

Gospel of Blood

Chapter 3: Who the hell are you?!

The Golden Finger might be late, but It will never be absent. When she saw the novel-like dialog box in her field of vision, Charlotte knew that she had been saved. Me... being able to intercept the ritual of this old witch?

‘Intercept! It had to be intercepted!’

Charlotte, who was getting more and more exhausted, no longer had the extra energy to think more, she knew very well that she couldn't hold on any longer, and the breath of death was approaching. Charlotte made her choice without hesitation.

[Error]

[Interception..... Failed]

[Gospel information missing]

[Self-Repair initiated]

[Repair Completed.....]

[Owner of the Gospel].

[Please reformulate your unique symbol]

Charlotte:

The text continues to change, but the ritual does not stop. Charlotte feels as if she is connected to something. An illusory piece of parchment appeared in her vision, and various patterns changed within her mind.

‘Whew!’

‘Why is it so troublesome!’

Charlotte, who is getting more and more unfocused, is about to go crazy. She knew that if she didn't stop the sacrifice ritual, she would die.

Biting the tip of her tongue, she concentrated the last bit of her energy and casually imagined the thorn rose pattern on the top of the bed that greeted her every morning when she got up.

【Symbol Deployed】

【Interception Begins】

In a trance, Charlotte only feels a mysterious force suddenly acting on her body. In the sound of muffled prayers, her consciousness became clear again, and her vision changed miraculously.

Charlotte is "looking" at her surroundings again. However, it's no longer from Charlotte's point of view, but a bird's-eye view like an observer. She seems to have arrived in a majestic illusory castle, sitting high on the Throne of Blood, with a blood-colored ancient book floating in front of her.

Under the throne, the basement is in full view. The blood-colored magic circle, the chilling cross, the girl who is hung up, the crazy old woman who prayed feverishly. Everything seems to be crawling at her feet.

The countess in the middle of the magic circle keeps bowing, under Charlotte's gaze. It feels like... she worshipping Charlotte herself.

A strange condescending feeling like looking down on the ants appears in Charlotte's heart, making her feel that she is the master of everything.

A new dialog box slowly emerges -

[Successfully intercept the bloodline sacrifice ritual]

[The recipient of the ritual has been changed to: Charlotte de Castell]

[Shall the procedure be terminated or modified?]

Looking at the new text, the girl's eyes widened. Thinking back to the old witch's hideous smile just now, the aggrieved anger churned in her heart again. Charlotte did not hesitate and shouted in her consciousness.

"Modify! I want it to be modified!"

"Swap the offering with the sacrificer!"

"The offering is her, and the sacrificer is me!"

'Want to sacrifice my soul?'

'Dream on!'

'Let's see who sacrifices whom!'

.....

Countess Castell is thrilled. It's been a decade... She has been preparing for this day for a decade! As long as she completes this bloodline sacrifice ceremony, she will be able to successfully acquire the gifted bloodline of Castell family, bid farewell to old age, and regain her youth!

Not only that but as long as she successfully sacrifices this otherworldly soul, she is more likely to receive a gift from her Lord! That's the legendary Divine Grace! A divine grace that mortals dream of! Once obtained, she will possess incredible powers and become the legendary Apostle of the Gods!

Thinking of the bright future, the Countess of Castel became more and more excited.

"O Great Demonic Bloodborne Archduke! Cast your sights!"

She raised high the blood-colored page and called out feverishly. The magic circle shines brightly, and the blood-colored moonlight pours down, forming a crimson mist.

An ancient and vast aura slowly converged in the basement, as if some terrifying and mysterious existence traveled through countless time and space, casting its gaze at this moment.

'Here it comes!'

'The gaze of the gods is coming!'

The Countess's breathing turns heavy. She looks up with difficulty, looking through the layers of fog, her gaze more fanatic than ever. She saw amidst

the blood-colored mist, a majestic illusory throne was gradually conjured. Above the throne, scarlet light is gathering, as if an ancient and majestic existence is descending slowly.

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‘It's my Lord!’

‘My Lord's eyes are on me!’

The Countess' eyes widened, she held her breath, her face flushed, her whole body trembled, and her eyes were full of anticipation.

The brilliance gathers and condenses into a human form. And then— She saw a familiar petite figure...

The Countess:...

