

Gospel of Blood

Chapter 8: Mysterious Symbol

"Your dark corruption has been purified, but your injuries have not fully healed yet. You need to rest quietly for the next steps."

"Although the treatment effect of Sacred Fire is good, you are still young and should not rely on it too much, as it will consume your body's potential."

"For the next few days, you can eat more meat products to replenish your nutrition."

"If necessary, you can ask Lottie to perform Sacred Healing to accelerate the healing of your wounds."

"Lottie is my student, and her Sacred Healing skills are superb. Although not as good as Kara's, they are much gentler."

"Oh, by the way, Miss Charlotte, have you heard of Sacred Healing?"

The physical examination ended, and Dean Raoul stood kindly by the bedside, chatting with Charlotte incessantly. At first, he advised on dietary and treatment matters during the wound recovery period. But as he talked about Sacred Healing, it seemed like he opened some kind of wonderful switch, becoming a chatterbox like a machine gun, incessantly talking about various divine medical techniques to treat injuries.

From discussing the efficacy of Sacred Healing to its origins, then from its origins to the developers of divine magic. From the developers of divine magic to the history of the Holy Court, and from the history of the Holy Court to the customs of the continent...

At this moment, Charlotte somewhat understood why Lottie, who took care of her, liked to educate and chat so much. It turned out to be passed down from master to disciple.

Raoul kept talking. Charlotte listened obediently. Sometimes, she even made a curious baby-like expression, skillfully acting cute while fishing for

information. She also hoped to learn more about the common knowledge of this world. After all, her original memories about this aspect were completely blank. This world was not ordinary at all.

During the three days since she transmigrated, Charlotte felt enlightened because her original grandmother had never taught her this common knowledge, only some noble etiquette. Oh, wait. Noble etiquette was also taught by the steward. She hadn't turned into a zombie back then.

Speaking of which, this world is called Myria, a world with gods and extraordinary beings. The gods protect all living beings, forming beliefs and differentiating into various churches. The extraordinary beings rule the world, establishing countries for the powerful and the noble.

Charlotte was in a feudal kingdom called the Crescent Kingdom in the western part of the continent. The title she was to inherit was the Countess of Castell, and her lord was Duke Boulder of the Kingdom's Nine Dukes.

By the way, in history, the Crescent Kingdom was once subverted by the Bloodborne, so the entire kingdom, from top to bottom, was very vigilant against the Bloodborne. The nobles control the extraordinary power, firm and deeply rooted in people's hearts, but they also have to yield to faith.

The Gods are the masters of all things, and faith is the foundation of everything. The power of the extraordinary comes from the Gods, and the power of kingship is also blessed by the Gods, all glory belongs to the Gods. The Holy Court is the largest church force in the world of Myria, a multi-god faith centered around the Lord Harald, the Creator God.

Charlotte listened attentively to Dean Raoul's education. This knowledge was essential for her to quickly familiarize herself with this world. However, she did not fully accept all the knowledge that the old priest talked about.

Dean Raoul always kept mentioning Lord Harald, obviously having his own biases. Although there were indeed gods in this world, having studied the history of Earth, Charlotte knew what kind of goods religions were, and the words of this old priest were definitely beautified.

But it didn't matter, Charlotte only needed to get a general idea. What Dean Raoul talked about was much richer than the memories she inherited. It even made Charlotte somewhat doubt whether the original owner had been kept as

a canary in the manor all these years... She didn't even know about the currency units!

When she heard something interesting, Charlotte even took the initiative to ask some deeper questions, making Dean Raoul's eyes light up, and his enthusiasm increased even more. The old priest enthusiastically educated, gradually shifting the topic to the doctrine of the Holy Court.

It was different when he began talking about doctrine. At this moment, Dean Raoul seemed to transform into an old scholar reciting scriptures. Although he looked enthusiastic and excited, the content he spoke of became boring and sleepy, making people want to doze off.

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It's not that he didn't speak well. It's just that for Charlotte, who had a preconceived notion and was an absolute atheist, it was like talking to a brick wall.

Charlotte felt dizzy listening, completely losing her previous interest. But she still had to pull herself together and listen attentively, showing a respectful and fanatical expression. There was no other way. After all, she had just modified the ritual to designate herself as a devout believer of the Holy Court.

This was a really painful process. She felt like she was the Monkey King with a tight headband around her head. The kind-looking old priest in front of her slowly overlapped with Master Sanzang in movies and TV shows. The tall priest's hat was the Five Tathagatas, his priestly robe was the kasaya, and the priest's staff in his hand was the Zen stick... It's really... too alike!

Charlotte felt drowsy listening, but the old priest became more and more enthusiastic. He became more and more excited as he spoke, and finally, he even grabbed Charlotte's hand and started preaching on the spot, asking if Charlotte had any interest in joining the church and becoming a probationary priest...

"How about it? Miss Charlotte, your faith is so devout, I can serve as your introducer and recommend you to enter the church school for further study."

Charlotte instantly woke up. Listening to the doctrine was okay. But if she really became a priest, that would be too stimulating.

A weak and helpless newborn bloodborne believing in a god-centered religion aiming to eradicate evil? Isn't this seeking death?

Although for a moment she was also a little tempted, after all, after joining the church, she would have the opportunity to continue to leech energy during the ritual... But Charlotte remained relatively calm.

The power of Divine Ritual Counter had its limits. Deceiving a divine ritual and becoming a priest were not the same thing. Charlotte could deceive the Sacred Fire, but she couldn't use the Sacred Fire. If she really joined the church, she might be exposed in front of more powerful priests!

Moreover, becoming a priest might also bring disputes over her inheritance rights to the territory. The risks... were too great. However, directly refusing seemed to contradict the devout believer persona that Charlotte had just established. Charlotte was caught in a dilemma.

"Raoul, it's time to go."

The female knight glanced coldly at the old priest. Her cold and indifferent voice, at this moment, sounded so pleasant to Charlotte's ears. Dean Raoul was slightly stunned, only then realizing that he had gotten a little carried away.

"Sorry, ahem, I got a little carried away."

His old face turned red, and he cleared his throat, returning to the dignified appearance of a respected elder, kindly saying:

"Miss Charlotte, thank you very much for your cooperation. Please rest well, and please consider my proposal."

"May the Lord be with you, and I wish you a speedy recovery and discharge from the hospital."

After saying that, he drew a cross on his chest, and together with the female knight, turned to leave. However, just as he took a step, he stopped again.

"Oh, right, there's one more thing."

Dean Raoul slapped his forehead. He took out a piece of parchment from his pocket and unfolded it in front of Charlotte, solemnly asking.

"Miss Charlotte, have you seen this symbol before?"

Charlotte's heart tightened when she looked over. On the parchment, there was the thorn rose pattern she imagined last night when intercepting the sacrifice.