

# Steel 591

## Chapter 591 A New Member of the Alliance

The night was dead quiet in the Royal Palace of Byzantium. A horrific scene of gruesome murder had played itself out merely a few hours before, and all except for a certain couple had difficulty gaining any peaceful rest on this wretched night.

As for Berengar and Honoria, the two of them were so used to taking lives that the death of Decentius did not affect their beauty sleep in the slightest. If anything, there was a sense of relief knowing that they completed a goal that had been on their bucket lists for several years.

When morning came, it was no surprise to see the Royal Family, and all who bore witness to the brutal death of the Second Prince, all having heavy bags underneath their eyes. As if the sight of Decentius' cruel fate had permanently etched itself into their memory and haunted them throughout the night.

When the dynamic duo responsible for this event entered the dining area, where the Byzantine Royal family ate in silence, they immediately noticed that none of the royal family members would meet their gaze.

To Honoria, this was a bit depressing, but to Berengar it was a sign of his power. To kill a member of the Byzantine Royal Family in the middle of their home for all to witness, and walk away as if nothing happened, was the ultimate representation of earthly authority.

Regardless as to Decentius' crimes, the man should have been tried and convicted, and yet the Emperor simply deferred judgement to his daughter. Resulting in a ruthless execution via poisoning. Eventually, when Berengar sat down at the table, he broached the subject of their meeting, and in doing so ending the awkward silence that prevailed in the room.

"For the sake of our Alliance, I am willing to move an artillery brigade to your borders with the Timurid Empire. Though powerful in its own right, it will be completely moot if overwhelmed by superior numbers.

After all, it would not be easy to provide logistical support to the Brigade which is far from my borders. The moment they run out of munitions, they will be in trouble, which is where your forces should come into play. Assuming there is anything left remaining of the enemy army after my artillery fires off their barrages, it will be up to your infantry to surround and eliminate the rest of our enemy's forces.

I think it is in our best interest to provoke a conflict with the Timurid Empire sooner rather than later. After all, the Mameluke Sultanate is still recovering from their defeat in North Africa, and it will be a while before they can effectively mount an offense.

If we can take out the bulk of the Timurid Army in a single border confrontation, we will be able to delay the Jihad by several years. To put it simply, we will use the same strategy I have used to keep the Catholic Kingdoms off my back. In other words, divide and conquer..."

Besarion no longer had the strength to argue with Berengar after what he witnessed the man's utter disregard for life the night before and simply nodded his head in agreement. If war was inevitable, they might as well make the first move.

As for Emperor Vetransis, he sat back and contemplated on the idea, thinking deeply upon it for several moments. After an enormous sigh, he nodded his head before explaining the condition of his current armies.

"With Palladius' support, I can potentially field a division worth of troops to the eastern Border. However, it means I will be taking the soldiers from the Balkans and distributing them to the east. As you may know, that is a particularly volatile region, and I worry about the consequences of such actions."

Despite the Emperor's support for this idea, Berengar immediately rejected it before outlining his reasoning for doing so.

"No, I do not need your best troops, just those who are appropriately trained and equipped. As you have said, the Balkans are a turbulent region, and need a steady hand to ensure its loyalty. The Balkan Army is also of critical importance to the existence of our alliance, and the deterrence of the Catholic Church.

By moving them eastward, you will create problems for all of us. Thus, I offer a counter-proposal. I will supply whatever army you wish to deploy to the area with the weapons, munitions, and training necessary to repel the invaders. I simply advise that you ensure the Strategos in charge of this division is a man completely loyal to you."

Vetransis thought about this for some time. It was no paltry sum to equip a division with the most modern equipment available; it is one of the many reasons the Byzantine Empire had yet to field rifled muskets to all of their soldiers, and were still relying on a mix of arkebuses, muskets, pikes, and medieval weaponry.

Not to mention the largely fractured military system beneath his command. While in theory the Byzantine Military may be more united than their counterparts in the west. The reality was in practice the politics of the court's influence determined which armies would be first equipped with the newest gear, and where they were stationed.

Palladius was a prime example of this. The Emperor had placed the man in charge of the balkans because of his competence and loyalty to the crown. Vetransis also favored him and his army with the quickest access to the newest equipment. A privilege that once existed solely to Arethas.

After considering that he could arm another army loyal to the Byzantine Crown with the latest weapons, at no additional cost, Palladius nodded his head in agreement it was simply too good of an offer to pass up.

"Very well, I will select the best candidate for the job, and inform you of how many weapons I will need, and the munitions, to use them effectively."

After hearing this, Berengar nodded his head with a smile on his face. As for Honoria, she ignored the conversation in its entirety. Instead, she was playing with her food, and was rather upset that a very important piece of her recent diet was missing.

Since introducing the potato to Austria, Berengar had used the colony he established at the foot of the Andes to secure mass quantities of the product and plant them across the Empire. Only a single harvest

had been fulfilled since then, but the amount of dishes Berengar introduced to his Kingdom because of it had expanded the staples of German cooking by a great deal.

One dish in particular was the Schupfnudeln, and it had become a favorite of the young Byzantine Princess. The lack of potato-based dishes at this meal caused Honoria's expression to sink, as she was more interested in playing with the Byzantine cooking than eating it.

The Empress gazed upon her daughter's depressed appearance and mistook her poor mood for something far less trivial. Thus, the Empress forced a smile as she grabbed hold of her daughter's ivory hand and tried to console her.

"Honor, if there is something you wish to talk about, I am here for you if you need me..."

The Byzantine Princess immediately looked up at her mother with confusion in her eyes as she asked for clarification.

"I'm sorry, mother, but what are you talking about?"

A bitter expression appeared on the Empress's face as she explained her misunderstanding aloud.

"I can tell you are depressed. You always play with your food when you are feeling down. Is this perhaps because of your brother?"

Despite her mother's expectations, Honoria did not break down crying. Instead, she started laughing, eventually wiping a tear from her eyes before explaining the reason for her current state.

"Oh, no mother, it is not anything so serious. I am just upset that one of my favorite German dishes is not present at this meal. You should really visit Kufstein sometime. The culinary talent of the German people is simply divine!"

The Byzantine Empress did not know how to react to such a revelation. She thought for sure her daughter must be guilty over the role she played in her brother's demise. Yet, the entire time she had been sulking in her spot was because she no longer enjoyed eating Byzantine cooking? Just what sort of insanity was this?

While this misunderstanding was occurring on the other side of the table, Berengar and the other Monarchs had come to an agreement about the roles they would play in this upcoming border conflict with the Timurid Empire.

Germany would provide artillery and logistical support to their Allies, while a combination of Byzantine and Georgian forces would provide infantry and cavalry to the conflict. Together, they would draw the main Timurid Army into their borders and annihilate them in a single battle.

This would allow Byzantium to press its claims in the region and establish a peace accord that should last a few years. Buying them much needed time to divide the Arab alliance and crush its member states one war at a time.

With this agreement, the Kingdom of Georgia had entered the Alliance between Germany, Byzantium, Granada, and the Kalmar Union. In doing so, unwittingly subjecting itself as a secondary power in support of Germany's interests.

## Chapter 592 History Will Remember Me as a True Man of Culture

After spending nearly a week in Byzantium enjoying a brief vacation with his wife Honoria, Berengar returned home. His relationship with the Byzantine Princess was now better than ever. The results of this trip were fruitful. Not only had he eliminated a thorn in his side, but the German Emperor had also established an alliance with the Kingdom of Georgia.

While Georgia may not be a powerhouse in the region like the Byzantine Empire, it still allowed him greater access to trade in the East, as well as ensuring one less enemy who might act against him. Thus, when Berengar stepped foot in the door of his Palace, he had a satisfied expression on his face.

However, a sight he most certainly was not expecting awaited him. On the ground in front of Berengar was none other than the once pious and proud Empress Adela, who was on her hands and knees. She was dressed in a maid's outfit with a collar tied around round her neck. Attached to this collar was a leash which Linde held in her hands with a smug smile on her pretty face.

The redheaded vixen dressed herself equally scandalously. However, she was sitting on the back of Adela, who struggled to bear her weight. Before Berengar could even react to this sight, the busty spymaster handed both leashes over to her husband and simultaneously spoke the words alongside her newest pet.

"Welcome home, master!"

When Berengar and Honoria witnessed such an unseemly sight, their jaws practically fell to the floor. Honoria immediately flushed with embarrassment as she chastised Linde and Adela for their hedonistic behavior.

"What the hell do you think you two are doing!?!"

Linde gazed at her other plaything and remained silent. Her only action was to motion with her finger at the Byzantine Princess. Her intention was clear, shut up and get in line. Honoria quickly looked between Berengar and Linde, questioning what to do. She now knew that Berengar supported their budding relationship, but she also didn't want to betray her husband's trust. In the end, Linde's face grew stern as she issued a command to Honoria with an authoritative tone.

"Come!"

Upon hearing this, Honoria's spine twitched, and she quickly found herself in a similar position as Adela, where Linde rested her feet upon her back. After doing so, she complimented the Byzantine Princess for her obedience.

"Good girl, mommy is proud of you!"

Berengar gazed at Linde in shock, completely dumbfounded at how well she had trained his two other brides. However, her next statement surprised him even more.

"As you can see, I have properly trained your other bitches for you... Did I do good, master!?!"

