

THE TURGURLAN CHRONICLES

VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES

Book Three

By Eileen Sheehan

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## ELECTRONIC VERSION

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Notice\*\* Portions of this story may prove too graphic, sexually explicit, or violent for sensitive readers. This novel is intended for adult readers.

This book is dedicated to vampire fans who enjoy reading vampire novels with action, romance, suspense, and a bit of horror.

## [Table of Contents](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Chapter Seventeen](#)

[Chapter Eighteen](#)

[Chapter Nineteen](#)

[Chapter Twenty](#)

[Chapter Twenty-One](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Two](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Three](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Four](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Five](#)

[Other Books By Eileen Sheehan](#)

[About the Author](#)

# ONE

“What did I look like when I turned?” Bruce asked.

“Pardon?” Tatyana said.

“What did I look like when I turned? Did I frighten you?” Bruce continued.

“Not so much, but you changed,” she replied.

“How?” Bruce asked.

“More, like a wolf, less like a man,” she said matter-of-factly.

“Oh,” he mused, “Would you say that’s good or bad?”

“It depends,” she said.

“On what?” he asked.

“On how you look at it,” she replied as she lightly kissed the tip of his nose. “I take you as you come, my love.”

For Bruce there was only one way to look at it. It was bad, very bad. He was moving more and more away from his human self. Soon the curse of the werewolf would be impossible to remove; if it wasn’t the case already. He didn’t know why, but he thought he still had time. Tatyana thought so too; as did Shen and me, but none of us were certain. None of us really knew much about the werewolf; or as our research labeled it, the lycanthrope.

Now, our hunt to destroy the rogue mutant-vampires that managed to escape the massacre in Las Vegas was halted in order to focus all of our attention on finding out if we were right. Was there a cure for the lycanthrope affliction? If there was, would we find it in time?

He heaved a troubled sigh, while forcing a smile for Tatyana as she moved to stand behind the chair he'd only just unceremoniously dropped his solid, muscular bulk into. Placing her smooth, slender hands gently on his broad shoulders, she kneaded the tenseness out of his muscular, rock hard torso. After a few moments of her tender and skilled ministrations, his forced smile grew genuine and his body visibly relaxed.

"I wonder if Dan and Shen had any luck," he mumbled -more to himself than to her- as he stretched his neck from left to right; enhancing the effects of her massage. "I'm tired of waiting around. There's got to be something we can do."

Tatyana's soft, plump lips caressed his lean muscular neck as she wrapped her long, slender arms around the width of his shoulders; crossing and resting them over his broad chest.

"Dan said they are meeting with the professor today. I do not know of anyone else to turn to. If you do, then I will support you. We can go," she murmured in a way that accentuated her Russian accent.

He shook his head slowly.

"I've never even thought werewolves were real... or vampires... or anything else that goes bump in the night, for that matter," he said as he emitted a sarcastic chuckle. "I definitely didn't associate with any nut that did."

He placed his elbows on his knees and slowly rubbed the tension in his face in his powerful hands.

"So, we wait," she said.

Her words floated softly to his ears.

Having spent such a great deal of her lifetime as a captive of the mutant-vampire leader, Wadim, Tatyana learned a great many tricks for survival. The one that always served her most was her ability to speak in a tone that was so soft and gentle, the average ear could barely pick it up. Since Wadim's vampires were filling themselves with human DNA daily by way of cannibalism, their senses were dulled and their hearing wasn't as acute as that of the original, pure, vampire who feasted only on clean, fresh flowing blood. Their hearing was still better than that of an average human, but definitely dulled in comparison to what a vampire's should be. Her discovery of just the right voice volume and pitch made it easier for her to speak to other captives without being detected.

Since Bruce's affliction had begun to take hold, his senses were heightened, while in human form, when he was agitated almost to the degree of what they were like when he actually transformed into a werewolf. Because of this, she often spoke in soft tones; knowing that a normal volume of speaking would grate on her lover's already frazzled nerves.

