



FIRESTORM

A WORLD OF MAGIC STORY

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This story was created before the TGR update, and has places such as Ironport, Summer Hold, and others that may not exist after the TGR update.

<https://www.roblox.com/games/3272915504/World-of-Magic>

Thanks to vetex for creating such a wonderful game

https://twitter.com/_vetex

PART ONE

The storm rose silently. No one in town had noticed, no one but the old fisherman on the docks. He gazed at the sky, feeling scarce a breath of wind when there should have been a gentle breeze. He decided to turn in early. Back when he was younger—and more reckless—he would've sailed right towards the gathering black clouds. But age brings wisdom, and wisdom told him that today was not the day to tempt fate.

Elsewhere, a small caravan of merchants, noticing the worsening weather, had also decided to stop for the night. They drove off the road, and circled their wagons in a defensive ring, before lighting a fire and cooking a quick meal.

In the mighty castle of Summer Hold, the King was enjoying his own meal when the first drops of rain fell. He glanced out the ancient window for a moment, before returning to his food. Rain does not disturb a Castlian King easily, and King David Silver was hardly disturbed by anything anyways.

In the Salore Tavern, a merry band of musicians drowned out the sounds of rain and wind. No one noticed the water sluicing down the windows until a group of bedraggled Council scouts trudged in, water pouring off of their cloaks. But all the people did was close the doors, offer the scouts some towels, and invite them to join the festivities. The bartender mopped the floor and all returned to normal.

But under the ancient trees of the Whispering Forest, the rain was more like a heavy fog than anything. The trees sheltered the ground from the downpour, their

mighty branches catching the water before it hit the ground. Every now and then a large drop plopped to the ground, splashing where it landed. Three bandits huddled around a dying fire, trying not to fall asleep.

“Say, George, when do you think he’ll arrive?” asked the first, a scrawny youth with a head of yellow hair. George, a slightly older man with greying hair, didn’t respond. He had fallen asleep.

“Hush, we must keep quiet. Lighting the fire was risky enough,” replied the third bandit. She pushed damp black hair out of her eyes.

The youth frowned, but didn’t reply. The forest was silent but for the muted crackling of the fire.

“Sleeping on the job, are we?” a voice asked, amused.

The two younger bandits jumped. George sat up groggily. “Took you long enough,” he replied.

“I had to deal with some other business,” the owner of the voice said. He appeared like any other ambitious wizard, his gray robes damp from the rain.

George sighed, drawing his knife and checking its edge. “What’s the target this time?”

The gray wizard smiled. “There’s a caravan a kilometer from here. North by northwest. I want you to strike it. They’ve got quite some goods inside, as I hear. I’ll take a ten percent cut of whatever you find.”

George nodded. It was evident that he was the leader of the group. “Is there anything you’ll be wanting for yourself?”

“There’s a red crystal in the third wagon from the front.” The wizard’s teeth glinted white in the darkness. “About palm-sized. It’s mine if you get it.”

“Good then.” George got up. “Kiki, Revan, pack up.” The two younger bandits got up as well, checking weapons, stocking arrows, and putting miscellaneous articles into their packs.

The wizard watched silently. When they were finished, he turned to leave. “Remember, meet me at Seawatch when it’s done. I’ll be waiting.”



“Can you believe it? The sheer audacity! Attacking a caravan so close to our city!” fumed the minister of coin.

The head of the mercenary guild sighed. “They get bolder every day. Once it was possible to walk from here to Umber Keep carrying a block of gold on your head without being harassed once. Good for business... but our business isn’t pleasant.”

The King frowned. “Are you sure they were just bandits?”

The captain of the guard nodded. “They said they saw the caravan passing them in the day and planned to steal from it at night.”

“Did they not realize that such a caravan would be heavily protected?” asked the minister of coin.

“Heavily protected?” The head laughed. “They had two barely trained rookies and a newly minted mage. No... this caravan was relying on traveling close to towns and cities for protection.”

“The mage. What was his name again... Kyle Auburn? We’ll have to reward him,” the King said, pushing a sheet of paper to the side. “The caravan would probably have been a complete loss had it not been for him.”

“Kyle is quite talented,” a new voice spoke.

“Mr. Booth. Pleasant of you to finally join us,” the minister said.

The wizard smiled. “I was held up by other things.”

“Visiting your cousins again?” the minister asked mockingly.

“Unfortunately, I have no cousins... that is, none that I know of.” The Vistarian-born wizard was used to being subtly—and not so subtly—reminded that he was not welcome in Summer Hold. “Perhaps it’s different here, but in Ironport we don’t require our wizards to account of their actions to the coin-kissers... but perhaps that’s why you call them accountants.”

The minister turned red with fury. “Be careful of calling people names, Mr. Booth... you’ll find that most don’t like it.”

“Whether they like it or not, everyone has a name.”

“You know very well what I mean you—”

Whatever he had been about to say was cut off when the King rapped sharply on the table. Silence filled the hall. “Lamorak, the Lady Alexandra Marshall wishes to see you later today. Something about her son and his marks. Richard, I need you to contact the Alalean embassy. We’ve caught another group of smugglers.”

“Alaleans. For such a haughty group, they sure have no class,” the head scoffed.

The King fixed him with a sharp glare. “Fredrick, I’ll have no harsh words in this hall. Whatever they have done is in the past.”

Fredrick didn’t respond.

“Fume all you want but I won’t be changing my stance on this. And if you will, go fetch Kyle Auburn.” The King looked around. “Well what are you waiting for?”

The minister, head, and the wizard nodded and headed towards the door. It slid shut behind the wizard's soft gray robes.

The King sighed and wondered why he bothered with so many advisors when all they did was squabble.



