

**SEX  
BLOOD  
ROCK 'N' ROLL  
AND  
VAMPYR**

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*Book 1  
The Bloodline Trilogy*

**K. M. MCFARLAND**

*Sex, Blood, Rock 'N' Roll, and Vampyr* is a work of fiction. While locations are referred to in terms of existing New Orleans streets, the businesses, houses, and the characters that inhabit them are fictitious and exist solely in the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Published by: Purple Quill Press  
New Orleans, Louisiana  
[purplequillpress@gmail.com](mailto:purplequillpress@gmail.com)

Fiction: Paranormal / Vampire / Occult / Supernatural / Horror

**ALSO BY K. M. MCFARLAND**

*Song of the Vampire*

*Under a Bourbon Street Moon*

*Masquerade*

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## LIFE IMITATES ART

**L**ife imitates art, or is it art imitates life?

As the sun set on the Vieux Carre, the artist dipped her brush into the paint and stroked it across the canvas, creating her newest masterpiece, depicting her favorite creatures of the night. As the images became more defined, the beauty of their faces and bodies began to shine through. She stopped painting, gazing upon her accomplishment with a smile, thinking sometimes, one person's fantasies are another's reality.

The artist is aware that there are individuals in this world who identify as vampires. Many of them have noticeable fangs, but their fangs are prosthetic. They can't fly or control the human mind, they require a mortal diet, they age the same as humans, and they will die a mortal death.

On the other hand, she also knows that contrary to what most people believe, there are real vampires who can fly. They have the ability to control the human mind, they live on blood alone, they don't age as mortals do, and their fangs are barely noticeable.

They're still in physical form, so, yes, they can still see their reflections. Why wouldn't they? They're not ghosts.

Garlic, crosses, and religious articles don't repel real vampires, and many enjoy wearing crosses.

They don't sleep in coffins; they sleep in beds, sometimes with their significant others. They're particular about the beds where they sleep. No vampire would want to spend the day crammed up in a casket. A comfortable mattress equals a good day's sleep for a vampire.

Most of us wouldn't know how to tell a vampire from anyone else in the crowd. We wouldn't without getting close enough to

feel that their body temperature is significantly lower than a human. But if the vampire has just fed, he or she would feel warmer, so it may not be noticeable then either.

Real vampires don't exist in significant numbers as fiction would have us believe, but there are several thousand undead scattered throughout the world. Their origin is as uncertain as man's beginnings, but they have inhabited the earth for thousands of years.

There are many myths and legends about vampires that portray them as evil monsters who drain and kill their victims. Folklore has given the creatures of the night a much worse reputation than they deserve forcing the real vampires to live in secret.

The artist summons you into her vampire world. She asks you to forget all of the horror stories you have ever heard about vampires and open your mind as you discover the secret society of the undead.

Is it life that imitates art, or is it art that imitates life? We shall see.

# *1*

## **THE CITY OF THE DEAD**

**O**n August 3, 2015, at 9:59 post meridiem, Lilly Brooks closed her eyes for the last time. Years of excessive alcohol consumption finally did her in. Her daughter, Randi, stood by her hospital bed while she was pronounced dead.

Those who knew Lilly well referred to her as a religious drunk. An appropriate title for a woman who spent the last twenty years of her life clenching a bottle of vodka in one hand and the bible in the other. From the time Lilly got up in the morning until she went to bed at night, she had a cocktail in her hand while preaching the word of the Lord.

The funeral home seemed to be taking their sweet time getting to the hospital to collect her remains, so Randi had plenty of time to reflect on their past while she waited.

She glanced over at her mother's body while brushing her hand through her long pale blond hair. Her blue eyes filled with blood tears, something she's gotten used to now that she's a vampire. She quickly wiped them away as they rolled down her cheeks.

She and her mother were not exactly what you would call close. In fact, they barely had any contact from the time Randi left home until Lilly's diagnosis of cirrhosis of the liver. Her condition was too far advanced, and there wasn't anything the doctors could do. The worst part was Lilly wasn't going to stop drinking. It was sad

watching her deteriorate, but Randi realized there's no way to help those who don't want to help themselves. God knows she tried many times. She wiped the tears from her face.

