



# DEVIL NIGHT

A. J. LLEWELLYN

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# DEVIL NIGHT

BY

AJ LLEWELLYN

## DEDICATION

*To Herve, who is my Tem...*

## CHAPTER ONE

*D*ivine Thunder, are you flirting with the silkworm girl? my husband, Tem, telepathed to me.

"Hmm?" I tore my gaze away from her beautiful face. "No, my love," I lied, glancing back at the slender, attractive Japanese girl as she took a sip of her green tea and giggled. I hastily refilled her cup and Tem glared at me. She was eyeing the fresh and fragrant steamed Look Fun.

"You want some, Momoko?"

"If it is made with shrimp, yes, please, Jimmy." She called me by the name all my business associates did, but she managed to make it sound sexy. Her long, dark hair made me want to strip naked and roll into it. I wanted it running down the length of my –

Scratch that. I hailed the waitress, aware of my husband's furious stare. I had no clue what had come over me either. I was mesmerized. I tried not to stare at her perfect, perky breasts in the delicate white top she wore with slim, pinstriped black pants. I'm gay, as I always say, not blind. I can admire beauty, but Tem takes a dim view of my

leftover...appreciation of a woman's obvious assets. That's as far as my appreciation goes. I focused on Momoko's long, tapered fingers as she took the warm pot of sweet soy sauce and dribbled it over the food.

The waitress removed the lids of other bamboo containers, trying to palm off the same egg rolls she'd been peddling from her cart since we'd arrived an hour ago. She almost succeeded in surreptitiously sliding one onto the table with the dishes of Look Fun, except that Momoko caught her and waved the basket away.

Momoko was young, twenty-two, and she was like something out of an antique dealer's porcelain cabinet. I shifted my attention to the other women at our enormous table. Tem and I were playing hosts to our new silk workers and they were all lovely. My gaze came back to Momoko. She was different. She was something else. She sparkled in her demure way. I could not keep my eyes off her.

A bunch of kids ran in wearing Halloween costumes. It was the big day already and Tem was beyond excited. We were having a huge Halloween party that night. Tem watched the kids run to the kitchen.

"We want you all to come to our party tonight," he said, returning his attention to our group. "Don't we, Div?"

"Absolutely," I agreed.

"We're having a spook house and food, dancing and music. And costumes." Tem adored Halloween. He'd been planning this event for months.

"Do you celebrate Halloween in Japan?" I asked Momoko as she used her own personal red lacquered chopsticks to slide a portion of the noodles onto her plate. She handed the rest to me. I made quick work of giving Tem a slice and then scooped up the rest, signaling for more. This mollified our waitress somewhat.

I bit into the melting noodle dish and moaned. It was wonderful. Tem could hardly argue that point and suddenly, the world broke, uninvited back into the cloud cuckoo land in which I'd been floating. I was back at Legend Seafood, the busiest, noisiest, best dim sum restaurant in all of *Waikiki*.

"Oh, yes," Momoko said, her voice pleasant and lilting, like water over stones. I shook my head. What had gotten into me?

"We have Obon festival in the summer," one of the other girls said. I remembered her name was Ming. Momoko's dark eyes fell on her and the girl lapsed into silence. Interesting. Momoko liked to shine. She liked to be the star. Oh, this beauty had a sharp edge to her. I bet she was a tigress in the sheets.

*She reminds me of your ex, Nonita,* Tem telepathed to me.

Dang, he had a point there. Nonita however, was a friggin' head case. She was now in Tokyo opening a chain of strip clubs with Blossom, our unofficial family matriarch and queen of *Waikiki's* vampires.

"Go on, Ming," I said.

The young woman's cheeks turned pink, her gaze flittering from Momoko to me. "The Obon festival, where we honor the dead, is in summer. But in Japan we have started, over the last few years, to celebrate Halloween."

She lapsed into silence and bent her head to her rice bowl.

"We have something different. We don't trick or treat. We call it Kosupure," another girl said.

"I read about that." Tem's eyes gleamed. "Costume play. Tell me, are the costumes wonderful?"

Tem loved fashion and owned an operated a very successful clothing line, Thunderwear. Fabrics were his passion. We had hired these women to teach us about natural silk, all the rage in Asia and Europe.

"Some of them are," Ming said and glanced fearfully at Momoko.



Momoko's iron gaze shot from Ming straight to a new cart coming toward us piled with the taro puffs, a delicacy on the islands.

"Oh, they're fried," she mused. "Maybe I shouldn't—"

"Don't be ridiculous. These are the best. Try it." Tem snatched at a plate as our waitress inked the correct price code for the dishes on our tab.

"You, too, Div."

I sighed. "Okay, birthday boy." Tem sure was milking his big day for all it was worth. I couldn't say no to him on his birthday. I winced. I could never say no to him...ever.

"In Japan on Halloween," another girl ventured as Momoko bit into the feathery pastry, "we dress up in our favorite computer game characters, or anime. People also dress as ninja or samurai."

"Computer game characters?" Tem asked. "Which ones?"

"Oh," Momoko broke in, her face radiating sheer pleasure as she tasted the smooth, warm taro and pork filling. She giggled. "I could eat these all day."

Tem smiled. She'd just saved me a heated argument later on by saying those words. His face darkened when she asked for shark fin soup. Yes, it was a delicacy but Tem abhorred how the fins got into the soup, the cruelty that came with such a dish.

I had to look away when another soup circled the table. I saw a huge eyeball in it. I couldn't tell if it was a pig or a calf's eyeball, but Momoko inhaled it. For some reason, this tickled me. She passed on the egg tarts for dessert but she did enjoy the mango pudding. And as I took care of the check, she rose like a supermodel.

She slipped on a sheer white blouse, covering her arms, and slid white and black polka dotted gloves onto her hands. She'd been in *Waikiki* two days and never left the factory during the day without a parasol and her black hat. The sun, she told us, never touched her skin.

Momoko was the group leader and she made sure her ten co-workers, who traveled the world teaching companies like ours how to harvest and farm worms for commercially produced silk, were right behind her.

Tem and I followed their orderly line through the Chinese Cultural Plaza, past the statue of the Chinese revolutionary Sun Yat-sen, and across Beretania Street.

*Honolulu's* Chinatown is the oldest one in the whole of the United States. I took pleasure in the period architectural details blending with new additions.

"You're in love," Tem grunted and I took his hand in mine.

"Only with you, my love."

"You're...obsessed."

I laughed. "Baby, are you jealous of a...*woman*?" I tried to block my thoughts. Tem and I, being happily married vampires, could read each other easily. I was pissed that Momoko had put that stupid hat on her head and then the parasol.

*Overkill.*

*I will kill her,* Tem telepathed back to me and I grabbed him and held him to me.

Momoko walked fast but made it look sexy and elegant. I heard her sweet-mad giggle as she turned on *Maunakea* Street. Most of the girls turned their faces away from the rows of hanging pigs' heads outside the *Oahu* Market. Momoko stopped and gazed at one, colliding with an old Chinese man carrying a box of oranges.

We all stopped to help him collect them. He too, seemed mesmerized.

"I so sorry." He bowed to her, apologizing when she was the one who stopped right in front of him.

"Hai! Yes!" she said and continued on her way.

"She's something, isn't she?" I said.

"Yeah, she's a piece of work," Tem fumed. "Did you see the way she talked to that old man?"

I tried not to inhale the foul odor coming from some of the very old and funky markets. They looked ready to be condemned by the Board of

Health. We wove our way down the crooked section of the street.

I couldn't help remembering times past on this same street. Fish was always the predominant meat available in Chinatown. I remembered some of the market owners I knew so well, now long gone. Nostalgic for those times, I wondered what some of the original Chinese seamen turned store owners would make of the rash of changes to the old neighborhood.

Though much of Chinatown had been gentrified, most of it hadn't. Modern, geometrically designed art galleries seemed out of place tucked next to Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Laotian, Filipino, Vietnamese, Thai and Pacific Rim eateries. Tem and I frequented a couple of local *Hawaiian* plate lunch places. We were intrigued by an English tearoom on *Nu'uanu* Avenue that we'd never seen open. We loved these charming pockets, then hit decrepit parts that had a chilling vibe. They made us want to scurry past them. Are there ghosts? Hell yeah, there are ghosts. I see them all the time.

Some of them have been here since a random fire wiped out the hardy little locale in 1866. Most of the structures were made of wood, and when a spark was accidentally struck, it was hard to stamp out. The blaze raged for three days, wiping out almost the entire neighborhood.

It was rebuilt, but new fire regulations were ignored. I was in Chinatown thirteen years later, January 20, 1900 in fact, the day the fire department set a fire in the heart of Chinatown. They had quarantined all the residents after Bubonic Plague broke out. They decided to burn down all of the affected buildings, but the fire quickly raged out of control, once again destroying Chinatown, and leaving the area's seven thousand inhabitants homeless.

Many of those believed the fires were deliberately set, to squash the community's power in sea trade. I wasn't sure if this was true, but I stayed and helped put out those fires. I will never forget the pitiful Chinese people huddled naked in the streets, being hosed down with disinfectant by government officials. I will never forget their belongings piled up like pyres in the middle of the streets and torched as they cringed en masse, fearing they would be next for the fire.

