

A muscular man with dark skin and long black hair is shown from the waist up, facing away from the camera. He has extensive tattoos: a large sun with a face on his upper back, a large dragon on his right shoulder and back, and various tribal patterns on his left arm. He wears a silver chain necklace and a dark loincloth. His hands are clasped behind his back. The background is a rocky, hilly landscape under a warm, golden light.

# *Diùra*

A. J. Llewellyn

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Diùra

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*Diura: Phantom Lover Series*  
*Book 11*

*By*

*A.J. Llewellyn*

## Dedication

*To Gabriella Bradley for the suggestion of Kimo, a Scottish castle and a kilt, to Heather Bennett for the clan and kilt tutorials...and to my beloved Madame Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes.*

## Chapter One

“Do you, Kimo, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?”

Kimo gazed into my eyes, his thoughts mingling with mine. As was the custom with my *kahuna* husband, we stepped out of the present and into each other. We flew in a singular, spectacular head-trip back to the remote lava shelf on the Big Island of *Hawaii* where we'd first exchanged vows eighteen months ago. Bound in an ancient tribal ceremony, under *Huna* Law, we both became emotional remembering the moment.

Oh, my Kimo was a magnificent sight. Six feet four inches of hot *Hawaiian* muscle, his entire right side covered in black tribal tattoos. His long hair was swept back in a ponytail held by a strand of shells our boys, our *Three Caballeros*, as Kimo and I called them, had made for him.

Now, in front our parents, grandparents and our beloved children we were exchanging vows in a landmark California state wedding. There were tears and tents, even a carnival atmosphere as a

few pathetic protestors objected to same-sex unions.

"I most certainly do," Kimo grinned. "I've waited for this moment my whole life."

"Oh, Kimo..." I threw myself into his arms and we kissed one another with escalating need.

"Not yet," the minister laughed. "It's your turn, *Lopaka*."

"Oh, yes. I would marry this man every day if I could."

Kimo threw back his head and laughed. We were dressed in our best suits, a little warm for the blistering California sun, but they had sentimental value for us being the suits we wore on our first honeymoon. The scent of the traditional wedding *maille lei* we all wore, peaked in the sun, reminding us all we were born of the sea, of the volcanoes and of the *Hawaiian* Islands.

We had removed one of our wedding bands just minutes before the ceremony—we each wore three. Two in honor of our previous ceremonies and the third ring Kimo had made for us out of magic temple gold. I felt relief as we slipped those rings back on one another's hands. One of my bands had diamonds in it and Kimo took my hand, kissing it, his thumb caressing the diamonds. I knew more than anything, he was thrilled we'd done it again. We'd pledged our lives to one another and, for two men deeply

entrenched in the path of Spirit, this new piece of paper, this official decree probably shouldn't have meant so much, but it did. It was a profound reminder of how much we loved and cherished one another.

As the minister pronounced us husband and husband, our family members tossed gardenia petals over us. The family waiting to follow us rushed forward, hugging us.

"Thank you," Kimo told the minister.

"It is my pleasure to do this." The elderly man beamed.

I knew he meant it. Many of the couples in line had waited up to fifty years for the privilege of all the rights a piece of paper gave their holy unions. Kimo and I had already had two weddings, but we wanted to be a part of this historic occasion, the legal sanctioning of same-sex marriages.

We stood out with our entire family wearing bright, colorful *Aloha* wear, except me and Kimo. Our toddler son, Baby Kimo jumped up and down, anxious for one of us to hold him. Our five-year-old twin nephews, *Keli'i* and *Kamaha*, rushed into our arms and, mobbed by our little people, we stepped aside for the next set of nuptials.

"*Lopaka...*" My best friend, Katie, pregnant with her second child, was having difficulty getting her arms around me.

"Here, let me," her husband, *Kahanu*, slipped an

arm around me, too.

Kimo, who would normally fly off the handle at another man touching me, just laughed. As Katie and *Kahanu* moved on to hug him, he smiled at me, knowing I, too, was fiercely jealous. Katie, who shared her life with two men, *Kahanu*, and their lover *Nohea*, patted her bulging belly.

*Nohea* didn't hug either of us. He was too busy chasing after their little boy who, now that he was walking, had more energy than our three put together.

"It feels good here today, doesn't it?" My grandma, whom we all called *Tutu*, looked teary eyed at the genuine joy in all those gathered. "You can just taste the *Aloha*."

It was eight thirty in the morning and we were the second wedding of two hundred scheduled for the day. I noticed the protestors had given up... Or, had Kimo turned them into toads?

"Darling, you give me far more credit than you should." He kissed me. His secretive smile left me wondering as Katie and her husbands waved us all goodbye. They were going to spend a few days with her family before returning home to *Hawaii*.

"Make sure you bring my midwife home in one piece," Katie giggled, hugging Sammy, *Tutu's* husband.

"I surely will." Kimo grinned as *Kahanu* scooped up his resistant son and crossed the



immaculate, emerald green lawn of West Hollywood Park to their waiting rental car. Kimo clapped his hands. "Come on everybody, time to head to the airport."

"But I'm hungry," the twins wailed in unison.

"Yeah, daddy...I'm hungry," echoed Baby Kimo, and even our eight-month-old twin babies, *Pele* and *Kamapua'a*, started fussing.

"We're eating on the plane." Kimo looked very smug.

"Where are we going?" *Kamaha* asked.

"We're going to Europe!"

"Europe!" the twins breathed.

"Europe?" This time *I* was echoing them.

"Europe. So we have to go to the hotel, pack our things and hurry."

We dashed across the grass to the long limousine waiting for our bulging family. That included my twin sister, *Maluhia*, her husband, Raul, Kimo's parents, Mama and Papa *Nui*, *Tutu* and Sammy, our pilot, Tommy, and his stewardess wife, Theann.

Drivers honked, waving their good will to us as we climbed into the limo, the children all waving back. We sank into the luxurious seats, Kimo beside me, his arm around me.

"That was the nicest wedding I've ever been to." *Keli'i* snuggled into my lap. We drove to the Beverly Hills Hotel on Sunset Boulevard where

we'd spent the previous night.

Theann and Tommy kept the limo for a quick visit to Bristol Farms to buy food for our flight as the rest of us headed to our rooms. Everybody we met congratulated us as we walked through the hotel.

In the enormous adjoining suites we shared, I gathered up our *maille lei* to keep them fragrant and fresh, wrapping each *lei* separately in newspaper, bagging them in plastic. The smell of the islands would be with us for the entire trip. We ran around, throwing things into suitcases. Kimo was reading a note, scowling.

"Daddy, can we go to the Fountain Coffee Shop?" *Kamaha* asked him.

Kimo glanced at our nephew as if he couldn't see him.

The boys loved that place. The curved 1940s soda fountain with the pink stools surrounding it had been a joyous discovery for all of us. Kimo and the boys had tried as many flavors of ice cream as they could and now he was acting as if the children were invisible.

"Daddy?" *Kamaha's* hopeful expression faltered. The kids were supposed to be packing up their *Lego* castle, but as I flicked a gaze toward Baby Kimo, I caught our little tyke take a running jump.

I almost caught him...too late. The twins had built a wonderful castle with a helicopter and a

moat and, before I could stop him, Baby Kimo demolished it.

The twins went wild. Baby Kimo laughed and my husband fumed.

"My castle! It took me hours and hours and now the dragon's tail is broken!" *Kamaha* held up the evidence in an accusatory way.

"Ha, ha ha!" Baby Kimo tried to stuff a toy sword up his left nostril. I picked him up, distracting him with a piece of chicken apple sausage left from our breakfast.

"Can't you keep an eye on him?"

I was stunned. Kimo *never* challenged my parenting skills, especially in front of the children. All three boys seemed suddenly aware that this indeed was a rare occurrence and I, too, wondered why he was so upset. Then I knew...*he was still angry about the tattoo.*

"Kimo, *Lopaka*, outside. *Now.*" It was Sammy.

*Tutu* took Baby Kimo from me, giving my husband a withering look that seemed to surprise him. We followed Sammy out to the boiling hot ground floor verandah that overlooked a lush garden of pink blooms of every type of flower imaginable.

"This has got to stop."

Sammy never told us what to do. I was fearful because he, too, was a powerful *kahuna* and I was sure he would take Kimo's side. He slicked his

hand through his tousled hair.

"We have a saying in *Hawaii*. *He e'epa ke aloha, he kula'iula*—love is peculiar. It pushes in opposite directions. Yet, I have never known discord between you." Sammy paused. "Not since your marriage." I knew he was cherry picking words. "*Lopaka* is right. Baby Kimo has extraordinary abilities, but he is far too young to be tapped. Plenty of time for tribal tattoos. We'll deal with this matter when we return home."

"Has something happened?" I asked. "I thought we'd decided—"

Kimo wheeled on me. "Somehow the *Huna* Council found us. This note was waiting for us when we came back." He thrust it into my hands.

"Our whereabouts haven't been a big secret," I shrugged. "We told lots of people we were coming here to get married." I scanned the note. I already knew that the *Huna* Council wanted to tap Baby Kimo's arm, to stake their claim to him. I was not ready to let them take control of our son as they had taken my husband when he was a child. It was a promise Kimo and I had made to one another long before we had children. Now that we had them, he was sure singing a different song.

I was shocked to find that the council had put down on paper their demand for a tribal council session because it had always prided itself on leaving nothing in writing for unknown enemies

to steal or future generations to analyze and lay blame. They had seven signatures. They needed twelve for this to be an official decree. I recognized the seven names on there but Sammy, Kimo's mother's name and two *kahuna* from *Molokai* and *Ni'ihau* were missing.

"As you know, *Lopaka, Mahini*, who would ordinarily support us, has been banished and therefore no longer counts," Kimo started to say.

"We can count on Margaret of *Molokai*. She is a devoted friend of ours," Sammy reminded us.

I stared at the paper, wondering aloud. "Who is the twelfth council member?" "I have no idea." Sammy shrugged. "It's never come down to this before."

Glancing at Kimo, I smiled. "I'm so happy your mother is on our side." I didn't add that she was the one who let the council take Kimo from her when he was a toddler.

"Kimo is *my* son!" Kimo's roar shocked me, rocking me to the core. "They blame me for not delivering Kimo to them. They make it sound like I have no control over my family...over my *wife, who should be obeying huna law.*"

"Did you really just say that?" I felt my cheeks reddening. Kimo and I shared a telepathy that had its good and bad points. The bad being that I had just picked up the thread of him thinking, *He is of my blood. Not yours.*

"He's my son, too, Kimo." I fought hard to keep my voice soft. "We both have to agree to it. I was there at the exact moment he was conceived. I am officially his mother under *Huna* law, your husband three times over *and* his other father in our home. For you to suggest otherwise is offensive, Kimo. I love that baby —"

"Of course you do." Sammy was staring at Kimo.

We'd never come close to an argument and on this happiest of happy days we were winding up for a doozy.

I felt the anger seething from Kimo like magma. "In case you've forgotten, I was taken into *huna* training when I was three years old, tapped when I was five. I survived the experience."

"You were the loneliest little boy in the world, Kimo. Is that what you want for our son?"

He became even more agitated. "Letting him receive his first tap will give him extra protection. I—" Kimo stopped talking, my gaze following his.

Three grave little faces peered out anxiously at us from behind the sliding doors.

Without another word, he strode right over to the door and yanked it open. The boys didn't tumble over him like gamboling puppies as they normally did. They felt and feared his anger and he dropped to his knees, gathering them in his big arms.

"Oh, my *anela*, my angels..." Kimo hugged and kissed the boys, his volcanic fury receding. "Who wants ice cream?"

"Meeeeeee!" They shrieked.

Sammy and I stared at him. I tried to decipher the complete change in him and realized his weaknesses were the kids and me. He hadn't touched me or even offered me a word of apology, but I knew that we were no longer at war with each other.

We were now at war with the *Huna* Council.

Kimo snatched the boys up into his massive arms, disappearing back into the room and Sammy glanced at me.

"It's no easier being married to another man, I see."

I shook my head. Our arguments were rare and I hated that we'd been at odds right after our magnificent wedding ceremony. I felt odd...alienated, alone in the room. Kimo wouldn't even look at me. He focused on the children, he and my sister ushering everybody out.

"The Fountain everybody!" Kimo yelled over his shoulder.

Our baby twins were asleep in their huge English baby buggy as my infant daughter, *Pele*, started wailing. That little girl always knew when Kimo was gone and fretted tremendously whenever he wasn't close. Not that he and I ever

left them alone. *Maluhia* kept us in a continuous supply of breast milk. I pulled a bottle from the hotel fridge, heating it in the electric warmer. As I picked up my little *Pele*, cradling her, my left arm started to burn. *Kimo*. Whenever we were too long away from each other, our bodies went berserk.

I kissed her feverish brow, but she just sobbed harder. I knew exactly how she felt. I walked around with her, marveling that her brother, *Kamapua'a*, could be sleeping through this. He was the calmest, happiest kid...

"*Lopaka*." *Kimo* stood in the doorway, an odd look on his face. "*Lopaka*. I thought you were right behind me. Don't you know I can't be away from you?"

*Pele* opened her mouth to launch into a full-scale scream and *Kimo's* right index finger, the magic finger, shot down to her little foot. Her howling turned to coos and I felt my shoulders begin to relax.

"I'll take her." *Kimo's* voice was quiet.

"She's her daddy's girl."

*Kimo* smiled. "*Both daddies, Lopaka*." The bottle warmer pinged and he took it, the baby laughing and giggling in his arms.

I picked up our infant son. I wouldn't have minded a little of *Kimo's* magic. I wouldn't have minded at all.



In the Fountain Coffee Shop, where we more or less took over the place, we downed ice cream and waffles. I bottle fed *Kamapu'a* and traded babies with Kimo. My little *Pele* smiled up at me, my heart so taken with this girl, our only girl, who had my Kimo's face. I felt his hot stare and I smiled at him as *Pele* played with her feet.

Back in our rooms, we instructed the kids to get ready for our trip. Baby Kimo dragged his new surfboard, which was three times his size, toward the door. *Keli'i* came next with a big, stuffed dragon with red and purple scales. Trailing behind came *Kamaha*, with his partially ruined *Lego* set.

"At least my dwarves' mine is still okay," he mumbled. I gave him a big hug.

Kimo kept rushing around, instructing his parents to call Tommy and make sure the plane was ready for takeoff. Then he thrust a big envelope at *Tutu*.

"Make sure we have all the passports."

Everybody stared at him. He never acted anything but calm and controlled. Now he was acting like a loon. The school Kimo and I ran back on *Oahu* was on an early spring break for repairs to the classrooms thanks to twelve days of unusually relentless rain. Our close friends and immediate neighbors, *Aloha* and his husband Johnny had been thrilled to accept the task of

staying on our property to look after our countless animals.

Kimo had been acting mysterious and I had not been able to infiltrate his mind to discover where he was taking us. He and Raul had worked on this little project together, navigating the internet with the secrecy of an invading military coup. The only hint he'd given me about our destination was his instructions to pack warm clothes. That would have been fine, except we didn't have many. We all had sweaters and long pants for cold nights on our mountain and for hiking our volcanoes, but that was it.

"Don't worry, *Lopaka*. We'll buy some clothes in London."

*London?* I sat on a suitcase, trying to close it. Baby Kimo picked up my cell phone from the bedside table and toddled off to the bathroom. *Oh, no.*

I almost caught him, but just missed. *Again.* With a naughty grin, he dropped the phone into the toilet.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he giggled.

It was the third phone that week.

I was still holding the dripping phone when my sister came rushing into the room.

"*Lopaka*, the boxes arrived."

My heart gave a disappointed jolt when she handed me the big gold box with the creamy,

curly writing, *Fredericks of Hollywood*. Kimo's gaze went from the box, to my face, back to the box again and I saw him visibly relax. He licked his lips. I was sore as hell at him, but man, I loved him—and I wanted him. In a million years of being with him, I would never get tired of being his lover.

"*Lopaka*, what's in the box?"

"It was going to be a little wedding present."

My grandma came into the room, once again plucking my tiny son from my arms. She dug me in the ribs.

"Please, *Lopaka*. I'll watch the *keiki*, the kids." Her voice dropped to a bare whisper. "He's being such an ass, but you have the keys to the kingdom."

She took the phone from me and bustled out with the baby, my sister following her. She shut the door, leaving Kimo and I staring at each other.

"I'm sorry." Kimo made a move toward me.

"No..."

He ignored me, putting his arms around me and I pushed him away.

"Get undressed and get on the bed."

"But—"

I glared at him.

Kimo's gaze remained on my face as he started unbuttoning his shirt. I went into the bathroom, washed my hands and opened the box. I lifted out

the gorgeous, beige colored gossamer wings. My husband was about to get fucked by one very angry angel. I stripped, slipped on the wings over each arm, smiling to myself because my cock was already getting hard.

There were combat boots in the box that completed my outfit. Yeah, this angry angel was about to give his very bad man one very happy workout.

He was lying on the bed waiting for me and he blinked as I stood in the doorway. He swallowed, his gaze fixed on my cock, which was straining toward him.

*"Lopaka..."*

I stepped on the bed and placed one foot on his chest. "You will suck my cock now."

Kimo grinned. "I love when you get bossy."

"In this family, Kimo, you obey the wife. That means *me*. Do you understand?" His eyes glinted and his cock hardened as I moved my boot down to it, rubbing the head with a shiny boot tip.

"I understand."

Playing with him a moment more, I knelt on either side of his chest, feeding him my cock which he started to suck, his eyes closed in apparent ecstasy. I took it away from him.

"Hey!"

I grabbed the two leather ties I'd stashed under my armpit and tethered his hands to the bedposts.

He moved all over the place to get my cock back in his mouth, but I turned myself around, placing my ass right over his mouth. Kimo moaned, his hot tongue slurping at my ass. I didn't think I was going to be able to stop myself from coming. The sounds of my man loving me drove me to a frenzy and I fell forward, coming off his face for a brief moment, which made him cry out in frustration.

I quickly moved my ass back to his face. He ate me with the kind of passion reserved for when we first awoke and had been denied each other during our sleep...or when we had one of our rare and painful arguments.

