



# RENT BOY

A. J. LLEWELLYN

RENT BOY: A SEXTACULAR JULY 4<sup>TH</sup>  
FANTASY

BY

AJ LLEWELLYN

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Rent Boy: A SeXtacular July 4<sup>th</sup> Fantasy  
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## DEDICATION

*To my two favorite goddesses: Martine Jardin for her art, her vision and her heart, and Madame Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes.*

## CHAPTER ONE

The high surf churned dramatically against the jagged lava rocks lining the cove just fifty feet away from the two story villa on the grounds of the *Kea Lani* Hotel at Polo Beach. As I neared the front door, I took a deep breath. *Boom!* One huge wave shot into the air making me jump as I took a look back at the limousine that had picked me up and brought me here. The driver was pulling away in a slow, sedate fashion. I was sorry now that I had not taken more than a few sips of the champagne he'd given me and I stepped forward, knocking at the front door.

"Come in," a voice said from the depths of the villa that I knew the occupant was paying over a thousand dollars for a single night's stay. A hefty amount which did not include what he was paying for my services.

I opened the door and found him sitting on the sofa, his steady gaze on me. The living room of that elegant, beautifully furnished house was huge, all the doors and windows open to the

ocean breeze and the crashing surf that left a fine sheen of moisture on a *koa* wood dining table.

“Are you my rent boy?”

I was so shocked at his abruptness, the way he came right out and stated things that I smiled to cover my anxiety.

“Yes.”

He remained sitting, a magnificent, regal presence, dressed in an impeccable suit that, owing to his massive, six foot, four inch frame, he must have had custom made. He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, fingers steepled under his chin just staring at me.

“You’re lovely.” He got up and walked toward me with the gait of a dancer, which of course he was. A wonderfully muscled man, Kimo Wilder was the premiere hula dancer in the Hawaiian Islands. He was also openly gay, married to his co-star *Lopaka* and yet he was here in *Maui* booking an afternoon rendezvous with me.

I smelled the salt water from the ocean, felt a flicker of ocean spray on my face. We were so close to the lava rocks and black sand carried down by a volcanic splurge from *Haleakala* over a hundred years ago that I felt we could easily be carried out to sea with the rising of the tide.

My gaze took in the heavy, black tattoos inking the entire right side of Kimo’s body. Not that I could see much of them now except on his hands and face. But two nights ago, I’d had a ringside

seat at the theater, watching him stalk the stage in a tiny loincloth, knowing he'd handpicked me for a hot, sexual tryst.

Kimo took my breath away with his long gleaming hair held back with a strand of shiny *koa* wood beads. I felt the contained menace oozing from him as he circled me. I was wearing exactly what he'd demanded that I wear. He'd sent a driver with a suit, shoes, socks and the most amazing underwear I'd ever worn in my life. Lace briefs for men.

He put his hand to my crotch. "You're not hard." His fingers searched for the outline of my cock and my gaze fell on a chunk of lava rock at the foot of the lush green garden, bursting with birds of paradise, giddy, gaudy *heleconia* and jade. The foamy water worked at the rocks, the way Kimo Wilder was working at me. He grunted when his persistent strokes got me hard.

"Success at last," he whispered and took his hand away, continuing his rhythmic circling of me.

I understood in that moment how animals in the wild felt when ravenous predators circled them searching for the weak spot, watching, waiting for that perfect moment to strike. Kimo leaned forward and with both hands pulled the silk jacket from my body. It fell in a soft puddle on the floor.

"You have a nice, tight ass." His voice was at

my ear as his right hand fondled my butt cheeks. "And you are absolutely straight?"

"Yes." I was trembling now. I'd heard he packed a huge poker in his pants. What the heck was I getting myself into?

"Then why are you willing to let me fuck you?" His voice was at my other ear. It was disturbing, yet also very erotic.

"When I heard it was you..." I shrugged.

He stopped circling me. "You've never had a man want to fuck you in the ass before?"

"Once or twice."

"And yet you never did it?"

I shook my head. "No."

"So women hire you as an escort and what...there is a man involved?"

"Occasionally there is a husband wanting to watch me fuck his wife."

Kimo stood in front of me, smiling. "I bet they do...and then they want to fuck you, too." When I nodded, his hand shot back to my cock.

"Your name is *Agapito*. Is that Spanish?" His voice was low, almost hypnotic.

I nodded again, but this time, I found my voice. "My parents were Spanish Andalusians. I was born in *Ceuta*."

