

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



*Succulent*

*Papaya Paradise*  
Brigit Zahara

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Papaya Paradise

ISBN 9781419921377

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Edited by Helen Woodall

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book Publication June 2009

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# *PAPAYA PARADISE*

**Brigit Zahara**

*Dedication*

For K.R.

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## Chapter One

Kayla stepped into the Boeing 747's compact restroom at the rear of the aircraft and closed the door behind her, leaving it unlocked. Taking a deep breath, she stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her large eyes were wide in anticipation, her fair skin flushed with excitement, her trademark scarf around her neck. Ever a lover of feminine things, Kayla had an extensive collection of chiffon scarves that she never failed to work into damn near every outfit she wore.

A light scuff outside announced the arrival of the now-or-never moment. Seconds later the door opened and Tyrone squeezed into the tight space.

"Howdy," he murmured, his blue eyes dancing with delight and desire. Wrapping his arms around Kayla, his hands drifted down to clasp her butt cheeks before pulling her against the hard, unyielding feel of his rippled torso and burgeoning erection. Kayla's excited gasp morphed into a trembling smile.

"This is *crazy*."

"Yeah," Ty said, his gaze dropping to her lips as his face drifted down to hers. "Crazy but fantastic."

Locking his mouth around hers, Ty laid a kiss on Kayla that buckled her knees. In fact, if it weren't for his strong embrace and the confined space they were in, Kayla was sure she would have crumpled onto the floor like a rag doll. Hot, moist and with just the right amount of tongue acrobatics, the passionate lip lock took Kayla's heartbeat from the equivalent of zero to sixty in a matter of seconds. Drawing her super close, Ty then attempted to switch places with her.

"Ow!" Kayla mumbled into Ty's mouth, her teeth catching his lower lip as her ass was roughly bumped against the sink.

"Sorry."

Another hold-your-breath squeeze and tightly controlled pivot saw Kayla and Ty successfully exchange spots. Ty then walked them back a few inches, his wide stance soon straddling the closed toilet seat. Sitting down, he moved Kayla into the space between his knees where he hurriedly unbuttoned the top of her dress and popped the front catch on her bra.

“Nice papayas,” he said under his breath.

Kayla laughed lightly. “Shut up.”

Now eye level with her breasts, Ty held and caressed the warm mounds of pearly flesh as he licked and sucked the beige tips that centered them. Her eyes fluttering shut, Kayla curled forward against him. While one hand moved through the dark strands of his hair, the other reached down the front of his body to massage the rigid length fiercely straining against his jeans.

As excitement turned to blind passion, one of Ty’s hands darted down Kayla’s abdomen and over her pelvis and thighs to come up under the hem of her short sundress. Quickly finding the valley between her legs, he easily navigated the flimsy fabric of her panties to plunge his thick, warm fingers into the hot center of Kayla’s pussy. Gently but firmly he moved his fingers in and out of her tight opening, the encompassing heat and moisture instantly translated to his cock that grew harder and harder with every passing second.

Feeling the transition beneath her hand, Kayla speedily undid Ty’s belt and pants, delicately easing out his beautiful shaft that, now unleashed, extended proud and strong from between the metal teeth of his zipper.

Desperate to fill her aching void with the cock in her hand, Kayla struggled to get her underwear off—a goal that would prove to be a major accomplishment in the tiny area. Kayla was doggedly determined though, and once the strip of material lay at her feet, she moved to sit astride Ty but amazingly he stopped her.

“Wait a minute,” he said breathlessly, holding her at bay, his large, hot hands lightly anchored on each hip. “You’ve got to turn around first.”

Kayla was baffled. "Huh?"

"Trust me. It's the only way it'll work."

Again with the squeeze-pivot-squish-turn deal but soon Kayla was back facing the door, only now Ty was sitting *behind* her. Pushing her dress up to her waist and yet again grasping her hips, Ty had just begun guiding Kayla down onto the jutting form of his cock when they heard a light knock at the door.

Everything ceased as, holding their breaths, they waited.

Another light rap.

At a snail's pace, the door opened a crack to reveal the inquisitive face of Justin peering into the compartment.

"I beg your pardon," he whispered in earnest, "but is this where the meeting for the Mile High Club is being held?"

"Get in here," Ty spat out with a hushed hiss as he tried unsuccessfully to keep from laughing. Kayla too was giggling as she motioned for Justin to come in. Making his way into the already full-to-capacity room, he reached back and slid the lock into place before enveloping Kayla in his arms.

"Hey, doll," he said softly, planting a sizzling kiss on her lips. "What have I missed?"

"We kinda got started before you," Ty said as he began to deposit kisses on Kayla's back and buttocks.

Justin looked over Kayla's shoulder and down at Ty, his gaze catching a glimpse of the mushroom-capped head of Ty's swollen, stiff cock. "So I gather."

"What took you so long?" Kayla asked Justin as she let her hands play down the solid shape of his chest. He grinned as she located the protruding package in his khaki shorts and began to rub.

"Had to wait for the coast to clear."

“Mmm-hmm, well, we’re glad you could make it. It just wouldn’t be the same without you. Right, Ty?”

A pleasure-packed “Uh-huh” sounded from behind her as Ty quickly slipped on a condom before lowering Kayla onto him. She smiled, knowing that her drenched pussy would feel snug and hot around the vertical form of his cock, the sensual sheath compressing him all the way from the rotund sphere of his engorged head to the thick base of his shaft, securely entrenched in the mass of black curls above it.

With his hands, Ty directed her up and down his pounding cock, starting slowly at first but soon picking up speed, his hips surging forward to match her down and backward thrusts. At the feel of Ty’s hard, solid shaft sliding in and out of her over and over again, Kayla shuddered, her rigid nipples tingling in that funny little way they did right before she came.

Distractedly she could feel Justin’s tongue in her ear, his fingers pressing against her inflated clit, urging her closer and closer to the point of no return.

*This was just like the first time. So good, so sweet, so right – but hold on!*

They were a team. Just like they say in the military – no man left behind. Adapting it to their own unique relationship, they had all determined from the get-go that there was no third wheel in this threesome. In other words, they all enjoy the ride or no one gets on the carousel.

Kayla was clearly teetering on the edge, and from the stifled moans from Ty behind her, he was dangerously close too. She had to get Justin caught up.

And fast.

Kayla liberated Justin’s thick cock from his shorts and, using a tight first, stroked his hard-on from end to end. Pulling on the globular top of his vein-ridged shaft, she very soon turned it into a crimson knob that sported a spot of glistening fluid nestled in the slit. She wanted to keep going, working all the little nuances of a good hand job – squeezes, strokes, presses, tugs and twists – but they didn’t have time.

“Back up,” she said sharply.



When he didn't move fast enough for her liking, Kayla lightly shoved Justin back against the door. Bending forward from the waist she came face-to-face with his cock that, jerking in her direction, appeared to be trying to align itself with her lips.

By now Ty was fervently fucking her from behind, his not-so-soft groans of pleasure threatening to expose them all.

"Sssshhh," Kayla murmured over her shoulder. "Not so loud."

"That's fucking impossible," Ty replied in a strained voice.

Justin caressed Kayla's hair, his touch drawing her attention back to him. Looking down, he smiled.

"When it comes to us and fucking, nothing's impossible."

Nodding, Kayla took the entire length of Justin's cock into her mouth and, opening her throat, dived down to the base, the bulbous head almost hitting her tonsils. Swallowing, she sucked her cheeks in and withdrew all the way back up before plunging down again. Holding on to one of his thick thighs for support, Kayla used the other hand to cuddle Justin's sac. She savored the faint scent of his cum-heavy balls as she pumped her mouth up and down.

Glancing up the length of his body, her eyes met Justin's, chocolate brown eagerly searching forest green, anxious to read the range of emotion within. Kayla wasn't disappointed, it was all there—want, need, hunger, love and finally, surrender. Only after Justin's feelings had run the whole gamut did Kayla note what could be considered the final chapter in the book of male emotional response during sex. Virtually unheard of outside of the bedroom, it was the most disarming reaction of them all—the look of complete and utter vulnerability, that glimmer of surprise-tinged helplessness that always turned up right before a guy came.

Moving her mouth faster up and down his shaft, Kayla watched as Justin shivered violently. His full mouth fell open as, frowning, his eyes squeezed shut and his chin fell to his chest, the powerful contractions of his orgasm pulling him forward as his pelvis jerked uncontrollably against Kayla's face.

