

Gospel of Blood

Chapter 15: Hijacking Under the Moonlight

Charlotte sat in the carriage, her mind feeling heavy and sluggish. The carriage shook violently, and the howling wind made the curtains on both sides rustle. The craving for blood made the girl's thoughts extremely sluggish. But even so, she still felt that something was off...

The carriage... Was it... going a bit too fast?

"Slow... Slow down..."

Charlotte leaned back in the reclining chair inside the carriage, massaging her buzzing temples, and softly spoke to the old servant in front. However, the old servant did not respond, and the speed of the carriage did not decrease at all.

"Please... Slow down..."

She struggled to knock on the window frame again, trying to remind the attendants riding on both sides of the carriage. The attendants also ignored her, silently guarding on both sides of the carriage.

Charlotte suddenly became a bit more alert. She reluctantly sat up straight, propped up her dizzy head, and pulled open the curtains of the carriage. Outside was a rather dilapidated cobblestone road, with low, crumbling buildings on both sides rapidly moving away.

Even though Charlotte didn't recognize the way home, she could tell that this was definitely not the road back to the Castell Manor. The reason was simple. Castell Manor was located in the prosperous section of the noble district of Boulder City. Although the streets there were not particularly clean and tidy, the inherited memories also included spacious and smooth roads. But here, the road was bumpy, the buildings were gloomy and dilapidated, and there were few lights visible on the buildings on either side of the road, like haunted houses in a horror show.

"Miss, the wind outside is too strong, please close the curtains quickly."

Finally, the attendant outside the carriage spoke. However, the first thing he did was to reach out and close the carriage window.

Charlotte's heart sank. She realized that she might have been abducted by someone. These people probably were not servants of the Castell family at all!

Realizing this, Charlotte became completely alert. Her first thought was to jump off the carriage and escape.

The senses of the bloodborne were very sharp. She could clearly sense that neither the old servant driving the carriage nor the attendants riding on both sides were extraordinary individuals.

They didn't even have the enticing aroma of church priests on them. Their scent was similar to the commoners in the ordinary hospital wards, like dry black bread. Tasteless to eat, but a pity to waste. These people... were most likely just ordinary people who had undergone some training.

Although the carriage was fast now, Charlotte was not an ordinary little girl. The special physique of the bloodborne gave her the confidence to jump off the fast-moving carriage unharmed and then escape quickly. Even though she was not in a good condition now, constantly on the verge of a blood frenzy...

However, just as Charlotte was about to act, a cold light reflected in front of the attendant.

Charlotte saw clearly that it was a loaded crossbow in front of the attendant!

Damn it, how could these people have crossbows?!

Charlotte cursed inwardly and instantly dispelled the idea of jumping off the carriage. She barely knew a bit about history in her past life and had some understanding of this kind of lethal weapon from the era of cold weapons.

In the medieval era of Earth, whether it was in the East or the West, such things were prohibited from being used outside the battlefield. Even though she had crossed into this world with extraordinary powers, she didn't think that such a thing, which could directly pierce through a knight's armor at close range, would be allowed to be brought into the city!

Not only that, Charlotte had been searching for books about extraordinary powers in the church these days. Among them, there was a book comparing the combat power of extraordinary individuals and ordinary people, which mentioned several weapons that ordinary people could use that might pose a life threat to extraordinary individuals. Among them was the crossbow!

It was clearly stated in the book that ordinary individuals who had not stepped into the ranks of the extraordinary could not contend with a crossbow. And even if they had stepped into the ranks, before reaching the second-tier of

Silver Moon, specially trained ordinary people, under the premise of being fully prepared, also had a certain chance of killing a first-tier extraordinary like Charlotte with a crossbow.

It was obvious that the crossbow in the hands of these people was to guard against possible extraordinaries. The need to use a crossbow to guard against extraordinaries indicated that these people probably did not have an extraordinary person as an accomplice, but since they could obtain crossbows, the forces behind them were definitely not small. Charlotte quickly made this judgment.

However, although she had just entered the realm of the extraordinary, she had not yet stepped into the first tier. With the physique of the bloodborne, if these people were unarmed, perhaps she would not be afraid at all. But now was different. They had weapons. Sharp ones to boot.

