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GOTTIEWRITES POSTED:

Folks! I just watched the first episode of Loch & Ness and oh my god! That was some QUALITY television. They've amped up the chemistry of the books to a frankly absurd level. Every time Jayden and Fang (aka Rob Hennings and Nathan O'Donnell) are on-screen together my laptop overheats. SIZZLE SIZZLE SIZZLE.

Hit me up, babes. Who are the big-name fans I should follow? Where can I get the top-notch killer videos and gifsets? I want to read allll the fic.

—GOTTIE

P.S. Nathan and Rob are totally dating, right? I refuse to believe I'm the only one who thinks that. It's totally obvious from their twitters. Right?

#RBC loch and ness
#beefcake werewolves are my type
#slinky selkies too obvs
#i don't discriminate
#all paranormal fictional boyfriends welcome here

9/13/13

GOTTIEWRITES POSTED:

While we all try to survive the long, cold hiatus before season 2 of Loch & Ness airs (filming starts soon, right?!), I've been rereading the books. For the most part, they're deeply dry and procedural, but the scene in the van where Fang tries to take Jayden's selkie skin? *chef's kiss*

—GOTTIE

#RBC loch and ness
#the way I'm drinking up the content of these TERRIBLE books just for any mention of my lads lol

02/13/14

CHAPTER 1

Delilah checked her reflection using her phone screen. No lipstick smeared across her face like a ghastly nightmare clown: check.

She tugged her bra straight. No unintentional flashing: check.

She adjusted her pants. No surprise period bleed through her jeans: check.

Finally, she cupped her palm around her mouth, smelling her breath. Not great. Possibly even destructively foul-smelling. Drastic measures were required.

Delilah dropped her backpack onto a row of auditorium seats, before emptying it out in search of breath mints. She shoved seven into her mouth and chewed frantically. Even as she was doing it, she knew it was a huge mistake. There were already a dozen students milling around the school auditorium, waiting for their auditions.

Within seconds, Mrs. Hirsch walked out from the wings onto the stage and called, "Delilah Thorne?"

Inevitably, she started choking. She spat the mints out into her hand and stared in horror at the mass of moist goo in her palm.

Delilah's bag was usually full of half-crumpled Kleenex, but now she couldn't find a single one. *A tissue.* Her life for a tissue. Was this the Seventh Circle of Hell?

The drama teacher frowned down at her call sheet, adjusting a pair of hipster-ish glasses. (A rumor had gone around school last year that Mrs. Hirsch's son had run off with his stepsister. Delilah had tried to track down the supposed elopers on Facebook through a network of alumni groups, but she'd never managed to find any actual proof.)

"Delilah Thorne?" Mrs. Hirsch said again, uncertainly now.

Oh god. Could she fail the audition by making the director *uncertain*?

"Here!" she called, hoping that there wasn't slobber on her chin. At least her breath would smell über nice.

The entire roomful of students turned to gawk at her. Desperation deepening into sheer fear, Delilah shoved the damp mints into her pocket, then rubbed her hand against the fabric to wipe away the spit, as she made her way to the stage.

"Nice to meet you, Delilah." Mrs. Hirsch held out her hand.

Delilah's own palm stuck to her jeans with sticky sugary paste. She clenched her fist.

"I don't shake hands for health and safety reasons," she blurted out, then bent her neck forward in an inexplicable bow instead.

The teacher gaped at her. So did everyone watching. Which, honestly—yeah. Understandable.

"All … right. You're auditioning for Tiffany, yes?"

"Yes, ma'am," Delilah said, dying inside. "Shall I venture onto the stage?"

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