

Tugurlan Chronicles

VAMPIRE INIQUITY

[BOOK ONE]

by

Eileen Sheehan

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ELECTRONIC EDITION

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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 contains a Sneak Peek of THE CURE, book 2 of the Tugurlan Chronicles.

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

The Tugurlan Chronicles has been in the making for many years. Unlike my other novels, it is not a paranormal romance with a hunky vampire to fall in love with alongside the woman who is telling the story. Instead, it is a complex tale that is told by Dan Tugur (A Tugurlan descendant whose family shortened their name to Tugur when they moved to the USA). It contains the stories of many within the whole.

Book One, Vampire Iniquity, starts you off with the awakening and realization of the powers the Tugur cousins possess when it comes to slaying vampires. It blends fact with fiction; horror with happiness; discovering love with losing love.

Although Book Two, The Cure, takes you away from the horrors and cruelties of the vampires of Book One, the Tugur cousins are faced with a new dilemma and new vampires to deal with after Bruce Tugur battles a family of werewolves. Even so, there is still room for romance to bloom as the story progresses.

Vampires of a different nature are introduced in Book Three, Vampires and Werewolves. Along with these new vampires, the vampires from Book One surface once again, bringing new problems and renewing old ones for the Tugur cousins to find solutions for. In the meantime, the seeds for yet another new romance are planted.

I feel this story is an entertaining page turner, yet -because of the mixing of fact with fiction and the horror it contains in Book One, I feel I must warn my readers who have grown accustomed to the typical steamy vampire romances I create and quote Dan Tugur by saying this about Book One, Vampire Iniquity: "I would like to point out that this story is not for the weak of stomach or faint of heart."

Book Two, The Cure and Book Three, Vampires and Werewolves are a little closer to what I would normally write, although from the point of view of a male instead of a female.

So, now that you are informed and ready to enjoy reading the story I took great pleasure in writing. You can curl up in your favorite chair and read the Tugurlan cousin's unbelievable tale of romance, heartache, adventure, and peril.

Happy Reading!

# PROLOGUE

Long before Bram Stoker wove his tale of Dracula for the world to read as fiction, there existed a true creature of the night who went by just such a name. Did Mr. Stoker know this? I question if he might have, since much of what he wrote reads with remarkable accuracy.

If Mr. Stoker's intention was to write a biography of an unbelievable being under the guise of fiction he did a decent job but missed a great portion of significance. To withhold such information from the unsuspecting masses -to believe or not believe as their conscience allows- is a wrong I don't want attributed to me.

The story I'm about to share with you is a recount of true experiences of which I was a major player. It's a tale of loving and finding love. It tells of family legacy and solidarity. It speaks of friendship, loyalty, bravery, compassion, and I'm sorry to say... horror. Because of this, I would like to point out that this story is not for the weak of stomach or faint of heart.

You'd expect to find a story like this in the fiction aisle of your brick and mortar bookstore instead of the non-fiction section where it truly belongs, and that's okay with me. In fact, I prefer it. It makes it easier to tell a story that I find unbelievable even though I lived through it when it's formatted and touted as fictitious. I feel free sharing the details under the guise of make believe.

There were times that I was not in the company of all who were involved, yet their experiences played a role in the story and should still be shared. In these cases, I will do my best to keep the story flowing by telling how it happened to the best of my knowledge while weaving myself into the story at the appropriate times when I personally experienced or witnessed it.

My name is Dan Tugur. I'm a vampire slayer and this is my story.

So, I begin...

# ONE

You could hear a pin drop in the dojo as I listened intently while Shen, addressed the class. The students sat in neatly defined rows while giving him their utmost attention. I smiled as I recalled the first time we met, ten years earlier.

It was early evening. I was seventeen and feeling my need for independence. I'd just had an argument with my parents about this very fact. I was in my final days of high school and my parents wanted me to focus on college -while I wanted time to discover who I was and what I truly wanted in life. I felt restless. It was time to strike out on my own -at least for the summer- and discover new people, places, and things while my parents thought I should be focusing on selecting a college and a career goal.

