

# THE FROZEN

## LOOKING GLASS OF ELIANTAR

BOOK THREE IN THE ELIANTAR SERIES

THE TYRANT KING, SKARSEND, HAS AN HEIR APPARENT THAT HAS TURNED A LARGE PORTION OF THE WORLD INTO AN ICY WASTELAND AND RULES IT WITH A FROZEN FIST AS HE SEARCHES FOR THE MYTHICAL FROZEN LOOKING GLASS. IN ADDITION, A SINISTER GROUP HAS RISEN FROM THE PAGES OF ANCIENT TIMES TO DISRUPT NOT ONLY SKARSEND'S RULE, BUT THE UPRISING'S PLANS FOR PEACE AS WELL.

WITH NEW FACTIONS FORMING AND UNCERTAINTY MOUNTING ON WHOM TO TRUST, THE RIGHTFUL KING, VALE MUST ONCE AGAIN RELY ON ARA, THE PROPHESED HERO, TO HELP HIM SAVE THE FUTURE OF THE KINGDOM.



THE FROZEN LOOKING GLASS OF ELIANTAR GARY GAUGLER JR.

# THE FROZEN

## LOOKING GLASS OF ELIANTAR

BOOK THREE IN THE ELIANTAR SERIES



GARY GAUGLER JR.

# *Book III- The Frozen Looking Glass of Eliantar*

*By  
Gary Gaugler, Jr*

Ara quickly caught up to Vale, walking alongside him. Vale glanced over and Ara gave him a smile. He was so handsome when he smiled. It was a shame that there were so few causes to smile lately. He also lamented that they didn't have the time to truly be together. How he just wanted one normal day where they could enjoy each other's company. That wasn't possible in these dark times, with the shadow of the Tyrant King looming over Eliantar.

Approaching the flimsy door, Vale pushed and it creaked open. The room was simple and not at all splendid. A modest bed was against the far wall with a crumpled and likely moldy blanket on top. Aside from the bed and the coating of sawdust that covered the floor, the room was bare. It didn't matter. At this point, it looked as good as the bedroom he had once lived in back at his palace.

"It looks good enough to me," Vale winked at Ara as he stepped over to the bed. "But, if you would prefer to hold out until we find something better, that's fine also."

Vale's answer came in a light shove from behind. It was firm enough to catch him off guard and he felt himself falling forward. He landed on the bed face first and immediately turned over. He felt his blood boiling as he looked at Ara who was removing his armor plating and blue vest, revealing his bare, sculpted chest.

Before he could say a word, Ara was on him and his moist lips found Vale's who could only lie there helplessly while Ara straddled him. Whatever exhaustion he'd been feeling was gone as he hungrily returned the passionate kisses, reaching up and grabbing Ara's face and pulling him as close as he could.

Ara pulled himself back suddenly and with one swift motion, grabbed a hold of Vale's black poncho and pulled it over his head. The rag of a shirt he wore came next. Already tattered, Ara ripped it from him like an animal and was on Vale again, his mouth hungrily licking and nipping at his neck, before continuing downwards.

Vale was on fire. It felt as though every nerve in his body tingled with electricity as Ara discovered his body with his hands and mouth. As Ara's hands found the waist of his pants, Vale suddenly felt that they were a cage that he needed desperately to be freed from. With a few tugs that prison was gone and Vale laid back completely exposed and vulnerable and needing Ara's attention desperately.

Vale could tell that Ara knew this as he read the man's smirk, leering down at him eagerly. He quickly came down, burying his face and warm mouth in Vale's manhood. Vale cried out as his body tensed up. Sensations that he'd never felt before overwhelmed him as he watched Ara's head move up and down. His hands found Ara's smooth head and he helped guide him. When he thought that he could take no more, Ara lifted himself off and climbed back up to Vale's face. He began kissing him passionately as his hands continued to rub up and down Vale's bare chest as he kicked his own pants off. He lifted himself off and hovered just above Vale's face, smiling, their eyes not leaving each other's.

"I love you," Vale rasped, surprised at how the words had come out, so ravenous and yearning, frantic for more.

"I love you too, Vale," Ara whispered back, breathily, his blue eyes glinting through the darkness. "I love you and I want you. I want all of you."

Reaching down with both arms, Ara grabbed onto each of Vale's legs and gently raised them up. Leaning down towards Vale, he pressed himself gently yet forcefully against his lover, slowly gaining entry. Vale winced in pain for a moment, but quickly wrapped his arms around Ara's back, pulling him in for more.



Their bodies rocked against each other like waves crashing onto a rocky shore. Ara relentlessly thrust his hips against Vale's and they held each other as their cries of passion escalated and reverberated through the small hovel. As their bodies released, Vale felt a single tear leave his eye and roll down his cheek as Ara collapsed on top of him. The kisses continued, more gentle and sweet this time, as the explosions in Vale's mind simmered to a peaceful glow. Their minds and bodies spent from all that they had been through and what they'd finally done with each other, they fell asleep just like that.

The last thought Vale had, as he listened to Ara's soft snores against his chest, was that there may still be hope. This was one of the single best moments in Vale's life. He couldn't remember the last time that he'd been this happy, this satisfied. If there could be moments like this or feelings like the ones he had now, perhaps all was not lost. There was still love in the world of Eliantar.

"I love you, Ara Tataman" he whispered as he drifted off into the best sleep he'd had in so many years.

A well-deserved and dreamless sleep had found Vale and he had embraced it. It seemed like only moments had passed though when a noise awakened him. Opening one eye, he could see rays of sunshine pouring in from the window. How he had missed the sun's light and warmth. It was enough to make him not care that he had been woken earlier than he would have liked. Besides, if the suns were up, they needed to continue on their way anyhow. But, what was the noise that had woken him, he wondered?

