

# Steel 611

## Chapter 611 Returning Home to a Nice Family Meal

Berengar sat back in the Royal Train with a drink in his hand as he watched the Austrian Landscape go by. Since German Unification a year ago, substantial progress had been made on the German National Railway, and though it was far from completed, many cities across Southern Germany were now connected in a way they had never been before.

The young emperor took a sip from his drink before placing it down on the table in front of him. The kitchen cart had prepared a hot meal, and Berengar dined on one of his favorite breakfasts. By introducing the potato, many staples of German cuisine from Berengar's past life had now been introduced to his empire.

Among these was a meal referred to Bauernfrühstück which was a dish made from fried potatoes, eggs, green onions, parsley, cheese, and bacon and ham. With a warm glass of milk by his side, Berengar dined upon this breakfast with a satisfied smile on his face.

Eventually, a servant approached Berengar and handed him a telegraph report. After doing so, the young woman silently scurried off, leaving the German Emperor alone. Berengar waited until after his meal was complete to read the report in his hands.

When he did, he could not help himself from smiling. This report contained the latest news from the conflict in Iberia. During his absence Madrid had fallen, and the German-Granadan forces marched further north, seeking to cut off any response by the Catholic World before they could pass through the Pyrenees.

It appeared the restoration of Al-Andalus was merely around the corner. All he had to do was sit back and wait as his forces unified the lands under the rule of the Al-Fadl dynasty. As Berengar gazed out the window, he reflected on everything that had happened to him recently. If there was one thing that left an unsettling feeling in his gut, it was the encounter he had during his visit to Baduhenna's grove.

Since then, he had established a government department of archeology to dig up any information they could find on the old gods of Germania, and yet despite their best efforts, nothing had been revealed. Or at least nothing he did not already know. Thus, he could only sigh in defeat as he dwelled on the words the girl had spoken to him.

Ultimately, he left this matter to be. Whether the gods truly existed, and if they had some plans for him, would reveal themselves in time. For now, he would focus on securing his Empire's position in the world. Now that his Empire was unified, and on the path to industrialization, he would need to secure many of the world's hidden resources if he wished to transform Germany into the industrial powerhouse he desired it to be.

Hours passed by as Berengar dwelled on his actions, and eventually the train arrived in Kufstein, where the Imperial Guard led him back to the Imperial Palace of Kufstein. The moment the door opened, a pair of dainty, pale hands wrapped themselves around Berengar's eyes as a sultry voice entered his ears.

"Guess who?"

Berengar smiled before answering the question with utter confidence.

"Linde, my love, I'm surprised to be greeted in such a way."

The redheaded beauty immediately released her grip and put on a pouting display as she realized her game had been ruined. However, she quickly recovered from her state and instead focused on more important matters.

"So, I hear that you have secured peace with the Muslim Kingdoms, I must say I am impressed. That is not an easy feat to manage."

Berengar chuckled when he heard this. Nothing of importance escaped this woman's ears. It did not surprise him in the least that she had become aware of what he had accomplished before it was even officially announced. Thus, he merely shook his head before giving a few juicy details.

"Though I am certain that you are already aware, allow me to tell you in person. I believe I have established a long-term peace between Christians and Muslims alike, maybe not the Catholics, I'm sure they will be pissed when they hear about what we have accomplished, however through some harsh negotiating we have solved the centuries old dispute of the Holy Land."

Linde was not the least bit surprised as Berengar revealed this information. She had a tendency to keep a close eye on him while he was away from home. There were plenty of people by his side who reported the Emperor's affairs to his veteran spymaster.

One might call it obsessive, but Linde liked to know that Berengar was safe, and more importantly, behaving himself while abroad. After he had brought home Yasmin unannounced, Linde had gone to great lengths to ensure that she knew everything her husband did while overseas.

The last thing she needed was her man bringing home another foreign whore. Speak of the devil and he shall appear, the moment Linde thought of this Yasmin entered the room and hugged onto Berengar like lamprey as she kissed his neck.

"Welcome home, husband!"

Linde was stunned when she saw this. Yasmin's actions were completely against what his wives had previously agreed to. Besides this point of contentions, there was another aspect of the intimate display that bothered the veteran spymaster.

If there was one woman in Berengar's harem who threatened the redheaded beauty, it was the Moorish princess. After all, Yasmin had been nothing but a perfect wife to Berengar, so much so that she even stayed out of family drama altogether, believing herself to have no part in it. When Berengar saw Yasmin, he kissed her on the lips and informed her of what he had achieved in his absence.

"You should be happy to know that I have brought peace and prosperity to our two peoples. I have single-handedly ended the hostilities between Christians and Muslims, or at the very least begun a long path toward such a result."

Yasmin stroked Berengar's slicked back golden hair and complimented him for his efforts.

"That's my husband. No man alive is greater than he!"

When Berengar heard this, he chuckled before remembering something.

"Oh yeah, I met your cousin while I was in Constantinople. You never told me she was married to the Timurid Sultan..."

Yasmin's face grew dark as she heard this. She simply crossed her arms and made a snide remark about the woman.

"That harlot? I really do not care to hear about her..."

Such a harsh response had led Berengar to believe there was definitely some conflict between the two cousins who looked so similar. However, if Yasmin did not want to talk about it, he would not force her. Instead, he grabbed ahold of the woman's plump rear and whispered sweet nothings into her ears.

"She's got nothing on you. If anything, she is merely a discount version of the beautiful Moorish Princess, who I am lucky to call my wife."

Yasmin chuckled as she heard this before bopping her husband on the nose with her index finger.

"Behave yourself. I have already prepared food for your arrival. I wouldn't want it to spoil..."

Upon hearing this, Berengar chuckled and nodded his head. The bedroom fun would have to wait until later. After all, there were few things Berengar despised more than wasted food.

"Very well. Shall we adjourn to the dining room?"

After saying this, he looked over towards Linde, who had been completely sidelined by her rival, and asked her to join them.

"Linde, join us. I am sure whatever Yasmin has cooked is delicious."

The redheaded vixen stared in disbelief at Yasmin. She was well aware of the surprise that awaited her man in the dining hall. However, she was shocked to see that the Moorish princess had stolen her thunder.

Despite this, she put on a pretty smile as she accepted Berengar's terms and grabbed ahold of his hand, leading him into the dining area. As she did so, she gave a fierce glare to Yasmin, silently scolding the woman for her thieving actions.

Yasmin merely smirked in response. Sometimes Linde's jealousy was just too adorable. Yasmin knew fully that out of all of Berengar's women, the redheaded vixen was his favorite, and despite this, the girl still acted with hostility to anyone who got too close to her man.

Berengar did not notice the heated rivalry going on between his two favorite brides and instead entered the dining hall with an excited expression. The moment he walked into the room, it shocked him to see that all of his wives and their children were present. It was the first time in a long time that they had a giant family meal together.

Usually at least one child was not present at the family meals because of their age. However, as he gazed upon the gleeful eyes of his many children and their beautiful mothers, who tended to them, he

could not help but smile. Thus, he happily took his seat at the head of the table and prepared himself for a nice family meal.

#### Chapter 612 wolves and Liverwurst

Within the confines of the dining hall of the German Imperial Palace, the von Kufstein family sat together and dined for the first time in a long time. Berengar gazed at his children and smiled. It had truly been some time since been together with all of his kids in one place. While the German Emperor was inspecting his children, one boy in particular was digging into his food with an ecstatic expression.

Hans, much like his father, was an avid eater, and thoroughly enjoyed the foreign dishes that Yasmin cooked whenever she found herself in the kitchen. Taking a lesson from his father's playbook, the Crowned Prince smiled and complimented the chef for her skills.

"Mommy Yasmin, your cooking is amazing, as always!"

Such a compliment caused the Moorish Princess to grin in delight as she tussled the boy's strawberry blonde hair. After doing so, she served up another slice of roasted lamb for her husband's oldest son.

"I'm glad to see that you like it so much Hans, here have some more..."

Hans did not hesitate to take a bite out of the succulent lamb. While this was going on, Linde was glaring at her son. The boy was so quick to compliment Yasmin's cooking, but not her own. Thus, the redheaded vixen hurriedly shoveled a pile of Käsespätzle that she had prepared for this occasion onto her son's plate, as if she were competing with the Moorish beauty.

"Hans, have some of mommy's Käsespätzle, I'm sure you will enjoy it just as much as Yasmin's lamb."

Hans did not deny his mother, and quickly took a spoonful of the noodle dish and ate it with a delighted expression.

"Thanks mommy, your cooking is good too!"

As per usual, the boy acted his own age around his parents. Neither Linde nor Berengar were fully aware of just how intelligent the boy was, or the schemes that had festered in his mind. As for the Emperor, he frowned as he saw his two favorite wives compete for his son's affection and not his own. Thus, he decided to stir the pot by turning to one of his other brides.

"Honoraria, can you be so kind as to pass the liverwurst and rye?"

The young Pirate Queen immediately understood what her husband's intentions were and pulled out a slice of marble rye bread that had been toasted to perfection. She skilfully slathered the liverwurst onto the toast as if it were cream cheese. After doing this, she fed Berengar herself, immediately causing Linde and Yasmin to look at her strangely.

