

Steel 631

Chapter 631: An Unwanted Mercy

Berengar sat within the holding cell of the Princess of the Aztec Empire. There was a wide grin on his face as he sipped from a cup of coffee. Though Tlexictli had not acted as witness to the senseless slaughter that had just unfolded, she could tell by the smug smirk on Berengar's face, as well as the overwhelming scent of death in the air, that the Germans had killed a considerable amount of her people. Thus, her eyes were filled with tears as she questioned why Berengar was being so cruel to her.

"What have I ever done to deserve such animosity from you? Why do you make me sit here in this cell and witness the death of my people?"

Berengar scoffed as he heard this, before giving the young woman a blunt answer.

"You killed three of my men. You think I had forgotten such a thing? These are men I personally knew, whose families I have to explain their deaths to. You want to act like you're some dainty and harmless princess, but the reality is you are a savage and a killer. The only reason I haven't put you to death is because I need you as a bargaining chip in the negotiations with your father.

Your first instinct when coming into contact with my people was murder. Think of this from our perspective. We come to your lands in pursuit of land and resources to sustain the growth of our Empire. Completely unaware that there is a native civilization here, and the first contact we have with your people is witnessing a murder take place right in front of our very eyes. Then, after dealing with one of the murderers, the other flees into the woods. Naturally, this poses a security threat to us, so we pursue the absconding criminal.

When we finally catch up with you, you act with further hostility, killing three of my bodyguards, and even attempt to murder me in cold blood. Sure, we used each other to survive in the wilderness, but that does not mean I have pardoned you for your crimes. So I have decided that your sentence is to act as a witness to my conquest of your people.

I will restrain you, then I will force you to follow me into every battle I wage, every village I slaughter, and eventually I will force you to bear witness as I march into your capital as a conquering hero. After you have done this, I will use you as a bargaining chip to force your Empire into submission.

Then, after you have served your sentence, you will be free to do as you please with your life. Because I have decided to be merciful, even though you are undeserving of it. Frankly, your ungrateful attitude towards my benevolence has been emotionally taxing, to say the least."

Tlexictli stared at Berengar in disbelief. Did this man seriously just call her ungrateful? This was hardly a mercy. It was more akin to spiritual torture. She had never before in her life considered suicide, but at this very moment, it seemed like a viable alternative. Berengar immediately noticed what she was thinking and countered this thought with an even greater threat.

"I know what you are thinking, and I can promise you that if you decide to take your own life, I will burn your civilization to the ground. Every stone that has been used to build your temples will be dismantled and crushed to dust. Every field will be lit ablaze, and every last man, woman, and child will be

slaughtered like common pigs. History will have no record of your mighty Empire's existence. So how you choose to proceed will determine the fate of your people..."

The Aztec Princess was filled with despair as she heard these words, either suffer through the conquest of her Empire and servitude of her people, or condemn her entire civilization to extinction. These were hardly reasonable outcomes. Yet, these were the only two choices presented to her, as such, she nodded her head and wiped the tears from her eyes as she announced her decision.

"I understand, for the crimes I have committed against your people, I will bear witness to the conquest of my civilization."

Upon hearing this answer, Berengar smiled and nodded his head before taking another sip of his coffee. After doing so, he gave the woman her instructions.

"I am glad to see you have come to a reasonable conclusion. Prepare yourself. In the coming days, I will march my army further into your lands. You will wear the animal skins that you wore during your capture, as well as the war paint. I want the people of the Aztec Empire to witness what I have reduced their mighty warrior princess to."

Tlexictli nodded her head in silence. She had no choice but to agree to the German Emperor's demands. Though she hated herself for doing it, as she would essentially slander the reputation of the mighty Jaguar warriors, ultimately she did not have the power to resist. She could only accept whatever Berengar commanded her to do with a heavy heart. It was at this moment that a knock resounded on the door, which caused Berengar to call out in response.

"Come in."

After saying that, Honoria opened the door and appeared through the entrance, gazing upon the unseemly attire of the Aztec Princess with a frown on her lips. Is this how Berengar dressed his prisoners? The pirate queen could not help but express her discontent with the situation.

"Berengar, my love?"

When Berengar heard these words, he immediately felt a shiver down his spine. He knew Honoria would never call him anything but daddy, unless he was really pissed off. Thus, he gazed over with a forced smile as he went along with the woman's inquiry.

"Yes, dear?"

Honoria glared at Tlexictli once more, which made the Aztec Princess feel as if the temperature had dropped by twenty degrees. She had thought she was a fearsome woman, but the purple-haired beauty in front of her was far more frightening. Honoria did not hesitate but express her dissatisfaction with the woman's wardrobe.

"Why is this woman half naked? Surely you could have given her some more civilized attire."

Berengar returned his gaze to the chiseled figure of the Aztec princess before taking a sip from his coffee in silence. He would allow her to answer why she was so underdressed. When the Aztec Princess saw the German Emperor's gaze, she immediately understood what was going on and responded in a way she knew would get Berengar in trouble.

“What? Are you saying I’m not supposed to be dressed like this? I knew it was strange that this man constantly fondles my breasts, but he assured me it was part of his culture, so I relented...”

Berengar nearly spat out his coffee when he heard this response. He could practically hear the clicking of Honoria’s revolver, as if she had pulled back the hammer and prepared to execute him for his infidelity. However, in the next moment, when he gazed over at the woman, he realized it was just his imagination. Instead, she wore a murderous glare on her otherwise pretty face.

When Berengar saw this, he knew he needed to establish his dominance in the situation or else Tlexictli would continue to act in such an errant manner, thus he stood up from his seat and backhanded the Aztec Princess across the face before yelling at her for her misdeeds.

“You slanderous whore! Speak the truth, or I will make sure that your words come true!”

Tlexictli realized that she had messed up by trying to get Berengar in trouble with his wife. She could taste the blood from her lip as she struggled to fight the urge to pounce on Berengar. Ultimately, she sighed before revealing the truth of the matter.

“That was a lie. I just wanted to get some payback for the cruelty he has put me through...”

After hearing this Honoria sighed, it appeared for a moment that she had accepted Tlexictli’s apology, but in the next moment she grabbed the girl’s short hair and pushed her into the wall, while punching her in the gut. Tlexictli nearly spat out her lunch as she felt the fist collide with her solar plexus. After attacking the native woman, Honoria grabbed hold of her pretty face and whispered something in her ear.

“Lie about my husband again, and I will cut off one of your pretty little fingers! I promise you that you are not the first native whore I have sent to the afterlife!”

Tlexictli struggled to gain control of herself as she fell to her knees and gazed upon the demonic expression that had etched itself on Honoria’s stunning visage. She instantly realized that Berengar was not the person she should fear in her heart, rather it was his crazy wife that she needed to stay clear of. All she could do was nod her head and submit to Honoria’s will.

“I promise, I won’t make such a mistake again...”

After hearing this, the frightening look on Honoria’s face vanished and was replaced with an otherwise kind expression.

“Good girl... Behave yourself, or I will be back!”

After saying this, she gave a terrifying glance to Berengar, uttering a single phrase before leaving the room.

“Get this bitch some proper clothes. I don’t want to see her naked around you again...”

With that said, the Byzantine Princess departed from her Aztec counterpart’s quarters, leaving Berengar alone with the girl in a state of utter confusion. Just when had Honoria become so vicious?

Chapter 632: Peace and Prosperity in New Vienna

Arnulf stared at a stack of paperwork in his hands with a smile on his face. Throughout these past few years, the Colony of New Vienna had prospered immensely. Due to his skilled negotiations with the native peoples of the region, the German Empire had secured a large labor force that was paid for with food and shelter. Something Germany had an abundance of.

The Colony of New Vienna had gone from a small military fortress to a much larger settlement, filled with Germans and natives alike. Though disease had spread rapidly across the land, those who submitted themselves to an alliance with Germany would find basic medical treatment to help aid in recovery. Because of this, the death rate of the indigenous population of the region once known as New York in Berengar's previous life had been lowered drastically.

As the Colonial Governor, Arnulf had exceeded Berengar's reputation in the region, and this was in part because he had a completely different mindset of foreign policy than the esteemed emperor. As far as Arnulf was concerned, conflict with the Native populations was unsustainable, at least in the short term. For the time being, Germany simply did not have the number of vessels capable of transporting arms and munitions to the new world in vast enough quantity to completely overwhelm their potential enemies.

Thus, unlike Berengar, who was hellbent on conquest and dominance, Arnulf reacted by brokering mutually favorable peace treaties with the local tribes and confederations. Unlike in the other settlements of the New World, the natives had begun to accept and embrace the foreign colonizers as a beneficial existence. So much so that Arnulf's word was treated with much respect amidst disputes between the various tribal confederations. He had earned the nickname the "Great Peacemaker" as a result.

