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# HER UNDERCOVER DOMS

Pleasure Island Series

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ANYA SUMMERS



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.  
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's  
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

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## Prologue

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“**Y**ou have much to answer for, Sherry.”

The ominous tenor of Jared’s voice chilled her to the bone. She’d been hoping—nay, praying—that he would finally see the light where they were concerned, but the angry set to his jaw and stern gaze directed her way as she knelt before his throne made her heart drop into her toes.

Jared reclined on his throne like a lavish Scottish king of old over the club. He was still one of the most stunningly handsome men of her acquaintance in his leather pants and bare, muscular chest. She remembered how it had felt against her skin, and running her hands through the silken threads of his dirty blond hair, tinged with hints of Scottish red. Although tonight was different. Tonight, Patrick Manning and Nick Santos flanked his throne, which was peculiar in itself. And having them there filled her with a startling amount of unease. Sweat slicked her back and the underside of her hair was damp.

Both Doms up on the raised dais with Jared were also fine specimens of manhood, and well built. Quite a few of the subs thought they were just as handsome as Jared. They were beautiful men, but Sherry always felt a little unsettled around them.

She didn't know why. She'd heard through the grapevine that both men were former military and it showed. Patrick was lean in his black jeans and matching tank top that fit him like a second skin. His slate colored eyes gave nothing away. And Nick towered over every male on the island. He was over six and a half feet tall. He was one of the few men of her acquaintance who made her feel small and feminine which, considering she was five foot ten inches tall herself, was rather impressive. Patrick and Nick worked in the pool area but she didn't understand why Jared had them with him.

"I'm sorry, Sir," Sherry said to Jared, her knees aching on the glossy black flooring as she knelt before him. She kept her eyes downcast and head bowed out of respect. "I'm not sure I understand what you mean."

Jared didn't hold back or decrease his volume as he questioned her and snarled, "From what I understand, you lied to impugn my honor that our relationship was anything other than what it was, scratching an itch between us."

His words were akin to arrows piercing her heart. Sherry replied, trying to keep the tremor from her voice, "Sir, I thought that there was more. It's why I came here. I—"

"Regardless of what you believed, I never indicated that I wanted anything more beyond the handful of times we scened in the club. I apologize if I didn't make that clearer to you. I assumed you understood the nature of it. That does not excuse your behavior on the island. You have been willfully deceitful to other employees about the nature of our relationship to cause harm to myself and others. For that, you will be punished."

Sherry wanted him to punish her. If he put his hands on her, he was such a randy Dom, surely she could entice him into her bed. She hid her smile, however, otherwise he would make sure she didn't sit pretty for a week. Although, it might be worth it. She said, "Yes, Sir. I submit to whatever punishment you deem I have earned."

Jared smiled then. A harsh, unyielding smile, and in all of two seconds, Sherry understood that she wasn't going to like the punishment he had planned for her. Not. One. Bit. Then Jared commanded, "You will belong to Patrick and Nick for the next week. Perhaps they can teach you the true meaning of submission."

Sherry's jaw dropped and then she sputtered, "But Sir, I can't. I won't. You can—"

Jared rolled his eyes and gave her an exasperated expression, as though he didn't want to waste any more of his time with her. He said sternly, "Sherry, enough. Either you submit to Patrick and Nick this next week, or I will have you on the first boat off the island in the morning and you can go back to Scotland. Take your pick."

Go back to Scotland. Was he daft or just mean? She didn't want to go back to Scotland. Not when there wasn't a single Dom in that effing club who would touch her. He was washing his hands of her and leaving her no choice. Well, no choice that she would have chosen for herself. She bowed her head as her eyes filled. It had all been for nothing. Jared didn't want her and she had been deluding herself that he did. She glanced at Jared and shook her head in the affirmative—she had no choice really. Patrick and Nick left their sentinel spots flanking Jared and approached her. She couldn't have stopped the tears if she'd tried. It was Patrick who reached her first.

