

Gospel of Blood

Chapter 2: Bloodline Sacrifice Ritual

Hurt.

It hurts!

When Charlotte woke up again, she found herself hanging on a metal cross, with four large iron nails piercing through the palms of her right and left hands and two crossed feet. Gurgling blood flowed down the cross like a small stream, pouring into the grooves that had been carved into the ground long ago.

Charlotte endured the pain and looked around, seeing through the dim scarlet moonlight of the skylight. The grooves are a circular pattern centered on the cross, with intricate and complex designs, like magic formations in novels, surrounded by kneeling living corpses dressed in maid and waiter costumes.

Countess Castell stood at the forefront, exuding a chilling aura. She was facing herself, holding a blood-red scrap of a page in her hand, as if she had torn it from some ancient book. Seeing Charlotte waking up, the Countess smiles faintly, revealing two sharp teeth,

"Yo, my baby, you're awake."

Charlotte's heart sank. Hanging on a cross is not a good situation. Combined with the inappropriate-looking magic formation underneath her, and the surrounding living corpses that were obviously doing some kind of prayer, Charlotte, who was familiar with the online trend, had roughly guessed that she was going to be used as a living sacrifice by the other party.

This world is not an ordinary another world at all!

Charlotte's brain works fast. She sniffled, crystal clear tears instantly rolling down like silver beads, leaving two curved tear tracks on the pink and lovely face.

"Uuuuuu... grandmother..."

She tears up and opens her mouth, looking at Countess Castell with a weak, pitiful and helpless cute gaze. Seeing that pitiful and unbearable appearance, even Countess Castell who had transformed into a monster is slightly stunned and the terrifying aura on her body vaguely stopped. But soon, her gaze became deep again. Scarlet eyes flickered slightly, and her greedy sight slowly slid over Charlotte's body.

"What a charming little goblin, it's a pity that you can't be converted to a charming Blood Servant."

Saying that, she cracked open her hideous mouth, mocking like a hunter teasing his prey,

"Poor little thing, now now... stop pretending."

"Little Charlotte died of illness long ago, you are nothing more than the Saints of Holy Royal Court's true spirit that I summoned over in order to complete the final bloodline sacrifice ritual."

"Aah... with the Saint True Spirit as a sacrifice, I think my lord will be quite satisfied!"

The secret of transmigration was seen through, and Charlotte could feel her heart tightening. But along with that, there is also a hint of doubt.

'The Saints' True Spirits of the Holy Royal Court? What the hell was that?'

As if figured something out, Charlotte's mind moves slightly. She quickly stopped sobbing and quickly said,

"Grandmother- no, Countess Castell, I think... there might be some misunderstanding between us..."

However, the old woman lost interest in continuing the conversation and shook her head mockingly.

"Misunderstanding? Hey, your struggle is pointless."

After saying that, she takes out a filthy cross from her bosom and aims it at the young girl hanging in mid-air. The old woman's crazy voice trembled slightly, and her expression was turned hideous and fanatical.

"Come on! Holy Spirit! Let me enjoy admiring the divine light of your imminent depravity and the twisted expression of your agony!"

Deep rays of light blossomed on the cross with a chaotic evil aura. In the cruel and tyrannical gaze of Countess Castel, the filthy light shone on Charlotte's body.

"Wail! Scream miserably! Feel the agony and despair that... belongs to the darkness!"

‘This is bad!’

Seeing that evil halo of light that made one vaguely feel like vomiting just by looking at it, Charlotte's heart tightens. She was so frightened and mad that she couldn't avoid it, so she could only turn her head sideways, close her eyes and grit her teeth.

The evil and chaotic light was like sludge thrown into the present world, wrapping the young girl in it.

However, the imagined pain did not come. Other than feeling a bit chilly and hearing countless crazy prayers constantly murmuring in her ears, Charlotte did not feel any discomfort in her body.

‘Hm?’

She slowly opens her eyes. The Countess was still fervently holding up the filthy cross, her expression incomparably hideous. The cross flickered with light and darkness, and the pressure was overwhelming, enveloping everything. The basement was eerily chill and quiet, akin to falling into the abyss. But other than that... nothing happened.

Charlotte's expression is quite bewildered. Although she didn't open her mouth, that somewhat confused and puzzled expression, which also seemed to be mixed with celebration and apprehension, seemed to be saying,

‘That's it?’

