



The Wind Drifters

The Series – Books 1-5

[Fire Wind, Book #1](#)

[Ice Wind, Book #2](#)

[Hard Wind, Book #3](#)

[Drift Wind, Book #4](#)

Rift Wind, Book #5

FIRE
WIND
Book One
of
The Wind Drifters

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

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Availability Note: Fire Wind is only available at Amazon and CreateSpace

Cover Artist: Melody Simmons -
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Fire Wind / Guy S. Stanton, III. – First Edition.

Available Books

The Warrior Kind *Series*

Book 1: *A Warrior's Redemption*

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Book 3: *A Warrior's Legacy*

Book 4: *A Warrior's Return*

Book 5: *A Warrior's Revenge*

The Agents for Good *Series*

Book 1: *Agent with a History*

Book 2: *Agent for a Cause*

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Book 4: *Agent in the Dark*

Book 5: *Agent on the Run*

Book 6: *Agent finds a Warrior*

Water Wars *Series*

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Book 2: *The Proverbial War*

Book 2: Title yet to be announced,
2015

The Wind Drifters *Series*

Book 1: *Fire Wind*

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Book 3: *Hard Wind, Spring 2015*

Book 4: *Rift Wind, Spring 2015*

Book 5: *Drift Wind, Spring 2015*

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*Dedicated to one of my
favorite authors of all time
Louis L'Amour.*

Chapter One

Unwelcome Discovery

Lightning flashed among the peaks and thunder concussively rolled down the valley in a continuous echo of sound. Staring out into the rain choked night, I smiled, this was my kind of weather.

I'd always liked storms, even as a kid. Now as I watched the storm crash about me it seemed as if each lightning strike was in a war to outdo the one

before. It was quite the show.

My eyes drifted to an area where I'd seen movement during one brief flash of lightning. With my full attention I studied the dark area of the night from where I'd seen the movement.

I waited for another flash of lightning, gun already in hand.

The stark landscape lit up again and I saw the source of movement better this time. It was an indian, a woman, and she was dragging something.

The way she was headed she'd miss the spot where I was holed up.

I glanced around the dry enclosure of projecting boulders that I was nestled in. The half cave at the back was barely enough for me and my horse, but it was dry. I looked back out and with another flash of color I could see that it was an

old man that she drug along the ground.

They were nothing but trouble for the asking.

The woman was about all done in. It wasn't much further after that thought that I saw her slip down to her knees in the mud.

The despair in the forward slump of her shoulders said it all.

I looked down. That wasn't a good look to be seeing on anyone. It almost made me feel..... feel something for an indian.

I looked up again and saw more movement in the rain, only this time it was a party of riders. I'd holstered my gun at some point, but now I went to my gear on the ground and pulled my rifle free.

Stepping back out to the stone

overhang I sighted down the barrel of the repeater on the lead rider coming up on the still kneeling woman. It was hard to see and I waited for a flash of light, but none seemed to come.

Then it flashed and I saw the riders converge on the woman, who had given up all attempt to drag the old man any further. She turned about on her feet in order to face her fate head on at the hands of the cowboys, who were already hooting and hollering in anticipation of what they thought was to come.

Indian or not, no woman deserved what was coming. The night flashed as clear as daylight and I squeezed the trigger.

The rifle bucked against my cheek and a rider with a drawn handgun about to fire into the body of the old man on the

ground jerked and then fell out of the saddle. In consternation the other three riders milled around in search of the threat that I posed them.

Lightning flashed again and I fired. Flashed again and I let off two more fast shots.

Another rider was down and the other two, one of which clutched at his arm, had enough and took off. The woman was looking around in startlement and with a sigh I stepped out into the downpour and made my way towards the pair.

The woman looked on fearfully as I approached, but I paid her no attention. Walking around I kicked at the two men on the ground to ascertain if they were dead or not. They were.

Two more to add to the growing list.

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