

Warning: The contents of this newsletter may contain material not suitable for individuals under the age of eighteen.

Please feel free to forward this newsletter to any other adults who may appreciate it, but remember that all content is copyright 2010 G.G. Royale or the copyright of the credited contributor. No portion may be reproduced independent of the whole or sold.



**Second Edition**  
**1 May 2010**

I'm finding it quite difficult to go from promoting and trying to sell one book to transitioning to the next. I was definitely lucky to have my first two books so close together, but now with my second release a month away, I'm digging my heels in, wanting to push *Kittengirls* more, but knowing that *The Flapper and the Fellow* probably deserves my attention. Maybe even more so. It doesn't have the same hook, screaming "Look at me!" the way *Kittengirls* did, but -- to be honest -- I like it a smidge more.

I spent my formal writing training at the University of New Orleans' Creative Writing Workshop. There, a lot of graduate students were just out of their bachelor's program. I'd had a few years of real-life experience under my belt and wanted to get beyond the relationship stories that so many of my classmates wrote. I read a lot of contemporary, realistic fiction in those years, so I tried to offer something different -- for myself and for them. I started with science fiction, but to most academics, that's lacking in credibility and literary merit. I could argue against that until I'm blue in the face (excuse the cliché), but it was still classes, and they were still issuing my grades, so I had to find another way to break up the monotony of "we split up, got drunk, had a tearful reunion" stories.

For that, I decided on historic fiction, and though I don't read a lot of it, I realized I loved to write it. There's a great challenge in finding the balance of historic detail and plot. Historic fiction is a lot of fun to research as well. And don't forget the costumes!

The Lagniappe this month comes to us from Leila A. Fortier, a little hot poetry, beautifully rendered, for your May Day pleasure.

And by the way, we are up to eleven subscribers. Only 989 to go before the prizes go out.

## This Month's Feature:

An unedited excerpt from my upcoming release, *The Flapper and the Fellow*. It releases 1 June at [Loose Id!](#) I hope you enjoy it...

Dot woke up with a pounding headache, but a huge smile spread across her face. She had had *the night* the night before. The cat's pajamas, really. Dot rolled onto her back and pushed off her black satin sleep mask. She stared at the ceiling, the events of the night before replaying in her head -- the drinks, the band, the friends. She couldn't wait until she finally felt comfortable enough to get up on that stage with the boys and show them what she could do.

She just needed a little more practice. *That horn player last night... Boy, could he blow.* She'd heard his name, though not talked to him: T-Bone Blue. Dot remembered one of the sultry numbers from the night before, a song that had had all the couples in the audience writhing together. She'd stood on the edge of the action, sipping her gin and smiling to herself, swaying, wishing she had somebody like that with her too.

She also wished she had that sort of control over an audience, the ability to influence people's emotions with her music. She knew that was still a long way off.

But still, that sexy song from the night before played through her mind. She remembered the heat of the hall, the closeness of the bodies. She closed her eyes again and hummed the melody. She saw the dancers in her head, holding each other, touching, crotch grinding against thigh through the thin summer-weight linens and silks.

She wanted all of that.

In summer, Dot slept in the nude, the windows open to the night air. The morning had already begun to warm the house, and her breasts and stomach had a thin sheen of sweat covering them. She skimmed her hand along them, imagining someone else touching her. She swayed as she lay on the bed, hand now between her thighs, fingers pushing through the damp thatch of hair covering her sex. She moved to the music in her head, running her

## Join Me!

[www.ggroyle.com](http://www.ggroyle.com)  
[www.ggroyle.blogspot.com](http://www.ggroyle.blogspot.com)  
Twitter: [ggroyle](#)  
Facebook: [G.g. Royale](#)  
Facebook Fan Page: [G.G. Royale](#)  
<http://www.goodreads.com/ggroyle>



Did you receive this newsletter from a friend? Would you like to subscribe? [If so, visit the form here and sign up!](#) I will not use your email for anything else.

