

# Steel 571

## Chapter 571 I am your God

Adela sat within the confines of the room, which contained her Grand Piano. She effortlessly pressed the keys in masterful fashion, resulting in an eerily depressing song. She had spent much time over the past few months in solitude, reflecting on the matters that had caused Berengar to become so distant to her as of late.

She had finally come to realize that her pious nature had caused her husband to drift away from her. However, it was not only her zealotry that created a rift between her and Berengar, but her overwhelming sense of moral superiority towards him and his other wives that resulted from being the High Queen.

Adela was no longer the High Queen. She had a more lofty title now, that of Empress. Despite this, she never felt more worthless. Currently, within her mind, the young woman reflected on her lack of value as the High Queen of Austria, especially when she compared herself to the other wives that surrounded Berengar. She had neither been the most emotionally supportive nor the most useful of his brides.

Sure, she had played a significant role in the growth of Austria's culture, but there were little in terms of tangible benefits she provided to her husband's realm, especially when compared to her competition. These things created a sense of despair as she wore a bleak expression while reminiscing about her past relationship with the man she loved.

Tears formed in the girl's sapphire eyes as she played the keys to the song she had written to aid with her growing depression. A single phrase escaped her lips as she wallowed in a misery of her own creation.

"I have been such a fool..."

Coincidentally, Berengar was walking through the halls, and overheard the tune being played. It was eerily similar to a song he once loved from his past life. He could not help but voice his thoughts aloud as he walked closer to the origins of the fine music.

"Fade to black?"

When he finally entered the room where Adela sat crying, he gazed in shock towards his first wife, who was at this point struggling to maintain her control over the keys. Unbeknownst to the German Empress, her husband rapidly appeared behind her and wrapped his hands around her waist from behind, hugging her tightly.

This action thoroughly shocked Adela, who immediately halted her music and gazed over at the man responsible for grabbing her in such an intimate fashion. It surprised her to see Berengar gazing at her with a comforting expression as he held onto her from behind. So much so that she expressed her doubt aloud.

"Berengar?"

The German Emperor smiled bitterly as he nodded his head, before wiping the tears from the girl's eyes. A hint of worry was within his sapphire iris as he gazed upon his Empress with a complex expression.

"What's wrong?"

By now, Adela could no longer contain the feelings buried deep inside her heart, and she immediately grabbed hold of her husband while crying hysterically into his tunic. Between her rampant sobbing, a single coherent phrase escaped her luscious lips.

"Berengar... I'm sorry..."

Such a vague statement immediately caused Berengar's heart to harden in misunderstanding. Many scandalous situations were appearing in his mind, causing him to firmly grab hold of the woman by the shoulders and stared deeply into her eyes.

"What happened?"

This, of course, had the opposite effect of what Berengar desired and caused his wife to cry more profusely, seeing that he had made a mistake, the German Emperor merely stuffed the girl's head into his chest and stroked her golden hair to comfort her into a state of reason. Eventually Adela got control over her emotions and expressed her thoughts clearly.

"Berengar, I have been a terrible wife, mother, and Empress... I tried to force my religious views on you and ended up driving you straight into the arms of your other wives, causing me to resent you because of it. In doing so, I have failed to provide you the emotional support you need after returning home from those gruesome wars.

I have also foolishly competed with your other brides over trivial matters, and created a wedge between your many children. If that wasn't bad enough, I have neglected our son and daughter in pursuit of revelation on how to fix our marriage when I should have just spoke to you about my fears. I have been such a fool. Can you ever forgive me?"

Berengar sighed heavily as he held onto his first wife, reflecting on the past few years. While their relationship had always been plagued with problems, largely because of his own infidelity, it had never been as bad as it was now. For some time now, he had been outright avoiding Adela to the best of his ability and hadn't slept with her in months.

Frankly, her uptight personality, overwhelming sense of moral superiority, her pettiness, and jealousy, as well as her tendency to preach to him a bout the virtues of Christianity rather than have a real conversation were among the many reasons he had been so distant lately. If he wanted to be lectured about the bible all the time, he would have married a nun.

Thus, if he was going to forgive the girl for all her misgivings, then he would need assurance that she would not revert to her old, snobbish ways. After several moments of contemplation, Berengar calmed himself before staring at his wife with his one good eye.

"Adela, I will be frank. Your overwhelming sense of moral superiority over me and the others is a serious point of contention. If you want me to forgive you and take you back into my arms once more, then I'm going to need to make sure you have truly reflected on your behavior and will work hard to change for the better."

Adela wiped the tears from her eyes as she sniffled. After several seconds, she nodded her head before grabbing hold of Berengar's hands and pleading with him.

"I will do anything you ask of me. I just want the same happiness that the others have!"

When Berengar heard this, a sadistic smirk appeared on his face before he uttered the words that would forever change the dynamic of their relationship.

"If that is truly the case, then promise me that from now on you will not put your religion above me, my family, or my Empire. Swear to me that from this day forward I am your god, and all happiness you receive in this life shall be derived through your faith in me!"

Adela was stunned when she heard this condition. What Berengar was asking of her was not only blasphemous, but a complete rejection of all she was raised to believe. Her parents had always instructed her to put the will of God above all else, yet now her husband was asking her to submit to him before the Lord? Surely such a thing would lead to damnation...

Thus, the Empress was hesitant, and when Berengar saw this, his smirk disappeared. Only disgust remained before he turned away from the girl. If his Empress was unwilling to be completely loyal to him, then he had no use for her. When Adela saw the man she loved look at her with such disdain, she knew she had screwed up, and instantly called out to him as she knelt to ground and pressed her head to the floor.

"Wait.... I swear it... I swear to be completely loyal to you, your family, and your Empire. From this day forth, you are my everything, and my faith belongs to you!"

When Berengar heard this, he instantly halted his steps. A cruel smile carved itself upon his lips as he relished in victory. For too long, this girl had put a fictional man in the clouds above her own King and husband. Finally, after all these years, he had broken her will and forced her to submit. Thus, before turning around, he put on a loving smile as he helped the girl to her feet.

"I have been waiting to hear those words for a very long time..."

After saying this, Berengar wrapped his arms around his Empress and kissed her passionately. Which she immediately accepted with a fervent smile on her face. It had been too long since she was last intimate with her husband, and now she could finally enjoy the warmth of his embrace.

With this loving reunion between husband and wife, Berengar had cleared the first obstacle to uniting his family together. After all, Adela's skewed loyalties had always been a factor that divided Berengar's growing dynasty, and if left unchecked, would surely result in ruin.

In the coming days, Berengar would work on correcting Adela's behavior and repairing the relationship between her and his other brides. Now that he did not have to worry about conflict with his neighbors for the time being, his first action as emperor would be to fix the damage to his family's bonds that resulted from the mischievous women he had surrounded himself with. It was time for Berengar to put his house in order.

## **Chapter 572 Formation of an International Defensive Pact**

Within the city of Rome, several powerful monarchs from across the Christian world had gathered at the behest of Pope Julius. The recent establishment of the German Empire under Berengar von Kufstein and his dynasty had frightened the Papacy, and many of the neighboring kingdoms, into action. One thing was certain: they could no longer sit idly by and wait for Berengar to amass more power.

Among those present for this international council were the rulers of the Kingdom of France, the Kingdom of Spain, the Duchy of Burgundy, the Duchy of Aquitaine, the Kingdom of England, the Kingdom of Scotland, the Kingdom of Naples, the Kingdom of Hungary, the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth, and several of the Rus States.

Aubry sat in silence as he listened to the words spoken in the room. For the sake of this occasion, he had neither dressed in women's clothing, nor had he worn any makeup. His pretty and delicate features were noticeably less so than they usually were. Thus, the scowl on his face was not as attractive to the men present as it would otherwise be.

The object of his detest was none other than Duke Godeffroy de Burgundy, his ex-lover, and current rebel against his rule. The Duke of Burgundy was currently arguing with the other rulers over his disagreements with France. What started as a discussion about forming a coalition against Berengar and his Empire had now turned into endless bickering between the Christian Kings.

"You ask me to unite with this effeminate King who sleeps with his knights like a common whore, against an Empire which poses no threat to my borders? Give me one good reason!"

When Aubry heard this insult, he could no longer hold his tongue and immediately snapped back at his former lover.

"Oh please, you're only pissed off because your tiny dick wasn't enough to satisfy me. Now Berengar, I hear he is quite the savage in bed... It's just a shame I failed to seduce him..."

When the Duke of Burgundy heard this insult to his manhood, he could hardly contain his fury. However, when Aubry said that he had attempted to seduce Berengar, the man absolutely lost control of his emotions and ranted towards his former lover.

"You fucking slut! You tried to seduce a filthy German? If we were not in the presence of his holiness right now, I would kill you!"

It was pretty well known among the European nobility that the whole dispute between France and Burgundy began because Aubry had cheated on Godeffroy. Thus, the other European monarchs had varied expressions on their faces as they were forced to listen to this lover's quarrel. Only Pope Julius was actually enraged by the open discussion about homosexuality in his own court. Thus, it was no surprise that he burst out into a fit of fury.

"Enough, I will not listen to such blasphemy! Can we please move on to the discussion at hand? The German Empire poses a significant threat to not only the Church but all of Christendom! There is no other choice. We must take action, and I don't mean in the form of outright invasion. We simply do not have the means to win against Berengar, the accursed, right now.

It has become clear that this so called German Empire intends to challenge all of our authority, and seeks to force you all beneath their boot. We can no longer sit idly by and allow Berengar to accumulate more power. We must come together as Christians and support one another.

