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**RYANI**  
*Restraint*

A New York Ruthless short story

**SADIE KINCAID**

# ARYAN RESTRAINT

A NEW YORK RUTHLESS SHORT STORY

SADIE KINCAID

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# NEW YORK RUTHLESS

This is a short story connected to the New York Ruthless series, set after the end of Ryan Renewed. It is a dark Mafia, reverse harem romance which deals with adult themes including scenes of a graphic sexual nature.

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## CHAPTER I

# JESSIE

It's late afternoon when I walk into the gym expecting to see two of my four husbands, (yes four, I'm a lucky gal) Mikey and Conor, for my regular workout, but only Conor is in here. He's standing in the center of the boxing ring — dressed in only a pair of shorts. His huge arms folded over his broad, tattooed chest as he stares at me.

“Where's Mikey?” I ask with a frown.

“No Mikey today, angel. It's just me and you. Climb in,” he says, walking to the edge of the ring and lifting the middle rope.

I walk over, admiring his bare chest as I do. “We're boxing today?”

“We are.”

“I thought it was leg day.” I pull a face and he chuckles softly.

“I'll make your legs tremble, don't worry.”

I catch my bottom lip between my teeth and pop one eyebrow at him.

“Not that kind of trembling, angel,” he says, his deep voice dropping another octave. “Not today. You're here to work.”

“You're no fun,” I pout as I climb inside the ring.

He narrows his eyes at me. “Me? I'm so much fun. Pretty sure you were enjoying yourself riding my cock a few hours ago.”

“Yeah, well,” I say with a dramatic sigh. “That was then.”

“You always complain about working out, but you secretly love it,” he laughs as he smacks my ass. “Now get your gloves on.”

I pick up the pair of powder blue and gray fingerless mitts on the floor and slide them onto my hands. He stands, hands on his hips as he waits for me and I take a moment to appreciate his incredible body — all muscles, tattoos and abs. He must have been warming up before I arrived and a thin film of sweat covers his entire body, making him look even more delicious — if that were humanly possible.

Conor used to be a bare knuckle boxing champion back in Ireland and boxing remains one of his passions in life. He was undefeated as a fighter and whilst he spars with his three brothers all the time, only Shane and Liam have ever knocked him on his ass — and that only happens when he’s having an off day.

“You know it’s rude to stare at your trainer like that, right?” he chuckles darkly.

“You’re not just my trainer though, are you? You’re my husband, and I’m pretty sure gawking at your hotness whenever the hell I want to was one of our marriage vows.”

He arches one eyebrow at me. “It was?”

“Well, I definitely meant to say it, even if I didn’t,” I purr, stepping close to him and running a gloved hand over his pecs.

He takes a step back, leaving my hand suspended in mid-air and I groan in frustration. “But right now in this gym, I’m your personal trainer, and this could be construed as sexual harassment. I mean I could sue your ass.”

“Well, if my trainer was dressed more appropriately, perhaps I would be better behaved?” I offer with a shrug of my shoulders.

He looks down at his one item of clothing. “I’m wearing boxing shorts. This is literally what fighters wear in the ring.”

“Hmm,” I chew on my lip. “I suppose I should just wear my bottoms then?” I ask as I reach for my sports bra and go to pull it off over my head.

“No,” he growls, gripping my wrist in one of his huge hands. “We’re here to work out. Besides, your ass in those skin tight pants is enough to drive me to distraction as it is.”

“You really are no fun this morning.”

He picks up the pads at his feet, slipping them on before raising his hands. “No, I’m not. Now let’s warm up.”



MY HEART IS BEATING WILDLY in my chest and beads of sweat trickle down my back as I blow out a long breath. I swear Conor’s boxing workouts are enough to bring an Olympian to their knees. You think he’d go easier on me because I’m his wife, right? But nope. In fact, he makes me work harder than I’ve worked in my life. He pushes me like no-one else. Wanting me to be faster and stronger. Although I grumble about it, usually I love my workouts with him and Mikey. They make me feel accomplished and strong.

But today, he is looking way too fine and I am feeling far too horny to concentrate.

“Come on, Jessie,” he barks. “You got two more minutes before you can rest. Now move.”