However, none had embraced the German colonials more so than Kahwihta, who was currently standing by Arnulf's side with an infant child in her arms. While Kahwihta had initially had romantic feelings for Berengar it had been years since the one eyed man last visited the colony, and as time passed by her interest in the man vanished, and was instead replaced with a strong foundation she had built with Arnulf over the years. The Colonial Governor had even taken her as one of his brides.

Kahwihta was no longer a mere translator, but was actually the secretary of the Colonial Governor. She had learned a lot about math, science, and history in her spare time and was an excellent example as to Arnulf's friendly policy with the natives. The young couple stared at each other lovingly as Arnulf finished approving the establishment of a local armory, as well as a local nitrary. When Kahwihta saw this, she was slightly surprised and voiced her confusion on the matter.

"Are we expecting a war anytime soon?"

Arnulf merely smiled when he heard this and shook his head before grasping hold of one of the woman's free hands while kissing it.

"No, not at all, but it is never a bad thing to be prepared. I still don't know much about the lands outside New Vienna, and there could be an existence that threatens everything we have built here. I have decided not to rely on the fatherland for support in terms of arms and munitions. You never know when the Kaiser will piss off some major power, and find himself in another war, incapable of tending to our needs."

When Kahwihta heard this she chuckled, reminiscing on the violent display she had witnessed when Berengar first set foot in the new world, after having many conversations with her newfound husband, she came to understand that the German Emperor was a bloodthirsty man hellbent on conquest, and was glad that she avoided falling prey to his charms. Thus, it was no surprise when she responded with a witty quip about the man in question.

“Berengar is an interesting man... Do you think there will ever be a day where he doesn't need conflict in his life?”

Arnulf scoffed as he heard this before breaking out a couple of mugs, which he quickly poured a hearty lager into from the keg in his office. After handing his wife one of the drinks, he shook his head before responding to Kahwihta's question.

“Honestly, I think he wants to die on the battlefield. I don't know what it is, but he believes because he has the power to force his will on others, that is the only solution to his problems. This attitude of might makes right has, in reality, made many enemies for the Empire. If we weren't so much superior to our enemies in terms of military technology, they would surely swarm us. I'm just glad that I am free to govern how I see fit here in New Vienna.”

Having said this, Arnulf took a large sip from his mug as if no amount of alcohol could put his worries at bay. When Kahwihta saw her husband was drinking in excess again, she smiled before calming his nerves.

“Slow down, I know what worries you, but I highly doubt the Kaiser is going to call you to war anytime soon. You have retired from the military and are now a politician. Besides, there's plenty of young blood to be shed in his wars. Why would he ever need you by his side?”

When Arnulf heard this, he felt much better about himself and slowed his drinking before taking a heavy sigh. He grabbed hold of native beauty and kissed her on the lips before reflecting on how good his life had become these past few years.

“You know, when he first gave me this position, I thought of it as an insult. After my years of loyalty and hard work, he awarded me with a crap lot of land to rule over, an ocean away from the fatherland. However, I have come to realize becoming the Colonial Governor of New Vienna is the best thing that could have ever happened to me.”

Kahwihta smiled when she heard this and nodded her head in agreement with her husband's assessment. Without Arnulf, it was entirely possible that the German expansion in New Vienna would have been a long and bloody process. It was only because Arnulf was a skilled diplomat that he was able to peacefully solve the disputes between the Colony of New Vienna and the natives.

She could not believe how quickly things progressed. With the unconditional support of the fatherland, its advanced agricultural practices, and mechanized equipment, the Colony of New Vienna had become the breadbasket of the region. However, it also had a significant interest in cash crops such as tobacco. As a result, it had become a wealthy and stable colony that was close to being on par with the fatherland.

Though there were no trains yet, nor many of the other technological marvels the fatherland was renowned for. Many of the inventions that existed in the fatherland that allowed for convenience had

found their way to New Vienna, creating a much more peaceful and stable life for those looking to escape the wars of Europe.

Thus, While Berengar was lighting the Aztec Empire ablaze in the flames of war, Arnulf was living a serene life, filled with prosperity and meaning. Ultimately, Kahwihta took a sip from her drink before commenting on the approval of the new armory, as well as a few other projects that Arnulf had green-lighted recently.

“Is it just me, or are you seeking to establish a self-sufficient colony here in New Vienna?”

When Arnulf heard this, he merely smiled and nodded his head before responding to his wife’s thoughts.

“Indeed, though I have much faith in Berengar to defend his Empire from any and all enemies he may create. The truth of the matter is I do not know how competent his successors will be, nor the content of their character. It is because of this that I am preparing New Vienna to be a haven for my people who wish to flee from whatever chaos may follow the Kaiser’s eventual death.”

When Kahwihta heard this, she broke out into giggles. She could not believe Arnulf was thinking so far ahead, thus she merely sighed before nuzzling her head against the broad chest of her husband.

“You are so wise, though I believe it will be many years before our Kaiser dies. You are right to assume that there could be some significant chaos within the fatherland when that happens. We are all so lucky to have you as our colonial governor...”

In response to this, Arnulf chuckled as he grabbed hold of his wife and child and dragged them into his embrace. Perhaps Berengar’s successor will be a greater man than himself, or perhaps he would be a bloodthirsty tyrant. Whatever might be the case, Arnulf intended for his own successor to have the same vision of peace and prosperity for the colonies in North Vinland that he had sought to establish. After all, he was well aware that Berengar intended New Vienna to be the first of many such settlements.

Chapter 633: Battle of the Three Armies Part I

In the Holy Land, a total of the three armies were gathered in the fields outside the city of Acre. The First and most powerful of these armies belonged to the mighty Byzantine Empire. Despite its technological advantage, it was a small force of roughly five thousand men in total. The Byzantines had not bothered to send the bulk of their forces to this battle and instead chose a small elite Brigade of Infantry who was equipped with Rifled Flintlocks, bayonets, and mirror pattern armor.

Supporting this Infantry Brigade was a single Artillery battalion which made use of the 1417 12 pdr Field Guns which the German Army had long since replaced, refurbished and sold to their allies. Unlike the German Army, these weapons were not issued explosive shells, rather solid projectiles and cannister shot.

The second largest Army present was the Timurid Army, which consisted of roughly ten thousand men. They were equipped with medieval weapons and armor. However, their forces varied in the use of infantry, archers, cavalry, and skirmishers. The Timurid Empire had yet to witness, or adapt to, the new era of warfare that had arisen in Europe as a result of Berengar’s interference in the timeline.

Finally, there was the Crusader Army, which comprised an English Detachment, a French force, and the Knights Hospitaller. These men were equipped with medieval pattern armor, but their weapons were more advanced than their Muslim counterparts. Matchlock firearms were common among the Crusader forces, employed as both arkebuses and primitive muskets. They were also supported by their own artillery, which came in the form of falconets and sakers. Though they were fewer than the cannons brought by the Byzantines. In total the Crusaders had roughly fifteen thousand men, making them numerically on par with their enemies.

One could say the fact that the English and French crowns who were at war with each other for decades were now fighting side by side was a miracle. One that resulted from the threat that the German Empire posed to the Catholic world at large. Despite the enmity between the two realms, they were not brothers in arms in the war against the heretics, and because of that, they had put their differences aside for the sake of this campaign.

Aubry had a smirk on his face as he gazed upon the hostile armies that had gathered in the distance. He was fairly certain that their army would be victorious. Though the numbers were the same between the two armies, they had more firearms than their enemies. Aubry had witnessed how effective these weapons were in the field, and because of that, he believed the Crusaders would be victorious. Thus, he decided to make a friendly wager with his English rival.

“Tell me, Lawrence, how much are you willing to bet that my Knights outperform your poorly trained and equipped forces?”

When Lawrence heard this, he scoffed, wanting to ignore the little boy king, but Aubry did not know when to quit, instead he tried to seduce his rival across the pond.

“What, no response? Don’t tell me you’ve fallen for me? Very well, I swear to God in heaven that if my forces fail to outperform yours, I will submit to you and become your lawful wedded wife...”

Lawrence could not believe what he was hearing. Was this boy right in the head? He had every desire to backhand his French counterpart across the face, but instead chose to calm his nerves before lecturing Aubry for his choice of words.

“Who the hell wants you as a wife? I’ll wager fifteen tons of silver that England will prove to be the most valuable asset in this battle!”

Aubry pouted when he heard this before accepting the deal. After all, his comment about becoming Lawrence’s wife was a mere joke. For the animosity between the two Kings could not be reconciled. Meanwhile, the Grandmaster of the Hospitaller Order gazed at the two European Kings with fury in his eyes. Could they be any more blasphemous in the holy Land? Thus, he chose to rebuke them for their foolishness.

“Can you two behave yourselves for a single moment? We are about to go into the field of battle, in the name of God. Your blasphemy will not be tolerated!”

