

The Rise Of The King

The Rise Of The King Chapter 67

-Vera-

I have to take a step back.

If I thought her power was significant before when she absorbed Helena's essence, that pales in comparison to what I'm sensing now.

Once she's done drinking the very last drop of my blood, she throws the glass to the floor. shattering it, and begins convulsing.

I can already "feel" her power growing and as she convulses, it grows even more; I try to open my eyes but my eyesight is blurry at best and they still sting.

I take several steps back, getting closer to the door in case I have to run.

My wolf is on high alert as the hairs on my nape rise. My heart is beating fast.

Under normal circumstances, I'm sure I could turn into my wolf and be done with this quickly, but I've already put our pup through enough.

The Witch Mother begins laughing hysterically.

"It's... it's intoxicating..." she muses, "I have never felt this kind of power."

She begins moving her hand around gracefully; I can feel the movement, though I don't know if she's invoking a spell or not.

Suddenly, the room feels even more crowded and suffocating; it's the power she just gained from drinking my blood slowly taking over the space.

"Amazing," she marvels, then she ominously turns her attention to me, "now we can play."

I don't wait.

I run out of the room, trying to put enough distance between us until I can come up with a plan. Considering I'm not well, and pregnant, my initial plan of waiting for her to run

out of magic is no longer feasible. With this kind of power, she will likely kill me before that happens.

"Oh, honey! Thank the Goddess!" I hear in my head.

Auntie?! I yell.

Vera, darling, we've been trying to reach you for over a month!

Over a month?! I ask them.

Yes! We haven't been able to locate you and we got worried and...

Something clicks.

Reaching their realm requires extensive amounts of magic.

Turning into my wolf is not only physically straining, it also requires magic.

*Could it be because I'm pregnant?" I ask them.

My grandmother answers;

Pregnant?! Oh, honey, that's amazing! Congratulations!

There's no time for that! The Witch Mother drank a whole jar of my blood and now has an insane amount of power, how do I kill her before she kills me?!

It takes them several moments to take in what I just said.

"What do I do?!" I yell in my head, desperate for a plan. [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

I'm still running away from the Witch Mother, but with every step I take, I feel her presence looming closer and closer.

I..... My aunt says, at a loss for words.

Vera, stop running. my grandmother says.

Mother! My aunt protests.

Do you have any other plan in mind? Because the way I see it, it's this or Vera joins us sooner than planned. she says, not at all appeasing my fear.

They keep debating for a few more seconds, but I really have no time to waste.

Tell me! Now! I scream.

Mother, it could kill her!

Vera, you have to give her your magic, my grandmother says.

What?! She already has it! That's why I'm running away from her!

She only has what little magic she could get from your blood. It's powerful, yes, but it's not even a fraction of what your essence holds. Witches can only hold and channel so much magic, even her. If your power is as great as we believe it is, it could actually be too much for her. And how do I do that without dying?!"

You are carrying two vital forces, you and your baby's. The Witch Mother can take yours, and you will survive on the baby's until you regain yours. It's possible... she says, not sounding entirely convinced.

In theory! My aunt protests. I can feel her panic.

Vera, listen to me carefully. You have to fight her. If you give her the smallest chance to take you alive, she will imprison you until she can safely drain you to death. It will be slow and painful, and with that kind of magic, there will be no stopping her. You have to make it so that she either kills you and takes your magic, or you kill her.

Grandma, if I fight her, I will likely die, I tell her.

She can't risk it. Your power could give her unmeasurable power and true immortality, that's what she's sought after her entire life and in order for her to absorb your magic you have to be alive; incapacitated, but alive.

I'm breathing heavily from all the running; surely I'm almost out of energy. It's not only about the conditions I have been kept under all this time; it's also the lack of nutritious food, the lack of water... the pregnancy. As I'm reaching the end of the hall and approaching the entrance of the Castle, something distracts me from my thoughts; loud noises coming from outside the Castle.

Wait, didn't Marcus say they were under attack?!

I get closer and closer to the door, and then feel him, smell him, sense him just outside the door...

Noah...

My hand instinctively stretches out to reach for the massive door, unbearable longing clutching my heart.

*Vera, stop, my aunt warns, *the Witch Mother won't kill you, but she will kill Noah and everyone else out there in order to get to you. You have to take care of her here.*

I stop in my tracks, my chest heaving.

I keep my eyes closed and gulp, steeling myself for what's about to come.

Sweat drips down my forehead.

"Oh, puppy, where did you run off to?" I hear the Witch Mother's melodic voice.

