

## Chapter 253 Witchcraft

When midnight approached, Rose got nervous and saw candles lit all around. She could see everything clearly. Delilah was there sitting beside Rose.

Rose grabbed her hand tightly. "What is happening, Delilah?" Delilah patted Rose's hand. "Don't worry. It's just the beginning. From now on, listen to grandma. We will try our best."

"Rose, child, come and sit here." The old woman asked Rose to sit in the center of the room.

Rose moved there and sat where she was told to sit. Rose looked like a child who knew nothing about those things. She was wearing the white dress that she was told to wear.

She saw the old woman take some powder and it was a white powder. The old woman spread the powder around the center where Rose was sitting and made a circle with it.

"Delilah, come here and sit with me." The old woman said.

Delilah came and sat on the right side outside of the circle. The old woman rose from there and stood up. She went outside and took a big black steel pot filled with water. She put down the bowl in front of Rose.

Rose was curious about what was in the water.

"Don't look at the water. Just close your eyes. From now on, don't open your eyes, child." The old woman told Rose. Rose nodded and closed her eyes.

The old woman sat on her left side. Then she also closed her eyes and Delilah closed her eyes too.

Both of them started to chant some spells and immediately all the candles in the room blew out.

Suddenly, a fire lit in the circle where Rose was sitting inside.

Rose could feel the sudden heat she was afraid of. She was a werewolf, not a witch. She didn't know anything about which craft. She was feeling uncomfortable with all the spells Delilah and her grandma were chanting.

Delilah was casting spells and she was trying her best to back her friend's wolf. She promised Rose that she would help her and now was the time to prove herself as a good friend.

The old woman was casting spells like it was so natural for her. She was old but it looked like daily work for her.

Delilah and her grandma were chanting when they heard wolves howling. Rose was stunned. "What is happening?" She could hear crows. She could hear the sounds of air. Every sound was growing slowly. She wanted to open her eyes.

Delilah's grandma frowned her brows but her eyes were closed. She warned, "Don't open your eyes, Rose."

Rose nodded her head, she thought the old woman could see her.

Suddenly, she could not hear anything. Everything stopped. "Open your eyes, Rose." The old woman told her.

Rose slowly opened her eyes and was scared. Around her all over was only fire. She could not see anything except fire.

"Wh-Where are you grandma? Delilah? I can not see you."

"Rose, just look at the water, child. But remember, don't touch the water."

Rose nervously nodded her head and moved to the black water bowl. She came close to it and slowly looked into it. However, what she saw she could not believe.

"ROSALIE!!!"

Rose screamed loudly. She started to cry. "Rosalie? What are you doing there, Rosalie? You don't know how much I miss you, Rosalie. Please come back to me. Without you, I am nothing, Rosalie."

She could see her. The white fur with blue eyes looked at her in the same position as she was looking at it. It was looking like her own reflection in the water.

Rose could not control herself and touched the water. Immediately her palm burned.  
"AAAAAHHH MY HAND!!!"

Rose screamed in pain.

"I told you not to touch the water. Why didn't you listen to me, Rose?" The old woman scolded her.

"Rose, are you okay?" Delilah asked worriedly.

"Delilah, tell grandma that I am sorry to doubt her from the first. You are right. My wolf is not dead." Rose touched her right hand and whimpered.

"Now don't talk and go to sit where you were sitting a moment ago." The old woman told her.

Rose immediately moved back and sat where she was sitting a few minutes ago.

"Close your eyes again."

Rose closed her eyes.

This time the old woman took a knife and cut her palm and went to the fire. She spelled it a lot of times but the fire did not stop flaming.

"Delilah, start casting your spells. I can not stop the fire alone. We don't have the power of fire."

Delilah and her grandma started to chant again. After ten minutes, the fire stopped and all the candles lit up again.

Delilah's grandma took her palm, which was bleeding, and went to the bowl. She poured a few drops of her blood into the water of the bowl. Then she told Delilah to do the same. Rose's eyes were still closed. She didn't know what was happening.

Delilah cut her palm and murmured, "It's painful, Grandma."

"It's okay Delilah, we are witches. Just think that you are experiencing one of the toughest witch crafts tonight." Delilah nodded to her.

Delilah also poured her blood into the water of the bowl. It looked like black water as if someone mixed black color in the water.

They sat beside the pot and started to chant again.

Rose felt that the storm was raging around her, everything was turning upside down in the air. Even the heat of the fire started again.

"Come here, Rose." The old woman said.

Rose opened her eyes and saw that this time two of them were sitting in front of her, beside the big black bowl.

"H-How did you two come inside?" Rose saw fire around her; she could not believe that they came there inside, crossing the fire.

"It is not time to talk about these. Come here and take the knife, Rose." The old woman said. Rose could see the old woman's green eyes in the light of the fire.

She looked at Delilah and hers were the same.

Rose took the knife and asked,

"Now what do I have to do with this knife?"

Rose was holding up the knife. It was full of blood.

The old woman then replied,

"CUT YOUR PALM DEEP AND POUR A FEW DROPS OF YOUR BLOOD ON THE WATER."