He didn't have time to dwell on it as it came again and his hairs stood on the back of his neck. A low, dragging scratching sound could be heard coming from somewhere close by. It was definitely coming from within the clearing. Vale listened as hard as he could, trying to ascertain what might cause such an ominous noise. It sounded like a sharp piece of metal was being dragged down a tree, slowly and painstakingly. That didn't make any sense however, so what would cause it? If it wasn't a piece of metal, perhaps it was a tool of some kind or a...claw!

"Glooms!" Vale let out a stifled cry, as he leapt out of the bed and started furiously pulling his clothes on. "Ara, get up now! We have to leave. The glooms are here. They have found us."

Ara stirred slightly but seemed to be out of it, unaware of Vale's warning. Several loud screeches filled the quiet air and Ara shot up like one of Vale's arrows. There was no mistaking it now; the glooms had definitely sniffed them out.

Ara pulled his clothing and armor on in a flash, as though he'd had to ready himself in this way many times before. Perhaps he had, Vale thought as he slung his bow and quiver full of arrows over his back. He glanced back to see that Ara was now ready as well, fully dressed and spear in hand.

Ara whispered, "I suppose that it is too late to sneak out undetected now? How outnumbered are we, Vale?"

Vale stepped over to the window, wordlessly and softly as he could manage. Peeking from the side slowly, he felt his heart sink in his chest. There were dozens and dozens of them, sniffing and searching through the logging site like ravenous animals. They were even more frightening than he had remembered, he supposed since this was the first time that he was seeing them in the light of day.

They were taller and far more muscular than any Elite that Vale had ever seen. Their bare bodies allowed for every inch of their sinewy structure to be viewed and feared at once. Their ink-colored bodies sharply contrasted in the lush greenery of the forest at dawn, looking like lumps of oil reflecting the sunshine. Their claws were massive and sharp and they staggered around, slashing at nearby cabins and mounds of brush, searching for their two enemies. Their teeth gnashed with fury as each hiding place they explored, was found empty. The last time they had encountered glooms, Vale was sure that they would not survive and in his opinion, they

barely had. That time, only a few days ago, they had only fought five or six of these monsters. This time would be very different.

“Ara, we’re not going to be able to sneak past them,” Vale gravely responded at last. “There are far too many of them out there. I don’t even know if we’ll be able to fight our way out of this one.”

“I like those odds!” Ara smiled as he separated his double-edged spear into two weapons and began to walk towards the wooden door, filled with purpose. “What are we waiting for? Let’s go remind them who they are hunting for.”

Vale rolled his eyes at Ara’s back. He envied the display of strength that Ara possessed, but couldn’t help but wonder if his newfound destiny of being The Hero has made him a bit reckless and arrogant. It was their understanding after all that the prophecy was merely the best possible outcome and not a definitive ending. Ara Tataman was not invincible and Vale certainly wasn’t. Any one of these encounters could surely be the King’s last and judging by the way his heart pounded, he guessed that his intuition was telling him that this could be that time. Having no other choice, other than to wait and be found, Vale pulled an arrow from his quiver and readied it with his bow. He quickly joined Ara by the exit of the cabin where they exchanged a quick glance.

“I’ll step out first and try to take out some with my arrows,” Vale announced, trying to sound confident. “I love you.”

He didn’t wait for a reply as he pushed the door open, praying it wouldn’t make a noise and readied his arrow. Quickly spotting one only twenty paces away, with its back turned, Vale released and watched as the arrow soared directly into the back of the monster’s head and it collapsed silently. Unfortunately, others had seen this transpire and their horrific wails filled the air. Vale felt himself get pushed to the side as Ara came out, a look of anger spread across his handsome face as he twirled his weaponry with aggression.

“So much for that,” he grumbled. “I was hoping we would eliminate at least a few before they came at us.”

He ran off from the cabin as three glooms, the closest to him, swarmed around him. He howled with a furious rage as he savagely hacked them with his two bladed weapons. In response, they screeched and cried and Vale watched as all of the others in the clearing came bounding towards him.

Ara prepared to swipe at the first attacker, but was caught off guard when it quickly backhanded him. Vale watched as Ara flew through the air and crashed to the ground in the distance. He readied an arrow and quickly released it. The creature collapsed as the arrow entered the side of its skull.

Taking off as quickly as his legs could carry him, Vale made his way towards Ara who was already picking himself up. Behind him, he could hear the glooms bounding towards him. Grabbing hold of Ara’s arm and lifting him the rest of the way up, Vale turned and gasped. The glooms had completely encircled them. They flexed their claws and licked their lips as their cold, dead eyes bore into the two men.

“You said you were looking forward to a challenge,” Vale muttered at last. “Any suggestions on how we’re going to get out of this? You can’t fight them all hand-to-hand and I can’t fire 20 arrows at once.”

“This isn’t good,” Ara stated the obvious. “I’m fresh out of ideas. This may be it for us, unless they take us alive to Skarsend.”

“Ara, look at these things,” Vale snapped. “Do you actually think they’re capable of doing anything other than killing?”

Ara didn’t have time to respond as the glooms began walking towards them, slowly closing them in. Vale lowered his bow. What good could it do now? He closed his eyes tight and waited for the inevitable, horrible pain that awaited him before everything faded away. Try as he might, he couldn’t ignore the fact that they had come so far just to die.

To order/read more of the Eliantar series please visit  
Eliantar.com  
[eliantarbooks@gmail.com](mailto:eliantarbooks@gmail.com)  
facebook.com/eliantar