The old woman also froze up. Her brows furrowed slightly as she flipped around and scrutinized the defiled cross in her hand as if trying to figure out what went wrong. After some scrutiny, she frowned and lifted the cross back

up, before channeling her magic once more and chanting in an even more frantic voice,

"Scream! Beg for mercy! Scream in despair at the light of the Fallen!"

The deep light blossomed once again, enveloping Charlotte's body with an even more evil and chaotic aura than before. However, this time.... still nothing happened.

Charlotte:

Countess:

The two look at each other in the eyes. The atmosphere is pretty awkward.

The old woman's expression instantly turned hideous, and her terrifying magic power erupted like a volcano.

"Why! Why is there no divine light on your body? Why aren't you corrupted by the Light of the Fallen?!"

The tsunami-like pressure rose and fell in succession, accompanied by a frantic roar, bringing unprecedented pressure to the young girl. However, Charlotte quietly breathed a sigh of relief in her mind. Combined with the old witch's previous words, she can roughly guess what the reason is.

The young girl regained her composure and her voice had a hint of confidence.

"Countess Castell, I think... there really is a misunderstanding between us."

"Misunderstanding? What misunderstanding?"

The old woman's eyes were scarlet, and her expression was as dangerous as a furious beast. Charlotte weighed her words and said,

"You, should be holding some special ritual, right? And this ritual is also related to the Saints of Holy Royal Court?"

"What I want to say is that I'm actually not any Saint of Holy Royal Court."

"That is... it seems like you are summoning the wrong person."

Countess Castell was silent. In the next second, Charlotte only felt a strong spiritual force descend on her body. A moment later, the spiritual force dispersed, and the Countess' expression became increasingly ugly.

"There's no Holy Seal..."

"Surprisingly, she really isn't a Saint of Holy Royal Court!"

"How is this possible? How!"

"If you're not a believer of Holy Royal Court, why were you summoned by the Holy Spirit Summoning Ritual?"

'How am I supposed to know? I was just working all night and fell asleep in a daze, who knew that I would wake up in this hellish place! And her gender even got swapped!'

Charlotte cursed in her mind. Her face remained unchanged and she shook her head,

"I don't know."

"When I woke up, I was already like this."

Saying that, she weighed her words, revealed a smile that she thought was friendly, and continued,

"Countess Castell."

"As you can see, I am not the True Spirit of the Saints that you need, and there doesn't seem to be the slightest reason for you to sacrifice me."

"Perhaps, we can talk about it..."

"Talk about it? Do you think you are qualified?"

Countess Castell's scarlet eyes flashed with mockery on her face.

Her killing intent was so strong, as if she was completely attributing the failure of the summoning to Charlotte. Charlotte did not doubt that if she couldn't come up with a suitable reason, the old hag in front of her would definitely kill her in the next second without hesitation. Pressing down the apprehension in her heart, Charlotte feigned composure and continued to laugh.

"That's not necessarily true, compared to a sacrifice that is doomed to fail, I rather feel that I will bring you more benefits by staying alive."

"Summoning me here might even be another unexpected blessing for you."

A great man is always flexible. Now amid life and death crisis, facing the crazy old woman who was obviously mentally unstable, Charlotte egged on without any bit of pressure.

Face and self-respect and whatever were temporarily put aside. First, think of a way to survive!

We rely on your support! novelplex.org

Donate now

"Oh? So... you still have some abilities that I don't know about?"

Countess Castell raised her eyebrows slightly. This time, she carefully sized up the young girl and seemed to gain some interest.

"Tell me, what do you have?"

Charlotte smiled slightly and continued.

"For example... I know a lot of gourmet dishes, all of which are delicacies you have never seen before."

After saying that, she saw Countess Castell's gaze slightly moved. This was also expected, from the fragmented memories that Charlotte had inherited, Countess Castell was indeed a gourmet. It was just that...

"If it's just gourmet food, it's not enough to buy your little life, my little Charlotte."

The Countess shook her head slightly.

"I also know how to do business, and knowing Castell family's business, I am confident that I can expand it several times within ten years!"

Charlotte pondered for a few seconds and continued to raise the stakes. Countess Castell pondered, seemingly moved. But in the end, her gaze

towards the young girl remains the same, trying to probe for deeper reasoning.

Charlotte gritted her teeth,

"I also know many, many pieces of knowledge, all of which are not found in this world, and each of which has the potential to bring a revolutionary era!"

"I..."

"Wait!"

Hearing this, Countess Castell suddenly interrupted her. She narrowed her eyes slightly and then asked.

"You just said that... you know a lot of knowledge that is not found in this world?"

Charlotte hesitated for a moment.