Berengar did not know why, but to see his women getting along so well for the first time in ages brought a smile to his face. He hurried to the Angelic beauty seated atop the two other stellar women and planted a passionate kiss on her lips.

"Now this is a greeting befitting of an emperor! You have been a very good girl, Linde..."

Linde flushed with embarrassment as she heard her master's praise, before yanking on the collar around Adela's neck. The one proud Empress now looked up at Berengar with a pleading gaze. She, too, wanted to feel his love, and her mommy had given her the signal to beg for it.

"Darling, please forgive me for my previous insolence. I exist only to serve you, and mommy."

For too long, she had been subjected to the sexual torture of Linde, and she now knew her place in the harem's hierarchy. However, Berengar did not immediately give her his intention, and instead he shifted his gaze to Honoria and kissed her first. He then petted her purple hair and whisper something into her ear.

"Good girl, this is how it should be!"

After saying this, he moved his attention to Adela, who had an excited expression on her face as she waited for her husband's kiss. Berengar had a devilish thought in mind, but remembered they were still technically in an open area of the palace. Thus, he chose not to go with his instinct and instead kissed the girl. As he did so, he also whispered something in her ear.

"If you don't behave yourself from now on, I promise you, I will lock you in a room with Linde and allow her to do whatever she wants to your body. So you better straighten up and fly right, my little Empress..."

Adela merely gulped the saliva pooled in her mouth before hastily nodding her head in agreement. She knew all too well the devious things that Linde could think up of when the two were left alone together and knew better than to speak out of turn. Upon seeing Adela be so obedient for the first time in her life, a wicked grin spread itself over Berengar's lips as he looked around his house for the two absent missing members of his harem.

"Linde, my dear, do you know where Henrietta and Yasmin are?"

In response to this, Linde did not hesitate to reply, and had an eager expression on her face as she did so.

"Henrietta is currently in the bath, and Yasmin is feeding your son. So it is just the three of us for the time being!"

Berengar nodded his head, though he wanted to have fun with these three, now that they were well and truly on the same page. He knew he had some business to attend to first, thus he called out to Linde, informing her of his plans.

"Linde, release Honoria, I need her to help me plan our honeymoon. It is about time I took you all some place nice, and her knowledge of the Atlantic will be necessary for my plans."

Upon hearing this, Linde sighed before shifting her feet off of Honoria's back. The beautiful young woman then rose to her feet and hugged her husband as the two of them walked off to make plans for the evening.

When Honoria and Berengar were gone, Adela pouted as she regretted not being able to be further intimate with her husband. Linde noticed the expression on the girl's face and felt pity for her.

"Sorry kiddo, looks like he is not interested right now. However, I have nothing to do for the next few hours so it looks like you will just have to make do with mommy..."

Adela blushed as she heard this before nodding her head in agreement.

"Yes... mommy."

Upon saying this, the two of them absconded to a more private area to have some fun of their own. All the while, Berengar and Honoria entered the palace's study. Honoria quickly pulled out some charts her crew had made during their journey across the atlantic. She pointed at one island off the coast of what would have been known as Grenada in Berengar's past life.

"This right here. It has nice sandy beaches, and the ability to create a dock capable of housing one of our vessels. As far as we could tell, it is completely uninhabited. Such a location would make an excellent spot for a private residence."

Berengar nodded his head in agreement upon seeing the location. It was close enough to the colony in New Swabia that they could maintain it with supplies and defend it if necessary. After thinking about it for several moments, Berengar spoke of his plans..

"I will dispatch an architect to survey the land and set up the best plan for an estate. Obviously, it won't be to the scale of our home here in Kufstein, but we should be able to establish quite a large manor on the island, which will be more than enough to suffice for winter vacations."

Honoria leaned her head against Berengar's shoulder and smiled as she envisioned the winter manor on a private island across the atlantic. After a while, she broke the silence by asking the question on her mind.

"It should be fun... All of us together, exploring the depths of pleasure as one unit. I wonder what people in the future will think about the Great Kaiser of Germany, and his scandalous relationships with his wives and sister."

Berengar chuckled when he heard this remark, before responding in absolute confidence.

"I like to think that, at the very least, history will remember me as a true man of culture!"

Honoria could not contain her laughter at her husband's absurd statement. She broke out into a fit of giggles before responding to the man.

"Oh? So that is what we're calling it now? Culture. Well, Mr. Man of culture, you have two very frustrated wives downstairs waiting for you to satisfy them. I suggest you get to it..."

In response to this, Berengar sighed heavily in defeat...

"It has only been a week, and yet they're practically begging for it at the door. Just how the hell do you girls manage to survive when I'm on campaign for months on end?"

A sly smile formed on Honoria's lips as she kissed Berengar before whispering in his ear.

"I think you already know..."

After saying this, she departed from the room. When she was halfway down the hall, she called out to him once more.

"Are you coming or what?"

Berengar gazed down the corridor to see his wife practically jumping for the joy at the prospect of getting in bed with him and his harem. He sighed in defeat once more before he unfastened the medals hanging from his neck.

"Sometimes it is too good to be the Kaiser..."

After saying this, he ran off after his wife, so that he could reunite with his women in an orgy of hedonistic pleasure.

### **Chapter 593 A Proper Reunion**

Berengar sat back on his leather-bound sofa within the location commonly referred to those who knew about it as the "Harem Room". After several seconds of holding it in, he eventually released a large plume of smoke. Instantly making his mind feel like it had entered an extra dimension.

He had just returned home from a journey to Constantinople with his wife Honoria, only to find that two of his other wives were practically begging for him to fuck their brains out. Naturally, as a man, he could not refuse such a prospect. Thus, as he entered a state of euphoria from the use of drugs and alcohol, he gazed at the three heavenly beauties in front of him.

In front of him was a very peculiar sight, one that he could swear was entirely a hallucination, but knew it to be a reality. Linde had dressed herself in skin tight black leather clothing that resembled something which a dominatrix would wear. Attached to her exceptional hips, and around her crotch was a strap-on, the same tool she had used to tame both Adela and Honoria.

However, what confused Berengar was the fact that Both Adela and Honoria were on their knees, with their tongues out panting as if they were mere dogs while the buxom redheaded mistress held onto their leashes in each hand.

That was not the only thing that caught Berengar's interest. Both of the girls were wearing fox tail plugs, with matching ears. They had even dyed these two items in a way to resemble their hair colors. Confused, and aroused, Berengar wanted to call the girls over to him, however Linde was one step ahead of him.

"Come here girls, and suck mommy's cock so daddy can get ready!"

Berengar simply sat back and watched the show unfold, as Linde grabbed ahold of her two pretty slaves' heads, and had them lick her strap-on as if it were the tastiest treat in the world. Adela appeared to be rather enthusiastic as she bobbed her head up and down on the thick shaft, while Honoria licked the balls beneath.

After a while of watching such a scene, Berengar was as erect as possible, and could not withstand the wait any longer. He quickly walked over to Linde and forced her to her knees. In the process, the other

two girls lowered their bodies to maintain their deviant actions. Berengar gazed at his favorite pet and stroked her silky strawberry blonde hair before giving her a command.

"Good girl, you have done well training these two pets, however it is your turn to service your master!"

Linde's eyes sparkled with excitement as she placed her lips around the head of Berengar's cock, sucking on it slowly as she made her way down its massive length. After a while, Berengar felt the pressure within his shaft build up to the point where he knew release was near. Thus, he forced Linde's head all the way down to the base as he sprayed his seed into her throat.

The woman did not gag, nor did she attempt to remove his length from inside her mouth. Instead, she swallowed every ounce as if she were breastfeeding on his cock. After she was sure that every last drop had been sucked out, she released her throat with a happy smile on her face.

"Thanks for the treat, master!"

Upon hearing this, Berengar could no longer contain his lust, and kissed the woman passionately, despite the fact that she had just swallowed his cum. After twirling their tongues around for a bit, Berengar pulled away and looked down at the two girls, who were still sucking on Linde's strap on, desperate for some jizz of their own. Unfortunately for them, it was not that kind of toy. Thus, with a wicked smile on his face, Berengar posed a question to his main bitch.

"Which one should we fuck first?"

Linde gazed down at the two lust filled slaves who were sucking on her toy before inserting her fingers into the lower lips of both girls. After a few seconds, she pulled her digits out and sucked on them one at a time. Berengar did not know how such a process was used to determine their first victim, but ultimately, Linde cried out the answer before he could voice his confusion.

"Adela it is..."

Rather than question everything he knew about sex, Berengar sighed heavily before pushing Honoria out of the way and sticking his cock into Adela's slithering hole. The girl instantly yelped as she was not prepared for such a rapid transition, but before her screech could be overheard, Linde shoved her toy deep into the girl's mouth.

Upon seeing the ongoing spit roast Honoria pouted, ultimately she was the odd one out, however rather than sit by and wait for her turn she began inserting one of the numerous dildos found in the room into her tight cave while watching the pleasure on Adela's face with envy. Linde had a pleasant smile on her face as she fucked Adela's throat, pulling on her twintails as if they were the handlebars to a bike as she goaded the girl.

"Tell mommy how much you love her cock!"

