

*Thief* by Zoe Perdita published by Eccentric Erotica

The next morning, Fisk sat on the floor tying his shoes and glowering at Breaker. Ian already left for the office, and he'd put his number one (and only) enforcer in charge of the thief. At least Fisk was already dressed. When the thief took a shower the day before, it nearly drove Breaker to distraction.

The way the water dripped down Fisk's firm, muscular build – solid and strong. The way his wet hair stuck to his forehead. Even how his body moved, all ease and grace. Just like a cat.

"I need eyes on the inside to know where Vlad stores his cash. I'm not going in there blind," Fisk spat and yanked at the laces on his sneakers.

Breaker bit off a large hunk of sausage. "Do you need to scope it out?"

Fisk licked his full bottom lip, and Breaker wondered what they tasted like. Minty, since the thief already brushed his teeth.

"The Russians know me so that won't work. I need eyes, and since you already know everything about me, you can't say no."

Breaker chewed the rest of the sausage. "Who're your eyes?"

Fisk glowered at the rain dotted window. The air was crisp and early morning fog rolled in from the river. "My brother. We're sort of a team, but he's not under your thumb, like me. Got it? And don't threaten him either. You can do whatever you want to me, but you leave him the fuck alone."

Did Fisk mean it? From the intensity in his green eyes, Breaker thought he did. The brother was Fisk's weakness. Ian played it up just right. Anything Fisk did wrong would fall on Sebastian's head, and Fisk obviously didn't want that to happen.

So now the thief would do anything they said – he was totally under the Black Wolves' control – and that thought turned Breaker's stomach.

He pushed his plate away. "Fine, but you know the drill. If he tells the Russians about us. . . ."

Fisk snorted. "He wouldn't do that. Trust me. He doesn't like those bears anymore than you do. Plus, he likes his head where it's at."

Breaker didn't doubt it. Most people liked their heads on their necks.

"You'll still need this," Breaker said and held up the collar.

Fisk took it off when he showered and never put the thing back on. It turned the knot in Breaker's gut into a mess he doubted he'd ever untangle. But the boss wanted it that way. Their reputation must be maintained at all times.

*Thief* by Zoe Perdita published by Eccentric Erotica

“Really? To my own brother’s place?” Fisk said, pouting.

“Orders are orders.”

Fisk snatched the collar out of Breaker’s hand and fit it around his neck. His fingers were steadier this time, but he still couldn’t slip the metal into the little hole.

Breaker reached forward and did it himself.

Fisk stiffened under his touch. His cheeks flushed crimson.

“Sorry,” Breaker said.

“I’m sure you are,” Fisk said and walked to the door, shoulders back and head held high. “Don’t forget my leash.”

The thought of that cat collared and naked flashed through Breaker’s mind. Damn. How the hell did his own brain work against him at a moment like this? He shook the image aside and hooked the leash in place. Then he put it into Fisk’s hand.

“Come on.”

Fisk stared at him. “You don’t want to lead me around like your boss does?”

Breaker set his jaw. This was the same thief who messed everything up – how did he keep forgetting that?

For one, Fisk looked too young and sweet.

For another – Breaker didn’t even want to go there.

They had work to do, but his body moved on its own. He leaned over the thief. “Did you want me to?”

Those green eyes flashed, but Fisk didn’t say a word. He stood under Breaker’s threat remarkably well, better than almost anyone the enforcer met. Most people were intimidated by his mere size. While Fisk acted the part of a scared kid at first, now he pushed back. Maybe testing his boundaries.

Breaker couldn’t let him push too far.

Taking a deep breath, he caught a wave of Fisk’s musk, and it rushed to his groin. He needed to take a step back. Go on with the job. But he didn’t have the will to move, or something stopped him – the pounding in his heart and raging heat between his thighs.

*Thief* by Zoe Perdita published by Eccentric Erotica

Fisk's full lips pursed into a pout, and they hung suspended in that moment. "I don't really have a say, do I?" he asked, his voice husky.

He didn't, and if the Black Wolves were any other gang, Fisk would be in a lot worse shape. Breaker could kiss him right now and no one would care – he was their pet.

A toy.

Breaker mustered all his will power to lean back and turn. "You don't."

Fisk followed without another word.