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What are you having for Christmas dinner?



Hello Lovelies!

As we prepare for Christmas Day in my house—this year it will only be Mumsy, Trev

and I—I want to take a few minutes to wish all of you a happy Holiday season! This year has been one like no other, but I can say, without a shadow of a doubt, that your love and support has helped me push through these hard times.

How will you ladies be celebrating the Holidays this year? Do you have any favorite recipes that remind you of your childhood Christmas? For me, it's a prawn cocktail that we'll be eating as an appetizer. LOL. Prawn cocktails are a very seventies' dish, but considering Mumsy is a very seventies' girl, it fits, and even though it's definitely old-fashioned, it's just something I always grew up with. It's a dish that a lot of people in the UK have around this time of year, and we all have our way of making 'Marie Rose' sauce or, in the US, Thousand Island dressing. I know a lot of folk use mayo and ketchup, but we use a distinctly British product, one that's imaginatively named 'Salad cream.' Hahaha. Anyway, I can't even tell you my ratio, because it's splodge in a bit of salad cream, then a bit of ketchup. Mix together with a dash of lemon juice, and keboooooom, you have the best sauce ever. I don't even like prawns! I hate seafood, but drench anything in that sauce—well, within reason :P—and I'll gorge on it.

Anyway, I've taken up enough of your time, but I just wanted to drop you an email on this, one of the most special nights of the year, to tell you that you matter. That you're special. That I hope you're staying safe. That I hope, tomorrow, whether the day is darker than it would usually be because of the worldwide situation, you take a moment for yourself to simply appreciate the wonder of the season. It might not seem very wonderful right now, but know you are loved.

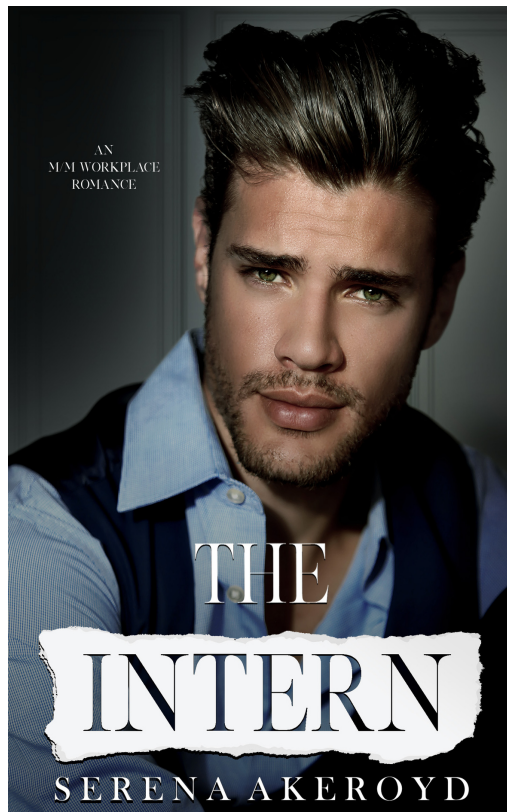
And with that, I shall take my leave.

Much love,

Serena

xox

My Latest Release



The Intern

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 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.

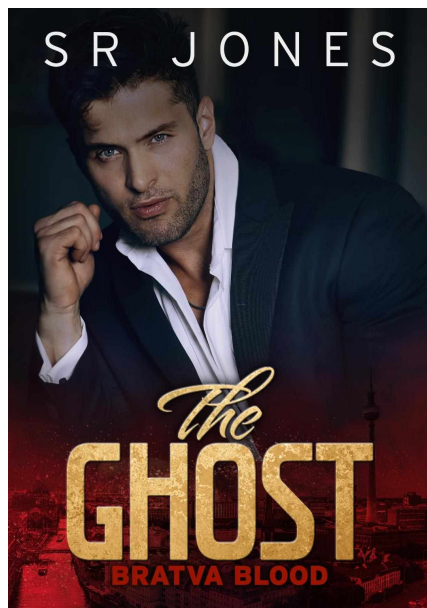
But is he worth fighting for when he won't admit what I am to him?

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.

Recommendations



The Ghost - Bratva Blood by SR Jones

The Ghost

Andrius:

In order to ensure my wife can live freely and safely, I might be about to blow up my marriage.

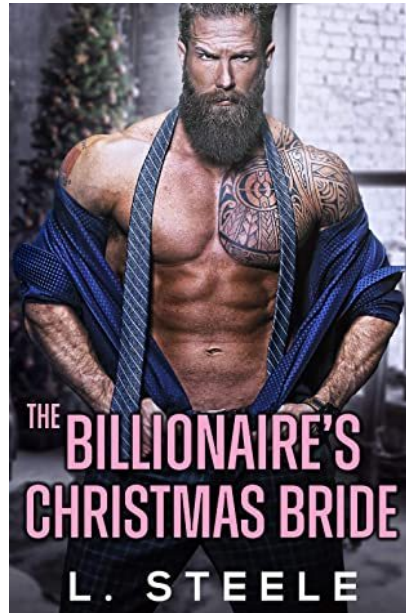
War is coming though, and sometimes the only thing you can do is head into battle.

This time, my enemies won't see me coming. I'll slip into their lives like a ghost, and leave them devastated.

I must hope and pray that when I return to my own life, my wife will still be waiting for me.

Without Violet and our child, I am nothing, but she may never forgive what I'm about

to do.



The Billionaire's Christmas Bride by L. STEELE

The Billionaire's Christmas Bride

Never play games with Santa...!

Weston bloody Kincaid

The billionaire who wore £7000 suits like he was doing them a favor.

When he wasn't filling out his doctor's scrubs like they were tailormade for him.

Exactly the kind of man who needed to be taken down a notch.

Definitely not the kind you want to spend any extended period of time with.

Absolutely not stuck with him in a remote cabin, during the holiday season.

Totally completely not snowed in together over Christmas... help!

He's arrogant, obnoxious, over the top cruel... ugh!

He's also swoony, and so hot. Omigod!

No, I really don't like him, not one bit *cough*

Especially not that smirk of his that drives me a bit bonkers.

I'd arrived at the cabin to take a break from my career as a pastry chef.

He came to recover from an accident.

Double booked, imagine that! *thank YOU God*

No, wait, I spoke too soon.

I loathe his grumpy disposition.

He hates my guts.

I love baking.

The man abhors desserts. What the hell?

Forced to share a bedroom *gulp* we barely tolerate each other.

Then the electricity is disrupted.

By candlelight, the antagonism between us crackles even brighter.
It's him, me, and a whole lotta chocolate cake I'd baked to get me through the festive season.

Things go steadily downhill.

Until he dares me...

This is Weston and Amelie's story. An enemies to lovers, Christmas romance featuring a grumpy, possessive, billionaire doctor and the curvy woman who challenges him to take a chance on love! 1-Click NOW

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