Oh, yes, we have ghosts.

Tem has started to see them, more and more of them. Since he became my life partner, he sees children. They seek him out like the ghosts of crime victims seek me.

Two small dead children skittered past us, and Tem's eyes moistened. Children always break his heart and that in turn breaks mine. We watched

them disappear, their thin laughter replaced by a car's honking horn.

"Div," he said, and I held him a little bit closer.

"Was it bad back then?" he suddenly asked me, clearly invading my memories.

I shook my head. "There was the stench of sewage, because we had no proper facilities then, but the closer you got to the river, the cleaner it became. Sometimes —"

My mind drifted a moment. As I stood on *Maunakea*, it all felt very familiar. The markets and street level warehouses hadn't changed. People had died, ancestors mingling with the living. There were still dead fish with vacant eyes lying in barrels of ice, waiting to be bought.

"Div, look." I followed Tem's gaze. A row of slithery black lampreys, or vampire fish, lay on a bed of crushed ice, their canine teeth protruding from their jawless mouths.

*We couldn't eat those, it would be like eating kin*, I telepathed to Tem.

"I love vampire fish," Momoko suddenly said. "I know they put up a big fight when they're caught and I love how they attach themselves to fish much bigger than they are." Her eyes met mine and the sensation was odd. "They suck the lives out of their victims."

"Oh, Momoko," one of the girls said, looking shocked. "You're...not serious?"

She beamed. "Oh, but I am. They kill all the other fish in the sea."

Tem glanced at me. *She's an oddball*, he telepathed to me.

Sometimes Tem liked to dive right into my mind and swim my thoughts with me. He liked seeing things as I saw them and remembered them. As the girls forged ahead, we followed at a distance.

"Oh," Tem said. "I see that cop, the guy with the fedora. What was his name again?"

My heart gave a twinge. "Jardine. Detective Jardine." I blocked Tem from my thoughts for a moment. This wasn't a good sign. I only saw Jardine's ghost when danger was afoot. I didn't see his spirit on the street, only in my mind. I was just daydreaming, I told myself.

Tem grabbed my arm and we ran across the road. *Maunakea* Marketplace was doing brisk business as usual. Somebody had draped a black and orange *lei* around the statue of Kwan-Yin, goddess of compassion. Halloween colors. A few small pumpkins decorated her feet.

We purchased three oranges from Galiee, our favorite fruit market.

"Xie, xie, thank you!" Tem told the woman who owned it. She waved off our dollar bills, but Tem tucked them into a weighing basket out front.

People said Chinatown had been allowed to run down, that the drugs and the whores have been allowed to call the shots. Let me tell you, I have spent a lot of time here the last two hundred years and I've seen it survive one catastrophe after another. It rose from literal ashes after the two fires destroyed it both times. It's survived the plague, smallpox and the bombing of Pearl Harbor. It has always had rundown parts. My part of town was the river. I have always loved the Nu'uaniu River.

Momoko was the first one to enter our building. She dropped a piece of paper on the ashtray outside as she walked in. I looked at it and realized it was a fortune from her cookie in the restaurant. I couldn't resist reading it.

*Spirit is everywhere, all's right with the world.*

"Oh brother," Tem snapped and threw it back in the ashtray.

I kissed him. It had been his wonderful idea to open our own factory with certified silkworm manufacturers in the heart of downtown Honolulu's Chinatown. We had purchased an old warehouse right opposite the canal on River Street. This was an otherwise horrible part of an historic district. It was so rundown that the beat cops walked around in pairs. Street people gathered to sleep here, and violence was common.



Beyond the canals, we had views of the ocean. To the east, the *Aloha* Tower was visible from the new windows. It made me feel good, snapping up the decrepit property that had been condemned. When Tem and I bought it, we discovered a homeless camp inside it. We also found some other pretty gruesome things in it. Pagan altars with dead, burned animals, human feces, you name it. Fixing it up had been a total labor of love for us. We had turned it into a replica of a Chinese silk emporium from the old days, painted it jade green and installed red-painted iron trim.

We'd transformed the four-story building for Tem's entire Thunderwear clothing line, but especially to develop his new line of hand woven silk shirts. It was already a huge success and he had been clever to join in the new Eastern craze for making silk out of silkworms.

Momoko held the door for the others as they entered the factory production room. I held the door for Tem and we took the time to visit our statue of Kwan-Yin in our entranceway. We'd done everything our family matriarch Blossom said we should do. We gave our protective goddess fresh fruit in odd numbers (four is considered a very bad, unlucky omen in Chinese culture, signifying death).

We lit fresh incense and bowed to Kwan-Yin, who stared outside at the world, as Blossom said

she should do. We took the elevator to the second floor.

"I fell in love with you completely the first time you fucked me in an elevator," Tem said. "Do you remember, Div?"

"Remember? How could I forget? I couldn't wait to fuck you."

We both drifted for a sweet moment with our own memories.

"I am your slave," I told him as the elevator pinged and we emerged at the factory level. The women twittered and I watched as Momoko peeled off her layers of garments and uncovered a box of silkworms.

"They are almost finished with their two day *min*, their sleep," she said.

I already knew the gigantic worms had feasted on impossibly large mulberry leaves for thirty days. This period was called *rei*. This was why we waited until today to take the girls to lunch, when all our workers were not involved in the arduous process of feeding the worms.

She smiled, twining a strand of silk in her fingers, transferring the first fine threads to a hand-pulled loom. The worms in her long, lacquered box looked dead, but they were, she assured us, sleeping. Producing all that silk looked like damned hard work. I was fascinated, both by

the young woman's beauty and her inherited culture.

She examined tray after tray of sleeping, puffy worms and touched a few with tenderness.

"Just so." Her smug smile revealed a full set of perfect, white teeth. In my days as a skirt chaser, I never met a girl like Momoko. Oops, Tem's thoughts jumped into mine. I kept forgetting he could read them. His expression was one of righteous indignation.

"Focus, Div," he said.

"Of course, baby." I gave him my best smile and his eyes narrowed a little. I'd be paying for the little trip down sexual memory lane. A sudden flash of being fucked by Tem made my smile widen. He shook his head and laughed.

Everybody watched as Momoko showed us how the silk took to the loom.

Once our own staff mastered the art of silkworm farming on a commercial scale, the team we'd hired to train us could return to their lives in Tokyo.

Tem grunted as I tore my gaze from the beautiful young Japanese woman and glanced back at him.

*Yes, Div, Momoko is beautiful. I grant you that,* he telepathed to me.

Oh, yes, she was beautiful. Her gaze shifted to my face, then at Tem's and hastily returned to the gossamer threads on her fingers.

Tem handled all the silent looks pretty well, but then he knows I love him, that he is my life, my calling.

Momoko stood now and moved over to the window, her shiny head of long, evenly trimmed locks falling over her shoulders. I'd never seen her smile until our dim sum meal and I was curious if she had a mouthful of bad teeth, but no. They too were sheer artistry.

Over lunch she told us she lived in Tokyo with her family and had spent her teen years addicted to an anime computer game called Bishōjo. She was so obsessed she never left the house and her family had sent her to live with her aunt in Hokkaido, where things were so backward, there were no computers and no such thing as Bishōjo.

She rebelled against learning about silkworms and mourned her computer addiction. Rebellion gave way to sheer boredom and she discovered a love for worms.

"Are worms better than computer games?" I asked her now and she laughed.

"To me, yes. To me, this is a new game. I master every game I play. Bishōjo is a game only played in my country. A game for girls." She tilted her head appealingly. "Making silk, it's not just for

girls." She gave us a wistful smile. She might be making a fortune now getting silk out of worms. She was a powerful, successful, beautiful young woman but behind it all, I sensed a young girl still yearning for her world of computer make-believe.

We once again invited all the girls to our Halloween party that night, assuring them we would send a limousine to the lobby of the apartments we'd rented for them at the *Ilikai* Marina. We weren't sure who would make it, but we made it clear they were welcome and wanted.

"You must dress up," Tem told all the girls, hugging them. He was a little reserved with Momoko, who was checking the temperature in a warmed, breeding box. Her dazzling smile sure charmed the pants off me though. I thought she was gorgeous.

Tem threw himself at me as we left, to leave her in no doubt as to whom I belonged.

"I'm not interested in her," I said. "I think she's stunning, but she's a bit of a weirdo. Besides, I only ever want to fuck you. Tem, I worship you."

"Humph," he said and kissed me as the spanking-new elevator arrived. Momoko came out of her office just as Tem was pressing himself against me, feeling me up. She looked surprised and raced to the sewing suite where the first line-up of shirts was already being made.

Tem looked happy. *Yeah, she knows your ass is mine*, he telepathed to me. I thought about fucking him between floors, but I had another idea in mind for my beautiful husband.

We walked along the street to the parking lot on *Maunakea*, holding hands. We passed the fish market and various fruit markets. The smells veered from rancid to wonderful and back again. Outside the Christian Mission, homeless people lined up for the late afternoon, early dinner session. They made no eye contact with anyone passing by and my heart went out to them. The smell coming from some of them was simply horrendous.

"I know," my gorgeous husband said. "Let's invite the homeless people to our party!"

