

Killer in Wolf's Clothing

By Kelli A. Wilkins

www.KelliWilkins.com

Killer in Wolf's Clothing

A super aggressive Alpha male, a serial killer, and a visit to a kinky sex club... What has Larry gotten himself into?

When Larry learns that his boyfriend Greg changes into another man during the full moon, he has a hard time accepting it—until he meets Deke, Greg's alternate Alpha personality.

Deke doesn't play nice and has no time for games. He only wants two things—to get laid and to get revenge against the arsonist who murdered his friends. Finally free from Greg's restraints, Deke is ready for action, and Larry is more than willing to submit to Deke's needs.

Together, Larry and Deke set out to find the killer. Their hunt takes them to an all-night Alpha sex club where things heat up for the two of them.

But when Larry unwittingly falls into the clutches of the murderer, it's up to Deke—and Greg—to save him before it's too late.

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ROMANCES BY KELLI A. WILKINS

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Four Days with Jack
Killer in Wolf's Clothing
Lies, Love & Redemption
Loving a Wild Stranger
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Trust with Hearts
*Ultimate Night's Delights****
The Viking's Witch

* *A Deceptive Match* and *A Secret Match* are related titles with shared characters. However, each novel can be read separately.

** These titles make up the *Royal Desires* series. Although connected, each book stands alone as an individual read.

*** These novellas complete the *Naughty Nobles* trilogy. It is recommended that they are read in sequence.

Visit Kelli's website: www.KelliWilkins.com for additional titles as they become available.

CHAPTER 1

“Please, Larry... I’ll do anything you want. Let me—”

“No. Don’t talk again without permission.” Larry grinned as he watched Greg squirm on the bed. He had been torturing Greg for the last hour. Greg’s wrists and ankles were bound to the bedframe, his erection jutting up like a flagpole.

Larry licked the head of Greg’s penis, making him writhe against his restraints. He enjoyed playing this game. Greg wanted him to tie him up and “torture” him, to tease him and get him hard, but not let him come.

He liked the fact that Greg had a kinky side—light bondage and an occasional spanking—but Greg always wanted to be the submissive. Every so often, he fantasized about being dominated by Greg, being “forced” to do dirty things and take “punishments” if he refused. Maybe this weekend he would ask Greg to take charge, switch roles and try something new.

Larry positioned his knees on either side of Greg’s head. He stuck his crotch in Greg’s face. “Suck me.”

Greg obeyed.

Larry moaned as Greg wrapped his lips around his aching cock. Yeah, this was it. He had considered putting on a rubber and riding Greg home, but he wanted this instead. Anal was nice, but he had to be in the mood.

After a few minutes, he turned and got into the sixty-nine position. He lowered his mouth onto Greg's prick and returned the favor, sucking Greg long and slow. He liked sucking cock more than anything. Hell, you could wake him up in the middle of the night and he'd be ready to suck anyone.

Greg's hips jerked up and Larry moved his mouth away. "Oh no you don't. You don't get off until I let you," Larry said, making his voice sound gruff. "Make me come, now. Maybe after, I'll be good to you."

Greg whimpered and worked him faster. Larry closed his eyes as a tingle raced up his spine. God, this felt good. All his teasing and tormenting of Greg had had just as much of an effect on him. His cock twitched, and he knew he wouldn't last another minute.

"Ah yeah, yeah, more... suck it hard. I'm gonna blow."

Greg kept with him, swallowing his load as he came. When his aftershocks faded, he kissed Greg's waiting penis. "Good boy. Now you get your reward."

* * *

Larry cuddled next to Greg and toyed with his light brown chest hair. This was nice. He liked to snuggle after sex, and there wasn't a better place to spend a cold winter night than Greg's warm bed.

“What do you want to do this weekend?” he asked.
“There’s a Christmas tree lighting on Friday night. Maybe afterward we could—”

“I won’t be around,” Greg answered. “I have to help my cousin put in a dishwasher. I’ll be gone all weekend.”

Larry stopped stroking Greg’s chest and sat up.

“Why’d you stop?”

“Because you’re lying to me.” He slid out of bed and rummaged around on the floor for his underwear.

“No I’m not.”

He cast a glance at Greg over his shoulder as he got dressed. For the last four months he had suspected something was going on. He and Greg got along great, but every three weeks or so Greg acted funny and went off to help his cousin with projects. What was he hiding?

“Really? Because last month you were gone for three days helping your cousin put in... what was it then? A washing machine.”

“So? He’s doing home improvements.”

“On a Wednesday? For three days? How dumb do you think I am?”

Larry bent to tie his sneaker. He should have known this wouldn’t last. Of course Greg had another boyfriend. What man wouldn’t want him? Greg was well-built and handsome,

with hazel eyes and auburn hair. Why did he always fall in love with gorgeous guys who broke his heart?

He straightened up. “Yes or no, is it serious with the other guy?”

Greg scowled. “What other guy?”

