

Steel 361

Chapter 361: Good Riddance

The Bohemian Princess known as Veronika continued to weep into Berengar's tunic for some time as the young Monarch consoled her. While this was ongoing, Dagmar, the former Queen of Bohemia, glared at her daughter and Berengar with an intense fury.

What Berengar had just proclaimed greatly diminished her perceived rights as the mother of Veronika, and more importantly, as Queen of Bohemia. She refused to believe that her time as royalty had come to an end, despite all evidence pointing to the contrary.

However, with Berengar's royal guard eying her closely, she could not make a move on the man who had usurped power in her family's lands. As such, she was forced to watch the intimate display between Berengar and Veronika while stewing in her hatred.

Veronika had wept for nearly thirty minutes; by the end of it, she had no tears left to cry despite her sorrowful state. Berengar had consoled the girl during this entire time. He could only imagine the horrors she was forced to endure as a person with heterochromia in the medieval period.

As such, he took pity on her; after all, there was a special place in his heart for pretty and broken things. After a while, Berengar began to wipe the now dried-up tears from the girl's eyes before reassuring her that she was safe under his protection.

"Veronika, was it? Do not worry; you will not suffer abuse or humiliation so long as you are my ward. If anyone dares to do so, they will be strictly punished."

When Berengar said this, his gaze shifted from Veronika to her mother with a chilling stare that warned the harsh woman. Evidently, she understood Berengar's intent because her vicious glare immediately faltered as she succumbed to the oppressive presence of the Austrian King.

After saying this, Berengar attempted to break away from Veronika's grasp; however, she quickly gripped his sleeve with a frightened expression. She had

someone to confide in for the first time in her life, and she was afraid to let him go.? As such, she summoned the courage deep within herself to ask the young monarch the question that resounded throughout her mind.

"What will happen to me now?"

Berengar instantly gazed down upon the girl who was latched onto his sleeve like a lamprey, utterly refusing to let him go. A warm expression appeared on his face as he petted the girl's head before reassuring her that he would not leave her behind in Prague.

"You are now my ward, which means I will bring you back to Kufstein, where I will look after you until you come of age, after which I will marry you off to a man fitting to be your husband."

Veronika grimaced when she heard the last part; she truly feared what kind of depraved man would want to marry a freak like her. However, she bit her tongue in silence and nodded her head slowly. After a while, her silence was interrupted by her mother's shrieks.

"You can not take my daughter away from me without some compensation! The damage you and your ilk have caused to my realm is something you must pay for!"

Berengar immediately felt compelled to backhand the woman, just what position did she think she was in? Her very survival was because Berengar was merciful towards women and children. He immediately approached the former Queen with a grave expression in his eye.

Being a tall man himself, he towered over the petite woman, so much so that she was deathly frightened by the sight of the enraged King from the west. Berengar raised his hand in the air, prepared to strike the woman, which caused her to flinch instinctively. After thinking about it for a few seconds, Berengar lowered his hand before shouting at the woman and her arrogance.

"Just who do you think you are to make such demands of me? Your Husband is dead; your sons have shared his fate. The army of Bohemia is decimated, and it is solely because of my good graces that you stand here capable of making such outrageous statements. You no longer have any authority here,

and it is time you learned your place. In the words of the ancient Romans, Vae Victis!"

Veronika gazed at Berengar with shock; nobody she knew ever had the gall to stand up to her mother before; not even her father would speak to her in such a bold manner. However, Berengar's following statement startled her even more and immediately caused her to blush.

"If not for the sake of your precious daughter, who you have so brazenly tormented in front of me, then I would have been far crueller in the way I have handled your insolence! Be grateful that I have stayed my hand; however, dare to provoke my ire further, and I will not be so kind in the future!"

Veronika hid behind Berengar, though he was a stranger he had done the unthinkable and shielded her from her mother's abuse. This fact had made the young girl instinctively trust him. Upon seeing Berengar defend her monstrous daughter so brazenly; Dagmar could no longer contain her fury and disgust thus she began to lash out at Berengar verbally.

"You find my freak of a daughter to be precious? What kind of sick pervert are you!?! It is true what they say; you must be the devil incarnate to find a monster like her to be attractive!"

The moment the woman said this, Berengar could no longer contain the urge to slap her; as such, he viciously backhanded her across the face causing her to fall to the ground, in doing so shocking everyone present, especially Veronika. Berengar immediately closed the distance between himself and the former Queen before stomping his foot lightly on her head, pressing her skull to the stone floor. As he did so, a vicious expression filled his otherwise handsome face.

"I believe I said there would be strict punishment for abusing the girl, did I not? To think you would have the gall to insult your daughter in such a relentless manner, even after I had proclaimed she was under my protection. You truly do not value your life, do you bitch?"

After several moments Berengar released his boot from the woman's face; as he did so, he did not gaze upon her even once, for the former Queen was

unworthy of such a thing. Instead, he gave an order to the young Bohemian Princess.

"Veronika, Come, it is about time that we return home. I am certain that you will find Kufstein to your liking."

After saying this, Berengar began to depart without looking back upon the Queen who had been so thoroughly disgraced in front of everyone present. Veronika gazed once upon her mother with fear of how she might retaliate against her for Berengar's actions. However, under the overwhelming pressure of Berengar's royal guards, she stayed her hand and merely glared at her daughter with a hate-filled gaze.

Upon seeing this, Veronika immediately ran after Berengar, seeking the safety that she felt he had provided. She quickly latched onto his sleeve with her pale hand as they walked out towards the courtyard of the Castle where his mount lay in wait for him. Eckhard and the Royal Guard followed Berengar into the courtyard, where the veteran Field Marshal protested Berengar's hasty retreat.

"Your highness, the situation in Bohemia is still volatile. Though the Hussites have begrudgingly accepted your rule, the other Bohemian nobleman may still find fault with your proclamation. Even then, there is no way of knowing when treachery will follow from the men who knelt before you! Returning to Kufstein so early will have disastrous effects."

In response to his objection, Berengar turned around and stared at Eckhard with a warm gaze; as he did so, he reached out and grasped the man's shoulder before giving him yet another order.

"Marshal von Hallstatt, I hereby give you full command of the 10,000 men I have brought with me. You are granted authority to act as you see fit. You have one goal, bring stability to the region; I do not care how you manage to do it, but the Lords of Bohemia must submit to my rule within one year, or I will bring the full might of the Austrian military down upon them! I have full faith that you will succeed in this endeavor, and when the Bohemian noblemen have surrendered their arms and recognized my sovereignty, you will be allowed to return home."

Though Eckhard was weary of battle, and wanted to return home to Kufstein, he knew that Berengar would not trust any other man with this vital task; as such, he immediately saluted Berengar and obeyed his commands.

"Yes, your majesty!"

After saying this, Berengar gazed upon his friend one last time before departing; after seeing the poor state of his armor, Berengar chuckled before saying farewell to his friend.

"I will make sure to send a new uniform with all of the awards you have earned over the years attached to it after all your current attire is dreadfully outdated."

With that said, Berengar mounted his trusty steed, where he immediately grabbed ahold of Veronika and dragged her into his lap. His journey back to Kufstein would be a short one, with the 10,000 men left behind in Bohemia; only his royal guard would be entrusted to his protection. However, luckily for him, the journey would be uneventful.

Veronika gazed upon the home that she had grown up in one last time as Berengar, and his host began to depart from the city of Prague; the only thought on her mind was a single phrase.

"Good riddance..."

Chapter 362: An Awkward Return

Several days had passed since Berengar, and his host had begun their journey. Throughout the entire trip from Bohemia to Austria, Veronika had sat in front of Berengar on his horse. She had personally witnessed the vast difference in agricultural technology and military fortifications between her former Kingdom and Berengar's.

Star forts were constructed on Berengar's borders, allowing for good defense; these forts were staffed by many cannons and small garrisons of a couple of hundred men each. Regular patrols were sent out between the various fortresses to ensure safe borders.

Upon entry into Austria, the young princess noticed the vast fields operated by very few men. However, these men utilized advanced horse-powered machines the likes she had never seen before to tend to their crops. Strange metal pipes existed throughout the fields that provided water to the plants that grew in abundance. So much so that Veronika truly believed that God had blessed Austria.

As they passed through towns and cities, the exceptional baroque Architecture that had begun to prop up across all of Austria during Berengar's reign truly astounded the girl. The people were dressed in luxurious clothing, largely still in the previous style Berengar had implemented, where they seemed to be perfectly healthy. Very few, if any, citizens were malnourished, unlike the poor masses toiling the fields in Bohemia.

As they continued their journey, Veronika asked more and more about how Austria had managed to develop to such a state, and Berengar was not afraid to exaggerate his tales of how far he had come as a Ruler. The more she listened to Berengar's marvelous adventures, the more she came to respect him and feel safe by his side.

Finally, after several days of travel, Berengar and his host arrived within Kufstein; out of all the cities she had seen up until this point, it was by far the most advanced. The smoke of the burgeoning industry filled the air, but not to the point where it would harm one's health. The hemp fields growing outside the city soaked up more than their fair share of carbon in the air.