I am calling on all of you to forget your petty disputes for the time being, and focus on the genuine threat to us all. You must halt your ongoing hostilities and unite against a common foe. We must all

share technology, trade resources, and most of all oppose the German Empire in all their efforts. If we can not destroy the German Empire via conventional warfare, then we must target their treasury.

Berengar has, through masterful manipulation of the international market, forced his currency upon many of your kingdoms as the staple of international trade. So our solution is simple: we will no longer accept German currency, nor will we trade with the German Empire for the foreseeable future. We must also combine our intelligence efforts to gain what knowledge we can from the Germans and replicate their technology to be used against them."

This troubled many of the Christian Kings. Enacting sanctions against Germany would also have a negative effect on their own economies. Many of those present relied on Germany for many of the products that entered their kingdoms. However, two of the men present had even greater concerns, and thus Aubry was not afraid to raise his voice in disagreement.

"Berengar currently imprisons my sister. If I were to put economic sanctions against his realm, he could retaliate by claiming her life. I would rather bend over and present myself to the man as his plaything than risk the safety of my precious older sister.

I'm sorry, but I will not take part in economic sanctions or acts of espionage against the German Empire. As for the sharing of technology and resources, my Kingdom would be more than willing to agree to such terms."

When the Duke of Burgundy heard this here merely scoffed, before he could chastise Aubry for his perceived cowardice, the King of Poland spoke up in agreement with the French King.

"I agree with King Aubry. Berengar currently holds my daughter, Natalia, as a ward. Should I make a move against him and his Empire, it will only result in her being harmed. I have already lost a son to the man. I will not risk losing my daughter as well. Thus, I will not take part in any sanctions or espionage against the German Empire. However, like Aubry, I am willing to share technology and resources with other member states of this coalition."

If looks could kill, then surely Aubry and his Polish counterpart would have been slain by Julius' inner fury. However, as the Pope, Julius calmed himself and sighed heavily while maintaining control over his emotions, if barely.

Having heard that two kingdoms would not be willing to engage in espionage and sanctions, the other Monarchs became doubtful as the stability of this proposed alliance. Just when others were about to back down, King Felipe of Spain shockingly announced some news that turned the tide of favor towards the idea of uniting against Germany.

"My spies have recently discovered an extensive mining operation conducted by the German Empire within my borders. I do not know how Berengar discovered the existence of such a vast quantity of saltpeter in my lands, but via deception, he has coerced me into agreeing to give him and his realm mining access to the territory. Make no mistake, if we can gain control over these mines, we will have the gunpowder needed to combat Berengar and his armies in the future!"

The moment the other European monarchs heard this claim, their attention shifted towards the Spanish delegation. If such a thing were true, then for the sake of competing with Germany, they all needed to get their hands on these mines. In the next statement, King Felipe made an even bolder claim.

"I will agree to this alliance so long as every member present agrees to three out of five of the terms listed by Julius. We all cease our foolish wars with one another over petty squabbles until a time where we have defeated Berengar's influence. We share technology with one another, and our development progress. Finally, we agree to some form of an economic pact regarding the trade of supplies, resources, and manpower of our alliance.

As for economic sanctions and espionage, individual monarchs and their realms will choose whether they take part in these two activities. If everyone here can agree upon these principles, then I will take part in this alliance."

Silence prevailed as the various monarchs gazed upon each other. Eventually, Pope Julius called for a vote.

"All agreed?"

With this question posed, every member present raised their voices in agreement. The decision was unanimous. Every major European power, aside from those already directly or indirectly allied with Germany, had come together to form a military and economic alliance with a single purpose in mind. To oppose the German Empire and destroy its influence over the Western World.

For the next few years, as the Catholic Church built up its crusader armies, Berengar and his neighbors would engage in economic warfare and covert espionage against one another. Unfortunately, they had made one major miscalculation. Berengar did not require trade with any of them, for he had all the resources of the New World at his disposal. Still, this alliance would vastly increase the technological development of Berengar's rivals, and perhaps even kick-start the renaissance early.

### **Chapter 573 Family Issues**

Berengar sat within the confines of his study. In his hands was a gilded chalice which contained a drink of fortified wine. Nearly half a year had passed since Berengar had unified the German Empire beneath the banner of Austria. In this time, Berengar had spent nearly every waking hour overhauling the government of his Empire.

Progress was slow, but by now the Feudal Nobility had lost most of their previous power, and in its place, the semi-constitutional, meritocratic government that Berengar had already instilled in Austria spread to the rest of the Empire's borders.

After fierce negotiations, Berengar had divided the provinces of Germany into several kingdoms and Grand Duchies, which included the following. The Kingdom of Austria, the Kingdom of Prussia, the Kingdom of Bavaria, the Kingdom of Bohemia, the Kingdom of Baden-Württemberg, the Grand Duchy of Switzerland, the Grand Duchy of Rheins, the Grand Duchy of Hannover, the Grand Duchy of Brandenburg, and the Grand Duchy of Holstein-Mecklenburg.

Naturally, the existence of the Colonies was still a highly classified secret, and thus the Grand Duchy of New Vienna and the Grand Duchy New Swabia were not on any official map of the Empire or its provinces. The various Kings and Grand Dukes, while technically monarchs themselves, served beneath the King of Austria, who was also the Kaiser of Germany. Thus, Berengar had created a federal monarchy loosely based upon the German Empire of his past life.

As a result, Berengar had drafted a Federal Constitution which was largely based upon the German Empire's from his past life, but with the provisions he had added to Austria's constitution during their previous convention. Allowing the Kaiser to have a greater degree of control over the Empire's affairs, and ensuring that only the most competent of his future heirs would succeed him.

Aside from this major political restructuring, Berengar had been left largely to his own devices as he worked on mending the wounds to his family's bonds. Six months was not enough time to fix the issues between Adela and his other brides, let alone their children, who were all fiercely loyal to their mothers. It was only now that Berengar realized just how much he had neglected his family in pursuit of conquest. A mistake he swore he would never make.

Thus, Berengar sipped upon his wine as he reminisced about all that he had accomplished thus far in this life. In the next moment, the Emperor heard a knock on his door, which he quickly answered to.

"Come in..."

Quickly the door opened to reveal one of his beautiful brides who, for whatever reason, was dressed in rags and had a slave collar around her neck. It was none other than Honoria, and she was currently sporting her Tyrian purple hair. Evidently, she had redyed it to the previous color upon returning to Kufstein.

When Berengar gazed upon this look, a smile curved itself upon his lips. He honestly preferred the girl with purple hair over blue. In fact, the contrast of the expensive hair dye and the tattered clothes was quite appealing for some reason. Honoria had a pouting expression on her face as she approached her husband and begged him to be merciful.

"Daddy... please, it has been six months. I promise you, I have learned my lesson about slavery. I beg you to release my collar and allow me to rejoin the family! This is humiliating, and unlike Linde, I don't have a fetish for such a thing!"

Berengar merely chuckled when he heard this. For the past six months, he had subjected the girl to some rather intense roleplay as punishment for her actions in the New World. Not only did Honoria have to sleep in a shed on the property, but she could not interact with the Royal Family as anything other than a slave. On top of all this, he forced the once proud Princess of Byzantium to do domestic duties within the household, and service him whenever he felt in the mood.

For Berengar, it was quite an enjoyable experience. As for Linde, it excited her to have Honoria as a plaything beneath her control. She would commonly force Honoria into degrading acts as the trio spent their nights together. Letting her dormant dominatrix side take control over the poor princess who suffered at the hands of her Master, and Mistress alike.

As Berengar reflected on the debauchery he had engaged in these past few months with his two favorite pets, he sighed heavily before opening the drawer on his desk and pulling out a small iron key. When Honoria saw this action, her mint green eyes immediately shone with excitement.

Finally, she could reclaim her place as a Queen of Austria, and a terror on the seas. Berengar quickly walked over to the woman and unlocked her collar, which collapsed to the cold stone floor with a loud clang. Before the Princess could thank him, Berengar waved his finger in her face and scolded her one final time for her criminal acts.

"Don't make me regret this. If it was anyone else who had broken my laws against slavery, I would have sent them to a labor camp for several decades. You are lucky that you are my wife and I showed you leniency."

Honorina instantly responded by wrapping her arms around Berengar's neck and kissing him passionately before whispering something in his ear.

"Thank you daddy! I'm going to go get a proper bath, then perhaps we can meet up later and have a proper meal as a family!"

After doing this, Honorina quickly ran off towards the bathhouse that was established within the Royal Palace. Not long after, Linde found her way into the study with a satisfied smirk on her face. Evidently she had seen Honorina run by without her collar and could not help but poke fun at her husband.

"I see you have freed your slave from her bondage. I must say, I am going to miss our little group therapy sessions. It is a shame. I was just starting to feel like I finally had a sister who can join me in servitude to my master."

When Berengar heard this, he scoffed in disbelief. He knew how all too well the real reason Linde was feeling regretful over the loss of her so called "sister". However, before he could make a snide remark about the woman's true nature, she deflected and asked about something far more important.

"Have you finally run out of ideas for inventions? It has been six months, and you have not introduced any new technology. You know our enemies are working together to catch up to our armies as rapidly as possible."

Berengar took a sip from his chalice before answering this question with a smug smile on his face.

"Oh believe me, I have plenty of new inventions that I could begin introducing to the world, but now is not the time. In the past six months, I have been busy overhauling the government of every province of our Empire to match Austria's political system and economic system.

