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# Dead on the Delta (Annabelle Lee) (English Edition)



*Par Stacey Jay*  
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**Par Stacey Jay : Dead on the Delta (Annabelle Lee) (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Dead on the Delta (Annabelle Lee) (English Edition):

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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurOnce upon a time, fairies were the stuff of bedtime stories and sweet dreams. Then came the mutations, and the dre-ams became nightmares. Mosquito-size fairies now indulge their taste for human bloodand for most humans, a fairy bite means insanity or death. Luckily, Annabelle Lee isnt most humans. The hard-drinking, smart-mouthed, bicycle-riding redhead is immune to fairy venom, and able to

do the dirty work most humans cant. Including helping law enforcement and Cane Cooper, the bayous sexiest detective collect evidence when a body is discovered outside the fairy-proof barricades of her Louisiana town. But Annabelle isnt equipped to deal with the murder of a sixyear- old girl or a former lover-turned-FBI snob taking an interest in the case. Suddenly her already bumpy relationship with Cane turns even rockier, and even the most trust-worthy friends become suspects. Annabelles life is imploding: between relationship drama, a heartbreaking murder investigation, Breeze-crazed drug runners, and a few too many rum and Cokes, Annabelle is a woman on the run from her past, toward her future, and into the arms of a darkness waiting just for her. . . .

Extrait Dead on the Delta One Losing your lunch sucks. It sucks even more when youre not hungover. My view on upchucking is that you shouldve earned your punishment. But I havent earned it, and neither had she. I dont need those last three years of med school to know the body at my feet was a child not too long ago. Before the animals got to her face, before the bugs crawled inside to investigate the holes the animals made, before I barely make the one-eighty turn in time. The guilty contents of my stomach cherry Pop-Tarts, coffee, and a touch of last nights burger and friesspill out onto the damp earth, adding another layer to the stench of the bayou. I can barely smell the body over the stink. A few of the fairies have laid their eggs early this year. They dont usually drop their sacs until September, but theres no mistaking the smell of fairy babies baking in the noonday sun. Smells like a homeless mans crotch. Not that Ive ever been up close and personal with a homeless mans crotch, but Annabelle? You okay? It isnt the first time Cane asked. His voice is pinched, strained, not the sexy rumble that made my ribs vibrate less than an hour ago. We could still be tangled up in each other, bitching about the heat in my poorly air-conditioned bedroom if Id only said yes instead of no to his offer to play hooky. As my stomach voids itself and I continue to gag, I wish Id kept Cane in bed. I wish Id let him call in sick and stay with me, his big hands warm on my skin. But hes been scary lately. He wants to stick a pin in our relationship and label the specimen. I fear labels. I fear dead bodies more. In the three years Ive worked for Fairy Containment and Control Ive seen my share of dead things, but nothing like this. I force myself to turn around, take another look. She isnt much more than a baby and her face is gone, eaten away by the scavengers our toxic patch of the Mississippi River Delta hasnt killed yet. The chemical spills along the river did their part to make the marshland from southern Tennessee down to Mobile unfriendly to living things. The mutated fairies have done the rest. Fairies can live on animal blood, but the Louisiana Fey hunt humans with a terrifying single-mindedness. Still, most people have the sense to keep safe. Almost no one ventures outside the iron grid that runs throughout Donaldsonville. As soon as it was confirmed that iron repels fairies, the D Ville city council cut any program not necessary to keeping people alive, declared downtown refugee central, and sank a million dollars into nailing iron cables to every roof. A sturdy fifteen-foot iron fence completed the protective measures, enclosing the original Donaldsonville of the early 1800s in a metal cocoon, taking the town back to its roots. As a result, Donaldsonville is one of the few southern Louisiana towns that still welcomes the Adventurous Tourist to its historic buildings, Cajun restaurants, Delta Fairy Museum, and refurbished town square. Despite the modern-day highwaymen that terrorize the roads, tourism is our top source of revenue, and everyone in town acts accordingly. Were friendly, welcoming, and pride ourselves on being one of the safest places in the South. If you score a ticket on an armored shuttle and actually make it to Donaldsonville, you can breathe easy. This girl shouldnt have died. Annabelle? Annabelle, do you need me to come over there and No. My voice doesnt sound like me. I sound small. Crawl on back, girl, I can get a suit and No. Come on, Lee-lee, he says, using a pet name in public, a capital offense in the Annabelle Lee dating handbook. In a different context, I might have flipped him off. If he wasnt thinking about risking his life to come hold my hand and there wasnt a little girl behind me. A dead girl, but still Still. Get the suit. No!

