

# Gospel of Blood

## #Chapter 1: Last Meal - Read Gospel of Blood Chapter 1: Last Meal

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"Wandering ruler of the abyss and the present world"

"The embodiment of depravity and decay"

"Savior of the Blood Descendants"

"....."

"Thy humble servant hereby prays for favors ....."

.....

Charlotte once again awakens from his sleep. What met his eyes was the familiar purple and black bed roof, carved with an exquisite thorn-rose pattern, with black and gold-rimmed gauze curtains draped around it, and four pointed bedposts painted with religious bas-reliefs loomed in the middle of it.

Even though it had been three days since he crossed over to another world, he still felt a bit uncomfortable looking at this gothic-style noble bedroom. Of course, the murmur-like prayers that he heard every night in a daze that resembled the whispers of ancient Gods was also one of the reasons. Charlotte always had the illusion that something was calling him from the underworld. But every time he woke up, he couldn't remember what he heard.

Turning his head to look out the window, night had already fallen. Under the deep moonlight, occasionally a hoarse cat howl could be heard. Charlotte was a bit surprised. Today's nap, he had actually slept directly from midday to night!

*Tock tock tock .....*

The bedroom room door was knocked gently.

"Ugh, is it that time again ....."

Charlotte frowned slightly, instantly getting a headache.

Without waiting for him to say anything, the door of the room was slowly pushed open with a creak, and two columns of maids dressed in black and white dresses walked in neatly. Their expressions were ancient and serious, and they held in their hands a set of aristocratic girlish dresses of various styles and magnificence and complexity, and wooden boxes filled with trinkets and jewelry dazzled the eyes.

"Good evening, Miss Charlotte."

"It's time for dinner, Mrs. Castell asks you to change your attire and go straight to dinner."

The head maid stepped forward and curtsied woodenly with extremely standardized movements.

Oh, right. It should be a "she" now.

Charlotte numbly swept a glance at the women's clothes they had brought with them, instantly changing into the stupid, silly appearance from the original body's fragmented memories, with the look of a clueless girl who had just woken up from a nap and was naturally drowsy.

"Goo-- good evening! Ms. Mariana!"

And then, naturally skipping over the overly sweet and cute girly dresses, she pointed to a gothic lolita that was predominantly black with gold inlays, supplemented by burgundy and white, tilting her little head slightly and sweetly.

"That's it!"

The voice was soft and delicate. That innocent and lovely appearance was a far cry from the calm and helpless appearance when she was just alone. Men's desire for protection would explode when they saw her, and the women's motherly love would overflow when they saw her. Even the fat black cat passing by outside the window was momentarily lost in thought, and almost fell when it unfocusly stepped on the air.

It can be said that this girl is really good at acting, and her acting skill is top-notch. However, as the professional servants of the long-history Castell family, the well-trained maids remain serious and without any fluctuation, making Charlotte feel rather bored.

After receiving permission, these archaic maidservants acted like a silent army and immediately took action. The great nobles were used to this. There was no need for them to do anything at all, others served them in everything.

Someone carried a silver basin filled with water to wash up for Charlotte, someone held a silk gauze dipped in rose dew to wipe her body, and someone picked up a whalebone hairbrush to take care of her long hair.

.....

Charlotte herself was at their mercy, like a dress-up doll. What can she do? She never had this kind of experience in her previous life. Not to mention this kind of complicated aristocratic dress, she hadn't even touched women's clothing.

The costume change lasted for nearly thirty minutes. Charlotte, on the other hand, felt as if a century had passed.

"Miss Charlotte, the change is done."

After a while, the head maid once again bowed and ordered someone to push over a gorgeous standing mercury mirror. In the mirror was a young girl who looked to be thirteen or fourteen years old. Not tall, her features were as delicate as a doll. The black and white butterfly headdress gathered her soft and silky long blonde hair and the end was tied into a curl and naturally hung on the shoulder. Milky white and smooth skin with a hint of sickly pale, with sky-like clear blue eyes, giving people a kind of delicate and pitiful feeling.