In response to this, Lawrence remained silent, and Aubry chose to stick out his tongue when the Grand Master wasn’t looking. While the Crusader leaders were bickering with one another about whose forces would prove to be the most capable. The Byzantine and Timurid Commanders had a far more cordial conversation.

On the Byzantine side, the Strategos of Palestine himself was in command of the army. He was a relatively young yet powerful nobleman who had a proud lineage. Though he was not as capable as Palladius, or the late Arethas, he was one of the more trusted members of Vetranis' court. This man's name was Avienus Diogenus, and he had a wicked grin on his face as he gazed upon the Crusader army, with the Sultan of the Timurid Empire by his side.

"I never thought I would fight side by side with a Muslim against a christian army..."

Salan gazed over towards his Byzantine Counterpart with a pitiful expression. It must be the end of days for Christians to turn on their own brothers in favor of their Muslim neighbors. It was because of this that he wore a wry smile as he made a jest towards the Byzantine Strategos.

"You know, if it makes you feel better, you could always call off this alliance and backstab us in the heat of battle."

When Avienus heard this, he broke out into laughter. They both knew such a thing was not an option. They had committed to peace in the middle east, and the Catholics were now intruding on that peace. If the Byzantine Empire were to betray the Timurids after coming to such an extensive compromise, none of their neighbors nor allies would ever trust them again. Thus Avienus merely replies with a witty remark of his own. Do you want to read more chapters ? Come to [***,com](http://***.com)

"If you insist..."

After saying this, he did not wait for a response and instead snapped the reins of his horse propelling him forward to the front of his army as he issued a speech hoping to rally his soldiers together against the common enemy their feeble alliance was forced to contend with.

"It is by the wisdom of the Emperor that we now find ourselves fighting side by side with our former enemies. Peace has finally come to the Holy Land, and it is our sworn duty to defend it! The Catholics have come to intrude on that peace, and in doing so, force their heretical beliefs on every one of you! It is time for us to show our old rivals to the west that we are not the dying dog they think we are! For Glory, For the Empire, for the Holy Land!"

After this brief but powerful speech was concluded, the horde of Byzantine soldiers lifted their weapons into the air and called out to their commander in the same words he had spoken.

"For Glory, For the Empire, for the Holy Land!"

Upon seeing his speech had heightened the morale of his soldiers, Avienus issued the order to march towards the enemy army and begin the battle.

"Forward March!"

Similarly, on the Crusaders' side, the Grand Master of the Hospitaller Order gave his speech to rally his soldiers into battle.

"Centuries ago, we bled to ensure that the Holy Land returned to the hands of Christendom. At the time, the treaty we had made with the Byzantine Empire had clearly stated that the Holy Land would forever be a part of their empire, ensuring that Christians of all denominations could have safe passage on their pilgrimage.

The current Emperor has spit on those agreements, negotiating with the Saracens and Heretics alike to establish a false state, where Muslims are free to harm the followers of Christ with impunity. Today we come together, as many Kingdoms united under Christ, to drive the Saracens and the Heretics from the Holy Land and reclaim it for Christendom! God wills it!”

The moment the Grand Master of the Hospitaller Order concluded his speech, the soldiers in his army raised their weapons in the air and chanted their battle cry thrice.

“God wills it! God wills it! God wills it!”

With the two opposing sides completing their rallying cries, the three armies began to march into the field. This battle would be the first of many during the Last Crusade to the Holy Land, and would determine which faction had the most favorable start. Should the Byzantine and Timurid Alliance fail here in the fields outside Acre, the Crusaders would have a mighty stronghold for themselves to prepare for their campaign.

Should the Byzantine and Timurid Empires trounce the Crusader forces, the Crusaders would be forced back to the sea, where they would have to search for a new landing point. Thus, this battle would determine the course of the entire war.

Chapter 634: German Expansion

It had been days since the battle at the German Fortress had occurred. Since then, Berengar had marched his forces into the Jungle with a plot to conquer the Aztec Empire. At the moment, The German Emperor rode on the back of his mighty red steed. In one hand was the reins to his horse, and in the other was a leash tied to the Aztec Princess’ neck.

He had set out from his fortress with only five hundred men in tow. Among these soldiers were two infantry companies, and an artillery battalion which had split its six guns into two mk2 Schmidt guns, two revolving cannons, and two 7.5cm FK 22 field guns.

As for the remaining five hundred men, they were split into two units. These two units were the garrison tasked with protecting the German Fortress that had been established on the coastline. As well as a logistics unit, designed to resupply Berengar’s small force with munitions, and other necessary equipment to continue the fight.

Tlexictli had a flushed face as she held her head low in embarrassment. Her hands were tied behind her back and she was forced to march with a leash around her neck, following the German Emperor as if she were his greatest prize. Berengar paid no attention to the complex emotions that were all over the woman’s face as he dragged her through the woods.

The Aztec Princess could not help but stare at Berengar’s back with bitter hatred. This man had enslaved her, and she was not content with such a fate. After all, despite everything that had occurred, she was still a princess, and more importantly, a warrior. Despite this resentment, she could do nothing but obey her commands.

After several hours of marching, Berengar came across a small town which had makeshift fortifications around it. The German Emperor was cautious with his approach, and first sent out scouts, who returned to his position with their report.

“My Kaiser, it appears that several thousand of the survivors from the last battle are stationed in this village. Many of them are wounded. What should we do?”

A cruel smirk appeared on Berengar’s face as he issued his orders.

“Take cover on the hilltop above. We will use the rough terrain as our firing position. After we have set up our guns, we will rain fire upon the village, until there are no survivors.”

Upon receiving their orders, the German army circumvented the town and rose into the hills above. The artillery quickly set their guns up into the most advantageous position above the village, while the infantry surrounded them, creating a large barrier of soldiers who intended to protect their comrades with their lives.

As for Berengar, he dismounted from his horse, dragging the Aztec Princess with him behind a cliff, using a rock outcropping as cover. Berengar withdrew his cavalry carbine from his horse’s saddle. As a man who was currently acting as a Hussar, Berengar had access to three weapons: his cavalry sabre, his 1422 Service Revolver, and his Kar 22, which was a G22 redesigned as a cavalry carbine. Berengar ensured that his rifle was loaded, and the safety was off before giving the command to his troops to launch their attack.

“Open fire!”

With this command, a barrage of six guns went off, targeting the village below where the remnants of the Aztec Army remained. In particular, the explosive artillery pieces targeted the buildings that were believed to house the wounded. After all, with the natives level of medicine, they were all dead men anyway, and it was better to put them out of their misery.

The moment the native warriors heard the thunderous echo of the guns, they knew they had been followed. Thus, it was no surprise when they tried to hide within the buildings, foolishly believing that they would be protected from the explosive shells. Sadly, this was not the case, and many of the men who hid were buried alive, as their stone houses collapse on top of them.

Screams filled the air as the rooftops of the stone buildings crumbled into their inhabitants. Try as they might, there was simply no hiding from the overwhelming firepower of the German Army. When the Aztecs realized this, they knew there was only one chance of survival and that was to confront the foreign soldiers who were attacking them. In an act of desperation, the remaining Aztec warriors charged from their hiding places, and ran towards the hilltop where the German soldiers lay in wait for them.

When Berengar saw this, he carefully aimed his carbine before squeezing the trigger, sending a round into the chest of a man who was trying to climb atop the hill, the moment the massive .45-70 projectile punched through the man’s chest. He fell from the ledge onto his comrades below. Having killed his target, Berengar quickly pulled back the bolt of his rifle, ejecting the spent cartridge, before shoving a spare into the chamber and slamming the bolt forward.

While the infantry aimed towards those who were rising onto the hillside. The explosive artillery focused their blasts on the village. Thoroughly blasting apart any semblance of structures. As for the hand-cranked machine guns, they opened fire on the Aztec warriors alongside the infantry.

With the two guns combined, four hundred bullets rushed out of their twenty barrels in the span of a minute and into the climbing horde, cutting down anyone unfortunate enough to be hit by its massive lead spray. Do you want to read more chapters ? Come to [***,com](http://***.com)

Despite the fact that there were thousands of Aztec Warrior who had survived the battle and escaped to this village, the Germans held a superior position with overwhelming firepower; it was because of this that the enemy had a hard time reaching the German soldiers.

A few brave warriors climbed their way to the top of the cliff, preparing to strike the enemy with their obsidian weapons. However, the Germans were prepared for this, and merely poked out their rifles, shoving their sharp steel bayonets into the torsos of the Aztec warriors, before pushing them down onto the rising tide. The padded armor of the Aztecs was no match for the German bayonets.

A few of the smarter warriors tossed their atlatls towards the German position, however, their effect was limited. Because the Germans were taking cover behind rock cropping, and were in a prone position while firing, at most the stone spears would clang against the steel helmet of a German marine, before deflecting elsewhere.

