



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

Episode 9

Lamorak found Henry Graves at home, dressed in simple merchant clothes.

“H-hello Lamorak,” he said nervously. “What brings you here?”

“Lady Marshall has a message for you,” he said, faking annoyance. “She’s got her head in a twist about some matter of her son’s, you know how she is.”

“Ah yes, Alexandra, she’s terribly pleasant, if a little too easy on that child,” Henry replied, relieved. “What’s the message?”

“Some nonsense regarding sums of this and sums of that. I’ve got it in my back pocket here,” Lamorak said, reaching behind himself. He took the opportunity to glance both ways, then sent a hand crashing into the minister’s chest. He quickly stepped inside, closing the door behind him.

The minister groaned in pain. “What was that for?”

“You ought to know,” Lamorak snapped. “Tell me now.”

“What?”

Lamorak strode across the hallway. He effortlessly picked the minister up by the collar. A magic circle appeared on his hand, glowing brightly. Sparks of light gathered around it. “Tell me how you knew about the traitor.”

“I... I overheard!” The minister choked the words out, desperately trying to escape the burn of the magic at his throat. “I was walking by when I heard you talking about it last night!”

“Overheard, did you now?” Lamorak asked. He threw the minister with a flick of his arm, sending him crashing into a wall. “Tell me the truth.”

“It is the truth!” the terrified minister replied.

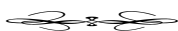
“Is that so...” Lamorak fired a bolt of brilliant light, which crashed into the wall behind the minister, who flinched and yelped in fright. “I’ll be verifying that myself. Until then, consider yourself a dead man.”

“What?”

“My memory is usually perfect... and I remember clearly that the King left the moment after last night’s meeting.”

Henry thought back. The wizard was right! “But I heard you talking to—”

“And I went straight to bed that night.” Lamorak pushed the door open. “If I don’t find anyone who can corroborate your story, you’ll take the traitor’s place.”



Ralph raced down the steps, positively flying across the plaza, running so quickly that Iris was left behind. He was driven by blind fury and righteous anger. *It was his guild.* It was the guild he had started with his two best friends, the guild they'd given their lives for, the guild that had been baptized in blood and blessings, the guild that had rose above the rest to become the sole mercenary guild in the entire Castlian Shore.

And now this brat dared to try and steal it from him!

"Hey! What's the rush?" A Council soldier asked as he raced by.

Ralph ignored him, running forwards until a stone wall suddenly erupted before him. "Let me through!" he snarled at the soldier.

"You're a suspicious person running from the keep. I'm going to have to verify your identity," the soldier said.

"I'm the leader of the Bucklers! The mercenary guild!" Ralph spat. "Now let me through, I've got business to deal with!"

"I'm going to need proof of that."

"Since when did the Council keep track of everyone's comings and goings?" Ralph asked furiously.

"I don't know who normally patrols this route," the soldier said, "but they've been doing it wrong. It's been standard procedure to keep track of suspicious activity for the last five years."

"You're not one of the usual soldiers?" Ralph asked, peering at him. He didn't recognize the man, but then again, he'd never paid much attention to the greencloaks before.

“No, I’m not. It’s the two-year rotation. I’ll be stationed here for the next two years unless I take a leave or resign.” The soldier held out his hand. “Now, proof of identity?”

Ralph fumbled about for something impatiently. Finally, he remembered the seal ring. He pried open the pouch on his hip and handed it over.

The soldier examined it for a moment and nodded. “All seems to be in order. I’ll try to remember you.”

“Good.” Ralph raced off again, Iris following behind him.

The two reached the courtyard in front of the Bucklers’ guild hall. The sun was nowhere to be found, drowned in dark clouds that hovered in the sky.

“So you’ve seen fit to join us,” George Silver said laconically.

“Silver.” Ralph stood up straight. “Explain yourself!”

“I think it’s you who needs to do some explaining, Marshall,” Silver replied. “What’s happened to the guild while you were off... seeing the King when everyone knew he was gone?”

“I was out of town and didn’t hear about it!”

“Out of town? Our guild master, out of town?”

