

MIDNIGHT AT MORNING'S from: *Sanguinary Seductions Anthology*

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He drove us along *Kalaniana'ole* Highway, away from our babies, away from our home and although I was excited to be having an actual date night with my husband, we had never left our twins before. I was a shrieking mass of exposed nerve endings with a hideous smile pasted to my face. My inner turmoil was in sharp contrast to the languidly rolling waves of the Pacific, dropping down to our left.

"*Lopaka*, what's wrong?"

I turned my face to stare at the passing scenery on the other side. Cliffs of what looked like dark chocolate in the deepening night. I was hoping I wouldn't start crying.

Kimo sighed. "Baby...it's just two daddies having a date night. It's just one evening. Don't you want to be alone with me?"

My head swiveled back to him and I saw his taunting smile as I gulped back surprise and anguish. "Of course I do, Kimo."

He put his hand between my legs as we rounded a bend and his fingers went straight for my cock. "Nice and hard, just how I like it." His own eyes glowed when my hand sneaked across the seat and fell on his hard, muscular thigh. Mmmm...he was hard too.

"Are we going to stop and have a little quickie?" I asked.

"No. I do believe *Lopaka*, I'm going to make you wait."

"Wait? You've made me wait all day."

"Yes, I know." He looked very smug. Apart from our usual morning romp before our children descended like demented fleas on our bedroom, Kimo had been awfully stingy with his sexual attentions. It was not like him. Not like him at all. I stared at his profile, trying to read his thoughts. Kimo, the hottest, sexiest man I'd ever laid eyes on was a *Hawaiian Kahuna*, a high priest, and increasingly powerful Keeper of Secrets. We shared a supernatural bond and could reach other's thoughts, hop into one another's minds. In the past two days, he'd blocked me. I caught images of us fucking, of a red room...and then his thoughts would clamp shut on me again.

He was dressed in tight black pants that hid the huge cock that was my private treasure and he wore a black silk shirt, sleeves rolled up a few inches along his arms, revealing the black tribal tattoos that ran the entire right side of his body. My fingers hovered over the two fresh tattoos at the corner of his right eye. I could feel the heat emanating from them. They still bled out a little, but it had been Kimo's pride and sacred pleasure to receive this new *tap*.

"Do they hurt, darling?"

“Pain is part of the thrill. I feel so...powerful now.” He grinned and I knew he was telling me the truth. The two tiny black triangles signified the birth of our baby twins, *Pele* and *Kamapua’a* and they fit into a perfect circle that included two more triangles that represented me and our toddler son, Kimo.

My *Tutu*, my grandma, who had been with us during the tribal tattooing, had remarked – and I observed – that there was room for more babies on his face. Kimo’s face shone at the prospect, whilst I prayed he did not experience too much pain with the application of the new markings.

The location of the new tattoos might have been agonizing, but Kimo barely flinched, insisting he loved every second of it. Normally I would have relieved his distress with a monster blow job the second we were alone, but he manfully resisted, revealing his plans for our date. *Tutu*, his partner in crime, just cackled when I asked her what exactly my beautiful man planned.

Tutu was ecstatic she and her husband Sammy would have our babies to themselves, along with our five year old twin nephews *Kamaha* and *Keli’i*, who also lived on our mountaintop property. She and Kimo’s mother competed for time with our kids and *Tutu* had outdone herself with her evening plans. She and Sammy were going to let the three older children make their own pizzas that Sammy would fire in our new wood burning oven. They’d organized a treasure hunt, had put up a couple of tents among the palm trees and had a whopping bag of marshmallows for spooky campfire tales. Oh, and just for fun, *Tutu* whipped up a gigantic batch of homemade caramel ice cream and built it into a cake in the shape of a castle, dusted with sugar. The effect was stunning, giving it the appearance of a sandcastle. Our boys had been so impressed when it was unveiled that Kimo chose that moment to sneak away with me.

I was hoping *Tutu* would keep a slice or two for us.