I have minted new currency which has become the universal standard throughout the Empire. Which, if I am being honest, as much as I scolded Honorina for her little slavery debacle, I have to admit the gold mines she discovered were an enormous help in that regard.

I have also had to incorporate all the soldiers from the various German States into a single Imperial Army. In doing so, I have had to train and outfit tens of thousands of men with brand new equipment. Hell, I have even had to design new uniforms, as Austria's signature black and gold colors are not a symbol of unity of the German people.

Believe me, when the time comes that the other German states have caught up to a similar level of industrial and agricultural capability as Austria, then I will begin introducing new technological marvels that will shock the world. However, before I do that, we have a long way to go.

More importantly, how has your relationship with Adela been? Is she still behaving herself? The last time I spoke with her at length about her personal issues, she seemed to be having a difficult time figuring out where her loyalties lay. I swear to god that dumb girl was meant to be a nun. If she spent half as much time on her knees pleasuring me as she does praying to the Lord, I would be far more fond of her. "

A smirk appeared on Linde's pretty face as she giggled in response to Berengar's words. She sighed heavily before sitting on his lap, where she nuzzled her head into his chest before speaking her thoughts about the matter.

"Adela has been slightly kinder to me these past few months, but it definitely seems forced. I know you must have said something to her. Knowing you, you probably given her an ultimatum like you so often do. However, you can't force a girl to change her nature overnight.

I can tell she is genuinely trying to bridge the gap between us, but it is hard for a proud, stubborn, and prudish girl like her to admit that she is, in fact, not superior to me or the others, especially since she looks down on our little group activities. Perhaps it would be best if you mediated between us.

Just think of it, the three of us, having a nice meal together, and discussing our deep-seated internal issues in an open and civil manner."

When Berengar heard this suggestion, he reflected on it in silence for some time. After a few moments, he nodded his head before agreeing to Linde's proposal.

"Very well, I will have someone inform Adela of our dinner plans, and the three of us can get together tonight. I want to end this rivalry between the two of you before it gets out of hand and causes problems for my Empire. This means you have to put aside your petty grievances and come together as sisters. Do you understand me?"

In response to this, Linde simply kissed Berengar on the lips before whispering in his ear.

"Whatever you command, my master!"

With this said, the redheaded beauty ran off and prepared herself for the evening. It would be the first time in a long time that Berengar had been alone with Linde and Adela, and he would be lying to himself if he said there was no possibility of a catfight breaking out.

### **Chapter 574 Settling Their Differences**

Within the city of Kufstein, the German Emperor and two of his brides sat in silence within the halls of a local restaurant. As part of their date, Berengar had reserved the entire facility for the night in order to ensure that the privacy of the Royal Family was properly maintained. After all, the last thing he needed was news of his little family drama getting out to the public.

Linde had a warm smile on her face as she drank from the fine vintage which was provided to her by the staff who operated this restaurant. As for Adela, she was scowling as her furious gaze shifted between her husband and his second wife. She had assumed this would be a private dinner between herself and the man she loved. When Berengar saw the young woman glaring at him, he smiled gracefully before breaking the ice.

"Adela, my sweetheart, it has been awhile since the three of us shared a meal together. Isn't it nice to eat a meal with your husband and an old friend?"

When the Empress heard her husband use the term "old friend" to refer to her greatest rival, she could no longer keep her mouth shut.

"Old friend? Since when? Do you have any idea how ridiculous you sound right now?"

Linde immediately sighed when she heard this childish rant before placing her glass on the table. Her gaze shifted from kind to outraged as she scolded Adela for her crass statement.

"You just couldn't go five minutes without making a scene, could you? Our husband brought us here to settle our differences, and yet you don't even have the emotional maturity to carry on with small talk. Why am I not surprised?"

Berengar immediately placed his forehead into the palm of his hand as he exhaled loudly. He knew this was a bad idea. Why did he have to let that little vixen coerce him into this? Still, he had decided to mediate between the two women, and thus he would not abandon this quest that he had already embarked upon. After several moments of mindless bickering between the two women, which Berengar paid no attention to, he abruptly silenced them by raising his voice.

"Enough! We haven't even gotten our appetizers and already you two are at each other's throats. I seriously can not understand why the two of you can not even pretend to get along in my presence. Seriously? Is it that hard to maintain civility?"

Linde merely snubbed Adela and returned to her drink. Whereas Adela pouted, after all in her mind, it was difficult to forgive Linde for all which she had done over the years. When Berengar noticed the stubborn expression on the girl's lips, he sighed heavily before outright asking where the nature of her grievance lied.

"Adela, it has been years since the two of you first began feuding. You have both sired my sons, who will one day compete for my throne. The last thing our dynasty needs is two princes who want to kill each other because their mothers couldn't get along. If I haven't made it abundantly clear by now, we are all one family, and the two of you, more so than my other brides need to get along."

When Adela heard this last part, she grew flustered. She honestly did not know why Berengar continued to pressure her to get along with Linde, of all people. Because of Berengar's scolding, the young Empress could no longer keep her tongue silent and lashed out at the two of them.

"Why is it you always take her side? You expect me to get along with Linde after she has stolen from me what was rightfully mine? I have sworn my loyalty to you and your house, but I can never forgive Linde for what she has done!"

Berengar and Linde both gazed at Adela in confusion. They did not know what Linde had done to the young Empress that would cause her to hold such a strong grudge against her. Thus, it was no surprise that the two of them voiced their confusion simultaneously

"What are you talking about?"

When Adela realized that neither her husband nor her rival knew what had compelled her to hate the redheaded vixen so much, she was astonished. Was it really not obvious? Thus, she did not hesitate to voice her greatest grievance with Linde aloud.

"This harlot came into your home, seduced you, and stole your chastity! As your fiancée, it was mine by right. If not for Linde's scandalous actions, we would have been each other's firsts!"

It was right about this moment where the server was bringing in a tray filled with the appetizers. Upon hearing such a remark, she blushed and quickly scurried out of the area. She felt it would be best to introduce the food once this awkward conversation was finished.

As for Linde, she too was flushed with embarrassment. She did not know that the foundation of their rivalry, and their continued disagreements, was the simple fact that she was older and got to Berengar first. When Berengar heard such a ridiculous reason for Adela's ceaseless fury, he chuckled before making a rather bold statement.

"That's why you always seek conflict with Linde? If such a reason hadn't caused me so many headaches over the past few years, I would honestly find it rather cute. Adela, you should not blame Linde for such a thing.

If you should have a grievance with anyone, it should be with God. After all, he is the one who made you so much younger than me. If you were her age when we were first engaged, I would have tried everything in my power to get into your pants as soon as possible. However, you were twelve at the time, and because of that, you were far too young for my tastes.

Naturally, as a twenty-year-old virgin, the moment a busty young beauty like Linde presented herself to me, I could not resist. If you were of age when we first met, I would have gladly thrown myself at you if you so desired. To put it simply, fate denied you that chance. Do you really think I would have waited four years for you to catch up when I had beautiful women like Linde and Honoria throwing themselves at me? In case you haven't noticed, I am not a man capable of such restraint."

When Linde heard this, she maintained her silence as she continued to sip on her wine, avoiding eye contact with both Berengar and Adela. She could not believe they were having such a conversation, and was now extremely happy that Berengar had reserved the entire restaurant for themselves on this night.

Adela, on the other hand, stared in silence at the two of them. Was she really being that petty all these years? Still, she struggled to put the blame on god, or fate for being so cruel to her. After all, her upbringing would not easily allow her to hold her deity responsible for her misfortune. Rather than confront such a hard truth, she shifted the topic to another point in contention with what Berengar had previously said.

"For the sake of argument, let's say I agree with your premise that God and fate are to blame for what had transpired between the two of you. That does not change the fact that Linde stole what was rightfully mine as your fiancée and primary wife. Why are you so insistent that she and I act as sisters?"

When Berengar heard this, he stared at Adela in disbelief. He could not believe that she was so devoid of thought that she could not see the reason he needed her and Linde to get along more than any of his other wives. After a few moments of silence, he tried to get her to come to the answer herself.

"Adela, answer me this: how many of my wives have the privilege of using my surname?"

It took a few moments for the gears to work in Adela's brain. Though she was not dumb by any means, in fact, she was quite brilliant in her own regard. The problem ultimately lies with the years of religious brainwashing which had made her rather slow on the uptake.

"Two..."

When Berengar heard her answer this, and still not get his reasoning, he voiced another question.

"And those two are?"

Finally, Adela was understanding where Berengar was coming from. She repeatedly shifted her gaze between Linde and her husband as she understood what her husband was trying to tell to her.

"You don't mean?"

Berengar smiled and nodded his head in response as he reached out and grabbed hold of his two wives' hands.

"The two of you are the only brides of mine capable of bearing a son with the surname von Kufstein. Which means, ultimately, it will be your two bloodlines that determine the succession of the German Throne. Now, do you understand why, despite your many differences, I need the two of you, more so than the others, to come together?"

For the sake of the stability of my Empire, you two need to raise your children, with the mentality that we are all one, loving family, united against a world that seeks to overthrow us. Personally I would like to see you two get along with Honoria and Yasmin as well, but if you are wholly incapable of such a thing, then all I ask, is that you realize, the two of you, have always been, and will always be my most important brides.

You were not born princesses like my other two brides, but through my actions, I have made you both Empresses, something the others will never be. So for the sake of our family, for the sake of our dynasty, and the future of our Empire, can you put aside your petty grievances and be my two most beloved wives?"

