



Keep reading and you'll find it!

Dear Reader, aka Diva, aka the love of my frickin' life...

I have some bad news. And I have been agonizing over this for quite some time, as you may have noticed with the date of release being pushed back twice...

Sun Child will be released in two parts. Part one will be novella size, clocking in at just over 25K words and you will get it on November 29th, as planned. Part two will come in 2021, and will deliver the rest of the story.

You're used to whoppers from me, and right now I am unable to do this book and therefore you readers justice. I had to fulfill my preorder rights and so I've dropped the price to 99 cents for part one, and when I deliver part two the price will also be 99 cents, as a massive apology to you.

For this book to be what it should always have been, I just need more time.

I am SO very sorry about this. Truly. You know me. You know I HATE to let you guys down, but in this, I just have the worst writer's block.

Please, forgive me <3

As a token of my affection and also to help you forgive me, I will give you here and now, the first chapter of Maverick!

Are you ladies ready? Scroll just a bit more, and you got it! <3

I wish you ladies well. Feel free to drop me a line to tell me what you think of this first chapter! I always love hearing from you!

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

Serena

xoxo

CHAPTER ONE

MAVERICK

“Who are you?”

Have you ever lived a nightmare?

My life was a nightmare for years.

I'd had things done to me that no one could begin to imagine, endured the evilness of mankind like few had, and yet one biker brought me to my knees.

“Who are you?”

One biker hurt me more than any of my rapists—or as they called themselves, owners—ever could.

He didn't mean to.

He didn't torment me physically or torture me sexually.

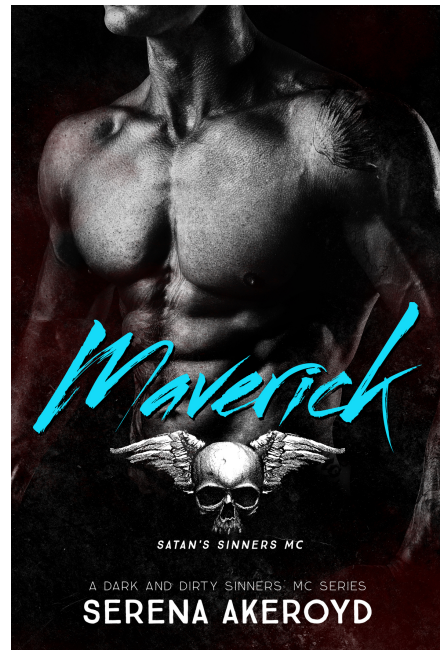
He simply looked at me like he didn't know me.

Like he didn't remember me.

And that hurt more than anything else that had ever happened to me, because, God help me, I loved him.

I loved this biker. This scarred, war-hardened man who had eyes like sparkling dimes, the most kissable lips imaginable, and hair that, thanks to the short spikes from the buzz cut he was growing out, gleamed like precious metal in the sun. This biker, whose real name I'd only come to learn when we married. Even knowing it, however, I just called him Maverick.

Either that or husband.



Pre Order Maverick TODAY : Releases on November 24th!

A husband who didn't remember me.

But this wasn't some stupid soap opera, wasn't a sitcom for people's entertainment. This was my life.

I'd say my husband glared at me like he hated me, but it wasn't hatred. What he felt for me wasn't even that much. I was a nonentity to him. A nobody.

Which was what hurt most of all—to Maverick, I'd never been that.

I'd been somebody.

Always, somebody.

But now, I was back to being a nobody.

My throat felt tight and thick, itchy as the desire to cry hit me hard, but no tears fell. I knew it was some strange thing that had happened to me with my last owner. Crying was difficult. I'd taken to faking tears because they wouldn't fall for me anymore, not after what I'd been through.

So instead of getting some relief from crying, I just felt clogged up a little like our old toilet in my home in Mezyn, back in Ukraine.

"Where's Nic?"

He kept on asking that, kept on demanding for this Nic who I didn't know, had never even heard of, but his desperate tone hit my heart hard. If his desperation for a stranger didn't take me aback, then my disabled husband, a man who lived in a wheelchair, stunned me further by getting to his feet, standing on them, just as Link and Steel, two of his MC brothers, as well as a nurse, made an appearance in the room.

They tried to restrain him after they got him back into bed, yet the more they tried to keep him there, the more anguished he was. The more desolate.

I had never heard him mention Nic before, but he was desperate to get to him—whoever he was. His brothers didn't appear to know who this Nic was either.

