

# Steel 461

## Chapter 461 - Breakfast With Adelbrand

The morning sun shined down upon the City of Kufstein within the Tyrolean Alps. Its warmth radiated from the sky above, onto the fields below, providing a much-needed change to the usual cold weather.

Within this city lies a common Cafe, which had become fairly infamous for being one of the favorite places for the King of Austria to dine in. Sitting in one of its many booths was none other than Berengar and his General Adelbrand.

Berengar used the silverware within his hands to dig into the substantial breakfast; after taking a bite from the delicious meal, he swallowed it down with a sip of coffee. As he did so, the young King glanced over at the man who was accompanying him.

Adelbrand was a man who was a member of the upper nobility and a battle-proven General. This was a man well renowned for his noble character and, in Berengar's eyes, his best hope at marrying off his sister so that she could live a normal life.

Of course, the young General was utterly unaware of Berengar's intentions and thus was reasonably nervous as he sat in the ordinary cafe dressed in his luxurious Ducal attire. He was astounded that the King would eat in such a lowly establishment, yet he refused to voice his concerns out of fear of offending the man. Upon noticing the nervous sweat that Adelbrand was brewing, Berengar put down his utensils and quickly got to business.

"I'll be frank with you, Adelbrand. My sister is now of age to marry, yet she has no fiance. I have been having a tough time finding a suitable man for her to marry..."

Adelbrand sat in silence as he nodded in agreement; he had heard that Berengar was looking for potential suitors for his sister but never imagined himself as a prospect. Thus it took him a moment to

realize what his King was requesting of him. It was only after Berengar looked at him with a suggestive gaze did the man finally get the hint.

"Me? You want me to marry Henrietta?"

Berengar was stoic as he expressed his views on the matter.

"Since we are loosely related via marriage, and you have proven yourself as a loyal and valuable commander up until this point, I will be brutally honest with you. Henrietta has an unhealthy obsession with me, and frankly, I need a man other than myself to catch her interest. The fact that she is interested in me as a man and not as her brother is indicative of her high standards, and thus you are pretty much my only option to dissuade her from her current path...

Now that you know my predicament, you are free to decline; after all, this is not an order but a personal request. All I ask of you is that you get to know my sister over the coming months as a suitor. She has minimal experience associating with men outside her family, and I am sure that with a bit of exposure to the opposite sex, she will quickly forget her infatuation with me and move on with her life."

Upon hearing this, Adelbrand was shocked, he had heard rumors that Henrietta had a brother complex, which originated from the other girls that attended her school, but he had never actually believed it to be true.

After all, the Princess was considered to be a Goddess who should not be tainted in the eyes of many young men. Though he knew this would likely be his only chance to marry royalty, he was still hesitant to follow through with Berengar's plan after learning the truth of Henrietta's affections.

Upon seeing the man's complicated expression Berengar sighed heavily as he revealed the extent of his difficulties. Since he had resolved himself to be honest with Adelbrand, he figured that he might as well inform him of the whole truth.

"I won't hide this from you; at the moment, I have found myself involved in a complicated relationship with my sister. To ensure that she won't do anything reckless, like a woman who has been rejected is prone to do. I may have promised to court her in secret. However, this was just a measure to buy me time to find a proper man for her.

Unfortunately, it has taken longer than I had initially estimated to achieve this. By now, she is getting impatient and demanding that I become more intimate with her. I must admit that I am fresh out of ideas to forestall any longer, and I am becoming quite desperate. I implore you to think about this mess I have created carefully before you get entangled within it..."

While Adelbrand reflected upon his choices, Berengar continued to sip from his coffee and dine upon his meal. If Adelbrand refused him, he was pretty much stuck with Henrietta, which meant that he would eventually fall prey to her desires. After all, he had never been able to refuse his sister; she was his weak spot. After careful consideration, Adelbrand sighed heavily before revealing his answer.

"Since the King is making a personal request of me, I suppose the least I can do is court your sister. However, if she shows no interest in me after several months of me attempting to change her mind, then I will be forced to cut my losses and leave you to your fate."

A wide smile lit up Berengar's face as he heard this answer; he could hardly contain his excitement. Surely Henrietta's obsession with him was just a phase, right? Once she was introduced to a proper man, Berengar was confident that she would drop her incestuous fantasies and live a happy and normal life. Thus he quickly shook the man's hand and thanked him for his kindness.

"Thank you, Adelbrand; you have no idea how much this means to me; I can finally get a good night's sleep without worrying about my future and that of my sisters."

As for Adelbrand, he was not nearly as excited as Berengar was; from the tone of Berengar's voice Henrietta's infatuation with her big brother was no simple matter; in his mind, it would not be easy to convince the girl to embrace him as her husband and leave behind her wicked thoughts. The young General could not believe that his King had dug himself into such an enormous hole; a single thought crossed his mind as he thought about Berengar's predicament.

Just say no, you fucking idiot! If you put your foot down and rejected your sister's sinful desires, then you would not be in this situation to begin with. How the hell are you the King of Austria and the most powerful man in the world if you don't have the guts to tell your sister that you don't want to be in a relationship with her?

After having this little rant in his head, Adelbrand sighed heavily before asking the question on his mind.

"So when do I get to meet the Princess?"

Berengar thought about this question carefully. Within a month, he was going to be going on a months-long trip overseas to the mythical land known as Vinland. During his absence, he would have to task Linde to watch over Henrietta and Adelbrand's encounters to ensure that nothing inappropriate happened between them.

Part of the reason why he wanted to disappear was so that he would not influence Henrietta's thoughts while she was seeing Adelbrand. Thus he thought about this subject carefully as he came to a conclusion in regards to when they should meet.

"Hmm... I suppose now is as good as time as any... How about it, do you want to follow me back to the Palace so I can introduce you to Henrietta?"

Adelbrand was shocked to hear Berengar being so calm about the whole thing. Sometimes he wondered how this man became so powerful when he lived life mainly on a whim. As the Monarch of one of the most powerful Kingdoms in the world, was there seriously no schedule this man followed?

Nevertheless, the young General ultimately sighed before standing up from his seat. As he did so, he chugged the remainder of his coffee before placing it down on the table; in doing so, he garnered his resolve for the task that was to come.

"Lead the way!"

Upon hearing this, Berengar smiled, and he too finished his coffee before leaving a few silver thalers on the table as compensation for the meal. After doing so, the two men left the establishment and walked through the bustling city of Kufstein while flanked by the Royal Guard.

In truth, Berengar was quite excited, as he hoped to dissuade Henrietta from the Incestuous path she walked upon and save himself the need to reject her outright. After what had transpired during the last time he left the poor girl, he feared what she might do, either to herself or those around her. Whether or not the couple could hit it off, had yet to be seen.

## Chapter 462 - Afternoon Tea

Berengar sat at his dining room table, sipping on a cup of coffee. Though he had just drunk a glass of the substance not long ago at the cafe, he was well known for drinking at least three cups of coffee a day. As he was sipping on his drink, he quietly observed the reactions between the young man and woman sitting across from him.

The King's sister had a scowl on her face as Adelbrand introduced himself, though she was aware that her brother had been working on finding a suitor for her to act as a cover for their secret taboo relationship. She was beginning to get the feeling that Berengar was not living up to his promise to be with her.

After all, it had been months since the King promised that he would enter a relationship with his sister, and yet they have done little more than a hug and hold hands. The teenage Princess became impatient and wanted to be more intimate with her precious big brother.

However, as she began to pressure him, Berengar conveniently found a man to remove the pressure from his sister's actions. Thus she was forced to entertain Adelbrand for afternoon tea. Henrietta was dressed in a lavish gown befitting a young woman of her position, and Adelbrand was dressed in his black and gold full-service dress uniform.

The medals that he had earned through gallantry were proudly displayed upon his chest, as well as the sash that signified him as a member of Austria's foremost order of Chivalry. Where other women might be impressed by these honors, Henrietta was uninterested at best. After all, when compared to her precious big brother, how could a man like Adelbrand interest her. Ultimately, Adelbrand was the one to break the silence as he began to address the girl with a cheerful tone.

"So Henrietta, I hear that you are close to graduating high school. Have you thought about what you will do after you have received your education?"

This was a stupid question; she was a Princess and didn't need to do anything. Despite this fact, she did want to be helpful to her brother in some way; thus, she reflected upon this comment for some time before answering the young Duke.

"I will probably go to Kufstein University and get a degree in Biology so I can aid my big brother in the development of his Kingdom...."

Adelbrand sighed as he heard this; no matter what he talked about with this girl, ultimately, it would swing back to the topic of Berengar; he was beginning to understand why the King was so desperate to get her a man. Her obsession with her brother was something that would not easily be undone.

The young Duke greatly desired to give up on his attempts to pursue the Princess then and there, but under the ever-watchful eye of the King, he would not demonstrate such a weak will. Thus he was forced to continue the awkward conversation that would inevitably speak about Berengar.

"That's a noble goal; we could always use more scientists; I just never figured that a woman like yourself would be interested in such a subject..."

Henrietta scoffed in remark to Adelbrand's statement and immediately chastised him for his comments.

"Well, I have to do something to be useful to my brother. Adela is working on cultural improvements, Linde is the intelligence director, Honoria is a master of Naval Warfare, and Yasmin... Well, I don't exactly know what she does yet, but I'm sure she will be useful to big brother in some way..."