"Oh, no you don't," I said keeping my voice low. I pulled him back as his sexy feet stepped off the curb. "We can't have those people in our home!"

"Div, this is so mean of you. They're hungry. They're lonely. We'll show them a good time."

"And then what?" I hissed, thinking about all the money we'd shelled out having our recently trashed valuables restored. I could see it happening all over again...and worse.

"Div. We'll give them jobs!"

"Jobs? Are you nuts? They stink of...stink."

A breeze picked up and believe me the stench was intense.

Tem paused. "Maybe you're right. We've invited so many people anyway and...wait, is that woman wearing a diaper?"

My gaze followed his and sure enough, one homeless woman in line had dropped her running pants. She was wearing adult diapers and her legs were covered in track marks. A man squatting beside her flicked at her skin, a needle in his hand.

Tem's eyes widened. You didn't see people shooting up so brazenly on the street. Not in Chinatown outside the Mission. I yanked my husband along the street with me, trying to block the sensation of something being very wrong.

We retrieved our big, sexy new Fiesta red 1966 Lincoln Continental with the suicide doors and white leather seats with extra legroom. Tem had bought it for me to replace the one I had for years before it had been stolen. Though we'd tracked it down, it was in possession of an old man who'd bought it from the thief. He had no idea he was driving a stolen car. I didn't have it in my heart to take it from him and Tem found us a new baby. It was a smooth ride and I enjoyed every second driving along *Ala Moana* Boulevard. Tem swung his legs around and put his feet on my lap, as was his custom. He rifled through the iPod menu and plucked *Night Club Hula* for our journey. It was an

excellent choice. Jaunty, yet sexy. Road and Fuck Me music.

"What is it about that Japanese girl you liked?" Tem asked.

"I don't know. There's something...not quite real about her."

"If you mean her titties, I checked them out. They're soft. I think they're real." His face looked downcast.

"I am not a tit guy, Tem. I am a cock guy, in case you hadn't noticed."

He grinned as we turned onto Queen *Kapiolani* Boulevard, past the porn book shop excuse me, emporium, where Tem and I once bought sex toys for my sister Heavenly to enjoy with her new girlfriend Clancy. It was a little surreal since Clancy just happened to be my ex. I discovered I was gay at the same moment my sister announced she was. We were out of the closet on our sexuality, but not about being vampires. Being vampires in *Waikiki*, correction, gay vampires in *Waikiki*, was fun, but not everybody would appreciate it.

Tem was thrilled about our first Halloween and the big shindig he had planned. Me, I could pop a porn DVD on the TV, roast some marshmallows and suck that man's cock all night and be very happy, thank you. But oh no, my husband had to have a party. He'd even borrowed a tiara for his



elaborate ball gown costume. Not that it requires much in the way of an actual reason for Tem to put on a tiara. He is the handsomest, sexiest guy there is with a peculiar little bent. He loves jewelry. We'd dropped by the silk factory and now he was excited because we had a tiara in the trunk. We'd celebrate Halloween his way and once everybody went home, we'd spend the remainder celebrating it my way.

I hoped.

Without thinking too much about it, I screeched to a stop a little way past the sex emporium.

"What are you doing?" he asked me.

"Let's stop in and say hi."

"I wonder if that hot new store manager is there," Tem said. I glanced at him. He's been talking about the hot new store manager for a couple of weeks.

Tem and I met as gay porn stars. In my case, I'd been gay for pay until I feel hard for him. Somehow, our departure from porn created a whole new career in re-releases. Ever since we came by to autograph a batch of the new DVDs he'd been a part of our fantasy repertoire in our bedroom. But I was about to do something I never thought I'd do...I was going to let Tem have him.

We walked in and the store manager, whose name was *Kaipo*, looked up, ecstatic to see us. Well, ecstatic to see one of us anyway. Tem made

a splendid job of looking like he wasn't drooling over the six foot tall slab of hot *Hawaiian* muscle. He moved over to check out the latest gay porn DVDs whilst *Kaipo* unashamedly checked out my man.

"Anyone using the glory hole right now?" I asked *Kaipo*.

"Hmm?"

I repeated the question.

"Um...no."

"You want to suck his cock?"

*Kaipo* stared at me.

"Turn off the security cameras. I don't want this recorded. I'll get him in the booth and you put your lips to the hole and you can blow my baby."

He opened and closed his mouth and I almost changed my mind.

"There are three of us here," he said, the cheeky bastard. "We'd all love to blow him."

"Okay." I shrugged. After all it was Tem's birthday. It was also our big Halloween night and I was giving him a few tricks with his treats.

I walked over to Tem and put my hand on his crotch. He bulged pretty hard in his tight leather pants, and for a second I wondered if I could go through with it. But then I became turned on at the thought of three guys, two of them total strangers, blowing my hot, hung husband.

Tem grinned and showed me the DVD in his hand. "Want to buy this one, Div?"

"I want you put that down and come with me."

His gaze moved down to his cock. My fingers were massaging the beautiful head through the buttery-soft leather of his hand-stitched pants. I loved knowing that underneath, he was waxed hair-free, by me, and that his balls and cock were enclosed in a tight gold cock ring.

Tem's gaze turned lusty. "You are being such a bad boy, Divine Thunder."

"Not as bad as you're going to be, you beautiful slut." I took his hand and as we passed through the door that led to the stall containing the glory hole, I was aware of *Kaipo* running to the other side of it.

I kissed Tem as I closed the door and took down his pants. The room was dark, perfect for all those dirty deeds, you know. He was commando, the way I liked, his huge cock hard and looking for a good time. I kissed him and pointed to the glory hole. As we looked over a mouth appeared in the carved out round hole.

Tem gasped.

"There are three men on the other side ready to blow you. Have fun, baby."

His feverish eyes registered shock as well as desire. I'm a vampire, I see best in the dark and I

saw his excitement as well a tremor of apprehension.

"I can't do that, Div. We have a covenant between us."

"But I'm allowing you to do this. Our covenant remains unbroken. None of them can fuck you. Your ass is mine. But *Kaipo* there is screaming for your cock. Tem, I am right here and I love you."

*Kaipo's* anxious tongue kept up a lapping motion through the hole as we discussed this.

"Are you sure?"

"One time only deal, baby. Snooze, you lose."

"I fucking love you, Div." Tem shuffled over there as fast as his leather pants pooled at his knees would allow.

Soft, gurgling moans came from *Kaipo's* throat as he took my baby's massive wang into his mouth. They had all seen his movies, they had salivated over his enormous tool, but none of them quite believed how big it really is. In his porn star days, he was a hot and heavy bottom, highly sought-after because of that big dick.

*Kaipo* gagged for a moment and I watched Tem ease back to give his guy a chance to get used to his size. Tem braced his hands against the wall of the cubicle and I watched him find a hot new groove with the mouth that sucked him so well. Tem's head went back as his cock disappeared between the guy's hungry lips. He was giving him

a decent workout now and I watched my husband's body slam against the glory hole, the cock ring glinting in the dark.

"Oh fuck," he screamed. "This is great!"

On the other side of the wall, *Kaipo* was jerking himself off and must have come because the noise he was making suddenly stopped. A second mouth appeared and Tem panted. He wasn't even close to coming, but he was very excited.

"Oh, Div," he whispered. "I think this is Kevin sucking me."

Kevin was a big, burly bouncer who always said he was straight—don't they all? — but he sure knew his way around a man's cock. He pushed Tem back with two fingers and snarled through the hole, "Gimme your nuts."

Tem obliged and gasped again as the big guy sucked his balls into his mouth. Tem wanted his cock sucked again and poked it back through the hole but no mouth was there. He pulled back and looked at me. An ass hole appeared. I saw fingers holding the ass wide open and I stared at my husband who waited for my permission.

"This is the hottest thing," he muttered and spat on the ass, working his magic stick into it. Tem could not get close enough to fuck that ass. The guy who owned it slammed back as hard as Tem ploughed into him.

"Give it to me, fucker, give me that ass," Tem muttered. "Fuck, his ass is tight." His head went back again. "Oh fuck, Div. I can't come unless you're touching me. Shit. Nothing...nobody feels like you do. I need you, baby."

"You give it to me," the man on the other side screamed. "Fuck my hole."

I scooted over to my hot and sweaty man and fingered his own hole. His ass moved back against my cock and I entered him. Tem's ass felt amazing, warm and wanting and he kept begging me to fuck him, to make him come. We came together, his head against my shoulder, my tongue at the raging pulse in his throat and in the second he came, I bit into him, enjoying the sensation of his blood ripping through my nervous system again.

When it was over, he pulled his still hard cock out of the hole. We held onto each other.

"I want to go home, Div. I want to punish you for that."

Slicking the two puncture wounds at his throat closed with one final lick, I whispered into his mouth, "How are you going to punish me, baby?"

"With my cock in your ass."

"I can't wait." I pulled up his pants and tucked my favorite sex toy in all the world inside of it and zipped him up again. The orgasm left him replete

and we shared a sweet kiss full of nighttime promise.

“Geez, I think I’m actually walking funny.”  
Tem grinned all the way back to our car.

## CHAPTER TWO

On the drive home, something felt off to me. I couldn't shake off the feeling of something being very wrong. I didn't care what that fortune cookie said. Spirit might have been everywhere, but I didn't feel all was right with the world.

