

Steel 731

Chapter 731 Adela and Henrietta Learn the Truth

Berengar sat in his office looking over a map that contained information regarding his upcoming expedition to South Africa. With his espionage efforts in the middle east, he had ensured that the conflict would ensue for a little while longer than initially expected.

He hoped that his actions would conclude in a military defeat for both the Byzantine and Timurid empires, forcing them into an unfair treaty that would cause economic depression and foster resentment towards the Catholic church.

In the meantime, he planned an expedition to Southern Africa to establish his first colony on the African continent. Though Linde and the others may not be aware of the vast treasure trove that Africa was, Berengar knew full what precious resources were waiting for him in those unconquered lands.

The Kaiser specifically used the term unconquered in his mind because he did not recognize the Bantu or other Tribes that inhabited the area to be an actual civilization, and instead considered them a loose collection of stone age tribes that he need not concern himself with. While looking over this map, a knock resounded on the door of the study, and a familiar voice appeared from behind.

"Berengar, you wanted to speak to us?"

Berengar sighed heavily as he rolled up the map that was charted by Honoria's crew and concealed it within his luggage. He then called out to the feminine voice with a hint of worry in his tone.

"Come in darling, there is something we need to talk about"

Berengar had sent word to both Adela and Henrietta that he wanted to see them before he departed on his journey to Southern Africa. The two blonde bombshells walked through the door with pleasant smiles on their faces. It was not every day that they were summoned to the office of their man.

The two women quickly sat down in front of Berengar's desk, where he poured them a few drinks, as well as one for himself. It was times like this that Berengar needed a stiff drink to calm his nerves. Though he had been gifted the boon of courage by the ancient Frisian goddess Baduhenna, it did not mean that he felt no fear. Only that he had the means to overcome it. Because of that, he was quick and to the point as he discussed his little secret with his sister and cousin.

"Adela, Henrietta, I asked you to come here today so that I can share with you a story. A story about my past that neither of you is aware of. In truth, you are the last two I have decided to speak about this topic with, as you are the ones whose reactions I fear the most."

The pleasant smiles on the girl's faces soured into grim stares. They did not know what Berengar was about to say, but they suspected it was heavy. He rarely spoke to them in such a manner. Just when Adela was about to speak up, Berengar raised his hand, silencing her, before continuing on his rant.

"I know what you want to say, and allow me to speak my piece first. I will answer any of your questions after I have concluded my tale."

The girls had nervous expressions on their faces but nodded their heads in silence, allowing their man to continue whatever it was he had desired to speak about. Berengar gulped down more of his liquid courage before beginning his tale.

"Allow me to preface this by saying that though I have never lied to you about my past, I may have concealed some things that were important. The truth is, that I am not the man you think I am. Henrietta, I owe you the biggest apology, as you are the first person I witnessed upon entering this world, and you should have been the first for me to discuss this with, and in a way you were, but I think you did not fully understand my intent when I told you this. I am Berengar von Kufstein in this world, but I have the memories of a past life, from the distant future where I was a man by the name of Julian Weber..."

Adela did not know how to respond to this information, but Henrietta reacted in shock. She remembered the bedtime story Berengar had once given her during her early teenage years about a man from another world named Julian, and the struggles he went through in life. She immediately knew where this story was headed, but remained quiet. Berengar continued his speech while taking sips from his alcoholic beverage in between his sentences.

"I suppose I should start in the beginning. I was born in the year of our lord 1996, in a country whose name was the United States of America. By that 21st century, America had become a global superpower with no rivals, and yet at the same time, it was a society that was on the path of collapse. This was a reality that few people were aware of by the time I died.

In fact, one might have called me a conspiracy theorist if I were to utter these thoughts aloud. But I had done the calculations, and could estimate from the signs that were given should I had lived another thirty years, I would have seen the complete and total collapse of my nation with my own eyes.

In that life, I lived mostly by myself, with no lovers to speak of, no friends to call upon, and a family who were absent. You see, I grew up impoverished, with no siblings to speak of. My parents had to each work two jobs to put food on the table. As a result, I ended up joining the military as an engineer and ultimately died in a pointless war in some godforsaken part of the world.

Henrietta, do you remember the night I fell deathly ill about eight years ago? You stayed by my bedside for the duration of the night, and when I awoke, you were the first thing I saw in this world. You were so dutiful and did your best to take care of me in my final hours.

Though I was struggling to sift through my memories from two lives, I was excited to see that I had a little sister, especially one as cute as you. That was the moment I recovered my memories of this past life. The knowledge I gained from these memories helped me build everything you see around you today.

It took years, but eventually my power spread to all corners of Europe, and with it I have finally been given to opportunity to search for the truth about why I have such memories. After much effort, I have found some evidence to support the idea that the ancient Germanic pantheon of deities is involved. For what purpose they have revived me in this world? I do not know the answer.

The reason I wanted to share this with you now is because I will be embarking on a dangerous journey soon, and I wanted you two to know the truth about me in case something goes wrong. Though I have

two sets of memories, of two very different lifetimes. I want you to know that it does not change who I am or how I feel about you. Especially to you, Adela, as you met me after this change had occurred. I love you both, and hope you can accept this new information without much difficulty. "

Adela was in shock. She did not know how to react to this. Just when things were starting to get better between her and Berengar, he had to drop this bombshell on her. She did not know who he was anymore, or what to believe in. Especially after hearing that pagan gods were possibly involved with his revival.

If there weren't so many unexplainable things about Berengar's knowledge and personality, then Adela would condemn him as a madman in that moment. She wanted to slap him across the face and compel him to come back to reality. However, the more she thought about these unexplainable aspects, the more she considered the madness he was speaking as a viable possibility.

The origin of Berengar's futuristic knowledge was something that nobody could explain, not with science or religion. After all, he was the man who introduced the modern concept of science to the world, and yet what he was saying flew in the face of it. Henrietta, on the other hand, had a far more important question on her mind. She did not care about the things that Adela was considering, and only asked what mattered most to her.

"So you're saying you're not my brother?"

Berengar wore a pitiful smile as he placed his hand on the young woman's cheek to comfort her.

"I am your brother. I'm just a better version of him. One who accepts, and responds to your love in kind... The old me never would have considered taking his sister as a lover..."

Henrietta stared at Berengar with tears in her eyes before hugging him. Simply being assured that he was the brother she knew and loved for all these years was all she needed to know in order for her to make a decision on how to respond to this information. In truth, she did not care in the slightest if he had a second set of memories, so long as he was still the man she cared for.

As for Adela, she needed time. Time to digest everything she had heard, time to think it through, time to search through her emotions and come up with an answer. She was spaced out as she slowly walked out of the door, leaving Berengar and Henrietta behind as she mindlessly wandered off to her quarters.

Berengar was immediately concerned when he saw this, and got up from his seat to chase after the woman. However, Henrietta latched onto his arm, and pulled him back down before shaking her head and lecturing the man.

"She needs time to think things through. I am sure if you give her space, she will come running back to your arms eventually. This is not only a crisis of identity for her, but a crisis of religion. I'll keep an eye on her for you. You go do what you need to do in Africa. Just promise to come back to me in one piece!"

Berengar smiled as he kissed his sister on the lips before agreeing to her request.

"I promise..."

After saying that, Berengar left Adela and Henrietta, and reunited with Honoria as the two of them cast off for their dangerous expedition to Southern Africa.

Chapter 732 A Meeting with the Ming Delegates

While Berengar had begun to set sail for Southern Africa, Itami was back in her capital city, meeting with representatives from the Ming Dynasty. She had prepared lavish gifts for these delegates and their emperor who she wanted to establish friendly ties with.

The men were dressed in exquisite silk clothing, while Itami was dressed in a formal kimono of the same material. She had lowered her snow white hair, which gracefully washed over her porcelain skin like an avalanche. The delegates had become aware of Itami's rise to power, and initially held her with disdain. However, upon witnessing her stunning beauty, they were quick to change their tune as they curried favor with her, while maintaining the dignity of representatives from their realm.

One man in particular was a bald, fat eunuch with a long mustache. His name was Jin Fang, and he gazed lustfully at the stunning Japanese woman in front of him, who served the man and his accomplice with Rice whiskey. Upon tasting the unique liquor, the man wore an excited smile as he complimented the woman for her ingenuity.

"Such delectable alcohol. I am amazed that you managed to create such a thing."

Itami wore a stoic expression on her face. This ice queen facade acted as a means to retain her dignity, and show that she was not to be underestimated as a monarch. She responded to the man's compliment with a nod of the head and a grateful comment.

"I thank you for your kind words, esteemed emissary. It is my hope that you can enjoy your stay here in Heian-kyō to the fullest extent. I have requested your presence because there is something I must request from his majesty the Emperor.

In the near future, I intend to march my armies into Joseon, and conquer the lands for myself. I know that the Ming Dynasty has interests in the region, and I assure you that under Japanese annexation, the Joseon dynasty will be far more fruitful in its production, and tribute to the Emperor.