"Here daddy, let me feed you!"

Berengar eagerly took a bite from the treat and nodded his head in satisfaction. While this was going on, his daughter Helga observed his behavior and struggled to prevent herself from scoffing. She may be young, but even she could see the mind game that her father and Honoraria were playing on her mother. As if right on cue, Linde pouted and offered her Käsespätzle to Berengar as well.

“My love, won’t you do me the honor of giving me your honest opinion on my dish?”

The German Emperor smiled as he took a spoonful of the cheesy noodle dish and dined on it. He struggled to contain his satisfaction from becoming visible as he pretended to mull about for some time before giving Linde a shocking answer.

“I think you overcooked it. I give it a six out of ten...”

Linde gazed in shock towards her husband, while the other girls laughed at her misfortune. Berengar had deliberately given her a poor review just to see this reaction, and it worked like a charm.

As Linde was pouting like a child, an unexpected visitor appeared. Her cat midnight ran into the dining hall with its tail puffed out, and jumped into his master’s lap. Not far behind, it was a playful wolf pup chasing after the cat with a happy smirk on its face.

When Linde saw this, she immediately scolded her son for letting his pet out of its cage.

“Hans, what have I told you about letting that thing run about freely? I don’t care what your father may have told you. That is a wild animal, and it should be treated as such!”

Hans felt a headache was about to come over him as he heard his mother’s complaints. Since he had gotten the wolf pup, he had been training it to obey his commands daily. Despite its origins in the wild, the creature had become rather tame and was practically no different from a common domesticated dog.

Despite this, Linde seemed to have a problem with the creature, whether it was an internal dislike of canines as a whole, or simply the fact that she feared the beast; she had done everything in her power to keep the prince’s pet caged up and away from the family.

Despite this, the hound walked up to its master and sat while wagging its tail, waiting for the boy to give it a command. When Berengar saw this, he was rather surprised. This pup was only a few months old, and yet, it was behaving like a well trained golden retriever. Was this thing really a wolf? However, in the next moment, the boy shocked his father even more when he gave a command to his pet wolf.

“Wulfgar, lie down!”

The wolf’s ear’s immediately perked up as it heard this command, before quickly obeying it. It lied down and rested its head on its paws as the creature waited for his master to finish his meal. With a satisfied smile on his face, Hans countered his mother’s complaint.

“Mommy, look, Wulfgar is well trained. He would never hurt anybody that I did not command him to!”

Berengar gazed at the beast with a curious expression. He did not expect his young son to have such an affinity with animals. Thus, he wore a smile as he tried to convince Linde to accept the wolf. However, when he gazed over at the woman, she was gently petting her black cat while glaring daggers at the hound. Before Berengar could utter his decree, Linde barked at her son.

“Keep that ravenous mutt away from my precious midnight, and away from your siblings while you’re at it. If something happens to any of them, I will hold you responsible!”

Berengar immediately grabbed hold of Linde’s hand and tried to calm her down.

“Dear, the wolf seems to be well trained. I doubt it will pose a threat to our children or your cat. It appears like he was just playing with midnight. There is no reason to be so upset. “

Despite Berengar’s words, Linde refused to concede on this issue. In her eyes, no matter how tame the beast, maybe it was still a wild animal. She could never trust such a creature around her children or pets. If not for Berengar’s insistence on allowing the boy to keep the wolf, she would have personally disposed of it long ago.

In Hans’ eyes, his mother was simply being unreasonable. He knew full well how disciplined the creature was and suspected that his mother simply did not like canines. The fact that she witnessed his pet obey his commands so thoroughly, and still demanded to keep it away from his siblings, showed just how biased the woman was.

However, he knew this was a battle he was not going to win. Taking this into consideration, Hans rose from his seat and bowed to his mother and father, taking the initiative to lock his pet wolf away for the time being.

“Alright mommy, I will lock Wulfgar away, if that’s what you want.”

After saying this, the boy called for his hound and ran off towards the courtyard where its own quarters were. Once Hans was out of earshot, Berengar sighed before gazing upon Linde with a stern expression.

“Did you really have to force the boy to lockup his pet? It seemed completely obedient to me.”

Linde merely rolled her eyes at her husband before taking a sip from her glass of milk. After doing so, she responded in a haughty tone.

“No matter how tame it may be, that beast is still a dangerous wolf. It needs to be properly locked away so it can harm none of my children. I will make this abundantly clear. If Hans gets hurt because of that creature, I will blame you till the day I die...”

Berengar merely sighed in defeat before responding to his wife’s criticisms.

“Very well...”

After saying this, he dug into his food once more, not willing to waste the energy on such a pointless matter. Having seen how well the boy commanded his pet, Berengar was certain that the creature would not harm his son. However, Linde was right about one thing: they should keep away such a dangerous beast from his other children. Thus, with this argument out of the way, Berengar continued to enjoy his meal with his entire family. It was a relatively peaceful afternoon in the life of the German Emperor.

#### Chapter 613 A Papal Dilemma

Pope Julius sat upon his papal throne with an exhausted expression on his aging face. He had only become Pope a few years prior, and yet it appeared as if he had spent decades presiding over the Church. After countless losses against his rival in central Europe, he had just about lost the will to continue his struggle against the German Reformation and its damnable figurehead.

In his hands, loosely held by a failing grip, was a note that recounted the recent events in Iberia. King Felipe was dead, and so too was his army. However, that was not the worst of it. In the hours after the

foolish Spanish King had walked into his death, the German-Granadan Alliance had marched into Spain, and conquered most of its territory.

Berengar, the accursed, had expertly laid a trap, and the Spanish King walked right into it. Worst of all, this damnable fiend had the nerve to extinguish one of Christendom's few natural stockpiles of the valuable resource, known as saltpeter.

Because of this, the Church's hopes of winning its upcoming crusade against the German Empire were slimmer than ever. The man in charge of the Catholic world could only sigh heavily in defeat as he contemplated just what reasoning God would have to continue to torment him to such a degree.

While Julius was lamenting his lot in life, a Cardinal entered the chambers and knelt before the man. He had a nervous expression on his face and clenched the report in his hands tightly, crumpling the paper as he did so. Julius knew that whatever news the Cardinal had received, it was nothing good. Thus, with a heavy sigh, he begrudgingly asked for the information.

"Go on... get out with it... What terrible news do you have to report to me this time around?"

The Cardinal struggled to look the Pope in the eyes. Such words caused a tinge of guilt in his heart, as he knew he was always the bearer of bad news, especially these days. However, in his panicked state he managed to mouth a few words, stuttering as he did so.

"T...th... the holy land! It has fallen!"

Julius' pupils grew wide in shock as he heard this news. At first, he thought he had misheard. After all, the Holy Land was owned by the Byzantine Empire, and he had received no news from the east that it had come under attack. Thus, he immediately asked for clarification on what had just been spoken.

"What do you mean, the Holy Land has fallen? Has there been a new Jihad I am unaware of? Just what has happened!?!"

The Cardinal realized that his choice of words was a bit misleading, but contained the truth nonetheless. Still, he spent a few moments collecting his thoughts before speaking about the information he had received from the Byzantine Emperor's public declaration.

"Emperor Vetrans has declared that he is allowing the Independence of the Holy Land. After careful negotiations with the Timurid Empire and the other Muslim Sultanates, they have established Republic which is open to both Christians and Muslims. This means that the Saracens now have power over the Holy Land! How shall we respond?"

The Pope immediately reacted to this news by picking up a nearby book and throwing it towards the Cardinal in a fit of rage. He could hardly believe such a thing had happened, and though Vetrans had been the one to voice this sudden change, Julius knew only one man could be responsible for such evil. Thus, he had no qualms about pinning the blame on his German rival.

"You damned fool! This is Berengar's work, I am certain of it! With one hand, he destroys Iberia, and with the other, he brings damnation to the Holy Land. This devil can not be allowed to further defile Christendom! We must respond to this incursion, send word to every able body man. The Holy Land must be reclaimed!"

It shocked the Cardinal when he heard this decree, and he immediately voiced his confusion over the matter.

“But what of Iberia?”

When Julius heard this, he gazed upon the Cardinal with an idiotic expression. The news of the Holy Land had made him forget the lament he felt just moments ago about the situation in Iberia. As the Pope, he could not very well abandon the Iberian Peninsula to the fate of becoming an extension of the Muslim world. The threat of an Islamic State on the borders of France was something that Christendom had not felt in centuries, and he did not wish to return to those days.

However, the Holy Land needed to take precedence, and since Julius knew he could not contend with the German and Granadan armies in the field, his only chance of achieving victory in the two theaters was to focus his attention on Jerusalem. Thus, with a heavy sigh, he decided on how to proceed.

“I will not abandon the people of Iberia to the Muslim hordes who now seek to conquer and control them. However, it has become painfully obvious to me we are not yet prepared to take on the might of the German-Granadan Alliance. Thus, we can only encourage martyrdom and give our people in Iberia the means to resist their unholy occupation.

