

GUY
STANTON III

A WARRIOR'S LEGACY

BOOK THREE OF THE
THE WARRIOR KIND

A WARRIOR'S LEGACY

Book Three
of
The Warrior Kind

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

Copyright © 2013 by Guy S. Stanton, III.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are a product of the author's imagination. Locales and public names are sometimes used for atmospheric purposes. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, or to businesses, companies, events, institutions, or locales is completely coincidental.

Ordering Information:

A Warrior's Legacy is currently available in the eBook format at

Word's of Action, Amazon.com, and Smashwords.com

<http://www.words-of-action.com>

A Warrior's Legacy/ Guy S. Stanton, III. -- 1st ed.

ISBN 978-0-9910565-2-1

Table of Contents

Nightmare

Slaughter in the Forest

Fire from Heaven

Voyage into Deception

Dark is the Forest

Crowns and Kingdoms

Ride through Hell

Given Over

Free to be Safe

Temptation

Dry Hearts

Taming the Night

Lesson Learned

The Deep Places

Warmth

Bolts of Thunder

Passion's Bliss

Battle Plans

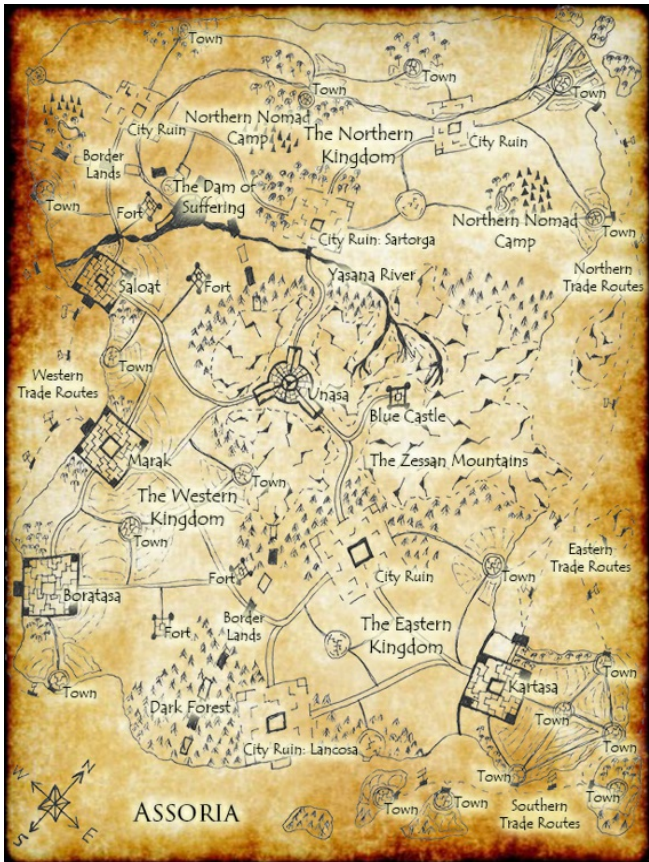
Howl in the Night

Crushing Darkness

Promises

Life Overflowing

*Dedicated to all the boys who've made
the right decisions through the years
and have become men of righteous
action that have made the path of
their families secure in the faith.*



—THE MAP OF THE CONTINENT OF ASSORIA

Chapter One

Nightmare

It was three o'clock in the morning and the pleasant dream of walking by the seashore had changed abruptly from a scene of tranquility to one of a tumultuous tempest.

He was now on the bucking deck of a ship caught in a gale force wind as it plowed up and down the giant troughs between the walls of water. Sea spray lashed the deck and it was impossible to stand unless one held onto something.

The ship felt like it was about to be

torn apart and just when it couldn't take any more abuse a sudden calm happened and when he looked down he saw that he had been holding a Bible all through the storm.

Suddenly everything went oppressively black and devoid of light. A single candle's flame punched its way into the darkness. From its light he could see a woman bent over on her knees with her face to the floor.

She appeared to be praying and crying, her body shaking from the force of her emotion. In the castoff glow of the candle sitting on the floor in front of the woman, darker shadows in the background seemed to be twirling sinuously closer to the woman's bent over form.

He wanted to reach out and warn the

woman somehow, but he was helpless to do so. The menacing presence of the darker shadows crept closer and encroached on the single flickering candle flame, with all manner of dark mutterings, growling, and wicked glee.

The candle's light flickered once and the cacophony of dark voices grew louder and more eager. As the candle light flickered and sputtered, and looked to be on the point of going out the woman looked up.

She was looking directly at him, as her face streaming with tears and anguish testified to the fact that she was without hope. Her features were different than any person he had ever seen before.

Her shouted plea wrenched his heart as she screamed, "Please help us!" The

candle went out and darkness closed in on the woman. He heard screams of horror and pain, as she was consumed by the dark horde gathered all around her!

Her screams echoed out into the darkness so loudly that he thought his head was going to explode! He couldn't take it anymore he just couldn't and screamed his own wail of pain, as he clutched at his head and tried to shut out the sound of the woman's tormented scream, but he couldn't!

Gavin almost bolted completely out of his bed, as he clutched at his head with his hands. The woman's screams faded from his consciousness until all he heard was the pleasant good morning chirps of the summer's symphony of insects

outside his window.

He dropped his hands away from his head and tried to regain control of his breathing. He was covered in sweat and his heart felt like what a deer's must feel like after having been chased by wolves for hours.

He sat down heavily on the side of his bed and wiped the sweat from his face and then held his head in his hands again. He didn't know how much more of this he could take.

This was the fifth time in seven nights that he'd had this hellish dream and to say that it was beginning to affect him was to put it mildly.

The dream was so intense and the woman's agony so acute that he stayed awake at night for fear of having to experience the dream over again. The

dream, nightmare, vision whatever you wanted to call it haunted him throughout the day.

He had prayed to the Creator over and over about it. If it was of the enemy that it would depart from him and if it was of the Creator that he would be shown the meaning of the dream. He couldn't keep this to himself any longer. Maybe father would know what to do.

Roric looked through his cracked open door at the last person he would have ever have expected to see pounding on his door in the early hours of the morning.

Gavin stood there illuminated in the hall lantern waiting for his father to say something like, "What in the world are you waking me up right now for?" or

something else like that, but Roric said nothing and just continued to study Gavin.

Roric had noticed how beat Gavin had appeared all this last week and had wondered what had been up with his usually indomitable son, who never showed much emotion unless he was busy in his blacksmithing work or preaching the word of God.

This early morning visit by his 22-year-old son must have something to do with what had been stealing his peace and rest the whole of this past week.

“Give me a moment son okay?” Roric said and Gavin nodded.

Roric closed the door and Krista asked, “Who is it?”

“Gavin!” Roric said and saw the answering surprise on her face.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