The Capital of Austria was the most advanced and prosperous of all the regions of the Kingdom, and for the first time in her life, Veronika had seen what an industrialized city could look like. However, most impressive were the significant monuments and constructs in the city forever glorifying Berengar and his achievements.

From the personal statue of Berengar overlooking the city to the luxurious Grand Cathedral to the Royal Palace of Austria, feats of supreme art and architecture ruled over the city and its uniquely Austrian landscape.

The advanced plumbing systems used in Kufstein that had begun to spread to the rest of the realm meant that there was very little waste or refuse in the street. After all, littering was a misdemeanor, one with harsh penalties.

Eventually, Berengar made his way to the Royal Palace, where his family was ready to meet him. However, when his girls saw the strange foreign beauty in his lap, they immediately began to scowl. Adela was the first among them to directly inquire about the nature of Berengar's relationship with the girl who appeared even younger than she was.

"Darling, I don't mean to take away from your triumphant return, but who exactly is that girl sitting in your lap?"

Veronika immediately began to hide her face in fear after seeing the less than welcoming expressions on Berengar's women's faces; she did so by retreating into Berengar's chest, which had become her safe place. This only further created a misunderstanding in the minds of Berengar's wife and lovers.

Berengar had an awkward smile on his face as he tried to ease the tension that was rapidly increasing among his family's faces. Ultimately, Hans made the situation worse; with an excited expression on his face, he gazed up at the young princess and blurted out his thoughts on the matter.

"Did father bring home another mommy!?!"

Veronika instantly looked up at Berengar's awkward expression with a questioning gaze. Just what exactly did this kid mean by "another mommy"? As for Adela, Linde, and Honoria, they gazed at Hans with frightening expressions, instantly shutting the boy up. Seeing how the situation was only getting worse, Berengar immediately proclaimed his innocence and attempted to control the damage that had already been dealt.

"This is Princess Veronika Brezinova from the Kingdom of Bohemia; from this day forward, she is my ward!"

Upon hearing this, Berengar's trio immediately glared at him, giving him further pressure, however after seeing the startled expression on the girl's doll-like face, they immediately began to gaze at each other with suspicion. As if they had somehow communicated telepathically, they unanimously came to a decision and sighed before speaking at Berengar in unison.

"Fine, but make no mistake, we will be keeping an eye on her!"

Though Berengar's harem might be cautious about the new arrival of a pretty young girl, at the end of the day, they knew Berengar was not a lolicon, and as such, they came to the conclusion that she could stay. Upon seeing that his girls had calmed down, Berengar got off from his seat; while placing Veronika on the ground, he petted the girl's hair as he introduced her to his family.

"Veronika, this lovely little blonde is my wife, Adela. This charming redhead is my spymaster and mother of my two children Linde. As for this purple-haired vixen, she is the princess of the Byzantine Empire and my lover. The girl who is roughly your age, hiding in the back, is my little sister Henrietta, I think you two will get along just fine, and this little rascal who can't seem to keep his mouth shut is my son. Hans."

Veronika gazed at Berengar intently for a few moments with a curious expression; after a few moments of silence, she innocently asked the question on her mind.

"Your majesty, are you some kind of playboy?"

Berengar chuckled awkwardly as he heard this; he did not expect a girl her age to ask such a question. As such, he had a hard time looking into her eyes as he cautiously dismissed her accusation.

"I don't think it is appropriate to discuss such a thing with a girl your age..."

The moment he said this, Veronika began to pout in silence. As for Berengar's girls, they began to flush with embarrassment and refused to comment on the matter. Noticing the uncomfortable atmosphere, Henrietta approached Veronika and grabbed her hand with a friendly smile.

"So you're going to be living with us from now on, huh? Allow me to give you a tour of the palace; I am sure you will love it here."

After Henrietta walked off with Veronika and Hans in tow, Berengar was left alone with his three women, who were staring at him with vicious gazes while crossing their arms. Berengar knew at this moment that he had fucked up by bringing another chick into the hen house. As such, he immediately began to switch the conversation to something else.

"So... How were things while I was gone?"

Despite his attempt to do change the topic, the girls weren't buying it, and Linde immediately shifted the conversation back to the matter at hand.

"So... you disappear for over a week on short notice so that you can seize the Kingdom of Bohemia, and you come back with a princess in your arms? Why am I not surprised?"

Berengar sighed when he found out that his attempt to change the conversation had failed and immediately defended himself. He spent some time telling the girls everything that had happened during his absence, and after it was over, both Adela and Honoria were practically in tears.

They could only imagine the pain and suffering Veronika had gone through in her life. As for Linde, she was less perturbed than before, but she was pretty obstinate; she maintained a stern expression, only saying one phrase before returning to the Castle.

"I'll look into the little bitch's background for myself. If she even thinks about harming a hair on your head, I will have her eliminated!"

After everything was said and done, Berengar let out a sigh of relief; at the very least, he had managed to convince two out of three of his girls to accept Veronika as a ward of his house. As for Linde, he knew she would come around eventually. After all, it was not as if he had plans to marry the girl as his fourth wife; after all, she was way too young to capture his interest.

However, Berengar immediately considered the idea of betrothing the girl to his son Hans when he got the chance. Though she may be something like seven years older than the boy, ultimately, it was her position as the last Princess of Bohemia that made the idea appealing.

Berengar was sure that even Linde would eventually approve of the idea; after all, if Veronika married Hans then, he would inherit the Kingdom of Bohemia from Berengar after he retired or passed away. In this way, the boy's future as a monarch was guaranteed even if he did not inherit the main title as King of Austria. As such, he had great hopes for this girl he had picked up by random chance.

Chapter 363: Getting Involved in the Hundred Years' War

Deep within the city of Paris sat the French Monarch King Gilles de Valois, who was currently sitting upon his throne, entertaining a diplomatic delegation from the Kingdom of Austria. Berengar had finally begun to make his move within the Kingdom of France, and the French Crown was only one faction in his plot to destabilize the region even further.

Though Gilles had no way of knowing what Berengar's true intentions were, and as such, he begrudgingly accepted the Austrian delegation who currently stood before him. Standing by the right side of the French Monarch was his son Prince Aubry de Valois, who had returned from the war effort after much pleading to his father. As per usual, the French King never followed through with disciplining his errant children.

On the left side of Gilles was his daughter Princess Sibilla de Valois. A young woman is known for her cruel and vicious nature. She had caused more than a few diplomatic crises due to her rotten behavior. The two royal offspring watched with bored expressions as the Austrian delegation presented themselves to the French King.

Baron Ludecke von Dürnstein was tasked with leading Austrian Intelligence's efforts to undermine the Kingdom of France. As such, he acted as the chief diplomat to the French Crown. In doing so, he hoped to gain their trust while his other operatives worked to supply France's rivals.

"Your Majesty, King Gilles de Valois, I am Baron Ludecke von Dürnstein, diplomat of his Majesty King Berengar von Kufstein. My liege has tasked me with aiding you in your efforts to crush the infernal rebellion of the Duke of Burgundy, as well as repel the English invasion. Thus I have come bearing gifts."

The moment Berengar von Kufstein came up, Aubry's interest was sparked, whereas King Gilles instantly grew sour; he could not contain his wrath any longer and immediately began to shout at Ludecke.

"Your master sends gifts after he has stolen my son's bride? What form of compensation can he possibly offer me that will ever compare to the alliance I have lost! You are lucky I even accepted your delegation considering your liege is a known Heretic, who has invoked the ire of the Holy Father! Do you

realize there is a crusade declared against your Kingdom? I should have you locked up for even stepping foot in my realm!"

Sibilla gazed over at Aubry with a mocking expression; she knew her brother never intended to marry and most likely did everything he could to force the Princess of the Byzantine Empire to run away during his visit.

Aubry, on the other hand, was practically licking his lips in excitement; he had heard rumors of Berengar's handsome appearance and courage in battle. As such, he grew dreadfully excited thinking about the man who had risen from the ranks of lesser nobility to the status of a full-fledged Monarch through his own sheer will.

The moment Sibilla saw her brother's lust-filled expression, she immediately became disgusted as she knew exactly what the little slut was thinking about. As such, she returned her gaze to the show on display in front of her.

Ludecke did not panic in response to the King's outburst. Instead, he motioned for his delegates to bring forth one of the wooden crates stacked behind him; after doing so, they pulled out a steel crowbar where they pried open the crate to reveal what was contained within. Inside the large wooden box were several dozen matchlock arkebuses.

The arkebuse was a weapon utilized by Berengar allies and had even begun limited production within the Byzantine Empire and the Kingdom of Granada. Several hundred examples had even been captured by the Iberian Union who was close to reverse-engineering the final product. The Catholic Church had received a small portion of these captured weapons and were themselves close to production.

