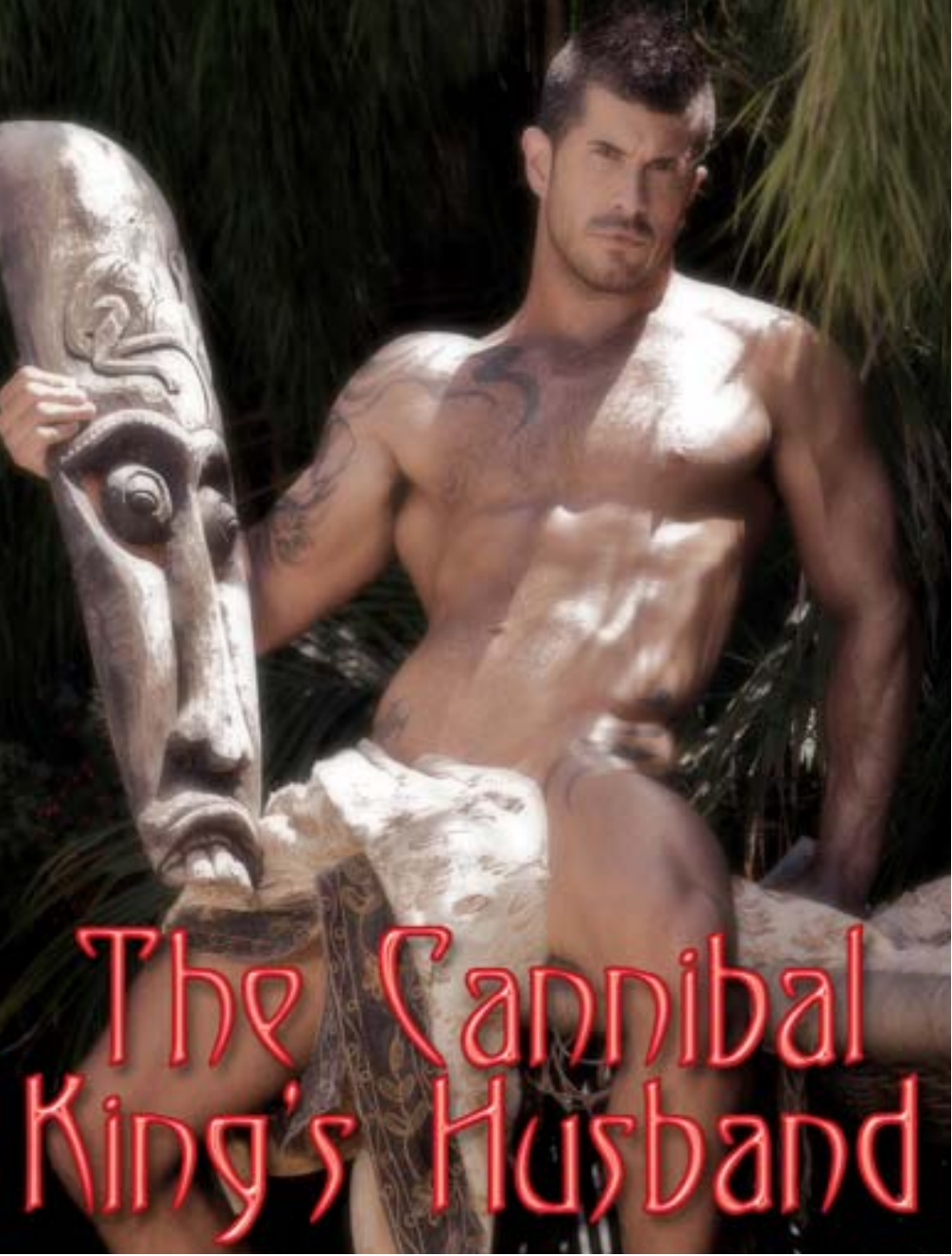


A. J. Llewellyn



**The Cannibal
King's Husband**

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The Cannibal King's
Husband

By

A. J. Lewellyn

Dedication

To Madame Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes

Chapter One

The boat lurched in the darkness and I realized I was in bed alone. Some intuition, some hidden corner of my sixth sense alerted me to danger seconds before the door to our cabin creaked open.

"Kimo?" I felt the heat from the man, an anger, a menacing presence that shocked me as he came inside. The boat lurched again as he locked the cabin door.

"No, not Kimo."

"What the —"

He moved on me and I was shocked to see his face obscured by a black leather mask. He wore a long sleeved sweater, dark pants and he spoke with a thick, guttural European accent through a narrow, zippered opening across his mouth. He pointed a gun at my head. I considered kicking him, but was at a disadvantage. My shock had allowed him too much time to corner me and I sucked in my breath, almost choking on my own tongue.

"Where's Kimo?"

He tapped my forehead with the gun. "Turn

over." I gulped and felt futilely at the empty space beside me. I could still feel my husband's warmth on the rumpled sheets. The stranger pushed down on me, snarling. "I said, turn around."

I did as I was told, my face pressed into the pillow. He released his hold on me, pulling down the sheet from my body. Something on his hand, leather...gloves I realized, grazed my tailbone. *Where the hell is Kimo?*

The stranger ran his hand across Kimo's name tattooed on my lower spine. "He branded you. You're his bitch."

"Yes." I knew this would anger him. I could smell him, his scent salty and sweaty...I smelled garlic and...wine. He smelled so different than Kimo. His fingers trailed down my ass.

"Spread your legs."

"No."

He straddled my body and his strength surprised me. "You're going to get fucked, but I am not going to hurt you. Do as I say and I will release you unharmed."

Tears came quickly and he rose from my body, throwing rope over my hands and tying them together.

"Turn over." He lashed the rope to a beam above me. I prayed then. I prayed I would live to see my three children again...five counting my twin nephews. Inexplicably, their laughing faces

raced through my mind, my life flashing as the stranger's hands went from my throat down my body. I sobbed quietly, my body lying before him. He stood at the end of the bed, his hands continuing their unwelcome path down my torso, belly and then he stopped at my cock.

"Open your legs."

Afraid he would hurt me, I complied and his gloved thumb shot straight into my ass. "Your husband is well endowed?"

"Yes," I whispered through my tears. He removed his thumb again. He stuck it back in again and I gasped at the aggression. *God, help me.*

"Then he has prepared you well for me." He dropped his trousers, dragged me toward him and I felt the strain on my arms, which were pulling upward to the beam above me. I cried fresh, hot tears when his cock thudded into me. *Kimo...what has he done to my man?* I couldn't see the stranger's cock, but knew it was huge. He began to fuck me with hard, short strokes and something in him changed. He started to relax, and I could tell my the cruel leer, he enjoyed ravaging me. "Don't move," he barked. "Just feel my cock in you. Just lie there and let me fuck you." He pounded into me a few more times, withdrew and, holding my ass in his hands, parted my legs wider and I felt his breath against my ass hole. He seemed to be looking at it for the longest time. Then he spat on

it. His tongue came out of that zippered opening and licked at me. God no, this man who was assaulting me was licking my ass and I was starting to enjoy it. His tongue lashed deeper into me and my legs flailed in the air. I struggled against the force of his will and the ropes at my hands. His mouth sucked me right into him and I felt my cock hardening. His licking, the incessant sound of a tongue on flesh was the only sound I could hear and it was *turning me on*.

"You like that, boy?" His mouth moved in again and I could feel the metal of the zipper dig into my ass cheeks. He licked my ass for a couple of minutes and when he drove that cock into me again, in spite of the darkness, I felt his cold, wet eyes staring into my soul.

"Mmm...the *kahuna's* bitch loves to get fucked. You like how my cock feels?"

The boat lurched again and he dropped the gun, pulling me tightly to him.

"Yes."

"I'm going to fuck you until you come. I want you to come without any assistance. Your cock is very hard. Feel my cock in you, what it is doing to you and I want you to come." His hands cupped my balls, running lightly — once — up my shaft.

My breathing was so tortured I thought I would have a heart attack. He was hitting the right spot and he knew it. He lowered himself to my body so

that his belly grazed my cock head and I couldn't help it. My legs opened more and he groaned as he entered me completely, hit right up on my ass, his balls slapping at my butt. He stroked blissfully, in the right way, tight against my prostate.

"That's it...come like the little bitch that you are."

I couldn't believe how he was talking to me and suddenly I was coming, crashing...thrashing against the masked man's body. He had my legs over his shoulders and I felt him powering to his own intense orgasm. I felt him surging through me. He did not stop fucking me until he was certain I'd stopped coming.

His hand raked across my belly. He'd filled me up and he liked that. I was really pissed.

"Kimo, you are a total bastard."

He stared at me. "How? How the hell did you know it was me?" He pointed a gloved finger at me. "I refuse to take my wedding rings off for anyone so I wore gloves. I..." He was so disappointed, I could tell. "When did you realize it was me?" He lowered himself to me, untying the ropes. "I jumped in the ocean, I drank wine, rubbed garlic on my skin and hid my hair...I was a mean prick. I even spoke with an accent! Where did I go wrong?"

I hesitated. He had me going for so long. "When you started licking my ass. Kimo, I'm in

love with that tongue. My ass belongs to it. It knows when papa's coming home to roost."

Kimo threw his head back and laughed, throwing off the mask. Still planted deep inside me, he knelt on the bed between my thighs, reaching down to kiss me.

"You came so hard, baby, even though I scared you."

I buried my face in his neck. I hated him right now.

"Put your arms around me, *Lopaka*. Please, baby. It was just a sex game. A good sex game."

"Yes, it was."

He took the gloves off. Tossing them to the floor, he touched me, the only way my Kimo could, lovingly and with reverence.

"Don't come out of me, Kimo."

He gazed down at me, his mouth coming off my chest, a smoky lust gleaming in his eyes. "I won't. I intend to ravage you once more, *Lopaka*. And then I want to sleep with you in my arms all night."

His mouth met mine and I felt my body aching for him even though he'd just fucked me royally.

"Show me how much you need me, *Lopaka*," he whispered and I wrapped my legs around his taut, muscular thighs. He groaned into my throat. "I never want to come out of you."

"Then don't."

We awoke a few hours later as the dawn turned to bright day and neither of us wanted to leave the sanctity of our bed.

Twelve days we had been at sea and it had been a wrenching experience leaving our children on the Scottish island of Diùra in the protection of our other family members. We were sailing to Samoa to find my father...the cannibal king's husband. My father abandoned my mother and me and my sister when we were mere infants for a man who...*ate people*. I was still absorbing the shock of the news that he even existed, let alone that he was the only man who could officially stop the *Kahuna* Council back in *Hawaii* from taking our precious babies from us.

Kimo tried everything to distract me. We loved being on the boat and I'd learned so much in our time on it...but my mind couldn't help raking over the grim purpose of our voyage. The *Huna* Council was aware the babies Kimo and I had were extraordinary and destined to be the most powerful healers the islands had ever seen. The council members wanted to put our children into long and secret training, away from us, away from my own husband, the most powerful *Kahuna* of them all.

*Nobody's taking them away from us...*Kimo told me this several times a day. The image of our

beautiful son, Baby Kimo, swam into my mind. Just two and a half, he was a tiny version of my husband. His laughter and sweet little face made my heart burn and I turned to look at his father, lying beside me, his body curved into me. I never stopped marveling at his magnificence. His long, black hair was still in a ponytail, his tribal tattoos running from the right side of his face all the way down the entire length of his body, looking fierce in the morning light. He was a six foot four specimen of warrior perfection all right. He opened his black eyes, raising himself, propping his head on one elbow. I wanted his hair out and I reached up, pulling the elastic band that held it from me and his long black hair, tumbled around his shoulders and arms. He'd fucked me relentlessly through the night and in truth, my ass ached, but also yearned for him.

Kimo's fingers trailed down my body, coming back to my nipples. He traced a lazy eight over them until he got an aroused response. He licked his index finger and went back, making those lazy eights, knowing the SOS was heading due south to my cock. One glance down to the sheets and he saw his favorite thing. A cock tent.

"Very nice, *Lopaka*." His finger patterns migrated to an increasingly insistent rubbing of the nub. His thumb joined in the action, pulling and twisting gently and he bent down, sucking the

whole nipple into his mouth. My hand shot out to his hard cock and I pushed him back, his mouth releasing me with a pop.

"You are my drug of choice, *Lopaka*."

"I gotta suck your cock, Kimo." He laid back, an indulgent smile on his face as I threw myself on his body, suckling him with the same starvation our baby twins sucked on their bottles of warm milk. I tried not to think of them. It was not difficult when my husband's unyielding cock presented such pleasures to me. I took my mouth off him and he moaned his disapproval. I plunged my face to his rock hard, flat belly. As *hula* dancers, Kimo and I waxed everything from our pubic areas to our asses since our *malos* left little to the imagination, but since we had taken an extended break first to Scotland and now to the South Seas, I was seeing something I rarely saw on Kimo.

A treasure trail.

I tongued his belly button, which always drove him into a frenzy, and licked that sprinkling of fine, dark hair down to his crotch.

"Suck me," he demanded.

I plunged my mouth back over his cock again, making him wriggle with relief. I was always surprised how much of him I could get in my mouth and I felt his cock head beginning to throb. He was on the verge of coming.

"I need to come in your ass, *Lopaka*."

Pressing his body to the bed, I completed my assignment, some rockin' head for the most magnificent morning wood I ever saw. Kimo came with a strangled cry, screaming my name. I finally came off, him, licking my lips with pride.

"You..." I could feel his pounding heart under the palm of my hand. His hands hovered midair and he was still unable to speak. I knew he was still mentally, spiritually and emotionally coming and I waited for him to come back into his body.

"You are something else, baby." His big grin made my heart leap and I pressed my mouth to his.

Kimo grabbed my face, kissing me deeply and our mutual passion flared in an instant. "You want your husband to fuck you?"

"Yeah." We smiled at each other. "Only go easy. I think the leather gloves and that face mask kinda did a number on me."

Kimo stroked my head. "Did you like how it felt when I ate your ass with that mask on?"

"Oh God, Kimo...yes."

He picked up the mask from the floor. "You want me to put it on again?"

I bit my lip. "Now I know it's you, sure."

He pushed me back on the bed and slipped the black leather mask over his face. I almost came before he could even put his mouth on me.

Chapter Two

We went to the boat's galley as soon as we'd showered together. I found our captain, *Nohea*, hunched over his laptop and he glanced up, his worried expression turning a little more sour when he saw us. *Nohea*, a master navigator had left his own family in Scotland with ours. His wife Katie was one of my closest friends and he had a male partner *Kahanu*, who was legally married to Katie. It was an unusual arrangement in which the three of them shared a life, a baby and now he was here on this expedition with us. He wasn't happy. I wondered who he missed more? His man or his woman?

"The signal's down again." He looked at the laptop. "I had them for a moment. Katie said everything's fine...then it went." His screensaver was a picture of his life partners and I saw the way he stared at them, then his bleak, accusatory glance at us.

"Even my satphone's down." His voice was

flat. The global satellite phones we had bought were our lifelines to our families.

"It'll come back up." Kimo's tone was calm, but I sensed his inching anger. *Nohea* knew we hadn't left our families on a whim. He knew the purpose of our travels and we constantly assured him the moment we secured my father's signature and stamp of approval to keep our children, we would send for our family's private plane with our loved ones on board. We would spend a little time in French Polynesia before heading back home to *Hawaii*.

Nohea swigged at his coffee as I poured some for me and Kimo. "Did you two have fun last night?" he asked. "Sure sounded like it."

"Yes, thank you." Kimo kept his voice light. This was becoming another sore point. *Nohea* was being denied sex. He eyed Amador, our cook, a wiry, attractive Panamanian we'd hired at the start of our voyage. There was something in Amador's demeanor...an insolence that suggested the two men were now lovers. Amador professed to be straight, but a few days into our voyage he started flirting shamelessly with *Nohea* who ate up the attention.

Kimo and I exchanged glances when Amador winked at *Nohea*, running his tongue across his lips in a furtive way when he thought we weren't looking.

If they're not already fucking, they soon will be, I telepathed to Kimo who nodded, covering my hand with his.

"Don't judge me," *Nohea* hissed.

Kimo stared at him. "I am not one to judge."

"*Nohea*, please. We'll get back in touch with them, I promise you." I smiled at him, but in truth, I was concerned as he. Kimo had many powers, but satphones and computers messed with his psychic wiring. One touch of his index finger could bring a man to life, but he couldn't bring a satellite system into correct position. He was a man who'd submitted himself to the wilderness for weeks and months on end in his *huna* training. *Nohea* himself had relied on his wits, leading a Pacific expedition on a double-hull canoe using only night stars as his guide.

"It's different now we have children." Kimo voiced the things the three of us felt and I knew how much as Kimo struggled to balance the need of secrecy in our journey's purpose with contact with our families. He badly missed our babies, too.

There was a moment of mournful silence. *Nohea* knew we hadn't undertaken this expedition without serious prayer and contemplation on Kimo's part. He knew everything because he'd been with us every step of the way. Our mission was for the higher good of our three beloved

babies and we hadn't even taken our own boat for the voyage or traveled by air in case word got back to the Council.

They had followed us to California, where Kimo and I had legally wed, and sent documents stating their intention to remove our children from us the moment we returned home.

"It sure is different." *Nohea's* long fingers touched the computer image of *Kahanu* and Katie's faces.

Amador moved up to the deck and the second he was out of the galley, *Nohea* leaned into us. "As soon as we hit the Marquesas Islands, I want to drop him off. Get another cook. A woman. I haven't fucked him yet, but I'm pretty damned close."

Kimo looked at him, unblinking. "Understood."

Nohea got to his feet and followed Amador up to the deck.

Kimo surprised me by taking me in his arms and kissing me deeply. We rarely did this in front of the crew, only out of respect for *Nohea's* feelings. In private, we fucked constantly. We fucked because we needed and loved each other, but also because we were each other's drug. It was impossible to worry and be upset when we touched one another. We were aware of *Nohea* watching us whenever we ran to our cabin for some man love madness and we pretended not to

notice.

I heard his soft moans one night as Kimo and I made love and I was too far gone to care. But I was not that far gone to reaffirm in my mind that I could never have shared Kimo's body with another lover, man or woman.