Adela gazed over towards Linde, who immediately nodded her head in silence, causing Adela to decide. With a heavy sigh, she responded to Berengar's question with an answer that would forever change her future.

"Yes, Berengar, for the sake of our dynasty, I think I can put aside my childish squabbles with Linde and raise our children together as one family under your rule."

A smile etched itself on Berengar's lips when he heard his wife become so agreeable. However, in the very next moment, his expression became stern as he shifted his gaze towards the other thorn in his side.

"Linde, can you agree to put aside your scheming nature, embrace Adela as an equal, and raise our children together as a single family?"

When Linde heard Berengar was aware of her schemes to place Hans on the throne, she immediately blushed in embarrassment. Despite being a master of intrigue, she had completely failed to conceal her hidden plots. This made her completely ashamed of herself. After several moments of contemplation, Linde sighed with a bitter smile as she nodded her head in agreement.

"What the hell? It sounds like it could be fun. Besides, now that you have freed Honoria from her sentence, I find myself dreadfully lacking a cute little plaything to entertain myself with. Now that I think about it, I have always wanted to have some fun with little Adela."

When Adela heard Linde's playful taunt, she felt a chill rush down her spine. She quickly gazed over towards her husband with a pleading gaze, as if she were a rabbit caught in a hungry wolf's jaws. With a sheepish tone, she questioned the man about just what Linde had intended for the three of them.

"Berengar, what is she talking about?"

In response to this, the German Emperor merely smiled wickedly before whispering in Adela's little ears.

"You will find out later tonight..."

Having said this, Berengar immediately motioned for the server to bring in the appetizers. After having a productive discussion with his two wives, he found himself famished. Thus, he was more than happy to indulge himself in the fine cuisine. After all, he would need the protein for later that night.

### **Chapter 575 Cruel and Unusual Punishment Part I**

Berengar sat within the confines of the penthouse suite that stood at the very top of his palace. He commonly referred to these areas as his "harem room" as it was the location he most frequently spent engaging in all forms of debauchery with his women. Having finally gotten his two foremost brides to come to terms, Berengar intended to take full advantage of it, and sleep with both of them tonight.

Throughout the entirety of their marriage, there was only one instance where Berengar had managed to sleep with Adela alongside his other women, and that was when the other girls drugged her. Since then, she had been incredibly reluctant to do so, but tonight was different. Tonight, he had finally broken down the boundaries between Adela and Linde, and he would not let this perfect opportunity to bond together as a family pass him by.

As the two women prepared themselves in the bath for the night that awaited them, Berengar was in the lounge area, dressed in nothing but his underwear. He took a heavy hit from the hookah that acted as his favorite instrument to smoke from. In its tray was a mixture of hashish and shisha tobacco. It was the first time he had imported such a substance from his colonies in the new world.

The blended smoke entered his lungs, where he skillfully captured it. After a few seconds, he exhaled the large plume of smoke, and instantly felt his mind enter a rush the likes he had not felt since his past life. After dazing out for what felt like seconds, but was actually several minutes, a single phrase escaped his lips.

"That is some good shit!"

Berengar was unaware of how much time had passed. However, he continued to smoke as he waited for his two loving brides to show up. Eventually, the doors opened and two heavenly figures emerged. Adela and Linde were standing in the doorway to the changing area, dressed in what Berengar could only describe as cosplay. Adela was dressed in translucent white lingerie, which showed off her exceptional figure and the secrets it contained.

It was like the set she wore on their wedding night, yet there was a distinctive difference, on her back were a pair of white feather wings, and atop her golden hair was a halo, evidentially she was playing the part of the angel on his shoulder.

Linde, however, was dressed in a far more sinister outfit. A transparent and lacey black bra clung to her magnificent curves. It was paired with a matching garter belt and thong. Around her silky white legs were a pair of translucent stockings.

However, what really caught Berengar's eye was protruding out from her behind. It was a succubus' tail, which Berengar could only guess was a tail plug. Where she had got hold of such a perverted device, and who was the mastermind behind its creation? He did not know. Obviously, he could never be the man responsible for such a thing. Atop her strawberry blond hair was a pair of succubus horns. Needless to say, Linde was the physical incarnation of a demonic beauty.

By now, Berengar was so high that he believed he had unlocked his potential as a cultivator. Thus, it was no surprise that he genuinely thought the two women standing before him were actually the celestial figures they dressed as. Thus, a single thought entered Berengar's mind as he gazed upon Linde's busty figure.

Despite this thought, he did not back away, and simply sat idly by as Linde crawled on her knees towards her husband. Unhooking her bra and letting her massive cow udders hang freely as she did so.

"Master? Won't you punish this naughty succubus?"

Berengar's gaze fell onto Adela, who was standing behind Linde's curvy figure, who herself was staring upon the tail plugged into the woman's ass as her hips swayed hypnotically. She could not believe the lengths Linde went through in order to appease Berengar. Her face was flushed red in embarrassment as she tried to avert her gaze. However, she could not, for the well-toned rear of the young succubus was enough to attract even her attention.

Thus, Berengar had a naughty idea entering his head as he looked over to Linde with a vacant expression on his face. The woman pouted as she waited for a response. Eventually, she could not wait any longer and handed the leash that was bound to her collar over to her master. However, Berengar instead smiled wickedly and called out to his other wife.

"Adela? You said previously that you were upset over Linde taking my chastity? Well, now is the time for you to punish her for her misdeeds."

The two young women gazed at their husband in shock, Linde more so than Adela. She had thought for sure that Berengar would allow her to vent some of her frustrations onto Adela's petite body. Thus, she immediately attempted to protest.

"But master-"

Before Linde could finish her sentence, Berengar raised his finger to her pretty pink lips and shushed her.

"Shhh... I have a feeling that despite Adela's agreeable attitude, she still has some qualms that she wants to settle with you. I figured what better way than dishing out some punishment? After all, you love that sort of thing, don't you?"

The strawberry-blond haired beauty had a look of fear in her eyes as she gazed behind towards Adela. The first Empress had a perplexed expression. She did not know what Berengar wanted her to do, and thus, she quickly voiced her confusion.

"What should I do?"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this and fell back onto the sofa, pulling off his shorts before giving the girls an answer.

"Spank her ass, slap her titties, choke her, hell if you want I have a whip somewhere around here you can use to let out your anger on her beautiful flesh. Just don't leave any permanent damage. I wouldn't want my prettiest slave to be disfigured."

Adela was hesitant to continue, she had quite the prudish upbringing, the very thought that Linde had stuck a toy up her butt was shocking enough, but after hearing just what kind of twisted play her husband and his second bride were into, she had a bit of a moral dilemma. However, in the next instance, when she heard Linde's taunts, a switch flipped in her brain, and brought out some deep flaws in her character the girl did not know she possessed.

"Master, Adela is too much of a prude, she's too much of a boor to punish me. Why do you think I feel so safe walking over her all the time?"

A loud slap resounded in the air, followed by a slight scream. Linde looked behind her in shock to see that her own rear had a small red handprint on it. She barely uttered her confusion when another vicious slap landed on her plump bottom.

"What the? Eep!"

Berengar had a wicked smile on his face, as he dragged Linde's face over to his shaft, and forced her lips upon it. It was quite the funny sight to see Adela, who dressed as an angel, smacking the succubus' rear so fiercely.

As Linde slurped on Berengar's shaft, Adela knelt down next to her and grabbed ahold of her massive E cup breasts, before yanking on them as she violently milked the woman as if she was a common dairy cow. As she did this, Adela used her free hand to press the back of her rival's skull all the way down on her husband's enormous cock, whispering in her ear some particularly ruthless insults.

"You are no Empress, you are my husband's slut, the only reason you can stand as my equal is because he accidentally put a baby in you! Don't you ever forget his mercy, or mine for that matter! If not for my benevolence, you would not be here today slurping on that fat dick."

Berengar gazed at Adela in shock. He never knew she had such a fierce side to her. He was so happy right now he could almost cry. However, before he could express this, Adela halted her actions. She quickly licked the milk off her fingers as if it were the tastiest treat in the world.

After doing so, she walked over to the nearest drawer and searched through all the toys that Berengar's wives commonly used when he was away at war. A glint of cruel excitement formed in her sapphire eyes as she found the object of her desires.

Adela instantly dropped her white lacey panties, before donning the toy over her perfectly shaved crotch. When she did so, Linde gazed in fear at both her master and his wife. Berengar was absolutely shocked at this point and was unaware if he should continue. After all, Adela had adorned the strap-on that Linde commonly used on Honoria. Naturally, it was modeled after his own genitals.

He gazed in awe as he questioned just what kind of monster he had awoken inside of his once pious wife. Adela did not hesitate. Instead, she grabbed ahold of Linde's plump rear and lined her toy up with her perfect slit. Before Linde could even remove her mouth from Berengar's cock, Adela shoved the toy inside with a fierce thrust.

The moment she did so, Linde's legs spasmed, and she collapsed to the floor in a puddle of her own piss. It was the first time she had all three of her orifices filled at the same time, and it was too much for her to handle. However, despite the overwhelming pleasure, Adela did not halt her actions and continued to thrust madly, with no actual skill involved, as she slapped Linde's rear.

"That's what you get for fucking with me all these years, you little bitch!"

Berengar could not tell if he had ascended to heaven or descended into the fiery depths of hell. The usually pious, upright woman, who was so easily triggered whenever someone so much as swore, was using such vulgar language while pounding away at her rival's innards with a strap-on. He was so excited by these turns of events; he climaxed all over Linde's pretty face, which contained an expression overcome by lust.