My mouth moved to his cock, which was leaking badly. I wished more than anything he could put babies inside me. He had put Baby Kimo into our friend, Nicky, and our twins, via turkey baster, into my sister, but his cock belonged to *me*. It even had my name tattooed down the length of it. Still kneeling away from him and facing his feet, I pushed off his face.

"Give it back to me," Kimo hissed, but I was holding his cock now and I reached down, poking it at my ass hole, glancing back to see Kimo's feverish gaze on his cock, swiftly disappearing into my ass. "Oh, fuck," he moaned. "Oh, *Lopaka*...you feel so good."

I bounced up and down on him and he

screamed at me.

"Untie me, I need to touch you."

"No." I leaned forward, holding his feet in my hands, kissing the tops of them as slid into me even deeper.

Anything to do with his feet made Kimo go crazy. "Untie me. *Now*."

I shook my head, the sensation of having my husband's massive eleven-inch cock buried in my ass coupled with our war of wills, making me feel high before either of us had even come. He kept trying to wrench himself free of his restraints and soon released one hand, sending the shattered bedpost across the room.

"Now, you little bitch. I need to teach you a lesson in ownership." The remnants of leather still at his wrist, Kimo's grunts got louder as he leaned up, holding me to him. He pushed me down onto his cock, thrusting into me harder, deeper, his free hand moving to my right nipple, then my left, squeezing and pulling at them, then quickly moving to encircle my cock.

We came together, Kimo exploding in my belly, his tongue sweeping across my shoulders as I came in his insistent hand.

"I never fucked an angry angel before." He kissed my neck, rubbing his face against my wings. "*Lopaka*...I love you so much. I'm sorry for the things said out of anger..."

Squirming on his lap, I turned to grin at him. "I'm not. That was pretty hot."

"Yeah. It was." Still imbedded in me, his free hand touched my face. "I will never, as long as we live, ever say anything hurtful about you not being Kimo's mother again. I can promise you that."

"Good."

His eyes narrowed. "You do believe me, don't you?"

"I believe you."

"Then what is it?"

I hesitated.

"Don't, *Lopaka*...please don't worry. It's going to be okay. "

I gave him a tremulous smile.

"*Lopaka*, in my heart, I just knocked you up." His voice was raspy, his words sincere. "We are a united front, no matter what." He kissed my face and his cock still raged inside me.

"The hotel is gonna go crazy. We broke their bed," I whispered.

"I don't care about the bed. I'll pay for the bed, willingly. I'm more upset I broke the leather ties."

"There's more where that came from." I felt his cock hardening again.

"Mmm...that's nice to hear. Baby, I love this outfit. You naked, with wings and nasty boots. I'd love to drive to the airport with you wearing this

outfit." He ran a possessive hand down the length of my body and I laughed.

"I'd like to see that, with our whole family riding with us."

His gaze on my face was intense. "You see how I am? You see what you do to me?"

"Yeah, I see it. And I feel it, too."

At the airport, we hurried onto Kimo's parents' private plane and took our seats. None of us had been outside of the United States before except Kimo with his dance troop long before he met me. Sammy had been to England and France thirty years ago with his first wife and Kimo's father who had been in the military spent a few years in Europe and Japan.

We were all very excited. My Kimo moved around the plane, checking on everybody and I couldn't stop myself from staring hungrily at him. I felt my cock growing hard again. Just looking at my hot, hung *kahuna* revved my engine.

A customs official came on board, stamped our passports, asking lots of questions. I dashed up the aisle, grabbing Baby Kimo who was trying to swallow a seatbelt buckle.

When the customs official left, Kimo stood at the head of the plane. "We're all going on a fantastic holiday," he beamed.

I reached beside me to stroke my fussing baby



girl's brow and I felt Kimo's searing gaze urging me to pay attention.

"We're going to a fabulous island."

"Wow!" shrieked *Kamaha*.

"Wow!" shrieked *Keli'i*.

"Wow!" echoed Baby Kimo, making everybody laugh. He squirmed off my lap to join the twins in their seats.

"Which island?" *Maluhia* looked excited.

"*Diùra*," Kimo responded and then seemed wounded when he got looks of confusion.

"I never heard of *Diùra* before." *Keli'i's* voice sounded doubtful.

"Oh it's supposed to be wonderful." Kimo grinned. "There's a big, ancient castle—"

"A castle! With dragons?"

"Oh, yes. There are dragons and ghosts and hidden chambers...and sheep."

"Sheep?" the twins echoed. They exchanged impish grins.

"I never chased one of those before." *Kamaha* pressed his nose to the window. "Is that the island over there?"

"Not yet, sweetheart. We have a long trip ahead of us. We're flying all the way to Scotland!"

"Scotland?" Sammy looked appalled. "Don't we want to run *from* bad weather, not fly right *into* it?"

"There won't be bad weather. I can guarantee

it." Kimo held up his hands. "And I expect you all to keep an eye on Baby Kimo. Watch your valuables. If it isn't nailed down, he'll either stuff it up his nose or flush it down the toilet."

"Ha ha ha!" My tiny terrorist laughed.

"Daddy?"

Kimo glanced at *Kamaha*. He always called Kimo daddy as the head of our household.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Daddy, will our castle have house elves?"

"Of course."

"Cool!" Next I heard him whisper, "We never chased one of *those* before!"

As the plane started to taxi toward the runway, our stewardess, Theann, went through her safety instructions. Kimo moved across the aisle from me, beside the carrier containing our baby son.

Kimo waited a beat, then stood, despite Theann's demands that he sit down. He took our daughter's crib from the seat beside me, buckling her next to her twin. Moving beside me, his arm encircled my body. Oh, he was a bad man. His famished mouth sought out mine and I was a goner. My hand slipped inside his shirt, my fingers stroking the smooth, buttery skin covering his heart. He sighed, his tongue lashing mine and next thing I knew, we were up in the sky and the kids were unbuckling their seatbelts, thundering down the aisle.

Despite their huge breakfast, they knew that Theann had stocked the galley with all their favorite foods...but what Kimo and I wanted would not be found in any of her secret little compartments.

“When we get to London, there’s gonna be some more makeup sex that will blow your mind,” Kimo whispered.

And what I knew about my husband was that he was a man of his word.

## Chapter Two

We arrived at Heathrow Airport in London nine and a half hours later. *Maluhia*, queen of chocolate, handed out chocolate hearts to everybody and I looked forward to exchanging...other things with Kimo in private.

A British customs official checked our passports again and seemed charmed when Baby Kimo handed him a red foil-wrapped chocolate.

"Thank you, little fella," he beamed.

Baby Kimo chortled back at him, running down the aisle, fuelled by love and sugar.

Being on a private jet afforded us the luxury of foregoing the usual security checkpoints and we were grateful for that. Considering we were traveling with five children and all the stuff we'd brought with us, it was a blessing. It was six a.m. London time and, for our day in the biggest city of our lives, we were in Kimo's secretive hands. He insisted we leave everything but toiletries, a change of clothes and of course, our bulging

diaper bags.

"No, daddy, no!" Baby Kimo threw himself on his surfboard. Naturally, the surfboard, dragon and the castle were all bundled off the plane, which would go through a safety inspection and refueling before we left again first thing in the morning.

Kimo was so excited that he had organized all of this on his own and he hustled us off the plane.

"Thank the plane for arriving us here safely, children." This was Kimo's new thing. As his abilities strengthened, he was able to feel the energy of inanimate objects. He could hear airplanes moaning because nobody thanked them. He heard desks screaming because they were cluttered.

Everybody thanked the plane.

"How long is the flight to Scotland?" Raul asked.

"About half an hour. We'll have plenty of time to enjoy London today and still have a whole day on our island when we get there in the morning."

"And how long are we staying in *Diùra*?"

"A week." Kimo beamed.

I knew he had other travel plans in store for us but...a week in a castle! We all grinned at each other happily. Theann and Tommy had family in London and were looking forward to spending time with them. Normally, they would have been

with us, but we knew they were anxious to catch up with their loved ones.

Theann hugged me. "I will do some food shopping. Kimo gave us a list, so don't go too crazy in Harrods."

Raul's head swiveled toward her. "Harrods? Fantastic! I want to check out the Food Hall. Is it as incredible as everybody says it is?"

Theann grinned. Raul was a chef and they often discussed cooking. "Take plenty of plastic," she advised. "You'll need it." She hugged the others, paying extra attention to the children. She was desperate to have a baby of her own and Kimo and Sammy had been helping her with natural remedies to help her cause.

"Oh, I can't believe how much I'm going to miss my *keiki*." She and Tommy took off for a taxi stand, Kimo buckling the baby twins into their deluxe, spice colored, British baby buggy that had been a gift from them. Baby Kimo was in my arms, hardly able to keep still as Kimo led us upstairs toward a train station. The boys were giddy with excitement.

"Are we going on the Hogwarts Express?" Kamaha asked, referring to the train from the *Harry Potter* books.

Kimo laughed. "No, this one's even better." Suddenly Theann and Tommy were back with us.

"We can't miss the boys' first train ride,"

Tommy insisted.

None of us had been on a train before. We had to change money into pounds sterling and, Kimo, his father and Sammy used their credit cards at the Citibank ATM machine to extract wads of cash.

"You do get the best rates this way," Tommy approved.

Raul reluctantly extracted some cash. "I know my wife is only going to spend it on chocolate and lingerie." He paused. "Damn. I oughta be happy about the lingerie."

"Wow! Look at the colors!" The twins rifled through the notes in Kimo's hands.

We trekked to Platform Five, though the boys were disappointed we weren't traveling on *Harry Potter's* Platform Nine and Three Quarters. We stood on the wrong side of the escalators and all of us had to move over for agitated travelers. We seemed to irritate everybody. We were starting to feel like country bumpkins, but then there weren't any trains in *Hawaii*. Within a few minutes, the train rolled onto the platform and we forgot about everything except that we were hurtling toward a place called Knightsbridge.

We were all pinned to the windows, watching the rushing scenery. The boys kept pointing out the rapid change from vast, open spaces to crammed, tall terrace houses. As we neared the

city of London, we spotted Buckingham Palace.

At Knightsbridge, we clambered off the train, got lost with our exits and then we were on the street, Kimo leading the way again, the twins in their buggy, Baby Kimo now on his shoulders. The rest of us lumbered along with the suitcases, the twins skipping along, pointing out that people were driving on the other side of their cars, on the other side of the road.

"Look at the buses! Look at that red phone booth! Wow! That clock!"

"That's Big Ben," Papa *Nui* grinned as the boys' heads swiveled in all directions.

On a street called Wilton Place, the twins stopped. "What's this big red thing?"

Kimo explained that it was a post box and the twins were eager to mail a letter to somebody, anybody, and pop it into the slot.

"Who do you want to write to?" Raul asked, hunkering down and hugging his stepsons.

"Santa Claus!" *Kamaha* looked serious.

"But, sweetheart, it's March. Santa won't be ready for mail yet."

"Daddy, I have a big list and we live so far away from here. It might take the letter *ages* to get to the North Pole."

"But we're closer to the North Pole here, honey." *Kamaha's* sad little face changed his mind. "You're right. When we get to the hotel, we'll sit



down and write him a note."

"You think he might bring me a new dinosaur?"

It was hard to keep a straight face around our kids.

Kimo turned to us all. "This is it."

*It* was a hotel called The Berkeley and it was so lavish a man in a stiff suit and top hat looked like he wanted to call the police. We went inside, all of us deathly quiet as we took in the surroundings. I was afraid of spilling something on the thick, immaculate carpeting. Even Baby Kimo looked awed. We found out we'd have to wait several hours for a room, but when Kimo asked for the hotel manager, things suddenly became much friendlier. We had our rooms at last.

Kimo and I shared a suite with our three children. We fed the twins as Baby Kimo ran wild around the room, then went through his small collection of books, choosing the one he wanted me to read him. Kimo had thought of everything. He fit the adapter to the bottle warmer it needed to work in Britain and, as I fed the babies, he ran a bath, Baby Kimo climbing all over him. The twins gobbled milk with their typical voraciousness.

We bathed all three kids in the giant tub with the faux marble columns. Baby Kimo loved to bathe with his siblings. I loved the way he would carefully help care for them, then he would splash

around like a crazy boy as one of us dried off the twins.

Kimo took the giggling babies into the bedroom and I played a little longer with Baby Kimo, who closed his eyes with contentment. "Mmm...good smell, mama."

It was *pikake*, the smell of our island and a favorite body shampoo of our children. Baby Kimo allowed me to put on his pull-ups, refusing more clothing, and I settled him in for a short nap. He wanted me to read him his favorite book, *Kimo and Madame Pele*. He scooted beside me in his bed and I combed his silken blond hair, hardly able to believe how much I loved this child. I kissed his strong little arm. Nobody was going to touch my baby yet. There was plenty of time for him to embrace the universe's secrets.

He pointed to his name on the cover. "That's me, mama."

"Yes, it is. My Baby Kimo."

My other Kimo was setting up the baby monitor as I opened the book. Our son loved the story, especially since the character had his name and there was his very smart *Tutu* in it, not to mention our favorite volcano goddess, *Pele*.

I didn't get very far. He was asleep before I finished the second page and then my husband was dragging *me* to bed.

"I owe you a great time in the sack," he grinned

as I allowed him to carry me into the enormous bedroom to the huge bed with expensive feeling sheets.

“Irish linens,” Kimo whispered. “I read all about it when I booked it. I know how important bed linens are to you. *Lopaka*, until I met you, I never even thought about a thread count. Now, I want to spend all my time in bed with you in the highest possible thread count.”

I laughed, delighted that my man could win me with such words. He took off his clothes, my hands covering his body and he tried to push me back so he could undress me. “Don’t...I need to touch you, Kimo,” I whimpered. His mouth covered mine, swallowing all my fears, all my anxieties.

“Nobody’s going to touch our baby until we’re ready, I promise you.” Kimo’s eyes shone with emotion. “Until *you’re* ready.”

With his tongue slithering down my chest, I couldn’t think of much else. Kimo knew all the places to send my senses reeling and he was merciless in his oral assault. From one nipple to the other, to my throat, to pulse points that quickened at his breath, he licked and suckled all the way to the head of my cock. The man I loved more than anything in this world, moaned as he took my cock in his hands, his tattooed tongue lavishing the tip with his devoted attention. He

licked down my shaft to my balls, paying them cursory attention. Oh, he knew what he wanted. His focus was on my ass, one finger entering my hot, moist hole and Kimo watched my facial expression, pleased when he saw me go crazy.

Upending me so that my weight was on my shoulders, my legs spread for him, his mouth went straight to my ass. He rimmed me with utter absorption. "Please....please..." it was a mantra, a sick, obsessive prayer. I needed him in me, but Kimo kept feeding *on* me. Then with a look of crazed lust, he lowered my ass to the bed again and drove his cock into me. He held my ass in his hands, hammering me with a force that made my cock bounce between our taut bodies. I didn't think I could keep from coming, especially when he zeroed in on my left nipple, the one that always made me nuts. He took it between his teeth and the sucking sound, combined with our wild fucking, left me open-mouthed as I came in wave after wave of unbelievable pleasure.

Kimo's hot seed spilled into me, his guttural roar of torturous ecstasy swamping my soul with his need.

"Oh...*Lopaka*...your ass just begs for my cock every single time."

He did not stop moving...he couldn't stop. I wouldn't let him. I held him with my arms, my legs, my very strong will and my entrapped

husband chuckled.

"I'm not going to stop fucking you, my love. I'm just getting started..."

The kids were ready for action a few short hours later. *Maluhia* was, too. She was eager to replenish her dwindling supply of chocolate.

"I'm down to one cup cake and a candy bar." She looked stricken. "I never allow myself to get that low."

"This is an emergency," I joked. I sometimes wondered where my skinny sister put it all, but she was happy when Kimo told her that Harrods was famous for its chocolate.

"We can load up on all kinds of things for our trip to the castle. There's only one food store on the whole island of *Diùra*."

Harrod's was just around the corner. In the Food Hall, we all stood for a moment, enthralled.

"Heaven," *Maluhia* grinned.

"Better than heaven," Raul breathed.

*Tutu* nudged me. "*Lopaka*, can I push the baby buggy now?"

"Yes." Unless I gave the two grandmas equal baby time, things turned ugly in our family.

"Stand back." *Maluhia* pounced on something called A Book of Chocolates. It retailed for twenty-nine pounds—about sixty dollars US—but my sister tossed it into a basket like it was a pack of

gum while eyeing a huge box of Swiss truffles.

*Tutu* and I loaded up on crackers, biscuits—the British version of cookies—boxes of tea and coffee. We went around looking at everything, and very soon, the kids were pulling at us.

“I smell hot chocolate,” *Keli'i* said.

“Me, too,” *Kamaha* nodded.

“Me, too,” Baby Kimo giggled.

“Well, let’s go find some. Come on, kids!” Kimo had the boys hanging from his arms like giant pieces of fruit. Seconds later, with the instincts of ancient tribal warriors in his veins, he found the coffee shop.

Mama *Nui* hip-shoved *Tutu* away from the buggy, which sent my grandma scuttling. I had learned to stay out of their fights. Kimo and I had decided long ago that we would sell tickets when they took to battling it out in mud. It was Mama *Nui*’s turn for the twins. I distracted *Tutu* with a hug and the suggestion of a toasted cheese sandwich. We ordered cappuccinos for the adults and hot chocolate for the kids.

“Look! They wrote *Harrods* in cocoa powder on my foam!” *Maluhia* was ecstatic. She had been doing a wonderful job of expressing milk for our babies everyday and had adhered to our wishes for her not to drink coffee. Now that the twins were six months old, we had relaxed our rules and she was drinking two cups a day. I could tell she

was savoring each sip.

Sammy and Papa Nui migrated over to the oyster bar and sampled the fare, proclaiming they were *not as bad as I thought it would be*.

As captivated as we were by Harrods, we attracted a lot of attention ourselves. We sometimes forgot there were three sets of twins in our family, not to mention my awesome-looking husband, and people kept stopping to admire the two younger sets of twins. Baby Kimo, the mirror image of his father except for his blond hair, always drew admirers, too. I was so busy taking in our surroundings during our walk down Old Bond Street, I felt his hand slipping from mine a second too late. He ran to Chappell's music store. We all rushed after him. My heart stopped. I was panic-stricken that somebody would steal my child.