"We'll find out who Nic is," Link vowed, his face sweaty with exertion as both he and Steel worked hard to keep him contained on the bed.

His words were the passcode that triggered a cessation of Maverick's struggling. As if they'd flicked a light switch, he stopped. Turned still.

"Until then," Steel told him, "Ghost is here."

Mav stared up at him. "Who's Ghost?"

I saw Link pass me a guilty look, but I didn't stick around to find out how else he could break my heart.

I loved him.

What a time to realize it.

Swallowing down the need to scream, I stared at the walls, at the floor, at the little skid marks on the linoleum. I stared at the set of two uncomfortable chairs where I knew Link and Steel had been sitting, leaving me inside with Mav so he'd wake up with me at his side, and wondered how everything had gone so wrong.

People passed me by, rushing in and out. Link and Steel were tossed into the corridor with me, and as they talked around me, time passed, but it was almost as if I was dead to its endless whirl.

Brain a blur, heart racing, out of nowhere, my lungs just wouldn't work. I started to gulp down air, started to swallow it, but it wasn't the same as breathing. My skin prickled with the makings of a panic attack, and sweat beaded at the base of my back and dotted my temples. None of it compared to the sensation of claustrophobia that had me seeking fresh air.

"Leave her," I heard Link mutter behind me.

"She needs some space. Christ, poor Ghost. Can you believe Mav—"
I didn't hear any more, was too busy dashing forward, heading down the corridor toward the doorway that would take me to the outer hall.

It was a maze here, and knowing I was trapped inside made me feel worse, but just as I reached the doors, someone cleared their throat, and through the fog of panic, someone called out, "Mrs. Ravenwood?"

They'd started using my full title here, and it was strange to my ears. Strange because I half expected to hear 'Mrs. Maverick' instead, but Maverick wasn't his real name.

Jameson was.

Jameson Ravenwood.

I'd heard it once on our wedding day. A hurried and harried affair that began out of necessity and, to me at least, had turned into more.

So much more.

He'd married me to protect me, to let me stay in the U.S. and to have some freedom to come out to the cops, to tell the authorities what the Lancaster family had done to me. How the father and son had enslaved me as well as three other women.

It wasn't the green card which kept me safe. While I knew Maverick thought that was why I'd gone ahead with the wedding, it wasn't. He was. With him, I felt safe, and that

was a rare and precious thing in my world.

Hope aside, I was pretty sure that, at some point in the future, ICE would track me down and haul me back to Ukraine, married or not, but when he'd asked me to be his wife, a strange calm had overtaken me.

In all honesty, thinking back to that moment, when he'd proposed in the most unromantic setting imaginable, calmed me now.

It helped me breathe.

Helped me turn to the doctor.

Helped me feel like my skin wasn't too tight for my body.

I turned around slowly, trying to use the time to get myself back on track. The doctors didn't often talk to me because Stone, a doctor at the hospital but also Steel's Old Lady, usually did the explaining. Not just to me but to the council too.

These words... Old Lady. Council. They were new to me. Not to my vocabulary, just new to me.

I'd somehow found myself in a whole other subculture within a culture. It was both fascinating and terrifying.

Until now, I hadn't been scared. Because of Maverick.

Why did he have to go back to the clubhouse?

Someone had targeted the place where the Satan's Sinners MC lived and worked, someone had bombed it and destroyed it. In the aftermath, the place had been nothing but rubble, more wreckage than shelter, and Maverick had entered the building in his wheelchair, where the roof had collapsed on top of him, then he'd ended up here.

Out of a wheelchair.

So much was going on, so much made no sense.

A woman I'd been imprisoned with, enslaved with, had turned traitor on the Sinners. In the aftermath of the bombing, Tatána's body had been discovered amid the rubble, and Maverick had been injured and unconscious ever since.

I'd never imagined this was how it would have gone down.

Never could have foreseen him losing his memory.

Even knowing why he'd returned to the damaged clubhouse, I still resented it. Would club business always take precedence? Even above his own safety?

I blinked at the doctor, mad at myself for failing to hear him talking to me. Gulping, I whispered, "I-I'm so sorry, sir, but I—"

He frowned at me a little, and I shrank back at his annoyance. Then he surprised me by asking, "Are you all right?"

Fiddling with my leather cuff, something Stone had given me in the early days so I could hide the slave brand on my wrist, I shook my head. "My husband just woke up. He doesn't remember me."