Amador had left food for us. Fresh tuna and eggs. I plated the food and Kimo and I ate heartily. We cleaned up the galley and went up to the deck. It was a beautiful, sunny day and I was once again amazed at our excellent purchase. *Nohea* had found us a sturdy Valdettaro cutter sloop. She was one hundred and twelve feet long, weighed a hefty one hundred and thirty tons with her steel hull. She'd been recently overhauled by her owners who found themselves stranded and broke in Panama and gladly took the money we offered them for the boat we named *Hina*, in honor of *Hawaii's* Moon Goddess.

Kimo and *Nohea* were both impressed with her enclosed pilothouse, a very comfortable, weather-protected room with a table and bench seats. I knew Kimo was thinking of our family members being in there in times to come as we manned the navigation station. Beyond the pilothouse was the aft deck, a wonderful place to lie down and catch some sun, watch the ocean action...and as Kimo and I discovered, have some blazing, hot sex.

Amador reeled in a huge tuna. We were all

heartily sick of tuna, but they were plentiful and easily accommodated our crew, including Luis, who was *Nohea's* First Mate and the inexplicably named Francois, an earthy blond Australian engineer who was also a deckhand. Francois doubled as the medic as was his custom. So far, we hadn't needed his services and we also had Kimo, a powerful *kahuna* with astonishing healing powers, who could take care of any shipboard health problems.

The tuna struggled against capture and I averted my gaze as Amador dealt with it. The tuna would be our lunch and dinner and possibly provide some protein for breakfast the next day. I was sorry to lose our cook once we hit dry land, but Katie and her men were our friends and Kimo and I would help *Nohea* stay strong, even if he looked like he was about to weaken.

Kimo's hand on my ass distracted me. Man, he had me tuned into him at the stroke of a fingertip and he grinned at me.

Lopaka...I love you so much. I stared into his deep black eyes and wanted to fuck like bunnies in an instant. Kimo's laughter rang out over the boat. He was reading my mind again.

Nohea laughed at something Amador said, his expression turning sour when he caught my gaze.

He's pissed, Kimo telepathed to me and shrugged. I had to learn to slough things off

better, the way Kimo did. It was our turn for night watch on the pilothouse that night and I knew we would make it fun. Everything was fun for Kimo. I tried to close out the sound of our children's laughter, my baby daughter kicking her feet happily as I changed her diaper.

Don't, Mypaka. Don't...

I caught Kimo's frown and I took a deep breath. There were chores to be done. The boat was running smoothly now that a slight mast problem had been fixed. We went back downstairs and I heard *Nohea* laughing at Amador again. I so badly wanted to talk to our babies, but the satellite was still down. I set about to cleaning up inside the boat, one of my duties, and Kimo settled down to poring over old maps *Nohea* had collected over the years, wonderful old maps with previous errors marked by navigators as the maps exchanged hands.

We had done well to travel incognito with a crew loyal to *Nohea* and his friends, to not attracting attention to ourselves. Our plan was to land in the Marquesas Islands, spend a couple of days re-stocking the boat, then head to the Cook Islands. From there, it would be a few days' travel to French Polynesia and my father's apparent home somewhere in Samoa.

Nohea stuck his head into the galley. "Say, Kimo...any chance you can bewitch something

other than a tuna to jump onto the line?"

Kimo held his coffee cup up to me for a refill and with a wave of his hand, barely glanced at *Nohea*.

"It is done."

Nohea stared at him a moment, removed his head, then came back a moment later. "Amador just landed a wahoo. We're gonna barbecue this sucker."

I threw myself in Kimo's arms as soon as we were alone.

"You are so magnificent," I told him. He grunted, nuzzling my throat, his hand moving to the nice tent forming in my board shorts.

"I'm just showing off for you, baby." My arms tightened around his neck and I rewarded his brilliance with hot kisses. "I love the reward system, *Mypaka*." He was fumbling with the Velcro snaps on my crotch when Amador came in with the fish.

"You two, always with the jiggy-jiggy." He shook his head and slapped the fish on the countertop I'd just cleaned. Kimo and I traded glances and he inclined his head toward the map.

His finger was on a spot on the map. He was pointing to the island of Nuku Hiva in the Marquesas group. *Thank God we are getting rid of him*, Kimo telepathed to me. *Or else, I'd force him to walk the plank. Jiggy-jiggy. How rude!*

It took all my strength not to laugh.

Kimo needed me that night. He paced the pilothouse until the others went to bed. Somebody was still playing music...*Keali'i Reichel*, one of our favorites. Kimo lost no time getting my *pireau* off me and his hard, insistent cock into me as soon as I joined him on deck. The boat pitched against the waves and my husband's body held me to the tarp on the deck as he drove into me. My hands tangled in his hair, Kimo's body arching, rising, sinking back to me and I felt the familiar twinges of orgasm building. He obviously felt it, too, and whispered in my ear.

"I want you to come with me, *Lopaka*. Come with me, baby. I want to feel your hot juice on my belly. Come on, baby, show me how much you need my cock." My body trembled, begging for release and for the continued plundering of Kimo's hot cock. I had never craved anybody the way I did him and when our mutual fire swamped our bodies, Kimo crowed with pleasure as I came all over his chest and belly, his own searing semen flooding my belly, soothing me, freeing me from mental torments.

It was later that night when I awoke and could hear Baby Kimo crying. Kimo's hand passed

across his eyes.

"You hear him, too?" I asked, blinking back tears.

"I hear him." He squeezed his fingers against the bridge of his nose. "This is my fault. I should never have done this. We could have found a way."

He rose from our bed and paced.

"Don't blame yourself, Kimo. The boat rocked suddenly in the darkness and I was glad I'd learned how to stock things properly in our cabin. Our first night, books flew off shelves, lit candles fell to the floor..."

"I prayed on this."

"Kimo, I know you did."

"Then why do I feel like shit?"

"Sometimes, the right thing really, really sucks."

Baby Kimo stopped crying in our minds and Kimo glanced at me. His eyes were so haunted in the moonlight. I knew he struggled minute by minute with the weight of his decision.

By unspoken agreement, we threw on clothes and went to the galley. Sleep eluded us for now. Kimo started boiling water for tea as I checked the computer again. Still down.

"I miss that boy." Kimo blew out a breath. "I miss all of them. I miss how they feel and the kisses..."

"Oh, Kimo...I feel the same way. I want to smell strawberries on Baby Kimo's breath. I want to hear his laugh."

"You, will. I promise you that. I'm going to give you back all those things." Kimo paced the galley. "When we go home, *Lopaka*, he can throw anything he wants down the toilet. I don't care. I just...I just want to hold him. I want our family back."

And just like that, Baby Kimo was wailing again. His screams were so intense, they seemed to fill the galley. I was surprised our crew guys hadn't come running.

I put my arms around my husband. I had an idea that both enthralled and terrified me. "Can you...transport yourself to him, Kimo?"

He hesitated. "I can try." He thought for a moment. "I can go there. I can see him, hold him..."

"Can you take me with you?" I knew the answer before he even turned those big, grave eyes on me.

"My love, I wish...I...will tell him how much we love him, how much you miss him." He gave me a tender kiss.

"Oh God, Kimo...if anything happens to you I will never forgive myself."

"If we don't try, we'll never know." His eyes stared into my mine. "I love you, *Lopaka*."

"Oh Kimo, I love you so much!"

But he was already leaving me. I watched him turn inward, the way he always did in prayer and contemplation, or when he did one of his rare image-shifts. Kimo never changed shape, but he was able to transport himself great distances. We'd never tried crossing an entire vast ocean before...oh wait. He once sent himself to Las Vegas for our friend's boxing match.

I started to worry then. Kimo had been exhausted for a couple of days after that. It was too late to back out now. His image started to flicker, like moving pieces of a jigsaw puzzle and I feared now he might never reassemble whole.

His face turned to me and I saw the glimmer of joy, then the concern. "He sees me, *Lopaka*. Oh, he's crying." Kimo's image receded more and I waited. I heard the baby's shrieks of anguish magnify and I wondered if it was my imagination.

And then, silence.

I didn't know what to do with myself. The water boiled crazily on the stove and I turned it off. I waited for a sign, a sound...something and then Kimo came back.

With Baby Kimo in his arms.

Chapter Three

“Is...is he real?” Kimo grinned. “He’s real.” The baby, sobbing as they materialized, became even more distressed when he saw me, his shrieks filling the galley for real this time.

“Oh, my darling.” I stepped forward and Kimo pressed him into my arms.

He watched us for a moment as Baby Kimo and I slobbered over one another. Baby Kimo kept sobbing, “Mama, mama,” and I did my best not to scream at the universe, but to thank it for giving me a man who could reach across time and space and bring our baby to me.

“Can’t we get my father this way?” I asked Kimo as the baby clung tighter to me, his distress so painful I felt I would never have enough hands to hold him.

“He’s not our child. We don’t have that psychic bond. *Lopaka*, I left a note, but I know the twins are going to be very upset that he’s gone.” His gaze

looked haunted. "*Kamaha* was breathing badly. I think his asthma's come back."

We stared at each other for one long horrible moment as the baby continued to squall unabated in my arms.

"Kimo." The baby heard his father's voice and instinctively held his little foot out to him as Kimo took it in both hands and infused his special brand of medicine and magic back into it. Baby Kimo jerked his foot away.

"Mama!"

"I'm here, sweetheart."

Kimo looked wounded.

"Baby, let Daddy touch your foot."

"No, Mama." He clung harder to me and I understood. He believed Kimo had taken me away from him. For a long time, I just stood, holding our son, letting him feel our love for him. He began to relax and when Kimo captured his foot again, this time, he did not resist.

"I had to bring him in this diaper only. I couldn't bring anything else." Kimo kept his words low so as not to disrupt the flow of magic.

"We can buy cloth diapers I'm sure...we'll do what parents did in the old days."

"He's gonna love that, Mr. Clean here."

I smiled and the baby felt heavier in my arms. He was drifting to sleep now and Kimo smiled at me.

"What does his breath smell like to you?"

"Kisses. He smells like kisses."

Kimo nodded. "Oh, *Lopaka*. Can you believe we brought him here?"

I looked at him. "Thank you, Kimo."

He leaned forward and kissed me. "I think our ancestors must have wanted this. I think children are the best ambassadors and if your father is anything like you, then he is going to fall head over heels for our son and he won't want to stay away from him."

I let that one slide. My father had no trouble walking away from me, but then being a grandparent had less responsibility than being a father.

"Would you like to hold our baby?" I asked Kimo.

He looked thrilled. "Can I?"

"He may never walk again. Between the two of us, he's going to be cuddled and hugged until he's a very old man."

Kimo laughed and I slipped the baby into his huge, muscular arms. "Oh, he feels good." We glanced at each other, trying not to think about the four babies back in Diùra, in the big, magical castle by the sea.

"Can you go back and work on *Kamaha*? Fix his asthma?" I asked Kimo.

He nodded. "I can try. When the baby is awake

and running around like a lunatic, I'll try again. I don't want him to wake up and find I'm not here."

"Are you exhausted?" I asked him.

Kimo gave me a wonderful, warm smile. "Not a bit. I feel quite energized."

Amador came into the galley and saw Baby Kimo in his father's arms.

"Where did that come from?"

"This is our son, Kimo. Isn't he gorgeous?"

He looked nervous. "He's a child."

We stared at him.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked.

"I took this trip on condition there would be no children on board."

"We'll let you off at the next island." Kimo's voice was chilly. "That's about six hours from here."

"Were you hiding him all this time?" His voice grew hysterical.

Kimo handed me the baby and I took him, holding him to my body as Kimo reached a hand out to Amador's shoulder, squeezing. The little man slumped to the floor.

"I'll hold him while you whip up breakfast," Kimo said. "It's getting light. The crew's gonna want food pretty soon."

"Can you get him out of here, please, darling?"

"With pleasure. Just remind me in an hour to go give him another dose." Kimo slung Amador

over his shoulder and raced up the galley steps.

I laughed and, balancing my toddler on my hip, wondered what he would like when he rose from his magical nap.

"Poi, Mama. I want poi."

"Are you awake?" I asked, kissing his rosy cheeks. I stared into those beautiful brown eyes and saw the laughter back in them as he reached up for a kiss.

"Ha, ha, ha," he chortled and as Kimo came back into the galley, the baby truly lit up.

"Ah, that's what I like to see." Kimo kissed the baby's dear little face and then gave me one. "You want me to hold him?"

"I can hold him and cook."

"Yeah, I know, but I missed him, too." Kimo grinned and the baby, happy now that he had his two favorite people in the world back, graciously allowed his father to hold him as I did my best to provide them with an old fashioned *Hawaiian* breakfast.

I prepared tuna, eggs and hash browns. The crew guys loved them when I chopped in peppers and a little cheese. We heard footsteps coming down to us and *Nohea* poked his head into the galley.

"What the...oh my God. Baby Kimo?"

"Ha, ha ha!" Baby Kimo chortled.

"Can I hold him? Oh please, let me hold him."

Kimo passed the baby over to him and I grinned with pleasure, watching *Nohea* stroke the little blond head tucked under his chin.

"Oh, he feels good."

"Doesn't he?" I asked.

Nohea held the baby for a long time in his arms and begged to feed him. Baby Kimo was pretty handy with a fork and spoon, but he seemed to enjoy all the attention and pretty soon, the others came down to us. Baby Kimo seemed very enthralled with Francois, the blond Australian, who poked his tongue out at him.

Baby Kimo poked his tongue back at him and screamed with laughter. Nobody questioned the baby's strange appearance and I wondered why until I noticed Kimo kept tapping the coffee mugs. The coffee kept refilling itself and with it, whatever hocus pocus Kimo cooked up...Lord, I loved being married to a man with so many talents.

Luis, the first mate, rolled oranges back and forth across the tabletop to Baby Kimo who delighted in this new game until I detected the odor of stinky diaper.

"We don't have any diapers." I looked at Kimo.

"Actually, we do," Francois said, surprising us. "I brought a couple of boxes of things for us to trade if we needed to...you know, with our boats or an island or two. I brought cloth diapers. They

prefer those in the islands."

I was thrilled to hear this and Kimo and I immediately ransacked the boxes, which were filled with candy bars, packs of gum, hair combs, first-aid kits, sewing kits, cookies and paperback books.

We found the diapers and one packet of wet wipes. We'd have to use these sparingly. In our cabin, Baby Kimo submitted to his diaper change and we put on a *pireau* around his waist, bringing up the sides and tucking them into the top of the diaper, creating a kind of pants outfit for him. He loved it. He was ready for action and sprang out of the room, thundering up to the deck, wild with laughter.

Kimo and I followed him as he bounced around, laughing and dancing. Luis and Francois got a kick out of him and soon chased our son all over the boat. I knew exactly where he was every second because his squeals of laughter gave him away.

"Boy, he's none the worse for wear." Kimo nuzzled my neck.

"No, he isn't." I glanced at him. "How's my hubby doing?"

"Your hubby is wondering how he's going to get his rations with the baby on board. He'll be sleeping with us, won't he?"

"Naturally."

Kimo's happiness dimmed just a little and I reached up for a kiss.

"Have you ever in your life gone without rations from me, Kimo?"

"Not as such, no." The glimmer was back and I stuck my tongue in his mouth, giving him something to think about for later.

That evening, Kimo and I lounged on the aft deck, admiring the stars, Baby Kimo nestled between us, pooped out after a hard day of playing in the sun. He longed for *poi*, which we didn't have and strawberries, which we didn't have either. He had been very good-natured about the lack of his favorite food staples, I think because the novelty of being with us still hadn't worn off.

Kimo stroked the baby's brow and he grew heavier in my arms. We still had plenty of oranges and a few cans of apricots, which we all gobbled up right after our dinner of wahoo and canned beans and baked potatoes. In two days, we would arrive in Taiohoe Bay on the island of Nuku Hiva, the capital of the Marquesas and one of the largest islands in French Polynesia. We would spend a couple of days there and everybody had a wish list of food items.

Ours included cabbage and strawberries. We really missed our *Hawaiian* tradition of cabbage

with everything.

Kimo had been quiet ever since we'd been unable to reach our family members on the satphone or via Internet earlier in the evening. Baby Kimo sighed in his sleep, turning into me as the wind gently whipped at us. I could smell oranges on his sweet breath.

"You want to try and go to *Kamaha* now?" I asked Kimo.

"Something's stopping me. I've tried. "I..." he hesitated. "I feel a wall. I don't know why. I'll try again in the morning." He leaned in and kissed me.

"You don't think something's wrong with our family do you?" I asked, not liking the sound of this wall.

"No, baby. I think Madame *Pele* would let us know if something was wrong."

"Kimo."

We both jumped as *Nohea* approached us.

"The Internet's back up. I've got our people on the screen. Man does Katie look beautiful." He ran back across the deck and Kimo and I followed. I was overjoyed when we reached the galley and the first thing I heard was my *Tutu*, my grandma's cackle.

"*Lopaka!*" she beamed. "I see you got our boy dere."

There was a frisson of static and then she was

back. "The twins are plenny pissed Baby Kimo's gone."

"And he's plenny pissed there's no *poi*," I responded, making her cackle again. There was a barking sound and her face looked troubled.

"Is that *Kamaha*?" Kimo asked.

Tutu nodded.

Kimo sighed. "I'm trying to get back there. Something's been stopping me—"

Tutu leaned closer to the camera and I could see my mother-in-law, *Mama Nui*, cradling my daughter, *Pele*, in her arms, right over *Tutu's* shoulder. She looked wonderful. I took a hand away from my sleeping son, my fingers touching the screen. Oh my precious *Pele*...

"We had visitors here today," *Tutu* said.

"What kind of visitors?" Kimo's tone turned fierce.

"Don't worry. They nevah seen us. We put one protection spell on this place, but we heard 'em." *Tutu's* voice dropped. "Fyfa Campbell, you know *Lopaka*, your other grandma, she said they were tourists, but she looked plenny worried."

"She did?" Kimo asked and *Tutu's* gray curls bounced as she nodded her head vigorously.

"Fyfa says they were *Hawaiian*. Our *kine'* people. She thinks they looking for us, but they see nothing."

"I understand, *Tutu*." Kimo stroked his chin

thoughtfully. "Thank you for telling me. "Can we speak to *Keli'i* and *Kamaha*?"

The twins loomed into view and their faces dissolved in tears when they saw us. Baby Kimo awoke at the sounds of their voices and soon, three little boys sobbed as Kimo assured the twins we loved them and that we'd all be together soon.

"*Kamaha*," he said. "I am coming to see you, to fix your coughing. Okay, darling?"

"Cool!" *Kamaha* said, his tears drying up fast.

"Cool!" *Keli'i* echoed.