Then I saw him. They had set up a wonderful display of woodwind instruments along the left wall. Baby Kimo's eyes met mine and they gleamed. *Oh, no*. It all moved in slow motion as I knocked people out of the way...the baby...running for the cellos, arms outstretched. I grabbed at him, my fingers slipping as his little hand shot out.

*Ka-thunk*. Baby Kimo pushed the first cello and, for a second, I thought nothing would happen, but then, the unthinkable occurred. The first cello hit

the second and one by one, the cellos fell like expensive dominoes to the ground.



## Chapter Three

Papa Nui was mortified. "I have never been thrown out of any place, *ever* in my life, even when I was on shore leave, *drunk*. I'm so embarrassed." He'd said the same thing six times now.

"That was so cool!" The twins loved it and, unfortunately, Kimo and I had laughed, too, which only encouraged our tiny son.

"Dad, I'm having a hard time picturing you drunk," Kimo grinned.

His father calmed down a little. "Good thing, too. I'm not very nice when I'm drunk. For some reason I get really obnoxious. I start talking in a stuffy English accent."

We all laughed.

"It's true." Mama Nui shook her head. "That's why I watch him like a hawk."

"So...whaddya think?"

We turned in the middle of the street and stared at Sammy.

"What the..."

He was wearing his *Aloha* shirt, but his pants were gone. In their place was a kilt. It had a lot of red, some green and gave the kids a ton of laughs.

"Ha ha ha! Grampa's wearing a skirt!"

"It's not a skirt. It's a kilt." He looked at me, expecting support. "Don't you think it's fabulous?"

He'd gone to bat for me. I'd better hit one out of the park for him. "Er...very dashing, Sammy...except, I don't think you're supposed to wear an *Aloha* shirt with it." I refrained from mentioning the unseemly long johns and Birkenstocks that completed his garish ensemble.

Mama Nui was not afraid of hurting his feelings. "You weirdo! You're not supposed to wear *anything* underneath."

"What, and freeze my boys off? This is our new family tartan! I picked MacDougall because that's one of the family clans from Diùra and because MacDougall is the warrior clan. Their motto is *Conquer or Die*."

"You don't say." Kimo was grinning now.

*Kamaha* touched a leather pouch on Sammy's belly. "What's this?"

"It's my *sporrin*, laddie." His hips thrust the pouch into *Kamaha's* face making him laugh.

Sammy got more unintentional laughs from passersby on that very expensive street. We stuck

out more than the endless groups of women in head-to-toe black.

*Tutu* shook her head. "I couldn't wear a *burqa*. It was bad enough with those missionaries forcing our women to wear *holokus* even in the ocean. My great aunty drowned because of it." She paused. "You know what...I love my man in his kilt! You're one sweet spanky toy, *Sammy*."

*Kimo* shook his head. "I'd prefer my husband in a *burqa*. I can't stand other men ogling him."

"Who's ogling me?" I was holding our wriggling son in one arm, *Keli'i's* hand with the other and I couldn't imagine anybody finding that erotic.

"Oh, God, *Lopaka*. You are majestic. Why do you think I married you three times?" *Kimo* whispered into my mouth and kissed me.

We puttered along, mesmerized by the incredible array of people. In the islands, we were used to seeing various Asian races and white people and African people...but here we saw it all. The stores were lavish, the sort of thing we associated with tourism in *Waikiki* and usually avoided. For *Kimo*, it all became exhausting and I worried he was tuning into all the energies and senses of everyone and everything.

Then we arrived at Buckingham Palace. The kids were not impressed.

"See the British flag flying half staff?" *Papa Nui*

asked. "That means the Queen isn't here right now."

"Pooh! I wouldn't stay here either," *Keli'i* scoffed. "It doesn't even have a moat. Where's the poor dragon supposed to have his bath?"

We went to Marks and Spencer on Oxford Street in two black taxis, the children agog at this new experience. The driver kept up a line of chatter Sammy identified as *The Knowledge*, telling us interesting tidbits about everything we could see.

*Maluhia* and Raul took the boys to the toy department to see if they could find a new dragon. "I'll watch him," my sister promised as her sons held Baby Kimo's hands. Where they went, he went. Those three boys adored each other.

*Tutu* had the baby twins and went in search of warm nightwear so Kimo and I went to the men's department. We grabbed sweaters and pants and drifted to one of the dressing rooms. We stood together and I felt the sexual heat radiating from him.

"Alone at last," he breathed, covering my face with kisses. "How would you like me to fulfill one of your sexual fantasies right now, *Lopaka*?"

I licked my lips. "Which one would that be?"

"You are getting fucked by your husband in a public place." He pressed me up against the mirror and despite the fact I was married to this

man and that we fucked constantly, I was suddenly desperate for that huge cock. His mouth went straight to my throat, licking and sucking and he fumbled at my waistband.

"Kimo...cameras...somebody really might see us."

"Yeah...they might enjoy watching me fuck my beautiful husband. Turn around, baby. I want them to see how hot your ass is."

Kimo never took me like this in a public place, but I was too caught up in the moment to question him. My forehead and hands rested on the cool mirror as he pushed my pants down and I heard him drop his. *Yes! Yes!* I watched his reflection as he knelt down and I caught a glimpse of his swollen erection. God, I loved that I could get this man so hard without even touching him. His hands gripped my hips and my breath became ragged as his tongue flicked across my ass. His name was tattooed on my tailbone and it always pleased him when he fucked me, knowing I was his. I arched into him, his tongue working me into wanton frenzy.

"God, Kimo...please...fuck me."

He stood up, our gazes connecting in the mirror and his cock poked at my ass. I braced myself for him and felt a slight jolt and then...bliss. He was inside me. I felt the yearning I always carried in the pit of my belly evaporate as he plunged in and

out of me. The things that man did to my prostate when he was in me...the familiar bubble of joy began as Kimo pushed himself all the way inside me.

Our glances connected again.

"I *love* this ass," he growled and fucked me until we both came, hard, fast and with so much noise that a shop assistant knocked at the door.

"Ah...is everything all right in there?"

"Oh, yes, *much* better now, thanks." Kimo dropped a possessive kiss on my shoulder.

We returned to our designated meeting place by the escalators and three disappointed little faces greeted us.

"What's the matter?" Kimo asked. "No dragons?"

Baby Kimo glanced at his cousins. He was sad because they were sad — not because *he* was sad.

"No. It doesn't matter." *Keli'i* stared at the floor and I could tell he was fighting the urge to cry.

"Well, it matters to me," Kimo insisted. "We're buying you a dragon."

*Keli'i's* little face lifted, unshed tears pooling in those big, adorable eyes.

We all ran out of the store, stopping every person we encountered.

"It's a toy emergency," we told them and people chuckled, the consensus being that we simply had to go to Hamleys, the best most

amazing toy store in London. When the kids heard it was the biggest toy store in the whole of Europe, then we just had to go there.

We jumped into two taxis, Mama and Papa *Nui* returning to our hotel with all the stuff we'd already purchased, leaving the rest of us to race around Hamleys. It was on Regent Street, a wonderful old six-story building.

"It's a castle," *Keli'i* breathed.

"Yeah." Kimo gazed up at the building happily. "A castle full of toys. Let's go, munchkins."

I don't know who had a better time, the kids or Kimo, but he was like a little boy, throwing toys in hand carts.

Kimo held up a Lego set called *Mythical Creatures*. "Look at this! I've never seen this before. We can make seven different creatures. We can make a dragon, a giant dinosaur or a scorpion—even an ogre. Hmph. This says it has a fire breathing effect."

"Cool!" the twins shouted.

"Yeah, cool!" Baby Kimo echoed.

*Kamaha* was over the moon about a *Primeval Flying Rex*. "Cool wings!" His eyes shone as they swept over the box.

"Put it in the basket and keep shopping. We need another dragon." Kimo ran to the next aisle, the three boys following. And there it was, one aisle over. The Lego castle with the flying

dragon...the last one left.

Kimo looked ecstatic. "I knew we'd find it."

"We're buying the whole thing?" Keli'i looked awed.

"Of course we're buying the whole thing. We're going to build two castles and have sword fights..." Kimo glanced at Baby Kimo who was holding up a cute bear named Paddington. It wore a black hat and a blue coat with wooden toggles. A sign on his neck read, *Look After This Bear, Please. Fiftieth Anniversary Hamleys Bear.*

"Sad bear, Mama. Kiss him, Mama."

I dutifully kissed the black plastic nose. The bear still looked woebegone.

Baby Kimo brought in the heavy artillery this time. "Fix him, daddy."

Kimo touched the bear's stitched-on downturned smile.

The smile moved upward and I saw the store clerk who was watching us, turn pale.

"Happy bear!" Baby Kimo chortled, clutching the bear in his arms.

"You want anything else, sweetheart?" Kimo asked him.

Baby Kimo reached his arms up to be held.

"I think we're ready," Kimo grinned, giving me a kiss.

My sister ran toward us and looked at the loaded cart.



"My God...how many dragons do we have?"

"One for every day of the week," Kimo joked.

She dropped some mesh bags of bath toys into the cart and we were ready to go.

At the hotel, we dumped our groaning shopping bags and the kids settled down to some serious toy investigation.

*Maluhia*, a big TV addict, was ecstatic to learn that *Pétrus*, the posh restaurant inside The Berkeley, was owned by chef Gordon Ramsay. She watched all his shows and couldn't wait to try it. "Look at this menu." She sat on my lap and opened it, pointing out the array of chocolate desserts.

Kimo grinned as my sister salivated over the food descriptions.

"Aren't I your favorite chef?" Raul frowned. This was a sore point. He cooked all day at the coffee house and bookstore he co-owned with our dear friend Katie. By the time he came home, he had no interest in cooking. Usually, they ate dinner with us. *Tutu* and I didn't mind. We loved to cook for the family.

"I am just dying to watch him scream at the *sous chefs*." *Maluhia* looked at him pleadingly. "I want to see him have a meltdown in person. You think he might bang his head on the wall and I'll get a picture of it?"

"He does that?" Raul looked mystified.

"Oh, yes." My sister wound her arms around my neck. "He goes...what does he call it? *Barmy*. Yes, he goes barmy – isn't that a delightful English word – and he bangs his head. One time, this apprentice chef sliced the top of his finger off and it wound up in the mushrooms. Chef Ramsay went mad. He said it made the sauce too salty."

Raul just stared at her.

"Well, why don't you book a table?"

I caught Kimo's nod. "We'll look after the kids. We'll have dinner and they can spend the night with us."

"You wouldn't mind?" *Maluhia* kissed the top of my head, not even waiting for a response. As Kimo and Raul tangled with batteries and light displays, she ran to the phone. She was very disappointed to find out Chef Ramsay was in Barcelona, but still, she was eager to have a long, lovely, date with Raul. They needed a romantic dinner *a deux*.

For a wonderful hour, my Kimo explored the little boy in him and Raul and *Maluhia* argued in an endearing way over which of the desserts they would pre-order. As my baby twins slept, I pulled out the small workbox I had brought containing all the gems I had collected to make seven necklaces. On a visit to her sacred Vagina Caves, the Goddess *Pele* had come to Kimo and me. She wanted me to make six necklaces for women

living, women I would come to trust. She wanted me to bring one more exact replica to her sacred lava altar in recognition of her protection and sacredness to our baby twins.

So far, I had *Tutu*, *Mama Nui*, *Maluhia*, *Katie* and I was certain my baby girl was the fifth woman I would trust completely. I still had no idea who the sixth was. I glanced at my husband who was focused on building an ogre. He glanced up, his tongue flicking out at me and it felt like I'd touched a live outlet.

The gems I'd collected were magnificent but I still needed one more in keeping with the need of one more woman. I knew it was not Nicky— the woman who had given birth to Baby Kimo. We had been so close once, but not anymore...

Mama and Papa *Nui* came to our room and admired all the new toy purchases. Sammy and *Tutu* also arrived and they seemed pleased that we settled our evening plans.

"We want to explore the city more," Papa *Nui* grinned.

"Yeah, and we want to play hide-me-sporrin," Sammy chuckled. *Tutu* slapped his arm, but my grandma's eyes sparkled with mischief.

"*Lopaka* and I have presents for our babies' grandmas." Kimo jumped up from the floor and handed them bags from Marks and Spencers.

They ripped into them, delighted with their

new Baby Bjorn carriers. The twins had outgrown the infant ones and we'd been unable to buy the bigger size until now. Now Mama *Nui* and *Tutu* could each carry a baby close to their hearts again.

"They have such cool things here," *Tutu* stroked the little carrier in her hands. "Sometimes I do feel we live on a rock."

"Just a minute. Don't I get one?" *Maluhia* huffed.

"We got something for you, too." Kimo reached into another bag. He handed her a gigantic tin with a tartan pattern on it.

"Chocolate covered shortbread." *Maluhia* was entranced. "I do believe those might be my two favorite food groups."

"Can I have one, Mama?" *Kamaha* asked.

Reluctantly, she allowed the three boys to swipe shortbread fingers from the box. She held it out to me, but I shook my head. "No, I know what your favorite food group is," she laughed.

Kimo's eyes met mine, the gleam of anticipation shimmering between us.

"Kids, leave everything out. We're going to have dinner, then you can come back and play," I told them. As the rest of our family went off to their evening, we washed five little faces, spruced up the older three and trooped down to the lobby in search of a wonderful place for dinner.

We wanted to put some normalcy back into the

children's routine. I wished I could cook for them, but that was out of the question. The hotel concierge, a lovely man called George, immediately suggested taking them to a place called Banners.

"The food is very good and they are very kid friendly." He pointed it out on a map. "And of course, kids get free ice cream."

"Yaaaaaay!" the kids screamed. Boy did George know our brood.

In a few short blocks, we found Banners, a wonderful, warm place and the food was tremendous. Kimo and the boys ordered Brown Cow milkshakes and steaks with mashed sweet potatoes. I ordered jerk chicken with plantains and had to guard those little suckers with my life. I thought it was very unfair when Kimo tricked me with a kiss, distracting me as he and the kids swiped my plantains.

The waiter seemed intrigued by us. "You have five kids who all behave like little angels and there's a couple over there with one kid who's a holy terror," he told us when he came by to give us our ice cream options.

"Thank you," we told the waiter—and we meant it. Everybody got ice cream and Kimo sweet-talked the waiter into giving him his to go.

"To go?"

The waiter looked mystified. We quickly

discovered that doggie bags were not common in Britain, but Kimo's huge tip guaranteed getting his ice cream in a takeout coffee cup.

Outside, Kimo tucked the older twins into the double carriage with the babies. It had been one of the things we most loved about it, that we could put Baby Kimo in with his siblings or the twins. Baby Kimo preferred to be held and he kissed my face with sticky lips. The temperature had dropped and it was becoming increasingly cold. Across the street, I saw three guys watching us and cringed when I heard them utter the word *poof*.

I knew it was a derogatory term for gay, but our boys were unaware of pending trouble. Kimo gazed back at the guys and sighed.

He telepathed to me, *Baby, I hate to do this, but they leave me no choice.*

Kimo wasn't getting an argument from me.

The three guys stepped off the pavement and with a flick of his wrist, Kimo sent all three of them careening backward, slamming into a brick wall. They fell in a heap and we pretended not to notice as we turned the corner and wandered back to our hotel. Baby Kimo was his usual sweet self, very lovey-dovey now that he was sleepy, but the older twins seemed upset. As they started to undress for their nighttime bath, I asked them what was wrong.

"There are no stars." *Kamaha* peered balefully up at the sky from the windows. "I miss the stars, *Mypaka*."

"I miss home, too," *Keli'i* suddenly said.

Baby Kimo snuggled into my neck and I knelt beside the twins.

"What do you miss, sweetheart?"

"The smell. London doesn't smell so good. I smell gasoline instead of flowers. I want to go home..."

"Sweetheart, isn't home where all of us are together?" I gathered the boys in my arms. They just stared at me, tears threatening to ruin a wonderful day. "You know what will make you feel better?"

"What?" they asked in unison.

"When I was a little boy, the only thing that helped me was a hug from *Tutu*. Now *that* old lady smells like *Hawaii*. It's in her skin. She smells like flowers, I promise you."

They all looked at each other, then back at me.

I touched *Kamaha's* face. "Do you remember when Kimo and I first met you...when you lived in *Kauai*?" Pain shadowed my cherished and adored nephew's face. "Remember how red dirt kept coming out of your skin for weeks when you came to live with us?"

"Yeah...I remember." *Keli'i* nodded.

"Me, too, Mama."

Baby Kimo nodded gravely and I swept that baby in my arms again and kissed him. He was a newborn when Kimo and I first found *Maluhia* and the twins. He hadn't even been living with us then...I shut my mind to those bad memories. The *Three Caballeros* each wanted kisses. In the background, I overheard Kimo quietly calling *Tutu* on the hotel room phone.

"I tell you what...how about we sing a song and have a big *pikake* bubble bath?"

"Okay..."

I ran the taps, singing *Ka lai aloha I na kupuna* – in the circle of love, I am safe. The boys all knew this sacred spirit song and as the bath bubbles multiplied, their voices joined mine.

The door burst open and there was *Tutu*. "Where's my *keiki*?" She grabbed the boys, hugging them.

"Mmmm. You do smell like my *Hawai'i*," *Keli'i* grinned.

"Mmmm," Baby Kimo giggled.

*Tutu* joined in the now rousing chorus, Kimo singing from the living room. *Kamaha's* strident but passionate voice topped everybody's.

"I just figured out who he sounds like," Kimo whispered when I went in with Baby Kimo swathed in a huge towel. "Ethel Merman!"

He was, as usual, wonderful with the boys. As I tended the baby twins, he showed the older three



how the light switches operated upside down in Britain. They watched water going down the bathroom drain the opposite way and then he made real fire come out of their dragon's nose and I was afraid we'd burn the place down. Each of the boys picked out a story to be read and they snuggled into one big bed, Baby Kimo sandwiched as always between his older cousins.

I changed our baby twins' diapers, reveling in their beauty, hardly able to believe these gorgeous children were ours.

I called out to Kimo, "Your turn, darling. The boys want their good night kiss." He came into the room, our little *Pele* lighting up at the sight of him. We were gaga over our kids and they giggled as we kissed their little feet. Kimo's magic is in his hands, which he puts on everybody's feet, instilling calm, heat, coolness, happiness, health...whatever the recipient needs.