His eyes softened, even if they dropped to the cuff I was still messing with. "I've just checked him over."

"You have?" I rasped disbelievingly—exactly how long had I been out of it? My mind a blur?

"Yes," he murmured, reaching out, his hand going to my shoulder.

I stared down at it, the free and easy way he'd just moved to touch me...

Was he only trying to comfort me?

Maybe that's what people did here. Normal people.

Someone was distressed, they reached out to comfort them. But for me, the doctor's hand was like a bunch of spiders crash-landing on my shoulder.

I stared at the digits edgily, feeling as if each one was an insect that was going to crawl up my neck and into my ear, down my shirt collar and beneath my clothes.

Out of nowhere, my breathing began to grow worse once more, and the doctor, sensing that something wasn't right, backed off.

Not far, just a step, but his gaze was sharper now.

Meaner?

I didn't know. My brain was too frazzled to read his expression.

I wasn't used to being touched anymore. Not by anyone. Maverick could, but he wasn't just anyone, and that had nothing to do with him being my husband.

He'd been there.

From the start.

In my sick bed, he'd visited me.

When I'd hovered at death's door, he'd stayed with me.
He'd sat there and eaten with me as I struggled to get food down.

As Giulia and Stone had changed my bandages, dosed me up with antibiotics, he didn't leave.

He'd held my hair as I puked.

He'd let me hide my face in his throat when things got to be too much.

His arms, his touch, had become a haven.

And I'd just been locked out of the one place I'd never thought I'd lose.

Yes, never.

Hope was a drug I'd become addicted to, because even though I feared ICE would destroy the life I was building, I'd started thinking in terms of 'forever.'
What a fool I'd been.

I should have realized that forever wasn't something a woman like me would ever have.

"Mrs. Ravenwood?" the doctor asked, drawing me from my heavy thoughts.

"Y-Yes?"

"I've long since suspected that Mr. Ravenwood has been suffering with CTE."

"CTE?" I repeated, questioning my level of English because, at that moment, he might as well have been speaking Mandarin. "What is that?"

"Chronic traumatic encephalopathy is a neurodegenerative disease which causes severe and irreparable brain damage. Unfortunately, it's something that can only be truly diagnosed upon a patient's death, but there are signs, and those signs are what Jameson has been displaying for a long time."

"You know him?" I queried, confused. "How?"

"Well, back in the day, we attended the local high school together. Then, after he was transferred out of Bethesda, about three years ago now, he came here before he was fully discharged. I was his doctor at the time." He pulled a face. "The second he was out of the hospital, he never did as he was supposed to, never even bothered returning for checkups, but his recent scans merely confirm my belief. His Diffusion MRI and CAT scan—" He sighed when I looked at him blankly. "They're special ways

to take photos of the brain.”

“Oh.” My brow puckered, and I thought about why Maverick was in the wheelchair. I’d thought about it before, but I’d never imagined he had a problem with his head, just with his legs. Hence the need for the chair.

“You thought he had something wrong with his head before?”

“As I explained, it’s not as simple as that. CTE is something that has no cure, no real way to diagnose outside of an autopsy. But his behavior, his moods, everything at that time indicated, to me at least, that he was a sufferer.” He sighed. “This recent response merely confirms it in my mind. The amnesia after yet more trauma to the brain is—”

“Is what?” I rasped, terror filling me.

Maverick was the smartest man I knew. His life went down behind a computer screen, his brain whirred into action whenever he was on one of his investigations. How could that same man have brain damage?

Confusion had me doing the unthinkable.

My hand snapped out, and I grabbed the doctor’s arm, holding it hard enough to gain his attention—which I’d had anyway, really. “Please, tell me you can help him.”

“There’s no cure, ma’am.” He winced. “I’d like to run a PET scan—”

Was that expensive?

“Go for it, Barry,” Steel rumbled, and I whipped around to look at him, relieved he’d made an appearance at that moment.

How was I supposed to approve a PET scan, whatever that was, when I didn’t even know how any of this treatment was being paid for?

So many Sinners were in the hospital right now thanks to the bombing. As a foreigner, one who’d always lived on the less than legal side of the tracks, I didn’t know how any of this worked.

The doctor cast a glance at Steel who was, I noticed, scowling at him. Biting my bottom lip, I flickered my gaze between them, then watched as the doctor nodded and bustled away.

“He shouldn’t have come to you about this,” Steel grouched, twisting around to watch the other man leave.

“He’s my husband,” I whispered, clinging to that label because it meant something to

me.