Patrick hoisted her into his arms. "I've got you, precious. Go ahead and get it all out." His big hand stroked over her hair. Sherry did something she rarely ever did. She clung to Patrick, dug her nails into his shoulders, and buried her face in his chest.

She didn't want to see the looks from everyone in the club, the pitying glances, and she was sure there would be some gloating faces in the crowd that she finally had received her comeuppance.

Patrick carried her into the elevator, with Nick on their heels,

leaving the club behind. The elevator went to the ground floor and they climbed into a cart.

Sherry kept her face buried in Patrick's shoulder and wondered, what would happen to her now?

Would they expect her to submit to them tonight?

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## Chapter 1

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Nights were cool on the island. A breeze was blowing, ruffling her hair in the wind. Sherry shivered against Patrick, but it was from more than just the chill in the air, as he kept her in his arms until they entered his villa. She was uncertain what these two Doms would expect from her. And she was reeling from Jared's cold demeanor.

Okay, she'd been a major brat since she had arrived on the island. And she'd all but paraded around Jared naked to try and garner his attention. It had finally worked, just not in the way she wanted.

Tonight was the first time she had been in this villa. Each of the maids had their own sector, and this one was in Julia's domain. Patrick set Sherry on her feet as she glanced around. This one was different from the others. While the majority of the private villas were an open floor format, similar to a studio apartment, this one was partitioned with walls. It was designed with the enterprising Master in mind, from the furniture with discreetly placed hooks to the doorways with restraints hanging from them. There was a set of stairs off to the left, past the modern kitchen with stainless steel appliances that had a futur-

istic design. In fact, most of what Sherry could see made her think of futuristic science fiction films. Everything was designed with sleek, modern lines. To the right, she spied a door with a bedroom beyond. The California king bed sported a headboard but no footboard. There was a door toward the back of the bedroom that she assumed was a bathroom.

She knew Jared's villa had extra amenities and features, but this one seemed almost out of place. There was a second room entrance on the right, beyond the living room. The dungeon perhaps? There was also an attached deck that could be accessed via the living room. She was willing to bet that, come morning, she would see it looked out over the water.

"Sirs?" she asked, tired of waiting for them to do something.

"Yes, precious?" Nick's voice sounded like gravel scraping over steel as he talked.

"Do you... I mean, what are you planning to do with me?" She hated not having a plan—for everything. Sherry was an organized soul, which was one of the reasons she didn't mind being a maid. She was fastidious and enjoyed making things shine. But even in her job, she had her routine down to a science.

Patrick and Nick circled her like birds of prey as she stood in their living room. Nick said, "Well, precious, that's just it, isn't it? The uncertainty of what's to come. It's your job to submit, and ours to direct you."

She winced. She loathed that; even the idea of it sent her into a tailspin of worry and anxiety.

"Hrm, someone doesn't like that idea, Nick. What should we do about it?" Patrick asked.

"How about you leave me alone tonight? It's bad enough what just happened. To have you two morons want to play games with me, I just can't even..." Sherry said, at her wits' end. She didn't have the wherewithal to deal with them tonight. Xanax was calling her name, and after eight hours horizontal she would be better able to deal with what they had planned.



Nick gripped her chin, his long fingers firm and unyielding. “What did you say to us, precious?” His voice was deadly quiet.

She glared into his black eyes, pushed to her limits for the day, for the week, and, let’s face it, the fucking year. She’d like to rewind her life over the past twelve months and go back to before she’d ever submitted to Jared.

“You heard me, Sir,” she said flippantly, “don’t make me repeat myself. I’m not trying to be disobedient or disrespectful, but I’ve had it up to here with Doms ordering me about.” She gestured with her hand near her neck.