"Don't you love baby's breath?" I asked him as *Kamapua'a* giggled under Kimo's light touch.

"Oh, yes. *Lopaka*...can you believe how lucky we are?"

I shook my head and got up to go deliver goodnight kisses to the *Three Caballeros*, "Are you tired, darling?"

Kimo's burnishing gaze warmed me like old, fine wine. "You always know exactly how to replenish me, *Lopaka*."

My ass tingled at the thought.

## Chapter Four

I lay on my back naked, Kimo's tongue dancing over my cock. He got up from the bed and, through half-closed eyes, I watched him opening a shopping bag. *Oh, toys!* No. Not toys. Tartan. *A kilt!* He came back to the bed, his own cock as erect as mine and I watched him unfold two woolen scarves. The only sound was our ragged breathing. Outside, in spite of the hotel's best efforts, were the unfamiliar sounds of heavy city traffic. Living as we did in the breath of silence, we were acutely aware of it.

Kimo picked up one of my arms and tethered it to the bedpost, then tied up the other arm. I was his sexual sacrifice. I grinned as my towering mate went back to work on my cock. *Yes!* I was close to coming, Kimo very aware of my body's responses. He raised his head once more, his mouth wet with our mingled juices.

"I'm going to take a shower now."

"You're joking! I'm ready to come!"

"Not yet, *Lopaka*. This is revenge for tying me up this morning when I badly needed to touch you...to make things up to you."

"You made it up to me," I gasped. "Please don't leave me here like this."

"I broke the bed. "

"You fixed it again. You couldn't even tell it had ever been broken."

"That's true, but you also denied me when I begged you to untie me." His tongue ran a line from my throat to my crotch. As hula dancers, our little *malo* cloths left little to the imagination and, even though we danced sporadically now professionally, we still waxed and kept ourselves pristine for one another. For a second, he swallowed the head of my cock, then gave me a mean, enigmatic smile and walked away, leaving me frantic and unfulfilled. Dang.

I heard the shower running and for long, maddening minutes, he was gone. Then he returned, cool and wet smelling like ginger *lei* soap. He dropped a kiss on my lips and, as my mouth opened to receive his tongue, he relented just a little, giving me enough of him to taunt me. He moved back down to my cock. I almost came, but he inched away again. All night long he teased me this way until finally his mouth moved down to my ass and my legs flew open.

Kimo chuckled. "You're so anxious tonight, my

love.”

“*Anxious?* Kimo, please. You’re killing me here. *Please fuck me.*”

He mounted me, his hard, massive cock steam rolled into me. *Oh God, it was good...*

“*Lopaka...*I need to breed you. You’d better come. Show me how much you want me to breed you.” He kept up very slow, deep movements in and out of me and I started to go crazy.

“Breed me, Kimo!” And he did. With his mouth on mine, my legs wrapped around his waist, Kimo’s cock jolted me into lusty screams. My orgasm roared through me and I felt his searing need meeting mine. Kimo’s eyes closed and I knew he was praying that he’d just knocked me up.

When we each opened our eyes again, his long, tender look unraveled me. He kissed me for several minutes, lifting his face away from me again.

“I bet you were wondering why I brought my ice cream home?”

To be honest, I hadn’t given much thought to it when he’d asked to bring his ice cream home, mainly because I was still in an official brain fog thanks to his sexual...healing. He still had me good and hard and now he wanted ice cream? He pulled himself out of me and, as usual, I felt bereft at the separation.

"I found this tip online when I was booking our trip." His gravelly voice showed me he, too, was still aroused. He scooped ice cream with his fingers, letting it fall all over my cock and balls and started to lick it all off me.

"You're throbbing. *Lopaka*...I think we need to market you as a new dessert...Baskin Throbbins. Are you ready to come for daddy?"

He took my cock into his mouth and I came so hard I was seeing stars. He untied me and I jumped on him. We wound up on the floor, wrestling each other for supremacy. He was quickly inside me again.

"*Lopaka*...I hope you're not attached to the idea of getting any rest tonight because I have no intention of giving you any."

"No, no, I don't want any. I want *you*."

"*Lopaka*, this is the only pushing and pulling I want to do with you. I won't stop until I make you come again and again and again..."

Hours later, I tried to turn over in bed, trying to get comfortable. It was not like me not to slip into easy sleep, especially after getting a supreme workout from my husband. But I was restless...anxious...knowing we had but two hours to get out of bed, prepare the kids and head back to the airport. In my gypsy days as a dancer, I changed planes and hotel rooms easily...the

kids...the kids...my heart gave an unsteady pattering in my chest. Was something wrong with the babies? It was like I was drugged. I couldn't close my mind, my body held tight by my husband's grip. I wrestled away from him, my cock slipping out of his possessive hold. I had to get to the children. And then...

*All I was conscious of was my labored breathing. I was in a room, a very dark room I did not recognize...my hands on the thin blanket, shaking, My God, my hands were covered in fever blisters. Footsteps moving toward me.*

*"Here, drink this. You must keep up your strength, Kimo."*

*What was I doing in Kimo's body? My whole body shivered and I felt the wet heat pouring from his-my head down my neck. My long matted hair clung to my feverish skin. It was Sammy holding a coconut shell to my lips.*

*I knew where I was now...although I had only ever witnessed the scene in stolen snatches when I was making love to Kimo. Sometimes I felt, when I entered him I was chasing away his nightmares.*

*Kimo-I raised up, but the liquid in the shell turned boiling the second it touched my lips. I cried out from the pain and Sammy jerked the bowl away, anguished to have caused new blisters beginning to form on my mouth. I had never experienced the scene like this...as if it was happening to me. Kimo...*

*Then I was me again...or...at least I heard myself calling his name. As Kimo, I lay dying and, in my mind, I heard the words Kimo had telepathed to me in the worst, darkest moments of his huna trial.*

*"If we both die, we will meet on the other side of the rainbow. I would gladly walk the rainbow if I know you're there, too. At least in death, we can be together."*

*The kapuna, the elders, had taken Kimo from me when they discovered that he had left his first wife, Mim, for me, another man. Having a gay kahuna was not on their agenda. In an effort to test his claim that our love was sacred, that we shared a fire branch that only made his powers more potent, they separated us. They took my man from me in the middle of the night, leaving me with Tutu. Her love for Kimo was also so strong that she, too, began to die.*

*Kimo was smiling. I kept flitting in and out of his body as he spoke aloud to me – Lopaka.*

*"He still loves me." Kimo's voice came out in harsh gasps. "They love me and they are willing to die for me."*

*Sammy was pacing. "Kimo, I don't understand why the old lady is dying. She's his grandmother, not his mother."*

*"She raised him." I was back inside Kimo's body and I could feel the bubble of hope that two people waited for me who loved me beyond this life, beyond anything. "She loves him more than anybody ever loved Lopaka...except for me."*

*For three long weeks, the three of us endured mortal*



*agony...but now I was reliving it, experiencing it in Kimo's body.*

*"Kimo, you're dying. I am sorry it came to this. You should have repented. Asked for forgiveness." Sammy said this over and over. "Tell them you were wrong about being gay."*

*I rasped out angry words in response. "Being gay is not a choice, Sammy. I didn't choose to be gay. I am gay. I chose to be happy. There's a difference."*

*My unsteady breathing shocked me. My God, I really was dying.*

*I turned over on the pallet on the floor, sending a message to Lopaka..."I am dying. You must let go. Save yourself."*

*Lopaka's voice came back. "There is no life for me without you. Don't die, Kimo. You can't leave me and Tutu. I want those babies you promised me."*

*My mouth broke into a split-lip smile.*

*"You're talking to him, aren't you?" Sammy asked, sounding awed.*

*I nodded, the physical movement causing me great distress. Aloud, as Sammy touched me, I said, "Sammy, he won't let go and neither will I. Bring me the water again. I'm going to walk out of this cabin and it won't be the last thing I do."*

*Sammy watched me, bringing me the water. This time I drank it. I didn't care that it burned me. Lopaka still loves me. He is willing to live for me...Lopaka loves me...*

The sound of Baby Kimo screaming woke me from the awful nightmare. His voice came through on the baby monitor and then I heard him outside our bedroom door. I groped around in the dark, Kimo tossing in an agonized way beside me. Then our baby hammered at our door. I got up, raced toward it and, just as I opened it, he barreled into my arms. Kimo's eyes opened as he lay there, panting.

"It's okay, baby." I held my arms out to my son, who sobbed convulsively as he clung to me.

"Daddy sick...daddy sore," he cried into my chest.

"No, darling, daddy's fine." I reached out a hand, stroking Kimo's long, wet hair from his burning forehead. He'd been revisiting the bad times, too. We stared at each other and I saw his eyes refocus as he came back to us. He blinked, his gaze shifting to the baby. "Give daddy your foot, angel," I whispered.

Baby Kimo stuck his little foot out to Kimo who struggled for composure, for his very breath and to make this world a beautiful place again for our son. One long finger stroked our son's foot and the baby's breathing soon turned into a soothing rhythm and I felt his body weigh heavier in my arms as he drifted back to sleep.

"Keep him with us, just for a little while." Kimo's voice was scratchy and I placed the baby

beside him.

"I'll get you some water. Kimo, are you okay?"

He nodded and turned around, his big hands gently stroking Baby Kimo's face and arms. "Are you aware of him tuning into us like this before?"

I shook my head.

"Pray Goddess *Pele* that he doesn't remember it in the morning." Kimo looked down at our little son's face. I felt his anguish for the things our baby had seen...that we had both experienced, but Baby Kimo slept and, when I came back with a bottle of ice-cold water from the fridge, Kimo was anxious for me to be back in his arms again.

He gulped from the bottle and I returned Baby Kimo to his bed where the older twins were still sleeping. I checked on the babies, marveling that they, too, were still sleeping, put him down gently, tucked them all in again one last time and returned to my husband, whose arms reached out to me. "I hate Sammy." I couldn't help it.

"No, you don't." Kimo wrapped himself around me, kissing the corner of my eye. "He saved our lives in the end."

It was true. He did. And he loved my grandma. "I'm still not against you turning him into a toad though, Kimo."

He laughed then, the sound releasing some tension in us both. "Let's just say if the need arises, my love, it will be my pleasure to do so."

"Thank you." I scooted closer to the man of my dreams who obligingly tightened his hold on me, one hand reaching down to grip my cock, just the way he liked it. This time, when I closed my eyes, I went right to sleep.

We didn't get much of it...an hour later, our three little hooligans were running around the room, already embracing the day. Somebody shook me awake.

"*Mypaka*, can I order breakfast from room service?" It was *Keli'i*.

"Good idea, sweetheart," Kimo mumbled, his mouth in my hair. "Order lots of sausages."

The boys raced off and we could soon hear them arguing over who would do the food ordering. Kimo and I quickly threw on clothes and went into the other room.

"You can each order one thing. You pass the phone back and forth and don't forget four eggs for me and *Mypaka* likes a big pot of coffee."

"Okay, daddy." *Kamaha* started and each time the phone passed to Baby Kimo, he screeched "Pancakes!" into the receiver.

There was a knock on the door.

"Room Service!" *Kamaha* shouted, although it was too soon for that.

Kimo opened the door. Nobody there. We were all stumped and stepped out into the hallway.

"Surprise!" Sammy jumped out from behind a

big floral display, in a new sweater and his kilt and...no long johns. Baby Kimo took one look at him and started bawling.

He ran into our room and, before we could stop him, he'd slammed the door.

"Kimo. We don't have a key card. He and the babies are alone in there." I was frantic. I could hear our son wailing. Any second now, the babies would be providing a raucous backup.

"What in the world got into him?" Sammy wondered and the twins hammered at the door for Baby Kimo to open it.

"We need to call security." I could hear our son's hysteria mounting now.

"Mama," his little voice cried pathetically for me.

"Open the door, baby. Just open the door." I dropped to my knees, shouting through the door. I couldn't bear to hear him sobbing. I could hear my baby girl beginning to fuss now.

Baby Kimo was trying to open the door, but couldn't reach the handle.

Kimo gave me a disgusted look. "*Lopaka*, you keep forgetting who you're married to. You've got all the security you need right here." He pulled me to my feet, gave me a hard kiss and vanished.

"Oh, cool!" The twins did their happy dance. They loved when Kimo did magic. Baby Kimo's cries stopped. The next sound we heard was

laughter and we all breathed easier when the door opened, our little maniac in his father's arms.

"Kimo." Sammy stepped forward and touched the baby's arm, but he shrank back, hugging Kimo's neck so tightly I was afraid he'd break it.

Sammy glanced at me. "What's going on?"

The Room Service guy wheeled a huge, heavily laden cart down the hallway toward us.

"Pancakes!" the baby shouted happily and Kimo took him and twins inside. Sammy waited out in the hallway with me.

"He had a nightmare last night...he saw some of Kimo's *huna* trial."

"How in the...how do you know?"

I shrugged. "Because Kimo and I dreamed it. He tuned into us."

Sammy pulled on his bottom lip. "Oh...my little guy hates me now."

"No, he doesn't hate you." *He doesn't, but right now, I do.* Aloud I said, "We were hoping that he wouldn't remember anything this morning..."

"*Lopaka*. I love that baby."

"I know you do, Sammy. Kimo will work with him. He'll make everything better."

Sammy shuffled away, looking devastated and I went back inside, a happy smile plastered on my face.

"You started this party without me?" I pouted and Kimo patted the sofa cushion beside him.

"Daddy kept a special place for the man he loves."

"Let me change the twins."

"I'll get their bottles organized. Bring our little opera star to me," Kimo smiled.

I ran into the bedroom and quickly changed the babies, bringing them out to the living room. I scooted beside Kimo and it touched me and saddened me when Baby Kimo pulled open his father's lip to check for blisters. Yep. He remembered the dream.

"Do I smell sausages?" My sister came into our room and kissed her sons.

"How was your romantic dinner?" I asked and she shook her head. Uh-oh. Kimo and I glanced at one another. Whatever had happened we would not discuss it in front of the children.

"Baby Kimo, can your aunty have a kiss?" *Maluhia* stroked the little face intent on eating.

I laughed when he allowed her to kiss his upturned face, but he was a little man with a big mission. A heaping plate of pancakes.

When the kids finished eating, I called Theann and let her know we were sort of on our way.

"Relax," she laughed. "This isn't a commercial flight. You can take a few extra minutes, but we do need to be out of the hangar by ten thirty at the latest."

We let the kids pick out one toy each to play

with on the plane, but Baby Kimo just clung to his father. Kimo gave me a troubled look.

"I'm going to give Kimo a healing. *Lopaka*, you need one, too."

"Can I have a healing, too?" *Keli'i* asked. "I think I need one, too, daddy."

"Okay." Kimo laughed. We all went off to our bedroom, all four of us lying on the bed. The twins started tickling Baby Kimo and he started tickling me.

"Now, now." Kimo tried to look stern, an easy thing for him most of the time, but right now, a sheer impossibility. We lay back against the bed, our eyes closed and Baby Kimo scooted back over his cousins to snuggle against me.

For a second, I watched Kimo touching the three little heads staring up at him trustingly.

"Close your eyes," Kimo smiled. His hand traveled over each of the little bodies and, when it was my turn, I welcomed the kernel of warmth I felt in my chest, the slow-spreading feeling of profound relaxation...of joy Kimo infused into me. The baby sighed and relaxed against me.

*I love you*, I telepathed to Kimo.

*Show me how much, when we're alone*, his voice flew into my head.

It looked like I wasn't going to get any sleep in Scotland either. That thought kept a big ol' dirty smile on my face all day.



## Chapter Five

On the plane, I nuzzled into Kimo, my body twitching at the memory of our wonderful night. There were small fragments of nightmare, like smoky whispers in my brain, but it was all far away and long ago. I dozed as the kids ran up and down the aisle.

*Lopaka... Kimo's thoughts invaded mine. I haven't fucked you in a castle yet. Just you wait...*

*Kimo. I wish you were fucking me right now...*

He laughed out loud as the kids ran up to him.

"Daddy! Daddy! There's an island down there! Is that *Diùra*?" *Kamaha*, eating a bowl of custard with one hand, pointed out the window with the other.

"Well, actually, that there is the coast of Scotland. See all those little dots? They're the Hebrides Islands and *Diùra* is one of them."

"I don't see any castles." *Kamaha* ran from one window to the other for a better look.

Baby Kimo was perched on his Papa *Nui's* lap,

enjoying another reading of *Kimo and Madame Pele*. My kid was no dummy. He knew he could charm anybody into reading that book to him and he drank the tale in, several times a day.

*Keli'i* was staring out of the windows on the other side.

"We won't see them from up here." Kimo smiled as *Keli'i* ran over to join his brother.

"What's the name of our castle?"

"Claig Castle. It is a very, very old castle where great battles were once fought."

"What does *Diùra* mean?"

"Deer Island."

"Will we see deer?" *Keli'i* asked.

"Oh, yes, there are thousands of them. There are more deer than there are people."

"Cool!" I could read the looks exchanged between the twins. *We've never chased deer before...*

We landed on a small landing strip at Port *Askaig*, on the island of Islay off the coast of Scotland. Theann and Tommy helped us unload all our possessions, pointing out the perishable food parcels.

"See you on Saturday!" They re-boarded the plane to return to London. We had invited them to join us, but they were keen to go back to the city. "Too much silence in *Diùra*...all that ocean."

We were just in time for the ferry to take us over the Islay Sound to *Diùra*. Papa Nui grabbed

some brochures and the boys looked through them, admiring the color photos.

"It says *Jura*, here, daddy," *Keli'i* pointed out. "How come we call it *Diùra*?"

"Because we are honoring the Gaelic heritage of the island."

"Oh...like at home we call things by their proper names, their *Hawaiian* names."

"Exactly."

The big, lumbering ferry was dotted with the kindest people. A group tour gathered from all over the world visiting *Diùra* to pay homage to the writer George Orwell.

"He wrote *1984* on the island," the group leader said.

"I read *Down and Out in Paris and London*," Raul replied. "I'm very anxious to take my wife to dinner at Maxim's in Paris, in spite of everything he said about the kitchens there. I also read *Animal Farm*."

