



Red Delicious

Kathleen Tierney , Caitlín R. Kiernan

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Siobhan Quinn is back and working a new case in the dark and satirical sequel to *Blood Oranges*.

Half-vampire, half-werewolf Siobhan Quinn survived her initiation into the world of demons and monsters. But staying alive as she becomes entangled in underworld politics might prove to be more difficult. When the daughter of a prominent necromancer vanishes, it's up to Quinn to find the girl. But her search will land her directly in the middle of a struggle between competing forces searching for an ancient artifact of almost unimaginable power...

Red Delicious Details

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From Reader Review Red Delicious for online ebook

Stephanie G says

Quinn is back. She is now a were/vampire hybrid and ex-heroin junkie. She's still working for B. He sends her off to help the Maidstone twins. Amity Maidstone, a necromancer, has gone missing. After visiting Amity's sister Quinn isn't quite convinced she is really missing. As she reminds us, she isn't a detective. A bigger plot ends up encompassing the novel and Quinn gets pushed between two very nasty demons. How she is going to weave herself out of this one and stay alive is anyone's guess.

Red Delicious is the second novel in Kathleen Tierney's (Caitlín R. Kiernan) Siobhan Quinn series. The story is told in first person, written by Quinn. These books come with a warning label for those easily offended. Luckily I'm not one of those people. I enjoy a foul mouthed, pissed at the world, and murdering heroine-who isn't exactly even a hero of any sort. This is pulp goodness with a middle finger salute to the overly dense characterization in many urban fantasy novels (That's how I took it, as I cheered on the inside).

The story starts with Quinn getting attacked by a sort of ex-priest. She then checks on the missing necromancer. Except the story morphs into something else when a magic dildo (yep, magic dildo) becomes a major issue. There is an inclusion of *The Maltese Unicorn*, a short story, which explains the magic dildo. The short story is just plain awesome sauce and happened to make me giggle. In fact I spent a lot of time giggling throughout the novel, maybe more than the previous novel, *Blood Oranges*.

I've mentioned that the novel is pulp, and in that fashion it's a quick read. Real life got in the way as I was reading the start, but the middle to the end I read in one sitting. Maybe I got up once for a drink or something of that nature.

Wow! For me this is a short review, but the novel is short. It's no secret that I love Kiernan's work, which is usually, well, very different than this. I also love her as Tierney. I thought about putting down quotes, but all of my favorites are laced with a loving F-bomb. Something about censoring that tears at my F-bomb loving heart. Now is when you should ask, why not the perfect score? Because I wanted more, because there was a few recurring things from *Blood Oranges*, and because the start of the novel was a little slow for me. I know, it might have just been that real life kicking me around, but those are my reasons.

If you're eyes are here it's because you're unsure if you should pick up the series/read this installment or you're another reviewer seeing what someone else thought. If you read the first book and didn't enjoy it, and mostly that might be for the language, the grit, and the insulting narrator (all things I loved) then probably not. **Red Delicious** has much more of all that. If you haven't started the series and are thinking about it based on what I've said about hybrids, F-bombs, magic dildos, and insulting narrators then yes. Yes, you should and you'll love it.

- Beth

John says

Reading the reviews on this page and bouncing back and forth between the 4-5 star accolades and the 1-2 star critiques, I actually wondered if I should split the difference at 3 stars! Did those Quinn fans see something I missed? Yes, I can see this as a stiff-arm-to-the-jaw parody of urban fantasy novels, and there's

plenty of rough-tough humor, much of it directed at the reader when Quinn, the first-person narrator, again and again pulls the prose equivalent of breaking the fourth wall. And, thanks to real life, I was definitely looking for a gritty, bracing read. So I enjoyed it at first, and if it were only as long as the rather dull inserted fictional short story (yes, not a real short story, a fictional one) then I think I'd rate it higher. But the parody kept recycling itself and became so repetitive that at the end I was just glad it was over.

One of the things that dragged it down for me was really a clever idea on the author's part. Maybe you read urban fantasy because you want to identify with a heroine and fall in love with a fictional hero (or vice versa)--well, the joke's on you. Everybody in this story is someone you definitely want to stay away from! The anti-heroine, "don't call me Siobhan" Quinn, (view spoiler) kills innocents with little more feeling than disdain for her victim, and tells the readers vulgarly what to do with themselves if they don't like her way of life. Don't expect me to be virtuous, she says, and the story works, after a fashion, with her as main character because the other important characters are all worse than she is.