As Kayla's mouth filled with hot cum, she quivered under the unremitting pressure and weight of Ty's cock inside her. Hastily covering her teeth with her lips, she continued to suck out the last of Justin's cum, just as her own explosion ignited.

With a muffled whimper, Kayla shuddered as wave upon wave of torrid release flooded her pussy and spread through her convulsing body. Somehow she managed to keep from biting down on Justin's still-stiff cock as she climaxed, even as the winded admission of "I'm coming" erupted from Ty behind her, the growled forecast sending yet another erotic contraction through her clutching pussy and trembling body.

Above it all, Kayla could feel the weight of Justin's body as he leaned forward to stretch across her head and upper back, the pressure of Ty's abdomen similarly pressing against her butt, telling her that while she couldn't see it the guys were locking lips.

A half-hour later they were all back in their seats. The boys, spent from their illicit rendezvous, were both sleeping—Ty's head on her shoulder, Justin's hand clasped warmly around hers as he snored softly, his head held upright by an in-flight pillow. Cozy and content, Kayla let her eyes drift shut, a question almost immediately popping into her head.

*How did this all happen?*

Kayla had never expected this love affair, nor invited it, but it had come to her and now she was powerless to stop it. All she could do was surrender to its astounding depth and relish its unforeseen sweetness.

*But why? Why now? Why her? Why them?*

While Kayla couldn't answer all the "why" questions, she certainly could explain the how and when.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Three weeks earlier*

“Will you hurry up?” Justin said over his shoulder as he started down the Boeing 747’s stairs that led to the tarmac. He could see the bevy of beauties who awaited him below. “I’m just *dying* to get lei-ed.”

Not far behind him, Ty and Kayla swapped looks before jointly rolling their eyes and breaking into laughter.

“Not you!” Kayla called out as she worked to steer her bulky overnight bag down the narrow aisle of the aircraft, her comment drawing a number of snickers and grins from the throng of surrounding passengers who lined up single file to exit the plane.

The three lifelong, single friends had come to Kailua to celebrate Ty’s fortieth birthday, celebrate his long-time-in-the-coming acceptance of his divorce two years ago and soak up some of Hawaii’s infamous rays.

At least that was the official story the trio had told their family and friends.

In reality, the three potential business partners had come to check out a piece of real estate they were thinking of jointly purchasing. But if one dug even deeper, the real reason for the journey could be uncovered. After a lifetime living in the dog-eat-dog, pressure-filled vacuum of the big city, Justin and Tyrone and Kayla were really looking to buy into a change of lifestyle.

It had all started several months ago when Ty stumbled across an ad in the *Times*, although the seed had been planted even further back than that.

Shortly after the breakup of his marriage, Ty began complaining of his rushed existence, repeatedly claiming he was sick and tired of the whole go-go-go North American work ethic. While his viewpoint was eagerly shared by his “two best buds” Justin and Kayla—each one hoping that one day their need for productivity and accomplishment could be fused in some way with their desire to adopt more of a stop-and-smell-the-roses philosophy—the right opportunity never seemed to materialize. That is, until the fateful day the answer literally fell in Ty’s lap. Perusing the *Times*’ real estate section as he often did, Ty stumbled upon a possible life preserver for him and his two sinking friends.

*For sale –*

*Sprawling eight-room Papaya Paradise B&B property. Colonial-style, newly renovated 10,000-square-foot home situated on the island of Kailua, Oahu, boasts oceanfront views, lush gardens and a prosperous papaya plantation. Comes with established year-round clientele, and professional staff. To book a private viewing contact Maxim Realty.*

None of the three friends knew the first thing about B&Bs or papayas, but after two decades on Wall Street, Ty was savvy enough to shift his professional skills acquired on the job from the stock market to the hospitality industry. After abandoning his early adulthood stint as a social worker, Justin's career as a certified accountant with one of the biggest law firms in the country, coupled with a real penchant for carpentry and home renovations would enable him to pull double duty in such a venture, and Kayla's creativity and charisma as marketing director for the Metropolitan Museum of Art would make her a natural at drawing and maintaining customers. As dream teams go, they looked pretty good. In fact, apart from a little capital, which they all had easy access to, all the enterprise required was the courage to take a risk.

First though they would need to check out the property in question, and what better way to do that than plan on a little layover there themselves?

*Layover.*

Kayla had to smile at the word that held a bit of a sexual connotation. Not that she could even remember what sex was.

After her own failed marriage nearly five years earlier, Kayla had quite unintentionally fallen into the habit of living like a nun. Pun very much intended. It was inadvertent primarily due to one fact – while Kayla was finally open and ready to fall in love and, yes, have sex again, no one had managed to catch her eye or touch her heart. With a wistful sigh, she was starting to wonder if anyone ever would again.

"Aloha," the pretty Hawaiian woman said to Kayla as she placed a beautiful fragrant lei around her neck. "*Heahea kauhale*."

"I beg your pardon? Oh, I'm sorry. I don't speak Hawaiian."

Kayla tried not to frown, anticipating this would happen a lot during their three-week stay. With her long dark hair, olive skin and exotic features, she was routinely mistaken for an island girl.

"She said 'welcome home'," Ty offered from behind. When confronted with Kayla's surprised expression, he just shrugged. "I studied a little for the trip."

Some fifty paces ahead, Justin was enveloped in the arms of a gorgeous meet-and-greet Hawaiian girl. His eyes, locked with a strapping young buck to her left, twinkled in delight as the girl planted a kiss on first one side of his face and then the other.

Kayla turned to look at Ty, a soft smile spreading her full lips as their eyes met and her heart went out to him.

For reasons Kayla never fully understood, Ty had gone into some weird kind of celibacy phase after his divorce that appeared to be quite different from her own. Okay, granted, putting a halt to physical intimacy cold turkey directly following a bad breakup was not all that strange. Arguably it could even be viewed as responsible, for abstinence certainly eliminated the possibility of rebound sex. And in the case of many a woman, including herself, one might simply shut down altogether for a lengthy time until the next Mr. Right came along. But for a *man* to refrain from horizontally mamboing for a full two years after the fact? Kayla just didn't get it.

And by his own admission, neither did Ty. Literally.

What Kayla did get though was that sometimes a person needed a very, *very* long time to lick their wounds. Putting it all together, she strongly suspected Ty was one such slow-healing person. While he never divulged the reason for his divorce or sidestepping of the whole dating and sex thing since then, Kayla now hoped with all her heart that he would find a woman on this trip who would make him forget the past and start living again in the present.

"Mr. Martin?"

Ty turned in the direction of the male voice who called his name, as did Kayla and Justin. A young chauffeur dressed all in white stood near a sprawling black limo embossed with the words *Maxim Realty* on the side. With a single gloved hand, he motioned to the vehicle. "Mr. Maxim has arranged for your luggage to be collected and transferred, so if you're ready to go, I'd be happy to take you to Papaya Paradise now."

Exchanging a round of impressed looks, the three friends piled into the spacious interior of the limousine. It was midmorning so in addition to the bottle of Champagne that stood chilling in a sterling silver ice bucket, a pitcher of freshly squeezed orange juice was placed by the crystal Champagne flutes on the bar should the trio wish to make mimosas. A fine assortment of fresh fruit that included slices of pineapple, mangos, grapes, peaches, passion fruit and of course papaya, arranged on a silver platter, was also available, along with an artistically arranged group of various cheeses and crackers.

"Wow," Kayla said, pairing a slice of peach with a thin chunk of Havarti and placing the delectable duo on a sesame round. "This Maxim guy is really something."

"Yeah. Wonder where he gets all his money from."

Ty shot Justin a comical look. "Ahhh, gee, I dunno. Maybe real estate?"

Justin kicked playfully at Ty's foot that was stretched on the carpeted floor of the car. "No shit. I just meant, is that the only thing he's into."

"What do you mean?" Kayla asked, her interest mildly piqued by the vague innuendo.

Justin shrugged.

"I've seen these big mogul types before. They've always got their fingers in more than one pie."

"That's true," Ty said, leaning back as he bit into a piece of pineapple. "I work with a lot of these guys and they are never happy with just one pot on the stove."

"So what types of things do they get into?" Kayla asked.

"You know, the usual, the stock market, business mergers, gambling, sometimes even drugs."

Ty and Kayla responded at the exact same moment.

"Drugs?"

Justin knocked back the remnants of his first mimosa and began mixing another. "Some do, sure. You know what they say, absolute power corrupts absolutely."