“Yeah, I’d love to have some of that ice cream in bed with you, later.” Kimo had unceremoniously invaded my thoughts. I recalled the offhanded way our tiny son had said goodbye.

Kimo was laughing. “Is that what’s bothering you?” His gaze flicked to the dashboard clock. “It’s nine o’clock. By now, he’s screaming like a mini banshee.”

“You think so?” I was both thrilled and concerned. Boy, did I have *parentitis* badly.

“I’m surprised we haven’t had three hysterical phone calls by now.” His gaze burned lovingly on my face as I ran my hand down the smooth, satin skin of his muscular arm. Add to all his talents, was his part time career as hula dancer and you could say you’d never find a sexier guy anywhere.

“Please let me suck your cock, Kimo. *Please*. You’ve deprived me all day.” My fingers ran down to his crotch again and I was pleased to find a firm response.

He moved my hand to a safer place on his thigh. “*Lopaka* Wilder, you are a bad man.”

“Aren’t I, though?” I paused. “Are you serious? I really can’t suck your cock?”

“Not at this time, no. Just *think* how hot it’s going to be when we –” He shook his head. “No, no...not giving anything away.”

We were heading toward *Waikiki* and the evening was pleasant. It was warm but the trade winds obliged us with a constant breeze that felt like the gentle lapping of a cool tide pool. We stopped for a red light and Kimo's gaze was back on my face.

"Oh, hell, *Lopaka*."

"What, darling?"

"I need to pull over and lick that chocolate from the corner of your mouth."

"Chocolate? I don't remember eating chocolate."

"No, but the baby was and he gave you big kisses and...oh, it's just too...inviting right there on those luscious lips."

"Okay." I squirmed in my seat with pleasure as Kimo pulled to a screaming stop beside a valet guy who went to open Kimo's door.

"We're not staying, I just need to kiss my husband." The guy looked startled, but backed off as Kimo took my face in his hands and licked the corner of my mouth, making my cock leap into an ecstatic, expectant state. His tongue lapped at me and I pulled a sneaky maneuver, parting my lips, turning my head slightly so that his tongue went right into my mouth. Kimo groaned into me and our kisses turned so heated, I almost came in my pants. He backed off instantly.

"Oh, no you don't. There's plenty of time for that." His tongue slicked across my mouth one, last agonizing time and Kimo shook his head. "God, *Lopaka*. You turn me on so much. I could fuck you right here, you know." We stared at each other, our mutual obsession unabated. "You are my hot little passion flower."

That, I was. His hand gripped the wheel and I felt an extra tug of desire seeing the four wedding rings piled up on the third finger of his left hand. He turned and looked at me. If I made one move toward him, my brand new pants would be in tatters, his huge, hard cock would be inside me and in five minutes we'd be arrested for public indecency. We lowered our respective windows and laughed.

"We could always get a motel room." I said it in a half-joking way, but Kimo merged into the flow of traffic, taking my hand in his and he laughed.

"Baby, you just have no idea what daddy's got planned for you. I am so excited about this." He kissed my hand, put it on his thigh and quickly turned into an unmarked parking lot. I could hear pulsing music from above and my testosterone levels shot into the stratosphere. *A club! Music! Dark corners! Oh! I'd back my husband into a corner and rape him if I had to...* We descended down to a deep, dark cavern and then a floodlit acre of shiny cars greeted us. Some incredibly hot guys were climbing out of all kinds of vehicles and Kimo opened his door. His cock was still in *Hide Me in Lopaka* mode and it gave me proprietary thrill when my majestic man stalked around the SUV to open my door, beating the harried valet guy to it.

He pressed himself against me and kissed me and I undid one of his shirt buttons, revealing even more of that perfect torso. I frowned. Not enough. One more button and there was more than a hint of that exquisitely cut six pack. Kimo grinned at me. There were some hot guys here, but he stood out. At six feet, four inches, long, gleaming black hair, those tattoos and that perfect, muscular body, he had an audience. And I was the proudest man on the planet.