If the fact that all sides of the war were equipped with arkebuses ever came into question, Berengar could point to any number of countries as a potential supplier of France's rivals. Though the countries would deny it, there would be virtually no way to prove that they weren't responsible. Thus giving Berengar and the Kingdom of Austria plausible deniability.

The moment the weapons were revealed, Aubry jumped with joy and ran over to the crate, where he immediately picked up one of the firearms and aimed down its bore. The moment he did this, Gilles placed his head within his palm;

his son's over-eager actions had thoroughly ruined any position of authority he, as King of France, had in this negotiation.

As Aubry aimed down the bore of the arkebuse, he pointed it in the direction of his sister with a broad smile on his face, where he immediately pulled the trigger, making a "pow" motion with his feminine pink lips. When Sibilla saw this, she pouted and complained to her father.

"Father, Aubry is pretending to shoot me! Do something about this!"

Gilles sighed heavily and began to rebuke his son for his childish behavior.

"Aubry, knock it off and stow that weapon away; it is not a toy!"

Aubry immediately began to pout as he placed the weapon back in a pile, where he returned to his spot by his father's right side. He was incredibly excited about the prospects of cooperating with Austria, and as such, made his opinion known despite his father's reluctance to accept the gift.

"I heard King Berengar is exceptionally handsome and has the vigor to entertain three women! He is truly a man among men; I would very much like to meet him!"

Gilles's jaw dropped when he heard his son so blatantly praise the enemy of the Catholic world within his court. He was well aware of his son's sexuality, but he could not believe the boy was potentially entertaining the thought of hooking up with the Austrian King. As such, Gilles immediately tried to shut down the conversation. Yet before he could, Sibilla made her statement.

"I heard that King Berengar personally leads his troops into battle and is always in the thick of combat! He must surely have a love for violence if that is the case; I too would also like to meet the man and see if he lives up to the hype..."

Having been utterly betrayed by his contemptible children, Gilles's expression sank into defeat as he leaned back in his chair and sighed, waiting for the Austrian delegation to respond. Ludecke took advantage of the situation, clearing his throat before speaking on the matter.

"King Berengar is busy maintaining the realm, and as such, he won't be able to make a personal visit to Paris any time soon. However, I will be sure to send your regards to him. As for these firearms, they are a gift; there are three hundred of them in total. Use them however you see fit. If you require more, my liege would be more than happy to assist your armies, for a nominal fee, of course."

Gilles raised his brow as he heard this; if Berengar were willing to supply military aid to France, it would be helpful in his war against England and the uprising in Burgundy. However, it also meant he would be taking assistance from a heretical Kingdom, invoking the ire of the Catholic Church.

There were advantages and disadvantages to each side of the argument, and he would have to consider his options for some time before making a decision. The French Monarch rose from his seat and spoke to the Austrian delegation.

"Very well, I will accept your gift, as for any future assistance in our war effort, it will have to wait until after Berengar's troubles with the Church have been resolved. I am not willing to step on the tail of the Holy See to gain some minor military assistance."

Ludecke smiled as he bowed his head in modesty to the French Monarch.

"Of Course, your Majesty, if that is all, then we will be departing back to the Fatherland; if you ever desire to discuss terms further, you and your family are always welcome in Kufstein."

With this said, the Austrian delegation began to depart, and King Gilles began to discuss the matter with his children and his ministers.

"Damned Austrians, forcing me to accept such a troublesome gift; if it weren't for your actions, Aubry, I could have denied them!"

However, when the French King looked around to scold his errant son, he was nowhere to be found. Instead, Aubry had followed the Austrian delegation to the docks, where he whispered a personal message into the ear of Baron Ludecke von Dürnstein.

"Tell his majesty King Berengar von Kufstein that if he ever grows tired of that foolish princess, I'd be more than happy to entertain him!"

Ludecke was shocked when he heard this; however, as a member of Austrian Royal Intelligence, he managed to keep a calm facade as he smiled and nodded towards the French Prince before responding with respect.

"I will be sure to inform the King of your words..."

When Aubry heard this, his eyes sparkled with anticipation before he began to skip back to the Castle. His father would surely scold him, considering he went missing at such a crucial moment. Yet, he did not care about that; he was more interested in contacting King Berengar than being yelled at by his father.

Having begrudgingly promised to convey the French Prince's words to Berengar, Ludecke sighed heavily before stepping onto his vessel, where it began to depart for Trieste. It would be a long journey back home, but ultimately their objective had succeeded; Ludecke was quite sure that once the rivals of France got their hands on firearms, the French would be begging Berengar for military support; it was only a matter of time.

Chapter 364: Hatching a Devilish Plot

Days had passed since Berengar first returned from the Kingdom of Bohemia with its former Princess in tow. Though the girl found a friend in Henrietta, she could not help but notice the intense glares that she received from Berengar's harem every time she came into eye contact with them.

Because of this, she had grown frightened and stayed primarily within her quarters; though Berengar wanted to help, he found himself buried under paperwork that had amassed itself while in his absence. On top of that, he was confident any involvement with the girl's matters was sure to invoke the ire of the women who surrounded him, and as such, he opted to give Veronika some space for the time being.

While Veronika was slowly adapting to her new life in Kufstein, Linde had begun to investigate her background; due to the extensive network of Austrian Spies established within Bohemia during its civil war, she was quickly able to gather all kinds of information about the young Princess's personal life.

Berengar's suspicions were confirmed; the girl was mistreated by her family and locked away from the public eye to ensure that the superstitious peasants did not try to murder the poor girl.

Though Linde felt pity for Veronika, she did not yet accept her existence within the royal palace. As such, the veteran spymaster made sure every action the Bohemian Princess took was closely watched. After all, Veronika was an unknown variable, and Linde feared those most of all.

As for Adela, she spent this time supporting her husband in any way she could, primarily by bringing him his meals while he worked day and night to overcome the seemingly insurmountable degree of paperwork that he was forced to contend with. If there was one thing Berengar despised most in this world, it was paperwork.

Honorina had opted to laze about within the confines of the royal palace; she and her crew were currently enjoying the era of peace Austria found itself in. Unless they wanted to break faith with the Austrian Crown and take up piracy, there was not much work to be had.

However, they had made a fortune during the war with the Empire, and as such, the women who made up Honorina's crew were more than happy to spend some of that wealth on themselves and enjoy the moment of peace in luxury.

After nearly a week had passed, Berengar emerged from his study with bags under his eyes. He was beyond exhausted; after spending almost every waking hour going through various documents, Berengar had finally finished his paperwork. In doing so, he made his way to the bath, where he would wash away the sweat and grime that had accumulated on his body over the past few days.

It was a testament to Berengar's tenacity as a ruler that he would forsake his health for a few days at a time to ensure that he accomplished the most amount of work possible. If not for Adela and her efforts, he likely would have died of dehydration by now.

When Berengar finally arrived within the bath, he noticed a peculiar scene. Adela was currently within the large pool floating in its center, oblivious to his

arrival. Her hair, usually contained within twintails, was loose and flowed down to her hips like a river of honey as it soaked in the steaming bathwater. This gave Berengar a wicked idea as he silently entered the pool-sized tub, where he sunk beneath its surface and swam up to Adela's naked body from below.

After a few moments, he emerged from beneath its surface and latched onto Adela's waist like a Kraken swallowing a ship, where he proceeded to drag her beneath the pool's surface. The young Queen immediately began to panic until she stared at her husband's excited expression, where she proceeded to flick him on the nose, forcing the couple to rise to the surface.

Berengar could not contain his laughter as he gazed upon his beautiful young wife with his one good eye. On the other hand, Adela was furious and pouted; she had every desire to slap her man across the face for his practical joke.

After a while, she sighed and swam over to Berengar, where she pressed her naked chest against his, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him passionately. Her anger subsided, and with it, Berengar's exhaustion seemed to vanish. After releasing from each other's embrace, Adela wore a warm smile as she asked her husband the question on her mind.

"So, I assume you are done with your work?"

In response to this, Berengar yawned before nodding his head; he did not even want to think about paperwork at the moment; the very idea rekindled his physical exhaustion.

"For the time being, but there is always more paperwork to be had."

Adela began to giggle as she heard this before swimming back to the edge of the pool and sitting upon its steps; as she did so, she beckoned Berengar over to her side, who was more than happy to oblige. After arriving near his wife, Adela reached for the body wash, where she began to rub it upon her bare chest before pressing herself against his back. While cleaning his back sensually, the young Queen began to admonish her husband for his lack of self-care.

"I know you're busy with work, but you really shouldn't forget to groom yourself; you're filthy! Let me take care of you..."

Berengar, of course, did not refuse such exemplary treatment, and as such, sat back and relaxed as his wife washed every corner of his body. After seeing that Berengar had grown excited, Adela reached for his shaft and began to stroke it softly. A wicked grin appeared on the young monarch's face as he began to tease his beautiful bride.

"You naughty girl, what do you think you're doing in the bath?"

In response to this, Adela rolled her eyes before gripping his rod even tighter as she did so; she whispered in his ear from behind.