Adelbrand immediately wanted to slam his head on the table as he heard this retort; the girl made it sound like she was one of the King's wives. He did not know if she was intentionally being obstinate or simply unaware of how everything she talked about returned to the topic of Berengar. Thus he tried to switch the subject to Biology, which she appeared to be interested in.

"What do you like about Biology? There are plenty of other scientific fields you could go into."

Henrietta took a sip from her teacup before going on a small rant about the field of Biology and why she found it fascinating.

"Biology is the study of life and how we all came to be. If I can help my brother put an end to disease, which is the cause of so much suffering to the people of his Kingdom, why would I not want to get involved in the field?"

Berengar immediately peaked his brow as he heard this; currently, his biology department was somewhat lacking. After all, his Physician Ewald was among the head biologists in his Kingdom, and the man was far from the genius that Aldo von Passau was. Henrietta had a good head on her shoulders, but he had never expected that the girl would take an interest in biology.

Ultimately Adelbrand nodded his head as he took a sip of his tea before responding.

"That is a very noble goal; though I don't know if we can entirely eliminate disease, I do believe that it is preventable; I can see that you care deeply about the people of Austria."

Henrietta smiled as she heard this praise; while she did care about the well-being of the people of Austria, her main goal in this endeavor was to receive her precious big brother's approval. She had a gleeful expression on her face as she imagined Berengar rewarding her with a head pat and a kiss the moment she discovered the cure to some deadly disease.

The young King sipped his coffee in silence as he watched his sister's excited expression. He could guess what she was thinking about, but he chose to remain silent on the matter. After all, it was Henrietta's first meeting with Adelbrand, and he did not expect her to cease her infatuation with himself during her first encounter with the Duke.

Thus he sat back and watched in silence as the two continued to converse; the more they talked, the more cordial Henrietta became to Adelbrand. She eventually dropped her ice-queen facade and actively engaged in a conversation about introductory biology with the Duke. Things were going quite well. Thus, Berengar decided to depart from the meeting.

He would have a servant watch his sister and her suitor in order to ensure that they maintained appropriate behavior. After leaving the room, the young monarch approached the chambers allotted to his youngest daughter with his second wife.

When he entered the room, he noticed that Linde was inside, gazing upon her newest daughter with a loving expression. Upon seeing this, Berengar remembered the conversation he had with Honoria not long ago about some of the more explicit behavior that his second wife engaged in.

He immediately approached the woman, where he proceeded to lift her dress in an attempt to see if she was wearing any underwear. Upon seeing that the woman was, in fact, not wearing any panties, a devilish grin appeared on Berengar's face as he latched onto his wife from behind and whispered something in her ear.

"So Honoria was right, you do have a habit of walking around without any panties on..."

Linde's cheeks were flushed red with embarrassment; she had finally been caught during one of her escapades. Luckily it was by her husband and not some random stranger. Thus a smirk appeared on her lips as she turned around and wrapped her arms around her man's neck.

"Master, I have been a naughty girl; please punish me!"

Berengar was more than happy to take the vixen up on her offer. Thus, he led her to his room, where he gave her a good tumble, as for, Henrietta and Adelbrand continued their conversation for some time while the King was making love to his Queen, utterly unaware of what was transpiring on the other side of the Palace.

Though they would not become a couple right away, Adelbrand felt as if he was off to a good start by the time their conversation ended. Little did he know that Henrietta was far from deterred from the path she walked upon. If anything, she merely thought of Adelbrand as a valuable tool to mask her relationship with her big brother.

Though it was undetermined whether or not this train of thought would continue, either way, Berengar would make sure to continue to set up lunch dates like this between his sister and Adelbrand. After all, the more they interacted, the more likely Henrietta was to forget her infatuation with her big brother and live a normal life.

Berengar knew that little progress could be made so long as he was around to influence her thoughts. As such, he planned to travel to the New World within a month and make first contact with the region's locals. As for Adelbrand, Berengar intended for him to remain behind in Kufstein and get to know the Princess better. There was much work to be done; thus, the King of Austria would stay busy for some time. He looked forward to the future that was on the horizon.



## Chapter 463 - Preparing For War With The Eastern Coalition

Berengar currently sat in the confines of his office upon his leatherbound chair. Standing in front of him were three of his Generals, one of which was from the Kingdom of Bohemia. Besides these men was the Director of Intelligence, dressed in her steingrau uniform. The four people stood at ease before their King as he overwent the report in his hands; with a heavy sigh, Berengar asked the question on his mind.

"Is this report accurate?"

Linde immediately nodded as she confirmed the document that her husband was looking at.

"Indeed, the Golden Horde has united once more under a new Khan, and the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth has gone on a recruitment campaign. With the loss of peasants and soldiers that they suffered during the war in Iberia, they are more determined now than ever to take hold of the current Teutonic Order's rump state.

If we wish to annex what remains of the Teutonic State, we must act now, before it is too late. Our agents in the field report that the Eastern Coalition will be marching an army of 100,000 men onto the Teutonic State in an attempt to eradicate it. Action must be taken if you wish to accomplish your goals of securing eastern Germany.

War is inevitable at this point..."

Berengar sighed heavily as he heard this last part; while his agents had been conducting sabotage and assassinations among the ranks of the Eastern Coalition; it was a certainty that they would overcome such tricks and unite against the Teutonic State. He was lucky that he had bought himself the time he had managed.

Berengar had just gotten back from his war in Iberia not long ago, and in truth, had no desire to depart to another war so soon. As such, he looked at his three Generals and began to ask the question on his mind.

"What is the state of the Bohemian Royal Army at the moment?"

Alexej Stepped forward with a face filled with pride and determination as he reported to his King.

"Bohemia stands ready for any conflict. Our soldiers are armed and trained to the same standard as the Austrian Royal Army. Though our Army is roughly a quarter of the size with a mere two divisions at the moment, make no mistake we are well prepared for this conflict."

Berengar smiled and nodded as he heard this; for the most part, his Army was still equipped with needle rifles, and he had no intention of revealing his next-generation weapons just yet. With this in mind, he shifted his gaze to Eckhard and Arnulf as he began to give the two men his orders.

"I want one of the newer divisions to be deployed to the Teutonic State so that they may gain some valuable field experience, make sure they are under the command of a competent and proven General."

Eckhard immediately nodded his head in response to these orders and suggested.

"How about Adelbrand? He has proven himself capable in multiple campaigns and is greatly respected among the Army."

However, Berengar immediately rejected this idea by shaking his head and responding firmly.

"No, I have plans for Adelbrand; he must remain in Kufstein for the time being. Instead, you should send someone else if neither of you is up to the task."

While there were many competent Generals to choose from, ultimately Eckhard sighed before volunteering himself.

"I will lead the campaign against the Eastern Coalition. However, I will do it under one condition..."

Berengar immediately peaked his brow in curiosity as he heard this; while, he was aware that Eckhard was suffering from Battle Fatigue; the man had still been willing to perform his duty to the bitter end.

If it were any other General, Berengar would punish him for making demands of his King and Reichsmarchall; however, since it was Eckhard, he merely sighed before entertaining the man's request. Eckhard spoke of his condition with a weary expression upon seeing his King nod his head in agreement.

"Your Majesty, I am old and quite honestly exhausted. I will lead this campaign under the condition that it is my last, and I am allowed to retire after I have achieved victory..."

Berengar frowned when he heard this, Eckhard was by far his most efficient military commander, yet he understood where the man was coming from; as such, he proposed a counter offer.

"I will agree to your terms, so long as you serve your retirement as a part-time instructor at the Austrian Military Academy. Your insights are too valuable to the next generation of officers to lose so easily..."

There was neither excitement nor dread in the eyes of the veteran field Marshal. Instead, there was only exhaustion as he nodded his head in agreement to the terms presented.

"Very well, I agree to your offer, your Majesty. I will lead the Fifth Division into the Teutonic State and announce our annexation. As for the Bohemians, they can send one of their Divisions as support, and together we will drive the Eastern Coalition back to the East."

Upon hearing this, Berengar smiled before pulling out a map. This map contained all of the territories he desired to conquer during this campaign. Not only was the remainder of the Teutonic State on this list, but all of the land that once comprised the eastern portions of the Kingdom of Prussia from his past life, as well as the baltic states.

Through centuries of Germanization under the thumb of the Teutonic Order, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania now had large swaths of ethnic Germans among their population, and Berengar intended to unite these lands into his Empire. After pointing out the areas on the map, Berengar spoke of his plan to his Generals.

"Your goal in this conflict is not only to annex what remains of the Teutonic State but also conquer these lands and bring them under the banner of our Kingdom! This is a war that will determine the future of our Kingdom and that of the German people!"

Eckhard nodded his head; though it was a lot of territory, he knew he could accomplish this feat. However, he would require more men to do so as such; he quickly made another suggestion as he glanced at the map.

"If that is your order, I will fulfill it, but I will need more soldiers; perhaps the 7th and 9th Divisions should join us!"

Berengar immediately nodded his head as he heard these terms and offered his complete and total support to the campaign.

"Take whatever forces you may need to accomplish this task, and make haste. The war has already begun; it is time for Austria to claim the Eastern German territories as its own!"

