



Every Last Drop

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It's like this: a series of bullet-riddled bad breaks has seen rogue Vampyre and terminal tough guy Joe Pitt go from PI for hire to Clan-connected enforcer to dead man walking in a New York minute. And after burning all his bridges, the only one left to cross leads to the Bronx, where Joe's brass knuckles and straight razor can't keep him from running afoul of a sadistic old bloodsucker with a bad bark and a worse bite. Even if every Clan in Manhattan is hollering for Joe's head on a stick, it's got to be better than trying to survive in the outer-borough wilderness.

So it's a no-brainer when Clan boss Dexter Predo comes looking to make a deal. All Joe has to do to win back breathing privileges on his old turf is infiltrate an upstart Clan whose plan to cure the Vyrus could expose the secret Vampyre world to mortal eyes and set off a panic-driven massacre. Not cool. But Joe's all over it. To save the Undead future, he just has to wade neck-deep through all the archenemies, former friends, and assorted heavy hitters he's crossed in the past. No sweat? Maybe not, but definitely more blood than he's ever seen or hungered for. And maybe even some tears—over the horror and heartbreakening truth about the evil men do no matter who or what they are.

Every Last Drop Details

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Cameron says

From Society to Rogue to Society to really really Rogue to playing everyone's damn field, Joe just can't seem to find a niche and hang tight, lay low, stay copacetic. It doesn't help that his mannerisms err on the side of painfully sarcastic and violently anticipatory. No wonder he gets his ass kicked to the wilds, no, not Brooklyn again, worse: to stay out of the sights of the Clans that individually each want his head on any damned platter available, Joe goes to the Bronx, a sort of homecoming that he gets a tad nostalgic over (yeah right) since it was where he was born.

It's really not all that much better in the Bronx though, especially since on several occasions Joe gets his ass handed to him. At least the Manhattan Clans only wanted his head. So with a bit of "gravity" dragging him back, he skips gayly back into Manhattan into the arms of enemies who want to use him like a tool (Dexter Predo can be really nasty when he wants to be, and I swear I think I saw Joe quiver at one point), former allies who want to fold him into their organizations and have a big lovefest or a crazy party (or both), and a former boss whom Joe has pushed to the brink. So what next? Blow up in the tool user's hands of course, bite the hand that wants to pet you, turn one crazy on another, and push your former buddy boss over that precipice. Simple. Messy. And you get to be the badass to a whole slew of badasses.

Ben says

Excellent continuation and build up to critical mass. I can't wait to see how the pieces fall in the next book.

Contrarius says

I believe that many readers don't like this book as much as the rest of the Joe Pitt series, but I am very impressed by it. However, one must have read the three preceding books in order to get full value from this one.

Every Last Drop is the book where we really start to see more of Joe's internal life. Throughout the series Joe is somewhat of an enigma. We see only flashes of what really motivates him, and many times he hardly appears to be human. But the facade begins to crack a bit more in this volume. He is injured both physically and emotionally, and we see more of what Joe is willing to endure in order to get what he wants and to help those he loves.

On the surface this is a grim and bloody noir series about battling vampire clans, and comparisons to Cormac McCarthy and Elmore Leonard are quite apt here. However, there is much more to these books than just the superficial text. When all five books are taken as a whole, they paint quite a gripping portrait of a severely damaged man battling his way through a brutal world, hanging onto the last shreds of his humanity as it is ripped away from him bit by bit. I'm probably going to have to read through the series again in order to really cement my thoughts about it, and that by itself tells me that there's a lot to think about and appreciate here.

Neil says

I had the pleasure of moderating a panel with Huston, Charlaine Harris, and Marjorie Liu last week at the ALA convention. Huston was a funny speaker. It was easy to see where the humor and likability of a character, even one as nasty as Joe Pitt, comes from. I got the feeling that most of Huston's work in the future will be along the lines of straight noir, not stuff with a fantastic element, but we'll have to see.

In this installment, Pitt is at loose ends up in Queens, trying to get back to Evie and Manhattan. He makes some gruesome discoveries when he goes looking for the source of blood for the Coalition. The Count has gained power in The Enclave, and all out war between the vampire clans seems imminent. I have an advance copy of *My Dead Body* which will close the series. Can't wait to see how it all turns out!