"Oh," *Keli'i* piped up. "Did he write about the deer, daddy?" He seemed perplexed when the Orwellian group members laughed.

All I could think was, *Paris. We were going to Paris!*

"What kind of sharks do they have in Scotland?" *Keli'i* wanted to know next. He climbed into Kimo's lap.

"They have a special kind of shark here called

the Basking Shark. We'll go out in a boat and meet some."

He didn't notice the fearful looks our new acquaintances exchanged. Kimo grinned at *Kamaha* who had to get his hug, too.

"What about volcanoes? Do we have a volcano?"

"Not active ones, sweetheart."

"Oh." *Keli'i* looked so disappointed.

"The city of Edinburgh is actually built on an extinct volcanic crater." The Orwellian group leader looked pleased with his answer until he saw the desolate look on *Keli'i's* face.

"But there are no volcanoes on *Diùra*?"

"Well, all these islands right here, which make up what we call the Inner Hebrides, they are all the result of volcanic activity. There are dormant volcanoes way down at the bottom of the ocean."

"Really?" *Keli'i* looked encouraged. "And what about dragons? There are dragons, right?" He looked perplexed when the Orwellians laughed again.

Kimo pointed as we neared dry land. "Look kids, look at those three mountain peaks. They are called the *Paps of Diùra*."

*Kamaha* whispered, "Daddy, where's our castle?"

"We'll see it soon. It's on the other side of the island."

We arrived at the Port of *Feolin*, where Kimo had booked two minivans. At a small weatherboard shack, an elderly man with arthritic fingers paged through a gigantic book and took his time writing a receipt. He had milky tea in a tin cup beside him and two thick cookies. He took so long, his tea grew cold and, when he turned his back for a moment, Kimo tapped the tin cup and curls of steam wafted from it again. Lord, I loved this man.

The old man handed over the receipt to Kimo, a fearful look at the tattoos on my husband's face.

Our kids were hilarious. They piled into one van, tried it out, piling out again to try the second one. Whatever the older two did, Baby Kimo followed suit.

They all liked the first van better though I couldn't tell the difference. Kimo handled the kiddie-packed minivan while Papa *Nui* took the other one, over the island's only road, a one-lane road that curved the island in a manner that reminded us of the road to *Hana* in *Maui*.

This was different though. The windswept moors actually had palm trees and even bougainvillea, but the lush green foliage of our island was nothing like the dense, vast green of this island. *Diùra* had an end-of-the-earth feel that pleased us all. It was quiet. The island was a vast landscape of open spaces. No streetlights, no

traffic. No noise. This place spoke to us.

"It reminds me of the top of *Haleakala* Volcano," *Keli'i* insisted. "Sort of spooky, but pretty, too."

"That's a beautiful observation, sweetheart." Kimo grinned at him through the rearview mirror.

The island was also home to countless sheep that grazed around us, oblivious to the two vehicles that were now stuck because of them. They were also oblivious to three liberated little boys whooping now among them.

"Chickens are better," *Kahama* griped. "At least they squawk."

We tried to get the kids back in the van, but a crying sound drew Baby Kimo to a clump of bushes where a new born red-speckled fawn lay hiding, its great big eyes revealing its fear.

Before I could grab him, Baby Kimo knelt down to touch the fawn.

"Kimo."

My husband was at my side in seconds and none of us spoke as our baby soothed the deer with words, *Hawaiian* words. I recognized a healing chant our son must have heard Kimo use numerous times.

"Leg, daddy." Baby Kimo knew instinctively that the fawn's leg was injured. The poor little creature lay panting as Baby Kimo held his little hand over it.

I saw it now and it broke my heart. The leg was

broken, the whiteness of bone jutting through muscle and skin.

"You make him nap, sweetheart." Kimo returned to our minivan.

I watched my son comforting the woodland creature. I could smell what must have been heather, heard the steady bleating of sheep and then Kimo was back. He picked up the limp leg. *Crack!* He put the leg back into place, holding it as Baby Kimo, humming in the way his father also did when he was healing, sealed the fissure. Kimo slathered homemade ointment onto the fawn's leg, wrapping it with strips of broad leaf that doubled for the *ti* leaf we would have used at home. When it was time, the leafy compound would drop off and the deer would be well again.

"Sleep, baby."

I knew in that moment that Baby Kimo was not *going* to be, that he already *was* the greatest healer the islands of *Hawaii* had ever produced.

We got back in the vans and continued our trek. A half hour later, we saw our first glimpse of Claig Castle from a distance, a shimmering, bright series of towers on the far horizon and the boys all stopped chattering. It was perched on the shore of the island, overlooking the blue waters of the loch.

"Look at the moat!" *Keli'i* breathed. "Oh, and the turrets!"

It was a formidable sight. High stone walls,

long narrow windows...and according to Kimo, impressive tunnels, caves and gun loops. We drove across the lowered drawbridge and parked in the entranceway.

"How cool!" The boys were entranced and the adults...we were just as excited. Mama and Papa Nui took the fretting baby twins for a walk in the walled garden and the rest of us walked into the castle with our loads and loads of stuff. A huge, sweeping staircase stopped us in our tracks. It was right out of a fairytale.

"What a find, Kimo!" Sammy paraded around in his warrior kilt as we wandered around the great hall with its massive wood and iron features.

*I wish Kimo had a kilt. I'd love to get him alone behind these stone walls in a kilt...* I sighed.

"This was a MacDonald stronghold," Kimo nudged me. "I hope none of the MacDonald ghosts are going to be offended that the MacDougalls are here."

"Ghosts?" the kids chimed. "Cool!"

A suit of armor stood to the left of the entrance and the boys ran to it, knocking on the arms and belly. Baby Kimo lifted a knee guard and the leg shot out in a kicking gesture. All three boys screamed with delight.

"A ghost! A ghost!" They tried again, only this time the armor just stood there. Nobody could believe the magnificent oak-roof timbers, the



dazzling collection of silver in giant cabinets...or the extraordinary portraits of MacDonalds lining the walls...

*Men in Kilts*. I sighed. I thought my man would look more stunning than any of those proud, fierce leaders...

"Daddy...you think there's a dungeon?" All three boys peered up at him.

"Of course there's a dungeon."

"Then there's a dragon!" They plunged down the stairs and I glanced at Kimo.

"Shouldn't we go after them?"

"They're perfectly safe in here. There are no strangers, nothing to harm them."

I kept forgetting I was married to a *kahuna* with strong psychic powers.

Raul was in his own brand of heaven. "The kitchen has aga stoves. I have *always* wanted to cook on an aga stove. I think I'm going to make dinner for everybody..." he got a dreamy look in his eye, sauntering off again.

"He was an ass in that restaurant last night," *Maluhia* confided. "He sent everything back three times. And it was wonderful food. Service was...you know...a little bit snide, but the food was amazing. I had to pretend to hate it." She paused. "Where are the boys?"

"Gone off to find the dragon."

She eyed Kimo suspiciously. "And what

happens when they don't find one?"

"Who says they won't?"

My sister blinked. "Silly me."

We went upstairs, picking our room out of the twenty within the castle. I dropped our bags on the floor of the room Kimo and I had chosen. It was massive...bigger than any I'd ever slept in and I couldn't wait to try out the bed. You might say I have a one-track mind, but I don't. I have two. Kimo and Family. Just I was embarking on the idea of ravishing my husband, Sammy burst into our room unannounced.

"There might be one store on the whole island, but there are six distilleries and we have their best wines and whiskeys. Some of them are hundreds of years old!"

"Wonderful," Kimo grinned. "You choose the wines for dinner and —"

A frigid breeze blew past us. The ghost of an old woman drifted into the room. She wore a long dress and old-fashioned cap. She didn't even glance at us as she glided into the adjoining room that we had already decided would be perfect for the baby twins.

Sammy rubbed his eyes.

We heard a series of shrieks.

"I do believe the boys found the dragon." Kimo grinned and the three of us went downstairs.

We found them in the kitchen. "*Mybaka!*"

*Kamaha* squealed. "Did you hear the dragon?"

"I did, sweetheart."

"Me, too," Kimo nodded.

Raul was banging around saucepans, *Maluhia* feigning interest in the tale of the dragon.

"I didn't hear him, no. Tell me about it."

"Well, we didn't see him, but we found this locked room with a cage. We heard his roar..."

"It was a big roar like a volcano erupting," *Keli'i* nodded.

"And then there was smoke—from his nostrils you know—and look! He *burned* a hole in my shirt. Is that the coolest thing you ever saw? I'm never taking this shirt off. Never, never, *never*."

"*Kamaha*, we need helmets." *Keli'i* was rummaging through cupboards. He brought out three cooking pots.

"Oh, no you don't. I need this one." Raul plucked a long handled saucepan off *Kamaha's* head. "This is a batter helmet."

"Cool, daddy, thanks." The boys adjusted their armor, Baby Kimo barely able to see from under the saucepan on his head, but his grin stretched from ear to ear.

"OOOOHHAGGGGAAAA!"

"Agghhrr! The ghost!" The boys took off again and Kimo smothered a smile.

"What's for dinner?" he asked Raul.

"We're having a giant, Scottish feast. Cock a

leekie soup, rumbledethumps, curly cail...I'm thinking salmon since Theann bought some...fish cakes, oh...and for dessert I'm going to make burnt cream and, in honor of my gorgeous wife, Deep Fried Mars Bars. That's an actual Scottish delicacy."

"If you say so," Kimo grinned.

"We could also have mealie pudding, square sausage, tablet, rowies, maybe a clootie dumpling."

Kimo and I had no idea what he was talking about, but I saw the radiant look on my sister's face. We tiptoed out of the kitchen to give the lovebirds some foodie privacy.

Back in the great hallway, I heard *Tutu's* mad cackle wafting from an upstairs room and I knew she and Sammy were on er...*sporrin* time.

A rush of noise at the top of the stairs almost stopped my heart. All three boys were sitting on Baby Kimo's upturned surfboard. He was in front, holding the fin, the other two boys behind him.

"No!" I yelled, but the surfboard tipped over the first step and plummeted down, the boys screaming with excitement.

That's when I saw the ghost of a kilted man dragging the surfboard down the stairs. The board itself was a few scant inches from the stairs. A magic surfboard ride.

"Kimo, is there something you haven't told me

about this castle?"

"Like what?" His gorgeous, generous mouth twitched.

"It's not real, is it?"

"Of course it is." His gaze held mine. "Claig Castle *was* real. Now it's a ruin, but this is our honeymoon, *Mypaka*. I had to give you something nobody else in the world could give you."

"You mean...you restored it...the way it used to be?"

He looked around wonderingly. "It is spectacular, isn't it?"

I swallowed. "You did this...for us?"

"Of course. You're my world, *Lopaka*. I saw this in a dream...I felt...fate bringing us here. To this castle."

I didn't know what to say. "Some men give chocolates and flowers to their wives. You give me a haunted castle honeymoon."

We grinned loopily at each other.

"I'm so glad you like it, baby."

"Like it? I love it!" I threw myself into his arms, remembering the first time he'd enthralled me, on our first date with an evening in a tree house.

"We're still the only two people in the world," he whispered. He said the same words to me that night in the tree house. I felt his cock hardening against my belly. I rubbed against him and he grinned.

"Kimo...what if...what if you'd never given me a chance?"

His eyes shone with emotion. "But I did give you a chance and...you gave me a second chance. Don't think about that now. It was a long time ago."

"Do you remember when you asked me to marry you?"

Kimo paused, deep in thought. "I asked you to marry me many times in my mind...but if you're asking me about when I got down on both knees—"

"Yes."

"I don't remember a thing about it," he teased. For one long moment, his mouth claimed mine and I remembered how he'd come home from his *huna* trial...

"Don't." He took his mouth from me. "Just think about now and how beautiful this feels."

"Are we going to leave the castle here when we go home?"

"Of course. There will be those who see it and those who don't. There will be people who need to believe in magic...I have you. Now, go to our room, there's something waiting for you inside it."

I ran right back up the stairs, but he was already there, waiting for me. He stood in a MacDougall kilt and I had never wanted him more in my life. My handsome hunk, naked

except for that kilt, watched me, his huge black eyes glowing in anticipation.

"I do believe, *Lopaka*, that we were very rudely interrupted."

"Yeah...ah...we MacDougalls never like to be interrupted." I dropped to my knees and Kimo laughed as I rubbed my face in the very soft, sweet smelling wool separating me from the man I loved. He locked the door with a flick of his wrist and I threw my head under his kilt, thanking God I was married to a man who knew the right way to wear one.

His bare cock became twitchy at the nearness of me. Oh yeah, it knew exactly who worshipped it most. I pushed him into a big chair made of antlers and leather and he chuckled when my mouth opened to claim its favorite treasure. I wondered how many great warriors had sat in this very chair watching their mates nursing hungrily on their cocks.

Kimo smiled lazily, knowing I was enjoying my first Scottish meal. I licked and kissed every inch of his almost twelve inches of MacDougall pride, licking every letter of my name tattooed down the length of it.

He stroked my hair away from my face. "Making sure it's still there?"

"Something like that."

"*Lopaka*..." He stopped speaking because my

face was between his hot honey thighs now, my tongue whipping across his ass hole. He gasped. I hoped that antler chair was going to hold up because I intended to give my MacDougall warrior a right, royal fucking that would bring *all* the ghosts out of hiding. I moved back to his cock, tracking each letter of his name.

"Oh God, you're torturing me," he groaned. "You're still on the letter *o*."

"Payback, baby. You kept me tied up all night."

"Fuck me," Kimo hissed.

"When I'm ready." I went back to my task and Kimo smiled in spite of his impatience. He enjoyed watching me suck his cock. It was one of his great pleasures as much as it was mine.

"She never sucked my cock, you know."

I glanced up at him. Dammit, how did he know it still irked me that he'd once been married to somebody else? How did he know that as stupid as it was, it bothered me that pleasuring my husband had not always been my sacred right? When I'd met Kimo, he'd been a straight, married man. A sex-starved married man.

Taking his cock and holding it in my hands, I kissed the tip and examined every last inch of it. "Kimo, what did you do for those days...you know when you dumped me and went back to her? What did you do with your time?"

He shook his head for a moment, then my



tongue flicking at his cock seemed to jolt him back to his senses.

"I..." he looked flustered. "I honestly can't remember."

"Get on the bed."

He obeyed me and I removed the fastenings on the kilt, my majestic man sprawled underneath me. I got between his legs and took hold of his cock again with my lips. I came off him again.

"Did you think about me?"

"I prayed to forget about you."

"Did you fuck your wife?"

He frowned. "No. She had a girlfriend, remember?"

"I remember. But still...you left me."

He panted as I spread his legs, my tongue giving him some joy, but not much relief as I nosed around his balls, sucking and slurping my way down to his ass.

"Oh...yeah...oh baby." His hands flailed, finding their way to his nipples.

Until I came along, he didn't get much pleasure out of his nipples. Together we had discovered a whole, new erotic voyage of discovery. Kimo's eyes opened and he gazed up at me.

"I thought about fucking my wife *and* her girlfriend. Invading their room."

"Why didn't you?" I kept my fingers on his ass hole, stroking it, stirring him up. I bent and kissed

his cock again.

"Because I wanted you. I wanted your cock...your ass. I...I...couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat and then that hideous pain in my left side started. God...*Lopaka*. It only went away the second I was around you." He reached up and grabbed my face. "Do you remember being at that noodle café and I walked in with Eddie and Ginger?"

"How could I forget? You looked at me and then sat ten miles away."

"That was the first time I'd stopped feeling like I was on fire. I was close to you and I felt...fine. Oh God, *Lopaka*. I knew I was in trouble, but I promise you, I prayed for guidance. I prayed that if I was meant to be with you, then I would honor you and love you...and then I started following you."

I smiled then. "You followed me?"

"Baby...you have no idea. I..." his face flushed. "It was the only joy I knew in those terrible days, seeing your face. I thought about finding some guy and fucking him just to get it over with..." He saw the expression on my face and leaned up to kiss me. "Don't look at me like that. It was only because I knew you went to *Maui*. I knew you went to see Johnny and I thought I might die."

"You knew?" I was in shock although I shouldn't have been. Kimo had been able to read me longer than I'd been able to read him.

"Yeah, I knew and it made me nuts. I tuned into you and I knew you were with him and it almost killed me, but then I knew. I just *knew* you couldn't fuck him and that you still loved me and I knew I had to do whatever it took...*Lopaka*...are you ever going to fuck me?"

"Not yet." I bent my head down and started licking the letters on his cock, starting all over with the letter *L*.

"Are you kidding me with this? You're starting *again*? You've got the longest name in history!"

"Turn over." He obeyed me and I ran my tongue from the back of his neck, across his shoulders, down his spine and to his glorious ass. Beads of sweat had started to form on his tailbone. Oh yeah, my man was ready for his cock, that's for sure. I moved back up to his right shoulder, the one covered in tattoos, and he howled with frustration into his pillow.

When I got back to his ass, he was humping my face. "Spread your legs." Again he obeyed me and he cried out when my tongue slithered down his ass crack.

"*Lopaka*, I demand you fuck me right now or else."

"Or else what?" I dipped between his legs, pulling on his gorgeous cock with my mouth, swiping at the hot head with my tongue.

"I'll withhold sex."

Flipping him over again, I stared at him. The shock must have registered on my face because he pushed me back and grabbed my cock. "Just fuck me, *Lopaka*. I belong to you." He held me to him. "You do believe that, don't you?"

I couldn't speak. My cock felt like he'd put a lit match to it and Kimo was thrashing around the bed as I entered him. He was hot and tight and I was inside him again, in more ways than one. I felt him reliving the moment he came home from the *huna* trial. I felt each agonizing step he took out of Sammy's car toward the house he shared with me and *Tutu* and found us, equally in pain, but just as resolute. He came home to find our love had grown stronger. Kimo rescued me from the vision and I felt him grab my spirit, taking me flying with him, soaring over the magic Claig Castle built of stone and never ending love.

And I believed in everything.

