

A. J. Llewellyn

DA HIKU

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Na Hiku

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Na Hiku

By

A.J. Llewellyn

Dedication

To Madame Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes

The story so far...

Kimo and *Lopaka* are on the run from the *Huna* Council with their extended family, including *Lopaka's* twin sister, *Maluhia*, her husband and twin sons. They are also traveling with their pregnant friend, *Katie*, and her two husbands, *Nohea* and *Kahanu*, and their small son, *Loki*.

They are also accompanied by their assorted grandparents, including *Lopaka's* long lost paternal grandmother, *Fyfah Campbell*, whom the family met whilst staying on the island of *Diùra*, in Scotland.

The Council wants custody of Kimo and *Lopaka's* toddler son, Baby Kimo, aged two and a half, and the nearly year-old twins *Pele* and *Kamapua'a*.

Since the Council is split on the decision, Kimo and *Lopaka's* family advised finding the chief *Kahuna* of the council...who, to their great surprise turned out to be *Lopaka's* father, *Paden*.

He is a man who abandoned his family and his entire way of life to marry a cannibal tribal king in

Samoa.

Kimo and *Lopaka* traveled to Samoa and found Paden, now called Keneti. His mysterious life included an adopted daughter, Isolina, who ran away from home and moved to the Marquesas Islands. She, too, is now part of the collection of people hiding out back in the *Hawaiian* Islands, awaiting the fateful outcome of the *Huna* trial...

Chapter One

I watched my toddler son running along the beach with him. There was so much trust in his upturned face, so much joy in his laughter. The evening sun, a glorious burnished pink, took its time sinking into the sea. It should have been a beautiful moment, but I realized I was grinding my teeth. I tried to *be* in the moment, but I told myself I was right to be anxious. They were playing near some jagged rocks...oh...I wanted so much to enjoy this small moment, the sheer normalcy of my father playing with my son...

My father, the man who abandoned me and my twin sister when we were toddlers ourselves, picked up my precious son and tossed him into the air.

I didn't think I would breathe again, but Baby Kimo squealed with pleasure. He laughed each time my father caught him in his strong arms and threw him up into the air again.

"Do that again!" Baby Kimo screamed.

I could smell fish cooking up on the ridge and

realized the women in our family were preparing dinner. Good, I was hungry. The kids must be starving, too. Food would distract them and take their attention away from the impossibly alluring stranger who had so easily won their affections. I kept my gaze on my father. I didn't trust him with my son.

Baby Kimo's six-year-old cousins, *Keli'i* and *Kamaha*, raced down the lava rocks to the wet black lava sand and clung to my father's legs.

"My turn, granddad!" they clamored.

Granddad. This would have been a charming scene except our entire family was on the run from the *Huna* Council. We were hiding out on the island of *Molokai*, one of the outer *Hawaiian* Islands. The sheltered cove of *Oloku'i* where we were staying was said to bring peace to those suffering. It brought protection during magical strife. Well, we had plenty of both, plenty of suffering and strife.

And as for granddads, the three boys had plenty of those, as well.

I felt bad in that moment because I knew my father had given up a lot to be here for us. Baby Kimo ran to me and I bent down to pick him up. His hard little body smelled of sand and sea and he kissed my cheeks, my mouth and then buried his sweet little blond head under my throat.

Three days before, we had landed at *Oloku'i*.

We were relieved to be together, happy we were safe. Now began the grim task of getting back to our home and protecting my father, keeping his presence a secret until the Council meeting in two weeks.

So far, it seemed the Council had no idea of the true nature of our voyage across the seas. They thought we'd gone on an extended honeymoon. They had no clue that my husband Kimo and I had figured out who the all-important but long vanished head of the *Huna* Council was. In his lifetime, both our lives for that matter, that chief had never been required.

Now the council wanted custody of Baby Kimo and our baby twins, *Kamaha* and *Pele*. They were not going to get them.

My father glanced at me. We were mirror images and I closed my eyes when he smiled at me. Kimo and I had traveled by boat to Samoa to virtually kidnap him. In fact, we seemed to have saved his life and reunited him with his long-lost daughter, Isolina. So much rode on my father's help. He was the final word, the deciding vote as head of the *Kahuna* Council. He promised us over and over again he would never let anybody take Baby Kimo or our baby twins from us. Not for anything.

"*Lopaka*," he yelled now. "Come on, son. Relax."

Relax? Was he kidding?

I heard a footfall and turned to see my heavily pregnant friend, Katie, waddling toward me.

"Howdy," she said, brandishing a half-eaten apple in her left hand, her right hand perched on her mountainous belly.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, juggling my son to one arm so I could slip the other around her shoulders.

"I feel like I have a melon wedged between my legs, trying to pop out of my cervix." She blew her blonde hair out of her eyes. "Where's *Loki*?"

"He's with *Tutu*." My grandma had taken charge of Katie's high-voltage eighteen-month-old son when the trouble began between Katie and her two husbands, *Nohea* and *Kahanu*. Actually the trouble was between the two men, but Katie had sided with *Kahanu*.

Katie was dilating rapidly, a fact which concerned everybody. She was not due for another two weeks and we were sure stress was causing it. My adopted grandpa, Sammy, who was with us, was the most gifted midwife on the islands. He'd delivered *Loki* with no problems and we were all ready to help in case there was a new birth on the island.

"*Lopaka*," Katie suddenly said. "What was he like?"

"Who?"

She glared at me and I realized she meant Luis, the First Mate on our voyage through the South Seas, the man her husband *Nohea* had bedded in his sexual frustration in those long, lonely weeks. Kimo and I still felt guilty that we had taken *Nohea*, a master navigator, away from his family to Samoa to find my father. It hadn't been a pleasure cruise, far from it, but there had never been a moment of unhappiness in that family until the voyage.

Katie wasn't exactly pleased at his infidelity, but *Kahanu* had gone mad once he learned the truth. I wondered in that moment if Kimo had given Katie something to relax her, then realized he probably worked on her feet, easing anxiety and stress away from her. My husband, a gifted, compassionate healer, took care of all of us. Right now, he and his father, *Papa Nui*, and Sammy were mediating between *Nohea* and *Kahanu*.

Baby Kimo wriggled from my arms and tore across the cove to my father, whose laughter rang out across the island.

"I never heard him laugh before." Katie chomped at her apple.

I hadn't either and I supposed this was a good thing.

"So? What was he like?" Katie's nose twitched and I realized she was more upset than she'd previously let on. I put my arms around her and

felt her anguish then. Her tears came hot and fast and she pushed me away quickly, swatting at her face with uncustomary impatience.

"Luis was not a particularly attractive or competent sailor. In fact, he was unpleasant as far as I'm concerned."

"So it wasn't...love?"

"Love?" I almost laughed.

"If he was all those things, then why did my husband fuck him?"

"Um..."

"Don't filter. I can take it. I am trying to understand."

"Okay," I said. "You asked for it. He was depressed from the moment we left you all in Scotland. Kimo and I had each other and the trip...well, the trip wasn't physically too rough until we lost contact with you. When it went on for a few days...I thought he would lose it. He lived for the moments he connected with you and *Kahanu* again.

"Katie you must understand, he loves you both so much. He loves his family. He was grief stricken when he would see you on the computer screen. He was desperately worried all the times we couldn't make contact.

"He hated being away from *Loki*. He never wanted to leave the computer in case he was able to reach you. The thing with Luis...it was not

something that happened for...weeks. And then, I don't know how many times they got together, but I believe what happened between him and Luis was because he is obsessed with you."

She just stared at me in shock, a tiny piece of apple stuck on her bottom lip.

"The only time he seemed even a little bit happy was when Kimo beamed the kids on board....oh, and when we hit a storm."

Katie burst out laughing then. "That's kinda what he told me," she said then, and put her head on my shoulder.

I thought about what I would do if Kimo cheated on me and knew he never would, or could. Ours was a sacred bond that included a magical fire branch. We couldn't even be too far away from each other without burning up.

"Geez," she said, pushing herself away from me. "You're hot."

"Yeah," I said, grinning now. It made me feel good, this sudden burst of heat. It meant Kimo was missing me. I missed him, too, and when I looked up at the ridge, he was standing there. My knees almost gave way.

I never could get over how magnificent he was. Six feet, four inches of lean *Hawaiian* muscle. His long, black hair reached his elbows and his entire right side was covered in tribal tattoos, from his hairline all the way under his right foot.

His gaze seared into mine and Katie shook her head. "*Lopaka*, all this passion is no good for a woman in my condition. I can't get aroused. I might drop my melon right here." She waddled past me down to the ocean and the twins raced toward her as my father swung my son around and around...

Lopaka...are you going to make me wait? Kimo telepathed to me. I immediately walked up the ridge and his long arm stretched out to me. There was a time when we were not so happy, when we didn't belong to one another and...

"Don't," he said. "Don't think such things. We have always belonged to one another." He snatched me into his arms and kissed me. I felt his cock hardening against my thigh and I wanted him, badly. His mouth sought mine and I felt dizzy from the intense connection we shared. I gripped his head with both hands and my husband's hot, tattooed tongue plundered my mouth, stoking fires I felt all the way to my groin. I almost came on the spot.

"Dinner's ready," my sister, *Maluhia*, screeched across the bay.

Kimo took his mouth from mine as three pair of arms encircled our legs.

Raincheck, Kimo telepathed to me and I felt my smile might actually split my face in two.

We ran with the boys to the clearing outside the

cabins where we were staying. The cabins were normally inhabited by very adventurous canoeists who knew of their existence. They would stay a few days and push on to the more populated side of *Molokai* accessible only by getting back into whatever watercraft they'd arrived on and rounding the island by sea.

Sometimes naturalists and the odd park ranger came to collect specimens for the Bishop Museum in *Honolulu*. Anthropologists from across the globe anxious to examine one of the few remaining rainforests in the *Hawaiian* Islands that had not been destroyed by feral pigs and goats also came, but not very often.

Bad storms had kept visitors away from here for weeks, according to Kimo's divine messages. We were safe here for now.

There were six cabins, all very rudimentary, but they had septic tanks that somebody emptied at some point. They had sinks, cold-water showers, two, sometimes three beds. Each had windows looking out across the sweep of the secluded *Pelekunu* valley. We were deep in the heart of old Goddess *Pele* land and we are *Pele's* people.

I felt her pleasure that we were home, that our children, especially her namesake, were here. And Kimo seemed to be having an ongoing private meditation with her. I would catch him nodding and smiling. I sensed his divine messages flew at

him like little spiritual carrier pigeons.

Kimo and I shared one of the cabins with our baby twins. My sister, *Maluhia*, had one with her husband, Raul, my father shared one with Baby Kimo, *Kamaha* and *Keli'i*. The boys had spent the last two nights screaming with laughter at all his wild tales.

My *Tutu* and her husband Sammy had the cabin beside theirs, my parents in law had a cabin and Katie shared a cabin with *Kahanu* and their son, leaving *Nohea* to sleep on the boat. He was in the tropical version of Siberia.

Nohea caught fish every morning and brought milk and bottled water as we needed them. Fruit and vegetables came from daily forages in the verdant hills around us. Our kids all thought it was one big happy adventure and the adults...well, the adults adapted to it all in the name of love.

Isolina, my father's daughter, was in a cabin further up the incline with my paternal grandma, Fyfah Campbell, who had accompanied us all the way from Scotland.

This was supposed to be a ranger's cabin, but was allowed to be used in an emergency. We considered the safety of our children to be an emergency. The two women got along very well. I think Fyfah adored being a grandma to so many kids all of a sudden, but Isolina particularly

intrigued her. Isolina was so beautiful and full of mystery, all the men were captivated by her. Both she and Fyfah seemed to like the slight isolation of their bungalow away from chattering children.

My father told us he was happy Isolina had a woman, several women in her life now and said he felt she was both physically and emotionally closer than she'd been to him in months.

The only woman Isolina did not get along with was my twin, *Maluhia*. I understood it. *Maluhia* had been abandoned by my father, Isolina had been adored.

Neither my father nor my adopted sister spoke about the life they'd shared with his husband, a cannibal descended from a Marquesan tribe. Though the massive, easily four-hundred-pound king embraced Christianity and was considered a God-fearing, ruling chief of his part of Samoa, it didn't seem to me that my father was happy. He had a life as a performer, a kind of Samoan transvestite known as a *fa'afafine*, but I could tell in my brief experience of them, that my father had been heavily controlled by his chosen mate.

In fact, the last time I'd seen my father's husband, he was standing on a beach surrounded by some scary looking guys watching us sail away. As far as we knew, they had no idea where we were. We all hoped it stayed that way.

My mother, long dead, might have taken great

offense at the way things were turning out. Losing her husband had led her to drink, and abandoning me. She'd retained custody of *Maluhia* who was now obsessed with our father. Me, I kept my distance. I was certain I would lose him again to the lure of the South Seas.

Tutu cackled as we all took our seats at the long line of picnic tables. I balanced my daughter, *Pele*, on my knee. Eleven months old and sharp as a Ginsu knife, my little girl was as obsessed with sweet potatoes as Baby Kimo had been at her age. I spooned a small amount of the freshly whipped goo into her mouth and she giggled, spraying food everywhere.

"Oh, *Lopaka*, please let me." My father reached across the table and snatched her out of my arms. I glanced at Kimo, but Isolina had grabbed *Kamapua'a* and that left us both empty-handed.

"Can I sit with you?" *Keli'i* asked and climbed onto my lap. Within seconds, his two peeps joined us and Kimo and I kept busy with passing bowls of food to small hands reaching for everything.

"This is a beautiful place," my father said, feeding a besotted *Pele* a piece of flaky fish with his fingers. *My beautiful little traitor.*

"How do you stay looking so young, Keneti?" my mother-in-law, *Mama Nui*, asked my father. She asked him this question constantly. He would always laugh and this time was no exception.

Keneti. My father's real name was Paden and he'd changed it once he moved to Samoa.

"It's my cool family genes," he declared, smiling down at my little girl, who cooed back up at him.

Down the end of the table, *Kahanu* and Katie were acting very lovey-dovey and *Nohea* stared at them, grief etching his features. He took a sip of his bottled water and his gaze shifted back to the darkening horizon. If Katie and *Kahanu* kept this up, I was afraid he'd bail and head once again for the open seas.

Nohea was a gifted navigator who could traverse the world studying constellations. In matters of the heart, he might be goofy, but he knew boats and he knew wild waters.

Kimo and I had given him the *Hina*, the boat we bought in Panama, as a gift for all he'd done for us. He was a strong man, but his emotions were raw when it came to his family. The boat was close, he was hurt and I didn't think he could take another day of the silent treatment.

All of a sudden, Katie turned white.

"What's the matter, baby?" he asked, his hand reaching across to her.

"Oh, boy." She panted, clutching the table edge for support.

Kahanu jumped to his feet.

Nohea was faster and it was to him Katie turned.

“Oh man,” *Kahanu* moaned as *Nohea* swept her into his arms. “Don’t look now, but her water just broke.”

Chapter Two

“Two boys. Two of them!” Katie’s hand passed across her eyes. “I can’t keep up with *Loki*. What if he...what if they are both little monsters...oh...”

Nohea kissed and stroked her feverish lips and moved to her hot, wet forehead. She’d delivered quickly and mother and child were doing great.

Sammy beamed. “Let me get some ‘awa. Make you nice and relaxed.” He bustled out of the cabin.

“Make it strong,” she yelled. “My doodah really hurts.”

“I won’t leave you again,” *Nohea* whispered, giving me a meaningful glance. “No matter what emergency...*Kahanu* and I will always be here for you.”

“Can I have that in writing?” She grinned, exhausted, but happy, the baby lying peacefully in her arms.

“You picked a name yet?” *Tutu* asked, holding a cool glass of water to her lips.

"Not yet." Katie had a hard time tearing her gaze from her small son's face.

The door opened and *Kahanu*, the other proud, happy papa stepped inside, followed by four small boys. All the adults sitting around the bed parted and the kids crammed around Katie.

"They want to meet the new addition," he said.