The reason I have summoned you to my home is to convey my intent for peace to exist between our two realms. I have no desire to step on the tail of the dragon. Nor do I wish to rob you of a client state without proper recompense."

This statement caught Jin Fang by surprise. He did not expect Itami to desire to expand into the Joseon territory. He did not quite understand the reason for doing so, but such a thing would be an insult to the authority of the Ming Dynasty. Thus, he glared fiercely at the woman, trying to comprehend what grand ambitions she might have.

"You wish to conquer the Joseon? Do you even have the means to do so?"

For the first time since Itami had met with the Ming delegation she smiled, however it was not a smile that belonged to a charming young woman, rather that of a tyrannical despot. With such a wicked grin on her face, she laid out her plans for the Joseon with an overbearing tone.

"At the moment, such a venture would prove difficult. However, give me three years, and my armies will be unmatched in the region. At that point, conquering the Joseon will be a simple feat, not even worthy of notice. I assure you that it is due to my benevolence that I do not turn against you and instead have chosen to consult with you about my intentions before actually launching an attack."

Jin Fang was surprised to hear the woman speak these words, the way she made it sound. It was as if even the great Ming Dynasty was beneath her notice. Such words instantly filled the man with rage. This was an insult to the power of the Emperor. If some small island nation off the coast of the mainland could openly insult a delegation of the Ming, then surely more powerful nations would choose to do so.

Itami's words had made clear the Ming that she intended to invade the Joseon regardless of their opinion. She was simply informing them beforehand as an act of common courtesy. After all, the Joseon were practically a client state of the Ming dynasty.

He was about to speak up against this insult to his authority when Itami snapped her fingers, and several armed soldiers entered the area carrying chests filled with gold, silver, cosmetics, alcohol, and other luxuries she had created over the years.

This was a simple tribute to the Emperor the delegation would carry back to the Ming capital, or so was Itami's intent. The delegates gazed at the vast fortune with awe, as they did not expect Itami to be so wealthy. Itami wore a sinister smile on her face as she issued her terms.

"If the Emperor agrees to remain neutral in my annexation of Joseon, I will provide all that you see here as a monthly tribute every month for ten years. I assure you, it is more than you will get from the Joseon."

Jin Fang looked over at his counterpart and silently communicated with him via eye contact. The two of them universally agreed in that moment that they would relay Itami's message to the emperor with the utmost courtesy. What was being gifted to the Ming Dynasty was considerably more than they extracted in tribute from the Joseon. With a brief nod of their heads, Jin Fang cleared his throat before openly accepting Itami's proposal.

"I will relay your words to the emperor, and do my best to convince him of the merit of such an arrangement."

Itami's smile lightened from sinister to pleased, as she nodded her head in agreement. After doing so, she motioned for the soldiers to leave, and in their place, a group of servants entered the room carrying the dishes that had been prepared for this encounter. All the food Itami had introduced from her past life was present on the plates, their aroma enticing the two men into salivating. With a pretty smile, Itami announced the feast had begun.

"Please, enjoy the food of my land, and feast on your heart's content. I assure you there is more than enough food to go around!"

After saying this, Itami bit into a takoyaki ball with an excited smile on her face before moaning in pleasure. The Ming delegates did not hesitate and quickly consumed the food on their plates with satisfied expressions. They would continue feasting and drinking long into the night, discussing trivial matters with the Japanese Empress.

By the time Itami had sent her guests to her room, she was exhausted as she sat down in her personal quarters and sighed heavily before resting her head on her desk. She hated diplomatic visits more than anything. Socializing with people of a certain social standing was more exhausting in this life than it had been in her previous one.

For whatever reason, in that moment, she thought about a conversation she had with Julian in her past life when she dragged him to an up scale social event. In her mind, she clearly envisioned the scene of Julian dressed in a tuxedo, hanging out at the snack table, and munching on food while ignoring the guests of the party. She approached him wearing a lavish dress and condemned him for his uncouth behavior.

"Julian, I didn't drag you to this party so that you could sit here and pig out. Come, I have some friends to introduce you to!"

Julian merely scoffed in response to this, before declining the offer.

"No thanks, I lack the emotional energy to entertain strangers who I have nothing in common with. I barely have the means to deal with you on a daily basis, let alone with your friends."

Mizuno Ai immediately pouted as she saw that her friend was being stubborn, and quickly latched onto his wrist, forcing him away from the snack table and towards her high society friends. It was clear that a pleb like him felt out of place at such a wealthy party.

Ai could not believe the man was completely lacking in formal attire, especially at his age, and had spared some expense, making sure he was well groomed and presentable for the occasion. Still, she found his uncomfortable expression to be cute and forced him to mingle with some friends she had grown up with.

After thinking about this, Itami began to chuckle. The words "I lack the emotional energy to deal with strangers who I have nothing in common with" could adequately express her current state. She always wondered how Julian could be so cold-blooded towards people he was not acquainted with, but she realized now how exhausting it could be to care about the whims and wishes of an entire world. She finally understood the man's thoughts as she muttered the words he had previously said to her in many of their most heated arguments.

"Only an idiot would expend their mental energy on something as stupid as caring about the lives of people they don't even know..."

Julian had said these words when Ai was vocally outraged by a specific case of alleged police brutality that had sparked riots across the country. At the time, she was furious with the man for his lack of empathy and his blatant disregard for human life. Now that she was a ruler in her own right, she was starting to understand this sentiment.

After coming to power in this world, Itami had finally realized just how accurate this statement was. She was beginning to feel like there was someone more fit to be reincarnated into this world, and assume a position of power. Unfortunately, she knew it was improbable that Julian had ended up in a similar state as her, and could only dream to reunite with him once more.

Chapter 733 Landing in South Africa

A young Bantu man by the name of Bakari stood on the shores of the southernmost coast of Africa. He was the son of his tribe's chieftain and was next in line to inherit his father's position. Currently, he was gathering shells with the intention of trading them to the tribe's craftsman in exchange for the item which the local hunter desired for his meat.

Africa was a large continent with many diverse cultures, however after you reached a certain point southward of the Sahara, they devolved from fledgling civilizations to hunter-gatherer tribes. Because of this, the idea of currency was foreign to Bakari and his people. Instead, they relied on the more primitive system of bartering.

While collecting the shells on the sandy beaches of South Africa, Bakari noticed something in the distance on the water's surface. He tried his best to gaze into the ocean, but could not make out what the foreign object was. However, the longer he stared at it, the larger the object became. Naturally, as a primitive tribesman, Bakari did not understand basic mathematics and was incapable of calculating the distance between him and this giant vessel.

As time passed, more of these ships became visible, and soon Bakari could see the smoke that their engines produced. Such a strange sight bewildered the young man. He had no idea what these strange objects were, or what purpose they served. However, as they drew near, Bakari decided to hide behind a large rock, not knowing whether these alien devices were hostile.

Eventually five armored frigates and three transport vessels became visible as Bakari struggled to understand what he was witnessing. It was not until they had anchored in the bay, and dropped their landing craft, did the man understand that these were very large boats, carrying people from a foreign land.

The people who were on board these vessels were strange to the African tribesman. They had pale skin, golden hair, and blue eyes. Their features were more angular and refined than his own, and they stood quite a bit taller than him.

These foreigners were dressed in clothing that was not just grass skirts and animal hides like his own people wore. Instead, they adorned elaborate arid pattern uniforms and wore painted metallic hats, while wielding strange weapons. Or at least Bakari thought these items were weapons, based upon how the men carried them.

At the head of these soldiers was a one eyed man, dressed in a far more elaborate uniform than his standard soldiers, and by his side was the most beautiful woman that Bakari had ever laid eyes on. She was dressed in a similar sense of fashion as the soldiers, but with a skirt and knee-high boots instead of trousers.

Bakari could hear the one eyed man give orders to his warriors, though the language was unknown to him and because of this he could not comprehend anything they were saying. One thing was certain, judging by the weapons these men carried, they were not here for peaceful purposes. Thus, the young man used the first chance he could get to silently slink off and towards his village in an attempt to warn them of what he had witnessed.

Berengar commanded his troops with a voice filled with authority. He did not want to be surrounded by a thousand screaming african tribesmen, and because of this his first concern was establishing fortifications around their makeshift encampment.

"I want trenches dug, and the sandbags surrounding them. Make sure to mount the Mk2s at the forward positions! If we get beset upon by natives, I want them to fear the power of German steel!"

The soldiers were quick to enact Berengar's orders. Establishing a basic line of defense along the coastline. For many of these men, this was not their first colonial endeavor, and because of this, they were prepared to face whatever this land might throw at them.

Honorina gazed upon the land, where she was quickly flanked by Malissa. She and her crew were more familiar with the African continent, and because of this, they had been ordered to accompany the German soldiers. Berengar was quick to question the former prostitute about what she knew about this region.

"Have you ever made contact with any of the local tribes? Do any of your African girls know the language of this land?"

Malissa shook her head as she admitted they had only charted the coast and the nearby island of Madagascar. They had never actually set foot on this soil until now.

