

Midwinter Night's Delights

By Kelli A. Wilkins

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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*.

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ROMANCES BY KELLI A. WILKINS

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Four Days with Jack
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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

Annabelle stood in front of the fireplace and parted her silk dressing gown. The heat caressed her naked body, and a familiar warmth coursed through her privates. She reached between her legs and stroked herself a few times.

Where was Julian? He had gone downstairs to talk to his father over an hour ago. How long would their discussion take? She hated waiting for him when she was so anxious...

The bedroom door opened, and she turned from the fire. Julian stood in the doorway, grinning. "I hope you didn't start without me," he teased.

She smiled. Julian was everything a woman could want in a husband. He was tall and handsome, with wavy blond hair and blue eyes—and he had an insatiable appetite for sexual relations.

"Of course not. What did your father say?"

"Nothing good." Julian closed the door behind him. "He's a pompous, hypocritical ass. I'm tired of the condescending way he speaks to me, like I'm an idiot or a child. For heaven's sake, I'm a grown man."

He crossed the room and sat in the chair near the fireplace. "Do you know he had the nerve to call me a twisted pervert?" he said, pulling off his boots.

"He didn't!"

“Yes, he did. He is furious over what happened at Sir Richard’s party. He’s concerned about his precious reputation and says that what we did will ruin his business relations and social standing. He said, ‘It doesn’t look good to have my youngest son and his wife get caught humping like horny dogs at a dinner party. How can I face my colleagues and business partners when everyone knows what you did?’”

Annabelle giggled. “We never meant to get caught.”

“I told him that, but he wouldn’t listen. He said we’ve been out of control ever since we returned from Vincent and Sabrina’s Midsummer Ball. We’ve gone from a respectable newlywed couple to a pair of filthy fornicators.” Julian stripped off his breeches and threw them on the floor.

She knelt in front of him. “Your father shouldn’t have called us names. He’s the one who sent us to the Midsummer Ball,” she said, slipping her head between Julian’s parted thighs. She brushed her light brown hair over her shoulder as she drew his penis into her mouth.

The Midsummer Ball had been an eye-opening experience. Sabrina and Vincent had taught them carnal secrets about lovemaking. They all took part in wanton games before celebrating with a masked group encounter. Before the Midsummer Ball, they had been innocent and inexperienced, but they returned worldly and always eager to screw.

Julian leaned back and opened his legs wider. She rubbed his balls as she sucked him, making him moan. “Ohhh... I reminded him of that. He wanted me to ‘buck up’ and act like a man. He wanted us to lose our inhibitions, and we did. Now he—oh right there—has the nerve to call us perverts.”

She pulled her mouth away. “Why? Because we got caught at the party?”

“No. Because of what we did with the gardener. He told me, ‘A decent man doesn’t let his wife suck him off while the gardener fucks her on the lawn.’”

Annabelle shrugged and wrapped her lips around Julian’s cock again. What was all the fuss about? The gardener had enjoyed himself that afternoon, and so had they. She liked being taken from the back, and Julian got a thrill out of watching other men pleasure her.

Julian groaned, and she stopped sucking. She didn’t want him *too* excited. It had been hours since they were intimate, and she hungered for the feel of him deep inside her.

She got on all-fours and faced away from him. Julian moved behind her, ran his fingers along her slick opening, and thrust into her. “I thought your father wanted us to screw. Now he wants us to stop?”

“No, but he thinks we need to learn control and not give in to our urges so readily,” he replied, pumping into her. “He says we should be punished for what we did at Sir Richard’s and with the gardener. Then he carried on about how we disgraced the family.”

Annabelle squealed as Julian shoved himself in deep. The more he talked about his father, the harder he fucked her. She lost herself in thought as Julian thumped away. He had been doing this that night at the party.

It was embarrassing getting caught bent over the settee with Julian drilling into her, but it felt good at the time. Afterward, everyone looked at them like they were diseased.

A few men made lewd comments about her being passed around or doing favors for the guests. The women were mortified. One of them even called her a filthy whore.

Julian's parents were too busy apologizing to everyone and rushing them out the door to say anything—until the carriage ride home.

Perhaps they *should* have waited until they got home to fool around, but the party was dull and she was eager. Besides, it added a thrill to know that stuffy people were having polite conversations a few feet away while they screwed like mad.

“What about the Midwinter Ball? Did your father say we could attend?”

The invitation from Vincent, the Marquis of Demby, had arrived the day of Sir Richard's party. At the time, they were almost guaranteed permission to attend, but then they had gotten caught and everything went to hell.