"But drugs? In Hawaii? Given the laid-back attitude associated with the place, I'd be stunned if you found anything harder than a little *ganja*."

"Good point!" Justin exclaimed, pointing at Kayla. Then with a wink he pinched his thumb and index finger together and bringing them to his lips, made as if he were taking a hit from a joint. "You know, if we wanted to, we should be able to score some quality weed while we're here."

Kayla's stern face made Justin directly amend his previous statement. "Not that we would want to. But seriously, Hawaii has the highest population of crystal meth users in the nation. And while cocaine and heroin are still being smuggled in from Southeast Asia, abuse of predatory drugs like GHB and LSD are on the rise."

"GHB?"

"One of the more popular date rape drugs going."

Kayla shuddered in disgust at the thought, a related question redirecting her. "How do you know so much about all this?"

Justin's eyebrows shot heavenward. "You forget that in my former life as a social worker, knowing the what, where and how of the drug world was a prerequisite for the job."

"Oh right," Kayla nodded. "But Hawaii? I still think you're confusing this notoriously peaceful island with Columbia." As an afterthought, she shot a quick glance

over her shoulder at the chauffeur who sat seemingly immobile and hopefully unhearing behind the glass barrier that separated him from them.

"Drugs are *everywhere*," Ty said. "But Kayla does have a point. It's most unlikely our Mr. Maxim is the island version of Scarface."

Justin immediately adopted a Columbian accent and, screwing up his face, did his best Al Pacino impression, "Say hello to my little friend, ju fucking li'l monkey!"

He and Ty straight away burst into laughter but neither the humorous reference to the movie *Scarface* nor Ty's earlier reassurance did little to restore Kayla's confidence in the mysterious Mr. Maxim.

"Golly," Kayla breathed, chewing her bottom lip a little. "How will we know if this guy is legit?"

"Not to worry," Ty smiled. "I'm a pretty good judge of character."

Justin seconded that emotion. "Me too."

Kayla opened her mouth to throw her verbal hat into the ring of agreement but abruptly stopped herself. Truth be told, she was often a terrible judge of character. While many viewed her as tough and outgoing with a sharp wit and keen sense of insight, deep down she was sweet and shy, often giving others the benefit of the doubt when she should nail their asses to the wall. Taking a deep sigh as she looked out the window, Kayla hoped that Justin and Ty's assertions were right. If not, the three of them could be buying into a heckuva lot more than a piece of paradise, papayan or otherwise.



## **Chapter Two**

The first thing Kayla thought upon meeting Alister Maxim was that he could have been a model for Calvin Klein. He was tall, blond, built and beautiful. His clothes were of the finest make and fit and he had the distinct air of wealth and worldly know-how. Upon arriving at Papaya Paradise, and after Kayla and Justin and Ty were shown to their connecting set of Aloha oceanview bedrooms, they met with the elegant proprietor in the B&B's spacious living room.

"Very pleased to meet you," Alister said, zeroing in on Kayla as he extended his hand. "Mr. Martin didn't tell me that one of his business partners was so...lovely."

"Call me Tyrone," Ty quickly intervened, sensing the shark in Alister and effectively drawing his burrowing gaze away from Kayla as he similarly offered his hand. Nodding over his shoulder, he added, "And this is Justin Reynolds."

Ever the comedian, Justin kept a straight face as he shook Alister's hand. "I'm told I'm lovely too."

With an awkward "Yes, well," Alister pulled away and cleared his throat before politely inquiring, "Could I interest any of you in a drink before we tour the premises?" The question was addressed to the trio as a whole, but once again his eyes were glued to Kayla's face—when they didn't skim over the scarf at her throat to drop down and caress her breasts.

"Thanks, no," Ty spoke for the group, "we had a little something on the ride over."

"Very well then. Let's take a look around, shall we?"

He grinned then, a polished, flashy show of teeth that was clearly intended to exude sincerity but, despite his best efforts, it appeared more forced than genuine.

Alister led them through the rest of the B&B, moving first through the library and study, dining room, kitchen and breakfast "nook"—that could easily seat twenty

people—the workout room and sauna and finally a number of bedroom suites equipped with king-size four-poster beds, French armoires, fabulous artwork, breathtaking fresh floral arrangements and of course an even more breathtaking view of the ocean. All the while Alister talked endlessly about the business's assorted aspects and positives such as its increasingly profitable earnings. From there they moved out onto the massive patio that, overlooking the floral gardens and extensive papaya orchard just beyond, was complete with a huge hot tub, loungers and umbrellaed tables and chairs. All in all it sounded too good to be true. So good in fact, Kayla was left to wonder why anyone would want to sell such a goldmine.

"Tell me," Kayla began as they made their way down the steps to stroll through the back flower garden, one of three that wrapped around the entire property save for the front, "why are you looking to sell at this time?"

Alister assumed another practiced expression, returning another ready response. "It's been a very difficult decision as I am personally very fond of this property. Not only is it beautiful but, as I think I may have mentioned, it has been an extremely lucrative investment."

*Only about a million times.*

"But I just started a new...operation in Asia that is going to require a lot more of my time so I had to make a choice."

"Do you usually show sale properties yourself?" Ty asked.

A glint of something not even remotely friendly nor pleasant gleamed in Alister's eye for a quick second but then just as swiftly vanished. "You're very perceptive. And correct. Actually, no, I usually have an associate take potential buyers through but I was in town and as Papaya Paradise is so dear to my heart, I wanted to see who was interested. I wouldn't sell it to just anyone."

*Right.*

Contrary to Alister's comment, Kayla had the distinct impression that for the right figure, Alister would sell the property, along with his very soul, to the Devil himself.

“And here,” Alister said with a grandiose flourish of his manicured hand, “is the icing on the cake, the papaya orchard. This plantation is still in its infancy, dating back over fifteen years but along with the B&B is also very successful.”

As they walked along, Kayla craned her neck to peer up at the soaring forest of trees they navigated through. Never being good with guessing figures be it someone’s age or weight, Kayla was equally poor at estimating numerical distances or heights so really couldn’t say for sure just how tall the leafy structures that seemed to crowd in around them were. Right on cue, Alister began his professional and prepared spiel.

“The payaya is the fruit of the plant *carica papaya* in the genus *carica*,” he said, launching into a recitation that sounded a lot like he was quoting Wikipedia. Which, in a lame attempt to impress Kayla, he was. “The word itself is one of a combined origin—its derivative is part Spanish, part Caribbean. Originally from southern Mexico, Central American and northern South America, the papaya is now cultivated in most countries with a tropical climate such as Brazil, India, South Africa, Sri Lanka and Southeast Asia. It is sometimes called “big melon” or “paw paw” but the North American pawpaw is a different species altogether.”

“I didn’t think they grew papayas in Hawaii,” Ty said. Alister’s response was assured. And swift.

“They have for a few decades but the industry didn’t really take off until the 1990s. Since then, two varieties of genetically modified papayas have been grown by two different growers. We’re one of the two.”

“The trees are so high,” Kayla said, fighting a little wave of something not unlike agoraphobia as she peered up once more.

“As a matter of fact Kayla, the papaya is really a plant—granted a tree-like plant—that features a single stem growing from fifteen to thirty feet tall. Those spirally arranged leaves that you see at the top of that trunk can spread out to twenty or thirty inches in diameter.”

"What do the flowers look like?" Justin asked, shading his eyes from the sun with his hand as he tilted his torso back to gawk up at the towering stalks.

"Similar in shape to those of the plumeria. Are you familiar with them?"

Justin pokerfaced him. "Not really."

"They are white blooms and greatly resemble the oleander," Alister said, appearing not to notice Justin's shrug and continuing on with his encyclopedia-toned monologue, "but much smaller and wax like. They appear on the axils of the leaves, maturing into the large papaya fruit that can be five to eighteen inches long and three to twelve inches in diameter. The fruit is ripe when it feels soft, much like a ripe avocado or even a little bit softer, and its skin has attained an amber to orange hue."

"Kinda like that couple I saw on the beach when we drove up."

Kayla and Ty burst out laughing.

