

# **The Storm Trials: Mortal Enemies**

**from Cevil**

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# Introduction

Jace is one of the few people who are chosen to be Stormhunters. He is joined by Maisy and Alec, two fine assassins previously trained and incredibly deadly. Together they must go through the Storm trials, before they can be Stormhunters.

# Chapter 1

Jace held his breath. The metal door swung open and he was thrown forwards, plummeting towards the hard, polished floor. The door slammed behind him, the noise echoing around the room. A tall girl with blond hair woven into a messy bun on the top of her head appeared near to him, her eyes sparkling with interest.

?Who are you? Are you a Stormhunters apprentice too? Are you doing the trials?? She slid over, sliding like she was being pulled, instead of wobbling on high heeled boots.

?Yeah, um, I?m Jace Arain, 19, and erm... yes and yes. Who are you?? Jace replied, staggering to his feet and brushing himself off.

?Your a city boy, I presume?? The girl asked, flicking her hair.

?Yeah.?

?Sweet. I?m Maisy Lue. Trained assassin of the Greybind mountains. You?ll meet my brother Alec later, he?s 19, I?m 18. Although everybody knows he?s pathetic at fighting. I?m WAY better. Anyway, I?ll show you around, I?ll take you to your room-Oh, wanna share a room with me, or Alec?? She said, all too quickly.

?Okay, so you?re called Maisy Lue, 18, trained assassin of the Greybind mountains, got a brother of 19 called Alec.Got it. I?ll erm, share a room with Alec.? Jace felt uncomfortable at the thought of sleeping near Maisy.

?Cool, follow me.? She turned, her gown flowing behind her like a river. She wore a plain white dress bound with heavy-looking golden chains, and long, skinny gold boots pressed against her shins. Draped over her shoulders was a rose pink cape, trailing behind her neatly.

?Come on! She grinned over her shoulder.

## Chapter 2

Jace padded into the room, admiring the beauty of such a contained space. Maisy shut the door with a clang, and left Jace to his own devices. He looked around. Right next to the door was a bed, plain and simple and very high up. Near the far wall was the second bed, just as high and plain. A bag was thrown over one of the bed posts, and the desk next to it was scattered with bits and pieces. The only other object in the room was a bookshelf, small and half empty. A single plant, more dead than alive, sat on a shelf, looking glum. Jace dropped onto the unoccupied half of the room and stared at the ceiling. It was white and boring, without even a light hanging off it. He closed his eyes and rolled over. This would be a long stay.

‘Hey again, Jace,’ Smiled Maisy, now wearing tight jeans and a baggy jumper.

‘Whoaza! Maisy, you scared me!’ Jace acted surprised, staring up at her from the bed. She giggled, her teeth glinting.

‘Cmon! Trust me, you won’t want to be late for the first session! They only get harder after this! Hurry, oh do get up! I need to show you the way, I was given a tour, you can meet Alec there! You’ve been sleeping for almost a day, by the way,’

‘What! A day! And ok, ok! I’m coming, don’t tug me like that! I’m getting up, let’s go ok OK!’ The more Jace thought about it, the more Jace decided he liked Maisy Lue. Her looks, her kindness, her humour, even if she didn’t know it.

Alec was a short boy, who wore neat glasses and had a mop of scruffy brown hair plonked on his head like a pile of mud.

He stared at Jace from across the room, frowning. Jace tried to ignore him, but failed multiple times. ‘Students, you have been chosen for the Stormtrials. I hope your ready!’ The glass doors at the back of the room burst open, and out came a man dressed completely in white, Who Jace new well. The man who had murdered his father.

## Chapter 3

Jace was frozen to his seat, petrified. The man moved forwards, his chest brushed forwards in a disgusting manner.

‘I am your instructor, Lep. You will follow my instructions for the next month, until the great test will be revealed. Now get up and meet me through the far door with the blue sign in 2 minutes. NOW!’

Lep screamed, his face turning pink.

Jace stood up abruptly, and sprinted to the door. He had to get out of the room before his fist collided with Lep’s Face. He wanted revenge on that disgrace of a man.

‘HURRY UP!’ Lep strode across the room, his hands clasped around the hilts of the swords at his belt.

Through the door was a wide expanse of woodland, moorland and mountains, along with a river. Jace knew this because he could see it all for the immense night that they were at. Maisy and Alec appeared next to him, Alec staying back a little.

A rack of weapons glistened, as if showing off its beauty.

‘Take a weapon and line up, NOW!’ Lep swung through the door, smiling evilly.

Jace ran forwards and leapt for an axe. It was the only weapon on the rack he had even seen before.