"It is unfortunate that the professor was traveling when we arrived from Phoenix. I am not very familiar with the ways of a werewolf, but I believe that the more times you change, the less your chance is of reversing the affliction," she said with concern. After a long silence she added, "There is a full moon in a few days."

Although Bruce turned several times without the moon being full, he'd still maintained his human thoughts. We all wondered what would happen once the full moon came around. Would that be the thing that strips the remains of his human self from him while turned?



“I know,” he said with a sigh. “We’ll have to do something. It’s a few hours’ drive from here to my cabin outside of Owego. I’m thinking we should head up there. I don’t want to be in a motel in the heart of Middletown when I turn and I don’t trust going into these mountains. The Catskills are far more populated than the mountains around Phoenix.”

“Do you want to wait to hear from your cousin and his friend before we go?” she asked.

“We’re cutting it close as it is,” he said. “If they’re successful, then we can just enjoy my retreat in the hills. If not, then we need time to make preparations for containing me when I turn. I can’t be wandering around the hills of New York. I’m bound to get shot; especially since it’s hunting season.”

“As long as they don’t cut off your head or take out your heart you will survive,” she teased.

“Are you sure about that?” he asked with sincerity. “Is that true when you’re still turning, or do you have complete the process first?”

She looked at him with sadness as she shrugged her shoulders and slowly shook her head. She simply had no answer to that.

Neither of them spoke of what might happen should he encounter an unsuspecting human in the mountains while in his animal state. They didn’t want to think of the possibility of Bruce losing his ability to reason like a human and contaminate or, even worse, kill some innocent person who had the misfortune of crossing his path.

Bruce had spent a considerable amount of time planning what to do when the full moon came around. He'd been able to disappear into the deserted Arizona landscape when he made his first transformations, but the east coast wasn't as generous with unpopulated areas in which he could seek refuge. Even at his mountain top retreat, he had only to go a mile or two to reach a neighboring cabin, trailer, or other type of dwelling. Things were different on the east coast. He needed to take that into consideration while he waited for Shen and me to return with the much needed cure that he so fervently hoped existed.

He'd created a small root cellar beneath his cabin, but hadn't done much with it other than stock it with a few of the barest emergency supplies. There might be enough room in it for him to hold up during the full moon. Of course, if Tatyana insisted upon joining him, there'd be a problem.

He wrestled with the idea of suggesting she go back to San Diego to be with her half-vampire, half-human, infant brother Charles. He could only imagine the internal struggle that must be going on inside her right now. She had to be torn over where she should be; in New York by his side during his time of turmoil and need, or in San Diego protecting Charles from the vampires that vied for the privilege of presenting him to Count Dracula.

It was most unfortunate that Dracula's son, Dragomir, and his protégé, Osip, -who was also Tatyana's brother turned vampire- were in attendance at Charles's birth during the Las Vegas den's demise. Had they not been, perhaps Charles would have remained sheltered from Dracula and grown up as a normal human child, never knowing

about the dark side that resided in him. As it was, the word reached Dracula of his son's demise and his grandson's birth. Now, the entire vampire kingdom sought the baby's whereabouts in hopes of being the one to earn the praise he'd receive upon delivering the boy to the vampire king.

Having lived within the confines of the Las Vegas den for the majority of her life, Tatyana knew fully well that a vampire child who was born of a human could live a life of a human without ever knowing of his vampire blood as long as he never tasted another human's blood. She also knew the den better than any survivor of the massacre. It was easy for her to snatch her newborn half-brother from her dying mother's arms and disappear before Osip could react. What wasn't as easy was finding places to hide both herself and Charles in a strange world she knew very little about.