"Ah...yes. Near the Strait of Gibraltar. A city of Spain but fully autonomous. An intriguing part of the world, *Agapito*."

I was impressed that he knew his geography.



“My family moved here when I was very young. My name, *Agapito*, means beloved.”

A sly curve upward of his lips and he took his hand away from my now rigid cock. “Well, let’s see if I make you feel that way before our time is up.”

He reached out one long finger and touched my lips before moving across the room and I let out a breath. *Relax, I told myself. He won’t bite. At least, I don’t think he will...* I watched him open the fridge and extract a bottle of *Veuve Clicquot Demi Sec* champagne. My God, that cost over five hundred dollars, that bottle. He opened it quickly, not popping the cork, but twisting it off, handing me a glass and indicating for me to take a seat in one of the huge wing chairs.

Kimo took his place back on the sofa and sipped at his own glass. For the first time, I realized he was barefoot and, up close, I could see his tattoos extended to his feet. The champagne was dry, very dry and good. I started to relax completely and I looked at his handsome face. Why *had* I agreed to let him fuck me?

I smelled lilacs and my gaze drifted to a huge, glorious vase filled with lilacs and matching live orchards spilling out over the coffee table, tortured willow shooting in different directions. How apt, I thought. I looked like the total package. Slim, well toned, good looking in an exotic way, but inside, I was a wreck. I felt Kimo’s eyes on me,

his stare so intense it was like being under a heat lamp.

He put his glass on the table and, in one swift movement, was over to me. He knelt between my legs, his hands running up my thighs. His left hand sported at least three wedding rings, a glint of tiny diamonds on one band, but it was his closeness that threw me. Just inches away from him, I saw his eyes were actually black. He was very intimidating, even when he was being affectionate and sensual. He aroused something deep and primal in me. I felt some deep sea creature within me unfurling from a long, dormant sleep.

“What about your husband?” I blurted.

He stopped what he was doing, his forehead furrowed. “What about my husband?”

“Does he know what you’re doing?” I regretted my words at once. I’d broken rule number one. Never ask them personal questions about spouses, especially when they’re paying top dollar to stray on them. I’d read everything I could on the man to glean as much information as possible about his likes and dislikes. He and his husband flew well below the radar though, despite having a hit performance show in *Honolulu* five nights a week. A lot of curiosity, not many facts. They were in *Maui* for a two-week long stint at the *Maui Myth and Magic Theater* while the resident show *Ulalena* was being retooled.

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I managed to snag a ticket from a street vendor in *Lahaina* who flogged everything from boat tours to convoluted condo time shares and was as captivated as the rest of the crowd in the theater. I'd been awed by the sheer physicality of Kimo Wilder and was stunned that he was booking a male escort, or as he had referred to me in our brief phone conversation and in person, his *rent boy*. From everything I had read and heard, he and his husband *Lopaka* were a solid couple, happy, reclusive people, with a huge property in the mountains both here and on *Oahu*. I knew they had at least three children and there was rumor of twins on the way via a surrogate.

They earned big money that they poured into their own school for island-born children, focusing on the ancient Hawaiian ways. They gave their time to children's charities and hospitals. They were the Brad and Angelina of the gay world. And here Kimo was on a holiday weekend, with a *rent boy*.

His expression was unreadable, but I sensed a flash of anger as he leaned forward and topped up his glass. He set the champagne bottle back on the lava coaster on the *koa* wood coffee table. He did not refill my glass, but took a sip of his and his gaze moved back to my face.

"Stand up." I was expecting the words, *now get out*. Instead I got, "Take everything off except your shorts." He sat back watching me take off the

elegant shirt, the black leather belt at my waist. As I dropped my pants, kicking off the shoes and socks, a flicker of fire danced in those expressive eyes. He held his hand toward me. Drawing me to him, he licked his lips as he admired me in the blue lace briefs with the black trim.

The box that had arrived at my hotel room had read *Hidden Vestments*. A quick look online and I learned these briefs cost three hundred dollars and were made exclusively for men. The company made silk and lace underwear out of vintage French and German lace and silk. They even made wedding dresses for gay men and I wondered if Kimo's husband had worn one of them on their wedding day.

"Turn around." His voice surprised me and had me spinning around for him. His free hand cupped my buttocks one at a time and I was surprised that I was starting to enjoy his touch. "Sit on my lap."