"I'm afraid I don't have the answers you desire. We only charted the coastline from here to the Arabian Peninsula. We have never set foot on this land, and I doubt my girls know any of the local languages. I acquired them far more up north from here."

Berengar sneered in disdain before giving his orders to the privateers.

"You and your girls will be our support for this operation. You can leave the defense and scouting of the settlement to my soldiers. They are more than capable of fulfilling those duties."

Malissa was about to tell Berengar to fuck off, when Honorina raised her hand and smiled before accepting her orders.

"As you command, your majesty..."

After saying this, she dragged Malissa to the side and scolded her.

"Are you out of your goddamn mind? That is the kaiser you were about to curse out! Have you been away from civilization for too long to realize who employs you? If Berengar says to dig a ditch, you dig a ditch. If Berengar says to take care of the cooking, you take care of the fucking cooking! We are not pirates, we are privateers and explorers in service to the German crown!"

Malissa wanted to rebuke Honorina's words, but she could only bow her head in response. She knew Honorina was right, and did not understand why she wanted to yell at Berengar back there. Perhaps Honorina was right, she had been given too much freedom to operate lately, that she did not like the idea of accepting anyone else being in control.

She had to admit it was good having Honorina back in charge. The woman had a better head for politics than she did. Thus, she apologized for her intentions before falling in line.

"I'm sorry, I'm just not used to being given orders these days..."

Honorina pat the woman on the back, and gave her a reassuring smile before informing her of how this job was going to go down.

"We are under the direct employ of the Kaiser, and are working beneath him for his colonization efforts in the region. So just be a good girl and do what he says. I promise we will be rewarded handsomely for our efforts."

Malissa nodded her head in silence and began to undertake the tasks given to her. Thus, the German soldiers began to set up their encampment on the coast of South Africa.

While Berengar and his soldiers had begun to establish an outpost to begin the process of colonization, Bakari had rushed home to his tribe. Unlike the Mali Empire, there was no architecture to speak of in this village. Most of the people lived in dung or straw huts. The tribe's capacity to construct shelters was less than anything Berengar had previously come across. The word primitive did not even begin to explain the village.

There was no palisade, no watchtowers, no great hall, or longhouses. There were only small huts that were spread across the flatlands. Bakari ran through the village and towards his father's hut. He was practically out of breath as he burst through the entrance and alerted his father to what he had witnessed on the beach.

"Father! Strange men have landed on the coast! There are hundreds of them! I think they are hostile!"

The village chief was a man named Amani, he as a middle-aged man, who had a considerable amount of body fat. He looked at his son and his worried expression, and struggled to come to terms with the information he was hearing.

"What are you going on about son? Strange men on the coast? How did they get here? Where did they come from?"

Bakari was struggling to express his thoughts as he tripped over his words. His mind was working faster than his mouth could keep up with.

"These men came from the ocean, on large boats, larger than anything I have ever seen! They wore weird clothing and carried strange weapons. I swear that they had white skin, golden hair, and eyes as blue as the sky! They were tall, and their faces looked nothing like ours. I don't know where they are from, but their numbers did not suggest they came here with peaceful intentions!"

This news was concerning to Amani. They had just recently suffered in a war with a neighboring tribe, and now such a large force of foreigners came to their lands from the ocean? He would need to consult with the village elders on how to proceed. For now, he did not want panic to set in, and instructed his son to keep this a secret.

"Son, have you told anyone else about this?"

Bakari quickly shook his head before speaking up.

"No, I swear!"

Amani nodded his head thrice before grabbing hold of his son's shoulders and lecturing him.

"Bakari, I don't want you speaking a word of this to anyone. I need time to speak with the village elders. If you were to speak to people of these strange foreigners, it will only cause panic. Promise me you won't speak of this to anyone until I figure out how to deal with these invaders."

Bakari was dumbfounded by this line of thinking, by his estimate these white men outnumbered their tribe significantly, and it would be best to pack up and move north. However, he nodded his head and agreed to his father's terms, despite his objection.

"Very well, if that is what you ask. I shall do it!"

With this the Germans had established their first outpost in Africa, but the local tribes had realized their presence. Whether first contact with the natives would prove hostile, like in New Swabia, or would be peaceful like New Vienna, and Neuhafen, that had yet to be seen.

Chapter 734 Target Practice

Night fell, and before Berengar knew it, the earthen fortifications for his base camp were established. A fire was used to eliminate the encampment, as sentries stood watch in the trenches. Despite the ungodly hour, Berengar was not asleep. Instead, he was well awake, coordinating with his scouts on a possible raid of a nearby tribe.

When Berengar and his men entered an uncharted portion of the world, they treated it as a land without the rule of law. In other words, they considered the area as a hostile zone. Of course, he would not immediately open fire upon first contact, instead he had dispatched his Jaegers to silently observe the tribes from afar.

With camouflage equipment, scoped rifles, and binoculars, they were able to ascertain much information about the nearby native villages. Jaegers, much like the Jagdkommandos, were given priority when it came to modern equipment. Because of this, these men had the most recently designed uniforms and weapons.

There was even a machine gun team among each platoon of Jaegers who were dispatched to Africa. These soldiers operated a modified MG 25, which utilized a stock and pistol grip much like the MG-08/15 of Berengar's past life. The difference was this weapon was modelled off of the Vickers, so it was considerably lighter weight.

The camouflage smocks and helmet covers that these men wore were based upon the Rhodesian Brushstroke camo from Berengar's past life. However, it was modified to have a more arid coloration to match the environment of South Africa.

Berengar currently stood with the officers of his Jaeger corps, and several operatives of his Jagdkommandos, who described everything they had witnessed in great detail. They had even charted the locations of the villages they spotted on a crudely drawn map.

While the Jaegers surveyed the area, it was the Jagdkommandos who would launch the night raid on the nearby village. Thus, Major Andreas Jaeger was speaking of the operational details and explained the plan to Berengar in great detail.

"To the northeast, at roughly 5 clicks from here, there is a native village. The Jaegers have reported that they are stone age tribals, much like you had expected. From what we have gathered, they have access to a limited supply of iron, which is mostly made in the use of their weapons.

The most we will encounter are primitive flat bows that will be incapable of reaching us. Surprisingly, their village has no defenses to speak of. It is actually amazing to see a village that is completely undefended. I can't tell if these natives have no concept of war, or are simply too stupid to construct a basic palisade.

Either way, the easiest way to attack the village is to sit back, deploy a few MGs, a few mortars, and defend them with riflemen. We can fire wantonly into the night, and it will be enough to take out the majority of the village. With this hostile encampment eliminated the borders of the territory we have claimed will become more secure."

Berengar nodded his head in agreement with this plan, before giving the orders to initiate the attack.

"Very well, you may proceed as planned, Major. I look forward to your results. By the time the sun rises, I want this village that threatens our encampment to be wiped out. If the other nearby villages do not get the message, and refuse to withdraw from these lands, then we will annihilate them as well."

After saying this, Berengar saluted the Squads of Jagdkommandos who would be undertaking this operation, before departing from the war tent, and heading towards his own tent, where Honoria lie in wait for him. While his soldiers massacred a local village, he would enjoy his time in the loving arms of his beautiful wife.

Bakari was drifting off to sleep in his hut, when he noticed a red glare out the entry hole. He quickly rubbed his eyes to see if he was seeing correctly, before walking out of the building. In the sky above was a blinding red light. Though it was the illumination caused by a German flare, to him it was a foreboding sign of impending doom. As if the gods themselves had warned him that something bad was about to happen.

Other villagers gazed in astonishment, wondering what such a thing could possibly mean. Nobody knew that the flare was used to give the German Jagdkommandos who hid in the brush a means to see their targets. After everyone flooded into the village, the crack of gunfire ripped into the air, and a nearby pregnant woman was blasted through her heart. Her body shredded by the immense power of the 7.92x57mm round.

Bakari immediately hit the floor, not knowing what was happening. This was not a single shot, but one of many fired from the two machine guns that were employed by the German soldiers. Upon remembering the strange weapons wielded by the pale-skinned foreigners, Bakari could only think that his village was under attack.

These thoughts rapidly flashed through his mind as gunfire shredded the villagers by his side. He could hear the whistle of bullets as they passed him by and hit the surrounding ground. Just when he thought it couldn't get any worse, explosions erupted in the village, as mortar shells fell from the sky, and blasted huts to bits. A nearby family was torn apart by the 60mm shell that landed in their hut. Bakari immediately felt his heart bleed, as he was good friends with the family.

The chugging of the devil's paintbrush as it continued to fire its rounds into the village, caused many of the local tribals to flee for their lives, but what is it so easy to escape a cross fire? Machine guns and snipers mercilessly gunned those who ran down as they fired their shots accurately at the fleeing civilians.

Upon realizing that his village was doomed, Bakari mustered the courage to rush to his father's hut in an attempt to force the man to flee with what remained of his people. However, as he approached it, a mortar shell landed on top of the building and blasted it to pieces. His father's severed limbs flew at him and knocked him to the ground.