Their one saving grace had been Elsa, a Voodoo High Priestess who'd taken Tatyana under her protection and made it her mission to keep Charles safe. Elsa was by far the best person to be protecting her baby brother from the vampires that were fervently searching for him. Even though the child was of Dracula's lineage, he was of hers as well. If left alone, his human blood had the power to prevent him from turning. It was up to Dracula to make certain the change took place. Otherwise, Charles could lead the life of a human without ever knowing his other half. Dracula had lost two sons; one in the massacre of the Las Vegas den and one in the mountains of the Arizona desert. He was frantic to keep his bloodline going. Therefore, it was imperative that Charles be brought to him and made to turn. The pressure to keep him safe was intense.

Elsa had a huge responsibility on her hands. She also had magic and spirit help to disguise and hide the child from the vampires. Shielding him from discovery was something Tatyana, Bruce, Shen, and I couldn't do nearly as well; if at all. All we could do would be to fight them off once he was found. Right now, we needed to put all of our attention on Bruce's affliction. If we weren't able to turn things around, we'd be less one vampire slayer. Of course, lycanthropes were notorious vampire slayers in their own right, but could we count on Bruce being able to stave off the animal in him and work in cooperation with us when the time came? The closer he came to losing his humanity when he turned into a werewolf the riskier it became. There was also the question of whether he'd still have our Tugurlan slayer capabilities when he wasn't in wolf form or would they be lost to him?

Bruce looked lovingly at the young woman next to him and his heart swelled with pride. How strong she was to have endured so many years as a captive in that monster, Wadim's den. How horrid to have to live amongst cannibalistic vampires while she watched the human trafficking and slaughter that went on daily. How had she managed to escape being sold, or turned, or worse... eaten?

He knew the answer, of course. She'd been captured at an early age and immediately caught the eye of Dumitru, Wadim's favorite son. The den was given orders not to touch Tatyana while she grew and developed in the beauty she now was. She'd been saved to become one of Dumitru's queens when he was crowned lord of his own den. This was considered an honor that Tatyana was expected to be grateful for. Her other option was to become one of the many sex

slaves and breeders that were used and abused by the male vampires of the den. Since she'd been captured at such an early age, they were simply waiting for her tender flesh to mature to a point where it would give the most pleasure to Damitru in his bed, as well as birth healthy, strong babies from his seed. The lust of a vampire far exceeded that of a human and it took a strong, well-developed human to be able to withstand the abuse a vampire put her through. Although she'd be turned into a vampire upon becoming a queen, that was off in the distance and she'd have to withstand his attentions in the meantime. Because of this, she was nurtured and cared for like prize stock getting ready for the county fair.

Tatyana's mother, on the other hand, had been bedded by Wadim and various other males in his attendance and was used in the breeding stables until her body could withstand no more. Charles was her final birth. He arrived just before her life force collapsed. I mercifully killed her before Dragomir could honor his promise to Osip and turn her vampire. Unfortunately, this act of kindness was something that took seemingly forever for Tatyana to come to terms with and forgive, even though she understood.

If Tatyana hadn't been there to snatch Charles from her mother's dying arms and escape the den, Charles would surely have been presented to Dracula by Osip. Poor Osip was turned by Wadim in the cruelest of manner and then cast out of the den to fend for himself. To his credit, Osip managed to make his way to Dracula's castle, where the king of all vampires took pity on him and purified his body. He was changed from a mutated, flesh eating vampire, to the original state a vampire should be in; a creature of the night that

thrives on the fresh blood that pulses through the veins of living creatures. Of course humans were their prey of choice.

Osip's gratitude and desire for favor in Dracula's eyes were a driving force that superseded any family ties and loyalty he may still have buried deep within him where Tatyana or Charles were concerned. Had he been successful, he not only would've taken Dracula's new born grandson back to him, but he'd have turned Tatyana into a vampire as well.