"Yes."

"You... came from another world?"

Charlotte subconsciously wanted to deny it. But feeling the aura that restrained her in the dark, she only hesitated for a moment and slowly nodded again.

"Umm... Yes."

The secret of the body's possession was already known anyway. Adding another one of being from another world didn't seem like much difference.

Countess Castell was silent once again. Gradually, only the corners of her mouth rose slowly, turning into a satisfied smile, which continued to bloom, becoming more and more excessive, and finally turning into an exciting maniacal laugh.

"Hehe... Ehehe... heAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Good! Good! Very good!"

Seeing the other party so happy, although Charlotte's heart felt a little strange and uneasy, but in the end it was considered a temporary relief. Burying her scorn, grievance and anger deep in her heart, she pressed down her apprehension and nervousness, and tried to show a relaxed appearance as she smiled.

"It seems that you are satisfied."

"Then... is it possible to put me down first?"

Saying that, she twisted her body, which was already full of pain that she almost fell unconscious, and sighed pretending not to care.

"Honestly, it's kinda uncomfortable hanging on here, I feel like my blood is about to run dry..."

"Pfft..."

Dull pain suddenly came from her abdomen, Charlotte feeling the urge to vomit rising, and couldn't help but vomit out a mouthful of fresh blood that was mixed with broken pieces of internal organs.

She slowly lowered her head, looking bewildered. Underneath her body, a fist-thick, hideous black tentacle pierced through her stomach and was twitching and stirring madly inside. On the other side of the tentacle, there is Countess Castell who is smiling but no emotion in her eyes.

"Why... did..."

Feeling the rapidly dissipating life force, Charlotte's eyes widen, feeling confused and unfair.

The old woman let out a chilling laugh.

"Why? Of course, it's to follow the ritual and continue the sacrifice."

As she said that, her expression became hideous, bloodthirsty and crazy.

"Oh, unexpected joy, you're right, you really are my unexpected joy!"

"An Otherworldly Soul, ah, this is an existence that is a hundred times more precious than a Saint's True Spirit!"

"What is a Holy Saint?"

"As long as I sacrifice your blood, I will surely usher in the Lord's favor and receive unprecedented divine grace!"

Damn it!

Because of this?

Charlotte curses silently. She lifted her head with difficulty and used her last bit of strength to pull out a smile at the old woman.

"Alright ... you madafaka."

Countess Castell frowned. Although she didn't understand the other party's weird vocabulary, she instinctively felt that it wasn't a good word. Looking at the red moon that was getting fuller and fuller outside the skylight, she grinned cruelly.

"The auspicious time has come."

"Oh, my unexpected joy..... enjoy your last scarlet moonlight!"

After saying that, Charlotte saw her putting down the dark cross and raising the blood-red remnants of the page high, and the light on her body increased. Charlotte only feels that she is locked by a bizarre power that is hard to describe in words, and instantly loses control of her body.

The blood in her body gradually churned, and the hideous wound in her abdomen seemed to be constantly burning, that was the sign of the start of the sacrifice ritual.

Damn it. Just two days after transmigrated, she was about to die, perhaps there was no one more miserable than herself among the transmigrator.

Charlotte sighed inwardly. If only she had known it would be like this... After transmigrating, she shouldn't have been so reserved. She should have taken the time to study her new body first.

Lost in such thoughts, time seemed to slow down as never before. Meanwhile, Countess Castell and her undead's depraved prayers slowly reached Charlotte's ears.

"Wandering ruler of the abyss and the present world,"

"The embodiment of depravity and decay,"

"Savior of the blood descendants..."

"The Great Bloodborne Demon Archduke - Abaddon!"

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

"I am willing to offer the most precious bloodline of the Castell family and souls from other realms, praying for you to grant eternal youth and vitality to your humble servants..."

‘Hmm... This prayer... Seems... somewhat familiar...’

Just as Charlotte's consciousness began to blur, her vision suddenly brightened. Amidst crimson light, a series of ancient and strange characters slowly appeared before her eyes.

[Gospel of Blood detects an ongoing divine ritual—]

[Ritual Name: Blood Sacrifice Ritual]

[Offering: Charlotte de Castell]

[Sacrificer: Elaine de Castell]

[Recipient: Bloodborne Demon Archduke - Abaddon]

[Ritual Effect: Using one's bloodline as an offering, the sacrificer gains the power of their bloodline and life force, while the recipient gains their soul and memories.]

[Interception Probability Assessment: 100%]

[Would you like to intercept?]

Charlotte: ...