He leaned back as I sat on him, my legs tucked into his body. His body felt as hard and muscular as it looked and once muscle in particular seemed to be getting very hard in his pants. I felt...at peace, and yet, still overwhelmed by his presence. With his left arm around me, he reached forward again with his right and picked up his champagne glass. He held it to my lips. I sipped, then watched him take a mouthful himself, his lips framing the glass exactly where mine had and it sent a little

thrill of expectation through me. I took the glass from his fingers for something to do and his hand rested on my flat belly.

“Do you give all your clients this much trouble? Do you ask your female clients so many questions?” he asked me, a vein of humor back in his voice.

“Not always. I’m usually not interested in the women I…” his hand was moving across my nipples now, taunting and teasing each one, sending ripples of surprise and pleasure through me. It was hard to finish my sentence. “I’m not often intrigued by my dates.”

“And I intrigue you?”

“The cute ones always do.” *Cute? Was I high? What the hell was I saying?*

He chuckled. “So, I’m cute, am I?” His hand stopped moving, his eyes boring into mine. I felt like he could see right through me, demanding truth, extracting answers.

“More than cute.”

He grunted and his gaze went to the glass, which I held to his lips. He drank from it and I took a long look at the tribal tattoos on the right side of his face. I knew these all had some strong, spiritual significance and up close, they were frankly frightening. I sensed the power and danger of the man and almost dropped the glass as his tongue shot out and swiped its way across my lips.

"Tilt your head back," he murmured. As I did, his tongue ran across my jaw line and down my throat. I couldn't believe how good it felt to have another man lick me this way and, when he moved to my left nipple, capturing it in his hot mouth, I lost control of the glass, the champagne spilling to the floor.

"Give me your mouth."

I arched my head back and his left hand held my head to his as he kissed me, his tongue moving in and out of my mouth, his lips claiming mine. One kiss and I felt ravaged by him...my God, what was it going to be like when he actually fucked me?

I dropped the glass when his hand moved back to my cock. His touch was insistent, assured, and I hardened quickly for him. Everything he did to me shocked me, yet electrified me. He picked me up then, carrying me up the stairs. I am not a small man, but he made me feel as light as the lace on my briefs as he swept up the stairs with me, a grim expression on his face and dropped me on a huge bed. He got between my legs and lowered himself on me, his mouth back on mine again. Oh, I couldn't believe I'd missed those lips for the brief moment they'd lost contact with mine.

Our crotches connected, our cocks rubbing against each other through all that fabric.

"God...I haven't humped since I was a teenager," I gasped. My mind flew back to a scene

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on my aunt's couch...with a boy I'd gone to school with.

"Man or woman?" Kimo's voice was in my ear.

"Oh...a man..."

"You didn't give yourself to him?" he asked, his hands and mouth all over my face.

"No. Kimo...I want you naked," I told him. He leaned up, losing no time in removing his clothes as I writhed underneath him, trapped between his powerful thighs. He wore Calvin Klein boxer briefs and, as I helped him get his trousers off, I was shocked at how huge his cock was. I wondered where he hid it all when he wore that brief loincloth on stage, but then he lowered his body to mine again and my fingers flew to the massive arms holding his body off the bed, we both looked down as our cocks connected again.

It was a kick hearing nothing but the slash of waves and our quickening breaths, our mutual sighs of increasing pleasure. He took his mouth away from mine for a moment to bend and suck my nipples again and I let my fingers move down to touch that huge, thick cock that was making mine come alive in a way no woman ever had.

## CHAPTER TWO

He got off the bed for a moment and I felt instantly chilled when that hot, commanding body was no longer pinning me to the sheets. His cock was rigid in his tight boxer briefs and my gaze remained fixed on his crotch, my breath coming in short, hard gasps. All he had done was kiss and touch me, but I felt dazed and dizzy. I was aware of the bedspread, a vintage quilt by the looks and feel of it, hot and drenched under my body.

Kimo came back to the bed with cool hand towels soaked in lavender water. He ran one cloth over my face and body and, when he got to my own straining erection, his fingers lightly played over the lace fabric and then his lips fell on my cock, covering it with kisses. My hands, which had been playing with that long, silken hair, fell to my sides, my arms splayed out as he lifted my ass off the bed.

I watched as he tongued and kissed my cock, his mouth moving a wet, scorching fire path down



to my ass and my legs opened up in a helpless, hungry way as that long tongue flicked at my ass hole through the lace fabric. I wanted no separation, nothing keeping from me, but he dropped my ass back on the bed, a smile back on his face.

“Sure you’ve never done this before, *Agapito*?” His eyes were on my cock, which was itching for release, begging for his mouth to be back on it.

“Please suck me, Kimo,” I begged, thinking this would get him back into action.