Stephanie says

Joe Pitt is really hitting the bottom this time. Exiled from Manhattan, Pitt finds himself living like a homeless person, trying to stay alive in the Bronx. And there is some real evil going on over there, some really sick stuff.

Maggie K says

I had to sit here for a while thinking what it was about these books I like so much....Joe's too jaded to like too much. He seems to get too focused on things, then all of a sudden you realize he has been dealing with the big picture all along. He doesn't share his thoughts but you realize he has been sitting there planning things once he gets in motion. How everything always ends up being about the girl he loves.

I'm talking a lot about Joe aren't I? Even though I said I didn't like him. Characterization is a wondrous thing. :)

Ian Mathers says

In which our protagonist tears down his entire world just to get back to/with the only person in the world he loves. Spoiler: It doesn't work.

This was the book, I guess, where Huston's noir roots really hit me - you like Joe, and you root for him, but he's not always (or even often) a good person. He doesn't always make choices that you would, or ones that are morally acceptable. Or sane. But, I mean, he's been telling you since the first book that not only does he live in the dark and drink blood, but that he was raised in an atmosphere of horrific abuse. Joe isn't an abuser himself, but he's also not normal, even by the standards of his world. I haven't read #5 yet, so this is just a suspicion, but at this point I don't know if I want there to be a sixth Joe Pitt book - let's just say that it feels like his story is drawing to an end.

Ian Oliver Camiwet says

Book 4 in the Joe Pit series became better than its previous ones. Huston continues the fast paced, and violent story of the vampyre Joe Pit, and he just raised the stakes.

After returning from exile, Joe decides to come back from the Bronx a year later after the events in the previous books. And a lot has changed; Amanda Horde, the girl he rescued, has established a clan, but problems arise in maintaining it. She sent Joe into a mission, in which he discovers a great secret, that can bring the other organizations into war.

This is what I liked with these series, with fast pace, with no chapters, quotation marks, and total badassery that keeps your blood pumping. It's a really good read, and this is one of the vampire books that has a very good explanation about how the prosses works.

Gabriel says

Ok, so this one was full of awkward sentences and phrasing. There were a few too many times when sections (just a couple of short paragraphs long) seemed disjointed and not quite understandable.

BUT ...

Joe Pitt (ne Cool, I swear) stuck off the island for a year of rogue vampiring. Then, he's brought back for reasons begun in book #3 (yeah, this is a series you NEED to read in the correct order). And this time, he doesn't get played ... he plays the others.

These books are gritty (as in, you need to take a shower after reading paying special attention to your fingernails gritty), dark, inventive, exciting and violent with a slight hint of humor. Of course I think of Harry Dresden when Joe Pitt fires back insult after insult to his superiors ... but unlike Dresden, Pitt's insults are not grounded in geekdom. No, Joe is just a genuine jerk. Still, I love him.

The best thing about this entry in the series was, Joe felt in control (not Charlie Huston, see my review on Half The Blood Of Brooklyn) the whole time. Even when he was shocked, he was in control. Huston did put together a wonderfully paced story. Little raises in the stakes every couple of pages, a recurring theme that takes a slightly different note each time it's played, the feeling of progression, a solo here and there to spice things up ... book is a frickin' Jazz song.

And I can hardly wait for the encore!

J.K. Grice says

The Joe Pitt vampire saga shoulders on. Another winner from Huston.

Charles says

This is the fourth of five books in the Joe Pitt series following *Half the Blood of Brooklyn* (my review). The series is a mashup of: dark, gritty, and ultra-violent noir/hardboiled detective/urban fantasy. This story continues to advance the long-term story arc, but does not bring the story to its close. Like its predecessor, I found it to be another *filler*. The ending is weak cliffhanger forcing a series reader to find closure with buying or borrowing *My Dead Body (Joe Pitt #5)* .

Note this book continues the series' tradition of saving trees. It's a thin 250-pages, which is 25-pages more than its predecessor. Note only the first book, *Already Dead* (my review) was longer (barely) than 300 pages. At this point, I would have greatly appreciated the author having written a *trilogy* of ≥ 350 page books, rather than two skinny novels and three fat novellas. In addition, this book despite the valuable pages spent on backstory would be unintelligible to folks who have not been following the series in its publication order.