The fact of the matter was that I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life. I'd worked part-time over the years at the local gym to pay for my lessons in martial arts after my father became disabled and the household budget no longer allowed for those types of extras. I thrived on the physical discipline. The gym offered me a position as a personal trainer. All I had to do was study and take the test, but without my parent's support I hesitated. Instead, I followed that old saying, "When in doubt, do nothing."

I was deep in thought and brooding over yet another heated conversation with them over that same topic while I attempted to walk off some of my frustration when I walked straight into Shen coming out of his uncle's Dojo. I apologized, excused myself, and continued on. He stood watching me for a moment before he crossed the street and walked in the same direction.



When I turned the corner, a searing pain pierced my temple as a set of brass knuckles slammed into my head. I fought to keep my senses while a small group of thugs circled me.

Shen stopped and watched intently. Blood visibly trickled down my face as I positioned my body for combat. It was obvious to him that I was trained in Kung Fu and, although my style was unusual, I showed skill and promise as I fought off an occasional attack from the circling thugs.

A young couple walking past slowed down enough to see what was happening and then moved on with apathetic disinterest. Shen hesitated. He was still new in the country and wanted to keep a low profile, but he was unaccustomed - and even surprised- by the type of apathy he'd just witnessed from the passersby. Shaking his head in disbelief, he moved in a rapid cat-like motion across the street. In a flash he was positioned next to me.

“What are you after, China Man?” someone in the group shouted.

The others joined in with more taunts and laughter as the circle tightened. Their leader held up his fists in preparation for battle. He was excited to have the opportunity to display his fighting ability.

“Maybe he wants some of this? Is that it China Man? Do you want some of this?” he taunted.

Shen showed no emotion as the leader moved forward and threw a punch. He blocked it with his arm and kicked his attacker in the face with incredible accuracy and force; sending him crashing to the pavement with lightning speed. The other thugs shouted their threats as their circle tightened.

Shen paused briefly to acknowledge me and coiled for action. Before I knew what was happening, he took down the rest of the thugs. I shook my head in amazement as I stared at the heap of bodies.

“Are you okay?” he asked. Although his accent was strong, his command of the English language was very good.

I grabbed his outstretched hand and shook it.

“Thanks, man,” I said with genuine gratitude.

“I think you need the hospital,” he said.

“I think I need to learn to fight like you!” I replied. I’d been a student of martial arts for years, but I’d never been taught moves like I’d just witnessed. In fact, I’d never seen anyone move like that and I wanted to learn. “I saw you coming out of the Dojo a few blocks back. Are you an instructor there? Tell me yes and I’ll enroll right now.”

Shen grinned and nodded. He’d recently immigrated from China and was assisting at his uncle’s Dojo. He walked with me to assure himself I didn’t have a concussion. While walking, he answered my questions.

True to my word, I became a student the very next day. It wasn’t long before I earned status as the star student and was paired with Shen for demonstrations to new groups. He was an easy five inches shorter than me. His wiry physique looked to be no match against my lean, muscular, Nordic-type, body. Upon our first pairing, when I stood before Shen I was certain I’d learned enough to show him I was his equal. That was an arrogant misconception that I’d live to regret. What he lacked in size, he more than made up with skill and wit. I was quickly humbled. As time progressed, we were paired together more and more by his uncle. We eventually learned each other’s style, strengths, and weaknesses. Our mutual respect for each other’s abilities grew steadily as our relationship went beyond that of student and teacher and we formed a strong and solid friendship.

As the years progressed, I was asked to assist in teaching and was assigned a few classes to teach on my own. Since I’d also gone ahead and gotten my personal trainer credentials and accepted the position at the gym I’d been working at, my schedule was pretty complete.

The students sat in a relaxed group on the floor, listening intently to Shen's soft, confident voice as he lectured, "You do not have to rely on physical build, but on a logical sequence of movements. No matter how hard you train or work to improve, there will always be someone bigger than you, stronger than you, or faster than you in one way or another. Speed is important. You can overcome your opponent's superiority by applying these principles of speed. If you cannot overcome your opponent with one principle of speed, you can beat him with another method of speed. There is the speed of traveling, the speed of distance, the speed of readiness, and the speed of reaction." He paused and surveyed the student's faces before continuing. "Now, the speed of traveling is when speed can be calculated in feet per seconds through a punch or a kick. The speed of distance is the theory that the straight line between two points is the shortest distance. Therefore, punching straight is shorter and quicker than a hook punch or a swing."