He laughed instead. “I’m going to suck your cock, be sure on that. I bought you a present, let me find it.” He got off the bed again and was back within seconds, a huge, clear *lei* box in his hands. He gave it to me and I sat up on the bed with some difficulty. My hard-on was making me uncomfortable in that lace. But my fingers worked at the ends of the box, opening it to reveal an astonishing red *lei*, thick as a man’s arm. It was made of firecracker flower.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen anything quite so...lovely.” I marveled at the workmanship, the tiny red bells of the flowers with their orange and yellow hearts peeking with such natural perfection out at the world. Whoever made this was an artist.

“Happy July fourth, *Agapito*,” Kimo whispered, removing the *lei* from the box and slipping it over my neck.

"*Mahalo*, thank you," I managed to say as his unrelenting mouth clamped back down over mine. I saw the thick black eyelashes on those all-seeing eyes close like a curtain as he gave himself up to physical bliss. His hand went straight back to my crotch and I jumped off the bed. Talk about firecracker. I was ready to go off and he knew it. Holding me up to his own strong body, he ripped down the quilt and cool sheets greeted us underneath. They felt new and I knew they were expensive. I could tell just by touching them.

He lowered my upper body onto the sheets and now my ass was in his hands again and I gave out a little cry when his fingers started ripping at the lace boxers I was wearing.

"No! Please don't Kimo. I want them...I want to keep them. I want them as a memory of you."

He smiled. "Oh, I'm going to leave you with plenty to remember me by...deep inside your belly, *Agapito*."

"Please..."

Our eyes met again and he shook his head. He honored my wishes though and slid the lace down my thighs, tossing the pants to the floor. His gaze lingered on my body. He licked his lips and went straight back to work on my bock, sucking the head of it into his mouth. I was so busy squirming around on that bed I didn't really watch what he was doing. I only knew it felt...incredible. He took his mouth away from me and I almost cried in

frustration. No woman had ever sucked my cock that way, with complete ownership or such...reverence.

"You like what I'm doing?" he asked me, looking up at me.

"Oh...yes...yes...don't stop."

He was kneeling between my legs and I watched him pick up my ass again, like I was ripe juicy melon he just had to have and I felt his hot breath skim my inner thigh as his tongue shot straight to my ass hole. I wasn't breathing heavily now, I was letting out strangled sounds of sheer torturous pleasure as his tongue buffed me in a way guaranteed to have me humping his face.

And then he lifted his face away from me again. "How about that? You like that, *Agapito?*"

"*Si, si, me mola...*" I panted.

"*Me mola* means...what?"

I smiled then. "It's Andalusian slang. It means I like it."

His mouth went straight back to sucking my cock and he worked me with that concentrated way of his and I felt my orgasm bubbling up in me and the firecracker *lei* around my neck fell back against my face. I looked up to see my ass high in his hands, the spicy scent of the flowers filling my mind as I came in Kimo Wilder's mouth.

Even when my explosive orgasm subsided, he did not release me. He simply lowered me back to the sheets, nudged my legs apart with his hands

and went straight back to work with his tongue on my ass.

He licked my balls and ass, coming back to my sensitive cock head, knowing he'd driven me wild. He took himself away from me one more maddening time and ran his hand down my body. Reaching across the bed, he picked up a glass of champagne and held it to my lips. I guzzled thirstily. Then a thought came to me.

"Didn't we leave that downstairs?"

His sly smile shut me up. "I had an extra bottle waiting up here."

My hands shot down to his crotch and I found myself sliding those shorts down his muscular, rippling thighs. Kneeling on the bed between my legs, he took a long drink of champagne and looked at me. My gaze was fixed on the massive cock between his thighs. It terrified me to think about having it inside me, yet, I wanted it more than anything I could remember.

"You are so beautiful, Kimo."

"Thank you, *Agapito*." He held the glass to my mouth again and I drank from it, but I'd lost interest now. I was fixated with this man's body. And I was eager to explore him.

"Not so fast." He laughed when my head went to his crotch. "I want you on your knees. Come on, right now." He didn't have to tell me twice. I was ready for whatever little treasures his mouth and hands had in store for me and, within seconds, his

tongue, cold from the champagne, was flat against my ass hole and he was licking, suckling at me and I pushed back against him as he immersed his tongue inside me.

"Oh God..." I whimpered when his tongue was replaced by a finger.

"You ever had a woman put her finger inside you?" he asked me as he moved it around. It felt a little uncomfortable, but also good as his finger hit one spot inside me that felt just incredible.

