

# A Reign of Chaos

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In a world where Human beings rebelled against magic and sorcery, king Henry Thane struggles to maintain an united and peaceful kingdom. From beyond the sea, the king's bastard son reunites an army and wages a war to claim the throne as his own. And while men fight their wars, an obscure force is preparing an uprising!

Published on  
**Booksie**

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## **Table of Contents**

Prologue

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

## Chapter 1: Prologue

### Prologue

*I am the keeper. I am the keeper. He must understand. He must.*

The old man was waiting for an audience with the king. The black door in front of him, had been closed for hours. The king was a busy man, and in an island dedicated to holding prisoners, there was always someone with a problem.

Roopert was the oldest brother of the Hansen family. His younger brothers had been beheaded for treason. But Roopert had always been the smartest. He swore to protect the island and was put in charge of feeding the prisoners during the morning. Serving in the Crow's Nest was a true nightmare. It was a huge structure like a tower to hold captive the worst of the worst. But it was either that or death. The man in charge of the island called himself the Crow King.

*He will forgive me! I am the smart one! I am loyal to him!*

The black door opened.

The king came out and with a gesture ordered him to enter. His office was well lit, compared to the rest of the Nest. On his desk he had maps of the diverse continents that surrounded the island.

"So, tell me food keeper, what makes you abandon your duties and seek an audience with me? I have little time for your petty conflicts. If my convicts are bothering you again, you have my permission to bring the hounds. That would teach them a lesson."

"My...highness...sir, i b-bring unfortunate... horrible news." the words were getting stuck in his mouth. "P-prisoner escape, alert the Kingdom!"

The king punched his desk, the maps flew as the desk trembled.

"What do you mean a prisoner escaped? How? Did he have help?"

"No, Sir, they... they vanished from their cells!" He could feel the anger building in the king's eyes.

*It was not my fault, I'm the smart one, The good one.*

"THEY? His face was red with anger. How many escaped? How many ships are we missing? Alert the other guards immediatly!"

"No s-ships are missing sir! They, they wouldn't be enough!"

The Crow King looked in his eyes. Roopert could feel his fury slowly turning to panic.

"What do you mean they wouldn't be enough? How many prisoners escaped?"

*Not my fault, i'm the smart one. The loyal one.*

"Sir, all of them. All of the prisoners vanished from their cells. All five hundred of them!"

## Chapter 2: Chapter 1

### Chapter 1

The cell door opened. The one they called *hearteater* stepped forward. He was a big man with large shoulders and a big grey beard. "Let's go little girl, your king awaits!"

Elizabeth Thane had been captured when the rebels ambushed her and her crew in the copper sea. She was to negotiate peace terms with a small colony previously aligned with the rebels. But it had all been a trap. Now she was a war prisoner. Being the king's only daughter, she was a valuable war asset. *He is not my king, as a matter of fact he is nothing to me now.*

The *hearteater* grabbed her arm. With his brute strength he almost broke it. "I don't want to hurt you child, come with me of your own will or I will make you!"

Elizabeth always hated to be treated like a child, she was twenty years old and capable of handling herself in battle. But she was tied up and face to face to a huge beast who ate the hearts of his opponents. There was little she could do to make him respect her *When my father finds me, he will bleed, they will all bleed!*

She followed him through the unlit corridors of the prison. The rebels took the Blackfin islands as their home. They had previously been the home of the high council of sorcery, but they weren't going to need them anymore. She crossed the narrow bridge that connected the two main buildings in the island. Beneath all the weaponry and soldiers, she could still notice the building was used to hold men of magic. *Men, such a funny word. When men accused them of being responsible for the massacres, they went from real men to the worst kind of monsters imaginable! First they burned them, then their pets and finally their dragons. With no one to maintain magic over the centuries, it eventually disappeared from the world! There were two huge candles on top of the council building. One stood for the world of man, the other stood for magic. They always said they had to maintain the balance, no candle could shine brighter than the other. Well, now one of them is permanently unlit! Guess they were handed the shorter straw.*

She arrived at the council room, only now it was a throne room, and only one man stood up there.

"Liz, dear sister, how have my guards been treating you? Why the sad face, are you not happy to see your brother?" His confident smile made her sick.

"You are not my brother, only the son of some whore my father happened to fuck"! She saw his face, there was no smile at her reply.

"His first mistake!" The light was reflecting in the golden crown he was wearing. "His second mistake was to exile me from his kingdom! I will bring an age of freedom, the bards will sing about me until the end of times! Want to hear something? Sir Daario please amuse me!"

A small man dressed with ragged clothes stepped forward. "If it pleases you my lord. This one is called *Against his own blood!*"

The bard started singing about how the evil king betrayed his own son and how he would repay the favor against his own blood. The horrible song went on and on. Her brother didn't appreciate it, she could see it in his eyes. He only wanted to make her angry.