Out Now from G.G. Royale:  
[The Longest Night](#)



[The Lovely Kittengirls of New Orleans](#)



digits across the hot folds of her sex, dipping them into her wet cunt. Did she imagine someone else's hand there? Surely not. She raised her hips in time to the imaginary song, grinding and thrusting. Even in this fantasy, she danced alone. It didn't bother her one bit. She enjoyed having control over herself, playing herself with the same skill and understanding she had when she played the trumpet. No one else could know her that well, could know exactly what she needed and when she wanted it.

Her fingers found her clit and stroked against it. Her body thrilled at the feeling, wanting more. In response, Dot moved her other hand up to her bare breast, grasping at it, pinching the nipple to a hard peak. A small gasp escaped her lips as she writhed on the bed, shameless in her solitude.

As the imaginary song climaxed -- a long, high trumpet note in her head -- so did she, biting off the scream of her release as she remembered she had a houseguest. What would he think if he heard her coming through the halls?

As the spasms receded, she still stroked and petted her sex.

She turned and glanced at the brass alarm clock on the bedside table.

Ten a.m.

Her tenant would probably be demanding breakfast. She felt surprised that he hadn't come to wake her and ask for his board yet. She sighed and rolled onto her back again. He'd have to wait until she finished her bath and dressed.

She could get herself off again in the bath too. A nice, cold bath.

Her headache had nearly disappeared by the time she stepped into the tub.

#### **G.G.'s Upcoming Releases:**

- [The Flapper and the Fellow](#), 1 June 2010, [Loose Id](#). Set in 1925, this story follows stuffy Bostonian professor Walter Winthrop down into the Big Easy, where he finds that more than just the weather is hot.
- "An Introduction," *Girl Crush*, late spring/early summer, Cleis Press. A little bondage, a little exotic beauty, a big evening.
- *Lilith's Daughter*, late summer, [Carnal Desires](#). One of Lilith's succubi is torn between serving her goddess and her love for a mortal man.

#### **Planned Releases:**

- "The White Bride" in an upcoming anthology of folk- and fairytale inspired lesbian erotic romance.
- "The Bean-Nighe" in an upcoming anthology of horror-inspired erotica.

#### **Works in Progress:**

- *Another Kittengirl: My Two Doms*. Haley is caught between a rock and...well, another rock when she's confronted by her two doms.
- A holiday release based on *The Nutcracker*. This should be a new and different romp from what I normally do.

## From the Editor's Corner

By G.G. Royale

I want to talk about word repetition, particularly when it comes to "to be." I can hear some of my authors out there grinding their teeth. This is one of my biggest pet peeves. It might even be considered an obsession by some. In workshop, I would highlight every "to be" conjugation and tense formation I could find in my classmate's work. Some loved it, congratulating me on taking the time. Others hated it. I think -- scratch that -- I *know* my authors feel the same way.

My penchant for this started when I was a sophomore in high school. My English teacher made us write twenty-one, one-to-two page assignments, each with a different theme. No "to be" conjugations or tense forms could appear anywhere in these stories. It amazed me how often they snuck in, even when I worked so carefully to avoid them.

Today, I still work hard to avoid their use in my fiction. I think I managed the first thirteen pages of *Kittengirls* without a "to be" construction before edits. I often try to write entire short stories without any was or were, been or being. I like the challenge of it. Later, when editors ask for more info here and there, the easiest thing to do is come in with a few simple "was" statements and everybody's happy without overusing weak verbs or passive voice.

Why take the time to write like this? Well, first off, "to be" is really effortless to use, but readers associate it with passive construction and telling. "She is mad" is an easy sentence to write, but lacks punch. How is she mad? What does her face look like? Describe it so readers can visualize it in their heads.

For my own work, I make a hard copy and read through once with a highlighter, marking every "to be" I can find. I don't edit or revise for anything else. Then I go back and find more active, detailed, concrete ways of saying each thing. In the long run, this takes more time, but I do believe it makes for a stronger story in the end, and ultimately a stronger writer.