He jabs his arm out and I dodge it. Then he switches his stance, bouncing on his toes and my eyes are drawn to the outline of his very impressive semi-hard cock in his shorts — so much so that I forget to dodge the next jab and he grazes the side of my head with the pad, causing me to wobble.

Fortunately, he catches me. Wrapping me in his huge biceps, he spins me around until my back is pressed up against his chest. “You okay, angel?” he asks.

“Yes,” I pant, feeling like an idiot.

He presses his mouth against the shell of my ear, sending a shiver of pleasure up my spine, not to mention all manner of unholy thoughts into my brain. “You shouldn’t allow yourself to be so easily distracted,” he whispers before he trails his lips over my neck, pressing his body closer to mine.

“You shouldn’t be so damn distracting then,” I groan as I wiggle my ass against him.

He gives me a soft kiss on the back of my neck before stepping back again. “That’s all the break you’re getting, angel. Let’s go,” he laughs softly.

Groaning in frustration, I spin around and raise my guard again.

“That’s my girl,” he says with a wink.

Holy fuck! He knows those words do something to me. Jackass!

I start punching again as he resumes his coaching. He’s actually an amazing trainer, but I am way too focused on making him squirm now. But how?

I don’t do dirty talk very often, unless I’m completely lost in the moment. It makes me feel kind of embarrassed. My four husbands on the other hand, take dirty talk to a whole new level. The filth that comes out of their mouths would be enough to make a porn star blush. I’m pretty sure some of that must have sunk in, right? I mean it’s worth a try.

“Focus, Jessie,” Conor interrupts my musing.

*Here goes nothing.* “Kind of hard to, big guy, when all I can think about is sucking on your beautiful cock until you come down my throat.”

He blinks at me, caught completely off guard and I aim a right hook at the pad on his left hand. But he doesn’t hold it up in time and I catch him square on the jaw. He was also in the unfortunate position of shifting his weight from one foot to the other and so when I strike him, he’s balanced on one leg. The result of those two things happening at the same time, causes him to fall flat on his ass — his head smacking back against the canvas with a thud.

“Fuck!” he hisses, his tongue darting out and licking the small cut I’ve just given him on his lip.

“Conor!” I drop to my knees, straddling him as I run my fingertips lightly over his lip where he’s bleeding. “I’m so sorry.”

He winces as he shrugs off one of the pads and rubs the back of his head. “Don’t be. I should have been paying more attention.”

“Have I hurt you?”

“Only my pride, angel,” he says with a grin.

“Well, you really shouldn’t allow yourself to get so easily distracted,” I purr as I roll my hips over him and feel his cock hardening against my pussy.

He pulls off the other pad and rests his hands on my hips. “Stop it!” he orders but there is a devious twinkle in his eye.

“I’m just enjoying the moment. I mean I just knocked *the* Conor Ryan on his ass.”

He rolls his lips together and narrows his eyes at me.

“I did,” I smile wickedly. “I knocked you on your ass.”

“Jessie Ryan, you have been knocking me on my ass every damn day since I met you.”

Heat flushes over my cheeks and my heart swells with love for him. “That is very sweet. But I actually did it for real today though.”

“You did.”

I pop one eyebrow at him. “So, I guess this means our workout is over?”

“No,” he says with a frown. “I’m fine.”

“Yeah, but if you don’t stop this grueling session and take me to bed instead, I’m going to tell everyone I just knocked you on your ass.”

“Everyone?” he smirks at me.

“Well, your brothers at least.”

He laughs loudly and the sound rumbles through his body and into my thighs as they stay pressed against his waist. “You think they don’t already know that I’m a simp for you, angel. I’m pretty sure they think I let you get the better of me on purpose when we spar anyway.”

“They do not,” I insist, but a tiny sliver of doubt creeps into my mind. “You never let me off that easily. Do you?”

“Never,” he says with a smile. “But they don’t know that.”

“They don’t, huh?”

“No, because they know that I would kneel at your fucking feet every second of every day if you wanted me to, angel,” he growls and that deep rumble travels straight to my pussy now.

Dear God, this man drives me to constant distraction. “Is that so?” I purr as I push myself up to a standing position.

