

The Rise Of The King

The Rise Of The King Chapter 68

-Vera-

I try to get up, my arms and legs shaking after the Witch Mother's attack.

"I have to admit, I'm impressed. Far better creatures than you have perished to such an attack," she says, nonchalantly looking at her nails. "Anyway, I think I should end you before I have to deal with *that*" she says, pointing at Noah's lycan as he slowly makes his way to us; he's having to fight off endless enemies to get to me. "Dont you f*****g touch him," I growl at her, shakily rising to my feet.

"Oh, I won't. He'll be a fantastic addition to my army. Such a powerful beast," she muses, eyeing him up and down which only causes me to growl louder.

As soon as I'm steady on my feet, I launch towards her.

She effortlessly dodges my attacks which have only become slower and slower the longer I fight her.

"You're making this way too easy," she says.

It angers me, but I'm in no condition to fight.

I let this anger fuel my magic, unexpectedly making my next punch packed with a power wave. Even if my fist doesn't physically connect with her, my magic hits her right across her face.

She's shocked; she definitely wasn't expecting for me to still have some power in me.

She licks her lip which now has the tiniest bit of blood in it, and spits it out.

She narrows her eyes at me.

"Fine," she says, before launching herself towards me and once again trying to use the power punch combination she used before.

Unfortunately for her, I'm a trained fighter and a quick learner. I dodge her every attack; she didn't even use a different variation this time. Once she's done, I punch her back, now understanding how she uses magic in her attack. Visit [Job ni b .com](http://JobniB.com) to read the

complete chapters for free. I punch her again and again; perhaps not as effectively as I'd like, but it's the best I can do under the circumstances.

We separate, having connected several punches all across her body.

She's panting and so am I.

I once again adopt a fighting position and she squares up too, ready to go for a second round. but out of the corner of my eye. I spot a figure moving quickly.

No.... Noah.

He comes to stand right in front of me, blocking me from the Witch Mother's next wave of attacks. He can do very little to dodge them since he can't see the energy like I can, so she connects every single one of her punches and Goddess, do I know how much they hurt.

"Noah?!" I yell as he falls to the ground with a large thump.

His eyes are wide as I come to stand over him, shocked. He literally doesn't know what hit him.

He shakes his head, trying to stand, but I stop him.

"Let me handle this." I tell him gently..

He tries to get up again, shaking his head vehemently, trying to chase away the numbness the Witch Mother's attack left him with.

"Noah! You can't beat her!"

"Well, to be fair, neither can you," the Witch Mother says.

Both Noah and I growl at her.

"Noah, I mean it, stay down!" I whisper to him.

The Witch Mother clicks her tongue, once again inspecting her nails.

"You know, maybe I might just kill him. He doesn't seem as impressive up close," she says.

I don't wait any longer. Now that Noah is here, I really have to make this quick; I can't give her the opportunity to kill him, or anyone else for that matter.

I launch at her.

It's time. my grandmother says in my head.

I nod. I can in fact feel my body becoming weaker and weaker. Even if I still have magic, my body is in no condition to use it at the moment. Days, weeks, of being kept in that prison cell, being fed the bare minimum and being constantly drained of my blood and magic have weakened me significantly. I may have endless magic, but my body is still mortal.

It is time.

The Witch Mother effortlessly dodges my attacks now; I fail to connect even a single punch. She smirks.

"I'm tired of playing," she says.

In one quick move, she takes me by the neck and lifts me up in the air. My hands instinctively fly to her arms, trying to release her grip on me. She squeezes tighter, making it very hard to breathe.

Beside me, Noah gets up, panicked at the scene unfolding right in front of him. In the distance, I can see Sofia's wolf running at full speed towards us with dread in her eyes.

I can't let them get close. She will kill both of them.

With whatever strength I have left, I raise up one of my hands.

You can do this, darling. my aunt says in my head.

A tear rolls down my eye to my cheek, finally falling on the ground as I create a barrier around the Witch Mother and I so that neither Noah or Sofia, or anyone else, can get close to us.

Sofia reaches us and hits the barrier in her attempt to attack the Witch Mother. It causes her wolf to bounce back.

Good. It works.

She turns into her human form and I can see her mouthing 'what the f**k?' before coming closer again, fiercely banging the invisible barrier with her fists. Noah joins her, still in his lycan form, and tries with all his might to rip the barrier to shreds. *Don't worry, it will hold.* my grandmother says.

I turn back to look at the Witch Mother. She seems amused by everything that's happening, but she quickly turns her attention back to me.

"I hope you know, they'll be the first ones I kill of once I'm done with you," she smirks.

