

Stormless

About the Book

The story takes place in Auris, a world of storms and chaos where seven violent Tempests rule the land, wreaking havoc across the continent. This first book in the series follows three heroes who walk the threads of fate, weaving an epic tale of magic, war, love, and loss. Together these individuals will forever change Auris' future. Empires will shatter and Tempests will be Unbound, but destiny will prevail as the protagonists face their fated ends.



Castien Varic is a soldier and a Stormless – someone without magic – on an expedition for the King. He battles with intense anxiety and panic attacks while striving to complete his mission. Prince Faelyn Titansworn disagrees with his father, the King, about the dangers Auris is facing and must decide where his loyalty lies. Meanwhile, two years in the past, Asteros Silverglade is uncovering secrets behind the mysterious Vanishing that wiped out the Ancient Sects and created the Tempests. The paths of the three protagonists converge in an exciting cliffhanger, setting the stage for the next book in the series.

About the Author

Injuries forced Nicklas Stille to stop playing tennis after his freshman year of high school, and he realized that was an opportunity to begin working on the story he had been carefully putting together in his head. Stille began writing *Stormless* at the age of 15 and woke up early every day to work on the story before school, creating a new fantasy world and crafting characters he could relate to. Incorporating valuable advice from industry experts wanting to help a young author, Stille completed *Stormless* at the age of 17.



Stille has nearly finished book two, *The Fire King*, and is currently planning books three and four in the series. He hopes to inspire other young writers to chase after their dreams. Stille lives in Indiana with his mom, dad, older brother, and two dogs.

Praise for *Stormless*

“A fine introduction to a new fantasy setting that’s likely to leave readers eager for more.”

- [Kirkus Reviews](#)

“Honestly, this is the kind of book I love to read. It is rich and detailed without feeling like it is dragging on. It has huge consequences and is epic.”

- P.J. Hoover, author of *The Hidden Code*

Title: *Stormless*

Author: Nick Stille

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NICK STITLE



Full author bio:

Injuries forced Nicklas Stitle to stop playing tennis after his freshman year of high school, and he realized that was an opportunity to begin working on the story he had been carefully putting together in his head. Stitle began writing *Stormless* at the age of 15 and woke up early every day to work on the story before school, creating a new fantasy world and crafting characters he could relate to. Incorporating valuable advice from industry experts wanting to help a young author, Stitle completed *Stormless* at the age of 17.

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Learn more at NickStitle.com



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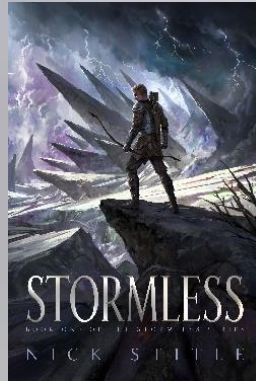


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Sample Interview Questions for Nick Stittle



1. How long did it take to write *Stormless*?
2. How long was your original version of *Stormless*, and how did you cut it down?
3. How do you know when you're done editing?
4. When did you know you wanted to be a writer?
5. What advice do you have for other teens who want to write?
6. You're off to college soon; what are you planning to study?
7. How have your classmates reacted to the news that you are publishing a book?
8. When is Book Two coming out?
9. Where can readers find out more about the *Stormless* series?

Excerpt from *Stormless* by Nick Stille

Chapter One, Pages 5-6:

“You come into my kingdom, into my castle, and now you command me to hand over my city?” The King chuckled. “You must be mad!” The King slapped his knee, still bellowing with laughter. He raised his eyes back to Velarus. “But if that is the game you wish to play...” Flames drifted from the King’s crystals, swirling around his hands as he wove them together. “Well, we have a special place in the dungeons for your kind.” The fires licked the King’s fingertips. “I will not give up my armies. And I certainly will not surrender my country to you.” The King guided his hands through careful, well-practiced motions, and Velarus soon found himself surrounded by brilliant tendrils of flame. “Besides, even if you were a Blood Sorcerer—as you claim to be—my answer would be the same.” Swaths of golden flames surrounded the King, giving him an almost divine aura. “I have always thought the powers of your kind were a bit... exaggerated.”

Velarus smiled, subtly bleeding his Crystals. This would be a display that the King would not soon forget.

“Exaggerated?” Velarus snorted. “Well, we’ll see about that.”

The King lunged.

Velarus closed his eyes, diving into the depths of his soul. His power awaited him, *begging* to be unleashed. Velarus grabbed hold of it, and then the blood came.

The King’s flames vanished as the room exploded with black-red energy.

Torrents of blood flooded the chamber, scattering the contents of the throne room. Darkness surged within the air, warping the blood and causing it to levitate. The terrible power thrived, rivers of blood and darkness ravaging the chamber.

Velarus knocked the guards to the ground with nothing more than a thought. The hell-storm raged, knocking down braziers, tearing apart the soft carpet, and wreaking havoc on even the pillars themselves. Dark energy smashed into the walls, causing the whole palace to quiver.

The cyclone of blood magic quickened, growing stronger with each passing second. Velarus smiled. With a wave of his hand, the frenzy of horror receded slightly before him, leaving in its place a single person...

The King writhed on the marble floor before Velarus, his vermillion robes flapping in the raging storm of blood magic. Velarus approached him, forcing the King to his knees with a twist of his finger.

“You are nothing,” Velarus whispered, his face mere inches from the King’s. “You will *always* be nothing. You cannot even imagine the power my people hold.”

“Please.” The King wept, trembling beneath the spikes of pain Velarus pulsed through his body. “Why are you doing this?”

Velarus paused. “Auris is in danger, and it seems I am the only one who can save it. You and your people have made it clear that you only respond to *force*,” he breathed. “We are your last hope. Even your most powerful Summoners don’t stand a chance in the face of the Resurgence.” Velarus released him. The cascades of blood and darkness vanished in an instant, fading into nothing.

The King fell to the floor. He was mostly unharmed—as were the guards—but Velarus had no doubts that this would be a day they would never forget.

“You have six weeks,” Velarus said. “Surrender the city by then... or suffer the consequences.”

The King offered no response.

Velarus turned, gliding toward the doors through which he had entered. As Velarus passed through the entrance, the only sound in the enormous chamber was the gentle crackling of the flames, a reminder to the King that, even surrounded by the very element which he controlled, he was powerless.