The ruffled decorated white shirt with a burgundy bow ribbon in front, and black corset will be the youthful waistline girded extremely delicate. The tulle outer skirt with black and gold as the main tone is decorated with complex and gorgeous lace patterns, matched with the inner burgundy skirt, black silk stockings and small leather boots, bringing a strong sense of mystery and nobility to the people, as if adding the forbidden touch of maturity and seduction to her still young and immature face .....

To be honest, with such a beautiful and lovely appearance, even after days of looking at herself, Charlotte would still fall in a daze in front of the mirror. But sadly... this person was herself.

However, although there was a bit of a problem with her identity after she transmigrated, Charlotte didn't have any complaints. Beauty itself was a rare resource. Changing to a very different life was also a novel experience.

Following the maid out of the bedroom, the young girl walk through the gorgeous long corridor covered with handmade silk carpets into the dining room. The dining room was equally luxurious, the walls were covered with religious decorative paintings, and the large crystal candle lamps cast a faint light that reflected a dream-like splendor from every angle.

A wide variety of dishes served with exquisite porcelain laid on top of more than ten meters long purple and black carved U-shaped dining table. Roasted suckling pig, baked escargot, pan-fried scallops with foie gras, grilled paper-steamed fish, pan-fried steak, braised potatoes, fruit salad, flaming pancakes, chocolate lava ..... as far as the eye could see, I'm afraid there were no less than fifty variety.

An old woman wearing a monocle stood in front of the food cart and was setting a cream of mushroom soup on the table. Seeing Charlotte, she smiled slightly, put down the porcelain plate on her hand and said dotingly,

"Oh, who is coming, isn't this the jewel of Castell and lovely Miss Earl, my precious Charlotte?"

Saying that, she took out a small exquisite box from behind her back as if she was doing a magic trick, and inside it was a beautiful cross necklace that was absolutely valuable at a glance. Holding the jewelry box in front of the young girl and shaking it, the old woman speaks lovingly,

"Happy birthday, my baby! This is your birthday present this year!"

Sweeping a glance at the shiny necklace, Charlotte subtly twitched her mouth. But soon she noticed the old woman's apron that had not yet been removed, she smiled feeling a slight warmth in her heart.

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"Dear Grandmother, are you cooking the dish personally today?"

The old woman put down the trinket box and first carefully wiped her hands with a wet towel, then dotingly rubbed her little head and said gently,

"Of course, today is your day, and no one knows better than me what you like to eat."

"Let's eat, my little birthday girl, tonight's dishes are all your favorites."

If the maids and deacons in the manor were always looked unsmiling, serious and depressing, making Charlotte after transmigrated feel as if these servants had some kind of terminal disease..... Then the grandmother of this body was the existence that had comforted her the most in the past two days.

Elaine de Castell. She is Charlotte's grandmother, the current head of the Castell family, and the young girl's only relative. As the acting head of a high and mighty noble family, and at an age where she should be taking care of herself, the old woman still personally cooked for the young girl, showing how much she doted on her granddaughter. Preparing so many sumptuous delicacies, even with the assistance of a chef, was not an easy task for an old grandmother.

"Dear Grandmother, you've worked hard."

Charlotte's heart warmed. She skillfully pinched up her skirt and gracefully made a bow, then naturally sat down at the dining table. After three days, she was already familiar with these noble processing.

The old woman, on the other hand, glanced at the gorgeous pendant clock on the wall and the night color outside the window.

"It's getting late, let's start dining."

After saying that, she politely declined the maid who came forward to serve her, and personally tied the napkin for the young girl, her movements slow and gentle. Honestly speaking, if it wasn't for the fact that her legs and feet weren't weak and it wasn't convenient to walk around the table, Charlotte seriously doubted that her grandmother, who had spoiled her to the skies, would even take over maid's job and personally divide the meal for her.....

Today's dinner was even more delicious than the last two days. It was well-cooked, flavorful, and memorable. Charlotte dined elegantly under the maid's service while thinking about her future life.

The memories after transmigration were not complete. But two or three days is already enough time for her to figure out her family background and current situation, and gain a firm foothold.

