

Gospel of Blood

Chapter 7: Body Examination

Dean Raoul's voice was gentle and soothing. Charlotte, however, felt increasingly nervous.

Ever since being rescued, she had harbored a doubt in her heart. That doubt was the fatal wound that had once pierced her abdomen. The wound had healed during the sacrifice, but the bloodstains and visceral fragments scattered on the ground during her injury were unmistakable.

There were too many clues to reconstruct the scene. A failed sacrifice, yet the sacrificial victim, fatally wounded, had survived—that was the biggest problem.

From last night until now, Charlotte had been pondering how to handle it. And in her mind, she had already formulated a corresponding rhetoric. Thinking of this, the girl took a deep breath, preparing to speak.

However, when she looked up, she suddenly felt a chill in her heart. Beside Dean Raoul, the female knight still looked at her calmly. Her gaze was as indifferent and icy as ever. Under the gaze, Charlotte, who was about to explain, had a feeling of being enveloped in surveillance.

No. Rather, it wasn't a feeling. It was a kind of intuition. And she believed in this intuition. Especially after becoming a member of the Bloodborne, her intuition seemed to have been greatly enhanced.

In the depths of her mind, Charlotte had a premonition... In the forthcoming speech, she must avoid telling lies!

Thinking of this, Charlotte squeezed the wound in her palm hard, and the intense pain immediately activated her tear glands. A mist spread over Charlotte's eyes, and she turned into that pitiful little cutie again.

"Monsters... I saw many, many monsters..."

"Grandma tied me up. She said she was going to sacrifice me to the Bloodborne Demon Archduke..."

"She turned into a monster... such a terrifying monster... sob, sob, sob..."

As she spoke, tears as big as pearls scattered like beads, pitiful and touching. Even Charlotte herself was surprised at how easily this body could cry. It had its power.

The expressionless female knight remained silent, while Dean Raoul's expression softened visibly.

"And... what about the wound on your body?"

The old priest asked again, his voice very soft.

"I... I heard her begging for mercy, and then... and then she died!"

"But my injuries healed..."

Charlotte huddled under the blanket, her face full of horror and confusion while saying that.

Any explanation or lie had its loopholes. The real rhetoric was to tell the truth but leave the other party without answers and unable to find fault. After waking up, Charlotte had been thinking about how to clear herself of suspicion in the death of Countess Castell. But later, she figured it out. Since she could still lie here as a patient, it meant she was temporarily safe.

If her guess was correct, there might be some unknown reason interfering with these people's judgment. Apart from the healed wound, these people probably had no evidence pointing to her as the one responsible for the changes in last night's sacrifice. At most, there were suspicions. Otherwise, they wouldn't be here asking her questions.

In this situation, the more one said, the more mistakes one made. It was better to speak some ambiguous truths, and she didn't need to find reasons to explain. After all, she was just a weak, pitiful, helpless, and young victim. What could a frightened little girl remember?

Dean Raoul pondered. He glanced at Captain Kara on the other side.

"The truth."

The female knight crossed her arms and said lightly.

Damn it! She really could distinguish between truth and falsehood!

Charlotte felt a mix of relief and wariness.

The old priest nodded.

"Alright, I've finished questioning. Kara, start the body examination and treatment."

The highlight is coming!

Charlotte's heart tensed. She raised her head and looked quietly at the female knight. Her heart, however, raced uncontrollably.

Could the countermeasure against divine magic succeed? Would there be any signs after triggering it? Would intercepting the divine ritual alert the other party? Would she be burned by divine light?

She didn't have answers to these questions... But now, she could only focus her energy on the Gospel of Blood in her consciousness.

Captain Kara came to Charlotte's side. One of her hands rested on Charlotte's head, while the other gripped the hilt of her sword. This was an extremely cautious demon hunter. Even now, she was ready to fight at any moment. Even in front of a delicate and beautiful, pitiful young girl.