What we can do is bring the might of the Catholic World into Jerusalem and reclaim the Holy Land for ourselves. It is doubtful that Berengar would commit troops to the region when he has left its protection up to the Byzantine and Timurid Empires.

So long as the German Empire does not interfere in our conflict, we have a high chance of winning. After all, we have spent the last few years preparing for a war with Berengar. Surely the means we have gained will allow us to defeat the Byzantine army and the Muslim hordes of the Timurid Empire.”

When the Cardinal heard this train of thought, a sadistic grin etched itself upon his rat like features. He understood now more than ever the Catholic church needed a glorious victory, and Berengar had so kindly delivered it to them with the Holy Land’s independence. Thus, he bowed before the Pope and asked for him to give the order.

“Your holiness, I would be honored to convey your commands to your followers so long as you are willing to give the order!”

With this, a smug sneer formed on Julius’ lips as he issued the decree which would set Jerusalem ablaze in the flames of war.

“I, Pope Julius, hereby declare a crusade to reclaim the Holy Land from the Saracens who currently inhabit it. God wills it!”

Upon hearing this, the Cardinal grinned wickedly as he nodded his head and obeyed the command.

“Very well, I will muster the Crusader Orders and the Catholic Kingdoms to march on the Holy Land at once. Jerusalem must not fall into the hands of the Saracens!”

With that said, Julius dismissed his agent to get started on his task. It was only after he was alone that he collapsed into his papal throne, exhausted beyond measure. It took every ounce of his strength to



maintain the facade of dignity and strength. He could not believe that he was forced to choose between Iberia and Jerusalem. With a powerful slam of his fist upon his gilded armrest, the pope cried out in fury.

“Berengar von Kufstein, I swear to God, one day I will have your head, and will permanently remove your lineage of vipers from the face of the Earth!”

After saying this, the man sighed heavily. The most he could do to the man was curse his name. If not for that fool Simeon, then perhaps the Church could have removed Berengar from power before he gained the strength to stand on his own. However, as it currently stood, such a thing was impossible.

The German Emperor had the backing of the most powerful military in the world, and the most advanced spy network. After the failed attack on his life, Imperial Intelligence had created a dedicated department whose sole goal was to collect information on viable threats against the Royal Family, and to counter such efforts.

It was virtually impossible to harm a hair on Berengar’s head. The only way to kill the man would be to do so on the field of battle, and even then, Berengar had not been seen in battle for roughly a year. It seemed to Julius that his goal of claiming the man’s life was drifting further away as time passed him by.

The only thing that could drown the pope’s sorrow was wine, and copious quantities of it. Thus, he got off his seat and grabbed hold of the nearest flagon, where he poured the contents of his drink into an old venetian glass chalice.

Since Berengar had invented the means to mass produce clear glass, the venetian market had been completely strangled to death, and thus such an antiquated cup was only used by the most hateful of Germany’s adversaries. Having filled the glass to its brim, Julius then engorged himself on the sweet red substance, drifting himself into a further state of intoxication.

If Berengar had known that he caused the Pope’s alcoholism, he would surely be pleased with himself. However, he was unaware of such a reality, as was anyone else, and thus the Pope slowly but surely drank himself to sleep in the middle of the afternoon, completely defeated by the recent events that had occurred.

#### Chapter 614: The Quest for Gold Begins

Berengar stood within the confines of his office and gazed upon a map that he had personally designed. It was incomplete, as the world had yet to be entirely discovered in this era. Yet there were markings of the German Empire in Central Europe, as well as its colonies in North and South Vinland, and their holdings in the Caribbean. To put it simply, Berengar had taken the first step in establishing a global Empire.

Yet, despite this, Berengar was not satisfied with his current achievements. There was more that needed to be done, and not enough time to accomplish it in his lifetime. Only by investing further into colonization could he achieve 1/10th of what he had planned for his dynasty’s Empire. Thus, he set his eyes on a new territory that he had yet to explore.

With Honoria by his side, and his new Grand Admiral, a man by the name of Fridrich von Wülflingen, Berengar, laid out his plans for his next colony. His finger shifted from the Fatherland all the way to a blank portion of the map, settled in between the two colonies in the New World.

If he were to be looking at a modern map of the world, his finger would surely hover over the region known as Mexico. An excited smile was on his face as he boldly declared his plans to his wife and Admiral.

“With the current capabilities of our navy, and the first Dominion-Class Ocean Liners set to be finished in the coming weeks, we will soon have the ability to project such force to the new world, that no kingdom we may come across can possibly challenge our rule. It is because of this newfound military might that I intend to go all out with colonization and connect our two territories with a third in between them.

Honorina immediately scoffed when she heard this goal. In her eyes, this was a foolish endeavor. After all, the existing colonies were still not fully independent, and yet Berengar so desperately wanted to charge into the unknown and conquer a third. Despite this feeling, something pulled at her heartstrings. Telling her in the back of her mind that her husband knew something of worth that was located exactly where he pointed.

How the man knew this info was beyond her, and despite her best efforts, she had not gained a single clue as to where the German Emperor’s hidden knowledge originated from. While she could easily ask, she figured her husband would reveal his secrets when he finally felt like doing so.

As Honorina was scrutinizing Berengar’s actions, Fridrich had a satisfied smile on his face. Truth be told, the German Navy was so powerful that no Kingdom in this world could compete with it. Because of this, he had been dreadfully bored ever since he first joined his specific branch of the German Military.

While he acted as a glorified coast guard, securing Berengar’s theaters of operation with an ironclad blockade. Berengar’s army claimed all the glory on land, in combat, fighting for the unification of the German Empire. It was partly for this reason that recruits to the Naval branch were lagging behind the Army and the Border Guard. As the majority of its sailors, felt a lack of importance in their role.

However, times were changing, and Berengar was paying a vast fortune to begin his colonization efforts. Naturally, only those most trusted were privy to such classified information, leaving the Navy as the primary driving force in these operations. Since they had first set sail for the new world over a year ago, the German Navy and those fortunate personnel deemed trustworthy enough to see its bountiful lands had begun to play a pivotal role in the development of the Empire.

Now Berengar had turned his attention to a new colony in the center of this strange and foreign land. The prospect of maintaining the relationship between the German fatherland and its colonies was exciting to Fridrich, who had been so dreadfully bored since he had assumed control over Emmerich’s old position. Perhaps if he worked hard enough, then one day, he too could be a Colonial Governor. Thus, while Honorina scoffed at the notion, Fridrich was excited and voiced his support for the endeavor.

“With the construction of the ocean liners nearing completion, we will soon be able to transport far more resources and troops throughout our Empire. Thanks to his majesty’s efforts, radiotelegraphs are being constructed onboard our vessels, and within our colonies, allowing for ease of communication overseas.

Currently, our existing colonies are secure, and with the influx in population we have received since unifying the fatherland, it is only a matter of years before we have enough people to properly settle the new world. In the meantime, I highly recommend scouting out further territory in this New World and

search for resource-rich areas to claim as our own. Only by seizing this world's assets can we truly hope to establish a global hegemony. Tell me what you want from me, and I will move the oceans to make it so!"

Berengar smiled when he heard such enthusiasm about his colonization efforts from his newest Grand Admiral. This man had a promising future in his role, and thus Berengar did not hide his intents.

"First and foremost, I need you to assemble a sizeable fleet enough to ferry 1,000 men to the New World. Though our ocean liners are equipped with enough firepower to successfully eliminate any threat that approaches them, it is never inappropriate to prepare for whatever the world may throw at us.

Your second task will be to vet enough marines to fill aboard these vessels to act as the security for our colonization efforts. I need these marines equipped with the latest weapons and armor. That means they will wear our new nylon plate carriers beneath their tunics.

Thirdly, I will need you to go over a list of civilians to transport to all of our colonies for future settlement. As it stands, our colonies are currently military strongholds. I wish to change that and allow thriving settlements to exist within their borders. We can't rely on the military to act as farmers, miners, and any other necessary roles needed to sustain a long-term colony."

Fridrich nodded his head after hearing these requirements. He wore a confident expression as he responded in the affirmative to his emperor's orders.

"I will have everything prepared by the time our first ocean liner rolls off the assembly line. The colonization of the New World is of the utmost importance to our realm, and I will not fail you, my Kaiser!"

Berengar smiled when he heard such certainty and patted the man on the shoulder before complimenting his efforts.

"Good. I look forward to your career. See that you are prepared to depart within a fortnight. If you do not have anymore questions, then you are dismissed."

After saying this, the Grand Admiral saluted his Emperor before departing, leaving Honoria alone with Berengar. She had an inquisitive gaze on her face. Berengar was bringing far more troops to this new colony than he had done in the past, and such a level of precaution was unordinary for his personality. That is, unless he was already aware of a great threat that existed in the region they were going to land in. Thus, she could not help but ask just what it was that he knew.

"I know that look on your face. You're worried about this new colony. I don't know how you know, and I also know that you are not yet prepared to inform me, but there is a serious power in this new location, isn't there? Something the likes we have not yet encountered?"