As Kayla noted the mischievous twinkle in Justin's eyes, she had a sudden and hot flashback to a startling dream she'd had a few months back. So unexpected and intense, the sensual imagining still left her a little shaken to this day. In it, Kayla and Justin were lying on the grass, side by side, she on her back and Justin on his side, looking down at her. He was kibitzing about as he often did, making her laugh until her side hurt. Then abruptly the mood changed. Their laughter first died down then completely vanished, the expression in Justin's eyes quickly shifted from playful to lustful, and in one swift move he bent down and covered Kayla's lips with his own. A searing wave of fire ignited in Kayla and without hesitation or reservation she returned his hot kiss, their tongues desperately swirling within the warm recesses of each other's mouths. Justin's lips on hers were like fire and as he unbuttoned and kissed his way down her chest and torso, Kayla shuddered and sighed at the trail of warm moisture he left in his wake. This was not a romantic, glowing, slow-motion kind of coupling but rather a fiercely passionate and pulsing coming together that before long would have all involved, well, *coming* together.

Justin tore off Kayla's panties and in a flash was between her legs, his hands firmly pushing her thighs apart as he kissed and licked and sucked her with an eagerness and skill she'd never experienced. The feel of his tongue on her clit, lapping sexily up and down her pussy and then diving inside her as his lips continued to suck her from the outside was beyond Heaven. Rocking her hips forward, Kayla held her breath, her hands clasp at Justin's head and pushing his lips and tongue against and in her even more as an explosive climax ripped through her body. Tears filled her eyes as she came, sweet spasms racking her inside and out.

After a very brief breather, Justin rose to his knees, his eyes gleaming with a love-tinged satisfaction. Then he impatiently unzipped his pants and whipped out his cock, all hard and hot-looking. With his eyes locked with hers, Justin began stroking himself from base to top, his expression growing darker and hotter as he tugged on his thickening shaft. Kayla had never watched a guy masturbate before but the sight of Justin's fist jerking up and down his stiff cock, stopping from time to time to work on the swelling discolored knob at the top just about drove her crazy with desire. All at once she was up on her knees then down on all fours, her mouth open and poised to fasten firmly around Justin's thick cock.

Somewhere inside her she wanted to drag out the sweetness, kiss and tease and play with him until he begged for mercy, but her desire to suck his gorgeous cock just wouldn't let her wait. Closing her lips around his throbbing cock, Kayla immediately fell into a steady solid bobbing motion that plunged and pulled along Justin's rigid length. Using one hand in a firm fist to stimulate the bottom half, Kayla focused her attention on the top half of his cock, seriously sucking his head as her tongue flitted around its bulky rim. Cupping his balls with her free hand, she alternately tugged them gently away from his body only to push them up against the base of his cock and in perfect sync with the upward pull of her mouth and hand upon it, almost as if she were manually urging the semen up and out. Kayla could feel Justin respond, his reactions forecasting his imminent orgasm. With her loving grip his balls hardened and drew closer to his body and his cock stiffened even further within her mouth, the light taste of

salt on her tongue telling her pre-cum had appeared on his head. All systems go. More than that, all indications were that Justin was primed for a super send-off but feeling devilishly daring, Kayla wanted to push the envelope and make this one blowjob Justin never forgot.

Abandoning her pull-and-push technique on his balls, Kayla let her fingers do the walking back to the short stretch of flesh between his sac and his rectum. Caressing and pressing against the smooth skin with her fingers for a few seconds, Kayla then moved on to her real goal. With a touch that varied from feathery and light to firm and insistent, Kayla rimmed Justin, her fingers dancing around but never making contact. The reaction of his whole body tensing and trembling in anticipation told her that she didn't have much time before he exploded. Pressing against the crinkled opening a couple of times as a kind of primer, Kayla then gently inserted her index finger into Justin's puckered hole, delicately but persistently pushing all the way in to her first knuckle.

A tremendous shudder erupted from Justin's body and he groaned, a loud shaking sound that was nearly mournful in tone. His hips twitched and pulsed against her face hard and fast and his fingers dug hard into her shoulders as Kayla was rewarded for her hard work. Justin's hot cum hit the back of her throat with so much force she had to swallow quickly, the subsequent bursts of semen spraying the roof of her mouth and spilling out onto her tongue. Incredibly intense and intimate, it was the best blowjob Kayla had ever given anybody.

Too bad it hadn't happened.

"Do you?"

Kayla woke up with a start. Her heart was racing, her skin was flushed and now all three guys were standing staring at her. "Huh?"

"Payapa. Are you a fan of papayas?"

"I've never had one."

"You've never had a papaya?" Alister and Ty asked almost simultaneously. Suddenly Kayla felt self-conscious.

"Um...no."

"We'll have to remedy that," Alister said with a smile, lightly touching Kayla's forearm as he continued to lead them on. "In the interim, I can tell you this, the taste is vaguely similar to a cross between a pineapple and a peach, although much milder without any of the tartness. Needless to say, the ripe fruit is usually eaten raw without the skin or seeds, however the unripe green fruit of the papaya can be eaten cooked, usually in curries, salads and stews. It also has a relatively high amount of pectin which can be used to make jellies.

"Huh," Justin said, his interest waning as his attention drifted over to where a group of workers were tending the crop, "yeah I read that online."

"And," Alister carried on, addressing what remained of his captive audience with his borrowed rhetoric, "green papaya fruit and the tree's latex are both rich in an enzyme called papain."

"What's that?" Kayla asked. It was Ty who answered her question.

"It's a protease useful in tenderizing meat and other proteins."

"That's right," Alister concurred, "Its ability to break down tough meat fibers has been utilized for thousands of years by indigenous Americans. Today, it is included as a component in powdered meat tenderizers and is also marketed in tablet form to remedy digestive problems. However papain has another healing property."

Ty and Kayla waited for Alister to continue. Conversely Justin was still absorbed watching a handful of shirtless men arrange ladders along the trunks of a couple of trees.

"Papain is also popular as a topical application in the treatment of cuts, rashes, inflammation, stings and burns. Its ointment is commonly made from fermented papaya flesh and is applied as a gel-like paste. Did you know, for example, that

Harrison Ford was treated for a ruptured disc during the filming of *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* by having papain injected into his back?

Even though he'd read that online too, this latest bit brought Justin around.

"Indiana Jones?"

"Yes," Alister replied as his eyes once more found Kayla. "So you see, the papaya is really a most amazing fruit and Papaya Paradise a most amazing place. Come. Let me show you around our bordering flower gardens."

As they headed around the side of the house, Kayla suspected the floral displays would be very much like the owner himself—on the surface very beautiful to look at but if she dug deep enough, she'd uncover a lot of dirt and manure.

\* \* \* \* \*

That evening, Kayla and Justin and Ty emerged from Papaya Paradise feeling good about the deal they were about to make. While Alister Martin was a bit of a professional bullshit artist to be sure, they had seen the goods with their own eyes and were unanimously in love with the place. Ty had already placed a call to his attorney back home to do a little digging on both Alister as well as the property itself to ensure there were no liens or hidden pitfalls attached to the B&B-cum-papaya plantation.

Stepping onto the gigantic front porch that was lit up with a million little lights, Kayla breathed deeply in the ocean air. It was a warm and balmy night but the soft humid wind blowing in off the water served to both moisten and cool the skin. The veranda was filled with barely covered bodies that milled about, sprawled lazily on bamboo furniture and in general just took it easy. People chatted, sipped tropical drinks complete with tiny, brightly colored paper umbrellas, strategically maneuvering their mouths around the large, luscious triangles of island fruit such as pineapple and of course papaya that decorated the tall frosted glasses.

Looking exceedingly tropical in a white halter-top sundress and papaya-colored chiffon scarf and proper crossover beach-to-dinner attire respectively, Kayla and Justin



and Ty joined the gathering around ten p.m. having just enjoyed a traditional island *lu'au* and meal of roast suckling pig, *haupia*—a thick coconut pudding—and the famous dish made of mashed taro root known as *poi*.

“Tastes like snot,” Justin had commented under his breath as their meal was placed before them by particularly large Hawaiian server who looked more like a sumo wrestler than a waiter, to which Ty quickly retorted, “How would you know?”

Now, a couple of hours later, the three friends-soon-to-be-business-partners very quickly got into the laidback chatter of the various individuals mingling and conversing easily as the exotic drinks flowed like water. Among them was Alister Maxim, politely and proficiently mixing with those in attendance at the intimate gathering while readily keeping track of every single move Kayla made. Upon seeing what he perceived to be an opening, Alister excused himself from his current conversation and made a beeline for her.

“How was your dinner?” he asked as he slid up beside Kayla, lightly touching her back with his hand. Kayla moved just far enough away to evade his contact.

“Very good, thank you.”

“You know, I’d really like to show you around more. Papaya Paradise is a sight to behold but there is so much more to see. Perhaps you and I could enjoy a little private time by taking a stroll on the beach?”