## A Reign of Chaos

"ENOUGH WITH THIS MOCKERY!" The sound echoed through the room like if it was the gods themselves speaking. On the far side of the room stood a hooded man. He seemed to be old, but his face was obscure. "You will treat our guest with respect!"

She could see the young king wasn't happy about receiving commands. "She is my sister, i can do with her as i please! Soon i will sit in the throne and rule this whole kingdom!"

The hooded man lifted his hands. One of the soldiers present in the room started to tremble. Suddenly, smoke started erupting from under the soldiers skin. The smell of burning flesh flooded the room with disgust, as people started covering their noses and mouths. As the hooded man closed his fists, the soldier turned into ash. Her brother's eyes were shining with fear.

"Need i remind you your place in all of this, little king?"

"Sh...she will be treated well!" With a nod, the hooded man exited the old council room.

*Was that magic? No, must have been a trick! Magic is dead, long dead!*

Her brother stood from his throne. "Surprised little sister? Do you still think that our father can stand against me?"

"It looks to me you aren't even in charge! You are no king, just a slave to another master!"

She intended to hurt him, to make him feel frustrated and angry. Instead he just gave her a cold look. "I had to make sacrifices to achieve greatness. Some might even think i have gone too far!"

"It's not too late, you are still Robert Thane, son of our fath..." He raised his voice, this time he was angry.

"I no longer bear that name! I have chosen a new one, one more fitting to a king. I am Draken. Do you remember this name?"

"Of course i do, the old dragon rider, father used to read us stories about him. Just because you chose the name of a hero, it doesn't make you one. You are the same person i have known for my entire life and no name changes that."

"No name indeed!" He removed his shining silver armor and the clothes that covered his chest. What he revealed made her shiver. He had no skin, no flesh and no organs left in his body. In his chest stood only his bones.

"As i once said, sacrifices had to be made!"

## Chapter 3: Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

"My once peaceful kingdom is now threatened by my bastard son. My only daughter is being held captive by my enemies. Soon we must prepare for war. I fear i can do nothing to stop this madness, but i have hopes that you can. I call upon you, brave knights of the northern lands, to rescue Elizabeth. The odds will be against you, for i need my army to protect the citizens. Battle ships have been spotted moving towards our beaches. Once again i need you to do the impossible, i wish you luck, old friends."

The Sun was setting. Before them stood a vast forest, covered with snow filled with danger. The three knights looked at each other.

"I think we should camp here! Wild things will be waiting for us ahead!"

"What's the matter Wayne? Afraid the wolves will bite your skinny ass?"

Wayne, was an experienced archer, yet he was as skinny as he was fast. And he was extremely agile. Kurt was the strongest of the bunch. He was the tallest and largest man in the whole North. Some called him "the northern giant".

"Alright, you've had your fun!" Will was the leader of the group. There were four knights officially known as "the knights of the northern lands". Will, Kurt, Wayne and Spencer. But the last one lived far from the rest, and had been put in charge of finding a fast ship for them once they arrived to the shores. But first they had to cross the forests. "I'm afraid we cannot stop for the night, time is running out."

Both knights nodded with their heads, they knew there was no point in arguing with him.

The knights advanced through the forest, The air was freezing, and the darkness was covering everything. They were moving with caution, kurt was carrying a torch, but they were hoping that they could also take advantage of the dark to stay hidden.

"What was that?" Wayne grabbed an arrow. He readied his bow.

"Shhh, stay quiet!" Will grabbed his sword.

Shadows were moving in the bushes. They saw eyes staring at them.

"How many? Can you count them?" kurt lifted his torch.

"More than i am comfortable with! Ready your weapons."

One of the creatures jumped towards them. Wayne shot an arrow straight through it's chest.

"WOLVES! Kill them!" Kurt grabbed his longsword. With a wide sweep he killed two of the beasts.

The huge wolf pack flocked towards them. They were vicious animals, starving for days. The knights were fending them off with their attacks. Wayne was shooting 5 arrows at a time and kurt was crushing their skulls with his strenght. Will was strategically cutting them with his precise moves.

## A Reign of Chaos

"They are too many, we should retreat!"

"We can't, we have to rescue her!" The group was exhausted, but Will was the leader, and they follow their leader.

Suddenly, a wolf came from behind them. With an agile and vicious move, he grabbed wayne by his neck. With a his sharp teeth he ripped open his flesh. Blood spread through the ground and staining the white snow.

"WAYNE!" Will ran to help him, but it was too late. The man was gone. Screams came from his back, as Kurt fell to the ground, the wolves feasting on his flesh.

"NOOOO!" The wolves attacked him. He felt his clothes being torn apart, his flesh being eaten, the world turning to black.

When he woke up, it was morning. He was lying in the middle of the forest, no wolf was in sight. There was no sign of his fellow knights. "What happened?" He couldn't feel his chest. He touched it, and almost fainted. He had nothing but bones beneath his clothes.

From the top of the trees, an old hooded man, was watching him.

## A Reign of Chaos

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