The man could not help but scream in horror as his own father's scorched flesh lay on top of him. He cried profusely as he tossed it away, before running for his life. There was no longer a hint of sanity in the man's mind. Even though the crowds of people were being gunned down left and right, his only thought was to escape this madness.

As he was running, Bakari was eventually knocked over by another man, and then trampled upon by the fleeing people. Before his consciousness faded, he witnessed the merciless slaughter of his people as they ran over his body in a search of safety. Then, with a sudden stomp on the face, his lights went out.

Andreas Jaeger gazed at the scene of the massacre and laughed. The village was lit ablaze, and bodies were strewn across the land. He had fought his fair share of foreigners in his tenure as a special operations soldier. From the battlefields of Europe to the rainforests of the Aztec Empire, and the mighty woodlands of New Vienna. This man had been deployed all over the world and had killed many enemies.

However, in each of those tribes and civilizations he had previously encountered, there was something to be admired. The Algonquin were notable guerilla experts; the Aztecs were mighty slavers, with a grand architecture that was astonishingly completed with stone age tools. Even the European Knights were admirable with their chivalry and noble heritage.

However, these Africans did not have the guile of the Algonquin, nor the savage ferocity of the Aztecs, and certainly not the noble heritage of the European Knights. They were truly nothing more than stone age hunter gatherers. To him, this was most certainly not a battle, and could hardly even be called a massacre. In his mind, this was nothing more than a turkey shoot, as if he were hunting wild animals for sport.

The German soldiers had become arrogant in their superiority, and prideful in their victories. To the people who could conquer the land and sea with engines of steam, such primitive tribesmen had no place in their eyes. Thus, they were far more susceptible to engaging in cruelty against the Bantu peoples of South Africa, than they were elsewhere.

Berengar ultimately would not mind this practice. He needed the land and resources in the region, and he felt that by exterminating a few villages, he could intimidate those who remained into making a mass exodus northward. To him, victory was all that mattered. Whatever lengths he needed to go through to achieve this was an afterthought.

Unlike in the Americas, Berengar could not rely on disease to wipe out the majority of natives in South Africa. He would have to find other means to free up the land for his people's settlement. Ultimately, he had decided to forcefully expel the natives from the region, and the best way to do that was through fear.

Thus, Berengar in South Africa would wage a campaign of terror that would see hundreds of thousands of natives flee northward beyond the orange river. Whether the displaced tribes would band together and resist the German conquest would remain to be seen.

Chapter 735 Uniting the Tribes Part I

Bakari awoke with a sore body the morning after the massacre. All around him were dead bodies, some were torn apart by bullets, others were blasted into shreds by the mortar fire. The huts that once made up his village were smouldering ruins. He rose from his lying position with a headache. After all, he had suffered severe head trauma during the attack.

He could hardly believe his eyes when he witnessed the destruction that had taken place. This wasn't a battle, it was a slaughter. You see, the African tribes played at war; they launched raids here and there, a little of rape and slavery now and then. But with Berengar's arrival, he had brought with him a new form of warfare, and that was total war.

To him, the African tribes who sparsely occupied this land were a nuisance that needed to be removed. He had no plans to conquer them and incorporate them into his empire, as he had seen in his past life the racial tension and civil strife that resulted from such things. Instead, the Kaiser planned to forcefully remove the Southern African tribes from the land they inhabited and kill all who resisted.

Bakari could not comprehend why such actions were taken against his people, especially when they hadn't proved hostile. The reality was, Berengar saw their scouting attempts as justification for a hostile takeover. Had they sent a diplomatic delegation to greet these visitors to the continent, Berengar would have found a more covert way to remove them.

Bakari was at a loss about what to do. His tribe was annihilated, and those who may have survived the onslaught had fled with the winds. The likelihood is the other tribes would enslave them. In all honesty, he was better off dead, or such was his thought process. However, upon gazing upon the smouldering ruin of his father's hut, the young man was filled with fierce resolve to get vengeance upon those who committed such atrocities.

Because of this, he did not sit idly by and wait for death to take him. Instead, he proudly rose to his feet. Though his tribe was first to be attacked, it likely wouldn't be the last. He did not know how many men had attacked his village or what weapons they wielded, but Bakari believed that with overwhelming numbers, the African tribes could prevail.

Thus, he began to walk off into the distance, away from his ruined village. Where did he intend to go? To the nearest tribe, if he could warn them of what had happened, then perhaps he could enlist their help in fighting against this white menace that the seas had birthed. If he could convince this tribe, then maybe he could convince the next one as well, and perhaps the next one after that.

Days passed before Bakari could arrive at the nearest tribe. After all, his people had not domesticated any beasts of burden, and thus he had to traverse the treacherous landscape on foot. Finally, after a

hard journey, where he was forced to forage for food and water to sustain himself, he arrived at the nearest tribe.

When he approached the border of the village, the tribesmen were quick to react with caution as they raised their weapons. They had seen the smoke rise in the south, and were unaware of what had happened to Bakari's tribe. However, one thing was certain: this young man was not of their village, and thus he was not afforded the kindest greeting. Luckily, they spoke the same language, and thus Bakari was able to communicate with the sentries.

"I come from the Mthunzi tribe, we were attacked in the middle of the night, the village has been slaughtered. I came to inform you, so that you don't suffer the same fate!"

The sentries gazed at Bakari with a hint of disbelief in their eyes. They were not accustomed to a village being wiped out entirely, enslaved? Sure, but what benefit did total annihilation have? That was a waste of labor. They had a hard time believing this story, but the smoke that occurred in the Mthunzi tribe's direction a few days prior was not something a usual raid would produce. Thus, the lead guard debated with himself for a few moments before nodding his head and allowing access for Bakari to enter the village.

"Very well, we will take you to our chief. He will hear what you have to say."

Bakari thanked the man before following him deeper into the village. Eventually, he came to a slightly larger hut than the rest of the village lived in and entered its opening. The village chief was sitting down on the floor of his hut and scratching his back when Bakari entered. He was confused about this unknown visitor's appearance, but the guard quickly whispered in his ear the young man's identity. After hearing that Bakari was from the Mthunzi tribe, he was more interested in greeting the visitor, but he wore a dire expression as he did so.

"So you are from the Mthunzi tribe? We saw the smoke rising from your village's direction a few days ago. We were curious about what had happened, but our scouts have yet to return. Tell me, what has happened to your people?"

Bakari struggled to hold back the tears in his eyes as he recalled everything that had happened. The attack was so sudden and random that he could not accurately pinpoint when it began, and when it ended, but he did his best to explain the details.

"A few days ago I was on the southern shores searching for shells to trade for some meat. I witnessed strange white-skinned men descend from large boats, larger than I have ever seen. They came from the ocean, they were dressed in strange clothes, and wielded strange weapons.

I immediately reported this information to my father, the village chief, but he responded by sending scouts to investigate. They never returned. By the time night fell and the sky was dark, they had surrounded our village without us knowing. It was impossible for me to know how many men they had, but from the devastation they caused, I'd say at least a few thousand.

In the middle of the night, a red glare that lit up the sky above the village awoke me. The moment after I stepped out of my hut to investigate, I heard the sound of repeated thunder and witnessed my fellow tribesmen being ripped apart from some unknown power. I could see flashes in the distance from the hills above. As if the enemy could somehow conjure the elements against my people.

After witnessing hundreds of my people fall in a matter of seconds, I rushed towards my father's hut, but it erupted in flames. I have never seen such a large blast before, he unfortunately did not survive. After witnessing my father's death, I panicked, and ran away from the village like my other tribesmen. They were ruthlessly slaughtered as they tried to flee, and I only managed to survive because I was knocked over and trampled upon.

These white devils wield some form of unimaginable power, and I fear for the safety of the tribes who inhabit these lands if we do not come together and do something about them. Mark my words, what happened to the Mthunzi tribe is only the beginning. Soon these devils will spread forth and annihilate all who stand in their way. They aren't human; they are monsters birthed from the sea!"

The village chief listened to Bakari's tale, and was dumbfounded by what he heard. Strange white men coming from the oceans, wielding the power of the elements, and slaughtering everyone in sight. If this news was accurate, it did not bode well for his tribe. However, he could not believe the words of a man who might very well be suffering from delusions after witnessing a natural disaster. As a wise and prudent man, he would have to investigate these claims. Thus, he sighed heavily before laying his hand on Bakari's shoulder.

"It sounds like you have seen a lot. You are welcome to stay in my village for the time being. As for your claims, I will investigate them thoroughly. If what you have said is true, then we must warn the other tribes of these sea people's existence. If they truly possess such unfathomable power, and are bent on our destruction, then we can only band together to stop them."

Bakari sighed in relief when he heard this. It was good that he was not outright dismissed as a madman. Still, he felt that investigating the matter would only lead to further disaster. If the various tribes of South Africa did not come together soon, then he feared this unknown menace would eradicate them.