Tatyana's telepathic abilities were a terrific help to her while she struggled to survive in the shadows of Wadim's den. She did her best to keep a low profile while she wandered amongst the occupants of the den as captive. It continued to be of great value for her now that she was on the run and partnered with us as we searched for a cure for Bruce's werewolf affliction, as well as a way to protect Charles from being swept off to Dracula's castle to have his vampire side activated. Either task on its own was daunting, but the two together were incredibly overwhelming.

"You should think about going to Charles," Bruce said in a raspy voice.

He knew the words needed to be said, but he dreaded how she might respond.

"I will stay," she said softly. "I have given this much thought. He is safe with Elsa. I should stay here with you. You are still too new with the affliction. You need me. I should stay... at least until after the full moon. Then, perhaps I will go to check on Charles."

He studied the auburn haired beauty carefully. In years and appearance, she was still young; eighteen to be exact. The nightmare

she'd endured for so long -beginning with her father's death and continuing with her mother's folly in trusting the wrong man to see to their passage to the United States- had aged her mind beyond her years. They'd been out to sea only a short time before their ship was captured and they found themselves victims of a vampire house of horrors. He was grateful it only aged her and hadn't driving her mad.

The maturity of her mind was the reason she'd bonded with him so completely. He couldn't help wondering if they'd have been as compatible had she come to his country and led the normal life her mother had intended for them. Probably not. There was, after all a distinct chronological age difference between them.

He'd heard himself described by one of his great aunts as 'handsomely plain.' Surprisingly, this paradox of descriptive truly did suit him. There was nothing really striking about his brown, deep-set eyes that were placed just the right distance from his narrow and straight nose, or his perfectly shaped mouth that stood firm on a face that accentuated it with solid cheekbones and a squared jaw. They blended together to create a pleasing sight, but not a striking sight. No, stating that he was 'handsomely plain' was perfect.

Tatyana, on the other hand, was strikingly exotic. Her rich auburn hair tumbled down her back and accentuated her perpetually ruddy cheeks, plump rosy lips, and crystal blue eyes. Her thick brows were perfectly formed and required not one bit of touch up to maintain their shape. Hers was a beauty that defied the assistance of makeup. On the few occasions when she did apply it, he felt it took away from, rather than enhanced her natural loveliness.

Not a day went by where Bruce didn't give thanks for the good fortune of being in a relationship with such a loving and lovely woman; even if she was only half his age.

The ringing of the telephone brought him out of his thoughts and back to reality.

"We should start packing," he grunted, as he stretched for the receiver. "Yeah," he grumbled into the mouthpiece a little more harshly than intended.

Tatyana watched his facial expressions while she listened intently to his end of the conversation. She surmised that he was talking to me; not only because he was freely discussing his need to be at his cabin before the full moon, but because he was also discussing my rocky relationship with Jessica. Jessica had once again placed demands on me that I was hard pressed to fulfill while I was kept so deep in the intense search for the solution to Bruce's dilemma.

Tatyana shook her head. She didn't know me well, but -after she forgave me for putting her mother out of her misery- she didn't have to know me well in order to recognize that I was a good man with a big heart. She felt I deserved a woman who'd be kind and supportive of me. This Jessica woman sounded like a shrew. If anyone wanted her opinion, she was certain that I deserved better. Bruce had mentioned that I was considering marrying her. This was something she truly didn't understand, since it was clear that I didn't love her. I may care for her, but the few times she'd seen us together it was clear to her that I didn't love her.

Bruce hung up the phone and heaved a long, heavy sigh.



His rich brown eyes locked with her expectant blue ones as he choked out the words, “No luck.”

She straightened her back while she lifted her chin and rotated her shoulders. She reminded him of a fighter getting loosened to go into the ring. Her sad eyes followed the lines of his square jaw. It was tight, very tight.

Is he fighting the urge already, she thought. It cannot be. It is too soon!