"Ha ha ha!" Baby Kimo said, as I tickled his little tummy.

The twins exchanged knowing looks and I wondered what their little minds were plotting. *Mama Nui* was soon in view, holding up our other baby, *Kamapua'a* and it was a heart-wrenching moment because he began to cry and our little boy rarely cried.

Keli'i soothed the baby and the screen suddenly went blank. The laptop battery seemed dead. How frustrating.

"I need to pray on this, *Lopaka*," Kimo said I had no choice, but to let him leave us. Baby Kimo's eyelids drooped so I carried him to the cabin I shared with Kimo. The baby snuggled in our bed, close to me and I tried to stay awake, really I did, but I was asleep within minutes, my arms gratefully encircling my sweet, sturdy little boy.

I awoke with a jolt. Something was wrong. Baby Kimo was asleep, his head burrowed into me, but Kimo had still not come to join us. Extricating myself from my child, I put pillows beside him and covered him gently, padding out of the cabin and closing the door, careful not to make any sound. The boat creaked, a sound I'd become used to and the boat gently rolled in the ocean's darkness.

Pausing outside Amador's cabin, I heard his raucous snoring. I knew *Nohea* was on duty tonight and soon found Kimo on the deck, sitting in a chair, staring out to sea, a stricken expression on his face.

"What's wrong?" I asked him, moving across the cold, weathered wooden deck toward him.

"I can't get through to the other side. It's locked."

"Locked?"

He stared at the deck for a moment. "*Lopaka*, you have no idea how thin the veil is between this world and the next. For me, there is no veil...no partition. I just see...holes that I can go through. Now, I see locked doors."

"Kimo, maybe you need to relax, my love. Don't try so hard."

I knelt on the deck in front of him. He was still wearing the *pireau* he'd been wearing all day. All

the guys wore them at sea, with T-shirts over them. Only in the South Seas, *pireau* were called lava-lavas.

Kimo snapped. "Relax? How can I relax?"

"Please come to bed, Kimo."

He shook his head.

"Humph....a tough customer." I ran my hands over his lap and was rewarded with the twitch of a smile.

"*Nohea* is in the pilothouse. He can see everything going on out here, *Mypaka*."

"Then we better put on a damned good show, hadn't we?"

Kimo wouldn't budge. He was upset with himself and couldn't relax. This was a job for Super Slut. He allowed me to kiss him, but I was aware he was very uncomfortable and twisting around, checking to see if *Nohea* was watching, but I didn't care. Let him watch me suck my handsome husband's cock. Kimo fell back on his deck chair and I slid my hands up his thighs, the soft fabric feeling silky against my skin. I slid my hands down and back up, my fingers massaging his thighs...I lunged for his cock with my tongue, licking sucking its length over the *pireau*.

He moaned and said, "God help me," as I sucked the head through the soft fabric. I knew he wanted to feel my mouth on his flesh. His hand kept lifting then falling, he was resisting any

encouragement, even though his cock yearned for me. I pulled at the knot on his waist and he gasped when his cock sprang free, exposed to the night air.

I licked it and he opened his legs to accommodate me. I keep licking the slit, the head, back to the shaft and I moved back to the slit again, my tongue lapping at it.

Kimo groaned when I got some sweet, warm cream and I got serious now and my mouth pulled his cock—my cock—into it.

"Please suck it, baby!" he rasped.

I sucked him, pulling on him with my lips and tongue and his hands slapped down on the wooden arms of the deck chair...I knew he no longer cared if *Nohea* saw us. He needed relief. I release his cock so I could lick his balls and he snapped.

"Fuck that!" He grabbed my head and put his cock back at my mouth and naturally I had to suck it into my empty, hungry mouth again. I kept massaging his thighs and his legs opened a little more as his cock thrust its way into my mouth

I would have loved for Kimo to fuck me, but his hands gripped my head. I felt a flood of his emotions and knew it felt so good and so intense for him.

"*Mypaka*," he said suddenly. I can see the southern cross...the stars are watching you

pleasure me."

I released him. "My king," I said, I looking up at the stars. I screamed, "Watch this!"

Plunging my mouth back over his cock I hummed, my tongue stabbing into his slit. He bounced around, wanting every inch in my mouth and he let out a cry as his cock slipped down my throat where it belonged.

Unbelievably, I could still breathe. I pulled back and forth very, very fast. He was fucking my face, demanding I look at him. I glanced up, our eyes met and he thrust hard and fast into my mouth. His fingers stroked my lips and he came hard...so hard and it was all I could do to swallow all his juices, but I would never waste a drop.

I loved how he felt and tasted. Man, he was still coming. His hands were at my head again, but he was gentle...relaxed. He was at peace.

The sound of *Kamaha's* coughing invaded the deck and Kimo sprang to attention.

"Oh, baby," he whooped. "The portal's open again!"

"But —"

He tightened his lava-lava around his waist and in a flash, he was disappearing before my eyes. The horrible, vacant silence that always accompanied his shifting state enveloped me. I sat in the starlit night, waiting, my senses reeling, both from our interrupted lovemaking and the

knowledge that our secret portal had started cooperating again.

I paced the deck, praying, hoping he'd come back to me in one piece. I heard a sound...a crackle and Kimo was back.

Hanging from his neck like a monkey dangling from a tree was little *Kamaha*, an impish grin on his face, a suitcase in his hand.

"*Mypaka!*" he yelled and hurled himself at me.

I was overjoyed to see him, too, until I saw the blood running down my beautiful husband's face.

Chapter Four

“I’m okay,” Kimo insisted, swiping at his nose. “I’ve never traveled with baggage before. I think it put a bit of a strain on me. Our little caballero here was lying in bed, pretending to be asleep, but he was waiting for me. He was fully dressed under the bed clothes, with his suitcase in his hands.”

Kamaha nodded vigorously. “Of course! I had to pack my essentials, Daddy.”

He was wearing board shorts and a T-shirt.

Essentials, from a six year old. I smothered a smile and held my sweet little nephew tighter.

“I have two pairs of underpants on,” he said, clearly proud of his ingenuity. “That way I always have a clean pair.”

We took him into the galley and Kimo mopped up his bloody nose. My baby son started wailing so I freed him from the cabin and his eyes blazed with joy when he saw *Kamaha*.

The two cousins, more like brothers, embraced.

My twin sister, *Maluhia's*, sons were blessed with sunny, loving natures. Typical *Hawaiian* boys with hearts full of love. Baby Kimo was overjoyed to see one of his two favorite playmates, especially when *Kamaha* announced he'd brought some *poi*.

Kimo looked as good as new when we returned to the galley.

"What will our family say when they see he's gone?" I asked him.

Kimo grinned. "He'd already written a note. He's smart, our little guy here."

Kamaha climbed onto Kimo's lap for a hug and basked in my big man's attention for a moment. Monkey see, monkey do. Baby Kimo climbed on board next and then *Kamaha* was keen to show us what was inside his suitcase. I smelled the strong scent of bay leaves and knew my grandma had placed them around the children's beds as protection. She was a resourceful woman, *Tutu*. In *Hawaii*, she would have used *ti* leaves. In Europe, she resorted to bay.

"Oh!" Baby Kimo breathed when *Kamaha* handed him his favorite book, *Kimo and Madame Pele*. My little boy clutched the book to his chest.

"Here's some *poi* I found in the fridge." *Kamaha* handed me a plastic container and I let my two Kimos tear into it.

The rest of his *essentials* included his favorite book, *Three Tales of My Father's Dragon*, which was

a heavy, near three hundred-page book. He'd also brought some chocolate and his favorite toy dragon.

"That's it?" Kimo stared into the empty suitcase. "That's your essentials?"

I kicked him under the table. *That's what's essential to a six year old*, I telepathed to him.

"Well, at least you brought chocolate." Kimo picked up a thick block of Harrod's finest. I recognized them as being part of my chocoholic sister's stash. She was going to be *pissed* when she saw they were gone.

"Oh yes, and the dragon," I said.

"Every boat needs a dragon, *Mypaka*." *Kamaha* placed his dragon on the countertop. "Cool boat. Tien-Lung already loves it here."

"Tien-Lung? Is that his name?" Kimo removed the foil from a second chocolate bar.

"Yes, daddy. He's a Chinese dragon. And the best, most powerful Chinese dragon was Tien-Lung."

"What makes him a Chinese dragon?" Kimo asked, handing a square of chocolate to Baby Kimo.

"He has five toes, daddy."

Kimo stared at him, bewildered. "Five toes?"

"Daddy, everybody knows dragons originated in China. They moved to Japan and lost a toe, all that travel you know. So Japanese dragons have

four toes and Korean dragons have three toes.”

“Really? All I got for my travels was a bloody nose.”

Kamaha gazed at him lovingly. “You got me, too, Daddy.”

“So I did.” Kimo gathered the two boys back into his arms. It had just occurred to me that *Kamaha’s* cough was gone. Kimo ran up to the deck with the laughing, squealing boys and I could hear him chasing them. I got started on breakfast. Today we’d be landing in Nuku Hiva. I couldn’t wait to touch dry land again, even for a day. I felt a slight tremor of fear, too.

Soon, I’d be meeting my father.

Our first sighting of Nuku Hiva seems like a cloud-fairy dream. The boys were beyond excited after a hard morning of playing on the deck, to see land in the far distance. We could see mountains, green as emeralds. As we came closer to land, the clear water revealed schools of tropical fish of every hue imaginable. We saw eels and dolphins and then *Nohea* wanted the boys to sit in the pilothouse with him as we approached Taiohae Bay. They were out of their skins with excitement, jumping up and down pointing out each new, tiny emerging detail.

We dropped anchor a little before noon and the unspoiled beauty of that bay was a vision I will

never forget as long as I live. Even the boys were over-awed by its raw, unmarred beauty.

"Remember we learned about the writer, Herman Melville in school?" I asked *Kamaha* who was one of our best students in the first grade at the mountaintop school Kimo and I owned and operated.

Kamaha nodded. He loved the versions of Moby Dick we taught the children.

"This is the place he jumped ship and lived for a long time."

"Wow," *Kamaha* said.

"Wow," Baby Kimo echoed.

Taiohae's volcanic ruins tumbled down to a black, sandy beach. The emerald green cliffs guarded it to the tuneful sound of tranquil waterfalls.

Baby Kimo sniffed. "Mama, I smell coconuts."

Indeed, the air seemed infused with both fruit and flowers and as we neared the shore, Kimo and I wanted to wade out with the boys. Baby Kimo wanted to bring his book, which he had not put down since *Kamaha* gave it to him. *Kamaha* however, dithered over whether to bring his dragon, Tien-Lung.

"He needs to protect our boat," he fretted. "On the other hand, he might get lonely."

"I'm sure he will. I think he might also want some lunch," Kimo said and that sealed the deal.

We held the boys in our arms and the water, so warm and inviting was clear blue as we worked our way to the beach. Kimo and I wore board shirts and tank tops, *Kamaha* wore his shorts and T-shirt. Baby Kimo was in a lava-lava and the boys ran up to the lava-infused sand whopping with joy. The tiny, stone-stepped quay led to a platform and after a brisk walk, we saw the red-roofed helicopter pad and we could see the bank, a small hotel and a few stores selling fruit, vegetables and lava-lavas.

Countless, crowing, wild roosters roamed the paved road.

"Chickens!" the boys screamed and started chasing them.

Kimo chuckled and put his arm around me.

"Want to have some lunch first, or see about rooms?"

"Lunch," I said, aware that all of us were anxious for our favorite foods.

"You will love Yvonne's," *Nohea* assured us. "Their pork is baked our way." He paused. "Ooops. I forgot. You don't eat pork."

No, we did not. Kimo's spiritual deity was *Pele*, Goddess of the volcanoes and his personal allegiance was to *Kamapua'a*, her lover, the pig god. Not one of our family members ate pork out of respect for *Pele* and *Kamapua'a's* blessings and protection.

Kimo shrugged. "That's okay, we'll watch you enjoy it."

"Yes." *Nohea* nodded. "I will. Just as soon as I take care of our little problem." He looked over his shoulder. Luis and Francois came toward us with a glassy-eyed *Amador*.

"Grab a table," *Nohea* told us. "I'll be right with you."

Yvonne's, the rest of our crew guys assured us, was the best place on all the Marquesas Islands. The restaurant didn't take credit cards but they did take local currency, Euros, British pounds and Australian dollars. We were in luck. We had plenty of British pounds left from our trip to London and Scotland.

Francois and Luis scanned the tables for single, attractive women before we'd even looked at a menu.

"I want some fox with my beer," Francois leered.

"You're going to eat a fox?" sweet, innocent *Kamaha* asked him. His nose wrinkled in confusion. "But they're so cute!"

Francois laughed as a couple of foxes gave him the eye. Luis didn't look at all happy with the attention Francois elicited so effortlessly.

We were all ecstatic to be at a sunny table with an appetizing menu none of us had to cook. Kimo and the boys wanted steaks and lobsters and I

went for the local delicacy, coconut and sweet potato soup.

Where is he taking Amador? I telepathed to Kimo as *Kamaha* and Baby Kimo plopped bits of bread and lobster in front of Tien-Lung.

He has a new job and he will soon forget all about us. I had to do some slight...behavior modification.

I didn't like the sound of this. It meant Kimo had received divine information about Amador. I shivered, in spite of the warm day.

Some local guys sporting extensive tattoos walked into the restaurant and I felt Kimo relaxing just a little. He wasn't an oddity here in the South Seas where tribal tattoos got their origin.

One striking-looking man leading his horse past Yvonne's, glimpsed Kimo and tethered his horse, coming to our table to look at my husband.

The man himself was almost entirely covered in tattoos and I wondered how he breathed. I wondered if he had the traditional triangle of unadorned skin on his lower back, a practice started by Polynesian tattoo artists to prevent breathing troubles later in life. This is a practice many western tattooists have adopted for extreme tattoo fanatics. He and Kimo shook hands. He smiled at the kids, but his real interest was in Kimo's tattoos. He spoke beautiful French, slipping into English when he realized we were American.

"What does this tattoo mean?" *Kamaha* asked, pointing to a huge half-moon covering the man's chest.

"It is my history," he said. I glimpsed great loneliness in this man. He slipped Kimo his card, saying he lived across the bay if Kimo was interested in a genuine Marquesan tattoo.

Nohea soon joined us and he seemed, frankly relieved to be rid of Amador. He shook hands with our tattooed visitor who soon took off to ingratiate himself with two female tourists fiddling with their cameras at another table.

"That man is the local tattoo artist," *Nohea* told us. "People come from all over the world for one of his traditional designs. Did you know the early missionaries banned it here?"

"No, I didn't." Kimo looked disturbed. So much our own *Hawaiian* culture had also been banned by missionaries. Our music, our *hula*, language and our religion.

"When the TV series *Survivor* was filmed here, they used him in some of the early footage and the beginning of each episode," *Nohea* said. "He's quite a character."

He dug into the pork we'd ordered for him and I wiped all fear from my mind. I focused on my two little boys who were now eager to explore the dessert menu.

"Tien-Lung wants ice cream," *Kamaha*

announced.

After lunch, we took a walk and *Nohea* told us both he and Luis wanted to spend the night on board the *Hina*. We'd be pushing off again the following day.

Francois had snapped up a gorgeous local girl and took off for the hills on her bicycle with his new companion perched on his lap.

The children were impressed with her bicycle because she had wound a very fragrant *lei* of tiare flowers on the handlebars.

"She's so pretty," *Kamaha* sighed.

"Yes, she is, darling," I said, stroking his sweet little head.

"What the heck does she see in Francois, I want to know?" Luis fumed and stomped off down the bumpy road.

We soon learned the smooth, paved road that was at the center of town was the *only* paved road. Many were nightmares to behold, but the cars we saw negotiating them seemed to handle them.

Nohea took us to the Keikahanui Inn, a combination hotel, restaurant and museum. Rose, the woman who owned and ran it, was enchanted by our boys who loved the two-bedroom bungalow she assigned to us.

"It's like home," *Kamaha* breathed. Actually, it really was since the bungalow was perched high

on a steep cliff overlooking the magnificent bay. It was decorated with many Marquesan artifacts, which were similar to *Hawaiian* artifacts, but somehow more primal.

"Man, it's cool!"

"Yeah, cool!" Baby Kimo echoed, as we all stood on the balcony that jutted out to sea. The breeze was fantastic and Kimo looked ecstatic as he pointed out a school of sharks, our family's *aumakua*, or personal guardians, in the distance.

Rose showed us around, telling us the room came with dinner and breakfast and she offered us the chance to have a personal tour guide.

We declined her offer. I knew Kimo wanted to explore the island his way.

"There is a white sand beach, isn't there?" he asked her. "I've heard it's the most beautiful beach in all the Marquesas."

"Oh, yes. You're talking about Anaho Bay. I'll give you a map."

Back in the main part of the hotel, she pointed out the museum. "You should take a walk through it later. The writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, spent a lot of time here and of course, we have our own rich history."

"Thank you," I told her. "We will."

Our sun-loving beach boys had been denied the beach for weeks and happily snatched up the white hotel beach towels Rose handed them,

chasing chickens as we headed to the small group of shops we'd seen earlier.

We loaded up on staples we needed, including a few lava-lavas for the boys, T-shirts and tank tops for them, a couple of pairs of shorts and then they both wanted to sip fresh coconut milk. The storekeeper punched quick holes into the two young, green coconuts they selected and popped drinking straws into them. The boys were ecstatic.

I watched their enjoyment of such a simple pleasure and kissed their dear little faces.

Nohea wanted to return to the *Hina* with our perishables, saying he needed to give her a thorough inspection. He agreed to meet us at the hotel for dinner.

The boys got a bit teary-eyed when he left us and he gave them long hugs. I saw our friend's face. He missed his family desperately and I suspected being on the boat with the satphone and the computer were his lifelines to them.

Kimo and I luxuriated in the time we now had with the boys. We took a lovely long walk to Anaho Bay, the white sandy beach we'd been told we should not miss.

Stone tiki gods peeped out from bushes and in various places that seemed to mark turn-offs. At last we found our boy and our boys lost no time running straight into the warm ocean water. Kimo joined them as I dropped our towels on the sand. I

felt strange...I cannot explain the feeling, but something in me tensed.

Lopaka, trust me.

Kimo. I glanced at him and he held his hand out to me. I ran to the water, determined not to live in fear. The boys had a wonderful afternoon and then, a strange thing happened. A dark cloud passed across the sun. Kimo looked up and sighed.