Despite this, he was still as hard as diamonds, and thus his drug addled mind came up with an equally devious idea. The young Emperor quickly positioned himself behind his golden-haired wife and thrust himself into her depths, which caused her to squeal out in ecstasy. As Berengar pumped his hips into Adela's lower lips, she did so to Linde, creating a human train.

Before long, the young emperor had shot his load into his wife, soiling the depths of her womb with his seed. However, he was far from finished. The night was still young, and he had not inflicted enough punishment on his redheaded slave.

### **Chapter 576 Cruel and Unusual Punishment Part II**

Linde lie on the ground, with a vacant expression on her pretty face. She was completely out of it. Her husband's semen coated her face as if it were a thick white paste. Her massive breasts were leaking milk, and she was lying in a pool of her own squirt.

While Linde had passed out from the overwhelming pleasure that she had just endured. Berengar and Adela made out on the side. Despite this, Berengar was far from finished. Until Linde could regain clarity, he had decided to entertain himself with his other bride.

The young Empress of Austria still wore the strap-on she had used to fuck Linde silly, as she herself was being taken from behind by her husband. Berengar continued to thrust his hips into the woman's tight cave, as he pounded her like a mad dog, while scolding her for going overboard.

"You think you're better than Linde, you little whore? What did I just tell you earlier this evening? You are both equally beneath me. Learn your place!"

After saying this he raised his firm hand in to the air before bringing it down onto Adela's tight behind, causing her to clench onto his shaft as if she were a vice grip. She had to admit; she liked the abuse that she was suffering from at the moment. Thus, between seductive moans, she uttered the following words.

"Yes, dear, teach this little whore a lesson!"

Berengar broke out into laughter as he heard this once pious woman call out for punishment. He knew that deep down within every prude's heart was that of a pervert, and it appeared he was once more proven correct in life. Thus, he continued to pump away at Adela's loins until she fell to the ground and quivered as she squirted all over the place.

Until now, whenever Berengar and his golden-haired bride had sex, it had always been rather boring for him. She had insisted on only using the missionary position, and for him not to be too rough. However, tonight was different. He had finally broken the girl from her shell and revealed her genuine desires.

Coincidentally, the moment Adela collapsed on the floor, Linde woke up, and realized she was covered in spunk, milk, and squirt. It took her a few moments to recall what had happened, and when she realized she had submitted to Adela, she felt a fury rise in her heart. While Adela was struggling to come to her senses, Linde unhooked the strap-on from the girl's waist, and wore it herself.

Berengar did not know what the woman wanted to do, but as long as it didn't involve coming after him, he was down for it. A wicked smile adorned Linde's luscious lips as she asked him for his approval of her sinful idea.

"Master, how about we give this little bitch a taste of her own medicine?"

Berengar looked into Linde's eyes, and instantly could tell what she was planning. Thus, with an equally malicious smile on his face, he nodded his head in agreement.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea!"

Adela came to just in time to realize that Berengar's cock and Linde's strap-on were lined up in front of her two holes. While she was passed out, Berengar had lubed her up so she could endure her punishment. The young Empress instantly panicked when she realized what was about to happen, but her husband's grip was too strong for her to escape.

In the next moment, Berengar plunged his enormous cock into the girl's ass, and Linde did the same with her equally endowed toy into Adela's tight pussy, skewering her in a perfect double penetration. The moment the duo thrust their lengths as deep as possible, Adela squirted all over the place.

Her brain had practically fried itself in pain and pleasure alike. Berengar and Linde continued to thrust away at the Adela in an attempt to teach her a valuable lesson about insolence. Linde passionately kissed Adela on the lips before she whispered into the girl's tiny ears.

"That's my good little whore!"

Berengar had never thought in his life that this night would end up this way, but he was glad to see that his wife's competitive spirit had shifted to a more healthy alternative. Even if it was in some form of a wickedly sinful sado-masochistic triangle.

After Adela's third orgasm, Berengar thrust his length deep into her rectum, and shot his load inside before withdrawing his cock from her ass, leaving a large gaping hole in its place. He quite honestly did not know how his wife would recover from this, however, he had seen enough anal porn in his past life to know she would most likely be fine. As for Linde, she wiped Adela's bangs out of her eyes before kissing her on the lips one last time.

"Sweet dreams, my little plaything!"

Adela was completely spent and would sleep through the rest of Berengar and Linde's session. As for the redheaded vixen, she immediately cast the toy aside and spread her legs for her husband, begging him for his seed.

"Master, it's not fair! You filled Adela's holes with your cum, but not mine!"

Berengar exhaled heavily, he was fairly tired by now, but knew if he did not do as Linde asked, then the rivalry between these two women would never truly end, thus he mustered his courage and pinned the young succubus to the floor before driving his shaft into her entrance.

"You little slut, all you needed to do was play along, but you just had to get even with her. Now you're going to pay!"

After saying this, Berengar thrust his length repeatedly into her tight cavern as he suckled at her breasts, enjoying his favorite meal to his heart's content. Even though all of his wives could now produce milk, he was well accustomed to getting it from Linde during their playful activities, and thus, he engorged himself on her pink nipples and alabaster breasts.

Before long, Berengar released his seed into the depths of the woman's womb, who now had a satisfied expression on her face as she kissed her man passionately. After releasing from each other's grip, Linde sighed as she gazed upon Adela's lust filled gaze. Upon seeing such a thing, the redheaded beauty quickly asked a question to her man.

"Did I go too far?"

However, in the next moment, she witnessed the confused expression on Berengar's face as he spoke the words she dreaded to hear.

"What are you talking about? We're not done yet. You said you wanted the same treatment as Adela, and you're going to get it."

Before Linde could refuse, Berengar spun her around and shoved her face to the ground, where he violently pulled the tail plug from her ass. The young succubus immediately screamed in pleasure as her husband inserted his shaft in the toy's place. Berengar was absolutely ruthless as he pounded away at his wife's asshole, screaming obscenities at her as he did so.

"You like that? Huh, bitch? Do You like it when your master pounds your ass!?!"

Between intense moans, Linde managed to just barely express her thoughts as her sky blue irises rolled to the back of her head.

"Yes... master... I.... wuv... it!"

Berengar continued to press his shaft deep into the woman's rear as he asked for clarification while pulling on the woman's leash.

"You love it when I do what!?!"

In the next moment, Linde squirted all over herself, causing her legs to spasm once more, and her body to quiver in orgasm. At the same time, Berengar burrowed his cock as deep as it could go before filling his wife's ass with his cum. After doing so, Linde sighed before passing out. The last words to escape her lips were the answer her master was looking for.

"I love it when you fuck my ass, master..."

Having completed this rough session with his wives, Berengar collapsed into the seat behind him. As he gazed at the sight of his two naked wives who lie on the floor in a puddle of semen, milk, and squirt. He instantly thought to himself that perhaps there was a reason Adela was such a prude. In the end, he did not know if this little group therapy session had resolved the girls' dispute or created additional issues between them. However, there was one thing he knew for certain, and that thought he voiced aloud.

"I need a beer!"

After saying this, Berengar rose from his seat and walked over to the bar which was contained inside his harem room. He pulled out his favorite brand of beer and popped off its bottlecap before taking a heavy swig. As he did so, a single thought crossed his mind.

It is times like this, where I wish I had some fucking ice. Warm beer after rough sex is absolute shit...

This single thought, which resulted from some rather sinful activity between the Emperor and his wives, would lead to the creation of the world's first ice factories. An anecdote which would be lost to history.

### **Chapter 577 Border Construction**

On the northwestern edge of the German Empire, there was the contested region of Frisia. Currently at the border where the Netherlands and Germany met, an emperor stood silently as he gazed through a pair of binoculars upon the construction of his mighty border defenses. Surrounding this man was a contingent of officers, including a General who all scurried for the favor of their emperor.

If one were to describe the nature of these border defenses, they could refer to it as the Maginot Line on steroids. For example, the amount of steel-reinforced concrete bunkers that housed Schmidt guns, and artillery pieces across this 10-mile strip of land, was nearly a hundred. In between these bunkers was a series of heavily fortified trench systems where thousands of soldiers stood by watching, and waiting for the slightest disturbance within their vicinity.

This massive defensive complex was constructed on the Frisian Border as a way for Berengar to cement his claim over the lands he had gained in his war with Luxembourg. To the west lie the borders of the Duchy of Burgundy, which currently ruled over the other half of Frisia.

If one of the many German soldiers protecting this region were to pop up his head, he merely needed to look around and he would see a labyrinth of barbed wire, supported with randomly placed land mines.

Over the past six months, since German Unification first took place, the Mighty Emperor had done little in terms of technological advancements. However, for the sake of border security, he had made one specific invention. Land-mines, and these mines were based upon one of the most fearsome examples from his past life.

The Bouncing Betty was the nickname that the American GIs gave the German S-Mine. This weapon was buried into the dirt, and when one stepped upon its trigger, it would ignite a small explosion propelling the explosive device into the air, at roughly waist height, before a secondary charge detonated, sending thousands of tiny ball bearings in all directions.

It was an extremely lethal device, and when planted in the thousands within the Great War style no-man's-land that extended into the Burgundian territory, one could only imagine how easy it would be for the Germans of this world to repel any would-be attackers.