I can feel her approaching, taking leisurely steps towards me.

Vera, put your hand over your eyes to heal them. Think about it, picture it, and materialize it, my grandmother says.

I do as she tells me and quickly, my eyes are no longer hurting and I can open them. I turn around, decidedly, right when the Witch Mother rounds the corner.

"Oh, there you are!" she says, noting I'm close to the door, "what? Did you get cold feet?" She asks with a smile.

I say nothing, instead getting into a fight position.

She chuckles.

"That won't do you much good," she says, and flicks her wrists in my direction.

*Duck!" My grandmother yells.

I do so and the massive amount of energy the Witch Mother sent my way hits the door, cracking it significantly.

Goddess, if that had hit me...

I really do have to be careful.

"You're quick!" She says, laughing, "but, let's see how much."

She begins flicking both of her wrists at me, sending energy wave after energy wave.

Now that I can *see* magic and know what to expect, I easily dodge her attacks. The waves she's throwing at me are huge and iridescent; hard to miss.

Her attacks are never ending but as I keep dodging every single one of them, she starts getting angry and struts closer to me with a frown on her face.

I can't keep being on the defense; I need to attack her too.

Imitating her motion, I picture the energy wave just as I see them, and send one her way. She dodges them effortlessly, but I continue on, getting closer to her and further away from the door, diverting her attention from it.

What my grandmother said is true, if she got Noah or anyone else as leverage to make me surrender, I would in a heartbeat.

The energy waves we keep sending each other hit the walls, the door, the ceiling, the enormous marmol pillars... everything but our respective targets; each other.

"Enough of this," she says through gritted teeth, annoyed, and starts chanting a spell.

When she opens her eyes, put your palm up. Aunt Eleanor says.

Just in cue, the Witch Mother opens her eyes and I notice they've turned an onyx color; dark like an abyss.

I put my hand up and feel the spell she chanted burn my hand, causing me to flinch.

*It's dark magic, my grandmother says, *you can use it against her. Send it back her way.*

I concentrate on the burning sensation on my hand, trying to get control of the spell.

*Channel your magic through your hand, just like you did with the flowers. The enchantment will become yours and you'll be able to use it," Aunt Eleanor says.

Learning combat magic while in an active combat with arguably the most powerful witch of all time is not ideal, but I do as they say. Strangely, I can *feel* the spell changing as I will it to, and once I'm sure I have a hold of the energy, I divert it to the side. The Witch Mother's face is wrapped up in anger; surely she was expecting that spell to take care of me.

My grandmother laughs in my head,

"I have to be honest with you, I didn't think that would work."

"What?!" I yell, but as I'm distracted, listening to her, the Witch Mother takes the opportunity to chant another spell.

This time, it hits me.

The spell feels like a wall hit me right on the face. It sends me flying over to the entrance as she runs to me at a supernatural speed to hit me again and again with wave after wave of magic.

I don't even know what's happening. I don't know if I'm in the air, on the floor, or ten feet down on the ground already. The power is so great, it's numbed me completely.

After several punches, the Witch Mother separates from me to assess the damage.

It takes me several moments to understand what happened, where I'm at, or even if I'm alive at this point. My entire body feels numb.

As I regain my senses, however, my heart rate picks up as I hear the howling noises of battle. I quickly lift my head up from the floor, looking around me.

I'm indeed outside; the massive doors that lead into the Castle have been shattered, probably from the Witch Mother's attack on me. But what truly horrifies me is the scene unfolding in front of me. Werewolves and lycans alike are fighting side to side against an "army" of soldiers; there is probably four to five soldiers for every lycan and werewolf in the battlefield. What's weird about it, however, is that I can "see" that these soldiers don't have an essence, much like Helena and Harriet back inside. The only logical explanation is that they're... dead... but how can that be...?

I hear chuckling coming from inside the Castle.

"What do you think? You helped create them, after all," the Witch Mother says, exiting the Castle.

My eyes go wide, realization dawning on me.

*This is her army. *This is what she was doing with my blood. She was reanimating these men.

I panic, looking beyond the stairs to the Castle, gauging the pure magnitude of the army she created.

Almost instantly, however, I lock eyes with Noah's lycan in the distance. His entire body is soiled with what looks to be blood. He's tired, panting, but as soon as he sees me, he begins running towards me, dodging attack after attack and killing several soldiers on his way to me.

Behind me, the Witch Mother chuckles.

"This will be interesting," she says.

Pure, unadulterated terror grips at my soul.

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