Berengar gazed at Honoria with a curious expression. He was not aware how much of his past this woman knew of, but since she was not deliberately asking about it, he would not tell her for the time being. However, he also would not lie to her about the dangers he was about to face and thus sighed heavily before revealing his thoughts.

“If my information is correct, there is a mighty Empire in the region I seek to conquer. They are sitting on a vast reserve of gold, the likes we have never seen before. I need that gold to stimulate my economy, and I fear this unknown civilization will be far more hostile to our first contact than the natives you found in South Vinland.”

Honorina scoffed when she heard this response. It was as she had suspected. Berengar knew more than he let on. She instantly pouted as she realized the reason he wasn't allowing her to join in on the fun.

“So you're sending me on a quest to explore less hostile areas while you take on this mighty empire by yourself? Typical...”

Berengar chuckled when he saw the look on the girl's face, as if he had just killed her pet. To think she was so bloodthirsty that she wanted to take on the Aztecs. Thus, with a heavy sigh, Berengar relented and allowed for his Pirate Queen to play her role in this conquest.

“Alright, if you really want to, I will allow you to come with me on this perilous journey. Just make sure you and your girls stay out of needless trouble.”

Honorina smiled, before wrapping her arms around her husband's neck and kissing him passionately. After releasing herself from his embrace, she thanked him for his concession.

“Thank you daddy, I promise we will behave.”

After saying this, Berengar sighed and revealed some of the information that he was aware of regarding the Aztec Empire, and the control they had over the region of meso-America. With this, Berengar had made his plans to claim the most precious of resources the new world offered. The quest for Gold had begun.

#### Chapter 615 Honorina Learns the Truth

The day had finally come. Over a month had gone by since Berengar had begun preparations for his invasion of meso-America. At the moment, he was standing in front of the bathroom mirror, where his wives dried off his soaked body with various towels. The young emperor dipped his fingers into the greasy pomade and slicked back his hair into the elegant style he had become known for over the years.

After taking his time perfectly styling his golden locks, he reached into a nearby drawer and fetched an eyepatch. This brown leather eyepatch contained an iron cross embedded within its center. A symbol of authority and bravery in the act of war. It was one of the many designs Berengar kept to conceal his hideous wound.

After stretching the leather band over his head so that the iron cross was seated perfectly over his damaged pupil, he dressed himself in a combat uniform. This uniform started with nylon-polyester blend undergarments, where he then placed a pair of feldgrau trousers over them. He continued by securing his boot socks, followed by a pair of embellished brown leather cavalry boots in the style used by his hussars.

After dressing in the lower portion of his uniform, Berengar stretched a feldgrau undershirt over his chiseled body, where he quickly adorned a feldgrau concealable plate carrier above his vitals. This plate carrier contained ceramic composite plates that were rated to stop just about any projectile this world could throw at him.

After donning this piece of life saving armor over his torso, he put on a feldgrau hussar tunic, where he placed his Order of Merit, and his Grand Cross of the iron cross around his collar. After doing this, he pinned his star of the grand cross of the iron cross onto his chest before fastening his brown leather Sam Browne belt around his waist and shoulder.

This belt contained both a 1422 Service Revolver and a Hussar's sword, which would be his primary weapons in the upcoming conflict that he was certain would result when he discovered the mighty Aztec Empire. Finally, after all of this was finished, he grabbed hold of a 1422 Stahlhelm, which was modeled after the 1916 Stahlhelm used by German Soldiers in the Great War of his past life.

This helmet was designed to distinguish his royal guard from their regular army counterparts, and offered superior protection to the standard steel pickelhaube. Berengar held this helmet tightly to his hip as he turned around and faced his loving brides and sister.

All except for Honoria had concerned expressions on their faces. Truthfully, they did not know where Berengar was going, or what he was going to encounter, as he had not been specific to them. However, they were aware, as with every time he left the fatherland in pursuit of conquest and glory, that danger would be present. Ultimately, Linde was the one to first voice her concern for his wellbeing.

"Come back to me in one piece, okay? I swear if you die out there on the other side of the world, I will follow you to the grave and leave our children to be raised by Adela!"

When Adela heard this, she gave a questioning gaze to her old rival. Must this bitch really be so melodramatic? However, Berengar merely smiled and wiped the tears from Linde's eyes, and nodded his head before responding.

"I understand. I will be home shortly. You do not need to worry so much. Take care of our children while I'm away..."

After saying this, he kissed his wife on the lips before saying his proper farewells to his other wives. After all was said and done, he grabbed hold of Honoria's hand and led her to the railway where the two of them boarded the Royal Train together and headed towards the docks in Trieste. The two of them sat in the rail car together for some time, gazing out at the German Landscape. Ultimately, it was Honoria who broke the rather awkward silence that prevailed in the room.

"It's amazing what you have accomplished in so little time. Sometimes I wonder whether you are actually human..."

When Berengar heard this, he chuckled before responding to Honoria's comments.

"I assure you, I am very much human..."

Honoria's response to this claim was to observe Berengar in silence for a few moments as he drank his coffee. Ultimately, she replied with a smug smile and a jest.

"I'm not so convinced..."

To this, Berengar merely shrugged his shoulders before changing the subject.

“So, are you and your girls ready? I won’t lie to you. If my information is correct, then we may very well be fighting an Empire filled with millions of savages. We have at most what? A thousand men on this journey? This will be a long and bloody campaign.”

Honorina merely scoffed when she heard this. She finally had enough of his cryptic answers to just how he knew this stuff. Eventually she sighed before asking that had been on her mind for some time.

“Alright, that’s it! Be honest with me. How do you know all of this?”

Berengar wore a bitter smile as he mulled over whether he should reveal the truth to the girl. While Yasmin had been loving, and did not care for his origins, he was not so certain with the other women in his life. Ultimately, he sighed before revealing his biggest secret to the Byzantine Princess.

“Would you believe me if I told you I have memories from the future?”

Honorina’s first response was to scoff once more. Such a fantasy was preposterous, thus she simply crossed her arms and pouted as she scolded Berengar for not being honest with her.

“Fine, don’t tell me! See if I care!”

Berengar merely chuckled when he heard this before commenting about her behavior.

“You’re the one who wanted to know the truth. If you don’t believe me, that is up to you...”

Honorina tilted her head and did not look at her husband for several moments, dwelling upon his answer in silence for some time. Eventually, she could no longer contain her curiosity and broke the silence with a single question.

“How is that even possible?”

Berengar’s brow raised when he heard this question, and a smug smile appeared on his lips as he lectured the girl about his past.

“Your guess is as good as mine. Truthfully, I do not know how I gained such memories, but I will tell you what I do know. Years ago, when I was still but an heir to the Barony of Kufstein, my brother poisoned me, and in doing so, he nearly killed me.

Hell, perhaps Lambert did kill me, for I drifted into a deep sleep where I dreamed about another life in the distant future where I was born to an impoverished family and worked my way to the position of an engineering officer in the world’s most powerful army. The last thing I remember is dying from an enemy attack on some foreign battlefield.

When I finally awoke, this dream was as clear as day, and there had been a fundamental shift in my personality. My indolent, carefree, and dimwitted self had been replaced with the ambition, cunning, and knowledge of Julian. However, many of the aspects of my original self were still present, if not dormant. It is only now, after years of contemplation, that I have come to realize, perhaps, my original personality is not as dead as I once thought.”

Honorina gazed at Berengar with a curious expression as he calmly drank his coffee and spun his tale. She could not fathom that what he was saying was actually reality, and only a single question escaped her lips.

“You’re serious?”

In response to this, Berengar lay down his coffee mug and wore a bitter smile as he nodded his head in affirmation.

“Quite...”

After several moments of awkward silence, Honoria finally revealed the thoughts on her mind.

“So you’re not Berengar? I’m so confused!”

The young emperor chuckled lightly before responding to this question.

“I am Berengar, at least the only Berengar you have ever known. I like to think that I am a new and improved Berengar. One could say that all the faults that existed within both of my past selves were extinguished in their deaths, and in their place, a superior amalgamation formed. Believe me when I say that if you knew my former self, his personality would disgust you. A drunken fool, that one. It’s no wonder Lambert tried to kill me...”

Honoria struggled to come to terms with what she was hearing and immediately ordered a cup of coffee from the staff. Her hands were shaking as she slowly sipped from the substance. Eventually, she found the question she most desired in the labyrinth that was her current state of mind and asked it.

“So... you know all of this information about engineering, and the new world because?”

A smug expression formed on Berengar’s face as he answered this question with complete honesty.

“Because in my past life, all the information in the world was readily available to practically everyone. At least in the west. It was just that most people were too lazy or foolish to give a damn about it. I spent my childhood reading troves of information and experimenting with what I learned. It was a way to stave off boredom.

After all, I had no friends to hang out with. I also had a superior memory, so most of everything I learned stayed within my mind. I never would have thought that I’d die and be reincarnated into the medieval period, where I could use everything I had learned to create a vast Empire.

It’s quite entertaining to think about, if everyone reincarnates when they die and enter foreign worlds, how useless would the overwhelming majority of people be? Are all the great men in history like me? Or were they natives to the world they were born in?