Berengar laughed as he heard this, before pulling on the tail plug inserted in Adela's ass. The girl yelped once more while she felt the strange sensation. Finally, she pulled her lips from Linde's toy and said with a satisfied smile on her face.

"I love mommy's cock... but daddy's is better!"

This response immediately caused Linde to growl in displeasure, before slapping the girl across the face.

"Shut up whore! Mommy didn't ask you about daddy!"

Berengar chuckled when he saw how upset Linde was before teasing the woman.

"Haha, nothing beats the real thing. Adela knows it, Honoria knows it, and deep down you know it too."

Linde smiled fiendishly as she heard this rather bold statement from her master. Ultimately, she revealed her natural cunning, as she taunted Berengar for his crass remarks.

"Oh? How would you know such a thing? Perhaps Master would want his slave to service him with her dick as well!"

When Berengar heard this phrase escape from Linde's lips, his expression sank before giving her the response she was looking for.

"You have quite the mouth on you, whore!"

After saying this, he thrust into Adela as hard as he could, coating her insides with his viscous seed. This, in turn, caused the girl to wet herself in pleasure. However, Berengar was now enraged by Linde's provocations and he would now allow the redhead beauty's taunts to go unpunished. Thus, he was about to get rough, and Linde knew it.

Thus, Berengar rose to a standing position and grabbed hold of Linde, causing her to panic. He quickly picked up the woman into the air via a high crotch takedown and gently "slammed" the woman onto the pillows blow, where he quickly found his place behind her and penetrated her tight, and moist cave. He pressed her face into the ground below as he pounded away at her insides, all while screaming, the following!

"Got anything clever to say now, bitch?!"

Linde screamed with pleasure with a wide smile on her face before begging for more.

"No Master! This lowly slave has nothing more to say other than, Please fuck me harder!"

Berengar wore a wicked smile on his face as he shoved his entire length in and out of Linde's cunt. He slapped her rear fiercely, leaving a red handprint behind as he did so. Despite this, the woman had nothing other than a look of ecstasy on her pretty face. After treating Linde roughly for several minutes, Berengar wrapped his arm around Linde's neck, and put her into a rear naked choke, all while thrusting his hips into her pussy as powerfully as he could manage.

Within seconds Berengar's choke had cut off the blood from Linde's brain, and she quickly passed out. However, before she did so, she had completed wet herself all over Berengar's cock, in turn causing him to cum deep inside her womb. Upon seeing that she was well and truly asleep, Berengar released his grip, and walked over to Honoria, who had watched Berengar's cruelty with horror on her face. Upon seeing Honoria's expression, Berengar chuckled before grabbing ahold of her hips and thrusting his still erect cock into her ass.

"Relax, she will wake up in a few seconds, and when she does, she will see you getting your ass destroyed while taking that thick dildo into your pussy."

Honorio found herself in a world of pleasure as Berengar ravaged her insides. Ultimately, Berengar's prediction was correct. Linde woke up a few seconds later and gazed upon the sight with confusion. It took her a few seconds to collect her thoughts, but when she was finally altogether, she walked over to Berengar and Honorio, where she pulled the dildo out of Honorio's cunt, and replaced it with her own toy.

Honorio squeed in ecstasy as she felt Berengar and Linde double penetrate her. This reaction immediately caused both Berengar and Linde to laugh as the two of them pounded away at Honorio's insides until the girl had squirted all over the place.

After finishing this, Berengar finally pulled out and collapsed onto the sofa. He was thoroughly spent after such a rough session of debauchery. He was about to ask one of his girls to get a beer for him when he noticed the ravenous looks in their eyes as they stared at his cock. A bitter smile forced itself on his face as Berengar asked a question he knew he did not want an answer to.

"You girls can't still be hungry, can you?"

The three girls immediately nodded their heads in silence, while kneeling before their master. Presenting their rears for him to satisfy. Upon gazing at the scene, Berengar felt a slight pain in his balls. With a heavy sigh of defeat, he voiced his thoughts aloud.

"Thank god I created ice machines, because lord knows I'm going to need it after this."

After saying this, he jumped into the fray once more. After all, it was his duty as the Emperor to properly satisfy his harem, and he would be damned if a little thing called exhaustion would prevent him from performing his duties. Thus, he would not stop in his sexual activities until all three of his pets were fully satisfied. By the time he finished, the full moon was high in the sky above, and Berengar was well and truly spent.

#### **Chapter 594 Introducing the Radiotelegraph**

Berengar collapsed back into his leather-bound chair within his office and sighed heavily. At the moment, he was in a sorry state, dressed in nothing but a silk robe, and currently had a bag of ice pressed against his crotch. In his hand was a frosty beer, which he chugged as if he was a man lost in the desert. After finishing the beer, he placed the bag of ice aside and cracked open another one, taking a large sip from it before groaning in misery.

"God damn, those girls are going to be the death of me one day..."

After thinking about this, Berengar's mind entered a strange space where he chuckled as if he could see his own gravestone.

"Here lies the Great Kaiser Berengar von Kufstein died of a heart attack at thirty-five while fucking his wives... Oh lord, I can just see that happening."

It was at this point he heard a soft giggle emerge from the doorway, revealing Yasmin's extra curvy figure. She, too, was dressed in nothing more than a silk robe, as she walked by her husband's side and sat on his desk with a pretty smile on her face.

"Having fun, are you?"

Berengar sighed in exhaustion before answering her honestly.

"More like working myself to an early grave..."

Yasmin giggled once more before taunting Berengar over his actions.

"What did you expect? You asked Linde to tame Adela, but she is a prude. Do you not know that behind every prude girl is a kinky slut waiting to be let out? As for Honoria, I think the training you put her through woke something up in her heart as well. I have never seen a woman with such an appetite before, and my brother married some seriously thirsty bitches."

Berengar's smile froze as he heard this, before asking the most prevalent question in his mind.

"How much did you see?"

Yasmin merely smirked. She had a rather conceited expression on her pretty lips, as she was deliberately vague in her answer.

"Enough..."

Berengar chuckled when he heard this coy response before asking another question.

"So, if you saw us having fun, why didn't you join us?"

Yasmin immediately grabbed hold of his beer and took a large swig before answering his question with a sly smile on her face.

"I didn't feel the need to. Besides, if I threw my fat ass into the fray, I am certain you may very well have perished..."

Berengar grinned as he heard this. Before scooting his chair in close, he immediately grabbed hold of the woman's thick, tanned thighs and kissed them gently.

"Who says your ass is fat? I think the term perfect is more accurate."

When Yasmin heard this, she scoffed and took another swig from the beer before shoving Berengar back into his seat.

"Cool it lover boy, you just finished going five rounds with those three little girls. I don't think you have anything left in you... Besides, I doubt you would find me attractive. I can't seem to lose the baby weight..."

Berengar could tell by the pained expression on the woman's face that she thought she had lost her sex appeal after giving birth to their Son. However, Berengar was never more attracted to the woman than now.

If anything, the baby fat gave her the much needed oomph that turned her from a big sister type character to a total milf. Thus, he would not allow Yasmin to sulk over such minor details, and grabbed hold of the pretty face before kissing her passionately.

This shocked the woman, but she did not resist, and instead enjoyed the intimate moment thoroughly. After a while, Berengar released her and sat back in his chair with a wide grin on his face.

"If I wasn't so wounded from my previous battle, I would take you here and now. Do you have any idea how attractive you are? Now more than ever? Out of all the women by my side, perhaps only Linde is your equal."

Yasmin laughed when she heard this, before taking another swig from Berengar's beer. After doing so, she pulled two more out of his ice chest and popped off the lids before handing one over to her husband. She had a doubting expression on her face as she played with her bangs.

"You really think so?"

Berengar emphatically nodded his head before taking a sip of his beer. After ward he responded to the woman's question.

"Of course!"

This response brought a smile to the woman's face, where she soon found herself blushing ever so slightly and averting her gaze. Eventually her eyes spotted an interesting file labelled "Radio-telegraph." Ultimately, the woman's curiosity got the better of her and she pulled it from its cabinet and looked it over. She silently drank her beer while gazing over the entire document before expressing her opinions on it.

"While I'm not entirely sure how all this works, the general idea is to send telegraphs over long distances without wires, right?"

Berengar nodded his head as he leaned back in his chair and sipped from his beer.

"This is about as primitive as radio technology gets. This radiotelegraph, or spark gap radio, as one might call it, is essentially little more than a combination of a high-voltage transformer, resonate circuits, a spark gap, an antenna, and a telegraph key combined into one mechanism.

In principle, it essentially functions as follows. First, we use the high-voltage transformer to discharge a spark across the spark gap through the coil. From there, the spark excites the resonant circuits, which will cause a ringing sound, in doing so, producing a brief oscillating current which is then radiated as electromagnetic waves by the antenna. After that, the system basically repeats itself at such a high volume that the entire process seems uninterrupted.

In simpler terms, we can place one of these devices, say here in the palace, or the command center or what have you, and another one on a vessel at sea. The two operators of these devices can communicate coded messages through their telegraph keys. The major downside is it is impossible to encrypt such messages, making it very easy for our enemies to potentially pick them up. Of course, such a worry is a matter of the future, as our current enemies do not possess the ability to communicate via wired telegraphs, let alone radiotelegraphs."

