

Gospel of Blood

Chapter 14: Please... Show some restraint

This is the first time Charlotte has felt a craving for blood in the last six days.

Unlike the previous time she arrived at the Church Hospital, this craving didn't have a cause; it seemed to appear suddenly. At the same time, this craving didn't start as intense as the first day when she was attracted by the fragrance of Priest Lottie.

Initially, Charlotte only felt a slight thirst. Gradually, this feeling of thirst intensified. She became very thirsty, extremely thirsty. Like a traveler in the desert who hasn't had a drop of water for a long time.

However, no matter how much water Charlotte poured for herself, she couldn't alleviate this thirst. This thirst seemed to be imprinted on her soul.

"Their fear of light and holy power, their craving for blood, their dependence on sucking blood for survival, their evil, madness, and cruelty..."

Priest Lottie's words surfaced in Charlotte's mind again.

The need for regular blood consumption is a sign of being a Bloodborne. The church's books also describe bloodborne as creatures that need to consume blood regularly to survive.

During these peaceful days, Charlotte thought that she could satisfy her need for blood just by eating and sleeping normally. She thought that perhaps having the Gospel made her immune to the need for blood. But now, it seemed she was wrong. It wasn't that she was immune, but the time hadn't come yet.

"Hold on! I'll be discharged tomorrow. After leaving the hospital, I'll find a source of blood to satisfy my needs!"

Charlotte encouraged herself.

Bloodborne need to drink blood regularly. But whether it was the church's books or the priests in the hospital, they never said it had to be human blood.

Charlotte wasn't that twisted. She had already decided that once she left the church tomorrow, she would quickly send the family's servants to buy some livestock and poultry. Whether it's chickens, ducks, geese, rabbits, deer, fish,

or anything else, their blood should solve the problem and also cover her tracks. With that in mind, Charlotte forcefully diverted her attention, trying not to think about bloodsucking.

But she underestimated the speed at which this bloodthirsty desire erupted. As time passed, the thirst became stronger and stronger, and Charlotte found it increasingly difficult to divert her gaze. Her mind seemed to be filled with thoughts of when she could finally drink blood. The more she thought about it, the thirstier she became.

Her breathing became rapid, her gaze became unfocused, and her panting became heavy. Charlotte felt a faint heat on her cheeks, and her brain gradually became drowsy, as if she were running a fever.

She reluctantly sat up on the bed and looked at herself in the mirror on the bedside table, only to be startled by her reflection. In the mercury mirror, the beautiful girl's cheeks were flushed, her gaze unfocused, her long eyelashes trembling slightly, and her eyes seemed watery... That delicate appearance seemed like it was about to shed tears, as if being a maiden in heat.

Charlotte:...

She felt like something deep inside her had collapsed. The self-esteem that hadn't been pierced even when acting silly and cute collapsed at this moment...

"No... this isn't me, absolutely not me!"

Charlotte threw away the mirror, turned over, and buried her head in the pillow.

She couldn't sleep that night.

...

"Good morning, lil' Charlotte... Huh? What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

The next morning, Priest Lottie, as usual, was performing her duty, but what she saw was a girl wrapped up in a small blanket like a silkworm cocoon. She walked to the bedside with some concern. The irresistible and tempting fragrance immediately filled Charlotte's nostrils, making her shiver involuntarily.

So fragrant! She wanted to pounce on her... She wanted to... bite into her slender neck and suck her sweet blood!

Various crazy thoughts surged like a tide, impacting Charlotte's sanity. She gritted her teeth, resisted the urge to assault, continued to curl up in the blanket, and mumbled.

"I'm... fine... I'll sleep a little longer."

Listening to the suppressed trembling in her voice, Priest Lottie's gaze slightly condensed. She hesitated for a moment, then lifted the girl's blanket, and directly uncovered it.

Charlotte was suddenly exposed to the light. The two almost made eye contact in an instant.

Priest Lottie was slightly stunned while Charlotte inwardly cursed, "Oh no!"

But just as she thought she was about to expose her identity as a bloodborne, she saw the beautiful priest first slightly stunned, then blushing, and gently averted her gaze.

Lottie reached out and covered her with the blanket again, her gentle voice carrying reminders and reprimands.

"Little Charlotte... Your body has just healed, and you're still quite weak. You... need to control your urge a bit."