Just like that, the Germans gained the nickname of sea peoples and white devils by the natives of Southern Africa. When Berengar learned of this, he would laugh, remembering the history of ancient bronze age where an unknown force of raiders from across the sea, known only by the term "sea peoples" caused the collapse of most major civilizations across the Mediterranean through conquest. He felt such a term was appropriate for his German soldiers and would embrace it for propaganda purposes.

Chapter 736 Setting Up a New Colony

In the days that followed their attack on the Mthunzi tribe, the German Jaegers and Jagdkommandos were busy scouting out the territory. They rode horses through the South African plains, looking for resources to seize and targets to attack.

While the special operations units were out scouting the region, the individual German soldiers, and the members of the Imperial Guard conducted their daily operations, whether that was sentry duty, or construction, they all worked together to build a proper settlement on the shores of Southern Africa.

Honorina and her crew acted as support. Whether it was washing clothes, preparing meals, or loading ammunition into stripper clips, and machine gun belts, they continued to conduct their duties, albeit with a bit of an attitude.

Elfrun was in the middle of making a meal alongside Honoria and Malissa with the rations they were given. She could not help but comment on the state of things, and her disappointment in this expedition.

"I can't believe we're being treated like a bunch of housewives by these damned soldiers. Where does the Kaiser get off, making us do laundry and prepare food? We are explorers, and privateers, not maids!"

Honoria frowned when she heard this before flicking the young woman on the forehead. She was displeased with the girl's words, even if she herself was disappointed by their assignments. She reminded the girl where her loyalties lied with a stern voice.

"The Kaiser's orders are absolute. Remember, we are bound in service to the Crown. If he wants us to do menial tasks as the colony is set up, then that is what we will do! Don't forget that we owe everything we have to Berengar!"

Elfrun pouted when she heard such a harsh rebuking, but she did not say another word. She knew that without the support of the German crown, then they would have no ships, no weapons, no training, or the freedom to explore as they saw fit. All of their wealth was a result of being licensed by the Kaiser.

It was at this moment that a gunshot resounded throughout the camp, interrupting the girls' conversation. A sniper posted in the tower was armed with a newly manufactured G25 Rifle, which had a four power scope mounted to it. As a member of the Imperial Guard, he, like the Jaegers and Jagdkommandos, was first to receive the best equipment. The man called out in laughter as he successfully nailed an African Scout with a brutal headshot.

"Got one!"

After saying this, he racked the bolt of his rifle, ejecting the spent case out of the guard tower before aiming down his scope once more, checking for more targets. He appeared to be happy with his job as a sentry. After all, as the Imperial Guard expanded its ranks into a larger paramilitary organization, they had become more commonly deployed to dangerous theaters of war.

The man was dressed in an arid uniform based on those used by the German Afrika Korps of Berengar's past life. While the Jaegers and Jagdkommandos wore complex camouflaged pattern smocks and helmets. The average german soldier and imperial guardsman were wearing pith helmets, field caps, blouses with rolled-up sleeves, and a pair of shorts. Along with long boots and canvas load bearing equipment.

Berengar wore a similar uniform as the sniper as he boldly walked through the encampment flanked by a few of his engineers. They were in the process of laying the foundation for the star fortress that would act as the primary defensive structure of the colony. He was quick to point out the flaws in the plan they had initially established as he chastised them for their lack of ingenuity.

"Your fatal flaw in this design is a lack of protection from the ocean. Who is to say that the colony does not come under bombardment by a hostile fleet? We need anti ship batteries spread across the coastline fortifications! We have the means to import such weapons from the Fatherland, so don't tell me it is not a possibility!"

The lead engineer held his head low. With the state of the world's naval power, he honestly did not believe that such advanced artillery on the coastline was necessary. He wanted to argue that against wooden vessels small scale artillery like the 7.5cm FK 25 that was recently introduced would be more than enough to destroy it.

However, Berengar was insistent that the coastal fortifications have firepower capable of taking out their ironclads, or perhaps even the newer Linde-class Battleships that had not even been produced yet. For what reason the Kaiser had such desires, the engineer did not know, but he was not going to deny an order from the monarch.

Berengar was slightly paranoid after learning he might not be the only reincarnator in this world. Though it was unlikely, as he had learned, the cost to reincarnate an individual from another world was great to the deity who caused it. He knew it was possible that someone else had entered this world and could create a threat to his Empire and its colonies. Thus, he ensured that coastal defenses could take out battleships if necessary.

Obviously, he did not educate his engineers on his fear of this potential reality, and instead was simply insistent that the Colonies be defended against any possible threat, including a rogue German fleet. However unlikely such a threat may be. Thus, the Engineers were forced to redesign the coastal defenses from scratch to accommodate the larger and more powerful coastal batteries.

After lecturing these Engineers, Berengar returned to the base camp, where Honoria was serving food to the soldiers. The men of the German Army were happy that such beautiful women were feeding them. However, the women themselves wore forced smiles as they served the meals. Clearly, they were not pleased by being ordered to perform such common tasks.

Berengar stood in line, like every other man, but when the soldiers noticed the Kaiser was among their ranks, they parted ways for him voluntarily. No matter how hungry a man was, they would never allow the Kaiser to wait in line for food like themselves. Thus, Berengar was rapidly thrust to the front of the ranks, where he held out his tray so that Honoria could give him some food.

"Well Honoria, my love, it seems that you are enjoying yourself."

Honoria sighed at the man's sarcastic remark before plopping the food onto his tray. She could only respond with a forced smile as she heard these words.

"Of course, I will always enjoy whatever task my Kaiser demands of me!"

Berengar smirked when he saw the woman force herself to be respectful before giving her his honest opinion.

"Cut the crap and get your fine ass to my lunch table. I'm sure another one of your girls can cover your shift for you."

Honoria bit her lip in guilt as she gazed over at the other girls who were glaring daggers at her. They could not believe she was about to leave them to continue these household chores while she enjoyed a meal with her husband. However, ultimately the Kaiser's orders were absolute, and she quickly obeyed. Serving herself up a plate before following her man to the table he sat at.

Much like Berengar and his soldiers, Honoria and her privateers were dressed in the same arid pattern uniform. Albeit they did not wear the insignia of the Army of Imperial Guard, but rather their own special logo. Berengar sat across from Honoria and dined on the food she had prepared, complimenting her for her efforts as he did so.

"You have done well Honoria, I know it doesn't seem like it, but the jobs you girls are doing are great for morale. The men love having a pretty face perform their chores for them. We are far away from home, and in an alien land, surrounded by hostile savages. So you girls should take pride in your work."

Honoria sighed when she heard this. She knew the tasks they were doing had a purpose to fulfill, but she still felt like a housewife when she did them. A fate she had gone through great lengths to escape. Berengar could tell she was disappointed with this expedition and decided to cheer her up with some good news.

"I hope that trench gun of yours is well maintained, because I'm going to be setting out soon on a quest. I want you to be part of it."

The word quest immediately intrigued Honoria, and she quickly inquired about the details.

"A quest? We have only just arrived, and you're already setting out. What for?"

Berengar smirked as he said this before taking a drink from his canteen. After doing so, he proudly declared his intentions.

"Since I was a small child, there was one species I wished to take as a pet. Unfortunately, the laws and restrictions back home were not exactly kind to the idea. Thus, I was never able to achieve this dream. However, I have been reborn in a world where I can make my own rules. Now that I am here in Africa, I intend to take a leopard cub as my pet, and bring it back to the fatherland where I can personally tame it as it grows."

Honoria's jaw dropped when she heard this. She could not believe the man was talking about kidnapping a big cat cub and taking it back to the fatherland to raise as his own. That was a seriously stupid and dangerous idea. But, if anyone could achieve it, it would be Berengar.

The idea of traversing deep behind enemy lines to snatch a little kitten away from its mother filled her with excitement. It was certainly better than anything she had planned around the encampment. With this in mind, she nodded her head emphatically before agreeing to her husband's request.

"Say no more, I'm in! Just tell me when we are heading out?"

Berengar smiled when he heard this before speaking of his plans further.

"The day after tomorrow, we will set out with a company of soldiers. Two machine guns, two mortars, and a bunch of rifles. As well as a few supply wagons to maintain them. It should be enough to annihilate any savage war band we come across."

Honoria nodded her head in agreement, but also pleaded for a condition of her own.

"Just promise me I can take some of my girls with me. They're dying for some action!"

Berengar thought about it for a moment before lifting two fingers.

"I will permit you to bring two squads. The rest have to stay behind."

Honoria was pleased with this, and kissed her man on the lips before whispering in his ears.

"Thanks daddy!"

After saying this, she ran off. Having finished her meal, she intended to give her crew the good news. Berengar could only watch her fine ass bounce as it hurried away from him. He gazed off into the horizon with a smile on his face. Finally, after two lives, he would be able to claim his prize.

Chapter 737 Uniting the Tribes Part II

Darkness descended from the sky as the clouds covered the moon and its light. So much so that the only form of illumination came from the fires of the German encampment. In the distance scouts, from the tribe that Bakari had visited were searching for their missing comrades. It had been days since the village chief had dispatched men to observe the white devils and their actions.