Kayla turned and gave him a look that she hoped would show her shock, disapproval and distrust all at once.

“Mr. Martin—”

“Alister.”

Kayla then adopted a smile that she intended to appear very much like his—as phony as a three-dollar bill—her voice crisp as she ignored his request to use his first name. “Mr. Martin, I greatly appreciate your hospitality and my partners and I are indeed very interested in purchasing Papaya Paradise. However, please let me make

myself perfectly clear. That is where my interest ends." She concluded by fixing him with a very piercing stare as a means of driving home the point.

Alister's pristine veneer tarnished a tad as an expression of utter shock momentarily flitted across his face. But with the grace befitting royalty, he quickly collected himself and smoothed his ruffled feathers.

"I see," he said in an almost courtly manner, as the fire of indignation within his furious gaze slowly cooled. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"I felt it was important to set the record straight so there could be no misunderstanding. In all probability we will soon have a business deal in the works and I wouldn't want to unintentionally create any kind of impediment for either side. So we understand each other, then?"

Alister nodded but this time there was no smile. At all.

"Oh yes. I understand. Fully."

"I'm glad. Well, have a nice evening."

With that, Kayla turned and dived back into socializing, quickly downing the drink she held in the hopes it would stop her knees from knocking. And not in a good way. There was just something about Alister Martin that scared the hell out of her. The sooner they wrapped up this deal and got rid of him, the better.

The night wore on, the frivolity intensified and soon all thoughts of Alister Martin had left Kayla's mind as she and Ty and Justin, either together or flying solo, continued on in their informal meet-and-greet session with the other guests at Papaya Paradise.

A little while later, after excusing herself from a discussion with a middle-aged couple visiting from England, Kayla couldn't help but notice that Ty was nowhere to be seen. She located and asked Justin, who was deeply embroiled in an outwardly intense conversation with a blonde tourist from Helsinki. He didn't know. Next she asked several of the other guests she had been chatting with, none of whom had seen Ty leave either. It was only then that Kayla got a lead from one of the visitors who claimed Ty had headed "that way", his long, lean finger extending out to point down the curving

shoreline of the beach. With a polite smile, nod and “thank you”, Kayla turned her back on the group and started out.

Justin frowned as he watched her leave.

For a time she walked along the water’s edge, savoring the warmth of the sand beneath her feet as her heels and toes dug into the moist surface only to be repeatedly washed clean by the incoming tide. Within a few minutes Papaya Paradise was far behind her, the warm lights from the patio and property twinkling like miniature fireflies in the distance. Were it not for the bamboo tiki torches sunk deep into the shoreline every forty yards or so and stretching as far as the human eye could see—or at least as far as the bend in the seashore maybe a half a mile up—Kayla would not have been able to see where she was, or more importantly, where she was going.

Under different circumstances she would have felt apprehensive, but as she strolled along, Kayla found herself relishing the solitude and tranquility of the space and moment. All too soon though she realized she would have to walk the same distance back as she had just come, so begrudgingly she decided to turn back.

Seconds into the decision, Kayla’s eye caught a movement high on a dune off to her left. Peering into the semidarkness, Kayla just barely made out the figure of Ty. He was sitting on the sand hill, alone, his fingers interlaced, his hands hanging over his bent knees that extended over his bare feet. His white linen pants had been rolled up to mid-calf and he was shirtless, his dress shirt and summer loafers laying in a heap to his right. Wordlessly, Kayla approached him. When she was within a foot or so of where he sat, she slowly sank to her knees, the movement bringing her face-to-face with him.

“Hi.”

“Hey.”

“How are you doing?”

Ty smiled sheepishly. “I’m a little wasted.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean. I quit drinking those Bahama Mamas about an hour ago, right about the time Justin suggested we all go skinny-dipping.”

Ty didn't answer but only peered off into the distance.

"So...ah...what's up with this lonely-man-on-a-hill bit?"

Lost in thought, her question made him jump a little. "Nothing, really. I was just thinking."

Kayla repositioned herself so she was sitting on one hip with her feet pulled up under her legs to the side. "About what?"

Ty looked at her so swiftly and directly Kayla had to fight to keep herself from wriggling under his stare.

"Do you ever regret something you've done?"

*Oh no. Not the ex-wife thing again.*

"Or I guess," Ty continued, "to be more precise, something you *didn't* do?"

*Okay. I'm confused.*

"Ty, look I don't know all of what happened between you and Susan—"

"I wasn't talking about Susan."

"Oh."

*Okay. Now I'm confuseder. Nah. That's wrong. Even more confused.*

As Kayla waited for Ty to elaborate, she simply stared into his eyes, a sudden thought piercing her head and heart. In all the years she'd known him, Kayla had never noticed just how blue Ty's eyes were. They were brilliant, truly, the hue falling somewhere between sky blue and indigo, and now as they locked with hers, Kayla felt as well as saw the twinkle of desire within their crystal depths. The warmth of his hand on her knee drew her attention but she didn't push it away.

"We've been friends a long time, you and me."

Suddenly Kayla's mouth was too dry to speak, her heart pounding in her chest and ears, and making her breath uneven. Silently she nodded as Ty continued on.

"Have you ever wondered about...?"

He faltered then, returning his gaze out to sea even as his thumb made crazy lazy circles on the inside of her knee, his fingers that lay loose and comfortable on her kneecap gently kneading her warm flesh. Amazingly Kayla found her voice but it was barely above a whisper.

"Wondered about what?"

Ty kept his view on some far-off point.

"You and me. And..."

The incomplete sentence hung heavy in the air.

"And what?"

When Ty next looked back at Kayla there was the unmistakable expression of love within his eyes.

"You're my best friend in the whole world. You and Justin. I love you both. I just want you to know that I couldn't have gotten through these past couple of years without you."

Kayla reached up and placed a tender, loving hand against his cheek. "We love you too, Ty, and no matter what happens, we are always here for you."

"Damn straight."

Kayla and Ty glanced up. Justin was strolling toward them, the breeze whipping open his tangerine cotton shirt to reveal his bronzed bare chest along with the enticing line of his treasure trail that disappeared into the band of his colorful floral Bermuda shorts.

Sinking into the sand to Ty's right, Justin loosely looped an arm around Ty's shoulder, his presence immediately drawing Ty's gaze to his. Through her stare, suddenly hazy with a crazy kind of want, Kayla noted the bulge in the front of Justin's shorts and was more than a little astonished to feel her pussy jump as she clearly recognized the bolt of chemistry that shot between the two men. In a flash their expressions grew serious and their chests heaved with the energy it took to restrain

themselves. Plainly they wanted to tear each other's clothes off and fuck the living daylights out of each other right there on the sand.

*Okay, I so didn't see this coming.*

Or had she?

What of all those late nights the three spent together throughout the years, talking and sharing into the wee hours of the morning, the air heavy with hormones, sometimes heightened by the effect of alcohol, sometimes not. Either way though, there was something there that hinted at the hard-to-ignore fact that, well, there was *something there*.

And yet ignore they did. All of them.

Until this very moment.

A painfully long time passed in which Ty and Justin just stared at one another, their eyes sliding down to lock on each other's lips for a moment before drifting back up to their eyes once more. Kayla bit her lip and swallowed hard as she saw the long-overdue irreversible chain of events start to unfold. Titillated beyond belief but feeling like a third wheel caught in the middle of an awkward albeit exciting moment, Kayla went to stand up. Ty abandoned his gentle hold on her knee to clamp his hand around her wrist.

"Don't go," he whispered.

Slowly he turned his head to regard her, his face once more radiating love as his eyes shifted from a look of warmth to one of pure fire. Kayla's breath caught in her throat as she looked from Ty to Justin—whose eyes were hooded with desire as well—and it took her no more than a few seconds to realize that they were not only hot for each other.

Ty and Justin wanted her too.

Real bad.

With a shaky smile that vanished quickly, Justin reached over and, with a trembling hand, turned Ty's face to his to kissing him square on the mouth. It was a gentle one-time brushing of lips against lips, almost platonic in nature, but as Justin twisted his head in super-slow motion to the right, Ty countering the move by shifting to the left, both their mouths opened wider, promising a far hotter exchange than the first. With her panties growing wetter by the second and her heart working overtime, Kayla watched with bated breath, bracing herself for the kiss to come. Just before the moment of contact, Justin lazily snaked his tongue into Ty's mouth.

