



DEZ DELRIO

THE LIPSTICK  
KILLERZ

*It is out of the darkness that we see the  
light of life most vividly...*



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FOR MY DAUGHTER TRINITY  
THE LOVE OF MY LIFE



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## CHAPTER ONE

San Francisco, California 1986

**U**NDER COVER OF A FULL MOON, the hot pink Cadillac glided effortlessly up and down the sloping, rolling hills on which San Francisco's streets were paved. The occasional passing car honked approvingly upon seeing the vintage Cadillac, while others conferred the thumbs-up at its driver, prompting the two passengers lurking about inside the car – a man and a woman – to wave at the ardent spectators.

“I just love your new car, Julian,” Lila said. “Tell me more about it.”

“Well, only because you asked. This fine car here is a 1959 Cadillac Coupe De Ville convertible, a rare gem if ever there was one.”

“Ain't that something! Well, I don't know much about old cars, but this sure is one bitchin' automobile.”

The Cadillac proceeded north up Cathedral Hill while the Thrill Kill Kult's “Sex on Wheelz” blasted from the car stereo. Turning right onto O'Farrell Street, the riders entered San Francisco's notorious Tenderloin District. The streets here are lined with strip joints, liquor stores, and massage parlors. The sidewalks are littered with junkies, pimps, hoes, crack heads, and drug dealers. The homeless mill about on every street corner looking for a handout, while the tranny prostitutes prowling for johns, gaze like devils at every car that drives past. From a bird's eye view, San Francisco is the most beautiful city in the world; but down in the streets, the scum de la scum ooze from the gutters like stagnant sewer water.

Arriving in North Beach via Chinatown, the Cadillac made a right turn onto Broadway from Grant Street. It was Friday night, and the neighborhood was alive and glowing with neon. Lines were forming outside the many clubs and bars that lined the strip, and the traffic was backed up clear into the Broadway Tunnel.

Up the road was where all the action took place. The punks hung out on one side of the strip in front of the Mab, while the heavy metal kids congregated across the street in front of the Stone.

Around the corner, custom-built Harley Davidson choppers lined the curb in front of Morty's. The Hells Angels gathered out in front of the bar, cheering their fellow brethren on as they drag raced their bikes up and down Kearny street; the sound of their heavy-metal thunder setting off car alarms as they whizzed by, the smoke bellowing from beneath their tires sending the stench of burning rubber wafting through the air.

The Cadillac eventually pulled up and stopped in front of the Hi Ball Lounge.

"Knock 'em dead," Julian said.

When the passenger door of the Cadillac swung open, a stunning young woman emerged from inside car and exited the vehicle. She was dressed in a bellhop-style costume and carried a tray about her neck that was filled with cigarettes, candy, and assorted novelties. The two-piece costume was cherry red, with gold lace macramé trim around the chest and edges and black tassels dangled from each shoulder. In spite of the shortness of the matching skirt, it was more sexy than slutty. A red pill box hat, black fishnet stockings, and four-inch black heels rounded out the ensemble, making for a campy, colorful look.

The cigarette girl walked up to the door, exchanged pleasantries with the bouncers, and entered the club.

Once inside, she stalked the floor like a jaguar looking for its next meal. Although the majority of the bar clientele ignore her, several turn to gaze at her as she walks past, some with a familiar smile, and others like a stupid-puppy, hungry for love and longing to be petted.

The cigarette girl spent a few minutes mingling with customers, made a few sales, and then settled at the bar, legs crossed, drink in hand. Her brief

date with tranquility quickly transformed to disease when, out of the corner of her eye, she spotted an inebriated man making a beeline for her from across the room. The man was garbed in beige trousers, a long-sleeve white button-down shirt, black tie, and brown loafers – standard yuppie attire in San Francisco. She figured the man to be about forty-five, as he was slightly overweight and balding on top.

Turning briefly toward the bar, she spun around at the last minute to greet him. “What’s up, doll?”

“Who the hell are you supposed to be?” the drunken yuppie asked.

“I’m a cigarette girl,” the young woman replied.

“A cigarr... what?”

“A cigarette girl. Can I help you?”

“You sure can,” the drunken yuppie replied, spilling half his Martini on the floor in front of her.

“I have a question for you.”

“Okay, shoot,” the cigarette girl said.

“What color are your panties?”

“Well, doll, if you must know, they’re red...blood red.”

“I bet they’re soaking wet,” the drunken yuppie slurred as a group of his friends gathered to watch the show.

Still smiling, the cigarette girl was clearly unaffected by his insolent behavior and the sudden onslaught of men that had just surrounded her. “Can I get you fellas anything?” she asked candidly.

“Yeah...a blow job,” the drunken yuppie blurted out.

The majority of the men burst into laughter at their friend’s outrageous suggestion, and although one or two appeared bothered by their friend’s insolent behavior, they offered the cigarette girl no solace from their douche-bag buddy’s verbal assault.

“Sorry, honey, but you’ll have to go to the bar if you want a drink.”

“Drink? No, bitch, I want you to suck my dick.”

The cigarette girl pouted briefly but quickly regained her composure. “Look, Romeo, unless you’re sporting a Magnum, I’m not interested, so get lost”.

The yuppie's entourage once again burst into laughter, but this time, *at* their friend.

Visibly perturbed, he pushed his friends away and somewhat roughly pulled the cigarette girl aside. "Trust me, honey, you won't be disappointed," he mumbled in her ear.

Amused by his pathetic persistence, she leaned in close and stroked his tie with her long, slender fingers. "Well, aren't you the naughty little boy? If that's really true, why don't we meet out front in, say...fifteen minutes?"