When Yasmin heard this, she was absolutely shocked. While there was a lot of technological jargon in Berengar's words that she did not understand, she was still intelligent enough to comprehend the real-world consequences of communicating in real time with people across the world. Thus, her first question was about the range of such a device.

"Husband, how far could one communicate with one of these so-called radio telegraphs?"

Berengar had a wicked smile on his face when he heard this, before revealing the extent of his plans.

"Theoretically, with enough power and a large enough device, one could easily communicate across the Atlantic. It is my plan to build several of such devices and spread them throughout the major cities, and the colonies in the New World to ensure secure communications between critical government operations, I also intend to build one of these devices in my allies' Capitals, to ensure that we can communicate more effectively in emergency situations."

Yasmin could hardly believe her ears. She was lucky she was sitting down because she likely would have lost her footing from such shock. Obviously, she had to ask for clarification on the feasibility of constructing such devices.

"And you can make one of these?"

Berengar smiled before shaking his head.

"At the moment, it would not be easy, there are still a few more resources I will need if I intend to create such things, but give it a year, and we will most likely have at least one of these constructed in the fatherland, and the new world."

When Yasmin heard such an absurd goal, she took a long swig of her beer. She drank the entire thing in one go. After doing so, she placed the bottle on the desk and asked the most prevalent question in her mind.

"Husband, be honest with me! Are you the devil?"

When Berengar heard such a thing, he immediately scoffed, however when he noticed the earnest expression on Yasmin's face, he felt guilty lying to her. Perhaps it was because of his physical exhaustion, or maybe the reason lied in his current intoxicated state, but the German Emperor revealed his greatest secret.

"No Yas, I am not the devil..."

Upon hearing this, Yasmin sighed heavily in relief. She would not know what she would do if it were revealed that she had, in fact, married the devil. However, she did not have long to relax for immediately afterward. Berengar spoke again and, in doing so, caused a great disturbance in her heart.

"But I am from the future..."

### **Chapter 595 The German Emperor's Greatest Secret is Revealed**

The Moorish Beauty felt as if her heart stopped in that moment as she gazed at Berengar in disbelief. Upon seeing the priceless expression on Yasmin's face, Berengar laughed before hugging her and passing off his remarks as a joke.

"I'm kidding. Don't act so serious! As if such a thing could be true."

Yasmin continued to stare at her husband in disbelief. Though Berengar had said it was a joke, she knew her husband well enough to know that he was percent speaking the truth. The more she thought about such a thing, the more she realized it was the only logical explanation for all of Berengar's accomplishments. Thus, after thinking about it for some time, Yasmin calmed her mind and put a warm smile on her face before accepting Berengar's joke as reality.

"So you're from the future.... that actually explains a lot. If you don't mind me asking, what happens to Granada in the time you're from?"

It was now Berengar's turn to stare at the woman in disbelief. He could not help but inquire about how nonchalant she was about this total revelation.

"Just like that? You accept such a ridiculous explanation as reality?"

Yasmin responded to Berengar's question with a scoff, before pointing at the paper on his desk.

"Berengar, nobody even knows what radio waves are, and yet you not only seem to be aware of their existence with no experimentation whatsoever, but you have single-handedly designed a device that looks like it has already been perfected via decades of innovation.

Now I'm no scientist, but I know that this defies all common knowledge in the world today. So either you're the devil, have sold your sold to the devil so that you can understand the world's mysteries, or you're from the future where such things are already a reality!"

Berengar scratched his chin in embarrassment as he heard this. He did not expect Yasmin to be so intelligent, and thus he sighed in defeat before answering her previous question.

"In the year 1492, the Emirate of Granada falls, and the Catholic Reconquista of Iberia is completed. In the following centuries, the Catholics engage in a ruthless campaign of genocide to drive the remaining moors out of the lands they once inhabited, forever becoming a footnote in history."

Yasmin grappled with the tears in her eyes, she struggled to believe such a fate would befall her people, but when she actually thought about it, the only reason they weren't currently under the heel of the Catholic world as a puppet state was because of Berengar's interference, thus she came to a sudden conclusion as she asked Berengar about his reasons for allying with Granada.

"So then, your alliance with my people is so that you can prevent this fate?"

In response to this, Berengar shook his head and sighed heavily before revealing the true intent behind his alliance with her homeland.

"If I am being honest, my intentions were not so noble. By the time I even thought about Granada as a potential ally, I was already facing the pressure of the Catholic Church. I was desperate for strategic alliances, and I knew that a united Spain would be an enormous pain in the ass for future generations of my dynasty.

So, the most logical solution was to side with Granada and create an allied state built on friendly ties. However, I never expected their princess to be so alluring, or that I would fall head over heels with her.

Now that we're married, I swear I will do everything in my power to prevent such a horrific fate from befalling your people."

Yasmin nodded her head in response to this, though all of this information was shocking to her. Given enough time to process it, she could accept Berengar's tale as reality. However, at the moment, her head was spinning so much from all this bizarre knowledge that she knew she would need some time to sort out her thoughts. Despite this, she pressed on with her interrogation, deeply interested in who Berengar really was, and why he had come to this world.

"So, why did you come back to our time?"

To this, Berengar merely gazed out at the stars and sighed before answering the question in the most honest manner he could think of.

"I don't know myself. It's not like I had a choice. In my past life, I was an engineer in the world's most powerful military. We were in some god forsaken shit hole in the near-east, and I ended up dying in an enemy ambush.

After feeling my body ripped to pieces by the explosion, I woke up in this world with two sets of memories. You could say the current me is an amalgamation of this world's Berengar von Kufstein, and my past life's identity."

Yasmin smiled bitterly as she brooded over everything Berengar had said. She knew in her mind now that Berengar was telling the truth. He was the duality of both Berengar von Kufstein of this world, and some man from the future.

However, such a thing did not matter to her in the slightest, because despite finding out that part of him was from the future, he was still the man she loved, and his origins did not change that fact. If anything, it enhanced it. With a heavy sigh, the busty beauty grabbed hold of Berengar's hands and eased his growing tension.

"While it is shocking to hear such a revelation, I believe you wholeheartedly, and this doesn't change my feelings about you. After all, according to what you said, you had long since reincarnated into this world by the time I met you. Which means the current you, is the man I fell in love with. It doesn't matter to me that you have memories of the future. The only thing that I care about is that you are the man I love..."

Berengar felt a tear pooling up in his eye. He could hardly believe that after revealing his biggest secret that this woman would accept him and his fantastical tale. He thought for sure he would have to pass it off as a joke in order to keep the woman in his life.

Thus, he quickly found himself wrapping his arms around the woman and hugging her tightly. Afraid that if he were to let go, she would leave him forever. Yasmin had a loving smile on her face as she stroked Berengar's golden hair and comforted him with kind words.

"Good boy... I bet such a secret has been troubling you for some time. You don't need to worry anymore, I'm here for you..."

Upon hearing such a warmhearted statement, Berengar could no longer fight back the tears in his eyes. The German Emperor's tears crashed down around him as if they were drops of rain. For the first time in his life, a woman accepted him for who he really was.

It had been a great fear in Berengar's heart that if any of his girls were to learn that he was from another world, that they would instantly reject him. Yet that was not the case with the Moorish beauty in front of him. After crying for a few moments, he separated himself from Yasmin and wiped the tears from his eyes before wearing a smile on his face.

"What else would you like to know about me? I'll answer any of your questions so long as I am able..."

The busty beauty immediately reached into the ice chest and pulled out a couple of bottles of beer. She opened them up before handing one off to her husband with a pretty smile on her face. A single word escaped her enchanting lips as she spoke.

"Everything..."

With that said, Berengar sighed as he thought about where to begin his tale of his past life. As a man accustomed to storytelling, he thought of the perfect phrase to begin his epic tale.

"It all begins in a small town on the east coast of the New World in the year 1998. I was born into an impoverished family within the world's sole superpower. For most of the country, it was a time of great prosperity, and despite that, both of my parents had to work in order to provide for me..."

Berengar spent many hours of the night explaining his past life, and the struggles he had to go through in order to climb above his family's poverty. By the time the light of dawn illuminated his study, he was near the end of his tale. Thus, Berengar gazed at the rising sun, and spoke of his last days.

"As I said, I joined the army, but by the time I graduated from the academy, I could no longer recognize the country I once loved. The unity that my country faced in the aftermath of the 9/11 terrorist attacks was eventually replaced with hatred and animosity between both of the major political parties.

It was not uncommon to see violence in the streets because of this. Civil strife had become the norm, and the economy was tanking at a rapid rate. On top of all of this, there was a global pandemic that had no end in sight.

It was my honest opinion that my country would not survive the coming decades. I suppose I'm lucky to have died in Afghanistan rather than witness the collapse of America, and the dawn of a new dark age. For I do not know if I had the strength to endure such difficulties.

It is because of this reality that in this life I have rejected many of the modern principles that led to the destabilization across the western world, and instead have embraced the traditions of the past, in doing so implemented a style of government built on long-term stability in mind rather than individual liberty.

Democracy is a failed experiment. The last days of my past life proved this to be true, so it is with this in mind that I say long live the monarchy! But that is enough about my past life. It is getting late and we should get to bed."

Yasmin was stunned by all that she learned about Berengar's past life, and how it shaped the person he was today. She was glad that he was so open and honest with her, and felt the desire to squeeze him

tight and assure him that everything was okay now. However, before she could do that, another question entered her mind.