"You think I don't know what you and the others get up to during your baths? A wife must aid her husband, so sit there quietly and let me relieve you of some stress."

Berengar did not know what had come over Adela; she was not usually this authoritative, but he did not dislike this part of her, and as such, he sat quietly as she stroked his shaft up and down with increased intensity. The oily body wash combined with her small and soft hands brought intense pleasure to the young King.

Eventually, Adela began kissing Berengar on the neck as she pressed her bare breasts against his back. The more stroked, the closer Berengar reached a climax, that is until the doors to the bath opened, and two other women appeared.

The moment Honoria and Linde appeared naked within the bathroom, they witnessed the intimate scene between Berengar and his wife, forcing him to ejaculate into the air and the pool below. Berengar breathed heavily as a wicked smile appeared on Honoria's face. She instantly teased the young couple as she entered the steaming water.

"Why Adela, I had no idea you and Berengar got up to such raunchy behavior while you were in the bath! To think the prudish Queen of Austria would be giving her husband a handjob as he bathed, it is truly scandalous!"

Adela instantly began to frown; just when things started to get exciting between her and her husband, the others had to arrive and ruin her fun. As such, she stuck closely to Berengar as Honoria approached, like a lioness protecting her territory in the face of a ravenous hyena.? As for Berengar, he saw this as an opportune moment for some bonding between himself and his three women. Thus when Linde finally joined the bath, a wide smirk appeared on his face.

"Well, why don't we all continue where Adela and I left off?"

However, when Berengar suggested this, Adela sighed with disgust and got out of the tub. She had no desire to engage in such debauchery alongside Berengar and his lovers. The moment she exited the pool, she glanced back at Berengar with a stern gaze and muttered her words of contempt.

"You have fun by yourselves; if you need me, I will be eating breakfast!"

After saying this, she disappeared from the bathroom and proceeded to get dressed. As for Berengar, he was left alone with his two lovers; however, seeing Adela's disappointed expression, he was no longer in the mood for fun. As such, he, too, sighed and raised from the bath. When he did so, Linde immediately called out to him.

"Wait! Where are you going!?!"

Berengar gazed back upon his lovers, who appeared as if they had lost all hope and smiled bitterly before expressing the thoughts in his mind.

"I'm going to go calm Adela down; it wouldn't be right to enjoy myself while she's in a bitter mood; after all, we were in the middle of something..."

Linde and Honoria both began to pout when they heard this. However, it did not change Berengar's mind, and thus he left the bath and followed Adela to the Dining Hall where he hoped to gain her favor.? After both Berengar and Adela were gone, Linde finally spoke, with a bitter tone in her voice as she began to hatch a wicked scheme.

"We need to find a way to get that bitch to join us. Otherwise, Berengar will continue to choose her over us!"

Honorina immediately began to frown upon hearing this and voiced her concerns over the matter.

"How! She's a prude, and you know it! There's no way we can convince her to have a foursome!"

Upon hearing this, a wicked smile formed upon Linde's perfect lips as she remembered an important event of her past; as such, she leaned in close to the Byzantine Princess and prefaced her scheme with a single question.

"Did I ever tell you how Berengar and I first made love?"

Chapter 365: Legalizing Polygamy

Currently, Berengar was within the chambers of the Reichstag, making his case as to why polygamy should be legal. Against the wishes of hundreds of Austrian members of Congress, he championed the cause that he desperately believed in.

After weeks of being married to Adela, he felt that an appropriate amount of time had passed for him to push forward with his plan. As such, he began to speak passionately to the members of the Reichstag about his views on the subject.

"You ask why I think one man should have many wives? If you think about it, the reason is quite simple: fertility rates. If every German man were to take multiple wives, our nation's birth rates would vastly increase. A new era is upon us, and soon our people will spread across the world and claim its vast territory for ourselves!

In order to fill these lands, we must have a larger population. Currently, our great Kingdom holds control over Switzerland, but there is a significant minority within those lands that are not German. As such, every German man must help spread his seed and Germanize the non-German population of our Kingdom!

This includes Bohemia, which I have recently seized control over; I wish for the Bohemian population to speak our language and embrace our great culture within four generations! Thus I propose that every German man will be

allowed up to five lawful wedded wives, while a woman can only have one husband!"

After saying this, one member of parliament immediately began to debate with Berengar about a crucial point

"What about the offspring of these non-German women! The constitution clearly states that only full-blooded Germans can be citizens of our realm. What do you propose to do with the children of these marriages?"

Berengar smiled as he began to address the question

"An excellent question, the solution is simple, the offspring will remain permanent residents until a point where their descendants have at least three German grandparents. They will be excluded from inheritance laws and will not have any of the political privileges that the German people are afforded within our Kingdom!"

The chamber immediately began to erupt in outrage as they fiercely debated with Berengar over the issue. Berengar had the power to pass this law regardless of how they felt. Still, he felt the need to maintain the appearance that the people had some form of representation and thus continued to debate with them about the legalization of polygamy.

Little did Berengar know that while he was hard at work to legalize polygamy, Linde and Honoria had begun to act behind the scenes to get Adela to join their little sisterhood. For too long, the young Queen had ignored their desires to share Berengar, and as such, they were forced to take drastic measures.

With this in mind, Linde had abused her control over Austrian Royal Intelligence to spike Adela's drink with the same drug that she had attempted to use on Berengar so many years ago. As Adela drank from her glass of wine, waiting for Berengar to return from the Reichstag, she suddenly began to feel dreadfully dizzy and hot all over. Her knees began to buckle before she collapsed to the floor.

As she did so, she saw Linde and Honoria enter the room with wicked grins on their faces; instantly, the young Queen began to fear for her life as she lashed out verbally at her aggressors.

"What did you two bitches do to me!?!"

Linde, however, knelt before Adela and instantly began to kiss her, which made the young Queen's cheeks flush red with embarrassment; after pulling their tongues apart, Linde started to tease Adela.

"Don't worry, you won't die, trust me; by the time we're done with you, you're going to feel like you are in heaven!"

After saying this, Linde and Honoria began to drag Adela to the Harem room, where they proceeded to lock the doors behind them. After doing so, they began to strip her of her lacey sapphire dress, where they gazed upon her undergarments with excited expressions.

Adela was currently wearing a black lacey bra with a matching thong and garter belt. Adela had no control over herself as her hands reached for her dripping wet cave, desperately trying to put out the fire in her loins.

After seeing this enticing sight Linde and Honoria stripped the queen completely naked, and they began to follow suit. After they were all undressed they pinned Adela onto the bed, where Honoria sat upon the Queen's pretty face, forcing her to lick her slit. While Honoria was enjoying herself, Linde began to have her fun. She began to tease Adela's lower region with her tongue before sliding her finger inside it. She continued this until Adela had climaxed all over her face.

However, it did not end there; the duo continued their assault on the Queen until she was utterly spent. After a few hours of sexual torture, Adela began to come down from the effects of the drug and glared murderously at the two naked women lying next to her. She instantly began to curse them out. However, she did not become violent.

"You fucking cunts! How dare you soil me like this? I am now forever tainted, thanks to you! How will I ever enter Heaven's gates after what you have done to me!"

Linde immediately began to giggle when she heard Adela's naive comments, which got on the Queen's nerves considerably. She continued to stare daggers at the older woman when interrogating her.

"What is so funny!?!"

Linde chuckled for a bit longer before revealing the truth behind Berengar's beliefs. In doing so, she shattered Adela's lofty ideals revolving around the man she had married.

"I find it funny, you're so religious, and yet Berengar despises that crap. Why do you think he's fighting a war with the Catholic Church? Because he wants them to have no authority over how he governs his realm.

The most significant point of Berengar's reformation is the separation of Church and State; everything else is just there to appease the fanatics who flock to his cause. You act all high and mighty, but you married a man who is at the very least indifferent to religion and at most despises everything about it! To Berengar, religion is just a tool to manipulate people into doing what he wants."

Adela was taken aback when she heard this. While she knew Berengar was always uneasy whenever she discussed the Lord's plan with him; she had never guessed that Berengar was an outright non-believer, who created the reformation as a way to manipulate Christians into giving up their power over society.

She instantly began to hug her knees to her chest as her image of Berengar being chosen by Christ to lead the German people to greater prosperity began to fade from her mind. In its place, a new idea began to take form one of a Godless Heathen and a brutal Tyrant who enforced his will on the world.

As soon as she imagined this new image of her husband within her mind, she was shocked to find that she was not disgusted; in fact, she was quite the opposite. Adela was now more aroused than she had ever been in her entire life, and this did not go unnoticed by the girls next to her, who gazed at her slippery slit with shock.

Linde realized that the drug's effects should no longer be in Adela's system, yet this realistic depiction of Berengar brought the young Queen great excitement. As such, she smiled before teasing Adela once more by whispering in her ear.

"If you thought that felt amazing, wait until you share Berengar with us."