Alec picked up a pair of fairly large daggers and examined them. Maisy was next to Jace a moment later.

‘Take a sword, their easier. Trust me.’ Maisy whispered as she brushed past, taking a plain looking, slightly blunt tipped sword. Jace, without thinking it through, put down the axe and reached for a sword. It felt immensely heavy in his hand. He turned, supporting it with both his arms, and joined Maisy and Alec in the line.

‘Maisy will fight first. Come forth, Maisy, and be prepared to fight me.’ Lep raised his own sword, smirking.

## Chapter 4

Maisy parried and managed to get in a few blows of her own, but she mostly was on the defensive. Lep moved smoothly, but he was older and heavier, so a lot less agile. Maisy tucked and twisted, her blade hissing and sliding through the air. Lep moved back suddenly, as if he couldn't face the swiping blade. Maisy swung forwards, only for Lep to lift his sword and point it at her heart, Maisy stopping just in time.

"Don't get ahead of yourself. Jace, your turn." He shoved Maisy to one side and prepared himself, crouching down.

"Oh god." Thought Jace, his heart pounding in his chest.

He ran forwards, his sword swinging wildly at his side. Lep flicked it aside using barely a flick of his wrist. Jace hacked wildly at his adversary, but every time his blow was reflected until the sword felt so heavy in his hand he slid backwards and fell over. Lep snorted and kicked him in the chest.

"A girl could fight better-oh wait, a girl already has." He grinned and signalled for Alec. They began fighting, but Jace wasn't interested. He stood up and skidded back to the weapons rack, where there was a bench. He sat on it, breathing hard. He twirled his wrists, trying to stop the aching pain from continuing to throb.

"Okay, your fighting today was pitifully bad, except for you, sort of." His sword pointed at Maisy. "Be prepared, tomorrow I'm sending you on your first mission. It's normally the penultimate mission, but this is the only chance we have to do it before the area needed goes out of bounds. Sleep well, eat well, meet me outside the front gate at 10:45." He swept his cloak as he turned around, and strutted into the forest.

# Chapter 5

Maisy was shivering. Her bare skin glistened like diamonds in the morning sunlight. Lep was glaring at her.

“The challenge is simple, fight the opponent, win, and come back alive, okay?” Lep snarled, leaning back.

Jace had only just gotten over the urge to punch Lep, and was playing along for now.

“Go go go go!” Screeched Lep, waving his arms madly.

The three students ran into the mountains, their eyes wide with fear and anticipation.

The first fight was against the Arlin wolves, or so they’d been told.

A man appeared from the shadows in front of them.

“I thought Lep would come himself, the silly old man.” The mysterious figure chuckled, drawing his sword. “And only two days into the competition, he’s trying to kill his students? Oh this is just sad. I can’t believe he is even sending his enemy’s son to be killed by his -other enemy!” He cackled, pointing his sword at Jace.

“What do you mean, explain yourself!” Hissed Alec, his eyes narrowing.

“You came here for a trial, but your real instructor has been ambushed -and killed- on the way here, and Lep thought it would be fun to take her place. So he send you pitiful germs to come and face his mortal enemy.”

Maisy raised her sword, and ran forwards.

## Chapter 6

Jace followed her, Alec by his side. There were three of them, against one man, surely they could win this? But no.

Maisy slashed at his chest, nearly but never getting a blow in before her sword was flicked away. Alec through a dagger but the man dodged easily. Jace jabbed his sword forwards and got flung backwards in return. They slashed and jabbed as much as they could, but they were all tiring incredibly quickly. Suddenly, Alec, who had been the weakest fighter at that moment, leapt forwards and flung his dagger straight towards the enemy's chest. The man ducked low, just in time, and swung his sword forwards, at an angle, so the flat side of it made contact. It hit Alec's head hard. He fell backwards, gasping. 'Alec!' Screamed Maisy, dropping her sword and running over. Jace turned to look, but the mysterious fighter reached out a hand, and yanked Jace backwards. He flung Jace into the stone of the cliff, where he fell and slid down like a tissue. Out the corner of his closed, blurred eyes, Jace could see what was happening. The man had thrown his hood back, revealing a long swirling plait of black hair. He was slowly progressing towards the hunted figure of Maisy, who was weeping over her brother, who's chest was only just visibly rising and falling. The figure leaned down suddenly, and grabbed Maisy around the chest, hauling her to her feet. She opened her mouth to scream, but he swung a gloved hand over her mouth. She stared around, her eyes wide. Her arms were pinned at her sides but her legs were waving madly, kicking and lashing like an untamed beast. Just as Jace felt darkness sweep over him, Jace realised.

They had been betrayed.