

## Civilization 102

### Chapter 102 - The End of the Year 1482 - The Discovery of Congo\_2

"Look at those melancholic eyes, that profound visage, with a touch of sadness in his tone, he really is the perfect Portuguese man. If my sister weren't married, I'd definitely shove her at the captain. She would go crazy!"

"Dream on! The respected captain Diogo Cao is the illegitimate son of the noble Lord Gonçalves Cao of the royal household. He's a true descendant of the nobility, how could he possibly marry a common girl without a surname!"

Paulo curled his lip, knowing this was unrealistic. "Aren't you also a noble with a surname, mixing with a commoner like me?"

"How can we compare." Bruno Cao gave a wry smile, "Although we're from the same family, my grandfather died in war against the Moors long ago, and my father is a poor and destitute bastard. All I have is this set of clothes handed down from my grandfather. Right, let go! Don't ruin my clothes."

"So it is. Well, if my sister weren't married, it wouldn't be too bad to match her with you. You're actually quite alright. And, by the way, she's very beautiful!" Paulo glanced at Bruno and murmured softly.

Bruno was momentarily startled, seemingly touched for a moment. Then, with a skeptical look, he observed Paulo's sturdy face: "Does your sister look like you?"

"How could that be! She is the most beautiful girl in the town of Faro on the southern coast. Of course, like me, she also has a bit of Moorish blood."

Bruno rubbed his bearded chin with his hand, not at all averse to the appearance of the Moors, even finding it more delicate than the rough girls of Iberia.

"Damn, but you just said she's already married!?"

"Yeah, she did get married to the town's blacksmith and had two kids, a boy and a girl."

"Then why mention it!" Bruno glared angrily.

"Ah, fodesse! Dead, they're all dead. There were wars over the past few years, and then the Black Death spread to the south. My sister's husband died, my nephew died, my niece died, they all died. Only my sister survived. Tenho saudades! I miss those two children." Paulo heaved a sigh, his fierce sailor's visage heavy with sorrow.

Remembering the horrifying Black Death, that wave after wave of harvesting lives. Silence fell upon the two of them; they both had loved ones perish in it, as did all Europeans!

They immersed themselves in the sentimental melancholy that was all too common among Portuguese people.

"Holy Mother, bless us! Tenho saudades!" Bruno made the sign of the cross, then asked, "So how is your sister now?"

"Fodessa! Right now, she wears black veils all day, hiding alone in her house in town, not willing to see anyone. I'm a bit worried, thinking it might be better to marry her off." Paulo's muscular face was etched with worry.

"Hiding alone in town!? She must be very careful then." Bruno also expressed concern for Paulo's sister.

"The Inquisition is hunting witches everywhere. A single woman like her, whose husband and children have died, and still surviving, could easily be targeted by the Inquisition. If any neighbors report her, and those mad dogs come knocking, not even the Almighty Lord can save her, for sure she'd be sent to the stake."

Thinking about the cruelty of the Inquisition, both shuddered and fell silent again.

After a moment, Bruno suggested.

"I live in the Civilian District of the capital, Lisbon. The capital is a big city with seventy thousand people! Everyday it's bustling with people, and merchants from every kingdom. People don't know each other, nor care about each other. On this expedition, save up a bit of money, buy a house near mine, then bring your sister over to stay with me. I can take care of you both."

"Haha, brother Bruno, that's exactly what I've been waiting to hear! Don't worry, I've been saving the money for a long time."

The rugged sailor Paulo broke into a bright smile, patting the curved sword at his waist, then pulling out two blood-stained gold bracelets from his chest.

"When we first got to the Gold Coast, I saw the natives had lots of gold. We didn't have time to look around then because of the tight schedule. When we stopped in Ghana to build Elmina Castle, I made time to go out with the sailors, sacked two native villages, they're weaker than the Moors!"

"See these two, big gold bracelets? They were on the highest-ranking old woman in the village. As soon as we got there, I spotted them, charged over and with two swift slashes, chopped off the obstructing parts, and no other sailor could outdo me!" Paulo continued with a wide grin.

Hearing this, Bruno was somewhat shocked, and asked urgently, "Did any of them escape? We haven't secured our footing on the Gold Coast yet, don't attract strong tribes."

"Fodesse! How could they. It's not the first time for us, my mates are very adept now. Old, young, dead, alive, not even a chicken could escape, and in the end, we just piled them up and set them on fire!" Paulo's face remained brightly lit.

Bruno finally breathed a sigh of relief. "Good, after all, the Pope said that a dead heathen is a good heathen, killing them is also contributing to the Lord."

Then, looking at the gold bracelets in Paulo's hand, Bruno's pupils reflected a greedy gleam for the gold.

"Is this real gold? So big?"

"It's real, I've bitten and tested it myself. When I return, I'll take my sister to find you in Lisbon and buy a big new house." Paulo smiled naively, looking forward to a beautiful life in the future.

"Tenho saudades! I miss you! I can't believe I missed the opportunity to get rich!" Bruno sank back into his genuine melancholy. Then he thought of something and looked eagerly at Paulo.