Adela began to flush in embarrassment as she thought about what she was just forced to do and how much better it could feel by adding Berengar into the mix; she instantly began to reject the idea as she shook her head in embarrassment.

"No, I couldn't! It is wrong!"

Linde sighed before hugging Adela and stroking her silky golden hair; as she did so, she seemingly tried to comfort the girl, while in reality, manipulating her into doing her bidding.

"One way or another, Berengar is going to enjoy his time with Honoria and me; you might as well be a part of that. After all, how do you think it makes him feel knowing that he's enjoying himself with us while you're pouting by your lonesome. You know he intends to marry all of us, right? Why should we be constantly fighting for his attention when we can share his love?"

The three of them sat in silence for some time before Adela came to a decision. Berengar had no way of knowing it, but while he was arguing for the legalization of polygamy, his three women had come to a tacit understanding about the nature of their polygamous relationship, one which would greatly shock him when he returned home to find all three of them ready to worship him together.

Chapter 366: Every Man's Dream

After returning home from a long and fierce debate over legalizing polygamy, Berengar was excited beyond his normal means. He had just engaged in an intense discussion, where Berengar was forced to pull out solid reasoning, religious, historical, and cultural precedent, as well as general charisma to convince the Reichstag to acquiesce to his demands.

In the end, he succeeded in convincing Congress; now, all that was needed was for the bill to enter the ranks of the Senate, where it would then be sent to his desk for approval. At this moment, he was beginning to understand the need to hold a constitutional convention to further refine the process that he had devised to reduce the workload on his shoulders.

However, now was the time for celebration; as such, he returned to the Palace, where he was shocked to see that only two people were there to greet him. Henrietta and Veronika were present, yet his three wives were nowhere to be seen as such; Berengar hugged his little sister before inquiring about the whereabouts of his women.

"Henrietta, it is good to see you; tell me, where are the others?"

Henrietta immediately began to blush as she thought about the sight she had seen earlier in the day. She had witnessed Linde and Honoria carry Adela up the stairs and into the harem room; as such, she did not withhold the information from her beloved big brother.

"Erm... I think they're all in the harem room!"

Berengar was shocked to hear this, as Adela had never stepped foot in the room where he commonly engaged in amorous adventures with his two lovers. As such, he kissed the girl on the forehead before setting off to the harem room.

Upon reaching the doors to his favorite room in the Palace, Berengar noticed that the doors were closed but not unlocked; as such, he quietly opened the door and began to investigate. Smoke filled the air, signaling to him that Linde and Honoria had been smoking his hookah without him, yet despite this, he did not see any of the women within the room.

It wasn't until he entered the bedroom and saw his three women lying naked and stoned on the bed that Berengar finally began to put together what had transpired. However, before he could ask just what exactly the three girls were up to when he was gone, they pounced on him, dragging him onto the bed, and stripping off his clothes.

It was only after Berengar lay naked and on the bed surrounded by three beauties that he realized what was going on; he was about to speak up when Linde shoved a glass pipe in his mouth and lit it, forcing Berengar to smoke the hash that was within. After taking a significant hit, he began to relax and not worry about what came next.

Adela, Linde, and Honoria gathered near his crotch as they began to lick it together as if it was the tastiest treat on Earth. Adela took the lead and began to take it down her throat as Linde pressed her head down upon his enormous shaft. While this was happening, Honoria began to intertwine her tongue together with Berengar's.

He had no idea how or why this was happening, but he was just happy that it was. After Adela began to gag on the massive rod in her mouth, Linde took over where she took it down her throat until she reached the base of Berengar's member. As she did so, Adela switched to licking his sack beneath it.

The three girls switched roles for some time until finally, Berengar released his seed all over their angelic faces. Despite having just finished, he was still eager to go, and as such, the girls immediately presented their backsides for him to choose who he wanted the most. For Berengar, the choice was obvious, whoever was in the middle, which just so happened to be Adela.

As such, he eagerly inserted his shaft into her lower lips and began to grind his hips against hers. As he did so, he used both of his hands to tease the other girl's insides. While this was happening the girls began to lick the spunk off of each other's faces. Once they were as clean as a whistle they began to kiss. Berengar pulled it out before pushing his shaft inside of Linde, which caused her to moan in pleasure.

As usual, Berengar was much rougher with Linde; as he thrust intensely inside her hole repeatedly, he grasped ahold of her throat with one firm hand and dragged her face over to his lips, where he began to kiss her passionately.

Honoria dragged Adela atop her as that was going on, where they began to interlock their legs and rub their slits together. Berengar watched the sight as he continued to play with Linde for some time. Before long, he could feel himself getting close to the finish, and as such, he pulled out of Linde before dragging Honoria off of his wife, where he immediately forced his massive shaft inside of her.

He continued to thrust his hips into hers as Adela sat down upon Honoria's face forcing her to lick her slit. Adela herself reached up toward Linde, who

was lying in front of her, and began to eat her out. The group continued like this for some time until Berengar climaxed inside the depths of Honoria's womb.

After the past few weeks of sex with his wife, Berengar was confident that if Adela wasn't pregnant by now, then she was infertile, which meant that it was now Honoria's turn to carry his child. As such, he chose her for last. If he played his cards right, he might be able to knock up all three of his girls at the same time.

After Berengar pulled out of Honoria, he gazed at his three girls whose lust seemed to match his own; as such, he could not help but ask just what exactly caused them to be in such a state.

"What the hell happened to you girls while I was gone? It's as if you're all in heat, and Adela is here with us!"

At this moment, Berengar noticed a large vial in the corner of the empty room. It was three-quarters empty with a clear liquid which Berengar assumed to be some kind of drug. Not willing to lose to the girls in a contest of endurance he quickly downed the contents of the vial, where he immediately felt an intense heat in his loins, compelling his instinctive desire to breed. As such, he grabbed ahold of Linde, who was giggling, and shoved her face down onto his shaft, forcing her to suck upon it. As he did so, he began to yell at her.

"Oh, you fucking bitch, you have done it now. I finally figured out what is going on!"

After Berengar said, this Linde released her mouth from his shaft with a lust-filled gaze as she admitted to her crime.

"I spiked our drinks; punish me, master!"

As Berengar heard this, he thrust his rod into her throat once more as he began to spank her fiercely, leaving a red handprint behind with each slap of the cheek. Adela instantly crawled over to Berengar and began to kiss him as he punished Linde. It wasn't until Linde's makeup was running from tears and saliva that had accumulated on her face that Berengar released his hold over her head.

After doing so, he flipped her around and took her from behind, where Adela and Honoria linked up to the same position that Honoria was in moments before. Before long, Berengar was thrusting inside Linde with all the fury his hips could manage. After doing so for several minutes, he released his side deep within her womb, just like he had done to Honoria not long prior.

After going through all of this, Berengar was still not finished; as the drug was still in his system, he continued to breed his three wives for the rest of the night. It was not until morning rose and the group was covered in bodily fluids that Berengar realized the long-term consequences of a polygamous relationship. If this was what every night was going to be like, then he was sure he would not live past thirty; after all with such strenuous activity, his heart wouldn't be able to last.

After thinking about this, he rose from the bed and gazed upon the mess he and his girls had created; it was times like this he was glad that he had servants to clean his quarters for him; while what he had engaged in during the previous night was every man's dream, the aftermath was indeed every man's nightmare.

Berengar soon left the bedroom and entered the bath, where he had a serious conversation with himself. After last night the odds of all three of his girls being pregnant were seriously high, and as such, he decided it was better to have the weddings to Linde and Honoria before it was visible.

Thus it would appear that Berengar would have some planning to do over the next few weeks. He was sure he would marry Linde within the Grand Cathedral of Kufstein; as for Honoria, it might be best to have the wedding within the Hagia Sophia since it was a matrilineal marriage.

While Berengar's girls slept, the young monarch was busy preparing his plans for the upcoming weddings within his mind. A King's work was never finished, especially one as ambitious as Berengar.

Chapter 367: The Morning After

Having bathed after an intense night of love-making with his brides, Berengar returned to his regular workout regimen, which he used to maintain his chiseled yet lean physique. Only after he had finished did he return to the bath

once more to clean himself of the sweat and grime accumulated throughout his exercise.

After having two baths in one morning, Berengar visited his Dining hall, where he saw his three women waiting for him alongside the rest of his family. Unlike what Berengar expected, the air was not awkward by any means; in fact, his three girls appeared to be relatively cordial. So much so that it was frightening to Berengar, who was used to walking around eggshells in order to avoid a catfight.

Adela smiled as she drank from her coffee cup; as usual, her hair was tied up into twintails, which gave her a cutesy appearance. She was smiling while engaging in casual conversation with both Linde and Honoria.

Henrietta was watching the scene with an equally unnerved expression that Berengar had blasted upon his face; in the two siblings' minds, something wasn't right. Never before had they seen the three women get along so well together.