"Isn't he precious?" Katie asked.

The kids all stared at the baby.

"He's beautiful, isn't he?" she prompted again.

"No, he's funny looking," *Kamaha* said.

"Yeah, he's funny looking!" *Keli'i* agreed.

"Yah!" *Loki* said.

"Ha, ha, ha," Baby Kimo said.

Katie scowled. "He's not funny looking. He's gorgeous."

"No, he's not," *Kamaha* insisted. "He's ugly."

"He's not *that* bad," *Tutu* said. "*Lopaka* was a funny looking baby, too, and look how beautiful he is now."

The boys thought this was hilarious and started laughing and pointing at me.

"I wasn't funny looking..." I glanced at my father. "Was I?"

He shrugged and his hand indicated a back and forth movement.

"Funny looking!" the kids all yelled.

Indignation welled in me and I rose from my perch from the floor and took the boys outside.

Nohea and Kahanu laughed, but Katie was indignant.

"He's beautiful!" she huffed weakly at the kids' retreating backs. Outside the cabin, our little plateau was very dark. With no streetlights, no noise, no *nothing*, this last bastion of *Old Hawaii* was an intense place, but our kids loved it. It was their natural playground and they took off through marked and unmarked trails since they knew nothing in paradise could hurt them. We had no snakes, no deadly spiders here and they loved discovering new fruits and flowers.

Loki was a tougher kid to handle than the other three put together. I kept my hands on him before he could dart off into the forest. Kimo emerged from another cabin. I realized it was the one *Tutu* and Sammy shared.

"Is everything okay?" I asked as *Loki* tried to wriggle out of my grip.

Sammy rushed past us with a bowl of 'awa for Katie.

We need to go home. Now that Katie's given birth, Sammy says we are too remote here, Kimo telepathed to me.

When do you want to leave?

First thing in the morning. We'll keep everyone on our property.

I nodded and in truth, was relieved. I liked it here, but I felt safer in our own home, even though

I knew this retreat had been hard enough for us to reach, let alone for people who had no idea what they were looking for.

"Did you see the funny looking baby?" *Keli'i* asked Kimo.

"Yeah, I sure did." He grinned down at the kids who started climbing all over him.

"So he is funny looking, isn't he?" *Kamaha* persisted.

Kimo nodded. "But *Tutu* says *Lopaka* was funny looking—"

I stamped my foot. "I was *not* funny looking!"

"Yes, you were." *Kamaha's* grin turned impish and I chased the boys all over the campgrounds until they ran, screaming in mock terror into my father's cabin.

We caught and dutifully tickled them all, tucking them into two beds we'd pushed together. *Loki* wanted to stay with the boys and kept climbing in with Baby K, who kept climbing out of bed and into my arms. We'd tuck him in again and one of the twins would slip out of the sheets.

I was surprised when my dad appeared and started counting. "How did we end up with four boys?" he asked. "Maybe I made a mistake?" He started counting them again, including toes and fingers. The boys were thrilled at everything he did. I bet he hadn't been a funny looking baby.

"How did we get an extra kid?" my dad teased.

"Me!" *Loki* yelled and my dad tickled him. *Loki* laughed and laughed. The boys climbed all over him, wanting their fair share of his attention.

It was all over then, messed up sheets, screaming kids, but my father was amazing with them.

"Let's tell ghost stories," he said and held a flashlight under his chin. Not for the first time, I marveled that at the age of fifty, he didn't have a single line or wrinkle on his face.

Kimo quietly dragged me out of the cabin. *Tutu* was tucking the baby twins into their shared crib in our cabin and she started to sing.

Her voice was terrible, but it hadn't killed me growing up and all the kids seemed to like it. *Pele* pumped her fists in time to a *Hawaiian* version of *Rockabye Baby*.

"*Lopaka*, I do believe we might actually get some private time," Kimo whispered as he pulled me up a slope.

"I was not funny looking."

"No, darling, I am certain you weren't, in fact I saw a few of your baby photos at *Fyfah's* and you were adorable...but *Tutu* had to say something. *Katie's* kid looks like a half-sucked mango."

"He does not," I retorted.

"Come on, *Myypaka*. You must admit his face all scrunched, like this—" Kimo's imitation of *Katie's* newborn son was pretty dead-on.

We both started to laugh and Kimo held me to him, his eyes sparkling in the velvety darkness.

"I love you," he said.

"And I love you, Kimo."

The words were hardly out of my mouth when his hands were at the snaps on my board shorts, wrestling my cock out of the fly.

"I can't help myself," his voice rasped in the darkness. He dropped to his knees and sucked my entire length into his hot mouth. It shocked me to see him so thoroughly enjoying himself, it always did. Kimo took every moment of our lovemaking seriously. He was an ardent and dedicated lover, but sometimes he took me by surprise. I would be certain his thoughts were far away, on important matters and...

He released my cock, a look of reproach in his smoky, dark eyes.

"*Lopaka*, I happen to consider fucking you an important matter." He stood, picking me up in his arms, my stiff cock rising up to greet him in happy anticipation. His smile was quick and wide, his tongue flicking right across my lips. I tried to kiss him, but he was too quick and next thing I knew, he was kneeling on a sandy ledge against the cliff. It was cold, dark and wet, but Kimo whipped my shorts from where they were dangling on my legs and placed them under my ass.

"I love how hard you get. Your cock feels so

good in my mouth," he whispered and went back to sucking me. I was half-sitting, half-lying on the ledge and I knew he was enthralled with the power and control he had over me. He edged my hips forward and I groaned as his mouth moved to suck my ass, balls and cock at his whim.

He hunkered down between my legs. My balls were a little bit in the way of my ass, but he stopped to suck and lick them. Kimo liked to entertain them and show them what's what.

"I would love to have both of them in my mouth at the same time," he said, scowling, "but I can only fit one at a time." He sucked the second one into his mouth and my feet shot into the air. I could feel his chin on my ass as he took his time releasing one ball and sucking the other, his fingers curling around my rigid shaft.

It was an effort to hold on as he recaptured my leaking cock in his mouth. I gasped when he pulled back, using his lips only, tenderly tonguing the head until I could stand it no longer and forced it all straight back down his throat.

"Take me," I ground out as I felt the orgasm building in the pit of my belly. He nursed by balls with one hand, using the other hand to rub my ass hole. He used two fingers to rub back and forth across my ass, my balls in his increasingly tight hold. I came so hard I saw fireworks in my brain. I sank back against the jagged rocks, Kimo

unrelenting in stoking the blaze he'd started within me. My legs held onto his head and I grabbed handfuls of wet sand, my heart thumping in my chest.

At last, he took his wanton mouth off me. "Not bad, *Lopaka*." He kissed my inner thigh. "Let's see how much harder you come when I take you from behind."

We didn't get a chance to try. Our baby daughter started wailing and Kimo raised his face again.

"You owe me, baby." He rose and lifted me to my feet. My legs wobbled with the mighty force of his passion and Kimo laughed, picking me up in his arms again.

"I love you," I said, kissing his waiting mouth.

"You better."

We set sail the next morning after a hearty breakfast of eggs, fish and fresh figs the boys found high on a slope near the cabins.

Papa Nui had left his private plane in *Maui* when he and *Mama Nui* had flown back with Katie and Isolina from the Marquesas Islands. We had picked them up and sailed to *Molokai*, very close to the island. I was surprised we were heading back there, but we owned a home on a remote and secure mountain ridge *Kahakuola Head*, once owned by Kimo's great, great grandfather, the last

ruling monarch of *Maui*, King *Kahekili*. There was more than a strong resemblance between them.

A painting in our hallway of *Kahekili* could have been a portrait of my husband. Framed in inches-thick unvarnished *koa* wood, it was a life-size portrait almost seven feet high. Brandishing similar tattoos to Kimo's, the proud warrior glared from the portrait, looking as if he was ready to leap from the canvas.

Once again, *Pele* was directing traffic and she wanted the spirit of Kimo's ancestors onboard. We arrived at the base of our mountain on the northeast side of the island two hours after we set out, the kids chattering like chickens. Our brood knew the house very well and were excited to be here.

"Come on, *Loki*, we'll show you everything." *Kamaha* grabbed the little boy's hand and the four musketeers were off and running, jumping up the stone steps *Kahekili* had carved into the cliff over a hundred years ago.

We adults climbed at a more leisurely pace. Even Katie managed, but demanded '*awa* the second she reached the top.

Kimo and Sammy began the usual chanting, blessing and protection rituals the second we reached our sprawling property. *Tutu* and I took care of practicalities. We stocked the fridge with our remaining perishables from the boat and

quickly assigned rooms, throwing clean sheets onto a bed for Katie and her still unnamed baby.

Bedrooms sorted out, Katie happily lying in bed against plumped up pillows, her two husbands paying proud homage to her and the new infant, the rest of us left them alone.

We opened doors and windows and began cleaning. It had been a couple of months since we'd been here, our main residence being on the island of *Oahu*.

"I say, I'd murder for a spot of tea," Fyfah announced.

"Death won't be necessary," I assured her.

"And none of that herbal stuff," she said. "That's pants. I want a nice, proper cup of English tea."

We had one tea bag left from the boat and I added this to the long list of supplies we needed from the supermarket. She threw herself into a chair and waited as *Tutu* and I got busy.

In the kitchen, *Maluhia* poured the remaining, freshly prepared 'awa from a plastic jug into coconut bowls and took one to Katie. The other, she handed to my father who apparently adored the stuff. 'Awa, made from a root ground into a powder and blended with water was a natural anti-depressant and cure all. It made you feel very good, very relaxed and induced long and restful sleep, though my father seemed constantly alert

and ready to have fun.

He studied the portrait of the great King and seemed genuinely awed by it.

"You know Kimo gave up a lot to be with you, don't you?" he asked me.

I sensed some envy there and although I didn't need him telling me what my husband gave up, I knew he was right so I simply said, "Yes."

"If Kimo had married a woman, the Council wouldn't be trying to take custody of the children."

"That's not true," *Tutu* said, coming toward us. "I think they just want power. They know dat Baby Kimo is a good healer...a great healer and they know da baby twins be powerful, too."

My father stared at her for a moment, his expression unreadable and shrugged. "*I am* on your side." He stared once again at the gigantic portrait and walked away.

"After this thing is over...I hope he goes home," *Tutu* whispered to me. "He one giant pain in da *kolo*, da ass. Always was."

I laughed. I couldn't help myself.

A sudden burst of peace filled my heart and *Tutu* smiled, obviously feeling it, too.

"Ah," she said. "Our men have protected our home. All is safe."

Safe. Our side of the island, the *Hana* side, filled

with beautiful rock pools, waterfalls and so much spectacular, unmarred beauty was not accessible unless you were invited. *Hana* itself was a sprawling place where tourists flocked, but did not always find the secret, legendary places such as the black, gold and red sandy beaches. They were not only unmarked, but required a lengthy, often treacherous hike through rainforests and hidden trails. It took so long to reach the first and most famous of its sacred sites, the *Oheo* Gulch, also known as the Seven Sacred Pools, most tourists gave up and headed home to their hotels before it got too dark.

The reason for that was the unbelievably twisty, turning one-lane road that took all day to negotiate. In the dark, with no streetlights, even the most gung-ho tourists knew they were gambling with their personal safety handling those hairpin turns that inches away plunged straight into the sea below.

People in *Hana* valued their privacy. There wasn't much in the way of shopping, so *Mama Nui*, who knew the island well, took *Kahanu* and *Isolina* food shopping in *Paia*, the biggest town closest to *Hana* with a market, gas station and a ton of souvenir shops and rustic, but expensive clothing boutiques.

Paia was pure hippiedom, but it was the last place visitors could get snacks and gas before the

fifty-six mile plunge into *Hana's* mysterious pleasures that the market was always well stocked.

Armed with a massive shopping list, *Mama Nui* took Kimo's beloved SUV, which started, once Kimo gave its engine a flick of his talented fingers.

They were gone for hours and we were starting to get hungry.

"Let's pick some fruit and vegetables," I told the kids and soon, we made a game of it.

Three properties abutted on our mountain, all accessible via one iron gate that was kept locked. None of the homes were visible to each other and the trails were quite overgrown, but the kids loved rambling over the place. They soon found apples, oranges, sweet potatoes and lettuce.

Tutu and I made two apple pies and the boys, who helped roll out the pastry, ran off to see what else they could find as we baked. I put a call through to *Mama Nui's* cell phone, asking her to bring back ice cream.

When at last, she and her helpers returned, the adults went out to greet them. *Isolina* was wearing a new dress. She'd found a few new things in the shops at *Paia* and she seemed thrilled to be on *Maui*.

"It feels so nice here," she said. "We bought so much food."

She wasn't kidding. The SUV's cargo hold was

jammed with bags of food, a huge pallet of rice, Hessian bags of potatoes and onions and a gigantic basket of bread.

"I wasn't sure what was growing here, but I wanted to make sure we had enough," *Mama Nui* said as we began unloading things.

She held a cardboard box in her hands filled with paper cones of strawberry shave ice, the original icy treat brought the islands over a hundred years ago by a Japanese businessman.

"I stopped at Hasegawa General Store," *Mama Nui* said. "I knew the boys would love these."

"Where are the boys?" I wondered. I was surprised the smell of the baked pies hadn't brought them back into the house.

I went outside and found them lined up against the *lanai* fence, eating handfuls of raspberries.

"Where did you find those?" I asked them. The boys all stopped and looked at each other, their little faces smeared crimson. Something was up, but *Kamaha* pointed to his left and one by one, each of the boys also pointed to the left.

"Well, come inside, darlings, *Mama Nui* brought you shave ice, then we're going to have some lunch."

They followed me, immediately slurping on their frozen treats. With the last drop of strawberry syrup licked out of their paper cones, the kids demanded sandwiches.

"I want fresh bread," *Kamaha* told me. "It's all I dream about, *Mypaka*."

Everybody wanted sandwiches and salad. The pies and three quarts of ice cream vanished, as did the guava, orange and melon fruit salad I chopped and laced with fresh passion fruit from the garden.

With so many people in the house and so much food consumed in one sitting, I knew we would be back at the stores the following day.

Kimo was having a whale of a time and hunkered down right after lunch to clean the kayaks and check the life vests we kept in the garage for the boys. Our property had a very nice rainforest trail leading to the Olivine Pools, perfect for snorkeling and kayaking.

"I say," Fyfah announced as we tried the life vests on the boys and found they all fit, "don't you have a television set here?"

"No," I said.

"Not a single one?" She looked shocked.

"They don't have TV at all," *Kamaha* assured her. "But I have one."

She perked instantly. "You do? Where?"

"At my house in *Oahu*." He looked at her as if she were really strange.

"*Oahu*?" Her gaze swiveled to me. "What do you do keep the kids quiet at night?"

"We play with them," I said. "We read, we do

puzzles..."

Kamaha gazed at me lovingly. "We have fun."

"Oh, but a television..." *Fyfah* looked devastated. "It's so much more...convenient."

"Well, I'm sorry we don't have a TV. Why don't you read a book? We have a marvelous collection."

"It's all history and boring things like philosophy and mythology. Don't you even have an Agatha Christie? Everybody has at least *one* Agatha Christie."

I shook my head. "No, sorry."

She shuddered. "How primitive. I don't suppose you've got a good, old-fashioned bodice ripper!"

I stared at her. What was a bodice ripper? "Oh, you mean a romance novel?"

"You have any of those?" she asked, looking like a beaver that senses food just within reach.

"Umm...we have a breeches ripper," my sister said, handing her a beaten up paperback.

"What's a breeches ripper?" *Fyfah* turned the book over in her hand. "Oh my goodness, it's about two men! On the high seas." She studied the book flap. "Gay! I never heard of such a thing."

"It's quite hot." *Maluhia* grinned. "Gay erotic fiction is the latest thing in romance, you know."

"You read gay erotic fiction?" I was stunned.

She shrugged. "Yes. I wanted to understand

you better, so I bought one. Now I'm hooked."

I was so touched, I was rendered speechless.

