

Bestseller Babe

ROODG'S TYPING TALE

FOR USE WITH THE E-READER READING SYSTEM



CC GUNHAUER

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Bestseller Babe

**ROODG'S TYPING TALE:
FANFICS OF GENTALIA #7**

CC GUNHAUER

◆ Chapter 1 ◆

ROODG TEACHES TYPING

Ding!

Roodg pushed the carriage return back to the left, shivering slightly at the pleasant zip sound before typing out the last three words of what was sure to be another bestseller. The decision to include realistic typewriter action in Bestseller Babe, Tornado Tech's writing sim, was an excellent choice. Everything from the knuckle-busting pressure required push keys and the satisfying clack of metal on paper, to the musty smell of the old ink ribbon and correction fluid, made

it feel as if Roodg was actually using an old fashioned manual typewriter thanks to Tornado Tech's amazing headset. Really, there was nothing it couldn't do, except of course, allow the user to communicate vocally, which was what Roodg had been counting on, but that was for later in the game. First, there was a whole mess of exposition to get through.

Pulling the last page free, Roodg stapled together the latest manuscript just as a portly NPC wearing an expensive suit and carrying a briefcase wandered into the café/poor writer's makeshift office, nose held high as he sidled up to the table.

Roodg's Text Box: FINALLY! i WAS GETTING SICK OF THIS CAFÉ! tHERE ISN'T EVEN ANY GOOD SCENERY TO DESTROY.

Although the realistic typewriter application allowed for proper capitalization, texting had no such fancy bells and whistles, meaning Roodg's in game method of speaking was still rOODGIAN. Or rOODGINESE. Maybe rOODGYPTAN. That had yet to be determined. But that wasn't what was important at the moment. What was important was the NPC, who was clearly a talent scout. Roodg knew this because the portly man wore a lapel pin that

said “Talent Scout” and his briefcase had a logo that said “Talent Agency.” The scout picked up Roodg’s manuscript

NPC Talent Scout’s Text Box: Hmm.
Harumph. Aherm!

Without so much as a wink or a nod to indicate his feelings on what he read, the scout stuffed the manuscript into his briefcase and waddled his way out to the street just as the scene faded to black. A moment later, an envelope with a fancy New York return address appeared on the screen.

Roodg’s Text Box: yES! IET’S DO
THIS!

Selecting the letter opener from the items menu, Roodg watched as the letter unfolded itself and repositioned to the center of the screen.

Dear Roodg Scenerybane,

We’ve received your manuscript for Jam Packet Panic! and it is clear from what we have read, yours in a most unique vision. The type of vision that Mega-Media Publishing has been searching

for. Included in this letter is the terms of your publishing contract and your advance. We look forward to representing you as a midlist author.

Sincerely,
Beau Koobuchs
Acquisitions Manager
MegaMedia Publishing

Roodg's Text Box: mIDLIST
AUTHOR! rAD!

The letter faded away, revealing Roodg's newest writing location: a well-appointed home office in what was most likely a suburban McMansion.

Roodg's Text Box: oH WOW! tHIS
OFFICE IS SAWESOME! tHAT
DESK PROBABLY DIDN'T EVEN
REQUIRE ASSEMBLY.

The desk in question looked to be made of solid wood with hand carved accents. Not a single piece of furniture appeared to have come out of a flat-packed cardboard box. Sure, real-life Roodg would have probably opted to spend the substantial advance on a swanky loft, but this was Bestseller Babe and there

were only so many paths one could take from starving indie ebook author to internationally known celebrity author and if the chat forums were correct, swanky loft wasn't one of them.

Of course, the upwards move came with a cost. Rent was now nearly triple what it had been in the café days. Granted, Roodg really couldn't complain. The only expenses the game required the author to cover was rent, coffee, and correction fluid. But steeper rent meant it was now more important than ever to write more, write better, and write more betterer. With the title of midlist author on the line, Roodg sat down at the desk, put a new ribbon in the typewriter (Electric! Fancy!), and began penning what was sure to be the first of many smash hits.

At least, that was the plan.

Not more than three words had been written of "Hot Elf's Monster Trouble" when an error message appeared on screen.

ERROR: EROTICA DETECTED.

Roodg's Text Box: wHAT THE WHAT? oF COURSE EROTICA WAS DETECTED! wHAT ELSE WOULD BE THE PLOT OF hOT eLF'S mONSTER tROUBLE?

Before Roodg could hit another key, the paper ejected itself from the typewriter, wadded itself up into a little ball, and bounced into the nearby wastebasket where it instantly incinerated with a flash of overly dramatic flames. Not one to be easily put off, Roodg fed another sheet of paper into the typewriter and began anew:

The night was hot, the air was sticky, and Vanders the elf was both hot and sticky thanks to the gallons of monster cu—

FINAL WARNING:
INAPPROPRIATE WRITING
IS NOT ALLOWED. ANOTHER
ATTEMPT TO WRITE
GRATUITOUS SEX WILL LOCK
YOUR USER ACCOUNT.

