



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 13

Ralph covered himself warily, the buckler he'd taken from a fallen guild member uncomfortably large. But it was at least in serviceable shape, so he would have to make do.

"Well, this is a bit awkward, isn't it?" the fellow mercenary said.

"Thanks for the help there," Ralph replied. "What's your name?"

"You can call me Gulliver."

"Well thanks Gulliver, remind me to promote you if we ever make it out of this mess." Privately, Ralph was somewhat certain Gulliver would be dead by the end of the day, archery skills notwithstanding. His hotheaded actions had gotten them into the mess in the first place, so it was somewhat surprising he was still alive.

"Bit of a pickle, eh?" Gulliver asked cheerfully. They were hiding inside a building, like the rest of their guild. The Council had made it far too dangerous to walk freely in the street, but a few well-placed arrows had discouraged the soldiers from doing so as well.

"An impasse, I would say," Ralph replied. "Do you have any idea how we're going to get past them?"

"I've run out of arrows," Gulliver said apologetically. "Maybe we can borrow some from our neighbors?" He pointed across the street, where Iris and some of the other mercenaries were huddled.

"You wouldn't be able to get a good shot from this angle anyways," Ralph responded. "We'll need to work our way to that building over there... the bank I think."

Gulliver measured the distance with his fingers. “We’ll never make it, they’ve got the street covered.”

“Aye. If we went down the street behind us, with only a few...”

“There’s a Captain hovering near the keep, he’ll notice us before we get far.”

“Not if it’s only the two of us.”

Gulliver looked surprised. “But I don’t have any more arrows!”

“We won’t use arrows.” Ralph slid a long dagger out of its sheathe. “This’ll do.”

“Are you planning on killing ten council soldiers with a single dagger?” the other man asked sardonically. “That’ll be an impressive throw.”

“I assume you’ve got a dagger as well,” Ralph replied, equally sardonically.

“I’m afraid I’ve lost it.”

“What?” Ralph glared at him. “How do you lose a dagger?”

“Well... probably sometime in the fight earlier...”

Ralph sighed. “Then we’ll need to get Iris to toss one over.” He thought for a moment. “Do you think she can see us from this window?”

“Even if she can, it’s only two daggers.”

“Two daggers, if thrown well, can be very useful.” Ralph used the tip of the dagger to carve a crude diagram of

the street onto a table. “Here’s where the soldiers are. They can’t go down the street because of our arrows.”

“Yes, I figured as much.”

“They’ve got us surrounded on the side streets as well, but we could easily break out, if not for that Captain sitting up there.”

“I see what you mean.” Gulliver nodded thoughtfully. “But why do we need two people?”

“Because getting the captain isn’t enough.” Ralph slammed the dagger point down into the wood. “The commissioner here is leading the group pinning us down. The city guard, those cowards, have already fled. They can’t match us at close quarters, but the commissioner has kept their firepower aimed so that we can’t get into range. If we take her out, we can bust through their defenses and move down the streets again.”

“What then?” Gulliver asked. “What happens after that?”

Ralph considered the question carefully, not mentioning that Gulliver had been the one to start the entire ruckus. “We need to get out of the city.”

“Why?”

“We’re all dead if we’re still in the city when the King gets back,” Ralph replied angrily.

“Alright,” Gulliver said, although he didn’t look convinced. “So who’s going after the commissioner, and who’s going after the Captain?”

“I’ll get the Captain. The commissioner is yours. We need to catch Iris’s attention first.”

Ralph took out his torch, and lit it, before waving it in the window. An answering light appeared across the street. He then held his dagger up to the light, before miming throwing it. Then he stuck it back in the table, before pushing the entire thing in front of the door. The message was obvious. A moment later, an identical dagger slammed into the wood, thrown from across the street.

The two sneaked out the back door, moving silently down the street. By sticking to the shadows and doorways, they managed to get almost to the end of the street before being noticed.

“Go!” Ralph whispered. He then darted across into an alleyway, not looking back. A half-dozen blasts crashed into the cobblestones, sending stone shards flying everywhere.

The alley ended in a low wall, which he vaulted, quickly moving towards the keep. The Captain didn’t seem to notice the actions of the two mercenaries. Good. It meant that Gulliver hadn’t been spotted.

He slinked furtively behind an overturned cart of cabbages. The vegetables lay in the dust and dirt like so many green cannonballs. The soldiers had leapt over the wall as well, and they glanced up and down the street, before splitting up and running in both directions.

Ralph continued, making sure to keep out of sight of the group ahead of him. They drew ever closer to the keep before the soldiers gave up the chase. He managed to hide behind a barrel of fresh fish before they turned around.

Once they left, he began to run, trusting to the shadow of the keep to prevent the Captain from seeing him. Here, the outer wall met that of the keep, and sheltered

from elements as it was, the stones had not eroded, but the mortar was soft and crumbly. It made for easy climbing, and he quickly scurried up the wall, pausing when he thought he heard movement. With a grunt, he flipped over onto the walkway. The Captain stood above, on top of the roof itself.

Ralph gauged the distance, wondering whether he could chance a throw from this distance. He decided against it. It was too risky. Slowly, he began to climb the final distance, moving up to the roof of the keep. His fingers burned with the strain, but gritting his teeth, he moved silently, like some bizarre spider, his limbs splayed outwards. With a supreme effort, he quietly slid onto the stones, quietly hid within the lip of the roof, and quietly stood up, drawing the dagger as he did.

Something must've alerted the Captain, who began to turn, a fatal mistake. The dagger caught him directly in the chest, and he fell soundlessly. Ralph sighed in relief.

"Nice!" Gulliver said from below. Ralph spun around.

"When did you get here!" he asked in surprise. "Did you already get the commissioner?" Then he noticed the arrow in the mercenary's hand, the arrow that he now nocked to the bow. It was made of dark steel, glowing—no, not glowing, for it seemed to suck in the light rather than release it—and it was pointed directly at his chest.

"Yes I did," Gulliver said, before releasing the arrow. There was a bright pain, and then darkness.