All this accomplished was making these men a priority target as the German marines aimed their rifles towards the ranged warriors and blasted holes in their torsos. Claiming their lives in the process.

As the battle raged, Berengar noticed Tlexictli trying to escape. Before she could manage to do so, he yanked on her leash which was wrapped around her forearm and dragged her into the dirt where he climbed on top of the Aztec Princess and pinned her to the ground, using his own body as a shield to protect her from the missile fire. After all, he was wearing body armor that could protect his vitals, and she was unarmored.

Tlexictli was forced to bear the weight of Berengar's body while she watched as her captor expertly reloaded his weapon on top of her and fired at her people. She was completely, and totally helpless to do anything other than bear witness to the gruesome scene. As a jaguar warrior herself, she was well accustomed to bloodshed, but this was no battle. It was simply a massacre.

Eventually, the artillery ceased their fire, as the ruined village was left with thousands of dead bodies. Any more fire would simple be a waste of munitions. As for the German infantry, they too halted their fire as they gazed upon the scene of the slaughter. Below their hill were a sea of corpses, and those who survived were quickly gunned down for sport.

When Tlexictli gazed upon the scene, she now understood why Berengar had been so confident, with only a few hundred soldiers at his command. She could hardly believe that so few men had ruthlessly slaughtered an army. After Berengar had ensured that the area was secured, he lifted the woman up from the ground and dusted the dirt from her torso.

The woman stared at him with resentment in her eyes. She could not believe that the Germans had killed so many of her people in a matter of minutes. She was afraid to ask what Berengar's next plans was, luckily she did not have to as Berengar issued a command to his soldiers.

"We will hold up in the village until our munitions are resupplied. Afterward we will move onto the next village on our path to the Capital. I dare to see the Aztec Emperor deny my request with so many of his people slaughtered."

After saying this Berengar dragged Tlexictli into the ruined village, and tied her to a post, ensuring that she could not flee. The woman was filled with indignation as she gazed upon the bloodshed that had just occurred. If what Berengar said was true, this was the first of many such massacres that would come in the following days.

Chapter 635: Battle of the Three Armies Part II

In the fields outside the city of Acre, tens of thousands of soldiers marched towards each other. On one side was the mighty crusader army composed of fifteen thousand men, on the other was the Byzantine-Timurid alliance, which held an equal number of soldiers. While the infantry marched towards one another with killing intent, the artillery had begun to open fire on their adversaries.

The Byzantine Artillery officers were well disciplined, having received their training from German Military Advisors. The individual members of the artillery batteries loaded their weapons from the muzzle, before lighting the linstock and using it to ignite the cannon. With a thunderous echo, the cannonballs rained onto the crusader armies, blasting bodies apart as they burrowed their way through the enemy ranks.

Aubry was not the kind of man to lead his troops from the front, rather, he, like his English counterpart, stayed safely behind their own lines, and observed the battle as it took place in the field below. The boy king could not help but exclaim in shock as he witnessed the carnage inflicted on the crusader armies by the superior Byzantine artillery. He pouted lightly as he condemned Berengar for selling him bad goods.

“That German bastard! If I had known the cannons, he sold me were inferior to his allies, I would have never bothered paying full price!”

As he said this, another bombardment struck the Crusader lines, turning men into meat paste. However, because they were not explosive shells, the cannon balls were far less effective than the artillery that the German Army had at its command.

King Lawrence merely scoffed when he heard this before scolding the boy for his own stupidity.

“What? Did you honestly expect Berengar to sell you, a hostile neighbor, the same weapons that he sells to his allies? You’re more foolish than I thought...”

Despite his harsh words, the English king was more worried about what was happening with the byzantine Infantry. While the Timurid soldiers approached the Crusaders armies with religious fervor, the byzantine musketeers had stayed behind, and guarded the artillery, firing their rifled muskets at great distances into the enemy ranks, unwilling to approach the front lines while using their superior range advantage against the crusader forces.

The volley fire performed by the Byzantine Musketeers who reloaded their guns as quickly as they could ruthlessly cut the English, French, and Hospitaller forces down in massive swaths. Because they were lacking in quick loading tubes, it took the Byzantines well over ten seconds to load their guns before firing. However, despite this, they were still faster than the enemy arkebusiers, who still were not within range of firing their weapons. When the English King saw this overwhelming range advantage, he called out to the Crusader artillery and issuing them new orders.

“Focus your guns on the Byzantines! The Timurids are not a threat!” Do you want to read more chapters?

With this command, the Crusader artillery shifted the aim of their guns onto the smaller forces of the Byzantine Empire and fired their cannonballs into the enemy position. The Byzantines had not prepared proper fortifications and instead felt the sting of the one and six-pound cannonballs rip through their ranks at high velocity.

When Aubry saw this command being issued, he realized that the biggest threat to their army was the five thousand Byzantines, as for the Timurid soldiers, they were merely your standard medieval force, and against the mighty guns of the Crusader army could easily fall by the wayside.

Despite the cannon fire targeting the Byzantine forces, they continued to load their weapons and fire at the charging enemy, who were desperately trying to approach the firing range of their smoothbore weapons.

Eventually, they succeeded in their endeavors, despite the literal piles of bodies that formed at their feet. Those who were armed with firearms quickly formed ranks and fired a volley on the Byzantine and Timurid forces, ruthlessly cutting down their front lines.

The reality was that advanced firearms like muskets were a relatively new technology that had only recently spread to the rest of Europe in limited capacity. This was thanks to the influence Berengar had on the timeline. The downside of this was that none of the armies present really had any field practice with their weapons, having only really used them against inanimate targets. It is because of this that both sides lacked proper tactics for how to most effectively wield their weapons.

Thus, the Generals of both factions merely lined their soldiers up and fired at one another. As for the Timurids, they could only overwhelm the volume of fire with sheer numbers, and because of this, the soldiers of the Muslim Empire recklessly charged into the Crusader lines and collided with them, forcing them into melee combat.

Aubry smiled as he witnessed this. Even though he had armed a substantial amount of his levies with matchlock firearms, he still had several heavily armored knights who took the vanguard the moment the battle turned into a melee fight.

He noticed a particularly tall French knight thrusting his sword through the heart of a Timurid warrior, spilling the man's blood on to the sand beneath his feet, and kicking the corpse over. This man was one of the Aubry's lovers, and nothing turned him on more than watching one of his men dominate on the battlefield. Thus, the French King licked his lips as he gazed at the gory scene.

However, in the next minute he watched in horror as the man was gunned down by several minie balls that had been fired at his position by the Byzantine musketeers, who continued to stay back and use their ranged advantage in the chaotic melee. The tall French knight fell to his knees in shock as he bled through his breastplate before collapsing onto the field of bodies. Aubry could not help but cry out in tears as he witnessed the death of one of his many lovers.

“Jaques, No!”

When the English King heard this, he looked at the feminine King and scoffed at him before making a comment at Aubry's expense.

"So, I take it he was one of your lovers? Don't worry, you can always find another."

Aubry did not take this insult well and immediately stared at King Lawrence with a hateful gaze.

"Shut your mouth!"

Upon hearing this, the English King merely smirked before turning his attention back to the battlefield. Smoke and blood filled the air as the rear lines of the Crusader army opened fire on the Timurid forces, cutting them down in a symphony of bloodshed. By now, the Muslims had lost over half their forces and were beginning to panic. They had not expected the enemies' firearms to be so effective.

Gunshots continued to roar in the air, but despite the significant range advantage of the Byzantine Armies, their crusader rivals simply had too many firearms employed by its forces. The moment they closed the gap, they would open fire on both the Byzantine and Timurid forces. Every arkebusier who fell was replaced by a pikeman within their ranks who merely scavenged a firearm and used it himself. It was becoming increasingly clear that if something did not change soon, the tides of war would fall within the Crusaders' favor.

Unfortunately, as the Byzantine and Timurid forces were struggling to maintain their ranks, a horn of war blew in the distance and the Crusader cavalry appeared on a hill above. Evidently, the Knights of the Red Dragon had arrived at the scene, led by their Grand Master, who was carrying something akin to a cavalry carbine in his arms.

The Knights of the Red Dragon were one of the many crusader orders formed by the Catholic Church in an attempt to counter the growing threat of the Berengar Heresy. Since its inception, its grandmaster had been obsessed with firearms and had been one of the leading contributors in their development.

This army of knights were fully equipped with such weapons, and rushed down from the hilltop above with their matchlock carbines, and rained fire upon the Byzantine and Timurid forces, collapsing what little resistance that had managed to muster. With the arrival of more crusaders, and the volleys they fired into the enemy's ranks, the Byzantine and Timurid armies found themselves overwhelmed. Eventually, the Strategos of Palestine issued a retreat.

"Retreat! Retreat to Acre!"