The guys' lips met, melded, twisted and they pulled at one another's lips with an intensity that took Kayla's breath away. Their heavy breaths exhaled sharply through their nostrils as they moaned while evidently driving their tongues deep inside one another's mouths, adding to the mounting tension.

With a half cry, half groan, Ty tore his lips away from Justin and roughly grabbing his neck with one hand to pull him down closer, he seductively bit Justin's bottom lip before licking and kissing his way over to his ear.

Justin grimaced as his head fell forward, his eyes opening to peer over Ty's shoulder and lock with Kayla's. Without delay he extended his hand to her in a clear invitation to come and join in.

Despite the pounding between her legs and ache in her taut nipples, Kayla wavered, mostly out of habit. Sudden decisions were never her strong suit, but she couldn't deny that she loved these two men with all her heart. Loved them, and now, far past the point of deniability, desired them too. Realizing that, Kayla's fingers shook as she reached up and touched Justin's outstretched hand. At the point of contact, he leaned forward and clasped her palm, pulling her toward him and Ty. Crawling toward them on her knees, Kayla opened her arms, one falling around Ty's shoulders, the other around Justin's neck. Justin grabbed the back of her head and dragged her down to where he could kiss her lips. And *wowsa!* What a kiss! Urgent and eager, passionate and

perfect, he left nothing to the imagination as his mouth and tongue worked hard to catch Kayla up to the state of arousal he and Ty were in.

Somewhere up through the high-velocity feelings he was experiencing, Ty became aware of Kayla pressing in close. Abandoning his attack on Justin's ear, he pivoted around enough to unknot the scarf around Kayla's throat, the flimsy fabric floating down to the sand as he planted a series of kisses up and down the length of her outstretched neck. Then moving up to join Ty in a joint effort, the guys and Kayla then took part in a super-sexy *ménage à trois* of tongues. First kissing Justin, Kayla then shifted her attention to Ty, only to pull back and let Ty and Justin lock lips before jumping in again.

"God, I want to fuck you," Justin murmured as he pulled back to agitatedly whip off his shirt in a let's-get-down-to-business move.

"Which one?" Ty posed seductively as he temporarily deserted Kayla's lips to lay a collection of long, strong licks on Justin's chest.

Justin's eyes met Kayla's just as he let his hand drop from the side of her face down to her right breast. Tenderly, he began caressing the warm mound of flesh.

"Both of you."

Any element of restraint Kayla felt left her at the very moment. In one steady movement, she pulled her dress up and over her head, leaving her with nothing but a satiny thong.

"You're so beautiful," Ty said, awestruck as he reached for her and took her in his arms, lowering her backward onto the sand.

"Yeah," Justin echoed as he peeled off the rest of his clothes and rapidly moved to stand at the top of Kayla and Ty's intertwined bodies. Falling to his knees, he began kissing and caressing Ty's hair and shoulders until Ty rose to his knees. Then Justin turned his attention to Kayla's breasts, holding and kneading the pliable flesh in his hands as Ty licked and sucked his way south, soon reaching the drenched cavern between Kayla's legs.



Arching her back, Kayla let out a soft gasp as Ty's lips closed around her engorged clit, his mouth soon settling into a gentle suction upon the tender nub. Justin's lips on her aching nipples were mimicking the movement exactly and in no time flat, Kayla felt the wave of a strong orgasm rising up within her. As Ty and Justin worked her over from two different angles, Kayla twisted and shook as she gave herself over to the explosive climax that threatened to tear her apart. As her lips parted in pure ecstasy, Justin leaned forward and delicately rimmed Kayla's mouth with the head of his cock. Opening her eyes, she flicked her tongue over the round orb atop his shaft, drawing her head toward him in an obvious attempt to take him more fully into her mouth.

Readily complying, Justin readjusted himself slightly so he could slide the entire length of his rigid cock into the warm moisture of Kayla's mouth. At the feel of her lips and inner cheeks closing around him and the sweet suction she immediately began applying to his stiffening cock, Justin moaned.

With his lips still glistening from eating Kayla's pussy, Ty stood and walked forward, aligning himself with Justin's open mouth.

"Suck me," he whispered in a voice so low it was barely audible. Justin's response was quick. And hot.

"Love to."

Grabbing hold of Ty's cock with one fist, Justin laid a dozen or so base-to-head pumps upon Ty's rod as a kind of primer, the hard, fast strokes delivered with just enough pressure to take Ty right to the edge without taking him over it.

"Nice," Justin murmured through gritted teeth as he noticed how his hand job had stiffened and lengthened Ty's erection to the point where he could see his pulse pounding in the long thick vein that ran up the underside. The sight of Ty just about made Justin come. That and the fact that his own cock was being sucked with such efficiency and eagerness he was very close to coming himself—something he wanted to hold off doing.

As if on cue, Kayla shifted her attention to Justin's sac, now hard and drawn-up tight against his abdomen in preparation for ejaculation. Taking first one ball then the other in her mouth, Kayla lovingly sucked Justin's balls as she continued to stroke his shaft and palm its uber-sensitive head.

Kayla tilted her head so she could watch the goings-on above her as she continued to lick Justin's balls. She was incredibly turned-on by the sight of Justin taking Ty's cock into his mouth and skillfully bobbing his head from tip to balls, sucking in his cheeks as he moved sharply and quickly for a time then more slowly and drawn-out—the latter making Ty's hips surge forward in frustration and need. When it would appear they had reached the crucial moment, Justin suddenly stopped, guiding Ty down between Kayla's legs.

He didn't need a lot of encouragement.

Excited to the point of near madness, Ty retrieved a condom from his back pocket then stretched it over his hard cock before driving it into the warmth of Kayla's pussy and began pumping solidly, aiming to make them both come and come hard.

The breadth of his cock and the exuberance of his hard and relentless thrusting quickly caused shudders and mini convulsions deep inside Kayla. Drawing Ty close to her, she countered the downward jerk of his hips with upward propulsions of her pelvis in an unconscious effort to heighten both their pleasures.

Breathless and anxious for release, Justin quickly got to his feet and moved behind Ty. Spreading Ty's butt cheeks, he knelt down and briefly rimmed Ty's butt hole. The feel of Justin's tongue moving around and over his puckered opening as he stretched it wider with his fingers drew a deep growl from Ty.

"Yeah, you want it," Justin said in acknowledgment, "You've wanted it for a long time. Me too. And so much."

Without any further hesitation, Justin stood and lining up the head of his cock, glistening from the lubed condom on it, with Ty's anus, ever so gently pushed into the opening. As Ty continued moving in and out of Kayla, Justin leaned forward, the

movement slowly sliding his rigid cock all the way into Ty as he clasped Kayla's legs and raised them up. Falling into the identical rhythm with which Ty thrust into Kayla, Justin pumped Ty's ass as he began slowly sucking on the toes of Kayla's left foot.

The last image Kayla had before the universe burst into a million pieces was that of Justin and Ty indirectly making love to her at the same time, their hips surging forward at exactly the same moment to create one sultry pull on her full clit after another, as a long, thick hardness dug deliciously deep inside her over and over and over again. Kayla exploded, clutching any part of Ty and Justin within her grasp.

Up through the valley of rapture, Kayla became vaguely aware of Ty bucking wildly atop her as he came, Justin's groans of orgasmic pleasure drowning him out as he too climaxed.

Moments later, after the three disentangled themselves and lay in a hot crumpled heap on the sand, Justin was the first to finally speak, his words drawing sweet sighs and light chuckles from Kayla and Ty alike.

"I don't know about you, but I think for our inaugural venture together that went pretty damn good."

## **Chapter Three**

Kayla and Justin and Ty walked back to Papaya Paradise with their arms linked around each other's waists. Almost immediately Ty announced he was going to take a shower and with a wink suggested Justin and Kayla join him. Both agreed but Kayla suggested she go get them something to replenish their lost fluids. Planting a sexy sweet kiss on first Justin's mouth then Ty's, she flounced happily off as the sound of Ty's cell phone rang inside his room.

It was almost one thirty a.m. when Kayla stopped in at the kitchen to get something to drink before bed. As she reached the overhead cupboard, a satiny voice from behind slid over her, effectively stopping the action.

"Can't sleep?"

Alister was leaning nonchalantly against the counter, looking cool and relaxed in a pair of jeans and a t-shirt.

"Oh! No, not at all. I'm fine. I was just a little thirsty."

"Well, please allow me." He stepped past her to the counter and retrieved a glass from the overhead cupboard. "What's your pleasure?"