"Agapito?"

"Yeah...but she didn't know what she was doing."

He laughed and took his finger out, replacing it with his tongue. *Yes!*

"You ever had a woman eat your ass out before, Agapito?"

"Once...twice...I was too afraid to ask her to do it again. I was embarrassed."

"You didn't want her to think you were gay?"

"No...not that...I liked it. I...I'm the one who provides pleasure usually. I don't..." He was working two fingers into me, licking around me what that fire-hot tongue of his. How could I focus when he was doing things to me I was going to remember for the rest of my life.

"You don't what?" he prompted.

"I don't tell women what I like. I give them what they like."

"Do you like what I'm doing now?" Two

fingers buried inside me and I had to force myself not to scream for his whole hand in there.

“Yeah...but I want your cock in me.”

“You’ll get it.” He moved up behind me and I thought when he took those fingers away from me he was going to stick it straight in, but I found his tongue roaming my ass again, his searing kisses peppering my back. And then I felt it, his scorching, leaking cock following the path of his mouth. What an amazing feeling, that cock sliding over my back. He took hold of the *lei* around my neck, holding it like a horse’s reins as he stroked my back with his rigid cock and I felt his balls slapping against my butt.

“Turn over, baby.”

I turned and he released the *lei*-reins as we leaned into each other, fully naked together for the first time. I gave myself willingly to this man, allowing his hands and cock to touch me, stroke me and I grabbed onto his cock as his fingers worked expertly over mine. I came in a blinding array of colors as he coaxed and urged fresh fireworks from me.

He bent down to kiss me and I begged him for his cock. He allowed me, once I’d come for him, to get between his thighs and lick him. He was as excited as I was when my mouth made contact with that leaky cock head of his and I heard the sounds he made as I licked around the huge head. My tongue slithered down over the long shaft.

I stopped. His husband's name, *Lopaka*, was tattooed down the length of it. Reminding me that this beautiful piece of man meat belonged to somebody else stopped me, but only for a moment. I was anxious to claim a little of it for myself.

Glancing up at him, I could see Kimo was entranced at my clear enjoyment at tasting my first piece of cock. I slid my mouth back to lick the head of his cock, aware of his full attention on me. I took my time savoring the flavor of his pre-come, which was surprisingly sweet. Outside the windows, I could hear the rhythmic sound of the surf and I relaxed, enjoying this new and dangerous experiment, licking and sucking him in time to the waves.

I wondered when he'd last had sex with his husband and I brushed the thought from my mind. I wanted him to forget about his husband and with my mouth full of his cock, I glanced back up at Kimo, who smiled down at me.

*"Agapito, I want you. I need to be inside you."* His fingers swept back strands of damp hair from my face and I felt a momentary qualm that I had not given him pleasure with my cock sucking. The anxious way he eased me back on the bed, nudging my ass with his cock head, I knew I'd fired him up plenty. He wanted to come inside my ass. He just couldn't wait any longer.

Imprisoned under his great body, I stroked his

scorching hot arms, my fingers delighting at the tension in his muscles. He gave me his mouth again and as I wrapped my legs around him, our hard cocks jutted at each other. He pushed himself away from me.

“You sure about this?”

I nodded. We had already talked about no condoms, but I wasn't afraid of that. I was afraid of pain. I was afraid of wanting him in spite of the pain and I watched him dip his head down to my ass again, my legs reluctantly releasing him. His tongue and mouth sent sparks of wild euphoria through me, my ass wet and ready. Yet, as his cock poised at my ass hole, he looked into my eyes to make sure I wanted this.

My head tossed back and forth on the bed as he slowly entered me. The pain was so immense I felt he would rip me in two. He took his time and kept asking me if I was okay.

“Yes...yes...don't stop. I don't care if you hurt me. I want you inside me, Kimo.” My hands flew to his face and he kissed me. I tasted myself on his tongue and I felt him searing into me. He bent down to take my left nipple into his mouth and my cock started a dance between our bellies. “Yeah...oh yeah...” I couldn't stop my mantra and then he was all the way inside me. The pain was still there, but he started to fuck me and I wanted to be the best, tightest, hottest little fuck he'd ever had so I concentrated on not showing him pain,



only lust for how good it felt to have his cock plowing my ass.

He fucked me for several minutes and kept pulling almost the whole way out, then coming back home to me. I gripped his hips. It hurt like hell when he withdrew and I could control his movements better. My feet slapped at his ass as he plunged into me harder and harder and he put his mouth to my ear.