If not, then why have I reincarnated when nobody else has? These are the questions I entertain myself with when I’m alone. The truth of the matter is I have only ever come across one clue to my resurrection, and it has proven rather difficult to chase.”

Honoria was stupefied by her husband’s remarks, and needed some time to dwell on them. Thus, they spent the rest of the train ride to Trieste in silence. Never in a million years would Honoria have suspected that this was the source of Berengar’s mysterious knowledge.

She could hardly believe it, but the man seemed adamant that this was the truth, and either he was insane or there was some greater force lingering in the shadows, controlling his destiny. Either way,

neither of them had any answers as to how Berengar came into this world. Thus, they did not dwell on it for too long.

#### Chapter 616: An Unexpected Encounter on the Mediterranean

Several days had passed since the time Berengar informed Honoria about his origins. After such a shocking revelation, she had needed some space to process the information and had spent the last few days within isolation on her ship. She had deliberately asked Berengar to stay onboard another vessel while she worked through her thoughts.

Thus, at the moment Honoria had a bottle of rum in her hands as she lied back on her mattress. She had a downcast expression as she combed the vacant spot next to her. Normally, Berengar would be lying next to her, playing with her hair and whispering sweet nothings to her. However, such a thing was not the case, and she realized that she only had herself to blame.

The Byzantine Princess was certain that she had messed up by asking her husband about the origin of his boundless knowledge, and all his honesty had done was complicate things between them. However, as time flew by, and the alcohol affected her mind, she realized she was over-reacting. Fundamentally, Berengar was correct when he had said that he was the same man she had always known and loved.

It was with this in mind that she dragged her intoxicated ass off her bed and wobbled to her door, ready to publically proclaim her apology over the telegram. Such a thing would not only be a breach of protocol, but was just a bad idea in general.

However, she was determined to make amends, and thus she grabbed hold of the doorknob and twisted it open. The first thing that Honoria witnessed was the shocked appearance of her first mate. Malissa gazed upon her intoxicated captain with a disapproving expression.

“Honoria, with all due respect, you look terrible. I would ask you what’s wrong, but we have greater matters to worry about. Why don’t you get some rest, and I will take charge for now?”

This notion confused Honoria, and she immediately tried to ask about what was transpiring.

“What... what is... what’s wrong?”

The fact that the woman was slurring her words proved she was in no condition to assume command, and thus Malissa sighed heavily before grabbing hold of Honoria and leading her back to her bed.

“Nothing to worry about. I’ll handle it. Just focus on feeling better...”

After saying this, the woman grabbed hold of Honoria’s liquor bottle and yanked it away from her grasp. The Byzantine Princess struggled to regain control of her precious rum, but Malissa was sober and could easily dodge Honoria’s drunken attempts.

After a while Honoria gave up and collapsed into a state of unconsciousness. Malissa made sure the girl was face down in case she vomited before departing from the room. The moment the door was shut behind her, she sighed before voicing her thoughts on the matter.

“Trouble in paradise, huh? I’ll have to give that asshole a piece of my mind when I next see him!”



After saying this, she took a swig from the bottle of rum to calm her nerves before ascending to the helm where several of the crew members lie in wait. When they noticed their captain was not in tow, they looked at their first mate with a curious gaze.

“Where’s Honoria?”

Malissa merely shook her head before stating her honest opinion.

“Too drunk to do anything, I guess I’m in command. Tell me what’s going on?”

In response to this, the girls looked at each other before reporting to Malissa what a crew member had spotted.

“There appears to be a fleet flying the flag of the Knight’s Hospitaller. Though it’s strange, some of the ships are neither caravels nor carracks...”

When Malissa heard this, her brow raised as she asked for more information.

“What exactly are we dealing with?”

The girls looked at one another with gazes filled with confusion before shrugging their shoulders and reporting their honest opinion.

“I honestly don’t even know how to describe it. You can look for yourself...”

Malissa merely sighed before grabbing hold of a pair of binoculars and walking up the stairs to the top deck. When she arrived, she noticed that a relatively fierce storm was taking place within the Mediterranean and it immediately barraged her with a combination of wind and rain. Despite this, the first mate quickly looked through her binoculars and gazed upon the crusaders’ ships.

There were several dozen of them, and they appeared to be mostly the old carracks, caravels, and galleys, most likely repurposed from the remains of the Iberian, Venetian, and Genoan fleets. However, at the forefront of the armada were much larger vessels.

If Malissa had to describe their appearance, she would probably do so by saying these ships looked as if somebody had taken the sail plan off of a Berengar-Class Frigate, and plastered it onto an extended carrack. These extended carracks also had gun bays where thirty bronze cannons were stashed away on the broadside.

This fleet posed no threat to the German Navy, nor even a single Armored Frigate. However, they were a fearsome representation of the innovation that was going on in the Catholic world as they desperately tried to catch up to the German Empire. It was at this moment that Malissa climbed back down into the helm and issued an order to her telegram operator.

“Inform the SMS Berengar of what we have spotted, and ask for further orders...”

The girl quickly nodded her head and sent the message to the SMS Berengar, which was the flagship of the Fleet. Onboard said vessel, Berengar was relaxing in his personal quarters when he suddenly received a knock on the door. He quickly walked over and opened it to see his Grand Admiral staring at him with a report in his hands. The man said nothing and simply handed it to his emperor, waiting for a response.

Berengar gazed over the report and a smile formed on his face. It would appear that the first wave of crusaders had begun their invasion of the Holy Land. In response to this, Berengar handed the paper back to the Grand Admiral and said one simple phrase.

“Do nothing... Let’s see how they react to our presence.”

After saying this, Berengar climbed to the top deck, and stood in the middle of the pouring rain, gazing off the starboard side towards the Hospitaller fleet. As the ships neared each other, it became dreadfully apparent of the different eras the German Empire and its enemies were in.

Steam engines powered Berengar’s mighty fleet and his vessels were armored with steel while the crusaders were still on wooden sailing ships that were dwarfed in comparison by the frigates of the German Fleet.

The maritime flag of the German Empire flew proudly in the raging winds as Berengar smiled and stared at the Hospitaller fleets, who simply passed him by with shocked expressions on their faces. One crusader in particular reached for his arkebuse, but was halted by his commander.

The last thing the Hospitaller Order needed were these steel behemoths raining their guns down upon them. Thus, the two fleets silently passed each other by, one heading west to the new world, and another heading east to the Holy Land.

It was only after Berengar’s ship was no longer visible to the Hospitaller fleet they sighed in relief. Meanwhile, the German Emperor himself smiled as he descended back down into the lower decks, satisfied with the results of his plans.

The Catholic World would send their full might to reclaim the holy land, and fight a war against the combined power of the Byzantine and Timurid Empires, from Berengar’s perspective the likelihood of a papal victory was slim, but the damage it would cause to the Timurid Empire would keep the two factions in check.

Either way, things were progressing smoothly, for now Berengar did not care about the war for the Holy Land, if something unexpected happened he would be notified by Telegram, and could respond in kind, giving orders at a moment’s notice on how to respond.

What was more important was the vast wealth he would get with his conquest of the meso-America. How he would manage to do such a thing with so few forces, that was something that the history of his past life had already taught him.

#### Chapter 617: Landing on the Coast of Mesoamerica

Berengar sat back in his vessel and gazed upon a map that he had created. This was a map that was drawn from memory about Mexico and the current political alliances of the region. The year in this world was 1424, which meant that he was roughly four years away from the creation of the Aztec Empire.

Instead, if this world were to have followed his past life’s timeline exactly, there would be three major city states that had yet to align with one another and form the mighty Aztec Empire. Truth be told, Berengar could not be certain that this was the case.

The reality was that this world differed vastly from his past life. Not only had major historical events and figures changed, but the map of the old world itself differed completely from the history he knew. It was entirely possible that not only had the Aztec Empire been formed early in this timeline, but perhaps they had even conquered several of their neighbors, making the state larger and more powerful than it was in the history of his past life.

Either way, Berengar needed to be prepared for whatever it was he came to face. It was at this moment that a knock resounded on his door with a stern voice from the other side.

“My Kaiser, We have arrived....”

Berengar sighed when he heard this and rolled up the map before exiting his quarters. As he climbed to the top deck, he gazed upon the Aztec coastline with a wide grin on his face. In this life, he was able to use his memories of history to come to the New World in advance of the other powers, and secure its resources for himself. The only thing he had to contend with were the native kingdoms.

Now, he could finally get his hands on the absurd amount of Gold the Spanish introduced to their economy during the 16th and 17th centuries. Supposedly, if history was anything to go by, the Spanish had encountered so much gold that they broke their economy with it. However, in this life, all of that wealth now belonged to Germany, and Berengar would kill anyone who impeded such a thing.

It did not take long for the German fleet to come into the bay and anchor their vessels, deploying the boats necessary to bring the troops to shore. When Berengar first step foot on the beaches, he gazed into the distance and smiled. This would be the perfect area to create a new colony, if only they did not have such troublesome neighbors.