"I don't really need..."

"Kayla, please. You and Justin and Ty are my guests here. It is important to me that you feel at home. Now I heard what you said earlier about keeping our relationship strictly professional and I am in complete agreement. You have my word on that. But this here? This is simply your host offering you the nightcap of your choice. So what can I get you?"

Kayla was tempted to correct Alister by saying that they, technically speaking, didn't have a "relationship", but she directly decided against it.

"Water's great."

"Great. Or," he gave her another one of those shark smiles, "you could try a little bit of papaya juice. I don't know if you noticed but I was watching you earlier, and unless I am mistaken, I don't believe you have yet sampled the goods."

*Noticed he'd been watching her? He had been like a fucking stalker since the moment he laid eyes on her.*

And despite the clarity in the statement itself, Kayla couldn't be entirely sure if Alister was referring to the fruit or him.

"Good eye," she laughed. "I am still a papaya vir..."

She let the word *virgin* die on her lips, realizing just a moment too late that she shouldn't say anything even remotely sexual while in Alister's presence lest he confuse that with the line she had drawn in the sand earlier in the evening. Immediately he picked up the dropped ball and ran with it, walking that thin, quavering line between flirtation and fact.

"The first time is something you will never forget. I guarantee it. Now why don't you go have a seat in the lounge and I will bring you a glass."

"Oh no, really, I just wanted a little something—"

"Ah, ah, ah," he scolded in a playful voice that nevertheless clearly revealed he would not take "no" for an answer. "These things can't be rushed. They must be savored. So in you go and I will bring you your first ever taste of papaya juice. If you like it, maybe we can move onto something a little...harder."

"Harder?" Kayla winced as her voice cracked.

"Yes. From the juice we would go to the fruit itself."

Kayla stifled a sigh of relief.

"Oh. Right. Okay."

Hesitantly, she moved into the living room. There were couches, coffee tables and easy chairs scattered about the cozy space as well as a corner bar, wall-mounted TV

screen and sound system. Board games, cards and puzzles could be found in the built-in oak unit on the back wall along with magazines and other easy-reading material. Hardcover books were generally confined to the library across the hall but a handful of popular best-selling titles could be spied among the mix. Either way, this was clearly a place intended for relaxing and doing a lot of as little as possible.

Sitting down in a chair that was only intended for one—a message Kayla hoped Alister would pick up on—her mind floated back to the beach and the magical moments she had spent there with Ty and Justin not that long ago. It had all taken place so fast and yet once it actually started happening, it was as if the three of them were moving in slow motion. Soft caresses, loving kisses and the most intimate of pushes and pulls were done with the sexiest, most tender of intentions. With a sigh Kayla let her eyes drift shut, her body and mind reliving every precious moment with Ty and Justin

Just around the corner, Alister set out to make her a very special glass of papaya juice. Upon filling a tall glass to the brim with the iced fruit juice, he then pulled out a capsule from the breast pocket in his t-shirt, snapped it in half and poured the white powder inside into Kayla's drink. After stirring it until there was no trace of residue, Alister then dropped the empty capsule back into his pocket, rinsed the spoon, put it in the dishwasher and then proceeded to take the laced juice to Kayla.

"Here we go," he said enthusiastically as he rounded the corner, "let's see how you like this."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Kayla next awoke, she was back in her room at Papaya Paradise with the concerned faces of Ty and Justin hovering over her.

"There we go, baby," Ty said. "Now just take it easy."

Kayla's head hurt and her mouth was dry.

"What happened?"

"That bastard Martin happened, that's what," Justin snarled.

"What are you talking about?"

"He slipped you some GHB."

Kayla's memory was foggy.

"GHB?"

"The date rape drug."

"Oh yeah...but how?"

"In the juice he gave you."

Kayla moaned, raising a hand to her face, partly in pain, partly in an attempt to hide her expression from the guys. Ty immediately read her like a book.

"There's no need for that, Kayla. You didn't do anything wrong."

"Yeah and neither did Alister," Justin added. "But I'm betting he would have if we hadn't shown up in time."

"Shown up?" Kayla echoed.

"Timing's everything," Ty said with a devastatingly handsome smile as he stroked her cheek. "My attorney called me just as you left and gave me all the gory details on Maxim. Apparently he's a real slime bucket—wanted for tax evasion, extortion, drug trafficking, prostitution, you name it. I hate to think what would have happened if Justin and I hadn't come in at the crucial moment."

Kayla winced. "Which was?"

"You were out and he was carrying you to his room."

"Lair," Justin hotly corrected.

"Oh God," Kayla sighed, "I owe you guys my life."

"Sugar, you don't owe us anything. Besides, business partners don't owe each other."

Kayla was baffled. "What do you mean?"

"Turns out, Maxim didn't even own Papaya Paradise. It belongs to another commercial realtor who is more than happy to have three American buyers take the property off his hands. We are even free to change the name of the B&B if we like. Seems he's in love and looking to start a whole new life in a brand new place."

Justin and Ty both gave Kayla a wink.

"I can relate," Justin said.

"So can I," echoed Ty.

With a smile as she opened her arms to welcome them both into her life and her heart, Kayla threw her hat into the ring. "Me too."

Ty's expression grew stern. "Yeah, but there's something that we really need to address before we go any further."

Both Kayla and Justin watched him warily.

"What's that?" Kayla finally asked.

"We have got to get you a taste of papaya."

"Oh yeah," Justin piped up, "It's so sweet and wet and slippery. Betcha love it."

"Course, there's one way to find out," Ty said, a soft light glowing in his eyes as he nodded toward the plate of fresh papaya on the nightstand—a treat placed in every suite each morning and evening. "Wanna give it a try?"

Kayla half sat up, screwing up her face in an adorable look of indecision.

"Umm...I don't know. I might not like it."

Ty and Justin exchanged a hot look that slowly slid over to include Kayla.

"I think it's all in the presentation and I'm betting you're going to *love* the way we present it to you."

Kayla giggled as Justin moved to the end of the bed, lightly grabbing her ankles and pulling her down as Ty yanked her sundress up and over her head. She'd gone braless that night and Ty had insisted on keeping her panties earlier in the night as a memento of their first time together.



"Got any rope?" Justin asked with a sexy grin as he peeled off his shirt and bounded out of his shorts, his cock bouncing up and down as he came around to the left side of the bed. Kayla's eyes grew wide. Not only did his cock look fucking fabulous but *rope*?

Ty was busy getting himself naked. "We can use our belts for her legs."

"Wait a minute here," Kayla half-heartedly protested. "Don't I get any say in this?"

Ty gave her a smile that just about made her come in its own right. "Nope."

Justin made a move to go get the belts but Kayla stopped him.

"Why don't we use my scarves?"

Justin's eyes twinkled. "Now you're talking."

A few moments later, Kayla was secured spread-eagle to the bed. Justin and Ty had each grabbed a few slices of papaya from the plate on her nightstand and now, fully naked, each positioned themselves—Justin crouched near her torso and Ty kneeling between her legs. The sight of their magnificent hard-ons was already making Kayla squirm, but as they each picked up a thick piece of papaya, Kayla's pussy clutched in anticipation like never before.

"Pretend this is your nipple," Justin whispered, licking the slice of peach-colored fruit a few times before inserting the tip of it into his mouth and sucking it slowly. His eyes locked with Kayla's briefly before moaning, his lids fluttered shut. Playfully he bit the edge of the fruit piece before licking and sucking it again, his head moving back and forth in an obvious effort to include the friction on his faux nipple. Kayla's body directly responded to Justin's juicy display, her nipples growing so hard they absolutely ached for the feel of his tongue and lips upon them. Down south she could feel a little trickle of her own juice slid down between her butt cheeks. She had never been so hot without any skin-on-skin stimulation and yet Kayla knew this was only the beginning.

"Yeah, and pretend this is your clit," Ty murmured, his tongue assaulting the tip of his papaya piece with a fierce flickering motion that was cobra-like in its speed and manner.

All four of Kayla's limbs strained against the restraints as she arched her back, her pelvis starting to vibrate slightly as the pressure in her pussy grew to that of a volcano about to erupt.

"Uh-oh," Justin said with a hot wink. "I think she's going to blow."

"Damn right she's going to. Now, baby, you just lie back and relax. We're going to show you the *real* meaning of Papaya Paradise."

With that, the guys then seductively caressed each of their designated areas on Kayla's body with the piece of papaya.