“You know it is.”

I put one hand on my hip and stare down at him. His chest rising and falling and his abs tightening as he glares back up at me. “So prove it, big guy. On your knees.”

Without any pause, he sits up and in one swift and agile movement presses his knuckles onto the mat and springs onto his knees before me.

I bite down on my lip as he looks up at me, his beautiful brown eyes smoldering and I wonder what the hell I have ever done to deserve him. I must have been a goddamn saint in my former life.

“Now what?” he growls.

*Now what?* A thrill of pleasure shoots right through me as I contemplate just how far my possessive, control freak husband is willing to let me push him. Placing my hand under his chin, I smile at him. Then I give him a quick kiss on his busted lip before taking a step backward. “Now crawl,” I command as I keep walking back until I’m leaning against the ropes.

He remains in place as his eyes roam over my body. The muscles in his neck twitch and his jaw ticks as he clenches it

shut while he considers my request. I narrow my eyes at him — daring him to do it.

I smile as he slowly begins to edge forward. He doesn't crawl, so much as walk on his knees and the closer he gets, the more every cell in my body begins to tremble with need, anticipation, and just a little trepidation for good measure.

He stops when he's directly in front of me — his body just a few inches from my own. I can't deny that the sight of one of the most powerful men in the country on his knees for me makes me feel weak in mine.

He looks up at me, his eyes so full of fire I feel them burn into my skin.

“Now I want you to-”

“I don't think so, angel,” he interrupts me, and the deep timbre of his voice vibrates through my bones, making me shiver.

*Oh fuck!*

His warm hands grip my hips and he pushes me back until I'm sitting on the middle rope. “Just because I'm willing to worship you on my knees...” Taking my left hand, he starts to weave my arm through the top rope as he goes on talking in that low, gravelly growl that turns my insides to molten lava. “Don't go thinking that means that you're in control here.”

Once my left arm is secure, he does the same to my right until I'm held securely by the thick, tight ropes. My heart starts racing even faster than it was when he was pushing me to my limits a few minutes earlier. Meanwhile my entire body is flushed with heat and desire.

“What are you doing?” I whisper.

“Worshipping you, angel,” he chuckles darkly as he runs his hands down my legs to my feet before pulling off my sneakers and tossing them onto the gym floor.

They bounce with a thud but I can't take my eyes off his as his hands slide back up my thighs, making pleasure roll through my core. He hooks his thick fingers into the waistband

of my pants before pulling them off over my hips and ass. A second later, he tugs them off completely, along with my socks, before throwing them over his shoulder. I never wear panties with my workout gear so now I'm naked except for my sports bra. The cool air of the gym dances over my damp skin, making me shiver.

"Conor," I whisper as he grabs hold of my right ankle and begins to secure my leg to the bottom rope in a similar way he did with my arms. Holy fuck, in about five seconds time I'm not going to be able to move.

"Yeah?" he asks with a wicked grin.

"I'm sorry," I breathe as goosebumps prickle out all over my skin at the thought of what he's about to do to me.

"Sorry you made me crawl on my knees to you?" he chuckles darkly.

*Yes. Say yes, Jessie!* "No, for the cut on your lip," I snigger and he narrows his eyes at me. "Because having you crawl on your knees to me was kinda hot."

He runs his tongue over the cut on his lip again which has now stopped bleeding. "You know you're about to pay for it though, right?"

"But I thought we were working out?"

"Oh, I'm gonna work you out, angel. By the time I'm done with you, you will ache in every single part of your body."

My cheeks burn with heat and my pussy contracts in expectation as Conor rocks back on his heels. "I wish you could see how fucking beautiful you look right now, angel. All spread open for me. Your pussy is fucking dripping already. Do you feel that?"

"Y-yes," I pant as my breathing grows ragged.

"My horny little angel's gonna drip all over this canvas for me," he hisses. It's a statement and not a question and we both know he is more than capable of making that happen. "But there's still one thing that's not quite right." He winks at me as

he leans forward and grabs hold of the front of my sports bra in his huge hands.

“This is new, Conor,” I protest.

“Too late,” he says as he tears it down the middle, leaving it dangling from my shoulders.