"I know you're curious at your age, but... you need to pay attention to the frequency and intensity of such behavior."

Charlotte:...?

...

Charlotte knew that her symptoms of blood addiction were misunderstood by Lottie.

Her mood was complicated. She didn't know whether to feel fortunate that her identity hadn't been exposed or ashamed for being misunderstood for doing something wrong...

At this moment, she should be thankful for her desire for blood.

As time passed, Charlotte's craving for blood did not diminish. Moreover, this craving began to affect her thinking.

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Everything she saw seemed to be a source of blood. Even the mosquitoes in the room became adorable, and it was difficult for her to think deeply about

anything else. As a result, she didn't have to worry about the shame of being misunderstood anymore. Because she no longer has the energy.

Fortunately, Charlotte's will was still firm, and her consciousness was still clear. Although her whole being was about to be consumed by desire, she still maintained basic rationality.

Or maybe she had endured for too long. Her state of being like a maiden in heat finally began to change after nearly a day. As night fell and the Castell family's carriage finally came to pick her up... Charlotte had somehow returned to normal.

However, she seemed absent-minded. Charlotte knew that she hadn't overcome it. In fact, she was now like a volcano about to erupt, just forcibly suppressing all desires for the moment... She is calm for now. But once triggered, her bloodsucking instinct would probably erupt completely, and she would no longer be able to suppress it. But Charlotte's absent-minded state was misunderstood by the priests as the sadness and reluctance of a girl leaving.

"Lady Lottie, thank you for taking care of Miss Charlotte, this is a token of appreciation from the Castell family, please accept it."

The servant of the Castell family was an old man with a hunched back named Casimodo. He was extremely ugly, with two servants dressed in Castell family uniforms following behind him.

The priests at the church hospital all knew this old man. He was the owner of the Castell family's silverware shop in the west district of Borde City. Despite being born with a congenital disability, he was rescued and adopted by the previous Count Castell, and he was extremely loyal to the Castell family. He had even saved the life of the old count in the past. The master-servant relationship between the two was also a good story in Borde City.

Lottie glanced at the box of gold and silver being offered, motioning for the apprentice priest to accept it, and then sighed lightly, saying.

"Healing Charlotte is what the Church Hospital should do."

"However... as servants of the Castell family, you have not visited your master for several days, it seems you are not very competent."

At the end, the priest's voice carried a hint of reproach.

The old servant's hunchback deepened further. He looked guilty and sighed.

"You are right... I will make sure to improve in the future, but... these days, because of the turmoil in the estate, the whole family has been in chaos, and I couldn't spare any time..."

"Alright, it's getting late, hurry and take Charlotte away, remember what I said."

Lottie shook her head, interrupting Casimodo's explanation.

The old servant bowed deeply, then turned to the silent Charlotte and gave a bow, saying.

"Miss, let's go."

"Um..."

Charlotte, who was still struggling with the temptation of blood, nodded listlessly. She suppressed the bloodthirsty desire attracted by the enticing fragrance of the many priests, with the help of the old man, she boarded the carriage.

"Miss Charlotte, have a safe journey. If you have time, you can come back to visit us again!"

A priest waved goodbye.

Charlotte forced herself to smile weakly.

"I don't want to be hospitalized again."

"Hahaha..."

The many priests were amused by the girl's words.

The leaving carriage took Charlotte away. The priests of the Church Hospital stood at the door of the church, watching the carriage disappear at the end of the road.

"Ah, with Miss Charlotte gone, the daily mass will be much less fun."

One priest sighed.

"Yeah, just seeing her every day would improve my mood a lot."

Other priests echoed.

Lottie silently watched the direction the carriage had gone, silent for a long time. Then, with a sigh,

"Let's go, let's go back, there's still a lot of work to do at the hospital."

With that, many priests turned around.

However, just as they were about to enter the church hospital, with a stir of dust, another carriage hurriedly passed by, attracting everyone's attention.

"Stop!"

Under the coachman's command, the carriage slowly stopped in front of the church hospital.

A hunched old man, wiping the sweat from his forehead, tremblingly jumped down from the position of the coachman. He had an ugly face, was panting, and bowed to the priests.

"I'm sorry, my lords, there was some trouble at the shop, and I'm late."

"I'm Casimodo, here to pick up my master, Miss Charlotte, to go home..."

Looking at the old man's identical appearance, the priests were suddenly stunned.