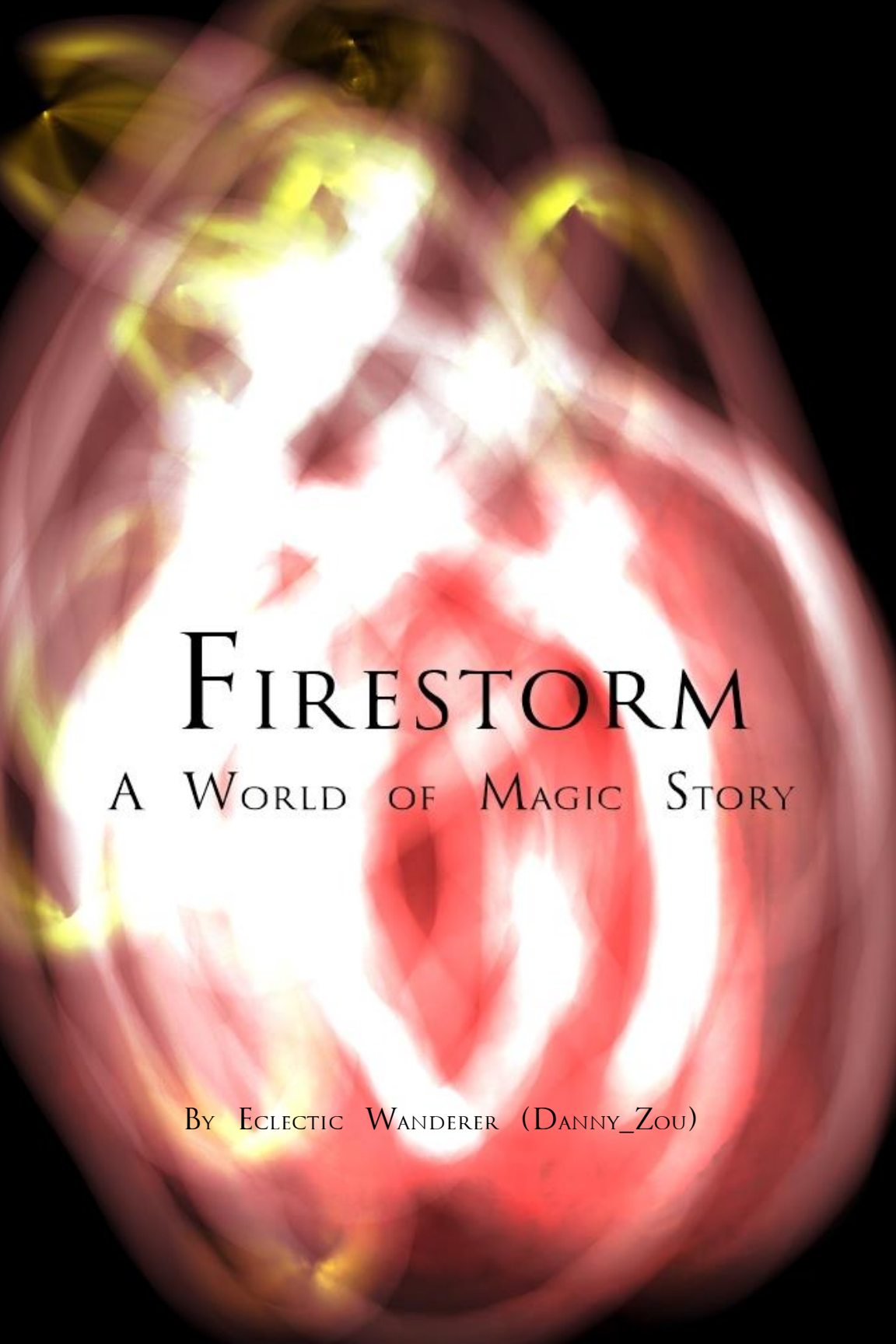




FIRESTORM

A WORLD OF MAGIC STORY

BY ECLECTIC WANDERER (DANNY_ZOU)

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 II

“Move aside,” the guardsman yelled, shoving Bucklers away from either side. There were only five of them, yet their presence, armored with their faces hidden behind metal veils was enough to daunt the mercenaries.

“You!” The captain of the patrol pointed his sword directly at Ralph. “You’re under arrest for attempted murder!”

“It was a duel, agreed upon to by both sides,” Ralph replied angrily.

“Dueling is strictly forbidden!” The guardsman grabbed Silver by the collar and yanked him up. “Did you agree to a duel?”

“Yes,” Silver replied, his voice muffled. From the dark light that flickered in his eyes, Ralph had no doubt that had the other Bucklers not been standing around watching, he would’ve denied it.

“Then you’re under arrest as well!” The guardsman pointed his blade at the other Bucklers around them. “And the lot of you, for assisting in attempted murder!”

There was a loud rumble of dismay. “We didn’t do nothing,” a mercenary protested. The others murmured their agreement. “You can’t arrest us all!” another yelled.

“We can and we are,” the captain snapped. “Gather them all up.” The guardsmen moved forward.

The guardsmen moved towards the crowd, which broke under the presence of the armored knights. Suddenly, there was a yell, and one of the knights fell, a red stain spreading under him. A silver blade flashed, crimson spreading along its edge. “You won’t get us without a

fight!” a mercenary yelled. His face contorted with rage. A roar went up from the gathered mercenaries.

“To me!” the captain yelled, his remaining men extricating themselves from the crowd. Their longswords sang. Three mercenaries fell to the ground. Now there were four dead on the ground.

