

Civilization 115

Chapter 115 The End of the Year 1482 Part 4 - Ancestral God's Blessing

When the translation reached Bruno's ears, he once again interpreted everything according to his own perception. His body trembled, fear surged from deep within his heart, and he reluctantly took the Voodoo Priest's potion, then staggered backward.

Bruno conveyed his understanding to everyone, and the sailors looked in horror at the three peacefully lying sailors on the ground, then at the Devil's Potion in Bruno's hand with complex expressions. After a moment of hesitation, the remaining five sailors still drank the emerald potion one after another, a strange taste spreading out that relaxed their expressions.

The sailors then immediately prepared to leave, but Bruno remembered something and turned back.

"I will take my brothers' belongings."

The Voodoo High Priest nodded kindly.

Only then did Bruno step forward. He forcefully pulled apart Paulo's arms crossed in front of his chest, reached into his good brother's chest and searched repeatedly, finally pulling out two pure gold bracelets, a piece of ivory, and a glittering peacock stone.

The other sailors also came to a realization, and they took the belongings of the remaining two sleeping sailors.

"Paulo, my brother! Rest assured, I will find your sister and take good care of her, if she is still alive." Bruno made a fraternal pledge to Paulo, took one last look at his brother's peaceful sleeping face, and turned to leave.

The sailors almost fled, sprinting away from the Temple. The tribal Translator also quietly slipped away with them. As they left the Temple and saw the sunlight, Bruno devoutly prayed and promised inwardly.

"Meu deus! Almighty Lord! Please forgive our sins and save us from the fires of Hell. Take the souls of everyone, especially those who need Your mercy, to Heaven! I will definitely return with divine power, send Satan's Angel Envoy to Hell forever, and let the devil's land be purified in flames! Tenho saudades! I miss you! Farewell, my brother."

Watching the fleeing foreigners and recalling the bloodstained gold bracelets, the Voodoo High Priest frowned. She sensed an ominous sign.

"Prepare the Altar, I need to conduct a sacrificial divination, to ask the great ancestral gods about the future!" the High Priest commanded her subordinates.

The priests with the bright red masks respectfully saluted. They each took a basket of monkeys, gorillas, and leopards' skulls, then went outside to provide more mana mediums for the Altar.

At this moment, King Nzinga Mbemba, who had been silently observing, finally spoke up.

"Respected Voodoo High Priest, what exactly are the ancestral gods?"

The Voodoo High Priest smiled kindly.

"The ancestral gods are the lords of this land, present with us for tens of thousands of years. Invisible and intangible, yet they are always by our side. The ancestral gods bestow boundless strength, giving us trials of life and death, evolving our flesh, our blood, and our spirits in these trials. The ancestral gods are one with us!

The ancestral gods test us mercilessly, yet also mercifully protect us. They have bestowed an endless barrier on this warm land, eternally promising the land to Their children. Under the scorching sun, those pale-skinned foreigners cannot stay long, for their bodies cannot survive the trials of the ancestral gods, this is the land granted to us by the gods!"

With that, the Voodoo High Priest stood up, holding the Human Bone Staff and wielding the powerful Voodoo Box, and slowly walked towards the Altar outside the great hall. The Temple priests stripped off the clothes of the three foreign men, then directed the revived corpses. These expressionless strong men then slowly lifted the unconscious naked foreigners, closely following behind the High Priest.

The King also followed silently with the Samurai.

The Altar had already been cleaned, the black goat had been removed, and the base was filled with various animal skulls. The masked priests directed the revived corpses to place one unconscious pale-skinned foreigner on top of the Altar.

The Voodoo High Priest opened the Voodoo Box, gently took out a bottle of powder, and poured it onto her right hand. The powder was made from male mosquitoes and added with unknown Herbs.

The Voodoo High Priest stretched her right hand towards the sky, and countless bloodthirsty female mosquitoes converged. Her right hand was instantly covered by mosquitoes, and more mosquitoes gathered around her, forming a visible black mist. These mosquitoes were unexpectedly gentle, not sucking blood, but peacefully accompanying the High Priest. The whirling of the mosquito swarm created a breeze that fluttered the High Priest's Vestment robe, as if accompanying God's envoy.

The King and Samurai bowed their heads in fear, saluting the Voodoo High Priest. The High Priest's voice seemed to come from a distant wind.

"Behold, these beautiful spirits, these messengers of the ancestral gods. In the warm sunlight, by the calm waters, countless spirits protect us, guarding the land of the ancestral gods. They are so benevolent, bringing trials from the ancestral gods to everyone, letting the citizens of the gods stay while taking the foreigners away forever. The spirits tirelessly guard our land!"

An unusually radiant smile appeared on the aged face of the Voodoo High Priest. She drank a bottle of Divination Potion in one gulp, the hallucinogenic mushrooms and Herbs starting to blur her vision, and the swarm of mosquitoes formed strange and ambiguous shapes.

"Begin!" the High Priest softly called.

The Voodoo Priest with the red mask did not hesitate to lift the Sacrificial Dagger, and carved marks on the face, arms, chest, and thighs of the first pale-skinned foreigner. The scent of blood instantly diffused.