## Want to Write for Me?

I'm still looking for submissions for my upcoming anthology, *Beneath the Heel of the Delta*. If you are into femdomme romance, please check out my [call for submissions page](#) for more information. Deadline for submissions is 1 June 2010.

Also, I'm looking for short stories --romantic, erotic flash of less than 1000 words -- to be included in the "Lagniappe" section of my monthly newsletter and on my blog. If you would like the chance to share your work with my readers, please email stories as an .rtf attachment to [royalesubs@gmail.com](mailto:royalesubs@gmail.com).

Stories should not have been previously published. No multiple or simultaneous submissions, please. Rate is 0.01 per word, paid via Paypal upon publication. I'm asking for first electronic rights; after three months, you can submit elsewhere. If you'd like it removed at that time from my blog archives, let me know.

### May Releases from My Loose Id Authors

- Lynne Connolly, *Jewel of a Dragon*, May 18<sup>th</sup>.
- Cherise Sinclair, *Doms of Darkhaven: Simon Says: Mine*, May 25

The Gift

By Leila A. Fortier

*Confess*

*To me that you can feel me  
As my desire burns through this screen~  
My panic of want that is so rapidly regressing~  
That I have made love to you so many times a  
Day since my return~  
Memorizing  
Every  
Portion of you  
With eyes that have  
Dreamt you into my reality~ That my hands  
Know what you think I can't see~ Pulsating  
Against and inside of me~ I have wrapped  
Myself around the outer shell of you~  
As I have coiled my ring of fire  
For you to penetrate  
Through  
As I  
Worship  
Your expressionless  
Gaze~ Till invoked is your  
Hungered passion played~ Stimulated  
Your frozen meditation~ Till you came out  
Of that meditation~ For you have been my meditation~  
And now I will be yours~ Damn my selfish starving state  
That willfully sins before you~ Transgressing my morals and  
Now the law of you~ Forgive me in advance that I not lose you...  
But cleave unto you deeply~ And bury you within this ache of  
Me~ Imbedded and pressed into the heat of me~ Inscribing  
Your prophecies upon the wet walls and core of me~  
That together we may throb in this need that  
Has been playing out separately~  
Refuse me not forever  
More~ For I need  
You to release  
This~ I need  
You to  
Exorcise  
This~ Because I am once more  
Burning alive by this...  
Where I lap  
Dance  
Upon  
The icy*

*Shadows  
Of your mind  
Just to summon  
This...This part of  
You that can no longer  
Hide~ No longer cold and  
Dormant outside~ Graphically  
I have acted out this~ Until I am so  
Near that you can feel my supernatural  
Presence~ Where I have tasted the salt of  
Your sweat and the drink of your creation~  
Feeding this life in me now without moments  
Hesitation~ Biting down upon my lip to taste  
The fruit of your labor~ The reality of my  
Existence~ This surreal act savored~ I  
Shudder now with you in this ocean  
Of fire~ Where you can no  
Longer deny desire~  
Tell  
Me you  
Have been  
Insatiably fucking  
Me~ That this is not also  
A part of my wild imagination  
Reckless heart speaking~ Or  
Tell me that you have NOT done  
This~ That I can finally let go  
Of this~ I beg of you to break  
This silence~ And let me  
Suffer whatever the  
Consequence~  
When your  
Voice  
Alone would  
Be the  
Gift*

Leila A. Fortier is a writer, artist, poet, and photographer currently residing on the remote island of Okinawa, Japan. Her writing is known to be a unique hybrid form in which her words are specially crafted into visual form and design, often superimposed over her own multi-medium forms of art, photography, and spoken accompaniment, for a full bodied expression and intensity of each piece.

Her work has most recently been accepted by *The Sage of Consciousness Literary Review*, *Damazine*, *Nefarious Ballerina*, and *Visions with Voices* among others. She has appeared in several books, anthologies, and publications including *Treasured Poets of America*, *Satiated Sunrise*, and *A World of Love: Voices for Carmen*. She is also the author of *Metanoia's Revelation* through iUniverse.