For his part, Justin endlessly circled each one of Kayla's nipples with the silky-smooth strip of fruit. He smiled as the little tips darkened and grew even more stiff in response to the indirect touch, his awareness of the pleasure he gave her making Kayla moan. Then he lightly slapped the slice back and forth against her corrugated points a few times before squeezing the slice within his fist, the juice spilling out from between his fingers to dribble down and saturate her breast. Bending his head down, he slowly licked her mound of warm flesh from top to bottom and side to side before finally fastening his mouth around the taut peak that centered it. Sucking softly, his tongue flitted back and forth over her nipple, his intensity and speed reacting and adjusting to Kayla's moans and movements. The pleasure was so intense Kayla felt tears welling up in her eyes. Squeezing them shut, she arched her back and pressed her breast toward the suction of Justin's mouth, her own mouth dropping open in ecstasy. Distantly, she became aware of Justin's free hand, wet and warm, sliding up her chest and over her neck and cheek to reach her mouth. As his teeth grazed her nipple, his tongue and lips mercilessly joining in the assault, Justin slipped a piece of papaya along with a couple of his fingers into Kayla's mouth. Delirious with desire, she sucked hungrily on his fingers even as he withdrew them, the silky-smooth feel of the fruit on her tongue dissolving as she chewed into a delicate, sweet flavor. Justin then used another piece of papaya and repeated the entire process with her other breast.

Down below, Ty had been teasing her without end, swabbing and slickening each one of her inner thighs with the pieces of papaya only to then lick off the juice that had clung to her warm, trembling skin. In fact, Ty had covered so much ground, so to speak, that he had to renew his supply of papaya pieces.

That's when he really got down to business.

Parting Kayla's pussy lips with one hand, Ty caressed the swollen nub of Kayla's clit with the piece of juicy fruit, rubbing the satiny peach-colored morsel back and forth over the blossoming ridge. Her pussy was already super slick with love juice but the localized attention Ty was paying her clit turned the stream between her legs into a river. Ty couldn't hold back any longer, and by the desperate moans coming from Kayla's mouth, neither could she. Squeezing some of the papaya juice onto the quivering little bud at the top of Kayla's pussy, Ty closed his mouth around it and sucked steadily, his tongue working in conjunction with his lips to tease, tickle, tug and oh-so-wonderfully torture Kayla's magic button. While he did, Ty let his free hand with the piece of papaya slip down to the super slick hole just below his mouth and gently pumped the firm fruit strip in and out of her pleading vagina, just as Justin plunged his juice-covered fingers and another piece of papaya into her mouth. The combination was too much. Kayla exploded like never before, her body bucking, her arms and legs tensing against their chiffon shackles as one climactic convulsion after another shook her.

Spiraling down, Kayla heard Ty's soft voice over the sound of her diminishing panting. "And I thought you tasted good before." That when the feel of Ty's tongue inside her this time took Kayla from zero to sixty once more. Switching tactics, Ty now rubbed her clit with the piece of papaya as he tongue-fucked her. Kayla once more felt tears spring to her eyes. Her hands now balled into tight fists, she grunted and shuddered as she braced herself for another orgasm that, like the first, reduced her to a puddle of surrender.

"Yeah," Justin murmured in acknowledgment of Kayla's deep, long moan of release. "That was hot."

Ty raised his head and wiped his slick mouth with the back of his hand. "Gonna get a lot hotter."

The guys then moved to embrace one another, moving down to the foot of the bed and kneeling in the V-space between Kayla's legs. From her vantage point, she had a good view so Justin and Ty set out to put on one hell of a show. After kissing and caressing each other hotly, their mouths open wide, their touches hard and determined, their heavy breaths blown out their nostrils in a hot gust of passion, Justin dropped down farther and with a groan of incredible want, took Ty's cock into his mouth and began bobbing his head up and down its length, his cheeks concave as he sucked him hard. Kayla could see the oblique muscles in Ty's ass clenching in response, his hips jerking forward with every tight and hot downward plunge of Justin's mouth on his stiffening cock. Ty's head had arched back to the point he was looking at the ceiling, his hands closed on either side of Justin's head, pulling him faster and harder against him.

"Wait," he suddenly said, pushing Justin away. Ty then inched Justin around so that Justin was facing Kayla then proceeded to move behind him. Moving one hand around Justin's waist, Ty clasped Justin's cock with one hand and began to jerk him off in the truest sense. His short, hard, fast tugs on Justin's tool were clearly meant to make him come. Justin's head fell back into the crook of Ty's shoulder, his glazed eyes on Kayla's face as she breathlessly watched the action. She could never have dreamed that watching two guys go at it would be so incredibly exciting. As he held Justin in a one-armed embrace and used the other to pump Justin's cock, Ty began kissing the back of Justin's shoulder and neck. Somewhere along the way, they inched forward into the space between Kayla's legs.

Justin was so hot at this point he leaned forward and began licking Kayla's pleading pussy with a vengeance, his tongue making long, swooping arches up to her pulsing clit and down to the slick opening of her vagina, up one side and down the

other, over and over again until he plunged his tongue into her hot core. Ignoring the violent trembling of her thighs on either side of his head, Justin licked and sucked Kayla's slippery, sweet cavern as behind him, Ty dropped down and spreading his butt cheeks, began rimming Justin's hole with his tongue, all the while continuing on with his purposeful hand job.

As the tension grew to a boiling point, it was Justin who switched things up this time.

"Fuck you're beautiful," he whispered through lips slick with his efforts between Kayla's legs as he lifted his head. Kayla was trembling with the need for release. She was very close to coming but she wanted to feel him around her when she did and she prayed to God Justin was thinking the same thing too.

Sometimes God *does* answer prayers.

Without a word and wriggling his way up her body, Justin's hands shook as he slipped a purple ribbed condom on and aligned his swollen, stiff cock with the home it longed for. With a shudder, he plunged all the way into Kayla's tight, hot pussy. He let out an intense, almost surprised grunt at the girth of Ty's cock and squeezed his eyes shut, his whole body lurching forward as Ty entered him from behind. Moving together, Justin and Ty pulled back and then pushed forward, their in-time thrusting giving Kayla the impression that they were both fucking her simultaneously. Her entire body, from head to toe, began a slow vibration that increased until she was trembling so intensely, Justin had to steady her hips as he and Ty plunged into her again and again, their pace and force increasing. With a whimpering cry, Kayla came once more, her pussy clutching desperately at Justin's hard cock filling her and moving in and out of her. As one spasm after another rocked her world, Kayla became distantly aware that Ty had changed his rhythm and was now thrusting into Justin out of sync with Justin's plunges into her—the change evidently very pleasurable for the guys as their moans filled the air. Seconds later Kayla felt Justin shuddering atop her and as she opened her eyes, she saw Ty and Justin close to coming at the same time, their faces reflecting that

breathless moment of anticipation right before. Working to intensify their orgasms, Kayla squeezed her pelvic muscles as tight as she could and pumped hard against Justin's set-to-ejaculate cock.

Now it was Ty's turn.

"Ty, put your hand on my face."

His glazed eyes shot open and locked with Kayla's. Complying, he leaned forward and placed a hand on her cheek. Turning her head, Kayla began sucking hard on one of his fingers. As the three of them continued to suck and fuck and pump into papaya paradise, the guys soon came together, their faces a collection of grimaces, rapture and intense, very intense release. The fervor and fire of the moment triggering yet another orgasm in Kayla, who clutched desperately to her old friends and new business partners.

Who knew what the future held for them beyond this moment. But one thing was clear, they were meant to be together, in bed and, as she strongly anticipated, in business too.

As for the option of changing the name of the B&B from Papaya Paradise... After tonight?

Not on her life.

## About the Author

A former operative for the CIA, Brigit Zahara previously unleashed her passion for excitement and adventure through her work, spending a good deal of her time traveling throughout the United States and Europe, with lengthy spells in New York, Los Angeles, Louisiana, Venice, London, Florence and Malta.

After Brigit took an early retirement, she then looked to her closet habit of writing fiction as a means of indulging her need for pulse-pounding action. From there, her taste very quickly turned to the tantalizing arena of erotica. Brigit has written a number of sizzling titles for Ellora's Cave. She looks forward to writing and publishing many more torrid tales of love and sensuality with this top publisher of erotic literature.

Currently Brigit lives in a seaside villa in Majorca, spending the steamy days penning even steamier stories and the cool, ocean-breeze-kissed evenings researching love scenes with her heart's destiny and husband of nearly eight years.

Brigit welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and e-mail address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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