Fyfah thumbed through the book. "I say, don't you have anything in the line of a lonely, orphaned governess going off to a castle where they eat lots of crumpets and drink lashings of hot tea?"

"I'm not much of a tea and crumpet girl. I like hot sex and hot men. This is a good story. It's got everything."

Fyfah looked at me, her expression bleak.

"Sorry," I said again. "Tomorrow, we'll need more groceries and I happen to know the market in *Paia* has a pretty good selection of books."

She tossed the paperback aside. "And what am I supposed to do until then?"

"Enjoy yourself," I suggested.

"*Enjoy* myself?" She made it sound like I'd just suggested that she throw herself off a cliff.

"Here's how I intend to enjoy *my* afternoon," *Tutu* said, brandishing a bottle of champagne. "I'm making passion fruit mimosas. Care to join me?"

"Just one," *Fyfah* said with an air of martyrdom. I caught the gleam in her eye when she added, "Just to be polite."

Kimo, my father and I took the boys to the Olivine Pools. They were full of energy and

wonderment and gasped with pleasure at the sight of the green pools once we arrived.

"Keep your reef walkers on," Kimo demanded and even stubborn little *Loki* obeyed. "You can pick up and look at the sea creatures, but you must put them back where you found them, *da kine*? Okay? And you must stay with either me or *Lopaka* at all times."

"*Da kine*," the kids agreed in unison.

"What about me?" my father asked.

"You should stick close to us, too," Kimo said and my father gazed at the four solemn-faced little boys staring up at him.

He nodded, but I could tell he was pissed. I just knew he wanted to be thought of as a figure of trust, an element of authority.

Suddenly, *Loki* started screaming. A scorpion, a rare enough creature in the islands, let alone way out here, lodged itself on his ankle.

My father shot forward, brushing Kimo's hand away. My father placed his hand over the scorpion, which he tossed across the deep pools. It landed with a plop into the water as he chanted. It was an incantation I did not recognize.

Kimo and I exchanged looks.

My father is a healer? I telepathed to him.

Kimo didn't respond and I could not read his thoughts.

"You feel okay now?" my father asked *Loki* who

seemed to have forgotten he'd even been stung. He turned into his usual rambunctious self, holding hands with *Keli'i*, the two of them scampering over rocks to join *Kamaha* and Baby Kimo.

My father caught my gaze. "I guess I should have mentioned it was one of the gifts my husband gave me, the day I married him."

"The gift of healing?"

"That's a side benefit. No, the gift he gave me was a lot more precious." He leaned closer and I took a step back.

"The gift he gave me was...immortality."

Chapter Three

“*Lopaka*, what time is the shopping expedition scheduled for tomorrow morning?”

Kimo, my father and I had just returned from our time at the pools, the boys hungry and deliciously tired.

I shut the sliding glass door as the boys collapsed on the living room floor.

Fyfah was all over me. “I don’t know, no set time,” I told her and turned my attention to the children. “Who wants ice cream?”

They all sprang to life again. “Me!” they screamed.

She followed me into the kitchen. I was still absorbing my father’s news. I knew that Kimo wanted to discuss it privately, but it was maddening not to be able to talk about it *now*.

There wasn’t much ice cream left, but the boys seemed content with a single scoop each and they all hugged me, even notoriously hands-off *Loki*.

“*Myypaka*, can we eat outside?” *Kamaha* asked

me.

"Sure." I caught giggles as the boys took their bowls out to the *lanai*, but Fyfah's hands were on my shoulders, her blood shot eyes boring into mine.

"I must simply get hold of the sequel," she bellowed.

"Relax, I can hear you. What sequel?"

"Just want to make sure I have your attention. The sequel to..." her voice dropped, "the breeches ripper. That was the most exciting bloody book I've ever read in my life!"

"You...*read* it?"

"Of course I read it. I was bored." Her indignant expression almost made me laugh, but I tried hard to cover my amusement, not to mention my surprise. I failed miserably.

"Oh, don't look so surprised. I say, do we have any more of that champagne? I do feel quite...lovely." She bounced on her stockinged feet and I contemplated locking up what little booze we had in the house.

"I must check on my babies," I murmured.

"They're fine. *Mama Nui* is napping with them." She wagged a finger in my face. "I finally get it, *Lopaka*."

"Get what?" How much champagne had she been drinking?

"The allure of gay romance."

"Oh." This time I laughed.

"Yes. One man is good, two are..." she chuckled, her eyebrows wiggling, "Two are better. Two are divine."

My sister came into the kitchen and Fyfah sidled away.

"Where's *Tutu*?" I asked.

"She made mimosas and now she and Sammy are making merry."

I laughed again.

"Katie is in a very bad mood because *Nohea* and *Kahanu* seem to have forgotten their arguments and are going at it like rabbits." She caught my glance. "Well, they are! I went and sat with her. We keep going over baby names."

"Has she come up with anything yet?"

"No, and if she doesn't pick a name soon, I might have a screaming fit. I'm sick of it already." She took a deep breath. "Kimo went in to talk to Sammy. *Tutu's* plenty pissed at the interruption. She said you and I should start making dinner."

"Let me go ask the kids what they want." I walked out onto the *lanai*. The four empty bowls were on the wooden deck, the boys nowhere to be seen. I started calling them and got no response. Fear gripped me. I tried to tell myself they were protected here, that they were safe. I called again, ready to scream for Kimo when I heard laughter.

Darting between a clump of bamboo, I was

startled to find *Kahanu* naked on his back on the ground, *Nohea* kneeling between his parted thighs.

"Fuck me," *Kahanu* begged and *Nohea* sure seemed to be doing his best to comply.

"Harder, bitch," *Kahanu* hissed and slapped him. *Nohea* laughed.

I blinked, backing away. Man, I hoped the kids didn't catch them in the act. I stepped away from the bamboo and further along the ridge bordering our property, I heard children's laughter coming from the trees.

"*Kamaha!*" My voice was sharper than I intended, but the ringleader of my rowdy bunch ran to me, his posse in tow. Once again their little faces were smeared with raspberries.

The boys held crushed berries in their hands, their laughter contagious.

"What's so funny?" I tried to keep a straight face now I knew they were okay.

"Nothing," *Kamaha* said and collapsed into laughter, his little comrades joining him.

"Where did you find the berries?" I asked, but Baby Kimo reached up to me, his fingers pressing a fragrant, ripe berry into my mouth.

The sounds of moaning came from the bamboo and *Loki's* face registered surprise.

"Daddy!"

"No, sweetheart...not daddy."

Kahanu shouted his bliss and *Loki* looked at me.

"Daddy!" he shrieked.

"No, no, aren't you funny. You boys want to play a game?"

"I want to see what's going on in the bamboo," *Kamaha* said.

"Ha ha! Now you're being funny. Who wants a surprise?"

"What kind of surprise?" *Kamaha* asked, looking suspicious.

Boy, this kid drove a hard bargain.

The impassioned sounds continued.

"Daddy!" *Loki* insisted, running toward the bamboo. I caught him by the pants. He giggled hysterically as he hovered far from the ground.

"Me, mama," Baby Kimo insisted. "My turn, mama."

All the boys wanted their turns at me hoisting them from the ground and spinning them around. The game continued until *Kahanu* and *Nohea* emerged from their private Eden, flushed and disheveled.

"See, it's daddy!" *Loki* threw himself at *Nohea* who caught him in his arms. Baby Kimo reached his arms up to me and I kissed his little raspberry-smeared face. The twins swarmed me. I hugged them tightly and thanked God they were home safe. Everything frightened and worried me these days. My children were happy, but still hungry, even after their feast of ice cream and wild fruit.

After dinner, my father and Isolina wanted to tuck the children into their beds and a cranky Fyfah retired to her room, still grumbling about no TV, no more champagne and no *sexy books*.

Kimo, his parents, Sammy, *Tutu* and I met in the garden, away from the house. It was dark and lovely, the stars very bright, the scant lights from the Forbidden Island of *Ni'ihau* visible across the inky water. The scent of green papaya permeated the property mingled with orange blossom and night blooming jasmine. *Maluhia* and Raul were keeping an eye on the kids, *Nohea* and *Kahanu* ensconced with Katie and the new baby.

"He's immortal?" *Mama Nui* asked, as soon as we were out of earshot. We all started to talk at once.

Kimo shrugged. "So he says. It makes sense and yet—"

"But this is fantastic," *Papa Nui* said. "He has more power than we dreamed possible. The Council will be impressed." He glanced at Kimo. "Right?"

"Right. I am wondering why he didn't use his power to escape his husband, but for now, we have to concentrate on our own problems. We have thirteen days until we need to appear at the tribunal on the Big Island. We have six days to announce that we are mounting our argument—"

"That means we just have to keep him hidden for a week after that," *Mama Nui* concluded.

"So far, there's been no problem. We've been keeping a low profile and he seems content. He doesn't seem to want to go off on his own," Kimo said.

"If anything, he seems nervous about—" Sammy started to say.

"Nervous about what?" came a voice in the darkness.

We all jumped. My father strode toward us, followed by Fyfah and Isolina.

"The children—" I started to move, but my father put his hand on my chest to stop me from running back to the house.

"They are fine. They're asleep. I don't know why you're all worried about me. I'm here, aren't I?"

Kimo's gaze on my father's face was steady. "Yes. You are here and we are grateful."

"You don't need to worry about anyone trying to abduct me, or get me to change my mind. I chose to be here and as for the children, they are very safe. Between everybody here, they have more than adequate protection. I don't feel the Council has any idea you found me. I have prayed on it." He gave us a mock bow. "Congratulations, you don't have a single traitor in your midst." My father turned, Isolina right on his tail and headed

back into the house.

My father stopped and in the darkness, his eyes seeking mine.

"Lopaka, you have given little attention to the promise you gave Goddess Pele. You must complete the gifts for the six women." His voice dropped to a whisper. *"For Na Hiku."*

"Did you tell him about that?" Mama Nui asked when my father and Isolina were back inside the house.

"No, I've told him nothing about our visit to Pele."

"Then he is receiving divine messages." Kimo looked pleased and I felt left out. He was absorbed, lost in his own messages. He raised his head suddenly. "Na Hiku means The Seven in Hawaiian. Pele asked for six women to complete your circle of protection. She must be the seventh. I just received a message all six women should be at the Council meeting."

"Do I give them all the necklaces I am making before the meeting?" I asked.

He nodded. "Oh, yes. And we need to revisit the vagina cave and take Pele her piece as well." He stopped speaking again and a wonderful smile covered his face. "She is waiting for us."

I took a deep breath. The necklaces were all half-finished. I had a lot of work to do.

"Who are your six?" Mama Nui asked me.

"You, *Tutu*, *Maluhuia*, Katie, Fyfah and Isolina."

"We must do everything we can to make all the women in this house happy and safe, to make them want to be at the Council meeting," Kimo said. "I'm worried about Katie."

"Katie?" This surprised me. I thought I could completely rely on her.

"She's upset and depressed, *Lopaka*. You'll need to pay her a lot of extra attention, especially now that *Nohea* and *Kahanu* are you know..."

"Enjoying man love madness?" Fyfah heaved a dramatic sigh. "It's all so heathen...virile! Do you think they let her watch?"

Tutu's horrified gaze swiveled in her direction. "No more of those books for you, missy!"

Fyfah opened her mouth to argue, but I heard my infant son's muffled sob. *Kamapua'a*, my dream child, never uttered a peep. The weird thing was, when he cried, Baby Kimo, no matter where he was, would also cry. I rushed to *Kamapua'a's* side to the crib he and *Pele* shared in a small anteroom connected to our bedroom. It had once been a private dressing room for Kimo before I met him. We always planned it would be perfect for our babies. Kimo brought *Kamapua'a's* big brother from the room he was sharing with his cousins. Our two boys grinned at each other through their tears.

"I want to stay here, mama," Baby Kimo

insisted. He wriggled out of Kimo's grasp and pushed himself between *Pele* and her brother. *Pele* awoke, but a quick stroke from Kimo on her tiny foot sent her back to sleep. Within seconds, our children were sleeping peacefully and Kimo kissed my forehead.

"Think they can do without us for a few minutes?" I asked Kimo in a low voice.

"Of course. They're asleep now. Why, what did you have in mind?"

"Meet me out by the papaya trees," I whispered. "Five minutes."

Kimo's eyes twinkled, even in the dark. "What are you up to?"

"Just be there."

"Oh, I'll be there." He gave my ass a lingering pat and I raced off to our room to open my suitcase. The overalls that I wore on the boat as part of our farmer boy and the city slicker sex game were right on top. I yanked them out, stripped off my clothes and pulled them on. They were very loose and didn't cover much. I ran outside and seconds later, Kimo was behind me.

"*Mypaka*, are you wearing your overalls?" He came closer. "Is that...my farmer boy?" he asked me, taking in my outfit.

"Yes, Mister. I've been thinking it's been so lonesome on the farm since you last passed by these parts."

His hands moved all over me. "Oh, my God."

"Yes, Mister. I have been hoping you'd come by again. I even have a very hot place for us to fuck, if you're interested."

Kimo's face was flushed. Man, put on a pair of overalls and indulge in a bit of role-playing and he was putty in my hands!

"Huh?" He gulped. "Oh...yes, I am very interested. *Mypa*...I mean, farmer boy, are you commando under those overalls?"

"Well, I don't own any underpants, Mister. Normally, I'm naked, but there's a chill in the air. Did you know my favorite place to hang out is the river?"

"River?" Kimo's right hand was deep inside my overalls, right on my bare ass. "What river?"

"I like to swim...naked...and then I'd like to come out of the water on my belly and have you take me from behind."

"Oh damn! Can't I just fuck you right here?"

I frowned at him. "I'm commando so it will take no time for me to lose my clothing. You ready, Mister?"

"Just drop the overalls and they won't get hurt."

I turned and ran, dropping my overalls quickly as we neared one of the small rock pools on our land. I stepped in, the water was cool, the night sky perfect.

"Mister, I want you to take off your clothes and come in with me. We'll play a while, then I need to get fucked before I can do anymore chores today. It's so hot, you know."

My teeth chattered in the cold night air, but Kimo shucked off his shorts and T-shirt and joined me instantly. He took me into his arms and warmed me up with his tongue and arms and that hard cock poking into my belly.

"Mister, that's a beautiful cock you have there...it's as beautiful as I remembered. Please kiss me." Kimo grunted and gave me his mouth. "I can't keep my hands off you.

even in the water, your cock is hard."

"Farmer boy, you are driving me crazy."

"I love playing around in the water." I got my hand between his legs. "Hmph. I think you might be ready, Mister. You and that huge cock."

Kimo had a dangerous look to the eye. He was more than ready. I climbed out of the pool, scrambling up the grassy mound. I grabbed his clothes and lay face down on them, ass up in the air.

"You're not as innocent as you look. Fuck, I want you, farmer boy."

"Can you see my ass and balls waiting for you? I need you to fuck me please. I've waited weeks for this."

Kimo's tongue and fingers went straight for my

ass.

"Yeah...please. It needs your urgent attention," I panted as his cock zeroed in on my hot hole, pushing its way inside me.

"You're so fucking tight," Kimo hissed.

"Mister, I cannot believe how fucking wonderful it feels to have you in me again. Man! You fuck me so great!" I felt his hand curling around my cock and he began jerking me...not gently...it was as if he were milking my cock. My tight ass just gripped his cock.

"I need you to fuck me harder, Mister."

"I'll fuck you hard, baby." He held onto my hips and moved deeper into me. "Take my cock, farmer boy."

I felt him slamming into me, our balls meeting as he swung into me. I tilted my ass up to meet his thrusts and his hand moved to my balls, to feel them, hold them as he stuffed his cock into me over and over again. He hit all the right places.

"Am I hitting your spot, baby?" he crooned and I felt the blast of pleasure shooting from my prostate right up my back and into my belly. My head was on the ground when his hand moved back to my cock. I almost couldn't take the pleasurable sensations of everything he was doing to me. He took his cock all the way out and stuck it back in again. My feet beat the ground each time he moved out of me.