If she acted rashly, if these people aimed their crossbows at her, she might be in danger. Not only that, even if she successfully escaped, if she exposed her identity as a member of the bloodborne, she would also invite endless trouble. At least... the identity as Charlotte de Castell would definitely be doomed.

Her mind was so heavy and sluggish that it was difficult for Charlotte to focus her thoughts. But even so, she made a decision.

Don't act rashly for now. These people are obviously still alert after successfully kidnapping their target. She had to wait until they relaxed before she could consider quietly escaping or directly confronting them. These people didn't know she was an extraordinary, just treating her as a powerless little girl. Then... their disdain for her was her chance!

Thinking like this, Charlotte calmed down.

Outside the window, the moonlight gradually deepened. With the night falling, Charlotte clearly felt that her body's functions were steadily improving at a considerable speed... night was the bloodborne's playground. Under the moonlight, Charlotte's strength would only become stronger than during the day!

However, at the same time, perhaps due to the side effects brought about by the enhancement of night-time powers, as Charlotte's bloodborne powers increased, her bloodthirsty desire became increasingly difficult to suppress. Her rationality gradually began to tilt toward the edge of losing control, to the point where the scent emanating from the attendants and the old servant, from being as bland as black bread, gradually became as delicious and enticing as creamy mushroom soup. This was a development that Charlotte

could not have anticipated. She felt that she was about to lose control to her impulse.

The carriage raced in the moonlight. After an unknown amount of time, it finally stopped in a desolate and uninhabited courtyard.

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"Stop!"

The old servant driving the carriage pulled the reins, and the panting horses let out a neigh, stopping slowly. The horses nervously snorted, their legs trembling and excrement constantly flowing down.

The old servant glanced strangely at the trembling horses, pinched his nose, and cursed softly.

"Damn it! These useless horses we were given are all useless trash. They've only run for so long and can't go on anymore!"

His voice was full of vigor, completely different from the frailty he had just shown in front of the hospital.

"Hey! You two, go outside and keep an eye out. Don't let anyone follow us for real!"

He ordered the two attendants.

The two attendants looked at each other, glanced at the carriage with suspicion, then sneered doubtfully.

"Hatchet, are you trying to sneak off and play with the cargo while we're not around?"

"Damn it! This is the young lady of the Castell family! The master specifically ordered the goods to be checked by him personally and made it clear that we couldn't touch them. If you want to die, go ahead and try!"

The old servant glared, annoyed.

"Hmph!"

The two attendants snorted lightly, unwillingly dismounted and went to the entrance of the courtyard.

"Really blind bastards, don't even see what kind of junk you are, and you still desire to eat swan meat like a toad!"

The old servant cursed a few more times, spat heavily on the ground, took out a piece of hard black bread from his pocket, took a few hard bites, chewed, took a few sips from the water bottle he carried with him, and then jumped down from the carriage. When he came to the front of the carriage, he had put on a smiling face.

"Miss Charlotte, we're here."

The old servant with his hoarse voice lightly knocked on the carriage.

Silence---

The horses neighed softly, and the night wind rustling the messy bushes sounded. There was no response from inside the carriage.

"Miss Charlotte?"

The old servant repeated. Still no answer.

The old servant's face changed slightly. He quickly opened the curtain, and his sharp eyes shot into the carriage. But when he saw the girl cowering in the corner of the carriage, he instantly breathed a sigh of relief.

He smiled slightly, but his ugly face looked even more hideous.

"Miss Charlotte, why aren't you speaking? You really scared this old man."

"Hehehe, we've arrived, you should get off."

The girl in the carriage did not move.

The old servant frowned slightly, his face gradually darkening. He snorted, roughly opened the side door of the carriage, preparing to forcibly pull the girl out.

However, when he opened the door and his hand covered with calluses and body hair was about to touch the girl, he suddenly stopped.

The cold moonlight shone through the window, pouring onto the girl, coating her beautiful golden hair with a layer of silver brilliance. The girl slowly raised her head. Her face was as delicate as a doll's, but lacking any expression.

A pair of blood-like eyes as deep as the sea looked at the old servant who opened the carriage. Cold, indifferent, but seemed to be carrying the madness and brutality. The corners of her mouth lifted slightly, outlining a beautiful and charming curve, with a pair of sharp fangs faintly showing.

The old servant's entire body hair suddenly stands to its limit.