But she is beholden to Mean Mr. B (who changes his surname daily) and does his dirty work on the mean streets of Providence RI (plus the Brown U. campus), and this time it gets her caught between two powerful demons, who cheerfully kidnap her into an alternate reality whenever they want a word with her, both of whom are searching for an incredibly powerful, very ancient artifact that will make them supreme, and they think she has it (view spoiler). The ending is fairly ingenious and quick, for which I was thankful. (You thought there would be an earth-shattering climax? The joke's on you again.)

Jason says

4 Stars

"Sooner or later, a junkie's gotta fix, and sooner or later, a predator's gotta kill. These are words to live by, golden rules, maxims in the great, wide, uncaring shitstorm of life. And undeath. And I hadn't gotten a red delicious fix since the day I'd been sent off to my meet-and-greet with Berenice Maidstone and Lenore the Goth and their shuffling zombie entourage."

Red Delicious by Kathleen Tierney / Caitlin Kiernan is a fun darker second story in her Siobhan Quinn series. This is Urban Fantasy done in a way that makes it a guilty pleasure of mine. Our twice dead heroine is back and she is angrier, nastier, and unapologetic than before.

This book does a good job at showing how through staying true to her bad ass routes that Quinn was able to juggle playing 5 parties at one time. As the story threads kept piling on top of one another, I never thought that Kiernan would be able to close each of them out without going over into the totally ridiculous and unimaginable. I was pleasantly surprised that she pulled it off as did Quinn.

The format of the story telling has gotten bolder. Quinn is penning these stories for us to read and she takes many shortcuts without ever being apologetic. Time frame shifts, action scenes, and backstory are all cut short with little more than creative blah blah blah. Normally this would be a deal breaker for me and most readers but for the case of Quinn, it works. I enjoy the fact that her writing and storytelling are done the same way that which she lives her life...on the edge.

Example of the style:

"You don't need to hear the step-by-step trek (again, again, again) across the city. But I was surprised the

Maidstone sisters were still squatting in the room above the deli on Atwells. Seemed pretty goddamn dumb to me.”

I love Caitlin Kiernan.

Read her works!

All Things Urban Fantasy says

Review courtesy of All Things Urban Fantasy.

Sam Spade with blood on her teeth, Quinn is the sort of fly-by-the-seat-of-her-pants, ask-questions-later, non-detective detective that busts the genre wide open. Sex, violence, and mythology are all part of the story, but bent through Quinn’s own one of a kind prism. This Siobhan Quinn book isn’t horror or urban fantasy or mystery, but rather a horrifying, fantastical heroine who finds herself embroiled in a mystery.

As a fan of both urban fantasy and mysteries, it can be uncomfortable watching Quinn slice open tropes and play with their entrails. An unreliable narrator who vacillates between the ugly and the uglier truth, I still found myself on her side. Through some mysterious, profane alchemy, even though I never trusted Quinn, never felt like she was making good decisions, heck, never even felt like the moment to moment train-wreck that was this “investigation” was building to any cohesive whole, I cared about Quinn herself. There is something compelling about how she pokes at her own wounds, some undefinable slight of the hand that gives the sense that for every brutal, honest time Quinn lays out her flaws, and they are many, the very act of doing so makes her worth caring about.

I spent so much of RED DELICIOUS puzzling over why I like Quinn, I was blindsided by her actions at the very end. Not the violence and risks, no, but by the personal growth I never saw coming. Just when I thought I had figured out my fascination with this dry, profane woman, Tierney gave her a trajectory I can’t resist. I will definitely be back for book three.

Sexual content: References to sex.

Nathan says

True story. My dad asked me what I was reading and I tried to describe this book. I said it was less of a parody and more of a parody of parodies; an entirely self aware narration that attempts to strip down everything about Urban Fantasy and built it back up so it looked exactly the same while being completely different. He looked at me and let me know that he has a Masters and still doesn’t know what the hell I am talking about.

Why did I come up with a stuttering, quasi-intellectual line of bull shit when discussing what this book was about?

Because there was no way I was going to that man who raised me that I was reading about a vampire junkie

chasing after a dildo made from unicorn horn while trying to stay ahead of two demon brothel owners.

Give Tierney (pen name for Caitlin R. Kiernan) one thing, never have I see such a unique quest item. Hell if this series ever gets picked up by a major studio and becomes a movie they won't have to change a single plot point when writing the inevitable porn parody that follows. The potential for a goldmine here is staggering.

Siobhan Quinn is still the most unreliable narrator in the history of fiction. She tells you she is lying, then lies to you, then lets you know that that could have been a lie as well. We met her in *Blood Oranges* where she had something of a Flashman vibe; seemingly the hero of the story yet vile in most ways and living on luck almost entirely. Or, not exactly living, being part vampire, but the point remains. I loved the unique style, the plot was serviceable, and the humor was absolutely top notch.

