

Gospel of Blood

Chapter 11: Invitation to the Duke Mansion

T/N: Boulder > Borde from now on.

Charlotte felt like a busy person. Just like a boss who hadn't been to the company for a long time, one by one, everyone lined up to see her. However, while it seemed like she was being welcomed, in reality, not a single person genuinely cared about her, they all had ulterior motives.

But... The Borde family? The Duke's family?

Charlotte's heart stirred.

The Borde family was the ruling family of the Borde Duchy and the object of loyalty for the Castell family. By the way, the two families also had a familial relationship. Firstly, the ancestors of the Castell family were split off from the Borde family, considered a branch family of Borde. Secondly, the second wife of the former Duke of Borde, Lady Catherine, was Charlotte's aunt.

If you really calculated the generations, Charlotte was of the same generation as the current Duke. Hmm... even though in reality, the two were separated by several decades.

In Charlotte's vague memories, one of the few experiences of leaving Castell Manor was mostly to visit her aunt at the Duke's mansion.

However, Lady Catherine had passed away many years ago. And Charlotte herself hadn't left the manor for ten years.

Charlotte thought of the nobles who had been driven out by the female knight earlier. If she remembered correctly, they seemed to claim to represent the Duke's mansion... Could it be... them?

Charlotte pondered. With a whisper to herself about being in demand, she nodded gently and obediently said.

"Please, let them in!"

The door was pushed open again, and several nobles in gorgeous attire entered the patient room. As expected, it was the group of people who had been driven out by Captain Kara before.

"Miss Charlotte, we meet again. It's been so many years, and you've become more beautiful,"

The leading fat nobleman said with a kindly smile, performing a standard noble etiquette. Then, his expression became solemn, as if he were changing faces in Sichuan opera, becoming mournful and heavy.

T/N: Sichuan Opera, Chinese opera that is known for its quick face-changing technique

"The incident last night, the Duke's mansion already knows about it. Regarding the ordeal of the Castell family, the Duke is deeply saddened and extremely angry."

"This morning, the Duke has urged the Demon Hunters Bureau to thoroughly investigate this matter, vowing to unearth all the sinister bloodbornes of Borde and wipe them out in one fell swoop!"

"Please rest assured, no matter what happens, the Borde family will always be the strongest backing for the Castell family!"

The fat nobleman was indignant and his expression looked sincere.

Charlotte, on the other hand, shrunk slightly under the blanket, putting on a bewildered and timid expression. She tilted her little head, her big eyes seeming full of question marks.

"Excuse my rudeness... who are you?"

The fat nobleman's breath paused. But it was the young noble swordsman behind him who couldn't help but chuckle.

"Hehe, Bruno, I told you a long time ago, it's been ten years already, how could the Castell family's young lady remember you."

After speaking, the swordsman walked over the fat nobleman and came to Charlotte's side. He was about to speak, but suddenly remembered something and imitated the fat nobleman's actions, performing a noble etiquette.

Charlotte still made a wary little animal appearance, pretending to be a naive and timid little girl. However, she was quite calm in her heart, analyzing the identity of the other party based on their performance.

Let's leave aside the fat nobleman for now. His steward's attire was too conspicuous, obviously a steward or servant of the Duke's mansion, probably with a viscount or baron title.

What interested Charlotte was the swordsman. Judging by the memories she inherited, the swordsman's movements were quite unorthodox, but it was

evident that he was trying his best. This should be someone who had only recently become a noble, or a powerful extraordinary being.

Her conversation with Dean Raoul had given Charlotte some understanding of the nobles in this world. In the world of Myria, nobles almost monopolized the extraordinary powers. It was normal for wild extraordinary beings to be recruited by nobles, and some of them could even directly become new nobles with titles.

However, looking at the swordsman's obviously high-end and gorgeous attire, especially the lion emblem of the Borde family that only main family members could wear on his right chest, Charlotte further adjusted her judgment. This was a newcomer recognized by the Borde family, newly gaining main family member status.

"Nice to meet you for the first time, Miss Charlotte, I'm Leno Borde," the noble swordsman said.

"Cough cough cough... Ahem..."

