

NEW YORK TIMES NOTABLE AUTHOR
CAROLE NELSON DOUGLAS

Werewolf mobsters
Demon drug lords
Celebrity Zombies
Oh my! Las Vegas
goes kickass...!

“Spectacularly stylish...
spices the action with
fabulous characters.”

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY
starred review

A DELILAH STREET PARANORMAL PI ANTHOLOGY

NEON NOIR



Original Cocktail Recipes
from Delilah's Darkside Bar



The Albino Vampire cocktail

“A sweet, seductive girly drink, but with unsuspected kick.”
—werewolf mob enforcer Sansouci, in *Brimstone Kiss*
Invented in *Dancing with Werewolves*

1 jigger of white Crème de Cocoa
1 jigger of vanilla Stolichnaya
1 jigger of Lady Godiva white chocolate liqueur
½ jigger Chambord raspberry liqueur
[Other brands may be substituted]

Pour vodka and liqueurs in a martini glass in this order: Crème de Cocoa, vanilla vodka, and finally the white chocolate liqueur. Stir gently. Drizzle in the raspberry liqueur. Don't mix or stir. The raspberry liqueur will slowly sink to the bottom, so the white cocktail has a blood-red base (which adds a thrilling taste sensation at the end).

http://www.juno-books.com/albino_vampire_cocktail.html



The Brimstone Kiss Cocktail

“Sounds like something you’d sip on all night long and I’d knock back in a couple slugs.”—
Casablanca’s Rick Blaine/Humphrey Bogart CinSim in *Brimstone Kiss*

2 jiggers Inferno Pepper Pot vodka
1 jigger DeKuyper “Hot Damn!” Cinnamon Schnapps
2 jiggers Alizé Red Passion
Jalapeño pepper slice (optional)
2 ounces Champagne (for version 2)

Version 1: Pour all ingredients into a martini shaker with ice. Shake gently. Pour into a martini glass garnished with jalapeño pepper slice. A hell of a drink!

Version 2: Pour all ingredients into a tall footed glass filled with ice. Stir well. Top off with Champagne. A frothy but potent libation that might lead to pleasant damnation.

http://www.juno-books.com/brimstone_kiss_cocktail.html



The Vampire Sunrise Cocktail

“Umm, subtle yet spicy...or modern women like us.”—Psychic psychologist Helena Troy
Burnside in *Vampire Sunrise*

6 ice cubes
1 1/2 oz. of pepper vodka
1/2 oz. DeKuyper “Hot Damn!” Cinnamon Schnapps
4-5 oz. orange juice, well shaken
1 oz. Alizé Gold Passion orange cognac
1/2-1 oz. grenadine

Put ice cubes in 12-ounce highball glass. Pour in pepper vodka and cinnamon schnapps, add orange juice to fill to desired level. Add two ounces of orange cognac. Last, pour in grenadine, which will settle to the bottom. Add ice to drink as it melts, creating a longer and more sensual experience. This drink is no hit-and-run vampire bite.

<http://www.juno-books.com/vampire-sunrise-cocktail.html>



The Silver Zombie Cocktail

“We’ve got one hot little Roomba robot vacuum cleaner on our hands. Master? I wonder if she does dudes.”—Irma, Delilah’s alter ego in *Silver Zombie*, discussing the Futura female robot from silent film classic, *Metropolis*

3 ounces chilled Fuse brand blueberry raspberry bottled water
3 ounces chilled lemon-lime sparkling bottled water or Champagne
1 ounce Jose Cuervo Silver tequila
1 1/2 ounces lime vodka
1 ounce Alizé Bleu with vodka, cognac, and tropical fruit

Dash Blue Curaçao to dribble down the inside of the glass and sink to the bottom. Imbibers should be wary that they don't sink to the bottom in the snare of the real Silver Zombie