“I know we never talked about being exclusive, but I thought you’d at least have the common decency to tell me when you’re screwing someone else. I—”

“I’m not seeing anyone else.” Greg climbed out of bed and touched Larry’s shoulder. “Don’t leave. Please, come back to bed and we’ll talk.”

“Talk? It’s a little late for that now. You have another guy, fine. I get that. I don’t expect you to be in love with me, but not telling one of us, or both of us, about the other person isn’t fair.”

Greg clasped his hand. “There is nobody else. I swear.”

He pulled away. “That’s what Rick told me, too. Then I came home early one day and caught him boning a guy on our couch.”

“Come on, it’s not like that. I’m not cheating on you. I have to help my cousin.”

His heart sank as he gazed into Greg’s eyes. How could he lie so easily? “Like you helped him last month?”

“Yes, I—”

“Then why was your truck here all weekend?”

Greg’s eyes widened. “You checked up on me? You came here?”

“Yes. Call me paranoid, but nobody takes three days off from work to put in appliances. A little rendezvous, a secret ‘Brokeback fishing trip’ is one thing, sure. But to do domestic chores? Nah, I’m not buying it. See ya.”

Larry left the bedroom and went downstairs, blinking back tears. How could everything change so fast? An hour ago they were happy, now they were breaking up.

Greg bounded down the stairs behind him. “Wait, let me explain.”

He turned. “There’s nothing to explain. I care for you, but I won’t be cheated on or lied to.” He opened the front door and stepped onto the porch.

Greg followed him outside. “Don’t go, please—”

“Jesus Christ, you’re naked! Get back in the house before someone sees you and you have to register as a sex offender,” he said, pushing Greg back into the living room.

“I’m not seeing anyone, I swear. Please believe me, Larry. I don’t want to lose you.”

Larry stormed into the kitchen with Greg at his heels. He yanked the calendar off the wall and flipped back to January. “Okay, I believe you. But your cousin sure must have a lot of projects for you. January eighteenth, nineteenth, and

twentieth. There's a line through all three days. And what's written there? A big D. What's his name? Dave?"

He ignored Greg's groan and flipped to February. "Sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth. March eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth. April sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth. Dates with D all three times." He paused. "Do I need to keep going?"

Greg bowed his head.

"If you're not cheating, then what is it? Do you have a secret kid? Are these parental visits?"

Greg snapped his head up. "Good God, no. Don't be ridiculous."

"Then what? No cousin of mine fixes the house on a Tuesday. Except last month you didn't leave. So what is it? You pick random days off to go screw someone?"

"It's not random." Greg bit his bottom lip. "I have something to do. You wouldn't understand."

"Of course not. How can I understand if you won't tell me?"

Greg let out a long breath. "Larry, you need to trust me. If you care about me, you'll let this go, okay? I can't explain it."

"Oh fuck this." Larry threw the calendar on the floor. "I'm going home. Have fun with your *cousin*. I hope he wears a rubber," he called out as he strode from the kitchen.

“Wait!” Greg chased after him. “If I told you, you wouldn’t believe me.”

He stopped halfway to the front door. “Try me and we’ll see.”

“I’m—” Greg pursed his lips. Silence hung in the air between them. Finally, Greg spoke. “Those nights I’m away, I’m not really away. I have to stay here, alone.”

“Why? Are you doing some crazy woo-woo New Age meditation?”

“No. I’m a werewolf.”

* * *

There, he’d said it. He had confessed his darkest secret to Larry. He didn’t want to tell him, but he didn’t want to lose him, either.

“So?”

“So? That’s all you have to say when I admit that I’m a werewolf?”

“Yeah, so?” Larry shrugged. “I don’t know why you didn’t tell me before. I— Look, if we’re going to talk, can you put on pants? This is weird.”

“Okay, stay here. I’ll be right back.”

Greg flew up the stairs two at a time. Larry didn’t mind. He didn’t freak out or run away. He grinned as he got dressed.

He had admitted something totally off the wall and Larry accepted him, even if he didn't know all the details. Maybe they could make this relationship work after all.

He rushed downstairs and found Larry sitting on the couch looking at the calendar.

"I should have known," Larry said. "Your three days off are the day before the full moon, the day of, and the day after."

He sat next to Larry. "I can't believe you're so calm about this. I was afraid to tell you."

"It's not a big deal. I once knew a guy who was a vampire."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Vampires, werewolves, zombies, they're all the rage these days. Hell, look at all the supernatural TV shows everyone watches. Nobody wants to be normal anymore, and being gay isn't trendy enough. Now you need to be a monster to get anyone's attention."

Greg rolled his eyes. "I can't stand those shows. Now tell me about the vampire."

"He met up with his vampire club, or whatever they called themselves, every Friday to get Gothed out in costumes, drink fake blood, and screw. He had real fangs made and everything." Larry paused.

