



# 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.

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# PART ONE

Episode 4

Kyle aimed his hand. Fire gathered in his palm, a glowing gold and crimson magic circle blazing into existence.

“*Auroral Mirage*,” Lamorak whispered. The world blurred, colors mixing together like paint in the rain. Kyle stumbled, but got up again.

“*Phoenix Ar—*” He never got the words out. A blast of light sent him flying into the sand again.

“*Lambent Sky!*” There was no dodging this attack. Kyle prepared to defend but was blasted off his feet.

“*Inf—*”

“*Holy Light!*” Finally, Kyle’s eyes cleared. He was hundreds of feet in the air, orbs of blazing energy soaring up all around him. But at last he could see his target.

“*Meteor Shower!*” Flames crashed down as he did, exploding into the blasts of light, shattering them into thousands of sparks.

Lamorak thrust out both his hands, and a massive explosion of light burst from them, soaring up into the sky to meet Kyle’s fire, and already Kyle knew he was going to lose the clash if he didn’t do something fast.

He gathered up all the remaining energy inside him, and created a single massive magic circle. One final shot would end all of this. Flames swirled all around him as he fell out of the sky, the wind whistling in his ears. The world swirled around him, light and fire mixing everywhere he looked. He closed his eyes. Everything faded away. All he could hear was his own heartbeat, the beautiful song of Lamorak’s light and the roar of his flames fading away.

One final shot would end it all. His eyes snapped open.

*“SERAPH’S MALEVOLENCE!”*

The entire sky seemed to burn, turning blood red with dark fire. The spell he had never used before, never heard of before, seemed to have been ripped from his very soul, and for the first time in Kyle Auburn’s short life, he suddenly realized... he was enjoying it. The thrill of the fight, the joy of unleashing all his flames, the magic coursing through his fingers. He chilled with the thought.

Lamorak stood silently on the ground. Seven magic circles formed around him, layering and overlapping over each other. His eyes burnt cold and pale, bitter as the northern sky.

*“CELESTIAL STORM!”*

And his flames, once so grand, once so mighty, like an enormous wound in the sky, were engulfed by light.

Kyle woke up in a small room. He was lying on a surprisingly soft bed.

“You’re finally awake!” someone said. “How are you feeling?”

He turned. It was the healer, her wrinkled face smiling at him from over the top of a large book.

“How long was I asleep for?”

“Two days!” she said, cackling with laughter. “Slept like a babe too!”

He glared at her. Obviously senile.

“Anyhow, your teacher has been waiting for you. Seemed quite pissed!” she said, laughing again.

Kyle sighed and got up. He grabbed his arcanium robes—someone had patched them up—from the bedside table, and put them over his cotton shirt and pants.

“Where are you going?” the healer asked.

“Out. Thanks.” He opened the door and set out into the sunshine again.

The morning sun bathed the square in soft, golden light. Kyle’s stomach growled. The bakery had opened its doors, and the smell of fresh bread was irresistible. He was drawn like a moth to a candle, and at that moment he would’ve gladly burnt up if he could get a fresh loaf first.

After sating his hunger—which took two entire loafs—he set off for Lamorak’s tower. The memory of their sparring felt hazy, but the healer had said that he was probably in trouble.

After climbing the forty-five steps up the tower, Kyle knocked on the mage's door.

"Come in," Lamorak said.

Kyle opened the door. The wizard was drawing a complicated sigil. It somewhat resembled a magic circle. All manner of equations and graphs littered the papers lying haphazardly on the table. A bubbling cauldron in the corner shimmered, the steam rising off of it changing colors every second or two. But what caught his eye was a strange contraption sitting in the center of the room. Spiderweb-thin strands of silver arcanium glowed as magic coursed through them, a strange glowing golden liquid flowed over metal rods, and suspended in the center was a shining red gemstone.

"What's that?" he asked, intrigued.

"I'm enchanting the gemstone," Lamorak replied.

"Enchanting it? Don't you just need to stick it in a pot?"

Lamorak smiled. "I don't think Barion would be happy hearing you describe his job like that. But yes, most alchemy just involves, as you put it, 'sticking the thing in a pot'. Some things, however, take a bit more work."

Kyle watched as the wizard rubbed out a tiny detail on his drawing. The cauldron gave a loud hissing sound, and Lamorak quickly dropped the drawing on the table, rushing over to examine whatever he was boiling. He reached in the pot with a long pair of tongs, extracting a large lump of a strange blue metal. He brought it over to an anvil, where he quickly began hammering it. The metal seemed quite soft, soon becoming a thin flat sheet.

Lamorak then folded it over a few times, and began again. The metal seemed iridescent, shifting between blue and green, as if it was underwater. The wizard held up the end result, a thin rod, and inspected it for a moment. Satisfied, he placed it in a pre-prepared pipe of arcanium, capped it, and added it to the device on the table. He then took the pot off the fire.

“Well, then,” he said, washing his hands in the sink next to the anvil. “Let’s talk about what you did in the sparring match.”

Kyle thought back, but couldn’t remember anything specific. “What did I do?”

“Don’t you remember? You pulled off an Ultimate Art.”

“I did?” Kyle suddenly felt quite proud of himself. “That’s amazing!”

“And dangerous. Doing something like that in a sparring match? Some would call that unstable.” The wizard frowned. “I had to counter it with my own Ultimate Art, which knocked you out. Most people first do something like that in the heat of battle, but in a controlled spar that’s almost unheard of.”

Kyle said nothing.

“Which is why I’ve decided to send you away for a bit.”

“What?” Kyle asked, incredulous.

“Let me finish. You need more experience, so that you get used to your magic and fighting with it. You have great potential, but you’re still just learning. Thus, I’m

sending you to Bell Village. There, you'll help them with a recent increase in dark wizard and bandit activity. The pattern has gotten rather worrying, and we fear that eventually there will be a major attack in the area."

"Bell Village? That's an Alalean town though."

"I would've thought someone as smart as you would be above such petty prejudices," Lamorak said, frowning. "All the more reason to send you then. Perhaps you'll learn to understand and trust them. They're just people, as human as you and me."

Kyle nodded, but his mind boiled with anger. What had he done to deserve this? Ultimate Arts were a sign of progress, not danger. And Bell Village! He could've agreed if it were Umber Keep, or even Riverville. But an Alalean town? Those were the same people who had oppressed his family and driven them out of Old Alalea.

"You'll leave today." Lamorak took out a slip of paper. "Here's a letter of recommendation from me. I'm fairly well known thereabouts, and it'll do you some good."

"Who do I give it to?" Kyle asked.

"Anyone you see fit. There won't be a person you need to find, or a quest you need to take. This is a test not only of your magical abilities, but your 'people skills' as well." Lamorak handed him a pouch of coins and a ring. "Get yourself a horse with some of those crowns. The ring indicates that you are under the protection of the King, so don't lose it."

"Very well then." Kyle had calmed his emotions down to a light simmer. "I'll go pack up."

“Good luck.” Lamorak picked up a clear glass vial, placing it into an iron ring in the contraption. He then turned a valve. Silvery gray liquid dripped into the vial. The wizard then went back to his drawing.

Kyle opened the door, closing it gently behind him. Well then. Bell Village it was. He set off for the stables. At least he didn't have to walk.

