Aloud I said, "Fine with me. Are we ready to order?"

Alone in our bedroom that night, I thanked him for what he'd said to Billy, for wanting to spend time with me.

"Ohhh, Div. If only you knew...it's getting harder and harder to do scenes with other guys. I..." His gaze moved over my face. "Div, I love the idea of doing a movie just the two of us."

"I do too, baby." *You have no idea how much...*

"Hey, it's time I showed you the toy I bought us

that night we went shopping with the girls."

"Oh, I forgot about that. Can I get you naked first, please?"

And Tem, beautiful Tem got naked in record time, handing me a small black box. I opened it to find three silver rings on a little black strip of leather.

"They're love rings," he told me and immediately started attaching them to me. The biggest one went around my scrotum. It felt snug and surprisingly, when the other two snapped around the base of my cock, I was rigid. The leather strap was rubbing against my perineum and the sensation when Tem started licking and sucking my balls was unbelievable.

"Now fuck me," he commanded, but I was on fire.

"Put your finger in my ass! Put your mouth back on me!" He hurried to give me what I wanted and I felt that familiar, small jab of pain as his finger went into me, then bliss flooding my system. *My God.* "What is that, why does it always feel so good?" I kept moaning.

"Because." He took my mouth off my cock for a few seconds. "I'm massaging your prostate. But let me tell you, Div, the best prostate massager in the world is a cock."

"Are you trying to tell me something, baby?"

He nodded and I had him on his knees in

seconds. I plowed into him, the feeling of all the restraints on my nether regions both sublime and almost unbearable. I felt his joy as I reached his high places, and I both feared and anticipated the moment he finally chose to take possession of my ass and reached mine.

* * * *

Nonita spurned Tem's efforts to help her. She never returned his call about going to the doctor with her. I didn't believe for a moment that she really was pregnant at all. He tried many times and as the days wore on and I found new ways to distract him from thoughts of hand-sewing diapers for *Little Jimmy*. I got creative. I took him for walks around our property and he fell in love with it. We picked melons and peaches and brought them home, making breakfast for us and the girls, who were having a pretty raucous time with their new toys.

Tem grinned at me. "That's how I feel when you're fucking me."

"Yeah? Would you like me to make you feel like that right now?"

He nodded. "I'll make us a bed tray." He tried calling *Nonita* again. I had offered financial support on condition the kid was mine, but ignoring Tem's calls and his text messages told me

a lot. I don't think she'd bargained on Tem wanting to help her. She certainly hadn't counted on him being so excited about being daddies with me that he would be texting her with suggestions about vitamin supplements and going to Lamaze classes with her.

After he texted her asking if he could organize a baby shower, the next time he tried reaching her the number had been disconnected.

Personally, I was falling for him hard. He was turning out to be lovelier and lovelier each moment. "I'm so disappointed," he said, back in our bedroom. "I was looking forward to getting ready for a Baby Thunder."

I cheered him up with a ride on my old motorbike with the sidecar I'd forgotten about until that morning. We gave her a polish, gassed her up, then screamed and laughed as we roared across Round Top Mountain, through thick bamboo forests, a ginger jackass pool, its water a bright green.

We took a switchback mountain trail past *Nu'uaniu* Stream into another switchback of Norfolk pines. We might have been in Switzerland.

"You should have told me to bring my lederhosen," Tem screamed over the engine and took another switch back through a dense forest with all kinds of trees. I slowed to a put-put-putter

as we passed ferny, wet rocks to an *uluhe*-lined and *ohia*-framed meadow filled with flowers of dizzying color and tiny, red-billed Pekin robins, skittering among the foliage. It was a blast.

Tem was overcome by the beauty of it all and I shut the engine off. "These birds can only be found here," I told him. "Very, very few people even come here. I have a closet full of topographical maps. I want to show you everything."

"Can we lie in the meadow, Div?"

"We can do whatever we want." We found a nice shady spot, I held him in my arms and we drifted to sleep, counting butterflies.

Back home that night, Tem who was very comfortable in the house now, did some exploring and found my aunt's old Singer sewing machine. Nobody had used it for years and only my sister understood his technical jargon and delirious pleasure in the mechanics of the thing. He took it into the living room, sewing dresses for the girls, running up a pair of leather pants for me that hid *nothing* from the imagination.

"I want you to wear these with no underpants. We're going back to *Hula's*," he told me the next night. I was vampire putty in his hands. Once again, I put the bite on my sister so I wouldn't have to stress about blood.

Tem was getting used to my absences during

the day. I pretended I was working and slept in the locked basement of the *mauka* side house with my sister. I was able to do well on six, seven hours of sleep, she needed at least eight. My increasingly short *work* day meant not having that time with Tem was no longer an issue. A good thing too, considering all the time we spent together.

So we got into our leather pants and leather vests that night and hit *Hula's*. He loved showing me off and I loved being with him. We got on the dance floor and found we danced well together. We had rhythm in bed and out. We never made it home that night. We took a room in the Grand, my cock in his ass until nine o'clock the next morning.

At nine, I fell into an almost drugged sleep and he shook me awake.

"It's Sunday, Div. I want to go to Duke's for brunch with my friends. I want you to meet everyone."

"What time?" I mumbled. *Please don't tell me noon.*

"We usually go at four."

Thank God. "Four. Perfect. Call the front desk and tell them to wake us at half past three."

"But we'll have to pay for another night. Let's take a shower and check out now and take a walk around."

"I need sleep. Please, baby. I've been fucking you all night."

"No, you haven't. A gentleman should know how to fuck as well as make love to his man, and you did both."

"Thank you, sweetheart. Now call the desk, tell them we'll pay for a late checkout. I need to sleep with you in my arms. Please, Tem."

At four p.m. still half conscious, I was sitting at a shaded table at Duke's on the beach, thankful for the first time in my personal history for His and His *Aloha* shirts. Mine hid a multitude of sins, such as the world's tightest, most revealing leather pants. My sweetheart leaned into me and I inhaled the scent of oatmeal, roses and sex on his breath and skin. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him *I Love You*, but I settled for, "I want to do this with you every Sunday." That brought a smile to all the beautiful contours of his face.

"I want every day with you," he breathed. "Can you deal with that?"

I nodded. Could I be any happier? Clancy and Tem hanging out at our house made my sister and me happier than we'd been in a century.

Over the coming days, *Kalani* and I took turns sucking blood from one another in snatched moments, enough to keep us going. I didn't want to be out hunting and neither did she. We double dated sometimes, and others Tem and I picnicked in the garden, on the beach by firelight, in our bedroom, or drove to the north shore for *Kahu*

shrimp, fucking each other's brains out in the Lincoln.

One night on a full moon, we went cruising along the entire windward coast, winding up the *Pali* lookout, and Tem jumped up, pulling his feet off my lap. "Park on the edge of the cliff, darling." I did as I was told. He told me to turn the engine off, but to keep the music playing.

"Stand up on the seat. Put your head up through the moon roof, Div." Again, I followed his orders. I felt the night air on my face, breathing in the scent of *pikake* jasmine and felt his fingers undoing the zipper on my jeans and then, praise the Lord, his warm breath on my cock head.

His tongue was loving me, a delicious charge with the wind whipping my face. I braced myself as I felt my cock harden fast, moving past his cold lips into his searing, wet mouth as the song on the I-pod shifted to AC-DC.

Normally this type of music isn't my thing, but having my cock sucked by the man I loved, his fingers and tongue, teasing, urging me to come to this hypnotic beat-trance was more than I could take. His finger slid into my ass, his other hand stroking my balls as my whole cock slipped down his throat.

You shook me all night long!

He coaxed and sucked and licked me to an orgasm that felt like I was high-diving off that *Pali*.

He topped it with a kiss on the top of my cock and I got back into the car, dragging him into the backseat, rocking his world, one song at a time.

* * * *

Tem discovered the delights of *Makiki's* little market gardens. He and Clancy loved to shop and cook for me and *Kalani*. It was always a feast of local things they found on our property and on their shared ventures to the market gardens that sold organic fruit and vegetables, wild-caught fish and chicken in the mornings.

"There's a woman named Dakota who came for a visit from the mainland thirty two years ago and never left." Tem pointed to a fragrant bowl of steaming vegetables. "These twisted cluster beans are from her garden. It's all she grows and sells. She makes enough selling on Mondays and Wednesdays to do nothing but paint the rest of the week."

"She paints?" I sampled the delicious beans, which Tem had stir fried with lime and *Molokai* honey. "Have you seen her work? Is it something we should buy?"

"It's ghastly," Clancy declared. "She paints nothing but wobbly, weird pictures of chilies. She's quite a character, but let's not encourage her insanity."

My sister and I had never been a part of this world and it was exciting and fun to have laughter and music again in our house.

We had two new horses, *Ku* and *Lono*, named for two of the major *Hawaiian* gods, and Tem was crazy about them. They were a nice distraction when he got the news that *Todah* would be undergoing tests for another ten days. He doted on those animals, he doted on us, and he and Clancy started their marketing on horseback, if you please.

One night, after dinner, I took him naked on horseback along the beach, surprising him with champagne and a French Kiss melon fresh from our garden. French Kiss was a wonderful hybrid of cantaloupe and *charentais*. One melon was the perfect size for two lovers.

"What do you think?" I asked him as he licked the sweet juices from my face.

"Very juicy, very, very sweet. But I've had better French Kisses."

"You have?" I asked as he pulled my mouth to his.

The days stretched into weeks. Six weeks of long, beautiful nights together. When he and Clancy weren't getting their heads together over romantic dinners, Tem and I enjoyed private late night explorations of romantic places on the island that I'd forgotten, delighting in one another over

hours of lovemaking and of fucking. Tem and I never argued about anything, *ever*, no matter how much time we spent together.

And then a couple of nights before *Todah* was due to return, he did something very strange.

"I need to talk to you about something."

"What is it honey?" We were in our bed, covered in sweat, having spent several hours fucking. I was in that state of feeling like I was still coming, half asleep.

He sat up on the bed, shifting away from me. "I want to have lunch with my ex, Michael, tomorrow."

Lunch. God. I never had lunch. I couldn't have lunch. How was I going to explain it to him? I should have seen this one coming. So far, I'd skated by beautifully with Sundays at Duke's. Now this. I felt like I had to man-up and be there for him. I would find a way not to feel the sunlight.

"Okay, let's have lunch with him." I could hear the cringe in my voice.

"No, I don't mean you, too. I mean, he wants to have lunch alone with me."

Boy, was I not thrilled, but hey, at least he was telling me about it. "Okay, I guess I can understand that."

"No, you don't understand. He keeps calling me and he wants to see me. I don't know what

else to do."

I came out of soft focus into clear picture. "I already said it was okay. Have lunch with him. I really appreciate you telling me. I—"

His voice got loud. "I just want to do something on my own! You're always working during the day."

"I spend almost all my time with you. Tem, are you trying to pick a fight with me?"

He looked taken aback. "No!" His voice got small. "I knew you'd act this way!" He stormed out of the house.

I was in no mood or any real shape to follow him. I punched my pillow and wondered what the hell I'd done to make him want to run out on me. I realized I'd done nothing. It was all him.

Picking up my cell phone, I called him and got his voice mail. "Sweetheart, if you feel you need time away from me, just tell me. I know I'm...intense. I know I love spending time with you. If it's too much, if you need space, take it." *This will kill me.*

He was back in the house two minutes later, tears streaming down his cheeks. I found him in the hallway.

"Tem!" I pulled him close, covering his body with mine. "Tem, talk to me. What's wrong?"

But he just kept crying. Geez. This had to be bad. "No, I don't want space. I hate space. I hate

not being with you. I love being here. I love every second I'm here with you. I love being in your big garden picking vegetables I've never ever seen in my life before. Do you know that Clancy and I have to ask Jose what they are and how to cook them? He's taught me so much.

"I love that! I love driving from one market garden to the next with her. We've made lists—who sells the best eggs, who sells the best potatoes. We have the best taro and lettuce right here. I find recipes on the internet and I love cooking for you. I love the way you taste *everything* and the way you thank me for the least little thing.