I tried to show my enthusiasm for Tem's elaborate plans for our evening festivities but all I could think about was our beloved home being taken over very soon by hundreds of guests. At least this time, we were prepared for an invasion. The last time we'd actually been attacked by Vietnamese eunuchs belonging to a vampire Nguyen lord who abducted Tem and took him hostage, trying to exchange him for our nephew, *Akua*. This was a bad idea. *Akua* just happens to be a storm demon who entered his demonic version of the *terrible twos* the second he was born. Struck by lightning, our vampire baby turns into a fully formed demon if his skin doesn't touch water every half hour.



I love him, but then the kid does have me wrapped around his cloven foot...I mean claw...er, I mean his little finger. We wouldn't have to worry about him tonight, however. His papa, who is Tem's brother, *Todah*, and his wife, *Elenai*, were in *Maui* setting up their new home. Like me, they're not big on Halloween, but I, being married to Tem, valued my place in our marital bed. I didn't like to think about where I might wind up sleeping if I were to continue moaning about our big Halloween party. When the words *Div*, *dogs* and *houses* were mentioned in the same sentence, I pasted a smile on my vampire whites and agreed to everything.

Our new Lincoln purred like a plump, happy kitten as we took the long, winding private road to our home at the top of Tantalus.

"Don't you love this car?" Tem asked, reading my thoughts. He kept his feet on my lap, his head out the window. He was in a very good mood after our spectacular, piggy sex, and he catnapped with a gleam of pride in his face.

"What is it?" he suddenly asked me.

"What do you mean?" I was jolted by his sudden burst of clarity.

"Your hand is like a vice grip on my ankles, Div. Something's bothering you."

"No, no," I protested. My voice sounded weak to my own ears, but Tem wanted to believe me.

He was so excited about the evening ahead he didn't want to put thought to any possible problems.

"Div, it's going to be the best Halloween party ever." He yawned and I longed to be home in bed with him.

We'd had a few deaths on our property in the battle for Tem. Two eunuchs and our own property manager Jose. We were handling things okay without Jose, reluctant as we were to replace him with anybody. Our family secrets are many and Jose had been with me and my sister, Heavenly, for so long, losing him had been very tough. We still weren't quite over the drama of cleaning up the house and hunting for my Lincoln. Then we got saddled with a fake art historian...oh, we'd been through the mill. Even our horses were feeling the weight of unsettled energy. They were still in trouble with Tem for munching their way through our plants and vegetables when Jose was killed and Tem and I were busy fighting for our lives.

I knew something was wrong and it gnawed at me. It was not an acute, life-or-death to my family kind of wrong, but *wrong* all the same.

We pulled into the driveway of the massive house we shared with my sister Heavenly and her wife, Clancy. Technically speaking, Clancy was my wife. I'd married our favorite Australian to

keep her in the country legally, but she and Heavenly were bonded in blood, just like me and Tem.

Tem greeted the army of caterers, event planners and crewmen preparing our grounds for trick-or-treaters. Clancy came out with a long list in one hand, a huge, fuzzy ball of bright pink cotton candy spun onto a wooden stick in the other.

"We call this fairy floss back home in Australia," she said. "It tastes just the same." She paused. "I miss Mr. Whippy."

"What's Mr. Whippy?" asked Tem.

"The Australian version of an ice cream truck." She shook her head as if loosening the grip of nostalgia.

"All the neighbors are coming. We have on site three cappuccino carts, four shave ice trucks, five popcorn and six ice cream stalls, two Malasada trucks, two cotton candy booths, two henna tattoo artists, a gypsy fortune teller and..." she gave a dramatic pause, "the spook house is now installed."

"Wow." Tem glowed with pleasure. "Can we try out the spook house?"

"Not yet. They're still tinkering with it and the actors who pop out of the walls and stuff aren't in it yet. They're all coming at seven o'clock."

We have a huge property and Tem's one concession to me was that we were keeping the party outdoors. Our house, now beautifully refurbished, would be off limits. Our cat Moontime peered out of the kitchen window and meowed at Tem, who leapt into action. Moontime was ready for his *ahi* tuna supper. I followed Tem indoors and planned to make the most of the few short hours I would have my man to myself.

"Here you are little guy." Tem shelled out thick slabs of ahi tuna for our cat. He eyed the last piece still left in its paper wrap.

"No, baby." Tem stroked Moonlight's soot-colored head. "This will be a late night snack." Moontime's flashing look was deadly. Tem laughed as our cat jumped from the counter, his eyes reflecting the fury he felt, his tail swishing dangerously.

"Ruh-oh," Tem joked. He turned to me. "You want a little fun in the shower before we have to get ready?"

My tongue was hanging out of my head already. I raced him to the bedroom. Moontime got there first and lay in the middle of our bed Sphinx-like, as if challenging us to move him. We threw off our clothes and Tem's half-hard cock sprang forward. He removed the cock ring from his groin.

"Wow, that feels better. It made me want to pee like crazy."

I followed him to the bathroom. I felt a nice glow after our wonderful glory hole session.

"Tem, I want to have a very nice, sexy shower together."

"Can I molest you with my loofah?"

"What kind of molestation did you have in mind?" I asked. Tem just laughed. So, that's how he wanted to play it. He wanted to leave me guessing. We sponged each other in naughty places and then dried each other off. Tem ran into the bedroom, checking his list. He was so organized he even had specific timelines for every little thing. I lay down on the bed, wondering where our cat had gone, but I became distracted quickly. I watched Tem's gorgeous body move. My cock would not go down. His chest muscles rippled as he moved across the room. I lay naked on our bed, a cool breeze coming from the window. I thought about the glory hole and how hot it was and started stroking myself.

Tem was busy on the phone, enquiring about goodie bags for our guests.

"Where are they?" he asked the vendor.

I kept staring at him, thinking about how much I enjoyed watching those guys sucking him. Sex between the two of us was always really hot and we had a fantastic time in bed, but sometimes

stroking myself was really nice too. Ask any man. I kept fantasizing about our little sex train in that bookstore and how I fucked him in the ass as he fucked the guy through the wall. God, that was hot. My cock was getting nice and hard when Tem glanced up and caught me on the verge of coming.

"Div," he said, hanging up on whomever he was talking to, "I am a little upset you started without me."

I grinned, but didn't stop what I was doing. "Please forgive me, baby."

He sat beside me and pinched the base of my cock to stop me from coming too soon. I gasped. I was so close! I looked up at Tem who knelt on the bed beside me.

*You are completely at my mercy,* he telepathed to me and I almost came on the spot. He bent his lovely head to me and sucked my cock into his mouth with savage grace. I watched him release me again; he was playing with me now. His fingers and tongue danced over the shaft. I watched how he kept a hand on it, stroking lightly, enjoying the feel of it.

"Feed it to me," he demanded and I shoved it back into his mouth. He pulled away, spat on the head of my cock. For some reason, this inflamed me. His mouth and his spit made it very slick and slippery. His fingers stopped, as if he wanted to feel the heat of my shaft against his tongue. They

resumed their relentless rhythm on me again and then he started sucking.

I gave my cock up to him, watched him giving me pleasure through half-closed eyes. I told him how good it felt.

"Tem, I need to come so badly, baby."

He took his mouth from me, a small smile on his lips when he saw the ribbon of pre-come and he lapped it up quickly. I was really about to explode and couldn't believe it when he took his mouth off me.

"No," I gasped. "Oh, no."

He pinched the base of my cock again and I once more lost the immediate urge to come, whilst staying hard. He leaned over and kissed me. I could taste myself in his kiss and I started going crazy then. He moved back and put his mouth back over my cock. His fingers stroked my thighs and balls and I started to come again. This time he didn't thwart me. He allowed me my need and yes, he had a few of his own. He was a come whore, *my* come whore and I gave a strangled cry as I came in his mouth. When it was over, he smacked his lips.

"You are so juicy and sweet, Div."

I was delirious as he licked and kissed my face. His own arousal had drawn out his fangs and I turned my head so my beautiful man could feed. His rigid cock thumped against my leg as he fed.

"Fuck me," I roared, but he was too busy replenishing himself.

"Your ass is mine," he said, wiping his mouth when he was done. "I will fuck you all night, anyway, anytime I want."

That wouldn't be too difficult. I was going to be dressed as a Roman centurion. That meant I would be wearing a tight leather vest, short pleated leather skirt and since my husband had sewed this ensemble himself, I was guessing I'd be donning pretty flimsy, useless underpants.

Maybe all was well with the world after all...



## CHAPTER THREE

The tiki torches were all lit, emblazoning the entire roadway to our property. It really did look stunning. A huge *pu'eo*, a rare *Hawaiian* owl, hooted in a tree, giving us blessings and an extra spooky tinge to the proceedings. We expected our first guests at any moment. Our porn star friends were probably going to be fashionably late, but the families with kids would be here any moment.

"Sky's a weird color," Tem suddenly said. He was dressed as Lucrezia Borgia. He'd taken a few historical liberties and looked amazing in his ball gown accented with leather and lace. Of course, he was also wearing his favorite tiara. Even cross-dressing he was the hottest man alive. Or undead...or whatever.