Once again the paper ejected itself, so fast this time that it left a faint trail of smoke as it torpedoed into the wastebasket.

Roodg's Text Box: tHE ONLY THING
INAPPROPRIATE IS THIS GAME'S
OLD-FASHIONED MORALS! tHIS
IS TORNADO TECH. aM i REALLY
EXPECTED TO BELIEVE THERE
ISN'T A BROKEN SEXY AREA?

Completely unfazed, but sort of annoyed, Roodg stuffed another sheet of paper into the typewriter, planning to type out nothing but a list of all the sexiest words in the English language (including *that* one), but paused as another warning box appeared.

WE WEREN'T KIDDING.

TYPE ANYTHING
INAPPROPRIATE AND YOUR
ACCOUNT WILL BE LOCKED.
NOT JUST THIS GAME, BUT
ALL YOUR TORNADO TECH
GAMES, INCLUDING THE
BROKEN ONES, YOU PERV.

Roodg's Text Box: bAGELS!

Now it was personal. It was one thing to want to keep a game family friendly, but this was a Tornado Tech game and Roodg thought it was pretty hypocritical of them to call anyone a perv when their top developer had kinks so kinky they kink-shamed other kinks for not being kinky enough. Literally none of their titles were safe thanks to the l337 speaking sex fiend behind the curtain and this one should have been no exception. Roodg closed the office scene and went into the game's forum, hoping to find someone who had figured out the secrets.

Naturally, the game forum was another café. Typewriters and notebooks littered every available surface that wasn't already overrun with coffee cups and overflowing ashtrays. It was a stereotypical writer's paradise, but there was one thing that was glaringly obvious.

Despite its name, Bestseller Babe was not a popular title. Among the NPC café workers and patrons sat just one other player. Her abundant thighs—

Qui-Mu's Narration-interrupting Text Box: ROODG??? THE ROODG???

Roodg looked around the otherwise empty café and used the *Dub!* animation.

Roodg's Text Box: hOW MANY OTHER rOODGES DO YOU KNOW?

Qui-Mu's Fangirling Text Box: Oh Em Gee! How exciting! THE Roodg! The hottest character in the entire world of Gentalia!

Roodg's Text Box: yES, IT IS ME, THE... wAit, HOTTEST? wHAT???

Qui-Mu's Text Box: Like, duh! You're

Roodg! The Amazing and sexually ambiguous owner of a not so secret D and P! I mean, just think of all the fanfic options!

Qui-Mu used *fangirling with hearts for eyes* animation.

Roodg's Text Box: oKAY, i'M THINKING ABOUT THEM. tELL ME MORE.

Qui-Mu used the *Stunned Animation*, but got distracted halfway through when something so unexpected happened that she ended up mixing *Stunned Animation* with *Shocked Animation* and spent an entire round with her jaw on the floor.

In the corner of her screen was a small exclamation mark hovering over an unopened letter icon. Next to that was a message:

Roodg has sent you a friend request.

Qui-Mu's Text Box: Y-y-you sent m-m-me a friend request?

Roodg's Text Box: yEAH LIKE TWO ROUNDS AGO. aRE YOU GOING TO ACCEPT OR WHAT?

Qui-Mu's Text Box: It's just...

Qui-Mu used the *Tearing Up and Lip Quivering Animation*.

Qui-Mu's Text Box: It's just no one has ever sent me a friend request before, let alone a main character from the main series!

Roodg's Text Box: wELLDUH. tHAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER MET ME BEFORE. dOING THINGS THAT ARE UNUSUAL BUT ALSO KIND OF NICE BECAUSE THEY ARE THINGS OTHER PEOPLE ARE TOO WRAPPED UP IN THEIR OWN LIVES TO DO IS KINDA MY THING. i BEFRIENDED A QUEST FAIRY. REMEMBER?

Qui-Mu *did* remember, somehow, though she wasn't sure how because she was pretty certain she'd skipped everything but the sexy parts in the Ander's Quest Trilogy.

Roodg's Text Box: sO ANYWAY, ABOUT THOSE FANFICS. i'M STILL WAITING.

Qui-Mu used *frustrated eye roll* animation.

Qui-Mu's Text Box: Yeah, I'd love to write them, but this stupid game won't let me finish a whole page before it rips the whole thing up and tells me to keep it clean. Clean! What does that even mean? Who wants to read boring stories with no sex?

Roodg's Text Box: rIGHT? i WROTE ENOUGH BORING STORIES TO MAKE IT TO MIDLIST AUTHOR, BUT NOW i WANT TO LET LOOSE, BUT IT DIDN'T LET ME WRITE ANYTHING. hOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIND THE BROKEN AREA IF WE CAN'T WRITE SEX?