“I’m gonna knock you up, rent boy.” He came so hard I could feel his heart beating against my shoulder and then I was coming too, all over his belly and mine. He let me feel his full weight finally and, when we’d both calmed down, he kissed me, his cock taking a breather inside my ass.

And then his cell phone rang. Kimo eyed it, flicking a glance back at me.

“Don’t move.” He remained inside me as he answered him and I heard a little voice.

“Daddy?”

“Everything okay, baby?” Kimo asked, turning his face away from me. He was listening with great concentration. With his face turned away, I couldn’t hear the child’s voice from the phone anymore. “I love you too, baby.” Kimo snapped the phone shut and turned back to me.

He didn’t look at my face, his gaze went back to my nipples and he was still hard, like a granite block inside me. He licked and sucked my nipples

and came back to my mouth again. After a long, wet kiss, he started to laugh.

“What?” I asked, stroking his cheek, the right cheek with all those tattoos. He closed his eyes and my fingers traced the marks of his marriage and parenthood on the delicate eyelid.

“A man can’t even sneak away to fuck his rent boy without his children having mini meltdowns.”

Pangs of anxiety flooded my body.

“Settle down, my darling. They’re okay, however, our little playtime is over...” He kissed me with tenderness and our mutual fire lingered. “For now. Tonight though, I want another romp with *Agapito*.”

“*Si, señor.*”

Kimo threw back his head and laughed. “*Lopaka*, you are something else. I love you so much...this fantasy was the best one of all. I *loved* it. I really got into this...I really felt like I was fucking you for the first time.” He fingered the *lei* I was wearing. “My hot little firecracker.”

“I have to learn more Andalusian slang.” I grinned up at him and Kimo smothered me with kisses.

“Yeah...that was a nice touch, baby. When you kept asking me about my husband...man...I really got swept up in this little game and I had to keep reminding myself...my hot little rent boy is my man...*my man...*”

Our eyes met, our passion renewed. I never got

enough of him. He read my mind, he always could, it was one of the things we shared.

"Oh, my love..." His mouth covered mine and I had to fight from crying when he pulled out of me. In spite of my protests, his cock was no longer a physical part of me.

"It's not running away, my love. It's all yours." He kissed me again. "I don't just love you when I'm inside you, you know."

"I know."

Kimo was looking at me with such devotion, I knew he would have been inside me once more if the sound of children laughing and shouting hadn't filtered up to our open windows.

"My babies!" I squealed as a car braked. We jumped off the bed. Kimo and I paused to grab and touch one another one more time.

"Thank you for *Agapito*, I adore him," my husband grinned.

"Thank you for my lace briefs and this *lei*. Kimo, I love you so much."

He swept me up into his arms. "I know you do, darling. Take that *lei* off. I want you to wear it when I fuck you in this beautiful bed tonight." I gave it to him and he repackaged it, then we ran around looking for clothes to throw on and the kids were hammering at the front door as we grabbed board shorts out of the suitcase Kimo had brought here earlier. We ran down the stairs and I turned back to him.

"The champagne...it was wonderful, darling."

"Glad you think so, there's another bottle in the fridge. For tonight." We grinned at one another, our thoughts on pleasuring one another all over again and then Kimo's hand was on the door.

## CHAPTER THREE

“Daddy!” Our toddler son, Baby Kimo hurled himself at us, our five-year-old nephews, *Keli’i* and *Kamaha*, right behind him. We immersed ourselves in baby love as my sister, *Maluhia*, pregnant with the twins Kimo and I so badly longed for, clambered over us, a box of Ding Dongs in her hands.

“There is a TV right? Three days I’ve had no TV. Oh look at it...it’s beautiful.” She ran her hands lovingly over the thing. Boy, she needed a man. Our house in the mountains had no TV and my sister’s not-so-silent suffering was the initial reason we decided to splurge on the villa at the beach. She grabbed the remote and parked her body across the sofa, firing up her obsession, the Lifetime movie channel. This was her way of officially handing off the kids to us.

We made a big fuss of the boys and our Baby Kimo offered up his face for kisses.

“Mmmm...I taste pancakes...” I kissed him again. “And I think maple syrup. What do you

think, darling?" I handed the giggling baby over to my husband who kissed him.

"Yep. And I taste pineapples." Kimo tickled the baby who chortled. "Mmm...and maybe I taste strawberries. Do I taste strawberries?" He cocked a brow at Baby Kimo who laughed.

"Strawberries!" he shouted.