Berengar gazed upon this extensive border defence and smiled wickedly. He truly pitied anyone foolish enough to enter this no-man's-land, for if the landmines did not claim their soul, then the machine gun and artillery fire surely would. Having witnessed the lengths that his army was going to in order to ensure border security, Berengar proudly announced his vision for the gathered officers to hear.

"Can you imagine these defences stretched across the length of our entire Empire's borders? Who then would dare to attack us? I dare say even if the entire world rose against us, they could not defeat a united Germany!"

The officers who stood next to Berengar all had smug expressions on their faces. Their Emperor's ambitions truly had no limit. They too desired to see such a glorious future for their realm. Thus, one officer spoke his thoughts on the matter with a hint of Pride in his voice.

"Though it will take many years to complete, I am positive that our borders will be impenetrable within our lifetime. Especially when we take into consideration our enemy's lack of military technology."

Berengar merely nodded his head in silence, before turning around to gaze upon his gathered officers. These men were all veterans of his previous conflicts. Despite uniting all the German states into one Empire, the overwhelming majority of the Imperial German Army's leadership came from Austria.

This was because Austria was further advanced than the other German States in practically every aspect, especially in the procurement and training of officers. As for the rest of the German nobility who once marched to war with swords and bows, those who still wished to serve their realm were allowed into officer academies.

However, the German Empire under Berengar's reign was an absolute meritocracy, simply because these men were knights or nobles in the past did not mean it guaranteed them a commission. Should they fail to pass the academy's stringent standards, Imperial High Command would force them into an enlisted rank.

These officers, much like Berengar himself, were dressed in the newest military fashion with which the Imperial German Army was now being equipped with. These uniforms were largely based upon those used by German officers during the early days of the Great War in Berengar's past life.

Berengar, in particular, sported a uniform that resembled a German Hussar officer's attire during the First World War. There was one major difference, and that was his shoulder boards, which had insignia that reflected those which the Reichsmarschall would have worn during the Second World War. Obviously, he had replaced the nazi era imagery with his own Empire's symbols.

The lower ranked soldiers in the new Imperial German Army were equipped with uniforms based upon those issued to German Soldiers during the early days of the Great War. Atop their uniforms were a feldgrau painted cuirass, and a matching steel pickelhaube which used a feldgrau cloth cover that proudly displayed their unit number with embroidered patches.

Despite the new uniforms, the Imperial German army were still issued the same black powder weapons that the Austrian Royal Army had used during its conquest of Germany. While there was nothing wrong with these weapons, Berengar had plans to replace them soon with something far more effective.

However, now was not the time to dwell on such things, instead something else caught Berengar's interest. Just when he was thinking about concluding this visit, the bell rang throughout the encampment, signalling that someone was approaching the border. This quickly drew the Emperor and his officers to the nearest Bunker where they gazed into the distance with their binoculars.

Berengar frowned as he witnessed the sight in front of him. A group of Dutch refugees were running straight towards no-man's-land. Clearly they were attempting to flee their miserable existences within the war torn Kingdom of France. An interesting thought formed in his mind as he asked the man in charge of the Rhineland's border about the current situation.

"Is this a common occurrence?"

The General dwelled upon the question for a few moments before nodding his head.

"now and then we get people claiming to be refugees trying to enter Germany. As per your instructions, we usually only accept young women capable of marriage and bearing children. Forgive me, my Kaiser, but the thought has only occurred to me now. By introducing these so called "landmines", refugees such as these people will undoubtedly walk straight to their deaths. Should we not do something about this?"

The German Emperor nodded his head in silence as he heard this. Without a safe route to traverse, there would surely be an absurd amount of civilian casualties on the borders of Germany from any man, woman, or child foolish enough to approach his lands carelessly. Thus, after a few seconds of contemplation, Berengar issued a command.

"Foremost, fire a warning shot, so these idiots don't accidentally blow themselves up. In the future, I want warning signs posted on the Dutch side of no-man's-land, written in both the Dutch tongue and the German one, informing anyone who approaches of the danger presented with walking through the minefield.

Aside from that, I want you to construct roads that allow a safe path through the minefield. After all, we wouldn't want to deter merchants from entering our borders. However, they will have to do so at secured checkpoints.

These checkpoints should have a proper customs department contained within, who will process the lawful entry of all foreigners who seek to enter our lands, regardless as to their homeland. These Border entry points should be stationed at regular intervals across the Empire, allowing for ease of travel for those who come with friendly intentions.

Make no mistake, my previous immigration policy still stands. Only women from historically Germanic countries past the age of marriage, and young enough to still bear children, are to be allowed to migrate

into Germany under the provision they marry a German man. As for anyone else who seeks asylum, repel them back whence they came. It is not our responsibility to look after the world's poor and hungry masses."

Upon receiving these orders, the General quickly motioned for the nearest marksman to fire a warning shot towards the location of the intruders. The bullet struck right in front of the closest man's feet, causing him to halt in his tracks, right before stepping into the massive minefield. After witnessing the potential migrants' hesitation to move forward, Berengar sighed in relief before giving out another order.

"Send a rider around no-man's-land to inform these people of our immigration policy and take any potential migrants through a safe route so that we may safely process them into our immigration system."

The General quickly nodded his head and dispatched the Emperor's orders. Now that they had settled this unscheduled disturbance, Berengar walked out of the bunker and back into the border encampment. Things were progressing smoothly. All across the Empire, such measures were being undertaken to ensure that Germany's borders were secured against any threat of invasion.

As an Empire embedded directly in the center of Europe, potentially hostile states surrounded the German people. Even the alliance with the Kalmar Union had the possibility of someday collapsing into open warfare. For Germany, a strong border was paramount to national security, and was critical to Berengar's plans for an Empire which endured the test of time.

Thus, he was quite happy with the results his forces had achieved so far. With the construction of the border defences going smoothly, and the National Railway in progress, the two largest of Berengar's infrastructure projects were on the path to completion, though it was likely to be several years before such a thing became reality.

With a heavy sigh, Berengar mounted his horse and rode off with his Imperial Guard. It was quite some distance from the nearest rail station, and he would need to travel some time to reach it. However, inspecting the progress of the border was something he had to do, and because of that, he had taken the necessary time out of his busy schedule to achieve this goal. What awaited him on his journey back home would forever ingrain itself into his memories.

### **Chapter 578 A Brush with the Supernatural**

The sun began to set as Berengar and his royal guard found themselves on the borders of a thickly wooded area within the realm of Frisia. When the German Emperor gazed upon the small forest, he noticed a dense fog permeated in the air. As the horses approach the area, they panicked, bucking about like mad. It took considerable effort on the riders' part to calm their steeds.

To Berengar's surprise, even his mount Glory, which was a valiant stallion born and bred for the purpose of war, was too frightened to approach the misty woodlands. In the end, Berengar and his soldiers were forced to maintain their distance, for the steeds did not dare approach. As such, the German Emperor dismounted from his horse, and made camp in the plains outside the mysterious woodland enclave.

As he was setting up his tent, a man who was not in uniform approached Berengar with a frightened expression on his face. The man was practically shivering in fear as he spoke about the local rumors which pertained to the nearby woods.

"Your Majesty, as your guide, I feel I must speak up. It would be unwise to set up your camp so close to these woods. I am sure as a southerner you are unaware, but that is unholy ground. They say a great battle once occurred in these lands between the ancient Romans and the local pagans."

This bit of information immediately caught Berengar's interest. As a man well accustomed to German history, he had a feeling that this ancient folk tale sounded quite familiar. However, for whatever reason, he could not put his finger on it.

Such a thing was strange, especially for Berengar, who could usually recall any memory vividly with a simple thought. This gap in his memories only made the young emperor more curious as he gave the man permission to continue his story.

"Go on..."

The man quickly looked around in panic, before calming himself with a heavy sigh. Only after clarity had restored itself within his mind did he speak of the ancient folk tale.

"They say on the day that battle occurred, the local pagans massacred hundreds of Roman legionaries in the name of their war goddess. Ever since then, a thick fog has shrouded these woodlands. Anyone foolish enough to enter the woods without the spirit's permission has never returned to the land of the living. I implore you to keep moving, for fear that we might provoke the local spirit!"

Berengar broke out into laughter when he heard this ridiculous claim. Such superstitious nonsense was nothing to be worried about. After all, he was a man of science, and there had never been a single piece of evidence that the supernatural was reality. Thus, he simply responded to the man's warning with a pat on the back before handing him a wineskin.

"My friend, if you are so worried about an ancient legend, then drink this. It shall calm your nerves. I will not push forward into the darkness because of local superstitions. We shall ride out at dawn. Until then, I suggest you get some sleep."

The guide was about to speak up in protest, but was instantly silenced when Berengar's grip over his shoulder turned firm. He knew better than to insult the German Emperor. After all, he was merely a local hunter. What right did he have to disagree? Still, he felt this was an enormous mistake, and that they would all pay the price for Berengar's arrogance.

Despite his misgivings, the guide quickly did as instructed and established his tent, where he proceeded to drink himself to sleep. As for Berengar, he was oddly tired, and thus soon found himself cuddled up in his cot, passing out.

When Berengar finally awoke, it was at the crack of dawn. Judging by his moans and groans, he was still half asleep, as he reached over towards where his nightstand would normally be, hoping to grab hold of his wineskin so that he could start the day with a stiff drink.

Instead, his hand clanged itself upon the cold surface of a nearby rock. When he noticed this, his eyes shot open, where they darted about frantically. His one good eye immediately noticed that he was not in fact within his tent, but alone in the woods, with nothing but the mist to keep him company.