"And...and...I love the way you smile at me and I love the ocean here. I love seeing the old Japanese man who comes and fishes from your back gate—"

"Our back gate."

"...our back gate...and then he leaves when he's caught exactly three fish. I love the horses. I love the girls. I know every spider in the garden. I know where the little red honeycreepers love to nest and I *hate* when I go home and I don't feel you in the things I touch and taste..."

He was breaking my heart. I stopped him with my tongue, kissing him, feeding him love. I loved him so much and my body screamed to tell him that.

"Tell me what's wrong, baby," I whispered. "Talk to me."

He gulped. "I'm afraid. I'm afraid of what's going to happen when my brother comes home this weekend. I'm afraid he won't be better and he'll still be sick and...and you won't want to be with me anymore because it won't be the same, Div. It's all going to be awful."

"That will never happen. I want you here. I want you *both* here." *There, I said it.* I cradled his face, licking away his tears. He clung to me and I hushed his fear with kisses. "Tem, don't you know I love you?"

"No, you big dummy. You never told me before. I've been dying to say it. Every second of every day."

"Then say it."

"I love you."

We said it over and over to one another and we went back to bed, spooning, my body covering his, and at last his fear was spent like a bad match, his ass started grinding against my cock. I didn't think we'd ever get tired of wanting one another.

Tell him! He has to know about your family curse! But I couldn't tell him. We had to deal with one crisis at a time. He had enough on his plate right now.

Tem was backing up to me, rubbing my crotch with his smooth, delicious ass. He was on fire

again, begging me to fuck him, turning back for my kisses. He'd taught me a beautiful way to take him, where he propped up one foot on his other extended leg and I entered him from behind as he lay on his side. I could get surprisingly deep into him this way, I could hold his cock in my hand and I'd learned how to make him hold off from coming until I was ready.

Despite all our lovemaking, it was intense, profound, dark, mysterious and very real sex magick. We were bottle rockets together and as I came, I arched my body down to take his wanting cock, he cried out when I screamed, "I love you, Tem," and devoured him with my mouth.

* * * *

Kalani and I surprised Clancy and Tem by taking them to the drive-in on Round Top that night.

"I never knew there was a drive-in here on *Oahu*!" Tem's eyes sparkled as *Kalani* and I took over the kitchen, making the picnic ourselves. We poached salmon and pears, packed finger foods in small containers and I added two bottles of champagne to the basket. At sunset, we drove over to The Hermit's property at Five Ways Corner.

The temperature dropped as we approached his corner of the mountain. There were cars ahead of

and behind us. "Good thing we brought blankets." Tem was snuggling into ours as we ascended The Hermit's private road and he came over to greet us

"*Aloha!*" the eccentric Englishman, dressed in his filthy old house robe, boomed at us.

"*Aloha!*" we chorused back.

"Welcome, neighbor! It's been a long time." He beamed and I introduced him to Tem and Clancy.

"Tem, this is Sebastian Fortune, our gracious host."

"Thank you for having us here." Tem smiled at him warmly.

"No problem. Enjoy the show."

"What's on the schedule tonight?" I asked him.

"Bugs Bunny cartoons and my favorite movie, *Love at First Bite*. I adore vampires."

My smile froze, but Tem was ecstatic. "Bugs and biters. I love it!"

"Park anywhere!" Sebastian waved us on but Tem was whispering to me.

"That's a man who needs some new underwear and some decent clothes."

Clancy peered around. "Where's the screen? Or is all this a joke?"

"You'll see, darlings. This place is a riot." I parked and we got out, bringing everything with us. We took the timber staircase with the people ahead of us and came across Sebastian Fortune's

gift to *Tantalus*. An outdoor amphitheater.

"Div!"

I loved seeing that expression of awe on Tem's face. It was an amazing place and the theater seats were all ripped out of first class airplane cabins. It had taken Sebastian years to build. We found four perfect seats, clustered in the middle row facing a huge stage.

A screen had been lowered over the stage and I looked at Tem. "When *Todah* is ready, we should get him to do a concert here. The acoustics are fantastic."

He responded with the sort of kiss that really wasn't fair when I couldn't follow through with a lot of sweaty man-on-man action.

"I love you, Div."

"Oh Tem, I love you too, baby." I popped the champagne open and he nestled against me as we watched *The Loony, Loony, Loony Bugs Bunny Movie*. His hand reached for my cock under the blanket, because he was such a bad boy, and I reached for his. The party was now officially going on in both our pants. Now this was my idea of Paradise. A small niggly thought haunted the back of my brain. What had he called vampires? *Biters*. Was that a good thing or a bad thing?

* * * *

Tem told me he wanted to pick up *Todah* from the airport and take him home to their apartment, a place he knew and was comfortable in, but I felt certain it was a very bad idea. I knew the entity was just waiting for that boy, but Tem was adamant.

That meant at least one night apart. ACK! But I wanted to help Tem get his apartment ready for a little welcome home party for *Todah*. I had an ulterior motive. I wanted *Kalani's* opinion of the malevolent being, and, of course, she was as troubled as I was by what she sensed lurking in that second bedroom.

"It's not native," *Kalani* whispered to me. "It's not of the islands." Clancy and Tem were in the kitchen while *Kalani* and I were outside *Todah's* bedroom door. She had her palms on the door, feeling the presence. "It waits."

"You keep saying *it*." So, I was right, it wasn't human. It was something old and so pervasive, it confirmed my suspicions that I was going to have to call on Blossom's help again.

"I'm going in." Before I could stop her, my sister turned the handle. Locked. *Kalani* looked at me. "Tem has no idea what he's dealing with, Jimmy. I'm afraid for the two of them with this thing being in there. I—"

Tem came looking for us and we put on festive fronts, blowing up balloons, stocking champagne,

cake and ice cream in the fridge. Tem was nervous about *Todah's* arrival. He wanted to meet him alone, bring him home alone to *Kapiolani* Gardens, and I reluctantly agreed to it because it was what he wanted.

"You'll call me, right?" I must have asked him a dozen times.

"Of course I'll call you. I just need to spend some time with him. I want him to know how happy I am that he's home. Then I want him to meet you. I know you're going to love each other."

My pining heart had to let him have his way. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe the entity would leave them alone. But I didn't think so. As Clancy hugged Tem goodbye, *Kalani* and I talked quickly.

"Whatever is in that apartment would follow *Todah* to our home." *Kalani* was adamant. I knew she was right. Whatever had its grip on *Todah* would need to be removed, cleansed from the dwelling and the boy, before we could bring him and Tem home.

I called Blossom when Tem left me with one last kiss and drove off to the airport. "I'm going to need a favor." This meant three favors and I was expecting her to collect any time.

"Ah, Jimmy-San. What can I do for you?"

"I'm not sure yet exactly what I am dealing with, but I do know I will need an *odaisan*, a Japanese healer. A very good *odaisan*. I need them

to be on standby, money is no object, Blossom."

She hesitated. "Is everything all right Jimmy?"

"I'm dealing with a case of possession. A young man. The entity is waiting for him to come home and I believe all hell is about to break loose."

Chapter Twelve

I went home and slept, cell phone in hand, lafraid of missing a call from Tem, then alternately worried he would call at high noon and I wouldn't be able to head right over to him.

But the call never came. I slept fitfully until four o'clock when Clancy came home from her job at *Kamehameha* Schools, announcing that she was in danger of being deported. Her work permit was about to expire. She fell about in calamitous tears.

"Let's not panic yet," I told her. "I know a very good immigration attorney." *It's been six hours since I even spoke to Tem. Why hasn't he called?*

Kalani thumped the dining room table. "That's not good enough. I want Clancy to move in with us."

"I have no problem with that, Kalani."

"And you're going to have to marry her." My sister's tone was firm.

"That, I have a problem with. I don't want to get married." *I want to spend the rest of my life with*

Tem.

"If you're married to her, she's clearly establishing residency. She won't have to rely on her job to stay here."

I was not going to marry Clancy. I could only deal with so many problems. I was getting increasingly worried about Tem. It felt weird to be disconnected like this when we were typically joined at the lip. "Like I said, I know a very good attorney. I'll call him first thing in the morning and Clancy needs to go see him. Then we'll worry about what to do next."

Clancy looked like she was going to argue, but went off to get ready for dinner at my sister's urging. When we were alone, *Kalani* looked at me, anxiety drawing tight lines around her mouth. "I want her in this family. I want her of our blood."

"You haven't told her about us...have you?"

Kalani shook her head. "Not yet, but I want to. I want to make her my life mate, Jimmy."

"So this is really it for you?"

She nodded. "This is it. I love her."

"I'm very happy for you, sis." I hugged her and tried to persuade my heavy heart to lighten up. There were two problems that I could see once Clancy and *Kalani* were bonded. "If you mate with her, *Kalani*, she won't be able to teach during the day anymore," I told her. "Have you thought about that?"

"She doesn't want to teach. She only wants to perform. She can do that at night. I can support her, you know that."

"What does she think you do for a living?" I was curious now.

"I told her the truth. That we inherited money and I invested well. She thinks I go to an office every day and oversee my holdings."

This presented the second problem, for me anyway. Once *Kalani* and Clancy were bonded for life, I would not be able to feed from my sister again. That had been part of the curse put upon our family and why so many of us had died out. I didn't want to think about that now. I was happy for *Kalani*, who'd waited a long time for her mate. Yes, it was ironic she'd found her in my bed. Her world was opening up for her now. I knew the joy of having a mate.

She would be experiencing the majestic pleasures of a full and open night time life and I would be on my own, hunting for blood, living without love again.

"Don't you worry about Tem, Jimmy. He is a good guy. He loves you. He trusts you. If things were bad, he would call you."

"I'm not so sure." I kept looking at my phone, petrified I'd miss a call. There were business calls on my call log. Nothing else. I tried his cell phone, but it was turned off. I left a message and

retreated to my room to shower and get ready to take the girls out to dinner.

They wanted to go to Indigo. One of the best restaurants in Chinatown, I thought it was an excellent choice. I left another message for Tem telling him where we were. "Please come and join us for dinner," I told him. "I miss you very much." *Was I sounding like a whiny, insecure freak?*

He didn't call back and after dinner, I casually drove by his apartment.

"I don't believe it. You're doing a drive-by!" The girls were making fun of me.

And then I saw them, up ahead walking down the lamp-lit, rose-trellised walkway. Tem, his supposedly ex-boyfriend Michael and, I assumed *Todah*, a skinnier, shorter version of Tem. They were laughing and talking and Tem was looking at Michael as if he was the Second Coming. My whole world stopped, everything spinning around me. It wasn't that I thought they were sleeping together, I was certain I would have felt that. I was hurt that Tem hadn't leaned on me, the one person he knew who had touched genuine darkness.

I caught my sister's gaze. She read my thoughts and knew instantly who Michael was. "Oh, Jimmy." She reached a hand across the back seat to my shoulder. "Don't read too much into this."

Nodding stiffly, I put the car into gear and we drove home. I didn't feel like listening to music,

but I thought it was interesting that the song playing on the I-Pod was Joan Armatrading's *The Weakness in Me*.

* * * *

He didn't call me at all that night or the next day. I slept fitfully again, waking at sunset. I did not leave him another message. Afraid of running into him at the gym, I took a long run through the hills and it was the therapy I needed.

I walked through the house, restless. My sister and Clancy were out and I felt an inexplicable urge to leave, to go to *Waikiki* and make sure Tem was okay. He didn't need to know I was there. I could watch. And wait. When my cell phone rang and it was the *odaisan*, the Japanese exorcist Blossom had found for me, I took it as a sign something was about to happen. I didn't question things of the spirit world. I'd learned by hard mistake not to ignore warning signs.

Driving through the quiet darkness into *Waikiki*, I checked the dashboard clock. Nine p.m. The noise and lights of the gaudy beach city hurt my soul and my eyes. I felt wounded. Wounded and stupid. But I still cared. I loved Tem and was very worried about him and *Todah*. I pulled into the zoo parking lot, cutting the lights and turning off the engine.

I took the keys out of the ignition and palmed them, walking quietly toward the apartment. There was a light on inside and I saw somebody moving around. I could hear Tem's voice. I strained as I hid in the shadows. It was clear he was talking on the phone.