Stay there. Even with an iron suit, Cane wont be totally safe. The August heat makes the fairies crazy. Theyve been known to bite through metal in their hurry to find a meal. Ingesting iron kills them, but the bite still does its dirty work on the person inside the suit. For seventy-five percent of the human population, Fey venom leads to insanity, with a slow build to batshit crazy that makes syphilis look gentle by comparison. Another ten percent develop ulcers on the spine that twist healthy bodies into torturous shapes before causing death. And yet another ten percent die instantaneously, hearts stilled within seconds of infection. The convulsions of the severely allergic snap the spinal cord and break teeth, making sure the dying suffer on the way out. Ive seen that firsthand. Its as horrible as it sounds. Just give me a second. I motion toward the clutch of anxious policemen a few hundred feet away. Theyre waiting for me to tell them what Ive seen, to come back and pick up the dummy kit and collect the evidence they need for their investigation dirt samples, tissue scrapings, bug larvae, etc. Bile rises in my throat again. Ive only had to do this to a human

once before. It was an adult male, dumped in the bayou outside the grid. Come to find out, a gunshot wound did him in long before he hit the Ascension Parish county line. The coroner in Baton Rouge discovered the truth easily enough. Amazing what they can do with forensics these days, even with hacks like me occasionally collecting the evidence. Shit. I hate the thought of touching that girl. There are times more than the non-immune would imaginewhen I wish I wasnt part of the lucky five percent. But I know Im in the minority on that, as well. Most immune people think theyve been blessed, that collecting fairy shit and egg sacs is a holy calling. They feel lucky when theyre called in to do non-immune peoples work for them. Especially cop work. Everyone wants to be a crime fighter. I blame CSI. Ive never watched it, but Ive heard its like Breeze. Breezedried fairy crap mixed with bleachis the new crack. Brown is also the new black and forty is the new thirty and up is the new down. God, Im dizzy. I take a deep breath and immediately wish I hadnt. I can smell her now, a sickly sweetness beneath the rest of it. Theres some murmuring from the assembled company. The parish sheriff wants me to hurry it up. He has places to go, people to see, graft to collect from businesses vying for liquor licenses. His brothers the head of the Alcohol Beverage Commission and the pair of them make a tidy sum extorting the thirsty. I wonder if he knows its a kid out here, probably the Beauchamp girl whos been missing. Im guessing not. If he did, thered be less impatience. The Beauchamps are Important. Their classic (and gigantic) Greek Revival home lures visitors from all over the world. Camellia Grove Plantation is one of Donaldsonvilles biggest tourist draws, and we need it. Badly. Most of the other rich folks moved north after the mutations, fleeing their Victorian houses, abandoning their restaurants, antique stores, and art galleries, leaving the rest of us to clean up their mess and reorganize the town. Only a few stubborn, hard-core wealthy stick around by choice. The rest of our citizens are here because they dont have the resources to move somewhere else. The ratio of black and Hispanic to white in Donaldsonville has settled in at around ninety-eight percent to two, confirming that a pasty redhead like me is the true minority. Its statistics that I would be dating a black man; its good fortune that Im dating a gorgeous black man who cares about me and makes the best jambalaya Ive ever had. Cane developed a special recipe without the shellfish so I wont puff up like a marshmallow the second shrimp protein touches my lips. He also brings me herbal insomnia remedies, fixes my leaky toilet, and calls to remind me to put out my trash on Friday morning. He takes good care of me. I know his family thinks hes too good for a girl who gets around on a bicycle, has no discernible urge to better herself, and isnt grandchild-birthing material. No matter how sweet they are at Sunday dinner, Im pretty sure they want Cane to dump me. I honestly dont know what I want him to do. Lee-lee? Right. I want him to quit calling me that in public. Immediately. Weve got to One second. My finger shakes, and the sweat dripping down my forearm makes me shiver. Its nearly a hundred degrees and humid enough that my hair still hasnt dried from my shower. I shouldnt be cold, but I am. Im going to take another look. Then Ill come back for the evidence bags. I turn back around, trying to take in the body with as much detachment as possible. Blond hair in braidsone tied with a heart-shaped elastic, one starting to unravel. No eyes left to judge eye color, not much of her nose either, and the soft curve of her upper lip ends in a jagged tear. I drop my gaze. No shoes, bare legs, and a white nightgown with red bows sewn on by hand. A few of them are missing. So is her right index finger. There isnt any dirt under the remaining nails or on her feet. She looks pretty clean considering shes been out in the bayou for I crouch down and inch a finger under the curve of her back. The dirt beneath her is drier than the surrounding ground. Shes been here half the night, at least. Her body blocked the light rain that fell sometime between midnight and two. Id heard it on the roof when I got up to chug one final beer before finally falling asleep. I ran out of my sleeping pills a few days ago and have been forced to rely on booze to knock me unconscious until I make it to the field office in Baton Rouge to pick up another bottle of Restalin or two or three. Getting to sleep and staying asleep has been a battle since I was sixteen, since the night I saw my first dead body and toted it home in the backseat of my car. No. Not going to think about that. Now isnt a good time. Never is a good time. I take one last look, searching for anything else that might help Cane identify the body as Grace. Her fingernails are painted a pale pink with sparkles, but theres no jewelry, no defining marks that I can Scratch that, theres something peeking out from under her sleeve. I lean over, snagging the elastic with two fingers. Its a tattoo, one of the temporary variety. Even the douchebags down at The Rusty Pinwhod been all too happy to ink me when I was sixteen and so drunk Id passed out on the tablewont work on babies. I pull her sleeve higher, revealing a unicorn with glitter flowing down the tail. It looks like its shitting pink sparkles. Who knows? Maybe unicorns are real, too, and they crap cotton candy. After the fairies, were all a lot more willing to believe in imaginary things. Hmm fairies. They will feed on a human corpse, as long as it hasnt been dead for too long. If the girl was killed somewhere else and carried here, there should still be