I suck in a deep breath as my breasts spring free from the confines of the fabric. My nipples are stiff peaks and we both know it’s not from the AC.

“That’s much better,” he chuckles. “Look at you, angel. All tied up and waiting for me to fuck you. Just how I like you.”

I stare at him, watching his eyes roam over my body before they settle on my exposed pussy. I am so screwed — or at least I’m about to be. How did we go so quickly from him kneeling at my feet to me being tied up and literally spread open for his pleasure?

“You just can’t help yourself, can you? You always have to be in control,” I purr.

He runs his hand up the inside of my thigh. His touch is warm and soothing — both rough and soft at the same time. It sends shivers of pleasure and excitement skittering up my spine. “You like it though, don’t you? Me being in control?”

My breath stutters in my throat as his fingers lightly brush my pussy.

“When I’m fucking you anyway?” he adds as he slips the tip of his pointer finger into my opening and wet heat surges between my thighs.

“Y-yes,” I whimper.

“Such a good fucking girl for me,” he groans as he pushes his finger all the way inside. Then he bends his head low, trailing his tongue from my knee, all the way up my inner thigh before he reaches my pussy. He presses delicate, butterfly kisses on my wet folds as he adds a second finger. Then his tongue trails higher, dancing softly over my flesh as he teases me.

“So fucking sweet too,” he mumbles against my skin.

“Stop tormenting me,” I whimper.

He looks up at me, face still so close to my pussy that his beard tickles me when he growls, “You deserve to be fucking edged all day long for that crawling stunt, angel. But lucky for you, I’m in a good mood.”

Then he starts to feast on my pussy like he’s a man starved. He sucks and licks my sensitive flesh while he finger fucks me.

“Oh, fuck, Conor!” I gasp as his tongue swirls over my clit and my orgasm rushes to the surface, heating my skin and making my thighs tremble.

He responds by pushing his fingers deeper, curling the tips against my G spot. “Come hard for me, angel. I want you dripping on my tongue while you’re bound in my ropes.”

Instinctively I pull on my bindings, trying to draw my arms and legs toward my body as my climax starts to rip through me. I buck and shudder while I’m held in place by both Conor and the thick cord around my limbs, and the whole time he keeps sucking on my clit and driving his fingers in and out of me.

“Conor, I can’t... not again,” I pant.

“You can. You can give me way more than that,” he murmurs against my skin.

“I c-can’t,” I cry out as a second orgasm bursts through me, way more powerful and violent than the last one.

“That’s my girl,” he chuckles as he draws his fingers out of me.

My head rolls back as stars cloud my vision.

“Look at me, Jessie,” he growls and I lift my head, just in time to see him place his two fingers into his mouth and suck them clean. “So fucking good,” he hisses before he sinks them back inside me again.

“Conor,” I groan loudly, the sound filling the gym as he starts to finger fuck me again. “Please?”

“Please what, angel?”

“I need...” I whimper, unable to finish my sentence and tell him that I need even more of him, because he starts to pepper kisses over my stomach. Then my head starts to swim and my brain is no longer able to form any coherent thoughts, let alone string a sentence together. When he reaches my breasts, he sucks one of my pebbled nipples into his mouth before letting it go with a wet pop.

“You need me to fuck you, right?” he chuckles as he moves to my other breast.

“Umm,” I mumble as I nod my head.

“So fucking greedy for my cock. But I don’t think I should fuck you yet.”

That works to snap some sense back into me. “Please, Conor?”

“Aw, angel. You regretting making me crawl on my knees like a dog to you now?” he laughs darkly.

“Not like a dog,” I breathe. “I was just teasing you.”

“Hmm,” he murmurs against my skin. “Maybe I’ll just keep teasing you?”

“No,” I whimper shamelessly as he curls his fingers inside me again, rubbing that sweet, tender spot deep in my pussy that is making every cell in my body tremble.

“C-Conor!” I moan as another orgasm threatens to overwhelm me.

“So fucking wet, angel. Can you hear how wet you are for me?” he groans as he slides his fingers out before driving them back inside at the same time as he bites down on my sensitive nipple.

I come apart around him. My climax bursts out of me, splashing onto the canvas below and if I had any dignity left I

might feel a little embarrassed about how much cum he just wrung out of my body.