“I think this little sub has earned herself some discipline, don’t you think, Nick?” Patrick snarled, running a firm hand over her bottom and massaging the cheek in his grasp. What with Sherry’s barely-there get-up, the leather boy-short pants that rode low on her hips and matching leather bra, his hand had easy access to her skin. His fingers sent unexpected whirls of heat straight to her core.

“Abso-fucking-lutely,” Nick said, steel in his voice and his black eyes blazing.

When she would have backed away, each Dom took one of her arms and carted her over to the sofa. She knew when she had pushed the limits too far, and she had in so many respects tonight that she didn’t fight them. Maybe she would feel better after her punishment. God knew, she felt like the crud scraped off a tennis shoe right now, so anything was better than this.

Nick held her arms as Patrick removed her clothing until she stood before them without a stitch on. Sherry didn’t mind being nude, in fact she far preferred it, and usually slept au naturel. But that didn’t mean she didn’t feel intimidated by two such big Doms, who were still fully clothed. Nick’s impressive, I’m-a-lumberjack-who-wrestles-great-white-sharks-on-the-side chest was bare, but that didn’t diminish his intimidation factor one iota.

“What’s your safeword?” Patrick asked from behind her. He was pulling items from drawers in the nearby wooden end table.

What did they plan to do? Sherry’s anxiety tripled and her heart pounded.

“Precious, Patrick asked you a question,” Nick said, cupping her breasts in his mammoth hands and teasing her nipples. She didn’t expect for his caress to feel quite so good. Spikes of pleasure lanced to her core. Her nipples swelled from his attention and she found herself leaning in to his touch. It had been so long since she had been with anyone that, while her mind wasn’t fully onboard with whatever they had planned, her body certainly was.

“Oh, um, red.” She liked it simple, clear cut and easy. That way, in the heat of the moment, she didn’t forget, and neither did the Dom.

“Good girl,” Patrick said, coming up behind her.

Then Patrick fastened leather straps around her biceps just beneath the junctures of her shoulders. It pulled her arms behind her. And then he positioned her arms at a bent angle so her forearms overlapped each other behind her back. Smooth leather slid around her forearms, binding them together so she couldn’t move. The thick leather was held in place by straps connecting the restraints on her forearms and one that ran down over her spine.

A shiver ran down her backbone. They still hadn’t explained what they had planned. She hated going into the unknown. She was afraid of the unknown—and with good reason.

Then they led her over to the couch and her belly quivered. Nick sat on the left corner and Patrick in the middle. They manipulated her body until her butt lay over Patrick’s lap. Okay, so they were probably just going to spank her. No big deal. She’d been spanked hundreds of times. Spanking was something she enjoyed and tended to get off on, so it shouldn’t be a hardship.

In this position though, her face was directly over Nick's crotch.

Hands moved over her rear, and then one of them smacked her butt. The sharp crack reverberated in the quiet room and she yelped. Sherry couldn't help it. She knew it was coming but it was always a shock. Especially that first swat.

"I think you need something to keep that mouth of yours busy, precious," Nick said, undoing the stays on his leather pants. He wrapped her hair around one enormous hand, lifting her face up as his cock sprang forth.

*Holy shit!*

Nick's dick was the size of a small freaking tree trunk. Thick and lengthy... not that she should be surprised, but he had the biggest cock she'd ever seen. Would he even fit anywhere? She'd been fisted before but his shaft was thicker.

"Open wide," he commanded, positioning her head so that his crown was at her lips.

She did as he ordered, just as Patrick let loose with a series of blistering swats to her rump. On another yelp, she opened her mouth. Nick guided her over his shaft, moving her head up and down, and thrusting upwards. She had to remember to breathe through her nostrils as his dick filled her mouth. Sherry worried she would get lock-jaw and could only fit a few inches inside without gagging.

That didn't seem to deter Nick as he said, "That's it, precious, suck my cock."

Patrick's hand was turning her ass into a fiery mess. It turned her on. He knew precisely how to strike for maximum effect. Wetness trickled down her thigh. Then Patrick stopped and she was left with Nick's cock ramming into her mouth. She was coming to enjoy the feel of Nick's thickness, filling her almost to the point of pain.