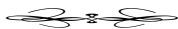
“Get them!” the mercenary with the blood-covered blade yelled. “Killers!”

The mercenaries rushed forwards. The first few fell, impaled upon the glittering longswords, but the four knights didn’t stand a chance against the might of the entire guild, and fell quickly.

The sounds of heavy boots marched up the alleyway. The guards’ reinforcements. The mercenaries were in a frenzy of rage, but at the sound, they spread out. Many looked at Ralph, as if wondering what to do.

He knew. “Gather up! Bucklers out! We’ll show them!”

A roar of approval replied to him. The guild, the same one that had for ten years drawn blades against dark wizards, against mad cultists, against bandit armies, now drew them again, and with glittering swords marched forwards through the streets of Summer Hold.



Kyle sat in the wagon, still feeling somewhat surprised. The King himself rode with the group, his cloak flying in the wind, while the guards rode at a slow trot around the wagon, their armor jingling as they moved.

Freya lay on the opposite bench, the up-and-down movement of her chest the only sign that she was still alive. Her black hair tumbled down the wooden planks, shining in the early morning light. The sides of her head were already purple with bruising.

Kyle admitted to himself that he was worried about her. It was, in truth, his own responsibility that she'd been hurt so badly. He'd fallen asleep and didn't notice when she'd vanished. And he hadn't even been strong enough to defeat Xavier. If the King hadn't arrived, he would've been slaughtered the very next moment. Kyle's fingernails dug into the wooden bench at the thought. The Captain had been so fast...

The sound of hoofbeats shook him out of his recollections. Someone was traveling in their direction at a gallop, evidently in a great hurry. The guards put their hands to the hilts of their swords.

"You don't seriously expect an attack this close to Summer Hold, right?" he asked the nearest one.

"Times have changed," the guard replied. "You never know what you'll meet on the road. It's a miracle the two of you got so far without trouble."

"I rode up to Bell Village alone," Kyle said.

"You must've left only a few hours after the King did," the guard explained. "We pretty much cleared the road when we passed."

“My King!” the messenger called out as he rode into view. His horse panted, its flanks slick with sweat, and hung its head. “I have important news.”

“Whatever’s the matter?” the King asked.

“The Bucklers are in revolt!” the messenger slid off his horse. “The town guard is being slaughtered! They started rioting and now... the entire town is in uproar! It’s like a war in the streets!”

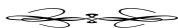
“Frederick...” the King whispered. Then a cold light came into his eyes. “Guards, you keep going at this speed. You,” he said to the messenger. “stay with them, it’ll be safer than going back.”

“My King!” Kyle said, with an emotion he didn’t quite understand himself, but felt was absolutely necessary to act upon. “Allow me to go with you! I’m a wizard myself, I’ll be able to help!”

“Kyle,” the King smiled grimly. “This is no matter for you to be involved in. Stay with the girl, she’ll need looking after, and the guards will be busy.”

Kyle faltered. He wanted to go, wanted to prove himself, wanted to fight for the King, yet at the same time... he sighed. “Very well then. I’ll stay.”

“Good.” The King pressed his heels against the flanks of his horse, which quickly moved into a swift gallop, vanishing down the road.



The bells were ringing like mad, their crazed clanging signaling the ancient warning toll of the Castlians, the same one that had rung a millennium ago when Sir Rook had called Alalea's city guard together and fled with the Old District, the same cacophonous notes that had poured out of the darkening sky a hundred years after, when the Magic Council first flew out of the twilight to spread their rule over the entirety of Magius. And now they rang again.

Leila looked up, her face pale with fear. Just when her uncle had left.

"Where's the King?" a woman yelled, running into the hall. She gasped for breath. "There's war in the streets! The Bucklers are in revolt!"

"The King is not here," Leila managed. "I'm the..." Who was she kidding? She was no leader.

"Get the Council soldiers!" a commanding voice called out through the hall. Leila glanced in its direction.

Lamorak, the Vistarian wizard, strode into the hall, his eyes flashing. "We'll need their help. Richard, the guard reservists will be gathering at the barracks, get them armed and send them to the courtyard."

There was a frenzy of movement as the spell cast by the bells was broken.

"Some people may try to flee from the main gate," Leila said, finding her voice again. "Guards!"

The few guards in the room snapped to attention.

"Gather as many as you can find and keep that gate open no matter what happens!" she ordered. They obeyed. "I need a messenger to find my uncle."

One of the merchants leapt up. "Allow me."

"Good." Leila looked around. "The rest of you, stay here, it's about as safe as it can get. Lamorak, if you are able to, could you help the Council?"

"I had a different idea," Lamorak said. "The Bucklers' guild hall is in the northeast quadrant of the city. If the guard went there by the fastest way possible, they'll be trapped between the flood of people heading to the main gate and the Bucklers. I'll do my best to get them out of there."

Leila nodded, visualizing what he said. "I'll go with you."

"It's too dangerous," he replied.

"I'm just as strong as you are," Leila began.

"You are the sole remaining ruler in this city," Lamorak snapped. "We cannot risk you."

"But I want to help!"

"No, and that is final!" Lamorak spun around, his robes whipping through the air. "You will stay here. As you said, it's about as safe as it can get. This is no fight against bandits or dark wizards or some other rabble." The wizard's eyes glowed pale and cold. "These are the best mercenaries east of Stoneburg. The guard doesn't stand a chance. Even with the Council's help, it's going to be touch-and-go."

She nodded, but her heart rebelled. Leila Silver was not going to sit idle while others fought for her.