Qui-Mu's Text Box: I already checked. There is no secret sexy area. Apparently the developers decided to have one game that wasn't sexy and of all games, they had to pick the one that was perfect for breaking!

Roodg's Text Box: i KNOW, RIGHT?
i WAS LOOKING FORWARD
TO SEEING MY SEXY STORIES
COME TO LIFE.

Qui-Mu's Text Box: Me too! But this
stupid game is supposed to be break-
proof.

Roodg's Text Box: dOUGHNUTS!

Qui-Mu's Text Box: Doughnuts?

Roodg's Text Box: yEAH, THIS
GAME IS TOTAL POWDERED
DOUGHNUTS!

Suddenly, a <lightbulb> appeared above Roodg's
head.

Roodg's Text Box: bISCUITS AND
CRACKERS! tHAT'S IT!

Qui-Mu's Text Box: Did you just
sustain a brain injury?

Roodg's Text Box: nO! i JUST
FIGURED OUT HOW WE ARE
GOING TO USE THIS TO OUR

ADVANTAGE AND GROW AS WRITERS.

Qui-Mu's Text Box: But I don't need to grow anything except an amazing lady boner, which I can't do in an unbroken game.

Roodg's Text Box: wE JUST NEED TO REPLACE ALL THE WORDS THE GAME THINKS IS DIRTY WITH WORDS THAT SEEM INNOCENT, BUT COULD TOTALLY BE SEXY, JUST LIKE ANDERS REPLACES SWEAR WORDS WITH PASTRIES.

Qui-Mu's Text Box: But how will that even work? I mean, first of all, I didn't even think of it first, so it's doomed from the start.

Roodg's Text Box: yEAH, BUT I DID AND ALL OF MY PLANS ARE SOUND AND LOGICAL AND USUALLY MAKE A LOT OF SENSE IF YOU CAN LOOK PAST MY BROKEN KEYBOARD AND

ODD BEHAVIOR.

Qui-Mu's Text Box: Actually, your behavior isn't all that odd at all, is it?

Roodg's Text Box: tHAT'S THE ODD PART.

Qui-Mu's Text Box: Fair point. So let's see then...

Qui-Mu used the *Sucking the Tip of a Fountain Pen in a Very Non-Sexy Way while Thinking so Hard Smoke Poured from her Ears Animation* for a few rounds before scribbling furiously on the notebook in front of her. After a few minutes, she looked up and used *pleasantly surprised* animation.

Qui-Mu's Text Box: Holy cannoli! It worked! I wrote an entire chapter of *The Day the Lady Ocelots Smuggled Sausages into the Dairy Bar* and it is just as hot as you'd think!

Roodg's Text Box: lET ME SEE!

Qui-Mu passed the notebook to Roodg, who noted her penmanship was unexpectedly good.

Roodg's Text Box: omg! tHIS IS SO

GOOD! yOU'RE GOING TO BE
A BESTSELLER WAY BEFORE
ME IF I DON'T START WRITING
NOW. brb, GOTTA GO TYPE OUT
tHE hOT eLF sAMPLES aLL THE
mEATS AT THE mONSTER dELI.

~One hour later~

Eleanor Lynn sauntered into the Tornado Tech boardroom with a smug smile on her face. At the table sat all of her superiors looking extremely uncomfortable, and one artist wearing an expression that might have been sheepish exasperation.

“Well now,” she said, taking the long way around the room to the last remaining empty chair. The scene might have been more impressive if her oversized sweatshirt wasn't pastel pink and covered in kittens. “I'm going to guess that you didn't call me in here to tell me how the *ultra-successful* (air quotes and gagging motion included) game Bestseller Babe is thriving with its squeaky clean, no sex allowed rules, now did you?”

“Erm, uh...”

Many uncomfortable noises were made until finally the artist piped up.

“Look, they've already ruined ice cream and deli

meats. Just break the damned programming and make a sexy area before I can no longer have pizza and tacos.”

“I’ll think about it,” she said with a bored look. “But first I’m going to have to do a play through as is to see what I’m up against. I can’t wait to start writing *Stuffing My Cinnamon Rolls*.”

◆ The End ◆

Roodg's Text Box: tHE END? nO WAY! tHAT CAN'T BE THE END! mY BESTSELLING eLF AT THE mONSTER dELI SERIES DIDN'T GET SEXY BROKEN YET! dON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW MANY MONSTER MEATS AN ELF CAN STUFF IN ITS HOLE? sPOILER ALERT: iT'S A LOT.

Want to read more about Roogd and Roodg's sexy adventures? You can!

Be sure to read the Anders' Quest Series where Roodg is one of the main six!

Qui-Mu: What about me?!

Yes, Qui-Mu you have your entire Tale as well. It is called Elite Fighter II: Quickie and you can learn about here there.

Qui-Mu: Damn right you can!

For more exciting adventures you can always visit the Annals of Gentalia official website (and later delete your browser history) and see what is up!

www.annalsofgentalia.wordpress.com