Then Patrick inserted a slim vibrator into her pussy and switched it to the highest vibration. Sherry moaned around

Nick's cock. And then her eyes nearly crossed as Patrick worked an extremely large butt plug into her rear. It wasn't as wide as Nick, but holy moly, it must mean Nick was planning to screw her ass. Would she even be able to walk tomorrow?

She breathed as deeply as she could with Nick's cock pumping inside her mouth. As she relaxed her body, Patrick was able to push past her clamped muscles and insert the full plug. When he turned the vibrations on in the butt plug, Sherry wondered if she was going to lose her mind as she groaned around Nick's dick.

The Patrick thwacked her ass again, harder. The reverberations shot into her core and fed the vibrations in her pussy and ass.

"Yeah, I like the sound of that," Patrick said, and chuckled. "But you are not allowed to come, not until we permit it. And this ass of yours, well, precious, it's not nearly red enough."

*Oh, fuck me.*

Patrick resumed her spanking with more vigor. Each swat sent shockwaves throughout her body and mingled with the vibrations. Then Patrick's free hand started teasing her boobs. His thumb scraped across her nipples. He massaged her breast, then would ruthlessly roll her nipple between his fingers as his other hand landed across her rump with such fierceness she was surprised her body hadn't imploded.

She couldn't stop moaning around Nick's cock. Sherry was past the point of reason, past the point of anything but needing to climax. Her butt felt like it had hot coals on it. Her pussy clenched around the vibrator, her ass clamped against the plug, and her mouth was enjoying the feel of Nick's cock far too much. She wanted him in her ass, in her pussy, she just wanted to come.

"What do you think, Nick, has she had enough? Her sweet cunt is drenched," Patrick said.

"Yeah I do. Besides, my dick wants that rosette of hers something fierce," Nick said.

“After my cock feels the sweet clasp of her pussy, you can have her ass,” Patrick promised.

The vibrator and butt plug were turned off and withdrawn from her body. Sherry whimpered around Nick’s erection. Then they altered their positions. Nick lifted her mouth off his cock as he knelt on the couch. Patrick moved her from his lap and helped her on to her knees facing Nick. Then Nick pulled her head back down to his shaft as Patrick fit the crown of his cock at the entrance to her pussy. Both men thrust at the same time and she moaned around Nick’s cock as he pumped his hips.

Patrick gripped her hips as he pummeled her sheath. Sherry’s eyes crossed at the exquisite pleasure. His fingers dug in painfully and she wanted more, more of everything. She was on another plane where the only thing that existed was ecstasy and her submission. It was marvelous.

Neither Dom held back as they battered her holes. Sherry couldn’t stop moaning, even with her mouth stuffed with cock.

Then Patrick smacked her enflamed ass and commanded, “Come, precious.”

The spank reverberated, resonating with his thrusting shaft as it smacked the lip of her womb.

“Mmm, mmm,” she screamed around Nick’s cock as she came apart at the seams. Her pussy clamped around Patrick’s cock and her body quaked as she came. Then Patrick withdrew from her pussy and Nick pulled her head up until her face was in front of his. Nick kissed her, and his kiss was a mirror image of how he had fucked her mouth, with no restraint, telling her he was all in. She whimpered against his lips and found herself returning his potent kiss.

Then Patrick pulled her hair and tilted her head back. His mouth claimed hers but was all seduction. His tongue sought out hers for a heady duel that left her breathless and eager for more.

Patrick broke their kiss as Nick said, “Precious, I’m going to fuck that sweet ass of yours.”

She glanced at Nick's engorged cock and whimpered.

"It will fit, I plan to take my time with that tight little hole," Nick murmured, his hand stroking his staff.