"Taste me! What about me!" *Kamaha* threw himself into my arms for his turn at getting kisses.

I caught my sister's grin. As I had been playing rent boy to my hot husband, she had taken the boys to breakfast in the main hotel behind us. I tried not to think about the fact her chocolate obsession continued unabated. Kimo was certain our twins would be fine, despite her penchant for HoHos, Snowballs and Ding Dongs.

When all three boys had been kissed and cuddled, they ran around the house, all excited. Kimo took such pleasure out of playing with our little guys, he joined their room romp.

"This is cool!" they kept saying. Apart from Kimo's tryst with *Agapito*, this was to be our July Fourth hideaway as we took a couple of days with our little family before returning to our home in *Honolulu*.

"Wait until you see the bathroom," Kimo told the boys. They ran ahead of us, ecstatic when they saw each of their names spelled out in different colored sponges. Kimo kissed me as the children delighted in this thoughtful little touch from the

hotel staff. They knew we had three boys and each one had a basket of bath time offerings. Bubble bath chalk, bath paint, rubber duckies, toy submarines and toy dinosaurs and spiders that expanded in water. They were agog, running the tub immediately to watch the glow-in-the-dark bugs grow big before their eyes.

Kimo glanced at me. We loved our lives, we loved these children. Now, we had two more coming and, thankfully, my sister was a willing accomplice to our little fantasy games. Kimo and I were aware that she longed for love of her own. Her two boys, the beautiful product of an otherwise bad marriage, were very important to us, as important as our son Kimo. Now that *Maluhia* was being a surrogate for me and Kimo with our expected twins, her own were excited, but nervous about their place in our lives.

We worked hard to give them a strong sense of family, so that when *Kamaha* turned to Kimo and said, "Daddy, they're not growing," he didn't correct him. Until he got his own dad, Kimo was his daddy and he loved the responsibility of having so many of us to nurture.

"Well, darling..." He crouched beside the boys. "Give them time and they'll grow. Let's go out now and when we come back, they'll be bigger, I promise you."

"Okay, but first I wanna pick my room."

"Yeah!" Baby Kimo and *Keli'i* shrieked,

following him up the stairs.

Kimo turned off the taps to the bathtub, looking across at me.

“Sweetheart, don’t look sad. Our playtime got interrupted before *Agapito* got to give me another set of fireworks, but I’m looking forward to a rematch tonight.” Kimo pulled me into his arms. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

“Yeah, I know you do...that’s why I’m thinking that to put a smile back on your face, I’m taking you and the boys up to *Haleakala* today to visit our favorite volcano goddess.”

“I would love that, but we promised the boys we’d take them out in the boat today.”

He shrugged. “So, we’ll take them out tonight and watch the fireworks in *Lahaina* from the middle of the ocean.”

“Oh...I love that idea.”

The boys came bursting into the room, *Keli’i* brandishing my lace briefs.

“Daddy.” He gave Kimo a fierce look. “Did you have a...*woman* here?”

Kimo laughed. “Of course not.”

“I know these aren’t mommy’s. She wears fat lady pants.”

“Hey, I heard that,” my sister shouted from the living room and we all laughed.

“Well, if you must know, I was fooling around with *Lopaka*,” Kimo told the kids.



"Lopaka wears girl's panties?" Kamaha asked.

"They're men's panties," Kimo told him, but the boys thought this was hysterical. Even the baby was laughing at me. When I gave the pint-sized replica of my husband a bleak look, he grabbed my hand, climbing up my body like I was his personal Stairmaster. He wound his arms around my neck. God, I loved this child.

Baby Kimo, whom my husband had fathered for my friend Nicky, was spending more and more time with us as Nicky sorted out her complicated lesbian marriage to *Kaiona*. The more time he spent with our family however, the less he wanted to go home to the warring mothers he had back in *Honolulu*.

My little boy put his hands on my face and kissed me. "I love you, mama."

"I love you too, Kimo." Of course, I had to kiss all three boys then Kimo spoke.

"So kids, I was thinking we could go up to *Haleakala* today."

"Hully Ucky!" the baby screamed, making us all laugh again.

"And then tonight we can take the boat out."

The boys loved that.

My sister hit a commercial break and came in to tell us she wanted to visit with Madame at Hully Ucky, too.

"But I booked you a pregnancy massage, a facial and manicure and pedicure. All natural

ingredients." I pouted, but she was looking ecstatic.

"You did? Oh in that case, how about I book a picnic basket from the hotel for tonight?"