"Out front, fifteen minutes. I'll be there."

"I'm sure you will," the cigarette girl replied. "Now beat it, mug. I need to make some money before I go. And by the way, if you tell any of your little friends about us, we're done, and don't think I won't be watching you. If I see you talking to any of them, our little midnight rendezvous is *finito*."

The inebriated yuppie nodded, quickly finished what was left of his drink, and after waving goodbye to his friends from afar, he quickly exited the bar.

Once outside, he walked to the edge of the building, leaned against the wall in front of the club, and lit a cigarette; proud of himself for landing his clandestine meeting with the sexy cigarette girl.

"Hey, doll, got a light?"

Startled by the cigarette girl's sudden appearance, the surprised yuppie dropped the cigarette he was smoking onto the sidewalk. "How the hell did you do that?"

"Do what?"

"Sneak up on me like that? I could swear you weren't anywhere near here a second ago."

"I just came from inside the bar, silly. Relax. Now, are you gonna light my cigarette, or do I have to get one of these other big strong men to do it to me, for me?"

"I got it," he sputtered. As he lit her cigarette, the flame from his lighter ignited the cigarette girl's piercing green eyes and illuminated her taut, pretty face. Her olive complexion was flawless and baby smooth, and her moist red lips glistened in the warm glow of the lighter's flame.

“So, what were you thinking about when I walked up? You looked like you were lost in deep thought,” she said.

“Nothing. I wasn’t thinking about nothing.”

“Well, it sure looked like you were enjoying whatever it was you weren’t thinking about.” She began to fan her face with her hand. “God, it’s so warm tonight. Can you believe it? This is freakin’ San Francisco. It’s not supposed to get this hot.”

“It’s only seventy-six degrees,” the drunken yuppie replied.

“Yeah, well from where I’m standing, it feels like a heat wave.”

As the warm wind blowing inland from the bay fluttered through her long, dark hair, the drunken yuppie caught the faint scent of vanilla almond and was aroused by the intoxicating smell rising up through the air. He eyed the cigarette girl lustfully. “You’re quite right,” he said. “It is getting hot around here.”

“So, how’s it hanging, Tucker?” the cigarette girl asked.

“Wait...how do you know my name? I never introduced myself.”

“I overheard one of your friend’s call you ‘Tucker’. What’s the big deal?”

Though he could not specifically recall any of his friends using his name, he hesitantly accepted her explanation, despite his uncertainty.

The cigarette girl, sensing his sudden apprehension decided to move the conversation along. “Well, it looks like tonight is my lucky night. I bet a big handsome stud like you knows how to show a girl a real good time.”

“I sure do,” the drunken yuppie said grabbing arrogantly at his crotch. “This is going to be one good time you won’t soon forget.”

“Yeah,” the cigarette girl replied, “you just might be right about that. I think I’m really gonna enjoy this one, Tucker. Why don’t we step into my office for a little privacy?”

Walking up Broadway toward Montgomery Street, the pair made a right turn into a narrow alley next to the Mabuhay Gardens and walked deep into the darkness until they reached the back of the building. After positioning themselves on the far side of the dumpster out of sight, the two would-be lovers chatted nonchalantly as they enjoyed a smoke. Though muffled, the sound of hi-octane punk rock music could be heard rumbling

from inside the bar and the cigarette girl, a devoted fan, positioned herself against the back wall of the building so she could feel the sonic vibrations caused by the amplifiers that lined the back of the stage.

Her suitor scoped the darkened courtyard anxiously for any unwanted company until his eyes became fixated on the graffiti and the plethora of band stickers that stained the wall behind her.

“Did you know the name of every band that has ever played this bar has their name on this wall?”

“A bunch of losers and freaks if you ask me,” the drunken yuppie said. “Punk rock? Give me a fucking break. More like punk *ass*.”

With that, he suddenly jerked the cigarette girl forward into his arms and ran his hands down her back until he held her firmly around the waist. “So, missy, whaddaya say we move this little party along? I’m sure a busy girl like you ain’t got all night.”

The cigarette girl nodded her head. “You’re right, Tucker. I don’t have all night.” She threw her cigarette butt down and smashed it out with her heel. “You ready, stud?”

“I was born ready, baby.”

The cigarette girl leaned forward and pressed her body gently against his. She tilted her head sideways as if to kiss him but instead grabbed him by the hair on the back of his head, yanked his head back, and bit viscusly into his neck. The yuppie’s body convulsed violently from the force of the cigarette girl’s sudden attack. In shock and frozen with fear, he choked and gurgled as she drained the fresh, hot blood from his body. When she was finished, she held his limp, lifeless body up with her left hand, while from a sterling silver ring she wore on her right hand, a tiny razor in the shape of a cat’s claw ejected from the paw shaped ring. She hooked the puncture wounds on the dead yuppie’s neck with the claw-like blade, and with the flick of her wrist, she slashed his throat open from the jugular to the middle of his neck. Then without effort, pity, or remorse, she hoisted his dead body over her head and tossed him into the dumpster.

Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, she heaved a satisfying sigh. “Thanks for the good time, fucker.”

As she strutted back around the corner of the building, the pink Cadillac pulled up at the far end of the alley. The cigarette girl walked over to the car, got in, and the Cadillac sped off.

Just as the car pulled out of view, two cooks entered the courtyard from the restaurant behind the bar. They joked and laughed together as they dragged several large trashcans over to the dumpster and poured the contents into the waiting trash receptacle, leaving the dead yuppie's body to mingle undetected with the smelly layers of rotting food and garbage.