Yet, despite this, they never returned. The reason for this was simple: they were spotted and shot by the snipers who stood atop the German watchtowers. Such was the fate of any African who was foolish enough to approach the newly founded German colony. Berengar had no tolerance for espionage, and would eliminate anyone who came close to his borders without mercy.

The African tribesmen who came to look for their lost scouts blended into the night with their dark skin, and because of this, the German soldiers could not easily spot them in the poorly illuminated landscape. Thus, they were lucky enough to escape the wrath of the snipers who acted as the first line of defense of the colony.

The man in charge of these scouts was a relatively tall, and muscular man for an African, however, compared to the German soldiers who were better fed, and had superior strength and conditioning training, he was severely lacking in stature. He wore the skin of a leopard as he stalked through the darkness, leading his men towards the German encampment.

The camp that the Germans stayed within was well fortified, with earthen fortifications and a trench system in place. Static machine guns were mounted in the trenches, which comprised a mixture of the newly produced MG 25s, and the older hand cranked Mk 2 Schmidt Guns. The soldiers in the trenches kept a watchful eye into the darkness, in case they came under attack.

The somewhat muscular African approached a nearby brush, where he found the corpse of one of the scouts they had sent earlier. The power of the 7.92x57mm cartridge that had been used to take his life blasted his head into mincemeat. He was completely unrecognizable, and yet, the African knew him to be a member of his tribe.

The man mourned the passing of his fellow tribesman before he took a gaze at the watchtower that sat far away from his position. Such a vast distance between him and the German camp was astonishing to see. If a German were to witness this, they would immediately recognize that they were standing roughly 1200 meters away from the camp. Of course, to the African, it was really just a long distance, as precise units of measurements were an alien concept to his people.

To him, there was no feasible way for the white devils to kill his tribesman at such a distance. Because of this simple disbelief, he made a critical error in his assumptions and believed the Germans had killed the

scout in melee combat. In his mind, only the repeated use of a blunt weapon could inflict such grievous wounds. Either way, he felt as if he had accomplished his mission as he realized why the scouts had failed to report their findings. He quickly gathered the other warriors in his squad and informed them of his findings.

"Lunga is dead. Whoever killed him smashed his head into pieces. I suspect the other scouts are dead as well. We should quickly report this news to the Chief. It is clear that these people from the sea are not here with peaceful intentions."

The warriors nodded their heads in agreement with this notion before absconding into the night back towards the village they had come from. They would not risk staying around and taunting death to claim their lives.

Another few days had passed, and the scouts arrived in the village. Where they were quick to find the chief who was in a meeting with Bakari and the chief of another tribe. It would appear they were in a heated discussion about a recent conflict the other tribe had with the German soldiers.

"These white devils have been stalking and killing our hunters and foragers when they leave the village in search of food. We fear that they intend to launch an attack on our village soon. I understand you are waiting to hear back from your warriors about your missing scouts, but we need to take action now. Or else these sea people will kill us all!"

When the somewhat muscular African entered the room, the gathered chieftains fell quiet, as the leader of this village spoke up inquiring about what his warriors had learned.

"Any news on the missing scouts?"

The African warrior nodded his head as he gritted his teeth. He explained the situation as best he could, but it was still a confusing prospect.

"I found Lunga, his head was smashed into bits. He was likely ambushed as he observed the encampment from afar. His wounds suggest a blunt instrument was involved. Such as a club or a rock!"

Bakari knew this was a bunch of hogwash. He had personally witnessed the range and detestation the German weapons could cause to human flesh, and was not afraid to speak up about his opinion.

"I doubt they used a blunt instrument. These people are capable of conjuring thunder and fire to kill their enemies. I don't know how far away the enemy was when they attacked my village, but the fire spitting from their position suggests that their powers have a far greater range than our bows. I would not doubt if the enemy had killed this Lunga from the safety of their encampment.

With the attacks on the Mthunzi tribe, and the Zama tribe's hunters, as well as the murder of your scouts, we can safely say that these white devils are a threat to our very existence. It is my suggestion that we contact the other tribes in the area and come together to discuss how we are going to expel these invaders from our lands!"

The chieftain of this village was a man by the name of Ukuza, and his tribe was named Lwazi. He was skeptical of Bakari's claims, especially after his warriors rolled their eyes at the idea that the enemy could conjure the elements to fight for them. Clearly, they had not witnessed such a thing on their journey. However, it was no doubt that these invaders posed a significant threat to the local tribes. If

that was the case, he may find it in his heart to negotiate with his long-standing rivals to a temporary peace, so that they can drive the white menace from their lands.

He sighed heavily before nodding his head in agreement. Though he did not want to do it, establishing a temporary alliance with the rival tribes so that they could come together and resist the German onslaught was the best case solution. Thus, the man responded to Bakari's claims in affirmation.

"Though I doubt your claims to be accurate. I must admit that I can no longer deny the threat these foreigners pose to our collective existence. It is time that we come together and put aside our differences for the time being, so that we can focus on a greater enemy! I will send word to the other tribes. By now, they too must have investigated the white devils. Surely they will have come to the same conclusion as us."

Bakari was frustrated that nobody took him seriously, but at least the chiefs of the Zama and Lwazi tribes took the threat of the white devils seriously. He believed that together, the Southern African tribes could possess the power to drive the Germans from these lands. Of course, he was unaware of the actual power of the German military, or the fact that Berengar planned to use this colonial conflict as a testing ground for some of his more atrocious weaponry.

However, if Bakari could unite the tribes south of the Orange river, he could have tens of thousands of warriors beneath his command. With such a large military force, he believed he could overwhelm the small numbers of German soldiers who currently existed in the region. Of course, such thinking was on par with Berengar's past enemies, who underestimated the value of rapid-fire weapons.

One thing was certain, the African tribes would not go quietly into the night. They would fight against their German invaders with everything they had. After all, Berengar had made his intentions clear. There was no room in Southern Africa for the local population. It would be a German colony, regardless of how many troops Germany had to funnel into the region, or how many people they needed to kill.

Chapter 738 The World's First Weapon of Mass Destruction

Jakob was sitting in the middle of the Kufstein royal armory's testing field, which had been quarantined off for the use of a new and secretive weapon. While Berengar had set out on a quest to tame southern Africa, he had given orders to Jakob and his band of scientists to develop two new devices. Thus, he had been working hard with the Kufstein chemistry department to deliver a finished project that was capable of undergoing field trials in Southern Africa.

In Jakob's hand was the fifth prototype he had designed for a functional Gas Mask. This device was made with help from Berengar's writings, describing the materials needed for its use, and how it should function. This mask was based upon a crude drawing resembling the M38 Gas Mask that the Germans used in WWII of the Kaiser's past life.

The reason Berengar had not yet deployed chemical weapons on the battlefield was actually really simple. Until recently, he lacked access to rubber, which was required to make a decent gas mask. However, because of trade with the Aztec Empire, he could now gain vast deposits of the material. Thus, he intended to make full use of his new rubber supply to manufacture gas masks for his troops in the field.

This mask came in two colors. One was feldgrau, the other was Khaki. These colors were intended for use in woodland and arid environments. The mask's cannister was made using an activated charcoal filtration system. Until now, the efficiency of the various gas mask prototypes had been determined through human trials by using prisoners sentenced to death as test subjects.

After extensive trial and error, over the span of months, Jakob and his scientists produced the first ever functional gas mask. Naturally, with the invention of the gas mask, so too were the first chemical weapons created.

Currently, Jakob was watching a group of German Soldiers wearing gas masks as they prepared to launch a 75mm artillery shell from one of the older FK 22 Field Guns. Considering these guns used the same shells as the new FK 25 Field Guns, they felt as if this would be an accurate demonstration about the current and future capabilities of these projectiles.

These were no ordinary High Explosive shells, instead these shells were designed to disperse a chemical agent known as chlorine gas. The shell made use of an explosive agent that was small enough to explode the shell. Once it detonated, the chlorine gas would spread through the air and kill anything that it made contact with that was unprotected against chemical weapons.

Despite the fact that the targets were far away from the artillery crew or even the observers. Everyone present wore a gas mask as they witnessed the first ever use of a chemical weapon. The target was a group of twelve prisoners who had been sentenced to death. With the wave of a hand, Jakob signalled for the shell to be fired.

The artillery crew pulled the string and fired off the artillery shell towards its target. Making use of the newly manufactured proximity fuses that allowed the shell to burst in the air, the chemical shell flew towards its target and blew up mid air, spreading the poison gas around the prisoners who were chained to nearby posts.

Immediately after inhaling the Chlorine gas, the prisoners suffocated, as their lungs were poisoned by the chemical. They choked, sneezed, cried, and ultimately died a miserable death, with strained expressions on their faces. Before long, the toxic cloud dispersed with the wind, and only after the situation was deemed safe did the soldiers operating the test and the observers take off their masks.

