

Civilization 111

Chapter 111 The End of 1482 Part 3 - The Kingdom of King John_4

Bruno resided in an annex of the Royal Palace, continuing his discourse with the powerful King while proclaiming the might and mercy of the Lord. He sent a sailor to notify the ship. The rest would stay here for two days, which would also allow the ailing Paulo and several sailors to properly rest.

"You mean to say, in your tribes, the Great Chief is always male, and the position of honor can be passed down to his sons and grandsons?" King Nzinga Mbemba asked with astonishment in the stone grand hall.

Upon hearing the Translator's words, Bruno nodded; the transfer of feudal kingly power was mostly to direct male descendants.

"You also mentioned that, in your Stone Cross Pillar tribe, the High Priest cannot control the affairs of the tribe, and the Great Chief does not need the priests to vote for his election?" The King still could not believe it with amazement.

Bruno continued nodding, thinking it primitive and backward that the tribes here still used an abandoned system of elder democratic elections and had not embraced the centralized royal authority.

King Nzinga Mbemba's eyes sparkled as he pondered the doctrine of the Heavenly Divine of the Stone Cross Pillar, feeling that it indeed seemed much more merciful compared to the dread of voodoo idolatry.

At that moment, a boy dressed in luxurious clothes ran over. His skin was dark and he was exceptionally lively. He had bright, curious eyes that showed his strong inquisitiveness. King Nzinga Mbemba affectionately placed his hand on the boy's head.

"Father, I heard that some white-skinned foreigners came today?! Ah, so white!"

The boy exclaimed in surprise at Bruno's flour-like skin and was about to reach out to touch it.

Bruno felt a stir in his heart. Looking at the boy's delicate face and garments, he gave a sincere smile, extended his fair hand, and amiably grasped the boy's dark hand in his.

"Who is this little angel?"

"This is my beloved eldest son, the future heir to the nation, Mpemba Kasi!" The King's face also showed a sincere smile. He loved his eldest son and longed for him to succeed the throne smoothly.

Bruno understood. Biting his lip, he reluctantly removed the silver cross necklace from around his neck. Glancing at the smiling and nodding King, he placed the silver cross necklace around Mpemba Kasi's neck.

"Blessed by the Holy Mother!" Bruno made a sign of the cross over his chest, "This child will surely become a great, merciful, and holy King in the future!"

The King looked at the silver cross with a meaningful smile. The little boy curiously examined the silver cross around his neck and happily smiled as well.

"Mpemba Kasi." Bruno mused over the name in his mind, not knowing why, but he was reminded of the late King Afonso of Portugal.

Two more days passed, and Bruno took care of three sailors who were completely bedridden in the private annex of the Congo monarch. After two days of torment, the once fierce sailor Paulo was unrecognizable in his illness.

Paulo lay in bed in extreme pain, writhing and convulsing unconsciously. His face was flushed, his breathing rapid, fevered for a full five hours, with blisters appearing around his mouth and nose; only his right hand was still trying to protect the garment on his chest.

Paulo kept mumbling incoherently: "Fodesse! Terra do diabo! Land of the devil! Water, water, give me water!"

Bruno sighed, poured some water into Paulo's mouth, knowing that Paulo would soon vomit it all back out. Fortunately, there were servants in the King's palace to clean up.

At that moment, the Kongo Translator came over. He glanced at Paulo and knew this curse all too well; it was a gateway between life and death that every person in Black Africa must cross, the selection of the ancestral spirits. The severity of this curse seemed far greater than what he had experienced as a child.

He shook his head and then carefully looked at Bruno.

"My lord, the King summons you. He has received a token from the Kingdom of John delivered by the Voodoo High Priest," the Translator said.

Upon hearing this good news, Bruno's spirits lifted. He nodded and quickly went to see the King.

"This is the Cross Ritual Artifact brought by people from the Voodoo High Priest, coming from the Stone Cross Pillar tribe in the East," the King handed an ancient stone cross to Bruno.

Bruno inspected the cross carefully. The design was noticeably different from that of the Orthodox Church, with its intricate patterns and sharp angles, resembling a large cross with smaller crosses at its four corners. The middle was engraved with intertwined lines, like the leaves of a flower. On the shaft of the cross, there were lines of Ge'ez script that Bruno could not recognize.

Grasping the ancient cross tightly, Bruno was moved to tears. After a long voyage full of conquests, boundless rainforest, and disease, he finally found traces of the Kingdom of John on this devil-shrouded land!

"Honored Captain Diogo Cao, we have finally found traces of the Kingdom of John! Blessed by the Holy Mother who watches over us!"

Once this news reaches the Kingdom of Portugal, that scoundrel Columbus from the merchant city-states can be completely dismissed. The thought whimsically crossed Bruno's mind.

Of course, at this time Bruno did not know that in the distant East, the powerful Kingdom of John, the brethren who believed in the Lord, was waiting for him and his successors to continue seeking—it was the Ethiopians of the highlands!

They were the direct descendants of King Solomon of Israel and the Queen of Sheba, ruling the Ethiopian highlands, Solomon's dynasty. The sole cross in the Sea of the Crescent Moon, a millennium-old dynasty lasting two thousand years!

King Nzinga Mbemba nodded, not paying much attention to Bruno's reaction. He hesitated for a moment, weighing his thoughts, and finally did not dare to defy the request of the Voodoo High Priest.

"The venerable Voodoo High Priestess, who commands the spirits, heard of your arrival and requests your presence!" the King said, looking at these foreigners who believed in foreign gods and sighing softly.