## Chapter Six

I fed the man I loved and he held my ass to his body begging me to fuck him harder. I pulled my cock out a little and he went mad until I reached down, licking his cock head, my tongue flickering at his belly button. Kimo loved to have his belly button licked when I was fucking him. His legs started to shake and I went berserk, sticking my cock back in him again. I saw lovely images in my mind of the two of us making love...I loved that he dreamed of only me and I came inside him, pinching his ball sac to stop him from coming. He writhed underneath me. I slowly extracted myself from him and he whimpered.

"Don't take it from me."

But I wanted to suck his cock. I needed him to come in my mouth.

"No," he moaned. "Don't waste it. Let me come inside you. I can't knock you up if I come in your mouth."

"This is not wasting your come. I need this,

Kimo. I love the taste of you."

He nodded. He understood. "Okay...oh..."

I swallowed him in one gulp and he came in a frenzy, his balls bobbing against my chin. He humped my face, his hands gripping my head and shoulders. He relaxed at last and we kissed, grinning at each other.

"Not bad for a couple of old married men." He ran his hands down my sides, making me jump as always. He knew all the secret little places and didn't mind pressing those buttons at will.

"Nope, not bad at all." I scooted down beside him and Kimo held me in his arms. I felt the mad beating of his heart against my palm as I stroked the tattoos on his chest. I placed a kiss over his heart. "I love you so much."

"I know you do." He raised himself on one arm, gazing down at me. "I hate to break up our little passion party, but we need to get dressed, my love. The kids are going to knock any second."

The knocking started before he even finished his sentence.

"I want that kilt to come out for a rematch as soon as we're alone, Kimo."

He laughed as we jumped up and dressed quickly, throwing on jeans and sweaters. "*Lopaka*."

"Uh-huh?"

"You know I didn't mean what I said about withholding sex, don't you?"

I grinned. "Yes, but you knew the threat would work."

He had the grace to blush. "It works every time, doesn't it? I love you, baby. Tonight, your ass is in for some serious...study and introspection."

"That sounds very good."

"Daddy!" Baby Kimo wailed and we opened the door to find our three little boys, ready to lunge and drag us down the stairs.

In the kitchen, *Tutu* refused to move from the stove despite a flustered Raul's attempts to evict her.

"I am making baked sweet potatoes and *poi* for my men and this little...pipsqueak is not going to stop me!" My grandma should have been a little mellower with all the kilt action she'd been getting, but no, she was wielding a large wooden spoon like a weapon.

"Who are you calling a pipsqueak?" Raul's eyes widened.

"You!" She was coming dangerously close to swatting him with the spoon.

I glanced at Kimo. The kids were all agog.

"Kimo...*Lopaka*...are you going to stand there and let Raul order me around?"

We were not stupid men. Clearly, our allegiance had to be with the matriarch of the family. On the other hand, I'd never seen Raul so riled up.

"She called me a pipsqueak!" He looked astonished.

"Raul...can you make the *poi* and the potatoes?" Kimo asked.

"I don't want to make them. We're not at home now. We're in Scotland."

Ooops. Wrong answer. Kimo's face got that subject-closed expression and even Raul knew when he was beaten.

*Tutu* preened in her victory. "I'll try not to get in your way."

Boy, I'd never seen her this indignant before.

"Come on kids, let's go outside for a walk." Kimo held his hands out to the twins.

*Kamaha* plonked himself on the floor. "No, daddy, I want to stay and watch the fight."

"Yeah, daddy!" Baby Kimo looked up at him and Kimo laughed.

"No fighting here, sugar."

"Don't be too sure," my grandma muttered.

We took the kids outside.

*She does not like sharing a kitchen*, Kimo telepathed to me.

*That's how I feel...not about kitchens, but about your body. I would go berserk at the idea of sharing my husband's cock.*

Kimo burst out laughing as we laced up walking boots on the boys' feet. We unlatched the heavy iron catch on the front door and slipped



outside.

It was just breathtaking. The sky was a silken lavender color, the air heavy with the scent of herbs and wild flowers cooling off in the expanding dusk. We stepped out of the walled garden and the feeling of space was extraordinary. The kids ran and chased each other as well as us. I knew we couldn't wait to get out on the water the next day. Kimo picked each boy up in turn, tossing them into the air and catching them. He was so strong and the boys loved the feeling of being free and so high, then safely in his arms again. He never got tired of indulging them in this special game.

We walked all around the castle and, in the distance, leaning against a tree, I noticed a woman, quite tall, with wild, wooly gray hair watching us. She was wearing brown pants and a lot of sweaters. She seemed fixated on the children.

"Don't worry, my love." Kimo dropped a kiss on my shoulder, handing over Baby Kimo to me.

The baby covered my face in kisses and I could smell melon on his breath. My arms tightened around him as the woman's gaze met mine. There was something about her...I quickly turned and marched back toward the castle, when we met an impressive sight. A large flock of birds crested over the loch and above our turrets. The kids were

enthralled.

"What are they daddy?" *Keli'i* asked.

"They're geese."

"Oh...like the *nene* geese we have at home?"

"Yes, sweetheart, but these are sea birds."

"They have white fronts. Oh...look, what are the black birds?"

Kimo and I squinted up toward the turrets.

"Those are ravens."

"They're going inside, daddy."

"We'll go up later to the very top and you'll see that wild birds like to visit."

"Cool!" our *Three Caballeros* echoed one another. Baby Kimo wriggled out of my arms, racing his cousins back inside. Kimo rushed forward to kiss me and put his arm around my waist as his hand strayed to my ass.

"I have big plans for this later, *Lopaka*."

"Cool!" I did a pretty good imitation of the kids, making him laugh. As we turned the last corner back into the castle, I glanced back to the tree and the woman who'd been watching us was gone.

Inside the castle, the smell of roasted meats had my mouth watering. Raul and *Tutu* seemed to have reached a truce, appearing relaxed and happy now.

"Booze," Sammy whispered to me. "I got 'em nice and liquored up."

"I must remember that," I grinned.

The kids raced one another to the nearest bathroom to wash their hands. "Daddy, daddy!" they started yelling.

Kimo, Raul and I fought each other to get through the door first.

My husband naturally won. "What's wrong?"

"The water's blue." *Keli'i* looked alarmed. "It was clear until I put some on my hands. What's wrong with it, daddy?"

Kimo grinned. "There's nothing wrong with it, sweetheart. The water here is very soft. So when your body and the soap touch it, the water will turn blue."

"Really? I never saw blue water before."

"Cool!" *Kamaha* shouted, anxious for his turn. The kids suddenly liked having blue water. A lot.

We dried them off and hustled everyone to the large oak dining table in what Raul called the Great Room. The gigantic table dwarfed our younger family members.

Baby Kimo solved his problem instantly by climbing onto my lap. The twins found laps to perch on, too, and then Raul began serving his fancy meal.

"I want *poi*, mama," Baby Kimo looked up at me.

"It's coming, darling." Kimo adjusted the rocking mechanism on the baby twins' swing, his

eyes alight at the sight of all the food. Raul had really outdone himself, but everything under the sun came out to the table except *Tutu's poi* and sweet baked potatoes.

Kimo and I traded glances.

"Where's my yum yums?" *Tutu's* face flushed.

*Uh-oh.*

"Oh, well...the thing is *Tutu*, they didn't really go with what I made." Raul held his wine glass to his lips, avoiding her incredulous stare.

"What do you mean by that?" When he didn't respond, she picked up a platter of vegetables and dropped it with a resounding crash. The kids stared at her. "I think we need some sweet potatoes, Raul. We seem to be all out of the ugly green curly stuff."

"Kail," he mumbled. "It was kail. Um...the thing is..."

"I'll go get 'em. *Lopaka*, come and help me, darling." Kimo grabbed my hand and we raced to the kitchen. He was on fire, pressing me against the wall, his tongue moving straight into my mouth. His feverish kisses peppered my nose, mouth, chin, throat and then he pulled back, unbuttoning my fly. "I just need to suck your cock. Just a little bit, baby."

A loud knock interrupted us at the castle door.

"Who in the world could that be?" Kimo frowned, leaving me standing there half

undressed and went back into the Great Room. This reminded me of the very first time he fucked me and how he would always leave me with a raging hard-on. I had a difficult time stuffing myself back into my pants and I waddled back toward the others.

"Nobody there." Kimo looked disturbed. "Come on, baby, let's get some veggies on."

"Oh, no, you don't." My sister pushed us out of the way. "You two just want to canoodle."

"Dang, baby, she knows us too well," Kimo grinned.

"I'll say. Go and sit down. And don't even think about touching my Mars Bar."

"Okay," Kimo nodded.

He swiped it clean off her plate as he passed by her chair and I feared a mutiny on this bounty.

"That'll teach her to deny me my rations." Kimo looked smug as he swallowed the fried candy bar in one gulp.

*Maluhia* came back with the *poi* and sweet potatoes. "I think there's somebody outside. I hear noises."

Kimo got up from the table. He and Sammy went to the door, yanked it open and there stood the woman who had been watching Kimo, the children and me.

"I see it, but I still don't believe it." She stepped forward in total amazement. "I knew you were

coming...but I never imagined..." She stared at me and *Maluhia* and her face crumpled. "Oh, you're both so beautiful!" She reached a hand to my face.

I stepped back. "Who are you?" I was frantic now. A lunatic had just walked into the castle. Where were the children? I saw Kimo holding our son, but he had a smile on his face.

"You don't know who I am?" Great tides of tears fell down the woman's face. She was older than I first thought now that she was close and she covered her face with her hands. She lifted them away again. "Can't you see who I am?"

I shook my head slowly, *Maluhia* and I trading confused looks. And then I saw it...it couldn't be.

"This is a splendid day for me." The woman laughed through her tears. "I have waited so long...so long..."

"I know who you are." *Tutu* looked royally pissed. The two women looked like they might jump into hand-to-hand combat.

"You never told them about me?" The woman looked hurt.

"Nothing to tell," *Tutu* seethed.

"Would somebody tell me what's going on?" I was ready to scream.

The woman smiled. "In case you haven't figured it out, I am your grandmother."

## Chapter Seven

“Our grandmother?” *Maluhia* gaped at her. “Paternal.” She glanced at *Maluhia* as if suspecting her to be quite stupid and added, “On your father’s side. My name is *Fyfa Campbell*.” She looked around her, still absorbing *Kimo*’s magic-made splendor. “One of you has some extraordinary talent. This was but scant remains this morning...”

“I *knew* there was something spooky about this place. I never could find it on the internet. But *Kimo* insisted it was here.” *Raul* shook his head.

*Fyfa Campbell* kept staring at me. “It’s a baronial masterpiece...dates back to Feudal times. Of course...it was a ruin long before your father was born...before I was born, for that matter...”

“My...*father*?” I swallowed.

“You are his mirror image, you know. You are every inch your father.” *Fyfa Campbell* moved around, touching things, as if to assure herself they were really there. She glanced back at me. I

had the feeling she wanted a hug. I wanted her to leave. What was she doing here? How had she found us?

"I like your hair. Is it real?" Fyfa Campbell looked down to see *Keli'i* gazing up at her.

"Oh! You look just like Paden when he was a wee one!" Fyfa Campbell looked genuinely moved. "I see twins still run in the family." I just stared at her. "You mean you don't know about your father?"

"He was a good for nothing rat who ran out on my girl." *Tutu* thumped the oak dining table.

"Steady on there, old girl." Fyfa pulled out a packet of long, thin cigars.

"Please don't smoke in front of the children." Kimo's voice was a command, not a request.

She shrugged and pocketed them again.

"Don't you old girl me!" *Tutu's* eyes flashed at Fyfa Campbell who opened her mouth, but *Tutu* spoke quickly. "*Lopaka*, I need to speak to you in the kitchen. Now."

She turned and I followed numbly. *Kimo*. I sent him a silent call and felt his presence behind me.

"Make your husband turn her into a toad." *Tutu* was very upset.

Kimo walked in, putting his arm around me. "*Tutu*, come here." My grandma never could resist my man and soon she slipped into his warm embrace as well. "Nobody's turning her into a



toad. We need her."

"We don't need her. She can't come into our lives and claim our babies for herself. I love those babies —"

"Kimo..." I was agitated now. "She wants our babies?"

"No. She wants her family."

"She can't have us. *Tutu* raised me. *Tutu* is helping us raise our children. She is the most important woman in the world to them. They don't need another grandmother."

"Exactly!" *Tutu* looked ready to start slugging somebody. Kimo just drew her closer and kissed our heads.

"Nobody is denying *Tutu's* place in our children's lives, she is here by divine law. But *Fyfa* is here by divine intervention. We need help and you need a sixth earth-bound goddess, *Lopaka*. She hardly understands what's going on herself. She just followed her instincts."

"What is he talking about?" *Tutu* looked at me from under Kimo's arm.

"When *Maluhia* became pregnant, Kimo and I went to visit *Madame Pele* at the vagina cave —"

"I remember. You've been making those necklaces." She stopped. "What are you saying, that *she* is number six?"

Kimo hugged her tighter. "*Madame* said to completely protect our children, *Lopaka* needed to

find six women who would complete our circle of trust. So far, it's you, my mother, *Maluhia*, Katie and —"

"Our baby girl," I chimed in.

Kimo smiled. "Not quite, my love. She's the one around whom we are casting circles of protection, but yes, I can see why you thought of her."

"Well, if she's not on the list, Fyfa's only number five and there's still one more to be found." *Tutu* chewed her lip.

I leaned closer to Kimo. "Who is the twelfth *huna* council member?"

He gave me a long, loving look before he kissed me as if to soften the blow.

"Your father."

\* \* \* \*

Fyfa Campbell took Raul up on his offer of *a spot of sherry* and a dish of burnt cream.

"I say, he's well trained. Most men are *pants* in the kitchen," Fyfa mumbled, spooning the custard into her mouth.

"Pants?" Raul enquired.

"Oh..." she laughed, pushing back her wild curls. "It's a local term. Anything foolish or bad...we say it's pants."

"Pants! Cool!" The twins had a new word.

"Ha, ha ha!" Baby Kimo chortled.

Fyfa Campbell peered at him myopically. "Now explain the parentage here, because I feel like I am seeing double...triple, even, and I'm not even close to being smashed yet..."

As Mama *Nui* hustled the kids off to play upstairs with her and Papa *Nui*, Kimo ran through our family tree and when he mentioned my mother, Fyfa looked annoyed, leaning toward *Tutu*.

"You can't blame my Paden for leaving her. She loved a cocktail or...ten."

I thought my grandma would leap across the table and sucker-punch her, but Sammy restrained her.

*Toad*, *Tutu* mouthed to me.

I was inclined to agree, but when I glanced at Kimo he shook his head.

"My mother died...without *Lopaka* ever knowing her," *Maluhia* told Fyfa.

"She died? What was it? The booze?"

*Maluhia's* lips set in a grim line. "Cancer...cancer of the bones. She felt ill and went to the doctor. Her leg hurt all the time. When she was diagnosed...she went very quickly."

"That's pants, that is." Fyfa Campbell reached for the sherry bottle with chubby fingers.

I slid it toward her.

"Thanks. So you're a poof?"

I stared at her.

"Not being offensive, pumpkin. You might all be as queer as three-dollar bills, but I saw you outside with those children. They're beautiful and happy. Well loved..." she pulled out her cigars again and caught Kimo's warning eye. Fyfa glanced at Raul. "You have any more burnt cream?"

"No, I don't—"

"Pants!" a little voice piped down to us from an upstairs room. Papa Nui's loud rumble of laughter was followed by my baby son's *ha ha ha*.

Love swelled my heart and I wanted Fyfa Campbell to get on with whatever had brought her here...and for her to leave us alone again. I was not convinced she was number five at all. "Is...is our father still alive?" I asked her.

Fyfa nodded. "Oh yes—"

"Is he here, on *Diùra*?"

Her smile was as sincere as it was sad. "No...I'm sorry, he isn't. As a matter of fact, I have no idea where he is. I haven't seen him in years."

"Then how do you know he's alive?" Raul asked.

"A mother knows these things."

"Is he in touch with you?" *Maluhia* asked.

Fyfa Campbell was silent for so long I wondered if she'd fallen asleep.

"He contacts me remotely...I'm a psychic, you know."

"No, I didn't know. How would I know that?" My sister was getting edgy now.

"Did you know our father?" I asked her.

*Maluhia* glanced at our newly found grandmother. "I...don't know. I see snatches. I remember a horse...I remember..." she fell silent.

"That was a long time ago and you must have been three or four. Your father had a horse and he took you riding. He gave up his parental rights to you. He...wanted to travel and your mother refused." *Fyfa* twirled the stem of her empty sherry glass in her fingers. "I cannot believe your mother separated you."

"My life was beautiful," I said quickly. "*Tutu* raised me." *Fyfa* held up her hand as if to stop me from speaking. Why was she here then?

As if on cue, the sound of Baby Kimo shrieking interrupted us. We all looked up to see him running down the stairs in delighted terror, a suit of armor clattering down each step after him.

"Mama! Mama!"

Baby Kimo ran to me and I caught him in my arms. The suit of armor reached us and then stopped. It completely froze. Baby Kimo reached out one little foot and kicked it. The armor clattered to the ground, both metal feet sticking up in the air.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Baby Kimo was pleased with this new achievement.

Everybody laughed and the baby put his nose to mine. "I want *poi*, mama."

"Here, baby, *Tutu* has *poi* for you." My grandmother rushed over and I let her take charge of my son. I knew she ached for what she thought she was losing. She was not losing a thing. I still didn't know what *Fyfa Campbell* was doing here.

"You have *poi*?" she asked.

"Do you like *poi*?" Raul looked astonished.

"Love it. Haven't had any for what...twenty-five years now?"

*Tutu* handed the *poi* pot over to Kimo, who passed it to *Fyfa*. It was customary in our family, all *Hawaiian* families to dip into a communal pot using the index and middle fingers in a scooping motion.

*Fyfa* ate like an expert. She closed her eyes and moaned. "Perfect. I'd forgotten how good that is." She dipped again and again into the *poi*, and *Tutu* snatched it back, scooping some into Baby Kimo's waiting mouth.

*Fyfa Campbell* looked longingly at the scrapings left on the sides of the bowl.

"I'll make some more tomorrow." *Tutu's* grudging offer was greeted with a flashing, perfect teeth in that big mouth.

"Excellent. I want you all to come to my house tomorrow afternoon. I'll make you a proper English tea and we'll talk."