"Are you going to tell the others?"

Berengar reflected on this for a few moments before sighing heavily and shaking his head.

"Maybe eventually... For now, let's just keep this between you and me."

Yasmin smiled and nodded her head in response to this.

"Of course, if you so desire, I promise to keep this a secret until my grave, but I think they deserve to know... I hope you soon find the ability to tell them, for your sake, as much as theirs. Now, husband, let's go get some sleep."

After saying this, Yasmin dragged Berengar off to the bedroom, where he used her massive F Cups as a pillow for the night.

### **Chapter 596 It's About Time!**

Another six months passed since Berengar revealed his secret to Yasmin, and during this time he had spent nearly every waking hour ensuring that he modernized his Empire to the same extent that Austria had become. It was his goal to create an Empire that in many ways mimicked the German Empire of his past life. Because of this, he had introduced many new architectural styles to accomplish this aesthetic.

Berengar had desired to see grand feats of architecture spread across his cities, and he used four styles to achieve this. The Gothic style, the German Renaissance style, the Baroque style, and the Historicism style. He deliberately left out the Classicism style that gained prominence in the 18th century of his past life because he felt it was too Greco-Roman and not German enough.

However, it wasn't just architecture that advanced in these various styles, but art itself. In this peaceful age, the culture of Germany prospered to levels that had never been seen before. Naturally, Adela had taken her role at the head of this movement. However, just because Germany was at peace, it did not mean that military matters had been neglected.

The Borders of Granada and the Byzantine Empire were being pressed by their neighbors, and as a response Berengar had dispatched troops to the regions in a hopeful attempt to deter the enemy, but if necessary provide military support to end hostilities with brutal efficiency.

As for the Colonies themselves, they had prospered. While the natives of the land of New Swabia had taken up arms against the colonials, they were simply no match for the superior firepower provided to the Colonial Expeditionary Force.

Under the command of General Arnwald Gerwig, who had recently been promoted to the position and had served under Berengar's command since the fateful days of the War for Tyrol, the Colonial Expeditionary Forces easily drove the hostile natives out of their lands and had constructed forts to secure the area.

Arnwald was given command over the Colonial Forces in New Swabia to support Governor Emmerich, who had relieved Honoria close to a year prior. Though his methods of removing the natives from the land were cruel, they were effective, and the man had earned himself many honors for his actions.

Currently, Berengar was seated on a hammock with a coconut daiquiri in his hands. The palm leaves of the nearby trees created a secure balcony that blocked out the sun. Resting by his side were two beautiful women in bikinis. On his right was Yasmin, who was dressed in nothing but a metallic golden slingshot monokini. The thin spandex material clung tightly to her curves, exposing more than it concealed.

If one examined closely, they could even see a noticeable tuft of hair exposed beyond the lines of the thong. As for Linde, she was dressed in a sheer black bikini, which because of the ultra-thin material proudly displayed her pink nipples, and slit in the relatively see through fabric.

After six months of hard work, the island off the coast of Granada had been fully renovated into a private estate for Berengar and their girls. It was now the Winter of 1424, and Berengar had elected to spend it abroad in a state of absolute luxury with his girls at a tropical estate.

While Berengar rested with his two favorite women clinging to him tightly, he watched as Honoria and Henrietta play a game of volleyball with Adela as the judge. All three girls were wearing equally revealing swimwear as the two busty women by his side.

Every time Honoria and Henrietta jumped in the air and slammed the ball, he could see their tits and ass jiggle in a way that made him dreadfully excited. This became exceptionally obvious as he was wearing a pair of spandex swim briefs, and thus it did not take long for Yasmin's tanned hand to grip ahold of his shaft and begin stroking it.

"My oh my, what do we have here? Aren't you a little too excited?"

Berengar chuckled as he took a sip from his alcoholic beverage, enjoying the treatment that his wife provided to him. As for Linde, she immediately noticed this, and got a devilish idea of her own. She quickly unfastened her bikini top and shoved her magnificent breasts into Berengar's face while goading him.

"Come to mommy!"

Berengar did not hesitate to suck on Linde's erect nipples and enjoy himself with a drink of fresh breastmilk. Over the past year or so, Berengar had ensured his women were taking herbal remedies to prevent pregnancy. The reason for this was simple: he wanted to spend this honeymoon knocking them all up at the same time.

Because of this, his women could enjoy this experience to their fullest ability. Thus, it was no surprise that Yasmin eventually moved down on the hammock and inserted Berengar's cock between her massive f cup tits. She quickly pulled out a bottle of sunscreen from her nearby bag and use it as lubricant as she gave her man a titjob.

The bronze skinned bosom of the Moorish beauty completely swallowed up Berengar's enormous cock as she squeezed and kneaded her breasts together, creating a slippery and soft gap for her husband to fuck.

This continued for several minutes as Berengar watched Honoria and Henrietta enjoy their game. Eventually though, Honoria saw what her husband and his two lovers were up to, and came up with a devilish idea. During a brief moment of freedom, she flashed her purple dyed bush with a purposeful slip

of her bikini, causing Berengar to go over the edge and spray his load all over Yasmin's pretty face, and substantial bust.

The Moorish beauty then licked the sperm off of her breasts before scraping off what remained on her face and licking her fingers clean. With a satisfied smile, she congratulated Berengar on his release.

"Good boy, mommy is proud of how healthy you are!"

When Linde heard this phrase, she glared at the Moorish Princess. Just what kind of play were the two of them up to? However, in the next moment, Yasmin tucked Berengar's shaft underneath his swimsuit and kissed him on the lips before whispering in his ears.

"Will you behave yourself now?"

In response to this, Berengar smiled before giving the woman the answer she wanted to hear.

"Yes, mommy!"

Linde was stunned by this revelation, evidently because Yasmin was a busty older woman. She had taken up the milf fantasy in Berengar's life. She did not know this resulted from Berengar saying he found Yasmin's baby fat attractive months prior. In reaction to this, Linde pouted as she concealed her breasts by crossing her arms in displeasure. As Berengar could see that Linde was upset, he quickly chuckled before teasing her.

"Oh what? Are you perhaps jealous, Linde?"

The redheaded beauty refused to comment and even averted her gaze. Thus only caused Berengar to chuckle more than he pinned her beneath him and spoke the words she wanted to hear.

"Mommy, give me milkies!"

With that said, Berengar began fiercely sucking on Linde's nipples as if he were a baby, causing the woman to smile in response. Yasmin simply gazed at Linde with a shit-eating grin as she taunted the woman.

"How shameless, getting a man older than you to call you mommy, Though I suppose you do have the figure for it."

Linde did not care in the slightest for Yasmin's retorts and instead issued a challenge.

"You could always join us. I'm sure with such cow udders, you have been feeding Berengar as well..."

Yasmin merely chuckled in response to this childish taunt before she snapped the slings of her monokini off her shoulders and joined in on the fun.

"If that's what you want, then fine by me!"

Thus, Berengar was barraged by two sets of massive tits, filled to the brim with milk, and wanting him to drink from them, and drink he did. After a while of enjoying his time with Linde and Yasmin, Berengar collapsed on the hammock and burrowed his head between the two pairs of breasts before expressing his thoughts.

"I love my life..."

Having had a little beachside fun, Linde and Yasmin were now on better terms with one another, and the two of them were curious about what Berengar had planned for the evening. Ultimately, Yasmin was the first one to inquire about this.

"So what's next?"

Berengar shifted his gaze to the woman while drinking from his alcoholic beverage once more. After a few slurps from the straw, he revealed his plans.

"First, we have a beachside barbecue. I've ensured that fresh meat has been brought from the nearby Colony. Then, after we are all well fed and drunk, I will impregnate you all."

Linde and Yasmin both blushed when they heard this. Ultimately, the awkward silence was broken by the busty redheaded beauty who muttered beneath her breath a single phrase.

"It's about time..."

In response to this, Berengar laughed before kissing the woman on the lips. He had a long day ahead of him, and he was only just now getting started. He planned to thoroughly enjoy this brief vacation to the fullest of his abilities.

### **Chapter 597 Honeymoon Part I**

After spending the afternoon enjoying the tropical weather on his private Island alongside his many women, Berengar was now cooking dinner. At the edge of the manor's outdoor patio lied a dedicated coal burning grill that Berengar used to cook his wives a delicious meal.

During the previous Night, Berengar had marinated a giant lamb roast in a barbecue style sauce that he knew from his past life would create a tasty meal, especially when paired with potato salad and red wine. While he grilled the lamb, two of his wives were busy preparing the side dishes.

Standing By Berengar's side in the outdoor kitchen area, Linde was preparing a dish from Berengar's past life known as Bratkartoffeln, or as they knew it in the United States, German-Style Fried Potatoes. She had a happy smile on her face as she carefully prepared the delicious dish with all the experience she had gained in this past year.

As for the Potato Salad, it was made in a similar German style from a recipe that Berengar's family had come up with in his past life. Yasmin was the one preparing this dish, and she too was quite happy as she gossiped with Linde while the two young women performed the task given to them with enthusiasm.

With the addition of potatoes to the German diet, Berengar had brought forth many of his family's recipes from his past life. Out of all of his wives, only Yasmin and Linde had any knowledge of cooking, and thus they happily prepared these side dishes while their husband continued his work on cooking the main course.