"Yeah!" the kids yelled and my new lace briefs fell into the tub, now a merciless red from the dinosaurs the kids had plunged into the water.

I was now in possession of purple lace briefs.

"Hot," my husband whispered as I retrieved them. We told the kids to pick two toys each for the drive up to the volcano and we unearthed sturdy shoes, long pants and sweaters for the boys from their suitcases. Since Hully Ucky is like being in snow country at the top, we were going to need them. I grabbed some snacks and water bottles out of the bag of goodies I'd thrown together back at our house.

There was a knock at the door and my sister's team of beauty therapists, some hot looking Filipino guys, who all gave my husband appreciative looks, crowded into the living room.

My husband, who opened the door, didn't even realize they were openly lusting after him. As I finished putting a bag together for our outing, Kimo took me by the hand.

"We need to get changed. We'll be back in a minute, kids."

The boys were rummaging through their belongings, fighting over who was bringing what on the volcano trip and my husband and I

returned to our room. He shut the door.

“Why would I want to look at another man, *Lopaka*? You are the only man for me, the only man I want. I don’t need to dip into another pot of *poi*, sweetheart. I get it all with you.” He smiled at me and dropped to his knees.

My hands went to his hair. “What are you doing, Kimo?”

He opened a small box of chocolate covered cherries. “I have a little trick I want to try. It’s the fourth of July, it’s a festive occasion and I have in front of me, the hottest rent boy in *Maui*.”

He pushed me back on the bed, whipped my cock out of my shorts and started sucking it. I could feel a couple of chocolate covered cherries rolling around his mouth and the sensation was...something else. I had to remind myself we had a house full of people and I couldn’t scream.

Downstairs, our boys were chasing each other around, probably driving my sister crazy as my husband did delicious things to me with his relentless mouth. He sucked my cock with a look of utter concentration and then bit down on his cherries, the juice cascading down my shaft. I came instantly and he sucked and licked at me with great satisfaction.

“Better than Cherries Jubilee,” he grinned.

“I love you so much, Kimo.” I pulled him up by his arms and he kissed me until the kids were pounding at the bedroom door.

Downstairs, my sister was getting ready to climb onto a massage table and we waved her goodbye, buckling the kids into the SUV we'd rented on our arrival in the island.

As we drove off in search of rainbows and a certain queen of fire, my husband's hand reached across the seat in search of my hand.

"*Jetear*," I said.

He grinned at me. "Tell me that's more Andalusian slang."

"It is. It means, kiss me."

He leaned over and gave me lots of tongue and hot lips.

"There they go again," *Keli'i* sighed. "You sure kiss a lot."

"Yeah," *Kamaha* echoed.

"Yeah!" the baby yelled and Kimo and I laughed. My husband's gaze went back to the road as we moved out of the huge *Wailea* hotel grounds and onto the highway.

"But tell me, *Agapito*, did I achieve my goal?" Kimo asked as he waited to merge with the flow of traffic.

"What goal was that?" I asked, my cock still tingling in my shorts. I could still feel his mouth on me and the thought hardened me all over again.

"*Agapito* means beloved. I told you I wanted to make you feel beloved. Did I do it?"

I laughed. "Very much so, Kimo. Very much

so.” He squeezed my hand and as we took advantage of the break in traffic.

Little *Keli'i* yelled, “Daddy, daddy!”

“What is it, sweetheart?” Kimo asked him.

“Daddy, daddy, the sun’s following us.”

“Yeah,” said *Kamaha*.

“Yeah!” echoed the baby, his face smeared with chocolate.

“I know a great story about the sun,” Kimo told them. “And all about how *Maui*, the demi god lassoed the sun. You want me to tell it?”

“Yeah!” the kids shrieked again and as the sun did follow us, leading us to a place of rainbows, mists and fire, my beautiful, handsome man, a masterful storyteller, wove tales for our children. Tales of truth and mystery, myth and magic. He gave me so much...and as I listened to him, I was always grateful to be a part of *his* story.

He is my life and, every now and then, when the naughty love gods strike, I am and forever will be his willing, wanting, wicked Rent Boy.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A. J. Llewellyn lives in California, but dreams of living in Hawaii. Frequent trips to all the islands, bags of Kona coffee in his fridge and a healthy collection of Hawaiian records keep this writer refueled. A. J. loves male/male erotica, has a passion for all animals (especially the dog, the cat and the turtle). A. J. believes that love is a song best sung out loud.

A. J.'s website is located at:

<http://www.ajllewellyn.com>

A. J. can be reached at this email:

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

Visit his myspace page at:

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