The three Generals immediately began to salute their King as they were given their orders; after doing so, Berengar stood up and saluted them in return. With this action, he dismissed his commanders, leaving himself and his wife behind to talk about more secretive matters. Linde sat in her husband's lap as she prodded his cheek with her dainty finger.

"You are seriously going to go off searching for the mythical land of Vinland while you send your soldiers to war in the East?"

Berengar smiled and nodded as he heard this response from his wife. After doing so, he cupped her face with his hand and began to give her his orders.

"While I am away, I need you to keep an eye on Henrietta and Adelbrand. Make sure their relationship progresses smoothly, and ensure that they don't engage in any inappropriate behavior while I'm away..."

Upon hearing this, Linde began to chuckle before responding with a jest at the expense of Berengar.

"It sounds to me like you are actually against the idea of your sister seeing other men deep down in that black heart of yours. She is allowed to meet with Adelbrand on chaperoned dates, but she cannot get intimate with him? How do you plan to break her infatuation with you if you won't allow her to be physical with someone else?"

The Austrian King frowned when he heard this remark before flicking his wife on the forehead.

"Just do as I say..."

Upon hearing this, Linde pouted before standing up from his lap. As she did so, she walked to the door before agreeing to his request.

"As always, I will obey your orders master; I just wonder what it is that you truly want..."

After saying this, the strawberry blonde-haired vixen departed, leaving Berengar alone with his thoughts. Though it was only a joke from his wife, she seemed to have struck a nerve, as the very idea of his sister being intimate with another man; made Berengar's skin crawl. However, he did not know why he became enraged as he imagined such a scenario occurring.

Ultimately he pulled out a hemp cigarette and a match as he lit up a smoke in his office. Linde's words repeated themselves throughout his mind as he thought about the ordeal at great length. Maybe some time away from his sister would not only be good for her but him as well?

## Chapter 464 - Casting Off

Well over a month had passed since Berengar and Honoria had begun to make preparations for their journey to the New World. Standing at the docks of Trieste was none other than Berengar and his Pirate Queen Honoria.

The couple held hands as they gazed at the recently retrofitted Honoria's Revenge, which had been rebranded as "Queen Honoria's Revenge." It was now an iron-clad sloop of war, fully capable of winning any naval battle on its planet entirely by its lonesome. No enemy vessel on this great earth could pierce its water-tight steel-plated hull.

The day had finally arrived, and Berengar was about to step foot on a journey to the new world. While the 5th, 7th, and 9th Divisions of the Austrian Royal Army had already begun to deploy to the Teutonic State, he was taking a separate Journey, one that many would deem utter madness should they become aware of it.

Though Berengar knew the truth about this world and that there were two continents on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, the world at large knew nothing about this; even rumors of the centuries past tale of Vinland were largely forgotten. Despite this, Berengar had announced to his wives and important government officials that he would be going on a journey to find this lost continent which was only spoken about in ancient Scandinavian folk tales.

While Berengar stood at the docks he was dressed in his standard field uniform the primary difference being the great cloak he wore over his tunic. After all, it was the middle of spring, and the weather was still quite cool, even here in the Mediterranean, he could only imagine what it would be like on the Eastern Seaboard of North America.

Honoria was dressed in an entirely new outfit. It was primarily based upon that which the sailors in the Austrian Navy now wore. In other words, it was a Kriegsmarine sailor uniform; the difference was that it was cut in a feminine style to accommodate Honoria's curvy figure. Aside from this, there was another major difference and that was the fact that she also wore a skirt and thigh-high socks with it.

That was not the only new thing about Honoria's appearance. Since she had gotten a new Navy blue uniform, she had decided to redye her hair. She had removed the expensive Tyrian Purple dye entirely and replaced it with deep blue indigo, which flawlessly blended with her ivory skin and mint green eyes.

Around the Privateer's shoulder was an MP-22 submachine gun, and on her black leather belt was a P-22 Pistol. Berengar had outfitted his sailors and marines with the best equipment available for this expedition to the new world. He, too, was equipped with the same weapons as his wife.

Berengar's family were gathered in the docks as night descended upon the city of Trieste. To ensure that nobody would find out about the covert operation to the new world, Berengar had closed the docks at

night for the past month, even now the only souls to bear witness to this monumental departure were the King's family and the Naval Personnel permitted with the security clearance to witness the event.

Adela was far from pleased that her man would be leaving her behind with the newborn twins so soon after returning home from war, yet Berengar knew that now was the best time to escape the chaos that his family was going through.

The young Queen gazed sternly at her husband, believing he had gone entirely insane; after all, to search for land from a largely forgotten tale was not something a sane individual would do. However, she ultimately decided to support him in his endeavor and walked up to him, where she kissed him upon the lips and whispered something in his ear.

"Though I don't approve of this madness, I will pray for your safe return..."

Berengar smiled as he patted his High Queen on the head before reassuring her of his security.

"Relax, my sweet Adela... I will be home in a few months; you do not need to fret so much!"

The young woman merely pouted in silence as she took her step back, it was now Linde's turn to say goodbye, and she was far more passionate in her act than the previous Queen. She wrapped her arms around her husband's neck and passionately kissed him for more than thirty seconds before pulling herself apart.

"Bring me back a souvenir! I trust that you won't do anything stupid!"

Once more, the King smiled and nodded his head before responding.

"Of course, do I look like a fool who would get himself killed on the other side of the world to you?"

Linde merely smirked before responding to her husband's question.

"What do you think?"

Berengar chuckled before patting his second wife on the ass and whispering in her ears in response to this.

"Take good care of our kids and Alexandros while you are at it!"

The Second Queen nodded her head in response and returned to the line, where Berengar's next bride took her turn to say goodbye. Yasmin approached her husband with a smile on her face. Out of all of his wives, aside from Honoria, she was the most supportive of his actions. She kissed her man goodbye before resting her head on his chest; she said the words that shocked everyone present as she did so.

"Don't be gone for too long, or you will miss the birth of our child..."

Berengar, as well as his other wives, gazed upon the Moorish Princess with awe. Did she just admit that she was pregnant? Before Berengar could ask for clarification, the mature woman placed a finger on his lips to silence him before nodding her head. After doing so, she returned to where the other women were standing.

The last woman to approach Berengar was Henrietta, who was in tears; she desperately clung to Berengar where she poured her tears into his chest as she desperately tried to convince him to stay behind.

"You are going away so soon after returning! Must you leave?"

Berengar nodded his head silently in response to this and wiped the tears from his sister's eyes. After the girl had managed to calm herself, she nodded her head before whispering something in her brother's ears.

"Very well, but when you return, I will no longer take no for an answer..."

When Berengar heard this line, his eyes widened in response; he knew exactly what she was referring to. After all, for the past few months, he had been finding ways to refuse her advances, she desperately wanted to sleep with him, and now that he was embarking on a distant journey, she would one way or another have her way when he returned to her.



Before he could protest her words, Henrietta plunged her lips against Berengar's and violated his tongue with her own, in doing so garnering the fury of his wives. They were unaware of the so-called "secret relationship" between them. Berengar was too stunned to do anything, and ultimately Honoria pulled the young Princess off of her brother.

Henrietta began to pout as she received quite a talking-to from Berengar's wives. As punishment for her unacceptable behavior, the princess would be confined to her room for the next few days. As for Berengar, he and Honoria finally stepped up on the bow of the vessel, which housed an entire crew and a company of marines. Now that they had said their goodbyes, they had begun to cast off.

The Austrian King stood firmly upon the bow as his wives waved him off; he continued to stare out towards their direction until the women were no longer visible. After he could no longer see the group, he sighed heavily and turned his head to see Honoria smirking at him with her arms crossed. The pirate queen quickly began to chastise him for not pushing Henrietta away.

"You just can't say no to your sister, can you?"

Berengar gazed upon his beautiful wife and smiled before grabbing ahold of her waist and reaching his hand through the bottom of her shirt and into her chest. The mighty pirate Queen immediately blushed as her husband took advantage of her. However, his following words utterly charmed her to the point where she completely forgot her inner fury.

"Why would I care about my little sister when I have such a beautiful woman standing before me?"

Upon saying this, the Austrian King began to kiss his wife on the neck before picking her up and leading her into the Captain's Cabin. The couple started their journey by making love on the high seas. They would continue their amorous activities until they fell asleep well past midnight.

As for when they awoke, they would already be close to the straight of Gibraltar. With the triple expansion engine, and the full-rigged sails, this vessel was capable of exceeding speeds over 20 knots; it was even faster than a clipper, making it the perfect boat to reach the New World. Theoretically, they could get the legendary land of Vinland in a fortnight thus all they had to do now was wait until they arrived on the shores of a long-forgotten continent.

## Chapter 465 - On The March Yet Again

On horseback, Eckhard rode among his Army; behind him were 75,000 Austrians; their purpose was simple, annex the Teutonic State in the name of King Berengar von Kufstein, and repel the Eastern Coalition. The 5th, 7th, and 9th Divisions who were dispatched for this mission were relatively inexperienced in warfare.

Despite this, they were eager to perform in battle and confident in their training. With the great Field Marshal of Austria at the helm, they believed that there was no conceivable way that they could lose this war.