Admittedly, Tatyana was far more familiar with the ways of a vampire, even if the ones she'd lived amongst were mutants. She'd listened to enough conversations and snuck enough books out of Wadim's library to read in the recesses of the den when no one was around to make her a fairly proficient resource where vampires were concerned. The werewolf, which was also known as the lycanthrope, or lycan for short, was something she knew very little about. Now, she was locked in a motel room on the outskirts of Middletown, New York with a man whose human side hadn't yet allowed the lycan side to take complete control, but it was a daily battle with him as the cycle of the moon progressed. If the stories were true, he should only be concerned when the moon grew full.

If the stories were true.

She filled her lungs with as much air as they'd hold and then expelled it all completely several times. The heavy tenseness left her head and peace slowly consumed her. She'd been held captive by slave trading, cannibalistic vampires for so many years that she could hardly count them and had escaped it alive and well. If she could do

that, then she could deal with one lone lycanthrope; especially when he loved her like he did.

She stroked his thick waves of light brown hair and locked her fingers in the heavy mass while she used her other hand to pull his face toward her.

“Then, we go to the cabin,” she said firmly.

## TWO

I put the telephone receiver back into its cradle. I'd used a public telephone to call Bruce because we weren't sure if our own phones were secure. At first, I thought this was a bit paranoid, but after conversing with Shen about the ways of the vampire, we decided there was no such thing as being too careful. We needed time away from the fight so that we could focus on finding a cure for Bruce. The least little thing like a phone call could expose our whereabouts to Dracula's hunters who were certain to be on the lookout for us in hopes of being led to Charles. There was also the matter of Dracula's orders to bring the slayers back to him. We weren't sure, but we assumed it still stood.

Surveying the dining room of the neighborhood's most popular diner, I scowled. Shen should have joined me by now. What could be keeping him?

I smiled flirtatiously at the beautiful five-foot-five-inch, sinuous hostess as she guided me to a booth. My eyes focused on the richness of her waist length, jet black hair as it reflected the artificial lighting that permeated from the myriad of chandeliers that Greek diner's seemed so partial to. The cut of her Dolce & Gabbana pantsuit accentuated her slender waist as it hugged her body while giving way to the gentle sway of her curvy hips. Her hair cascaded down the middle of her back in layers of loose, lustrous locks that practically begged to be fondled. I fought the urge to do just that as I moved passed her and slid into the deep seated booth that she'd directed me to. I felt a little heady as I inhaled the exotic scent of her perfume.

As she placed my menu on the table before me, her delicate, long fingered hand grazed mine. It felt cool and firm against my seemingly burning flesh. I looked deep into her large, dark brown eyes and was almost lost in the deep pools that looked to belong to a world so different from the one we occupied. It was a strange sensation and I quickly pulled myself back to reality.

The hostess appeared equally affected as she nervously stepped back from the booth, while briskly informing me that my server would be attending me shortly. As she started to move away, I reached out and grabbed her wrist and once again noted the coolness of her flesh beneath my touch. I stared at her flawless porcelain skin while she watched me warily. Once again I felt as if I was being pulled as if lost in... something... somewhere... I couldn't explain. It took great effort for me to regain control and not be swallowed up by the sensation.

I cleared my throat.

"You seem familiar in some way," I said. My voice was raspy. "But, I'm certain we've never met. Have we?"

"We've never met," she responded, guardedly.

"I'm Dan," I said. After a few moments of silence while I waited for a response that never came I added, "And you are?"

"Magdalena," she uttered in a guttural tone. "I am Magdalena. Now, please excuse me. I must get back to work."

"Do people call you Magdalena or Maggie?" I asked.

I was uncertain why I was refusing to relinquish her wrist. Feeling her tremble beneath my grip, I reluctantly loosened my hold.

Why had I even grabbed her like that? I'd seen many beautiful women in my travels and certainly many that equaled the exotic loveliness of the beauty I held captive. There was some unseen thing driving me to pursue this lovely creature with the porcelain skin. Something I couldn't explain, not even to myself.

"Maggie, actually," she managed as she reclaimed her wrist from my grip and rubbed it absent mindedly, "but I prefer Magdalena."

