



# 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

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# PART ONE

Episode 14

Leila found herself in a dark alleyway, breathing hard. Dressed in civilian clothes, she'd snuck to the center of the fighting, but within seconds she'd run out of energy. The mercenaries had an almost preternatural ability to dodge and anticipate incoming attacks.

Not for the first time, she wondered what she was doing in the fight. Lamorak had been right, no matter how she hated to admit it. She was too weak.

The Vistarian wizard was somewhere in the nearby streets, the distinctive melody of Light Magic drifting from behind the houses. The city guards had vanished, meaning that he'd evacuated them successfully.

Leila stood up and raked her hair away from her face with a hand. Newfound energy coiled inside her, and with a deep breath, she rolled out into the street.

An arrow whistled by her, grazing her cheek. She gasped with pain, before flying into the air on a burst of Explosion Magic. Another arrow flickered through the space she'd just left.

Flipping through the sky, she fell headfirst, rolling to fire off a dozen blasts with her hand. They fanned out unevenly, but forced the mercenaries back under cover. Leila crashed down to the ground, softening her landing with another burst of energy.

Another arrow arced into the sky, but far too high to... too late she realized that it was no arrow, but rather a silver dagger. Far heavier than an arrow, it curved early, pinning her leg to the ground. Surprisingly, she hardly felt any pain, mostly a cold, smooth pressing sensation.

For a moment, her mind cleared. It was almost a simple task to withdraw the dagger and toss it aside. Instinctively, she knew not to attempt to put any pressure on her wounded leg. Instead, she crawled within the shelter of an upturned cart, just in time as another arrow slammed into the dirt where she'd been lying.

The cart smelled distinctively of cabbage, but at least it was safe. She wondered how she would deal with the wound in her leg—which still didn't hurt—before almost shrugging. She'd never had to do something like this before, and once more she cursed her foolishness in coming to the battle. No doubt whoever was left in the keep would be frantic with worry, searching for the wayward princess.

“Well what do we have here?” a sardonic voice asked from above. Leila glanced upwards. A mercenary sat in the windowsill above her, his legs swinging lazily in the air. A bow rested in his hand, which he now aimed at her. “A little Silver girl! I wonder where she could've come from?” The arrow he had nocked to the string was dark, so dark it seemed to devour the light around it.

“Please, I'm just a...” she begged.

“What's your name, little Silver?” he asked, before she finished.

“My name... I'm—”

“Leila is it?” he said, grinning. She stared at him in horror. “I wonder what a pretty princess is doing so far from the keep? Perhaps I'll remind her not to wander so far in the future?”

Despite her shock at being recognized, Leila had the presence of mind to thrust a hand up. The blast missed the mercenary, but caught his bow, shattering it and the arrow.

The man snarled, his face seeming almost like an animal's, as he drew a short knife from his belt. It too was made of that strange dark stone, and wielding it, he fell from the windowsill with a scream of fury.

Leila rolled away desperately. The mercenary's knife slammed into the wooden cart, missing her altogether.

Breathing hard, she tried to stand, but her leg gave out under her and she fell to the ground, slamming her head against the cobblestones. Lights danced before her eyes. Blurrily, she watched as the man approached with the knife held high. She tried to move, but her body refused to obey her.

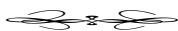
*"Lambent Sky!"* a voice roared. A wave of incredible light, blazing purple and blue, shining pale and cold, erupted from the side. The cart was utterly shattered, its wooden planks splintering, and the mercenary was blown straight through the wall of the building, which collapsed upon him.

"Leila!" Lamorak called out. "Are you alright?"

She nodded wearily. "I'm alive, but my leg's pretty bad."

"Here, let me help you back to the keep." Lamorak smiled tiredly. "Glad I got here in time, I'd hate to tell your uncle that I let his favorite niece die."

"I'm his only niece," Leila mumbled.



Kyle sat up. He thought he heard movement around them.

An owl hooted nearby. He had time to think *an owl in the daytime?* before the arrows came whistling out of the bushes and trees. Instantly, half the escort slumped down out of their horses, several other guards crying out in pain.

He leapt to his feet, flinging blasts into the trees. The ambush was well-planned. The moment the King was lured away, they'd been attacked.

“*Lambent Roar!*” he called out. The bright white flames cloaked his movements, and he quickly created two powerful explosions in the trees around. Twin flaming shockwaves, spreading like golden haloes, set the branches ablaze. Bandits and dark wizards dropped to the ground, rolling to put out the flames.

Kyle was moving before they even managed to get up. A beam flashed from his fingertips, and from his other hand several orbs of pure heat blasted through the surrounding enemies. A bandit loosed an arrow at him, but he vaporized it before it even got close to him, following up by sending the bandit flying with a burst of flames.

The nearby guards fell quickly, despite his efforts. A bandit stabbed one guard, and the knight nearby fell to a powerful blast of earth magic. Kyle killed the two attackers instantly, knowing he had no time to try to keep them alive.

“Stop!” a dark wizard called out. Kyle froze. The wizard held a shining magic circle over Freya’s unconscious body. “Stop or I kill her!”

“You don’t want to do that,” Kyle replied. “If you touch a single hair on her head...” He knew, despite his

words, that the situation was bad. Lamorak had tried to teach him how to deal with a hostage problem, but he hadn't been listening. He could hardly mess around with Freya's life. Inside, he knew, that if it came down to it he would surrender to let her live.

"Laura?" Freya asked blearily. "Is that you?"

The dark wizard hesitated for a moment. It was all the time Kyle needed. A shockwave detonated right above Freya, sending the dark wizard flying. To his surprise, she stabilized herself in midair using a burst of lightning magic.

"Freya!" the wizard called out. "Come on! Let's go!"

"I..." Freya was silent.

"What are you thinking?" the wizard yelled. "You can't stay here!"

"I owe them my life," Freya replied.

The wizard's face darkened. "You're almost a traitor." She leapt towards the cart, lightning blazing in her hand. Kyle lifted his hand in response, but he knew he was too late...

A brilliant spear of ice flashed into existence, slashing straight through the wizard's body, quickly turning crimson with blood.

"You... traitor..." the wizard whispered. Then her body went limp.

Freya gave a long, shuddering sigh, of relief or of regret, Kyle could not tell. He ran over to the cart.

“Are you alright?” he asked, unaware that he was mirroring the words of his mentor not two hundred meters away.

“I’ve been better,” Freya managed. The bruising on her face had subsided somewhat, but it was still worryingly present. Kyle knew she was a fairly powerful wizard, yet even then her body was taking a long time to recover from the Captain’s torture.

“That must’ve been hard for you,” Kyle replied. “Did you know her well?”

“She was my best friend,” Freya said. Tears formed in the corner of her eyes.

“I... I’m sorry,” Kyle said, knowing how hollow his words sounded.

“It’s not your fault,” Freya replied. “I don’t know what I was thinking. I could’ve aimed elsewhere, but just like that I went straight for her heart,” she said bitterly, then winced. “I would cry but it hurts too much.”

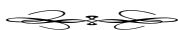
“I wish I could help,” Kyle said.

“Don’t help,” she responded abruptly. “I don’t want to be more indebted to you than I am already.”

“You owe me nothing.”

“You’ve saved my life twice now,” Freya said. “I owe you everything.”

“Your life is worth more than everything to me,” Kyle replied, and to his utter surprise, he meant it.



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.