Kyle Auburn stood amid a circle of admiring faces, retelling his story.

“They came in the middle of the night. Everything was perfectly quiet. But I saw something moving. And I called out ‘Who’s there?’ but there was no response. So I get up, and a knife flies by my shoulder. I yell out and everything goes crazy. There were three, four, maybe even five of them. The merchants were huddling in a circle but I—”

“Ah there you are Kyle.” Fredrick stood at the gate, his armor glinting in the morning light.

“Hey,” Kyle responded.

Fredrick smiled. “The King has asked me to take you to him. You’ve made us very proud indeed, saving the merchant caravan.”

Kyle nodded, at a loss for words.

The two of them, the young, awkward wizard and the aging mercenary walked across the courtyard. The ring of hammer on steel could be heard from the metalworker’s shop, and the fishermen were setting out, walking towards the beaches, nets and fishing rods in hand.

The King was ruling as he always had, in public view, doing things himself. He and a few guards stood in front of the alchemist’s cauldrons, in a shady corner.

“Did they take anything?” the King asked.

“Yes, they took every crown in my pockets,” the alchemist fumed. A large bandage covered most of his head.

“But they didn’t take any of your wares,” the King wondered. He examined one of them, an amulet with three emerald gemstones hanging from a silver chain.

“Your Majesty, I’ve brought Kyle Auburn, as you requested,” Fredrick said.

The King looked up. “Ah I see. Alright then,” turning to the alchemist, “I’ll have you reimbursed for your crowns and the healers will see to you.” He smiled. “Kyle Auburn. I’ve got a pleasant surprise for you.”

He started walking briskly towards the keep. Fredrick followed instantly, Kyle tagging along behind. At the doors to the keep stood a wizard in gray robes. Lamorak Booth, the teacher of magic—the temporary teacher of magic—in Summer Hold.

“Why there you are. Good day, your Majesty. Kyle, look here!” He pulled a large coat hanger towards him. “Isn’t it splendid?”

It was indeed. Shimmering arcanium wove through fine cloth, creating a beautiful set of wizard robes, done in the practical and simple Castlian style.

“This is worth quite a fortune,” Lamorak continued, “But it’s certainly worth it for such a promising wizard.”

Kyle had no words. Such robes were indeed worth a fortune. “I... Your Majesty...”

He never had a chance to finish. The doors exploded open with an incredible explosion, shattering the hinges and sending splinters flying through the air. Three bandits leapt out of the smoke, dark blindfolds wrapped around their eyes. Over the walls climbed a dozen wizards, dressed in all manner of ragged robes and armor.

Lamorak thrust out his hand. “*Blinding Star!*” he yelled, a brilliant blast of violet light flashing out of his palm. It exploded against the stone of the keep, and for a moment, Kyle’s vision turned blazing white. His eyes burning, the light finally faded.

A massive battle was going on before his very eyes. The King was in the middle of it, flames exploding outwards around him. Lamorak was no further behind, his Light Magic an infallible sword, and every time he struck, an enemy was blown backwards. Fredrick stood to the side, attempting to capture any of the enemies who were blinded or injured, or attempting to flee. But the moment he reached for them, they exploded in a flash of energy.

Within seconds, it was over. A dozen wizards, such a terrifying sight before, now reduced to broken, burnt, and crushed bodies. The courtyard was in ruins. A tree had been blown clean across the yard, crashing into a window. The fountain had been completely destroyed, and water spilt all over the cobblestones, which themselves were cracked and shattered.

“I’ll go after them,” Lamorak said.

The King nodded. Lamorak jumped in the air, magic exploding around him, sending him soaring over the wall, where he began to fly.

“After who?” Kyle asked, confused.

“The bandits,” the King said grimly. “The wizards were a distraction, and the bandits got away.”

“They must have been greatly important,” Fredrick noted. “Sending so many after some ragged bandits. But

what? I personally looked through their possessions and there was nothing of value there.”

“Information.” The King was examining one of the broken bodies on the ground. “The only thing that can be truly hidden.”

It was then that Kyle noticed the smell of burnt flesh. It was sweet, sickly sweet. He instantly wanted to gag. *So many dead.* Was this normal for a wizard?

Lamorak landed in the courtyard with barely a sound. Kyle only noticed him arriving when he hit the ground.

“Nothing. They’ve vanished without a trace.”

“Magic.” Fredrick had never been able to use magic himself, but had a healthy respect for those who could.

The King stood up straight. “There’s nothing on their clothing that distinguishes them.”

“Perhaps they’re mercenaries,” Fredrick replied.

“I doubt it,” Lamorak interjected. “Mercenaries do distinguish themselves from their foes. Furthermore, no self-serving mercenary company would ever throw their lives away for a cause.”

“Perhaps they did not know what they were facing.”

Lamorak laughed. “Did not know? Attacking Summer Hold in broad daylight with twelve weaklings?”

“They hardly seemed like weaklings to me.”

“Perhaps you’re getting old, Fredrick. Those wizards are the type who, upon realizing they have power, decide to use it to oppress others.” There was a genuine hatred

burning in Lamorak's eyes. "They're scum. Weaklings. A real wizard surpasses simple emotions like that."

"Enough," the King broke in. "This is a serious problem. We must capture those bandits."

"We have hardly enough wizards to do so... enough trained wizards that is. We'll have to send them in groups. The mercenary guild could help out by filling our numbers a bit," Lamorak said.

"My mercenaries will hardly be happy about having to work with wizards."

"They'll need to get used to it." Lamorak's eyes glowed again, icy blue, like the frozen mountains of the north, cold and bitter. "If I'm right, this is a sign of something bigger. Three bandits and twelve wizards are just the tip of the iceberg. We may be dealing with something far larger than just an attack on a caravan."