The fat nobleman next to him coughed desperately, gesturing with his eyes. The swordsman was stunned for a moment, then instantly reacted, scratching his head and saying somewhat embarrassedly.

"Uh... Leno de Boulde..."

"De" was a common suffix in the noble names of the Silver Moon Kingdom, usually indicating the family or territory, meaning "belonging to" or "coming from". For example, Charlotte herself, Charlotte de Castell, colloquially meant "Charlotte from Castell's domain". In the Crescent Kingdom, the best way to judge noble status was to see if there was a "de" between the given name and the surname when someone introduced themselves.

Obviously, this newcomer to the Borde family wasn't used to his noble status yet. This time when he reintroduced himself, he even nervously mispronounced the surname "Borde".

The fat nobleman was almost going crazy. As if wearing a mask of pain, he covered his face instantly, despairingly reminding in a low voice.

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"It's Borde..."

The swordsman: ...

The young noble's expression froze for a moment, then his face turned red. His expression changed for a moment, then, as if he had given up, he cursed grumblingly.

"Damn! Nobles are really troublesome. Damn Borde!"

The fat nobleman widened his eyes, almost fainting as he covered his head, his entire body almost collapsing. However, the young swordsman didn't care anymore.

"Alright, Bruno, don't stare at me with your little eyes. No matter how big you stare, they're still small!"

"And don't lecture me anymore. Even if the old man came today, I wouldn't care."

"I've said it many times, if I can't get used to it, I will not follow it. There are too many rules at home. I'd rather be a mercenary and be free!"

With that, he looked at Charlotte again and quickly said.

"Miss Charlotte, let me reintroduce myself. I'm Leno."

"As you can see, I used to be a free mercenary. I've just returned to the Borde family recently and am not familiar with anything. If I've offended you, please forgive me."

"I came here this time not only to visit but also to deliver an invitation on behalf of the old man."

"Damn! Honestly, I feel crazy delivering a birthday invitation now! After all, something like that happened just yesterday, now is not the right time at all..."

"But the old man insisted I deliver it, saying it's important for the future of the Castell family, especially after what happened at Castell Manor."

"Miss Charlotte, I know you're afraid, in pain and very sad right now... But people always have to look forward."

"Mercenaries have a saying: life is the most damned adventure, only the most damned determined bastard can shout 'screw it' and come back triumphant with a beauty and treasure in hand."

"You're not just yourself, you represent the Castell family, so please be strong."

"Alright, I... cough, I'm done speaking, and the invitation is delivered. I won't disturb you anymore."

"I wish you a speedy recovery! Goodbye!"

The young swordsman, named Leno, finished quickly, without even a hint of losing his breath, then turned and left. Charlotte, Lottie, and the fat nobleman were all stunned.

However, just before leaving, Leno stopped again, turned his head to carefully examine Charlotte, and pondered for a moment.

"Miss Charlotte... you're very beautiful and cute, truly as the legends say, more beautiful than any girl of any race I've ever seen. You must be destined to be stunning in the future."

"It's a pleasure to see a beauty from the Castell family. If it were in the past, I could boast to my companions for several years!"

"However, because of this, please be more cautious..."

"Innate beauty and wealth are blessings from the Gods, but they are also curses."

"Especially when there isn't enough strength to match them..."

"They not only bring blessing, but also disaster."

"Some things, when it's time to give up, must be given up!"

With that, Leno didn't explain further, but opened the door and left gracefully.

The fat nobleman hesitated, apologized to Charlotte with a bow, then turned and ran after Leno.

"Oh! Lord Leno, wait for me! Wait for me!"

The two came quickly and left quickly. In the blink of an eye, only Charlotte and Lottie remained.

Looking at Charlotte lost in thought, Lottie was full of apologies.

"I'm sorry... Miss Charlotte, I didn't expect him to be so rude... I shouldn't have let him in, did he frighten you?"

Saying that, the beautiful priestess shook her head again, frowning.

"A bastard is a bastard, without any noble etiquette. He's really tarnishing the Borde Duke's face!"

The Duke's illegitimate son, huh...

Charlotte looked at the Duke's invitation in front of her with a pensive gaze.