<http://www.juno-books.com/silver-zombie-cocktail.html>



The Virtual Virgin Cocktail

“Love it. A Virtual Virgin. Wouldn’t that be fun to dabble in again?”—Psychic psychologist Helena Troy Burnside in *Virtual Virgin*

Virtuous Virtual Virgin

3 ounces chilled Dr Pepper or Coke
3 ounces chilled lemon-lime sparkling bottled water
1 ounce Rose’s Lime Juice
1 ounce Rose’s Cranberry Twist Mix

Layer all ingredients in a Tom Collins glass, with ice to fill and a long-stemmed fresh Bing cherry garnish. This dark brew reminiscent of a hopped-up Cherry Coke allows you to sip in sinless certainty.

Vixen Virtual Virgin

3 ounces of chilled Dr Pepper or Coke
3 ounces of chilled lemon-lime sparkling bottled water
1 ounce Black Cherry vodka
1 ounce lime vodka
1 ounce Rose's lime juice
1 ounce Rose's Cranberry Twist Mix

Meet Me, Delilah Street



DELILAH STREET, PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR

Birthdate: April 1

Sign: Gemini with Virgo rising

City: Las Vegas by way of Wichita, Kansas

Mood: A little witchy

Music: "Taking Care of Business"

Everyone has family issues, but my issues are that I don't *have* any family. My fresh new business card reads Delilah Street, Paranormal Investigator, but my old personal card could read Delilah Street, Unadoptable Orphan.

I grew up in Wichita, Kansas, and was supposedly named after the street where I was found abandoned as an infant. I've Googled and Groggled (the drinking person's search engine) the World Wide Web for Delilah Streets. All I know is that not a single bloody one of them is to be found in Kansas. Whoever my forebears, they gave me the Black Irish, Snow White looks—corpse-white skin and dead-of-night black hair—that turn out to be batnip to vampires.

My striking blue eyes are my best feature, but that only IDs me as the most wanted woman on the planet. Not that I'm vain about that, because the way I'm wanted is Dead or Alive. More on that later.

Of course it is now the unlucky thirteenth year of the Millennium Revelation, What came after 2001 came and went were a slew of unexpected illegal-alien residents. The threatened

religious apocalypse didn't happen, but the turn of the 21st century brought all the bogeymen and women of myth and legend out of the closet and into human society.

My unwanted orphan childhood is history now that I'm twenty-four and on my own. A jealous weather witch forecaster forced me out of a good reporter job covering the paranormal beat for *WTCH-TV* in Wichita, Kansas. Now I'm a freelance investigator in wicked, mysterious post-Millennium Revelation Las Vegas, which is crawling with daylight vamps and werewolf mobsters and celebrity zombies and who-knows-what else.

I have a few driving ambitions.

One is staying alive. Without turning vampire.

Two, tracking down my missing spitting image to find out if she is a twin, double, clone, or even alive. Seeing her/me being autopsied on a *CSI V: Las Vegas* one rerun TV night in Wichita brought me to Sin City in the first place.

Lucky me, she turned out to be the most desirable corpse ever featured on the internationally franchised show. Apparently, *CSI* corpses are the new It Girls.

Bad news: This "Lilith Quince" supposedly had an early exit contract to kill herself, which would make her star turn as a *CSI* corpse into a reality TV dissection. Good news: You can't believe anything you see and hear in the post-Millennium Revelation era, especially in its quirky and commercial capital city of Las Vegas. So Lilith could still be alive.

Then there's ambition number three: having my first serious relationship with non-vampire, fully human Ricardo Montoya, whom I met in Vegas's Sunset Park just after I hit town and just before it hit me back, hard. And, yes, Ric—ex-FBI guy, a.k.a. the Cadaver Kid—is tall, dark, handsome, and Hispanic.