Randi moved back with Lilly for a short time after her divorce from her first husband, Brian, but there was a constant tension between them. Lilly didn't approve of Randi's friends, and Randi didn't embrace her mother's religious beliefs. After numerous disagreements, Randi moved out to begin a new life on her own.

She landed a job as PA for one of the most successful entrepreneurs in New Orleans, Quinn Forrester. Randi was attracted to Quinn from the moment they met. They soon fell in love and were married in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Randi called her mother from the wedding chapel to give her the news. Lilly was not happy about her daughter's marriage and did not react well. Randi could still hear her shouting, "They're all sinners; they're all going to Hell, and you're going to Hell with them."

"Thanks, Mom, for the good wishes." She hung up, and that was the last time they spoke until she got the call that Lilly had taken ill. As difficult as her mother was, she still loved her, and she would see her through her illness.

Randi wiped tears from her cheek and leaned over the bed. She noticed her mother's jewelry and thought it would be best to remove it from her lifeless body. Randi wanted to keep her mother's favorite possessions for sentimental reasons. Having heard stories of funeral homes stealing jewelry from the bodies of the deceased, she reached down and gently pulled the rings from her fingers; one emerald set in 14K gold and one diamond set in platinum. She unclasped the 14K gold and diamond pendant from around her neck.

She inspected the jewelry pieces as her mind drifted. They belonged to her mother, and they were gifts from her father given to her years ago before they divorced.

She wasn't sure what she thought about her father. She understood her parent's divorce, but she always felt that even though he lived in another city, he could have maintained some

contact with her over the years. She couldn't comprehend why he took care of her financially, but never once called or visited her.

Strangely enough, she even saw him in the audience at her high school and college graduation, but he left without even speaking to her. She didn't mention anything to her mother about him being there. Since Lilly hadn't said anything, she was certain she hadn't seen him.

Maybe he kept his distance because of Lilly, but apparently, he cared about his daughter enough to show up at two of the most important events in her life. Whatever his reasons, she didn't feel it would be fair to judge him when she didn't know the facts. She closed her hand around the pendant and rings and dropped them into the zipper compartment in her purse, zipping it up.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the creaking of the heavy wooden door. At first, she thought it was the funeral home, but the sight of her handsome husband put a smile on her face. His long golden curls seemed to glisten in the artificial light. She looked into his deep blue eyes. The corners of his full lips turned up into a beautiful smile. He stepped close to her and hugged her.

"My favorite vampire," she said, wrapping her arms around him.

"How are you holding up, baby?"

"I'm okay. We'll get through it." She let out a sigh looking over at the corpse, shaking her head. "She would never have approved of me being a vampire."

He looked over at the body and held up his palm. "Not guilty. I didn't do it."

Randi chuckled, gliding her hand over his chest. "I know, honey. In a way, I wish you had, but at least we're the same bloodline."

Quinn shook his head. "Just because she didn't know we're vampires doesn't mean she didn't have her issues with me. She didn't approve of me because, as she used to say, I'm from a family of sinners."

"My mother was judgmental. She didn't like anybody. Would you want to be the only person she liked?"

The funeral home finally arrived. They exchanged greetings

with Randi and Quinn and went right to work. Randi and Quinn stood in a corner in the background away from the two mortals while they transferred Lilly's body from the hospital bed to the gurney and rolled her out.

As Lilly's closest surviving relative, it would be up to Randi to make the funeral arrangements. She was thankful for being lucky enough to possess one of the limited numbers of amulets that allow vampires to walk in daylight. As the wife of the second in command of the vampire council, she had that privilege.

The board is made up of seven of the most honorable vampires in the world. All have worked for the greater good and have earned their status as council members. They preside over the clandestine society of vampires. Their purpose is to make and uphold the laws and rules that vampires must live by to ensure their survival in the modern world.

