



# 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

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# PART ONE

Episode 3

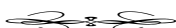
Kyle was worried. Something had seemed off about the attack... but what was it? He played the memory of the wizards arriving over and over again... but nothing clicked.

Stymied, he decided to go for a walk. Summer Hold was already being repaired. The citizens were quite experienced with repairing the town, bringing flagstones from warehouses, while soldiers ripped the damaged stones out. They would be turned to gravel or perhaps concrete. Stonemasons were already hard at work on the walls. Someone had patched up the fountain, which bubbled merrily while leaking a large puddle all over the courtyard.

A band of children ran by, playing in the streets. They laughed merrily, dodging the grasping hands of one small blindfolded child. They were playing Blind Man's Bluff, Kyle realized. He smiled as he recalled memories of himself doing the exact same thing in the same streets.

"Gotcha!" the little boy called out as he grabbed the leg of Kyle's pants. "Oh wait, wrong person!" The boy went running off as he realized his mistake.

Kyle smiled again. Then it hit him.



Lamorak was in his laboratory again, fiddling with some delicate silver instruments. They whirled about, steam blowing from slender pipes.

Kyle slammed open the door, breathless from the run up the three stories of stairs to the tower.

“Why hello Kyle,” Lamorak said cheerfully. “Whatever’s the matter?”

“The bandits,” Kyle gasped. “They were wearing blindfolds.”

The wizard put down the vial he was holding. “Now that I think about it, they were. That’s strange.”

Kyle sat down on a nearby chair. “You use light magic. Wearing blindfolds means that they didn’t get blinded when you shot at them.”

Lamorak nodded. “Then they knew who I was from the start. They probably had a way to block the King’s first attacks as well.”

“You’re right.” The wizards’ robes hadn’t caught fire, but they’d only been scorched. “They probably soaked their clothes in water too!”

“This means they have an insider in Summer Hold.” Lamorak’s expression turned serious. “I only arrived here two weeks ago. Furthermore, I haven’t done anything of note since.”

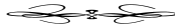
“The only people who know you’re here *and* that you’re a light magic user are the King, his advisors, and us apprentice wizards.” Kyle frowned. “But I don’t think any of the others are...”

Lamorak smiled sadly. “Sometimes it’s our closest friends that turn out to be our greatest enemies. But let’s hope it doesn’t come down to that. I’ll tell the King about this myself. Whatever was said in this room stays between us. If we let the enemy know that we suspect them, they’ll flee or hide their tracks.”

Kyle nodded. “Thanks then.”

Lamorak nodded. “Thanks for telling me about this.” He turned and set a black pendulum in motion, recording its movements through a dish of sand. He then took the black stone off and replaced it with a gleaming red crystal. “Well then. Remember to pick up the robes, the tailor is holding them for you.”

The robes! Kyle thanked the wizard again, then rushed out the door in the general direction of the tailor’s.





Sixty kilometers from Citrine Town lies a separate, far different city. Where the citadel of the Magic Council gleams and shines in the sun, this other city cannot be seen easily. Where Citrine Town has seven mighty gates, this city has but one, and it is hidden to all but the most careful examiners. In Citrine, silver towers stab towards the sky, but in this city, there are no towers, for its pathways lead down into the earth.

Shadowrift. The name itself sends shivers down a Councilmember's back, shivers created from rumors of the city's existence. A place where the shadows gather, hiding, like maggots, from the light. Many a time has a raid on a villain's outpost unveiled black weapons of a make and model unlike anything seen in the upper world, many a time has a mage, their sanity broken, screamed and babbled about a world underneath the earth.

For in Shadowrift, the goods sold on the marketplace are not spices, nor labor, nor grains. No, in the dark city, lives are traded like crowns, while murder, ransom, and robbery are the items sought after most.

What for? Some will tell you that it is done out of sheer cruelty. Others say for the crowns, whose soft golden gleam causes many a person to go astray. But wiser ones fear that the city exists for a different reason. It has a goal.

Not that any casual visitor would've noticed one. At first glance, the upper levels of the city seem fairly normal. Grain storages, warehouses, and farms take up the wide fields of the enchanted city beneath the mountains. Even evil must eat, after all. But the deeper one goes, the further away from human light and human kindness one gets. On the second level, common scum, thieves and bandits, thrive

like rats, hundreds being commissioned at a time for a few crowns each, ordered to attack a town, or destroy a prison.

The third level is where the trading goes on. Slips of paper, it seems at first, but on second glance, the papers contain information. Names, locations, sketches of appearance. Here one can hire an assassin, of which several guilds exist. Perhaps the Cloak and Dagger, or the Masquerade, or even the infamous Shadowdancers. If it's forbidden magic that is sought, one is quickly directed to the grim and foreboding building of the Dark Arts Society.

The fourth level is the level of blood. Here, illegal arenas pit beasts and humans in fights to the bloody death. Bookkeepers call out odds on that wizard, who used to be a Council scout, or perhaps that bandit, who fell too far into debt with one of the many dark banks that store the shadow city's gold. Or perhaps the giant scorpion shall eat them both. The betters hardly care, and the bookkeepers care less.

Below the fourth level are networks of caves, moving through the earth and stone like the twisted roots of a dead tree. Maddened wizards and strange beings wander these halls, none of which are used.

Yet legend has it, for even the dark city has its legends, that below the fourth level is a *fifth* layer, where the true ruler of the free city lives. And the legends, like all legends, had a kernel of truth in them.

A light had been seen, passing down the passageways from the fourth level. It traveled at a supernatural speed, flitting down corridors and caves with perfect ease.

Down at the bottom of one of the many caves lay a still, black pool of water. The light plunged into the pool,

leaving scarce a ripple behind. Underneath the water a long and curving passageway lead up, above the dark surface, through layers of earth and stone, up, surprisingly enough, into the light.

A small valley sat at the top of the mountain. It was hidden to view from all, and in the valley were a small huddle of buildings. Nothing grand, made of simple stone, but warm and cozy inside. The light arrived in front of the door. For the light, was, in truth, a flameless lantern, carried by a wizard dressed in robes of blue. She knocked on the door.

It opened creakily. Inside was a warm dining room, a long table filled with wizards, dressed in every color of the rainbow, eating, while in the nearby kitchen, more food was being prepared.

“Well hello Freya!” called out a cheerful plump wizard, of middling age. “Pleasure to see you again! Where have you been?”

“Out wandering. I met quite a fascinating person the other day, a mysterious knight with a glowing purple sword.” Freya brushed the snow from her robes. “But I’ve got a message for Tristan.”

The other wizard nodded. “Well you can find him in his room.” The wizard laughed. “He got into a fight with Laura again, and now he’s sulking.”

Freya sighed. “He’ll be in a horrible mood. But this message will wait for no one, least of all a lovelorn fool.”

She nodded to the other wizards in the room, and left by the same door. Freya walked through the snow to a

row of dormitories. She knocked on the last door, before entering.

Tristan was sitting in a chair, reading. He turned. “Ah it’s you.”

“It’s me. You’ve got a message.”

“Before you give it to me, what should I do about Laura?”

“Did you get rejected again?” Freya asked.

He nodded ruefully.

“Get over it. The message is important.”

He sighed, and picked up the message, carelessly ripping the envelope open. He began to read it.

Freya turned to leave.

“Wait.” Tristan put down the message. “I read it. It’s time.”

She knew, instantly, what it meant. “I’ll tell the others.”