"Mom...everything's fine," he was saying and I knew he was lying. *Oh, Tem. "Todah's not here, as soon as he comes home, I'll have him call you."*

And then I felt the knife at my throat.

This couldn't be happening. I was getting jumped right when Tem needed me!

Then a voice at my ear and I smelled onions. Onions! Why did they always eat onions?

"We can do this the hard way or the easy way. Give me your wallet, asshole."

My cell phone was vibrating. *Tem!* The man jacking me up had his arm around my neck. I hadn't even been aware of him sneaking up on me. Too long without blood and my senses had gone to shit.

"You don't want to do this," I murmured and he flicked the knife, drawing blood.

I *hate* when that happens. I bit down on the wrist at my throat and my fangs were out. He started to scream and I went for the jugular, dragging that little bastard to the ground. He floundered but didn't have much fight in him. I saw he was a *hapa-haole*, an island mix kid, and he

made me so mad...

My cell phone kept vibrating. I had blood all over me when I was finished feeding. I threw the little shit into the Lincoln, frantically careening away from the parking lot.

"Tem." I could barely speak when I took the call. I was still swallowing blood.

He was crying. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't want to call you. I didn't want you to see him like this...I don't know what to do! You're the only one I trust."

"Is he in the bedroom?"

"I...how did you know?"

"Keep him in there. I'm on my way. Tem, I'll be right there. You stay away from that bedroom until I get there." I ended the call and pressed the number for the *odaisan*.

"It's on. I'll see you there."

"*Hai*, yes."

I drove to *Waimanalo*. I took a good look around, waited for a couple of passing cars to disappear, took my moment and turfed the body of the little beach weasel taking up space in the back seat over a guard rail into the ocean. *I hate being called an asshole.*

Fresh blood filled my senses and I felt alive again. My vision was sharper, my hearing was intense. It was the part of my condition I hated, how much better I felt after I hunted. It was the

worst side of me. But now I was back on track and Tem needed me.

In the car again, I realized there was blood all over me. My teeth reluctantly contracted and I turned into the parking lot just as a small car with a diminutive middle-aged Japanese man pulled in nearby.

"What happened to you?" *Hiroshi*, Blossom's *odaisan* was an immaculate little man dressed head to toe in black and carrying a bag filled with the things I knew we'd need.

"I got jumped."

"You lost a lot of blood." He was staring at my throat.

"I'm fine, but my friend is in trouble. We have to hurry." I knocked at Tem's door, aware of the foul odor drifting from inside the apartment. He opened the door and looked terrible. Three claw marks ravaged his cheek.

"Oh, my God. Tem, did that thing do this to you?" The marks were deep and my tongue instantly went to them. He tasted so good, but I was using my tongue to cleanse him. It was inbuilt, the vampire's urge to protect the mate before anything, even vengeance. He gasped when he saw the blood all over me.

"I'm okay, baby." I took his face in my hands and kissed him.

He held onto me with shaky hands and wept.

"What the hell happened to you, Div? Why are you bleeding?"

"I got jumped."

"Jumped? How? Where?"

"Outside. I'm okay, baby. Wait in the kitchen. I'm gonna go in there."

"No. No!" Tem was hysterical. "It will come after you, too!"

"Sweetheart, this is *Hiroshi*. He is an *odaisan*."

"An *odaisan*?" He looked so bewildered but I didn't have time to explain. I could hear screaming and a strange growling sound. *Hiroshi* and I looked at each other. Tem would not let go of me.

"Tem. Stay in the kitchen. *Hiroshi* and I will take care of this."

"What is it? Do you know what's in there?"

"Darling...please. Just wait. I need you to get these things out of this bag and when I tell you to, you bring them to us. Okay?"

Hiroshi handed over the black plastic bag and we walked together to the room.

"It's locked." Tem handed me the key and I sent him back to the kitchen.

We unlocked the door and there it was, on all fours, razor sharp teeth like a shark's yet it had four legs and floated over *Todah's* prone body on the bed. I'd never seen anything like it. It was large and gray with yellow streaks of color and

blood red eyes. It was huge. The entity looked at us and roared.

Hiroshi's voice was calm. "*Ino no tatari*. Dog curse."

Chapter Thirteen

The entity *looked* like a dog except it was hideous and misshapen, the razor-sharp teeth were like something out of a horror movie. Its eyes were orange now.

"Inu-gami, ghost dog, worst I've ever seen." Hiroshi's eyes widened as the beast thrashed about the walls, emitting that awful sound again.

And here we were, two monsters facing each other.

I had expected to have to tackle the creature but Hiroshi flicked fluid from a bottle at it, chanting in Japanese, *"Ka-e-re! Go home!"*

The creature lunged at us and I stole my chance, picked up *Todah* and ran with him into the living room. He was covered in systematic bites and scratches. The creature had taunted him. When *Todah* started to waken, he began screaming when he saw someone strange hovering over him.

Tem came running and I sent him to the kitchen to bring the bottle labeled *'awa*.

"Collect whatever you need," I told him when he returned. "You won't be coming back here. Do it Tem!"

He ran around throwing things in bags and I told him to bring me the second bottle. *Todah's* color was returning and *Hiroshi* was back with us now, deep wounds on his hands.

"We can't take anything that's in that bedroom," he told me. We must leave."

"He's been...so frightened, it came back yesterday. But I don't see a thing. Did you see it?" Tem was babbling.

"Tem, take all the things you're bringing. Essentials only. Let's get out of here."

We rushed out of the apartment, *Hiroshi* following with the black plastic bag, then we heard a loud bang, followed by a burst of flames.

"No more *inu-gami*," *Hiroshi's* voice was low and controlled as I dialed nine one one. Suddenly, I heard rain.

"I'd like to report a fire." There was a hideous growl, a *horrible* scream, a strange smell of burning fur. *No more inu-gami*.

The animals at the zoo were panicking, but *Hiroshi* insisted they were safe. "Jimmy, I will meet you back at your house." He handed me a third bottle and raced over to his car.

People were running from the apartments. The rain, which had started so heavily, pounded on

the building and only I seemed to be aware that it wasn't raining on the other side of the road.

Tem was in the back of the car with *Todah* and I handed him the third bottle.

"What is it?" His hands trembled.

"*Kakalaioa*. It's to purge the negative energy."

"How do you know about all this stuff?"

"I don't. *Hiroshi's* the one who brought it all."

We rode in silence until we got to the house and my sister was out front, waiting for us.

There is nothing more healing than the power of love and as I carried *Todah* into my Aunt Genoa's room, I felt her compassionate presence and knew she would protect him.

"Hurry." *Hiroshi's* voice was urgent. We got *Todah* into the bathroom as yellow bile with red worms came pouring out of his mouth. Tem became distressed and my sister went into action, swamping him with pheromones. He sank against the wall and as *Hiroshi* and I held poor *Todah's* head over the toilet, my sister calmed Tem into a hypnotic state, holding a cup of 'awa to his lips.

We put *Todah* into a bath with red sea salt and gave him more 'awa. He would not remember much after this night, but he'd be weak and dizzy for a couple of days. He woke long enough to walk to the bed we'd set with clean sheets. We lit white candles and *Hiroshi* burned *ko'oko'olau* leaves like incense, waving them over *Todah's*

sleeping body.

Tem was watching us, his eyes moving from my face to his brother's. "I want to stay with him tonight."

"Of course," I nodded. "I understand. I think you should take a cleansing bath, though. *Hiroshi* says everything you and *Todah* wore today will need to be burned."

Tem nodded. I took everything from the bathroom floor as he stripped off his clothing and I looked at him.

"You know where I am."

"Yes, but I don't know *who* you are." He closed the bathroom door on me and *Hiroshi*, allowing only my sister to remain with him and *Todah*.

"He'll feel better tomorrow. This has been a harrowing experience for him." *Hiroshi* was a warm, sympathetic man. I felt utter confusion. "Tem has lived with this for a long time. Possession is so little understood, especially on the islands."

I walked him to the car. "How do you think this happened to *Todah*?"

Hiroshi's face looked somehow older as he framed his answer. "I would say somebody threw a curse at the family. I have a feeling that it...might have been directed at *Todah*..." He lifted his shoulders. "And now it is done. It can harm no-one anymore. Good night, Jimmy. Try to rest."

I had frightened and alienated the man I loved. I'd helped him, but scared him. I was glad *Todah* was okay, I was glad Tem was okay. I went to my car, thoroughly cleaned it and set fire to everything I used to clean up the mugger's blood and all our clothing. I could smell burning dog fur as I watched it all go up in flames.

I walked back into the house naked and found my sister waiting for me. "Tem is very freaked out. Jimmy, this was big. You do realize that, right?"

He thinks this was big? He will never be able to handle knowing I'm a vampire.

"What happened to you?" She was looking at my throat. I told her. "Poor Jimmy. You had a crappy night all around, didn't you?"

"Not completely crappy. Tem and *Todah* are alive and they're okay. That's what matters."

She put her hand on my arm and left me to take my shower. I dressed in a *pireau*, sarong and, knowing for sure that Tem would never want to be in my bed that night, I went to the basement of the ranch house. My sister was already there.

I was stunned to see Clancy lying beside her. Clancy's eyes flew open when she heard me. Her transformation had begun. My sister's life was falling into place. She'd found her way in the darkness. In spite of my efforts, mine was falling apart. Mine had just wiped out. Badly.

Todah made a remarkable recovery overnight. He slept until very late in the day, we all did. He was very weak, but wanted to sit on the *lanai*. The girls fussed over him, which left me to make coffee.

"What did you put in this?" Tem griped. "Salt?"

"Quite possibly. I'm sorry." *Dang*. It did taste pretty bad. I put my hand to his face, to the claw marks I had cleansed and sealed with my tongue. He jerked his face away from me.

He followed me back to the kitchen where I started to prepare some food.

"*Hiroshi* wants to come and see *Todah*, check on his progress," I told him.

"Why? He's doing fine now."

"Sweetheart, it's a precaution. I believe we got rid of the entity —"

"We did, we read the police report on the internet just now. The whole building is gone. They're blaming a fallen electrical wire."

"Then it can't hurt *Todah* or anyone else anymore. Tem, please just let *Hiroshi* come and look at him. He is a good man."

"Why didn't you tell me you thought something was in there?"

I sighed. "Your brother told you something was in there and you packed him off to a mental hospital. Don't you think he deserved to know he

wasn't crazy? Don't you think it scared me witless knowing you were both alone with that...that...*thing*?" Tem was silent. "I'm calling *Hiroshi* and I think it will give you peace of mind to hear that *Todah* can put all this behind him."

Tem turned on his heel and walked back outside to his brother.

Hiroshi arrived within the hour, saying he was very pleased with *Todah's* progress. He left us more bottles and potions. "I'd like to make one more visit tomorrow, but I think he's doing fine, Jimmy."

I thanked the little priest and walked him to the door. Tem stayed away from me, sticking close to his brother, the girls fussing over both of them. I, the invisible man, cooked dinner. Stir fried chicken and vegetables. Not to the standards our kitchen had been used to lately, but I made a pretty good plate of sticky rice, which *Todah* demolished.

"No wine for you," Tem told him. "You get the good stuff, *'awa*."

The five of us ate dinner outside, the waves a gentle, soothing balm to the bizarre events of the night before. The girls gathered up the plates and went to the kitchen.

"Do you mind if I take *Todah* on a motorbike ride with the sidecar?" Tem asked me. His tone was chilly. It was as if we were strangers. Boy, he

didn't want to spend a moment alone with me.

"This is your home, you feel free to do whatever you want. I think it's a fantastic idea. He'll love it out there. It's a wonderful night, but put a blanket around him, keep him warm."

He nodded and took his brother inside, leaving me babbling like an idiot.

In the living room, I hunkered down and listened to music, paging through the poor excuse of a rag known as the local news. Nobody came to join me and I felt restless. I did not want to sleep with my sister and her wife that night in the basement. Come to think of it, I didn't want to sleep. Period. I wanted to be with Tem.

Man, what did I do before I spent all my time with him? *Chase chicks*. I sure didn't feel like doing that anymore.