The moment Honoria touched the ground, she ran up to her husband and kissed him on the lips, apologizing profusely for her previous behavior.

“I’m sorry that I overreacted. Can you ever forgive me?”

Berengar was startled. It had been weeks since he had revealed his secret to Honoria, and judging by the way she reacted, he thought that potentially their relationship was over. Instead, he received a pleasant surprise the moment she next encountered him. Thus, he chuckled lightly as he kissed her back. With a shit-eating grin on his face, he bopped her nose with his finger and whispered something in her ear.

“I suppose I can, but you will have to make it up to me later...”

Honoria flushed in response and silently nodded her head, understanding what he meant. As the couple were enjoying their time together, the rest of the German Marins began their landing, followed by the soldiers of the German Army, and the engineering corps.

Berengar was adamant that a proper stronghold be built as quickly as possible, and a port with it. It was no exaggeration to say that there was a major threat further inland, and Berengar wanted a secure base of operations. Because of this, he had brought a sufficient supply of granite and mortar to build a proper star fort on the coastline.

This was part of the reason Berengar had not invaded the region of meso-America until now. He needed to transport such vast quantities of stone, and his warships were simply incapable of carrying the vast loads.

However, with his new Dominion Class vessels, he could store several thousand tons of stone, allowing him to bring the materials to rapidly construct a star fort. With 1,000 men to use as labor and the materials, theoretically, he could build his fortress in a matter of weeks.

After all, it took twenty-four hours for his mortar to set and though it would not be fully cured, it could provide a reasonably solid structure when combined with granite blocks. At the very least, it could resist any weapons that the Aztecs may possess.

As the beachhead was secured by the marines, the engineers brought over the supplies and moved them onto the coast. Small boats ferried important pieces of machinery from the vessels, such as steam shovels, steam cranes, and other construction equipment. Within the first three hours of landing in the new world, excavation had begun, and preparations for setting the foundation of a star fort were being made.

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Around the same time as the German Landing, a band of Jaguar Warriors was chasing after an escaped slave. Among their ranks was a beautiful young woman, who wore nothing but the skins of a Jaguar. One of her sizeable breasts laid bare. The only concealment was war paint made from the blood of her victims.

The sun glistened on the woman's tanned abdominal muscles as she pranced after her target as if she herself was the physical embodiment of the creature whose skin she wore. Just when she was in reach of launching her atlatl, a loud roar the likes she had never heard before echoed nearby, spooking the birds off of the trees and into the air.

Unknowingly, her weapon had slipped from her hand, and launched into the escaped slave's back, who stood in shock at the edge of a cliff. The spear penetrated the man's chest and sent his lifeless body rolling down the edge and onto the beach below.

When a nearby warrior saw what the woman had done, he ran over and complimented her for her kill.

"Great job, Princess! The punishment for fleeing captivity is death!"

Despite the kind words, the woman stared in disbelief, trying to comprehend what it was she had just heard. Eventually, she asked her comrades to see if she was simply imagining things."

"Did you hear that?"

The man looked at her with confusion in his eyes and was just about to speak when he heard the shouting of several men, in a language he did not recognize. He quickly rushed through the woods and onto the cliff below to investigate the noise.

When he gazed down at the beach below, he could not believe his eyes. Golden-haired men with pale skin and blue eyes were dressed in clothing he did not recognize, carrying weapons he could not comprehend. However, the most insane thing of all was that these men came from the east, beyond the great sea in massive vessels, using machines to dig out the sand on the beaches below.

Some of these men were inspecting the corpse that had fallen from the cliff above, and when they gazed up to see where he had come from, they witnessed the sight of the native warrior with a weapon in his hand. Immediately, the German soldiers reacted by raising their weapons and shouting at the native.

“Drop your weapons! Drop them now!”

Unfortunately, the communication barrier was too strong to overcome, and after seeing their hostile weapons and speaking in an aggressive tone, the jaguar warrior did not react as the Germans had expected and charged down towards them.

Unfortunately, he was dealing with men equipped with vastly superior weapons and the squad of soldiers instantly fired their rifles, sending their .45-70 projectiles straight into the man’s torso, claiming his life in the process.

The woman who had accompanied the jaguar soldier immediately cried out in shock as she witness the death of her comrade.

“Tlanoch!”

However, as the Germans overheard her shrieks, they rapidly reloaded their weapons and fired in her general direction, narrowly missing her in the process. The Princess immediately collapsed to her knees in fear and ran off in the opposite direction.

She could not believe what she had just seen. These men who had so ruthlessly gunned down her comrade resembled the god Quetzalcoatl and had come from the east where he was said to be banished. On a one reading year nonetheless, were these the envoys of the great feathered serpent? If so, why were they hostile? These were the thoughts that flooded the woman’s mind as she ran away from the bloody scene.

Meanwhile, Berengar had heard the gunshots and rushed over to the location where he witnessed the two dead natives lying in the ditch created by the steam shovel. He glanced around and addressed the NCO in charge of the squad.

“Where did they come from? Are there any more of them?”

The sergeant immediately saluted his officer and reported what limited information he knew about the situation.

“We heard a woman wail after we shot the big one. However, after firing a volley, she appears to have escaped into the woods. As for the smaller one, it appears that big guy was chasing him, and had a spear thrown through his chest. It all happened so fast...”

Berengar nodded his head and gazed into the hills above with a devilish smirk on his face before issuing his orders.

“Alert the patrols we have come into contact with potentially hostile natives. As for the one who escaped, I will get her, quickly fetch me my horse, and the members of my royal guard. It appears a chase is in order.”

The sergeant immediately saluted and responded in the affirmative.

“Yes, my Kaiser!”

After saying this, the Germans were alerted to the presence of the hostile natives and become on edge. Meanwhile, Berengar would begin the pursuit of the mysterious woman with his royal guard in tow.

#### Chapter 618: The Great Pursuit

News spread like wildfire in the German camp. Despite just landing hours ago, Natives had already revealed themselves and proven to be hostile. Before Honoria could even react, her man was leading a pursuit into the unknown landscape. By the time she figured out what was going on, Berengar was already gone. Leaving the byzantine princess to curse the man she loved.

“Bastard! I thought we were supposed to do this together!”

While Honoria lamented her lot in life. Berengar was In the woodlands, where he rode on top of his mighty red steed. A cavalry sword was in his left hand, while the reins were in his right. He skillfully maneuvered through the dense woods in pursuit of a woman who had witnessed his people’s landing.

If she were to report back to whatever Kingdom she hailed from, it would only cause further conflict. For the safety of the German landing party, she needed to be captured or eliminated. Thus, he had personally led the charge as he wanted to get this over with as quick as possible.

Though the woman had a head start, she was, after all, only on foot. The speed and maneuverability of cavalry posed a significant advantage to the German host. However, there was one serious matter they were lacking in, and that was knowledge of the local terrain. Though they knew the general direction she had gone in, they could only follow the clues left behind from her retreat of locate the woman of interest.

While Berengar was in pursuit, the female jaguar warrior had regrouped with her allies and informed them of what she had witnessed.

“I’m telling you, there were several hundred, maybe a thousand, of these golden-haired, white skin men. Several of which could conjure thunder. With a simple pointing of a stick, they murdered Tlanoch as if he were a mere ant!”

A particularly large and burly warrior scoffed when he heard such words. A group of golden-haired, white skin men coming from the east, possessing the ability to conjure thunder. What were they, the offspring of the feathered serpent? Because of this absurdity, he was not afraid to express his disbelief.

“Princess Tlexictli, with all due respect, I think you should lay off the mushrooms. They are starting to affect your mind!”

The young princess immediately pouted as she urged her party to retreat.

“Fine, believe me, don’t believe me, I don’t care. The fact of the matter is that our mission is complete, and my father will be furious if something were to happen to me. There is no reason to stay here, especially after what I have seen!”

The warrior scoffed once more. He was about to tell the Princess what he really thought of her wild claims. However, before he could utter a word, the scout of the party lifted his ear from the ground and interrupted.

“Something is coming... I don’t know what it is. It sounds like a group of beasts I’ve never heard before.”

Tlexictli eye’s grew wide in shock, and immediately shouted to her comrades.

“Quick, hide! It’s them!”

Before the team could react, the Princess had run off and climbed into a large tree. Gazing down at the area below where her friends were too slow to react. The beating of hooves resounded as Berengar and his squad came across the Jaguar warriors.

The natives raised their weapons in fear when they realized what their princess had said was accurate. One of them immediately pulled out a blowgun and prepared to strike, however before he could react, Berengar retrieved his revolver with his free hand and fired a round straight into the man’s skull, killing him on the spot.

The loud thunder combined with the splattering of the man’s brains caused the other jaguar warriors to freeze in trepidation. They were absolutely terrified of what they had just witnessed. Before they could get their act together, the German cavalry pulled out their lassos and ensnared the surviving native warriors, jumping off their horses to hogtie them on the ground.

Berengar immediately noticed that no woman was present, and thus he climbed off his horse and gazed around at his surroundings, looking for the missing member of the squad. Despite his best efforts, the thick foliage had successfully concealed the warrior princess as she glared at the one eyed man with hatred in her eyes.

