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FALL INTO A G.G. ROYALE BOOK THIS AUTUMN

I’ve noticed a trend in my writing. A lot of my stories are set during the hot summer months, most notably August. The same is true for my next story, [Queen’s for a Day](#), which is set to release the fifteenth of this month.

One reason for this is probably because that’s when I write -- July into the beginning of August. It’s also the time of year when I’m most comfortable. Sure, I love the smells and colors of fall, Halloween costumes, cooking for Thanksgiving, but all those things are accompanied by cold weather, which this Southern girl can’t stand. I keep trying to prod my significant other to move farther south with me, but then... Where would G.G. be without New Orleans?

If you like the reminders of summer -- rum punches, cool pools, and that sexy little trickle of sweat between the ample breasts of a heroine, be sure to pick up one of my summer-set stories, particularly [Queen’s for a Day](#), which is sure to get you hot!

OUT NOVEMBER 15 AT LOOSE ID!



Queen's for a Day is my next release at Loose Id, and it will probably be my final installment of the *Kittengirls* books. So for your reading pleasure, here is the beginning of chapter two of *Queen's for a Day*. In it, we meet our second hero as his drag persona, Fanny Ferula...

A dangling, jet bead curtain hung between Mistress Fanny Ferula, the Caning Queen of Cleveland, and her adoring fans who'd arrived from many corners of the world to watch her. Sweat trickled down her neck, and she hadn't even stepped onstage yet, but she didn't worry. Her makeup could stand up to the worst. She'd let it cook enough, blended it, sealed it, and she spent plenty of money on the best. She deserved it after all, putting in nights like this all over the country at pride fests, burlesque conventions, fetish balls, and any other event that demanded the presence of the certified fiercest queen in the states.

Fanny took a deep breath. Nerves always hit her right before a show. And of course, playing midnight on the first big night of Decadence deserved an even bigger dose of butterflies. The metal boning of her leather corset bit into the tops of her hips, and she welcomed the little pain. She adjusted the chains wrapped around her wrists, and still she waited.

Beyond the curtain, two pretty boys in silver banana hammocks danced beneath flashing lights. The party revved into a higher gear as a flood of people came in from the street. *The hour approacheth*.

The lights turned off, dropping the club into darkness except for the glow sticks, necklaces, bracelets, and all the blinking LCD jewelry worn by the men in the audience. She even saw one scrolling belt buckle that read, in bright red lights *Bottom. Likes handcuffs. HIV Neg. Fuck Me*. Then it would start all over again. Fanny felt confident they were all men -- or, at least, born that way. The two dancers pushed past her, smelling of baby oil and the vodka they'd sweated out through their pores. Fanny wrinkled her nose, but couldn't help slapping one on the ass as he passed, and shouted, "Atta, boy!"

OUT NOW FROM G.G.

ROYALE

- ♥ ["The Bean-Nighe"](#) is now out with New Line Press.
- ♥ [Necessary Roughness](#)
- ♥ ["Marshalling Her Heart."](#)
- ♥ [The New Game.](#)
- ♥ [The Adoration of Addana.](#)
- ♥ [My Two Doms.](#)
- ♥ ["The Sea Bridge"](#)
- ♥ [Jake's Alchemy from Dreamspinner.](#)
- ♥ [Lilith's Daughter from Carnal Desires.](#)
- ♥ ["Vampire Ménage"](#)
- ♥ ["A Hot Summer's Day"](#)
- ♥ [The Flapper and the Fellow](#)
- ♥ ["An Introduction" appears in Girl Crush.](#)
- ♥ [The Lovely Kittengirls of Mew Orleans](#)

PLANNED RELEASES

Nothing is on the books right now, but stay tuned.

WORKS IN PROGRESS

- ♥ A sort of international espionage fantasy erotic romance that could also be considered an I/R. My love of Taboo from the Black Eyed Peas is coming out in my mysterious hero.
- ♥ *To Steal a Lady*. In

The deep tone of a bell began to resound through the room, tolling out midnight. The place grew progressively quieter.