“Just one more.” I popped another button and it left two disappearing into his waistband.

“You’re going to have to take my shirt out. I’m as hard as hell for you, baby.”

“Yeah, you are, aren’t you?” I took his shirt out and let the soft folds of expensive silk fall over his beautiful, flat belly. I let my hand loiter over that bulky package in his pants and he smirked, giving me one more kiss. The line of cars honked us. We were holding things up. We laughed and Kimo took my hand in his and we blew past the line of guys waiting for the elevators. With his gait a combination of dancer and predatory puma, he drew admiring glances, but he ignored everyone, his hand on my ass now as he opened the fire exit door.

He slammed me against the first wall we could find, his tongue at my throat and I begged him, *begged* him to fuck me. He tongued around the space between my throat and the buttoned-down, almost transparent vintage white silk dimity shirt. He undid a couple of buttons and my body temperature climbed as his fingers and tongue urged my nipples to erect attention.

“Shit.” His fingers struggled to undo more buttons, his frustration apparently mounting when he couldn’t open them fast enough. Those big, bad hands turned the shirt into expensive, vintage ribbons.

“You look hot. Look at this hard cock, yearning for papa,” Kimo crooned, bending to suck my nipples again as a group of men entered the stairwell. Kimo kept up his oral assault and we got some applause, some offers of threesomes, foursomes and one couple seemed turned on enough to start making out in the stairwell too.

I felt myself getting lost in Kimo’s vehement embrace and was unprepared for the physical separation when he took my hand again and led me up the stairs. I felt dizzy and light-headed. I’d never ached so badly for him or been so consistently denied my cock-to-*Lopaka* resuscitation. We climbed the stairs and on the fifth floor, two men in dinner suits, with the manner of FBI agents greeted us. A few couples were ahead of us, making out as they waited in line. Kimo handed what we quickly realized were security guards a white card and gave me a lingering kiss as they perused a checklist.

“Mr. and Mr. Wilder?” Kimo took his mouth from me.

“Yes.”

“Here are your wrist bands and I see...you’ve booked the red room at midnight.” The security guard’s gaze traveled our bodies and Kimo took the wrist bands and a red key card with one hand, his other hand gripping mine.

As we stepped forward, the security guard smiled. “Enjoy your evening at Morning’s. Any problems once you’re inside, you can text me and help will be on its way immediately. He gave Kimo a small, square white card that turned out to be a business card and I palmed it. Kimo’s hands were full. We moved into a plush, expensively decorated hallway that was filled with wall to wall men. I was shocked that Kimo had even thought to bring us to a gay club and when I saw the poster for the evening’s event I almost came in my pants a second time. Francesco D’Macho and Damien Crosse, the two top gay porn stars, a newly minted power couple engaged to be married in real life were going to be doing a live sex show together.

"They remind me of me," Kimo whispered and I had to agree. They were both muscular, masculine men, clearly in love with one another.

I had bought one of their movies on the internet, playing it to Kimo on our laptop late one night. I made him watch Damien suck his husband's cock as I sucked my husband's cock. Kimo had been enthralled that these two, muscular men could fuck in such a public way calling each other *Hooker Bunny* and *Bunny Raper* and now...we were going to see them live. They had become a small part of our fantasy repertoire...

"You ready, baby?" Kimo asked me and I nodded enthusiastically. I couldn't speak I was so excited. The club was infused with a sexy red glow that instantly put you in the mood for some man love madness. On the stage, a huge red throne sat empty and I wished I could push Kimo into it, rip down his pants and pay proper homage to his cock. I picked out velvet booths everywhere, some round, some square, a dance floor with a mirror ball above it, glittering rainbow colors and George Michael's *I Want Your Sex* boomed over the sound system. The hypnotic beat, the ambience and the red roses on the tables put you in a mood to sway and Kimo, arms around me from behind, began a slow hula grind and I moved with him to the beat. We moved in this slow, but luscious fashion to a round booth right up front. There was a menu on the table and Kimo slid beside me, his hand right on my crotch. Guys were already making out, the increasing sexual excitement evident as we looked around.