Kimo knew when I was ready to come and shouted, "I love you. Baby, you are the best lover...come all over my fucking hand."

I turned around and looked at him, his gaze intent on mine as we came together, the orgasm sweet, intense and oh, too brief. He turned me over on my back.

"The night is young," he whispered, licking my nipples and then my lips.

"I am your slut," I whispered back.

"Yes, you are. The most beautiful slut in the world."

Chapter Four

My daughter awoke at her favorite time, six o'clock in the morning. She half-sang, half-howled until I got out of bed, which wasn't easy with my husband wrapped tightly around me. I pushed open the anteroom door. She was bouncing and rocking the crib as I reached her.

"Mama!"

I gathered her in my arms and kissed her. Glancing at Kimo, I saw he was still sleeping, his hair sprawled across the pillow. The two boys were also asleep in the crib, Baby K's arm thrown protectively across his brother, the same way *Kamaha* slept with my little boy when he was younger. *Pele* continued the racket. She started to cackle. My God, she'd inherited *Tutu* and *Maluhia's* mad laugh. I hustled her out of there and into the living room. It was quiet and *Pele's* gaze darted everywhere. I understood. She was a busy girl with places to go, things to do. I put her on the floor and let her race me to the kitchen. She

could stand and loved to walk, holding our hands, but crawling for her was faster.

She raced ahead of me, her little bottom wiggling *hula*-style when I heard footsteps. I turned and was not especially surprised to see my father. My daughter's head turned and she grinned when she saw him. He crouched down, his gaze for her only. She hoisted herself to her feet and tottered, unaided, right into his waiting arms.

Pele cackled, pleased with herself. My father glanced up at me and laughed.

"I feel I've been given a second chance," he said, rising, holding my little girl to him. "The twins are so much like you and *Maluhia*. She is *just* like her."

Still trying to absorb the shock of *Pele's* first steps being toward my father, not to mention his statement, I heard further sounds. One by one, our family members were waking.

"I won't say anything if you would rather not tell them she took her first steps to me."

My father gazed at me as *Kamaha* and *Keli'i* charged into the room. I knew then that my father could read my mind and it scared me. Could he read us all? The boys threw themselves at him.

Tutu hustled in next and I grinned at her. "*Pele* took her first steps on her own."

"She did?"

I nodded "Right into Keneti's arms." I couldn't call him dad and he'd given up Paden. When I did address him by a name, I always thought of him as Keneti, even though...even though I remembered somewhere in the back of my mind...I recalled my mother calling him *Payd*.

"Did you walk, baby girl?" *Tutu* asked her.

"Ya!" *Pele* responded, her fist in her mouth. She and *Tutu* cackled at each other.

"Walk to me!" *Kamaha* implored.

"No, walk to me!" *Keli'i* insisted.

She barreled instead into *Tutu's* arms.

The boys groaned with disappointment. I slipped into the kitchen and found a few strawberries in a plastic container in the fridge. She was a strawberry girl. I took two and ran back to the living room, giving them to the boys. They perked immediately.

Pele rushed right to them.

"We need to get more raspberries," *Kamaha* commented as *Pele* tumbled in his lap and gobbled her fruit.

Tutu and I headed to the kitchen. It was going to be a beautiful day. We had a lot of mouths to feed and the people belonging to them would soon be hungry. I thought breakfast at the long table outside would be lovely. *Tutu* and I started chopping and slicing fruit, scrambling eggs, opening the bacon packages and lining up the

thick slices of Portuguese sweet bread for toasting.

Little *Loki* ran into me, naked and holding up a dirty diaper.

Isolina was right behind me. "I'll change him *Lopaka*."

"Are you sure?" I asked her. "Did you sleep okay?"

Her eyes twinkled. "Yes, thank you. Come on, little one."

As soon as she was gone, *Tutu* clapped a hand on my arm. "My chil'uns is all growing up, *Mypaka*. I want more babies."

"No! No more babies. They're not grown up yet," I reminded her.

Her eyes showed infinite sadness. "Soon, yes, they'll be all grown up. Mebbe I need to find a hubby for Isolina. She'll give me more babies!"

I laughed. *Tutu* wouldn't give up on this idea, I was certain of it.

Everybody crowded into the kitchen when Kimo announced he was putting the sweet bread and bacon on the barbecue outside. Grilled bread was a favorite in our household. Katie and her husbands came from their room and *Nohea* held the new addition in his arms. Man, he did sort of look...squished.

"You got a name for him yet?" *Mama Nui* asked.

"Kimo!" Baby Kimo shrieked.

"How did you know?" Katie asked my toddler who just laughed and ran outside with the other boys.

"Is his name really Kimo?" I asked.

Her eyes shone, her face looked dreamy. "Absolutely. Kimo Samuel *Akoa*."

Sammy's chest puffed out with pride. "Hey, he's got my name!"

I was so overcome, I rushed right over and hugged her. "That's such a beautiful name."

"You don't think my baby's ugly, do you?" she asked.

"He's gorgeous, Katie."

"*Loki* was such a pretty baby, but Kimo...he's so sweet."

"Kimo is a beautiful baby," I insisted. She put her head on my shoulder and I felt her weariness. "Katie, is there anything special you want me to cook for you?"

"Honey cake," she said instantly. I smiled. The kids would love that, too.

My Kimo kissed her next and handed off *Kamapua'a* to Isolina.

"I must get back to the barbecue," he said. He gave me a dazzling smile, kissing me on his way out. Man, the guy oozed sensuality. He left me swaying and I shook my head to focus on Isolina who had a special fondness for my infant son. I knew it was because he, like I and like *Kamaha*,

looked just like our father.

She set him down on the ground and sang a little song as he danced with her, clutching her fingers. He wasn't ready to run marathons like my baby girl was, but I knew *Kamapua'a* would soon catch up with his twin.

"*Lopaka*," my father-in-law, *Papa Nui* suddenly asked, "Where are the boys?"

Oh no, not again. We went outside, the air crisp and cool, the scene of freshly-smashed coconuts and grilling bacon filling the air. We called the boys. Kimo, turning over the bacon with tongs, did not seem concerned.

"They went thataway." He jabbed the air toward a clump of trees with the tongs.

I heard the boys giggling and laughing. They ran back with handfuls of raspberries, giggling again. What was going on?

Later, Kimo telepathed to me. I shrugged and took the bacon platter from his hands as he quickly turned over the bread slices. Everybody rushed to the table. It was a bit of a free for all but it was wonderful to hear laughter, the crashing of ocean waves and knowing for the first time in a long, long time, our family was all together.

"*Lopaka*," *Fyfah* said, raising her teacup. "Here's to good times, all of us together. I'm thinking when all of this is over, I'd like to stay in *Hawaii* a while. Scotland is pants just now."

"Pants!" the boys shrieked and ran from the table, chasing each other around the garden. *Tutu* and I began the clean-up process. I wondered if my father would stay when *all this was over* and realized with a surprising pang, it mattered very much if he did. I wanted to get to know him. I glanced over at him and found his gaze on me. Yeah, it mattered a lot.

I spent some time after breakfast outside at the big table, examining the necklaces I had started. *Maluhia* came and sat with me, but I suspected she had ulterior motives as I unwrapped the *tapa* cloth *Tutu* had given me, to protect the necklaces and the assorted jewels I had in bags and boxes. The *tapa* cloth had been in my grandmother's family for a hundred years. It was, like all *tapa*, beaten from tree bark, but was soft and pliant, like fabric. I felt its workmanship in every inch and felt a strong sense of pride and pleasure in having this piece to pass on to *Pele* when she was older.

"Everything okay?" I asked, glancing up to find my sister's gaze on my face.

"I need chocolate. I need chocolate before I scream my head off. You're going shopping today, right?"

"Er...sure. Yes. *Fyfah* wants to buy books and we need more food."

She sighed and I gazed down at the wondrous

pieces I had collected. I was particularly excited by my latest purchase, cairngorm, an amber-like stone that came from the Scottish mountains of the same name. I'd found them in the Jura Shops just before we left and couldn't believe my luck that there were seven pieces of it.

Cairngorm, pronounced cain goyn, was breathtaking. I was pleased it fit in so well with the other pieces I had collected. I had lapis lazuli, sapphires, rubies, emeralds and peridot because the stone is sacred to Goddess *Pele*. I had seven diamonds for the center of each piece and small shark's teeth since the shark is our *amakua'a*, family guardian and because *Pele's* brother, the Shark God *Kamoho'ali'i* had been such a big part of our journey, and *Pele's* own sacred voyage, too.

There were two other precious gems completing the collection. Moonstones and blue shells found only on the Forbidden Island of *Ni'ihau*. I chose moonstones in honor of the Moon Goddess, *Hina*, who guided us on our journey through the South Seas and the shells because had our friends, Johnny and *Aloha*, had not gone to *Ni'ihau*, I never would have met my twin. Emotion overwhelmed me and I jumped up and hugged her.

Maluhia laughed. Sometimes she was receptive to my show of affection, sometimes she was not. This time, she was. Her hand moved to the shells.

"Are these...these aren't *Ui'uli*, surely?"

I nodded. "They are."

"These blue ones are so rare. Oh, *Lopaka*...I remember going to *Ni'ihau* with my mother...I'm sorry, our mother." Her hand hovered. "Do you mind hearing about her?"

"No," I said. In truth, I had long ago accepted that she abandoned me. I grew up, raised by *Tutu* and had no regrets about any part of my life because my present was wonderful. My past, like my ass, was behind me.

"I used to make shell *leis*. Dozens of them. That was my recreation. *Lopaka*, can I put the holes in these shells for your necklace?"

"Absolutely." I felt my sister's participation only strengthened the magical bonding between us and...I remembered my father's words, *Na Hiku*.

She picked up a *lei* needle and made tiny, perfect holes in each one.

"Where did you get them?" she asked. "I know you've been nowhere near *Ni'ihau*."

I grinned. "Next best thing. Ebay."

My sister's wild cackle rang out across the terrace and I couldn't help thinking they'd probably heard her across the entire island.

"Do you want to come shopping with me?" I asked, thrilled that the necklaces were almost complete. I knew there was a bead and gem shop

in *Paia* and I wanted to take a look in there before I completed the pieces.

"I would love it." She hesitated. "Raul is feeling bad."

"Bad? Why?"

"He's left his brother Ramon to run the café and he feels guilty that he can't be honest and tell him he's home. They talked this morning. But they are so close...he misses him, *Lopaka*."

I knew Raul's entire family must miss him and I thought it would be nice if we flew everyone over, including Johnny and *Aloha* who were looking after our *Oahu* home for us. We had the private plane. If we swore them all to secrecy, we could bring them over for a family barbecue...no, a Baby *Luau* to celebrate the new baby Kimo's birth. Then we could fly them all back home again.

"That's a fantastic idea. Raul is keen to cook. Can he make dinner tonight? When can I tell him the family is coming?"

I opened and closed my mouth. I'd had no idea I'd voiced my thoughts aloud. My sister was in raptures.

"A Baby *Luau*, oh, *Lopaka*, I'm so excited!"

Kimo came out to us, *Pele* in his arms, his warm eyes on mine. "You want to organize the *luau* for tomorrow?"

"How do you do that?" my sister asked. "Read each other that way?"

I smiled. "It's fantastic, isn't it?" I rolled up the *tapa* cloth. "*Maluhia*, I'll make a deal with you. You and I will go shopping with Fyfah, if you watch my babies for a minute. I'd like a little private time with my husband."

"Sure," she said, plucking *Pele* from Kimo's arms. "We girls will make a shopping list."

Kimo and I ran to our room and I slammed the door, pushed him onto the bed and he laughed as I tore at the toggle on his board shorts.

His big hands stroked back my hair from my face. I whimpered with desire as my lips made contact with his very hard cock.

"Oh, *Lopaka*. I can't remember the last time we fucked in a stationary room in an actual bed. I glanced up from my sucking to find his gleaming eyes on me. "It was Samoa," he said finally. "Yes...Samoa."

He got up, rolled me over on the bed, his hard cock against my thigh and looked down into my face.

"The first moment you walked into my *hula halau* and I saw your face, the first thing that came into my mind, the very first thought was, *oh, he's trouble.*"

I wound my arms around his neck. "You never told me that before."

He grinned, his smoky eyes looking far away. "I found myself thinking about you. Oh, the

jealousy. I couldn't stand seeing other men, other women talking to you. I thought I was having a breakdown." He stopped speaking and kissed me.

"Kimo –"

"Lopaka, I have never, ever for a single moment regretted following my heart, I love you. I will fight for our family, just as I fought to be with you."

I pushed him back on the bed and moved to his cock, which was in need of urgent care.

"Yes, please suck me, baby." His voice grew thick with emotion, his fingers messing with my hair as I sucked and licked his gigantic shaft, putting hard kisses on the head. His cock was rigid. I loved how hard it always got for me so quickly.

"It's your cock, baby." A usual, he read my thoughts. "It knows you love it."

Yes, and it had my name tattooed down its length, a fact which never stopped exciting me.

"Would you like to fuck me? I think you should...after all this is a special occasion. We get to fuck in our bed!"

"I fucking want your ass," he rasped and I quickly moved beside him, lying on my side. I loved it when he took me from behind, as I lay on my side. I really loved the way Kimo got so excited fucking me this way. The first time he did was early one morning on the Big Island, in the

early days of our courtship. Our passion had only intensified since that hot morning fuck.

"I remember that morning. You woke me and our cocks were rubbing together like this." Kimo slipped his cock between my thighs and the sensation of it against my own cock was incredible.

"You told me to fuck you, to take you just like this," he continued, scissoring back and forth between my tightly closed legs. "You want it baby? You want me to take you?"

His fingers stroked my ass hole and I felt the fire swamping my belly. "Yes," I gasped. I was burning with fever when Kimo entered me.

"Damn you're so fucking tight," he rumbled, his voice sounding far away as I received an image directly from him of running through trees. There was a fire, I could smell it. My mind blanked the images and I realized this was Kimo's doing.

He grabbed my hips and went for it, fucking me with assured, hard, deep strokes. I clutched my cock and I felt like I was going to burst any second. He pulled all the way out and as usual, he just knew exactly when to shove it right back in all the way. I felt your cock twitching inside me. He was ready to come, but I knew he wanted a little playtime first so I closed my legs very tight and I poked my bottom out.

"Come on, Kimo, fuck me like you mean it.

Quit being polite.”

He went crazy, pumping into me. God, it felt so good. I remembered the way *Nohea* had fucked *Kahanu* and it brought an extra erotic thrill to our lovemaking.

“Come on, fuck me. Really stick it deep and hard inside me. Fuck my ass. I’ve been such a bad boy all day.”

Kimo laughed, holding my hips closer. “I love fucking your ass, my little love slut.”

I turned around to look at him and he kissed me. His hand reached for my cock, brushing mine out of the way. I was leaking like mad and I felt his cock slipping between my closed, tight thighs. He missed my ass hole when he came back to put it in and his fingers found it ready and waiting. He shoved himself back in me. I met every thrust and his hand moved from my cock to my belly. His hand held me hard against him as he came deep inside me.

He was panting hard now and I grabbed my own shaft. I wanted so badly to come with him. I felt my own orgasm building and Kimo’s fingers jerked on the head.

I felt the rage of fire rippling from the base of my spine as we came together. It was so intense I almost stopped breathing. My ass held onto his twitching cock and Kimo’s drenched body collapsed against me.

"Fuck," he said. "For a pair of old married men, we fuck like horny teenagers."

"Yeah." I grinned, feeling proud at the way his heart thundered against my shoulder. "We could teach teenagers a thing or two."

Chapter Five

“Where do you think you’re going?” Kimo watched me loading Fyfah into the SUV.

“Shopping,” I said.

“You can’t go shopping without me.” His sullen expression was matched by Baby Kimo’s gravity. My two Kimos knew how to pour on the guilt, that’s for sure.

“Well, we need so many things,” I said.

“Our fire branch,” he reminded me.