He searched the room with his eyes until he found me. Smiling devilishly, he motioned for me to come to the front of the room. I obeyed and got into position without being asked.

"To bring your foot with a roundhouse kick to the head covers a greater distance than a shorter and quicker punch to the head," he said before demonstrating. I responded quickly to block his powerful kick. "It is typical to cock back your leg or arm before executing a movement," he continued. "This wastes valuable time in the extra motion. It also clues your opponent on your next move." He demonstrated again. Once again, I blocked what could have been a painful impact. "When your power is not generated just by the moving hand or leg, there is no need to cock. You use the other side of your body to pull back as you rotate to push out the punch or kick simultaneously. This is what we call the speed of readiness. People spend most of their time practicing until they are good with all these techniques. In true combat, the application is not

priority. This is because the proper reflexes and feeling of balance must be developed. You can train and fight with yourself all day long, but unless you apply the techniques with another person, you will not get very far. A fight requires at least two people.”

Shen bowed to me. I reciprocated the gesture before returning to the back of the room. He motioned for the group to rise and then paired them off. The pairs bowed to each other and began practicing what he’d just demonstrated. He walked slowly around the room; stopping on occasion to provide some one-on-one instruction.

The group had an odd count for attendance, leaving an enormous man standing on the side of the room in need of a partner. I groaned as Shen motioned for me to partner up with that student. As I moved in position, I felt a surge of aggressive energy projecting from this gigantic man who looked to have the blood of Goliath running through his veins. I swallowed and looked over at Shen with uncertainty. My friend and instructor maintained a stone look on his face as he methodically walked around the room and pretended not to notice my distressed glowering.

Resigning myself to the situation, I bowed to my opponent. Shen clapped his hands and Goliath went into action. Shen had a pleased glint in his eye as he watched my lean, muscular body move with agile style and grace against the aggressive assaults of my king-sized opponent.

## TWO

I entered the neighborhood diner and eased myself onto the stool at the counter. The waitress, Lucy, smiled and nodded in my direction and I gave a slight wave. She poured a cup of coffee and silently slipped it in front of me while she examined my face more closely.

“That looks like it might hurt, honey,” she said as she cupped my chin in her hand and studied the bruises on my jaw and temple.

“I’m alright,” I assured her. “Some ice might help.”

“Good idea,” she replied.

Shen arrived in time to witness the exchange between Lucy and me. Since the day we’d, he’d marveled over how women were drawn to me. I can’t tell you why they are, exactly. I guess the fact that I am considered handsome was a major factor, but he declared it to be more than that. He said it’s as if I held some magic spell over the female species. I need only enter a room and they were at my mercy. Unfortunately, I too had little resistance to this so-called magic. It made it practically impossible to stay monogamous. I’d confided my woes about this on more than one occasion to him. He felt this wouldn’t be the case once I met my true mate and not just a female I was highly attracted to, as I was with Jessica. He liked Jessica well enough, but he could clearly see the relationship was held together by her efforts more than mine.

As Lucy disappeared into the kitchen, he gently slapped me on my back before easing himself onto the stool next to me.

“You look like hell, my friend,” he said.

“Are you hungry?” I asked with a scowl. “I ordered steak... raw.”

Lucy returned with ice wrapped in a towel and gently helped me position it over my temple. She smiled sheepishly at Shen before scurrying off to

fetch him a cup of coffee. He chuckled and slowly shook his head as he watched Lucy blush when she dropped a cup.

“You were up to it,” he said. “You just need more confidence. I believe in you man. You need to believe in you too.”

I rolled my eyes as I listened to him give me the standard speech he used on new students. I was anything but insecure with my knowledge and abilities. Knowing this, Shen occasionally antagonized me with such comments as a quirky form of amusement. I stopped trying to impress upon him years ago that I didn't find this type of nudging humorous.

I winced when he lightly cupped my chin to inspect the damage.

“That son-of-a-bitch seriously wanted to kill you,” he mused.

