



Guy S. Stanton III

The Way

Book 1
Fire Prophets

THE WAY

Book 1

of

Fire Prophets

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

Copyright © 2016 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.

Guy's books can be found in a variety of formats, both digital and print, at the following locations: Words of Action, Amazon, Barnes&Noble, Smashwords, Apple iBookstore, Kobo, Goodreads, and CreateSpace.

Cover Artist: The Author

Author's Website: www.words-of-action.com

The Way / Guy S. Stanton, III. – First Edition.

Available Books

The Warrior Kind Series

Book 1: *A Warrior's Redemption*

Book 2: *A Warrior's Journey*

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*

Book 3: *Agent out of Time*

Book 4: *Agent in the Dark*

Book 5: *Agent on the Run*

Book 6: *Agent finds a Warrior*

Water Wars Series

Book 1: *Journey into the Deep*

Book 2: *The Proverbial War*

Book 2: *The Quest for Paradise*

The Wind Drifters Series

Book 1: *Fire Wind*

Book 2: *Ice Wind*

Book 3: *Hard Wind*

Book 4: *Rift Wind*

Book 5: *Drift Wind*

Fire Prophets Series

Book 1: *The Way*

Book 2: *The Truth, Coming Soon*

Book 2: *The Life, Coming Soon*

Non-series Books

The Kingdom

Fallen Ambitions

Table of Contents

[End of an Era](#)

[The Will To Live](#)

[To War!!!](#)

[Ancient Hatred](#)

[A Divine Calling](#)

[Whispering Leaves](#)

[Male's End](#)

[Dominion](#)

[On the Mountain](#)

[Winged Savagery](#)

[A Father's Blessing](#)

The Way of Eloah

—

*Dedicated to my Fans. You're the
best and
I appreciate every last one of you!*

*Here's a special shout out to my
friend Tony. There are those
moments in life when one job just
doesn't pay the bills and so it was
that I found myself remodeling a
dairy milking parlor after regular
working hours with my best friend.
It was there in that milking parlor
somewhere between the hours of
7pm and 12am over a series of
nights that saw much laughter,
serious conversation and honest*

*hard work that the idea for Fire
Prophets was first conceived.
Thanks Tony!*

Chapter One

End of an Era

“Tell me Sayul do you think your son will remember you?”

The flames crackled with intensity as the searing heat rose along with the lust of the rapacious need of the fire to consume more of the wood stacked against the stake that Sayul was bound to. He no longer twisted to be free of his bonds, but with a stony expression he stood still as the flames rose higher even as the skin of his legs felt the burn of the rising heat.

Begrudgingly he spoke, “It matters not Ryntal. My son is in Jehovah’s keeping. I worry not for his future, but you should! What has been foretold will come to be again!”

“You speak of old fables, fool. The time of the prophets has long since come and gone. You, a warrior of the Fire Spirit, should know this and yet here you are aflame!” Ryntal threw back his head and laughed as with a combusting woof of intensity flames soared into the night sky completely engulfing the stake that Sayul was bound to.

Sayul was not the only one set ablaze in the night. Many other stakes had long since been set ablaze and yet, his would not be the last as there was nothing to stop the rule of the Dolerian Auranto now that the last army of the resistance

lay decimated upon the field of a once prosperous stretch of farmland, now forever stained by the blood of martyrs united against a collaboration of tyranny that stretched the length of all the seven lands of the world of Walenthyana.

The Roalain Plains, once known as the Land of the Light, had now become a byword for darkness as the last hopes of a people holding on to the old ways were extinguished one by one like torches in the night. Ryntal looked out over a wasteland of burnt crosses and felt deep satisfaction. No more would the Dolerian High Council have their plans held in check because of the meddling of the warriors of Roalain as even now, the last one of any noteworthiness was nothing but a fiery halo in the gathering darkness of night.

Ryntal turned about euphorically as the eminence of the moment of success swept through him. A sense of giddiness at the reward promised to him by the masters of his fate swept through him so strongly that it was with dismay that he heard the sharply exclaimed warnings issuing forth from the gathered throng of killers that stood about the grisly scene of a brave man's death.

Hand on his sword he turned only to be knocked over by a mass of flame. The figure wreathed in flames spoke, with a will that would not die, smoke peeled away at his words as a hand bathed in the pressed upon flames of his enemies clutched Ryntal's throat savagely even as the words of a father rang out in foreknowledge beyond the knowing of the sorcerers of the High Council, "My

son has a story! Mark it well and tell the others! You will never see the last of our kind, son of hell!”

With a pained cry of fright and intense agony Ryntal shoved forcefully and the body of the last fire warrior catapulted away and then slipped over the edge to tumble down the slopes of the Gorge of Aratana. In anxiousness of fear Ryntal crawled forward to peer over the edge and watched as the man aflame tumbled downward bouncing off boulder and tree alike even as his passage set the hill on fire.

As Ryntal watched a breeze caught the dry grass of the slope fully alight and with a vengeful crackle it roared upwards and shot over the edge of the plateau. Men and their half human counterparts fell back with exclamations

of concern even as Ryntal rolled about on the ground in an effort to put out his clothes that had caught on fire.

Coughing on breathed in smoke he touched at his flame scalded throat in fearful dismay. The skin of his neck lay melted into the handprint of his greatest nemesis. A token of him that he would always bear and with savage anguish over his lost vanity Ryntal cried out, "Help me up you cowards!"

Members of his command rushed forward and once more on his feet Ryntal limped to the edge of the slope that now lay charred black. No sign of Sayul remained, but no man could survive lit on fire as he had been.

That said, warriors of the Fire Spirit were not like other men and fire prophets were entirely worse yet. A man

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

