

The Rise Of The King

The Rise Of The King Chapter 66

-Vera-

When I look at the Witch Mother and Helena, both of them are still chanting with fervor. Helena has her eyes closed and the Witch Mother is staring at me intently. I can sense and *see* the spell they're trying to use on me. There's some sort of dark aura emanating

from them, indicating that they are in fact trying to harm me.

I take a look at the chains around my wrists and feet, wondering why they felt so intimidating to begin with.

My wolf nods at me in my head.

I wrap my hand around the chains and tug with force. After a few moments, the metal that held them up to the ceiling loosens up and I tug one last time. The chains fall with a large, continuous rumble to the floor, finally freeing my hands. Then, I place my hands on the chains restraining my feet. I focus on one first, then the other, freeing my feet just as easily as I freed my hands.

Finally, I take a look at the shackles around both my hands and feet.

I can't fight the witches dragging these heavy chains around, so how do I get rid of the shackles?

I mean, I have an idea, a crazy idea, but it can't hurt to try.

I close my eyes and place my right hand over my left hand shackle, imagining it dissolving.

To my surprise, and to the Witch Mother's horror, it actually works after a few seconds.

I feel the shackle disintegrate from my wrist almost like...well, almost like magic. The shackle crumbles to the ground like sand. I raise my eyebrows, impressed with the little trick, and proceed to do the same on my other wrist and my feet.

In a matter of seconds, I'm free from my restraints and take a step towards the Witch Mother and Helena. When I finally take a good look at them, it surprises me to find that

their magical aura has diminished. I think it's safe to assume that by using their magic to try and harm me, they're depleting their natural magic. Without another source of magic to absorb, they'll soon run out of it.

"Mistress, it's not working! Why isn't it working?!" Helena screams desperately with wide eyes.

"Just keep trying!" The Witch Mother says, but I can tell they're both getting weaker and weaker.

The Witch Mother steps away from Helena, who is still chanting the spell, and reaches for the knife she had used on me before to extract my magic.

I raise an eyebrow at her. If it's a physical fight she wants, then this won't be much of a fight at all.

To my surprise however, and further proving that she really is an evil bitch, she steps behind Helena and stabs her in the heart.

I stop approaching them, gaping at the scene.

The Witch Mother twists the knife inside Helena's heart, causing her to cringe and scream out in pain.

I watch in horror.

Helena is facing me as her mistress kills her behind her back and her expression is one of deep pain, and not just the physical kind.

She's hurt, betrayed, sad, and in disbelief; I can feel it.

Tears form in her eyes and fall to her cheeks.

The Witch Mother finally removes the knife from Helena's heart having twisted it relentlessly, drawing out some form of bright light with the tip of the knife. I can only assume that's Helena's essence; her life force. She falls to the ground, looking up at her mistress with heavy tears in her eyes, trying to speak, but she can't.

I gulp back my emotions, which are really Helena's, with a heavy heart.

Had the Witch Mother not killed her, I'm certain she would have died of a broken heart, anyway.

I watch as Helena's essence fades until there is nothing left.

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"You really are evil," I murmur, looking at Helena's body lying next to Harriet's.

"That is up for interpretation, don't you think?" The Witch Mother asks rhetorically.

I turn my attention back to her, in time to see her consume Helena's life force and gulp it down, her mouth stretching and elongating unnaturally.

The difference is instantaneous. The Witch Mother's magical essence explodes from her body in all directions and every color. Consuming Helena's life force has powered her up significantly; I have to be careful.

We both begin circling each other, taking one careful step after the other, trying to figure out each other's first move.

"You may be powerful, mutt, but you have no idea how to control that power you hold. Let me show me," she says with a cynical smile spreading across her lips.

Then, she flicks her hand, having chanted some words, and without notice, I'm flying up in the air, hitting the roof with my back, before falling back on the ground. *What the...*

I lie on the ground, immobile, lifting my head up to see the Witch Mother laughing.

Some dust is floating around me due to the force with which I hit the stone ceiling.

That really did hurt.

I growl, getting up and wincing at the pain.

"Oh, and that's not even the best part," she says, flicking her hand again, this time sideways, and

I fly off to the side, hitting the metal bars of a cell with my side.

I'm going to kill her, I think to myself.

My wolf is growling furiously in my head.

I look up at her, lifting my face, and just let my rage let loose. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I see red, igniting a tall fire all around her, wishing it to consume her.

"Ugh," she says, "elemental magic is so mediocre."

She puts out the fire with a flick of her finger, but while she's distracted with that, I've run to her with the extractionem knife in hand. I tumble her to the ground, pinning her sides with my legs and holding the knife over her. She barely has time to grab my wrists to stop me from stabbing her.

"You fucking mutt," she growls.

I'm using all of my force to get this knife through her heart, but when I'm close enough to her face, she blows on my eyes, temporarily blinding me. I close my eyes on instinct; it's as if she blew salt into my eyes. But as much as it hurts, I still don't let go of the knife. Suddenly, I feel a sharp pain in my rib cage. Somehow, she's managed to either punch me or knee me on the ribs.

I quickly get off of her, understanding what a vulnerable position not being able to see puts me in while being close to her.

To my surprise however, even though I can't see her or anything around me. I can*sense* it. I turn to her, knowing exactly where she is.

After I got off of her, she stood up and is making her way to the large metal door, trying to leave this place.

I quickly follow after her, making sure she doesn't trap me in here.

She makes her way up to the stairs as I closely tail her.

Once we are out of that horrible dungeon, we make our way through the Castle. She's running unnaturally fast, which to my knowledge isn't normal for a Witch. She's probably using her magic or summoned some form of spell to grant her such a speed. The more we run and the more we follow her, I realize her magical essence is slowly decreasing. It is no longer that impressive force she obtained by consuming Helena's life force.

This is it. I could just wait for her to run out of magic and then kill her because whether I like it or not, the Witch Mother is an ancient witch with enormous power and experience. Visit JobniB.com to read the complete chapters for free. She got to be the Witch Mother precisely because she was the strongest of them all. The question is, can I really weather through whatever she has planned for me until she runs out of magic?

A few moments pass and I'm still chasing her. It seems to me like she's running with purpose, like she has somewhere to be, so I run faster, trying to reach and stop her.

She enters a small room, off to the side of one of the large columns in the main hall of the Castle and ducks, disappearing momentarily.

With my condition, it takes me a few seconds to locate the entrance into which she disappeared, but when I do, I soon follow after her.

Entering the room, I can feel that it's dark and there is an unmistakable scent of blood.

My blood.

"I guess I can't kill you with that bitch's life force, huh? Then this will have to do," she says.

There's a distinct clink of glass on glass as she uncaps one of the glass jars that holds my blood.

Then, I hear her loudly chugging it.

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