At the moment, these Austrians were embarking into Bohemia, where they would regroup with the 1st Division of the Royal Bohemian Army. Though Berengar was also the King of Bohemia, he had seldom spent time within its lands, instead, he had delegated the responsibility of Governance to a personal representative who instituted the King's reforms.

Though there was initially some dissent to Austrian occupation, after the Kingdom of Bohemia was fully repaired from the devastation of the Hussite wars and was on the path to prosperity the people gradually accepted their fate. As he was marching Eckhard gazed upon the fertile fields that were once filled with the blood and corpses of friend and foe alike.

He had spent several years of his Military Career within this Kingdom, only for it to end up in the hands of his master. A bitter smile formed on the man's face as he gazed upon the reconstruction that had occurred since Berengar seized control of these lands.

Cities were rebuilt with the advanced technologies provided to them by Austria. Plumbing existed and waste treatment plants, much like what was seen in Austria. Vast road networks connected the various cities that sprawled across the Kingdom, and rumors were afloat that Bohemia would be united to Austria via its massive train network one day soon.

The old buildings and fortifications that had been destroyed in the previous conflict were replaced with German-style structures, which heavily emphasized the ongoing Germanization in the Kingdom. Even

the language the Bohemians spoke was replaced with German in the education system that had been implemented. The people walked around in the Austrian dress style and appeared to be well fed due to the agricultural improvements that Berengar had introduced.

While the world focused on Austria as the most powerful Kingdom in the west, they had wholly neglected the fact that Bohemia was rapidly catching up to its neighbor due to their joint monarch and his exceptional reforms. As the veteran Field Marshal gazed upon the rapid progress, he had conflicted feelings as he could no longer recognize the once distinct culture of the Bohemians. Instead, all he saw was yet another Austria...

Eventually, Eckhard and the soldiers beneath his command found their way to the mustering grounds where 25,000 Bohemians had gathered. Among their ranks were former Hussites and loyalists alike who had all come together underneath the iron fist of Berengar von Kufstein and his current regime. These men who once fought each other over religious differences were now united under the guise of nationalism.

While many of the soldiers within the Bohemian Army's ranks were Bohemian, the officer class was almost entirely comprised of the Ethnic Germans who lived within the Kingdom. The reason for this was simple, to ensure loyalty to their German King and to allow effective communication between the Austrian and Bohemian Armies.

The uniforms of the Bohemian Army were based upon those used by the Austro-Hungarians during the final days of the Great War from Berengar's past life. The difference was that they also wore the same trench-style armor issued to the Austrian Army, albeit in the color of Steingrau instead of Feldgrau.

They were equipped with the same Schmidt Needle Rifles that were issued to the Austrian Army, the 1422 Service Revolvers, and the 7.5cm FK 22 field guns. Many of these men were veterans from the conflict in Iberia and proudly displayed the medals that they had earned through gallantry.

The Field Marshal in command of these forces was none other than Alexej Kaspar, the man who once led the Kasparian Hussites against the Catholic powers of the old Bohemian Crown. By now, the Hussite Reformation and its beliefs were being replaced by the German Reformation.

Thus an old veteran like Alexej had no place in society but to take up the sword once more in the name of the new Bohemian State. When he gazed upon his old friend Eckhard, the man smiled before greeting the Austrian Field Marshal.

"My friend, I am glad that you have made your way to Bohemia once more; I assure you that my men are ready to fight by your side and claim victory for our King! The Eastern Coalition won't know what hit them!"

Eckhard smiled and nodded his head, with an army of 100,000 men, all armed with the advanced weapons they currently wielded, Eckhard was confident that victory would be achieved so far as the Teutonic State was concerned, as for the conquest of the Baltic and the other regions that Berengar had outlined, it was easier said than done. However, he did not express this concern. Instead, he merely gave his orders to the Bohemian Field Marshal; after all, Eckhard was placed in command of this Campaign.

"Prepare your men; we march at dawn!"

Alexej immediately nodded his head in response and saluted the Austrian Field Marshal.

"Yes, sir!"

Having said this, Eckhard led his 75,000 men to the quarters allotted to them during their brief stay in Prague. He immediately got together with Alexej and a few of the men he had once fought alongside as they reminisced of their past glory.

The group of veterans sat together in a tavern within the city as they discussed their thoughts on the current state of Bohemia. Eckhard was the first to raise his concerns about the changes over the past years.

"I am astonished at how much Bohemia has changed since I left it in ruin. The fields are fertile, roads are constructed, and the cities are rebuilt better than ever. It appears that the people seem to be happy with the changes... However, I want to know your opinions on the current state of Bohemia."

Alexej looked around first to see if there were any listeners nearby before taking a swig from his drink; as he did so, he expressed his actual thoughts on the matter in a hushed tone.

"Life is better than ever, but Bohemia isn't Bohemia anymore... The newest generation is all taught to speak German, our architecture and culture have been overhauled to match Austria's. Despite our economic gains, we are nothing more than a client state of Austria, and many of the members of society are not happy about this."

Eckhard nodded his head in silence as he took a sip from his beer; even the breweries of Bohemia had been changed to mimic the style of drink that was crafted in Austria. While Eckhard knew that Berengar intended to Germanize the Bohemian population, he didn't expect a rapid culture shift. Ultimately he shook his head before making a bold statement.

"In a hundred years, Bohemia will be just another German State; it is a damn pity that the things that made you all unique will cease to be within our children's lifetime..."

With this said, none of the Hussite Veterans were willing to speak; instead, they gazed at the Austrian-style beer with pity in their hearts. Had they known that this would result from their war efforts, they never would have taken up arms against the previous King of Bohemia.

With this, Eckhard spent a night of heavy drinking with his former comrades; it would not be until well past midnight that he managed to get any sleep. When he finally woke up early in the morning, he was in a groggy state as he mounted his trusty steed and set forth on the path to Marienburg.

There were still several days worth of marching before the Austro-Bohemian Army arrived at their destination; during this time, they would keep their morale up by singing various marching songs that Berengar had introduced to his Army. Most of which were from his past life, though talented musicians of the era had created others.

When the Austro-Bohemian Army finally arrived at their destination, they were greeted with open arms by the current Grandmaster of the Teutonic Order; unfortunately for the men beneath his command, the end of the Teutonic State had come, as the Austrians had agreed to annex their beloved realm. As for the fate of the Teutonic Order, what Berengar had planned for them remained to be seen. Though he certainly would not permit a separate armed force from his Military to exist.

This was Eckhard's last war, and he intended for it to be a flawless victory, forever to imprint his name on the history of the world before he finally retired. Thus Eckhard would go to great lengths to secure the territory that Berengar had requested him to. As for the Austrian King, he would soon be arriving in the New World, a secret mission that very few trusted individuals within the Austrian Government were made aware of.

## Chapter 466 - First Contact Part I

Berengar sat on the bow of the ship; in his hands was his MP-22 submachine gun, which he carefully cleaned. The salty air of the sea required the weapons of the Austrian force to be maintained regularly. Though they were finished with excellent bluing, which slightly aided in resisting rust, it was not nearly as effective as modern means of rustproofing.

His third wife, Honoria, was also cleaning her weapon by his side. The majority of the Marines who had been dispatched on this covert operation were all hard at work maintaining their gear to ensure it was in top shape for their arrival in Vinland.

Berengar, like the Marines beneath his command, was dressed in thick winter clothing, with a splinter camouflage parka, and trench-style body armor that was painted to match. Unlike his soldiers, though, Berengar did not wear a helmet. Instead, he wore an M43 style field cap which shared the same camouflage pattern as his parka.

Currently, it was towards the end of winter, and the beginning of spring, thus the land was still covered in frost, and the weather was dreadfully cold. Despite being a less than ideal time to venture to the new world, Berengar had decided it was best to begin his efforts now, especially since his family life had become somewhat chaotic over the past month.

It had been eleven days since the crew set off from the port in Trieste, and though Berengar knew that they were close to the shores of the New World, his team was not as optimistic. Despite this, supplies were ample, as the canned food became exceptionally useful on the high seas. Thus, there was no concern about running out of things to eat and drink for the time being.

Berengar used an oil-based product that he had imported from Byzantium to clean his weapon. While Austria had a decent oil reserve within its borders, Berengar had no intent to use this stockpile just yet. After all, he could consider it his strategic reserve, and he had not even begun production of refinement facilities, as well as combustion engines.

Thus he relied on the relatively crude oil found across the world in open pits to maintain his equipment. After he had finished cleaning his weapon, the young King of Austria heard a shout from a sailor whose job was to spot land.

"Land ho!"

Immediately Berengar reacted by putting his weapon back together and inserting a loaded magazine into its chamber before charging the open bolt mechanism and putting on its safety. After doing this, he slung it over his shoulder and issued his commands to the Marines who occupied the ship.

"Men, we are about to embark onto a new world, with various unknown factors! Under no circumstances should you panic; remember to remain calm at all times! If we come under fire, do not hesitate to eliminate the enemy; however, make sure to conserve your ammunition, as we only brought so much with us on this difficult journey!"

The battle-hardened marines beneath Berengar's command had dire expressions on their faces as they saluted their King.

"Yes, sir!"