As for the other girls, they set the table in the outdoor dining area and poured the glasses of red wine that they would all be enjoying with their hearty meal. It was a fine red wine, that was developed in

South Tyrol, and was Berengar's favorite vintage. After sitting down at the table together, Berengar gazed upon his beautiful harem and presented a toast to them all.

"To our family, may it grow plentiful and prosperous!"

The girls each raised their crystal glasses and clinked them together in solidarity. After doing so, they dug into their meals. With each bite, somebody present at the table moaned in pleasure. Truly, the lamb was succulent and tasty. The girls had never before experienced grilled barbecue lamb and thoroughly enjoyed its taste. Honoria was the first to give her compliments to the chef.

"Berengar, I did not know you could cook so well! Where did you find the time?"

When the Byzantine Princess asked this question, Yasmin and Berengar exchanged a few glances in silence before the German Emperor made a quick excuse.

"I am a man who often gets little sleep. Sometimes I indulge in the kitchen to prepare myself a delightful meal."

To his women, this was an acceptable explanation. Only Berengar and Yasmin were aware of the reality of how he had learned to cook. Not long after, Henrietta shifted the subject as she gazed around at the private island with awestruck eyes.

"I can't believe such a magnificent place was uninhabited. It has fresh water, plenty of palm trees, and has many beautiful sandy beaches..."

When Berengar heard this, he chuckled before explaining the reason the island known as Ronde Island in his past life was uninhabited.

"Actually, Henrietta, this island is severely lacking in above ground freshwater sources. We had to dig advanced cisterns beneath the manor in order to gain access to the underground freshwater reserves of the island. Without creating such a thing, one would practically have to rely on rainwater to drink, or imports, both of which are completely impossible for natives to survive on.

While our construction crews have had contact with some natives from the larger islands nearby, the troops stationed on the island have acted as proper security, denying any hostile attempts to take over what we have built. Believe me when I say this island is incredibly secure.

However, as a security measure, I have deemed this entire island chain as a potential future colony. Within the next year, the German Military will conquer these islands, and establish permanent control over the region to ensure that our little private estate here is well secured from any potential threats."

Henrietta nodded her head in response to this statement. As someone who had been spoiled by her big brother her entire life, she knew little about geo-politics and trusted Berengar's word completely. As for Linde, she corrected Berengar's statement by adding a little piece of information.

"Actually, we have already begun the initial attempts to conquer the region. As we speak, our Jagdkommandos have infiltrated the islands. Over the next few months, they will sweep the islands, ensuring that they pacify the natives, or eliminate them before the main army lands and formally establishes a colony."

Berengar nodded his head in response to Linde's claims. He was well aware of this, but felt it was necessary to mention. Still, the women sitting at the table had varying expressions. Honoria immediately added some information to the pool of collective knowledge in an attempt to compete with Linde.

"As we speak, my girls are out there exploring the islands in the atlantic, looking for opportune areas to establish colonies and resource deposits for the Empire to seize. Do not fret, for Malissa is fully capable of commanding my privateers while I'm enjoying a vacation on the beach."

When Berengar heard this, he reach across the table and petted Honoria's silky purple hair before complimenting her.

"Good girl, your crew has proven exceptionally useful in the charting of unfamiliar territory. I look forward to your future endeavors."

Honoria smiled when she heard such praise and blushed slightly, which drew the envy of several of the girls seated at the table. Berengar merely chuckled when he saw how jealous his women were, before taking a bite out of the fried potatoes. A wide grin spread across his face as he praised Linde for her efforts.

"Linde, your cooking has improved substantially over the past year. You really have mastered your craft!"

Such a compliment caused the woman to flush with embarrassment, and play with her strawberry blonde hair as she thanked the man for such kind words.

"Thank you, master!"

Upon seeing Linde get all the attention for her cooking, Yasmin quickly pulled out her spoon and dug into the potato salad that she had prepared and forced it towards Berengar's face.

"Open wide, and taste mommy's potato salad!"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this before doing as he was instructed. After tasting the potato salad that his wife had prepared, his smile grew wider before complimenting her.

"As always, eating your cooking is a delight. Thank you, Yasmin, for the effort you put into our family."

Yasmin immediately responded to this by grabbing hold of Berengar and shoving his head into her substantial bosom while stroking his hair.

"Good boy!"

Adela gazed upon the intimate sight between Berengar and his other brides and forced a smile. She felt wholly inadequate, not knowing how to cook. However, she sighed heavily and steeled her resolve to improve her relationship with everyone.

Ever since Berengar had ordered Linde to train her, Adela had been happier in her life. She never felt as close to Berengar, or the other girls, as she did now. Still, there was a tinge of guilt in her heart for some of the more sinful acts she engaged in.

However, she simply suppressed this feeling and continued to do as her husband asked. She looked forward to this honeymoon as she knew Berengar intended to knock all of them up, and it had been a while since she had carried her husband's offspring.

She gazed around at the smiles on everyone's face, and the skimpy bikinis all the girls were dressed in. This was another point of contention in her mind, as she was the thinnest, shortest, and smallest in terms of the cup size of Berengar women.

She gazed in embarrassment at the revealing swimwear she was wearing. The young empress was dressed in a blue sheer micro-bikini with a matching g-string style bottom, and a sheer wrap around it.

The reason she wore the wrap was because she refused to walk out into the open with such skimpy attire. Even if they were mostly alone on the island, she could not bear to show off so much skin. When Berengar saw her dissatisfied expression, he smiled before complimenting the girl.

"You look beautiful, Adela, you don't need to be so self-conscious. You are every bit as gorgeous as anyone on this island!"

The young Empress's cheeks flushed red with embarrassment as everyone gathered at the table stared at her petite figure. She instinctively covered herself with her arms as Linde's hungry eyes gazed upon her with lust. After seeing the redheaded beauty lick her lips, she knew she was in for a world of pleasure tonight.

Thus, Berengar and his women enjoyed a nice meal in the winter evening on a private tropical island. When they finally entered their bedroom, they would engage in all sorts of debauchery that, if revealed to the public, would certainly gain condemnation. Luckily for them, there was nobody on this island aside from them, and a few loyal guards to protect the premises of the Estate.

### **Chapter 598 A Clever Little Scamp**

While Berengar was enjoying his time with his wives on a private island estate, his children were left at home with two caretakers. One of these was Berengar's mother Gisela, and the other was Adela's eldest sister Ava. The reason for Ava being present was simple: she acted as the wet nurse to Berengar's younger children.

At the moment, she had both Kristoffer and Katherine clutched to her massive breasts as they fed upon their aunt's milk. When Adela had approached her for this position, she could hardly refuse. If it meant proving she could be a trusted asset to the Imperial Family, then she would do anything asked of her.

Luckily she had given birth to a fourth child recently, and because of this her udders were filled to the brim with breastmilk. The young woman gazed upon the two children, who looked like infant versions of their parents and sighed heavily in defeat.

"To think these two beautiful babes could have been mine. Oh Berengar, is there no place left in your heart for me?"

The truth of the matter was, Berengar's memories of his life in this world were not as complete as those from his past life. While Julian may have had a photographic memory that transferred over with his consciousness, the original Berengar was not only of low intelligence, but had a pathetically brief memory.

Thus his memories of his childhood years as Ava's fiance were entirely lost. It was at this time that Gisela entered the room with Hans in hand. When she heard Ava's remark, she merely scoffed before lecturing the girl.

"To think you could have been an empress, and you threw it all away for that disgrace of a husband of yours. I truly pity you. I am honestly amazed that my son thought you would be the ideal candidate for a wet nurse to his children, considering he seems to have no recollection of your history together. Just know that I am observing you, and if a single hair on those kids' head is disturbed, I will ensure that you are removed from your position and never allowed near the royal family again!"

Ava knew why Gisela despised her so much, and she did not blame her. Instead, she sighed and nodded her head, not even bothering to protest such cruel remarks, knowing fully well it would do her no good.

"I understand, and I look forward to proving myself worthy to the Royal Family. I assure you, I will allow no harm to come to Berengar's children."

In response to this, Gisela nodded her head before departing. Leaving Hans in the woman's care.

"Be sure that you do... I have a meeting with some old friends I must attend to, so I trust you can look after the boy in my absence."

Ava smiled and nodded her head in response to the Emperor's mother.

"It would be my honor..."

Gisela merely sneered in disgust before departing, leaving Hans in the hands of his aunt. While technically distantly related to Ava via Berengar's bloodline, Hans thought of all of Berengar's wives as his mothers, and thus he spoke to Ava with an endearing tone as he asked the woman to feed him."

"Aunty Ava, I'm hungry!"

Ava smiled as she gazed upon Berengar's first born and nodded her head before responding to this statement.

"Be patient, Hans, and I will make you a sandwich after I have finished feeding your siblings."

Hans sighed heavily as he waited for Ava to finish her job. After doing so, she grabbed hold of the boy's hand and wore a pretty smile before asking him a question.

"Hans, where is your sister? I'll make the two of you a delightful meal for lunch. How does that sound?"

Hans smiled as he heard this before hugging his aunt.

"Sounds good! I think Helga is in the library..."