We had a cute Asian waiter who came over with our drinks.

"I pre-ordered everything, baby." Kimo gloated, his hand rubbing my cock through my pants as we picked up our glasses and toasted each other. Kimo had such a command of my body it was both exhilarating and embarrassing. I was beyond putty in his hands...I was...what was it Francesco D'Macho called Damien? His *hooker bunny*. That was me. Ready to fuck my husband always, like a bunny and I was his hooker for sure.

"Here's to many, many more beautiful dates with you," Kimo whispered into my mouth and I sipped at the heavenly Mai Tai.

"Oh, this is good. I love you Kimo." I reached over for a kiss and he closed his eyes as our mouths met again, hungering for each other as they did for no other.

Breaking off our kiss first, Kimo took another sip of his drink, holding his glass to my mouth. It never ceased to amaze me that we still acted like love struck, romantic fools after two and a half years together. The heat level, the desire between us was volcanic. But then, we were men of the volcano.

"I have no idea how Francesco and Damien can fuck other people, but I'm betting their porn careers are short lived."

"Oh, Kimo, that's so romantic." I snuggled into him as his hand unzipped my fly and disappeared inside.

"Somebody's in a hurry," I grinned.

"Just checking my toys are where they're supposed to be."

The song switched now to T Rex's *Bang a Gong*, a song we loved to fuck to and we looked at each other with hopeless lust overtaking us. I kissed Kimo again and for

the first time all day wasn't so unhappy that he was making me wait. He took my cock out, not that anybody seemed to be watching and ran his hand up and down the shaft.

Well you're dirty and sweet, clad in black, don't look back and I love you...you're dirty and sweet, oh yeah...

He stroked me in time to the rhythm. "This is the sexiest cock in the world, baby." He was still holding me in his hot grip when the waiter came back with a tray of sushi. He ran through the list of fish cut in arty angles...*ahi*, snapper, yellow tail...Kimo's hand curled over my cock head and I almost came on the spot. I gasped, but Kimo acted nonchalant and I caught the grins on the faces of the guys in the booth next to us. They too were playing with each other, their gazes on us, as if we fuelled their passion.

On stage, six naked guys stomped on in black leather boots and performed a wicked dance, cocks swinging in time to the song and then Kimo realized I was panting and quickly tucked me back into my pants. I almost screamed. Two of the guys started making out on the throne, one bouncing all over the other guy. The throne was on some kind of swivel mechanism because as the guy on top started riding the guy's cock beneath him, we all got a good look as the throne rotated, screens picking up every last minute detail. The guy getting fucked got up from his lover and knelt on the floor, the man he'd abandoned, quickly joining him and burying his cock in ass again. He came with a scream, withdrawing his spewing cock and shoving it back in.

They were introduced and the couple kissed, running off the stage. There were a couple of other live acts and then some guys started drifting to the dance floor. INXS started singing *Need You Tonight* and Kimo and I, both our shirts now puddles on the floor, got up and took to the dance floor in our trousers, our cocks rubbing against each other as he held me in his arms and kissed me. Being dancers, we had plenty of rhythm, but we were both dangerously aroused and I could see Kimo was quickly entering the *I don't give a fuck, I have to have you now zone*. Dancing was difficult when our bodies screamed for horizontal relief and he took my hand, leading me back to the booth. We kept kissing one another and Kimo didn't resist when I unzipped his pants and that huge cock sprang out looking for the one it loved.

I threw myself on his body and Kimo sighed as I guzzled on him. I was frantic. Denied him all day, I could not take my mouth off him and Kimo kept stroking my hair back from my face. I buried my hands into his pants and felt his balls, which were so thrilled to be getting the attention they so richly deserved and then my hand slipped deeper and my fingers connected with Kimo's ass. He felt hot and ready and he was panting as I stroked his ass hole, knowing he was about to reward me with his precious seed.