Blood had awakened me, but romantic disaster had rendered me incapable of a single, happy thought. I put on a jacket and was just about to leave the house.

"What are you doing?" My sister came into the living room, wrapping herself in a *pireau*, knotting it at the breastbone.

"Going out for a while."

"Without Tem and *Todah*?"

I felt miserable. "Tem took him for a motor bike ride. How's it going with Clancy?"

My sister beamed. "She's very happy. It was

painless...you know, the third exchange. It is done and I am glad. It feels so wonderful, Jimmy." She bit her lip.

"Good, I'm happy for you, *Kalani*."

"Give him time, Jimmy. This was a very bad experience."

"He's very angry with me. I don't know why this happened, but it's made me realize if this upsets him, when I tried with all my power to help them, then he will never be able to accept the truth about me and who I really am."

She had a horrified look on her face. "Oh, Jimmy. You're wrong about that."

"*Kalani*, it's over and I accept it. You're very close to Tem. Please let him know he is welcome to stay here for as long as he wants, as long as *they* want. I know he doesn't want me anywhere near him, but as far as I'm concerned, this is home. I want them to feel safe."

"Jimmy...you have a very intense bond with Tem, but don't you see he feels guilty? He feels guilty that he couldn't help his brother and he feels guilty he dragged you into this. If you leave this house, I think he will fall apart."

"Sis, please. I love him so much...*so much*. Just tell him they're safe here."

"Where are you going, Jimmy?"

I couldn't breathe. "I'm just going for a drive." I walked out of the house, got into the Lincoln and

circled up to Round Top. My cell phone vibrated. *Please God, let it be Tem begging me to come home.* My excitement short circuited. It wasn't Tem, but Blossom.

"Jimmy-San? I'm calling for a *leetle* favor."

Aw geez. And I thought you were calling to inquire after my health. "Anything for you, Madame Blossom. How can I help you?"

"I have *leetle* problem."

"Anyone I know?"

"Yes. You know her. Natalie. I want her dead before the sun rises, Jimmy-San. I want you to solve this problem. *Now.*"

Chapter Fourteen

I careened down to *Waikiki* and to the address Blossom had given me. Tem and his damned I-Pod. The song that was playing was Gillian Welch's heart-breaking *Orphan Girl*. *I have no mother, no father...my sister...My sister...* I felt like I'd lost everyone, and now I had orders to kill *Nonita*. I wept and wept like a pre-teen. *Shit!* I almost threw the I-Pod out the window, but dried my tears and changed the song to AC-DC. Nah...that reminded me of Tem. I couldn't be a hard-ass hit man weeping like a child. *Jump*. Van Halen. Much better. Hard to snivel with Van Halen.

Arriving at Merchant Street, I was pissed, *pissed* I tell you, when I saw that *Nonita* had set up shop right across the road from Blossom. Talk about disrespectful. Talk about rude. Talk about *really stupid*.

Still, she'd done a credible job making the exterior look like a nail salon, even if the

manicurists were falling out of their tops. I kicked in the first door, an exact replica of Blossom's, then the second, and was giving my shoulder to the third door when *Nonita* opened it and I fell inside.

"It was unlocked, Jimmy." She was even dressed like Blossom, hair in a chignon. Was she kidding? "You kicked my doors down. I should kick your ass."

"Those doors are going to have to be replaced anyway. Are you insane going into business against Blossom?"

"Free enterprise, Jimmy." She stroked her belly. "I have to do something to protect my baby." She fluttered her eyelashes and I just laughed.

"Oh, please. I know you're not pregnant. You're in big trouble, *Nonita*. She sent me here to kill you."

Her coy little smile froze and her eyes widened with the first real emotion I'd ever seen on her face. *Fear*.

"That's right, *Nonita*. She wants you dead. So here's how it's gonna play out. You are going to give her twenty per cent of your income for the next two years."

"Two years!"

"You will make a fortune catering to the hip-hop crowd. A crowd she doesn't attract. You leave the golden oldies to her and I'll have Billy Flamingo steer the rap singers and the rich young

dopers over to you."

I could see her mulling over this. Her eyes grew red with unshed tears. "Do you think she'll go for it? I mean...I really don't want to die."

"Blossom, more than anything, wants power and money. And one more thing. You need a manager for your porn movies."

"I'm not a big player in porn."

"With Blossom managing you, say at another twenty per cent, honey, you could be *huge*. I'll talk to Billy Flamingo. If you become his exclusive artist, say for four, five movies a year, they both make money, you have protection, and..." I indicated the busted-down doors. "Paint these pink, put pictures of kittens on them, I don't care. Show some originality."

"But I'm not an artist."

"I know someone who is. Tem." I'd give him a new project. Another Thunder Baby, except this one wouldn't give us sleepless nights.

"I like the idea of a Pink Palace. Jimmy...do you think she'll go for it?"

"If you give me your word you will not screw her over, I will talk to her."

"I give you my word, Jimmy."

In my world, convincing *Nonita* was the hard part. Blossom loved the idea of branching out and Billy Flamingo, after getting over his fury at being woken at two a.m. said he was excited by the idea.

"We can't wait to get to work on *Kauai* next week!" he prattled. "Sun, sand, sex!"

Sun. Shit, shit, shit. We were gonnna shoot in daylight. I'd forgotten about that. I'd been thinking ferny, dark grottos, dark and candle-lit bedrooms. Of course he'd want to shoot in daylight.

I drove home slowly. *Nonita* was saved, everybody else was happy, and I could hear the ominous bang of another nail in my coffin. I made it back to the house around three a.m. I couldn't bear to be away from Tem. He might not want to be near me, but I needed to be close to him. I opened the front door and absorbed the quiet, and I *knew* in my body he was home. I went into the kitchen and opened the fridge, looking at the contents.

The soft pad of footsteps. *Todah*.

"How are you feeling?" I asked him.

"Much better, thank you. I just wanted to get some water."

"Please, help yourself to anything you want."

"You're not his usual type."

That shocked me. I appreciated his directness though and laughed. "He's not my usual type either."

"He usually goes for the daddy type."

I could be his daddy, I'm at least two hundred years older than he is.

When I didn't respond, he asked, "How did you know what that...*thing* was in the apartment?"

I did not want to have this conversation, but on the other hand, if I had to have it, I might as well soothe the senses. I went into the living room and poured myself an Absinthe.

"What's that?" he asked, following me.

"Absinthe."

"I've always wanted to try that."

I hesitated. "Maybe you shouldn't mix your drinks."

"Hey, it's not like I'm driving anywhere."

"That's true." I poured him a couple of fingers. He sat opposite me at the living room table, sipping the drink and I could have predicted it would leave him spluttering. I waited while he took the second sip a little slower. It's wonderful stuff, Absinthe. Poets and painters going back centuries got positively *shnocked* on the stuff after just one glass.

Todah licked his lips. "*Hiroshi* said you knew something was in my room, that you paid out a lot of money to get him to come and take care of it."

Hiroshi was going to get his priestly little ass kicked. "I had no idea what it was, but I felt it the moment I walked in the apartment. I feel things sometimes...it's a gift my sister and I have. But I can't say I knew what it was, only that I felt it. It

was horrible...a very evil feeling."

"It's been torturing me for over a year. Nobody believed me. They thought I was crazy." His top lip quivered. Was he going to cry?

"I'm sorry."

He shrugged, the emotion in check now.

"You're angry and I don't blame you. *Todah*, I am sorry this happened to you, more sorry than I can say."

"Why did it choose me?" Tears trickled down his face.

"Because you were there, because you are sensitive."

"Are you saying my brother isn't?"

"Not in the way you are, *Todah*. Did you..." I hesitated.

"Go on, ask me. What do you want to know?"

"Did you ever do a spell, maybe? Like, ask the universe for power?"

That surprised him. He looked out the window and I saw it in his eyes, snatches of a movie.

"You used a *ouija* board!"

He glanced at me. I wondered what on earth he'd asked for, what special power he'd requested to wake up the forces that haunted him. "Oh *Todah*...when we ask for help, sometimes we get the wrong kind. The *inu-gami* was probably there all along, lurking, waiting. Who did you want protection from?"

Todah looked frightened now and I gripped his arm. "Nobody is ever going to hurt you, *Todah*. Not in this house. Whoever it was, you've never spoken of it, have you?"

Ignoring me, his voice sounded raspy. "*Hiroshi* said I would eventually stop having nightmares. I...feel like maybe he's right...I'm much better already."

"Good. But don't push yourself." I sipped at the Absinthe. Damn. *I* wasn't feeling any better.

"Do you love my brother a lot?"

"Very much."

"And that's why you did this? Why you helped us?"

"Of course." I was bewildered by the question.

"He still has these...feelings for Michael. I think he feels very confused. He doesn't know what to do."

That might have been true. But *Todah* was toying with me now, goading me, waiting for a reaction.

"Well, if you're asking me would I do anything differently if that were the case, the answer is no. I would still help you, *Todah*." I got up from my chair, feeling very old. "Both of you."

He looked at me. "You're a very strange man."

"Yeah, back at you, *brah*." I paused. "If you ever want to talk about what happened, I'm here. You can trust me. I have...pretty big shoulders, you

know.”

He just looked at me blankly and I knew this conversation had not gone at all the way he intended. But I knew in that moment, some of his dark places, many of his secrets, and my heart hurt for him.

“Sleep well. I mean that. *Sleep well, Todah.*” I went to my room, locked the door, turned off my cell phone, lowered the black shades against daylight and showered for a long time, slipping into my bed, wishing I had never heard that Tem still had feelings for Michael.

Shutting my eyes, I tried not to think about demon dogs. Or of Tem dancing naked across a table top straight into the arms of Michael Craven. I was on the verge of another night’s unsettled sleep when there was a pounding at the door.

Heart racing, I unlocked it, joy and relief washing over me. “Tem!” I was so happy to see him I wanted to—

He was hysterical. “Where were you tonight?”

“Tem—”

“Don’t even *think* you can lie to me.”

“I wasn’t going to. I went to see *Nonita.*”

A kaleidoscope of emotions played across his face. “How is the baby?”

“There is no baby.”

“Then why did you go to see her? You fucked her!”

"No, I did not." I pressed my fingers into my eyes. *Men were definitely as bad as women.*

"I don't believe you!"

"It's the truth."

"Then you fucked somebody. I just know it."

"I didn't fuck anybody." *But boy, I'm beginning to wish I had.*

"Prove it." He stood, slitty-eyed, arms folded across his chest.

"Oh, Tem...darling, how am I supposed to do that?" I was exasperated now.

"There's only one way. The bathtub method. Stay right here. Don't you move."

I lifted my hands in surrender and he stalked off to the bathroom. I lay on my bed, arms under my head thinking *at least he's talking to me*. I could hear taps running and steam was swirling out of the door. What was the bathtub method, anyway?

"Jimmy Thunder, get your *okole*, your ass, in here right now!" What was wrong with me that all this jealousy was a major turn on? "Get your clothes off and get into the tub."

I took everything off and stepped into the water. He ignored my rapidly hardening cock. "Sit down." I sat. He stared at the water. "You know if more wives knew about the bathtub method, they wouldn't need to listen to anymore stupid lies. They would see the results for themselves. They would see the truth immediately, that you...*you*

didn't fuck her! You really didn't fuck her."

"Of course I didn't fuck her. Are you going to take off your clothes or do I have to drag you in here as is?"

Tears streaked down his cheeks.

"Humph. I guess I'm gonna have to drag you in here as is." But I'd forgotten my man was physically very strong and he had me out of the bath, on the floor, sucking my cock in seconds.

"You're gonna do that without even kissing me?"

Tem took his mouth off my cock and kissed me. We lay there like that, half wet, half dry, completely hard, kissing each other with urgency and abandon. But then I had to know, had to ask how he *knew*, that I hadn't cheated on him.

"Your balls. They didn't float to the surface. If you'd recently come, they'd be floating on the water like ping pong balls. Yours looked like they just got a burial at sea."

"I haven't had much action the last few days."

Tem looked at me, his face softening at last. "Oh, Jimmy. I love you so much."

"I love you too, Tem."

"Why did you go see her?"

"She got herself into a jam. I had to sort her out."

"Another one? What sort of a jam this time?"

