



# 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 6

Kyle leapt out of his bed, racing to get into his robes in time. A blast of Explosion Magic crashed into the wall of the building, shattering it into stones and dust.

“*Flame Burst!*” The spell launched a dozen blasts of fire through the broken wall. A simple spell, fired to give him a little time. He leapt out the hole where the wall used to be. “*Spark!*” A jet of flame sent him soaring over the buildings.

A dozen dark wizards fought fiercely against the Council scouts, bounty hunters, and town guards. Everywhere magic circles blossomed, sending magic soaring through the air.

This was it! His chance to prove himself! Kyle couldn’t help but grin. Perfect timing. He landed heavily on the center of the square, a large magic circle blazing to life around him. “Get back!” he warned.

The Council scouts and bounty hunters disengaged, but the dark wizards fled too late.

“*Phoenix Arising!*” he yelled. A flash of flame ignited from the center of his circle, roaring as it flew through the air, crashing into dark wizards, sending his enemies flying. “*Heatwave!*” A wall of fire blocked the only exit. He leapt atop a building with a burst of flame. “Give up now! You’re surrounded!”

The dark wizards stopped moving. “As if.” one said. He smirked. “Freya get rid of him.”

The girl standing next to him nodded. “*Frost Lance!*” A beam of ice rushed up to Kyle, narrowly missing him.

“*Heatwave!*” he called out. A second wall of flame appeared in front of him, quickly rushing downwards. He

grinned. Lamorak's training had been incredibly useful. He knew exactly how to fight someone with a magic that had an advantage over his. Dashing quickly over the edge of the building, he raced around the side. *Speed was key*. The lesson had been drilled into his head over and over again. Whoever was faster won. Flames spurting from magic circles below his feet, he flew low and fast over the streets, flanking the ice mage before the wall of flames had even gotten halfway towards her.

“*Lambent Roar!*” A blazing cone of flames exploded from his hands, bright white with heat. A weak attack, but designed to divert attention. Time to strike.

“*Inferno!*” The explosion detonated right when he blazed by her. The girl was sent flying through the air, until she crashed into a wall with a heavy thud. She dropped to the ground, unmoving.

“Surrender!” Kyle demanded. “You’re outmatched and outnumbered.” The dark wizards, he noted, were shocked. He almost smiled again. *Speed was key*.

“*Flash Freeze!*”

Kyle saw the attack coming at the last moment. Throwing up a shield of flames and jetting high into the sky at the same moment, he barely avoided being caught in an explosion that had released from right below his feet. The girl again. “*Firefly!*” A dazzling array of sparks danced around her. She ran brazenly through. Foolish. Lamorak had trained him never to be predictable.

The sparks exploded as dozens of magic circles blossomed from them. She was thrown back by the force, burnt and hurt. Nonetheless, she threw up her hands.

*Speed was key.*

He attacked before she even created a magic circle. “*Heatwave!*” This time the wall was a spiral of flames that roared towards her. He came in swift and low. She had blocked the flames as he anticipated, but she wouldn’t be able to block this.

*“Meteor Shower!”*

She was blown straight into a wall with a sickening crunch. A devastating barrage at point-blank range. Kyle’s heart raced with the thrill of the fight.

She got up again. Did this girl never give up?

“You’ve fought well. Surrender now.”

Even the dark wizards looked shocked. The girl was smiling. Injured, burnt, limping, she nevertheless held her head high. “Never.”

He held up his hand. Now was not the time to hesitate. “*Dragonfire.*” The spell released, a massive explosion of pure unbridled fire, and screams rose into the air... the screams of the dark wizards. The girl’s eyes widened.

“Surrender. Or you all die.”

She didn’t move. The dark wizards lay on the ground. Some managed to crawl to their feet, but were quickly arrested by the nearby guards or scouts.

“Do I have to say this again?” Kyle asked. His heart pounded, adrenaline and power flowing through him, igniting every last ounce of energy he had. “Surrender!”

His mind was as tight as a spring, coiled and ready. He ran through a list of spells. If she resisted, she would die. But she need not die a slow death. He decided on two. Either he would use *Dragonfire* or he would use *Firestorm*.

The moments passed like hours. Finally, she spoke.

“Fine.” The words seemed forced from her. Her voice was surprisingly soft, surprisingly light. “I surrender.”

He smiled then. The energy coursing through him faded. “That’s the right choice.”

He’d done it. He’d won.



“What?”

He couldn't believe his ears. She had to be kidding.

The guard looked uncomfortable. “I'm sorry, but the townspeople don't trust you here. I've already done too much for you.”

“But I stopped the attack!”

“You're too powerful. You understand, don't you? You're more powerful than everyone we have here, and it worries them.” She shifted her feet. “They don't want you here.”

Kyle listened in disbelief. “I'm just an apprentice wizard. I don't get it.”

“Just? If you're just an apprentice, then whoever taught you is a genius. Either way, you're too much for them. Go back home.” The guard sighed. “Your horse is in stall seven.”

“Give me a day. I'll leave then.”

“Good.” She waved him out of the room.

Kyle walked towards the inn, his head spinning. They thought he was too powerful? What in the world? He was just an apprentice wizard, and not even the best among his group!

“Hey you,” a voice said to his left. He turned. It was the girl.

“What do you want?” he asked.

“You weren't supposed to be here,” she replied.

“What does that even mean?”

She sighed. “We knew the names and abilities of every single person in this town. We locked down the road. Whoever sent you knew what they were doing.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I want you to break me out.”

“Why the hell would I break you out?” he asked incredulously.

“Because I won’t tell these people a thing. My allies won’t either. But I’ll tell your King.” She grinned. “Doubt these Alaleans would want to give such a valuable prisoner up though.”

He stared in disbelief. “You must be mad.”

“Nope. Break me out and I’ll tell your King everything I know. I’ll tell you too, if you want.” She crossed her legs. “You don’t even have to take these handcuffs off. And it’s just me, you can leave the others. They’ll be fine.”

He thought for a moment. If she was lying then he lost nothing. She would be a prisoner in Summer Hold instead of Bell Village. In fact, it would be better because any information she did reveal would be given to the King, instead of an Alalean mayor. But if she was telling the truth...

Then there was only one option.



The night was dark and silent.

Kyle wrote a note describing his intentions and actions, and apologizing. He was certain he wouldn't be forgiven, but at least they might be a little more understanding. Or so he hoped. Leaving it on the bedside drawer, he grabbed his things and left the inn with utmost stealth.

Silently, he got his horse out of the stable. He left it waiting just outside the town walls. The night guard had been asleep, and it had been easy enough to open the gates without being noticed.

He got to the girl's prison last. These guards had also fallen asleep. Good. If it had been the Council scouts, this would've been far harder.

His heart pounded as he silently melted through the prison lock with a tiny flame. The guards hadn't noticed. The girl's eyes glittered in the darkness, watching silently. Finally, after what felt like hours, he got the door open.

Wordlessly, she got up and followed him. They walked out, where he motioned for her to get on the horse. She did so. They both knew it would be harder for her to walk with her hands bound.

The two of them stealthily left the town. When it was scarce out of sight, the girl suddenly laughed. Kyle glanced back in fear. It seemed she hadn't been heard.

"What in the world are you doing?" he asked furiously. "They'll hear!"

"Don't be silly. It's just nice to feel the air of freedom again," she replied, smiling. "What's your name?"

“Kyle Auburn,” he replied grudgingly. “Yours?”

“Freya.” She didn’t give a last name, nor did he ask for one.

The two of them continued on the road in silence. Not a soul seemed to be moving in the dark.

It was near dawn when they heard the hooves of horses, galloping up from behind.