As Berengar sat down at his spot, all three of his women cornered him and kissed him one at a time before sitting back down in their respective seats; this was something that Berengar had never expected to happen. Usually, the moment one of the girls showed their affection, the other two would instantly begin to pout or lash out in anger. Finally, Henrietta could no longer hold her tongue and instantly questioned Berengar about the behavior change in the trio.

"What exactly happened between the four of you last night?"

The moment the young girl said this, Berengar began to choke on his coffee; it was not something he wished to reveal to a fourteen-year-old girl. As such, he remained silent on the matter until Linde spoke up in a teasing tone.

"We merely enjoyed each others' company; you're too young to understand."

Despite Linde's words, Henrietta immediately understood what had happened between Berengar and his women, causing her to immediately flush in embarrassment. As for Berengar, he continued to drink from his coffee in silence. This was not a landmine he wanted to step upon.

Eventually, the food arrived, and Berengar began to feast upon his breakfast while watching his family interact in a manner he was not accustomed to. It was as if he had stepped into the twilight zone; he was amazed over the fact that one night of group sex had drastically changed his girls' perspectives on the family dynamic.

However, no matter how enlightened they may have felt when together, competition between women was an instinct, and it did not take long before such a thing reared its ugly head. In an attempt to assert her dominance over the other two women, Adela had climbed into Berengar's lap and begun to spoonfeed him his scrambled eggs.

"Open wide, darling!"

Though Berengar felt like refusing the request, ultimately, he surrendered; it was better not to spoil Adela's moment, and as such, he munched on his scrambled eggs from the spoon that Adela provided.

In response to Adela's actions, Linde approached his side and presented him with a glass of milk. She, too, followed Adela's lead and whispered in his ear something suggestive.

"Does master desire some of mommy's milk?"

Whether or not the milk in the glass was cow milk or Linde's brew, Berengar did not know the answer. However, upon seeing Linde's frightening gaze, he quickly took a sip to wash down the eggs. As such, he began to alternate between the eggs being spoonfed from Adela and the glass of milk given to him by Linde. As for Honoria, she had a sly idea of her own; the young princess immediately put on a childish facade and made of a request of Berengar.

"Daddy, feed me!"

The moment she said this, the eyes of everyone at the table grew wide. However, her pleading face was too cute for Berengar to pass up; as such, he grabbed a spoonful of her food and stuffed it into her mouth, where the Byzantine princess immediately began to smile in bliss.

Though the girls were acting more cordial with one another, their competition was as intense as ever. It had simply simmered down to a point where it had become friendly rather than hostile. Regardless, Berengar was beginning to enjoy the Kingly treatment he was receiving from his three beautiful women.

Meanwhile, Hans watched Berengar's pleasant experience with a smile on his face; it was good for his father to get such loving attention from his mommies. Unknowingly, this public display of affection began to paint a picture in Hans' mind about how a man's love life should be and would significantly affect his romantic life when he finally came of age.

Of course, Berengar had no way of knowing that this very moment would inspire Hans to become an even bigger playboy than he was when the boy reached his adolescent years. After finishing his breakfast, the girls continued to smother Berengar with attention. Eventually, Berengar began to feel suffocated and found a chance to escape, where he fled to his study, sealing the door behind him as he did so.

He immediately sighed as he sank into his leather desk chair, where he pulled out a bottle of whiskey he had stashed away within his desk and poured himself two fingers. As he drank from the alcoholic substance, he began to mutter under his breath.

"These girls are going to be the death of me..."

After saying this, he pulled out a folder from atop his workstation and dug through its contents. It was a status report of the field testing of the new rifled breechloader; a few problems had been raised during their testing, where they were immediately corrected by Ludwig and his crack team of engineers.

After fixing these issues, they were sent back to the testing facility, where they continued to go through their trials. So far, nearly 10,000 shells had been fired through the guns under varying conditions, and the report concluded that they were ready for approval.

All that was needed was Berengar's signature. As such, he immediately signed the document and sat it atop a pile of folders that a servant would later take to the various departments required to finalize the process.

Soon, Berengar would replace his aging, smooth bore muzzle loading cannons with rifled breechloaders. As such, he sat back in his chair and pondered what he should do with the old artillery pieces. Immediately he pulled out another sheet of paper and began to draft a new document.

This document approved the refurbishing of the replaced guns and their sale to Austria's allies after all his new artillery pieces would make the twelve pounders completely obsolete on the field of battle. As for the remainder of the smoothbore cannons, they would be given to the reserves.

While reflecting upon the current state of global affairs, It was becoming dreadfully obvious that his enemies would be able to replicate matchlocks in a matter of years, maybe even make their own musket variants. Unlike the flintlock mechanism that required spring steel to make the trigger function, the earlier matchlock design did not require such advanced metallurgy.

His spies had already reported that the Iberian Union and the Catholic Church were working on reverse-engineering the arkebuse. With this in mind, Berengar began to draft a new form, requiring the manufacturer of matchlock muskets for the use of sale to Austria's allies; it was about time he upgraded the equipment of Granada and the Byzantines.

As for the actual design of the matchlock musket, he would leave that up to Ludwig, considering what he could make in his own spare time these days; such a primitive firearm would be a walk in the park for the old man to create.

Time was running short; soon enough, Berengar would have to send a force to intervene in the ongoing Reconquista, all while advancing his industry at home. While the railway was under construction and the arms factories were being outfitted with the newest machinery, the other forms of his enterprise were lagging behind.

However, for now, there was nothing he could do about that, new steam engines needed to be created to mechanize his other industries. For the time being, he could only sit back and wait until his manufacturing cities caught up to the newest technological innovations.

Berengar sat back in his chair and relaxed for a few moments thinking about the future; he had five months to prepare for war in Granada, and at most, five

years to prepare for the Crusade against him. He wondered if he would fully industrialize his territory between now and then.

While reflecting upon this, Berengar began to rest his eyes; he would fall asleep shortly after, concluding his day early. After all, he had gotten very little sleep throughout the past week, especially the night before. When he finally awoke, it would be late into the evening.

Chapter 368: Pistols and Pianos

Now that Berengar had successfully created metallic cartridges, his first order of business was to produce a sidearm for the cavalry, officers, and rear-echelon personnel to use. For starters, the flintlock pistols that they were currently issued were beyond obsolete compared to the other weapons being given to the Austrian Royal Army.

Frankly, Berengar did not trust his current issue flintlock pistol to protect his life anymore; even if he was going to be taking less of a frontline role from now on, he still wanted a multi-shot weapon to defend himself should the need arise.

As such, Berengar quickly got to work designing the weapon. Considering he had already designed the .38 Special cartridge and had even begun production of it, now was the perfect time to introduce a proper Service Revolver.

In truth, the revolver Berengar had in mind was one that he had purchased in his previous life. He did not come from a wealthy family during that time, nor was he particularly affluent in his adulthood. As such, he mostly relied on purchasing obscure, surplus weapons. One of these weapons was a revolver that he was quite intimate with.

The revolver design that he had in mind was based upon the Swiss 1929 Ordnance Revolver from his past life, which itself was an improvement on the original 1882 Design. The primary difference between this and the ones used by the Swiss during Berengar's previous life was that this version was scaled up to use the .38 S&W cartridge. Berengar used this impressive double-action revolver design as the basis for what he would refer to as the 1422 Service Revolver.

After designing this Service Revolver, Berengar realized it would not be suited to concealed carry. Thus, he developed a snub nose J-Frame Revolver based on the Smith and Wesson Model 36 for covert operatives such as his field agents. He designated this small revolver as the 1422 Agency Revolver.

After designing two different revolvers, Berengar sent the blueprints off to Ludwig to manufacture a few weapons for military and police trials. He wanted these revolvers fielded as quickly as possible so that if he ever found himself cornered on the battlefield, he would have an efficient means to defend himself other than his sword, that is.

After sending these blueprints off to the necessary departments, Berengar decided to rest from his work. As such, he began drifting through the royal palace, searching for someone to entertain himself with.

After a while, he found Adela playing a new instrument he had already invented in this timeline. Berengar was far from a musician, and as such, it took some severe trial and error to recreate the string instruments from his past life.

Among these musical instruments were the piano, violin, cello, guitar, etc. Though he had no idea how to play such instruments, Adela, ever being the musical prodigy, quickly adapted to the new devices and fell in love with them.

At the moment, Adela was playing a grand piano, and as usual, she was heavily invested in her work, failing to notice Berengar's approach. Berengar sat back and listened to his little angel perform a song that was deeply touching to the soul.

While he was hard at work establishing the industrial age within Kufstein and all of Austria. He had delegated a significant responsibility of cultural works to Adela, who seemed to have a knack for such things.

He made sure that she never worked too hard and enjoyed her personal hobbies. One of those activities was her work as a musician. Currently, Adela was dressed in a pastel blue dress with white frills around the chest, sleeves, and hem. This dress was modeled after fashion trends common in the Edwardian era of his past life.

Berengar listened to the sound in awe; he had always loved the piano but could never afford one himself, and as such, he deeply lamented the fact that he had never learned how to play such a beautiful and elegant instrument. After Adela had finished her song, she heard slight applause, which greatly shocked her.