Silver snapped. “The guild is a responsibility that shouldn’t lie in the hands of someone who’s out of town half the time. It’s time we had a change in leadership.”

“And I suppose you want to be the leader now, do you Silver?” Ralph asked. “Think you can just walk up and take it?”

“Well, I believe we should have a fair vote to see who takes the reins of leadership,” Silver replied.

“A vote?” Ralph laughed. “Do you know what it takes to be a leader?”

“A leader must be present,” Silver said. “A leader must instill confidence. A leader must make sure the affairs of the guild come before their own. All qualities you lack.”

“No.” Ralph took a deep breath. “A leader must be willing to do what he requests others to do. Tell me, Silver, have you ever campaigned with the guild before?”

“Of course I—”

“Then have you ever taken the position of the van?” Ralph asked.

“Yes, when my turn was drawn,” Silver said.

“Then you know what it feels like? The threat of an attack at any moment, the knowledge that you stand before the group solely for the purpose of warning them should you die?”

“Well yes—”

“Charles,” Ralph interrupted, turning towards a grizzled old man in stained armor. “Remember that time we campaigned towards Jargai?”

Charles seemed uncomfortable, being addressed directly. “Well...”

“You were there, if I remember right,” Ralph continued. “You fought bravely against the bandit horde. Injured your right arm defending the caravan.”

“Yes I did,” Charles said proudly.

“Remember, when we were so reduced in number that we only had five men left to guard the sides?”

“Yes... I remember.”

“Do you remember who took the van?” Ralph asked. “Do you remember who stood alone before the train of injured and wounded, alone to warn of the hordes that still wandered around the tundra?”

“Why it was... it was you alone,” Charles said slowly. “I remember. We were to take straws, but you said it was foolish.”

Ralph allowed himself a smile. “Margaret, do you remember that time we defeated the cultists in the grasslands?” he asked, turning towards a young woman with a disproportionately large battleax.

“Yes I do,” she replied.

“Do you remember when the cultists overran our camp and we had to flee into the plateaus?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“Do you remember who held the rear? Who led the defense line while everyone else escaped?”

“You did, sir. And I’ll be forever grateful for that.”

There was a gentle stirring in the crowd. A transformation of sorts. Suddenly, a large amount of people had shifted from one side to the other, suddenly he found himself surrounded by fellow soldiers, by the people he’d fought and toiled with, by those who remembered.

Silver seemed anxious and pale now. He opened his mouth to speak.

“And you, George Silver. Don’t you remember the time we defended the Council outpost against the dark wizards? Don’t you recall who led the defense, who started the counterattack?”

Silver closed his mouth. Then he opened it again. “So what if you’re willing to do the hardest jobs? You’ve whittled away at our funds; you’ve wasted our time. This guild needs a leader that can manage our daily activities as well as he can fight!”

“But you can’t fight, Silver,” Ralph said. “You always chose to stay behind, always decided to stand in the back, never chose a risky position unless your straw was drawn and even then you did your best to stay safe. Is that what is needed in a leader?”

“I’ll show you!” Silver yelled desperately. He drew his metal glove off his hand. Ralph flinched in surprise. The glove flew through the air and struck him on the chest. “I’ll show you that I’m just as brave as everyone else!”

“Are you aware what you’ve done?” Ralph asked, slowly. “You still have time to withdraw that sentiment.”

“No!” Silver glared down at him. “We will settle this once and for all!”

“Very well then.” Ralph slid his buckler onto his arm. “You are dressed as I am, in the uniform. We shall settle this here.” He drew his sword. It slid out with a long, gentle hiss.

Silver did likewise, his face pale, with fury or fear Ralph could not tell.

“Sir, I’ll be your second,” a youthful voice to his left declared.

“Thank you Iris. Who shall second Silver?”

No one spoke. George Silver stood alone in the plaza, looking for all the world like a young boy, adrift in a deadly sea.

“I will,” Charles said. “If only for the honor of our guild.”

“Very well then. When you are ready, Silver,” Ralph said coldly.

Silver yelled out, his blade whistling through the air.