Then Fanny's opening song, "Yes, Sir, I Can Boogie," began to play. The crowd cheered. As the first lyrics came drifting out, Fannie pushed through the beads and stalked onstage. She could hear the sharp ringing of her metal-tipped heels even above everything else. Or maybe she just imagined it.

Her lips moved to the words of the song as she danced across the stage. Beads hit the floor around her as men threw them, trying to get her attention. She picked up a strand of plastic pearls, glowing in the black lights, and ran them between her teeth, biting hard and pulling. Then she wrapped them around the reaching hand of an audience member and then around another, binding them together as she crossed the stage and lip-synched to the song. She danced and spun, feeling the energy of the crowd wash over her. She'd need to harness all of that later, when the time came to MC the big competition. She always loved tapping into the audience's enthusiasm at these events. It seemed never-ending. She just wished she could ride it forever, like some eternal speed trip.

There was a time that she could, but lately... The years crept up on her. She knew she couldn't do this forever, and she didn't want to end up a sad old fag in fake eyelashes.

She pulled herself out of her thoughts as the song came to an end. Someone in the audience thrust a wireless microphone up toward her. She took it, mouthed a thank-you, and then straightened. She ran her empty hand down the length of her body, feeling the leather of the corset beneath her fingers, then the lace and tulle of her full tutu. She inhaled, taking a moment to center herself before going forward. The crowd cheered again. She could make them out only by the occasional flash of the LED jewelry that could overpower the spotlight in her face. She smiled big.

"Hello, boys," she said, pitching her voice at the proper timbre, making it sound sultry and womanly rather than her usual gruffer man's voice.

"Hello, Mistress," they all responded as if they'd done this before. Many of them probably had.

"Are you ready to have some fun?" Trite, yes, but it usually got them even more pumped. They certainly wanted to prove to her that they were.

rewrites. This BDSM adventure is set in the tumultuous time surrounding the Louisiana Purchase. More than the heat and steamy in this read!

- ♥ A Steampunk romance, yet to be titled. Selli Hartwood belongs to the gang, but her heart has been stolen by dashing dirigible captain Thallon Wolfstooth.
- ♥ *Cirque Erotique: Animal Tamer.* A stowaway that crosses the veil with the circus is given to one of the roustabouts, and together they must save a group of mortal girls abducted by management.
- ♥ *Cirque Erotique: Slave to the Big Top.* An otherworldly circus abducts a mortal, and she's subjected to all the delicious torture they have to offer.
- ♥ *Shave and a Haircut.* A stranger rolls into town, but it's not at all what you expect.

“Yes, Mistress,” they said in unison. In the silence that followed, someone shouted out, “Beat me! Please!”

Fanny chuckled. Sotto voce, into the mike, she said, “Only if you’ve been a really” -- she paused for effect -- “*really* bad boy.”

WHAT AM I WORKING ON NOW?

I was sitting at the Paradise Inn in Pensacola beach, literally watching the palm trees sway in the breeze and waiting for my husband to get up when it came to me: *lucha libre*. Though I don’t follow it closely, I am a fan of Mexican wrestling and the impact it has had on American wrestling. I decided to write a story about a luchador trying to break into the primetime wrestling market of American cable television. There is a lot of fascinating information about how the wrestling world really works out there, and I hope my research brings a certain verisimilitude to the story.

But how do I make that a romance? Well, if I remember my strange rock-star trivia correctly, Cindy Lauper “acted” in professional wrestling matches back in the day -- she had a bizarre mentor/mentee relationship with Captain Lou Albano. So I thought why not bring in someone who has a more nontraditional relationship with wrestling for the other half of the relationship.

Two movies that stuck with me recently were *The Wrestler* and *Black Swan*. Someone those got mashed up in my head, and my heroine came to me: an injured ballerina who’s descended from a long line of professional wrestlers. She hates the business, but can’t help getting drawn into it because of unexpected circumstances.

So I ended up with Aisa, an African-American prima ballerina who can no longer dance, and Geraldo -- AKA El Pato Enfuego -- the luchador with a heart of gold that wants to make it big in the States. You’ll have to keep an eye out for release to see how it all works out.

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