When Ava heard this, she smiled before picking the boy up and taking him to the library where she spotted the young Princess of Germany painting as she normally did in her spare time. The woman quickly called out to her niece in a friendly tone.

"Helga, it's lunchtime!"

When Helga heard this, she sighed heavily before putting down her paints. Though she was often quite timid around strangers, these past few days Ava had treated her well enough that the princes could tolerate her existence. Thus, she quickly dashed after her brother and aunt as the three of them entered the dining room.

After seating the children, Ava quickly prepared some basic sandwiches where she brought them out to the kids. After placing their meals in front of them, Ava was about to sit at the head of the table when Hans glared at his aunt and chastised her for her insolence.

"Aunty? What are you doing? That is mommy's spot!"

When Ava heard this, she froze in her tracks. The thought didn't occur to her that sitting in the Empress's seat during her absence might be considered ill mannered. She quickly bowed and apologized to the boy as she begged for forgiveness.

"Forgive me, your highness, I was merely acting on instinct."

Hans smiled when he heard this and pulled out a seat next to him for Ava to sit at.

"It's okay, you can sit next to me!"

Ava quickly did as she was instructed and sighed in relief. For a second there, she had almost put herself into a precarious situation. The woman gazed at the pristine oil painting of Berengar in his kingly attire that sat upon the dining room wall and sighed in defeat. Hans immediately noticed the love-struck expression on her face and thought of a devious idea. He quickly asked about Ava's feelings for Berengar in a deliberately childish manner.

"Aunty, do you love father?"

Such a blunt question immediately caused Ava to blush in embarrassment as she stared at the boy in front of her in disbelief. Despite asking such a loaded question, he had a completely innocent expression on his face, leading her to believe that he was simply a child unaware of the weight of what he had asked. Because of this innocent appearance, Ava had failed to realize that the boy was testing her. After all, she was completely unaware of the boy's keen intellect.

"Once upon a time, the two of us were engaged. Unfortunately, I made some poor choices and have come to lament it. I don't even think your father remembers our time together... So if anything, I guess you could say I feel regretful."

Hans was astonished to learn this, and immediately hatched a devilish plot in his mind as he put on another innocent facade.

"I could always put in a good word for you. I know father loves beautiful and busty women, and I think you would make a great mommy!"

Ava had bitten into her sandwich the moment she heard this statement and practically choked on it in shock. After coughing for several moments, she stared at the boy in disbelief. Was he trying to kill her? Eventually, she forced a bitter smile and shook her head.

"That won't be necessary. I am already married and have several children. I doubt your father would even be interested in used goods like me..."

Hans could clearly tell the woman still had feelings for his father, but now was not the time to press the issue. Instead, he merely sighed and nodded his head with a smile.

"Okay, if you say so..."

After saying this, he bit into his sandwich and exclaimed in excitement.

"This is really good, aunty!"

Such compliments from the Imperial Prince brought a smile to Ava's face. As for Helga, she simply ignored the ongoing shit show her brother was trying to provoke and ate her food in silence. She knew all too well Hans's personality and was aware that he was likely trying to instigate drama between Ava and her sister. This was something she had no desire to be a part of, and thus, she just watched her brother's masterful charade with disinterest.

Ava petted the boy's strawberry blonde hair with a smile on her face, but in reality her heart was filled with regret and questions. Was it really too late to rekindle her love with Berengar? She was already in a loveless marriage. Would it really be so bad to become the Emperor's mistress?

She could only think of one major roadblock in the path to achieving such a thing, and that was her little sister. Adela would never allow her to even come close to Berengar. Thus, she merely sighed in defeat as she thought of her life's choices.

As for Hans, his intentions were exactly as Helga had thought. He planned to provoke a conflict between Adela and Ava simply for entertainment. However, if Berengar actually ended up taking Ava as a mistress, he supposed it wouldn't be too bad.

Thus, while Berengar was enjoying his time with his harem, unknowingly his son was planting seeds for another member to join. Whether they would come to fruition had yet to be seen. After all, the history between Berengar and Ava was not exactly the most cordial.

## **Chapter 599 Honeymoon Part II**

The sun had set in the caribbean and with it, Berengar and his harem retired to the bedroom. It did not take long for them to strip off their clothes and soak in the large bathhouse that had been built within the residence. After cleaning off the sweat, grime, and sand that accumulated on their bodies throughout the day, they entered the bedroom, where they prepared for the upcoming festivities.

For the first time since he had married Yasmin, Berengar's women were all gathered in one room, wearing nothing but silk robes. Out of all the girls in the harem, only Henrietta had never been involved in group affairs, thus she had quite the nervous expression on her face as the girls each took off their robes and presented themselves to their man.

Berengar Had a wide grin on his face as the women stripped for him and presented their bodies. He had them purposely line up from largest cup size to smallest, as such Yasmin was on the far right, followed by Linde, Henrietta, Honoria, and lastly Adela. Upon seeing such a variety of sublime figures standing naked before him, Berengar's manhood grew in excitement.

Upon noticing this, Yasmin began by approaching her husband and licking his cock. Linde was not far behind, as she quickly fell to her knees and serviced her master alongside the Moorish beauty. Slowly

but surely, all the girls arrived on their knees and worked together to please their man. All except for one.

Henrietta stood behind and gazed in shock at how easily the women worked together to satisfy Berengar, who had an excited expression on his face. In the end, Berengar noticed that a tongue was missing from his collection and gazed up at his sister, who was frozen in shock. He reached open his arms and called out to the girl with a wide grin on his face.

"My dear little sister, won't you be a good girl and come give your big brother a kiss?"

The Princess of Austria smiled before running over to her brother, and jumping into his arms, she sat on his lap above the man's four wives, hanging her plump ass over the heads of the women who were in the middle of sucking the man's cock.

Berengar kissed his sister passionately as he wrapped his arms around her and swirled his tongue around the girl's. Linde noticed the fine rear hanging above her head and wore a devilish grin as she latched ahold of Henrietta's plump ass and dug her tongue into the princess' slit.

Henrietta's eyes bulged in shock as she felt the tongue of another woman caress the soft folds of her pussy. All the while, she was making out with her brother. This was the first time she had felt such a pleasurable sensation, and it did not take long for her to squirt all over the faces of the four women gathered below.

Upon seeing this, Berengar's excitement hit a new threshold, and he immediately followed his sister's actions by blasting his spunk all over his wife's faces. The girls immediately licked the squirt and cum off of each other's faces with their tongues, ensuring they were nice and clean for the next portion of the night.

Henrietta's face was flushed full of desire as she gazed upon her big brother beneath her. Berengar could tell she was practically in heat, and was well prepared for him to insert his thick cock. Thus, with a smile on his face, he held Henrietta's chin in his hand and issued a single command.

"Beg for it..."

The beautiful blonde princess blushed in embarrassment and tried to shield such a sight from her brother's gaze. In the end, Berengar forced her to meet his eyes and, with an authoritative gaze, forced his sister to submit.

"Big brother... I want it!"

With this said, Berengar inserted his shaft straight into the girl's puffy lower lips, causing her to scream in excitement. As for Linde and Yasmin, they pushed their man onto his back and smothered his face with their massive tits. Forcing the man they loved to suckle onto their bountiful breasts.

While this was going on, Honoria got a devilish idea, and grabbed hold of a nearby strap on and donned it over her crotch. When Adela saw this, she quickly asked what the Byzantine Princess intended.

"What are you going to do with that?"

Honoria immediately whispered into the Empress's ears, causing her to blush before nodding her head in silence. She fetched another toy similar in design to Honoria's and approached the tight asshole of her

younger cousin. With only a slight bit of lubrication, Adela forced the toy modeled after Berengar's shaft straight into Henrietta's rear.

The Austrian Princess immediately contracted on her brother's cock like a vice grip as she came all over it. However, neither Adela nor Berengar stopped their relentless assault as the girl quiver and spasmed. Instead, Adela goaded her with a lust filled expression.

"Oh, you like that? Well, then do I have a treat for you..."

Honorio immediately jumped up onto the bed and shoved her toy straight into Henrietta's mouth, causing the girl to choke on yet another one of her brother's thick shafts. Honorio firmly grabbed ahold of Henrietta's head and forced her to look up at her while she pounded the girl's throat. With a vicious grin on her luscious lips, Honorio taunted the Austrian Princess.

"This is what you get for getting the jump on us. You should have been on the ground alongside us from the start, you thieving bitch!"

Upon seeing such an enticing sight, Linde could no longer resist the temptation. She climbed away from Berengar, allowing Yasmin to sit on his face, as she went over and grabbed her own toy. The sadistic spymaster immediately climbed up behind Honorio and inserted her cock into the girl's slithering hole, causing her to look back in shock only to be assaulted by Linde's lips. The redheaded beauty quickly thrust away at the pirate queen's hips as she scolded the girl.

"Who gave you the right to wear a cock? Oh my sweet Honorio, I'm going to make you pay for such arrogance..."

After saying this, Linde lifted Honorio up into the air and pounded deep into the girl's pussy, lowering her just enough for Henrietta to still suck on the strap on. Meanwhile, Berengar could feel Adela's toy rubbing against his cock on the other side of Henrietta's insides, bringing him ever closer to climax. Unfortunately, he could not see what was going on because Yasmin's fat ass was on his face where she forced him to lick her moist cave.