He immediately looked around and noticed he was also fully dressed. Such a thing was peculiar, as he normally slept naked, and he deliberately remembered stripping out of his clothes and climbing into his cot the night before. As he gazed around, surveying his surroundings, he noticed something peculiar.

This forest he found himself within was dead silent. There was neither the sound of the birds chirping in the air nor the noise of bugs rustling in the grass. A complete and utter lack of ambience pervaded in the air. When the young emperor realized this, he immediately felt a sense of dread within his gut. Before panic could set in, a calming voice coming from directly behind him caught his interest.

"Oh? So you're the one who crossed over? Interesting..."

When Berengar heard this, he immediately spun around and gazed upon the origins of the soothing voice. Standing before him was a young girl who appeared to be no older than ten. Her hair was long and dangled down to her waist. It was as red as blood, and a crown of white flowers was adorned atop her head.

This girl had matching sanguine eyes, which immediately caught Berengar's interest. She had a doll-like face that appeared to be carved out of porcelain, so perfect that Berengar struggled to believe that she was human.

Gazing down at her torso was a long white dress that appeared to be sparkling as if it were made of the mist itself. She was completely barefoot, and despite that, there was no dirt upon her perfectly sculpted feet. It took Berengar a moment to register what the girl had said to him. Instead, he was more curious about why such a cute little girl was alone in the forest.

"Little girl, why are you here alone in these woods?"

The girl had a peculiar expression on her face, as if it dumbfounded her why someone would ask her that.

"This is my home... I have been here for many years, ever so lonely. Won't you stay with me and be my big brother?"

When Berengar heard these words, he cringed internally. He was no lolicon, and despite this, there was a fierce sense of temptation in his mind to stay in these woods and protect this little girl for the rest of his life. It was at this moment the memories came flooding back to him, and a single word escaped his lips.

"Baduhenna...."

When the girl heard her name spoken, she pouted and chastised Berengar for guessing correctly.

"No fair! I took your memories of this place the moment you entered my borders. How did you remember? You cheated!"

When Berengar heard this, he could hardly believe it. He had always been slightly curious about how he reincarnated into this world, but it had never dawned on him that the supernatural was real. In fact, he

outright refused to acknowledge this moment as reality. As such, he sighed heavily and rested his forehead on the palm of his head.

"I'm dreaming aren't I?"

In response to this, the girl was rather coy as she dodged the question.

"Perhaps..."

Instead, she focused intensely on Berengar's face before coming to a sudden conclusion.

"You're afraid? You, of all people, are afraid to go back to war? No, that's not quite right... You're afraid of losing all that you have built in this life? I am sorry, but that simply will not do... They have plans for you, and staying out of battle is completely unacceptable."

Before Berengar could react to what the little girl had said, she instantly closed the distance between them as if she had teleported. After arriving in front of the young emperor, she reached out her dainty hands towards his head, where he instinctively lowered it into her grasp. After doing so, the girl kissed Berengar on his forehead. The moment she did so, all the dread within his heart vanished. After letting go, she said one last farewell before vanishing into thin air.

"This is my boon to you, Berengar von Kufstein. May you forever be fearless in the heat of battle! Until we meet again..."

Shortly thereafter, Berengar awoke in his tent with a start. He quickly called out to the little goddess he had met in the woods.

"Baduhenna!"

However, as he gazed around him, he was alone in his tent, exactly as he had been before falling asleep. He quickly placed his head in his hands as he dwelled on what had just transpired. Was it really all a dream? No, it couldn't have been. It was far too vivid to be such a thing. Besides, after receiving Baduhenna's boon, all the fear and discomfort in his heart towards the prospect of battle was truly and utterly gone. This was simple proof the event had really taken place.

Berengar sulked in his cot for some time, reflecting on the strange vision he had endured, and what it meant regarding his reincarnation. Just who was this "they" that Baduhenna spoke about? Were the gods real? If that was the case, did that mean the legends of this world were a reality hiding in the background? He struggled to come up with the answers to these questions and ultimately disregarded this strange occurrence until he had more evidence.

With this in mind, the Young Emperor rose from his cot, and prepared himself for the long ride ahead. They were still several dozen miles away from the nearest train station. After waking up the soldiers, and packing up the camp, Berengar sat atop his steed, and gazed back towards the strange woodlands where he had met a goddess. He made a solemn vow to return to this land when he had information about just how he had come to this world.

## **Chapter 579 Delving into Ancient Records**

Honorio sat in her personal quarters, gazing at the scene before her. There were a total of three eagle eggs lying in a nest that Heraclius and his mate had formed. The Byzantine Princess gazed at her pet with the fury of a woman scorned as she pouted in silence.

Since when did this feathery bastard get a mate of his own?

Noticing that his master was not happy with him, Heraclius flapped his wings and squawked. If Honorio could understand what he was saying, she definitely would have been offended. While she did not know exactly Heraclius meant by his actions, she could understand the general gist of it.

Just before Honorio could scold the bird for his remarks, the door to her room flew open, revealing a deeply intoxicated Linde. Judging from her appearance, she had one too many bottles of wine with her lunch, and was now in the mood to have some fun with her plaything.

Honorio quickly pouted as she turned away from the redheaded beauty who sat down beside her. Without notice, Linde grabbed ahold of the Princess's snow white hair and dragged her pretty face over to her own.

She then immediately made out with Honorio. The byzantine Princess knew better to resist against Linde's advances when she was in this mood and simply enjoyed the experience before ultimately breaking away. With a satisfied expression on her face, Honorio made a joke at Linde's expense.

"You must be drunk, if you've come to my quarters in the middle of the day looking for some fun..."

When Heraclius gazed upon the intimate moment between the two women, he immediately rolled his eyes and squawked once more, as if emphasizing whatever he had previously said to his master. When Honorio heard this, she immediately turned over to the bird and flipped him off before shouting at him.

"Shut up!"

Heraclius didn't seem to mind, and instead turned his own attention back to the eggs he and his mate had made together. As for Linde, she immediately sobbed as she latched onto Honorio and cried into her substantial bosom.

"That bitch, Berengar, told us to get along as sister-wives and the three of us even spent the night together. Yet the moment he disappears, on another one of his adventures, Adela doesn't want to spend any time with me!"

It shocked Honorio to hear this; she did not know that Berengar had forced these two bitches to get along, and to service him at the same time. Of course, in the very next moment, she realized what Linde was saying and immediately glared at the woman before chastising her.

"Oh, now that you have fucked the Empress, I'm suddenly not good enough for you! I see how it is! It seems like I'm not good enough for anybody these days..."

Honorio's response immediately surprised Linde, which caused her to smile wickedly as she pushed the girl down on the bed. After doing so, she comforted her with the words Honorio was longing for.

"What, do you seriously think that bitch can replace you? I'm merely asserting my dominance. Adela and I were equal in our last outing, and I intend to rectify that. Nobody can replace you, my little slave!"

The strawberry blonde haired vixen then began to gently kiss Honoria's graceful neck before working her way down to the princess' bountiful breasts. However, before the two women could get to the fun part, a knock resounded on the door to reveal Henrietta standing in the doorway.

The Princess of Germany was covering her eyes with her hands. Evidently, she was more interested in lesbian sex than it grossed her out, because one could easily see her azure eyes between the gaps in her fingers.

When Linde saw this, she sighed heavily and sat up, completely disengaging from her actions. Now that she had been interrupted, she had no plans to go through with her efforts. While Berengar may permit her to play with his other wives during his absence, he would not be so forgiving if she dared to lay a finger on Henrietta.

When Honoria noticed Henrietta's presence, she quickly rose to a seating position and covered her breasts with her bedsheets. It took Henrietta a moment to get her thoughts out loud. After all, she had just witnessed something unimaginable to her naive young mind. After a few moments of awkward silence, she said the words that all three of them wanted to hear:

"Berengar is home from the border... I thought you should know..."

It did not take long before Henrietta was sprinting down the hallway to regroup with her precious big brother. Or perhaps it was to escape the awkward atmosphere that existed in Honoria's room? Either way, her running echoed throughout the corridors and Linde merely laughed.

"That girl is too cute, too bad my master won't let me devour her... Well, what are you waiting for? Our husband is home. It is our duty to greet him!"

After saying this, Linde rose from the bed and left Honoria by her lonesome, who was now pouting profusely, just when they were getting to the good part, too. She immediately sighed before letting her thoughts escape her mind.

"Berengar, better make up for this tonight!"

After saying this, Honoria followed the others towards the great hall, where Heraclius remained within the room. He immediately lowered his wing, revealing the eggs. If one were to observe this curious action, they would think for sure he was shielding his unborn children from the unholy sight that was taking place before them.

Within the Great Hall of the Imperial German Palace, Berengar stood, dressed in his service uniform. He gazed lovingly at his wives, who, one at a time, revealed themselves to him. However, despite their excitement, Berengar only briefly greeted his wives and gave them each a welcoming kiss before entering the library. There were many questions on the Emperor's mind, especially about what he had encountered in those mysterious woods.

Thus, while he read about any piece of information that he could find about the gods of Germania, and the theory of reincarnation from the east; his wives got together and ate their meal without him. Berengar was too enthralled with what he had witnessed to bother eating during the night.

Instead, he burnt the midnight oil within his library. Over the years, he had spent a significant amount of wealth gaining as much material as possible that he could on the history of Germany. If not, simply for propaganda.

Of course, he intended to one day create a Great Library of Kufstein, but for now, most ancient works that were translated into the German language existed within his personal collection. Thus, he prowled through his Palace's library for hours, looking through various documents.