Those who could do so began to route as the Red Dragon cavalry swept by them with blades in hand, cutting down those who could not escape their pursuit. The French and English Kings gazed in awe at their victory. Throughout the entire battle, they had a lingering suspicion that they would be defeated, but those worries appeared to be moot.

With this defeat, the Byzantine and Timurid soldiers who survived the battle would retreat to the nearby city of Acre, where they would be forced to defend it in a siege. Though the field battle had been won by the Crusader forces, it would be pointless if they failed to take the city. Thus, the upcoming weeks would be filled with fierce conflict as both sides battled for supremacy within the Holy Land.

Chapter 636: Troubles in the East

Chandra Tomara stood within the confines of the Royal Palace of Anangpur with his eyes wide in shock. He had just now received reports of what had transpired in the Holy Land of the Abrahamic religions. He could not believe his eyes as he read the word's "one eyed emperor" written on the scroll within his hands.

While he had been aware for some time that the mighty Timurid Empire was planning to reclaim their Holy Land from the Byzantine Empire. He had never expected that a strange power further west could unite its people into a single realm, and its leader would convince the warring factions in the Mediterranean to put down their arms and unite against a common enemy.

Most shocking, this mysterious one-eyed monarch was from the realm he had once sent his son to as a diplomat, something Ishwar had failed to inform him of. If this was true, then the prophecy was close to being fulfilled. It was only a matter of time before this man led his hordes into India and destroyed what little remained of his family's empire.

He had no choice, though he intended to lock away his niece until the troubling times had passed. The appearance of a one-eyed warlord meant that time was running out. If he wanted to prevent his people's fate, he would have to do the unthinkable. He had to kill the princess.

However, Chandra was a shrewd man, and he knew if he got rid of the girl the wrong way, it would arouse suspicion. He needed to slowly poison her, so that she grew sick and died of what appeared to be illness. Thus, he immediately called for his court alchemist to prepare the ingredients to assassinate the Anangpur Princess.

The Court Alchemist was an old, and wise man with bronze skin, and gray hair. When brought to the regent of the Empire, he bowed his head respectfully before inquiring about the sudden meeting.

"Your majesty, it is the greatest honor for a man such as myself to assist in whatever ails you. However, I must admit it is a strange hour of the night to be discussing such things. Perhaps you are incapable of sleeping? I'm sure I have a cure for that..."

However, this was not the case, and instead Chandra brought the man in close as he whispered about his dastardly plot to assassinate his niece.

"Ranjit, my old friend. What I am about to ask you to do is of the utmost importance for the safety of our realm. However, I need it to be conducted with complete and total secrecy. Can I trust you to do this on my behalf?"

The elderly alchemist stroked his beard for a few moments before nodding his head in agreement.

"If you have come to me for help in this matter, then it must not be something simple. Please enlighten me on how I can assist you..."

In a whispering voice, Chandra revealed the extension of his plot.

"I need you to find a poison that will slowly, over time, degrade a person's health until it comes to a point where it appears they die of sickness. This process needs to take months, or even years, and show no sign after death that the body has been poisoned. Can you do this for me?"

The man reflected on the astonishing demand for several moments before nodding his head in affirmation of his abilities.

“It won’t be easy, but I can accomplish the task. However, I have to ask, who am I poisoning?”

Upon hearing this response, Chandra shook his head before ensuring that his plot was handled on a need to know basis. He could not very well trust the elderly alchemist to poison the young princess if he was aware of her identity.

[Do you want to read more chapters ?] “You leave that up to me. Just know that this individual will bring great destruction to our Empire if left to their own devices. However, their identity is complicated and thus they must be eliminated covertly. Do you understand?”

It took several moments for the Alchemist to respond. He did not like the idea of poisoning a target without knowing who they were, or what kind of threat they posed. However, if the matter was really as important as Chandra claimed, then he supposed he had no choice but to accept the position. Thus, with a heavy sigh, the man named Ranjit agreed to the regent’s demands.

“Very well, I understand. I will do what you require from me. I will acquire the poison. As for how it is delivered, that is up for you to decide.”

After hearing this, a wide smile formed on Chandra’s lips as he practically celebrated his victory in that moment. If the Princess was not alive to lure the one eyed warlord to their domain, then the prophesy could be prevented. He quickly thanked the man for his service before departing.

“Thank you Ranjit, I knew I could count on you!”

After saying this, Chandra quickly got to task on the other portions of his assassination scheme. As for the Princess in question, she was currently locked within her room, where her brother Dharya was visiting.

Princess Priya Tomara hugged her brother tightly. It was not often that the boy could sneak into her quarters and spend time with his sister. He could tell by how thin she was that she was not being properly fed. Her disheveled appearance was heartbreaking for the boy emperor to see.

“Priya, so much time has passed and you are still not growing. I have no choice. If Uncle will not feed you properly, then I will have to smuggle in your meals myself. I can no longer sit by and watch that old bastard punish you for no reason. Though I still lack the strength to overthrow his rule, I swear one day he will pay for his crimes.”

The young girl smiled as she heard her brother promise to avenge her. However, she was more interested in hearing about that legendary land that her cousin Ishwar had visited years ago, and thus inquired about it.

“Tell me about it again, that mythical land to the west that Cousin Ishwar visited!”

The boy emperor sighed when he heard this. Every time he visited his sister, this was all she wanted to hear about, however despite his reluctance to talk about the story once more, he ultimately conceded. Considering the tale of their cousin’s journey brought her so much hope, Dharya felt it would be cruel to deny the girl what little happiness she had in this cruel world.

“According to Ishwar, he travelled far to the west, across the Timurid Empire, and even the Gates of Byzantium, entering a land called Austria. Their capital was a city of technological wonders which he had taken a magical carriage through the mountains in order to visit. Supposedly, this carriage could fit hundreds of people, and completely operated with no beasts of burden.

Upon his arrival to the capital of this mysterious city, he noticed that the people there had pale skin, golden hair, and blue eyes. Even the common people were dressed in such luxurious attire that it made our cousin envious. The Palace of this Kingdom was magnificent. He said it was over three times the size of our own, and filled with marvellous paintings and luxurious tapestries. It even had a garden that was rivaled only by the heavens.

Ishwar says that a benevolent one eyed man, who, despite his disfigurement, was still handsome and charming, rules this Kingdom. This King used his power and wealth to help his people prosper, and was loved by all within his domain.”

Priya’s emerald eyes glistened with interest as she heard the tale for the thousandth time. As always, she asked a simple question when it came to this part of the story.

“What was this one eye’d man’s name?”

Upon hearing this question yet again, Dharya sighed heavily before revealing what he was told by his cousin.

“Berengar von Kufstein, they say he was a man who rose from the low nobility to the position of a mighty King who all of his neighbors envied. Supposedly now he has expanded his borders and created a vast Empire in the center of the land known as Europe. Despite his wealth, he still focuses on investing in his Empire so that he can form a peaceful and prosperous land where his people can thrive. This land is now called the German Empire and is said to be the most powerful realm in the world.”

The young princess slowly drifted off to sleep as her brother told her the story of Ishwar’s journey to the west. Once she was out cold, he lifted her up and placed her on her cot, where he covered her with what little sheets she had.

“Sweet dreams, my little sister.”

After saying this, Dharya left the girl’s quarters, struggling to come up with a solution to usurp power from his uncle. If he did not, then it was only a matter of time before his sister met a disastrous fate. He was completely unaware that the man had already planned to poison the girl into an early grave.

Chapter 637: The War for Tomatoes Begins

While Berengar led his forces in a campaign against the Aztec Empire, his former Grand Admiral was now the Colonial Governor of the German Colony of New Swabia, in the land that was once known as Venezuela in Berengar’s past life. Unlike the German Military Stronghold which was placed on the coast of Mexico, this was a full-fledged colony that had been operating for some time.

Until now, the fatherland had sunken substantial cost into the colony, with little in terms of material gain aside from potatoes. The expenditure reports were giving Emmerich a headache, who now wondered if this colony was a failure. After all, not a day went by without some kind of skirmish with the natives.

By now, the Germans had trained several captives to become translators, and despite their best attempts to communicate with the natives, the locals continued to show their hostility. The reason was simple: the Germans had brought with them diseases from the old world that the people of this land were unaccustomed to. In the time since their arrival, a pestilence had spread across the native tribes, ravaging their populations.

Thus, the natives despised the Germans, believing them to be the bringers of the apocalypse, and had destined themselves to fight until the last man standing against their foreign invaders. Thus, no peaceful resolution could be negotiated. With this in mind, Emmerich had enacted a shoot on site policy to eliminate any native they came across in order to thin their numbers and reduce the ambushes that the German soldiers continued to suffer.

With this policy in place, scouting parties could march deeper into the Andes and discover many new products. Among these discoveries was the tomato plant. Which Emmerich was currently staring at on his desk.