While Berengar was lecturing his soldiers, Honoria rushed to the helm, where she helped bring the ship to the coastline of the landmass in front of them. If Berengar's chartings were correct, they would be off the coast of what was considered New York in his past life.

Because this was a steam-powered vessel with a triple-expansion steam engine, Berengar had opted to take the route from the coast of Iberia to New York. At an average speed of between 20-25 knots, the journey took eleven days to arrive at their destination.

Berengar gazed upon the vacant coastline with excitement in his eyes. This was not only a monumental journey in world history, but it was also a personal goal of his. He would finally be able to return to the land of his birth within his past life. Though he was not a native to New York, he had spent four years of University in the State and had some decent memories of his life there.

As he was reminiscing, the ship was settled off the region's coast, where Honoria and the crew deployed the anchor. After the boat had halted itself in the bay, Berengar issued a command to the sailors aboard the ship.

"Marines! Assemble, Sailors begin to deploy the Row Boats. We are heading ashore!"

While the crew currently operating the Sloop of War known as Queen Honoria's Revenge were getting into position, Berengar, Honoria, and the Marines boarded the rowboats, where they were quickly lowered into the bay. Upon hitting the water, they immediately began to row towards the shore.

While this was going on, Berengar stood at the head of the rowboat, proudly gazing into the distance. He decided now was as good as time as any to crack a joke, and thus he bellowed out in a voice for all his soldiers to hear.

"If any of you bastards step foot on the shore before me, I'll shoot you myself!"

Though Berengar said this with a hint of laughter, his men were smart enough to know that he was not joking. Thus they curbed their inner desires to compete with their King to be the first man to step foot on the New World. Ultimately they would have to settle for being the crew of the man who accomplished this.

Eventually, the rowboats made their way to the land where Berengar accomplished his goal; he stepped foot on the sandy shore with a broad smile on his face. The soldiers beneath his command began to pick up their rucksacks and supplies from the rowboats as they prepared themselves for the unknown. Berengar had a plan in place to set up a small frontier fort and a port capable of hosting the Sloop of War they had arrived in. Thus he immediately gave out his orders to the necessary units.

"Sappers, I want you to build a port immediately so we can bring the rest of the supplies from the ship to the shore. Second Platoon, your orders are to secure the perimeter, as for the rest of you, you will construct a fortress for our use, get your hatchets and begin to fell some trees!"

These marines were selected specifically for this expedition, and Berengar knew they were capable of fulfilling the task; thus, he sat back and watched as the soldiers beneath his command slowly but surely constructed shelter and a port. Now and then, he would make sure to guide them in the right direction to ensure that they were adequately secure from the elements and potential hostiles.



Berengar and his soldiers huddled together under a series of primitive lean-to shelters on the first night of landing in the new world. Within days, log cabins were constructed, and a proper barrier around it to ensure defense. A small outpost was fully erected by the time a fortnight had passed, and a primitive port had been established to act as a proper stationing post for their vessel.

Throughout this process, scouts from the nearby tribes observed these unknown foreigners' actions from afar, afraid to get too close and cause an unnecessary conflict with the strangely garbed men who had come from the sea. By the time their fortress was fully established, the Natives had become quite worried with the regular Austrian patrols.

They had no idea who these pale-skinned and golden-haired people were, where they were from, or their purpose for visiting the region. However, the rapid establishment of what appeared to be a well-thought-out fortress was beyond worrisome. Eventually, the word was brought back to the local Mohawk chieftain who was sitting within his longhouse, alongside his wife and two teenage daughters.

A young man by the name of Shosheowa knelt before the chieftain of his tribe before giving his report.

"Father, the pale skins have spent the last two weeks establishing a fortress on the coastline. They appear to have arrived in a large canoe which spits smoke into the air! There are hundreds of them. However, we dare not approach them. For they appear to be armed with strange weapons, the likes we have never seen before.

So far, it only appears that there are men among their ranks, as we have not spotted the presence of a woman. Could this possibly be a Warband from some tribe far across the great sea?"

The chieftain blew out a puff of smoke from his pipe as he reflected on his son's words. Whoever these men were, the fact that they were comprised entirely of males did not bode well for his tribe. If there were genuinely hundreds of these men, then it was a Warband of significant size.

However, the Chief was wise; his immediate thought was not to instigate conflict with the trespassers but to establish communication. Thus he gazed over at his eldest daughter, who spoke a total of fifteen languages, and addressed the girl with a worrisome look on his face.

"My dear Kahwihta, you are the only one who I can trust to communicate with these strange foreigners. I am tasking you to bridge the gap between our two peoples and ensure no conflict between us. I will order your brother and the warriors beneath his command to protect you on your journey. Make haste before some other tribe foolishly provokes these strangers and forces us to bear the pay the price of their ignorance!"

Kahwihta was a young woman; in her later teenage years, she was a beautiful woman with tan skin, brown eyes, and jet black hair. Her body was slender, but with curves in the right places, she was considered by the tribe to be their most pristine beauty. Though the chieftain worried for her safety in interacting with an encampment full of foreign men, he knew of none other who could take her place as a translator.

If anyone could effectively communicate with the strangers who arrived on the shore, it was his daughter. Thus the young woman nodded her head in agreement as she stood up from her spot and followed her brother out the door of their longhouse. Whether or not they would be the first native peoples to interact with the Kingdom of Austria and the German people had yet to be revealed.

## Chapter 467 - First Contact Part II

The cold breeze of the early spring spread throughout the fresh North American air. Berengar stood in a watchtower that had been established within his frontier fortress, breathing it in with a broad smile on his face. This bountiful land had yet to be tainted by the stain of industry or the changes brought forth by advanced agriculture.

Though these things were necessary for societal advancement, there was something beautiful in the primal nature of the North American landscape. As he gazed upon his surroundings with awe, he noticed the approach of a group of natives. As the young King witnessed this sight, a smirk appeared on his princely face. The local tribes had finally decided to show themselves to him and his host.

Immediately Berengar began to ring the bell, signaling the troops to assemble. He had no idea if this was a native Warband or a peace delegation. Despite the overwhelming advantage that his soldiers had in terms of training and firepower, it was best not to underestimate the tenacity of the Native American people.

The bell resounded throughout the encampment and the surrounding area; as it did so, the mysterious sound spooked the native delegation, as they witnessed dozens of soldiers clad in strange uniforms rush to the ramparts of the wall, and bear their rifles towards the presence of the unknown native tribesmen.

To the Mohawk people, the fortifications they witnessed were alien and intimidating in design. Thus, they approached cautiously, with their weapons held in a docile position. Their orders were to establish communication with these pale-skinned foreigners, and therefore they had no desire to instigate a conflict with the men inside this timber fortress.

As the Mohawk tribesmen approached the village, Berengar stood on the ramparts with his MP-22 loaded and ready. His fortress was set up like that of the star forts back in the fatherland, the difference being it was constructed of timber and lacked any means of sufficient artillery. Aside from a few 60mm mortars and MG-22 Water-Cooled Machine Guns, this fortress lacked explosive firepower.

Despite the lack of overwhelming Artillery, Berengar was sure that his company of marines could hold this fortress against an army ten times its size; after all, they were still issued with bolt action rifles and machine guns. However, despite the slow approach of the Natives, Berengar did not sense any form of hostility from them; as such, he raised his hand, halting his soldier's actions as he issued an order.

"It appears that they might be peaceful, do not open fire unless you are opened fire upon. I would very much like to see if we can establish some form of communication with these natives..."

The soldiers under Berengar's command looked at him with confusion; just what could these savages provide to the great Kingdom of Austria? Despite this, they were given orders by their King, and thus they followed them; the soldiers lowered their weapons from an offensive position while keeping a close eye on their surroundings in case they were to come under assault."

As the Mohawk delegation closed in on the fortress, the gates swung wide open, revealing Berengar, Honoria by his side, and a few grunts to protect them. Their weapons were lowered, so they were not overtly hostile but could be rapidly deployed if necessary.

Eventually, the Mohawk tribesmen stopped roughly fifteen feet away from Berengar and his group; they gazed curiously at the camouflaged parkas in use by the German soldiers. They had never seen such strange clothing before; of course, Honoria's deep blue sailor outfit and indigo hair confused them even more.

Eventually, the Chieftain's daughter, who went by the name of Kahwihta, stepped forward and attempted to introduce herself in her language.

"I am Kahwihta, daughter of the great Chief, Okwaho; we come bearing gifts, please accept this corn as a token of our friendship."

Neither Berengar nor the people beneath his command understood a word that the woman was saying and instead gazed curiously upon her as she spoke the words. However, when they brought out a few wicker baskets filled with Corn, Berengar immediately noticed that they offered a gift. He said in German as he ordered his troops to stand down.

"They come in peace; lower your weapons!"

Kahwihta was surprised when she heard the German tongue being spoken for the first time; not only was it a completely foreign language that she had never heard before, but it sounded incredibly aggressive, so much so that the warriors under her brother's command immediately flinched, thinking that these men were about to become hostile.

However, upon noticing that the Austrian Marines had slung their weapons over their shoulder and accepted the gift of maize, the Mohawk warriors sighed in relief. Though neither of the two people could understand each other, they knew by their actions that there was no hostility between them.

