

Civilization 109

Chapter 109 The End of 1482 Part 3 - The Kingdom of King John_2

"This is the Cross Pillar Heavenly Divine's Magic Artifact! It was forged by the Heavenly Divine's son with his own Holy Blood before his death, a soul artifact. It can protect your spirit from Voodoo, preventing it from being absorbed by a Voodoo Priest. The Mana of the Cross Pillar Heavenly Divine is boundless! We too are on our way to the East, in search of another tribe that worships the Cross Pillar Heavenly Divine!"

So it was a soul artifact! The noble native Samurai instantly became reverent, equating the cross with the Skull Ritual Artifact and the Voodoo Doll in the hands of the Voodoo Priest. The fear of the Voodoo Priest's Soul-capturing Technique had long been deeply buried in the heart of every Central and West African native.

After pondering for a moment, the native Samurai carefully tucked the cross inside the inner pocket of his clothes and shut his mouth, saying no more.

The journey continued for several more days, with Paulo becoming increasingly listless. He would intermittently run fevers or feel cold, his condition visibly weakened.

The group traveled along the paths through the jungle, heading deeper into the East. Finally, one day, a tall flat-topped mountain appeared in the distance. From the base to the summit of the mountain, one could vaguely see a vast city.

"Fodesse! Truly the land of demons!" The fever came upon him again, and Paulo wiped the sweat from his face. Even as strong as he was, he was now struggling to endure.

"Yes, it's really too hot." Bruno also wiped the sweat from his forehead. The sun in Central Africa was so scorching, it felt as if it were cooking him. "Fortunately, we have finally arrived! Mbanza Kongo!"

Mbanza Kongo was such a massive city, teeming with wooden buildings and caves carved from the mountainside, with streams of residents in brightly colored attire bustling about. Occasionally, one could see domesticated elephants. It was perhaps the largest town below the Equator in Africa.

Bruno roughly estimated the size of the city, reckoning it to be upward of thirty thousand people—nearly half of Lisbon! He followed the noble native Samurai, astonished, through the bustling crowd to the central Royal Palace, where hundreds of strong native Samurai stood guard.

The Royal Palace was the tallest stone structure in the city, atop the mountain. The stone walls were carved with various strange patterns and painted with twisted red and yellow square designs. The tops of the walls were also adorned with the skulls of various animals, especially those of lions and tigers, which were the largest and most numerous, seemingly a way to proclaim authority.

Looking at the rows upon rows of dense animal skulls and hollow eyes, Bruno and Paulo both shivered simultaneously.

"Fodesse! Truly the land of a powerful demonic tribe!" Paulo cursed softly, and then glanced at the hundreds of feather-wielding Samurai ahead, shivering once again.

Bruno also nodded in agreement. After waiting for a while, the noble native Samurai came out again, leading the foreigners and the native Translator inside; the King had long been informed of their arrival.

Upon entering the palace, both Bruno and Paulo's gaze were immediately drawn to a huge Ruby Crown, and they inadvertently overlooked the middle-aged black-skinned King beneath the crown.

The design of the Ruby Crown resembled that of an upside-down giant conch shell, stacked layer upon layer, each layer with a base of silver, edged with gold, a ruby in the center, and surrounded by a dense ring of malachite. The Congo region was rich in green malachite, making emeralds commonplace here, which only made rubies appear more prestigious.

The value of the Ruby Crown completely exceeded Bruno's comprehension of price. He did not know how much it was worth, but it was certainly worth a fortune.

"Fodesse! Tenho saudades! Truly a rich native tribe, if only not so mighty." For the first time, Bruno, born into Nobility, used vulgar language. His heart was tumultuous, his face full of astonishment.

The King on the throne watched with satisfaction as the foreigners displayed shocked expressions. Mwene Kongo was the lord of a vast land, and his authority was unquestioned.

It took a while for Bruno to recover from his astonishment, and he looked towards the King opposite him.

The King had dark skin, sharp eyes, and was in his thirties or forties, draped in a luxurious Phoenician purple robe. On his arms, he wore gemstone-studded golden armlets, and likewise on his legs. He held a gemstone-studded Long Spear in his hand and a finely crafted sword at his waist. Around him were hundreds of elite Samurai arranged in order.

Seeing the sword, Long Spears, and Samurai, Bruno fully regained his senses. He placed a hand on his chest, bowed, and respectfully performed the greeting of Nobility.

"Under the grace of the Almighty God, in the name of the great King of Portugal and the Algarve, the upright and kind Joao II, I, the son of the Royal Family nobleman Bruno Cao, pay homage to the great Congo King, powerful and wealthy benefactor!"

The native Translator nodded; he had long been preparing for the audience with the Great Chief. Opposite him was another translator familiar with the native language, and the two Translators exchanged greetings. They were the bridge for the first communication between the Kingdom of Portugal and the Kingdom of Congo.

"Under the protection of the Cross Pillar Heavenly Divine, in the name of the lord of the land rich in fine wine from the frost-free harbor, the guest-loving Chieftain of Porto, son of Joao, I, Bruno Cao, who bears a noble mother, offer my sincere submission to the Divine-favored Mwene Kongo, the lord of one hundred thousand square kilometers of land and the leader of a hundred battalions of Samurai, the Great Chief Nzinga Mbemba, and I humbly present tribute!"

At this time, the Congo Tribes still held strong matrilineal remnants, with females holding a very noble status. They served as Priests, Chieftains, and even as co-ruling Queens, just like Nzinga Mbemba's mother and wife.