"Come on, my angels." He strode out of the water, the kids hanging from his shoulders. We dried them off and as if by unspoken agreement, Kimo held *Kamaha* in his arms and I held Baby Kimo. I felt the temperature rise suddenly and realized Kimo was chanting. We walked away from the bay, toward the mountains. It was the oddest thing. A shaft of sunlight poked out from the sky, like a pointing finger.

A car appeared on the bumpy road. Francois was at the wheel, but he looked glassy-eyed and didn't seem to recognize us. All four of us climbed in and he drove off. The boys were quiet, but unafraid. They knew the magic in their lives and were now merely curious, I could tell as our journey deepened into a rainforest.

Suddenly, Francois stopped. The heat in the car dropped as we climbed out. The forest was beautiful, with massive stone tikis and we noticed petroglyphs, again similar to our own, carved into

huge boulders scattered around the ground.

The boys picked out fish and birds and many, many turtles.

"Turtles are the sacred animals of the Marquesas," Kimo told the boys.

We came up to a huge banyan tree and a huge, tree-root lined pit.

"It feels yucky, daddy." *Kamaha's* little arms tightened around Kimo's neck.

"I know, sweetheart."

Staring into it, I just knew it was a place of human misery.

This is where the Taiohae kept their prisoners, fattening them up. Taiohae Bay takes its name for the tribe that once lived here, Kimo telepathed to me. They were a cannibal tribe.

I opened, closed and opened my mouth again. "Are you saying my father's somewhere here?" I asked aloud.

He shook his head. "The Taiohae were from Samoa, the last king of the tribe is long gone, from this island anyway, but his kin...they're still on Samoa. I feel it. *Pele* is with us, guiding us."

"That's why I'm not afraid," *Kamaha* said, his voice sounding sure and steady. "I feel her *aloha*."

Oh, that beautiful boy.

Kimo stopped suddenly. "Baby, we need to get back to the hotel."

Francois drove us back and when we arrived,

he snapped out of his reverie.

"What the...how..."

"Thank you so much, Francois. We'll see you in the morning," Kimo told him as he deposited *Kamaha* on the ground. Baby Kimo held my hand as we walked into the museum and Kimo zeroed in on photographs of the Taiohae tribal king and queen. I studied the photos. She was beautiful, more beautiful than any modern day movie star, with long hair, perfect features.

I read a notice about how the very beautiful and heavily tattooed Queen Vaekehu, wife of the last king had dined with Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife, Fanny. She had, according to what I read, complained to them that she and her husband only ever ate their enemies and selected, sacrificial victims. Their tribe had been wiped out by the same diseases that had killed native *Hawaiians*, western diseases that were brought by white strangers to their beautiful, savage islands.

There were also slave raids, with the most strapping warriors stolen by *blackbirders* and taken across the world in chains. Each group of islands had its grisly history but I was taken aback by the illustrations of heavily-tattooed Marquesan warriors with their enemies' skulls dangling from their loincloths. The images haunted me. I wondered if my father's husband did this...did my father enjoy wandering around with dead

man's bones as ornaments? I had no clue. I was entertaining my deepest, darkest fears and wild thoughts.

"*Lopaka.*" Kimo pointed to a photo of a dark-skinned, fierce looking man. He was King Mataafa of Samoa, the last of the Taiohae in the islands. He was as ugly as his wife was beautiful.

Samoa. I stared into his angry eyes and realized he was the ancestor of my father's husband. I felt the wave of fear grip me and held my son a little bit closer to me.

Chapter Five

The commercial freighter, the Aranui docked in the bay that evening and everybody on our part of the island was invited to join in the wedding festivities of a young couple who were married almost soon as they touched dry land.

This freighter, the most famous in the South Seas, visits the islands year round, transporting both people and cargo. It's a wonderful way to see paradise and get a taste of the less commercial side of it.

Kimo, *Nohea* and I took the boys down to watch the islanders perform at the impromptu celebrations. One young man even did his variation of the Marquesan Pig God Dance. We were all intrigued to see it, since this was Kimo's most popular and his most sacred dance.

The young dancer who had a few tattoos on his body, stripped down to his lava-lava and his performance was earthy and sexy. It was not

however, hypnotic and sensual, the way it is whenever Kimo performs it, but Kimo is a special man who dances from Spirit. He connects with the infinite in a way few people to.

There was a child-like quality to the Pig God's mating routine in the young Marquesan dancer who seemed to be having a wonderful time entertaining the tourists.

We all applauded, but our children were not impressed.

"That was pants," *Kamaha* insisted, using the funny colloquialism he'd picked up from my maternal grandmother, *Fyfa Campbell*. "Daddy...you really ought to show them how it's done."

I was in complete agreement. Kimo's dancing is powerful and graceful...the Marquesan dancer certainly had style, but, as I told Kimo, he did not blow my flip-flops onto the next island.

Kimo laughed, lapping up the accolades, but wouldn't hear of getting up and outshining the official entertainment.

We must not draw attention to ourselves. I read Kimo's thoughts, not realizing he wasn't telepathing them to me. I caught his glance. He was being vigilant, watching the crowd for familiar faces. I didn't think for a moment anyone on the *Huna* Council would suspect of us being here, but I felt chilled, anxious to return to our

room.

Nohea said, "I'll meet you at four o'clock tomorrow morning in your hotel lobby."

"Why so early?" I asked.

"The weekly fruit and vegetable market opens then and the best stuff's gone by four-thirty."

The boys hugged and kissed him goodnight and Kimo and I carried our sleepy children back to Rose's. As we climbed the hill, we heard the sound of drunken laughter coming from the Aranui and turned to watch the wedding party, which had now moved back to the freighter.

One man was doing a very bad imitation of the Pig God dance, snorting and making fun of the Marquesan dancer who had performed the routine earlier. Kimo was enraged.

"I wonder how he would like it if he really couldn't stop snorting?"

"Kimo...can you do that?"

"I think he might learn his lesson if he couldn't stop snorting...let's say for half an hour." He flicked his wrist and continued to our room.

The boys insisted on sleeping with us, not that Kimo and I were inclined to argue. We all fell into an instant deep sleep...until I was awakened by the weird sensation of something sticking up my nose. I opened my eyes to find two ferocious-looking eyes staring into mine. I almost laughed. I'd never woken up to a celestial dinosaur

invading my nasal cavity before. I clutched the plastic body of Tien-Ling and yanked his claw free. *Kamaha* was asleep, wedged between me, Baby Kimo and Kimo, his precious dinosaur in his little hands.

"Should I be jealous?" Kimo's big warm hand reached across the prone boys and stroked my face.

"I think so. He seemed pretty determined."

Kimo chuckled. "I'll turn him into something useful...maybe a sippy cup?"

I beckoned him and he leaned over and gave me a wonderful kiss that would have turned delightfully raunchy if we didn't have two little boys wedged between us.

"We need to get the boys up, my love," Kimo murmured against my mouth. "*Nohea* will be here any moment."

"So soon?"

"It's almost four. *Nohea* will have a cow if we're late."

The boys were grumpy and Baby Kimo cried when we couldn't find his book, but we found it at last. It had fallen behind the headboard. We put fresh shorts on the boys who clung to us, half-asleep. We held them in our arms as we crossed the dark path to the main part of the hotel. There was a ton of activity. Evidently everybody knew about the market and *Nohea* was pacing when we

arrived.

He looked surly and I felt very sorry for him. Kimo was pretty surly too having had to forego sex for one night since the boys insisted on sleeping with us, but poor *Nohea* had gone without it for weeks now.

"You want to hold Tien-Lung?" *Kamaha* asked him. "He always makes me feel better."

Nohea's expression turned to mush. "Can I hold *Kamaha* for a few minutes?" he asked Kimo. "I'm really missing my little boy right now."

Kimo handed *Kamaha* over and glanced over at me, but Baby Kimo was asleep in my arms. We left the hotel and the chattering, crowing chickens ignited the pilot lights in our boys and they came to life, wanting to chase them. We kept our target in mind and dragged them down to the market.

The array of local produce was amazing. Baby Kimo zeroed in on fresh strawberries and I distracted the boys as *Nohea* purchased several pounds of fresh chicken.

"Those chickens never stop crowing," *Nohea* groaned. All night long. Didn't you hear them?"

I hadn't. Kimo always ensure nothing disrupts our sleep, save for our children climbing all over us, and I felt a little more guilty about poor *Nohea*.

"This is my revenge." He grinned, making me laugh. Up ahead, I saw a man clutching his throat.

"I'm telling you, last night I could not stop

snorting. I thought I was turning into a pig!"

His friends were laughing.

"For real!" he whined. "I have no idea what's in that local beer, but, mate, I'm never touching another bloody drop! My throat is on fire today."

Kimo and I exchanged amused glances and then I noticed two men, one trailing the other holding a child in his arms. He was more feminine than I was and walked a little behind his husband. I understood who and what he was. He was a *mahou*, a man-wife, and he stared at me. He knew who I was, too, and I saw a flash of jealousy. I was wearing shorts, but he was dressed like a woman.

I smiled at him, understanding him and felt in that moment a small insight into the feelings my father must have for his own husband. I wondered how subservient my father was to his husband and caught a glimpse of the subtle differences in cultural acceptance, even between islands.

Kimo's hand went to my neck and I saw that he too was watching the *mahou* and had probably read my thoughts.

I love you, Kimo telepathed to me and I smiled back at him.

We grabbed all the fruit and vegetables we wanted and then I saw a beautiful island girl walking toward us. She wore a slip of a pale, sea foam-colored dress with tiny pink flowers on it. Her long, dark hair cascaded over one shoulder

and a pink hibiscus tucked behind her ear screamed seduction.

Nohea seemed transfixed. "This is our new cook." He turned to us. "Her name is Isolina and she has family in Samoa so this works out well. She'll come with us and we'll take her home."

He introduced us, but she did not acknowledge me. Her gaze swiveled to my magnificent husband who was busy extracting Tien-Lung's claw from his own hair, *Kamaha* perched on his shoulder now.

"Nice to meet you," he said, apparently unaware of Isolina's adoring gaze.

"Daddy, daddy," Baby Kimo said and held a strawberry up to his father.

Kimo picked up our tiny son and bit into the strawberry, hoisting our toddler onto his empty shoulder.

"I smell coffee," I said.

"There's a cart over there with pastries and coffee." *Nohea* pointed toward the ocean.

"Oooh, I love pastries." *Kamaha* reached across Kimo to climb into my arms. The coffee cart owner was a man with a delightful sense of humor and perfect French, comical English and he handed each of the boys a *pain au chocolat*.

Kimo and I bought all the pastries we could fit into our arms, paper cups of coffee for the adults and hot chocolate for the boys. Isolina didn't seem

happy to be carrying stuff back to the boat and I wasn't happy taking her with us.

Mypaka, I'm not interested in women, Kimo telepathed to me as he shifted Baby Kimo into his arms.

I was about to respond when I overheard Isolina asking *Nohea*, "Who is the mother of the two boys?"

"The *mahou*," he responded.

She said something I knew was rude, though the sudden flap of crowing roosters meant I missed her actual words. Kimo looked as furious as I felt.

No need to tell me, he telepathed. *She's not coming to Samoa.*

Tensions between *Nohea* and us were pretty bad until we set sail a couple of hours later. I spent my time in the galley organizing our purchases and planning the day's meals. The boys ran in and out to supervise breakfast and every now and then I'd hear Kimo or *Nohea* calling for them and they'd tear off again.

Luis and Francois came on board, looking the worse for wear.

Francois took a cup of coffee and looked morose. "I love this place. I left my heart here," he said, dropping two cubes of raw sugar into his cup.

"Don't you leave a piece of it everywhere?" I asked him. He was a good-looking guy and I knew, tons of girlfriends.

"Oh...no, I'm not talking about the sheila." I already knew sheila was Australian for woman. "I'm talking about Anaho Bay. It was Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite place here. Yesterday afternoon, I was lying in a hammock, looking up at a perfect sky, in the middle of true paradise. I have never felt so peaceful in my life."

Francois sloped off to the deck and I stood, staring after him. Sometimes people really did surprise me.

Baby Kimo was soon back. Somebody had changed his diaper and put him back in a lava-lava.

"Mama, where are we going?"

I bent down to scoop him in my arms and he smelled strongly of Kimo.

"We're going to the Cook Islands, darling." I carried him to the wall map and he studied it, a sweet little O on his lips.

"Read to me, Mama?"

"I will, darling. You want some breakfast?"

He nodded vigorously and I covered his face with kisses, making him laugh.

"You want to tell everyone breakfast is ready?"

"Okay, Mama!" He slid to the ground and took off running. I could hear him shouting up on the

deck.

I heard Francois laughing. "About bloody time!"

The guys all tumbled down to the galley. I had no idea exactly what Kimo said to him, but as *Nohea* took some eggs and chicken onto his plate, I caught his worried glance a couple of times. I sensed he was trying to gauge my mood, but I wanted an apology and until I got one, I would focus on my boys.

I cleaned up the galley and everybody else prepared The *Hina* for departure.

"*Lopaka!*" Kimo's voice rang down to the galley and I dropped my sponge in the sink and ran up to the deck.

As we left the beautiful bay and headed back into deep waters, the children grew tired of waving at Nuku Hiva. Their burst of morning energy gave way to crankiness and I popped them into our bed. I combed my toddler's blond hair and he beamed up at me. I could not have loved him more if I'd given birth to him myself.

It pained me that *Nohea* dismissed me as a *mahou*. To me, it was demeaning and cruel when he was a close friend. I was not my husband's freak of nature plaything. I was his partner in every way.

I thought about the day Baby Kimo had been conceived, with my Kimo impregnating our friend

Nicky in an ancient, tribal ceremony. I had been there for every second of it, holding her hand and kissing Kimo as he made love to her. I knew I would love the child they created, but never thought in a million years he would one day be mine. He was the sweetest little boy ever and the discovery of my twin nephews *Kamaha* and *Keli'i* was another wonderful joy. *Kamaha* allowed me to comb his thick, dark hair and the boys started arguing over which book I was going to read to them.

"Dragons!" *Kamaha* shouted.

"No, Madame *Pele*!" Baby Kimo shouted back.
"My book!"

"I'll settle this." I took the books out of the boys' hands.

"Mama..." Baby Kimo's eyes were reproachful.
"My book, mama."

"I know it is, sweetheart. But *Kamaha* loves his book, too. We'll read three pages of your book, then three pages of *Kamaha's* book and we'll keep going until you're ready for a little sleep. Okay?"

"But I'm not sleepy, *Mybaka*." *Kamaha* yawned and snuggled down into bed. Baby Kimo gazed up at me and I started reading. The boys were asleep before I'd completed the second page. As I tiptoed out of the room, Kimo was waiting for me. He gave me a wonderful kiss.

His hands ran over the doorframe and I was

shocked to see a milky substance form over the seams.

Ectoplasm, he telepathed to me. *They're protected and safe. I am glad you can see it. It means your intuition is getting stronger.*

"They're always safe with you around," I told him.

"I'm glad you think so." He pressed me against the wall. His hard cock grazed my thigh, igniting a mutual response in Kimo. "Very nice." He grinned, his tongue running a warm, wet line across my chin. "I have plans for that later."

"You do?"

Kimo chuckled and took my face in his hands. "Absolutely."

Up on deck, *Nohea* and I finally had a moment alone. "I meant no disrespect," he said when I was near him. "I am sorry."

I nodded.

"*Lopaka*...I am in love with a man myself, you know. You can't believe I meant any disrespect. I miss him so much."

My heart broke for him all over again and I hugged him. I felt the weight of Kimo's watchful gaze and I moved straight over to him.

He laughed when I reached up and kissed him. "You always know exactly how to put my heart right back in its place."

"I love you, Kimo."

He took my face in his hands and kissed me. "I want you," he said and I nodded.

"Give me five minutes. I want to prepare Amador's old cabin."

He grinned. He loved it when I kept a few tricks up my sleeve.

Kimo gave me the few minutes I'd asked and seemed pleased we had our own little love nest. It would have been Isolina's cabin had she come on board. I'd prepared the room, changing the sheets and hiding a little toy I'd bought in Los Angeles in our trip there weeks ago. It was only weeks, but so much had happened since then, it felt like months.

We fell onto the sun-warmed bed and Kimo held me to him. The air smelled so sweet. Frangipani. I'd brought a stem with us from Nuku Hiva and the pink blooms in a bowl of water reminded me of my first week with Kimo on the Big Island of *Hawaii* when we'd danced together. Tiny island flowers at our bedside filled our senses.

"*Myypaka*, when we get to Samoa, you do understand that once we meet your...er...father-in-law, things between us will change. In a subtle way...but they will change."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"The Samoan culture has a lot of taboos our own people would never tolerate. They are religiously very rigid. Young couples can't make

out in public. There's a lot of old rules. There's a huge double standard. I'm not saying I want you to be submissive or dress like a woman, I'm not even saying I want to pretend we're not a couple. You are my tribal wife...he will expect you to be a little more...subservient...it means I want you to fuck me every chance you get now because once we get there, I will be assuming a role. A role of supremacy."

"Is that so?"

His dark eyes bored into mine and he knew I would never be a traditional *mahou* and I would not pretend to be one. "Well, I did say it was a role, darling."

"Yeah, well, you can assume anything you want. I'm fucking you right now and I have a little surprise."

His eyes blazed. "A surprise?"

"Yes, baby."

My surprise had involved some secrecy and planning and I was still shocked I'd managed to keep it hidden from Kimo. I kept my mind blank as I ripped off his lava-lava and stared down at his black boxer briefs. I swallowed hard. The sight of that beautiful, huge, thick cock always turned me on. I bent down and put kisses all over the covered shaft and Kimo groaned.

"I had something made in Los Angeles," I told him as I carefully pulled down his briefs and

lapped at his leaking cock head. His skin was soft and warm and there was not an ounce of fat on his muscular frame.

"What's that?" he gasped.

"A special cock ring that had to be made to order. I am thinking after you experience its pleasures, we need to get one made for you."

"Shit," he said when I bent down and captured his left nipple in my mouth. I kissed and taunted his cock with my tongue, nothing too serious, grazing his balls and ass with my fingers and the back of my hand

"Guess what, Mr. Supremacy? Your husband is about to give you an ass fucking you will *never* fucking forget."

"Oh, fuck."

I realized he was very turned-on and he wanted my tongue on his ass. He opened his legs nice and wide and begged me to lick him.

