

Midsummer Night's Delights

By Kelli A. Wilkins

www.KelliWilkins.com

Midsummer Night's Delights

At this Midsummer Ball, couples pair up everywhere—but not for dancing!

Young newlyweds Julian and Annabelle are miserable. Their arranged marriage is lacking everything—especially sex. Julian suffers from a lack of confidence and is harboring a secret urge. Innocent Annabelle's longings go unnoticed and unfulfilled, no matter what she tries.

But all that changes when they are invited to a Midsummer Ball. Their unconventional hosts, Vincent and Sabrina, introduce them to a world where their most intimate desires and hidden passions are explored—and fulfilled.

Swapping and naughty games are just a few of the surprises awaiting them...

Bonus! This e-book includes a sneak peek at the second book in the *Naughty Nobles* trilogy: *Midwinter Night's Delights*

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ROMANCES BY KELLI A. WILKINS

*A Deceptive Match**
*A Secret Match**
*A Most Unusual Princess***
*A Most Intriguing Temptation***
*A Most Unfortunate Prince***
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Confessions of a Vampire's Lover
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Four Days with Jack
Killer in Wolf's Clothing
Lies, Love & Redemption
Loving a Wild Stranger
*Midsummer Night's Delights****
*Midwinter Night's Delights****
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

“Shall I undress?”

“Nay. There’s no need for that,” Julian replied as he sat on the narrow bed and pulled off his boots.

“Would you rather I lift up my nightdress, or unbutton it?”

He stripped out of his breeches and half-turned to Annabelle. “Neither. There won’t be any of... *that* tonight.”

“Oh.” Annabelle sat up and brushed a lock of light brown hair behind her ear. “Then why did you remove your clothes?”

“Because it’s hot in here,” he answered with an exasperated sigh.

He glanced at the open window and wished for a cooling breeze. Instead, the white lace curtains hung limply in the stifling summer night. How was he supposed to sleep? Last night he had nearly suffocated because of the heat, and Annabelle cuddling next to him hadn’t helped matters any.

Julian wiped his sweaty brow on his sleeve, then unbuttoned his shirt. “Just because a man strips, it doesn’t mean he wants to... do *that*.”

Annabelle frowned. “Are you angry with me for asking, Julian? Have I done something to displease you?”

He closed his eyes and counted to ten. He didn't want to snap at his new bride, but he was overtired, annoyed, and the heat made him cranky. "No. It's not you. I just spent the last two hours being humiliated by my parents."

He looked at Annabelle over his shoulder. A beam of moonlight streamed into the bedroom, casting long shadows across the feather mattress. "Why did you tell my mother that I hate you? You know it's not true."

"I didn't mean to." Annabelle bowed her head, hiding beneath her long hair. "But she found me crying in the kitchen, and—"

"Crying over what?"

"I shouldn't say. It's not right for a woman to talk about such things."

"What sort of things? Tell me, Annabelle. I'm your husband. I deserve to know what made you cry," he said, keeping his voice tender.

"I was crying because we don't..." She paused and shook her head. "Since we've been married we've only been intimate twice. I told her you're not interested in me that way."

"I see." He pursed his lips. Of all the things he thought Annabelle would say, he never expected her to tell him that. Why was she bringing up the subject of lovemaking? Women didn't have needs like men. They weren't supposed to think about those things, let alone talk about them. What else had she told his mother?

“Well, it’s nothing to cry over. Would you rather I rush into our bedchamber every night and ravage you?”

Instead of waiting for an answer, he cleared his throat and continued. “I don’t understand why you would bring my parents into such a personal matter. I had to sit there and answer probing questions about how I treat you. I was forced to explain in detail what we do in this bed, how often we... get close... and other facts. I was mortified. How would you feel if you had to talk about your love life to your par—” He stopped himself too late.

Annabelle flopped onto the feather mattress and curled into a ball. He heard her snuffle, then a tiny whimpering sound escaped her throat. She had made the same noise when he deflowered her on their wedding night.

“I’m sorry.” He knelt on the bed next to her, his nakedness obvious in the moonlight. “Please don’t cry.”

“I’m not crying over parents I never knew,” she said, rolling over to face him. As she did, he saw her eyes widen at the sight of his penis. “I’m crying because something’s wrong and I don’t know how to fix it.”

“What do you mean?”

“I expected married life to be different. I should be making you happy, but I don’t know how. Obviously things aren’t good between us if we don’t... if you cannot bear to touch me.”

She sat up and locked her brown eyes onto his. “Tell me, Julian, do you regret our marriage? Is there a mistress, or someone else you visit to satisfy your manly needs?”

“No. Of course not.” He bristled at the implication. Not more than an hour ago, his father had posed the same question and asked if any of his “old desires” had resurfaced. The insinuation had shocked him into a stunned silence. “Don’t be ridiculous,” he said, moving back to his side of the bed.

“Am I not pretty enough or buxom enough for your liking? Was making love to me so terrible that you never want to touch me again?”

He sighed and stared at the floor. In the two months they’d been wed, he and Annabelle had only been intimate twice. The first time was on their wedding night. After the reception, they had entered the bedroom and made small talk for a few moments. Then he’d stripped down and climbed into bed.

His heart had raced wildly—but not with newlywed anticipation. He was plagued with fear. All evening his mind had reeled with worries—of hurting Annabelle, of her rejection, and worse—of not knowing how to make love properly.

Annabelle had lain beside him, waiting for him to do something. As soon as he’d gotten up enough nerve, he kissed her a few times, then lifted her nightdress. Without uttering a word, she parted her legs for him. He had fumbled around, touching her privates until he found the right place, then eased himself in.