“You’re saying they’re completely edible and in abundance within the region?”

When the scout heard this, he quickly nodded his head in excitement. Before answering the Colonial Governor.

“We still don’t know if they will grow in the fatherland’s climate, but at the very least, we can grow them here. I can only imagine the many complex dishes that can be made with these. I’ve heard rumors that the Emperor loves food, and I bet he would find some good use for these vegetables.”

Emmerich nodded his head in response to this. He was well aware of Berengar’s habits of overindulging with his favorite dishes. Sometimes he swore the man was sailing around the world solely so he can experience the taste of the world’s best food. He did not doubt that one day the man would sail to Asia just to experience its cuisine.

If these things actually tasted good, then surely Berengar would be interested in them. However, they already had a hard enough time explaining where potatoes and tobacco came from. To add another foreign product to the diet of the Germans would surely arouse suspicions by their people and those who visited their markets.

Ultimately, only the Kaiser could decide whether these plants made their way to the fatherland. It was simply out of Emmerich’s control. However, what he could decide on was whether his people grew these strange vegetables within the colony. Thus, Emmerich took a bite from the fresh tomato, willing to sample its taste. After a few moments, he nodded his head before approving of their cultivation.

“Gather as many of these as you can and grow them in the colony. I will alert this matter to the Kaiser when I am next able. As for the meantime, we will begin producing them ourselves. After all, the more food we can grow here, the better we can sustain ourselves.”

The scout had a wide smile on his face as he nodded his head. He quickly departed from the Villa and relayed the orders to his troops. The war for tomatoes had just begun. After all, the indigenous people of the Andes were not just going to let them pick the tomatoes without a fight.

Days had passed since Emmerich had given the order, and rain fell down upon the German soldiers who had marched deep into the Andes in search of tomatoes. These soldiers were on high alert, as the natives had a tendency to ambush them at any moment, hiding behind rocks, cliffs, and the thick foliage waiting for their prey to enter the range of their attacks.

The scout in charge of the German troops knew the villages in this area were cultivating tomatoes, and it was because of this that he had planned to raid them. Since there was no peaceful contact between the Germans and natives, it was just better to take what they desired and leave a pile of corpses in their wake.

As the Germans crossed the mountains, they soon found themselves in a range of the nearest village. The captain of the scouting company gazed into the distance through his binoculars and confirmed his target. After seeing that tomatoes were in abundance within this village, he quickly relayed his orders to the soldiers beneath his command.

“Alright, set up the mortars on the hill. The rest of you fix your bayonets and prepare for battle! Make sure not to damage the crops!”

The soldiers beneath the Captain’s command nodded their heads as they did what they were instructed. Each platoon had its own mortar team where they set up their weapon on the hill above. They quickly launched their projectiles at the unsuspecting village, setting its huts ablaze.

Before the villagers could even react, explosions were set off at the residential areas, tearing their houses apart, and spreading fire across the village. The people began to panic as they quickly rushed from their homes, and in doing so ran right into the iron sights of the German soldiers, who ruthlessly fired their rifles at the native civilians.

It was almost impossible to tell the warriors from the civilians apart in these villages, as they were often one and the same. It was because of this the Colonial Governor had ordered for their attacks to be ruthless, eliminating all the men and boys, while capturing the women and girls.

As the bullets hit their mark, bodies were blasted apart and fell into a pool of their own blood. Those who could muster their courage charged at the German lines, however it was no use. The length of the rifles in the German hands, combined with the size of their bayonets, allowed for an easy slaughter, as the German soldiers cut down those foolish enough to fight them.

Before long, they massacred the village, with a few women and children being rallied in the center. The soldiers bound them up as prisoners as they had orders to bring them back to the colony. Aside from killing the men and boys of a raided village; another command was given, which was the capture of women and young girls who survived the battlefield. Their purpose? To be used as colonial concubines when they came of age, so that the Colony could raise its numbers.

Unlike the Northern Colony of New Vienna, New Swabia had a desperate shortage of manpower. They simply did not have the labor to build and sustain the mines. Since slavery had been outlawed by decree of the Kaiser, Emmerich had to get creative in how he operated his colony. Though it might take a generation, they would have plenty of young men to work for the greater good of the colony in a few decades.

Of course, Berengar was completely unaware of this practice, as he was currently fighting a war in Mexico. However, it was only a matter of time before the crown found out about this. In the meantime, the soldiers ran across the village and captured as many tomatoes as they could, forcing the women to carry them in wicker baskets down the mountains and to the colony as they reaped the spoils of their slaughter.

The leader of the scouts gazed one last time on the destruction wrought upon the native population and merely sighed before shaking his head. If the native people had just cooperated like they had in New Vienna, perhaps they would have been spared such a cruel fate. Unfortunately, colonialism was a brutal endeavor, and the mistreatment of the native populace was often the cost of the wealth that came with it. After all, not every governor would be as diplomatic and tolerant as Arnulf was.

The scout could only sigh in defeat. Ultimately, at the end of the day, the natives could only blame themselves for not being powerful enough to stop the foreign invaders. There were a finite amount of resources on this planet, and sooner or later, each culture would fight for control over them. Such was the way of life. This was a destiny that mankind could only escape when they ascended to the stars above.

Having gazed upon the senseless slaughter, the scout returned his attention to the long march home. They had gotten what they came for. Now they could only hope that the Colony of New Swabia would grow and prosper under the reign of its new Colonial Governor.

Chapter 638: Shattered Bonds

Within the capital of the German Empire Linde and Adela, the two empresses were sitting in a room, having a civil discussion. It had been some time since the dynamic duo had been on their honeymoon. Yet Adela could remember that last night as clear as day. Her hands trembled as she recalled the lustful stare that the filthy savage had as he held her hostage. If not for Berengar, she likely would have suffered a fate worse than death.

Linde, on the other hand, was much more relaxed as she took a sip from her coffee. She had much life and death encounters in her life, even before she hooked up with Berengar. She was a tool of intrigue for her father, and had risked her safety time and again to spy on Lothar's enemies. Thus, the experience was not as terrifying for her as it was for Adela.

Noticing the chaotic expression on Adela's face as the two sat together and discussed the event, Linde reached out and grabbed the girl's dainty hand with her own. She wore a pretty smile as she assured Adela that everything was going to be okay.

"Adela, you're shaking. Was the event really so traumatic that you can't get over it?"

Adela gazed out the window, unwilling to meet Linde's gaze. The relationship between the two of them was extremely complicated. For so many years, they had been bitter rivals, yet recently they had become intimate with one another. With Linde being the more dominant personality of the two. If anything, something akin to a friendship was beginning to form between them. It was because of this that Adela thought perhaps she could trust Linde with her feelings, and had thus decided to meet with her in private.

“It was not the first time I’d seen such a bloody scene. While I was in Granada with Berengar many years ago, we came close to death. Yet, he was as calm as could be. He was even eating his food as a slaughter took place around us, as if nothing was out of his control.

However, the look on his face when he saw that savage warrior holding me hostage, I have never seen him so furious before. Except maybe once... I think that terrifying expression is what haunts me the most. Does Berengar really have such hatred contained deep in his heart? It was as if he was more concerned about killing the savage than he was saving me...”

Linde merely scoffed when she heard Adela’s complaints before giving the girl some genuine advice.

“Berengar is a bloodthirsty tyrant. I thought you knew this when you married him? It’s exactly what makes me so in love with him. His willingness to challenge the world and exert his authority at all times, his overbearing nature. I can’t get enough of it.

I wonder if God himself could compel Berengar to kneel before him. Then again, I suppose if he couldn’t, he wouldn’t be omnipotent now, would he? As far as your concerns go, Berengar would never harm a hair on your head. He cares for you, but I think your arrogant attitude vexed him, and that is what drove him to be a bit cruel towards you.”

Adela sighed and nodded her head as she drank from her coffee. The young empress realized she may have been a bit of a prude, and even worse and arrogant bitch for the first few years of her marriage. She realized now that her pious attitude had driven a wedge between her and Berengar and had actively sought to remedy in recent years. Adela gritted her hands in envy as she revealed her inner feelings to her oldest rival.

“I despised you... you know that, right?”

When Linde heard this, her brow raised slightly before she nodded her head.

“I am aware...”

In response to this answer, Adela placed her cup of coffee down on the table before asking a question.

“Do you know why?”

A smug smile etched itself upon Linde’s pretty lips as she nodded her head before responding in a haughty tone.

“You were jealous. It was quite obvious...”

Adela’s cheeks immediately flushed red when she realized she had been seen through. She sighed heavily, releasing the stress in her fingers as she revealed the dark feelings she had towards Linde all these years.

“Yes, I was envious. You and Berengar had such a great relationship, and he clearly cared more about you than he did me. Even though he made me his first wife, you were always the woman he went to when he wanted companionship. Even Honoria knows this.