"*Lopaka*, I love your tongue inside."

Of course, I did. This had been my plan all along.

"I love that we are still like this," I said, lifting my head. "It's always hot between us. Hot and beautifully dirty."

His body felt like it was on fire and I went back to really giving his ass the workout it deserved.

It was time for his treat. I leaned into the bedside drawer and withdrew a long box,

removing my specially made cock ring. It was gold and silver and it was fashioned into a cobra. The head came halfway down to the tip of my cock and the ring fit oh so snugly around my balls and cock.

Kimo gasped when he saw it. "My God!"

"Stroke the cobra's head," I told him.

His eager fingers reached forward and touched it.

"It's very smooth. It's a work of real art, *Mypaka*."

"Yes, it is."

"The head looks like a tongue."

I smiled as my cock moved to his ass, the cobra slithered around and retracted. I entered Kimo slowly and that tongue-like head massaged his perineum. I will never in my life forget the look on his face as he felt it on him.

"Oh, fuck!" he roared.

I fucked him and the cobra seemed to magically know all the right places to stroke him, to turn him on even more as my cock fought its way inside his sweet ass.

I couldn't believe how good this felt. Kimo's legs were beating at my back. I could tell he felt the impact of all these things being done to him. His very hard cock leaked fluid like crazy. The cobra swiveled again and the tongue-head moved to his ass hole, fighting me for access. What a

greedy cobra.

The combination of metal and skin seemed to inflame Kimo, who screamed for me to fuck him, his fingers on my shoulders. He was so close to coming and I was almost there too. The cobra sensed it too from our body heat. The cock ring moved back a little and I helped it along, its head nestled against Kimo's now sensitive, hot-wired perineum.

Another couple of thrusts and he roared to an orgasm, taking me along his high tide with him. I fell on him, pleased with my efforts, ecstatic with my new discovery.

"Baby," he said, his voice thick with emotion. "Scrap everything I said. I am an idiot."

I chuckled and took my cock away from him.

"Show me that thing," he said, grabbing hold of me. "I want a proper introduction. Then I'm thinking a rematch might be nice...just to be polite."

The boys were ready for action an hour later and they ran around the boat, pointing out blue-footed boobies when they landed on the boat's rails. At lunchtime, I popped them on the aft deck with Kimo, tucking a soft blanket around them as the day grew chilly. I propped them up with pillows and handed them plates with strips of chicken, baked asparagus and French fries. They

loved it. I loved the sound of Kimo and the boys laughing and I found my heart twisting just a little for our other three babies back in Scotland.

Francois reeled in a wahoo, ignoring Luis's taunts of landing a *chick fish* and I tried to distract the boys as the fish gasped for air. Francois readied himself to gut and clean the fish.

"Fish hurting, mama," Baby Kimo said and ran forward, putting his hands on the long, thin blue body. The fish jerked back to life, flopping all over the deck. My toddler son was fearless in grabbing the huge fish and hurling him back overboard.

"All better now, mama!" The baby looked over the railing, he and *Kamaha* on tiptoes, watching the fish swim frantically away from us.

Francois stared, slack-jawed.

It was a shocking moment because we all knew of our son's astonishing healing powers—everyone that is, save for Francois and Luis—and this was the reason the *Kahuna* Council wanted my son. It was also the reason Kimo and I would never allow it.

"Did I just see what I saw?" Francois mumbled.

"See what?" Luis griped. "You lost your touch, amigo."

Francois became enraged and a fight would have ensued except that *Nohea* called Luis to the pilothouse.

Kimo and I exchanged glances. *Luis is a*

troublemaker, he telepathed to me. I nodded. We'd have to keep the guys busy and separated. I glanced down at our boys, still peering over the boat's rails, and clapped my hands.

"Who wants a game of hide and seek?"

"Me!" they shouted, dancing around in their cute little bare feet.

"Okay, Kimo's it!" I grinned and he put his hands on his hips as the three of us ran for hiding places.

Luis is not the only troublemaker, Kimo telepathed to me and I laughed as the boys and I ran to the cabin they'd taken over. We climbed into the shower stall together, trying to stifle our giggles.

Kimo found us easily, pulling the squealing boys into his arms and pretending to take them up to the deck to throw them overboard.

They had fun playing until a stricken *Nohea* came to the deck.

"Katie's have break-through bleeding," he said.

Kimo put *Kamaha* onto the deck and I took charge of the boys.

"Sammy is with her," Kimo said, going into the galley with *Nohea*. "She's got the best midwife in the whole of *Hawaii*." With our Internet access so often spotty so far out at sea, I followed them, allowing the boys to hunt through the pantry for cookies and I peered at the webcam image on our laptop.

Nohea's lover, *Kahanu*, who was legally *Katie's* husband, was struggling with their two-year-old son, *Loki*, who was always a handful. *Loki* was a wonderful baby, named for a ghost boy on our home property on *Oahu*, but he'd never been separated from his father before. Until parenthood, *Nohea* had enjoyed his ocean life, even though he'd been in a long-term relationship with *Kahanu*.

"Come home, daddy," *Loki* shrieked and I saw my *Tutu* hover into view and take the baby into her arms.

Nohea gripped the frame of the laptop. "God, it's killing me, *Kahanu*."

"Me, too, babe." *Kahanu* put his face in his hands for a second. "I didn't tell you to worry you. She's on complete bed rest so the good news is you're not the only one going without sex."

Kahanu laughed, but *Nohea* was stone-faced. *Kahanu* sighed. "*Loki's* okay. I promise you. He just misses his daddy."

"I miss you, too."

Kimo and I moved away to give *Nohea* some privacy and I caught my baby boy, his face smeared in chocolate.

"Ono, mama. Delicious."

"Oh, baby boy." I knelt down to him and *Kamaha* turned to me, his mouth smeared, too.

"We finished all of mommy's stash." He looked

grief-stricken.

"Well, we bought some more chocolate in Nuku Hiva."

"We did?" He glanced over at *Nohea*, slumped in a chair at the table. "What's wrong?" he asked him.

"Nothing sweetie." *Nohea's* smile was not very convincing.

"Humph. I know what you need," *Kamaha* said.

"What's that?" *Nohea's* face crinkled into a genuine grin.

"You need a captain's hat."

Nohea laughed. "Oh, is that what I need?"

"Yes. And Kimo and I are going to make you one. Come on, Baby K, let's find some paper."

"Okay." Baby Kimo nodded his head vigorously.

Kamaha paused. "*Mypaka*...do we have any craft paper?"

"No, but we have a newspaper." I rummaged through the pile of papers and handed it to him. *Kamaha* set about organizing his supplies.

"Can I have a captain's hat, too?" Kimo asked.

"No," *Kamaha* responded. He noticed Kimo's sad face and sighed. "We'll make *Nohea* an admiral's hat and you can have a captain's hat." He glanced at Baby Kimo. "Right, Baby K?"

"Right," my little guy agreed.

"We have crayons," *Francois* announced,

coming in search of stray pastries from our morning purchases. "I bought some to trade on the islands. I think we have glue, too, if you kids want to stick badges or anything on those hats."

"You want a hat, too?" *Kamaha* asked.

"Of course I want a hat. I love hats."

"Three hats coming up, right, Baby K?"

"Right," Baby Kimo agreed, tearing off a piece of newspaper and ripping it to shreds, laughing hysterically. *Kamaha* glanced at him, an exasperated expression on his face.

Despite my son's proclivity for destruction, the boys spent a wonderful afternoon making hats for all of us, improvising with cut-out shapes and images from a couple of magazines we had on board. *Nohea's* admiral hat was a work of art. He stood just a little bit straighter and taller when he received it. In the evening, we sailed into a bad storm that seemed to invigorate him. The only cure for this waterman's particular grief was a genuine sea squall.

We continued for the next five days to the Cook Islands, the storm following us until two days before we were due to catch our first glimpse of land again with the island of Penrhyn. Our voyage became peaceful and beautiful, the sun shining hotly in a magnificent, cloud-free sky. We dropped anchor so we could all swim in the sea

and unwind a little after the arduous trip so far. Not that the kids thought it was bad. They loved the wind, thunder and rain and adored watching the men in their lives handling the boat and the ocean...the young men and the sea.

It was a wonderful afternoon, everybody enjoying the calm, blue water. Even Luis snapped out of his bad mood, until a whitetip shark spotted us. Sharks are our *aumakua*, our family guardians. Luis panicked and swam to the boat. Kimo began to chant and even Francois looked stunned as the shark swam up to Kimo, its trademark, rounded fins tipped in white. Whitetips are the most dangerous and aggressive sharks with man, above and beyond great white sharks. Our new visitor was very curious about Kimo, its fearsome mouth opening, revealing its jagged, uneven teeth. Suddenly he rolled over like a dog, allowing Kimo to rub its belly.

"Come on children," Kimo said in his singsong trance voice. "Bid your *aloha* to the *mano*, the shark."

The boys swam over, eagerly petting the shark's belly and Kimo smiled.

"On the count of three, everybody shout, *Aloha!*" he instructed. And we did. The shark rolled over again and the boys kept shouting *Aloha!* until the shark was very far from us.

"He felt amazing," *Kamaha* said, his face

wistful. "Very soft, but hard."

Kimo kissed his sweet little head.

"He liked you, too, darling."

Back on board, Luis just kept staring at Kimo. I don't think he knew what to make of him. Francois seemed to be very unconcerned. We were almost out of chicken and Baby Kimo kept bringing our caught fish back to life, so I took the kids below deck as he landed a tuna.

"I'm so sick of chicken I'm even happy to see a tuna again," Luis grumbled.

"Thank God we're leaving him in Samoa," Kimo whispered to me. "He's really getting on my nerves."

"Can't you kind of put a happy spell on him?" I asked.

Kimo shrugged. "If you want me to."

"I want you to."

He waved his hand. "It is done. Now. Do I get a reward?"

I laughed. "It is done? Just like that?"

"What did you want? Thunder and lightning?"

Luis suddenly laughed and I glanced at Kimo, who lifted his shoulders, the expression on his face smug.

"What kind of reward did you have in mind?" I asked.

"Well, I'd like to play a little sex game."

"A sex game?" I was excited now. "Which

one?"

"City slicker meets a farm boy." He saw my amusement. "I can't help it. I love the idea of happening across your wonderful body and just fucking you standing up in a barn."

"Does there need to be hay involved?"

He looked me right in the eye. "No, I want you in those overalls I know you have hidden in your suitcase. I want to put you up against a post somewhere and fuck you hard, *Mypaka*." The children came running toward us. "As soon as our tykes are asleep tonight," he said, as the boys slammed into his strong legs.

I walked the deck late that night and enjoyed the sensation of the cool sea breeze on my skin. I heard a sound and knew it was Kimo. He crossed over to me, a bulge already evident in his long shorts.

He took me in his arms and kissed me with such passion, I almost came in my overalls.

"*Mypaka*...it's too long since I enjoyed my farmer boy."

"Kimo, I want you so much I can't even play the game properly."

"You have to play the game, baby," he teased. "You know how much I love to ravage my favorite farmer boy."

Kimo and his city slicker routine was so hot, I

never minded the ritual of playing it his way, except the moon was full, I was horny and I grabbed at his crotch.

"Oh, mister. This feels good."

"You're cheating." His eyes smoldered, but I had my hand inside his shorts and his cock responded to my fingertips.

"Mister...maybe I could suck your cock? And you know, out here in the country, there aren't too many guys with such huge cocks. Not now that my favorite goat died."

Kimo exploded into laughter. "You are the only man who can spoil my fantasy and still keep me hard."

I grinned. "Does that mean I get my wish?"

"What wish is that, farmer boy?"

"Well, after I get your cock all leaky and excited...I would need to have you fuck me in the ass. I am sorry...but I'm thinking up against the wall...since you suggested it this morning. Now, dammit, it's all I can think about."

Kimo smothered a smile. "They sure don't make farmer boys like they used to. They used to be innocent and sweet—"

"You don't think I'm sweet? Check this ass out!" I wiggled in front of him, making him laugh.

"I do have to admit I've been thinking about your hot little ass all day. Ever since I saw you bailing all that hay."

"I just bet you have, mister."

"You know...I thought about you naked with overalls at your feet. Your body glistening with sweat."

"Yeah. I'm feeling kinda sweaty." I dropped the overalls and they pooled at my feet. I turned and faced the first wall I saw, which happened to be around the corner from the pilothouse. We'd be giving Francois a show he'd never forget. I placed my hands against it and stuck my ass out.

"Mister...please, fuck me."

Kimo scrambled to drop his shorts and his fingers moved to my ass as he gently bit the back of my neck. His fingers stroked my ass hole.

"How much do you want my cock in you?"

I begged him for it. He stuck his finger back into me and kissed my neck.

"Mister, I do want your cock...badly."

"How much do you want it?"

"I want your cock so much I can't see straight."

He stuck it into me and I gasped. He didn't take his time. He gave it to me hard. Yes, I was used to his massive cock but there's been no preparation and yet...I wanted it like this. He held my hips to his crotch and I loved the way he dominated me with his hot cock.

Kimo grunted. "Fuck, you feel so tight."

He fucked me harder and harder...man in that position, it was so tight I almost don't think I

could take it and yet I wanted it badly.

"You are my whore," Kimo whispered right into my ear, "And my whore must come for me." He ran his hands along my ass and I felt him pulling out, then slamming into me again and it started to feel so good. I wanted to come with him and he knew I was ready. He reached around and grabbed my hard cock. I leaned into him and we came together in a blinding, heart-stopping fusion of colors.

"Oh fuck," Kimo said, slamming into me one more time. My whole body trembled and he was so turned on, he pulled out of me, pulled up his shorts and carried me in his big arms into our cabin.

He kick shut the door, throwing me on our bed and he crawled to me across the covers, tearing the overalls from my legs, as I ripped at the Velcro snaps on his shorts. He moved between my wide open thighs and started kissing me. We heard the sound of ardent moaning and we stopped.

It was coming from *Nohea's* cabin...two voices. Who the heck was he in there with? I was shocked to realize it was Luis.

"We're not to judge," Kimo rasped, and yet, it cast a gloominess over our own, passionate tryst. "Don't think about it, *Mypaka*. Just kiss me."

And I did.

The next morning, things were very strained between *Nohea* and Luis over breakfast. We were three hours away from arriving at the Cook Islands and Francois was exhausted from his turn at night watch.

Even he could not fail to notice that Luis and *Nohea* were testy with each other, yet they couldn't avoid each other. Their tension was palpable in such a confined space. Luis banged his plate and cup into the sink, muttering in Spanish and left the galley for the pilothouse.

"Somebody's not getting any," Francois said, oblivious to *Nohea's* reddening cheeks.

Francois gobbled his food, swiping the last remaining piece of turkey bacon.

"Thank God we're getting off this boat for a while," he muttered when he'd swallowed the last bite of his food. "Too much testosterone for my bloody tastes." He stomped out of the galley and went to his cabin for a nap.

Nohea was very reserved with us. He barely looked at us and was very withdrawn with the children, who focused their efforts on me and Kimo.

"We're coming close to Penrhyn," *Nohea* said. "There's a medivac helicopter on the beach. I wonder what's going on?"

As we came in sight of the island, calls to the local magistrate's office revealed a bad outbreak of

Dengue Fever on the island.

"It is not advised that you should come ashore unless there is a medical emergency," a carefully articulated man's voice announced.

Nohea looked at us. "We don't need to stop."

"Then by all means, let's keep going." *Kimo* traced the wall map. "Are things going to be okay if we don't stop?"

"Sure. We have enough food, don't we?" *Nohea* glanced at me.

"Yes, we have plenty and of course, any fish we catch." But he knew. In that moment, he *knew* that we knew what had gone with him and *Luis*.

"Nothing is going on that I can't handle, *Kimo*." He got up abruptly from the table with his coffee and left us along with the children in the galley.

"This is gonna be a bumpy ride," *Kimo* said, handing *Kamaha* some binoculars. He took down the wall map of our journey and rolled it up, handing it to Baby *Kimo*.

"You want to take this upstairs for daddy?"

"Yah!" the baby shrieked.

The boys raced us up to the deck and dark rimmed clouds puffed high in the sky as we caught our first glimpse of Penrhyn. Since we were now bypassing the islands, we started placing friendly bets on when we would reach the next island of Manihiki.

The children adored watching the Cook Islands

glide by and their excitement was infectious. They loved checking the passing land masses against our huge wall map, now spread out on the deck with empty cups weighing down the edges. When we passed Manihiki a few hours later, *Nohea* told them it was known as the Island of Pearls.

The boys took turns checking through their binoculars to see if they could spot any pearls from afar.

"All I see are trees," Kamaha said, sounding very disappointed.

"What kind can you see?" I asked him.

"Palm trees and I think...*pandanus*."

I was impressed. "Very good, darling."

When I caught the wistful look on *Nohea's* face as he watched *Kamaha* and Baby Kimo together, I knew he was a soul in torment. I felt very bad for him. I knew he was obsessed with both his husband and his wife and I hoped he could stay from Luis who was obviously not okay with whatever had taken place between them.

I pushed these worrisome thoughts aside as *Kamaha* hurled himself into my arms. He skin smelled of salt water and pineapples.

"Look, *Mypaka*," he squealed. "We're passing Pukapuka next. Don't you just love that name?"

"Yes, I love it very much. Do you know what Pukapuka means?" I kissed his dark silken hair.

"It sounds like something you do when you

want to barf.”

The simplicity and honesty of this wonderful child made everyone laugh.

“Ha ha ha!” Baby Kimo and his dad laughed loudest and for a moment, I felt our onboard comradeship returning. I also knew in that moment we were sailing straight for Samoa now. We had two children with us, one who looked like Kimo, one who looked just like me. I knew my father would fall in love with our little angels and I hoped it would be enough to win his vote, to ensure his *aloha*.

My other little angel wriggled into my arms and I wondered how my father could have abandoned me and my twin sister *Maluhia* when we were just his age.

Tensions between us adults simmered, for our own and very separate reasons. I hoped we would pass Pukapuka, known as the Dangerous Island without any problems.

I wanted to arrive on my father’s island without any mutinies on our particular bounty.

Chapter Six

“Och...I miss the wee willie winkies.” I awoke with a mad laugh hearing our friend *Aloha*’s Scottish accent on our satphone.

We’d narrowly escaped a series of southwestern sea storms as we made our way from the Cook Islands to Samoa. We were half way there, two hundred and fifty miles to go.

