

Chapter 447 An Ominous Premonition

Larry's POV:

I would defeat them all in one go soon. I just needed to be patient.

I withdrew my wand. Staring at Amelia coldly, I stepped back silently. Although I had almost recovered all of my magic power, I didn't want to cause unnecessary trouble, which might foil my plans.

After all, Amelia was a witch and Morgan was a wizard. It was possible they'd see me despite the stealth spell.

I retreated from the hall and walked around the Black Stone House. Soon, I came up with an idea.

Jennifer, Amelia... Just you wait. I was bubbling with excitement and couldn't wait to see their shocked and scared expressions.

Trying to hold back the urge to cackle out loud, I walked to the periphery of the yard. There, I knocked my wand on the ground and activated the underground teleportation spell again, intending to go back to Carl as soon as possible.

I had to talk to him about my plan.

Amelia's POV:

Morgan and I sat next to Jennifer in the hall and chatted happily with everyone. In my opinion, Helen and Daniel made a cute couple. They were both kind, too, just like Jennifer and Anthony.

The reason why we were here in the first place was because I wanted to repay Anthony for his kindness. Morgan and I served as Jennifer's bodyguards. But, at the same time, I was very happy I'd get to witness this lovely couple get married.

"Hey, Amelia, how are you finding the Black Stone Pack? If there's anything you need, please don't hesitate to approach me. I'd love to help you adjust in any way I can," Helen said enthusiastically. As she spoke, she walked over to me and poured me a glass of wine, smiling warmly.

Helen was such a kind girl. My impression of her just kept improving.

"Oh, everything's fine, Helen. I like it here. Everyone has been very good to us," I said sincerely. "Thank you."

"I'm glad to hear that, Amelia. Please know that you're our distinguished guest and we'd do anything to make you feel welcome." Helen sat next to me and looked at me excitedly. "Amelia, I heard that you're a witch. I get the sense that you're very powerful, too. I've always been curious. Is there anything you can tell me about witchcraft?"

"Oh, you think too highly of me, Helen!" I explained with a chuckle. "Witchcraft is actually limited by rules. Moreover, the number of spells a witch can learn depends on their own ability, and most witches are only particularly good at a few spells."

As I talked about this, I couldn't help but think of Larry. Among all the wizards and witches I knew, he was undoubtedly the most powerful one. There was no spell that he couldn't master. Unfortunately, he was one of the bad guys.

"Oh, I see!" Before I could overthink, Helen's cheery voice interrupted my thoughts. She was adorably curious, like a little child. Blushing, she asked shyly, "Amelia, could you show me a few simple spells? I'm just curious. If it's too troublesome, just forget it!"

I smiled at her warmly. "Not a problem."

After saying that, I stood up and brandished my wand. I looked around and found the perfect object. Taking a rose from the flower arrangement on the table, I pointed my wand at it and chanted. "Freeze!"

A burst of light came out of the wand and the rose was instantly encased in ice. I secretly breathed a sigh of relief. It turned out that, even after so many years, I still hadn't forgotten this spell. It was by no means an easy spell to cast.

"Wow!" Helen leaped to her feet and applauded excitedly. She took Jennifer's hand and shook it vigorously. "Look, Jennifer! Amelia just used a spell!"

I felt a little embarrassed. Blushing slightly, I said, "It's just simple witchcraft. Helen, this rose is my wedding gift to you. It's a magic rose now. With the help of the curse, it will never wither. I wish you and Daniel happiness. I hope your love will be as eternal as this rose."

"Oh, my God!" Helen took the frozen rose excitedly and her eyes lit up. "It's beautiful! Thank you, Amelia. This gift is so great and thoughtful. I can't wait to put it on display in our room. It's awesome!"

"Thank you, Amelia." Daniel stood up and expressed his sincere gratitude to me too. "I also like your gift. I hope you'll visit us more often in the future. We now consider you our friend."

"Yes!" Helen smiled, took my hand and we both sat down again. She said to a maid, "Find a good box and put this rose in it please. I'll have to look for the perfect vase for it."

My heart was moved. "Thank you. Actually, I didn't do anything big. But you're welcome. I really did mean what I said."

"Good job, honey!" Morgan looked at me with a gentle smile. "Look. We've made new friends."

I couldn't help but giggle.

"You're right," I said, smiling at my two new friends.

The atmosphere at the dining table was lively and cheerful. We all chatted happily. Sitting there, I felt very content.

But just as I raised my glass to take a sip, I suddenly felt a shiver down my spine.

It felt as though a malicious gaze was boring a hole on my back. The hair on the back of my neck stood on end and I instantly broke into a cold sweat.

Could it be Larry? His gloomy face instinctively reared its ugly head in my mind.

I quickly looked behind me at the dark corner outside the hall, but saw nothing.

Morgan's POV:

Seeing that everyone was eating and drinking merrily, I relaxed. The invisible pressure that had been weighing me and Amelia down seemed lighter now.

But all of a sudden, I noticed Amelia's expression change. I grabbed her hand and asked in a low voice, "Honey, what's wrong?"

All the color had drained from her face. She was staring at something invisible outside the hall, but no matter how hard I looked, I couldn't see anything.

"Oh, I...I'm fine." Amelia took a deep breath and forced a weak smile.

The more I looked at her, the more I felt something was wrong. But since Amelia didn't want to tell me, I didn't want to force it out of her. I held her hand and said softly, "Honey, if you don't feel well, let's go back and get some rest."

"No, no. I don't want to disappoint everyone." Amelia shook her head firmly. "It wasn't easy for them to get together. I don't want to spoil their fun."

I had expected this stubborn response. I nodded and let her be, but secretly raised my vigilance.

"Amelia, you don't look well. Is something wrong?" Unexpectedly, Jennifer also keenly sensed Amelia's abnormality. She quietly sat next to her, concern written all over her face.