Prose is no different from the other books in the series. The author is writing in the noir/hardboiled style of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler although I see the inspiration of Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange* . The Pitt protagonist's POV is used throughout. Pitt's dialog is laconic, although he doesn't indulge in the noir/hardboiled use of wry similes. With Pitt so silent, the other characters provide the now serially annoying exposition. Descriptive prose is good. The author appears to have spent *almost* as much time on *atmosphere* as the first book in the series. Conversely, action sequences are not as well done in previous books. Their brevity was felt here. Finally, I did not laugh once while reading this book. Previous books in the series had one or more laugh-out-loud responses to the macabre humor. This story was *un-funny*.

This story includes sex references, modest alcohol abuse, and ultra-violence. The sex was 'talk' about sex and implied sexual violence. Pitt drinks "to forget" in this story, which I found to be uninteresting. Violence is graphic and pervasive. It consists of: physical, edged-weapons, and firearms mayhem in gory detail. Physical mutilation is described in excruciating detail. Body count is moderately high. (view spoiler) This story is not a YA read.

The main characters include: Pitt, Evie (no last name), Terry Bird, Predo. The Count (name since forgotten) and Amanda Horde. Pitt, Evie (Pitt's love interest), Bird, Predo, Horde and The Count are carried over from the previous book(s). Most receive no real development, although both The Count and Evie in their new roles are the minor exception. The Bronx and Queens vampires are NPCs—they're left to be forgotten. The exception may be the Queens vampire (Queen) Esperanza Benjamin?

Plotting sucked. I complained that the last book in the series, *Half the Blood of Brooklyn* was a filler—this one is too. The cover blurb's "Joe has a bad break and gets sucked back into the maelstrom of Manhattan Vampyre [sic] politics, only to learn a ruinous secret " (I'm paraphrasing here) was a better story than *what hath the author wrought*. Already understanding the dynamic between the "Old" vs. "New" vampires is an important story point. Most of the story was Pitt unwillingly traveling from the South Bronx back to his old stomping ground in lower Manhattan, out to Queens, then back to Manhattan. While working for The Cure proto-clan founded by Horde, Pitt learns the key "Old" vampire secret. He then kicks the hornets' nest over on virtually all the established Manhattan vampire power blocks: Coalition, Society, and Enclave. Good news? Pitt finds some hope in *getting the girl* (back). The story ends precipitously with you needing to buy or borrow the final book (*My Dead Body (Joe Pitt #5)*) to find out what happens.

Plot holes large enough to drive a cement mixer (!) through abound. Despite my literary suspension of belief

regarding the supernatural, too many folks that were not vampires knew the “Old” vampire secret for too long—like generations. How long can you keep a secret if you’ve got *Goombahs* from Queens working for you? (view spoiler) Another point is that vampires are all psychopaths. The leaders of the Coalition, Society, and Enclave would have thrown Pitt out into daylight (after a long-ish exposition) either the first time or the last time they met, kidnapped, or hijacked him, especially the last time.

The *Rough Guide* Tour of metro-New York is an *edu-tainment* draw for this series. Mentioned earlier stops on the tour included the: South Bronx, lower Manhattan, and Queens with both The Bronx and Queens being new to the series. Who cares about the Bronx and Queens? However, I continue to follow the story locations while reading, which are very accurate in their description. I ❤️ NY.

This story was a second disappointment. Like its predecessors, the story is dark, dour, and gritty, with terse dialogue, blood and gore, and written to convey to folks a sub-culture on the edge of madness. (That’s the good part.) However, this is the second consecutive filler book with a dubious ending I’ve read in the series. *Half the Blood in Brooklyn* was the same nonsense. I did the addition; there are less than 1400 pages in the series’ five (5) books. Given Pitt’s terse dialog, and the chance for paring back the extra four (4) books-worth of backstory, and maybe tidying-up the long expository narrations clogging the overall story narrative; why couldn’t this series be a simple trilogy of 350-page books? Also, unlike with the other books in the series, I stopped laughing. I didn’t find anything in the story to be funny. Finally, Pitt escaping into a sewer with Bird, Prado and The Count after him is not an ending. Its no different than the last book’s ending, where he escaped into the sewer of the South Bronx. So, this story was *yet-another* ‘place-holder’ in the series, which unfortunately you can’t do without. I’m going to read the last book in the series (*My Dead Body*), but only to vent my spleen on the series as a whole. In summary, if I didn’t have to read it; I wouldn’t have.