She was truly touched when she looked over to see her husband smiling at her, with a small tear growing in his one good eye. Of course, Berengar did not simply clap and quickly walked up to the girl, where he expressed his genuine opinion.

"Wonderful, whenever I hear you play an instrument, it truly makes me appreciate the fact that I am still alive and not dead rotting within some desert in some god-forsaken corner of the world."

Adela chuckled in response to Berengar's praise; she had no idea he was referring to his unfortunate demise within his past life. As such, she motioned for Berengar to sit down next to her, where he happily obliged. After doing so, she commented on Berengar's inability to play the instruments he had created.

"How is it that you can make such a wonderful instrument but not have the faintest clue as to how to play it?"

Berengar chuckled in response to this before responding to Adela's question.

"I suppose I have a mind for engineering, but not for art. Besides, I was never lucky enough to be given the privilege of owning an instrument..."

Adela was surprised when she heard this and immediately asked for clarification.

"Your family never had instruments in your household?"

Berengar immediately realized he had slipped up and was once more referring to his past life, and as such, immediately corrected his statement.

"What I meant to say was I never had a teacher who could get through to me..."

Adela giggled when she heard this; after doing so, she began to instruct Berengar to follow her lead.

"Hold out your hands like this!"

As such, she slowly began to introduce Berengar to all of the piano's keys and the positions he needed to place his fingers to play the instrument properly. After several hours of learning, Berengar finally let out a sigh of exhaustion; he had no idea that learning how to play the piano was so tricky.

However, Adela had a pretty smile on her face; it was not every day that her friends and family took an interest in her hobbies; Berengar had spent an ungodly amount of money fostering the arts and even used his magnificent brain to conjure up new instruments for her to play. Now he took time out of his busy schedule to sit with her and learn how to play the piano.

The very thought made her heartbeat rapidly; as such, she latched onto Berengar and rested her head on his shoulder as he continued to push through the lesson. Berengar noticed this but refused to ruin the moment with some snarky remark, and thus he continued to misplay the piano until his hands grew too tired to continue.

After doing so, Adela raised her head from his shoulder and kissed him on the lips, twirling her tongue around his own as she did so. It was not until they were interrupted by Henrietta at the doorway that they stopped their display of affection.

Henrietta stared at them with a stoic expression as she announced her presence by knocking on the open door. By now, walking in on her brother making out with one of his lovers was something she had grown accustomed to. Of course, the moment she knocked and interrupted their little session, Adela grew flushed with embarrassment.

Berengar gazed up at Henrietta and asked the question on his mind in the calmest facade he could muster; after all, he was not exactly pleased that he and Adela were interrupted when things were going so smoothly.

"Henrietta, my dear sister, what is the matter?"

Henrietta immediately pointed at the old grandfather clock in the corner of the room and muttered a single word.

"Dinner"

After doing so, she left Berengar and Adela alone, where they picked themselves up and acted as nothing had happened between the two of them. Berengar quickly presented his hand to Adela with a handsome smile as he asked the question on his mind.

"Well, shall we go?"

Adela returned his smile with one of her own and a silent nod before grasping ahold of his hand and following his lead to the Dining Area. By the time they arrived, the others were present and waiting for the head of the household to arrive.

They would enjoy a fine meal together as a family during the peaceful days that the Kingdom of Austria was facing. Before long, war would erupt once more, and Berengar intended to enjoy every moment of serenity that he could get his hands on.

Chapter 369: Further Educational Reforms

A few weeks had passed since the day that Berengar had legalized polygamy within the Kingdom of Austria. The legalization of polygamy came as a great shock to the people of Austria, and many traditionalists were entirely against the idea. As such, they had gathered in the streets to make their complaints known to the Crown.

However, these peaceful protests were quickly snuffed out; while Berengar could have used overwhelming force to crush the voices of dissent, he decided on a more subtle method. He had empowered a countermovement of young men and women who embraced the lifestyle to kick the old farts out of the streets and shame them for being unpatriotic.

The motto used in the propaganda to enforce Berengar's will within the minds of the people was ripped straight from the bible and had become the chant of the young couples who had embraced this new law. Over time, it became merged with another slogan rising in popularity among polygamists.

"The Earth belongs to the German People! Be fruitful and multiply!"

The population growth of Austria since Berengar first seized control of it as a Duke had rapidly increased. With a combination of mechanized agriculture, the four-field system, and advanced fertilizers, more food was being produced than ever before. It allowed the common people to provide for many children.

When combined with the government's medical reforms and fertility incentives, the infant mortality rate was down to an all-time low. As such, there was a baby boom in Austria the likes the world had never seen before.

After all of this, Berengar had legalized Polygamy and utilized a manifest destiny form of propaganda to whip the Austrian people into a sense of zealous nationalism, to the point where it was considered a patriotic duty for a man to have multiple wives and create many German children among them.

With these reforms, Berengar knew that it was only a matter of time before he ran out of teachers to provide education to this new Generation of Austrian children. With this in mind, he began to sign into law significant reforms to the Austrian Department of Education. Berengar had revised his federal department of education to provide a unified curriculum throughout his realm and hire new teachers at an attractive rate.

After roughly three years of public education in Austria, many common people had become literate and capable of performing the basic arithmetic; Berengar intended to instruct this educated population further to become the teachers of the next generation.

Berengar had begun to modify the three stages of education for the youth in Austria. Starting in Elementary school, children would now learn basic German, Math, Science, History, and Civic Responsibility.

When they entered Middle School, Boys and Girls would be split into separate courses. Boys would begin Physical Training and Military Courses as additional classes loosely based upon the American JROTC program from Berengar's past life.

As for Girls, they would begin something akin to Home Economics, where they would learn to become good wives and mothers. They would also have

their separate Physical Training; of course, not only were the classes separated by sex, but so were the instructors.

In High School, the preexisting classes would be expanded upon. Math would turn into Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, and Calculus. At the same time, science would be split into Biology, Chemistry, and Physics.

For the Boys, they would begin two additional classes: Firearms Qualification and Combatives. A system of hand-to-hand combat based upon the US Combatives Program that Berengar had learned during his tenure in the army within his past life. Boys could also choose several electives, such as Metals class, Woodshop, masonry, etc., providing basic trade skills to the next generation of Austrian workers.

The girls would continue in Home economics and would have specialty electives like cooking, sewing, and other skills necessary to make good homemakers. After all, Berengar did not intend for women to work unless they were forced to provide for themselves.

On top of this, Berengar had decided it was about time to create a University; as such, he set aside part of the budget to create three new Universities. One was the Austrian Royal Military Academy, a place where young men who had graduated from primary education with exceptional grades could receive a fully funded higher education under the condition that they would serve in the Austrian Royal Army for a minimum of eight years.

In a way, the Royal Military Academy was Berengar's version of Westpoint, and it was primarily modeled after the University he had graduated from in his previous life. It would be located within the city of Vienna. When one graduated from the Royal Military Academy, they would automatically be instilled with the rank of Second Lieutenant and become a Commissioned Officer in the Austrian Royal Army.

The second University was the Austrian Royal Naval Academy; it was essentially the same as the Austrian Royal Military Academy, except designed with Naval Officers in mind. This University would be located in Malta, where a Naval Base was currently under construction. After seizing Malta as part of his victory in the Austrian War for Independence, Berengar began to create a giant Naval Colony upon the small island.

With these Military Academies, anyone who was granted the Order of Saint George was awarded the right for their children to attend either of the Universities. It was one of the perks of being awarded the highest military honor in Austria.

The third University was none other than Kufstein University, a State-Funded University where the elite among the civilian academics would go to get a higher education. It did not matter what one's social class was in this University; as long as one received high enough marks, they were allowed entry inside its grand halls, where they would be given one of the best educations in the Country.

After Berengar had finished drafting the many, many plans required to overhaul his education system and ensure that future generations were equipped with the knowledge necessary to maintain and advance the civilization he would leave behind. He sat back in his chair and sighed.

The moment he did so, he noticed that Adela had crept inside his study and was standing beside him with a warm cup of coffee in her hands. As usual, she was always there to assist him in whatever way she could manage.

Berengar gratefully accepted the gift and began to sip upon the drink, which provided a much-needed boost to his depleted energy reserves. After he did so, he thanked his young wife from the bottom of his heart.

"Thank you, Adela; things have been much easier ever since we got married. I don't know how I ever managed to get all of this work done without you."

Adela smiled and sat down upon Berengar's lap as he drank from his coffee; she immediately rested her head on his chest, where she responded with a slight nod. Despite the competitive nature of her relationship with Berengar's other girls, she had never been happier than she was now. At this moment, she revealed some information that Berengar had already suspected to be the case.

"Berengar, my love..."

Berengar looked down from his mug of coffee and into the deep sapphire eyes of his young wife, who was staring at him with a solemn expression. He smiled softly as he petted her head before encouraging her to continue her train of thought.

"Yes, dear?"