bites on her skin. But aside from whatever critters been at her faceweasel maybe, or possumthere isnt a mark on her. Not even a mosquito bite. Of course, mosquitoes have been hunted to the brink of extinction. Fairies dont mind getting their human blood secondhand. I watched a couple of Fey feed on a mosquito swarm in a containment unit during my first year of FCC training. Intense doesnt begin to describe it. With their precious faces and delicate wings, its easy to forget that fairy mouths are full of fangs coated with deadly venom. For millions of years, those mouths were too small to close around human flesh. But after the mutations, that isnt a problem. I can see a clutch of the little sharks circling in the shade of the cypress trees down near the water. The pink and gold glow of their skin gives them away, an insect-luring adaptation that serves as an early warning to humans. If you see the glow, its time to go. Marcy teaches the rhyme to her kids right along with Stop, drop, and roll. There isnt much need for concern at the moment, however, even if

I werent immune. Fairies arent fans of direct sunlight. They wont come out of the shade unless theres a tempting mealtwo or three food-friendly humans, maybe more. It would probably be safe for Cane to come down and collect the evidence himself. Probably. And if not, youve got more blood on your hands. Blood. Another one of my least favorite things. I stand and climb up the rise to claim the dummy kit. Cane holds it out as I slip inside the gate, but doesnt look me in the eye. He knows better than to make eye contact when Im upset. Hes smart. And prepared. And probably going to make captain after his brother retires if I dont mess up his life first. I dont want to mess up his life. Hes a good man and hes already been through hell with his first wife. I should leave him. Instead, I let him put an arm around my shoulders, and pull me close. Is it her? he whispers, voice pained. I nod. Im pretty sure. White nightgown with red bows, pink nail polish, and a temporary tattoo of a unicorn on her right arm. Shit. He runs a hand up his forehead and back over his shaved head. Theres a shushing sound as the rough skin on his palms brushes the hint of stubble, the same sound my fingers made a few hours ago. It makes me want to get even closer, to wrap my arms around his neck and pull his scratchy head down for a kiss. But I dont. I cant. Now that the kit is in hand, real panic is beginning to set in. The world spins again, and my brain screams in protest. I take a breath and turn it off, promising it a nice, strong toddy when weve finished the dirty work. I pull away from Cane and turn back toward the thing in the field, to the thing I will poke and prod and eventually drag within the iron gate for the coroner to collect. I cant think of Grace as Grace or I wont be able to finish this. At least not while Im sober. Prsentation de l'diteurOnce upon a time, fairies were the stuff of bedtime stories and sweet dreams. Then came the mutations, and the dre-ams became nightmares. Mosquito-size fairies now indulge their taste for human bloodand for most humans, a fairy bite means insanity or death. Luckily, Annabelle Lee isnt most humans. The hard-drinking, smart-mouthed, bicycle-riding redhead is immune to fairy venom, and able to do the dirty work most humans cant. Including helping law enforcement and Cane Cooper, the bayous sexiest detectivecollect evidence when a body is discovered outside the fairy-proof barricades of her Louisiana town. But Annabelle isnt equipped to deal with the murder of a sixyear- old girl or a former lover-turned-FBI snob taking an interest in the case. Suddenly her already bumpy relationship with Cane turns even rockier, and even the most trust-worthy friends become suspects. Annabelles life is imploding: between relationship drama, a heartbreaking murder investigation, Breeze-crazed drug runners, and a few too many rum and Cokes, Annabelle is a woman on the runfrom her past, toward her future, and into the arms of a darkness waiting just for her. . . .