

Feast your eyes Divas!

Hello Lovelies!

I'm going to first go ahead and wish my American readers a Happy Thanksgiving! I hope you are able to celebrate with your families this year. <3

I know that COVID is making it hard for us to find things to be thankful for, but I am so, so, so grateful and thankful to have you in my life. Thank you for being here and sticking around. <3

Because you *have* stuck around, you get to see a pretty face. :P I mean, just look at him. Ladies... Look at him and let me introduce you to... MICAH.



Model: Lucas Loyola - Picture: Wander Aguilar - Cover Design: Paul Stevens

He's one of my lead characters in The Intern, my upcoming MM Office Romance! This cover alone has been my muse for this story. :D Can you blame me? Feast your eyes on those lips and those deep green eyes! Yum!!

By scrolling down, you'll find the blurb and an excerpt to tide you over until December 15th, when these sweet men will hit your kindle!

I know that not all of you are into swords crossing, aka MM romance, but I really hope you'll give this story a chance. You may just surprise yourself and like it! <3

Pre Order THE INTERN now!

If you so feel inclined, please vote for **The Intern** in December's most anticipated Romance Book Release. I'd really appreciate it. <3 To vote on Goodreads, you need to be in desktop mode. To activate that you need to scroll to the bottom of the page if you are on a phone or tablet.

Vote for The Intern in December's Most Anticipated Romance

Our winner from yesterday is Yuni! Yuni, Anne will be in touch with you to get you your very own copy of Maverick in paperback!

I wish you ladies well. Feel free to drop me a line to tell me what you are grateful for this year! I always love hearing from you!

Again, Happy Thanksgiving! Much love to you, darlings, and thank you, as always, for your support. <3
Serena
xoxo

BLURB

Devlin

Sex comes with a price tag.

One I'm quite willing to pay.

In fact, I prefer it.

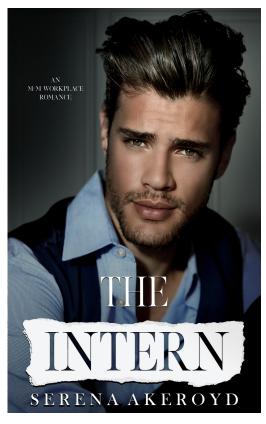
It's easier that way, and in my life, I prefer

Prefer for most things to be transactional. So when the intern disrupts my day, I'm not happy about it.

I have a dark and dirty little secret he knows about.

One that could destroy my reputation in a world where reputation is everything.

That makes him dangerous.



The Intern

He could ruin me professionally, wreck my life, but the touch of his mouth to mine, the feel of him in my arms—they're all I can think about.

I'm intoxicated.

Drunk on him, when I've always been sober.

Micah

I'm gay.

The freedom in admitting that is intoxicating.

Enough to make me feel drunk with the relief of finally being myself.

But what feels better?

Devlin.

He's my boss.

He holds my future in his hands in more ways than he knows, but he isn't as free as I am.

Doesn't have the same freedom I do to own up to what he is.

Because of that, I know I'm losing him.

I can feel us becoming DOA.

But is he worth fighting for when he won't admit what I am to him?

What we mean to one another?

I guess you'll have to read on to find out...

THE INTERN is a standalone contemporary MM romance, with an easter egg for fans of Serena Akeroyd's novels.

EXCERPT

What I discerned from his emails was that he was smart, polite, instinctual, not in the habit of complaining about a workload he couldn't have anticipated, and eager.

But I'd known that already, hadn't I?

I almost shuddered at the thought, the same as I almost shuddered again when I looked at him.

He was beautiful.

Absolutely fucking beautiful.

I'd never thought a man could be that. Not because I believed in outdated stereotypes or that beauty was a woman's domain and not a guy's. But because I

looked to men for certain things, and appearances rarely mattered.

In the dark, all sins were covered.

Scars, tattoos, zits, the places I frequented when I was in a mood hid all those from sight.

I went to dark rooms to be fucked. For the adrenaline rush. For the release. For the freedom to be me, a 'me' who could only ever be allowed out amid the shadows. For the danger. No holes barred, no rules... liberation in its purity.

So, no, men to me weren't about looking for some eye candy to drool over. If they had a cock, my ass was ready to be reamed. Simple as.

But Micah proved me wrong.

Green eyes that were like glass, skin like cream, lips that were pillowy and reminded me of exactly why being sucked off by him was delicious...

For a second, he was all I saw. In the cheap suit that was surprisingly smart, in the colors that offset his hair and skin tone, that made his eyes pop even greener in the light from the wall of windows behind me... It was like some mystical creature had wandered through my doors.

Then Sadie cleared her throat, drawing my attention her way.

I blinked, spied her confusion, and beamed a smile at her. It was her turn to blink, before she licked her lips and, a little breathily, asked, "Would you like coffee, sir?" "Please. What would you like to drink?"

"Sadie knows my preferences. Thank you," Micah said to me, before casting her a look that encompassed his gratitude to my receptionist.

Something had changed in his posture, however, flittering from nerves at being called into my office—interns were so beyond my radar that this meeting was a joke —to agitated.

He twisted to watch Sadie go, saw her peer back at me with a fleeting glance that spoke of her crush on me, and the next time he glanced my way, I saw his pique. Understood it.

He was jealous.

What stunned me was that I wasn't mad...

Freebies!!!

I got together with some of your favorite authors and we've come up with a list of free Bad Boy and Billionaire Romance books to keep you busy over the Holidays!



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