For three days, we’d had no Internet and no phone service and everybody clamored to hear a voice – any voice – and any news of the world.

Aloha spoke to both boys who asked after all their animals. *Aloha* and his husband Johnny who were looking after our mountaintop home and were running our school in our absence.

When I took the phone from *Kamaha* again, *Aloha* gave me a quick rundown on things, which I repeated verbatim to Kimo. He never handled phones if he didn’t have to since they messed with his psychic wiring.

“I’ve spoken to Sammy and *Tutu* in Scotland.

They know intuitively that you're okay, but they worry when they don't hear from you," he said.

"We'll call them right now."

"I'll call them too in case you lose the connection again. There was a giant earthquake in Indonesia and it's affected a lot of the islands in the South Seas with bad storms," he continued.

"Yeah, tell me about it!" I paused. "*Aloha*, is everything okay with the school? Any unusual...visits?"

"None. We're geared up to reopen in June for summer dance camp. All the repairs are done to the buildings. A few parents have called...but none of your *Kahuna* mucky-mucks."

Kimo seemed pleased when I repeated this to him.

"They think we're on a frivolous vacation," he said when I ended the call. "Good. Let them think that." He grabbed the boys into his arms. "Who wants to climb the mast and look for mermaids?"

"Me!" they both shrieked.

The boys were enthralled by everything we taught them and they loved climbing the mast in the afternoons to watch the sunset and to report to us below on deck on everything they saw.

Though they never spotted the sea dragons or merfolk Kimo claimed to see, they had developed a very good eye for sharks, rays, eels and fish of all kinds and particularly loved watching whales

following us.

My mini-healer had to be distracted each time we caught a fish so he wouldn't revive it and it became a game between Francois and Luis to see who could distract Baby Kimo the best.

The chill between *Nohea* and us was so thick at this point I feared we would never recover our warm friendship with him. The chasm between us seemed endless and continually widening. After the first night of hearing him with Luis, we never heard romantic sounds coming from his cabin again. It took a few days to figure out why. Early one morning as I was fooling around on deck with Kimo, we spotted him sneaking out of Luis's cabin.

Luis seemed to be in much better spirits, you might say, cocky since he was now the captain's bed buddy. Francois became quiet, taking refuge with me and Kimo and soon the two camps became quite distinct though no words were spoken aloud.

"I wish he'd chosen Francois," Kimo grumbled one morning when Luis flat-out refused to do something Kimo requested. "Luis was unpleasant before. Now he's simply unbearable."

A fight broke out on deck that same day between Luis and Francois over the Internet. Francois was online and Luis wanted to check his emails. We each had time allotted to us, but Luis

wouldn't wait his turn. The fight started in the galley and ended on the deck, with Kimo separating the two men. He managed to part them with knockout blows that never actually touched them. Both our boys were upset and I took them back to the pilothouse to keep them out of harm's way and to try and take their minds off the unexpected blowup.

Nohea, who knew that Luis was now out of control, helped Kimo drag the unconscious men to their cabins.

"Thank God we only have a couple more days of this," Kimo said when he caught up with me and the children in the pilothouse, where I was letting them pretend to steer the boat.

The boys loved steering the boat and took turns helping whoever was at the wheel.

"Daddy?" *Kamaha* asked at one point. "Why is Luis so mean to Francois?"

"He's just tired, bunny," Kimo responded.

"Oh, poor Luis."

"Poor Luis," echoed Baby Kimo and our boys' grave little faces peered up at him, breaking our hearts.

"Oh...did you hear that?" Kimo sprang from his seat at the wheel.

"What?" *Kamaha* asked.

"That sound." Kimo cupped his hand to his ear.

"I don't hear anything." *Kamaha's* gaze darted

all over the place.

"Yes, you do...there it is again. It's a roar."

"I don't hear a roar." *Kamaha* gave him a suspicious look.

"*Kamaha*...I think it's the sea dragons!" Kimo's wide-eyed expression almost convinced me, especially when we heard a far-off roar.

"Dragons!" the boys yelled and ran from the pilot deck. *Kamaha* dashed back for Tien-Lung.

"He can't miss this. Aren't you coming, daddy?"

"Absolutely. I'll be right there."

"How did you do that?" I asked my husband as he drew me into his arms for a quick kiss before going up to the deck.

"The power of suggestion...speaking of which...I'm keen to have some private time with my favorite man in the whole world...think you can convince *Nohea* to watch our cubs for a while this afternoon?"

"What did you have in mind?" He released me and rubbed his thumb across my lips.

"Surprise me, *Mypaka*."

"Ah...I see...another powerful...suggestion."

Nohea was in no mood to babysit that afternoon. He was grumpier than I'd ever seen him, following a strange argument with his life partner *Kahanu* via the Internet. Kimo had revived

Francois who was keeping watch in the pilothouse.

Luis however was still unconscious, because Kimo had not revived him. Being passed out denied *Nohea* some er...relief I guess and he refused to talk to us over dinner.

"Everything okay with Katie?" I asked, anxious for news.

"Yes." Boy was *Nohea* tense. He dropped his dishes in the sink. "Your turn in the pilothouse tonight. When will Luis wake up?"

Kimo waved his hand in a nonchalant way that tickled me.

"He's awake. Enjoy." He resumed working on the big green dragon he and *Kamaha* had started in the coloring book we'd found in Taiohae. Baby Kimo was shading clouds on the page beside it with me, only his clouds were purple with red spots, to *Kamaha's* artistic consternation.

I found coloring to be very therapeutic and Baby Kimo, ecstatic to have mastered the four letters of his name, wrote it everywhere he could.

"Baby K," *Kamaha* finally exploded. "Why did you write it on his foot? The dragon's name isn't Kimo!"

In a show of defiance, Baby Kimo wrote it on the other foot, too.

Kimo and I laughed, making Baby Kimo gleeful.

Kamaha sighed dramatically.

A muscle twitched in *Nohea's* cheek and he left us at the table, heading to the deck.

Kimo and I tucked the boys into bed, Kimo reading a story from the dragon book, with which he took atrocious liberties in the telling. Our boys adored his version however, with old ladies' panties being on fire and damsels screaming in smoky tower rooms. The boys fell asleep laughing their heads off.

"That's going to be a tough act to follow," I said as Kimo sealed the door.

"What is, baby?"

"That little performance."

"*Mypaka*, in my experience, what you do for me is way and above more entertaining to me than embellishing children's stories.

"And what did you have in mind as we toil away in the pilothouse for the night?"

"Actually, I have nothing planned, but then I have always been a bit of a panster, Kimo. I think quickly on my feet, you know."

His beautiful face split into a boyish, sneaky grin.

"*Mypaka*, I love everything about you, including your feet and the way you fly by the seat of your very sexy pants."

We burrowed through the pantry and found mini packs of peanut butter cookies and Gummi

Bears and took them to the pilothouse. Francois, who looked sleepy at the wheel, recalled none of the earlier incident and yawned incessantly.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," he said. "I sure could use a good night's sleep. He took a cookie, gave us a weak little wave and tottered off to bed.

The sea was calm and black with a faint dusting of night stars shining on the water.

"Why are you smiling like that?" I asked Kimo.

"How am I smiling, my love?"

"You have a secret."

He threw his head back and laughed.

"What did you do? I know you're up to something, Kimo Wilder."

"*Mybaka*...I am a *kahuna*. I am the Keeper of Secrets and I am your husband. How dare you suggest I am as you say, *up to something*."

"I can read your mind and you're quite proud of yourself..." I paused, trying to gauge his thoughts. "Ah...something to do with Luis. What did you do to him?"

"Well, *Mybaka*. You asked me to put him in a good mood and I did...with fairly catastrophic results. *Nohea* started fucking him like the guy was about to turn into a pumpkin."

I opened my mouth to protest, but Kimo waved off my complaints.

"All I did was allow Luis to be the insufferable,

miserable little wretch he really is."

"So *Nohea* won't be getting any tonight?"

"*Nohea* will be needing some TLC by the time we see him in the morning. And speaking of tender, loving care..." Kimo drew me to him and my breath caught in my throat as his mouth claimed mine. It didn't matter how long I was married to this man, each time he kissed me, my cock hardened and I was on the verge of an orgasm each and every time. Kimo was the most sensual lover I had ever been with.

There was no such thing as a light, small kiss with him. He dazzled my senses each and every time. I tasted peanut butter and lime Gummi Bears on his tongue and it drove me wild. Kimo sensed it immediately.

"Oh, my man," he murmured, pulling me closer. His lips burned a fiery trail down the side of my neck. He had me hard already but I knew if I wanted possession of his ass, now was the time. By the time we got to Samoa, he wouldn't let me near it.

I dropped to my knees, threw up the folds of his lava-lava under which he wore black boxer briefs, his cock, hard and awkward looking, poking to the side.

Yanking down the brief, I started lapping at his cock like a starving man. Every since the first night I seduced Kimo, I have been a man

possessed by that enormous cock. I loved sucking it and his big hand came down, stroking my head. I felt feverish I was so hungry for him.

"I want you to take me," he said, his voice low and guttural. "Oh, *Lopaka*...I love the way you suck my cock. Nobody has ever sucked me cock the way you do. There's never been anyone like you."

He stopped speaking and I glanced up to him enthralled, watching his cock. I sucked him all the way to the base and pulled back with my lips and tongue. He groaned as I took his balls and drew his cock into my mouth all the way again. I stroked and squeezed his balls, which smacked against my chin. I was in orbit when I pulled back and saw he was leaking badly. He fought to get it in my mouth.

"Take it back," he roared.

I enjoyed taunting him. The first time I sucked his magnificent tool he told me it was awesome but it could never happen again. I ignored him then and sent about bringing him a fresh round of pleasure. Now, I relished in his held breath as I took it all the way in again...I was so possessive when it came to Kimo's cock. It might have had something to do with the fact my name was tattooed down the entire length of it, or maybe it was just its sheer size. Until I met Kimo, I'd never been a *size queen*. These days as his loving,

committed husband, I found myself waking in the middle of the night making sure it was still there, that it was real.

Kimo's cock was my passion and my constant focus and I felt a certain gratification as it started to pulse in the back of my throat. My fingers reached under his balls and I felt his warm ass under my fingertips. He gasped as I touched his sweet hole.

I pulled back off his cock and sucked on two fingers and looked up at him. His eyes, crazed with desire, remained on mine as his cock kept bumping at my lips.

I moved my wet fingers back to his ass and swallowed him whole, his balls in one hand, my fingers moving over his ass hole...my other obsession.

"Oh, fuck," he moaned and started to go crazy. He moved one leg to the wall and this gave me better access. He grabbed my head and fucked my face. Man, I had serious wood and was on the verge of coming myself when he started fucking my fingers. He grabbed them and stuck them inside him. He was so hot and so close to coming. He felt so thick and huge in my mouth. I felt his searing gaze on my face, his fingers touched my mouth which held his cock captive.

I read his thoughts. *You are fucking and sucking me...*and I felt him start to come.

I looked right into Kimo's eyes as he bucked and shuddered to a grinding orgasm, my fingers reaching his prostate.

He held my head to him, exactly where he needed it as he exploded in my throat. He told he loved me again and again and I believed him because I know he truly did.

Kimo always tasted like honey to me, but there was so much honey-come I couldn't swallow it all, but I did the best I could. He took his cock out to let me catch my breath, jammed it back in. He was still coming so hard.

"God!" he yelled out, my fingers inside him still driving him wild. I felt him grabbing them as his cock twitched. At last, I had to surrender my prize and with great reluctance, allowed him to pull all the way out of my mouth.

Chapter Seven

Two days later, on the cusp of sunset, a magnificent tropical storm chased us into the sheltered harbor of Apia, the chief port and capital city of the Samoan—formerly Western Samoa— island of Upolu. The sun gave us a wan greeting from overhead as it laid its head for its daily rest and from somewhere, we could hear the sounds of children laughing and singing.

Samoa's flag, red, with a blue corner patch with white stars rose in the distance, flapping in the wind. The breeze carried the merry sound of the children's singing right out to us.

"They're singing hymns," Kimo murmured. "It must be choir practice. Samoa is a very church-abiding island."

It was a moment I will never forget. Palm trees lining the beach swayed as we prepared to take the dinghy ashore, all of us dressed the local way, with lava-lavas and T-shirts hanging over them. Our children became excited at the prospect of

other kids to play with and *Kamaha's* dear little face shone.

"Do you think they'll have chickens to chase?" he asked me, his expression hopeful.

"We'll find some," I promised and his face creased into his trademark, joyous grin.

Kimo, *Nohea* and I strapped backpacks on containing foodstuffs, wallets, clothing and our toothbrushes. *Nohea* had our laptop in a travel bag. We all gazed across the wonderful white sandy beach at the town we'd been waiting to reach.

"Thank God. Dry land." Luis was first off the boat, having been a total curmudgeon the last few days of the voyage. Things had been very tense and now, *Nohea* was keen to see the back of him.

"Have a nice life," Luis said sarcastically and disappeared as soon as our feet touched the sand.

None of us responded. Kimo had a strange look on his face and I knew he was trying to tune into his ancestors. He was in receptor mode, waiting for messages. The children cavorted on the beach and we wound our way up the slope and onto a paved road.

A huge market place just beyond it beckoned us and Kimo only had so say one word.

"Children."

The boys bounced back to us, Baby K's hand in mind, *Kamaha's* in Kimo's.

Nohea and Francois split off us from us, going in

a different direction. They were house hunting for us by previous agreement. The following morning, Francois was taking a flight to Australia to meet his family. We were going to miss him, but I knew somehow, some way we would see our fine Aussie mate again.

I was surprised at the languid, depressed energy to Apia. The town had a very sad vibe to it. I hadn't expected the rundown buildings or downcast faces. I didn't see any couples holding hands. I did see a lot of churches, painted better than the houses. Almost all of the churches were newly painted white with blue trim.

Two policemen wearing white pith helmets passed by, chatting in a friendly way with the market stall holders.

Kimo had invaded my thoughts, because he was nodding.

"Holding hands is forbidden even with straight couples," Kimo muttered. "You and I would end up in a world of hurt if we started making out in public. There is a strict way of life here enforced by the church, which is very powerful here and the *matai*, the chiefs."

"Right, I remember now. *Fa'a Samoa*. The Samoan way."

Despite the rigidity of the way of life, the people were friendly and everybody greeted us with the word *talofa*, hello.

"I like it," *Kamaha* proclaimed. "It's like we say *aloha*."

We strolled the market, taking in the astonishing array of fruit. Store holders accepted local *talas*, which reminded our kids of our own dollars, the way it was pronounced.

Bananas tumbled out of woven *pandanus* baskets. Breadfruit and coconuts piled high on the ground made me think of human skulls stacked outside burial caves. It didn't matter where we looked. I saw death.

I felt the brief touch of Kimo's hand on the small of my back and knew he was receiving messages. He stopped walking and the boys rushed forward to pat an unhappily tethered dog tied to a post. The dog rolled on his back, eating up the attention and Kimo's face registered anguish.

"We're in the right place, but until I can secure our quarters, until I know we're all safe I don't want to take anything but our immediate belongings with us."

"I understand," I said, but then I caught him looking around the market as if searching for somebody.

"Who are you looking for?" I followed his gaze and saw Luis talking to a huge Samoan man. We'd been careful not to divulge anything of our purpose to Luis and Francois, but now money

changed hands between Luis and the Samoan man and I felt sick.

Kimo started humming, the way he always did when he was tuning into the infinite and within seconds, I saw his spirit leaving his body. The boys saw it, too, and rose to their feet as Kimo glided across the market. I saw him hovering between the Samoan and Luis...they must have felt *something* because with a minute the two men parted and Kimo was back in his body.

"Wow...that was so cool!" *Kamaha* was impressed. Baby Kimo climbed into his father's arms to comfort him, knowing intuitively, I knew, that it cost Kimo plenty every time he space-shifted.

Drug deal. The jerk bought drugs, Kimo telepathed to me. He kissed Baby K who jumped to the ground again. The boys skipped in front of us as we passed through the long market. It was very much like *Hawaiian* markets, but with a dirtier, poverty-stricken vibe. I saw despair on many faces, particularly women who looked like they'd sat patiently at their booths all day, worried about feeding their families.

There was the typical assortment of touristy island junk, necklaces, outlandishly huge wooden affairs with ugly, matching earrings. There were lotions, soaps, candles, stacked mass market T-shirts you find on every island, jumbled next to

pandanus baskets bulging with fish, vegetables and cuts of meat.

We saw a kid sitting by baskets of young green coconuts with a dead stingray lying across the top of one. He was playing a flute-like instrument as if willing the stingray to dance. It was an unsettling sight.

We left the market and the sense of unease I'd felt inside the market place stayed with me. I was surprised how dingy Apia was and when I passed a pair of starving dogs curled up on a street corner I thought my children's grief would never abate.

Kimo and I picked up the children and strolled along the road, passing a McDonalds that was decorated in an outdoor island motif.

Nohea came toward us. "I found an excellent *fale*," he said.

"*Fale*?" Kamaha was excited. "Is that a house? 'Cos we say *hale* in *Hawaii*."

Nohea beamed down at him. "You are one hundred percent correct, my smart young man. Would you like to see your new *fale*?"

"Yay," shrieked the boys and each took a hand of our fearless waterman friend who seemed happier now than he'd been in weeks. Kimo and I followed and we soon passed what I first thought was a woman and quickly realized was a transvestite.

"That's a *fa'afafine*," Nohea told me. "The islands

are full of transvestites. There's even a big drag revue every night right here in Apia."

The *fa'afafine* winked at me as she crossed the road and I felt a sudden chill. I wondered if my father dressed so overtly and pushed the thought out of my head.

Nohea's fale turned out to be an open plantation style home on a slope. The garden was lush and lovely with flame trees in the front yard, black and red bird of paradise lining the front fence and gigantic frangipani in bloom along the sides of it. He'd rented it for a week from a family he knew and had contacted before we arrived.

He tangled with a rusted lock box on the porch that had the house key. The house was surrounded in lush, green foliage and Kimo walked the grounds chanting as the children and I inspected the comfortable interior.

There were a lot of bedrooms and two bathrooms. I felt the house had been prepared for western travelers but still had enough local touches, such as *tapa* and *panadanus* mats for eating meals, similar to those we used in *Hawaii*. The beds were western though and I was frankly excited to be on dry land again, sleeping in a roomy, stationary bed. It was an odd feeling, missing the sway of the sea, but I had to be in the moment. There was much to do.