They kept her arms and hands in the restraints as they repositioned her body. Patrick lay on the couch and she was placed over his legs so she was straddling them with her face hovering above his dick. Then Nick sidled up behind her, lifting her ass up in the air. Cool gel lubricant was poured over her rosette and she hissed as Nick's fingers probed her anal passage. He started with two fingers, pressing them past her taut muscles. She groaned gutturally in the back of her throat.

"Suck Patrick's cock while I get your sweet ass prepped," Nick ordered.

Patrick guided her mouth onto his cock. His shaft was just as long as Nick's but not nearly as wide. Sherry could actually deep-throat his staff with ease, and before long Patrick was groaning as he pumped himself in her mouth.

Nick added a third digit and then a fourth, working them inside her ass until he was sawing them back and forth without obstruction. The sound of a foil packet ripping was music to her ears. Then the thick, full head of his cock was placed at the entrance to her back channel and she whimpered around Patrick's dick.

"Easy, precious. Deep breaths, relax into it," Nick commanded and pressed forward.

*Oh, fuck me!*

Pain arced along her spine as he penetrated her an inch and she clamped her mouth around Patrick's dick. And then Nick withdrew and thrust again, going a little deeper, stretching her anal passage. It felt like she was being ripped in two. She whimpered at the stinging pain.

Then Nick's fingers moved over her clit as he pushed forward just a little further. The wicked pleasure combined with the pain shifted her whimpers of distress into moans of

pleasure. Sherry wasn't certain how much time passed before Nick was fully embedded in her rear. He never stopped stroking her clit as he thrust until his balls pressed against her crease.

Nick hissed. "I knew your ass was perfect for me, precious. Fuck, you feel good clamping around my dick. And now," he bent forward slightly, "I plan to fuck you until your legs damn near fall off."

As if on cue, Nick began thrusting and withdrawing, filling her ass to the point of pleasure pain. Patrick pumped his hips beneath her mouth, and she sucked him. Nick dug his fingers into her hips and set a brutal pace. When he professed that he was going to fuck her, he meant it. He jack-hammered his cock into her passage, her channel gripping and squeezing him as he plunged.

"Hold up, Nick, I need to be inside her sweet cunt," Patrick said, pulling his dick from her mouth. Patrick rolled a condom down over his length and then, with his cock still embedded in her rear, Nick helped move her forward until they were lined up with Patrick chest to chest. Patrick fit his crest in her pussy and rolled his hips.

If Sherry thought she was full before with Nick's huge cock in her ass, the feeling of both men inside her, the double penetration... Sweet heavens! Nick's cock made her pussy taut around Patrick's rod and she whined. Patrick pulled her close until she was flush against his chest and then they moved.

Oh god!

Her body spiraled and spasmed. Nick and Patrick were not gentle and she loved every damn minute of it. She mewled in a constant stream as they pounded their cocks inside her. She was babbling and begging them to let her come but it fell on deaf ears. Instead they increased their pace, pistoning in and out of her body, ramming their lovely cocks inside her as if they wanted to become a part of her.

Nick and Patrick fucked her with determination and, Christ, a stamina she didn't think was possible.

"Sirs, please," she begged.

"Come." Nick smacked her ass as he slid home and it set off a chain reaction.

"Oh, Sirs!" She screamed. Her ass and pussy vibrated and clenched as sonic booms detonated in her body.

Their grunts became louder as they thrust, neither man caring for finesse any longer but in an all-out race to the finish line. As they thrust, her body exploded again and again. She was climaxing to the point where she saw stars behind her closed eyelids.

"Precious!" Nick roared and pummeled her ass as he came.

"Fuck yeah, oh fuck," Patrick bellowed, his cock straining, thudding her pussy walls as he climaxed.

Sherry's body rippled with aftershocks and she felt herself sliding into the hazy realm of afterglow. She was aware of them moving her body. Cleaning her up between her thighs and then moving her into some heavenly softness. But her limbs were so heavy she could barely move and she gave herself into their care.