"Do you think it's going to rain?" He glanced up at the sky, his tiara tipping a little. I stretched out a hand and straightened it.

"No," I said, hoping a sudden gust wouldn't kick up my Roman skirt and show off my dangly

bits to the entire world. Our first guests trooped up the path. It was the Cantano family, all eight of 'em, two parents, six kids. They all wore bed sheets with circles cut over their eyes, noses and mouths. I knew which one was Mrs. Cantano.

Her belly bulged and so did my eyes. She was pregnant again. Man, she needed a break.

The kids all pointed at my costume and laughed. "Where's your pants?" they kept asking. I fumed silently that while I was teased, my husband dressed like a woman got oohs and aahs.

"I wish I'd worn something longer," I griped. I was grateful Tem had let me wear boxer briefs under my costume. Still, the kids laughed.

Although the Cantano kids all held gigantic plastic pumpkin buckets for trick-or-treating, Tem insisted they were too small and handed them new ones.

"Enjoy yourselves," he said. "We have pony rides and ice cream right over there."

He indicated the red and white striped tent in the distance and the kids ran off.

"I smell cotton candy," Mrs. Cantano said and I pointed her in the right direction. Tem felt me up as the next guests arrived. Our party started early and fast and I forgot to be offended. I was so jazzed by the increasingly inventive costumes, I forgot to be embarrassed about my own. There were kids dressed as SpongeBob Squarepants,

there was a plethora of *menehune*—the *Hawaiian* version of gnomes—goblins, witches with hooked noses, and one woman dazzled everybody dressed as Tippiie Hedren from the movie *The Birds*. She wore a powder blue skirt and jacket and had fake blackbirds glued to her body, hat and her back. I could tell where she'd been because I kept finding black feathers strewn on the ground.

Clancy and Heavenly were dressed as a vampire couple, their own canine teeth drawing lots of admiring glances.

We saw a young family trooping up the driveway.

"It's that new cop from the mainland, Oliver Huston. They're dressed as clowns, but look at their poor kid. That is one lame-assed outfit," Tem hissed to me as the parents led their young daughter through our front gates. "Look at that poor little girl. That's her school *hula* skirt. I just *know* it's a school uniform."

I shrugged. "Times are tough, babe. People don't have money."

"But it's Halloween," he insisted. As they neared, Tem smiled at the little girl. "That's a very pretty costume," he said kindly.

"It's not a costume. It's my school uniform."

"She wanted to wear it," her mother said, pasting a bright smile on her face.

"No, I didn't!"

Her mother skewered her with a warning look. "Yes, you did."

"I did not! I wanted to dress as a ninja."

"Oh," Tem said, "we have some spare costumes. You want to dress up as a ninja?"

The little girl looked at her mother, the pleading expression almost heartbreaking.

Her mother was hesitant. "How much is it?"

The little girl looked glum.

"How much?" Tem laughed. "Where's your *aloha* spirit?" He beckoned Clancy over to us. "It's a gift."

"A gift?" The mother's mouth gaped. "You can't do that!"

"You don't know my husband," I said.

"Husband!" She pumped her fist into the air. "I just *knew* you were gay. And I thought you were a couple." She pointed at Clancy and me. She slapped Tem's arm. "You're gay. That's why you're so nice."

Her husband looked appalled, but she was too busy shepherding her daughter off with Clancy to notice.

"Where's the booze?" he asked as soon as she was out of earshot.

"No booze," I said. That had been the one condition on which I allowed this event to take place. I didn't want a bunch of drunks ruining our

property. "There's three different kinds of tropical punch over there by the red canopy."

"Weird night," he suddenly said.

"Excuse me?"

He pointed to the sky. "The clouds...there's fire in the sky."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, getting pissed with this guy now.

"I'm a cop you know. We had bad fires a few years running in Detroit."

"Detroit? Is that where you're from?"

He nodded. "They called them Devil Night. It brings out the evil in people."

I felt a tremor of something deeply unpleasant as he said the words *Devil Night*.

"So," he said. "You weren't kidding about the booze by any chance?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Cripes," he muttered as he stomped away, tripping on his clown shoes. "No booze..."

The guests continued arriving. A tall couple in white costumes holding masks to their faces, walked right by us without saying a word.

They deliberately ignored our greetings.

"Guess they're in character," Tem said, but I could tell he was hurt.

We watched them circle the crowd. They did everything in sync. Each step, each gesture was a

pantomime. They registered no reaction to anything going on around them.

"Any idea who they are?" Tem asked me.

"They're assholes and we don't know any of those."

Tem looked at me and we laughed together.

I was happy to see some kids in very inventive costumes. There were a couple of bears, a novelty I guess since we didn't have bears in the island. Baby twin girls dressed as cats, with whiskers and pointy ears, were just adorable. Their mother came as Linda Blair from the movie *The Exorcist*. Her face was greenish white, blood splattered from her nose and mouth. Her matted hair was very convincing.

"I'm carrying a can of pea soup," she said. "I didn't think you'd appreciate me barfing all over the place."

"Your makeup is incredible," Tem said. "You really look like her."

"It'll take me ten years to wash it all off," she said with a laugh.

A group of guys arrived dressed as Michael Jackson and some of the other characters from his *Thriller* video. They carried a boom box playing the song and sadness washed over us. It was still hard to believe the King of Pop had died.

"We're gonna perform the whole number later," one of them told us. Tem and I were, well, thrilled to hear this.

Clancy appeared at my elbow. "I can't find Moontime. Did you hide him some place?"

"No." Come to think of it, he disappeared as Tem and I were showering.

"People do bad things to cats on Halloween," she glowered.

"Not our cat," I said. "He's a feisty boy, you know."

"He's probably out chasing night birds," Tem said, "even though he is not allowed."

Our porn star friends arrived wearing hippie costumes from their latest movie *Sexspell*. In spite of giving up our career, we'd kept our friends. None of them knew we were vampires. They just thought we'd gone nuts giving up a lucrative career. A lot of gay air-kissing ensued.

I heard some slippa-shuffling. Our crazy old neighbor Sebastian had showed up in his customary bathrobe. I looked him up and down.

"Who the hell are you supposed to be?"

"What do you think?" he huffed. "I'm a dirty old man."

"Excellent," said our old friend and former porn director Billy Flamingo. He was dressed as Patsy Stone from the series *Absolutely Fabulous*. He held an empty bottle of champagne in one hand

and a cigarette in the other. His new boyfriend was dressed as Eddie, Patsy's clueless sidekick. He wore a tight, multi-colored sweater and tight mini skirt. He must have had a fearsome package between his thighs because it pressed against the fabric of his skirt. I was thankful the little kids were distracted by all the food and fun.

"Div," Tem said excitedly. "Look at the guy in the blue *Aloha* shirt over there. He's come dressed as that actor, Nick Nolte's mug shot. Isn't that just wild?"

"Don't look now," I whispered back. "I think that really is Nick Nolte."

"*Aloha*," we said in unison. He waved and headed for the ice cream truck.

"Oh, Div, this is going to be a wonderful night," my gorgeous husband said. I took his face in my hands and kissed him.

"I smell something burning," he said, pulling away and sniffing.

Being vampires, we had acute sense of smell. Everything looked fine to me. People were laughing and talking, music played...but oh yes, I could smell it now.

"It's not here," I said and my nose led me to the far thicket of *koa* wood trees bordering our property.

"Shit."



Tem stood beside me and we gazed in horror at the city of *Honolulu* below us. She sparkled like the sea jewel she was, except...oh no.

"Don't look now, Tem, but Chinatown is burning again."

## CHAPTER FOUR

I telepathed my sister to come to us and she and Clancy ran across the newly installed grass toward us.

"What's going on? I smell smoke," Clancy said and her gaze followed ours across the island.

Heavenly's eyes registered the horrific memories of the past fires.

"Oh, no. This is awful. I can't believe it's happening again."

"Tem and I will go down there. Can you keep an eye on things here?"

"Sure. Half the cops and fire department are here," Clancy said. "We'll tell 'em what's going on."

"You want to give the girls your tiara?" I asked Tem who looked indignant.

He sniffed. "The cops held onto it long enough."

"Oh, right." I'd forgotten it had been evidence after our theft.

"I am not giving it to *anybody*, Div. It won't fall off. I've got extra pins in it now."

"Sorry, baby." I gave him a kiss and Tem and I held hands, flying off over *Waikiki*. The heat touched our faces as we neared Chinatown. We heard the first fire trucks roaring toward the blaze.

We dipped over the area, watching people running. Cars stopped in the middle of the streets as the occupants raced into buildings that were emitting wisps of smoke. All the *lei* shops on King and *Nu'uaniu* Streets, the best, most reasonable places to buy *leis* on the entire island, were jammed with young and old *lei* girls throwing flowers into plastic boxes and fleeing the scene.

I was thrown back in time to the horrors of the night of the 1900 fire. I remembered petrified residents running up *Nu'uaniu*, past the cemetery and the Royal Mausoleum and the *Ko'olau* Mountains beyond them, seeking sanctuary.

Back in the moment, I watched an entire display of mangoes go up in flames at at the fruit market on the corner of our street. Absurdly, I could smell barbecued pork and wondered if the meat market was also on fire.