All of a sudden, I feel a sharp pain digging through my chest. She's using her claw-like nails to dig into my chest and find my essence so she can absorb it.

I can hear the screams coming from Noah and Sofia right outside the barrier.

In a matter of seconds, everything goes numb. My body, my senses... It feels as if I'm flying amongst the clouds; light as a feather.

"My child."

I open my eyes.

"Dad?"

I search around for him, but everything is dark; and even if I can hear him, I can't *feel* him.

"You did so well, sweetheart," he says.

"Where are you?"

"With you, always."

My hand immediately flies to my necklace and I smile. I feel his warm hand on my cheek and I lean into it.

"As much as I'd like for you to stay, my child, it's time to go back now. You still have unfinished business."

I nod, and when I open my eyes again, I jolt up, gasping for air, my chest is heaving.

I blink several times, adjusting once again to the light.

I turn to my side, where I last saw Noah and Sofia. Sofia is on her knees, staring at me wide eyed with large tears in her eyes. Looking around for Noah, I find him still furiously clawing at the barrier up ahead, where the Witch Mother is convulsing. Even in my weakened state, I can feel her immense power growing even more. For a brief second, I'm afraid my grandmother's plan isn't going to work, and instead, I just made her truly immortal as she planned all along; but in just a minute or two, it's clear she was right.

The Witch Mother continues convulsing, not quite getting a grip on the amount of magic she absorbed from me.

"Wha... Why... I don't..." she keeps mumbling, not quite understanding what is happening to her.

"I think you bit off more than you could chew," I croak, my throat feeling hoarse from where her hand held me up in the air.

"This can't be happening," she says, desperately waving her hand around.

I can see what she's trying to do. Instead of what I saw earlier when she absorbed my magic through my blood, this time, it's as if magic is evaporating from her very skin; she's trying to catch it.

"No... no..." she continues, grasping the air around her.

Quickly, it's not only my magic escaping her, but also her own and whatever she had absorbed from Helena.

The Witch Mother falls to the ground, growing weaker and weaker.

She extends her arm, looking at a stunned Marcus - I hadn't even noticed he was there.

"Mistress! Mistress!" he keeps repeating, also unable to break through the barrier I created.

"Hel... Help me," she says, a desperate Marcus trying to make his way to her.

The barrier disappears.

I'm immediately crushed by both Noah and Sofia who had been eyeing the entire scene from behind the barrier.

"Vera! Vera, are you okay? talk to me," Noah pleads, his voice thick with emotion.

I have a hard time paying attention to him as I'm too focused on the scene playing out in front of me.

The Witch Mother has now lost all of the magic she had absorbed from me and a faint, purplish essence also starts leaving her body. I can only assume this change in color indicates a change in essence; this is Helena's. Marcus notices, looking around the Witch Mother with shock and disgust. "You... you killed her..." he says, stumbling back.

He had been trying to help the Witch Mother stand, but as soon as he realized what she'd done, he crawled back in disgust.

"She... she loved you... everything she did was out of love and you... you..." he stutters.

"Marcus!" The Witch Mother yells, "don't be a fool! I can bring her back, I can bring *you* back! *Help me!" she insists, as the last bit of purple evaporates from her body.

Marcus's lip trembles with emotion; it makes me believe perhaps there's more to his story with Helena than I was previously aware of.

"Maybe we do deserve to go extinct," he says, his eyes blank.

Without notice, he takes a knife he had in his belt and stabs himself in the heart.

I gasp, and beside me, even Noah and Sofia have become completely enthralled in the scene.

I see Marcus's essence escape him as he lies there motionless. Dead.

*Finish her, my grandmother says.

I nod, shakily getting on my feet. I notice Sofia has brought my spear along with her and I grab it.

It's time I take care of this bitch.

I approach her with shaky steps and the Witch Mother crawls back with wide eyes.

"No! This isn't how it ends for me!" She yells angrily, "there's a prophecy, there **was** a prophecy, and we killed them all! This isn't how I **die**!"

I get closer and closer to her until I'm only a meter or so away from her. I grip my spear tightly.

"You didn't kill them all..." I inform her, looking back at Noah who is looking at us with a frown on his face, not entirely understanding.

"That's... that's not possible," the Witch Mother says, looking between Noah and I in shock and horror.

She's finally beginning to understand. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"But then... it's not you... it's..." she stutters, gulping as she looks at Noah.

"...And I'm carrying his child..."

Her eyes go wide as she stares at my stomach.

"... And I'm willing to bet, it's a **son.**" I finish.

With one swift movement, I take the spear and stab her right in her heart. I twist the spear round her chest and she cries out in pain. In a few seconds, I already see her essence begin to pour from the wound. Then, everything goes black.

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