



# 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](https://twitter.com/_vetex)



# PART ONE

Episode 12

King David Silver halted his horse, feeling a small sense of uneasiness trickle through his consciousness.

“What is the meaning of this?” the messenger asked, his voice cracking with fear. The King was surprised at how young he was. He hadn’t noticed the messenger following behind, preoccupied as he was.

“We only wa—” the bandit’s finger slid open before he finished the sentence. An arrow slammed into the messenger’s side. The King, taken by surprise, sat up, but was unable to save the man.

“*Great Flare!*” he yelled, throwing a massive fireball into the enemies that surrounded them. The sheer heat of the blast turned arrows into dust. The bandits lay around him, dead or dying. The remaining trees were only burning shadows on the ground.

He leaped out of his horse, picking up the messenger from where his body lay. Dead. He worked the arrow out of the man’s flesh. Its tip was not barbed, but rather an armor-piercing bodkin. He had suspected as much when it had punched through the messenger’s armor.

The tip of the arrow was like nothing he had ever seen before. It was made of a dark metal, black as obsidian yet metal nonetheless.

There was no reason for them to shoot the messenger first, no reason for them to show themselves, no reason for them to not have unleashed a swarm of arrows from hidden places on the road.

This was a warning.



Ralph led the charge himself. The Bucklers deployed into as wide an arrowhead as they could, twelve abreast, and then sprinted towards the town guard, who gathered themselves into a wall of steel and blades. They had no shields. A mistake.

The arrowhead slammed into the guards with tremendous force. Three blades flickered at Ralph, but he blocked one and deflected the others. The guardsmen had lunged too early, the triangle of yelling mercenaries having been too much for some of them. Now, overextended, they were set upon by those at Ralph's flanks, who quickly crashed into them. For a moment, the two lines wavered, as if to see who would falter first.

Ralph blocked a blade that swept at him from above, before thrusting forwards. The clumsy counterattack was knocked aside. He found himself being pushed forwards into the enemy line. The guards resisted, but their longswords were too unwieldy at this distance. Ralph stepped within the reach of the guard in front of him while the guards to his sides were distracted, and stabbed deep into a chink in the armor. The guard fell to the ground.

All around him, the Bucklers were overcoming their enemies, the round shields they carried giving them the advantage in the melee. The remaining guards disengaged and fled, with the mercenaries in hot pursuit.

"Get back, get back!" a man yelled. A brilliant bolt of energy crashed into the ground. Ralph's eyes widened as the man was thrown high into the air by the force of the explosion, his broken body crashing onto a rooftop.

“Traitors, surrender or die!” The Magic Council Captain raised her hands. Twin plasma magic circles shimmered, energy gathering within them.

There was a murmur of fear through the group. Some of them began to realize, freed by fear from the mad energy that had gripped them, by drawing blades against the guard, they had committed treason against the King. A sharp pang of regret pierced through Ralph, and he considered, for a moment, surrendering and accepting his fate.

“Never! We’ll never surrender to a cowardly Council rat like you!” someone yelled. Ralph turned in surprise. George Silver stood, his head bloodied, his armor in disarray, his buckler splintered, waving his sword defiantly. And to his astonishment, the others rallied behind him.

“We’ll never surrender!” the roar rose. The Captain’s eyes glowed, with fury or with magic Ralph could not tell.

“Get under cover!” he screamed. The Bucklers scattered as bolts of glowing purple plasma crashed into the ground and into their shields, the heat of the blasts turning the street into a violet furnace.

He himself ducked into a nearby house, closing the door just in time. He then opened it as hard as he could, slamming the heavy wood into a soldier, who fell over heavily. Ralph brought his blade down in a silver arc. The soldier had no time to cry out.

A bolt of plasma crashed into the door, which shattered, but saved Ralph by absorbing most of the force,

which was still enough to send him flying. He crashed into the ground heavily.

His shield saved him from the next blast, but it too was nearly broken in half from the force. He managed to roll this time, and got to his feet, shrugging the tattered remains of the buckler off. He then leapt out of the way as a third blast slammed into the ground.

“Cover me, just for an instance,” someone said behind him. It was the mercenary who had first struck the guard. He was nocking an arrow, its broadhead gleaming darkly in the light, to the string. Ralph nodded and ran towards the Captain.

He dodged one blast, and then another. How long would it take the man to shoot? Then a magic circle appeared beneath his feet, and he leapt out of the way, slamming heavily into the ground, but barely managing to avoid the massive explosion that detonated where he had been a moment ago.

He tried to get up but the scream of another blast warned him, and he rolled over and over, yet he could still feel the heat.

Ralph ended up facing the Captain. He had lost his sword somewhere, and lay, unarmed and defenseless, directly in her view. And it was because of this that he saw the moment the arrow slammed into her chest, the moment she fell out of the sky, and crashed heavily into the cobblestones.

He gave a sigh of relief.



Lamorak flew, low and fast, over the houses. He landed quickly, reversing his thrust to stop in time.

It was as he had feared. A swarm of refugees were pushing towards the main gate. He watched as one family attempted to haul what seemed to be the entire contents of their house through the narrow street. They were attempting to keep the massive stack of objects on one wagon, while fending off other angry refugees attempting to push past them or even climb over the mountain.

He himself wondered, not for the last time, how he was going to get the guards through this mess.

“Hey you!” he yelled, grabbing a man at random from the stream. “Is anyone still in that house?”

“The hell would I know?” the man said, shaking him off.

With a sigh, Lamorak catapulted himself over the people, not without a few shouts of surprise from those around him. He landed on the house nearby, and took a deep breath, drawing the magic from within.

“*Aurora!*” he yelled. A roar of Light Magic surrounded him, a massive orb of pure glowing energy that expanded at an incredible speed, turning the house into dust and rubble, fading out to screams from the refugees.

The chokepoint removed, the flow quickened, but not nearly enough for him to be able to evacuate the remaining guards, who as he could now see from a new vantage point atop a two-story building, were being forced back by the Bucklers.

He considered destroying more buildings, but it was both too slow and too risky.

Then he had an idea.

With several quick, precise beams, he removed an entire wall from the two-story building.. To his surprise he found a family cowering inside. They shrieked when he pried it away.

“Sorry,” he said, trying to sound apologetic while not destroying the wall he had just removed.

He then carefully lay it across the street, creating a bridge over the flow. There were a few screams, but once it was settled down, the refugees continued marching forwards. He then ran across it a few times to make sure it was safe. It would probably hold up to a few guards at a time, but he doubted that it could carry many across. But he had no more time left.

With a lot of yelling, he managed to gather up the fleeing guard and lead them to the makeshift bridge. He then sent them in pairs across, while the others stood guard.

He then left them to it and headed to the center of the fighting.