"She opened a brothel opposite Blossom, a very

formidable woman she used to work for—”

“The one we now owe lots of favors to?”

“Er...yes. God, I love that you said *we*.”

He frowned. “A slip of the tongue. Go on with your story.”

“I sort of told *Nonita* you’d help her.”

“Help that little whore? How?”

“*Nonita* needs a decorator. I smashed the place up a bit. I offered your services. I will pay you to do it. She wants a pink palace and I figure it’s—”

“Another Thunder Baby?”

“Right, you see? You just get me. I took one baby away from you, now I’m giving you another.”

Tem sat up, the creative wheels spinning. “A pink palace, eh? I could do that! I would need fabrics. But you’re not paying me. We’re in this together. After all, I did take you away from her as well as Clancy.”

“Blossom can help you with the fabrics.”

“How can Blossom help?”

“She’s got a pretty astounding fabric empire in Chinatown.”

He looked at me for a long moment. I wanted to get back to some kissing, but he said, “Nobody has ever done the things you did for me and *Todah*...you give without taking. You...you are all the missing pieces, Div. You are more than I could ever have hoped for.”

The time for truth had arrived. "You may not feel that way when you know everything there is to know about me."

"There isn't anything you could tell me that would make me stop loving you."

"Then what would you say if I told you I'm a vampire?"

Chapter Fifteen

“*A vampire.*” He stared at me for a long moment. “Are you...serious?”

I nodded, slowly.

He sank back against the bathtub and ran his hand over his face. “A vampire. What does that mean exactly?”

“It means what it means. I’m a vampire. Not quite human, not dead. Until I met you, really not alive.”

“Jesus, Div. Are you for real? Why didn’t you trust me? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“How do you start with something like that? A million times I’ve wanted to...a couple of times I tried. I guess I was afraid you’d leave me, because given the choice, I feared...yes, I really thought you would.”

He sighed. “This is big, Div. I don’t know what to say.”

“I’m sorry, Tem. It was selfish of me to keep seeing you, but I love you. I didn’t see how I was

hurting you. I would never willingly hurt you. I never meant to deceive you. I hoped...I hoped you'd fall in love with me and want to be my mate."

"What about...what about your sister?"

"She's one, too."

"Oh, my God! And Clancy?"

"She's one as well, now. My sister has made Clancy her life partner. They are bonded forever. We're still the same people you know, Tem. But now you know everything. The secrets of our family."

"Not quite everything, Div. How did this happen?"

"It was a family curse put on my grandfather. So it has some unusual traits. We can eat, drink and do all the things other people...other *Hawaiians* do, except full afternoon sunlight."

"Oh...that's why I never have lunch with you!"

"Exactly."

"And the spell cannot be lifted?"

I shook my head. I was cold now and got up off the floor, picking up a towel. "The *kahuna* who put the spell on our family died, his secrets went with him."

"What happens now?"

I tried to keep my tone even. I'd ruined everything. "That's up to you, really." I wondered if he'd set land speed records for packing and

getting the hell out of my house.

"Up to me? You have a say in this, too, you know."

I looked at him. It was the time for total honesty. "I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I want to love you and be with you. I know I can take care of you. I have plenty of money. If you choose to stay with me, you..." How did I word this?

"Quit filtering. Just tell me, Div."

I licked my lips. I felt so dry. "I need something to drink."

We went into the living room and I reached for the Absinthe. Day was breaking. How apt. My hands shook and Tem took the bottle from me, pouring me a drink. My hands still quivered as I sipped at it, searching for the right words. "I want more than anything for you to be my life mate. If you want that, too, I can promise you I will make you happy. I see very few down sides to it, personally. But as for those down sides, to be honest, only you can be the judge of how harsh those restrictions really are."

"What's the upside?" He poured himself some Absinthe, but moved away from me to the other side of the room.

"A lifetime together. Eternity. I can teach you how to fly—"

"You can fly?" He was leaning forward now,

excited.

"Yes."

"Do...do you fly often?"

"Not for a long time." I smiled, my memories of night flight were distant, but fond. "Part of the curse is that I can only fly with a mate. And to have a mate, I need to be with one who chooses me. I can't fly without love's blood. Meaning, the blood of my lifetime mate. And...neither can my mate. So, I've been grounded since I lost the one I chose. But it was fun while it lasted."

"You were married?"

"No, I was in love...a very long time ago."

"What happened to her?"

I moved over to where he was standing and opened a drawer in the bureau. He edged away, as if he was afraid I'd close in on him. I was as far away from doing that as I was from walking on Saturn.

He looked at the photo I showed him of a beautiful *Hawaiian* woman in an evening dress. "She was very sick and we never knew it when we completed the exchange. She had Hansen's Disease."

"Leprosy?"

I nodded. "It was awful. They took her to the leper colony at *Kalaupapa* with all the other sufferers. I never saw her again, but I got a note from the state saying she had died."

"I'm sorry." He looked at the picture. "This looks old."

"It is."

"How old is it?"

"That was taken in 1927."

He looked astonished. "And...ah...how old are you exactly?"

"Over a hundred years old." A slow smile spread across his face and I grinned. "So that sort of qualifies me for your type, right, the daddy type?"

He held up the photo. "Why do you keep it?"

"Because my chosen mate has to destroy it. I paid the *kahuna* to give me a second chance at love. Now I wish I'd paid him to lift the curse."

"What other upsides are there to being...your mate?"

I shrugged. "We can't get illnesses humans get. We see shadows, shapes, other life forms humans don't. That's how I knew about your *inu-gami*, but I like all that. There are colors, too. We hear and see colors and musical notes...it's life on a whole other spectrum."

"And the downside?"

"Being with your mate when you're a vampire means there are no secrets. For me, that's an upside. You knowing all my secrets, my knowing yours. No walls, no...*explanations*. That, for me, is not a downside. For many it is. You won't ever

need to know if I love somebody else because it would be impossible to lie to you. And something...happens when you bond with your mate. It becomes impossible to look at another. You become very protective, because even lusting after somebody else would bring your mate harm."

"But this...woman that you loved..."

"She had her own curse. A family affliction. She came from a family of lepers. The bond would never have held. I didn't know that at the time...the *kahuna*...he exacted a high price to give me one more chance at love. Now you see why it took me so long. I wanted to make sure I wasn't making another mistake."

"And you're sure of that with me?"

"Yes."

He was silent.

"Tem, are you...are you still in love with Michael Craven?" He was making it difficult for me to read his mind. Emotion was making it harder for me still, even with the Absinthe.

"No. I hate him. I was very curious to see him again after being with you and he makes my skin crawl, Div. That was my confusion. I...found out something about him, figured out something bad, and I was worried that I could be making another mistake by being with you."

I put my glass down on the table. "So, Tem, this

is the final coin flip. You would never be able to shoot another porno movie, unless it's only with me, because a vampire and his mate are bonded forever, that bond cannot be destroyed. The good news is that vampire love is hot. You'll have your memories of your own past without feeling like you're being deprived, but that is a place you come to only after you've decided you want to spend the rest of your life with me, too."

Picking up the glass again, I was frustrated, being unable to touch him. I didn't know what to do with my hands. "There is one more thing. I love you too much to keep shooting for show. I would be happy to do this movie in *Kauai*, but I really, *really* am not interested in doing porn for too much longer. So...there are my dreams underneath your feet, Tem."

"We need to do this movie. We have a contract. I am under an exclusive contract with Billy for six more months. I owe him a minimum of three movies. Would you be willing to do them with me?"

I thought I might be hearing things, but he was looking at me intently, waiting for my reply. "What are you saying? That you want to be my mate?"

"If I didn't, I would have walked out of this house two days ago."

I was afraid to respond, afraid he'd change his

mind.

"Some family thing, Div. Family things are snoring...chronic scrotum scratching or male pattern baldness. Vampirism is a whole other level of family thing."

I laughed. "Well I don't snore, I'm not bald and I seldom scratch my scrotum. Does that count for anything?"

He laughed, too. "Just tell me, how will it work?"

"Well, after three consecutive evenings of sucking each other's blood, you're mine and I'm yours. We become one. You'll be able to move about early in the morning. My threshold is nine a.m. and my sister's is much earlier. But you will lose most of the day. You'll figure out your own limitations and I will be there every step of the way with you."

"The exchanges of blood. Will they hurt?"

"No. The third and final one is a mixture of pleasure and pain, just a little pain, during the transformation. I will give you some *awa* to drink so you will feel like it's one big giant orgasm."

"In other words business as usual when I'm in the arms of Jimmy Thunder."

"I'm glad you think so."

"Do we have to kill people?"

"No, that's the beauty of it. We can feed off each other. It's more...intoxicating that way. It's

the sexiest thing there is."

"Oh...like coming all the time."

I nodded and a blissful smile spread across his face.

"Can you really give up doing porn?" I asked him. It mattered a lot. But somehow the question sounded casual.

"Of course I can. I thought I was doing it because I wanted the variety, the notoriety, I thought I was bored. But I did it so I'd find you."

He was stealing my lines now. But he could have whatever was mine. "There's something else I forgot to mention, Tem. You will always look this way. You will always be this beautiful."

"I will?" He looked giddy now. "So *Nonita* will turn into an ugly old harpy and I'll still look like this and you will still look like...like divine thunder?"

"Yes. You want to get started?" I walked over to him. I didn't think I could live another minute without making him mine.

Tem walked straight into my arms. "You've seen me through the gates of hell. You came in and brought me out. I love you for that and yes, I want you, but I have a couple of conditions."

"Name them. I'm Mr. Negotiator tonight."

"I want to shoot one last threesome in *Kauai*, then we complete the transformation."

"Okay, I can live with that. But we get to pick

the guy and he must not be an onion eater."

"Agreed. And Jimmy, I want to make my brother one of us."

"Are you sure about that?"

"I don't want to live forever if he can't."

"All right. But I think my sister should do it."

He frowned. "Why?"

"Because of the next condition you're about to give me."

He stared at me in amazement. "Man...you are spooky. Will we have a psychic connection after this?"

"Don't you think we have one already?"

"Yes." His voice was soft. "Sometimes...I think you speak to me aloud, but you don't."

I nodded. "Tem, you're about to tell me you want to kill Michael Craven because he molested your brother."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No, he didn't. I read it in his thoughts. That's why he conjured that *inu-gami*. He wanted protection. Oh Tem, I wish...I wish I'd known you back then. Now I want to kill this guy. I want to fuck him up for what he did to *Todah*."

There were tears in his eyes and I wanted to do whatever I had to do to take them away again. I took him in my arms and it felt wonderful to hold him with all those secrets shed like old skins.

"We can kill him, he can be your first kill if you

want, but the reason I think *Kalani* should...transform *Todah* is that she will do it with pure love, with no vengeance, and none of the anger you and I feel toward Michael.

"I would also prefer it if we were home. I want to be here for him in the early days, so we should wait for his...change until we get back from *Kauai*."

He nodded. "One final thing." He picked up the photo of my long-dead love and tore it into pieces. "You are gonna bottom for me. Right now, and on camera. I want the world to know your ass belongs to me."

Chapter Sixteen

We fell on the bed. I had pictured many times how it would be the first time I bit him, the first time I tasted his life. It wasn't anything like I'd expected. I thought I'd be coaxing, taking my time, but my man was like a dog in heat, wanting the connection, wanting the lifeline, wanting to be mine.

I was on top of him, my cock buried inside him and he looked up at me, watching my teeth protrude. "You're still the most handsome man I've ever met."

When I turned his head to a spot the camera wouldn't find behind his ear, my hungry teeth hit their mark. He started to come in my hand. My body moved above his and I felt his blood fill me the way only he could fill me. I heard his heart beating, felt it quicken and wane and I took my teeth out of him, he tasted sweet and ripe.

"Your turn, darling, here." Still planted inside him, I turned my head until he saw the puncture

marks left by my sister, then I felt his teeth shoot out, heard his soft moans of pain as they elongated, finding their way inside me—like two little cocks, branding me for life. I let him feed. I felt him starting to come again and something else...the strong awakening within me. Ah...there it was, sunrise. It was inside me all along.