Adela played with Berengar's chest by prodding it a few times before revealing the thoughts on her mind.

"I'm pregnant..."

In response to this, Berengar smiled and kissed his angelic wife passionately; he had honestly begun to worry that Adela was infertile; after all, it had been over a month since they first got married, and she had not informed him about such a matter.

Berengar could feel his heart beating rapidly as he thought about what this meant; though he already had two children with Linde, he had yet to have one with Adela, the current Queen of Austria. When he finally married both Linde and Honoria, Adela would be the High Queen, and as such, it would be dreadfully awkward if she did not at the very least have a child on the way before then.

After making out for some time, Berengar released his tongue from Adela's with a broad smile on his face. After doing so, he smiled and petted her golden silk hair as he said the words he knew that she wanted to hear.

"I will pray that it is an exceptional boy worthy of inheriting my throne."

Adela giggled before revealing her thoughts on the matter.

"Funny, I don't believe I have ever seen you pray before..."

The moment Berengar heard this, he stared at her with a questioning gaze, he knew she was a devout reformist, but there was a deep-seated implication in her tone as she said this. Before he could ask what she meant by her words, she kissed him on the lips one more time before revealing her truest desire.

"I swear, before we pass away from this world, I will save your soul Berengar. If it is the last thing I do, I will make sure that you forever reside in paradise with me."

With this said, she got up from Berengar's lap and left the study, leaving Berengar filled with a bunch of questions about how he had managed to slip up around her. She was aware that he was not a true believer; despite this, she did not seem upset; instead, she appeared delighted as if the fact that Berengar was an atheist gave her a goal to look forward to.

For the first time in a long time, Berengar dwelled upon the nature of the divine force that had brought him into this world. If God and Heaven truly existed, then how did he manage to reincarnate into this world after his previous life's untimely demise. Why would a holy and righteous being like God give a sinful man like himself a second chance at life in a world where his knowledge and expertise could lead him to become a Tyrant?

Ultimately Berengar could not reach a conclusion, for what mortal could understand the mind of a divine being? As such, he sighed heavily before a smirk appeared on his lips. As he did so, he muttered something in a voice so low only he could hear it.

"Good luck with that!"

Chapter 370: Triple Pregnancy

After completing his Educational Reforms, Berengar left his study, where he instantly ran into Linde and Honoria, who both were standing outside of his door. It would appear they were having difficulties finding the courage to speak as the two women would not meet his gaze. Curious as to the issue, Berengar decided to lighten the mood by making a joke.

"Let me guess; you're both pregnant?"

Hearing Berengar so blatantly says what they were struggling to speak about shocked both Linde and Honoria, who rushed up to Berengar and grabbed ahold of him seeking answers for how he could be aware of such a thing.

"How did you know!?!"

Berengar, who was genuinely shocked to see that his jest was accurate, immediately inquired for clarification on the issue; he honestly could not believe that Adela, Linde, and Honoria would find out they were pregnant on the same day. As such, he scoffed at the girl's claims before speaking the thoughts on his mind.

"You can't be serious..."

The two young women looked at each other before silently nodding their heads at Berengar; the sparkle in their eyes hinted that they were intensely judging his reaction. Upon seeing that they were serious, Berengar's expression sank; though he was aware of just how much fun he had been having with his three women, he honestly did not expect a scenario where the trio was pregnant at the same time.

Judging by his timing, Adela was probably a few weeks further along than the other girls and had either just found out about it or was struggling to broach the subject with him until today. Berengar found it hard to believe that he had been shooting blanks for a few weeks before the first night he spent with all three of them.

Nevertheless, the reality was that all three of his women were currently pregnant, which meant that his life was about to become a lot more interesting; by interesting, he meant miserable. He could only imagine the difficulties he would face by living with three pregnant women, all siring his offspring.

Though Berengar could feel a headache looming over him, he did not let his grim outlook appear on his face; instead, he expressed great excitement to the girls who would soon be mothers. As such, he grabbed ahold of both of them and dragged them into his embrace, where he kissed them one at a time with an elated expression on his face. He spoke confidently as he was secretly lamenting the next nine months of his life.

"That's wonderful!"

Though Honoria bought his facade, Linde was far more shrewd and instantly picked up some of the small cues he left behind when he was acting; as such, she quickly withdrew from his kiss and questioned her lover in a severe tone.

"Are you not excited? This will be our third child; for some reason, you seem less sincere than when I informed you I was pregnant with Hans and Helga!"

It was only now that Honoria began to realize that Berengar had been faking his excitement, and as such, she immediately began to pout. Berengar had been found out, and as such, he carefully navigated around the minefield that was the girls' emotions.

"I'm excited; truly I am; I'm glad we will be able to increase the size of our family; it is just that I am worried, is all."

When Berengar said, this Linde and Honoria looked at each other with confusion before asking for clarification on what he had just said.

"Worried about what?"

When Berengar heard the two girls once more speak in unison, his excited facade crumbled, and a dejected expression filled his handsome face.

"I'll level with you; Adela has also informed me that she is pregnant, and so I am worried that something might happen to you girls, and I will be left alone in this world looking after our kids by myself."

Truthfully, Berengar was confident that nothing bad would happen to his wives or the children they bore. Instead, he was more concerned about the living hell his life was about to become; regardless, he could not very well admit that, or the girls would slap him.

As such, he went with the more safe approach to explain his lack of excitement. Luckily for him, Linde and Honoria had both bought this line and immediately began to hug him; the two girls comforted their lover, assuring him that there was nothing to worry about.

"Don't worry, nothing bad will happen to the children or us..."

Linde, who had already been through two healthy childbirths, knew that she would be okay, as, for the other two girls, she secretly prayed for their safety. Though she was not an exceptionally religious woman, she would find herself in prayer in times of doubt or fear, especially for those she cared about.

As for Berengar, he placed his faith in himself and his medical reforms, though they were far from the efficiency of the 21st Century; the effectiveness of the doctors in his realm increased with each passing day, as men like Ewald continued their research into the field of medicine.

By now, minor surgeries were starting to become commonplace, and blood types had been thoroughly researched, resulting in blood transfusions. Germ theory itself was largely accepted by Austrian scientists and doctors thanks to the efforts of Berengar's chemistry department.

Austrian medicine was already above and beyond anything else that existed in this medieval world. With Berengar's limited understanding of anatomy, biology, and chemistry which was no more than any other college graduate in the field of engineering would understand; he had significantly increased the knowledge of medical professionals, who themselves further researched into their respective fields with the tools that Berengar had provided them.

This pool of educated and zealous professionals allowed Berengar to be confident about preventing any severe complications during the pregnancy of his three wives. God? Who was he? Some old man living in the clouds who was given credit for everything, despite doing nothing. It was Berengar and his Scientific Revolution that was to thank for the low infant mortality rate.

Despite these thoughts, Berengar simply accepted the loving embrace of his two lovers; he would never allow anything to happen to them; if God existed and decided to steal his brides away from him, then Berengar would find a way to wage war against heaven to reclaim them.

Berengar smiled as he thought about the future; though the next nine months might be a living hell for him as a man, he would ultimately endure it. It was with this in mind that he grabbed ahold of Linde's and Honoria's hands and led them to the dining room. It was time for dinner, and Berengar intended to eat his fill.

Before long, Berengar arrived in the Dining hall, where he sat down next to his wife. Honoria was exceptionally clingy and refused to leave his side; as such, she sat in his lap and clung to him while he fed her; for whatever reason, she enjoyed being spoiled in such a manner. The very act angered the other two

women by his side, but before they could comment on the matter, Berengar spoke up.

"Well, since all three of you are pregnant, I suppose we should host the weddings as quickly as possible; after all, it is better to not cause controversy over the legitimacy of these children."

When Berengar said this, Henrietta dropped her spoon from her mouth, which landed upon her porcelain plate, creating a loud clanking sound. Although she was aware of what Berengar and his women got up to in their spare time, she was astounded that he had managed to impregnate all three of them at once.

On the other hand, Adela looked at the other two young women in shock; she could not believe they were also with children. As such, she began to pout, which did not go unnoticed by Berengar's trained eye. He, of course, smiled awkwardly at the whole situation while thinking to himself.

Mom... Dad... if you're watching me from above, I'm not going to lie; I think I bit off more than I can chew...

Berengar was referring to his parents from his past life, he did not know how transmigration worked, or if there was a heaven, but it was moments like this that he liked to think his parents, who had given up everything to provide for him, could see where he was at now.

Would they be excited about having a bunch of grandchildren, or would they admonish him for being a no-good playboy? Berengar already knew the answer to that question within his own heart. His mother would undoubtedly chastise him for his behavior, but she would surely love his grandchildren and his wives. At the same time, his father would be giving him a high five while sharing a drink and a cigar with him.

Thus Berengar gazed upon his new family with a loving expression as he drank from his beer and dined upon his food. He reflected on all of his life choices during both his past and this current one. Undoubtedly, his life here in this medieval world was superior to that of his first attempt.