

## Civilization 114

### Chapter 114 The End of the Year 1482: Under the Protection of the Ancestral God - Part 3

Everyone's gaze then focused on Paulo. Unable to contain himself any longer, Bruno finally spoke up, "Honorable High Priest, please help my companions heal from the curse on their bodies!"

The Voodoo High Priest nodded slightly, and the masked Priest stepped forward, grabbed Paulo forcefully with both hands, and placed him in front of the High Priest. As Paulo trembled and flailed about, the High Priest slightly furrowed her brow. She opened the Voodoo Box, took out a small clay jar, pinched a bit of powder with her fingertips, and gently sprinkled it into the shrieking Paulo's mouth.

Almost visibly to the naked eye, Paulo quickly quieted down. A smile emerged on his fierce face as he once again fell into a deep sleep. The tribal warriors all bowed their heads in fear, and Bruno, too, felt a shiver in his heart.

This was a specially made Zombie Powder by Voodoo, mainly consisting of extracted pufferfish toxin and Mandragora juice. It also included powdered baby skulls, ground lizards and worms, and venomous liquid from toads' backs. These powerful neurotoxins and physical toxins, when properly proportioned, could achieve effects like poisoning, numbing, paralysis, feigning death, sedation, sleep aid, and pain relief.

Of course, only seasoned Priests could master the specific ratios, and usually, the fresher the ingredients, the more potent the powder's effect. On the vast land of Africa, there was never a shortage of miraculous animals and plants.

The Voodoo High Priest extended her withered arm, lifted the sleeping head of Paulo, used her finger to flip open the sailor's eyelid, and carefully observed the whitened retina. She gently shook her head.

"The Lord's power has invaded his mind. He hasn't survived the Lord's test. This man is beyond saving," she said.

With that, the High Priest placed Paulo on the ground. After thinking for a moment, she took out a sharp Sacrificial Dagger and accurately found a vein on Paulo's arm, making a small incision. Blood immediately started to seep from the cut. Witnessing this, Bruno felt an impulse to rush forward to stop Satan's Apostle, but quickly lost the courage to confront her.

The High Priest pulled over Paulo's arm and gently licked the blood from the wound with her aged tongue.

"Hmm? This taste..."

A hint of surprise appeared on the High Priest's aged face.

After a moment of thought, she looked around at the foreign people and noticed the trembling Yue Translator. She smiled kindly.

"Child, come here, let me taste you."

With accumulated knowledge over time, the High Priest could now speak the Yue language directly.

The Yue Translator suddenly lost his strength and fell to his knees. Trembling like a leaf, he still obeyed the High Priest's command and crawled to her feet. Suddenly, he seemed to remember something, tore off the cross on his chest, then bowed his head to the ground, offering total submission.

The Voodoo High Priest dipped her finger in some Zombie Powder, gently lifted the Yue Translator's head, and smeared a bit at his nose. Soon, the Yue Translator stopped trembling. He remained conscious, his face breaking into a joyous smile, compliantly allowing the High Priest to manipulate him.

The Voodoo High Priest grabbed the Yue Translator's arm, made a precise cut just as she had done with Paulo. Red blood slowly seeped out, and the aged tongue once again savored it, carefully discerning the taste.

"Hmm, these foreigners... they really are different from us..."

The Voodoo High Priest then looked kindly at the Yue Translator.

"Child, how long have you been on this land?"

"The days of two palms..." the Yue Translator answered submissively.

"Is that so? Is it like that?... So quickly... It seems they really are different..." the Voodoo High Priest mused with a meaningful smile.

The Voodoo High Priest waved her hand, allowing the Yue Translator to return. He retreated on his knees until he stopped by Bruno's side. Bruno shivered within, praying for the Lord's power to protect him from the manipulation of Satan's Apostle.

Next, the Voodoo High Priest beckoned, instructing the Priest to bring the other foreigners one by one. She tasted each foreigner's blood, her eyes growing increasingly bright. Until it was Bruno's turn.

"Child, you are very healthy! The Lord has not chosen you." The High Priest looked kindly at Bruno, sniffing his scent while the Yue Translator obediently translated nearby.

Bruno trembled, managing to endure the wet disgust of the tongue licking his arm. The Lord still gave him courage, and he bravely and stubbornly met Satan's Apostle's gaze.

"Your three companions have not survived the Lord's test, the Lord's power has invaded their brains. They are beyond help, leave them behind. The rest of you are still in the midst of a life-and-death test. Here is a Potion, drink it and you will be temporarily safe for a week. Go now, and do not return. In any case, the Lord's test will ultimately come until you die, or merge with it!"

The Voodoo High Priest looked kindly at Bruno, who carried the Heavenly Divine's greetings, temporarily delaying the Lord's arrival. But on this land, everyone must undergo the Lord's test, death or life, with no escape!

"Your three companions have been chosen by Satan, Satan's power has made them completely corrupt. They are beyond help, their souls must be sacrificed to the Demon. The rest are also eroding in the Demon's power. Here is the Demon's Potion, which will preserve your safety for a week. Leave the Demon's land, do not come back. As long as you are on the Demon's land, you will inevitably be eroded by Satan's power, either to die or fall and become the Citizens of the Demon!"