I flashed her one of my famous lady killer smiles and nodded as I said, "Then, Magdalena it is."

The corners of her sensuous lips hinted of amusement as she turned and walked away. My head cocked to the side while I focused once again on the rhythmic swaying of her curvaceous body. I was so intent on watching her as she moved about the room that I failed to acknowledge Shen when he seated himself in the opposite side of my booth.

He picked up the oversized menu and lightly tapped it on the back of my hand.

"Hey, sorry I am late," he said.

"Which do you prefer, Maggie or Magdalena?" I asked.

I shifted my body to face my newly arrived companion, but my eyes never relinquished the new found vision of beauty.

"What?" he asked as he turned the pages of the menu and searched through the daily specials. "I don't see them here. What are they?"

"They're names, not food," I replied with amusement.

He followed my stare until his own eyes locked with the dark, mesmerizing ones belonging to the hostess across the room.

“I should have known,” he chuckled. “Is that the woman?”

I nodded my head.

“And she...is...in need of a name?” he continued.

I grudgingly turned my attention to him and gave an exasperated grunt.

“She has a name,” I said. “It’s Magdalena, but people call her Maggie.”

“I do not see the problem here,” he mused.

He was already bored with the topic.

“She prefers Magdalena,” I explained, ignoring his obvious lack of interest.

“Then call her Magdalena,” he scowled.

“I prefer Maggie,” I mumbled.

“I am surprised that you are obsessing over the name of our hostess when we have a much bigger problem to work out,” he grumbled as he scanned the menu.

“Sorry,” I said. “It’s just... it’s the strangest thing. She showed me to the booth and it was like I,” I leaned into the table and brought face closer to his while lowering my voice to just above a whisper, “I just don’t know. I became as you say... obsessed with her.” I leaned back into the booth and muttered, “You’d think I’d never seen a beautiful woman before.”

Shen took a moment to look more carefully in Magdalena’s direction. She was speaking intently to a tall, slender male server. She must have been reprimanding him because neither looked happy.

“She certainly is striking,” he muttered as he turned his attention once again to the menu. “Has the server been here yet? I am starving.”

“I’m right here sir. I apologize for the delay. The hostess required my attention for a moment. My name is Garth and I’ll be your server today,” said our server, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

We looked up at the tall server as he stood stoically with pen and order pad in hand. He was the same one who, just seconds ago, was engaged in serious conversation with our hostess.

How did I get across the room so fast? Shen mused.

He considered broaching the topic, but after looking into a pair of flickering amber eyes that hinted of flecks of gold he thought better of it. It was quite possible that we were being served by a super being of some sort; even if there’d been no indication of it so far. These days, we needed to suspect everyone and exercise caution always.

Shen scoped the room for signs of more creatures such as our server, but saw no one. He hurried through his order and urged me to give mine quickly under the guise of his hunger. The truth was that he was anxious to have Garth leave so that he could find out if my impression was the same as his.

The expression on Garth’s face gave Shen reason to believe that he was enjoying the tortuous speed, or lack of it, in which he took our order. When he finally sauntered away toward the kitchen, Shen emptied his lungs of the air he’d been holding.

“What was that?” he blurted.

“You noticed too?” I said.

“I did, and I do not like it,” he said. “Maybe we should leave.”

“We just ordered,” I replied as I stretched my body languidly. I was still coming down from the high I experienced after my encounter with Magdalena and I had no desire to rush it. It had been a long day, or should I say month, and I was tired and hungry. I looked around the ornate and obviously well used dining room.

“It seems harmless enough for now,” I said. “Besides, we can’t live on air. I don’t know when you last ate, but it been hours for me.”

“Me as well,” he said in a hushed tone as Garth moved toward us with our drinks. “I suppose you are right. We will eat first and then get out of here.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I mused as I locked eyes with our mysterious server from across the room.