I felt like you had stolen his heart from me, but the truth was, it never lied to me to begin with. You were always his favorite, and always will be. I had even thought of having you killed a few times, but I

knew that would only drive Berengar mad, and he would probably have me executed if I somehow succeeded.”

Linde’s brow raised once more in curiosity. She knew most of this, but was surprised to hear just how much Adela had hated her over the years. She could not help but ask the question on her mind.

“Why are you telling me this?”

Adela sighed before taking another sip of her coffee. It was only after she had finished the drink that she worked up the courage to tell Linde the truth.

“Because I want you to know that I have come to accept it... I will never be Berengar’s favorite, but I can at least find joy being by his side, the same way Honoria and Yasmin do. However, it is because of this that I want you to do me a favor...”

Linde was now exceptionally curious about what it was that Adela had planned to ask of her and thus nodded her head in silence, signalling to the girl that she should continue. With a firm tone, Adela met Linde’s gaze and professed her greatest hope.

“I want you to give me some alone time with Berengar so I can try to rekindle the relationship we had in the past. I know right now he views me as his least favorable wife, and though your erm.. training... has helped him increase his fondness for me, I am still lagging behind the other girls. When he returns from his war in the New World, all I ask is you let me get a head start.”

Linde was stunned when she heard this. After all, she had always monopolized Berengar’s attention when he first came home from his many campaigns. She struggled to endure the months without him, which is one of the reasons she had turned to Honoria to satisfy her growing lust in Berengar’s absence.

If she could not be the first to embrace the man she loved, then she would go mad. However, she could tell that Adela was serious about fixing things between her and Berengar, and knew the only way that would happen was if they got some alone time together. Thus, the redheaded beauty could only sigh as she nodded her head in agreement with Adela’s request.

“Just this once... I will allow it. After all, it would not be good for our household to continue the way it has been for some time. If Berengar can not get over his bitterness towards you, it will only lead to future issues among his other wives.

I will warn you though, when he returns from the new world, you will see our husband when he is at his worst. He will be rough, more than your tender ass can handle. He’s just spent the last through months killing his way to victory, and witnessing the deaths of his comrades, that doesn’t just magically go away when he comes home. I have always used my special touch to calm his fury.”

It was Adela’s turn to raise her brow in curiosity. She had no idea what Linde meant by what she had said and was quick to ask about it.

“Is it possible to learn this ability?”

A cruel smirk appeared on Linde’s lips as she questioned what the girl was asking of her.

“You want me to teach you how to become a slutty, masochistic pig who solely exists for her husband to vent his emotions onto?”

Adela's jaw dropped when she heard exactly what it was that Linde did whenever Berengar returned home from his campaigns. She instantly had decided it was best to wait until he was in a better mood before getting some proper alone time with the man.

"You know what? I think I have changed my mind. I can barely handle what you put me through. If I had to endure Berengar's wrath, I think that I might really break into pieces. You can have him when he gets home. I will find some other time to mend our relationship."

Linde could only nod her head slightly. She knew the moment Adela heard what she really went through, the girl would back off. Thus she wore a pretty smile as she gave the young empress some comforting words.

"I'll make sure he's loving and kind by the time I hand him off to you. I know you love that romantic aspect of his, so you can have it this time around."

Thus, the two empresses had come to an agreement on the best way to help repair the shattered bond that existed between Adela and Berengar.

Chapter 639: Subjugating an Empire

Weeks had passed since Berengar first marched across the Aztec Landscape and during this time he had raided every village he came across on his journey to the Capital of the Aztec Empire. Disease spread like wildfire. Not only were natives unable to cope with the sickness that accompanied the German soldiers. Yet, the Marines did not even bother to bury the massive piles of corpses they left behind in each village they encountered.

By now, this plague had made its way to Tenochtitlan just in time for the German Army to arrive at its entrance. Countless Aztecs had now come in contact with the disease leaving them vulnerable to the German Conquest, at this point Berengar simply needed to walk through the streets of the capital with their princess in tow and declare himself victorious which is exactly what he planned to do.

The Banners of the German Army flew proudly in the air as roughly five hundred golden haired men strolled through the streets of the city of Tenochtitlan, its citizens not daring to get too close to the invaders. These soldiers sang one of their best marching songs, Erika, as they proudly displayed their might to the native people. Tlexictli held her head as low as possible as her people witnessed her bound and dragged by a one-eyed man who rode on the back of a beast they did not recognize.

To the Aztec people, the sight of the golden-haired men entering their sacred city was as if the feathered serpent had returned from the east. Normally this would be a joyous occasion, however, instead of years of prosperity, the servants of the god brought with them thunder, death, and pestilence. The Aztec people did not know what they had done to anger the feathered serpent, but they did not dare resist their punishment.

Eventually, Berengar's army strode up to the royal Palace, where the Aztec Emperor rushed out from his home and knelt before his conquerors, who held his daughter as their prisoner. He wept tears of joy upon realizing that the girl was still alive. Surprisingly, the one eyed man spoke his language as he made his demands.

"Are you the Emperor of these lands?"

Itzcoatl was too afraid to raise his head in the presence of the mighty foreigners. Instead, he kowtowed so low that his forehead was touching the ground.

"Yes, I beg you to spare my daughter from your wrath. Whatever we have done to invoke such fury, I swear I will find a way to appease your anger..."

Itzcoatl had not believed it until now, but after seeing an army of five hundred blonde haired men enter his capital with strange beasts and weapons, he was positive that these men were at the very least the envoys of the feathered serpent. A cruel smile appeared on Berengar's face after he noticed the Emperor was being so compliant. He quickly gave an order to him in front of his people, who did not dare to approach the strange foreigners.

"If you wish for your daughter to be spared, and the pestilence that spread across the land to end, you will do as I command."

The Aztec Emperor merely nodded his head as he still kneeled before Berengar. If these men would spare his daughter and end the plague, he would be willing to do just about anything, especially since he was now certain of their divinity.

Berengar, on the other hand, had every intention to milk this misconception to its fullest extent. He would make sure the Aztecs signed away their rights as a sovereign state and existed as a protectorate of his Empire until the end of time. Thus, he spoke in an authoritative tone as he issued his commands to the Aztec Emperor.

"Very well, we shall speak in private."

After saying this, he hopped down from his horse and pulled out his bayonet, which he used to cut Tlaxictli's bindings. Once the girl was free, she rushed over to her father and hugged him. Tears streamed down her eyes as if they were rivers, while she apologized for the trouble she had caused.

"Father, I'm sorry. This is all my fault!"

However, Berengar did not intend for her to shatter the belief that her father had, and immediately took the Emperor into his palace where the two would settle the terms that would end the conflict between their two Empires. Berengar and Itzcoatl sat alone as Berengar appeased the man with falsehoods built upon his misunderstandings.

"My name is Berengar von Kufstein and I come from across the Atlantic Ocean, or as your people call it, the great sea. You could say that I am the herald of the Feathered Serpent, and I have travelled a great distance in advance of my people to ensure that his eternal Empire remains well supplied. However, when I first entered these lands, I noticed the savage acts your people engage in and it enraged me. Under the authority bestowed upon me, I decided to teach you a valuable lesson about angering the gods.

Now that you have paid the price of your insolence, it is my duty to negotiate terms. I will be frank with you. The feathered serpent wishes for your Empire to be subservient to the one he has built abroad during his exile. We will end the disease that has spread in these lands, and in return you will allow us to build settlements on the coast to ensure that trade between our two Empires is prosperous.

You will also pay a yearly tribute to the realm of the feathered serpent, also known as the German Empire, where you will give us whatever it is we desire. Whether that be gold, silver, crops, or anything else that we deem to be a valid form of payment.

In exchange for this tribute, we will protect you from foreign threats that may wish to conquer your lands for themselves. As a protectorate beneath the German Empire, you will be free to rule over your lands as you see fit. However, we demand the barbaric practice of human sacrifice ends."

When Itzcoatl heard these demands, he could only bow his head in silence. The one eyed man had confirmed that he was, in fact, the Herald of Quetzalcoatl. This meant that the Aztecs had no choice but to obey these demands, especially if they wanted the disease that plagued their lands to be lifted. He did not know why the feathered serpent had demanded an end to human sacrifice, but if that was his wish, he would accept it.

As for Berengar, a cruel smirk curved on his lips. It was too easy to negotiate with these primitive civilizations. He was lucky he had showed up in the Aztec Empire with only blonde haired soldiers, and during a year of the reed. If not, he could not so easily enforce his demands.

It was a blessing that these people believed in the divinity of their German suzerains. Such a thing would guarantee their loyalty for several generations until they evolved beyond their primitive state. The Aztec Emperor finally spoke after several moments of silence, recognizing Berengar's divinity, and declaring the Aztec Empire to be his humble servants.