Readers interested in gore dripping, ultra-violence and vampires might be interested in *Vampire\$* by John Steakley.

Leslee says

2.5 stars. It's hard to believe how such a promising series devolved so quickly. In this addition to the Joe Pitt series, our titular character falls deeper in the middle of a convoluted mess of a turf war. Sela and Amanda are back, with Amanda being some sort of young genius with biomolecular and virus research. We also find out the Coalition's secret source for their vast quantities of blood.

Not going to go into much detail for this one because I'm saving it all for the grand finale on my review of the last book but needless to say that the series isn't really getting any better as it goes along. At this point I think that Huston is overreaching in his ability to continue and maintain the 'noir' tone while coming up with fresh material and storylines for each novel all while expanding the overarching plot. Will go into further detail on my review of the final book.

This is definitely a fourth book in the series. I have no idea how anyone could jump into the series by starting with this book and understand what the heck is going on.

Katja says

starting to get tired of the series...

Petra Spies says

I don't want the series to end.

carol. says

Every starts with Joe's exile in the Bronx, and him dropping in on a post-baseball game exodus, parsing the crowd for Vampyres. He scents one and follows the trail, tracing it to a pack who has just attacked a woman. It's one of the neatest, heart-breaking series expositions I've read; it orients the reader to Joe, the Vampyre life and his moral struggle in an unusual way. Shortly after, he is meeting Esperanza, a tough Puerto Rican and the closest thing they have to a Vampyre boss up there. Or so he thinks, until he runs into a pack again and meets their sadistic maker. What follows was one of those hard scenes that Huston does so well. Creepy, fraught with violence and suspense, and when it finally goes down, it is both better and worse than expected. Huston is very skilled at making me uncomfortable without needing to pile on a load of details; a few carefully chosen words and I cringe.

Manipulations pull him back into the city, as Predo sends him to infiltrate the newest clan, Clan Cure, led by eccentric genius Amanda, now planning to save Vampyres from the virus. From there, he hits up a flophouse, running into Philip, his favorite snitch and crutch. Ah, Phil, a never-ending source of wry addict humor. **"Man, this'll teach me to focus exclusively on the ups. I mean, fuck, I don't got a single painkiller in here."** The last step in playing the angles is investigating the Coalition's mysterious blood supply that serves as uneasy lynchpin in the peace between clans. **"I didn't pass math. Shit, I didn't pass anything. But I can figure that number in my head. Know what that number equals? Equals: Where the fuck to they get it all?"**

Joe is scrambling in this book, a desperate and subtle manipulation of playing everyone who wants to kill him off each other. He has a cockroach quality, in that almost nothing seems to kill him despite varied and numerous threats. Though he is dispassionate on the surface, he will take revenge. Really, that's another one of the brilliances of Huston's writing; how he can imbue a seemingly detached character with emotional complexity. Though he later justifies his actions in terms of Evie, it's quite clear Joe has another, almost nihilistic ethical sense operating.

Huston's really hitting his writing stride with this one. I enjoyed the writing as much as the plotting, perhaps even more. I particularly relish when his 'gangsters' get a chance to share their stunning and sophisticated philosophies: **"It is strange. That causing fear in others can help produce freedom. But it is also true. It clears a path before one. Creates space, a perimeter within which one can operate with abandon. I am not saying that it is true freedom. But it is a start."**

A running metaphor about gravity and orbital bodies lends a sense of inevitability to the arc of Joe's actions. Evie is the black hole to his trajectory, unavoidable. **"The gravity pulling from below Fourteenth doesn't go away... How you ignore a thing like that is, you move. Create momentum. Build velocity to carry your mass outside the influence of the body pulling at yours."**

Ah, the characterizations. "**The man breeds lies. He spawns them asexually, with no need for any assistance. He exhales and lies fill the air... he dreams in lies.**"

And the setting: "**The bad things about a place like the Whitehouse, listed alphabetically, start somewhere around *armed robbery*, run past *cockroaches* and *dirty needles*, hit their stride with *mass murder*, start to tail off at *rape*, and end with a classic: *zoophilia*.**"

Really, I'm impressed at how much Huston accomplishes with his staccato style. Not always a *comfortable* read, but a decently plotted, characterized one with a surprising sophistication.

Book five: <https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>

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