Berengar smiled and nodded his head as he accepted the token of friendship with gratitude; as he did so, he thanked the Mohawk delegation in his language, which though they did not understand, they could make an educated guess as to what he was saying.

The Austrian King immediately opened up a path to the fortress and, with a gesture, led them inside. Unfortunately, since there was no direct translation between the Iroquois language and German, Berengar would have to start from scratch. He used the most basic forms of establishing contact: pointing to objects and exchanging each other's words for what represented said object.

As Berengar led the Mohawk tribesmen into his makeshift fortress, he took notice of Kahwihta's natural beauty and leered at her from afar. This action immediately caught Honoria's attention, who sighed

heavily as she witnessed this. Did her man seriously not have the ability to keep it in his pants? She was amazed that he had managed to avoid having relations with his sister for so long.

Of course, while Berengar was checking out Kahwihta, the men who had followed her were doing so to Honoria; her pale skin and indigo hair were alien yet appealing at the same time. Of course, they could guess that this woman belonged to one of the men in this fortress, and thus they did not make any advances.

Eventually, Berengar led the delegation into the building constructed to house both him and his wife. He pulled out several golden chalices and filled them with his favorite beer as he did so. Since these people had so kindly brought him one of his favorite foods from the New World, he would share one of his favorite drinks from the old world. After filling the cups with the dark brown liquid of the doppelbock beer, Berengar handed it over to his guests and proposed a toast in German.

"To our newfound friendship!"

Though the Mohawks had no idea what they were saying or what this strange liquid was, they were brave enough to take a sip. The hearty flavor of the doppelbock was something that not everyone would enjoy; especially if they were unfamiliar with alcohol. As such, several members of the delegation wanted to spit it out upon tasting its flavor but chose not to do so to avoid offending these foreigners.

Kahwihta, in particular, seemed to enjoy the beer deeply and drank from it rather rapidly as if no matter how much of the substance she consumed, it could not satisfy her desire for more. However, the beer was 8% alcohol and thus quite heavy for such a beverage. Eventually, her cheeks turned red, and she had difficulty thinking straight.

At that point, Berengar took away the chalice from her hands; he had forgotten entirely that her people were not used to alcoholic beverages and thus had a low tolerance to the drink. After getting the Mohawk's drunk, Berengar found them some quarters and allowed them to sleep it off. After placing the Chieftain's daughter down upon a feather mattress and covering her with fur covers, Berengar chuckled before commenting on the situation.

"Fucking lightweights..."

Honorio gazed at him with a curious expression as she asked the question on her mind.

"What are we going to do with them now?"

Berengar smiled before answering with a confident expression in response to this.

"We will try to get to understand these people, the old fashion way. It may take some time, but sooner or later, we will be able to teach them our language and learn more about this mysterious land. In the meantime, I want you to go back to Austria and ferry across more men and supplies. My objective with this military outpost is to be established for the long term."

Honorio gazed at her husband with surprise as she heard this order; she did not know why he was so interested in this strange land; thus, she inquired further about his intentions.

"You want to establish a permanent settlement here in Vinland?"

In response to this, Berengar grabbed ahold of one of the stalks of corn and bit into it; as he did so, he reminisced about his past life, and the barbecue he would always eat on the fourth of July, grilled corn, ribs, and potato salad was a staple in his house on such holidays.

After trying the fresh corn, he handed it over to Honorio, who took a bite of her own. She immediately fell in love with the juicy food; as Berengar witnessed this, he began to answer her question.

"This substance is simple proof that we have entered a new world, with plenty of resources that we can learn from and cultivate to improve our society. Not only do I intend to establish a permanent military fortress here in Vinland, but I also intend to colonize this land in the future! We need to make contact with the natives and learn how to interact with them.

A few years after we have crushed the Catholic Church and destroyed their influence over Europe, we will embark on a full-scale colonization effort; we already have a booming population growth due to the advanced agricultural practices I have established. We will have too many people to sustain our population in a few generations, even after I unite the German-speaking regions.

Thus, the German people need to establish living space if we wish to sustain our growth! Look around you; this land is ripe for the taking, and filled with all kinds of natural resources! Here in Vinland, our people will grow and prosper; the resources they gain here can be sent back to the fatherland to improve it as well! This land is not only the future of the German people but a great Empire as well!"

Honorio chuckled as she heard this; her husband's ambitions were truly grander than she had ever imagined; as such, she began to make a snarky remark to the man she loved.

"Why do I get the feeling that you were not only aware of Vinland's existence for some time now but have already included it in your plans of expansion long before you broached the subject with me?"

Berengar smiled in response and remained utterly silent; this was enough to convince Honorio that she was right. As such, she sighed heavily before responding to Berengar's orders.

"Fine, I will ferry supplies and troops across the Atlantic while you establish communication with the Natives. However, I swear to God if you sleep with this woman or any other while I am away, I will never forgive you!"

Berengar had a cheeky grin on his face as he responded to this statement with his glib tongue.

"So does that mean I am allowed to sleep with her so long as you are present to bear witness?"

Honorio scoffed at this suggestion before storming off. Sometimes she did not know why she loved this asshole. With that said first contact with the native peoples of North America had been made, and plans for establishing the first German colony in the New World had begun to take place.

Adrian Lemm was a young man in his early twenties, born and raised as an Austrian living in the province of Krain who came from a long line of anglers and hunters. He was too young to take part in Berengar's early conquests; however, when the Austrian Navy was founded, this young man was more than eager to sign up.

If you were to tell Adrian that in a few years, he would be among the hundred or so marines dispatched to the mysterious land of Vinland on a top-secret mission alongside his King, he would scoff at you and insult your intelligence. Yet this was the reality he now faced.

Adrian was the squad leader of the Marine Reconnaissance Unit that had been dispatched as a part of the company of soldiers who accompanied King Berengar to the new world. Currently, he was in the field away from the outpost established for Austrian occupation.

Among the snowy landscape, this man and the soldiers beneath his command gazed upon an Algonquin village in the distance. To the Austrian soldiers, there was no distinction between them and the Mohawk who had visited the outpost in an act of friendship.

Despite this line of thinking, they carefully jotted down all intelligence on the nearby tribe; while the Mohawk had decided to act peacefully with the Austrian host; the Algonquin were instead preparing for war. The warriors painted their bodies in strange patterns and began to engage in their pre-combat rituals.

Adrian gazed upon the warriors' actions as they gathered their warclubs and primitive flatbows. What the Marines witnessed was enough to confirm their suspicions, the natives of this land were not as peaceful as they were initially led to believe.

Those who had gathered at their fortress merely pretended to be friendly while their warriors prepared to invade. With this information in hand, Adrian ordered his soldiers to fall back to the fortress and notify the garrison of the upcoming conflict.

"We have seen enough to know of these Natives' intentions. Swiftly, we must return to the outpost and warn our soldiers of what is about to transpire!"

With that said, the Marine Reconnaissance force doubled back to the fortress to prepare their brothers for the combat that they would soon be facing.



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While Adrian and his soldiers were returning to the outpost, Berengar sat in the main cabin; a wood-burning stove had been set up to provide warmth to the structure; on top of it, Berengar cooked the contents of one of his rations. The canned was filled with diced chicken, that Berengar had marinated in a buffalo-style sauce. As the chicken grilled an intense aroma filled the cabin's interior, causing the Mohawk delegation to salivate in anticipation.

Kahwihta gazed upon the tin cans that contained the food with a curious expression. Metallurgy was rare among the tribes of the Eastern Seaboard. Thus, she was interested in how these jars functioned and what the material was that they were comprised of. She had seen a lot of shining metallic substances in use by the pale-skin foreigners.

This led her to believe that perhaps these pale skins were far more advanced than her people could even fathom. After all, they had rapidly constructed this timber fortress that was more defensible than any village she had come across in her travels. The beautiful teenage girl pouted as she reflected on her inability to communicate with these strangers.

She had attempted to speak to the handsome one-eyed man, who appeared to be the leader of these people in all fifteen languages that she was fluent in, and yet, the man did not comprehend any of it. Because of this, Kahwihta was almost entirely sure that these golden-haired men had come from across the great sea. However, the very idea of their civilization being capable of doing such a thing brought an intense sense of fear to the chieftain's daughter.

She had a firm resolve in her heart to avoid conflict with these men no matter what the cost may be. As such, she played the role of a perfectly humble delegate as she sat in the cabin waiting for Berengar and Honoria to finish cooking and serving the canned rations. After a while, the food was finished, and Berengar served it to his guests.

Ultimately, the buffalo chicken was combined with cheese, onions, rice, and ranch to create a delicious casserole. Such a food had become a staple of the Austrian Military as it was easy to preserve, quick to cook, and quite delicious. Not only was it a common dish served to the soldiers of Austria, but to due to its inexpensive nature, it could be found within the lower and middle-class households across the Kingdoms of Austria, and Bohemia.

The Mohawk Delegation nearly passed out as they tasted the exceptional flavor of the dish, the Chieftain's daughter, in particular, was deeply entranced with the meal as she dipped engorged herself on the substance. She began to speak in her language; from her tone of voice, Berengar could guess what she was asking, so he pointed to the resources that had been used to create the casserole and answered her in his native tongue.

"Tyrol Sauce!"

He then pointed to the Ranch dressing and referred to it as such

"Ranch dressing!"

