



# 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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Thanks to vetex for creating such a wonderful game

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# PART ONE

Episode 7

“Are they the Alaleans?” Freya asked. She sounded nervous.

“Probably,” Kyle said. “They’re getting close.”

“What do we do?”

Kyle didn’t respond. “*Fireball*,” he said. The spell crashed into a large tree. It began to collapse, as he hit it with a few more small spells. The tree fell over, crashing down into the road in an explosion of dust. He repeated the same procedure with two other trees. Then, he lit the barricade on fire and the two set off rapidly.

Not a minute too early either. The Alaleans came up the road remarkably quickly, the shape of their horses and riders barely visible through the smoke and flames. They vanished as Kyle and Freya rounded a bend in the road.

“Think that’ll stop them?”

“No way,” Kyle responded. “They’ll just dismount and get around the barricade, then catch up to us again.”

“Then what?”

“We run away as fast as we can,” he replied.

“That’s about the dumbest idea I’ve ever heard,” she said. “Why can’t we just hide?”

“I’m a fairly powerful wizard, anyone capable of magic within two hundred meters of me will notice.”

She thought for a moment. “How about this. I go hide and you get on the horse.”

“And let you run off on your own? I wasn’t born yesterday,” he replied with a humorless laugh.

“Kyle Auburn!” the leader of the riders yelled. It was the town guard, emerging from the trees. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“*Heatwave!*” Kyle called out. A swirling open circlet of flames surrounded them. The two raced down the road, but two other Alalean riders blocked their path.

“Give it up,” the town guard said from behind the flames. “Give us the girl and no one gets hurt.”

“You know what you said to me yesterday?” Kyle asked. “I’m more powerful than everyone you have. Give up the chase and no one gets hurt.”

“Sorry kid, but that isn’t true anymore,” a new voice said. The owner of it stepped into view. It was a council soldier, blue-eyed and dark-haired. “I got here this morning.”

“Freya,” Kyle whispered. “Get ready to protect yourself from any stray attacks.”

She nodded.

“*Flame Burst!*” A cone of blasts flew towards the soldier. Freya dismounted quickly, shielding herself and the horse with a pyramid of ice.

The soldier jumped backwards. “Too slow,” he said. “*Electric Arc!*” The beam crashed through the fire blasts.

Kyle of course, was already behind the soldier. The whole purpose of *Flame Burst* was to be slow. A slow attack means the enemy underestimates you, and what’s more, can’t see you until the attack is dodged or blocked. “*Lambent Roar!*”

The bright white flames raked the soldier's face. Blinded, he stumbled backwards. Kyle was clearly aware the soldier had more raw power than he did, but he was so inexperienced it felt easy beating him.

*"Electric Lotus!"* The soldier yelled. Kyle had expected this, of course. Once blinded the enemy often tried to buy time by letting loose a self-explosion, and it felt right instinctively as well. Kyle had already danced back, avoiding all of the lightning.

*"Inferno!"* The blast crashed heavily into the soldier. He was thrown into a tree by the force of it. Kyle didn't let him get up. *"Phoenix Arising!"* A circle of flames appeared as the placed explosion detonated. The soldier screamed as they ignited his clothes. *"Heatwave!"* The wall of flames surged at the soldier.

A nearby water mage sent a blast into the soldier, removing the flames. Kyle had noticed her ready to cast the spell the moment he'd seen her, and he had always known the soldier would live so long as he used mostly burning spells.

"Let's go," he told Freya. The girl nodded, quickly getting back on.

The town guard watched helplessly as the two of them fled down the road. She knew when she was beaten, and this was one of those times.



Minister Henry Graves was furious. That upstart Vistarian wizard and his plans. He had no idea how much an aurem-powered mill would cost the treasury. So, what if the baking industry would see three times the economic growth? Such an expenditure would cost both the mail program and the Castlian guard, two organizations which had been established and nurtured by Henry himself, and which he took great pride in. No one troubled the Castlian mail, and no one dared commit crimes while a Castlian guard was nearby. But now people took that for granted. Fools! The lot of them!

He had protested the moment the King had admitted the wizard to his court. The Vistarian meddler would do no good, he had warned them. Yet his words had gone unheeded. Both the mercenary guild and the town guards were happy to have him. He'd somehow gotten both of them on his side.

The man had a talent for that, Henry admitted. In this case he'd somehow gotten the bakers' guild to ask the King themselves. It would be hard to refuse, but there simply wasn't enough money going around to fuel these silly purchases.

Henry walked along the castle corridors. He was headed towards the library. Whenever he felt too stressed, he visited it. There, he could lose his troubles in a book or two.

"Yes of course my King, but you know very well that we can't trust anyone with this information," a voice said.

Henry paused. It was Lamorak's, and it came from a room nearby. He listened carefully.

“The traitor could be anyone,” Lamorak continued. “Whoever planned the attack was definitely a dangerous person.”

There was a pause.

“We should discuss this elsewhere. This room doesn’t feel quite soundproof.” The wizard’s voice trailed off. Footsteps moved towards the door.

Henry quickly moved down the hall, doing his best to look angry and irritated, but his heart was filled with fear. A traitor? Did Lamorak suspect him? Someone else? At least the King knew, but the fact that he wasn’t told meant that he wasn’t trusted.

Henry felt the wizard’s eyes, their gaze cold as ice, on his back, and despite himself, he shivered.



Ralph Marshall raced back to Summer Hold as fast as he could. He had been spending a lazy afternoon on the Castlian Shore, but had received an urgent message from Minister Graves. He'd met the minister at the spot described in the message, a small cottage owned by the minister's cousin.

A traitor! This was madness! Who could it be? If it weren't Graves, that left some five others. He had to warn the King. As far as he could figure, Booth had told Graves, who had decided to tell him. Idiots, both of them! Always stuck in their books. There was a traitor going around and none of them bothered to inform the King!

He dismounted rapidly, leaving his panting horse in the hands of the grooms. Ralph ran quickly into the mercenary guild hall, putting on his uniform as fast as he could.

"Marshall, back already?" George Silver asked, his voice dangerously flat, a clear sign of insubordination which Ralph would've noticed had he not been so preoccupied.

"Yes, I've got urgent business with the King," he said, as he threw on his gambeson.

"Urgent business with the King?" Silver asked, clearly irritated. "What about urgent business with the guild? The way you're running it, we're going to be out of men and money in weeks!"

"I've done well enough for the last ten years, haven't I?" Ralph snapped.

"Then you've grown senile in the last ten weeks, because the guild is dying!"

“Damn the guild!” Ralph finally got his cuirass on.  
“This is far more important!”

“Well I don’t think so,” Silver muttered.

“What was that?”

“Nothing.” Silver messed around angrily with his paperwork. “Go on and have your urgent meeting with the King. I’ll wait here and do some actual work.”

“Why you! I swear, Silver, that when I come back you and I are going to have some words!” Ralph hissed.

“Yes, we will,” Silver replied. “I’m sure of that.”

Ralph slammed the door as he left.