My head rolls back, hanging back between my shoulder blades while I gasp for breath. I can't take any more. My body is aching. My limbs are tired from being stretched so wide. But my devilish husband obviously doesn't agree. He grabs onto my hips as he edges closer to me, holding onto my waist and pressing the crown of his cock against my entrance, making my thighs tremble in the process.

"You're so fucking tight, Jessie," he hisses as he pushes in further. "Even soaking wet and stretched wide open I can see my cock stretching your sweet pussy."

*Holy fuckballs!* When I look back at him he's staring at the place where our bodies are joined. "Such a good girl the way you take my cock," he growls as he sinks deeper and my pussy walls squeeze around him, wanting him further inside me even after the orgasms he's already given me. Even after I was sure I couldn't take any more.

I rock my hips as much as I can to meet his thrusts, because the feeling of his huge cock filling me sends new waves of pleasure and need coursing through my body. He turns me into some sort of raging, desperate for cock demon.

"God, you feel so good," I moan as he pulls almost all the way out before driving inside me again.

"Fuck," he mumbles as he sinks so deep inside that I gasp in a breath. Our bodies are flush together now as he wraps his arms around my waist and rolls his hips against me while he buries his face against my neck. His warm breath dances over my skin as he whispers, "I remember the first time I got inside this sweet pussy. I knew right then I was never gonna let you go, angel."

He sucks a finger into his mouth and lifts his head so he can look into my eyes again. Then with his dark eyes fixed on mine, he winks at me while he slides that same hand over my hips and between my ass cheeks. "And this ass too," he growls as he pushes a finger inside me, making me cry out a garbled

word that even I don't understand. "So fucking perfect. So fucking mine."

"Yours," I agree as warmth and heat floods my pussy, slicking his cock so that we're making loud, wet slurping sounds as he fucks me relentlessly. I pull at the ropes but it only makes them tighten on my limbs.

"Fucking mine," he snarls as he cups my ass with his free hand. His fingers dig into my soft flesh as he pulls me further onto his cock, clawing at my skin as though he can't get enough of me and I know exactly how he feels. I can't get enough of him either.

If I could free my arms I would wrap them around his neck and use him as leverage to grind my hips and take him even deeper.

"I need more, Conor," I groan and his fingers grip my ass cheek so hard I know they'll leave a mark but I don't care.

"I'm giving you everything I got, Jessie," he growls as he drives into me, sinking even deeper while he adds a second finger to my ass and pushes further inside.

"Oh! Holy f-f..." I sputter out as he pulls another orgasm from my body. It crashes over me in a long, undulating wave. My head drops onto his shoulder as I shudder and tremble in his arms.

"There's my good girl," he whispers in my ear. "But we're still not done, angel."

I can't even argue with him. I can't tell him that I can't take any more because I'm about to slip into blissful unconsciousness. He pulls his cock out of me and a torrent of cum comes with it, making an audible splat on the canvas.

"Fuck, Jessie. You know that's still all you, right?" he chuckles.

I'm vaguely aware of him moving away from me because the cool air rushes over my body when he does, making me shiver uncontrollably. Then I feel his warm arms around me from behind, and his chest pressed against my back. He must have climbed out of the ring.

“Let’s get you out of here, angel,” he whispers in my ear as he frees my arms from the ropes before he does the same to my legs. When I’m loose he scoops me into his arms.

“Are you finally taking me to bed to have your way with me?” I murmur as my senses start returning.

“Nope,” he chuckles softly. “I got everything I need to have my way with you right here.”

I open my eyes and stare into his handsome face. What the hell is he planning on doing now?

I find out a second later when he walks us to the weight bench and sits me on it.

“Lie on your front, Jessie.”

I blink up at him.

“That wasn’t a suggestion, angel,” he growls. “I told you I wasn’t done with you. Now lie down.”

I swallow hard. Damn, he’s so hot when he’s bossy. “This bench is kinda small to lie on,” I protest as I spin around and do as he asks. Pressing my face against the cool leather.