Julian increased the pace and she grunted her encouragement as he rammed all the way in. It was exactly how she wanted it—hot, fast, and dirty. She could never get enough of this.

“He threatened to keep us home, then reconsidered. He said if all we want to do is—oh yeah—fuck, then we can go to the ball. He'll turn us over to Vincent and Sabrina for discipline. Hold still, I'm close.” Julian reached around her hip and fingered her nub.

“What sort of punishment is that? Going to the ball would be... Ah!” She cried out as a bolt of lightning raced up her

spine. “Don’t stop. Keep going... Harder!” Her body quivered and trembled beneath him as she climaxed.

Julian rocked into her faster. “Yes, yes! Ah God... I’m coming!” He clutched her tighter, his hips jerking against her buttocks as he spilled into her.

She closed her eyes and tried to catch her breath. Her heart raced out of control, and she was coated in sweat. That was just what she needed. It reminded her of the fun she’d had at the Midsummer Ball.

She was surprised that Julian’s father had granted them permission to attend the Midwinter Ball. It would have been much crueler to keep them home and deny them Vincent and Sabrina’s naughty fun and games.

A banging on the bedroom door shattered her thoughts. “Will you two keep quiet in there?” Julian’s father shouted through the door. “For God’s sake, can’t you control yourselves? I can hear you halfway down the corridor!”

Julian pulled out of her and flopped onto the carpet. “I hate this place. I can’t wait to get to the Midwinter Ball.”

* * *

“Julian, Annabelle, welcome. It’s so good to see you,” Vincent said as he crossed the tiled foyer.

Julian grinned and shook Vincent’s hand. He couldn’t help but notice the gold rings he wore. “Pleased to be here. Thank you for the invitation.”

The marquis appeared the same as he remembered. His short red-brown hair was parted at the side, his hazel eyes

sparkled with excitement, and his charming smile took his breath away.

Vincent kissed Annabelle's cheek. "You look lovely as always, dear."

"And you're as handsome as ever, Vincent." Annabelle replied.

Two male servants appeared in the foyer and helped them shed their heavy wool coats.

"Come into the parlor and we'll have a drink. Forgive my rushing about like this, but I have many details to arrange," Vincent said.

They followed Vincent down the corridor and into a large parlor. A high-backed green settee stood off to one side of the room, and several stuffed chairs were strategically arranged along the walls.

"How was your trip? Not unbearable, I hope?" Vincent asked as he opened a crystal decanter on the sideboard.

"Dull. It's a long journey in good weather, but with the cold winter rain..." Julian trailed off and shrugged. Although he was excited to see Vincent and Sabrina again, he felt nervous.

Before they left early this morning, his father had asked him if he was absolutely certain he wanted to go. He had given his father a flippant answer about being able to have fun at the Midwinter Ball, then climbed into the carriage.

The odd question had plagued him for the entire journey. Why *wouldn't* he want to come here? Six months ago, the

Midsummer Ball had changed his life. The Midwinter Ball promised to be just as decadent and exciting.

A side door opened and Sabrina strolled into the room. Her black hair was piled high on her head and held in place with jeweled pins. The low-cut dark blue dress she wore barely covered her bosom.

“Good to see you’ve arrived. Hello dear.” Sabrina kissed Annabelle on the cheek, then extended her bare hand to him.

“Sabrina, it is a pleasure, as always.” As he kissed the back of her hand, he let his gaze linger on her pale breasts.

His mind flashed back to their earlier visit. One night during a game of dirty dice, he had suckled her. He could still feel her nipples hardening like pebbles in his mouth...

Vincent cleared his throat, and he released Sabrina’s hand. “Shall we sit?” Vincent offered each of them an amber-colored drink from a silver tray. “We have a lot to discuss and not much time, I’m afraid. It’s nearly four o’clock and my dinner guests will be seated at six.”

Annabelle took a glass off the tray and sat on the settee. “Dinner guests?”

Julian caught a whiff of Sabrina’s floral perfume as she walked past him. He stared at her breasts. They were much larger than Annabelle’s, and he couldn’t wait to play with them again.

“Julian, kindly put your eyes back in your head and sit,” Sabrina chastised.

He obeyed quickly. “Sorry.”

Vincent handed him a glass, then sat next to Annabelle on the settee. “Sabrina and I are having a dinner party this evening, only... how can I say this politely? You will not be dining with us.”