Berengar immediately grabbed hold of one of the hogtied men, and pressed him against a rock, pointing the revolver to his skull, and pulling back the hammer as he shouted at the man in the german tongue.

“Where is she!?!”

The warrior in question was the same man who had believed that the Princess was making up a fairy tale. He gazed up toward where the woman hid, and said nothing, instead spitting on Berengar’s face in a last act of defiance.

Enraged by this behavior, Berengar head butted the man, instantly dropping him to the knees where the German Emperor slashed at the man’s neck with his blade. The cold steel edge easily cut through the spine and severed his head.

When Tlexictli saw this, she could only bite her tongue in order to silence the scream rising within her. She swore she would taste this one eyed man’s blood before the days were over. As for Berengar, the moment he realized he would not get any information from these men, he ordered for their lives to be terminated.

“Kill them, and search for the girl. She couldn’t have gotten far!”

With this order given, the members of the Royal Guard raised their rifles and gunned down the captives mercilessly before searching their surroundings. As for Berengar, he searched the area for any clues where the woman might be hiding.

While he was doing this, Tlexictli climbed in the tress above, stalking the members of the German Royal Guard like a sly jaguar. Only when the men were alone did she strike? The woman reached into her belt

and grabbed hold of her obsidian headed axe before jumping off the branch and onto the back of one of the German soldiers, covering his mouth with her hand and slitting his throat with the sharp edge of her stone axe.

Aside from the noise caused by the tumble, not a single sound had escaped into the surroundings, allowing her to stealthily retreat to the trees above. She repeated this tactic until Berengar was all alone, returning to the bloody scene where the German Emperor inspected his surroundings.

As the leader of these foreigners, and the man who issued the order to slaughter her comrades, Tlexictli knew that Berengar's death had to be slow and painful. Thus, she stealthily approached him as he was kneeling down and observing footprints. Just when she was about to incapacitate her target, he spun around and raised his revolver to her face, saying a single word.

"Clever girl..."

However, in the next moment, Berengar's smug expression vanished and was replaced with one of fear as the yellow eyes of these regions' greatest predator revealed themselves from the shadow. While Tlexictli had been hunting Berengar's men, she too was being pursued by a vicious jaguar, enraged by the sight of its slain kin being worn so proudly over the woman's naked figure.

Berengar reacted before the Jaguar could pounce, pushing the woman out of the way, and raising his sword in the air as the creature jumped where she once knelt, skewering itself in the process. The jaguar wailed and roared as in its death throes, trying its best to take the man who had so violently penetrated its abdomen with it into the afterlife.

The German Emperor struggled to reach for his revolver that had been knocked to the floor in the scramble as he evaded the creature's jagged teeth, which snapped towards his neck in an attempt to claim his life. The only thing keeping it at bay was the sword embedded in its guts. Eventually, Berengar grabbed hold of the gun and raised it to the beast's skull, squeezing the trigger and blowing out its brains.

After killing the Jaguar, Berengar retrieved his blade, sheathing it into his scabbard. By the time he recovered, he noticed that the woman had assumed a fighting position, and was encircling him. Clearly, their little dance was far from over. Recognizing the danger he was in, Berengar lifted his revolver once more and sighed heavily in defeat before revealing his thoughts..

"I really do not want to have to kill you. It is against my moral code to kill a beautiful young woman such as yourself. I thought that by saving your life, you may have come peacefully, but I can tell by the hatred in your eyes that this will only end with one of our deaths. I'm sorry.... But your time has come."

Just as he was about to squeeze the trigger, the girl pounced on him like a wild beast, causing him to miss his shot. Where she grabbed ahold of him and launched the two of them off the edge of a nearby cliff. The duo tumbled into the dirt and rocks below as they fell down into a river, completely unconscious. By the time the two rivals awoke from their state, they would have floated downstream, to a strange and foreign land.

Chapter 619 working Together to Survive



Hours had passed since Berengar and Tlexictli fell over the cliff's edge. Lying on the riverbed was the young German Emperor who awoke from his unconscious state with a sore head and a damp body. His first instinct was to look around him and survey his surroundings. The moment he finally gained clarity, he realized he was alone in the jungle, with nothing but his sword and a few loose bullets to keep him company.

After coming to this realization, he desperately searched for his compass, which he immediately realized was missing. It must have fallen out of his pouch when he was tumbling down the cliff, or so he thought. Berengar groaned as he stretched his legs, and rose from the riverbed, stretching his sore body to ensure that everything was still functional.

After confirming that he was miraculously uninjured, Berengar gazed off into the distance. Large wooded cliffs and a relatively narrow river surrounded him. Aside from that, all he could see was a waterfall in the distance. A single thought escaped his lips as he realized the precarious situation he was in.

"I am so fucked..."

He had only one hope: find the woman he had fallen off the cliff with, and coerce her to lead him back to his camp. Unfortunately, she was not within his immediate vicinity, and it was entirely possible that she flowed down a different path in the river. With only one immediate landmark visible to him, Berengar headed to spring below the waterfall, hoping to find something of value.

Berengar marched for several hundred yards on the edges of the unknown river before arriving at his destination, it appeared that God favored him. For the moment he approached the pond, he spotted the woman he had been chasing. There was visible pain on the woman's pretty face as she stretched her ankle and grunted in agony.

Berengar took a moment to thoroughly examine the native beauty. She was young, not even in her mid-twenties, and she had short brown hair in a style similar to a bob. She had an athletic frame which was stacked with muscle, with a defined six pack. Evidently, she spent a large amount of time engaging in physical fitness. Which was not surprising when he considered the fact that she was an Aztec jaguar warrior.

Other noticeable features were the red war paint that adorned her face and body. Which concealed her bare breast. If Berengar had to guess, she was sporting C cups, which were just the right size, in his opinion, for a fit woman like her.

He nodded his head in approval of the woman's beauty. Not everyone could understand the appeal of fit women, but he was a man of culture and truly appreciated the hard work this native girl had put into her health.

After a while, the woman noticed Berengar examining her and flushed with embarrassment before grabbing hold of her obsidian hatchet and attempting to charge at him. Unfortunately, she had severely sprained her ankle during the fall and was in no condition to fight. Thus she collapsed into the river, glistening her already damp tan skin with water.

Berengar noted this and chuckled before helping the woman out of the river. The first thing he did was confiscate her weapon, which she immediately reacted to, struggling to gain possession of her

obsidian ax. However, Berengar was stronger, and swifter, thus he easily secured the weapon in his personage. He simply could not risk the woman being armed during negotiations.

After all, she was his only guide out of this foreign territory. However, coercing her into assisting him would take all of his charm, especially when one considered they could not communicate with one another through language.

The woman struggled out of Berengar's grip and tried to punch him. However, Berengar was obviously stronger, and merely wrestled her to the ground while pinning her arms to the sandy floor. There was simply nothing she could do other than avert her gaze and bite her lips as she feared the worst treatment by her captor.

Berengar did not take the bait, and instead continued to hold her until she relented to his control. After several minutes of struggle, the woman looked up at him in shock, stunned by the fact that he did not rape her. Berengar noticed her confusion and merely responded by whispering in her ears.

"Are you going to behave now?"

Though Tlexictli could not understand what the strange one eyed man was saying, she knew it was not hostile by the tone of his voice, and if anything it was playful. Thus, there was a confused expression on her face as she tried to communicate with this stranger from the east.

"You're not going to claim my virtue?"

Berengar did not know what the woman was saying, but he could tell by the tone of her voice it was a question. Thus, he took the safe route and assumed she was asking whether he would kill her. Thus, he shook his head in response. His actions confused the woman, as rape was a common consequence of war, and she expected this golden-haired man to force himself on her after achieving his victory.

Upon seeing the confusion on her face, Berengar released his control and lifted his hands in a non-threatening gesture, communicating with body language the need for cooperation. He achieved this by pointing to her ankle, then pointing to the cliff above. Emphasizing that she could not make the trek herself. He then pointed to himself and his surroundings while shaking his head.

"You can not walk, and I do not know where I am. Only together can we escape this pit alive. So, shall we work together to overcome our current predicament?"

After several failed attempts, Berengar managed to successfully convey his thoughts, leaving the woman to ponder on the proposition. She knew it was her best option for survival, but if she led this man to safety, he would surely keep her as his captive. Preventing her from warning her people about the strange invaders that had entered her father's lands.

However, if she did not accept his proposition, she would die here long before she recovered from her injury. It all came down to what was a worse fate, captivity, or death. If she were to judge by how her own people treated captives, then she would surely choose death. Do you want to read more chapters? Come to p a n d a – n o v e l, c o m

However, this man had already showed his unwillingness to harm her, and considering the possibility that he might be the envoy of the feathered serpent, or gods forbid the deity Quetzalcoatl in the flesh, then perhaps risking captivity might be worth it.

Thus, after careful consideration, Tlexictli nodded her head, and motioned for Berengar to carry her up the cliff, a task the German Emperor was well prepared to take. Berengar immediately lifted the girl up into a piggyback position and instructed her to form a body triangle around him, securing her grip over him and freeing his hands for climbing.