For centuries, there were only seven small amulets in existence with the largest one locked in the council chambers in London. Only the seven board members guarded an amulet, but that has recently changed. The board agreed there was no purpose in having the large one locked up, and it seemed one of the council members was always trying to borrow one for their vampire family members, so they decided the more practical thing to do would be to have it cut into smaller pieces. It would be a greater advantage to the members for their vampire significant others and vampire children to possess one. Now Randi has her own along with Quinn's daughter, Nadia.

Nadia had been living in Destin, Florida since her marriage to Chad Devereaux. Since Nadia and Randi have been best friends since they were children, Quinn called his daughter and gave her the news that Lilly had passed away. She immediately came home to help with the arrangements.

The next morning, with a little help from their amulets, Randi and Quinn met with the funeral home to take care of the details. They decided there would be an evening wake with a short service and burial the following morning.

Lilly had an insurance policy valued at seven thousand dollars,

but when the funeral director began going over costs, it wasn't going to be nearly enough. Quinn assured Randi whatever it didn't cover; he would pick up. He told her to get whatever she wanted and not to worry about the cost.

Lilly was being laid to rest in the family tomb with her parents and an older brother. Both had passed away years ago, so clearing their remains to make room for Lilly would be no problem.

The ground under the city of New Orleans is swampland. Sometimes you can even feel the ground shake when a large vehicle passes on the street. If the people of New Orleans buried the dead six feet under, their coffins would wash up in the next hard rain. Since nobody wants to meet up with their deceased loved ones once interred, above-ground burial is the only option.

Tombs are designed to hold several family members sealed with a plaque inscribed with the names of the deceased and their dates of birth and death. Once a body has decomposed, the remains can be pushed back, freeing the space for the next person.

The tombs look like little houses made of concrete or marble set in a row. The cemeteries are laid out like city blocks with named streets identified with street signs. Because of the cemeteries' resemblance to cities, they came to be known as cities of the dead.

Randi couldn't believe it when the funeral director told her how much it was going to cost to open the tomb.

"How does the average person afford to die?" she asked. "Not everyone has a rich husband to pick up the tab. It's ridiculous. A thousand dollars to open a tomb is outrageous."

"If they don't have enough insurance, they go into debt," said Quinn. "Death is a money-making business. It's unfortunate but true."

After selecting a casket and wrapping up the details, Randi and Quinn retired for the day.

That evening, Nadia helped Randi choose a dress for her mother to wear, and they sorted through her clothes and belongings. They placed everything in large bags. Randi called and made arrangements to have everything picked up and donated to charity.

The house, a two bedroom, one bath, shotgun double on

Annunciation Street in uptown New Orleans, was owned by Lilly. As her only surviving child, it will go to her daughter. Randi felt it was her duty to inform the tenant next door. Inez Galiano, a sweet lady from the ninth ward, had been the only occupant Randi could ever remember, and Miss Inez was like family to her. She planned to keep the house and was anxious to let her know.

She and Nadia stepped out onto the porch. Randi locked the deadbolt with her key and dropped her keys into her purse. They stepped over to the other door and rang the doorbell.

“Does the same lady still live there?” asked Nadia.

“Yes. Miss Inez has been living there ever since I can remember, and she’s like a grandmother to me.”

A stocky, elderly lady with a dyed blond helmet haircut in a floral print, loose-fitting house dress with slip-on bedroom slippers opened the door. She peered over her glasses and immediately recognized Randi. She unlocked the storm door and opened it. “Hi, dawlin. Come in.” She hugged Randi and said slowly in a high nasal tone, “I’m so sorry ‘bout your mama.”

“Thank you, Miss Inez. I just wanted you to know that I’m planning to keep the house, and everything will remain the same.”

Inez breathed a sigh of relief. “Oh, my dawlin, that was so sweet of you to come and tell me. I have to admit, I was a little worried about having to move after all these years.”

“You don’t.” She gestured at Nadia. “You remember my friend, Nadia, from a long time ago. We were always together when we were kids.”