But this is definitely a series best taken in small doses. Little things that bugged in the first book itch even more while reading *Red Delicious*. Some of this is no doubt by design, I know going in that Quinn is entirely too self-aware of the fact that she lives in an Urban Fantasy. But she not only breaks the forth wall but tells us she is going to; and at some point this is less novel and more cartoon. Perhaps she could jump off a building but not fall until she looks down in the next book? Still, less of a complaint than an observation, it is more of the same from the first book after all.

Red Delicious has some strengths compared to the first outing though. While I enjoy Flashman (and the Warhammer equivalent Ciaphas Cain) I was glad to see Quinn gain a lot more agency this time around. She gained so much in her undead transformation it would have irked had she not figured out ways to make it work in her favor. She plots against those who seek to use her, takes petty revenge when she knows she can, and defeats the other guys (bad guys is a stretch when taken in comparison to herself) using her head and abilities. All in a much better plotted book than the first round.

So I look upon *Red Delicious* as something of a mixed bag. What bugged me was what drew me to the first book; perhaps a larger delay between readings would have worked in my favor. But I would assume that most who enjoyed this little monster's story the first time around will find just as much to enjoy here, wrapped in a more coherent plot.

3 Stars

Jenny says

I really enjoyed the novelty of Quinn's character in her first book, *Blood Oranges*, but by the time I finished *Red Delicious*, I'd had more than enough of her. Quinn herself, as the first person narrator of the books, would say she doesn't care, and that I can go ahead and stop reading her books and it makes no difference to her. And then she would say it again. And again. And to me it became a case of "the lady doth protest too much".

Quinn also has a habit of saying things along the lines of "I know good books aren't supposed to have these kinds of plot holes, but that's too bad, this is my real life, and I ain't no writer." This is also something she says ad nauseum in *Red Delicious*. The time or two this kind of statement was made in the first book, it was an interesting novelty and the plot still managed to stand pretty well despite these honestly uttered caveats. But in this second installment I felt the author leaned much too heavily on this mechanism. Admitting that you're using deus ex machina or that your characters are being inexplicably stupid/short sighted only gets

your forgiven for doing these things so many times.

I would imagine that, despite what Quinn chants, that Kathleen Tierney does care about what her readers think. But under the weight of Quinn's voice, I couldn't really tell. I'm glad you don't care, Quinn, 'cuz I'm out.

Kenny Soward says

I've been a fan of the author for a long time -- she normally writes what I would call dark fantasy, stories of pain and mystery where the answers are not easily discernible if they are provided at all -- and I love that the author has written some books (these Quinn books) that should appeal to folks who are fans of monster hunters or urban fantasy or whatever you want to call it. Main stream, you might say. The Quinn books are fun, and this one even tops the first one. Quinn is deliciously noncommittal, full of smart-assed pessimism which fuels her dry, dark sense of humor. I can only smile as I read along. The author is so damn good that she can simultaneously poke fun at the genre while doing a bang up job with it. I love the mythology, the dialogue, the action and surprises. Quinn isn't a character you can love, but she doesn't care whether you love her or not. Love it.

The only issue I have with these books are the endings...I don't want to give out any spoilers, but the endings are just there and gone. Too fast and easy. In retrospect, the books do move fast, so I suppose it shouldn't be a big surprise.

In any case, Red Delicious is definitely worth your time and money.

Neil McCrea says

I have long been a fan of Caitlin Kiernan's work. Her Lovecraft pastiches honor and occasionally transcend the source material, her comic book work is filled with wild invention, her early novels are linguistically daring and preference atmosphere over plot and are all the better for it, and *The Red Tree* and *The Drowning Girl* have as much artistic merit as anything that has been published in the last ten years. The Siobhan Quinn novels are a different kettle of fish entirely.

It's not quite fair to say that Caitlin Kiernan is slumming it with these novels, but her aims are certainly lower than most of what she has written. Even a casual reader of her blog and social network output would know that she has an rather adversarial relationship with the paranormal romance/urban fantasy sub-genre. Her publisher often attempted to market her novels in that category much to the ire of her fans, paranormal romance/urban fantasy fans, and the author herself. The result, after years of this, is the Siobhan Quinn trilogy, which is at its core an extended piss take on the tropes of the genre. *Red Delicious*, as with *Blood Oranges* before it, is a ripping adventure infused with all the frustration, contempt and bile that the author has toward the romanticisation of monsters. And it is wicked good fun.

