

Civilization 108

Chapter 108 - The End of 1482 - The Kingdom of King John

The Caravel sailed upstream to explore this ancient continent that hadn't changed for a million years. It represented the Westerners rediscovering and occupying the world. A new geographical discovery also meant a new geographical possession.

Bruno looked around at both banks, where endless dense rainforests lined the shore. Hidden within the rainforest were disappearing smoke from cooking fires, various exotic plants and wild animals, swarms of mosquitoes, and faint peering eyes.

The native villagers watching them were mostly wearing simple grass skirts and headbands with unclear meanings, holding iron farming tools or weapons in their hands. They curiously watched the big ship and the pale-skinned people on it, unaware of what their arrival truly meant.

The sailboat returned to the riverside village, where the native samurai and warriors had already dispersed. Paulo was fiercely staring at the nearby village.

"Fodesse! The feather-headed Samurai are gone. Brother Bruno, let's go ashore!"

His face was somewhat pale, as he had been inexplicably suffering from a low fever and chills recently. Still, a heart longing for a happy life was eagerly trying it cruelly.

"Paulo, you rest for a while. Half of the sailors on the ship have not been feeling well recently. We only have twenty people in total; it's better to be cautious."

Bunoru shook his head. The only reason preventing them from taking action was the stark disparity in strength.

"Fodesse! Tenho saudades!" Paulo helplessly looked at the riverside village, where many tempting golden glimmers were visible but out of reach. He was melancholic.

The journey of the ship continued upstream. Two days later, the terrain gradually rose, and it seemed to be a highland upstream. The jungles on both banks were a bit sparser, and the villages were more densely packed, where simply dressed natives casually worked in the fields. By noon, many people would hide in the woods and by the river to avoid the scorching sun, clumsily grabbing and eating insects, bananas, and tropical fruits with their hands.

The big ship on the river also attracted more attention from the tribe's warriors, who followed the ship upstream, shouting at the pale-skinned people on board. Receiving no response, the elite native Samurai pulled out their bows and futilely shot iron arrows at the big ship hundreds of meters away.

The Caravel might have entered an important area as more tribal warriors gathered along the riverbank. Bunoru counted them, and the number of young warriors with wooden shields and iron spears had reached two to three hundred, with over forty veteran Samurai wearing chicken feathers.

Watching the hundreds of warriors gathered on the riverbank, a flickering iron cold light, Paulo suddenly shivered. His body was somewhat weak and he also had a headache. The natives in front of him had already exceeded the exploration team's ability to cope.

Soon, upstream in the river, more than a dozen small boats appeared. They were only a quarter the height of the Caravel, each carrying five or six warriors. These boats were not a significant threat to the

Caravel, unless many besieging boats slowed down the ship, forcing it to engage in hand-to-hand fighting.

Bruno remained cautious and careful. He sent the Yue Translator with the most sensible sailor out on a dinghy, also having them carry gifts of glass beads to express the explorers' goodwill.

Soon, the dinghy with the translator and the sailor returned, also bringing back a brightly-dressed native Samurai. He wore a bright red headband, a gorgeous yellow robe, a necklace of rubies around his neck, and a chest bound with crossed blue straps, symbolizing nobility. He came with empty hands showing goodwill, but had a Greatbow, two iron spears, and an iron Dagger on his back.

Bruno's gaze was immediately drawn to the ruby necklace. He quickly figured out that this necklace was worth a country manor or a large house in the Lisbon district. With enough wealth, he could return to high society, enjoying lavish parties, subservient servants, and the comforts of hunting on horseback.

"Noble foreigner, ahead is the sacred dwelling of Mwene Congo's descendants, the Heavenly Divine. You cannot go further. If you wish to see the great Mwene Congo, you must disembark and walk under the Samurai's guidance!" the noble native Samurai declared loudly, with the Yue Translator struggling to interpret beside him.

Bunoru considered for a moment, then took Paulo and the ten best fighters among the sailors. He left the remaining nine people to man the ship, which they stationed in the widest part of the river just in case.

The Congolese were very friendly. Native canoe drivers brought roasted beans and fresh bananas to the sailors on the ship. In return, the sailors gifted shiny glass globes and some carved small wooden crosses. Both sides got along very harmoniously.

"What is this cross?" the noble native Samurai curiously looked at the small item in his hand. He also noticed a similar object on Bruno's neck, but his was made of silver.

"This is the redemption of Lord Christ! It is the holy Divine Son who carried the cross to redeem His own people. It will save our souls. Faith in the Lord is the only righteous path! Our mission is also to go to the East to seek out the Kingdom of John that believes in the Cross!"

Surrounded by hundreds of tribal warriors, Bunoru patiently explained the faith of the Cross to the pagan Samurai. The Yue Translator scratched his head; he also wore a wooden cross around his neck and tried hard to relay his understanding of it.