If he had seen what was going on above, he would have already cum inside of his sister's womb, instead he continued to be assaulted by the girl's tight cunt, until he could no longer hold back. As if a bomb had gone off, Berengar exploded inside of Henrietta's pussy, flooding her insides with his viscous seed.

This caused the girl to quiver and spasm as she came from the massive creampie she had just received. Henrietta then collapsed onto her brother's chest before climbing off his cock. Yasmin noticed this turn of events and rose from her seated position, allowing Henrietta to kiss Berengar.

"Thanks for the treat, big brother!"

As much as Henrietta wanted to go another round, she knew it would be unfair to monopolize Berengar's time when there were so many girls who had not been given their gift yet. Thus, the moment she jumped off her brother's cock, the other girls began to scramble for their turn. In the end Adela was the quickest to act, instantly swallowing the thick rod as she prepared her man for another round.

Once the Emperor was good and ready, his empress sat down on his shaft in a reverse cowgirl position and took its whole length into her cunt. It was at this moment that Henrietta saw an opening, and thus she quickly climbed atop of Adela's toy with her ass, creating a human train.

When this had begun, Linde withdrew her shaft from Honoria's gaping hole as the girl fell to her knees, squirting all over the floor and bedspread. Linde quickly forced the girl's head to the floor and gave her a command.

"clean up the mess you made."

Thus Honoria was left on the ground, licking up her own bodily fluids. It was at this moment Linde noticed an interesting sight, and walked over to Henrietta's open cunt, and inserted her cock. The girl's eyes opened in shock. For the second time this night, she had been double penetrated. Before the girl could protest, Linde stuck her finger in her mouth and silenced her.

Upon witnessing such a passionate scene taking place, it did not take Berengar long to coat Adela's womb with his semen. As with Henrietta, this had a chain reaction causing the girl to climax all over her husband. As of now, Berengar had tended to two of his wives. There were only three more to go. He sighed heavily in exhaustion as he realized his night was far from over.

### **Chapter 600 Successful Deterrance**

While Berengar enjoyed his brief vacation with his harem in a distant corner of the world; an army had gathered on the edges of the Byzantine and Timurid borders. Currently A middle-aged Arab man stood atop a dune and gazed in the distance towards his rival's line of defense. Upon witnessing the combined forces of Germany, Byzantium, and Georgia gathered in the area of interest, he snorted in displeasure before riding back to his master in the field below.

The Timurid Empire had spared no expense to raise the largest army they could manage. Three hundred thousand men lie in wait for the opportune moment to invade the west, and in doing so, declare jihad.

Unfortunately for them, they had underestimated the strength of the Byzantine Empire's allies. Though the scout did not know just how effective the German Artillery was, he could make an educated guess based upon rumors from the West. He quickly descended into the camp and entered the tent which belonged to his Sultan where he knelt before the man and declared what he had seen.

"Your Majesty, it would appear that one of the Byzantine Empire's allies has deployed a large amount of cannons and other strange devices. There are 70 of such weapons in total spread across the border, waiting for any sign of conflict. It would appear that it would be unwise to invade from this location. Perhaps we should regroup with the Jalayirids and march from the south?"

The sultan immediately glared at the Scout in silence. He took a few seconds to ponder this information. Though they were both unaware of how effective the German Artillery was, the fact remained that cannons were scarce for most of the world's powers. In fact, 70 pieces of artillery were substantially more than his entire alliance had access to.

The idea that Byzantium's allies could field such an excessive degree of cannons alongside the existing Byzantine Artillery filled the man with caution. Thus, after careful consideration, he sighed heavily before inquiring further.

"It would appear we are presented with an unknown and powerful enemy. Tell me, are these the same people who provided Byzantium with the weapons they used to crush the Mamluks in Egypt?"

The scout nodded his head before giving his most educated guess.

"I believe so. At the very least, it seems highly likely. I have heard rumors from merchants in the west about the rise of a great Kingdom. Perhaps we should investigate further about this unknown enemy, and how powerful they really are?"

The Sultan of the Timurid Empire nodded his head in agreement. Only a fool would attack an unknown enemy, and Sultan Salan Mirza was no fool. Thus, the Timurid Sultan sighed once more before cancelling his previous orders.

"Very well. Dispatch our agents to the west and gather what information you can about this strange kingdom. I refuse to march on the Byzantine Empire and begin our Jihad until I know more about this potential threat. As for our army, tell them to return to their homes, and that Allah does not favor us on this day. We will reconvene when we have a proper understanding of the alliance that opposes us. "

The Scout nodded his head before departing from his Sultan's quarters, where he did as he was instructed. Meanwhile, the Sultan picked up a gilded chalice filled with water and sighed heavily in defeat. He could not believe that the enemy really had seventy cannons to spare. He began to become concerned over this issue in particular.

Either the enemy had withdrawn all of their artillery pieces from their national defense and dispatched them to the Byzantine-Timurid border, or they simply had an inconceivable number of artillery at their disposal, such a thing would undoubtedly be disastrous for his armies if he dared to provoke such a monstrous power. Thus, it was no surprise when he voiced his thoughts aloud.

"A wise ruler does not so easily fall into the trap his enemy has laid out for him. Whoever wears the crown of this strange Kingdom either wields inconceivable power, or is plagued by foolishness. To dispatch so many guns to my border can only be seen as an act of provocation. Yet, I do not have the means to act on it. If this was meant as an act of deterrence, then I am forced to concede. Well played, stranger..."

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It was at this moment on the other side of the world, where Berengar lay flat on his back, completely exhausted from the events he had been engaging in for the past two hours. For whatever reason, he felt a twitch in his nose before sneezing a thunderous blast.

Such a loud noise instantly shocked the five naked women next to him awake, where they gazed around in shock, fearful that perhaps a storm may have approached their private island. Berengar felt a bit embarrassed as he realized this and instead attempted to calm his women by making a joke.

"It would appear somebody is talking about me behind my back..."

The idea that when you sneezed, someone was insulting you derived from the anime that Berengar used to watch in his past life. It was because of this that all the women looked at him weirdly, as if they could not comprehend the obscure reference he had just made. With an awkward smile, he merely informed the women to get some rest as he lied back and cuddled his head between two massive pairs of tits.

"Don't worry about it. Get some sleep. Lord knows I need it."

Upon saying this, Berengar once more drifted back into sleep, completely unaware that his provocation on the Byzantine borders had actually resulted in a successful deterrence.

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Vetranis sat within the confines of his Royal Palace. On his face expressed solace as he listened to the report given to him by his most trusted advisor. The fact that he had been so close to a state of total invasion brought a cold sweat to the Byzantine Emperor's brow as he sighed heavily in relief. By his side was none other than the Strategos Palladius, who spoke about the intelligence report he had received from his agents in the east.

"It would appear that Berengar's act of sending an artillery brigade to our borders has done the opposite of his intentions. Rather than outright provoke a conflict into a single decisive battle, it has instead deterred the Timurid Empire from attacking.

Though for how long the German Emperor has bought us peace, I do not know. We have received rumors that the agents of our rivals have entered Europe looking for information about the military capabilities of the German Empire.

I have no doubt that a certain redheaded lass who controls Germany's intelligence will be able to thoroughly combat the Timurids' espionage efforts. Despite this, another fear occupies my thoughts. As reasonable as Salan can be, I fear his allies are impatient and will push for Jihad rather than seek a peaceful alternative, even if it means their deaths. As you know, those fanatics in the Mamluke and Jaylarid sultanates are far from rational."

Vetranis frowned when he heard this, it was true that they had bought momentary peace with the superior artillery being present on the Eastern border, but due to the extremist nature of the Muslim Sultanates, Jihad was inevitable and because of this he needed to make preparations. Thus, the Byzantine Emperor inquired about the feasibility of conscription.

"We have had some time now to prepare the agricultural and industrial innovations provided to us by our Allies in the West. If we were to enact conscription, how would it affect the stability of the Empire?"

Palladius knew this question was coming and prepared a thorough analysis of this very subject in advance for this meeting.

"Crop yields are higher than ever, and fewer men are required to toil in the fields these days. I think conscription is plausible, but I fear as if it might be overkill. Perhaps we should invest in a recruitment drive first. If we still don't receive the numbers needed to combat the enemy, then and only then should we resort to something as drastic as full-scale conscription."

Vetranis thought about this for some time and nodded his head in agreement with Palladius's suggestions.

"Very well. We shall do it your way. I have faith in your Palladius. Ensure that our Empire is prepared for the eventual onslaught of our enemies. If there is nothing else of importance, then you are dismissed."

With that said, the veteran Strategos bowed in respect to his monarch before departing from the Great Hall of the Royal Palace. There was a war on the horizon, and though they had successfully deterred a full scale invasion for the time being, inevitably, bloodshed would begin.

He did not know where Berengar had disappeared to in these past few weeks, but such an occurrence was becoming more frequent. Palladius made a quick prayer to god for the German Emperor's good

health. After all, if he was ill, that would pose a very serious security risk to the stability of both Empires. After doing this Palladius quickly got to task enacting the new recruitment policies.

When Berengar finally returned to the fatherland, it would shock him to see that such a massive war was so narrowly avoided in his absence. This border dispute would confirm an old quote by Napoleon to be reality within Berengar's mind.

"God is on the side with the best artillery."