Additionally, in *Red Delicious*, Caitlin Kiernan also aims her sights on a particular brand of internet critic, many of whom inhabit Amazon and . . . er . . . Goodreads. Throughout the novel, Siobhan Quinn breaks the fourth wall to address the hows and whys of the way in which she tells her story, and she never fails to end these explanations with a hearty "fuck yourself if you don't like it". This made me smile each and every time

it happened.

Finally, *Red Delicious* also made me drunk on profanity, an experience I've rarely had outside of watching *Deadwood*, *Spartacus*, or *Dexter*. It's not something to indulge in daily, but a good profanity bender is a fine thing indeed.

Erin says

While I hate to give anything by Kiernan less than three stars, and while *Red Delicious* has the potential to be a funny, great book, the author kind of seems to hate what she's writing. There's a lot of jabs at paranormal romance as a genre, and at the romantification of vampires and werewolves, two very valid points. But by a lot, I mean A LOT. So....why are you writing it? Contracts, I guess?

I think if Kiernan had stayed away from too much broke-the-fourth-wall, "this is how monsters really are" schlocky stuff, this could have been a really funny and pointed send up of the genre she's satirizing because it is, in fact, about a magical dildo. I mean, what more do you need? I just felt the point was driven home a few too many times.

Baal Of says

Lightning did not strike twice for me on this one. The second time around, the joke just wasn't funny any more. Instead of coming across with a wink and a nod, this book felt like a bitter, nasty attack, as if the author didn't really want to do it again, but the demand was there. Of course I have no way of knowing. The character of Siobahn Quinn is a single cacophonous note that Tierney hammers relentlessly for the entire fucking book. She is one dimensional and tedious, and the shitty attitude isn't just aimed at other characters in this imaginary world, but at the reader as well, which seems to also cross over into Tierney (Kiernan) spewing venom at people who have reviewed her other books in ways she doesn't like. There are easily a half dozen moments like this

Go ahead. Stop reading. Feel free to "throw the book across the room." That's your prerogative, and I say again, it sure as shit won't hurt my feelings.

Who is speaking here? The character or the author? That is some high-grade pre-emptive defensiveness. No matter how a reader reacts, Tierney is safe, cause she's already gone on the attack, pretty much daring people to dislike the book.

There was a potentially interesting section in which she embedded a short story in the novel, with the premise that it was published in *Weird Tales* in 1935, but she started off by addressing the reader in a whiny, passive-aggressive, insulting manner. To top it off, the writing style in the short story was no fucking different from the rest of the novel, so it didn't read like it came from that publication in that time period at all. And worse, the main character was essentially exactly the same as Siobahn just with a different name.

Throw in a few quotes like "her voice soft as a bedbug's fart" and "tumbled out of the ugly tree and hit every limb on the way down." and I'm left without much good to say about this book. I did like the various musical references, so that's something.

Αταλ?ντη Ευριπ?δου says

I have loved Caitlin R. Kiernan's work ever since I read "The Girl Who Would Be Death". And, then, along came "Threshold" and, from page one of that book, I knew she would become one of my favourite writers. Reading "Red Delicious", I figured out why I liked the Quinn novels as much as I do. It's not only because she's "taking back the language of the night", as she says. It's mainly because she's giving it back to us, as well. She's giving us back our monsters the way they should be: scary, terrifying and inhuman. I love the humour and the meta-comments as much as the next girl, but more than that, I love that Siobhan Quinn offers me, as a reader, the darkness I long for. A lot of contemporary speculative fiction has a tendency of de-fantascizing fantasy and I know I've written this before, but it's true. The monsters are not monsters anymore and fantasy readers ask for realism. I'm not one of those readers. I'm one of those people who crave the night and I'm extremely thankful to writers like Caitlin R. Kiernan for giving it back to us.

Madyson Barnard says

Loved the second book so action packed our heroine has now been put between the conflict of finding an artifact made from the horn of a unicorn. i just loved the second book and cant wait for the third book.

Mogsy (MMOGC) says

4.5 of 5 stars at The BiblioSanctum <http://bibliosantum.blogspot.com/201...>

Even before the first page, I was cracking up at the epigraphs. Okay, maybe it's just the geek in me, but I don't think it's possible to go wrong with a book that quotes "old Asura proverbs" from Guild Wars 2. Regardless, I knew I was going to be in for a ride with this one, and I would have expected nothing less from the follow-up to the utterly brilliant book that was Blood Oranges. Yep, it feels great to be back in the world of Siobhan Quinn!

Much like the first book, Red Delicious delivers a healthy dose of dark humor and satire. Our favorite half-werewolf, half-vampire heroine is back working a case for her boss Mean Mr. B, following the trail of a missing teenage girl who also happens to be the youngest daughter of a local bigwig necromancer. But, as Quinn so often likes to remind us, she is not a detective. Oh, and don't call her Siobhan. Not unless you want to keep all your teeth.