"I, Itzcoatl, Emperor of the Aztec people, recognize you as the Herald of the Feathered Serpent, and hereby pledge the loyalty and service of my people to the German Empire."

With this said, the Aztec Empire had officially become a protectorate belonging to Berengar and his mighty Empire. In truth, the number of people he killed in this campaign was a paltry sum compared to those who died in the Spanish Conquest of his past life. Tens of thousands lie dead, rather than millions.

Despite the brutality that Berengar had showed during his rapid conquest, the Aztec people perceived it as their punishment for angering the gods. Only Tlexictli knew the truth about the German Empire and their humanity. However, she said nothing in fear of what Berengar might do to her people if they realized the truth. Thus, her father had given her the position of being his personal envoy to the feathered servant, meaning she would follow Berengar back to the fatherland and act as a diplomat for her people.

Berengar had meant what he said, he intended to turn the Aztec Empire into a protectorate whose massive slave labor force would act as the required manpower to mine the gold, silver, iron, and other valuable resources which would be given to the fatherland as tribute. After all, despite Germany's massive growth, it still lacked the means to fully colonize the area within his lifetime.

Thus, in the following months, the Germans would flood the Coastline of Mesoamerica, establishing their own settlements, and bringing with them basic treatment for the cold and flu symptoms that the natives were enduring. This act of benevolence would further act of proof of the German divinity in the eyes of the locals, and secure German dominance in the region for years to come.

As for Berengar, he intended to take the first ship back to the fatherland. He had spent far too much time in the new world, and had matters of importance he had to attend to back home. His first step in securing colonies in Mesoamerica had begun, and he looked forward to his future colonial adventures.

Chapter 640: Another Awkward Return Home

Weeks had passed since the Aztec Empire surrendered to the Germans and now Berengar had returned to his homeland with Honoria and Tlexictli in tow. For whatever reason, the Aztec Princess showed no symptoms of the illnesses the Germans carried with them. Whether the Great Goddess of Teotihuacan granted her a blessing, or she simply had an exemplary immune system, Berengar did not know.

However, the moment they stepped off the docks of Trieste and into the lands of the German Empire, the Aztec Princess felt as if she had entered an entirely different world. Hundreds of ships lie within the docks, many of them were naval vessels, and others belonged to merchants across the globe.

She had initially thought that Berengar only possessed a small fleet of such large metal vessels, but when she saw that there were dozens of such behemoths in Trieste's naval base, she nearly had a heart attack. If his Navy had such power, then how insane was his army? Berengar had only dispatched 1,000 men to Mesoamerica, in a rather foolish attempt could compare his feat to Hernan Cortez from his past life.

While Cortez had allied with the neighbors of the mighty Aztec Empire to defeat them, Berengar used only the power of his own army, and the disease he knew would spread. Berengar smiled when he saw the stunned expression on the woman's face before hinting to her that her astonishment had only just begun.

"You are impressed by this? Wait until you see the trains!"

The woman looked at Berengar as if her understanding of the German language had suddenly dissipated from her mind. However, it was not long before the trio boarded the train to Kufstein. Tlexictli had thought that horses were impressive, as her people completely lacked beasts of burden. Yet when she step foot on the Royal Train which travelled at higher speeds than she could imagine, she practically fainted.

As the Austrian landscape passed by her visage, she noticed other strange machines which were used in the massive fields of the Kingdom. She could not help but satisfy her curiosity as she asked about the function of such devices.

"Berengar, what are those?"

The German Emperor chuckled when he saw the childish look of wonder in the Aztec Princess's eyes, before responding with a confident expression on his face.

"Those are tractors. They are used to plow, seed, and harvest the fields. We used to rely on animal power to achieve this, however, as more tractors enter the agricultural industry, those old horse-drawn devices are now shipped to the other kingdoms of my Empire, or to the Colonies to be used in their fields."

Tlexictli gazed upon the massive fields that took up thousands of acres across the Austrian Landscape and could not believe that so much food was being produced by the German Empire. She immediately

realized why she had lost the war, and that in reality Berengar was being quite generous with how few of her people he killed. She could not help but ask the question in her mind as she gazed at Berengar in a new light.

"Just how many men does your army have?"

She had personally witnessed the sheer destructive power in the hands of the German soldiers, as well as their loyalty to their emperor. However, Berengar's words completely went beyond her expectations.

"In my Army I have between two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand men. That's not including the men in the Border Guard, Navy, and Coast Guard. Altogether, the Armed Forces of the German Empire consist of roughly five hundred thousand men at the moment."

Tlexictli felt like she was about to hyperventilate. Berengar had only sent a thousand of his soldiers to the new world, excluding the naval personnel to ferry them. If he had sent a larger force, her people would have been completely slaughtered. When she came to this realization, she could only think of one question to ask him.

"Tell me the truth, are you actually a god?"

A fit of laughter broke the silence as Berengar and Honoria both mocked Tlexictli for her question. The Aztec princess immediately pouted when she heard the Royal Couple making fun of her. After several moments, Berengar finally gave her an answer.

"No, I'm not a god. However, there is no person in this world who can challenge my authority, so you could say I'm not far from being one."

A look of disbelief filled on the Aztec Princess's face as she heard this. What she was witnessing on this train ride had completely overturned her understanding of civilization. She immediately understood why Berengar referred to her, and her people, as filthy savages. Compared to the technological marvels, wealth, and power that belonged to the Fatherland, her people were practically cavemen.

If Germany was so much superior to her people, then the lands she sailed by probably weren't too far behind. She immediately became thankful that Berengar had demanded for her civilization to become a protectorate instead of just wiping them from the face of the earth.

Eventually the train ride ended, and the trio ended up in front of the royal palace, where Berengar's lovers were quick to greet him. The moment they saw another woman by his side, they sighed heavily. Their man just could not keep it in his pants. They were about to go through the usual routine when Berengar introduced the woman by his side.

"This is Tlexictli. She's the princess of an Empire in the New World. Her father has asked her to act as a diplomat in our realm. Before you get angry, I swear that I have not laid my hands on her."

It took Tlexictli a moment to notice, but all of these women were Berengar's wives, and they were eying her as if she were a rival. Thus, she bowed her head in submission as she assured them there was nothing between her and Berengar.

"It is as the Kaiser has said. I am merely a diplomat who will be staying with you until his majesty can find me some quarters. There is no inappropriate relationship between us. Queen Honoria can attest to that."

Berengar's wives immediately glanced at Honoria for confirmation, which she responded to with a slow nod of the head. After realizing that Tlexictli was not one of their rivals, the women immediately became more friendly with her. Linde was the first to speak, as she walked up to her husband and kissed him in front of the new girl.

"Master, it has been so long since I have seen you, you do not know how worried I was when I heard you went missing!"

When Tlexictli heard the way Linde referred to Berengar, she immediately questioned it by whispering to Honoria.

"Master?"

Honoria could only sigh and reveal the truth as she informed Tlexictli of the relationship between the two.

"It's a sex thing..."

The Aztec Princess immediately flushed in embarrassment when she heard this and tried to avert her gaze. However, despite Linde being unwilling to let go of her husband, she greeted the newcomer.

"Tlexictli, was it? I am Empress Linde von Kufstein, wife of Berengar von Kufstein. Do not think that you can so easily climb to my position..."

The Aztec Princess merely bowed her head in response to Linde and remained silent, which was enough to convince the redheaded beauty that the girl was at the very least obedient. After Linde greeted Tlexictli, Adela did the same.

"I am Empress Adela von Kufstein. It is a pleasure to meet you!"

Though Adela was pleasant on the surface, after her encounter with the savages in the caribbean she had an inherent disdain towards the natives of the new world, and could not find herself to trust the Aztec Princess. Tlexictli remained bowing and silent. That is, until Henrietta approached her.

"I'm Princess Henrietta von Kufstein, Berengar's little sister. It is rare that I get to meet princesses of other realms. Maybe we can talk later, perhaps over some coffee and pfeffernusse?"

However, after saying this, Henrietta ran up to Berengar and kissed him passionately on the lips, before hugging him tightly. This action immediately shocked the woman as she inquired about the relationship between the two.

"Honoria, aren't they siblings?"

The Byzantine Princess could only sigh in defeat and shake her head.

"It's complicated. I'll explain it to you later..."

The last of Berengar's lovers to introduce themselves was Yasmin, who carefully examined the Aztec Princess. After a thorough analysis, she greeted the woman.

"So you are a princess from the new world, huh? I would love to hear about the stories you can tell me about your homeland."

Tlexictli responded to this with a bow and a simple response.

"It would be my pleasure..."

After the women had introduced themselves to one another, Berengar led them into the Palace for a nice meal. It had been a while since he had survived on anything other than rations, and he desperately wanted to taste his wives' cooking.