It had to be said that this identity that Charlotte had transmigrated to was a real surprise. Although the gender was different, the rest of it was perfect, definitely a textbook-level start of Soaring Phoenix.

This body is named Charlotte, which is sort of the same name as her previous life after the phonetic translation. Her parents died when she was young, and she is the only direct descendant of the long-history and wealthy Castell family. A true otherworldly old aristocrat, the future head of the family.

Even though she is still young, with the experienced old countess personally sitting as her escort, no one dared to covet the Castell family's estate. When Charlotte turns 16 years old and reaches adulthood, she will be able to officially inherit the family's earldom and a large area of affluent territory with dozens of castles, manors and wineries.

In other words, Charlotte's transmigration starts with financial freedom and the pinnacle of her life. She inherited a family fortune that she couldn't even finish spending for the rest of her life!

After familiarizing herself with her identity, Charlotte knew she was going to soar in this world. In the past two days, she had already begun to think about how to take advantage after she inherited her title.

Utilize her Blue Star knowledge to advance the technology in this primitive foreign world? Use the capital of this status to create a business empire spanning the entire continent? Or hire a hundred beautiful young ladies to serve her every day and live a dreamy life of joyful salted fish?

However, just when Charlotte was thinking about it, she realized that her grandmother, Countess Castell, had not moved her knife and fork. This aged noblewoman had simply been sitting there quietly, smiling at her.

The young girl hesitated and gently put down her cutlery. In the fragmented memories she had inherited, eating alone without waiting for the elders to start

was unladylike behavior and a matter that the original body tried to avoid as much as possible on a regular basis.

"Dear Grandmother, aren't you going to eat?"

Charlotte asked.

Countess Castell, however, gently shook her head,

"No, my little Charlotte, these are yours."

Saying that, she smiled faintly and reached out her hand to gently and slowly caress the young girl's cheek,

"After all, this is your last meal."

Last... meal? Charlotte froze slightly. She couldn't help but look at Countess Castell, only to feel that the other party's smile suddenly became deep and eerie.

The clouds outside the window slowly drifted past, revealing a round scarlet moon. The blood-like moonlight poured through the window into the dining room, coating everything with a hazy scarlet color.

In Charlotte's suddenly contracted pupils, the originally dignified and kind Countess Castell suddenly underwent a shocking change. Her face became as pale as a dead person, and her blue-gray eyes were gradually tinted with the blood color of madness. The loving kindness in her gaze had completely disappeared. In its place, there was bloodlust and greed .....

"My dear baby, you don't seem to look well."

The old woman smiled faintly at Charlotte, the corners of her mouth grinning up to the base of her ears, her long tongue, like a snake letter, constantly sliding gently over the young girl's cheeks.

Damn! Monster! Charlotte was so shocked that she instantly stood up. The tableware on the table was swept to the floor by her, colliding with each other and making a soft piercing sound.

"Miss Charlotte, you dropped your knife and fork."

The head maid's emotionless voice rang out.

A rotting arm full of maggots picked up the knife and fork and gently placed it in front of Charlotte's body.

Holy shit! Charlotte's eyes instantly widened. She stiffly turned around, only to see that the face of the head maid beside her had long since rotted, white bones were faintly visible under the bloody rotting flesh, and a few fat maggots were wriggling in her eye sockets.

Outside the window, flocks of crows circled and made a series of cawing sounds. In the dining room, nearly a hundred waiters and maids looked at Charlotte in unison, the corners of their rotting mouths grinning slightly in a bizarre and uniform smile. The stench of rotting corpses spread out instantly.

Charlotte's scalp instantly turns numb. Without hesitation, she turned around and fled. However, just as she took a step, her body suddenly went limp and she instantly lost all her strength.

Oh no! The food was ..... poisoned!

A strong sense of exhaustion permeated her limbs, and she fell on her butt to the ground, limping slowly. At the end of her consciousness, she heard the indifferent and cold command of "Countess Castell",

"It's almost time, prepare for the final bloodline sacrifice ritual."