Eventually after searching through the greatest collection of German history on the entire planet for countless hours, Berengar concluded that any piece of information related to the ancient deity Baduhenna was either hidden away in some corner of the world, or destroyed by the Christians when their religion came to dominate Europe.

If there was one major complaint that Berengar had about Christianity, it was their propensity to deny and destroy all evidence that pointed out the flaws in their religion. To some extent, this radical rejection of truth, in favor of faith in God, had remained engrained in the hearts and minds of Christians well into the modern era. There was no greater example of this than the idea of Creationism that was popular among a minority of American Christians in his past life.

When Berengar realized that any answer to the truth of this matter was likely burned by Christians centuries ago, he sighed in defeat. There was only one way to confirm his suspicions. He had to investigate the matter himself. He supposed now was as good as a time as any to create a dedicated department of archeology. One whose sole purpose was to uncover the hidden secrets of ancient Germania. Thus, Berengar quickly returned to his office, where, with a stroke of the pen, he founded the German Archeological Department for National Heritage.

He still did not know whether what he saw on that day was actual reality, but he would not rest until he discovered the truth behind his vision. If the ancient gods of Germania truly existed in this world, then perhaps they could provide him with an explanation on why he was reincarnated. Even better, perhaps they could finally settle the argument as to whether or not an afterlife truly existed.

If a place such as Valhalla really existed, Berengar would not be against adopting heathenry as his unofficial religion. Perhaps he could even inspire a return to the old ways among a minority of his people. Then again, he was getting ahead of himself. Even if the ancient deities actually existed in this world, Berengar had no plans to alter his course in life. His ambitions were paramount, and he would not stop until he had achieved his goals.

### **Chapter 580 Designing Ice Factories and Revolving Cannons**

The light of dawn shone down upon the Imperial Palace of Germany located within the city of Kufstein. Despite it being the hour where most people awoke to prepare themselves for a day of hard work, the Emperor of Germany had already been awake since the previous day.

Once more, Berengar had spent the entire night working on his designs, an unhealthy attitude according to his physician, but nonetheless, it had to be done. Luckily enough, there were ample supplies of coffee within the Palace's store rooms to endow the young Emperor with the energy needed to complete the task.

After one last stroke of the fountain pen, Berengar sighed heavily before gazing at his newest masterpiece. It was a blueprint used to create artificial ice. Since he had first entered this new life of his, Berengar had been plagued with room temperature beverages. After all, ice was a rare commodity in this medieval world.

However, with the invention of steam engines, Berengar had the ability to artificially create ice. The only problem was, he simply had not done so, largely because he had been preoccupied with many more important matters, such as creating an industrialized weapons industry and uniting his people into a single empire.

However, with a major war affecting his lands being an unlikely factor for the next few years, and his other major infrastructure projects already underway, Berengar realized now was the time to expand upon his ability to generate capital. There was no greater luxury in this world than a sufficient supply of ice.

Ice was something he had previously taken for granted in his past life. However, now more than ever, he realized how important such a versatile substance was. It could be used for tasks like refrigeration, all the way to medical applications such as treating swelling. To create ice from ammonia gas and water was practically a miracle in this day and age.

The principle of steam powered ice factories was actually fairly simple when one thought about it. Ammonia, when changing from a liquid to a gas, absorbs heat from its surroundings in what is now known as a refrigeration cycle. This was a principle discovered by Michael Faraday during the 19th century of Berengar's past life.

Later in that century, this principle was used to create the first Ice Factories in North America. The foremost stage of this industrial cycle was to use steam-powered pistons of considerable size to pump ammonia gas into a hot liquid. From there, the hot liquified ammonia is then pumped into condenser coils, where it is then cooled and processed into pipes beneath giant water tanks.

From this point on, the pressure is released, and the liquid ammonia evaporates, in doing so absorbing the heat contained within the water tanks. Eventually, the water contained within the storage is converted into ice, where it can then be processed and delivered to the buyer. A single ice factory operating under these conditions could produce a grand total of 150 tons of ice a day.

As Berengar had previously thought, the German Empire could use this ice for many aspects in their society, but they could also trade it with the Byzantine Empire and the Sultanate of Granada as a luxury item. After all, North Africa and Andalusia were arid climates, and if he could ship these ice blocks over to those lands, it would easily fetch a premium.

How he would ship ice overseas without it melting? It was referred to as the square cube law in his past life and was used for this very task. Essentially, one would place a large solid cube of ice in the cargo bay of the vessel and surround it with ice bricks. These ice bricks would keep the cargo cooled, while melting away themselves.

If Berengar could establish these Ice factories at his port cities within the Mediterranean, he could make a fortune off of the international ice trade alone, let alone the value of such a commodity within his Empire's borders.

Thus, when he gazed upon his many, many blueprints, and designs to achieve this result, a wide and satisfied smile etched itself on his face. He could already envision the sweet taste of a cold beer after a hard day's work. After achieving satisfactory results, Berengar drafted an expense report for the first Ice Factory within the City of Kufstein. As for its construction and development, he would lead that up to the City Planning Bureau.

Having gone through the necessary measures to construct such a factory, Berengar then spent the next few hours drafting the patents to secure the design for his own use. As he did with every invention he made. Although a burgeoning sector of industrialists was appearing in this world, he made sure they paid the price of admission to success directly to his personal bank account.

After all, the Crown needed its own source of funding to sustain Berengar's current luxurious lifestyle, and as a man who abhorred corruption and wasteful spending, the Emperor outright refused to spend tax-payer money on such frivolities. Instead, he had patented, trademarked, and copyrighted every innovation he had come up with over the years, ensuring that those who used his ideas would have to pay the price for it.

With these matters out of the way, Berengar collapsed back into his chair and sighed heavily in relief. Finally, he could get some rest, or so he thought. However, the moment he closed his eyes, a knock resounded on his door, forcing him into an alert status. With a heavy groan, he called out to whoever was responsible for interrupting his sleep with an agitated tone.

"Who is it now?"

A soft voice responded on the other side of the door. It belonged to none other than his wife, Linde.

"Master, have you been awake this whole time?"

Upon realizing that it was none other than Linde on the other side of the door, Berengar rose from his dormant position and yawned heavily before answering.

"I was just about to fall asleep. This better be important."

With this said, Linde opened the door and entered the room. Once more, she was in her intelligence uniform. However, something was very different about the uniform this time. Ever since Berengar had unified his Empire, he had overhauled many aspects of society. Including the military and intelligence alike.

As such, the uniforms issued to the newly formed German Imperial Intelligence were based upon those used by the Stasi in Berengar's previous life. The only major difference was the replacement of Communist imagery with Imperial symbolism from this timeline. As for Linde, she sported the uniform quite well, however as a woman, she wore a short skirt, and thigh-high stockings with it.

Berengar hardly noticed the dossier in the woman's hands, nor her stern expression. Rather, he was too enchanted by her beauty. He was tempted to push her down on his desk and take her then and there. Evidently, Linde noticed what he was thinking and responded by slapping him on the top of his head with the document before stating her reason for visiting.

"The Byzantine Empire is requesting further support on their Eastern Border. Small skirmishes have appeared between Byzantine Merchants, and bands of so-called raiders. However, Palladius is fairly

certain that these raiders are Timurid Soldiers acting in disguise. It appears war against the Muslim world is inevitable. How should we respond?"

Berengar reflected on the issue deeply for a few moments, before pulling out another document he had lain around.

"It would appear now is an excellent time to demonstrate some of the new toys I have been designing for our military..."

A sadistic smirk appeared on Linde's lips as she heard the word "toys" she knew damn well her husband was referring to weapons when he used such a word in this context. Thus, she immediately opened the folder containing the blueprints of a new weapon and looked at Berengar in shock.

"Is this a scaled up Schmidt Gun?"

When Berengar heard this, he had a smug expression on his lips before revealing the details of this new wonder weapon.

"It operates on the same principle, but has a different operating mechanism. However, if you wanted to think of it as such, it would not be entirely wrong. I call it the von Kufstein Revolving Cannon. Much like the Schmidt Gun, or the Mk2, I should say, it is a revolving machine gun.

However, unlike the Mk2, this weapon is not chambered in the measly .45-70 govt cartridge. Rather it uses 40mm explosive shells. It has a rate of fire of roughly 68 rounds per minute, and an effective range of approximately 2,000 yards.

We can use this magnificent piece of machinery in coordination with our breechloading artillery to rain high quantities of explosive fire upon our enemies. Or it can be operated in conjunction with the Mk2s as well. If we deploy a few artillery battalions to the battlefield armed with all three types of artillery, I am sure it will be sufficient to handle any intrusion on our ally's eastern border. Don't you think?"

Linde nodded her head in approval before grabbing hold of the documents. She had a smirk on her face as she informed her husband of her intentions.

"I will get these delivered to the proper departments forthwith. You can rest now, you have surely earned it. I am certain Yasmin is still asleep in her room. If you want, you can use her massive cow udders as a pillow!"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this remark coming from Linde. It was a bit ironic, considering all his other brides referred to Linde's breasts in the same manner. In the end, Berengar dismissed the idea of provoking the woman before responding playfully in response to her suggestion.

"Isn't that your job?"

Linde merely scoffed before walking out the door, leaving Berengar alone in his tired state. One of these days, he swore he would get those two together and use both of their massive racks as the ideal pillow to rest his weary head upon. In the end, he did as Linde suggested and intruded upon Yasmin's beauty sleep.