"About what?" *Tutu* looked pissed.

"Well, about the bloody *huna* council of course." She stood up and stared at Sammy in his kilt. "May I ask what on earth are you wearing?"

"A kilt."

"I can see that, you barmy git, but that's not our clan's tartan."

"It's MacDougall, the warrior clan." Sammy's chest puffed out in pride and my grandma snorted. He seemed to deflate a little.

"This castle was once a MacDonald stronghold, but we Campbells ran them out of town." *Fyfa* tipped her head to one side. "I can explain more when you come to tea at Dummock House tomorrow."

"How did you know we were here?" I asked her. "I mean...you don't seem especially shocked."

"Of course not. I knew you were coming. I saw it all in my crystal ball. I must fly now, I was walking with my bitch, Prudence and she's petrified of ghosts." She put a cigar to her lips and Sammy walked her to the door.

"What's a barmy git?" he asked the moment he closed it again.

Kimo and I took the boys all over the castle, checking out all the rooms and hidden chambers we could find. They loved that we used candles

and flashlights and they ran from the turrets to the bird's nest high above where ravens circled and other birds slept. As it grew very cold and late, we put them all to bed in the room to our left, tucked them in and I checked that the baby monitor was working. In the anteroom beside ours, the ghost of the woman I realized was a baby nurse sat beside our sleeping babies, knitting. She did not seem to sense me as I checked on the children and made sure their monitor was working. I went back to the room I was sharing with Kimo and he was lying on the bed, naked, holding his arms out to me.

"Don't get shy, baby. The spirits enjoy lovemaking. I need your cock."

I drifted to him, Kimo's gaze intent on my stiff prick that yearned for him as much as he did me. He sat up in bed, his long black hair tumbling over his shoulders and his mouth went straight to my cock. He held it with one hand, sucking me gently, his other hand lightly stroking his own cock.

"That's mine," I snapped. "That's my job, Kimo." He glanced up at me, grinning.

"Then get up here on my face, where you belong."

I mounted him quickly and my cock disappeared down his throat. Oh, it felt so good. I straddled his body, his cock straining for my attention. As he suckled noisily on me, I sank my lips over his cock head and Kimo squirmed



underneath me. For several minutes, we licked and sucked on each other, then Kimo pushed me off him. I expected to find him ready to take me, but he got on the floor, kneeling beside me.

"Daddy's got a little surprise for you."

"Unless it's a damned good fucking, Kimo, I'm not interested."

"Oh, you are gonna get fucked, my sweet little cock whore. Look what I got." He held up the biggest dildo I'd ever seen. It was purple and about a foot long, and quite thick. "It's supposed to feel very lifelike."

"I've got a better-than-lifelike cock. Right there between your legs."

Kimo chuckled. "I find I'm obsessed with the idea of taking you with a big, hard cock in your ass while I'm giving you head. I can suck the tip when I'm in you, but I really want to suck your cock, *Lopaka*. Here, kiss your other lover, baby."

I stared at him. "Where did you get it?"

"Online. I found this very interesting website full of toys for happy men. Like us. I got a few other little tricks I plan to share with you, too."

"Really?" We'd never indulged in toy play except for cock rings, ties and handcuffs. "But—"

He stuck the huge purple cock into my mouth and his eyes gleamed as I kissed and licked the head.

"Lie back," he commanded. He continued to

hold the new cock to my mouth and watched as I sucked on it. It did have a Kimo-like consistency to it. Kimo was enthralled. I was on my back, his right hand between my thighs and he parted them with the back of his hand, his fingers trailing possessively over my balls and down to my ass hole. He licked his fingers, putting them back on my ass and gazed at me again, watching my progress on that monster dick as my ass twisted and turned under his commanding touch.

Kimo took it away from me and reached his face between my open legs, lapping at my ass. He was so eager to fuck me, he didn't take much time. He got me wet and pointed that cock at me, his gaze holding mine as he started sliding it into me.

"Does that feel good, baby?"

"Oh....yeah...it does." Man, it was huge and the head was warm, thanks to my enthusiastic sucking.

Kimo pushed more of it into me, his thumb strumming my perineum. He knew this always made me crazy. My legs and ass opened up more for him.

"Very good, *Lopaka*. Take it all, baby." His mouth moved over my cock and I remembered the time my ex-boyfriend Johnny had brought a dildo home...I smacked Johnny from my mind. I felt stretched and full, yet increasingly turned on as Kimo fucked me with the new toy. He started

moving it in deeper, harder and faster until it was all inside me.

Oh my God, it felt amazing for him to fuck and suck me at the same time.

Kimo took his mouth off me. "I can't wait until you fuck me with this." He plunged his mouth back over me, fucking me with his assistant cock. I didn't think I would last long. Kimo came off my cock, muttering. "Oh God, *Lopaka*, your ass is clamping down on it. That means you're gonna come."

His mouth went back to work as he rammed me with the purple cock and I shuddered to a grinding orgasm. Kimo kept licking my cock, working that toy in and out of me and I screamed at him to fuck me.

"I need you. Fuck me, Kimo." His face went rigid with desire and he pulled the toy out of me, licking the head. He shoved his way between my legs, my frantic hands guiding him into me.

Kimo fucked me with increasing abandon, throwing the toy across the room. He was jealous that I'd come with his toy.

"Come for me, baby. Come with me, *Lopaka*." He kissed my face, licking my lips, our mouths meeting, again and again, seeking one another as he plunged in and out of me. "I own this ass," he ground out and I felt him starting to come, felt the pulsing need of his cock deep inside me. I came all

over his belly and Kimo grunted his approval.

"You still want me to fuck you sometime with that thing?" I whispered when he fell on top of me.

"Hell, yeah. I think I owe you one." Kimo stayed inside me. He grabbed a handful of my hair and, holding it like a trophy, his face went back to mine. His cock never got soft with me and we both were soon ready for action again.

"*Lopaka*...I might need to stock up on multivitamins," he whispered in the dark.

"Why, baby?"

"Sammy tells me *Tutu* can go all night."

"Was that supposed to be a turn on?" I whispered back.

He chuckled against my throat. "Just stating facts. I *love* that I'm married to the horniest man in the world. I just want to make sure I never run out of stamina."

I laughed out loud as I heard our babies stirring. "Kimo, I don't think that's a problem."

He turned me over on my stomach, his tongue making a lazy path across my tailbone. "*Lopaka*...I think maybe you're right. I just...I just..."

I flipped back over and stared up at him. "What is it, Kimo?"

"You have to promise me you'll never leave me."

"Of course I'll never leave you. How can you

even say that?" He didn't respond and I read his thoughts. *My father left my mother. My mother left me.*

"Oh, my love. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have thought those things." Kimo covered my body with his. God, we were a pair of basket cases.

"Kimo, I'll never leave you." I gasped. I'd picked up another of his thoughts. *Sammy is unable to keep up with Tutu and he's afraid she's going to leave him.*

"Can't you do a whammy on his cock so he can keep my grandma happy?"

Kimo blinked. "Yeah...yeah, I can do that. But if I slip him something, I have to slip it to her, too." He looked so anguished and I didn't understand.

"What is it, Kimo? Just tell me."

"I'm ten years older than you. One day you might not...hunger for me the way you do now."

"You barmy git. Would you fuck me right now? We're always going to be this way."

"Did you just call me a barmy git?"

"Yeah, I did."

"Oh, you need to get fucked. Hard." Kimo rolled me over on my belly again. His fingers traced over his name tattooed on my ass.

"Fuck me, Kimo. Put some *kahuna* babies in me, please."

He mounted me from behind and bit my neck, not enough to draw blood, but enough to waken my senses. He knew the pulse pleasure points and ripples of fire shot through me. My cock went instantly rigid.

"Lift your ass," he whispered.

I obeyed his command. Kimo's hand curled underneath me as my body met his while his fingers grasped my cock.

He repeatedly demanded complete release from me and at last, when we'd run out of steam, he wrapped me in his arms, my cock in his hand. He kissed my shoulder as he pulled me against him.

"*Lopaka*," he sighed. "You know we have to find your father."

"Yes, I know." Some tension seemed to leave him then and for long moments, his hands roamed my body, this time, with a different touch. The assuredness, the smugness in knowing I belonged to him was back. His kisses followed his fingers over my body and my husband smiled at me in the dark.

"I hope your father has found what he was looking for. I hope..."

"Shhh, don't talk about him. Just hold me." I pulled him back to me, closing the gap between us. I did not want to find my father for any other reason than to finish this *huna* business once and for all. I did not want big embraces, family times. I

wanted his *huna* mark. I wanted his support. He was going to give me what I needed. What I needed was my son with his family, for us all to be together. Kimo's mouth was at my throat now, and naughty man that he was, he was licking the increasingly racing pulse in my throat.

"Stick it into me, Kimo," I moaned. "Please." I got on my back, pulling him into me. With the instincts and passion of a conquering warrior, he sliced into me, his big hands pulling my legs around his strong body.

"Oh...*Lopaka*." Kimo's mouth found mine and then he pulled back. "I found out that in Scotland when a man is fucking his lover and he wants to let him know that he's about to get his brains fucked out, they have a special term for it."

I was beyond aroused now. I should have been exhausted, but my entire body was enflamed. I wanted my big, bold warrior beast and I knew he wanted me.

"Oh...yes..." I panted between his hot thrusts. "Tell me what that is, Kimo."

"I'm going to give you a *proper seeing to, Lopaka*..." he squared his shoulders, driving deeper into me and my heart leapt in my chest. His tattoos down his entire right side seemed to come to life and I found myself taken on his mighty cock of a carpet ride to a place beyond my control.

## Chapter Seven

I staggered into the kitchen the next morning and found *Tutu* sobbing and alone. I'd left my husband sprawled in our bed, expecting him to start screaming the second he figured out I was gone. I was sore and achy in the best possible way from the *proper seeing to* Kimo had given me and I was in need of a big glass of iced water and then a strong cup of coffee. "*Tutu*, are you okay?" Realizing I may need help on this sudden turn of events, I sent a silent call to my husband. *Kimo, I need you,*

My grandma swiped at her tears. I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen her cry. Oh, yes...Christmas. Before we were parents, before we had our family.

"I'm fine."

"Well, you don't look fine to me."

*Tutu* kept pressing tissues to her eyes, only to find the tears would not stop. I hugged her.

"You can talk to me. Is something wrong with



Sammy?" *Kimo, I need you.* Why was he ignoring me? Was she upset about her sex life? "Talk to me." I took *Tutu's* hands in mind and was surprised to find them shaking. I tried again. "What's wrong, *Tutu*?"

I was shocked when she erupted in a fresh batch of tears and ran off. I tried to restrain her, but she was gone. I *felt*, rather than heard the baby twins stirring and I darted back up the stairs and found *Kimo*, naked in the antechamber, changing their diapers. He flicked a sweet smile at me.

"Where is our coffee, darling?"

"I...I heard the babies...why didn't you come when I called you?" I touched his back and was surprised how hot he was. He was sweating. "Kimo, what's going on?" He leaned forward and kissed me, which he knew magician that he was, would forgive a multitude of sins. I heard the *Three Caballeros* clattering down the hall toward our room and I threw a *pireau* around *Kimo's* waist.

"Hold *Kamapua'a* while I work on our girl." *Kimo* put the baby in my arms and I turned to see Baby *Kimo* barreling into our room with his pull-ups on, his helmet in hand and *Kamaha* trailing him closely.

"Mama!" He threw himself at my knees and I bent and kissed his dear little face. As *Kamaha* kissed me, Baby *Kimo* put two sweet little kisses

on his brother's apple cheeks, holding his breath when we heard a loud roar.

"Dragon, mama!" He sprinted from the room with *Kamaha* and I detected the odor of dirty diaper. He was so excited, he even dropped his helmet.

"A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do," Kimo shrugged and picked up *Pele* who bounced and giggled in his arms.

*Keli'i* poked his head around the door. "*Mypaka*, have you seen *Kamaha* and baby Kimo?"

"They went after the dragon, sweetheart."

"That's weird, because the man next door said they were no longer in the castle."

"Man? What man?" My heart plummeted to my feet and my innards turned cold.

"The ghost man."

Kimo and I looked at each other. *My baby*. I tried to still my senses...no...he was okay. I *knew* he was okay. Kimo and I held onto our babies and rushed out of the room.

"Where did you see the ghost, sweetheart?" Kimo opened the door to the right of our room and the atmosphere was frigid.

"I thought you said nothing could hurt them," I reminded Kimo, trying to keep my panic at bay.

"They're not hurt." He pointed under the bed and four little feet poked out from under the bedclothes.

“Hide and Seek, eh?” I ran after a giggling *Keli'i*, cornering him with kisses, despite the momentary terror he'd put into my heart.

“*Mypaka*,” he said at last, when he could breathe. “You know the ghost we saw? He looked just like you. You and mama.”

“Hmpph,” I murmured, hitching *Kamapua'a* onto my hip. “That's one of our ancestors probably.”

*Keli'i* looked solemn. “He seems very nice. He played with us.”

“Was he as nice as me?”

*Keli'i* giggled and threw himself into my arms as Kimo came out of the ghost room with two wriggling, laughing boys under one arm, our daughter weighted like a sack of sugar over his other shoulder.

“Who wants pancakes?” he asked.

“Meeeeee!” we all screamed and, from somewhere deep in the castle, the dragon seconded the motion.

After breakfast, we explored the castle more and then walked around outside. Later, we drove across the island to rent a boat from the Jura Stores. A long white building, it had a red phone booth out front just like we'd seen in London and the kids delighted in it. They were determined now to write Santa from the island. We roamed

the packed aisles of the well-supplied store, though we had plenty of food at the castle. Just the foreign nature of every single food item thoroughly intrigued us.

The shopkeeper laughed when *Keli'i* told her we were staying at Claig Castle. "What an imagination!" she laughed, to *Keli'i's* profound confusion.

She told us we could rent a boat, but we'd have to go back to the island of Islay to do so.

"Let's just drive!" The kids dragged us out of the store and, after exploring as much as we could on the limited road, we took off on foot and the kids had so much fun, it was hard to get them back into the van until we mentioned the word food.

We found Dummock House without any difficulty, our two minivans careening back over the road on which we'd driven from the castle. We armed ourselves with fresh *poi*, some bottles of sherry and an abundance of good cheer.

Fyfa's house was a large, two story brown brick building covered in ivy. Goats and chickens roamed the property and I saw the looks the twins exchanged. Fyfa Campbell's egg-producing days were numbered. Our boys had frightened our chickens out of laying eggs and, despite Kimo's best efforts, they still denied us the treasures. The boys ran from the van and into the vast garden of

Dummock House.

We let the kids run around as the adults in our group dutifully inspected every crevice of her very packed house. The baby twins were safely tucked in Baby Bjorns on their grandmas' chests and I caught the longing look on Fyfa's face. She must have had a very lonely existence on this island in all this wilderness.

*Maluhia* and I lingered over photo albums she'd lovingly put together of her time in *Hawaii*. We sat side by side on the sofa, studying the photos of us as a happy family, my father and mother, *Maluhia* and I babes in arms. It was so weird. A slice of our lives gone and none of it was anywhere in my memory. There was *Tutu* and oh...my beloved grandfather whom I loved like a father. It broke my heart to see him again when he was well and strong. I missed him so much.

The photos left me feeling sad and restless and Kimo squeezed between *Maluhia* and me. He slipped his arm around me.

Fyfa asked *Tutu*, "They're not going to start kissing, are they? I do so deplore public displays of affection."

Kimo's mouth swooped on mine and all my anxieties vanished.

"Get used to it," *Tutu* cackled. "My Kimo and my *Lopaka* love each other."

*We most certainly do.* Kimo's smile was all for me

and I sensed my sister's own angst as she got up and walked into Raul's arms.

"How did our parents meet?" I asked Fyfa. I stared at the pictures of my father. He did look like me. There was a lonely, lost quality to his facial expression. God help me, it was how I felt before I met Kimo. I felt my husband's grip tighten on me and I relaxed a little.

"He went to university in *Hawaii*, the one in the *Manoa* valley. He wanted to study *Hawaiian* medicine. He was a doctor and we expected big things of him. Then he called me to say he was getting married. You were born three days before I arrived, but for me, it was love at first sight." Fyfa's gaze fell on a group of photos on the wall and I got up to look at them. My hand reached for Kimo's and I found he was already there. It hurt my heart to see those happy times. How could it have fallen apart so badly?

"I love seeing you and *Maluhia* as babies," Mama *Nui* murmured. "I wish I'd known you then."

"Back at you," I grinned and she moved along the wall to study more photos.

*Tutu* sidled up beside me and Kimo and I hugged her. "Wasn't your granddad a handsome fella though?" she asked and I knew she hurt very much, too.

It was a relief when Fyfa led us into the back

yard where a huge feast had been set across three tables pushed together. Fyfa's tea party was truly amazing. She had sandwiches, ice cream sodas for the children, endless pots of tea for the adults, cakes galore and, to the children's new joy, big scones dripping with cream and blackberry jam.

When the boys were done, they ran off to explore the grounds, but Baby Kimo seemed not quite himself.

"Baby boy?"

He returned to me immediately and I took him into my arms.

"Leave him, *Lopaka*, he's fine," Kimo admonished me.

"No, he's not. He's hot." I put my lips to his forehead. I detected the start of a rash on his arm. Kimo shook his head, but I knew the baby was burning up. Tuning into him, I knew he would push himself to keep up with his cousins, but he did not feel good. My hand went to the back of his neck. At first I thought the bump was a fever blister. Was this a remnant of his bad dream? Then I felt the heat radiating from it and felt a round, shell-like protrusion. "Kimo."

He immediately took my fingers away and stared at the bump.

"It's a deer tick. They're nasty little buggers." Fyfa stood. "Let me get some oil." Kimo waved away her offer, his gaze on my face one of

remorse. "Hold him, sweetheart." He said a chant, tapped the insect and it backed out, wriggling in his fingers. Its body looked full to bursting. He must have picked up the tick the day before when he'd healed the fawn.

"He'll be okay." Kimo put his hand on the back of the baby's neck as he squashed the tick under his boot.

*You'll be paying for that with your ass, tonight,* Kimo, I telepathed to him. He couldn't hide that big, goofy grin.