"Enough, baby, enough." I eased his mouth away from me and stroked his beautiful teeth with my tongue until they retracted. We kissed and hugged each other for a long time and there was dual ecstasy, I could hear his heartbeat on my chest, feel it in my body. Two hearts. Two souls.

"I can't believe how this feels." Tem twisted in my arms. "Blood...your blood tastes...you taste like mangoes. You taste like a coconut island. Will I ever have enough of you?"

"No, my love, you won't." I kissed him again and he smiled.

"Div, I can see your thoughts. I can fly through your mind."

"Oh darling, it will only get better."

"I want to fuck you. I need to fuck you." He took my face in his hands and I felt dizzy from blood loss and blood gain, from accepting my mate and being accepted as his.

"Div."

"Yes, baby?"

"Nothing. Just, Div." I don't know why that

made me so nuts, but it did. I would have done anything for him, given him *anything* and all he wanted was me. He took his time getting me ready, tongue and fingers lapping and stroking my ass. I came twice just from his fingers being inside me, his relentless mouth on my cock.

He wouldn't let me touch *his* cock, which I thought was cruel until he lay back on the bed and told me to suck him. I jumped at the moment, enjoying the smile on his face until he said, "Get up on my lap now."

Now? But I wasn't ready! He positioned my warmed-up ass over his ever-ready sex pistol and I gulped as he lowered me down onto him. "You have complete control this way," he told me. "We can stop anytime you want." *Stop?* Even though the pain was excruciating, I felt his incredible heat, the desire he had for me, and he took his time again, urging, bringing me closer to his body. And he said I was the one in control?

"You look beautiful with my cock inside you, Div." He leaned forward and kissed me. I was panting...sweating. I was in heaven and hell. I wanted him to fuck me. He brought me down with one more push and was all the way in me.

"I want you to fuck me," I whispered urgently. He waited, to make sure I was okay, then started moving me up and down on top of him, my cock in possession of his greedy fingers. I understood

then why he could never wait for me to fuck him. It was an incredible feeling that ran from my toes to the hairs on my head.

When he came inside me, I came all over his chest and arms and realized I'd waited my whole life for that man to fuck me.

* * * *

I don't think we got out of bed between the first and second exchange, except for necessities, like food and bathroom duties. I ran into my sister in the kitchen and she told me it had been exactly like that for her and Clancy.

"Don't leave him alone for a second. It's like leaving a newborn," she warned me. Then Tem started calling me and *Kalani* kissed my cheek. "Go to him. He needs you. I'll bring you a tray of food."

Kalani brought us wonderful food and a bottle of French champagne. She kissed Tem's cheek. "Welcome to our family," she told him and he hugged and kissed her back. When she left us, we took our time enjoying our supper and each other before the second exchange. Tem was anxious, excited, and I think we were both in a perpetual state of advanced arousal.

Again, there was surprise in store for me. He was fucking me from behind this time, and I

found I enjoyed this position because he got in so deep and I was able to move around easier. He also talked a lot of dirty nonsense in my ear that just blew my socks into the next room.

“Are you my bitch?” he would ask me, making me scream, *Yes!*

I was enjoying the new sensations, the incredible feelings he was stirring in me, both physical and spiritual. I knew it was time.

“Now, baby. Feed on me.” I pulled up my hair and he put his face to the same spot behind my ear. I felt the change ripple through him, a slow-burning orgasm. His teeth emerged without any pain this time and he sank them into me. I heard him gurgle in surprise, then all his baby-feeding instincts returned and he sucked. I knew exactly when to pull away from him.

He held my hips in place. “I’m still coming. Don’t move.”

But the blood trickling down his chin was too much and I turned around, loving and licking and kissing him, letting him enjoy his first moments as a New Vampire.

“Why did you make me wait so long?” he asked finally, trembling when I held him close and kissed every inch of his face.

“Do you realize it’s only been a couple of months?”

“Three and a half. We shot our first scene three

and a half months ago. I've been in love with you for a year and a half."

"I'll make it up to you." I began making love to him all over again, just to show him I am a man of my word.

"When can you teach me how to fly?" he asked me, deep in the throes of another orgasm. I'd warned him about vampire love. Once bitten, twice rewarded.

"After the third exchange."

He sighed happily. "What do we wear when we fly?"

Chapter Seventeen

We picked a very hot guy to be the third part of our ménage scene for *Angelic Thunder*, the title Billy Flamingo chose for our *Kauai* movie. Tem found him, a power-packed, six foot, two inch slab of muscle from *Kalakaua* Avenue gym. His name was *Kipe*—say Kee-pay—King and I endorsed him after we got him to drop his pants and saw he was packing a serious chunk of meat between his thighs.

“Now that’s what I call a pork sword,” Tem grinned. Ever since we’d seen the movie *Juno*, he and Clancy screamed *pork sword* at one another and fell about laughing. My jealous heart could not wait until Tem was mine alone. I hated the thought of him coveting another guy’s dick.

“I thought the party was in *my* pants,” I told Tem sullenly, as we drove away from our meeting.

Tem put his hand straight on my crotch. “It is, baby, it is.”

We took the blood tests required by state regulation before shooting the move, but we went to my doctor, because I knew that now that our blood was mingled, Tem's type would change. His previous doctor would wonder what was going on.

Our doctor was ecstatic to have two patients with unusual blood types.

"This is better than the guy who came in with Syphilis," he told us. "You shoulda seen the sores on his ass!"

Given a clean bill of health, our crew flew to *Kauai* and Tem, after two exchanges of blood, was still able to enjoy full sun, but now he was getting anxious to complete the exchange because he wanted our bonding cemented.

He was obsessed with learning how to fly.

The plan was for him and *Kipe* to shoot the outdoor *Kamehameha* Day sequences and I would join them late in the afternoon. Of course we'd handpicked various exotic and unusual locales for our sex scenes.

It was late afternoon when we boarded the same small, private plane we'd shot the last movie in at the airport in *Honolulu*. Tem's feet were on my lap and *Kipe's* non-stop narration droned like a gnat in our ears. My sweetheart was wearing vintage cat's eye sunglasses.

He asked me to lower the window shade

because, "The sunlight hurts my eyes." This when the day was overcast and drizzly. Oh, was he sure enjoying his role as a New Vampire.

"I'm not gay, I just want to make that clear," *Kipe* was saying across the row of seats to us.

"Uh-huh," we all snickered.

"I'm strictly gay-for-pay," *Kipe* insisted and nobody contradicted him because we were afraid he'd take the next flight back to *Honolulu* once we landed.

"Well, I'm strictly dickly," Tem responded and *Kipe* glanced harder at us.

"Are you a couple?" He seemed surprised.

"Yes." Tem pulled me to him then and we exchanged a hot kiss. I needed to fuck him badly and he knew it. We got up from our seats and went to the first toilet cubicle we could find.

"Are you two going to fuck?" Billy asked. "Can I film it?"

We looked at each other and my darling smiled at me. "It's up to you, Div."

"Sure, why not?" I wanted this to be hot for Tem. And I didn't plan on sharing him with America too much longer. Bull grabbed his camera and the four of us crowded into the cubicle.

I unbuttoned Tem's jeans, dropping them down to his ankles. He wasn't wearing underpants because I liked dipping my hand in his fly as often as possible. Pulling one foot out of the jeans, I held

it in my hand, running my tongue along his inner thigh. He hissed his pleasure and I lifted him up to the vanity and kissed him.

His fingers were working with frenzied haste at my own jeans and my cock responded immediately to his slightest touch.

“You are hard and huge.” His voice was low, guttural, the way it always got when all he wanted was to get his ass fucked. I was aware of Bull’s camera being in an awkward place, but Tem wanted my cock *now*. He raised his thighs higher and pulled me into him without any preamble. There was nothing remotely gentle about our fucking. We went at it like sailors on shore leave. It was the wild coupling of two creatures in need of what only they could bring one another.

It was intoxicating, the feeling of his heartbeat in my head. The urge to protect and love him always, the new sensation of Tem flittering about in my brain, untangling my thoughts, touching my soul in a way nobody else ever had and never would. And I felt the simple beauty of what Tem wanted. *Me*.

For him, this new intimacy was both terrifying and joyous. I felt it all, this mutual tumbling madness, our obsession, this chemistry of spirit. It was over too soon. I pulled out, coming all over his ass. A tear trickled down my baby’s face. Yes, now he was getting it, how hard it was for me to

take myself away from him. I saw his canine teeth elongating. Not because he wanted blood, but because he needed our connection. I put my mouth on his, easing back his teeth with my tongue and when I took my lips away, I licked up his tears and bent to suck his cock. I remembered to pull back as he started to come.

"That's it...come for me," I urged. "Come harder for daddy." My words made him go crazy. I whispered in his ear, *You are the only man I would ever, could ever love.*

"Damn." Kipe's voice invaded the one tender moment in that hot zipless fuck. "I want a piece of that."

"You're gonna have to wait," I told him. And I shut the door on them all to have a moment of privacy with my man.

* * * *

We landed at *Lihue* airport and rented a huge SUV with three rows of seats, big enough to accommodate me and Tem, Billy and his boyfriend Luke, Bull and Kipe, and a mountain of cameras and lights. We were going to work with two local camera men, a father and son team, on the outdoor shoots, and a cheerful atmosphere enveloped our little crew because not a single piece of machinery had gone astray or become

damaged in transit.

Luke took the wheel and we headed south to *Kahili*, a remote mountain town off Highway Fifty that few tourists even know about, almost no guidebooks mention, and only a few locals share with their friends.

Tem and I were quiet, completely mutually absorbed. He was huddled in my arms, gazing out the window at the glorious, deep orange sun slipping below the horizon, teasing us with its brilliance. I knew I could spend centuries with him observing each and every sunset, soaking all his thoughts into my soul.

I had arranged for us to rent an entire row of rustic cabins nestled in the mountains that a local school maintained as income for books and other materials. I couldn't wait to share this little secret with Tem. I couldn't think of a better place to show him how much I loved him as we began this new and wonderful part of our lives.

The others were laughing and talking as we passed endless, glorious, deep green landscape. This was tropical paradise. For some, *Kauai* can be very confronting because there is little to do in the way of TV or internet, even cell phones frequently do not get reception. There's no night life as such so this was the perfect place for us to complete our bond. This would be like a real honeymoon.

For Tem and for me, I recognized it was getting

harder and harder not to make that final exchange of blood, second by second. I had to share the man I loved with *Kipe* and I wanted it to be fun, I wanted it to be hot, since Tem was not going to ever fuck another man as long as we lived. Mostly, I wanted it over with, and by the next night when Tem and I became mates, *Kipe* was not going to get another crack at him.

Tem turned my face to his and kissed me. "Here they go again," somebody chuckled. Bull, the camera guy.

I tore my mouth away from Tem and *Kipe* gazing at us in a very lusty way for a guy who didn't dig dick. "You want to suck his cock?"

"Who's directing this movie?" Billy joked but then he was barking at Bull. "Get that camera rolling!"

Tem turned a smiling face into my neck, his tongue flicking at my throat. *Oh God, he's starting to sex blood-lust. His nose is pressed to my vein and I know he can smell it. Oh, Tem...* I distracted him by rubbing my hand on his crotch. My mouth sought his as his cock hardened at my touch and I saw the spooked look on *Kipe's* face.

"Touch him for me." I unbuttoned the fly on Tem's pants and watched *Kipe* gingerly take Tem's cock out. The touch of another's man's hand joining mine was ambrosia for Tem. *Kipe* was as hesitant as I had been in the beginning, but that

hard dick waving around in his face was pretty hard to ignore. "Lick the tip," I instructed and Tem moaned into my neck. I bent forward, playing dueling tongues with *Kipe*, pushing Tem's jeans down to his ankles. His hand was on my back, stroking me as I sucked in the head of his leaking cock. I took it out of my mouth and let *Kipe* share it.

Man, this was even hot for me. I let *Kipe* work on the tip and, as I'd suspected, he proved to be a natural. Tem lay back on the seat and I freed his legs from his jeans, both to give us more access to him and to make it easier to shoot. The driver pulled over on the side of the road. The car was infused with a glorious gold-amber glow as *Kipe* and I fought over my man's cock. *Kipe* grumbled when I took over the head, instructing him to lick the shaft that needed attention now.