“Is it because we arrived for the ball two days early?” Julian asked.

“No, this has nothing to do with that,” Sabrina answered, taking a seat next to him on the sofa. “Of course, you will be joining us after supper for some... entertainment.”

“Fantastic! I’m looking forward to it. I like the way you entertain,” Julian added, once again recalling the naughty dice game they had played together.

“Don’t agree so readily,” Vincent said, scowling.

“Perhaps I should explain.” Sabrina sipped her drink. “Julian, your father told us about your certain... indiscretion.”

“Oh for God’s sake.” He sighed. “He told you about that? Yes, Annabelle and I got caught screwing at a dinner party and my father’s angry with me. He—”

“There’s no need to explain. I know all about it,” Vincent interrupted, holding up a hand to silence him. “He told me what happened at the party, as well as the other *activities* you’ve been doing. He said that the two of you cannot control yourselves.”

“Why should we?” Julian challenged. “You taught us how to enjoy our bodies and showed us how good it felt to screw, or have you forgotten?”

Vincent arched an eyebrow. “My Lord, you’ve gotten arrogant and cocky. No, I haven’t *forgotten*. I remember our games and the fun we had together. However, I expected you to have more discretion, Julian, and not stick your prick into anything that moves.”

Annabelle gasped.

“Vincent, there’s no need to be crude,” Sabrina commented. “Julian, your father is concerned about your behavior.” She turned to Annabelle. “*Both* of your behaviors. He feels you need to be reined in, taught how to control your desires.”

“Funny how he says that now,” Julian said. “Six months ago he sent us here to learn how to screw, now he wants us—”

“To learn self-control and accept punishment for what happened at Sir Richard’s,” Vincent stated.

“And how will we learn self-control here? My father gave us permission to come to the Midwinter Ball. How will more fucking teach us anything?”

“Language, Julian, please.” Sabrina smacked his arm lightly. “We’ll be doling out punishments and discipline tonight and tomorrow. *If* you pass your lessons, you can attend the ball,” she explained.

“What sort of punishments?” Annabelle asked, sipping her drink.

Vincent leaned closer to her. “You’ll see. But we need your consent. I will not do anything to a guest without her or his permission.”

“What if we don’t wish to be punished? I still say we’ve done nothing wrong,” Julian argued.

“Screwing Annabelle at the dinner party was reckless. And being reckless has its consequences,” Vincent replied. “What do you think would happen if people found out about our games and masked balls? The activities we engage in must be kept secret. That’s why the balls are for a select group, by special invitation only.”

Vincent and Sabrina’s harsh remarks stunned him. He had never seen this side of them before. All of a sudden he felt ashamed of himself—not for screwing Annabelle in public—but for falling out of favor with the marquis and his wife.

“I’m sorry.” He bowed his head. “I didn’t realize how serious this was.”

“Must we be punished?” Annabelle asked. “Even if we promise to behave?”

“Yes. Julian’s father insists. And frankly, Vincent and I think it would be good for you,” Sabrina replied.

“What do you say?” Sabrina asked. “Accept your punishment, pass your tests, and attend the ball—or go home shamed because you are too afraid to take your medicine?”

“We’ll accept it,” Annabelle said.

Julian scowled. Had his pretty little wife gone mad? “Annabelle! We haven’t done anything to—”

“Yes, we did, Julian. We were careless and got caught. I was embarrassed, but you weren’t. You acted as if it were a

joke. If someone had found you screwing a man, would you have made crude remarks about needing a release?”

His heart skipped a beat. Once, he *had* been caught with a man in a similar situation. The incident had caused him to be dismissed from school, and his father had nearly disowned him.

Vincent smirked. “Well, *that* gave you something to think about, didn’t it?”

Julian glanced away. Last summer, he had confessed his secret to Vincent. But he’d never told Annabelle.

Sabrina squeezed his arm. “See? You know deep down you should be punished, don’t you, Julian?”

He considered the situation. What was the worst that could happen if they were punished? Sabrina and Vincent might paddle them or devise some wicked game for them to play. If he refused to be disciplined, they would be sent away and miss the Midwinter Ball. Why not pretend to agree and get it over with?

“Yes. I understand. I need to learn restraint,” he lied. “I should have controlled myself.”

“Excellent.” Vincent smiled. “Then stand up, both of you, and strip.”

“Why?” Julian asked.

“Your punishment begins now,” Sabrina stated. “And once it has started, there’s no stopping it—even if you beg.”

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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.

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*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...

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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:
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