"Let me have a look." Sammy peered at Baby Kimo's neck. "Nice work. You got it all in one piece." He handed Kimo a paper towel with an ice cube in it and he held it to the extraction site.

Kimo's hand hovered on the baby's crown and then moved to his foot. I felt the baby relax and I felt joy surging through him. He seemed to jolt back to full jumping bean status and ran after his cousins.

"Well..." Fyfa lit her cigar. "You're very gifted. She blew smoke up to the sky like a chimneystack. "So tell me more about this war with the *huna* council."

We all stared at each other.

"How do you know about it, exactly?" Kimo asked her, his hand reaching for mine.

"They sent me a letter a few days ago. They're looking for Paden. They want to put you on trial.



They..." she stared at us. "You mean, you don't know about that?"

Kimo's grip on my hand tightened.

Fyfa went into her house and returned with the letter.

Kimo read it quickly. "They want to take all three children into training."

"They can't do that!" I was instantly near hysteria.

"Of course they can't," *Tutu* insisted. "This is an empty threat." She glanced at Sammy. "Isn't it?"

"Eh...not an empty threat, but not one they can enforce. If you get Paden to vouch for you, they can't do it."

"Where is he?" Kimo asked Fyfa.

"I..."

"Don't tell me again that you don't know where he is."

"But I don't." She stabbed out her cigar. "Look, he fell in love..."

"With a man, right?"

I stared at Kimo, shocked.

Fyfa's shoulders sagged. "Yes. A man."

"And where are they?"

She paused. "I don't know exactly." She caught the stares of disbelief around her and seemed close to tears. "I don't, honestly. I know he's in Polynesia. I believe he's in *Samoa*...you see, they

move around a lot. His husband is...um..."

Kimo dropped my hand in excitement. "Then it's true?"

Fyfa stared at him, her mouth still open.

"I always thought it was a myth...but, *Lopaka*...this explains everything."

"Not to me it doesn't."

"The *huna* council has always been very secretive about the twelfth member. He's never at meetings, he's never available, yet they seem too afraid to force him out of the council."

"But why?"

"I can explain that." Fyfa lit herself another cigar. "Paden married into Polynesian royalty. He's a *mahou*, I believe a far more subservient version of your life with Kimo."

"*Mahu*, *mahou*, the words are similar," I shrugged. "My father is gay..."

"It's a little more complicated than that." Fyfa frowned. "He has given over his entire life, his whole identity to this man and his husband is...quite frightening."

"Why? Is he an axe murderer or something?"

"Actually, yes, he is. He's the last cannibal king of his island chain."

## Chapter Eight

I stared at her. "My father is a cannibal?"  
*Maluhia's* hands flew to her face. "Oh, my God." She began to sob and *Tutu* rushed to her side.

Now I knew why *Tutu* had been crying, why there were problems between her and Sammy. She knew all of this. She realized last night it was all going to come out...she must have known something bad was afoot...

*Don't, my love. It's going to be okay.* Kimo's voice flew into my mind. He took my hand again, but I was devastated. "My father eats people?" I could hardly believe this was true.

"I believe...no. I don't think he ever...participated. Look, I have no idea how it all works." *Fyfa* looked wounded. How awful that the son she raised and cherished left his beautiful young family for a *cannibal*. "Paden told me the king only eats his enemies and they don't stay in one place long enough to make too many of those.

His life is constantly threatened."

Our family members all looked distressed. My God. Kimo was married into a family of heathens.

"Don't." He said this aloud, looking furious. "Don't even put yourself in his category. You are *nothing* like him or your mother."

No wonder they always say *the sins of the fathers visit themselves upon the children*. I looked at *Tutu*. "How much have you known?"

She glanced at Sammy. "He told me pieces...I knew some things. *Lopaka*. We're going to have to go find him. I am not letting that bunch of misfits and whackos take my babies."

"Well!" Mama *Nui* looked deeply offended.

"Oh, not you." *Tutu* waved her hand airily. "I love you like a sister."

Mama *Nui* smiled at her. "We sure fight like we're sisters." She laughed when *Tutu* let loose her hen-like cackle.

My spirits plummeted. Kimo and I had to go to deepest, darkest Polynesia with our babies and find my father, the cannibal king's husband.

"You have four weeks before the council meeting." *Fyfa* tapped the letter, now back in her possession. "They have no idea you're here. This says you are on the mainland enjoying your marriage ceremony. I think you should leave the children here and go find your father."

"What are you talking about? I'm not leaving

my children *anywhere*." My voice came out as a shriek and I saw the distress on my grandmothers' faces.

Kimo stood up, pulling me with him. "Fyfa, I need to talk to my family. We're leaving now."

"Sit down!"

The vehemence of her tone shocked me. Kimo, too, just stared at her.

"You can't leave. We need to mount our plan of attack. Now, the only way to approach these islands is by boat. When I got the visions of you, I saw a boat. You do have one, don't you?"

"Yes," Kimo admitted.

"Well then, *Lopaka*, you and Kimo will return to *Hawaii*, take your boat and sail off to the South Seas and the rest of us..."

"Go into hiding," *Tutu* whispered.

"I'm not leaving my children." I felt acute despair at the prospect of taking them and it was worse thinking of *not* taking them.

Kimo was up and moving with such agitation that I knew this new development was unacceptable to him, too. "*Lopaka*, we'll talk about this. He turned to Fyfa and said, "Thank you for your hospitality. We'll call you tomorrow."

Fyfa was not happy, but she understood. "Take this." She pressed a wallet fashioned from tree bark into my hands and I opened it to find photos of my father and his husband. I saw the

differences between us immediately. He was dressed and adorned like a woman. His husband would not have looked unattractive if I hadn't known his...idiosyncrasies.

"Look at the necklace he's wearing," Kimo murmured. "Those are the teeth of his enemies." There were *a lot* of teeth strung like jewels around the formidable-looking king's neck.

We gathered up our boys and went home. The subject stayed like a gigantic, farting elephant in the Great Room that nobody talked about until the children were all asleep. Kimo had spent a long time in meditation, talking to our ancestral spirits, but he did not emerge looking exactly triumphant.

Sammy lit a fire and we all gathered by it, though I felt frozen at the core.

"I'd like to start." Kimo sat very close to me on an ancient, not very comfortable love seat, our thighs touching and he took my hand in his. Everybody looked at him. "This causes me deeper distress than I can say..." his voice broke and I knew he was going to ruin me with his words. "I am guided to leave the children here with all of you until *Lopaka* and I see this thing through."

"You still want me? I mean...Kimo..."

His fury came out like a raging inferno. "That you could even ask me that, *Lopaka*..."

*Maluhia* defended me. "It's a fair question. I'm afraid to sleep tonight in case Raul takes the twins

and leaves me.”

“Oh, for God’s sake...” Raul looked pissed.

“Would you both stop this?” Kimo got up and paced the room now. “There is no question of my devotion to you, *Lopaka*.” He looked at my sister. “Or of Raul’s devotion to you. This is not the time for us to be divided. *Lopaka* and I will go to *Samoa*. I have a fair idea of where Paden is...but we need to sail there and we need to do this without raising the suspicion of the *huna* council...or its spies.”

Papa *Nui* grinned. “You’re not going to take the boat, are you?”

“No.” A look of love and understanding passed between my husband and his father.

“I was worried about that, Kimo. I felt certain they would keep their eye on it.” Papa *Nui* looked pleased.

“I plan to charter a boat. As we speak, Katie and *Kahanu* are on their way here. Their partner, *Nohea*, as you know, is a master seaman. He is flying to *Tahiti*, charter a large boat and hire a crew there. Tomorrow we’ll fly there to join him and, in three days, we’ll set sail for *Samoa*.”

This was devastating news to me—me, without my children...without my family.

“*Lopaka*...Katie and *Kahanu* will stay here with everybody else. We will be back within three weeks. Our children will be safe.” His gaze seared into me. “We *will* be back. You must trust my

word on that."

"I trust you...I just...can't bear to be away from my babies." I blinked, the tears just streaming down my face now. "I don't understand something, Kimo. How did my father become a *huna* council member in the first place?"

"That, I can explain." Mama Nui rushed over to hug me. "Fyfa knows very little of the truth about your father."

*I'll just bet. Man, the secrets are never ending in this saga.*

"He was a great doctor. He was a powerful healer and medicine man. He spent his whole life—according to what I've heard—studying ancient cultures and applying his newfound knowledge to western medicine. He came to *Hawaii* and met your mother. He became very deeply involved in the way of life of the people of old." She glanced at *Tutu*. "Right?"

*Tutu* nodded. Her eyes glittered with long suppressed anger. "I knew he was using my daughter. He was not in love with her. He was in love with knowledge because he knew knowledge is power. She had such close ties to the *kahuna*...and then, he started to drift away from her as he became more...involved with the *huna*. You see, he taught them as much as they taught him." She stopped speaking, her thoughts tumbling into the agonized past.



Sammy took her hand, the way Kimo always took mine and this seemed to center her again.

"He still liked having sex with your mother...I mean, *Lopaka*...she was just like you...one hot little hula dancer who liked to get it on."

The whole room exploded in laughter, releasing a lot of bad energy and restoring some equilibrium.

"Yeah, he does. I can testify to that." Kimo's gaze held mine. "For which I am very grateful every single day."

I tore my gaze away from his magnificent face and glanced at *Tutu* as Kimo took his place beside me again. "Am I right in guessing that my mother got pregnant thinking that would hold him?"

*Tutu* lifted her shoulders. "It's never worked in the history of mankind, but women keep trying."

I blew out a breath. *And then he met the cannibal king.*

"Bed now, baby." Kimo kissed my ear. "The worst of it is over. We know now what we have to do."

"How are we going to tell the children?" I was close to tears again.

"I need to pray on that." Kimo took my hand and, bidding the others a good night's rest, we went to our room and with our usual fervor, attacked one another's bodies.

"Oh, God, Kimo...I was so worried you

wouldn't want me again..." he silenced my anguish by lapping at my swollen cock head. "I'm going to make you pay for taking me away from my children though..."

"Paying with my body...my cock in your mouth...I can do that." Kimo's hands and mouth felt like they were all over me. When we moved into a wonderful sixty-nine, it brought back memories of the first time we did this, in the little studio I had in *Waikiki*. I pulled away from him with difficulty, Kimo looking sulky when I got up from the bed.

"We were playing so nicely together, *Lopaka*..."

"I'll be right back." I threw a robe on and hurried down the cold stone steps to the kitchen. I plugged in the electric kettle and was afraid Kimo would be down here before I could get back upstairs.

He confirmed my fears. Sneaky *kahuna* that he was, he materialized before me, naked, his cock in Fuck-Lopaka mode and the boiling kettle clicked off right on cue.

"Lopaka...I want that ass. *Now*."

"Nope. Not yours right now. Get up on that countertop." He glanced at it as I poured boiling water into a pan. Kimo's lust won his internal debate because he was on the countertop looking like the lion king who knew he was going to get some primo ass. I stepped toward him and kissed

him as he pushed the robe from my body. I quickly extracted the glass cock I had hidden in my pocket and gently placed it in the pan of boiling water. I'd found his toy box and debated which of his little treasures to use on him. Kimo was now aware only of our feverish kisses, of my mouth not being close enough to his cock.

"Put your feet up on the counter and bring your ass right to the edge."

Kimo's lust turned a corner into the red zone and he raised his legs, my tongue going straight to his ass. I sucked and licked him, holding his balls in one hand as my other hand reached for the glass cock. It was huge and it was boiling hot.

"One good fuck deserves another." I plunged it straight into Kimo's ass and his face registered a myriad of emotions.

"Oh fuck...oh *Lopaka*..."

His ass gobbled every inch of that boiling prick and I pummeled it in and out of him, his words insensible as wild, guttural sounds rumbled from deep within his soul. I felt the way his ass muscles came down on the foreign but welcome tool in his ass. Kimo's body jumped each time the cock moved into him, his hands flying to my head as he roared my name, his orgasm washing over him. I kept my mouth down deep over his cock, feeling his wave upon wave of pleasure.

When at last his spasms subsided, his cock was

still hard and, with the toy buried deep in his ass, he came off the countertop, pushed me back on the floor and lay claim to my ass. He fucked me with a need so raw I took my own pleasure in it.

"Oh God," he gasped. "That thing is still hot inside me, *Lopaka*..."

I reached my hand underneath my open leg and felt the glass cock bobbing in my husband's ass. "You're my bed bitch," I whispered into his mouth, fucking him with long, deep strokes, his breaths coming in uneven bursts as he matched me blow for blow. My own orgasm burst within me like a giant bubble, warm, wet bliss engulfing me as Kimo roared his way to a second orgasm.

His whole body quivered on top of me. "Hold onto me," he rasped and he managed to morph us back into our bed.

"Lock that door," I instructed as my own erection was still painfully hard. He flicked his hand at the door and I heard it latch. I took the glass cock out of Kimo's ass and he fell back against the bed. He reached for me, his heart pounding.

His legs parted for me. "Fuck me, *Lopaka*. I need your cock, baby."

I got between his willing thighs and, frustrated with how long I was taking to taunt him with my tongue, he upended me into another sixty-nine, sucking and licking my cock long after I'd finished

coming, even though it was very sensitive.

"Yeah, I know...I have some major ownership issues." He moved up to my face and held it. We tasted one another on our mingled breaths. "So...you found daddy's little treasure chest," he chuckled.

"This glass cock...wow. I can't wait for you to put it inside *me*, Kimo.

"Our first night on the boat, baby. I think that's a happy distraction that will give you something to look forward to...this will be like a little...extra honeymoon. Besides, it will give me a great opportunity to act out our pirate king and the slave boy on the high seas."

I laughed at that.

"*Lopaka*. I promise you, I will bring you back home. Our children will have both their parents. There is no trickery, no deception here, never deception between us. We are doing what we have to do to protect our family. We are going on a journey to unify the Wilder and Campbell clans." He grinned. "I can't wait to see the looks on the council members' faces when we come back with your father's full support."

"You're...very confident of that, Kimo."

His stare was indignant. "Of course I am confident. They messed with the wrong man, baby. Going behind our backs this way, they're lucky I don't turn them all into weeds."

"Kimo, what a fantastic idea! Can you do that?"

He grinned. "We'd still have to deal with this eventually. You know how weeds are. You can never get rid of them."

"I know." I gathered his arms around me and my mate's cock still throbbed in expectation against my thigh. "Kimo, the *huna* council is very jealous of you."

"Yes." His lips lingered on my forehead. "But they also know we have powerful *kahuna* in our children and they want that power for themselves. That's why I know we will be successful in this voyage, because we are doing it for the right reasons. We are doing it with pure hearts." He kissed my eyelids. "Will it be so terrible to be alone with me again?"

"Of course not. But three weeks is a long time. We'll miss so much."

"No...we won't. I'm going to make sure Sammy and *Kahanu* take lots of photos and make a little movie for us."

"I can't say goodbye to the children, Kimo. It will bury me."

He kissed me, his body pressing against mine and when his tongue moved into my mouth, I found myself flying with him. It was like watching a mini movie in my mind and saw an island...I panted as Kimo's cock moved back inside me, battling to reach deeper and deeper into me. My

warrior king looked at me and I saw victory in his eyes.

“This journey is just the beginning of our lives together. We’re going back to the cradle of civilization.”

What he didn’t say...what neither of us spoke of aloud, was the little girl I saw coming back with us.

*A little girl. A child version of a woman.*

And then there were six.

Kimo and I told the children some of the truth about our voyage. We told them we needed to bring back their grandfather to meet the *huna* council. We made it sound like a happy trip, not a sad one, even though they kept asking why they couldn’t come with us. The *Three Caballeros* cried, but believed Kimo when he said we would be back together very soon. Only my toddler looked haunted.

“Don’t leave me, mama.” His fresh tears set off the twins again and it broke my heart to prepare gifts for a king I already hated, who would not welcome our intrusion, to gather food staples, medical supplies and maps when each item gathered took me one step further away from my darlings.

*Tutu* and Sammy’s sexual differences were resolved now that everything was out in the open.

She helped me in the kitchen as I put food in plastic containers. I felt her hot stare and her misery.

"Just promise me," I said to her. "Promise me one thing."

"Anything, *Lopaka*."

"If anything happens to me—" she started to speak and I held up my hand. "If anything happens, promise me that you won't pretend I never existed. Promise me that you will tell my babies every day how much I love them and will never stop loving them, even if I die."

"You won't die. Kimo—"

"*Tutu!*" She shrank from my ire. "Promise me. I couldn't go out there, knowing they...thought I'd abandoned them. This is the hardest thing I have ever had to do. I trust Kimo, grandma, but he is human—"

"But I saw the visions. You're bringing me back another *keiki*. A little girl."

"Promise me you will never pretend I wasn't there. Like you did with me. I understand why you did it. I understand why you never told me about *Maluhia*, but I have to leave her, too, now."

*Tutu's* face crumpled. "I promise." She rushed into my arms, kissing my face. "I am so proud of you, *Lopaka*. I love you so much. I don't want you to go. I want to be with you. I want to go with you but I've had to accept that my place is here. Away



from you.”

“*Tutu*, I couldn’t leave unless I knew my babies were all with you.”

She nodded and we hugged each other for a long time, but the tears never stopped coming.

My sister and I wept at our parting and I allowed my husband to remove me from all the people I loved...

“Take me with you!” she screamed.

I had to walk away. I hugged them all, my tiny son grief stricken as *Tutu* took him from my arms. I allowed Kimo to take my hand and drive me away, to find the man who never wanted me in the first place. It was my destiny now to make peace with The Cannibal King’s Husband—or to die trying.

As we drove away, I heard my sister’s guttural, tribal wailing, the sound of a soul’s shattering and I knew that in the ancient romance of our people, leave taking was the way of our lives. Our *Hawaiian* Kings and Queens had gone and some returned. Some returned dead of foreign diseases, some, like the great King Boki, simply never returned. White settlers used to joke about his disappearance, telling native *Hawaiians* they would have their land, their power once again, *When Boki Comes Back*.

But I had much to live for and, one way or another, Kimo and I would return to those who

loved us, the living and the dead.

This *Hawaiian* husband and father, unlike Boki, *would* come back.

## *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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