Tem was stroking both our heads as I surrendered the cock to *Kipe* again and I let my tongue do the walking down to Tem's balls and waiting ass. I got him ready for another fucking.

"I want to watch you take him," I told *Kipe*. As he shed his clothes in record time, I kept my fingers moving in and out of Tem's ass and he exchanged a hot, wet kiss with *Kipe*, begging him for his cock.

"Let me suck you." Tem reached for that massive piece of man meat and I looked up,

watching him handle *Kipe* with supreme lust.

"Fuck him now!" I nudged *Kipe* between *Tem's* parted legs. He looked down at my man's waiting ass and I put my right hand on his cock, *Tem* sucking the fingers of my left hand as I made sure *Kipe* was wet and open. "You'll never fuck a hotter ass than this one," I told *Kipe* and, hot, horny man-dog that he was, he gave my baby the ass fucking of the century.

I held off getting involved, but *Tem* wanted my cock in him right after *Kipe* exploded all over his ripped abs and belly. *Kipe* sat on the seat beside us, playing lightly with his cock as I took my turn claiming the hottest bottom in movies, bringing the man I loved to a crushing orgasm right along with me.

When it was over, *Tem* pushed my face to *Kipe's* cock and I gave him a really good time with my mouth. He rewarded me in a few short, intense minutes with a face full of juice.

"Now that's what I like to see." *Billy's* voice rose above our ecstatic moans. "Lots and lots of spoooge." Always the gay cruise director, that was our *Billy*.

We pulled back onto the highway after our unscripted orgy and came upon the Knudsen Gap, a very narrow pathway that was once the most terrifying place on earth. You literally took your life into your hands coming through it because

bandits were known to hide and jump you. Even the local sheriff had been terrified to come through here.

"I remember this place." I tapped the window. "I was attacked by two men on horseback —"

"You were?" Tem interrupted me. "When?"

"Eighteen ninety five. Anyway —"

The others exploded in laughter. "Eighteen ninety five? Don't you mean Nineteen ninety five?" Tem asked me and I caught the twinkle in his eye. Damn, I was gonna have to be careful. Opening myself up to Tem was getting me to loosen my lips...

We stopped at a local grocery store and loaded up on provisions. Tomorrow we could find restaurants and fun, tonight we would relax and get ready for an intense day of filming starting early in the morning.

"Just how old are you, exactly?" Tem asked me, chuckling when I kissed his cheek.

Kipe walked over to us with a huge bag of *li hing* mango. "Here Thunder, try some of this. It's fresh." He popped a piece of the sweet and sour dried fruit into my mouth and Tem's eyes narrowed. I had never seen him so angry. "Want some, Angelis?" An oblivious *Kipe* asked him and Tem shot back a terse "No."

Back in the car, Tem was surly and nothing brought him out of it. We approached the dirt

road that would take us to *Kahili* and I tried to take my man in my arms again, but I might have been holding a dripping bag of ice. We passed a sign saying *Po'ipu*, the last town before we reached *Kahili*, and I nudged him, "We're almost there."

"This is so cool!" *Kipe's* face was glued to the window so he could get a better look in the fading light.

"Oh, get a grip," Tem griped. He was not being very nice to *Kipe*, which was not like him. He kept snapping at him for no reason and when we pulled up at the lovely, grassy enclave of houses built on stilts, each one spaced far enough from the next to ensure privacy, I thought he'd be swooning. Instead, he glowered like a two year old and Billy looked at me in a questioning way.

Surrounded by the unbelievable *Kahili* mountains on three sides and the ocean spilling and spraying from the fourth, it was picture-postcard perfection. We picked our cabins and I followed Tem into ours, grateful he wasn't telling me to sleep outside in the grass.

I closed the door to our cabin and I asked, very gently, "Baby, what's wrong?"

He threw his sunglasses across the room. "Did you enjoy sucking his cock?"

"It was okay."

"Don't bullshit me, Div. I watched you. You *loved* it!"

"You were the one who pushed my face toward him. It was hot! And if you think I enjoyed it, good. It's called acting. As it happens, I didn't enjoy it all that much. He'd been eating chicken livers. I could taste it."

Tem sat on the king-size bed, arms crossed, and all I wanted was for him to enjoy our beautiful room and to make out with me until it was time for dinner.

"You can forget dinner," he huffed. "I'm not hungry."

"Tem, darling, can you stop all the chatter, please?"

"Chatter?" he was winding himself up for a prize fight now.

"The mental chatter, baby." He looked like he was going to argue again and I put my arms around him. I kissed his forehead. "Please baby, *please* listen to me. Close your eyes." But he was resistant. "Please, Tem?" I kissed his eyelids until they closed and I kept my mouth on his face. "Go to my rooms, baby. Come on."

"What are you talking about?"

"The rooms in my mind. Clear the white noise. Don't think about anything else except reading my mind."

"I...I don't know if I can." I stroked his back until the fear and tension left him, and then he was there. I felt his gingery warmth, his honeyed

light as he came into my mind, and I felt and heard his gasp. My breath was a whisper on his face as he walked from room to room and delighted at this new treasure. I felt his joy, like a shopper let loose alone at a linen store close-out.

He liked everything he saw.

Tem's mouth trembled. "It's all me. I...I'm all you think about." He kept wandering, opening closets and drawers.

"What does that tell you, Tem?"

His eyes opened and looked right into my soul. His voice was soft, humbled. "That every room is full."

I swallowed his mouth with mine.

* * * *

A long time later, we took some champagne out to our *lanai*, enjoying the vast expanse of *Kauai*. There wasn't a sound from any of the other cabins, no music, no laughter, and when I looked around, everybody was doing the same thing—absorbing the astonishing feeling of being able to breathe, of feeling connected to the earth, of times past, feeling a people long gone, but who still stood rooted in the life of the land. It was real. Though I felt their presence, I felt no victims, only guardian spirits.

I heard Tem gasp. "The sky is purple. Look at

those streaks. Have you ever seen such brilliance?" My lover's face was tilted upward in complete amazement.

"I told you, as a vampire, you will see colors humans won't."

"Oh, Div...my God...it's a night rainbow!"

I smiled at him. "We don't get many of those in *Waikiki*, but where we live..."

"There are night rainbows?"

"Many, many night rainbows."

"Hey, you two!"

We looked over to see Billy and the others waving. "Come on over and grab a bite to eat. We're barbecuing."

The noise and laughter began anew as we threaded our way through the grassy meadow to their cabin. We accepted more glasses of champagne, and with Tem being back in obvious good humor, everybody else relaxed.

We excused ourselves around midnight and went back to our room. We bathed together in the tub which stood right beside our bed and I licked and massaged Tem's feet.

"Can't we complete the bond tonight?" he asked for the tenth time and I responded with a tender "No, Tem." We dried each other off, fell into the sheets and kissed and kissed for a long time. I held him in my arms as he slept, and finally I too drifted off once I saw his mental rooms were

quiet and peaceful, that happy, good thoughts crowded his mind, not thoughts of loss, of being hurt and alone.

I have no idea how long we slept, but suddenly he was awake and in tears. "I can't do it! Don't make me do it!"

"Do what, darling?"

He was a wreck. "I don't want to fuck him. I can't bear it. I don't want him to touch me. I don't want him to touch me!"

"Oh, Tem..." I covered him with my body and he held me with his legs, begging for my cock, *his* cock, begging me to fill him up. I gave him what he wanted, which was also what I wanted, and he sobbed, "I don't want him to touch me, Div."

"This is how I've felt about you since the first time I touched you," I told him. I didn't know how we were going to explain things to Billy, but I would work it out.

As it happened, I didn't have to do much. It all just happened naturally. Around dawn, Tem wanted to take the blankets outside and fuck in the meadow. Within seconds, our noisy coupling woke Bull who was out with his camera and *Kipe*, still naked, came running.

I had my man on his back, my cock planted in him, and in his lust-filled state, he grabbed *Kipe's* swinging dick and started sucking it. Billy and Luke came out, and somehow a rollicking gang

bang managed to get shot, taking place as the sun rose, leaving a dewy, rosy glow to some down and dirty proceedings in the heart of old *Hawaii*.

Tem, who could do well as a porn director if he chose, got me on my knees and told *Kipe* to fuck me in the ass.

"What?" I was horrified. "You're going to pimp me out?" Tem was the only man who had ever fucked me. That was a sacred thing, our thing, our special...arrgggh! That massive lump of lead was in me now.

"Are you my bitch?" Tem demanded. He took my face in his hands as I got used to the aggressive, not totally unpleasant sensation of being fucked like a blow-up doll. "Jimmy Thunder, are you my bitch?"

Oh, he was in character. But I was still gonna get him back for this.

"Yes," I mumbled. He made me repeat it over and over until I was screaming "I'm your bitch!"

I sure hoped the local school, just across the meadow, was not in session.

Tem got underneath me, sucking my cock as *Kipe* fucked me. He was moving in and out of me more slowly now. Luke had taken over the camera because *Kipe* was sucking off Bull's humungous, bong-size dick.

I was able to relax and enjoy the fucking I was getting a little bit more, but I was a one-man man

now and I focused on Tem's cock which was standing to attention under my chin. As our four way continued, I felt Tem's canine teeth come down over my cock, grazing it.

"What a hoot! He's got vampire teeth in!" Billy crowed. As Kipe pulled out of me for the come shot, Tem opened his thighs wider and pushed my mouth to his groin. He wanted the bonding now. On camera!

"Keep shooting, keep shooting!" Billy told Luke and my teeth descended, sinking straight into Tem's groin area, causing him to shudder and shriek.

"Bite me!" I felt his tongue lapping at my groin and as I pulled my teeth from him, his teeth sank into me and I saw red, blood-orange and crimson shafts of light flood my mind. I saw into Tem's clearly. We drank in our love for one another and gave back everything we had. With the whole world as witness.

"Wow." Billy was dancing on the grass like a demented goat on steroids. "Vampires are all the rage you know. Those teeth look real, guys. You know what...this is better than the stuff we'd talked about!"

"Yeah." I turned around, saw my baby's face wet with tears of joy, and picked him up. I held him in my arms, my canine teeth easing back in my mouth. Tem was so out of it, he couldn't

retract his, so I covered his face with mine.

"Hey you two," Billy told us. "Get dressed and let's go to the festival!"

Bull, Luke, and the two cameramen we'd recruited in *Kauai* shot some lovely scenes of us at the *Kamehameha* Day parade. We proud *Hawaiians* stood, with our state flags waving in the early morning sun as *hula* music, dancers, chanters preceded a credible King *Kamehameha* and his courtly entourage down the main street of *Hanapepe*.

The great and fearsome king might have taken *Kauai* by force in a long and bloody coup, but he is remembered with much *Aloha* each and every year.

"Did you know him?" my beloved whispered to me.

"No," I frowned. "I'm not *that* old."

We wandered the markets, buying *Kauai* peaberry coffee, fruit and a pair of gold wedding rings at an antique store.

"Oh, they're beautiful," Tem moaned. And then it was time to take him home and let the others enjoy the sun. "We still get to enjoy the day," my new husband observed as we battened down the hatches and prepared to spend our first bonded day in bed. "What do you do when you're happier than you ever dreamed possible, Div?"

"We shout it to the world." I didn't give a fuck

who knew. I no longer wanted to live in fear and keep happiness to ourselves. My granddaddy had taught me silence because the lack of it is what got my family cursed in the first place.

But that was a long, long, long time ago.

Chapter Eighteen

Of course, it was Tem who really taught me how to fly. Our third exchange having been so brilliant and bold, he wanted to go straight out and test his stuff. In His and His *Aloha* shirts, of course.

That night, we held hands at the edge of *Waimea Canyon*, a stunning natural wonder they claim that Mark Twain dubbed the Grand Canyon of the Pacific, even though I know for a fact he'd never visited here. But it really is. A majestic, spirit-filled one-time volcano that houses rare birds, a colony of feral goats, and crags and rocks in a thousand different shades of black and tan. Deep, verdant gorges of green give off a shimmering mist even in daytime. We jumped off the cliff like *Thelma and Louise* except there was no car, and this was the beginning of our lives. Not the end.