I was still licking the length of his shaft like a cat scraping the bowl for last dregs of fresh cream when our favorite porn stars took to the stage. Kimo kissed me languidly. "I need to be a lone with you now, baby or I am going to fuck you right here in front of everybody."

Kissing him silent, I held his cock, adrenaline mounting. You could feel the energy level shift as Damien Crosse stepped on stage in red silk shorts, a pair of red boxing gloves strewn across his shoulders. His dick was already flying half mast and

the men in the audience went mad as he did a slow, sensual dance to *I Touch Myself* and I kept swabbing Kimo's exceptional cock with my needy tongue.

"Don't stop," he whined, but then Francesco D'Macho strode across the stage in a pair of faded jeans that left nothing to the imagination.

The lights went down and the music changed and Joan Jett started asking *Do You Wanna Touch Me* and the chemistry between Francesco and Damien spread from the stage across the room like rising fire and every man in the audience watched them dance. Francesco, standing behind Damien, slipped his hand inside his husband's red silk shorts. He flipped out that hard, uncut cock, flicking at it, giving it light strokes as Damien moved about in an agitated way. Francesco slid the red shorts down his husband's thighs, throwing them into the crowd.

They landed on our table and Kimo's face went slack. "We need to leave."

"Leave? But we just got here. I want to watch this."

"I need to fuck you, *Lopaka*."

On stage, Francesco knelt, sucking Damien's cock. He turned to us.

"My husband and I have been on vacation and he's been perfecting the art of bottoming," he told the crowd in his heavy, sexy Italian accent, a delighted grin knowing that we all *loved* hearing that. In all his movies, Damien was a top. I could totally relate. Until I met Kimo I was a top too. Now I was his cock hungry slut bottom and I could not get enough of him.

"You want to see how good he learned his new tricks?"

The crowd roared and Kimo went mad, picking me up in his arms, his cock bouncing out of the open crotch of his pants. He strode down the hallway with me and flashed the keycard. He stopped to kiss me.

"You are gonna get royally fucked, Mr. Wilder."

"I can't wait, Kimo. Hurry." In truth I'd wanted to see the show but our show would be damned hot, too. We went into an elevator and rose several floors. I kept my hand in Kimo's pants until we arrived and we found a new security guard, not looking surprised to see one man with his hand down another man's pants.

"The red room? This way, Mr. Wilder."

Kimo carried me down the corridor.

"Here, let me help you." The security guard took the key guard, swiped it and our room door swung open.

"I need to fuck my husband now. I promise you'll get a tip when we leave."

Kimo kick shut the door in the guy's face. I had never known Kimo to be so brazen, but then we'd just covered a lot of ground with his cock bouncing out of his pants. He carried me to the bed and I was delighted to see a big screen with all the action from the show downstairs.

Francesco sported some impressive tattoos himself. Frankly though, knowing Kimo's were powerful talismans did more for me than anything I saw on just about anybody else and I watched Francesco plowing into Damien's toned, upturned bottom and I turned to Kimo.

"Oh, baby, please help me perfect my own art of bottoming."

"With pleasure, baby." He took my zip down and his mouth engulfed my cock as I lay strewn across the bed and I came with the force of a fifteen foot wave. Kimo stayed with me, stroking my belly as I pulsed down his throat. I shook and shimmered, red spots dancing before my eyes and I saw a tiny trickle of blood trickling from his tattoo.

"That's Baby Kimo screaming for you." Kimo's smile was endearing. "We should call him." He withdrew his cell phone from his back pocket and as Francesco settled in for a long, hot fuck up against the throne on stage, we called our baby son, Kimo stroking my now ready cock.

He handed me the phone and my son's pitiful little voice tore at my heart.

"Mama?"

"Oh baby...we're going to be home very soon. Did you have some ice cream cake?"

"Uh-huh. I miss you." He started crying again.

Kimo parted my thighs, licking an insistent path up my inner thigh. The red room had me on fire with frantic desire for the man I loved. I did my best to reassure my little boy that we would be home soon and told him he could snuggle in our bed and wait for us.