Inez squinted at Nadia, adjusting her glasses and said, “Oh, yeah. My goodness. You two were the cutest kids. Oh, my. You’re both all grown up and so beautiful now.”

“Thank you, Miss Inez,” said Randi, taking her by the hand. “I appreciate the way you have looked after my mother and me.”

“Yeah, dawlin. Your mama had a problem. We all knew she drank too much, and I don’t think she ate properly, so I tried to help in whatever way I could. She was feeling bad for a long time, and I kept telling her to go to the doctor. By the time she felt bad enough to make an appointment, it was too late. I’m just so sorry

‘bout her passing.”

Randi smiled and said, “Believe it or not, you helped more than you know. I’m planning to rent my mother’s side, so if there’s anybody you know that you could recommend, I’d be grateful.”

“Oh, bebe, I don’t know anybody looking right now. I wish I could help, but I think if you list it, you won’t have any problem renting it. Look at you two skinny girls. Come in the kitchen. I just made a fresh batch of pralines. I remember how much you used to love my pralines when you were a little girl. Come. Have some.”

Randi and Nadia looked at each other and shrugged. Even though vampires don’t eat, they decided to play along. They followed her into the kitchen.

The smell would have been scrumptious for Randi when she was mortal, but as a vampire, not so appealing. “Miss Inez, thank you so much. Nadia and I just had dinner. We’re so full right now, but we’ll take some to go.”

“I’m stuffed,” said Nadia with her hand over her stomach, being careful not to overplay it. “I couldn’t eat another bite right now, but I’ll look forward to them later.”

Randi picked one up and held it under her nose. “This smells heavenly. I just love your pralines. You know I have always loved them. I’m so happy we came at the right time.”

Nadia looked at Miss Inez and smiled.

“Yeah, dawlin. I’ll wrap some up in tinfoil for ya’ll to take home. Take some for the family.”

“Thank you, Miss Inez. They’ll love it.”

Inez put the foil-wrapped pralines into a plastic grocery bag and handed them to Randi. They made their way home and placed them on the kitchen table. There were enough mortals in the house to keep them from going to waste.

The next night, Randi, Quinn, and Nadia arrived at the funeral home early to make sure Lilly was ready to be viewed. Randi appeared elegant in a black jacket and skirt accompanied by Quinn in a black suit with a white shirt and dark tie with his long blond curls tied back.

The doors to the parlor where Lilly had been laid out were open. Floral arrangements displayed on easels and blooming potted plants framed the rustic oak hardwood casket. The upper portion of the coffin remained open. A casket spray featuring pink and white roses, lilies, chrysanthemums, and snapdragons covered the entire bottom part.

Randi stepped closer, focusing her eyes on her mother, resting peacefully. She was pleased with her appearance.

Lilly would have turned forty-nine in November. She had been a beautiful woman in her younger days, but excess alcohol consumption and an unhealthy diet contributed to her aging prematurely. With her hair styled and minimal makeup, she appeared years younger. The morticians did an excellent job. Everything met with her approval.

Randi, Quinn, and Nadia remained by the casket to greet the guests. They each wore an amulet so their body temperature would appear normal to the mortals, hugging them, expressing their condolences.

People began to drift in a little before seven. Miss Inez was one of the first to arrive. Randi spoke to her and introduced her to Quinn. Several other people Randi knew ventured into the parlor. Many of Lilly's church members showed up to say goodbye.

The funeral parlor was swarming with relatives and friends coming to pay their last respects. Chatter about how Lilly was never the same after the loss of her brother and talk of how poor Lilly drank herself to death filled the room.

Unfortunately, the only time many family members and friends see one another is at funerals, so it began to get loud with everyone laughing and talking at the same time. But that's normal for a New Orleans funeral; a reunion and the opportunity to catch up on the latest gossip.

At the end of the evening, Randi and Nadia made their way around speaking to the guests thanking them for coming. As they were walking back toward the casket, Randi stopped in her tracks. She grabbed Nadia by her arm; her eyes widened, and her jaw dropped. "It can't be, but it is."