My chuckle had a sarcastic ring as I replied, “You noticed? It was a damn good thing he didn't know what he was doing. He's one crazy bastard.”

“That is why no one wants to pair up with him,” he said with a grin.

“You knew this?” I growled in surprise.

“You have come a long way over the last few years,” he said appraisingly as he smiled and accepted his coffee from Lucy.

I may have been annoyed with the teasing but it was good to see my buddy in such a feisty mood. It was a long time since I saw Shen smile, let alone show his devilish, teasing side to such a degree. After his parents died in a boating accident and his uncle loss of one of his eyes and full use of his leg while trying to save them, he took on most of the responsibilities for the operation of the Dojo. The pressures were intense and, as a result, he was quiet and serious most of the time.

“You're pretty chipper tonight. It's nice,” I said.

“I have something to show you,” he said eagerly.

He reached into the inside breast pocket of his windbreaker and pulled out an envelope containing the most recent letter and picture sent to him by his fiancé. He carefully set the picture on the counter and slid it in front of me.

“Hey, man, she’s beautiful,” I said in earnest.

I couldn’t have been more serious. My friendship with Shen exposed me to the Chinese culture and its people and I’d developed a strong understanding and appreciation for them and their ways. Not only would this young woman be considered a beauty in her culture, there wasn’t a man alive who could look upon her and not appreciate her femininity. He was a lucky man.

He beamed with excitement as he said, “I want you to be my best man.”

I knit my brows together and looked my friend straight in the eye. He’d lived in my country for a little over a decade now. He’d maintained his family’s business and in the process, created a solid financial foundation for himself. He was a handsome catch that any woman would be happy to have. I questioned his decision to marry a woman an ocean away when there were plenty to be had in his own back yard.

“Are you sure this is what you want?” I asked. “Don’t get me wrong. she’s a beauty, but you haven’t seen her in quite some time. People change. How do you know you’re still compatible? There are so many beautiful women right here who’d walk through fire to have you. I don’t get it.”

“It does not matter that we have not seen each other for some time. Our bond is strong and we write all of the time. I have been in love with Dao-Ming since we were children. I could not imagine being with anyone else,” he said firmly.

“Wow, I had no idea,” I said wistfully. “Of course, it would help if you’d open up occasionally and share a confidence or two.”

My eyes twinkled playfully as I nurtured my wound with the ice.

“Forgive me. It is not my intention to keep you a stranger to me. You are like a brother. I hope you realize that,” he began. “I was raised in a different culture and my family ways were instilled within me during my formative years. My parents and their parents, and their parents before them all believed one should hold one’s thoughts and words and share them sparingly. The ways of my ancestors are not so easy to turn away from. Can you understand this?”

I nodded while I picked up the picture and studied it more closely.

“It doesn’t hurt that she’s beautiful,” I mused.

“No, it does not hurt,” he replied with a chuckle. For a brief second, he looked as if he was miles away in his mind. “We would have been together by now if she had not been called back to China.”

“What do you mean?” I asked with surprise. “Was she here and I never knew it?”

“She was in school at UCLA,” he explained. “She was studying to become a doctor, but her father became very ill last year and died. Her mother cannot afford to continue her education.”

I knit my brows together.

“Wait a minute,” I said with angst. “You mean to tell me that she was in this country and I never got to meet her?”

He heaved a sigh.

“It is complicated,” he said. “In the beginning she struggled with the language. Even though she was taught English in our country, she rarely used it in general conversation. She found it difficult to keep up in school. We felt the excitement of visiting would create an even greater burden on her abilities to concentrate on her studies. Instead, I visited her on several occasions.”

“So, that’s the family you visited in California,” I mused.

“You should have met her over the summer,” he said. “She was going to come here, but she was called back to China.”



“I’m sorry, man,” I said.

He filled his lungs with air before speaking.

“Soon we will be married and we will work together to find a way to complete her education. One day I will be the proud husband of a great doctor,” he boasted.

I chuckled at my friend’s enthusiasm as I placed the picture back on the counter with a gentleness that equaled his just moments earlier when presenting it and slid it back to him.

I slapped him heartily on his back and said, “I’d be honored.”