He had to fight every instinct he had of freeing himself from such a secure grip, and instead pursue his path out of the narrow river valley. The strength that this golden-haired man exuded as he carried not only his own bodyweight but hers as well impressed the Aztec Princess.

Berengar climbed up the cliff side as if he were a seasoned rock climber, never looking down, and never fumbling. A single mistake would surely mean their deaths, and despite this pressure, he continued upward into the sky until he reached the ledge.

With all the strength in his body, Berengar latched hold of the cliff edge and pulled himself and Tlexictli onto the plateau above. Sweat had accumulated across his body, and he breathed heavily as he unfastened his collar and medals, pulling open his hussar's tunic while showing off his glistening pale pecs.

Upon seeing this, Tlexictli realized where his strength came from. It turned out this man was every bit as a warrior as her comrades who he had slain, and was not merely relying on the mystical powers of thunder to achieve victory.

As the two rested on the ledge above, a pair of jewel-like eyes gazed upon the duo from the distance. Hidden within the woods was the figure of a woman whose face was obscured by a bird headdress. This strange woman smirked as she gazed upon the duo's escape from the river valley. Unknowingly to Berengar, she praised him and his efforts as she spoke in a long forgotten language.

"Impressive... I see now why they have chosen him... I look forward to playing with the boy emperor when he enters the ancient city..."

After saying this, the woman vanished into thin air, as if she had never existed to begin with. In her place, a dense fog dispersed and filled the area. Berengar and Tlexictli gazed in shock, entirely unaware that a supernatural presence was responsible for the sudden turn of the weather. It would appear their ability to navigate through the dense jungle had become a troublesome matter.

#### Chapter 620: The Search for the Missing Emperor

Honorio rode upon horseback through the dense woods as she desperately searched for her missing husband. It had been twelve hours since Berengar rode off in search of the witness to the German slaughter, and the byzantine Princess had become dreadfully worried. For the last three hours, she and the soldiers searched frantically for any clue regarding the whereabouts of their absent emperor, only to come up empty.

With an oil lamp tied around her horse's neck, Honorio continued to delve deep into the woodlands, searching for the man she loved. Finally, after hours of effort, she heard some good news as one of her girls called out to her from a few yards ahead.

"Honorio! Over here, I think I have found something!"

Upon hearing this, the Pirate Queen snapped her reins and charged after her comrade, where she witnessed a gruesome sight. The eaten remains of various humans lie on the ground, with shredded clothing and scattered weapons. It was nearly impossible to identify any of the men who had died in this struggle and thus, Honoria broke out into tears, believing that her husband had been slain.

However, in the next moment, one soldier climbed up from the cliff below and presented two items, Berengar's revolver and his compass, as well as a few scattered bullets that had followed him on his fall into the river below. When Honoria noticed this, she felt as if her heart might explode, and quickly asked for clarification on what had happened.

"What have you found? Is the Emperor dead!?!"

The man shook his head before relaying the information he had gathered from the site.

"It appears there was an armed struggle. Judging from the weapons we have found littering the scene above, the Royal Guardsmen are dead, as well as several hostiles. However, judging from the condition of the hillside, the Emperor was thrown over the ledge and tumbled into the river below, most likely floating downstream. It is possible he is still alive."

Honoria sighed in relief as she heard this, she took several moments to wipe the tears from her eyes, and steel her resolve before issuing her orders.

"Then what are we waiting for? We must follow this river at once. I will not rest until I find my husband, or what remains of him."

The soldier immediately saluted the Byzantine Princess and responded in the affirmative.

"Yes, ma'am!"

With this said, Honoria pulled out a flare gun and fired a green flare straight into the sky, marking their location to the nearby search teams, alerting them they found a clue to the Emperor's whereabouts. After doing this, she gave an additional order.

"Have some men stay behind and explain the situation. The rest of you. Come with me. We must find Berengar before something happens to him. I pray to God that we are not too late!"

After saying this, she snapped her reins once more and charged down the hillside, into the river valley, following its course downstream in the desperate hope that she could find her man safe and sound.

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While Honoria was searching for Berengar, he was in the thick fog within the woodlands above the river valley, wandering aimlessly, praying to whatever deity that was listening, hoping some hidden jaguar or poisonous snake did not take advantage of his poor condition.

Latched onto his back in a body triangle was the Princess of the Aztec Empire. Though Berengar did not know it, certain events had changed in this timeline that allowed the Aztec Empire to form a decade earlier, and the woman he had been pursuing so ruthlessly was actually its third princess who had elected to live the life of a jaguar warrior.

As the two blindly traversed through the treacherous terrain, a shimmering light appeared in the fog. It was the color of emeralds, and was moving along the ground with each of Berengar's steps as if providing a safe path for the duo to walk upon. Berengar was stunned when he saw this. Perhaps he was in the middle of another supernatural encounter. As for Tlexictli, she began speaking in her own tongue. Surprisingly Berengar could now understand her words.

"My gods, could it be?"

Berengar immediately looked behind him and over at the woman in shock before expressing his disbelief on the German tongue.

"What did you just say?"

It was now Tlexictli's turn to be astonished. Even though she heard the foreign words of the German Language, she could understand them as clear as day. She immediately questioned if she was hearing things and asked for clarification.

"You can understand me?"

Berengar silently nodded his head with a befuddled expression. How was this possible? Then again, when he thought about it, he had previously understood the girl who he believed to be the ancient Germanic Goddess Baduhenna. When he had that vision in the woods within the borders of Frisia, he could understand the little girl clearly, despite the fact that she spoke an ancient and forgotten predecessor to the German language. Do you want to read more chapters? Come to [panda-novel.com](http://panda-novel.com)

The duo stared at each other in disbelief. There were so many questions that they wanted to ask, but before the Aztec princess could ask the question that was most prevalent within her mind, Berengar interrupted her.

"We should save any questions we have for later and follow this path. I doubt whatever being is responsible for this would be happy if we deviated from the red carpet they have laid out for us."

Though Berengar had used an idiom from his past life, somehow the girl understood what he meant, and simply nodded her head in silence as the two followed the glowing path. After several miles, they reached the ruins of an ancient and abandoned civilization.

Berengar gazed upon the many pyramids that existed in the city with a shocked expression. However, one such architectural marvel stood out above all others and when Berengar witnessed its glory, expressed the single thought that dwelled in his mind.

"The Pyramid of the Sun... How is this possible?"

Berengar gazed upon the abandoned ancient city with an awe filled gaze. Unlike what he expected to find, the city, which had been abandoned for close to a thousand years, was in pristine condition, as if it had been taken care of all these years without the slightest sign of decay. Tlexictli immediately stared at Berengar in disbelief. She could not fathom how this foreigner from across the great sea knew about the great city of Teotihuacán and could only scoffed in response.

“Impossible, the City of the Gods is a ruin. I have seen it with my own eyes. Whatever this place is, it is completely intact, as if it was abandoned just mere days ago.”

Berengar shook his head. He did not have an answer for this, but he knew for a fact that what he was looking at was the city of Teotihuacán. Just when he was about to lecture the girl, a woman appeared out of nowhere, wearing a feathered headdress in the shape of a bird. It completely concealed her features.

When Berengar saw this, he knew he had encountered another pagan deity, and he instantly kneeled before the goddess. Tlexictli, on the other hand, screeched in shock and cried out to the strange woman who appeared out of thin air.

“Who are you? Where did you come from?”

The woman smirked beneath her headdress before waving her hand. The moment she did so, Tlexictli fell asleep on Berengar’s back. Berengar gulped his sweat in fear that the woman might harm him, however despite his reservations, he stood his ground. When the woman saw this, she chuckled before expressing her disbelief.

“So she has given you the boon of courage? Interesting... I never thought I would see the day where that old hag so freely gave away such a powerful gift.”

Berengar immediately knew who she was talking about and gazed at the woman in front of him in disbelief before voicing his thoughts.

“Old hag?”

The mysterious goddess chuckled when she heard this before criticizing Berengar’s naivety.

“She may look like a small child, but believe me when I say that she is older than I am. Though I’m not surprised you are unaware of such a thing. After all, your people lacked a written language during the days following what you would call the Nordic Bronze Age.”

Berengar could not believe what he was hearing. Not only was this woman claiming to be a goddess, but she also knew about his people. The mysterious woman merely giggled as she saw the look on his face and made a cryptic comment to clarify matters.

“What? Do you seriously think that just because you humans lack the means to communicate with one another over long distances, that us deities are bound to the same rules? I mean, we are gods, after all. So, yes, I am aware of the other pantheons, and the history of the people who worship them.”

Berengar struggled to comprehend what he was hearing, but the woman cut him off before he could ask for clarification.

“Leave the girl behind. I give you my word that she will be safe within the boundaries of my city. We have much to discuss alone...”

Berengar did not question the orders he was given and merely bowed his head before leaving Tlexictli behind as he walked off towards a distant pyramid, following the curvy figure of the mysterious goddess to her temple.