I checked the kitchen and found plenty of

cooking utensils and a small fridge. I stashed our perishables and felt a sudden burst of warmth spreading through my body. I knew Kimo had just completed a protection prayer and that our house was now secure. When he walked through the kitchen door, his gaze seeking mine, I was sorry I could not drag him to bed and show him how much *aloha* I had for him.

He smiled at me and I didn't need to be a mind reader to know I'd show him plenty of *aloha* later that night.

Nohea took the room in the front, Kimo and I took a middle room overlooking the garden with an adjoining room to a second room we assigned to the boys.

Tien-Lung was assigned house protection duties as we unpacked our few belongings and the boys were suddenly hungry.

Francois arrived at the door, suggesting Sails for dinner.

"Sails?" Little *Kamaha* scrunched up his face. "I can't eat a sail. I want a steak!"

"Sails is a restaurant," Francois retorted, tickling *Kamaha* until he laughed hysterically.

"Steak sounds good." Kimo grabbed the boys, hoisting them to his shoulders and we walked back down the hill again.

"You seem uneasy." *Nohea* fell in step with me.

"I am," I admitted. "I'm nervous. That..."

fa'afafine we saw...I hope my father is nothing like that."

Nohea shook his head. "I am pretty certain your father and his husband live a very low-key lifestyle. Homosexuality is tolerated here if it's kept out of sight. Cross-dressing is a big thing here but it's not the same thing as being gay. It's considered entertainment. I don't think he would be flamboyant at all, particularly since his husband is the descendant of a line of cannibal chiefs."

I nodded, feeling wretched. I wanted my father's help, but I had no idea if he would grant it to me, or how we would go about presenting his approval to the *Kahuna* Council.

Kimo had said very little, perhaps not wanting to worry me and he'd closed his mind to my every effort at reading it. I had an increasingly bad feeling in my belly now that we were here.

"Don't worry." *Nohea's* hand pressed mine briefly. "You're married to a very good man, *Lopaka*. The best."

"Yes, I know." I was irritated now. My Kimo was an amazing man. Nobody knew that more than I and in that moment, I missed my *Tutu* terribly.

I brushed ahead of *Nohea* and caught up with Kimo.

"Right after dinner, I'm calling my grandma," I

told him.

“Okay, baby.” The boys climbed down from his long body and ran ahead of us. I watched them and the thought breezed through my mind, *I will fear no evil.*

On Beach Road, stood Sails, which had been the first island home for Robert Louis Stevenson before building his mountaintop home called Vailima. It turned out to be a two-story restaurant with a wraparound porch and a sail-style roof overlooking the harbor, which was spectacular now the sun was in its final seconds of departure.

The menu, which boasted about being the last restaurant to close in the world every night, featured a menu so extensive, everybody was happy. We all went for our waiter’s suggestion of the house special, prawns in coconut cream and bananas. It was the tastiest thing I’d had in my mouth in months.

Baby K and I went for the fish and chips. The rest of our men wanted the beef curry and *Nohea* and Francois drank the local Vailima beer.

You don’t want one? I telepathed to Kimo.

No. You have no idea how much I want to lick your lips, Kimo telepathed to me, making me laugh out loud.

The boys were anxious to explore more of Apia but the rest of us wanted to have an early night. I wanted one night’s sleep where I wasn’t anxious

about pirates or worried about storms taking us out in the middle of the night.

Francois found a fresh batch of women to chase on the balcony at Sails and left us to return home without him.

After a wonderful phone call with our family members in Scotland, during which *Tutu* told me she would never let me leave her again, Kimo and I tucked the boys into their beds. There was a feeling of joy in the house. *Nohea* was laughing in his room and I hoped he was talking to his own family.

I couldn't stop smiling. *Tutu*, who raised me lovingly and without reservation when first my father and then my mother abandoned me, pushed me out of the nest as an adult and became a total recluse. My relationship with Kimo brought us closer than we'd ever been and the trauma of Kimo's *Huna* trials solidified our bond when she aligned herself with us, against the Council. She was now married to Sammy, one of the men who'd opposed Kimo's marriage to me.

Now he was helping us fight for our children, going against the fabric of everything he'd sworn to uphold in his allegiance to our tribal magic.

Kimo and I drifted to our own room and I could smell frangipani and guava outside our windows. We giggled as we pretended to tuck each other into bed.

He climbed on top of me, turning me onto my back, testily undoing the folds of my lava-lava and moaning when he saw me naked under it.

"Have you been walking around commando all day?" he asked me.

"No, baby." I wriggled around from the feeling of his mouth being inches from me, his hot breath on my skin. "I just took off my shorts when we got home. I thought you might like a little thrill."

"You are the sexiest man." He dipped his head and started to suck my cock. I was instantly hard. I was Kimo's first male lover and I taught him well, by example. He knew exactly how to suck a man's cock, to take his time...he pushed my legs open and his tongue flew to my ass hole.

He moved back to my cock again, taking it in one strike. I slipped easily into his mouth and he pulled and sucked gently on me, quickening hardening his movements. I was in orbit when he moved down to my ass again. I held my cock for him, ready for his mouth to claim it again.

"I want you to fuck me, Kimo."

He put me on my side. I loved fucking this way because Kimo had trained himself to wedge his way around me to suck me off as he fucked me. His cock moved into me nice and deep but he took his time, fucking me slowly, his hot gaze on my cock. Once he became a cock man, Kimo became obsessed with mine. Believe me, I had no

complaints about that. He reached for a pillow, raising my hips and putting me on it so that my hip was raised and I was still comfortable. My cock was just an inch from my baby's mouth. He started to suck the tip and I sobbed with the feeling of my man sucking and fucking me at the same time.

He did so with matching strokes so he could keep me in his mouth and his cock inside my ass.

"I love the way your cock is feeding me, Kimo." I reached for his head, holding him closer and I knew I was going to come. I felt his cock pulsing inside me. His mouth let go of me with a pop and I kissed him.

He fucked me hard then, gripping my belly to him and I stroked his face and chest until we exploded together.

Kimo muttered, "I love you," over and over again.

He fell asleep on top of me, his cock imbedded in me still. I stroked his muscular arm and neck and found myself flying back to the time when I didn't know Kimo, when I obsessed on him from afar. For days—weeks—I'd drooled over the painting he had posed for...the painting called *Phantom Lover*. He was mine and I never stopped being grateful for that. I never stopped praying nothing would harm him or our children. I thanked heaven for my mystical, masterful hunk

of *Hawaiian* man and then his voice was in my head.

Sleep, Mypaka.

The morning rose hot and dry and I heard our children running around the house, laughing. Then I heard the sounds of prayer, a baby crying and a dog barking.

"Good morning, my love." Kimo opened his black eyes, a gleam of expectation in them. He leapt from our bed and pulled on shorts and rushed into the living room. The kids greeted him happily. *Nohea* had gone on a fruit-finding expedition with them in the garden and they each had bunches of bananas and mangoes.

I could hear Baby Kimo shrieking with joy about finding a passion fruit and I struggled to rise and realized the prayers and babies and dogs were coming from the house next door.

"*Nohea* and I are going to see the local magistrate about a visa for us," Kimo said, checking the massive nautical watch on *Nohea's* wrist. "And for our family members."

I looked at him, hoping I hadn't misheard him. "Did you say family members?"

"That's right. We'll be on the move soon. I want us all together. I also need to get a local driver's license. Now, no more questions. What are your plans for the day?"

I stared at him. *The day?* Had we had a conversation I'd missed?

"Kimo, are you saying I'm not going to see you all day?"

"Well, I'll be back this afternoon. If you want to go to the beach, please wait for me. If you want to take the boys shopping at the market, maybe grab a coffee, that's fine, but I'd rather you stuck close to the house."

"Okay," I said.

He kissed us all and left the house.

"What do you want to do kids?" I asked, looking into their beautiful little faces.

"I want *malasadas*," *Kamaha* said.

"Me, too, mama." Baby K's head nodded vigorously as *Banana* covered his face.

"I wonder if they even have *malasadas* here," I said, with really no clue of whether Portuguese no-hole donuts had found their way to the South Seas.

"Of course they do, *Mypaka*. This is paradise." *Kamaha's* arms spread wide. "They have everything in paradise."

I bathed the boys who luxuriated in the big tub with lots of bubbles and cool, cool water. We all put on clean shorts, lava-lavas, T-shirts and flip-flops and we left the house.

The boys held my hands, calling *talofa* at passing motorists, who waved back to them. We

walked toward the main street and on Beach Road, a little way past Sails we found a sidewalk café called Cappuccino Vineyards. The boys each picked out flaky pastries and we ordered scrambled eggs. They drank milk, I drank coffee and we watched the people parade on Beach Road.

"Look at that man walking down the street on his hands," *Kamaha* laughed, Baby Kimo's chortle making several people around us laugh. The man jumped to his feet and waved to the boys, who waved back.

We were about to walk to the market when Kimo caught up with us.

"My babies," he smiled and we lunged forward. I had to physically stop myself from running into his arms. *No public touching*, I reminded myself. I watched the boys enjoying his *aloha* and for the very first time in my life felt very, very jealous of our children.

"We're going somewhere interesting tonight," Kimo said.

"Oh, we are?" I felt guilty about my momentary childishness.

"Yes. We're going to see a show."

The kids didn't care about evening plans. They were anxious to swim, right now and the four of us headed to the bay. As I looked across the water, I was surprised to see our boat missing. Kimo

looked happy though and I had to be content with my own version of *Fa'a Samoa*, only in my life, it was *Fa'a Kimo*. Kimo's Way.

There was great excitement in the streets of Apia in the early evening. Everybody was heading to Margary-Ta's Beer Garden and I was surprised when Kimo pulled us along with the throng. Then I read the signs and was even more shocked. We were going to the island's weekly drag review. Cindy, Samoa's most celebrated *fa'afafine* was performing live and we grabbed seats that Kimo apparently booked earlier.

Families jostled for space, we ordered a few rounds of sodas—last of the big drinkers that we were—and the boys enjoyed their rare treat.

Other children came over to visit with them and then the show began.

The crowd went berserk as the house lights dimmed.

A line of *fa'afafine* took to the stage, lip-syncing to Madonna's *Like a Virgin*. Everybody applauded so loudly, feet stomping the floor so hard you couldn't hear anything being said from the stage.

Cindy shouted out to the audience and made cracks about *faipolopolo*, making the locals laugh hysterically.

I glanced at Kimo who telepathed, *it means balls, baby. Hanging balls*. On stage, Cindy mimed

playing with an imaginary penis and I wished we weren't there with our children. She shouted out *ga'au tele* and I didn't need a translation for it, except Kimo's thoughts invaded my brain. *It means tube. But we all know it really means a cock.*

The dancers were soon back in grass skirts and gigantic, comical coconut bra tops, doing very bad *hula*. There was a mock human sacrifice and I glanced at the kids whose eyes were like orbs. They'd experienced real and sincere *hula* and had glimpsed bad *hula* at a couple of friends' weddings, but this was something else.

Cindy announced in Samoan and English that her warriors were in the house.

And suddenly, there he was. On stage, in a loincloth, gyrating to a bizarre rap beat. He was in a line of men, but I would have known him anywhere because he looked exactly like me, except his hair was short.

It was him. My long lost father. The one, the only, Cannibal King's Husband.

Chapter Eight

“Surprise,” Kimo shrugged. I sat in mute silence watching my father perform to more songs by Madonna. It was the worst kind of parody of the kind of shows Kimo and I did professionally and took very seriously. I struggled to come to terms with my father being a professional *fa’afafine*. And Nohea thought he’d be living a low-key life?

Actually, when I divorced my emotions from the issue, it made sense. Being a performer, a *fa’afafine* would give him some freedom perhaps, some special permission to be gay.

How had I not recognized him in the first number?

“*Mypaka*, we need to go backstage,” Kimo suddenly said as the show finished in a blaze of red and blue flashing lights. He picked up *Kamaha*, I held Baby Kimo in my arms and followed him.

“That was a really weird show, daddy,” I heard *Kamaha* say. “Even Grandpa Sammy dances better than that!”

We rushed to beat the crowd but by the time we got to the stage door, the performers had all left.

"What about Keneti?" Kimo asked a dancer who was still in his loincloth.

"She went home. Husband wants his dinner, I guess."

Kimo sighed.

We left the beer garden.

"He goes by Keneti, now?" I asked him.

"So I've been told."

I didn't bother to ask how he'd found my father, or any more details. I was still trying to absorb the show. It would have been amusing if my father hadn't been in it. Thousands of thoughts flew through my mind like fireflies. Mosquitoes started biting us in the hot evening air and Kimo waved them away. Baby K clung to me and suddenly I saw him. He was up ahead, coming out of McDonalds of all places, dressed like a woman, acting like a woman, a huge paper cup in his hand.

Kimo followed my gaze and I walked ahead. I didn't stop to think. It was the most surreal moment. I felt nauseous, petrified and excited all in one glutinous spiritual, spiral of a lump.

"Dad?" I asked and he glanced at me. He was laughing with another *fa'afafine* and for a second I knew he didn't think I meant him, but then he saw my face.

We could have been twins.

"Oh, Keneti," the other *fa'afafine* laughed. "Aren't you full of surprises!"

He said something to her I guessed was in Samoan and with a sharp glance in my direction, she walked the other way.

"It's you, isn't it?" he asked, looking me up and down. "My God. I can't believe it. How in the *hell* did you find me?"

Kimo arrived beside me and my father's gaze fell on *Kamaha's* face, a mirror of his own and mine. He looked stunned.

"Dad...Keneti...I don't know what to call you, but we're in trouble and —"

"I don't have any money if that's what you're after." His gaze suddenly traveled to Kimo's face. He was staring at the tribal tattoos that ran from Kimo's hairline down the entire length of his body.

In the fast-descending darkness, I *knew* that my father didn't believe this was about money. I saw real fear then and he back away, colliding with a man coming out of McDonald's.

"Those tattoos...I recognize them. No...no. I left all that behind me." He looked furious now. "I've been having dreams..." his voice faltered and he glared at Kimo. "You're the one! You've been in my dreams. I have news for you. I don't want anything to do with you." He glared at me.

"Either of you." His face twisted into an ugly rage. "Just stay the fuck away from me."

The man who'd abandoned me so many years ago, did exactly what came naturally. He walked away from me. No, to be precise, my father took off his high heels and ran down the street.

"That went well." Kimo looked pleased.

I stared at him. "Are you joking?"

"No, baby. We got under his skin. He's a bit of a jerk, your old cheese, but he'll come around."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

It took me a few seconds to realize both our boys were asleep. Kimo must have induced it so they wouldn't be aware of the whole ugly exchange with my father.

We took them home and I stood for a long time in the boys' bedroom, holding my tiny son in my arms until Kimo gently extricated him. *Kamaha* was also asleep and I touched his little face, wondering how my father could turn his back on these angels. Our wonderful, adorable children.

"Don't torture yourself, *Mypaka*," Kimo whispered. "Come on, baby."

Kimo held me tight all night and I felt bad that he was stuck with a man whose father was such a roué.

"You are an apple that has fallen so far from his tree, I can't even begin to compare you," Kimo

insisted. We didn't sleep much, but talked a lot and still, he didn't tell me how he found my father. He had just done it. And once again I was humbled by what my man had done for love.

The next day was Sunday and Kimo insisted we all go to church. I knew he had ulterior motives because in spite of his deep love of God and his strict spiritual belief in helping and healing everyone who needed it, he was not a devout churchgoer.

Wherever we went in the world, he prayed every day as a *Kahuna*, or High Priest, but he did not spend a lot of time kneeling in church.

"We must wear white," he said as we walked down the hill from our house down to the markets and stalls. We bought white lava-lavas and white T-shirts.

Kimo threw an extra set on the pile. "*Nohea* will need this."

"He's back?" I asked him.

The boys were ecstatic when we stopped for pastries at Cappuccino Vineyards.

Kamaha perched himself on my lap.

"*Mypaka*?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Who was the mean man?"

"What...oh..." I knew exactly who he meant.

"He looks like you and me, but he's mean. I

don't like him."

I blew out a breath, aware of my Kimos' watchful gazes. "That man is my father. Mine and your mother's. He left us when we were very young." I paused. "I don't like him either."

Kamaha thought about this. "So he's my grandpa?"

I nodded, stroking pastry crumbs from his face.

"But I already have two grandpas. I don't want another one. Especially a mean one."

"You can love your two grandpas, who love you very, very much." I realized in that second that Kimo's father, whom we all called *Papa Nui*, or Great Father, was not strictly speaking, *Kamaha* and *Keli'i's* grandfather. He was their great uncle, but he loved the twins and they loved him back.

"I miss *Papa Nui*," *Kamaha* sighed.

"Me, too," I said, kissing his cheek.

"Me, too, mama." Baby K stared at me and I knew he wanted a hug. I thanked God hugging your children was not illegal in Samoa and I grabbed my boys and held them.

Nohea materialized out of nowhere. The boys were happy to see him and gave him hugs. He looked happy and for a moment, it bugged me he was in collusion with Kimo on something I knew nothing about. The image of my father dressed like a woman swam into my brain and I realized Kimo doled out information to me as he thought I

needed it and could handle it.

We walked to a small bed and breakfast called The Princess Tui Inn. At the front desk, a smiling, pretty island girl handed Kimo a piece of paper.

"Your driver's license has been endorsed to a temporary Samoan license, Mr. Wilder. You said you would need it for one week. Should you and your family extend your stay, you will need to get a new license."

"Thank you, I won't be needing it." He signed the batch of car rental forms she handed him and I noticed her gazing at him as he dashed off his signature. He didn't seem to realize she was staring and he smiled at me and the boys.

"Who wants to go to church?"

"Me," squealed Baby Kimo.

"Not me," *Kamaha* insisted. "I want to go swimming." Kimo picked him up, tickling his belly until he laughed.

"Tickle me, too, daddy," Baby K begged and Kimo obliged. I took the car key from the attendant who stared from me to *Kamaha*. We had that effect on people. They constantly tried to figure us out.

"*Talofa*," the boys shrieked, waving at her from under Kimo's arms and she laughed then, waving back to them.

Outside, we found *Nohea* at the wheel of a shiny new blue Rav 4, waiting for us. He gave Kimo a

barely perceptible nod and we all climbed in. I was not used to driving with our children not safely secured in child seats, but we buckled them into the back between us and Baby K reached up for a kiss.