“How long have you been a werewolf? You don’t wear a suit like those Furries, do you? Because I’m not sure I could take that seriously. Some of those dudes dress like aardvarks or—”

Greg’s blood ran cold. Larry didn’t understand at all. “It’s not like that. This isn’t a joke.” He rested his hand on Larry’s shoulder. “I’m not in a club where people pretend to be werewolves. I am one, for real.”

“There’s no such thing.”

“Yes, I’m afraid there is.”

“Bullshit.” Larry shook his head. “People can’t change into animals. I’m an EMT, I know it’s physiologically and medically impossible.”

“I don’t know how it happens, but during the phase of the full moon there’s a physical transformation. I get aggressive and bigger—”

“Bigger how exactly?” Larry teased.

He smiled. “Get your mind out of the gutter.”

“Look, I’m sorry to break the news to you, my friend, but werewolves aren’t real, and neither is Santa Claus. Being around a full moon changes everyone. Do you know how many calls we get before, during, and after a full moon?”

He continued. “Idiot people start stabbing and shooting each other over nothing. Three months ago, a guy went off his nut and beat the fuck out of his grandma because she had the

TV up too loud. People are animals to start with. Hospital ERs are overrun with patients every month, and the cops can tell you what sort of crazies are out there.”

“That’s not what happens to me,” Greg said. “I don’t get man-PMS or cut people off in traffic. I change, physically change.”

“Into what? A wolf with four legs, a tail, and pointy ears?”

“No. It’s not like in the movies. I don’t turn into an animal. I become someone else.”

Larry dismissed him with a wave of his hand. “Maybe you have an undiagnosed personality disorder. Maybe you were hypnotized into thinking you’re a werewolf and it’s a psychological belief. You have an imaginary illness.”

Greg stood and went into the kitchen. Sometimes Larry thought he knew everything. But he was wrong about this. “I need a beer, or three. Want one?”

“Sure, why not?”

He returned with two open beers and handed one to Larry. “I’m trying to tell you something serious and you’re not listening to me. You wouldn’t act like this if I told you I had cancer, would you?”

“Of course not, because cancer is real. This isn’t. And how could you get infected with ‘werewolf’ anyway? You haven’t been to Hungary or Romania, and you’ve never been on the Scottish moors.”

“It happened in California.”

Larry sipped his beer. “Why am I not surprised to hear that? Everything weird happens out there. You never told me you lived in California. When was all this?”

“Three years ago. I met a guy and... I wish to God I never went with him, but... I did. He bit me and made me like this.”

Larry’s mouth dropped open. “You’re serious, aren’t you?”

Greg swallowed a swig of beer before answering. “Yeah.”

“But that’s all stories, legends...”

“Where do you think the stories came from? Old school werewolves were like me, aggressive Alpha males. There are documented cases of wolf men all over France and Germany and other parts of Europe in the Middle Ages. They didn’t turn into actual wolves and howl at the moon. That’s Hollywood bullshit. All they did was eat and screw—follow their basic instincts.”

Larry leaned back on the couch. “I don’t believe it. Ghosts yes, UFOs sure, Bigfoot, probably. Werewolves, nah. Have you seen a psychiatrist?”

“Yeah, three of them. They all told me I suffered from delusions. They said I ‘was using the wolf archetype to express my hidden desires and associated repressed feelings in

a safe way that my true self could deal with.' How's that load of crap sound?"

Greg drank down more of his beer. It felt good to get this off his chest, even if Larry didn't believe him. "One woman said my Alpha persona was a manifestation of my true male sexuality fighting against the gay side of me." He laughed. "I didn't tell her my Alpha self is gay, too."

Larry sat up. "He is?"

"Oh yeah, definitely."

"Wow, that's good. I mean... Wait... you're acting way too serious about this."

"I am?" He arched an eyebrow and stared into Larry's blue eyes. "Would you like to see the video?"

* * *

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kelli A. Wilkins is an award-winning author who has published more than 100 short stories, 19 romance novels, and 5 non-fiction books. Her romances span many genres and heat levels.

Beauty & the Bigfoot, a paranormal-comedy, was published in September 2017.

Kelli released ***Trust with Hearts***, a contemporary romance, in July 2017. Her third gay romance, ***Four Days with Jack***, was released in June 2017. Kelli's trilogy of erotic romance novellas, ***Midsummer Night's Delights***, ***Midwinter Night's Delights***, and ***Ultimate Night's Delights*** was published in spring 2017.

Loving a Wild Stranger was published in January 2017. This historical/pioneer romance is set in the wilds of the Michigan Territory and blends tender romance with adventure.

Kelli's third Medallion Press romance, ***Lies, Love & Redemption*** was released in September 2016. This spicy historical western is set on the Nebraska prairie in 1877.

Her writing book, ***You Can Write—Really! A Beginner's Guide to Writing Fiction*** is a fun and informative guide filled with writing exercises and helpful tips all authors can use.

Kelli posts on her Facebook author page:
<https://www.facebook.com/AuthorKelliWilkins> and Twitter:
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She also writes a weekly blog:

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