I knew it had meant something to Maverick too, at least before all this.

What was happening here? How had everything gone so wrong?

“You don’t know his medical history, and you don’t know what insurance he has,” he said gruffly. “He should have spoken with all of us, is what I mean, Ghost. I’m not taking away from the fact that you’re his wife.”

“One he doesn’t remember,” I remarked bitterly, and then I shook my head. “I’m sorry, Steel. I have no rights at all to know anything about Maverick, do I? You’re very patient with me, letting me sit in there instead of you—”

He grunted and reached out, then his hand hovered on my arm for a few seconds before he pulled back and muttered, “Ghost, you have every right to be in there, every right to know the nitty-gritty details of Maverick’s shitty medical history and his current condition. You brought my brother back to life. Fuck, he was a living corpse before you came along. Only got up in the morning to do shit for the MC. Being treasurer was his only reason for being.

“Then you appeared and changed that. I can never not be grateful for you, Ghost. Ever. And I know all my brothers feel the same way. It’s just there are legalities and shit you don’t know about—yet. Which is the keyword.” He reached up and rubbed the back of his neck. “It speaks to the man and his state of mind that he could hide from everyone who fucking loves him that he could walk, Ghost. That he didn’t need that goddamn chair.

“Plus, I only just found out he served in Afghanistan because of this Nic guy, for God’s sake. We only knew about his deployments in Iraq and Libya.”

Nervously pleating my hands together, I murmured, “I never even imagined—”

“Why would you? None of us did either. I’m just confused as to what his game was.” Then, he reached up to rub his eyes with a weariness I felt in my own bones. “It’s not the first time we’ve heard mention of this CTE though. Stone was just explaining it to me the other day.”

“She was?” I clung to that because I trusted Stone. This wasn’t her department—she worked in the ER—but she came along to help liaise between the MC and the hospital staff as, to be frank, they wouldn’t listen to anyone but her.

Being in this hospital was more of a clue than ever before that the Sinners ran West Orange.

I’d known it, partially, for a long while. When Giulia, my friend, had been raked over the coals by the authorities for murdering one of the men who enslaved me, and whose death led to the MC liberating me and the other girls who’d been trapped in

that horrendous cabin in the woods, it hadn't been by the local sheriff.

Lancaster had brought in detectives from outside because the sheriff was in the Sinners' pocket.

Here, in the hospital, rather than being tossed out or laughed at for insisting on special treatment, the men got it like they were royalty, and I knew for a fact they weren't.

Steel grunted again. "I think Barry mentioned it to her before when Rex asked Stone to run interference on Mav. For a long while after he came back from overseas, he was in Bethesda, which is a military hospital, for, Christ, thirteen months, and then he was brought here. Rex would only deal with Stone, and she learned the ins and outs of his case back then." He sighed. "Ghost, this CTE shit, it's not good. It's a kind of dementia."

His sigh, the pity in his eyes, and the unhappy twist to his mouth all spoke louder than words.

"You don't think he'll ever remember me again, do you?"

His jaw gritted, and though I already knew what he was thinking, the slow shake of his head was like a death knell to my heart and, somehow, I was supposed to call my baby sister and tell her that Maverick wasn't okay like I'd promised.

Making me just another adult who'd lied to her...

Recommendations



The Italian Obsession

She's too young. Jailbait young.

Her innocence and purity don't belong in my world.

I killed her father.

None of it matters. Angelina Baldi is the bane of my existence and my absolute obsession.

She belongs to me. She's safe only with me.

But her wedding bells are ringing, and I'm not the man waiting at the altar.

I've killed for her before. I'd do it again.

Except that her groom is the only man on earth I can't kill.

My own blood.

One-Click now. Because you have to.

The King : Bratva Blood Book 1

They say all is fair in love and war, but he never played fair...

They call him the king.

He's not my king.

He's my tormentor, my captor—my secret dark desire.

In the brutal Bratva world, to be a king means to wage endless war.

I'm about to be collateral damage.

I must hope my captor wins as the alternatives are horrific.

After all, to the victor goes the spoils.

This is book one in the Bratva Blood duet. This is a slow burn, Bratva romance, and both books are full length novels. There is also a free prequel that introduces the world.

The reading order is:

The Soldier: Bratva Blood Prequel

The King: Bratva Blood One

The War: Bratva Blood Two

Please note this is a dark romantic suspense and trigger warnings do apply.



The King: Bratva Blood

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