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The Intern is live and full of HEAT!

Hello Lovelies!

I am writing this today gleeful with excitement! I can't believe I've finally released my first MM book! Careful what you dare me to do because that's how this all began—a dare! ;) So far the response has been phenomenal and I can promise you this, it won't be my last MM novel!

It's at the special release price of 2,99\$. But only for a very limited time! It will be going up in less than 72 hours, so you may want to grab it now!

Also if you're in my reader group, it is the next book being read in Diva's BookClub, you can check out the event [here!](#)



The Intern an MM Office Romance

THE INTERN buy now for 2,99 or read for FREE in KU!

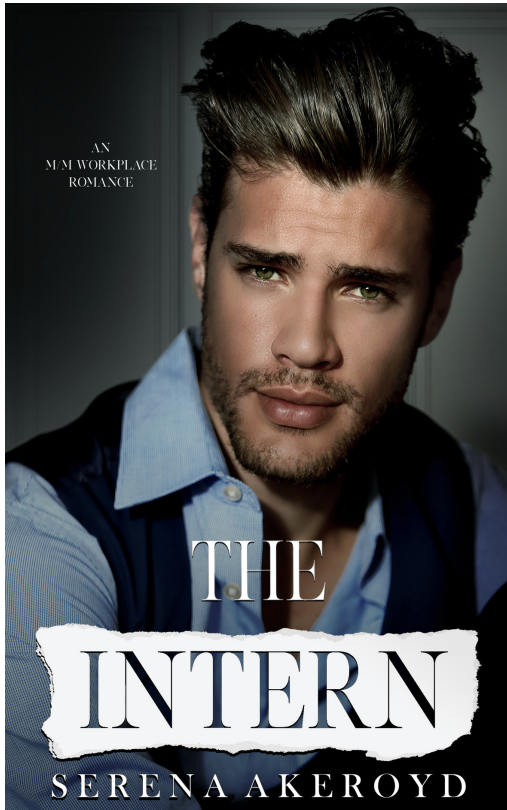
What can I tell you about this story? Well, my muse was the model on the cover of The Intern. I can't begin to tell you how long I've stared into those green eyes. Lucas

Loyala is a beautiful man, and I hope Micah does him justice... This story is a rollercoaster of emotions, between two men who need to come to terms with what love means. I should probably warn you there is a graphic rape scene in the book, so if that is something you are sensitive to, proceed with caution.

If you keep reading this newsletter, I've included an excerpt to give you a little taste of what you can expect. This is not my typical romance, but it's still a Serena Akeroyd book, which means... prepare to be hit in the feels!! <3

Much love to you, darlings, and thank you, as always, for your support. <3
HAPPY HOLIDAYS!!

Serena
xoxo



The Intern

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.

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 ease.

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.

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

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.

What readers are saying about it!

"In my opinion, The Intern is one of the best books of 2020."



Heather (All The Juicy Bits)

Simply Outstanding. I was blown away when I read that this was the first MM book the author has written.



Barbara Barber for Sexy Sirens Book Blog

The writing is superb and I was completely enthralled from beginning to end. The characters and emotions overwhelmed me and made me love them so much."



A Book Lover's Emporium Book Blog

The Intern is a story that is going to WOW you in every possible way! It's hot, it's touching, it's emotional, it touches very closed door issues, and yet at the very core of this story it is just two men trying to figure out this emotion called love. The Intern is powerful.



Kay Daniels Romance

EXCERPT



The Intern an MM Office Romance

Now, he was strong and assured, confident in himself without being arrogant as he stepped into me, his torso clashing against mine as he reached up, held my cheeks in place and kissed me.

Actually. Fucking. Kissed. Me.

His head slanted just at the last second so that he could join our lips, bring them together so that we could taste one another again in the puddle of sunlight around us. And somehow, though it made no sense, he tasted better. Richer. More intense. He tasted so good that I couldn't pull back, pull out of his hold. I had no choice but to sink into this kiss like he sank into me, his muscles aligning themselves with my torso, his hardness brushing against mine, but merging too.

His dick was there, a solid presence on my abs, and my butt clenched with remembered need. The desire to have him back inside me was so overwhelming that I groaned as I reached for him, no longer content to be passive, to have him kiss me.

I needed to experience all of this, all of him, right now.

My hands went to his hair, those thick, dark flaxen locks that felt superb against my fingers, and I tugged at him, dragging him where I needed him. How I needed him. He complied, showing that same contrasting push and pull of last night—eager to act, eager to lead, but also eager to concede. It was delicious, delightful. If he'd been more aggressive, I might have shoved him away, but he was too earnest in his passion to reject.

And he tasted divine.

Like spearmint and coconut water of all things.

I savored him like I would a fine wine, supping from him rather than chugging it back like I would a shot of tequila, because that was who he was.

A Chilean Médoc.

A sweet, sweet Auckland Merlot.

His hands moved to my shoulders, and he kneaded me there before slipping down, grabbing my ass and holding me “tightly. His cock was so big and so perfect against me, and all I could think of was last night and my need for him to pin me to the bloody glass and do as he had back in VICE—fuck me.

For the first time, my liberation in the dark rooms felt sordid.

While this?

This was freedom.

He made the tiniest sound in his throat before he pushed me into the window. The second my back collided with the hot glass, he was there, a harder, more pressurized presence. I felt like I was being branded, felt as if he was hotter even than the window, and I was being roasted on both sides.

I tugged at his hair, unable to stop myself from drowning in him as I thrust my tongue along his. The flavor of him was like champagne, utterly effervescent, so that I felt as if I was fucking flying with the sun on my back, and the wind in my goddamn hair.

This was a kiss they wrote about in books.

This was a connection they tried to replicate in movies—a foot-popping kiss. And it was with a one-night stand. An employee. Hell, not even that. *An intern.*

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Nyx for 99 cents!

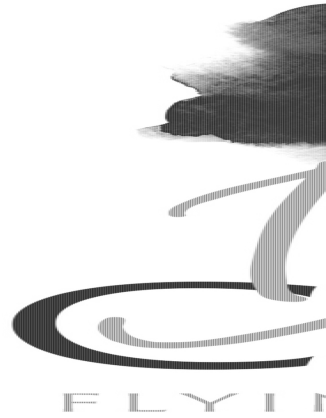


Filthy for 99 cents!



TOXIC for 99 cents!

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