He repeated this action for every component, instructing the multilingual mohawk woman of the German language and how they referred to these items. To his surprise, she repeated the words back to him, making sure she was pronouncing them correctly, and committing them to memory. Thus while the two groups ate together, they educated each other on their languages.

Ultimately, the peaceful meeting was cut short when a knock resounded on the King's cabin; Berengar instantly got up and opened the door to reveal none other than Sergeant Adrian Lemm, who immediately saluted his King before expressing the information he had acquired.

"Your Majesty, I would not trust these savages if I were you; we found their village and marked its location on a map we are creating. They are preparing for war! These two-faced barbarians are probably here to spy on us and sabotage our operation when their Warband finally arrives!"

When Berengar heard this, he frowned. It was entirely possible that the Mohawk people were playing him; However, it was also likely that his marines had found a different tribe and had made a mistake in identification. The only reason Berengar was able to surmise this possibility was because of his status as a reincarnation. If he did not have the knowledge of his past life then he was liable to trust his scout's words as absolute proof of a conspiracy and in doing so make a huge mistake.

Luckily, Berengar was more knowledgeable than his soldiers on the various tribes who inhabited this land, and thus he did not act upon this intel in the way that his soldiers might expect him to. Instead, he had a calm expression on his face as he gave his soldier an order.

"Hand over the map and whatever other intelligence you have gathered. I want you to alert the garrison and patrols that there is a high probability of conflict to occur shortly. Though I do not doubt your abilities, I sense no hostility from our guests; the village you found may be a rival to these people. After all, we have no way of knowing how large this land is, or how many different factions inhabit it..."

Adrian nodded his head as he heard his King's reasoning. He honestly did not even think of that as a possibility; these natives all looked the same to him after all. However, the King might have a point; these savages were clearly a tribalistic society, which meant that each village could have local governance. This meant that there was a possibility that their guests were friendly, whereas the other village they had encountered was entirely unrelated, and hostile. If such a scenario were reality, then Berengar's actions were understandable.

After giving the orders, the Austrian King dismissed the marine Sergeant and brought the highly detailed map to the dining table. He had a frown on his face as he revealed the information that his soldiers had gathered. As Berengar pointed at the village's location, he inquired about what the Mohawk delegation might know about the area and the people who inhabited it.

Shosheowa was the leader of the guards assigned to protect his sister; he was considered a great warrior of his village and an excellent scout. Upon seeing this map, he knew exactly who lived in this tribe and immediately shook his head—confirming in Berengar's eyes that this was not their village or their people who were preparing for war.

Thus Berengar pointed at the map once more and then to the war club that Shosheowa had brought. He hoped that this gesture could communicate that this village was preparing for war. Luckily the man was intelligent enough to understand Berengar's intent, and thus his response was within Berengar's expectations.

"Anishnabe"

was the word that Shosheowa used to refer to the people who inhabited this village. Berengar scratched his chin as he searched his memories before recalling that Anishnabe was what the Algonquin referred to themselves as. This meant that Shosheowa and Kahwihta were likely from the rival Iroquois Confederation, or one of the tribes that consisted of it. He now had a general understanding of what he was dealing with.

If that were the case, his guests were most definitely hostile towards the tribe preparing to attack the Austrian fortress. Berengar had a wicked grin on his face as he thought about the massacre that was

about to unfold. Honoria gazed over at her husband's expression and knew what he was thinking about; thus, she was not surprised when the Austrian King uttered the following phrase.

"Let them come! I want our guests to witness what happens when savages march upon Austrian soil!"

Though the mohawk delegation did not know what Berengar had said, they could tell by his expression that it was not anything kind.. Thus an eery atmosphere prevailed across the Austrian fortress as the marines and sailors stationed within prepared themselves for battle with the Algonquin warriors.

#### Chapter 469 - Relationship Advice

While Berengar was off on a grand adventure in a distant foreign land, Henrietta was left behind in Kufstein. Unlike all the previous times her brother had departed from home, she was now exceptionally depressed. If it were a simple war, she would not be concerned; after all, her precious big brother was invincible in her eyes.

However, he would be traveling across the Atlantic in an attempt to wrestle control of the unknown. Such a thing terrified her; what if his ship sunk on the journey and he drowned in the depths. What if he faced a strange Empire of overwhelming might, who captured him and forced him into slavery?

Worst of all, what if he had entered a mysterious land filled with giants, and he was squashed beneath their heels? All kinds of fantastical scenarios entered the young woman's mind as she feared for her brother's safety. Her anxiety was so bad that she had not left the confines of her room since he had departed.

It was initially punishment for her taking advantage of the situation to kiss her big brother in front of his wives. Yet, she was now sealed away in her quarters entirely by choice. She spent most of her day lying on her bed, with her head buried in the pillows and her body concealed by her covers.

Her heart constantly ached as she worried about many things that could have gone wrong with Berengar's journey to the mysterious foreign land known as Vinland. As she was locked away in her

room, her suitor had attempted to visit her on three separate occasions only to be turned away by the young princess. She had no time to entertain the man who acted as cover for her relationship with her big brother.

As she reflected upon this, she cursed herself for not forcing Berengar to be more intimate with her while he was still within the bounds of the fatherland. Now more than ever, she was more confident that she would finally become one with her beloved brother when he eventually returned home from his journey across the Atlantic.

While she was thinking about this, a knock resounded from the thick wooden door that acted as the entrance to her room. The mysterious identity on the other side of the door was none other than Linde, who called out to her sister-in-law with a hint of worry in her tone.

"Henrietta, my dear. It has been over a month since Berengar has departed; I know you are worried for his safety; we all are. However, you must come out from seclusion eventually!"

Henrietta did not budge despite the voice of concern from the other end of the door; Henrietta did not budge. Instead, she yelled out to Linde with a voice filled with inner fury.

"Go away!"

The proud Queen did not budge; instead, she ultimately pulled out a small brass key and unlocked the door, forcing her way into the princess's room. Though Henrietta heard this intrusion, she remained as still as the dead, as Linde eventually approached her and sat down upon the edge of her bed. The strawberry-blonde-haired beauty sighed heavily as she began to confront the most significant issue that she and the others had been avoiding for some time.

"You truly love your brother, don't you, Henrietta?"

Henrietta's cheeks flushed red beneath her covers as she was asked this question; until now, Berengar's wives had been avoiding stepping on this land mine, and yet the princess's seclusion had forced Linde's hand. Thus Henrietta eventually spoke in a meek voice to confirm the Queen's words.

"Yes..."

Linde nodded her head in silence as she began to inquire more about Henrietta's feelings towards her flesh and blood.

"You do know why you and Berengar can't be together, right? Society will never accept that kind of relationship between a brother and sister. If anyone found out about it, it could easily cost your brother everything he has worked so hard to achieve. Despite this, you still want to be with him, don't you?"

Henrietta was dead silent as she listened to this lecture; after all, she knew very well that she was being selfish and that there was substantial risk behind what she desired. However, she believed that one does not choose who they love, and thus she was still determined to be with Berengar. Upon witnessing the young princess's silence, Linde sighed heavily before speaking.

"If you know the risks, and are still willing to be with your brother despite them, then that means one of two things. Either you are an incredibly selfish girl who does not care who you hurt so long as you get what you want.

Or your feelings for your brother are not mere infatuation and instead are the genuine article. If you truly love Berengar in the same way that myself and the others do, then I am left with only one choice..."

Henrietta felt a slight chill down her spine as Linde said these words, she had always had an instinctive fear of the woman, and now she felt that she was being threatened. Despite this, the princess threw off her covers as she began to bark back at the spymaster like a rabid dog who had been cornered.

"If you're going to kill me because of my love for my big brother, then make it quick; I'd rather die than live without him!"

Linde was shocked upon hearing this; after all, she would never harm a hair on Henrietta's head, but the determined expression on the girl's face told her that her feelings were the real deal. There was an awkward silence that filled the air for a few moments before Linde broke out into uncontrollable laughter.

This reaction immediately confused Henrietta, who perked a brow as she gazed upon her brother's second wife with a look of confusion. Eventually, Linde calmed down and regained her composure as she informed Henrietta of the decision she had come to.

"Henrietta, if I harmed you in any way, your brother would never forgive me. I was not threatening you; I was going to say that I will support you behind the scenes to make sure that your scandalous relationship with Berengar is never leaked beyond the confines of this Palace..."

Henrietta's azure eyes glowed with excitement as she heard this response; she quickly crawled over to Linde and grabbed ahold of her hands with a pleading gaze while she questioned whether or not her ears were working correctly.

"Really? But what about Adela? She has made it clear that she would never approve of our relationship..."

Linde's expression immediately sank as she heard that name; she and Adela had never been on good terms. In fact, their relationship was now worse than ever; this was a direct result of the actions Linde had taken to coerce Adela into enjoying a foursome with their husband. With this in mind, the veteran spymaster vented her frustrations in confidence to the young princess.

"Fuck that bitch! She is a massive prude and a hypocrite. For starters, she is Berengar's cousin; if anyone should be sympathetic to your plight, it should be her. Besides that, she is not exactly as innocent as she has led the Kingdom to believe. If you have seen the stuff she does with our husband behind closed doors, you would call her a whore!"