What follows next is an outrageously entertaining sequence of events as Quinn gets caught up in a tangle involving demons, alternate universes, and an ancient magical artifact of immense power which I can't even physically describe here without having to raise the content rating of this review. Trapped in the middle of everything, it'll take Quinn everything she has just to get out of this one alive.

This story is guaranteed to serve up lots of laughs and no small amount of raised eyebrows. This is not your typical urban fantasy, folks. The author's note pretty much says it all; if you're looking for romance, likeable heroes, seductively attractive werewolves and vampires, or books in general that don't come with a warning label, then this series is probably not for you. But if you're down with checking out a side of this genre which

has never seen before, Kathleen Tierney (nom de plume of renowned speculative fiction author Caitlín R. Kiernan) will seriously rock your world.

I still remember my first encounter with Quinn, which was such a refreshing experience. She's a pure riot! I think the first time I heard her describe herself as a "werepire" I almost fell out of my chair. A self-admitted coward, shamelessly compulsive liar and a terribly unreliable narrator to boot, she's nonetheless an anti-heroine you can't help but love. She will make her own rules when telling her story, and won't give a crap if you don't like it. Always fond of breaking the fourth wall, throughout the book Quinn will even tell you that herself -- though I assure you she is much less polite about it! This is a protagonist who will blast away all your expectations with the shocking things she says and does.

It's this tongue-in-cheek, almost parodic take on urban fantasy that makes me love these books so much. This series breaks the mold in more ways than one, and is perfect for those needing a quick breather from the more traditional UF tropes. The fast-paced, volatile and unpredictable nature of the story means there is never a dull moment. Red Delicious is a worthy sequel, just as amazing as Blood Oranges!

Tabitha says

Red Delicious was, let me just tell you, sinfully delicious! I may have seriously enjoyed the first book, Blood Oranges, but oh boy, this character Quinn has solidified just how freaking radtastic she is in this second book.

I kid you not when I say I held an amused smirk for almost the entirety of the book, which I devoured in, oh I don't know less than 4 hours? Quinn isn't a heroine, or even an anti-heri, she is a no shame, all out for herself, unrepentant killer. And I freaking love her!!

In case you're just coming on the scene, this book has one of the best recaps in the opening pages I have ever read. Quinn is the narrator and she addresses the reader directly throughout the book. So she's laying it out on the line for you if in case you didn't already read the first book. And while you definitely WANT to read the first book, I don't think you have to. (But do it anyway ok? - OK)

She used to be a heroin junkie, but now she's a blood and guts junkie because not only is she a vampire, but she also turns furry during the full moon. That's right folks, she's a vampwolf, Wolfire - whatever the heck you want to call it, she's a vampire but also a werewolf cause she was unfortunate enough (or maybe fortunate hey?) to have been bitten by both of these nasties in the same night in the first book.

In Red Delicious, her boss has a job for her, find the missing sister of some debutante rich witch. But there is more going down than that obviously. She ends up running around all over the place, kicking major arse and getting hers kicked of course. There is loads of swearing (when I say loads I am not mincing words here, prepare for a curse storm that would make your sailor grandfather blush), tons of quirky characters and funny names and just a whole lot of fun.

If you like your urban fantasy down and dirty then you can't freaking pass Blood Oranges and Red Delicious up! If you do, well someone needs to give you a swift kick in the pants. *steps forward to volunteer*

Before I forget, there was some hilarious hanky panky references here that well, you better be ware of cause

you might have a giggle fit. Did I also mention you'll laugh your ass off?

Shit like that makes me wonder if what we call reality is nothing more than a movie someone's filming in an alternate universe Hollywood. Because...damn. - pg 7

On my way out the front door, I jammed a knit cap with a Slytherin House psych on my head. Maybe that was overplaying my hand, yeah, but fuck it. B wants me to pass for a fucking muggle, might as well hit it full tilt boogie. - pg 29

Ruby Hollyberry says

When reading this series I keep asking myself: "who is the intended audience for this???" The answer to that question is still rather obscure but the truth is that it must be me, because I adore them. Villainous "heroine", intentional disregard for literary convention, apparently meant to be goofy plotting, and all. Stretches my sense of what to expect from fiction, especially the very often formulaic genre of urban fantasy. I enjoy something different and a little unpredictable, and there is much humor contained within, as long as you don't mind the lack of sweetynice characters. The closest to nice in here is a greedy, cowardly troll, haha!