"Div, it's our building!" Tem shouted as plumes of smoke blinded us.

I saw with a sickening feeling that he was right.

A fire crew was already there, hosing down our beautiful building while it disintegrated before

our eyes. I heard her moans and groans as the insides fell down. I heard glass smashing and I remembered all those silkworms sleeping in their trays.

"My God...we've lost everything!" Tem cried.  
"Oh, Div...the girls!"

"Did you see them arrive at the party?"

He shook his head. "I don't have my cell phone with me. I don't know if the limo driver picked them up."

"I don't have mine on me, either."

Flames licked up the sides of the building and a couple of policemen pushed us back with the rest of the crowd.

"Wait!" we yelled in unison.

"This is our building," I said. "We have workers. Some of them might be in there."

A couple of fire fighters looked over at us and spoke to a man I recognized as the local Fire Chief. He had come in to check our fire hydrants and every other damned thing before signing off and allowing us to open our doors.

"Nobody in there," the Fire Chief yelled back. "We checked. Stick around you two, I want to talk to you."

"Okay," I said.

The Chief had always struck me as fair and open-minded. I knew in that second that this was a case of arson.

Tem and I hung back with the other looky-loos. The scene was a crazy mess. The fire, largely concentrated in our building, took out the front part of the Laundromat to our left and part of the fruit market on the other side before it was contained.

At last it was out and we all applauded the *Honolulu* fire department for a job well done. I sent up a prayer of thanks to the gods and goddesses watching out for Chinatown for preventing another case of total destruction.

"We'll rebuild," Tem said, his voice quiet, but determined. *Who would do a thing like this to us?* he telepathed to me.

*Momoko.* I don't know why, but her name sprang up between us, but I had no idea why.

*You think she knows we're vampires?* Tem telepathed to me. *All those weird things she said about vampire fish?*

The Fire Chief caught my eye and held up a finger. Then Oliver Huston, the cop who'd been at our party, arrived, still in his clown outfit.

"Good thing you people don't serve alcohol," he said. "This is unbelievable. My first free night since we moved here." His gaze took in the scene. "Your sister told me the news. Say, you got here fast. How'd you do that? All the streets are blocked off."

"We flew," I muttered and he lifted his shoulders.

"Yeah, fair enough, I guess you know all he short cuts, being locals. Looks like this building's taken the worst of it." He indicated the two cops keeping the crowd back. "They said you own it, is that right?"

"Yes." I was saved from further explanation by the Fire Chief, who strode toward us, hot, sweaty and covered in smoke and ash.

"This was started in the second floor office over there." He indicated the right side of the building.

"That's Momoko's office," Tem said.

"You sure nobody was in there?" I asked.

"Positive. A girl was seen running from here. Coupla drunks over there by the canal saw her. He held up a small, portable black gizmo.

"It looks like a battery," I said, as he held it in his outstretched, gloved hands.

The dormant fire still popped and fumed.

"It's an ignition switch. Fanciest one I ever saw." He turned it over gently. "It's computer-activated. This was a well-thought out plan."

Computer-activated?

"Oh my God, she's a computer whizz," Tem groaned. "She told us that. I bet she started this fire. She did this to us."

I'd never seen Tem so devastated.

"We can't be sure it's her." I was sure it was she but didn't like to accuse her without proof.

"The fire was started in this." The Fire Chief took hold of a red-lacquered box and I recognized it as the one Momoko had held in her hands.

"It's hers." I was furious now. "She started it in this?" I was dumfounded. "But why?"

"We've paid her so much money!" Tem fumed. "We poured our hearts and souls into this building."

"She seemed so proud, so gentle with her silkworms," I said, feeling stupid when the others looked at me.

"They're all dead now," Tem said. "We worked like dogs for thirty days feeding those worms. All the money we spent on mulberry leaves...oh God." His tiara tipped forward and he thrust it back on his head. "I told you she was a whack job, Div."

"Baby, I'm sorry our building got burned. But we *will* rebuild. Besides, it might not have been her."

"Is this the woman you're talking about?" the Fire Chief held up a digital camera. I was shocked to see Momoko running out of the front door, a huge smile on her face.

"Where...who—"

"The drunks I mentioned were actually undercover officers. As you know, Chinatown's

prone to bad stuff after dark. They were watching the restaurant a few doors down for a drug drop and they caught her on camera. She kept coming and going, they said. Acting real weird, laughing and talking to herself."

"She's a head case, just like Nonita," Tem said.

"Nonita?" the Fire Chief looked confused.

I blew out a breath. "My ex. Look, I'm worried. We brought over ten other young women from Japan to help us in the factory. We don't have cell phones on us so we don't know if they're okay."

Oliver Huston pulled out his cell phone. Two calls later, he was able to confirm with the limousine company that the car did go to the *Ilikai* Marina Apartments but none of the women showed up to be taken to the party.

"Then where are they all?" I wondered.

"They're not answering their hotel room phones," he said, leaving messages on a couple of their voice mails.

"And where is Momoko now, I wonder?" I asked, not expecting an answer.

Oliver's cell phone beeped. "I think I know," he said. We all looked at him. "There's a bunch of fresh fires starting. All over Chinatown."

Tem lifted up his long skirts and I realized he was wearing tennis shoes under the dress. It made me laugh as we ran up *Maunakea*.

"I think we lost Oliver," he said.



"No, we didn't."

Oliver was right beside us, giving us no time to take off in flight.

"You take one arm, I'll take the other," I urged Tem.

We took off for the skies, Oliver's clown pants and shoes a comical sight between a man in a leather-topped ball gown and a Roman centurion in an extra short skirt.

"What the...ha ha ha," Oliver laughed. "The punch was spiked, I get it now."

"Ming!" shouted Tem but it wasn't Ming, it was another one of our Japanese silk girls and she'd just flung a lit rag in the doorway of a closed café, its pitiful *Aloha* sign hanging from the window shriveling in flames.

Tem and I landed and stamped the fire out as Oliver raced across the street in his ridiculous shoes stamping out another fire. All together, we put out eleven fires as the silk girls were all rounded up. All except one: Momoko.

"It was supposed to be fun," one of them said, not looking like she was getting much of a laugh out of being arrested.

"Where is Momoko?" Tem asked her.

"Momoko?" Ming's terror gave way to a slight, sly gleam. "I have no idea."

The cops asked us if these were our girls.

"Yes, they're ours and yes you can bet I want to press charges," I said as they were packed off into a police van.

"Div." I glanced at Tem who beckoned me. We backed away and headed around the corner.

Tem looked at me. "It's a game," he said.

"A game?"

"Don't you remember, she told us she was addicted to that girls' computer game? What was it called?"

"Bishōjo," I said.

"What we need is to find an Internet Café. We need to find out if there is a current game on. Come on Div, there's one down on Hotel Street."

We turned and barreled into Oliver Huston.

"Cell phone!" Tem and I shrieked in unison.

"What about it?" he asked.

"Give it to me," I said, prepared to put the bite on him, literally, to get it.

*Oh, Div, we don't eat our friends,* Tem telepathed to me. He coaxed Oliver's cell from him.

"You're not accessing the Internet are you? They charge me extra each time I go online and look at gay porn."

We looked up at him.

"Okay, it's a fetish. I'm probably dreaming all this anyway. I—"

"What's the Japanese word for silkworm?" Tem asked.

I shrugged. "No idea. Let's try the café."

We found it open, the place reeking of smoke but for the computer-addicted, nothing was going to keep them from posting to their Facebook, MySpace or Twitter accounts.

The room was filled with young travelers nursing cold cups of coffee.

"Cool outfits," a Japanese kid said to us.

"What's the Japanese word for silkworm?" I asked him.

"I have no idea. The only Japanese word I know is yen. But wait." He wiggled his fingers. "I have the world at my disposal." We watched him type the question on his Twitter account and seventy-two responses came in straight away.

"Sanji," Tem said, skimming the cell phone in his hand. "Now let's see if she's entered a Bishōjo game as Sanji."

Thanks for the sweet tweets, our new friend typed to his twitters or whatever you call them.

"Bishōjo?" the kid asked. "How do you know about Bishōjo?"

"A friend of ours is involved in it," I said.

"So's my sister. Who you looking for?"

We didn't have a photo of her and Oliver wanted his cell phone back.

"I need to get going. We're gonna put an APB out on this firebug buddy of yours."

"Can we call my sister first?" I asked Oliver who looked really mad when I pressed Heavenly's numbers. "Voicemail," I said aloud and left a message for her letting her know the fire was out, we had no idea yet of the extent of the damage to our building and I said we'd be home soon.

"I always gotta miss the parties," Oliver said and flomped away in his clown shoes.

"What other name would she have used?" I asked Tem.

"I've got no idea."

"You're sure she's on Bishōjo?" the kid asked. "There's a whole bunch of new ones now. Maybe she's moved onto Tripoli."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Boy do I feel old," Tem signed. "You have an excuse, Div, you're about three hundred —"

He glanced at the kid who was busy on the computer.

"She's into silkworms?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Yeah." I felt defeated. Looking for Momoko was like looking for a needle in an electronic haystack.

"What else is she into?" the kid asked, his fingers going nuts on the keyboard.

"Bishōjo," I said.