Henrietta felt her heart sting as she heard this; she and her cousin had always been close, especially since Adela had been first engaged to Berengar, and yet over these past few months, as Henrietta made her feelings more apparent, there had become an unbridgable divide between the two cousins.

Upon seeing that Linde was on her side, the princess immediately felt herself growing closer to the second Queen of Austria. Of course, even without Adela's approval, there were still two other women she had to worry about; thus, Henrietta voiced her concerns.

"Okay, but what about Honoria and Yasmin?"

At this moment, Linde let her sister-in-law in on a little secret about the politics of the Royal Harem. With a smirk on her pretty face, she began to educate the princess on these critical matters.

"Honorina is a wild card; she doesn't care about anything other than having fun and enjoying life. That girl is a true hedonist and wholly disregards what is considered morally right or wrong. She also enjoys the company of men and women alike and is quite the pervert. She would probably get off on the idea of having a threesome with a pair of siblings, so I am sure that I can convince her to keep quiet about your little affair with our husband.

As for Yasmin, from what I can gather, she is just going along with the rest of the girls right now to blend in. She has yet to show her true colors and instead appears utterly faithful to Berengar. Whatever her husband desires, she is likely to agree to it without incident. Even if she did something so foolish, I could easily prevent that news from spreading, so you have nothing to worry about.

With my support, you are free to pursue your heart's desires; however, convincing Berengar to engage in an incestuous relationship with his little sister will be tough. You have a lot of work cut out for you, but I am confident with enough tenacity you will be able to get through to him."

Upon hearing this, Henrietta reflected intensely on Linde's words; she knew that Berengar had reservations about their so-called secret relationship; however, with Linde supporting her behind the scenes, she was confident that she could convince him to go all the way. It was just a matter of time. Thus the young princess had a newfound resolve to make her fantasies become a reality.

As for Linde, her reasoning for supporting Henrietta was far from benevolent. It was no secret that the power struggle among Berengar's women was a real thing, and because of this, she had decided to take advantage of Henrietta's feelings so that she could convert the girl to her side.

After all, Henrietta could never marry Berengar, and they would likely never have children. Still, if the two siblings truly loved each other, Linde could use this as an advantage to get the young princess to convince her brother to support Linde's offspring in the right to rule the future German Empire. Thus the Spymaster of Austria and the Princess had formed an unholy alliance in the fight against the High Queen and her progeny.



## Chapter 470 - One Sided Massacre

The frost air of early spring in the region that was once known as New York in Berengar's past life chilled the Austrian Marines to the bone as they gathered on the ramparts of their makeshift star fortress. In the trees, the Algonquin warriors hid, awaiting the signal to begin the attack on the pale skin's fortress.

It had been a week since the Austrian scouts reported the hostile movements of the local tribe; during this time, Honoria had set sail with the sailors beneath her command back to the fatherland to ferry more troops and supplies to the new world.

In doing so, she left the Austrian King and his company of Marines stranded on a continent that existed on the opposing side of the Atlantic. These men bravely stood within the confines of their star fortress, waiting for the day of the Algonquin attack.

As part of a defensive measure, the Austrian Marines had cleared a great deal of the surrounding brush around their fortress, resulting in large swaths of open territory between their mighty timber walls and that of any attacking force. These men were no greenhorns and were well trained and experienced in warfare.

Because of this, they were selected for this critical and classified operation. Thus When Berengar stood atop the wall, gazing off towards the treeline with his binoculars, he had an expression of complete and total confidence on his face. However, the Captain beneath his command did not share his sentiment; upon seeing his King's haughty expression, he began to give his report.

"Sir, we are surrounded, with no means of escape!"

A chilling smile etched itself upon Berengar's handsome visage in response to this. After gazing at the warriors who hid within the treeline one last time, the young King placed down his binoculars before giving his response to this report.

"Good! The fact that they have us surrounded has greatly simplified our problem! There is now only one solution, keep firing in all directions until this new world runs red with the blood of savages!"

Upon hearing this retort, the Captain was stunned; he did not expect such a harsh response from his King. However, after thinking about it for a few moments, an equally wicked smile formed itself upon the man's lips before he threw up a salute to the Reichsmarschall.

"Yes, sir!"

With that said, the Captain relayed the orders to the company of Marines. After all, what was there to fear when they wielded the power of automatic weapons and explosive mortars? Thus the Austrian soldiers locked and loaded their guns as they braced for combat.

As for the Mohawk delegation, they had since returned to their home, informing their tribe of what was going on; despite this, the Chieftain's daughter had stubbornly remained behind. Her curiosity had gotten the better of her; after all, despite the report that hundreds of Algonquin warriors would be descending on this position, the one-eyed man did not appear frightened in the slightest.

Thus Kahwihta stood as a witness for the massacre that was about to unfold, the first of many that would result from German exploration and conquest of the New World. She sat within the camp's interior, waiting for the conflict to begin. The silence before the storm caused a great deal of fear to occur within her fragile heart.

Berengar continued to watch the treeline as he gazed down the iron sights of his MP-22 submachine gun. The men by his side did the same with their weapons until, eventually, the sound of battle had begun.

The Algonquin warriors began to chant their war cries, as the hundreds of native men rushed forth from the trees. Berengar gazed in awe as he witnessed this; there were far more of the enemy than he initially realized; thus, he cried out to his soldiers with the following orders.

"Conserve your ammo! We only have so many rounds to put downrange. Fire short bursts, and make sure you have the enemy in your sights before you pull the trigger!"

Though these men were professionals, it did not hurt to remind them how to fight such a large armed force effectively. Thus after saying this, Berengar acquired his target and squeezed the trigger of his weapon, holding it down for no more than a second.

As he did so, a small burst of three rounds went downrange and into the torso of his first target. The man gazed in shock as his torso was torn apart by the three rounds of 9mm; the last thing he witnessed before his life was snuffed away was the sound of thunder accompanying his death.

Berengar paid no more attention to the slain savage, and instead aimed down his sights at the next target, squeezing the trigger, firing a similar burst of ammunition through the air. While Berengar and his soldiers had begun to fire upon the enemy. Kahwihta was standing in the center of the fortress, covering her ears from the loud blasts of gunfire.

A look of horror spread across her face as she realized that these pale-skinned and golden-haired foreigners could conjure thunder. These were not mere mortals but gods who had descended upon her people's lands. Immediately the young beauty fell to her knees and began praying to her new deities for mercy.

These actions went entirely unnoticed by the Austrian Marines, who continued their duties by gunning down the hundreds of Algonquin warriors who had gathered in all directions. The native tribesmen were horrified as their bodies were torn apart by the projectiles that the foreigners had fired at them.

However, that was not the end of their terror; as they got closer to the fortifications, a large explosion detonated in the center of their ranks. Fire and smoke filled the air, accompanied by the blood-curdling screams of the men who survived the blast.

Yet that was not the only explosion to occur immediately. Another round was fired by one of the mortar teams, which detonated once more among the center of their ranks, causing bodies to be blasted apart, and limbs were torn asunder.

Berengar paid no heed to this violence, as it was something he was well accustomed to; instead, he continued to aim down his sights with his one good eye and fire rounds at the oncoming enemy. Not even five minutes had occurred since the battle began, and yet now, the Algonquin warriors had lost over a hundred men and were fleeing for their lives.

Despite their retreat, Berengar showed no mercy, as he and his men aimed down their weapons and fired upon the enemy, gunning them down from behind as they fled towards the tree line in the hopes of escaping this ruthless slaughter.

After firing one final burst at the fleeing enemy, Berengar released his empty magazine and made sure his weapon was cleared before declaring a cease-fire.

"Hold your fire!"

With the King's words echoing in the air, the soldiers who defended their fortress immediately ceased their assault and cleared their weapons; after doing so, they began to cheer. The enemy had been so petrified by gunfire that they had not managed to fire a single arrow or sling a single rock towards the Austrian Marines.

To say that this was a one-sided massacre was an understatement; hundreds of Algonquin warriors lay dead in the field below, their bodies were torn apart, their blood fertilizing the soil. It was only now that Berengar remembered that the Chieftain's daughter had witnessed the battle scene.

As such, he climbed down from the ramparts and approached the young woman, who immediately pressed her head to the ground as she kotowed to the one-eyed man as if he were a god. Though he did not know what she was saying, he could see the reverence that was entangled with fear in her deep brown eyes.

The young Austrian King stood before the native American woman with a smirk on his face. He began to wonder if he could convince the local populace that he was, in fact, a war god, and if so, how could he use such a thing to his advantage?

Of course, he needed no convincing, as Kahwihta fully embraced Berengar as a deity at this moment. After witnessing such battle prowess and the advanced technology that the Austrian Marines wielded, how could she not?

Thus Berengar signaled for the young woman to rise to her feet which she quickly did. However, there was a different reaction on her face than before the battle. Now she was docile, with her head lowered and her gaze averted, she showed a proper level of fear and respect to her newfound god.

Berengar scratched his chin as he thought of what to do with this woman's new reverent attitude; he immediately thought of several things he could take advantage of now that Honoria was gone. As such, he grabbed ahold of the woman's dainty hand and led her towards his cabin. After all, in the King's mind, it wasn't truly colonization unless he had taken the virtue of a local native girl....