We drove home, put on our Island Sunday best and *Nohea* disappeared again. Kimo drove us up into the lush jungle and the boys sang songs in the back seat. I noticed a car following us closely and realized it was *Nohea* in an identical vehicle. I knew something was afoot and I caught the word, *switcheroo* from Kimo's mind and then he shut down on me.

In the dense, amazingly green jungle, a path marked by huge stones opened up and we veered onto it, *Nohea* almost colliding with us thanks to Kimo's sudden turn. We parked with a jumble of other vehicles and I spotted a blue church steeple peeping at us through the high tops of a cluster of *pandanus* trees. Kimo lifted the boys out of the back seat, his eyes glassy and I knew he was in trance. Part of him was with us, part of him was working with his ancestors. The boys ran ahead in their lava-lavas and I glimpsed my little boy's blond head as he ran into *Nohea* who picked him up.

I had no idea what was going on. I only knew I didn't like being so far from my boys. A little hand reached for mine and I looked down to see *Kamaha*

gazing up at me.

"Bad grandpa is here," he said, looking stricken.

I picked him up and he wound his legs around my waist, huddling close to me. Inside the church, people lined up at the door to give their donations. Two men sitting at a table worked together and I was astonished at the amount of money changing hands. One man took the cash, counting each donation loudly, twice, while the second man noted the payment in a huge book. Kimo handed him twenty *talas*.

He bent his head down and I didn't know what he said, but the man holding the money in his hand shrugged and the man beside him noted everything Kimo said.

My husband's gaze followed mine and I felt okay again. *Kamaha* and I followed him. *Nohea* was already in a pew next to a woman in a gigantic hat covered in fresh flowers. There were some outlandish hats in that church and Baby K kept trying to pluck blooms from the hat beside him, *Nohea* brushing his hand away.

We took our places beside him, Baby Kimo climbing onto his father's lap. *Kamaha* trembled in my arms.

"There he is," he whispered and I glanced across the church. My father was dressed in white sitting beside a massive, chunky Samoan man who

fanned his face with a thatch of *pandanus* leaves. It was certainly warm in the packed church with so many bodies close together.

My father's glance caught mine, his expression turning deadly, but I didn't care. He'd abandoned me, but I would not allow him to abandon his grandchildren so easily.

We sat through a lecture so full of fire and brimstone it terrified me, but the boys seemed to think it was an engaging theatrical performance. Even Baby Kimo stopped trying to pull flowers off hats. He was mesmerized.

The minister then did something I thought was bizarre. He opened the book, reading out the names of donors and the amount they had provided. Everybody murmured their approval until one family's donation of a single *tala* forced the father to stand and explain their meager offering.

"I was hit by a truck," he explained, rising to shaky legs, propped up by crutches. It seemed cruel, but the man seemed to understand and accept the system. "By a *palangi*. A foreigner. He left me for dead and I have been in the hospital for five weeks. My wife has managed the best she can. We are having hard times."

The congregation buzzed and for the first time, the man on crutches looked miserable.

"Do better next time," the minister said, leaving

me shocked until he continued. "Next, we have twenty *talas* from Mr. Kimo Wilder on behalf of *Lopaka* Wilder, son of Keneti Faiono and young Kimo Wilder, grandson of Keneti Faiono. Twenty *talas*!" The minister beamed at us. "Welcome to Samoa. Or should I say *aloha* to our *Hawaiian* cousins?"

The congregation buzzed like demented bees now and I felt the fury from my father radiating like a death ray. I glanced over and saw the look of total surprise on my husband's father's face.

As soon as services were over, Kimo's voice filtered into my brain.

Exit from the door on the left. Don't talk to anyone. Don't stop for anything. I will take the boys. Keep walking down the hill. I will get you.

I handed him *Kamaha* silently, but my sweet little nephew became agitated at our separation. I couldn't look at him as Kimo left the opposite way he'd told me to leave and I walked out with the tide, swept out into the welcoming fresh air and I felt a massive hand clamp on my shoulder. I could have guessed, but had to check, it was the cannibal king himself.

"Who are you?" he asked, but I had to follow Kimo's instructions. I broke away from him and ran as the Cannibal King roared, "Get that man. Get the *mahou*!"

Chapter Nine

I ran down the mountain, my tears tearing at my heart. I heard footsteps and stopped, thinking it was Kimo. It wasn't. It was my father.

"You ruined me!" he screamed. "Fuck, he's coming. Run!"

We took off together.

"I can't believe this is happening to me." He glanced over his shoulder and saw his terror. A big lumbering truck was on us and I pulled him over the shoulder and into a huge thatch of grass. He fell across me as the truck tried to grind to a halt.

It was speeding, unable to stop straight away, but when it did, I heard voices shouting in Samoan. My father pulled me up by my T-shirt and I felt a sudden calm.

"This way," I said, feeling a light pull, like a slender thread pulling at me.

"We can't go that way," my father screamed. "He'll catch us and beat the crap out of us!"

"Trust me," I said and my father stared at me. We ran the way Kimo's heart guided me and I almost laughed when I saw the gleaming blue Rav 4 waiting for us in the forest.

Kimo ran toward me, pulled me into his arms and kissed me. "I don't care who fucking sees us," he said against my mouth. He turned to my father. "You are under my protection now. He can't hurt you."

"Where are the boys?" I asked when I saw the SUV was empty.

Nohea has them. Please, trust me, baby.

My father climbed in front next to Kimo, I sat in back and we roared down the mountain road. The monster truck quickly followed, but Kimo seemed in complete control. He seemed to want the truck on our tail.

"I know you want to take me to *Hawaii*," my father said. "But I can't leave. If I leave, he will make sure I never see my daughter again."

"We'll take her with us," Kimo assured him.

"Daughter? You have a daughter?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

He looked at me and for the first time I saw his sheer and utter agony. "Don't think it was easy for me to give my children up. The *Kahuna* Council wouldn't let me love another man. I had no choice. I had to leave."

"I have another sister?" I asked, trying to follow

this as the SUV bounced all over the road.

"My husband fathered her. We adopted her. Her name is Isolina. She was supposed to come home...she's in the Marquesas Islands. She..." tears streaked down his face. "He will find her and kill her."

"Isolina?" No...it couldn't be. It was a coincidence. I closed my eyes, feeling suddenly sick. I'd thrown my own half-sister off our boat!

"We saw her," Kimo said and my father's face went slack.

"Is she okay? My husband...he beat her and she ran away. He told her if she came back, he would spare me..." he glanced over his shoulder and my husband stepped on the gas.

"Trust me," he said again and we hurtled down the mountain at breakneck speed.

Kimo veered off the track and switched off the engine. The truck lumbered past us and we waited. The engine ticked as if in protest to the work it had done and we turned again and headed a different way. We drove to Apia harbor and pulled up outside the inn.

"Take the key inside," Kimo instructed me and I saw the SUV *Nohea* had been driving, parked a little way ahead of us.

I ran into the inn and came out, Kimo's smile for me reassuring.

"Come on, baby, I can hear our daughter crying

from here."

"Our..."

"You have a daughter, too?" my father asked.

"Twins," I said, tears cascading down my cheeks. "Kimo, I can hear her, where is she?"

He pointed to the harbor and there stood my family on the boat, *Tutu's* gray curls bobbing as she waved frantically to me.

"Oh, Kimo," I moaned. "You brought my family here. I'm going to touch my children again."

My father's hand moved to my cheek.

"You love your babies, don't you?"

"We have three," I told him between breaths as we ran down to our dinghy on the shore, *Nohea* once again at the helm. "A twin boy and girl and Baby Kimo. My sister has twin boys, *Kamaha* and *Keli'i*."

"And your mother?"

"She died. I never knew her. She abandoned me. Just like you did."

We jumped into the dinghy and *Nohea* started the small motor, roaring out toward the boat as the Cannibal King ran to the shore, surrounded by a large posse of huge, scary looking Samoans.

"I will kill you all!" he screamed at us and my father twisted around in his seat, giving him the finger.

"Man, I've been wanting to do that for a long

time.”

We reached the boat and my *Tutu's* hands reached for me. *Keli'i* fought to get himself into my arms, my sister wept as I hugged her. My father shed a few more tears when he saw his mother, *Fyfa Campbell*, waiting to greet him.

He met our children, held my precious twins and hugged my sister who howled like a baby in his arms. Her husband, *Raul*, seemed to be fighting his own emotions and he kissed and hugged *Kamaha* and Baby *Kimo*.

“Where is Sammy? Where are your parents?” I asked *Kimo* when I realized they were all missing.

“They’re in the *Marquesas* with our private plane. They went to pick up *Isolina*. We will meet them there.”

“I can’t believe I kicked her off our boat. My own sister!”

“You were right, my love, in the end. She was our trump card. We wouldn’t have had much of a reason to get your father off the island if his love for her wasn’t so strong.”

He held me in his arms as baby *Pele* cooed up at me. We set sail and I worried the *Cannibal King* would follow us, but I knew *Kimo* could toss fireballs and all manner of obstructions in that eventuality.

I watched my father holding my baby *Kamapua'a* and I adored the way he touched my

precious boy's face.

"What about Katie and *Kahanu*?" I asked.

"Katie and Loki are with my parents and Sammy. *Kahanu's* below deck with *Nohea*, probably getting up to no good."

"Really? I'd like to get up to no good with you, Kimo."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"*Mypaka*?" I looked down to find little *Kamaha* smiling up at me.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"My new grandpa...he's not such a bad grandpa after all, is he?"

"No, he's not." I bent down and pulled him into my arms, *Pele* giggling as his kissed her forehead.

"*Mypaka*?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Tien-Lung is tired. Do you think it would be okay if he took a nap?"

"I think Tien-Lung has had a lot of adventure and should take a nice, long nap. Then he should think about having some lunch."

"Oh boy, lunch!" *Kamaha* ran from my arms and Kimo lifted me to my feet.

"I think a nap, or something resembling it, in a horizontal, private position would be very nice, too," he whispered in my ear.

"Really?" I asked, smothering a smile.

"Yes I'm feelin' a little horny in fact."

I laughed out loud. For the first time in weeks, life felt wonderful. I had no idea what would happen once we returned home, but I wondered now if Isolina was my missing trusted female as proclaimed by the Goddess *Pele*.

All I knew was I had the most wonderful family, a loving, hot husband who never failed to take my breath away.

"Mind keeping an eye on my cubs for me?" I asked my *Tutu*. "Just for a few minutes?"

"You and your husband, always with the *huli-huli*," she said, but she nudged me away, taking my little girl into her arms.

"One of the good things about being the only grandma on board," she said, "Is that I get da little *keiki*, the children, all to myself."

"What about *Fyfa*?" I asked her.

"Oh...I forgot about her. Well...I'm ready for battle, my boy."

Kimo and I ran to our cabin. I pulled at his pristine white lava-lava and I wondered how many Samoan women raced home from church on Sundays to rip their husbands' Sunday best to shreds.

It pleased me no end to push my husband to the bed and see that his cock was already hard for me. He smiled up at me.

"I love your face," he whispered. "Fuck me quickly. Just like this. "

We swapped little kisses, things getting serious very quickly. I grabbed my husband's cock and meditated on its beauty with my mouth.

Our baby girl started shrieking up on deck and I heard my father singing a Madonna song to her. Kimo and I laughed.

I wouldn't let Kimo get up from the bed to tend to her. She would have us both soon enough. I was too far gone. I was a *Hawaiian* man in love. I was a husband and father, and a tribal wife.

Unlike Boki, the king who left our people and never came back, I was going home.

Hawaiian Glossary

A Word about the Hawaiian Language:

There are 12 letters in the Hawaiian alphabet: the five vowels: a, e, i, o, u and the following consonants: k, l, m, n, p, v and w.

Until western missionaries arrived in the islands, there was no written Hawaiian language. The early missionaries worked at creating a written language. Though many Hawaiian words are long, they are actually pronounced as written – but here is a rule of thumb:

A is pronounced like a in ‘father’

E is pronounced like e in obey or fete

I is pronounced like i in marine or pique

O is pronounced like o in rose or vote

U is pronounced like u in rule

Ukulele for example is pronounced Ooo-ku-lay-lee
W in the middle of a word is often pronounced like a V

Vowel combinations:

Ai together are pronounced like aye

Ae together are pronounced ah-ay

Au and Ao sound the same: ow

Ou together are pronounced oo

Words *

A’a (ah-ah): a lava stone

Ala'e (Aha-la-ay): Mud hen

Ali'i (ah-lee-ee): Royalty

Aloha (Ah-low-ha): Love, a greeting, hello, good
bye

Aloha Aina (Ah-low-ha eye-na): Love for the land

Aumakua (Ow-mah-koo-wa): Family guardian
spirits

Awa (Ah-wah): Piper methysticum, also known as
kava. A non-addictive drink used by the *kahuna*
ceremoniously, it induces a euphoric state

Da kine (Dah-kyne): A local island expression
word frequently used for good, also, means 'like,
you know'

Ha (Hah): breath

Hale (Hah-lay): House

Hana (Hah-na): A town in Maui, also means work

Hanai (Hun-aye): Adoption, literally and
figuratively

Haole (How-lay): Foreigner

Hau 'oli la hanau (How oh-lee lah-hun-ow):
Happy birthday

Heiau (Hay-yow): Temple of the Hawaiian islands

Honu (Ho-noo): Turtle

Ho'oponopono (Ho-oh-pon-no-pon-no): To make
things right, family process for resolving problems

Hui (Hoo-ee): group

Hula: dance, a sacred dance

Huna: secret, to conceal

I'ao (Yow): Sacred mountain in Maui
Ike (Eee-kay): Spiritual knowledge, power
Iki (Ee-kee): Little
Ipo (Ee-po): Sweetheart
Ipu (Ee-poo) gourd

Ka: Exclamation of surprise: Ka!
Kahu (Kah-hoo) Guardian, caretaker
Kahuna (Kah-hoo-na):
Kai (ky): sea water
Kalakaua (Kah-la-kow-wa): Last Hawaiian King,
also the major thoroughfare in Honolulu
Kamapua'a (Kah-ma-poo-ah-ah): Revered Pig
God, lover of Goddess Pele
Kamehameha (Kah-may-ha-may-ha): Dynasty of
Hawaiian kings
Kamohoali'i (Kah-mo-ho-ah-lee-ee): Shark God,
brother of Pele
Kanaka (Kah-nah-ka): Local, islander
Kane (Kah-nay): Man
Kapu (Kah-poo): sacred, forbidden, taboo
Koa (Ko-wah): Native hardwood, also means
brave
Kokua (Ko-koo-wa): Help
Kukui (Koo-koo-ee): candlenut tree, also means
light
Kumu (Koo-moo): Teacher, source
Kupua (Koo-poo-ah): Spirit being
Kupuna (Koo-poo-nah): ancestors

Lahaina (Lah-high-na): Capital city of Maui, old

whaling town

Lanai (Lah-ny): Hawaiian island, also verandah

Lani (Lah-nee): Sky, heavenly

Lehua (Lay-hoo-wa): Flower of the Ohi'a tree, sacred to Goddess Pele

Lei (Lay): garland

Lili'uokalani (Lily-oo-oh-kah-lah-nee): Last Queen of the Hawaiian Islands

Lolo (low-low): Crazy

Lomilomi (Low-me low-me): Massage

Lono (Lon-oh): Hawaiian deity

Lua: (Loo-wah) Ancient form of dark arts, sorcery

Luau (Loo-wow): Feast

Mahalo (Mah-ha-low): Thank you

Mahalo Nui (Mah-ha-low-noo-ee): Many thanks, big thanks

Maika'i (My-ky-ee): Good, fine. Also, a Maika'i Card is a widely used discount card for Foodland supermarkets

Maile (My-lay): A fragrant vine used for ceremonial leis

Makai (Mah-ky): Toward the sea – a typical way to give directions in Hawaii

Makani (Mah-ka-nee): Wind

Makua (Mah-koo-wa): Parent

Mala'ma (Mah-lah-ma): Take care

Maluhia (Mah-loo-hee-yah): Peace

Mauka (Mow-ka): Toward the mountain – a typical way to give directions in Hawaii

Mana (Mah-na): Spiritual power, vital life force

Mele (May-lay): Song, chant

Menehune (Men-ay-hoo-nay): Hawaiian fairy folk, also an early race of people living in the Hawaiian Islands

Moi (Moh-ee): majesty, king or queen

Molokai (Moh-low-ky-ee): Hawaiian island, former leper colony

Ni'ihau (Nee-ee-how): The Forbidden Island, accessible only by invitation

Noa (No-wah): Freedom

Noho (No-ho): seat, possession by a spirit or god

Oahu (Oh-wah-hoo): Island

Ohana (Oh-hah-na): Family

Ola (Oh-la): Life, health

Olelo (Oh-lay-low): Language

Ono (Ohn-oh): Delicious, tasty, good

Pahu (Pah-hoo): Drum

Pakalolo (Pah-ka-low-low): Marijuana. Each region has its own colloquial variation such as Puna Butter, Kona Gold

Paniolo (Pan-ee-oh-lo): Cowboy (from the Portuguese language)

Pau (Pow): Finished

Pele (Pay-lay): Hawaiian Goddess of the volcanoes

Pilikia (Pee-lee-kee-a): Trouble

Pohaku (Po-ha-koo): Stone

Poi (Poy): A paste made of ground taro root

Pomaika'i (Poh-my-ka-ee): Blessed, fortunate
Pomaika'i au (Poh-my-ka-ee ow): Blessed am I
Pono (Po-no): Right, order
Pu'a'a (Poo-ah-ah): Pig
Pue'o (Poo-ay-oh) Hawaiian owl
Pule (Poo-lay): Prayer

Tapa (Tah-pa): bark cloth made from the mulberry tree

Taro (Ta-row): The most important food source for the Hawaiian people. This root crop is the basis for poi.

Ti (Tee): A plant of the lily family. Its leaves are used in ritual

Uhane (Oo-hay-nay): Spirit

Unihpili (Oo-nee-ee-pee-lee): Spirit of the deceased, often residing in the bones

Wa'a (Wah-ah): Canoe

Wahine (Wah-hee-nay): Woman

Wai (Wy): Fresh water

Waikiki (Wy-kee-kee): Capital city of Oahu

Wehiwehi (Vay-hee-vay-hee): Fish goddess

***Please note; all of these words appear in A.J. Llewellyn's books, though not in every story.**

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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