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Charlotte held her breath, heightened her vigilance, and looked at the calloused and scarred palm. And Kara's gaze instantly became sharp, her dignified and cold voice resounding.

"Sacred... Fire!"

The sacred light flourished, blooming in the female knight's palm, quickly turning into golden flames, enveloping Charlotte.

Charlotte felt as if burning oil had been poured on her, an unprecedented pain erupted in both her physical and spiritual dimensions.

Bloody hell! It hurts, it hurts, it hurts, it hurts, it hurts!

Even though she was mentally prepared, Charlotte couldn't help but reveal a painful expression, almost jumping off the bed.

In an instant, Dean Raoul's face changed, and Kara's eyes turned cold as she drew her silver sword.

This is bad!

Charlotte's heart sank. However, just when she thought she was going to face a game over, the familiar crimson light finally burst forth before her eyes, and the ancient and strange characters slowly appeared:

["Gospel of Blood" detects an ongoing divine ritual—]

[Spell Name: Sacred Fire]

[Caster: Kara Duval]

[Recipient: Charlotte de Castell]

[Ritual Effect: The Sacred Fire of Lord Harald, capable of burning all entities marked as evil by the Holy Court to ashes; when the Sacred Fire acts on other entities, especially on the bodies of sacred believers, it will stimulate the target's physical potential, resulting in excellent healing effects.]

[Interception Probability Judgment: 90%]

[Proceed with interception?]

Finally, it's here!

Charlotte was both surprised and delighted.

"Intercept!"

Ignoring the 10% failure rate, she shouted in her heart without hesitation. Charlotte's luck wasn't bad. The moment she made the decision, the Bloodline Scripture in her consciousness suddenly radiated a crimson light. Charlotte

felt as if an invisible protective film had appeared on the surface of her body. Although she still felt hot and uncomfortable, the burning pain disappeared.

[Divine Fire successfully intercepted]

[Proceed to terminate or modify the ritual?]

"Modify! Modify the ritual judgment! Judge the recipient as not evil! Instead, a devout believer of the Holy Court!"

Charlotte commanded in her heart. Successfully intercepting the divine magic ritual was a big step towards victory. But it wasn't enough. Since she was going to be investigated, she wanted to take this opportunity to completely clear herself of suspicion, especially the suspicion of being a member of the Bloodline. And the best way to do that was to let the Church personnel handle it personally.

Ask yourself, what identity would make the Church feel more at ease than a devout believer of the Holy Court?

With Charlotte's command, the Gospel of Blood in her consciousness once again shone brightly, and its hidden rhythm acted on her body. In Charlotte's perception, the Sacred Fire enveloping her suddenly underwent a miraculous change.

It was still "fire". But in Charlotte's perception, it was no longer scorching hot, but gentle like a breeze. It was like the sunlight in spring shining on her body. Charlotte felt a warm power surging into her body, stimulating her physical potential and repairing her injuries.

At the same time, Charlotte also noticed that the Gospel in her consciousness emitted a faint halo, seemingly absorbing the power of the Sacred Fire. The scripture opened on its own, and the golden characters on it flickered slightly. And on the opposite side of the title page, the "Blood Summoning" section, the "Cooldown" rate, was no longer a gray 0%, but slowly increasing...

1%, 2%, 3%...

Charlotte's spirits lifted. She never expected that after modifying the judgment of the Sacred Fire, this divine magic could still energize her scripture!

Excitement spread. She was not afraid anymore but hoped that the other party's divine magic would last longer, so she could absorb more wool to replenish her scripture...

The joyful and enjoyable expression didn't need to be hidden. Moreover, Charlotte deliberately acted more exaggeratedly, showing a fanatical and devout appearance, pushing the boat along and praising the Sacred fervently. Seriously, Oscar really owed her a little golden man.

Seeing the radiant Sacred Fire enveloping Charlotte and the girl's excited and fanatical expression, Dean Raoul's expression gradually relaxed, and Captain Kara quietly put down the silver sword she had raised. Charlotte knew she had passed the test.