“What can’t be?” asked Nadia.

Randi pointed to a blond man dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and dark tie standing over the coffin looking down at Lilly. Randi’s first instinct was to charge up to the casket at vampire speed, but after taking a look around, she realized she couldn’t do that with all the mortals in the room, so she walked as quickly as she could. As she got nearer to the gentleman, he turned and noticed her approaching him. His eyebrows slanted upward at the sight of her, and he quickly walked toward the door. Randi followed him.

A few steps ahead of her, he quickly opened the door and stepped outside. She followed and was even more shocked when she got a good look at him close up.

The streetlight illuminated his face. His blond hair fell in the same style as she remembered it; over the ears, touching the collar falling over his face. Her father hadn’t aged a day. He still looked the same as the last time she saw him twenty-two years ago.

She gasped, covering her face with her hands, stunned at the possibility that her father could be a vampire. She watched in awe as her suspicions were confirmed when he lifted himself, disappearing into the night sky.

Her thoughts were interrupted when she felt a presence next to her. She turned her head to find her husband standing beside her. She sighed, throwing her arms around him. “Did you see that man?”

“That man was a vampire,” said Quinn, pulling her close. “He was undoubtedly avoiding you.”

She looked at him and said, “There’s a reason for that. Now I understand why he’s been avoiding me all these years—the same reason you avoided Nadia. It all makes sense now. Quinn, that man is my father, and he’s a vampire.” Her hands tightly gripped his jacket. “I wanted to follow him, but he took me by surprise. I lost him right away. Now I’ll never find him. I have no idea where to look.”

He stroked her hair and murmured, “How did I not figure that one out? I should have suspected when you told me he supported

you financially, but he wasn't a part of your life. Honey, I'm sorry he got away from you. Since he ran from you, he probably didn't notice you're a vampire too in his haste to get away."

"I guess not. But Quinn, how will I ever find him now? He can be anywhere in the world." She clenched her fists and said, "Quinn, I need to find him."

He planted a kiss on her forehead and said, "I know, honey, and I'm going to do everything I can. Trust me. We'll find him."

Recalling Randi's reaction to the mysterious man, the way she chased him outside, and Quinn following her, Nadia wondered what was going on. She stepped outside to find out. "Is everything all right?"

Randi turned her head and said, "Did you happen to get a good look at that man?"

"I did. I have to assume he was your father?"

"Yes, Nadia; you and I have more in common than we thought. It appears my long lost father is a vampire." She began to sob as blood tears streamed down her cheeks. "This was my chance, but I blew it. I'll never find him now."

"It's okay," said Quinn, pulling her closer. "We'll find him."

"How?" she cried, clinging to him.

"For starters, we know he's a vampire. Do you have a picture of him?"

"Yes, my mother has a photo album. Nadia and I were looking at it when we went through her things. There are some pictures of my father."

"Great, that's a start. I'll circulate it starting with the council. If nobody on the board knows him, they'll investigate."

Randi frowned and said, "It sounds like that could be a long process if they have to investigate. How long is that going to take?"

He held her close stroking her hair. "I'll be honest. Considering he could be anywhere in the world, it may take a while, but we'll find him. I promise you we'll find him."

# 2

## **BIG DREAMS LITTLE VAMPIRE**

Nadia leaned against Vampyr's doorway, watching the rain splash down on Bourbon Street, emitting steam as it hit the scorching pavement. Instead of providing some relief from the sweltering August heat, it only made conditions resemble a sauna.

While most of the passersby had ducked into one of the bars to avoid getting wet, it didn't stop Sebastien's Vampire Walking Tour from sticking to business as usual. A charismatic tour guide followed by a handful of energetic tourists plodded by with umbrellas on their way to their first landmark of the evening anxiously awaiting a dose of the vampire legends of New Orleans. This group was not going to let a little evening shower stop them from experiencing a taste of the macabre. Nadia laughed and shook her head. "They have no idea they're passing the real deal."