"Okay, mama!" He slammed the phone down and Kimo and I looked at each other and laughed.

"One fire put out. I need you to fuck me Kimo. I need your cock in my ass right now."

"I want to fuck you the way Francesco's fucking his *hooker bunny*. Turn over, baby." I rolled over and his hands stroked my neck, back and thighs. His tongue put some hot licks onto my ass and he wasted not a second more getting that huge cock into me. Our bodies shook with the impact of shared bliss. He fucked me with malicious intent, matching Francesco's deep, full-tilt thrusts into Damien's ass. We'd been in an advanced state of arousal all day and Kimo exploded deep within me and I came at the same moment he did, all over the bed spread.

He lifted me up, threw down the covers and put me on my back on the bed. Opening up my thighs, he went down on my ass. Francesco was still giving Damien a full throttle fucking and I floundered on the bed, begging my husband to fuck me.

"Turn over, turn over," he moaned and I couldn't wait to regain possession of that perfect cock inside me. I loved the way Kimo fucked me and he stroked and kissed my back, telling me how beautiful I was. I started to meet his thrusts the way Damien rose to his husband's physical challenge and suddenly, I felt like we were them. We were the porn stars of our own movie.

"God, *Lopaka*, you do fuck me like a porn star, not a married man with kids. Baby, you are the hottest bottom in town. Forget the guy on stage. I got the man whose got bottoming down to a fine art right here." Kimo's breath came in short bursts and Francesco's facial expression changed. He was clearly about to bust a nut and Kimo plunged his cock all the way out of me and back in again. We were matching everything the couple on the big screen were doing.

And the weirdest thing happened. Because Kimo was not fucking me the way he normally did, it was an extra thrill. He did everything Francesco did and I knew that Kimo too would come and I went berserk when he started to come and pulled out of e, his precious seed spilling across my tail bone.

"Put that back in," I shrieked. "That belongs to me."

Kimo slipped right back in and I felt his cock throb with his release. He moved all the way inside me and he hit my prostate and once again I was coming, with Kimo's hand squeezing my cock.

"Oh, *Lopaka*." He stayed in me, but we lay side by side, Kimo holding me tight from behind.

"Do you remember the first time we slept like this?" I asked him.

For long moments, he was quiet. His mouth rained kisses down my arm, down my side and his cock twitched inside me.

"Yes," I remember," he mumbled, planting kisses along the side of my face.

"*Lopaka*, please don't remind me of when we did not belong to each other. It hurts me."

"Oh, Kimo...I only meant —"

"I know what you meant. The fever still grips us." He smiled at me then, giving me his gorgeous mouth to kiss and to love and I felt his anguish.

"What's wrong, Kimo?"

"I want us always to be this way."

On the screen, Damien was on his back now, upended, his legs sprawled while his husband gave him a masterful rim job.

"Beautiful." Kimo's eyes glowed and he upended me. His ass licking as legendary in our bedroom. He could go for hours rimming me and I could go for hours letting him. I heard a funny sound.

"Midnight, baby." Kimo took his mouth and tongue off my ass to inform me.

"Tweak your nipples for me. You know I love to watch you do that." He reached up to kiss me and I held onto his face.

"I will always be your *hooker bunny*."

"Yeah, I know. I've...I've seen into the future and I see us loving each other no matter what. I know we will always be like this."

The two men on screen panted and moaned and I wanted my husband's tongue back on my ass.

"You know what else I see?"

I stroked his magnificent face, glad to see the tattoos next to eye had finally stopped seeping. "What, baby?"

"Caramel ice cream all over our sheets."

"Is that from the baby waiting for us, or what we do when we put him to bed and finish things off with a hot ice cream fuck?"

Kimo threw his head back and laughed. "That's for me to know and for you to find out. Now, would you like me to show you what *bunny rapers* do to the men they most cherish?"

“Yeah, yeah.” I was practically humping his face when he finally, mercifully put his mouth back on me. And I wished midnight would last forever in that red room at Morning’s.

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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