“Oh...” I’d forgotten. In being the busy host, I hadn’t thought about what a separation would do to us. I bit my lip.

“I’ll stay if you want to go, Kimo.” Fyfah hoisted herself out of the backseat and we were treated to the undignified, slightly horrifying sight of old lady panties and massive, wobbling white thighs.

Raul came running out of the house. “*Maluhia’s* not going shopping. She’ll come back with barrels

of cookies and chocolate and no food. I'm planning on making paella tonight."

"Paella...that sounds wonderful," Kimo enthused. "Are you making it with chicken and fish?"

"Well, I'm not making it with candies, which is all you'll get if you let my wife loose in the shops."

"Thanks a bunch," *Maluhia* huffed, folding her arms across her chest.

"And you really shouldn't be seen parading around *Paia*," Raul reminded me, extracting the keys from my fingers.

"We can go to *Paia*," Kimo insisted. "None of the Council members are there."

"Tough tittie. You stay and watch the kids." My sister glowered in the front seat, then turned and barked at Fyfah whose feet still hadn't touched the ground.

"Old lady, pull your skirt down and get into the car right now!"

Fyfah leapt into action, a terrified look on her face.

Raul floored the accelerator and the SUV took off, the back door swinging.

Kimo stared at the billowing cloud of dust and sand. "I'd forgotten what she's like when she's off the chocolates."

He turned to walk inside the house, depositing our wriggling little boy on the ground.

I watched him run off toward the bamboo and Kimo's hand reached for mine.

"We'll go talk to your dad, okay?"

"My dad?"

"I think he's a bit lonely. I was thinking tomorrow for the Baby *Luau*, we'd ask him to dance. He's a natural performer. He would love it. I think you should ask him, *Lopaka*. It would mean so much to him. Oh, here's Keneti now."

My father looked up from the paperback *Fyfah* had been reading. Boy, that book was getting a workout.

"*Lopaka* has something he'd like to ask you." Kimo pushed me forward just a little and I took a deep breath.

"We would love it if you danced for everybody at the Baby *Luau* tomorrow."

"You would?" He seemed to be trying to read my mind. I kept my thoughts positive. "Really?"

I nodded and my father jumped up, hugging me, his book clattering to the floor.

"Oh, thank you," he gushed. "I must go and prepare a routine." He glided off to his room and Kimo picked up the book, glancing at the cover.

"I want to check this out. I want to see what all the fuss is about." He flipped through a few pages. "*Mypaka*, listen to this." He cleared his throat. "*His bulging manhood strained at the fabric of his pants, threatening to burst the seams.* Now that's what I call

purple prose, darling. Ooh...he whips him." He cocked a brow in my direction. "He whips him and then fucks him. It's an awfully violent book. Would you like me to whip you?"

"No!"

"Hmmm. I can't believe they're all falling all over this. Look, over one million copies sold." He dropped the book onto the sofa. "What's wrong?"

"The children. They're awfully quiet."

Kimo grinned. "I think they're hunting for raspberries again."

"Where are the raspberries anyway? I've never seen any here."

"That's because we don't have any."

I gaped at him. "We don't have any? What do you mean?" Before I could question him further, my father came in wearing a scanty sarong.

"Is this okay? Not too girly is it?"

I glanced at him, shocked at how beautifully muscular, yet lean he was. Our bodies were similar, except he was twenty-two years older than me and his frame was a little larger. I wondered how he'd achieved immortality. I wanted to know so much about him, how he'd met his husband, what his life was like.

"You look great," I said.

"Thank you. I...I am so excited to be here. I haven't felt this relaxed in a long, long time."

"Was he very cruel to you?" I asked then. My

father looked away from me and out the window. He was quiet for so long I thought he'd forgotten about me until he said, gaze still transfixed outside, "Not at first, but later, yes. He was a cruel man."

He gave me a tremulous smile, turned on his heel and went outside.

My sister returned a few hours later with a predictable mountain of chocolate and a huge tin of chocolate-covered shortbread.

"Look what I found in *Paia*." She held up a blue cloth bag and I opened it to find seven pieces of black *Hawaiian* coral.

"Oh, *Maluhia*, they're beautiful."

"Do you like them? I knew you wanted one more thing for the necklaces and they resemble lava, but we're not tampering with Madame *Pele's* children this way, yet it's one more precious piece of *Hawaiian* history." She paused. "I felt strongly that I wanted to contribute something to the necklaces. I gave birth to the twins. They were my gift to you. *Pele's* protection is my reward. Having my family is the greatest blessing I have ever known."

I hugged her and went to find Kimo. I should have known he'd be right by my side.

"They are sea stones, Kimo, and as you know, *Pele* was killed by her sister in the sea. She won't

be offended, will she?"

"No," he declared. "They were purchased with love, with the highest intentions and she will know this." He turned the pieces over in his hands, feeling their water energy. Kimo is a man of fire and he smiled. "They have heat. They feel good. She will love them. They're beautiful, *Mypaka*, now you can finish the necklaces."

Raul made dinner and as he put the finishing touches to the meal, I finished the necklaces. When I attached the final clasp to the very last piece, I put one aside in our bedroom to take to Madame *Pele* the following week.

I wrapped each piece in *tapa* cloth and took them to the dinner table. The children had helped decorate it and there were small bowls of raspberries and tiny clusters of mountain apples and passion fruit on the vine.

"It looks beautiful," I told the boys and hugged them.

Raul outdid himself with his paella. There were three huge pots of it, loaded with fragrant rice, seafood and chicken. He had also whipped up cheese soufflés as appetizers and a calabash of *poi* to appease the *Hawaiian* appetite.

"Mmm...mama," Baby Kimo dipped his fingers into the *poi* and licked them. "*Tutu* makes it better."

Tutu cackled, Raul huffed, but it was otherwise

a wonderful evening. Kimo slipped the *Sunday Manoa* band's music onto the iPod and it lent an Old *Hawaii* feel to the proceedings. Everybody had a blast. At the end of the meal, I presented the six necklaces to the women in our family. Each recipient unwrapped their bundle.

"*Lopaka*, my son, it's wonderful, *Mama Nui* beamed at me.

"I say, this is stunning." Fyfah held her necklace in her hands and examined each stone. "*Lopaka*, you might have a career here."

"What did you thread these on?" Isolina asked me. "I don't think I have ever seen such fine gold."

I glanced at Kimo who spoke for us. "It's temple gold. It comes from my father's side of the family. We had the chains made and they are an added layer of protection for each of you."

Baby Kimo moved onto *Mama Nui's* lap and played with her stones. She laughed and kissed his fingers when the temple gold crackled like little embers at his touch.

"Wow," *Maluhia* said. "He's got the fire, doesn't he?"

My father touched Isolina's necklace and his fingers also caused a crackle.

"I never want to take mine off," Katie said as *Nohea* fastened hers around her neck. "I'm afraid of someone stealing it."

Kimo smiled. "You have two body guards, it

will never happen."

"That's true." She glanced at her two men. "You hear that, boys?"

"I heard," *Nohea* nuzzled her. I felt an inward sigh of relief. She was getting the attention she needed.

Tutu loved her necklace. "I never wore anything so fancy before. I might need to get a new hairdo to go with it."

"I'd love to get my hair done," *Maluhia* sighed, stretching her feet in front of her. "There's nothing like somebody else washing your hair and playing with it." She paused. "When we go to the Big Island, is there any chance we can go to that big spa hotel where *Tutu* and I went during our summer vacation?"

"That's a great idea. All the ladies should have a spa day. Kimo and I can look after all the kids," I said.

Kimo glanced at me. "We can?"

"I want to go back to Oodles of Noodles." *Kamaha's* face looked dreamy. "They make the best chow fun ever."

"The best ever," *Keli'i* agreed.

"*Ono!* Good!" echoed my toddler, making everyone laugh.

Preparations for bed were easier now my father was with us. The kids though bedtime was their private party time — with him.

"You want to kiss baby Kimo goodnight?" Katie asked *Loki* as he rushed off to join the others. He dutifully kissed his new brother's forehead.

Baby Kimo scowled. "No, *I'm* Baby Kimo."

"We'll call you Little Kimo now," I told him.

"No, mama."

I wanted to tuck him into bed, but he wanted only my father.

Keneti held out his hand to him. "Come on, my little man."

And just like that, my toddler became Little Kimo and gave me a cheery wave. No goodnight kiss, no hug...

Kimo laughed when I said something to him. "He'll start missing your hugs baby." His warm gaze fell on mine. "I'd miss your kisses terribly, *Mypaka*."

We didn't tell the boys that Raul's family, or that *Aloha* and Johnny were coming to visit us. Baby Kimo read our thoughts and blurted them the following morning over breakfast.

It was a wonderful breakfast and the first time Kimo and I were actively aware that our toddler son could tune into our secret communication.

Tutu woke me and Kimo very early, even baby Pele was still sleeping. Kimo's arms were wrapped tightly around me and *Tutu* nudged us awake.

"The boys made breakfast," she said. "All by themselves."

I grinned sleepily. "They did?"

She nodded and the boys barreled past her. "Can we bring it in?" *Kamaha* asked us. He was so eager and proud of himself, we said yes.

They ran back out and our three Caballeros came back in with a bed tray, each of them holding onto a portion of it. Kimo and I smiled at each other. *Loki* followed, holding a milk jug in his little hands.

We looked at the plates on the tray. There were two pieces of toast, covered in Cheerios, with a raspberry on top. There were two cups of coffee and *Loki* pounced on us with the milk.

"This is a splendid breakfast. The finest breakfast any man ever ate," Kimo announced and the boys looked so pleased when we ate our toast.

What time do we need to go to the airport? Kimo telepathed to me. *Did you remember to ask Aloha and Johnny to bring extra diapers?*

"Aloha and Johnny!" Baby Kimo squeaked. "They're coming, Mama?"

I glanced at Kimo who glanced at me as he popped his raspberry into his mouth. He took the milk jug from *Loki*, an absent-minded expression on his face.

"Aloha and Johnny!" the kids danced around with excitement.

Baby K, I telepathed. *Can you hear me?*

Yes, *Mama*, he telepathed back. His little face broke into smiles and laughter.

Can you hear me? Kimo telepathed to him.

Nope! he responded and Kimo almost sprayed a mouthful of coffee all over the breakfast things.

I want raspberries, Baby Kimo telepathed, but I realized these were his baby thoughts, not direct messages to us.

Kimo and I would have to be careful around our baby boy from now on since he could tune into our thoughts. Kimo seemed deeply impressed. The other kids were oblivious and raced over to the anteroom and shook the crib to wake the baby twins.

"Aloha and Johnny are coming!" the kids screamed at the twins. *Kamapua'a* yawned and *Pele* laughed.

There was such excitement already about the Baby *Luau*. *Maluhia* had bought outdoor party lights in the shape of *Hawaiian* flip-flops and we'd strung them along the outdoor dining area. She and Raul had also bought enough food to sink a battleship.

The boys wanted to make special gifts of welcome for Raul's parents who were their other set of grandparents as well as *Aloha* and Johnny and I suggested making *leis*.

"That's so cool!" Kamaha said.

"Yeah, cool!" *Keli'i* and Baby K echoed. My father and I helped them hunt for long-lasting flowers and nuts on our property.

"Hey," I asked *Kamaha*. "Where do you find your raspberries?"

He laughed and ran off through the bamboo. By the time he came back, he was brandishing a huge bunch of *mokihana* berries. These hard, green fruits were the official state berry of *Kauai*, where *Kamaha* and *Keli'i* were born. They were also considered sacred berries for *leis*.

My sweet little boy looked troubled. "I know these are berries for *leis*, but how do I know that?"

I hunkered down and took him into my arms. "Well, darling, we might have taught you this in school...or maybe you remember them from when you grew up in *Kauai*."

He thought for a moment. "I know! These were in our garden!" His face took on a haunted, pinched expression that I never liked to see. "Mama used to cry all the time there, *Mypaka*."

"I know, darling. But she's very happy now."

Kimo was soon beside us. He knelt down and touched *Kamaha's* dark head.

"Everything okay?" His voice was gentle, *Kamaha's* woebegone expression troubling both of us.

"I don't like remembering times when I didn't know you," *Kamaha's* eyes filled with tears.

"Neither do we," Kimo said and as I kissed and held our nephew, Kimo stroked the little foot now in his hand until its owner started laughing again.

"You ever need berries, *Mypaka*," *Kamaha* grinned, "I'm your berry guy."

Kimo and I drove *Papa* and *Mama Nui* to the airport in *Kahului* so they could retrieve their private plane and make the quick jaunt to *Honolulu* airport to pick up our family members and fly back again. They would rent a van *Kahului* once they were back in *Maui* and drive our guests back to our property.

Meanwhile, Kimo and I stopped at Ikea, which was close to the airport. *Tutu* had given us a list of things we needed. She had written down sheets, towels, drinking glasses, plastic tumblers for the kids, barbecue tongs, ice cube trays and extra knives and forks.

We had a whale of a time stocking up shopping carts with bathtub toys for the kids and as we strolled the different departments of the store, we noticed a whole furniture section with bamboo screens and hidden nooks and crannies and...very comfy beds.

I realized I could easily push Kimo onto one of their deluxe futons and as we pretended to try out the bed, I would have his cock out of the button down fly oh his vintage jeans so fast his head

would spin.

"What are you up to?" Kimo asked me.

"You keep a watch out for any pesky shoppers," I said, pushing him down to the futon. Kimo laughed as we heard some people trooping up the stairs, but miraculously they headed in the opposite direction. The thrilling part about it was the smell of all the new furniture. The bamboos and rich, lacquered woods were wonderful. The bed linens were fine Japanese one-thousand thread count cottons and there were fresh cherry blossoms in a vase that were a nice touch.

I took Kimo's cock out quickly and as always, its lovely head was happy to see me again. I sucked him hard and fast. I could feel his excitement and his nervousness. He didn't know where to put his feet.

As I worked on his massive shaft, I could read his thoughts. There was a part of him that wanted me to take his jeans off, but a part of him that feared getting caught.

He groaned when I couldn't get my hand into his jeans. It was imperative to suck him off quickly so I squeezed his balls through the faded denim and he let out a strangled cry as I pushed down on his balls to get more of his cock in my mouth.

A couple was nearby and the woman said, "Oh my God...I think they're...you know..."

The guy with her said, "You're imagining

things, Sue.”

Kimo squirmed underneath me and the woman came closer. She gasped, but I didn't hear her moving away. I felt she was watching and I decided to teach her a few things. I practically tore off Kimo's buttons to get at his balls. They did belong to me after all. I grabbed them, squeezing them with grateful fingers. I loved the feeling of his hot, hard balls in my hands. I'd been in love with them ever since I crossed the line in our professional relationship, slipped into his bed one dark night and took possession of them one dark night in *Hilo*.

Kimo grabbed my head, humping my face begging me to suck me. I loved the way he fucked my face. We had a beautiful rhythm going and I sneaked a finger against his ass and glanced up. His face was feverish but his half-closed eyes were watching me as I sucked him harder. I released him to lick the head of his cock and he went crazy. He wanted to come so badly.

I heard the woman watching us say, “Suck him!”

It drove me on to really suck him harder. She took a step away from us, but I knew she was still there, still turned on. I wanted her to see how beautiful Kimo looked when he came and I felt his cock twitching against the roof of my mouth.

“Fuck baby!” he ground out as his cock

exploded for me.

I closed my eyes to savor the moment when he flooded my throat. I was not disappointed. He came very hard for me, gasping, panting, murmuring *fuck* over and over and at last he fell back against the bed, but I couldn't release him. I wanted to keep my mouth on him.

When I finally did look up, the woman was gone and I had broken two of Kimo's buttons. My poor stylish husband had to walk around with his shirt over his jeans, but I never saw a man look so happy about wearing torn clothing.

My wee willie winkies!" *Aloha* held out his arms to our three boys. Little *Loki*, who'd suddenly turned shy, stood back until *Aloha* beckoned him. "Come on, sonny Jim, I need my baby hug rations."