It had been so long since I'd flown, but I felt no fear, only Tem's strong hand in mine, his scream

of laughter matching my own. We were somewhere over the canyon when we spotted a small black cat crouching fearfully as wild pigs trampled the undergrowth. We came down at Tem's insistence, the half-starved inky black creature of the night meowing like crazy when my beautiful man reached long, loving arms toward him and the cat growled in fury.

"He can't see you, darling," I told Tem.

"Are you serious? You mean we're invisible? How *exciting!*" He snatched the cat to his chest and it started to purr like a kitten, closing its amber eyes knowing it had found brethren, that it was no longer alone.

Tem and I had to figure out how to get him back to the hotel. I took off my shirt and made a kitty harness for Tem's new baby. It was a good thing I was with a man who now liked blood, that poor frightened cat almost tore my chest to shreds. But I was a hero to the man I loved and watching the way he fed that cat shredded chicken in our cabin, patiently stroking love and life back into him, I couldn't believe how far we'd come so soon.

"I'm going to call him Moontime, because that's our time." Tem was smiling at me. "What do you think?"

"Moontime Thunder. I love it." I reached over for a kiss.

Tem and I flew from cabin to cabin, knowing

we were invisible and had to return to our place when the laughter threatened to choke us. We'd caught Bull and *Kipe* in the throes of some serious man on man action in Bull's cabin. And guess who was bottoming? It was *not* Bull.

* * * *

We returned home to *Oahu* two days later, promising each other we'd go back to *Kauai* often.

The girls and *Todah* fell in love with *Moontime*, who soon became the most pampered cat in *Waikiki*. He ruled our house like a pasha, especially our growing menagerie of pets. Even the horses were afraid of him. But *Moontime* had a few er...abandonment issues and freaked out if we left the house, especially Tem. So we took to bringing him everywhere with us. We took him for walks at sunsets. He ate at outdoor restaurants with us and went almost everywhere most cats don't go. He had excellent table manners and his conversation was never dull. He complained at first about his diamond-studded collar with matching harness and leash. I can tell you, though, this is a cat who secretly adores *bling*.

Todah joined our vampire family and I took him out hunting one night to show him how it was done. He was determined to take out Michael Craven, which was fine by me, but I also wanted

him to be careful. I wanted to make sure it looked like an overdose.

It was Tem, *Todah* and I who flew into Craven's room at a Japanese boutique hotel as he was slapping around a rent boy. *Todah* was able to fly with the two of us holding his hands and the poor, knocked around hooker fled when it seemed like Craven was having hallucinations of vampires.

The three of us materialized to Michael Craven who sat naked in a chair, looking at us. "What's this?" he snarled. "Freaky and freakier? You're a fucking vampire?"

"At least I suck blood for survival. You do it for sport," Tem told him, but it was *Todah* who finished him off and the three of us carried Craven's body over Chinatown, dropping him into the ocean. Interestingly, three sharks seemed to be waiting for us, gliding silently toward the floating body as we took off in flight.

"Let's celebrate with chocolate soufflés at Alan Wong's," I suggested.

"No, let's go some place with music, and not a gay bar, if it's all the same to you," *Todah* shouted back.

We compromised. Soufflés at Alan Wong's and music at the *Waikiki* Shell. We sat in the rafters, literally.

"We're the vampire bats in the belfry," we kept saying to one another. People kept looking

around, wondering where all the laughter was coming from.

“Clancy would love this band,” *Todah* whispered to me. His and Clancy’s mutual love of music led to some hot-house jam sessions at our house on Sundays. They have a group now called *Ohana*, the *Hawaiian* word for family. Blossom offered to manage them, booking them in pretty cool venues all over the islands.

I have now lost count of how many favors I owe her.

Tem finished *Nonita’s* Pink Palace and an incensed Blossom demanded an upgrade on her red opium den. Naturally, she got it.

“She’s a vampire! Why didn’t you tell me?” Tem asked me after they had tea and discussed decorating ideas early one evening. Tem wasn’t all work and no play. Almost every second of our short days and long nights were, as usual, filled with each other.

We had fun sneaking up on people from overhead, biting mean men’s asses, goosing pretty girls...he brought out the kid in me and I apparently brought out the *very* naughty kid in him.

He couldn’t stand finding the occasional thoughts from the past in my mind of having been with *Nonita*. It didn’t appease him when I said, “If you looked properly you’d see those were

nightmares. Not wet dreams."

Todah, however, developed a crush on *Waikiki's* favorite little porn actress and had a raging fling of his own with her.

"Am I the *only* man in this family who hasn't fucked her?" Tem griped. As if seeking revenge, he started pushing me to marry Clancy because her immigration problem was becoming dire.

"But I don't want to marry her, I am married to you," I reminded him. We wore our antique wedding rings, but we'd never had an official ceremony beyond our bonding in *Kauai*, which as far as I was concerned was the best wedding I'd ever been to in my life.

"I'm already your husband, we both know that. I don't need another ceremony. But Clancy is family, Div. She needs our help."

"Well why don't you marry her if you think it's such a great idea?"

"Because she wants to be Mrs. Thunder. She *is* your sister's wife, honey."

I said I would marry Clancy if Tem legally changed his last name to Thunder. *Todah* changed his name, too, and a week later, we had this whole big wedding at our property.

Clancy and Tem prepared a feast of *Hawaiian*, Australian and Asian food. The neighbors came out in force, bringing wonderful gifts of food, fruit, flowers and a pair of live, brooding

Araucana hens. We were told they lay green, pink and blue eggs. I saw the smiles between my husband and my...er, wife. They would be the new stars of the market gardening network with multi-colored eggs.

Sebastian Fortune, the drive-in movie king of Round Top, abandoned his bathrobe for top hat and tails. He looked amazing.

Nonita was there in a dress designed by Tem. He finally got his revenge on *Nonita*. She couldn't read the special thread only vampires could see, but I did get a childish kick out of seeing the word FAT ASS stretched across the seat of her pink sparkly dress. Naughty, naughty Tem.

Tem had a truly soft spot for Blossom, who had thrown open her private vaults and let him go insane with antique fabrics, even allowing him try on her collection of tiaras. She wore a simply stunning dress made of seven hundred year old Qin Dynasty red Chinese silk. Nothing written on her ass. Tem had too much respect for her to do that.

Blossom couldn't take her eyes off *Nonita's* FAT ASS. She turned to me, her blood-red talons on my arm. "Jimmy-San," she purred. "Every debt you owe me has just been canceled."

Clancy was a beautiful bride in an ivory sheath Tem made of three-layered nineteenth century Parisian silk. Her mother turned up at the last

minute for the nuptials. I have no idea what she thought about the unusual family her daughter was marrying into. She was too busy being charmed and bullshitted by Sebastian.

Tem, looking edible and even hotter than the day we bonded—if that's possible—wore a Hugo Boss suit. His hair slicked back in a ponytail, he walked Clancy down the makeshift aisle on our beachfront. *Kalani* was the bridesmaid in ivory and jade silk and I, too, was in Boss. Moontime lay on Tem's feet, one paw resting on mine, the way he always laid on our bed.

Hiroshi, who had done such a wonderful job of helping *Todah*, performed the ceremony. The wedding photos were lovely, but what they don't show is the groom feeling up the best man and the bridesmaid feeling up the bride.

Over the wedding feast, Blossom and *Nonita* had a big fight about who could give *Todah* the best blowjob and *Hiroshi* had to physically separate them.

I told them to sort their differences in the bedroom. Tem acted aghast, but then Blossom was reaching into her red silk purse, producing a tube of red lipstick. She applied a fresh coat over her lips, though I had watched her. Not a single bite of food consumed ever touches her lips. She shoves it all down with her teeth.

Nonita narrowed her eyes, lining her lips in

pink. It was on. We had war. Me, I thought this would be a win-win situation for *Todah*. If Tem were honest about it, he would admit that he, like I, was more than a little bit proud of having the wickedest playboy in *Waikiki* telling us his exploits. I was happy to have another Mr. Thunder out there, picking up the mantel where I'd left off, now that I was a one-man man.

Hiroshi left us soon after dinner to go and perform an exorcism, *Todah* and his warring women threw rose petals over everybody and ran off for some...mouth to cock resuscitation. And Clancy's mother went to inspect Sebastian's...*etchings*.

"Who's your money on?" my husband asked me.

"Blossom, of course. She might be older than dirt, but she is one righteous, cock-sucking whore. Speaking of which, she's not the only person around here who knows how to give great head. Would you like to join me for a private celebration?"

Tem smiled, his eyes on my crotch now. "I would love to darling, but I think I truly deserve the party in your pants."

"This isn't an either or proposition. You can have both, you know."

"Yes, I know." His face was positively smug.

After *Kalani* and Clancy took off for their

honeymoon on horseback, I carried Tem to our bed and did my damndest to keep that satisfied look on his face.

He sighed when I took my time sweeping my tongue over his whole body. I wanted to linger over his cock but he was crazed with desire.

“Stick it in now!” he shrieked and as I shot into him, his face went slack. “Oh, Div...I love how hard you get...”

“You do that to me, Tem. Just being near you I get hard.” We spent hours doing naughty things to one another and then he gave me a special wedding gift—His and His *Aloha* shirts designed and made by Tem.

His label, *Thunderwear*, is now the biggest thing in the islands. At night, lovely details emerge in his fabrics, positive subliminal messages like *Have Fun, Make Love, I’m Happy* are sewn into the thread and come out only under certain lights.

Our shirts were tight and black with lovely shimmering palm trees and hula girls woven into the fabric. We wore them with leather pants. Tight leather pants. Of course, they left nothing to the imagination, but then Tem seemed to take pleasure in flaunting me.

We loved to fly, but that night we decided to take the long way into *Waikiki*. We drove. When Moontime saw us packing champagne and some leftover finger food into a picnic basket, he took

off running.

Tem and I stepped outside, taking a moment to look at the stars and a night rainbow we believed was just for us, in the distance. I let him into the passenger seat of the Lincoln. It was looking gorgeous these days, thanks to Tem's insistence that we make it so.

Moontime was already supine on the back seat, waiting for us to move. His presence there was only a pain when we had other passengers because he does not like to share. He looked at me and his thoughts were clear. "What are we waiting for?"

I guess I'm *his* bitch, too.

We drove into *Waikiki*. Tem had his feet on my lap and the song on the I-Pod was Don Ho's rousing *Night Life*.

When the evening sun goes down, you're gonna find me hanging round...Oh the night life ain't no good life, but it's my life, yes our life... We screamed the lyrics out loud and we laughed and laughed.

"You want to go to the *Hula Bar*?" I asked him as we approached *Waikiki*.

"Are you kidding? I want all those guys to see what they can't touch." His hand went straight to my pants. "But can we walk for a while, Div? I want to walk down to the beach, sip champagne, then go look at the stores and I don't want you to let go of my hand for one second."

"Sounds good to me." We parked at the Honolulu Zoo, my baby and me, looking at the empty space that used to be his apartment building. And we walked. We came across a couple wearing *Thunderwear* shirts and I saw the messages written across the bottom of their shirts. *I Love Sex and Sexy Ass.*

"Tem, darling?" I asked him.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Tem, what's written across the back of my shirt?"

A wicked grin. "It says *I'm His Bitch.*"

I couldn't believe he'd done that to me, but it did make me laugh. This was a rare case of truth in advertising.

"Guess what mine says?"

I looked over his shoulder, down at his riveting ass. *I'm His Whore.* He grinned at me. "Because it's true, Div. I am your whore."

And there we were, hand in hand, in sexy His and His *Aloha* shirts, walking toward the quiet end of the beach with our champagne and picnic basket.

Just a couple of Vampires in *Waikiki*.

And their cat.

About the Author

A. J. Llewellyn lives in California, but dreams of living in Hawaii. Frequent trips to all the islands, bags of Kona coffee in his fridge and a healthy collection of Hawaiian records keep this writer refueled. A. J. loves male/male erotica, has a passion for all animals (especially the dog, the cat and the turtle). A. J. believes that love is a song best sung out loud.

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