"What about vampire fish?" Tem asked. "She knew all about those and most people never heard

of those. I mean, they've only recently been discovered."

"Vampire fish?" The kid turned around. "You mean actual, blood-sucking fish?"

"Yep," I said.

"Wow, heavy." He turned back again.

"Thanks for your help," I said.

"Don't give up on me yet." This time his eyes didn't leave the screen.

"Our building down on River Street just got torched." Man, it hurt to say that. "We need to go back and check on things."

He didn't respond.

Tem and I walked back to our building but couldn't get close since it was surrounded by crime tape and three cops stood guard around it.

"Hey," said Tem. "Not much we can do here. Let's go home."

"Let's fly over it, we'll get a good look and see if anything is salvageable," I said.

He brightened instantly. "Great idea, Div."

We had no idea how bad the air on the ground was until we took to the skies.

"Shit," Tem said. "It's the Japanese kid from the Internet Café."

I looked at the ground and the kid was on the street looking around in the exact spot we flew from. We came back down, landing a few feet behind him.

"Wow, that was weird," he said. "One minute you're there...the next...anyway, hey, I found her. She's in the game."

"Bishōjo?"

"No. She's on a triple threat at Tripoli. She just logged in and said she started the fires, but she's sore because they're all out."

I thought I understood but before I could ask for clarification, he said, "My sister says her user name is *Banpaia*. That's Japanese for vampire. She says she's setting fire to a big house. A vampire house."

Tem and I looked at each other. *Our house*.

## CHAPTER FIVE

There were no fires as we touched down on our property. We flew in careful circles around it. Nothing, no smoke, no damage. There weren't any people, either.

"Well, what a fucked up night this turned out to be," Tem said, looking devastated. "And all the loot bags waiting. I can't believe *every* single person left our party, Div. I'll never live this down. I'm the crappiest party giver ever."

"No you're not, baby."

I moved in for a clinch but he pushed me away. "Not now, Div. I'm upset!"

We heard the sound of footsteps. Great. The only people at our party was the couple all dressed in white who left the way they came, masks against their faces, not responding to any outside stimuli. They walked past, ignoring Tem's outstretched hands holding out the loot bags.

"Well!" he fumed.

"Wait," I said. Oh man. I recognized that wiggle on the ass breezing out our front gate.

"Nonita?"

"Nonita?" Tem squawked. To me he telepathed, *What is that fat-assed bitch doing at my party?*

The couple stopped and looked at each other.

"Blossom?" Tem asked.

The couple turned around.

"How did you know?" She lowered her mask and her face was visible through a film of white from her headdress. It was Nonita's turn to be upset.

"Your ass," said Tem.

"Blossom!" I rushed forward and hugged her. I was shocked to see her opium-blackened teeth were now nice and white.

"I got them fixed, Jimmy-San. And of course we couldn't miss your party."

Blossom, like a lot of people, called me by the name I gave myself, Jimmy. Only Tem and my sister and Clancy referred to me as Divine, which is my given name.

"You look wonderful," Tem said as the women removed their headgear.

"Where is Momoko?" Blossom asked. "That naughty girl has not responded to a single phone call or text since she came to work for you."

"You know Momoko?" I asked.



"Of course I know her. She's my granddaughter."

Tem and I traded glances. *You tell her*, Tem telepathed to me.

"She just set fire to our property," I said.

Blossom looked around. "I don't see any —"

I cut her off. "Our new factory in Chinatown. She burned it to the ground tonight. The whole thing. Everything's gone, Blossom. *Everything*."

Her eyes looked hunted and haunted. She too had survived the first two Chinatown fires.

"The fire is out, but she and her little friends set a bunch more of them. We put them out. They're all in jail, but she's still loose."

"But—" One side of her face went slack. I thought Blossom was having a stroke.

I touched her arm. "Blossom? You okay?"

"Oh My God, Div!" Tem's thoughts crash-landed into my brain.

*A vampire house*. Of course! Blossom's home was in the heart of Chinatown.

"She's after your house," I said.

Blossom came back to us fast. "My house?"

Leaving *Nonita* standing there, we grabbed her hands, flying as fast as the wind would carry us, and zeroed back in on Chinatown again.

"Take me too!" she screamed up at us.

"Not with that fat ass," Tem muttered when we were well on our way.

"Why?" a distressed Blossom kept saying.  
"Why?"

Man, I was hoping she could explain it to us.

"If she touches my home I will kill her!" Blossom shouted across the sky. Her words turned into a shrill scream.

Momoko was in Blossom's living room. She turned and saw us coming. She didn't look pleased to see us landing on the balcony of Blossom's *Nu'uanu* penthouse. I watched her run from the apartment. Within seconds, fire was raging in Blossom's living room

"Help Blossom, I'll take care of her," I told Tem and flew down the side of the building.

I headed Momoko off as she sprinted down the fire escape on the fourteenth floor.

Her eyes flashed surprise, but she recovered quickly. "You're too late," she purred. Her voice was not the sweet, tinkling voice I was used to. She lunged at me, a long slender knife in her hand, but my vampire strength was too much for her. I almost broke her slender wrist squeezing her hand until she dropped it. I kicked the knife off the fire escape and it clanged against the metal railings as it dropped a dozen floors below.

"What happened to you Momoko? Why did you do this?"

Her eyes glowered, the pupils dilated like a cat's. In the dark night, illuminated by the stars

and *Honolulu's* city lights, I gently invaded her mind and saw everything. She wanted to be a vampire. She longed for power. She had discovered her grandmother's secret. Her grandmother, who could easily have turned her, but wouldn't.

"Oh," I said, as layers and layers of Momoko's hidden evil came to my mind. I saw her torturing numerous animals. I saw her innate cruelty.

"She knew you'd be the worst kind of monster," I said, brushing the thoughts from my mind. "My God, you did this out of jealousy, because she loves Tem and Tem is a vampire."

"He's a slut," she snarled. "A paid whore. Just like you."

"Yeah, maybe we are," I agreed. "But at least, we have souls. We know good from evil. And, we know love."

She started to cry when her cell phone rang. "I lost the game," she wailed. "I lost the game." She tried to hurl herself from the fire escape, but I wasn't going to let her off that easily. I bit her neck. Oh yes, I did. She reeled in surprise. Then Tem was beside me. He watched as she fell to my feet.

"Blossom's okay," he said. "The fire was small." He glanced down at my feet and realized Momoko was breathing. "You didn't kill her."

"No. I didn't kill her."

"Why?"

"I want her to do time, like all the other crooks."

"She won't do time," he said. Momoko grabbed his feet. She tried to go over the fire escape and take my husband with her. I sank my teeth into her neck again and this time, finished her off.

"I keep telling you not to play with your food," Tem said. He leaned over and slicked the two puncture wounds on her neck closed. He pushed her off the stairs and we heard her fall to the ground.

"Let's go home," he said.

We flew over Chinatown and Tem pointed to the statue of Kwan-Yin who still stood in the center of *Maunakea* Marketplace with the Halloween *leis* around her neck.

"Let's go down," he said. As we landed, Tem took my hand. "I keep thinking about what that cop, you know, Oliver Huston said about this being a Devil Night. I think things could have been a lot worse, you know."

"You're right. We've been to hell," I said. "We've been there and back."

"We lost things, but we still have each other." Tem grinned up at the statue. "I think it would be very fitting if I fucked you right here as we leave her an offering."

"What offering?" I asked.

He removed his tiara from his head and flew up to place it on Kwan-Yin's head.

"Oh, Tem," I said. "You love that tiara."

"I love you more. This is my way of thanking her for helping us through our troubles. We still have some, you know, and we need her special blessings."

"You're right, as usual."

The shadow of a ghost, an old Chinese man with a long queue of hair down his back, flittered past us. I used to see him all the time. Yeah, he was letting us know there was still trouble in the air.

"You really want to fuck me right here in the square?"

"Yes, baby. Right here, where people bring Kwan-Yin *leis* and little messages."

"I think I'm turned on."

A breeze kicked up and Tem said, "I think she would enjoy it if we stood before her, paid our respects and then I fucked you in the ass for good measure."

"I mean we might get caught...or we might not, right?"

"Right."

"Tem, I am sorry about the building."

"Oh yes, I'm sorry too, but I am thankful nobody we love was in it."

"Can you fuck me from behind?" I asked.

He grinned and moved behind me, hunkering down. I felt his breath on my thighs. I'd only just remembered I was wearing a damned skirt when he yanked down my briefs and his tongue prepared my ass for his cock.

I was excited and nervous as I stood at Kwan-Yin's feet, holding onto the wooden frame in front of her, which held cards, letters, flowers and fruit. I bent forward slightly and suddenly Chinatown came to life again. The fire drama was definitely over and the party was on again. Oh man, that meant anybody could walk by and catch us.

My cock leaked as his tongue entered me. I cried out with pleasure. I couldn't believe he was doing this to me publicly! I could never say no to Tem.

"Two very different glory holes in one day," Tem said, kissing my butt.

He kissed my ass cheeks with reverence and stood up. I almost laughed when he unhitched his voluminous skirts, took out his cock and rubbed it across my ass. He dragged it back and forth and he reached around me for my cock.