Ludwig was present for the observation, despite getting close to retirement. He wanted to witness one last demonstration before handing in his resignation to the Kaiser. He was truly astounded by the lethality of this weapon, and how effective it would be in annihilating any enemy Germany came across. If one did not wear special protection, they were as good as dead, and only Germany had access to this protection. It was the ultimate agent of death, and Ludwig, being a man from a bygone era, feared it.

However, when he gazed upon his son, who had a proud smile on his face, he could not help but fear what the German Empire was becoming. Rumors of increased brutality on the battlefields in the colonies had reached the old man's ears. Yet now the department he had helped found was developing such horrifying weapons.

Ludwig was beginning to wonder if the Kaiser had gone mad in the pursuit of his ambitions. Weapons such as these could wipe out entire cities with little effort. In the mind of the aging weapons engineer, such devastating devices of war should not be possessed by mankind.

However, before he could assert his view to his son, that he had created something that should never have been developed. Logistics officers surrounded Jakob. These men were from the Army, and Imperial Guard who wanted to congratulate him on his newest design, and inquire about when they could field such magnificent weapons on their own branches.

"Mr. Schmidt, you have done a great service for your country. Not only have you developed a terrifyingly effective new weapon, but you have even developed a countermeasure to it in order to ensure the safety of our soldiers and civilians. I must say, I am most pleased with this result. If I may ask a question? When can you begin mass production of these so-called gas masks and chlorine shells?"

Jakob had a proud smile on his face as he shook the logistic officer's hand before revealing his plans for these new devices.

"It is the intent of the Kufstein Royal Armory to begin production of these devices in the coming weeks, and begin shipment to the South African theater in the next two months. The Crown has approved these gas masks and chemical shells for use in field testing within his current campaign. Apparently, he wants to be rid of the local savages as quickly as possible.

I must say, as much work as I have done, none of this would have been possible without the expert findings of Count Aldo von Passau. He and his magnificent department of chemists have created the chemical agents necessary to test the gas masks, and to be employed in the shells."

Aldo von Passau was nearby, sitting next to Ludwig. Though he had overseen the chemical weapons project, he was horrified by its result. He had started learning alchemy at a young age to help save lives, and his efforts in the field of chemistry since he swore his loyalty to Berengar had done just that. However, this was the first time his research was used to such a chilling effect. He regretted offering his assistance in this endeavor now that he knew Berengar intended to use it on the battlefield against both military and civilian targets.

Ludwig could tell by the gaze in Aldo's eyes that the man had the same thought process as him, but unfortunately, the two old men could only smile and wave. The development of chemical weapons came at the behest of the Kaiser. If the Monarch wanted these weapons to be used against civilian targets, then no amount of protest would stop him. Not that anyone outside of the scientific community would even protest the use of these weapons.

Berengar was revered among his people. So much so that he was practically a living god. He had led them to such great progress that the people no longer doubted his judgement. As long as Berengar said that the savages they used these weapons against deserved such inhumane treatment, then the people of Germany would be shouting in the streets in support of the Army and its Commander-in-Chief.

On this day, January 7th 1426 in the year of our Lord. Approximately nine years after Julian Weber had reincarnated into this world. Germany had created the world's first weapon of mass destruction. A weapon that would see mass use in the removal of the South African tribes from their lands, and cause the deaths of millions in the years to come.

Chapter 739 The Great Safari Adventure

Berengar loaded a stripper clip into his G25 Bolt-Action Carbine before slamming the bolt home. All five rounds of his 7.92x57mm ammunition were effortlessly loaded into the internal magazine. After doing so, he flipped the safety before slinging the weapon on his back.

He was dressed in an arid pattern uniform, with a khaki blouse that had its sleeves rolled up, a pair of khaki shorts, and a pair of brown leather ankle boots that had a canvas ankle support. His load bearing equipment was made of a mixture of canvas and brown leather, and housed his ammunition pouches, canteen, bayonet, and entrenching tool. Adorning his head was a khaki pith helmet in the style that would have been used by the German Afrika Korps during his past life.

He was not the only one dressed in such fashion, the soldiers of his Imperial Guard who were selected to accompany him on this journey were also dressed in this uniform. As was Honoria, who skillfully adorned her pith helmet over her chocolate colored hair with a cutesy smile on her face. She struck a fashionable pose before asking her husband for his opinion of her appearance.

"How do I look?"

Berengar smiled as he gazed upon the beauty of his Byzantine Princess and nodded his head thrice before making a joke he had heard on an old cartoon from his past life.

"Like a cheap French harlot..."

Honoria's smile immediately soured as she gazed at her man with fury in her mint green eyes. Berengar was forced to calm the woman's wrath as he assured her he was only joking.

"I'm only kidding... In truth, you look like a beautiful war goddess!"

Despite the man's shameless actions, his woman was pleased after hearing his true thoughts and latched onto his arm with the same smile she previously wore on her pretty face. Berengar was forced to shrug her off, as his soldiers were glaring at him. Why was it they couldn't bring along a pretty girl to accompany them in their tents during campaigns? Such were the thoughts on their minds as they gazed in envy at their emperor.

After shaking Honoria off of him, Berengar made sure their supplies were properly packed. Unlike Berengar, Honoria favored the Trench gun. She had packed several powerful slugs in case they came across some particularly large game that needed putting down. It wasn't a 700 Nitro Express, but if she slam fired her entire tube's worth of slugs into a rampaging elephant's skull, Berengar doubted it would endure.

After ensuring that he and his troops were properly prepared, Berengar mounted his steed and snapped the reins, propelling him out of the encampment and into the South African plains. He did not have the slightest idea how he would find a leopard cub, or how he would snatch it from his mother's protection, but he was determined to do so.

Thus, a company of soldiers and two squads worth of female privateers rode off into the prairie with no support from the forward operating base that had been established along the coastline. As they rode through the plains, they noticed all sorts of wildlife that was completely alien to the German soldiers.

The sight of Giraffes astounded Honoria in particular. She did not know how the animals had grown such long necks. Berengar simply smiled when he saw the splendor of the young woman's face. Despite

travelling all over the world, and seeing many sights, the woman could still admire the beauty of nature when she saw it.

Many of the more hostile creatures, such as African Wild Dogs and Hyenas, maintained their distance from the large group of humans. Perhaps they were fearful of the strange creatures these humans rode upon, or perhaps they simply knew they were no match for the humans, but they generally sprinted when they saw the German host trod by.

That is, aside from one particular pack of hyenas who appeared to be stalking the German host throughout their journey. Perhaps it was because he watched too much Lion King when he was still a child in his past life, but Berengar was not particularly fond of hyenas.

Thus, as he witnessed the mutts stalking him and his party, he decided to take a few potshots at the beasts through his scope. The crackle of gunfire, and the whizzing of the bullets as they passed over the creature's heads was enough to spook them off. Honoria frowned at Berengar when she saw him deliberately intimidating the local wildlife and chastised him for his behavior.

"Why would you do that?"

Berengar could not openly admit that he always hated hyenas, as his soldiers might overhear and jump to conclusions, thus, he simply scoffed before making an excuse.

"Something about the way those beasts look pisses me off."

Honoria could already guess that it had something to do with his past life, and didn't question him any further about his hostile actions. Thus, the party continued on their journey, searching for any sign of a leopard. Unfortunately, they ended up travelling aimlessly into unexplored territory. After several hours of getting lost in the wilds, Berengar decided to give the horses a rest and establish a camp.

The group of German soldiers ended up camping on a plateau within the mountains. Berengar deployed two squads of men to act as sentries and to maintain a perimeter while the rest of them set up their tents and prepared the meals that they would eat. While the German soldiers dined upon their meals in the darkness, a pair of blue eyes flickered on the rock cropping above.

The beast who it belonged to carefully observed the foreigners who had trespassed into its lands, with a hint of intelligence in its eyes that a wild animal such as it should not normally possess. It could accurately pinpoint who was the leader among them, and could sense a special aura about him. Luckily, the darkness was enough to conceal its spotted hide as it slowly prowled about, keeping a watchful eye on its target.

There was something about the one eyed man it found to be distasteful. Though it could not understand the language he spoke, it could comprehend the human body language, and could sense that Berengar had come to this mountain range with a purpose in mind. One thing was certain, this human wore the mark of a foreign deity, and this cat could smell it from a mile away.

Why the gods of a foreign land would interfere in the mortal plain, the beast did not know. It was not his place to question the higher beings. However, there was no mistaking that Berengar's presence in these lands was clearly an act of hostility, and thus, after observing Berengar and his party's actions for several hours in silence, the cat slithered off into the night to report back to its master.

Roughly five kilometers away from Berengar's camp, the leopard ascended to the highest peak of the mountain, where clouds had gathered at its spire. Above these clouds was a round hut made of rainbow arches. Upon reaching this structure, the leopard roared, signalling to its master it had returned. The moment this sound echoed in the air, another leopard exited from the hut where it gazed upon the familiar beast before shape-shifting into a busty African beauty.