Our boys were thrilled to see *Aloha* and Johnny, who also looked equally ecstatic to see the kids.

"Look at you," Johnny said to Baby Kimo. "You're a big boy, now."

"I know," my proud little son said. "I'm a man!"

We adults laughed, but the kids were intent on the bags *Aloha* and Johnny had brought with them.

"Och. We went to *Ala Moana* Mall and bought presents for everyone," *Aloha* said, rifling through their purchases.

"You shouldn't have," I protested. "You've done so much for us already."

"Diapers for Madame Katie. She said she can't find these in *Maui*." He handed me two huge boxes.

"That's not a groovy present," *Kamaha* said.

"How about this?" *Aloha* held up a huge orange mesh bag stuffed with toy dragons. *Kamaha* was so astonished, he couldn't speak.

"Wow," *Keli'i* said for him. He looked equally ecstatic at the collection of dinosaurs he received and Baby Kimo was delighted with the whales and dolphins he received.

"This is so cool," *Kamaha* finally said.

"So cool," *Keli'i* nodded.

"Yeah, cool!" Baby K agreed.

Little *Loki* held his new shake 'n' go red sports car and wouldn't let anyone touch it. *Aloha* had to coax him to let him show him how it worked.

"Shake it, baby," he said.

Loki shook it and put the car on the ground. It roared across the *lanai* and the boys were all instantly in love.

"Good thing we bought four of 'em," Johnny said with a laugh. The dinosaurs, dragons and assorted sea critters became obstacle courses for the cars.

"You're so wonderful," Katie said, hugging *Aloha* and Johnny. She showed them the new baby

and they dutifully cooed over him.

“Poor wee, homely little thing,” *Aloha* whispered as soon as her back was turned. “How did such a beautiful girl have such a weird looking kid?”

Raul and *Maluhia* were equally absorbed with their gigantic family, including Katie’s best friend Lydia, who was married to Raul’s brother, Ramon.

The day was wonderful and fun and it was so nice to see everybody getting along so well. There was a lot of laughter and shared stories. Raul’s family knew we’d gone on a voyage, but didn’t know the details. They knew enough about our lives to know Kimo was a powerful *kahuna*, but didn’t really know the full extent of his magic. They’d glimpsed moments of it at family get-togethers when the forest road leading to our house magically opened up to them so they could drive to our house.

They had no idea however how deep the roots of Kimo’s tribal magic went. They were simply stunned to see one more *Lopaka* lookalike in my father, who charmed them all and they seemed to adore Isolina. She and Lydia became instant chums.

My father danced for us. He did an old *hula*, asking the boys to join him, then he did a solo number in which he finished the routine dressed as a woman in a flaming red dress. Everybody

applauded and he rushed off to his room to change.

All too soon, it was time for our visitors to return to *Oahu*.

"The dogs miss you guys so much," *Aloha* said. "All the animals miss you."

"Except the chickens," Johnny said. "They actually started laying eggs again now they're not being chased anymore."

"You chase chickens?" my father asked *Kamaha*, who nodded his head.

"Good man." My dad high-fived him. He had to high-five all four boys repeatedly, but he didn't seem to mind.

"These raspberries are awfully good," Johnny said. "They really are sweet. Do you grow them?"

The boys started laughing hysterically. We all looked at them.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Nothing," they kept saying and ran off toward the trees.

This time I followed them. I tried to be quiet, but I heard branches breaking as I wriggled low on the ground, keeping my gaze on their retreating feet. I came to a fence and realized it was my neighbor's property. The boys giggled madly as they squeezed through a hole in the fence. I braced myself and pushed my way through it, too.

For a moment, I got my bearings, glancing at the thatch of olive trees to my left. I saw trees shaking to my right and I moved toward them. I caught my giggling boys running around, snatching up cascading fruit as it fell, cramming them in their shirts, shorts pockets and their mouths.

They must have heard me, because they turned to run and banged right into me.

"Oops," said *Kamaha* as the other boys' cheeks bulged with fruit.

"Oops," said *Keli'i*.

"Ha ha ha," spluttered Baby Kimo.

Loki just looked at me.

"Don't you have anything to say?" I asked him.

"Ooph," he said and sprayed red goop all over my shorts.

I waited them out and they swallowed their fruit.

"It was only fun," *Kamaha* said finally.

"Yeah, fun!" *Keli'i* said. I narrowed my eyes and he gulped.

I was trying so hard not to laugh and keep a stern face. Next to impossible with my kids.

"Berry, mama?" my little boy asked and I took it from his fingers.

"And we didn't steal the tools, we just moved them," *Keli'i* said, looking anxious.

"Tools?" I asked.

Kamaha smacked *Keli'i's* arm. "Why did you have to mention the tools?"

"Why did you have to hit me?" *Keli'i* glowered and they started shoving each other.

I grabbed *Kamaha* and swung him out of the way to stop the fight. Handfuls of raspberries fell from his pockets. I grabbed some and he sailed down to the ground and out of my grasp as our neighbor came running along the path. The boys vanished, leaving me, the lone raspberry thief—in my neighbor's eyes—to deal with the irate, gun-toting madman.

"*Aloha.*" I gasped when I saw that thing pointed at my chest.

"Aren't you a little long in the tooth to be pinching people's berries?" he asked, looking me up and down. He was an old man in a scary ensemble of long johns and an *Aloha* shirt, an island-style survivalist. This was great, just great.

"It wasn't me," I squawked. "It was...it was..." *If he shoots me, I'll be dead. If I'm dead, I won't be able to raise my children.* "I'm sorry," I finished lamely.

"Are you the one who keeps hiding my tools?"

I kept staring at that gun. My brain froze and my responded accordingly.

"Don't have much to say for yourself, eh?"

A movement from the trees brought the welcome sight of my husband, *Nohea* and *Kahanu*.

"Shit!" Our neighbor looked shocked. "I

thought it was kids doing this!"

"It was." A great heat emanated from Kimo who removed the gun from our neighbor's hands. "Our four boys. *Lopaka* here, followed them in. We apologize on our children's behalf. They're very sweet boys, really. Children!" he bellowed.

The boys walked out of the trees, single file, looking dejected.

"Mmm...four little raspberry thieves," said our neighbor. "I must say, you have good taste, boys. These are my best berries, you know."

"They're very sweet," blurted *Keli'i*. "I never tasted anything so good." He glanced at me. "Sorry, *Mypaka*."

"I'm glad you think so," the old man huffed. "They're Mysore Raspberries. The sweetest."

"They're good," *Kamaha* nodded.

"Very good," *Keli'i* agreed."

"Yah!" screeched Baby Kimo.

Little *Loki* started to cry.

"Don't cry, baby," *Kamaha* said, putting his arm around the little boy. He looked up at our neighbor. "We're sorry we ate your berries, but they were so tasty!"

All the boys nodded and the old man seemed to melt.

"Where did you put my hoe?" he asked them.

The boys started giggling and the old man followed them around the property collecting his

hidden tools.

He refused to give the children punishments, but said that when his olives needed picking, he hoped they'd volunteer.

"I'm not really an olive guy," *Kamaha* told him.

"Good," the old man said. "Maybe I'll have some of those left on my trees."

"They'll be here to help," Kimo promised.

As *Loki* ran off with the other boys, his fathers teased me about being a raspberry thief. I had a feeling I was not going to live this episode down for the rest of my life...

Of course, everybody made fun of me back at the house and I had to take it in stride, especially when *Aloha* teased Kimo about having to find a suitable punishment for me.

I found *Kamaha's* sympathetic gaze on my face.

"You're getting punished, *Mybaka*?" He looked stricken.

I couldn't tell him my punishments would be of a willing, sexual nature. I put my arms around him.

"*Aloha* was joking, darling."

"Oh, speaking of olives, I almost forgot," Johnny said, reaching into a paper bag on the ground. "A piece of mail arrived for you yesterday."

He handed the large, olive green envelope to

Kimo. I recognized it instantly and my heart froze. It was from the *Huna* Council.

Kimo tore it open and scanned the contents.

"The Council cordially acknowledges your request for an early trial." He glanced at me. "They want us there next Monday."

"We didn't ask them for a speedy trial. How do they know we're back? How did —"

"I did it," my father's voice broke through my rush of fear. "I contacted them. I thought it was time to get this charade over with. It's time for these wretched, grasping wannabes to leave my family alone."

Chapter Six

Our family members seemed to be relieved the Ordeal would soon be over and as *Papa Nui* and *Mama Nui* drove our visitors back to the airport for the short flight to *Honolulu*, the rest of the adults prepared the children for bed and in snatches of conversation, agreed it was best to get the *Huna* trial over with.

"I want to get back to *Oahu* anyway," Fyfah said. "There's got to be a huge selection of romance novels there!"

"Night, mama," my little Kimo screeched, shutting the door on me. The boys ran around their bedroom and my father acted like one of them. I could hear the laughter from the other side of the door.

I tried the handle. Locked!

My husband grinned. "Boy, you have such a jealous streak, *Mypaka*."

"Yeah," I griped. "So don't get any funny ideas about flirting with other guys."

He raised his brow. "I wouldn't dream of it. I personally prefer men with a criminal history."

"Are you referring to my recent career as a raspberry thief?"

"*Un peu*," he grinned. "Just a little."

We walked down the corridor to our room.

"It was a brief career."

"You're still my bad boy, *Mypaka*. You still need to be punished."

"What did you have in mind?"

He shoved me inside our room and kick-shut the door behind us.

"I love when you get macho and bossy, Kimo."

"Good, because I'm about to get even bossier."

"I think my dick just got hard."

He laughed and reached a hand over to my crotch, rubbing my cock through my shorts.

"Not hard enough, my man. Take those off."

I stripped quickly and he circled me. "You have such a beautiful body. I keep thinking how fortunate I am that you haven't given birth to our children. Your body is my obsession, *Mypaka*. I love our children, but I realize I have become...addicted to constantly loving you."

Grinning, I allowed him to pick me up in his arms.

"How do you want to get fucked baby?"

"Anyway you want to give it to me," I replied.

He chuckled. "Well, I don't know. Have you

been a good boy?"

"I want your big cock inside me, Kimo."

"Such impatience, my little raspberry thief. You haven't answered my question."

He put me down on the bed, kneeling beside me, a firm but gentle hand reaching down to my cock. His fingers curled around the head, his thumb stroking across the leaking head.

"I think you've been bad, *Mypaka*."

"Bad? What did I do?"

His hand moved down to my balls, lightly cupping each of them before moving down to my ass.

"Don't you know? Think about it, baby. It will come to you." His eyes met mine as his forefinger stroked my ass hole. I was so turned on I couldn't see straight. I heard the boys giggling down the hallway and Kimo stopped for a moment.

"Your father really loves them. I'm pleased." His hand tightened on my cock. "This is the prettiest one I've ever seen."

I laughed. "You haven't seen many, baby."

"Oh, yes I have. I've seen plenty. I just didn't want to suck them night and day like I do yours." He bent his head and his tongue tip flicked against my cock head. My legs flew open.

"Please, please, just fuck me, Kimo?"

He chuckled. "Do you remember the first night we came here?"

"What? Oh...yes...why?"

"Tell me what you remember."

"Are you kidding me? I want to get royally fucked and you want to reminisce?"

"It's important, *Mypaka*."

"You said...and I remember...it's hard to pant...I mean...it's hard to remember when you're licking my cock like that, Kimo." His hot, tattooed tongue moved down my shaft and I closed my eyes, willing myself to concentrate.

"I think you might come if I keep this up," he murmured against my thigh. "I will allow you to come if you remember what I am thinking." He swallowed my cock all the way to the root and I wanted to come, badly. I tried to read his thoughts, but I couldn't.

He took his time moving his mouth from me and releasing me. He reached into a drawer beside our bed.

"What are you doing?" I gasped.

"I have a little surprise for you, baby." He pulled out a silver canister and removed the lid. "It's a sex candle. It's got kissable oils in it. I ordered the one called Sex on the Beach." He pulled out a packet of matches and lit it.

"That smells good. I smell flowers..." I paused. "Now I remember."

"What do you remember?"

"You fucked me on the beach and we came

home and...and..."

"I want you to get on your hands and knees," he commanded. I scrambled to follow his orders and I felt his hands roaming over my thighs.

"What else do you remember, baby? You've been bad, you know. Stealing that poor man's raspberries."

His face moved between my thighs, his tongue nestling on my ass. I let out a strangled cry as he licked and sucked me. For some reason, kneeling before Kimo always made me feel very vulnerable, but also very slutty.

"I'm not the only man in this family who can order from catalogues to bring out the whore in his husband," Kimo whispered. He dipped his fingers into the oil pooling around the candle. The scent was arousing.

His hands moved across my ass cheeks, along my ass crack and I felt his fingertips moving along the base of my spine to stroke awareness into all my nerve endings.

"Think you can take your pleasure like a man?" he asked as I balanced myself on my elbows and knees.

"Yes, baby."

"I'm going to punish you with my cock, after I lick your ass. I'm going to punish you with my tongue first." His face buried itself in my ass again, I felt warm oil and hot tongue tricking

down my balls and ass.

"Oh, Kimo. Oh my God...what's in that oil? I'm ready to fuck like the horniest bunny in the carrot patch."

"Mmmmm," he said, his mouth slurping on me. His tongue was wonderful. I badly wanted to play with my nipples, but it was all I could do to stay on my knees and let Kimo have his fun.

His left hand reached around and gripped my left nipple. His slick fingertips squeezed and kneaded the nub and I longed for his big cock inside me.

The candle flickered, the sound and the smell sending me to the beach, and the day Kimo fucked me there until we wanted to come home and be alone together.

"I will prepare you properly for my cock," he said, raising his face from me. The rest of his words were muffled by his tongue attending to my ass. I rubbed and ground myself against his face. His hot-oiled right hand moved to my cock, the sensation sending sparks right through my body. I arched back to him and moaned.

"My cock belongs to you," he rasped. "Turn over."

I quickly complied, whimpering as his gaze flickered over my abs and belly. His fingers trailing across my groin. He was on fire, I knew it.

"Open your legs, bitch."

I opened wide for him and our mouths met. I sucked and licked his tongue, tasting myself on his mouth. The oil on his face tasted wonderful and I kissed and licked him, my cock leaking all over the place.

He moved my down to it, swabbing the aching head with his tongue. Hello nurse!

Grabbing Kimo's hips, I positioned him between my grasping thighs and he nodded, sticking his cock right into me. I let out a loud scream of pleasure, which just inflamed him.

He fucked me harder and harder, my cock in his hand. I knew he was having trouble keeping his balance, but he wanted to stroke my cock until I came.

Kimo kissed me. His mouth met mine in a tangle of hot flesh and warm oil. He was my first, my only sex on the beach and I knew then exactly what he wanted me to remember.

He was so excited that I got it. I could read his thoughts as well as he could read mind. He'd stopped blocking me and he took his mouth from mine for one brief moment.

"I know you are on the edge and I want you to come with my cock deep inside you. I love you, *Mypaka*."

His mouth crushed against mine before I could respond. I came all over his insistent hand and his hard belly at the same moment I felt his eruption

swell inside me. I felt his bliss and his all-consuming need. In that split second, I remembered what he'd said to me the first night we spent together in the house.

One day we'll be together here with all our children and our parents and all our family, and I ill treasure the laughter of our children down the hall. My greatest treasure will still be you, because without you, none of it is possible. Without you, I have nothing. I would be empty and lonely again.

The following morning, Kimo and I awoke with deep, satisfied smiles on our faces, but after some sweet and sloppy kisses, the baby twins wailed from their crib and the older kids hammered at our door so we didn't have time for a quickie.

"Raincheck," Kimo said as I threw on shorts.

He went to get the babies and I grabbed our four little hooligans for big hugs.

The kids grabbed my hands as I opened the bedroom door. My little boy threw himself at me.

"I miss you, mama!"