I have other allies. One has heavenly blue eyes and is seriously gray and hairy. That's my 150-pound dog, Quicksilver. He's a wolf-wolfhound cross I saved from death at the pound. He returns the favor with fang, claw, and warm, paranormally talented tongue. I have a soft spot for dogs, especially since Achilles, my valiant little white Lhasa Apso in Wichita, died from blood poisoning after biting a vampire anchorman who was trying to fang me. Lhasas are long-haired little dogs with terrier grit who were bred to guard the ancient Dalai Lamas. Achilles' ashes rest in a dragon-decorated jar on my Las Vegas mantel, so I haven't given up the ghost on a reincarnation.

Oh, yeah, where that mantel is might be of interest. I rent an Enchanted Cottage on the Hector Nightwine estate because he says he's guilty about offing my possible twin on national TV. He produces the many worldwide *CSI* franchises, but the ghoulish Hector doesn't have a conscience,

more like a profit motive. He's banking on my finding Lilith, or becoming her for his enduring benefit.

The only thing Hector and I have in common is a love of vintage black-and-white films. The Enchanted Cottage is the setting from a 1940's movie of that name, where an unattractive couple's true love made them see themselves as the glamorous movie stars who played them. So the place is a mix of Ugly Duckling Central and Cinderella's unhappy home. I also suspect it's supplied with the gabby mirror from *Snow White*. Although it's been mum with me, I see dead people in it.

A shy (to the point of invisible) staff of who-knows-what supernaturals run the joint.

The most complicated beings in my brave new world are the CinSims. Cinema Simulacrums are created when fresh zombie bodies illegally imported from Mexico are blended with black-and-white film characters. The resulting 3-D "live" personas are wholly owned entertainment entities leased to various Vegas hotels.

Hector and Ric are sure the Immortality Mob is behind the brisk business in zombie CinSims, but can't prove it. I'd like to help them both out, because I'm the classic crusading reporter who's against human and unhuman exploitation, and because my own freedom is on the line from several merciless and downright repellent factions trying to make life after the Millennium Revelation literal Hell.

Luckily, I seem to have some off-the-chart abilities simmering myself, involving the silver from mirror backings, the silver nitrate in black-and-white film strips, and reflective surfaces.

And I have one more sorta sidekick...a freaky migrating, shape-changing lock of hair from the albino rock star who owns the Inferno Hotel, who goes by the names Christophe for business, Cocaine for the Seven Deadly Sins rock band, and Snow to his intimates, which I no way want to be.

I made the mistake of touching the white lock of his hair Snow sent me as a sardonic bow to my Biblical namesake's history in literally cutting off male power. It reminded me of Achilles' long white hair... My touching that albino tress turned it into a morphing sterling-silver familiar that can play decoration or weapon. It has a permanent lock on my body no jeweler's saw or torch can remove. I consider it a variety of talisman-cum-leech, not fondly.

I've been called a "silver medium," but I don't aim to be medium at anything, most of all finding out who I really am and who's been bad and who's been good in my new Millennium Revelation neighborhood. When things go wrong, who ya gonna call? Me. Delilah Street.

FRIENDS' HOTLIST

Ric Montoya, ex-FBI guy a.k.a. the Cadaver Kid

Quicksilver, bipolar good dog.

Hector Nightwine, landlord and TV producer

Coroner Grisly Bahr

Celebrity zombies:

Nick and Nora Charles, and Asta

Perry Mason

The Invisible Man

Sam Spade

Frenemies HOTLIST

Assorted humans, unhumans, and question marks:

Lilith, a dead double for Delilah

Snow, the Inferno Hotel's albino rock star-owner

Grizelle, Snow's shapeshifter security chief

The silver familiar

Capt. Kennedy Malloy, Metro Police

Playboy hotelier Howard Hughes, and minions

Enemies HITLIST

Werewolves:

Cesar Cicereau, Gehenna Hotel mob boss

Lunatics motorcycle gang

Detective Half-were Haskell

Vampires etc.:

Sansouci, daylight vampire and werewolf mob muscle

Karnak Hotel's ancient Egyptian vampires

El Demonio, demon Mexican drug lord