Annabelle whimpered and lay still as he gently thrust into her. After a few dozen strokes, he climaxed, then rolled off her. It was over. His virgin bride had done her duty and lay with him—but he felt nothing. Their brief wedding ceremony had lasted longer than their first encounter in bed.

The second time they had “made love” was the night he’d been out late playing cards with his friends. The rowdy company, a few glasses of brandy, and the crisp night air had roused his lust. He’d come to bed, kissed Annabelle, then sunk himself into her. Despite the late hour, she had obliged him without passion or protest. He made a point to finish quickly, to spare her any discomfort.

“Julian, please answer me.”

Her fingertips touched his bare shoulder, and he tensed. “Sorry, I was thinking.” How could he explain his lack of interest in intimate relations? Annabelle was pretty and sweet, but she didn’t stir his blood with fiery excitement. But then again, no woman ever had.

His experiences with the gentle sex were limited, and he had never figured out exactly what to do with them. Unlike his friends, he didn’t have the urgent need to ram his cock into every woman he met. At least that’s how he had explained it to his father.

“It’s not you. It’s the circumstances,” he said, glancing into her eyes. “I don’t have uncontrolled lust. I’m not a beast who is always ready to... do that. I thought it would please you not to be bothered in such a way.”

“But I’m your wife,” she replied, stroking his arm and shoulder. “I want to make you happy.”

He took her hand in his and kissed it. “You do. I’m sure in time—once we get to know each other better—things will smooth out.”

He prayed his words sounded convincing. Their arranged marriage hadn't given them any time to get acquainted. Even after two months, they were strangers sleeping in the same bed. They were cordial to each other, and shared a few common interests, but there was no bond between them.

"I see." Annabelle pulled her hand away. "What did your parents say when you spoke to them?"

"They think going to the midsummer ball will do wonders for us," he answered. It was only a half-lie. Annabelle needn't know that his father told him the ball would "cure" his intimacy problem and get their marriage off to a good start. "We're attending in their place."

"I've never met a marquis, or attended a fancy ball before. What should I wear? I'm not a very good dancer."

"Neither am I. But my father insists. He said that a few days away will help us become *closer*." He glanced at the empty space between them in bed. "If you know what I mean."

"Oh." Annabelle nodded. "When do we leave?"

"The day after tomorrow. The estate is north of here," he explained, wiping sweat from his forehead. "Perhaps the change of scenery will do us good. Demby is closer to the sea."

Annabelle flashed him a little smile. "Julian, if we're to leave so soon, perhaps we could get close now. You've already undressed, and I'm awfully warm in my nightdress. I could take it off," she hinted.

He peered down at his limp penis. Why wasn't he hard? What stirred other men into a state of arousal and sparked their wild lust? Fiddling with himself always got him hard, but he could never do such a vulgar thing in front of Annabelle.

What would she do if he asked her to suck him? On many nights, he had ached to find out—but he didn't dare. For all he knew, she'd run screaming and tell his parents.

He smoothed her brown hair away from her face and kissed her cheek. "Not tonight. It's late and we should get some rest." He settled into bed and rolled onto his side, unwilling to look at her. Part of him was afraid he'd see a hurt look in her eyes. "We have a lot of arrangements to make before we leave."

Annabelle sighed and lay down next to him. "Yes, Julian. If that's how you want it."

"Yes, dear. For now. Good night."

He let his mind wander as he drifted off to sleep. Why were his parents so insistent on them attending a foolish ball? He had never met the marquis or his wife, and he wasn't one for social events.

Sweat trickled down his back, and he shifted on the mattress. The ball would likely be boring, and he had absolutely no interest in going. But if nothing else, at least it would be cooler in Demby.

* * *

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Don't miss the rest of the *Naughty Nobles* trilogy...

Midwinter Night's Delights

Julian and Annabelle are back for another naughty ball!

The Marquis of Demby's Midsummer Ball transformed Julian and Annabelle forever. No longer shy about satisfying their sexual urges, the young newlyweds give in to their wanton desires whenever—and wherever—the mood strikes. Anything goes in their open marriage, and they're not ashamed to share their passions with others.

But everything changes when they are sent to Vincent and Sabrina's estate to be disciplined. Before they can participate in the Midwinter Ball, they must learn self-control.

Carnal punishments and sensual lessons are just a few of the erotic surprises awaiting them... before the ball even begins!

Bonus! This e-book includes a sneak peek at the third book in the *Naughty Nobles* trilogy: *Ultimate Night's Delights*.

Order your copy of *Midwinter Night's Delights* here:

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Ultimate Night's Delights

Julian and Annabelle are back for the final ball!

The Midsummer and Midwinter Balls changed Julian and Annabelle forever. Vincent, the Marquis of Demby, and his wife, Sabrina, introduced them to a world of erotic pleasures. Freed from their inhibitions, they now help other shy couples explore their sexual urges and hidden desires.

But life on Vincent and Sabrina's estate is anything but tranquil. The notorious Duke of Blackwell has discovered the secret about the naughty balls and is out to destroy the marquis.

Vincent refuses to deny the rumors about the "anything goes" parties he hosts, and turns to his friends for assistance. Together, they devise a plan to defeat the Black Duke... and still find time for a few wicked games.

Order your copy of *Ultimate Night's Delights* here:

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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:
www.Twitter.com/KWilkinsauthor.

She also writes a weekly blog:

<http://kelliwilkinsauthor.blogspot.com/>.

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