We kissed and hugged all the boys and they wanted to kiss the baby twins. Pele tottered between the older twins who held her hands in a practiced way. *Kamapua'a* walked between me and Kimo, holding our hands in his vice-like grip. Oh he was in a hurry to grow up, our little darling.

Tension filled the living room as soon as we

walked into it.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"We must make plans to fly out to *Hilo*," *Papa Nui* said by way of a greeting.

"I'll make coffee," *Isolina* said and hurried to the kitchen.

"I'm hungry." *Kamaha* wrapped his arms around my knees.

"Darling, as soon as the adults have had a little talk, I'll make a big breakfast."

"With pancakes?" he wanted to know.

"Absolutely."

"Cool!" A joyous grin covered his face.

A light rain fell across our side of the island, which wasn't unusual, but the gathering clouds seemed ominous. We opened the doors and the boys ran outside, the baby twins remaining inside, playing with *Kahanu* and *Nohea*.

"We'll fly on our private plane straight into *Hilo*," *Papa Nui* said. "We'll have a couple of vans lined up at the airport."

"I'm plenty worried," *Tutu* said. "Where is the trial going to be held?"

"The old *Kahuna* Village," *Kimo* responded.

We all knew the place well, having barricaded ourselves there the previous Halloween. The *Kahuna* Village was one of the last, sacred remnants of Old *Hawaii*, a place where those in trouble were guaranteed aid. Once again, we were

in trouble and we sure needed help.

Tension gripped us during the family conference, Kimo assuaging everyone's fears.

"We will all be at the Village, but the only child who will attend the trial will be Little Kimo." He glanced at Sammy. "Since we are staying with your daughter before the trial, would she be willing to look after the other children for the duration of it? It shouldn't be a long trial...an hour or two at the most."

He shrugged. "I'll ask her. But why don't you want the others there?"

"The older twins and *Loki* are not involved in this. I believe it would cause them great distress. Our baby twins show no outward sign of special ability. Kimo does. Kimo has more power than he knows. He's my biggest concern because he is of age and his telepathing is quite pronounced. He's their real target."

Baby *Pele* tottered toward me with *poi* on her fingers and I took her in my arms, kissing her little face. Her gaze bored into mine. I wondered how much she understood and realized her wisdom was still untapped, but infinite. She must be protected at all costs.

My father seemed suddenly jubilant.

"I think a *Kona Wind* is coming. I can feel it. I always loved a *Kona Wind*. It washes away the past and polishes up the present." He paused. "At

least, I am sure it's coming. Either that, or I'm feeling my freedom in new and profound ways." He laughed so loud, Isolina joined him. She brought a tray of coffee to the table, which we downed quickly.

We ran through our travel arrangements.

"I want all of us to travel together," Kimo said. "After the trial, Katie and her family are welcome to come back here and stay a little longer, or if they want to come back and simply pick up the boat and sail home to *Oahu*, that's fine."

"Home," Katie said, nursing her newborn son. "I'd like to go home. We can take the boat. *Loki* would love that."

The arrangements made, Kimo's parents settled down to a spirited session of a long-running game of chess. Sammy and *Tutu* drifted off together and Fyfah and Isolina cracked open new paperback romances.

Kimo wanted to meditate a little and after a wonderful kiss, took off for the garden, knowing I would telepath him when breakfast was ready. My dad wanted to prepare it with me.

I handed off *Pele* to *Nohea* who, along with *Kahanu*, was going to watch the children.

"We're in love again," he grinned, staring at his husband's butt as he walked out the door.

"You were never out of love," I said and *Nohea* laughed.

"No, we were never out of love...just out of sync."

In the kitchen, my father and I scanned the contents of the fridge when I felt a nudge at my elbow.

It was Raul. "*Lopaka*, you think you could bring me and *Maluhia* breakfast in bed? Your sister is in the mood...if you know what I mean and she so seldom is these days."

"Er...no problem," I assured him.

As soon as he left the kitchen, my father sighed. "She is so like her mother. That was part of our problem, you know."

Sheesh, all of this was coming under the heading *too much information*.

My father looked troubled. "She was bad enough, but you don't know how much I grew to resent my husband," he burst out.

I put thick slices of *Kona* bacon on the griddle as my father whipped up a batch of blueberry and ricotta pancakes.

"Did you really love him?"

"Oh yes, very much so...in the beginning."

"Was he your first man?" I asked. My father was silent for so long I thought he might not answer me. "Keneti, it's none of my business, I'm sorry I—"

"No. I don't mind answering you. I fooled around some in college...nothing serious. Guys

jack off together sometimes...you know." When I didn't respond, he continued. "He came out here to dance with his troupe. Oh he was magnificent."

I tried to imagine the huge hulk of a guy I'd seen being nimble on his feet.

"He was a God." My father's voice dropped. "He was...I don't know, he did something to me. It was like I knew him. A recognition of souls."

I nodded. "It was like that when I met Kimo, dad. I just knew."

Dad. The word just slipped out, but I could tell he was pleased.

"You have a good man there. I am proud of you."

I heard a sound outside and looked out the windows. I was astonished to see our grumpy old neighbor trudging across the garden to us. He'd come the long way by the main gate to approach the front door. My father and I exchanged glances and he said, "Go."

Leaving my dad to handle breakfast, I ran to the front door. My neighbor huffed and panted like he'd run a marathon. I made him sit down.

"Something weird's going on in my garden. No more raspberries!"

I was shocked. "I assure you the boys haven't been anywhere near those trees since...since you know..."

Isolina and Fyfah emerged, clearly in a fighting

mood.

"Those boys have been as good as gold," Isolina told the old man. "They didn't touch your trees again!"

My father emerged from the kitchen with a bowl of *'awa*.

"What's that? Oh!" the neighbor's eyes widened and he snatched the bowl in his fingers. "So nice of you, thanks." He downed it in one gulp. "That's the ticket."

"Would you like another?" Keneti asked him.

"No, sonny. I..." A blissful expression crossed his face. "Yeah, all right."

My father took off again and Kimo joined me in the living room.

He slipped his arm around me. "Everything okay?"

"My raspberries are gone," the neighbor said. "In fact, not only are there no more berries, the trees are dead again."

"I see." Kimo rocked on his heels, looking ecstatic. My father came back with a fresh bowl of *'awa*, our neighbor's eyes gleaming with desire.

"Let's go talk to the baby," Kimo said.

We went outside, Fyfah and Isolina on our heels. The boys were playing pirates with *Nohea* and *Kahanu* with plastic swords and headscarves. They stopped when they saw us.

"I'm the sea pirate *Kamaha*," my nephew said.

"Where's breakfast?"

"It's coming, darling." I hunkered down beside him. "Daddy and I want to ask you boys something, okay?"

"I'm a sea pirate. I need my breakfast!"

"And you'll have it. Kimo, come here, darling." Kimo held his hands out to our tiny son who barreled into my arms instead.

"Kimo." I knew my husband was struggling to keep his voice gentle. "Darling, please tell me, did you put the raspberries on the trees next door?"

My son shifted, his gaze flickering between us.

"Yes, daddy."

I was stunned.

"You should have seen him. He touched the trees and said, *berries*, and there they were," Keli'i enthused. "Every day, lovely berries!"

Fyfah laughed and Isolina danced around with the boys.

"His *kahuna* power kept the trees alive. As soon as he stopped visiting, the trees died again," Kimo said. He glanced at our son. "How did you know they were raspberries?"

"I knew," Kamaha said. "I remembered them from *Kauai*. But the trees next door were dead, just like you said. He touched them and they went green again. It was awesome!"

"He's got power," Keli'i said. "Loki bumped his knee and look! All gone!"

Kahanu nodded. "Yep, he slipped and fell. He grazed it pretty badly and Doctor Kimo fixed it."

"Ha ha ha!" Little Kimo laughed and buried his face in my arms.

I kissed his sweet little head.

"Booboo gone," *Loki* grinned.

"What a good boy you are." I hugged Little Kimo harder.

"Breakfast is ready," my father announced and everybody ran inside. Kimo held me back. "My love, I can make those trees come back to life permanently. One more bowl of 'awa and our neighbor won't remember a thing. Our son has remarkable gifts, but the trees wanted his touch. I can make the trees happy again. What do you think?"

"I think it's a great idea. I think I am a sea pirate's uncle and I want my breakfast."

Kimo laughed and kissed me. "I love you."

"I love you, too," I said.

Our grumpy neighbor, whose name was Peter Andrews, turned out to be a lifelong resident of *Maui*.

"I let my property go," he said. "Since my wife died, I've been so depressed. Now that I have raspberries and limes and olives again, I've a mind to really trick up the place."

Doctor Kimo had brought not only life to the old man's trees, but to the old man himself. He

and Fyfah hit it off and she promised him that when we returned from our trip to the Big Island, that he could take her to dinner at Mama's Fish House.

Fyfah sparkled as he told her it was his favorite restaurant on the island.

"Why wait?" Kimo said. "Tomorrow's our last night. Fyfah won't be back for at least a week or so..."

Peter Andrews grinned. "Young lady, would you give me the pleasure of—"

Young lady. "Yes," Fyfah said, stepping all over his question. They laughed with each other and the rest of us smiled. I hoped this was the start of a beautiful friendship.

The night before we left, we had dinner on the *lanai*, minus Fyfah of course. She was spending a lot of time next door and *Maluhia*, Isolina and Katie pounced on her gigantic stash of romance novels.

"They put me in the mood," *Maluhia* announced and grinned at Raul who glowed back at her.

"I'll buy you more when we get back home," he promised.

The boys played with their cars around our feet. The rain had stopped and the sky was a gorgeous, ink blue color. A chill in the air spoke of

more rain, but we were in good spirits.

"I'm excited to go home to *Hilo*," Keneti said.

"You think of *Hilo* as home?" I asked.

"Oh yes. Your mother and I lived there when we first got married. *Luka* and I had a wonderful little place in Volcano—"

"You called her *Luka*?" *Maluhia's* expression grew dreamy.

"Well, yes, it's the *Hawaiian* version of Ruth."

"She didn't like being called anything but Ruth when I was growing up," *Maluhia* said. A strange, unhappy look replaced her dreaminess.

Keneti glanced from her to me and back again.

"We were happy then...did you ever know the story of Goddess *Pele* coming to the door when *Luka* was pregnant and asking her for a cup of water?"

"No," I said, taken aback.

"Did she really? *Maluhia* asked. "I hope she gave her the water. It's bad luck to deny *Pele*."

He nodded. "Oh yes, she gave her the water. *Luka* was home alone and I came back, I'd gone on a hike and I returned, very late actually. I thought she was going to be mad because I was longer than I expected, but she was sitting in a chair with this strange look on her face. The whole house was still hot, mind you. She felt then our babies have been blessed by *Pele*."

Keneti fell silent for a moment. "Oh, yes, they

were happy days."

Maluhia and I traded glances. There was so much I wanted to know, but not with the children around.

"Let's walk," he said abruptly and *Maluhia* and I joined him. Little Kimo rushed to join us, but Kimo snatched him into his arms.

"Come and play with me," my beautiful husband said to our son.

"Okay, daddy." I saw my two Kimos hugging each other and wanted nothing more but to be with them.

Keneti walked ahead of me and my sister, whose fingers met mine. We held hands as our father sat in one of the big wicker chairs by the old fire pit we rarely used anymore. He took one, *Maluhia* and I squeezing into the other.

He flicked his hand toward the fire pit and a blaze formed immediately.

"You have fire magic," I said. "Just like Kimo."

He stared at the fire for a moment. "I know you have many questions. Some I can answer, some I can't right now."

He seemed to suck in a breath, or was it courage?

"I blame myself for so much of this."

He took in another breath I realized in that moment he was in real anguish.

"Your mother and I loved you both and when

you were born...she had such a difficult birth with you both...I don't know if anyone told you that?"

His gaze flickered from *Maluhia* back to me.

"She only told me every damned day of my life," my sister muttered.

My father turned back to the fire, his face illuminated by the flames. "She had strong island superstitions and she said we needed to praise *Pele*. She felt the Goddess had visited us to protect our children, to bless them." He shrugged. "In those days, most of her sacred sites were open and easily accessible. There wasn't a *kapu*, a taboo, on them."

"You went to the Vagina Cave!" I said in a moment of clarity.

He nodded. "I went to the Vagina Cave. "There wasn't such a stigma about a man entering it back then..." He blew out a long, hot breath. "I had no idea I was playing with..." His mouth jerked into a lopsided smile. "Fire. She appeared to me, you know. I thought for a long, long time it was a hallucination, but she showed me a dream of the future and I was petrified."

He saw the glances my sister and I exchanged.

"Yes, I was petrified. I was convinced I was deluded. She told me things...things I buried deep and never told a soul. Your mother and I, well, our relationship deteriorated at that point. *Pele* haunted her, and let me tell you, she haunted me,

too. Every night the same dream, the same message. How could I live with it?"

He shook his head as if to loosen the memories from his brain.

"*Luka* and I just couldn't live together. We tried. There are just some people who...bring out the worst in each other. She started to drink. I won't blame her drinking only because we both held our secrets. At the start of our marriage, she didn't drink much. She didn't drink when she was pregnant, but motherhood changed *Luka*."

He sought for the right words. "Things happened...in time you will understand everything, the nature of what I learned, but believe it or not, I made a decision that I thought was the best for the two of you and then..."

Keneti sighed, reaching to the ground for a twig, he snapped in several pieces.

"It became easier not to know, not to fight for you. I always knew one day you would need me because the magic said you would." He held up his hand as *Maluhia* started to speak. "You will soon know it all, well, almost all of it. I have no regrets about the decision I made—"

"That's nice to know." I couldn't keep the bitterness out of my voice.

"I do regret that I never knew you'd been separated, that you didn't know each other. I should have seen it then. I should have known

that *Luka* wouldn't be able to cope." He flicked his hand and the fire went out. "*Lopaka*, you suffered most because she saw my face in you every day and you won't believe it now, but you and I were joined at the hip. Believe me, you were my little star and I am so sorry, sorrier than I can say that I left you both with a woman who didn't know how to love either of you."

He got out of his chair and walked away.

My eyes filled with tears. I believed his words, but for that moment, the abandoned little boy in me gave in to grief. *Maluhia* put her arms around me and the two of us sobbed. We would never have those days and years back.

"We have each other now," she said, as if reading my thoughts. "*Lopaka*, you can never go anywhere without me because I need you so much."

"I won't," I said and hugged her a little bit harder. "No matter what I do, how mad you get at me, please don't go away, *Maluhia*. Please don't leave me."

"I won't." She said my words back to me and I was aware of Kimo walking toward me, Raul right beside him.

Kimo knelt beside me and touched my face.

"Come on," he said. "You have three babies who want their goodnight kisses." He put his arm

around me and the four of us walked back to the house. *Maluhia* reached for my hand and we gripped each other's fingers. It was hard to say goodnight to her.

My Little Kimo still only wanted to be tucked in by my father, who was propped up in bed with my toddler, reading him the story of *Maui* and how he lassoed the sun. It was my son's new favorite bedtime story. He would ask over and over, *can I lasso the sun, mama?* And he listened in rapt attention as my father embellished the story.

I stood in the doorway of the room he shared with the other three boys and watched the entranced expressions on all their faces. *Kamaha* held his toy dragon, Tien-Lung and even the toy beast looked impressed by my father's tale.

"Now, Little Kimo, what do you think happened when *Maui* was home late for supper?" Keneti asked.

"Hmmm..." Little Kimo put a lot of thought into it. "I know! There was no more *poi*!"

My father and I laughed, the other kids giggling along, too.

My father kissed the boys goodnight.

"No!" Baby Kimo shouted. "Stay, papa."

"I'll stay just a little bit longer, my little man." Something inside me tremored. I had a clear recollection of my dad calling me *my little man* and

I thought my heart would break.

"Come, baby." Kimo pulled me away firmly. I wanted to grab my children and flee.

"*Lopaka*, do you trust me?" Kimo asked me in a low voice as we edged along the dark, quiet hallway to our own room.

"Of course I trust you."

