

**GUY S.
STANTON III**



**THE
QUEST FOR
PARADISE**

THE QUEST FOR PARADISE

Book Three
of
Water Wars

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

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Cover Artist: Melody Simmons -
ebookindiecovers.com

Authors Website: www.words-of-action.com

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Available Books

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Book 3: *The Quest for Paradise*

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Book 3: *Hard Wind*

Book 4: *Drift Wind*

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Series Boxed Set - The Wind Drifters

- *Books 1-5*

Non-series Books

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Cerilean

Tegas, 2015

Fallen Ambitions, 2015

The Will

To Thrive, 2015

The Lost Empire of Ophir, 2015

Freedom's Glory, 2015

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CHOCOLATE

Dedicated to my Wife.

*It seems strange now, but without her
counsel this book wouldn't have been
completed
as for quite some time I put off
finishing it,
because I simply didn't like it. She told
me though
that I should finish it, instead of
bypassing it
and writing something else. Wise
words, as for
whatever reason, I quite like the story
now and I'm
not really sure how I ever couldn't have*

felt that way.

*Thank you my love for inspiring me
to keep moving forward and not give
up.*

Author Suggestion

A cautionary note. The previous two books of this series were to a large degree independent of each other, but Book 3, is very much constructed off of the premises and world building discussed in the previous two books. So please don't read *The Quest for Paradise* out of order. That said, if you should find yourself in the possession of this book, but haven't read the previous two books, (*Journey into the Deep* and *The Proverbial War*) then the solution is simple. Read them first. *Journey into the Deep*, Book 1, is perma-free at all major ebook resellers and if you contact me in regards to *The Proverbial War*, at

guysactionwords@gmail.com

I will see to it that you get a free copy of Book 2 for the purpose of an honest review and to better prepare you for the elements held within this book, The Quest for Paradise, which features perhaps one of the most important revelations that I have been blessed to write about yet. I hope you enjoy this final book of the Water Wars Series. The Boxed Set will soon be available. Same deal. If you're willing to given an honest review then I'll send the Boxed Set to you for free.

Sincerely,
Guy Stanton III

Chapter One

Mystery Brides

I rubbed at my eyes. All the numbers on the screen were running together. There were many things about being an archaeologist that were fun, but cataloging and assigning reference numbers to artifacts was not one of them.

Something blurped on the screen in front of me and looking down I saw I had a message. In need of anything to distract me from the blurry data streams of endless digital paperwork I moved my mouse to click on the blinking icon.

Instantly I regretted my action. On a silent groan of dreaded expectation I clicked on the email that had my father's name on it.

Whatever it was that he wanted of me was already pressing on my mind with restrictive force. More words of anger as to my choices in life which he was of the opinion had been poor ones?

Oh he'd encouraged me to pursue archaeology, but specializing in biblical archaeology had not been to his liking. Now as I scanned over the brief message I found myself rather shocked by it.

The message was rather non-accusatory and strangest of all he wanted my help with something of importance, *'Hey Sam I've got something important for you. Something that actually uses your field of expertise. Looks like you*

were right after all. How about we catch some dinner at Roberto's tonight, say 7 o'clock? Love, Dad.'

I stared at the screen in a mixture of hope and something akin to hatred, because of the emotions the simple message had evoked within me. Hope in the sense that my father wanted my help with something as I'd always sought to please him that is up until a few years ago.

Hate because I felt myself falling into the trap that I'd been thrown into far too many times already in my life. The trap of wanting to please my father in order to receive love in return. It never worked out like that though and instead I always ended up feeling used.

Despite knowing all that I did I helplessly watched my fingers move as

if remotely upon the keyboard, “See you at 7:00 Dad.” My mouse clicked and the Send button flashed.

Oh no, did I really click the send button! Yep, I had, as I confirmed by checking my sent email folder.

Silently despairing of ever managing to wean myself away from the influences of negative people of prominence in my life I clicked on the return email that had already popped up, “*See you later baby girl.*”

I stared at the brief reply in wonderment. Just what did he want?

What was his line, ‘*Looks like you were right after all*’, about?

We hadn’t spoken in four months and then it had been a big blow up with lots of screaming on his part to which I had eventually just walked out from and

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