This woman had long, braided hair and skin as black as night. She looked curiously at the leopard before questioning its sudden return. It was not often that her familiar visited her, as the beast had a bit of an icy persona.

"Azisa, why have you returned so soon?"

The beast named Azisa growled and roared for several minutes. By the expression on the woman's face, she could clearly understand the creature as if it were speaking the same language she was accustomed to. Her brow raised as she heard this, before repeating what the leopard had said, as if she was questioning what she was hearing.

"You say a one eyed man with golden hair, white skin, and blue eyes has entered these lands in search of something, and that he carries with him the boon of a foreign deity? What bastard has sent his toy into my domain? I will get to the bottom of this at once!"

After saying this, the woman transformed back into the form of a leopard, where she spoke in the human tongue, giving her familiar a command.

"Lead me to these intruders. I will see for myself why they have decided to disturb me!"

The male leopard who acted as this the familiar of this goddess felt its spine tingle as he heard that the woman wanted to personally investigate this matter. However, a command was a command, and the orders of the goddess were absolute. Thus, he could only sigh before leading the way to Berengar's camp, where the man currently lay asleep in his tent.

Berengar did not know when he set off on this journey that he would intrude on a hostile deity's territory, or that he would attract her fury. However, one thing was certain, this goddess would not be pleased that Berengar had invaded South Africa with the intent to forcefully remove her people, who had not yet even begun to enter the stage of development they were destined to achieve.

Chapter 740 The Goddess Descends from the Mountains

Mbaba Mwana Waresa was a fledgling goddess, who in Berengar's past life was worshipped by the Zulu. However, the Zulu culture had not yet been established in this world, and because of it, she was not yet worshipped in any significant capacity. At most, a few small tribes would worship her by another name.

As with most deities she was aware of the natural progression of the timeline, at least in her sphere of influence, and upon hearing that the white man had arrived in south Africa centuries before they were supposed to invade and colonize the region, she became fearful. Especially when she heard that a man with a deity's boon was leading them. This meant that some deity from a foreign land had broken a taboo, and brought forth a being from another world to interfere in this one.

Naturally, she lacked the power to do such a thing as her followers were few, and the number of worshippers as well as their unity is what gave a god his power. This is why the Abrahamic God was so

weak compared to others who had smaller followings. His worshippers had been killing each other in the name of minor differences in their faith for centuries.

Though his followers were among the largest in the world, they had undergone multiple bloody schisms so much so that his power suffered because of it. In fact, one could say that Berengar's invention of the German Reformation had dealt a serious blow to the Abrahamic God's power.

Of course, Mbaba Mwana Waresa was not aware of this, and simply descended from the mountain as rapidly as she could. She wanted to see these golden-haired men with her own eyes. Her familiar Azisa led the way, fearful of how she might react. The last thing he wanted was for a massacre to take place on his hunting grounds.

Eventually the Goddess who took the form of a leopard, and her companion perched upon the cliff above. Gazing upon the oil lanterns that the German soldiers hung on posts while standing guard. She was shocked to see the weapons they were carrying, which were more advanced than those used by the British Empire in the Anglo-Zulu War, which saw a disastrous defeat for her people.

This only confirmed her suspicion that a foreign god or goddess had acted on their impulses and brought a highly skilled individual from the future of another world into this one. There weren't many deities these days with the power to pull that off.

The African Goddess wasn't aware of the Germanic pantheon, unlike the Great Goddess of Teotihuacan who was a goddess of the underworld, and thus knew about the different afterlives and the pantheons that they belonged to, Mbaba Mwana Waresa was a fertility goddess, and naturally was unaware of anything outside her sphere of influence.

She could only gaze in astonishment at these men, however, she did not see the one eyed man that Azisa had spoken of and because of that, she quickly scolded him.

"Where is he? The one eye'd man with the boon!"

Azisa instantly rolled his eyes. This young goddess still had not perfected the powers she currently had, otherwise she would be able to detect her target from a great distance like he was capable of. No wonder why she needed a familiar. Rather than rebuke the woman for her lack of power, the leopard instead pointed towards the tent that Berengar was sleeping in with his paw.

A vicious grin appeared on Mbaba Mwana Waresa's feline face as she stealthily invaded the camp, by climbing down from the ledge onto a tree below, before skilfully maneuvering her way through the flaps of Berengar's tent. She gazed upon the man as he slept, and the beautiful woman by his side. She had found her target. If she could eliminate this man, then perhaps she could prevent whatever plans he had for this land and her people.

Mbaba Mwana Waresa was still in the form of a leopard and slowly climbed onto the futon where Berengar currently slept. She ended up pressing her face right against his while still maintaining enough distance to avoid physical contact. However, one thing she didn't account for was her breath, which assaulted Berengar's nostrils and woke him from his slumber.

The Kaiser gazed upon the leopard that was staring right into his eyes with a flash of surprise. He had been searching for a leopard all this time, and yet one had managed to find its way into his tent. Luckily,

him waking up had also startled Mbaba Mwana Waresa or else she would have ripped his throat out before he could react. Instead, Berengar instantly grabbed hold of his rifle, which lay next to his futon, and succeeded in his attempt to block the woman's attack.

Mbaba Mwana Waresa gazed in shock as she bit onto the wooden stock of the rifle with all her strength. The goddess was inexperienced in combat and continued to latch onto the rifle, thinking she could bite through it. This gave Berengar just enough time to use it as a fulcrum and wrestle the leopard beneath him.

It was only after Mbaba Mwana Waresa found herself pinned beneath the naked Kaiser did she realize how badly she had messed up. She quickly released the rifle with her jaws, which only allowed Berengar to use its stock as a weapon as he smashed it against her teeth. Though she was immune to mortal weapons, she could still feel the sting of their attack and instantly yelped as she instinctively transformed back into her human form.

Berengar gazed in disbelief as he realized he was suddenly sitting atop a naked African beauty. He could hardly fathom what was going on, and immediately screamed at the woman in his native tongue.

"Who the fuck are you?"

This awoke Honoria, who had surprisingly slept through the whole conflict. When she saw her husband was sitting naked on top of an African woman who was also in the nude, she began to scream at him.

"What the hell is going on here!?!"

Berengar did not know how to explain the situation, nor did he know what to do now that he had the woman pinned. Unfortunately for him, while he was distracted, Azisa had heard the commotion, and rolled his eyes, knowing that his young master had completely botched her assassination attempt. He immediately forced his way into the tent, where he bit into Berengar's arm.

Berengar screamed out in agony as he tried to wrestle the beast's jaws off of him. However, the beast was determined and bit further into Berengar's biceps. This gave Mbaba Mwana Waresa the opportunity she needed to flee, and she quickly shape-shifted back into a leopard and hopped out of the tent.

Berengar was just about to stab his Bayonet into the leopard's eye when the beast let go and ran off towards his master. After being released from the leopard's jaws, Berengar winced in pain, as Honoria cried out for the nearest medic.

"Medic! Help!"

The medic that had accompanied the party awoke from his slumber upon hearing these screams and rushed into the Kaiser's tent with his kit in hand. He immediately diagnosed the issue and began to dress the wound. As a veteran field medic, he knew how to stop the bleeding of punctures and lacerations, and did his best to ensure that Berengar's wound was both sanitized and sealed.

Truthfully, Berengar got off easily. If the Leopard wanted to, it could have shredded his biceps. However, all it wanted to do was get Berengar off of his master, and thus only punctured into his arm, with enough treatment Berengar would make a full recovery. What needed to happen now was to make sure that he did not get an infection.

While Berengar was being treated, Mbaba Mwana Waresa and Azisa had fled a great distance, it was only after they had run a few kilometers away, and ensured that they were not being followed that the woman shape-shifted back to her human form and cursed out loud.

"Holy fuck, what the hell? How did I mess that up so badly? I should have ripped out his throat with my teeth when I had the chance! I'm so stupid!"

The African goddess paced back and forth as she thought about everything that had happened while muttering her confusion aloud. She seemed to be intently focused on the fact that Berengar was naked, particularly the size of his member.

"I saw everything! His thing! It was right in my face! Are they supposed to be so big? What am I even thinking? I will kill the bastard the next chance I get!"

Azisa glared at his master as if she were an idiot before roaring loudly. Evidently, whatever he had said offended the goddess as she immediately kicked the leopard and scolded him.

"Don't you dare insult me!"

The familiar whelped as it was kicked aside, before dusting itself off and giving an aloof expression to its master. After doing this, it walked off, leaving Mbaba Mwana Waresa all by herself as she struggled to comprehend everything that had happened in such a short time. Upon seeing that she had angered Azisa, Mbaba Mwana Waresa called out to him.

"Azisa, don't be like that! Come back here!"

Unfortunately for the goddess, it was too late to apologize. The beast needed some alone time after being so mistreated. He saved the woman's ass, and she responded by kicking him? He had better things to do than entertain the petty tantrums of a fledgling goddess. Thus, both parties in the incident were left wondering what the hell had happened after the fact.