"Remember you said that," he told me and pushed me into the bedroom, kicking the door shut.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, but his hands were on my body. It was hard to concentrate when he was doing lewd things to me.

A crack of thunder, a glimmer of lightning interrupted us.

"Damned weather," Kimo grumbled as a heard of tiny fists pummeled our door.

"Mama! Mama!"

My father might have been a superb storyteller, but when the chips were down, I was ecstatic to know our boys came to us when they wanted comfort and security.

"Thunder!" Kamaha shrieked as soon as I opened the door. All four boys tumbled into our bed.

"Who wants hot milk?" I asked as Kimo found extra pillows.

"Me!" they all shrieked. I caught my husband's gaze. I knew exactly what he was thinking,

Madame *Pele* was letting us know she, too, was preparing for battle.

Chapter Seven

The next morning as we prepared to leave for *Hilo*, Little Kimo resumed following my dad around like he was the grooviest thing since *poi*. I minded, a lot in fact, but Kimo took it in stride.

"You're his number one guy," he assured me. "You have to remember, Keneti is a novelty to our son. He's familiar because he looks like you, but he has a completely different personality from you. He's...he's—"

"He's what?" I snapped.

Kimo shrugged. "I don't know."

It rained heavily that morning. The boys were ecstatic because it let them off the hook for olive harvesting.

"Don't get too excited," Kimo insisted as they danced around the house with joy. "We're coming back here next week and you will help that old goat...er...I mean our neighbor with his olives."

Fyfah emerged from her bedroom hauling a gigantic trunk. "It's only a week," I said. I stared

at her face. "Are you wearing makeup?"

She blushed. "Isolina put it on me. I need my trunk, *Lopaka*. A woman needs her toiletries."

We hurried around getting ready. *Papa Nui* and Kimo went to the airport and rented a van. When they returned, we piled as much and as many as we could into the van and he took off with the first load.

By the time the rest of us piled in for the second and last trip, the rain was bad.

My father was excited, convinced it was his blessed *Kona Wind*. All he could talk about was how he couldn't wait to see *Hilo* again. Even the children grew bored.

The rain miraculously held as we boarded the plane and flew to *Hilo*, a short thirty-six minute flight. Our stewardess, Theann, provided drinks and pastries and jumped into a seat.

Her husband, Tommy, was our pilot. She cursed his prowess, clinging to the armrest of her chair.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," she gasped. "I feel like barfing all day."

Kimo laughed. "There's nothing wrong with you. You're pregnant."

She sat up and gaped at him. "Pregnant!" She sank back into her seat again. "Pregnant..." her face looked sweet and teary.

"Give me your foot," Kimo commanded and

within seconds, he'd cured her morning sickness.

"How long before your baby's here?" Keli'i asked her.

"I don't know..." she glanced at Kimo. "I guess in about nine months."

"That's too long. I hope she's good at chasing chickens."

He ran off to the windows to watch our descent along with the other children,

"Did he say *she*?" Theann asked, looking dazed.

"Yep, he did." Raul closed the pages of his damp *Maui News*. The headline read, *Bed and Breakfast Owners to be Charged Higher Property Taxes*. That was discouraging. Not only were these small business owners struggling with the harsh economy that brought fewer visitors to the islands and increased prices in food and services, but now they would suffer further penalties.

I sighed. My *Hawaii* was changing more and more. It made me so sad.

"My kid is something else," Raul said, his fond gaze on his children glued to the windows. "He sees ghosts...he knows things."

"I did, too, at his age," my father said. "He gets it from me."

"I feel so good." Theann practically purred as she grinned at Kimo. "No more morning sickness. I don't know how you do what you do." Ten seconds later, she was asleep as we began our final

descent onto the tarmac.

We rushed to buckle the kids into their seats.

“Cool!” they all screamed as we hit the ground hard and fast. They didn’t wait for the plane to stop. They were back to the windows.

My father was transfixed by the view as we circled the small airport and came in for a landing.

I always loved coming here because was where my life with Kimo began. We all stepped out of the plane and I took a deep breath. *Hilo* still smelled the way all the islands used to smell, like crushed flowers. Everything was glistening wet and I knew there had just been a huge rainfall.

Kimo had organized two rental vans as he’d promised and we piled into them. Kimo drove one, his father the other and we caravanned to Sammy’s house in the old *Hamakua* district. Our family was very familiar with the property since we’d come for a week the summer before the baby twins were born.

Our three boys were ecstatic to show *Loki* all over the former fruit plantation. Kimo had to hurry to put protection and blessing spells on the place.

“It feels good,” he said, grinning.

“Chickens!” the kids screamed and soon I heard squawking and clucking.

Sammy looked at me and laughed. “My daughter, my Annie...she’s gonna be plenty

pissed. She loves those chickens.”

My father was anxious to revisit *Tutu's* house, where I grew up was in the *Puna* district on that side of the island.

Annie, who divided her time between *Tutu* and Sammy's homes, was going to spend the night at *Tutu's*.

“You can drop me off and take a look around,” she suggested. She frowned when she heard her chickens squawking, but she was anxious to get going. “If my chickens stop laying,” she warned me, “it's on your head.”

My dad and Isolina took off in one of the vans, Annie clinging to the roof in the backseat as they roared off down the graveled driveway.

“He's coming back, isn't he?” I asked Kimo.

“Of course he's coming back.”

We encouraged the chickens to hide out in their coop and devised a good old-fashioned game of grass sledding for the kids. I adored doing this as a kid. I remembered my grandfather hacking huge banana fronds and we'd sit on them, shooting down grassy slopes for hours.

The boys loved it, but it was dirty stuff.

“Get cleaned up,” Kimo announced, “and we'll go grab some lunch at Oodles of Noodles.”

The prospect of an outing cheered us all up.

“Oh wait, we're minus a van,” Katie said, looking dejected.

"Annie's car is still here. My old truck is in the barn. We'll manage," Sammy insisted.

We rushed around getting ready and Kimo and I ran to take a quick shower. He detoured via our bedroom and came back with a bottle of shower gel and found a candy bar in a basket on the vanity.

"Mmm...Cherry Ripe," he said. It was a long, flat rectangle bar of juicy cherries inside a dark chocolate coating, wrapped in a crimson foil package. He ripped it open, breaking off a piece and offered it to me. I chewed it. It was delicious.

Kimo could see I was enjoying it. He broke off another piece and put it in my mouth, his mouth covering mine. His tongue wrestled mine for some of the chocolate and my cock hardened.

"Oh, baby."

Kimo laid the candy aside and pushed me into the shower.

"I like this candy, baby," he murmured against my mouth. "I like it even more when I steal it from your mouth. You're a raspberry thief and I am a cherry thief."

"Hmm," I said as his tongue moved into my mouth again. He held me to him as he turned on the taps.

"She's got a fancy set up here. Look, two showerheads. *Mypaka*, we must get one of these for our house."

"Uh-huh," I agreed, fixated on his hardening shaft. God I loved his cock.

"We are living a life of crime baby!" Kimo joked. "You're a bad influence, baby. I just want to steal and fuck. It's all your fault."

He pushed me under the warm shower spray.

"I have a wonderful new shower gel, baby." He squeezed some into his hand. "It's plumeria. Not too flowery, but it is the smell of the islands. Oh and by the way, it's edible."

I almost came on the spot, but then he moved behind me, soaping my neck and shoulders. He moved the sponge down my spine to my ass cheeks. I loved the feel of his hands on me.

"You didn't waste any time getting to the juicy bits baby," I said with a laugh.

"Oh, no. I never waste time. We have people waiting, berry boy."

He kissed my throat and mouth. I could still taste that chocolate on his tongue. The kids hammered at the bathroom door as Kimo moved down to really give my ass hole some attention with his face and tongue. My horny *Hawaiian* love God was enjoying his late morning feast.

"Give yourself to me," he commanded.

My hands were up against the wall and his hand snaked to my cock.

"Oh yeah, it's hard. My baby is ready."

"Fuck yes," I whispered as he stood behind me,

his cock rigid and ready and he lifted my left leg and slid right into me. He was gentle but determined and I almost crowed with the sheer pleasure of having his big cock in me again. I pushed back against him. His body felt so good as he fucked me. He held onto my leg, keeping it up high. I leaned against him and I felt his balls slapping against me as his right hand started stroking my cock.

"I'm your slut, baby. Your cock feels so big."

The water rained over us and I saw tiny rainbows when I looked up. The water turned cool when Kimo moaned.

"I want you to come...your ass is so hot, so sexy backing up to me like this. Come for me, *Lopaka*. I love you."

"Please keep fucking me," I panted.

The hammering on the door increased at the same moment Kimo and I exploded together and the water turned completely cold.

"You are one sexy mofo," I told him as he gently withdrew from me.

"Baby at you, berry boy."

We had a wonderful time piling into the van, the car and Sammy's old truck and singing in the rain as we drove back into *Hilo* for lunch. Katie seemed to thrive on the small outing and ate two bowls of *pho*, the Vietnamese noodles the boys

loved.

Late in the afternoon, we drove back to the house, Fyfah anxious to watch some TV.

"At last, somebody who's not a total weirdo," she shouted as she beat the boys to the idiot box. She switched it on and glared when she found cartoons.

"Oh boy!" the kids screamed and parked themselves in front of it.

"No, no," Fyfah fumed. "I want to watch my soap operas."

Sammy intervened. The kids would watch cartoons for half an hour, then Fyfah could watch her programs. She sat on the sofa and glared at the TV, but I caught her chuckling at Scooby Doo when nobody was watching.

My father didn't return until late that night and he and Isolina seemed to be at odds. Whilst my father went off alone, I talked to her in the kitchen.

"What's going on?" I asked her.

"I don't understand how he could have left you and *Maluhia*. I am trying to understand. He can tell me his stupid reasons all he likes, but I am telling you, this is not the man I know."

She smacked the kitchen table. "My father..." she glanced at me. "The other one...he wanted children and he got me. He wanted a boy. He abandoned me and my mother when I was two. He fell in love with Keneti and Keneti found out

about me. He defied my father to include me in their lives. My mother died of dengue fever when I was nine and Keneti took me in. He was always my father, my mother...my protector. My father is a cruel man. He beat Keneti...I never understood why he stayed...oh!" She got up from the table and paced the room."I'm trying to make him understand. Do you understand?" "No, I don't," I said.

Kimo walked into the room.

"*Lopaka*," he said, looking grave. "It's time to go. The *Kona Winds* are coming tonight. This will be a very bad storm. We need to drive to the *Kahuna* Village now, before it's completely inaccessible." He glanced at Isolina and back at me again. "We need to stop at the Vagina Cave and take *Pele* her necklace and pick up Annie on the way."

It was a mad scramble to get ready and a long and treacherous drive upcountry into the outskirts of *Puna*. Only Kimo, my father and I climbed into the cave to visit the goddess as the others waited in the vans.

The dark, dank cave smelled of decay. I wondered if someone or something had died in it. Kimo and my father held flashlights and when we reached her altar room, we saw there were only a few more offerings since our previous visit.

"I'm sorry I stayed away so long, *Madame*," my

father said and left a ti-leaf bundle at her lava shelf altar.

He held his flashlight as Kimo and I buried *Pele's* necklace. She did not appear when Kimo and I chanted a prayer for her, but a radiant, warm white light emerged from the corners of the cave and we all felt heartened by it.

We climbed back out and ran to our van as the rain started again.

It was a frightening drive across the island in the middle of the night, but Kimo and his dad were experienced drivers and we took the shorter, straight Saddle Road, a spooky road at the best of times.

The road is haunted and it is also home to several military weapons testing sites, but at this time of night and with Kimo's chants for protection, we felt safe.

Kimo and I had our three children, *Tutu* and *Sammy*, *Annie* and my father in our van. The others were with *Papa Nui* who was following us.

I heard chanting midway across the island and was not surprised to see the ghosts of Night Marchers crossing right in front of us. It's supposed to be bad luck to see the ghosts of these ancient, gigantic warriors if you are not of the *aina*, the land.

But we are *kama'aina*, children of the land and Kimo stopped and offered a prayer as the ghosts

marched past us. My breath caught in my throat. I recognized King *Kahekili*.

He turned and looked right at us.

"It's starting, isn't it?" I asked, trying to keep my anxiety at bay.

"Yes, baby." Kimo's voice was soft. "They're marching to our defense."

And then the rain came down in blinding, terrifying sheets.

Chapter Eight

It was as though nature worked against us, challenging our dedication to this path. I felt everything in our lives had brought us to this moment and we drove very slowly through the rain and unbelievably, tennis ball sized hail hit our vehicles. Kimo chanted the whole way.

The children woke up crying, frightened by the noise. As we veered to the *Kona* side of the island, the rain and hail slowed to a drizzle and *Tutu* settled our children comfortably again.

Our climb upcountry to the magical *Kahuna* Village through rain-soaked mud was also a challenge, but at last, the familiar gates appeared, the fearsome tikis on either side of the entrance granting us access.

We were here.

Inside the compound, the Council members stood and waited, tiki torches lit along the side of the thatched cabins.

"They're holding the trial now?" I asked Kimo.

"It looks that way." His face was grim and Annie and Tutu rushed the baby twins into one of the cabins, Katie hurrying behind them with *Loki* and baby Kimo.

I turned and looked for my father. He was gone. So was my Little Kimo, my baby. I choked back tears, my heart skipping a beat.

"It's okay," Kimo insisted. Katie came out of the cabin, her eyes red-rimmed. She was upset and exhausted. She came to my side and Nohea put his arms around her.

Where's the baby? I telepathed to Kimo.

Do you trust me? he shot back.

Yes.

Good, because his trial has begun.

I gulped and the Council Members stepped forward. We hadn't had a chance to regroup or rest and one of the men pointed to the van.

"Where is Paden?"

Armed guards appeared out of nowhere and Tutu gasped.

"They want to take the baby away!"

"Where is he?" they snarled.

And then the chanting started.

A heat, a burst of flame filled the village as the Night Marchers arrived, helmed by the spirit of our ancestor, the great King *Kahekili*.

The men holding weapons screamed as their guns burst into flames, their hands on fire. They

ran in different directions, the Council members trying to stop them. Flames ran to their feet, following them like fiery fingers.

Our family members stood watching in fascination and I glanced at the bungalow and saw Annie and the three boys staring out the window in rapt attention.

A smell of sulphur and a plume of smoke exploded in a shower of red balls of fire and Kimo threw back his head and laughed, raising his arms, shouting to the sky,

"Aloha, Pele, welcome to the party!"

In the center of the smoke, my father materialized, my son standing in front of him.

"I am Paden Campbell, head of this tribal Council. I formally denounce any and all actions to remove the child, Kimo Wilder, from his parents. I formally denounce all efforts to remove the children, *Pele* and *Kampua'a*, from these same parents."

There was a moment of perfect stillness and he suddenly said, *"Na Hiku!"*

The six women in our family stepped toward the smoke, which cleared and my breath caught in my throat, tears streaming down my face.

"I am the chosen leader of *Na Hiku*, ordained, as you see by Goddess *Pele*."

A fireball streaked across the sky, a woman's face in it. Her scream was the shout of thunder

and lightning. Her face was that of my baby daughter, *Pele*.

Embers fell from her path and female ghosts, my mother, countless other women I did not know, emerged from the ground. Dozens and dozens of female ghosts...and there she was, the Japanese girl ghost Kimo and I had encountered. Her tinkling laughter shattered like shards of ice and the fire and smoke disappeared.

"Our meeting is adjourned," my father said.

And vanished into thin air.

All the ghosts went with him and I ran forward to grab my son.

"Mama, that was fun!" he shouted and I snatched him and held him as *Mama Nui* and *Tutu* ran to hold him.

Isolina stood beside us and wept.

"He's gone again," she sobbed. "He's gone!"

"I'm not gone," his voice thundered from the sky. Look for me, and you will find me with the next *Kona Wind*."

"What a ham," *Tutu* muttered.

The rain stopped and the thunder and wind were gone.

"Time for bed, everybody," Kimo insisted. "Tomorrow morning, first thing, we're all going home."

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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