"Oh yeah, you are ready," he murmured and poked my ass hole slowly with his massive cock.

"Stop teasing me," I said and he paused. Oh no, he was at it again, drawing that beautiful tool back and forth again. He was taking his time giving it

to me. I loved the way he leaned forward, kissing my neck and running his hands up under my leather vest.

I was still, bracing myself with both hands as he pummeled me with his cock. Oh man, he felt so good, baby. I could never get over his size. He was so fucking big. My own cock was hot and hard and the leakage turned me to mush as Tem bit my neck and took from me in every way possible. I started coming as he continued to fuck me with nice long, strokes."

*God I love being inside you*, he telepathed to me.

*It's all I can think about. The two of us fucking each other*, I responded. He removed his hand from under my vest shirt and moved it to my face. He felt for the pulse racing at my throat. He was really feeding from me and he gave me his cock harder now as I sucked two of his fingers into my mouth in time with his thrusts.

I felt him coming and he removed his teeth from me, gulping, swallowing. We felt each other's heat and Kwan-Yin looked like she'd seen it all now.

"Look, Div," my husband said, still imbedded in me. "I have complete possession of you and the goddess is smiling at me. I swear I see her smiling."

I didn't want him to pull out of me, but I had no choice. As we parted and rearranged our

clothes, we saw we had an audience of living and dead Chinatown residents.

“All in all,” Tem said as we took to the skies, “this was a pretty good Halloween.”



## CHAPTER SIX

**I**t was downright spooky landing on our property to total silence, except for Nonita fossicking through the tub of ice cream at the ice cream truck.

*No wonder she has a fat ass,* Tem telepathed to me.

She unwrapped a frozen chocolate-covered banana and bit into it. "So, where's Blossom. Is she okay?"

"Oh, she will be," I said. I didn't want to tell her much.

"I knew there was something weird about you," she snapped. "You're a damned vampire!"

She glared at Tem. "So, what's he got that I haven't?" She looked at him again and realized Tem was wearing boxer briefs that showed her exactly what he had that she didn't.

"Hot dang, that thing is huge. The guys in the bunker down there are watching your movies and they're taking bets on if it's real."

"Bunker?"

"Yes, the underground house. I followed the black feathers. The party moved underground. You guys sure know how to throw a good one."

She skipped off in her tight white outfit and Div and I followed her. Technically speaking, it was a secret bunker, a haven for me and Tem and Heavenly and Clancy. Well, now it was no longer a secret. I couldn't believe it. I watched Nonita enter the spook house and there was a trap door open, one of the few we had hidden on the property.

"No wonder they all vanished," Tem said and we took the dark stairs down to the secret underground house. The party was in full swing.

"You see baby," I told Tem, "you're one righteous party thrower."

"Yeah, I guess I am."

Our cat streaked past us, something small and furry wriggling in his mouth.

"Don't look now," Tem said. "It's a kitten. If I didn't know better, I'd swear our boy was killing it."

I sighed. I knew our cat. He was rescuing it. And God knows what other animals he found down here. The party was in fine form. Most of the children were gone, except the twin girls dressed as cats. They were asleep in their buggy as their mom danced to an iPod in her hand.

"Wild," Tem said.

We walked past room after room of fun.

"They found our wine stash," Tem said.

"Oh, well." I picked up a bottle and examined the label. "Okay, they found some of the good stuff. You want some, baby?"

"We said we weren't going to drink, Div."

"Well, I am a Centurion. And when in Rome..."

He laughed. "You got me there."

I put my hand on his gorgeous cock, rubbing the head through his boxer briefs.

"Yeah, I do, don't I?"

"You should be setting an example as an officer of the Roman empire," he said.

I snorted. "Yeah, I was a fine example bottoming for you in the middle of *Mauneakea* Marketplace."

"Hey, your ass is a fine example of Roman manhood, Div."

We moved on through the rooms. We spotted dozens of people in one of the bedrooms, crowded around our plasma TV. They were watching a pretty raunchy video. I recognized it as one of mine. We greeted everyone, but their focus was on the TV. Boy, that is an addictive medium, that's for sure. Tem and I moseyed on up above ground again. We helped ourselves to coffee and ice cream and the Malasada truck rolled out of the gates.

"Poop. I wanted a donut," Tem said.

"There's another truck over there," I said and we ran to it. The guy was closing up there too.

"I need to get home," he said. "I got no more donuts."

We spotted a half-naked woman sitting in the back of his truck licking sugar from her fingers.

"Hey, no fair," Tem squawked. "You're getting your sugar. I want some sugar too."

"All right, all right," the guy grumbled. He soon recovered his good humor. "That's a damned good party you got going there."

"Hey, thanks," said Tem.

The Malasada guy fried up half a dozen no-hole donuts with custard filling for us. "There. Now, goodnight." He banged down the steel rollaway door over his truck and we heard laughter from inside.

Oliver Huston stumbled out of the spook house looking very drunk.

"I didn't miss tee much of the pootie," he said and fell flat on his face. He'd lost his clown shoes some place. His wife came out behind him.

"Oops," she said and fell over him, snorting with laughter.

"Need help getting him home?" I asked.

"Home?" she looked confused as she lay down beside him and went to sleep.

"Where's their kid?" I asked Tem who shrugged.

We went into our house and found her asleep on the sofa. At least we assumed it was she. She was dressed in a ninja outfit, her *hula* skirt in a puddle on the floor beside her. Tem and I tiptoed into the kitchen so we would disturb her. Holy Devil Night!

My sister and Clancy were having some pretty raucous sex on the sink.

Tem and I rushed to the sanctity of our bedroom and found our cat cleaning his new kitten buddy on our nice, expensive bedding.

Moontime dared us to say anything.

"Hey, feel like a walk back outside?" I asked Tem.

"Sure. I guess there's less going on out there than in here."

We stepped outside again and I caught him looking up at the sky.

"What now?"

He shrugged. "Nothing, baby, only, it looks like rain."

I was about to argue, except it started coming down in buckets.

"Hey," Tem shouted, "I guess Kwan-Yin's letting us know there'll be no more fires tonight."

"Yeah. I guess she is." I drew Tem to me, enjoying the taste of Malasadas and custard on his tongue.

Oliver Huston and his wife woke up, sprang to their feet and bolted indoors.

"I always liked fucking in the rain," Tem said and I kissed his eyes and nose and returned to his mouth.

"Div, I'm at your mercy," he said, but I had things I wanted to do and was too busy to respond. I knelt before him, sliding his shorts down his toned, muscular thighs. The rain pelted us, but I could not stop.

I joined the rain, drowning my man in kisses. We stripped each other off and ran through the trees on our land to the little tree house we built for two up in a banyan tree.

Tem lay down on the bed of blankets and *tapa* cloths, the rain beating an insistent, hypnotic beat for us. I kissed him, aware of the steam rising from our bodies. I moved back to his cock and his legs thrashed about as I sucked him into my mouth. I adored sucking his cock.

I had known I was his the first moment my hands had touched his bare skin. I remember the night, in a nightclub, the song *Relax* thumping at a deafening level. It was different now, but not really. I never got tired of the feel of his skin against my tongue. I never got tired of drawing the pleasurable sounds from his throat as I brought him grace and ecstasy.

"Oh, Div," he moaned. "I love you, baby." He started fucking my mouth the way I liked it. I loved how bossy, how perfectly needy he could get.

The rain tapered off, like the sound of a different drum.

I loved it. The calm and the fury. I raised my head to tell him that I was his whore and found his gaze on a faraway moonbeam. I knew he was making a wish, but although I could read his mind, I allowed him his privacy. I mean, after all, the man was allowing me fun. Sometimes, love means allowing your partner a few private moments.

Renewing my cock sucking with a vengeance, I was pleased when his hands made their way back to my head.

"And I'm your whore too, baby," he said.

I looked up at him, his cock completely in my mouth, slamming my throat. My fingertips worked on his balls. I was completely enraptured by the quickening of his heartbeat and I felt his orgasm swell through my mouth and fingers.

Bliss overtook his body. I loved the expression on his face. I could see his love for me in his eyes, the smoky desire coming back for more.

I could not stop sucking him. His come was so thick and rich and endless, but I wanted it all. He babbled my name, calling me his whore, his

husband, his bitch and his lover. He lay gasping as his cock throbbed inside my greedy mouth.

It stayed hard. He couldn't speak at first it was so intense. I was very, very pleased with myself.

"You fucking should be pleased," he said. "Man, I never had anyone do to me the things that you do."

"Really?" I asked and peeled off his tennis shoes, flinging them out the window of our tiny tree house.

"Div, why do I get the feeling you mean business?" he asked me, his thighs opening up to me again."

"Because I do."

The rain came down again and Tem snuggled against me.

Yeah, I was a happy man all right. Me and my husband.

Just a couple of vampires in *Waikiki*...and heaven washing away the devil's night.



## **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 \***

## *Hawaiian Glossary*

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**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

## *Devil Night*

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**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

## *Hawaiian Glossary*

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**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

## *Hawaiian Glossary*

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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

**Unihipili (Oo-nee-ee-pee-lee):** Spirit of the deceased, often residing in the bones

**Wa'a (Wah-ah):** Canoe

## *Devil Night*

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**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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