“It’s big enough,” he chuckles as he takes hold of my hips and pulls me toward him. Sliding me further down the bench, he positions me so that my ass is hanging off the edge before he pushes my legs either side and I have to rest my knees on the floor. The result of which leaves me once again spread wide open for him.

“Perfect,” he says as he drops to his knees behind me.

He brushes his fingers over my sensitive folds and I whimper.

“Feeling a little tender, angel?”

“Yes,” I whisper.

“That’s okay,” he chuckles as he rubs some of my cum over my asshole. “I want your ass now anyway. You come so hard for me when I fuck you here.”

I gasp out loud when his tongue sweeps over me too, instinctively clenching my thighs together and meeting the resistance of the bench.

“Conor,” I squeak but he is undeterred and when I start wriggling he takes hold of my wrists and pins them behind my back.

“Stay still or I will set you free and chase you through this goddamn apartment, Jessie,” he warns. “And when I catch you...” He doesn’t need to finish that sentence.

I stop wriggling. Being chased by Conor is hot — and high on my list of favorite activities, but right now I’m too spent and he knows it. I don’t think I could run if the gym was on fire. So instead I relax against the bench and focus on his warm soft tongue as he licks and sucks my sensitive skin. When he’s starts to trail kisses over my ass cheeks and along my back, I feel his cock nudging at my pussy again and I moan softly.

“I just need a little lube, angel,” he groans softly as he pushes inside me. Everything burns but it feels so good too. I love a little pain with my pleasure.

“Conor,” I gasp as I squeeze around him, trying to keep him inside me even as he pulls out.

“If I fuck your pussy again, you’re gonna end up sore, and then my brothers will never forgive me,” he chuckles darkly.

“Spoilsport,” I grumble, but I love that he knows my limits. I would let this man do anything to my body even if I knew I was going to regret it later.

“You’re fucking insatiable,” he growls as he sinks his thick cock into my ass. His earlier teasing there has me ready for him and he slides in almost all the way. My pussy is so tender that it throbs as he slowly fucks my ass. I feel him everywhere.

“Conor,” I whimper.

“You’re so fucking tight like this,” he hisses as he grabs onto my ass cheek with one hand while he goes on holding my wrists with the other.

“You fuck me so good,” I cry as tears start to run down my cheeks. My body is overwhelmed and I need more release but he’s not going to let me have another one just yet.

“Fuck, I can’t get enough of you. You know that, right?” he asks as he slides even deeper. “I’m almost balls deep in your ass, angel, and it’s not enough. How the fuck do you do this to me?”

I don’t answer him. I can’t. All I can do is suck in stuttered breaths as he fucks my ass to a delicious and relentless rhythm. Taking my hands, he places them on the bench above my head so that he can lean over me. Then he presses his lips against my ear, growling filthy things that make my pussy flutter and my insides contract. But he doesn’t let me come — not yet. He keeps me teetering on the edge of oblivion.

“I’m s-sorry I-I made you c-crawl,” I whimper.

“I’m not,” he laughs as he grips my hips with his powerful thighs and sinks all the way inside me, making me cry out his name as my orgasm tears through my body until I have no sense of anything other than the wave after wave of pleasure that courses through every single part of me.

I’m vaguely aware of Conor grunting and cursing in my ear and a warmth between my thighs before his strong arms are wrapped around me as my eyelids flutter open. “You still with me, angel?” he asks softly.

“Uh-huh,” I murmur as I look into his eyes and see that he’s carrying me out of the gym now. I’m pressed against his hard chest and I rest my cheek on his shoulder. “Did you just make me pass out?”

He arches an eyebrow at me. “Maybe. Am I that good?”

“Hmm. You know you are,” I whisper as I snuggle against him. “Where are we going?”

“For a bath,” he says, pressing a soft kiss on my forehead. “We’re both very sticky.”

“Well, it was a hell of a workout,” I giggle.

“Told you,” he says with a wink.

“I love you,” I whisper.

He kisses my forehead and holds me tighter to him. “Love you more.”



IF YOU HAVEN'T READ the New York Ruthless series and want to know where it all began for Jessie and her four hot, Irish husbands, you can find them on Amazon and Kindle Unlimited

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# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sadie Kincaid is a steamy romance author who loves to read and write about hot alpha males and strong, feisty females.

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