"Cha... Charlotte?!"

She was stunned. At the same time, Charlotte, who was sitting on the throne, smiled at her and spoke with her soothing and ethereal voice.

"My dear grandmother, your sacrifice..... I will take it."

The magic circle suddenly lit up, and crimson light rose into the sky.

In the countess' stunned gaze, blood-colored light instantly swallowed herself.

"Aaa——AAAAAAHHHHHHHH!"

Countess Castell let out a heart-rending wail of pain. Her already old body quickly aging and withering under the bloody glow.

At the same time, Charlotte on the cross feels an abundant warm current akin to rain after a long drought pouring into the wound in her lower abdomen. A warm and strange power continued to swim through her body, and the fatal wound quickly began to heal.

It's an amazing feeling, it's hard to put into words. If I really want to say it, it's like being in a warm and comfortable bath, and it's like the afterglow after some kind of intense workout. Refreshing, intoxicating, utterly captivating.

Charlotte seems to be a hungry glutton, greedily snatching and devouring everything from Countess Castell.

"Ahhhhh——!"

"No! No! Don't take away my power! Don't take away my power!"

"You... No way, who are you?! Who the hell are you?!"

Countess Castell screams frantically and struggles incessantly. However, the crimson light seems conscious and keeps imprisoning her to death. When the sacrifice ritual begins, it can never be stopped.

"Stop! Please stop!"

"Demon...! You damn demon!"

"My lord will not let you go! My lord will never let you go!"

.....

Gradually the voice of Countess Castell grew quieter and the movements of her struggle became weaker.

Finally, after about five minutes of being devoured, she lost her movement completely. Fear permeates the surroundings. The terrifying aura dissipated instantly and with a series of "popping" sounds, the living corpses of the maids and waiters who were kneeling around the circle fell to the ground one after another. As if they had lost the strength that supported themselves, they turned into ordinary rotten corpses.

In the circle, the light slowly fades away, revealing Countess Castell that were wrapped in it. She had been reduced to a dehydrated, dried corpse, her shriveled face still retained her horror and confusion.

The moonlight outside the skylight is obscured by the clouds again, and the magic circle on the ground is dimmed. In the entire basement, only Charlotte is left alive.

The wound on her abdomen has completely gone, not even a single scar remains, only the horrific bloodstains remained. And her expression is still a little intoxicated.

That wonderful devouring seems to be addictive, and the girl at this moment actually feels a strong sense of loss and unfulfillment. She felt as if she had taken some powerful tonic, her mind became faster and clearer than ever, and her body seemed to have an inexhaustible amount of energy, as if she could break free from the cross at any moment.

‘More...’

‘I still want more!’

Hunger and thirst which are difficult to describe in words along with strong addiction came to her heart. Charlotte swallows a mouthful of non-existent saliva, forcibly suppressing the throbbing that seemed to come from her body's instinct. She didn't like the feeling of being addicted to drugs.

Fortunately, the hunger and thirst only lasted for a moment before disappearing. She closes her eyes and lets out a long breath,

"Finally... It's over."

At this moment, the locked iron door of the basement is suddenly smashed open. In the stirring dust, four or five knights in black robes, armed with crosses and silver swords rush in.

The leader held up a parchment, and his voice was cold and serious.

"Countess Castell, we are the knights of the Order of Demon Hunters."

"Based on real-name report, we have reason to suspect that you have been contaminated as a bloodborne, and having relation to the bloodborne case in Boulder City during this time, and attempting to sacrifice your granddaughter, Charlotte de Castell, you..."

Before he could finish his words, the tragic scene in front of him directly stopped him. A huge blood-colored circle. Hundreds of corpses that have been decomposing for an unknown amount of time. Fallen in the circle, the corpse of a woman who could be vaguely identified as having the identity of a

noblewoman, and the beautiful girl on the blood-stained cross, covered in bruises, rags, and looks pitiful...

Seeing the stranger who broke into the basement, Charlotte was also slightly stunned.

However, she is quick to react. Misty tears instantly surge into her watery eyes, and the girl sobs in a weak, delicate and pitiful voice.

"Wuu uuuu uuaaa..."

"Painful... It's so painful..."

"Mister Knight..... I'm in so much pain, I'm so scared...."

"Woo woo woo"

"....."