



Mystoria

BOOK 3

The Storm King



Andrew Neighbors



Jasmine and Michael continue to rule the ancient world of immortals, and marriage has given them three children. As peace resounds in Mystoria, evil rises from the depths of Cenatica. The Storm King uses dark magic and powerful servants to unleash destruction on anyone who stands in his way as he relentlessly pursues the doom of Michael and his entire family. Hope is lost. Darkness falls. The reign of the Storm King is at hand...

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CHAPTER 1

The Storm King

The two phantom lions prowled through the tall grass and stopped once they reached the top of the small hill. Their long manes swirled around in the heavy wind, and scant traces of green peeked from under full coats of white fur. Dark, rolling clouds were approaching from the east, but the danger the animals sensed was not from the approaching downpour. Their master joined them on the hill and prepared for the battle he had been anticipating for days.

The Storm King rubbed the white manes of the phantom lions as he stood between them and patiently waited for his enemies. He was a powerful nestor called a titan, and the Storm King ruled a world known as Cenatica. Titans were nestors with exceptional size, strength, and power. The Storm King was slightly under seven feet tall and weighed three hundred pounds. His bald head and smooth face projected from broad shoulders and a muscular frame. He wore a long, white trench coat that was blowing behind him like a cape. The long sleeves of his coat covered up the green energy flowing through his veins.

An arrow soared over the hill in front of them, and the Storm King watched it fly straight at him. He was impressed at the accuracy of the shot as he grabbed it right before it stuck in his heart. The phantom lions let out a thunderous roar. The five vampires raced over the hill with incredible speed. Swords were raised above their heads ready to strike. The titan supernaturally became a moving tornado and swept through the running vampires as the lions attacked. The vampires were knocked to the ground, and as they tried to gather themselves, the tornado hit them again, sending their weapons flying into the tall grass.

The phantom lions attacked with razor sharp teeth and deadly claws the two vampires closest to them. Without their

swords the two vampires were no match for the powerful lions. The unrelenting tornado slowed down and transformed back into the Storm King. Glowing green blades appeared from under his trench coat and sliced two more vampires as the titan stopped in front of the rebel leader. The phantom lions were having no trouble killing the two vampires they had attacked, and the other two vampires watched with horror as green gas hovered above the wounds from the titan's dagger. The Storm King was finally face to face with the resourceful vampire who had orchestrated a resistance movement against him.

The rebel leader dashed through the swaying grass and grabbed his sword and removed the heads of the two wounded vampires. Looking up into the sky, the Storm King noticed the heavy clouds were almost upon them. Lightning flashes lit up the sky and rain began to fall. The rebel leader was distraught and frustrated about having just killed his two friends. "You started this rebellion. You let your people down, and you chose to kill your friends," the Storm King said as he looked at the two decapitated vampires at the rebel leader's feet.

"Better to be dead than your slave," the rebel leader responded. The phantom lions were done killing the other two vampires and strode toward the powerful titan. Rain was now pouring over them as thunder exploded from the dark clouds. "Please kill me," the rebel leader begged as he prepared to strike. He lurched at the Storm King, but the nestor easily grabbed the vampire's hand and knocked the sword to the ground. The titan plunged his green dagger deep into the stomach of the rebel leader with his other hand.

"Welcome to my family," the Storm King whispered as he reached inside his trench coat and pulled out a vial of green potion. Terror filled the rebel leader's eyes as the titan forced the liquid into the vampire's mouth. He screamed in horror as the potion moved down his throat and consumed him.

The Storm King

Putting the rebel leader's body over his shoulder, the Storm King continued on his trek with his phantom lions. The rain clouds were almost past them as the Oracle's cave could now be seen because of its enormous and powerful guardians. Normally the cave would be hard to locate even for those who had been there before. But with the Ice Dragons guarding the entrance, it was hard to miss. Everything was going as planned for the Storm King because now the rebellion was officially over with the capture of the rebel leader. The green Ice Dragons acknowledged their master as he and the phantom lions entered the cave.

As soon as they entered the cave, the green glow could be seen from deep inside the Oracle's home. They passed a dozen cages with white lions in them. Some of the lions had the green specks and some did not. The Oracle was busy with the portals, so the Storm King would not yell at him for not having all of the new recruits ready. The titan and his lions finally made it deep enough in the cave to see the dark Oracle hard at work.

The Oracle of Cenatica was a servant of the Storm King and had an enormous laboratory set up in front of the portal. Green gases and smoke hung in the air around him as he stirred a potion with a large, wooden ladle. The Oracle turned and slightly bowed to the Storm King. The Oracle of Cenatica looked like a mix between a wizard and a troll. His constant work with the dark magic had distorted his once normal features. His skin was dark green and his ears were pointed. He had once been close to six feet tall, but he rarely stood up straight because he was always bent over mixing potions. He very seldom tried to stand up straight, but when he did it hurt so bad he stopped trying. Dark magic had consumed the Oracle, and his devotion to the Storm King that was once out of fear was now out of necessity. The green potions and spells were all the Oracle thought or cared about.

“I see you captured the rebel leader,” the dark Oracle said as he continued to work. “Shall I change him?”

“I already gave him the potion,” the Storm King answered as he dropped the vampire’s body and slowly walked closer to the portal, which had green energy radiating across the once black expanse. “How close are we?” the Storm King asked as he rubbed his bald head.

“A day, maybe two,” the Oracle replied as he knelt beside the rebel leader and opened the vampire’s mouth to make sure the change was progressing. He smiled and dragged the unconscious body into an empty cage. “Your plan could not be working any better,” the Oracle said as he locked the cage. The Storm King looked around the laboratory and admired the intricate arrangement of containers used to mix the potion. It had taken them a long time to get everything ready for the events planned for the next month.

“The last ten years have been a journey, my dear friend,” the Storm King said as he patted the heads of the lions that remained at his side. The Oracle grinned at the titan’s use of the term of endearment. Pleasing the Storm King was what he worked toward every day, and his assignment was almost complete. “Sending the nymph after Michael was the best thing that could have happened because it sent us in another direction,” he said reminiscing over the past decade. They had worked tirelessly with potions and spells, and the Storm King had grown more powerful than even he could ever have imagined.

“No one will stand a chance against you, master,” the dark Oracle said as he unlocked the rebel leader’s cage. The vampire was awake, and as he walked out of his cage, his eyes glowed green. The rebel leader approached the Storm King and bowed. His transformation had been incredibly fast. Drinking a full vial of the potion had the power of an automatic conversion into a devoted slave of the Storm King.

The Storm King

“I am at your service, master,” the vampire said proudly. The Storm King beckoned the former rebel leader to follow him as he left the cave with his phantom lions beside him. The titan left the Ice Dragons guarding the cave. Even though his enemies had all been defeated, he felt better with the mighty dragons guarding his precious project he had worked so diligently on for the last ten years. There were very few dragons left in any of the worlds, and the only other one the titan knew of was in Mystoria. Not only did he control two of the ancient beasts, but they were special dragons that shot ice crystals instead of fire. Exposure to his potions had made them servants to the Storm King and unstoppable creatures. They were two more of the many weapons in his arsenal he had worked tirelessly to create in Cenatica. He was almost ready to enact his master plan.



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