

Steel 741

Chapter 741 Fight Until the Very Last!

Berengar sat within the medical tent, back at the forward operating base that had been established on the coast of South Africa. His right bicep had been punctured by the sharp teeth of the highly intelligent leopard and was now being treated by the doctors who had accompanied the German expedition. After suffering the attack, Berengar and his hunting party were forced to withdraw back to the coast.

He was still in confusion after what had happened the night before. However, what bugged him the most was that out of the thousands of lifetimes and their possibilities that he had perceived when he drank from the norn's well, none of them displayed these events that had just occurred.

The reason for this was because, though Berengar could see many of the possible timelines that could occur as a result of his actions, he failed to see information regarding deities or other reincarnators. This, combined with the fact that the African woman was a shapeshifter led Berengar to believe she was a local deity. However, he was confused about why she was so hostile to him. Was it because of the village he had massacred? Was she their local deity? If that was the case, then he would retaliate swiftly and decisively.

An attack on his life, whoever it was from, was something Berengar did not take lightly. In times past, there would be serious repercussions for doing so. However, how he had responded then would pale in comparison to the vengeance he had in mind at this moment. The camps' doctor had prescribed him antibiotics in order to fight an affection, and had made sure that his wound was cleaned, and bandaged properly.

The arm was placed in a sling, after all, he could barely use it without causing more damage to the appendage. This was not a good look for morale, and because of this, Berengar needed a scapegoat to enact his vengeance upon. Naturally, he could not inform his men of the supernatural nature of his attacker. Instead, he could only pin the blame on the local tribes.

Thus, after ensuring he was in good enough condition to make a speech, Berengar departed from the medical tent, where he gazed upon the thousands of soldiers who had taken part in this expedition. They gathered outside the tent waiting for news on their injured emperor. With a heavy sigh, Berengar announced his current physical state, and began to spin a tale about how he had been attacked.

"The Doctor says with enough time, and physical therapy, I will make a full recovery. So do not fret, your Kaiser will be back in action soon enough. However, I am troubled. I am sure you are all asking yourselves why that might be the case. The reason for my ire is that during my journey into the mountains, I was attacked in my sleep by a savage woman and her tamed beast.

This woman brought with her a beast of the land who beset itself upon me in an attempt to not only claim my life, but devour me. I struggled to survive the onslaught on my own, but in the end, I succeeded in repelling my attackers. However, this attack has inflicted scars that I will bear for life. Such a thing is not only an insult to my personal honor, but to the Prestige of every German citizen!

By attacking me in my sleep, these savages have shown that they do not understand nor care for the civilized rules of war. I will not lie. For some time now, the Jaegers and Jagdkommandos who have been

acting as our scouts into these foreign lands have been telling me Kaiser, these people are savages, they eat each other; they are not human, or at the very least not civilized humans. We should not afford these cannibals the proper respect that we have given our other opponents.

To that I have responded with the adage that we must treat our enemies the way we wish to be treated. However, after this incident, I have come to the conclusion that my Jagdkommandos were correct in their perspective. I am here to tell all of you that I will be taking on this war in a manner that I have never conducted warfare in the past.

And that is to fight until the very last! They wanted it, so shall they have it! Since these savages seek to destroy us, and dine upon our flesh, then I will show them who shall be destroyed! By attempting to feed me to their beast, they have started a madness that one way or another will see their entire population annihilated! To the savages of this land, who shall eventually become extinct, they only have this assassin to blame!"

With this said, the soldiers of Germany who gathered in the encampment let out a cry as they cheered for the devastation that was about to occur in South Africa. Berengar had exaggerated many things in this speech, but he had succeeded in his goal of dehumanizing the enemy.

He had been scheming for some time how to make Germany appear to be the victim in this conflict, and an "unprovoked assassination attempt" on the Kaiser while he peacefully camped in the mountains turned out to be the perfect incident.

Though Berengar had annihilated a village previously, these tribes had no written language or history, they could never present a counter to Berengar's portrayal of events in the conflict. History would not judge him for the ethnic cleansing that was about to take place in these lands, nor would they condemn him for the use of Chemical weapons, after all his defenders would use the excuse that such weapons were new technology, and because of that they were perfectly justified in being used.

After walking back into the tent where Honoria stood with a worried expression on her pretty face, Berengar smiled and stroked her chocolate hair, before informing her that everything would be alright.

"I'll be fine. There is no reason to worry. In fact, this attack on my life has given me the perfect excuse to act with excessive cruelty in this conflict. As far as the world is concerned, this was an unprovoked attack on my life. They can't blame me for being merciless when the Africans tried to feed me to a leopard, now can they?"

Honoria shook her head. She knew the sinister look on Berengar's face; it was the expression he had whenever he was about to engage in a massacre. She could only sigh as she questioned exactly what he had in mind this time around.

"What do you intend to do with the natives?"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this before reprimanding Honoria for her curiosity.

"You should know better than to pry into my affairs. However, I will be generous and inform you just what I have in mind for this conflict. There are new weapons currently undergoing development in the Royal Kufstein Armory. I intend to make use of this war to explore the depths of how effective these

weapons can be. I shall push those few who survive my onslaught back beyond the Orange River. This should give us more than enough space to colonize these lands in the coming decades."

In his past life, chemical weapons were labelled as weapons of mass destruction and were banned in the use of warfare by the international community. Should someone break this rule, they would immediately find themselves listed as a war criminal and undoubtedly would be executed upon capture.

Truth be told, Berengar had limited information on how much destruction chemical weapons could actually cause. After all, they had seen their most use in the Great War, but that was a war fought among peers, who were quickly able to create countermeasures to protect against the new style of warfare. Thus, in his past life, the disastrous effects of chemical warfare had never actually been fully realized.

To Berengar, South Africa was more than just a treasure trove of natural resources. It was an area where he could act with impunity and conduct trials to see just how effective such weapons could be in the field of battle. Whoever this goddess was, she had fucked up by attacking Berengar. His wrath was something that she could not afford to endure as a fledgling goddess of a culture that did not even exist yet.

The prospect of these new, experimental weapons frightened Honoria. Especially with how Berengar spoke about them. She did not know what terrifying new device the man had created, but whatever it was, it was sure to cause plenty of casualties. She could only ask one question that appeared within her mind.

"Should I be worried about these new weapons?"

Berengar shook his head when he heard this and informed the woman that she would be perfectly safe.

"Not at all. With the creation of these weapons, I have also developed countermeasures to ensure that our troops are safe from their effects. However, without these counter-measures, anyone who comes into contact with these weapons is almost guaranteed a brutal death."

Berengar did not know that while he was planning to amass a chemical weapons stockpile so that he could easily drive the South African tribes from the region, the tribal leaders were having a conference about how to deal with the Germans who had trespassed on their lands. A great African Confederation was about to be born, and it was the direct result of Berengar's interference with the timeline.

Chapter 742 Dreams of the Past Part III

Months had passed since Mizuno Ai had first started attending Westpoint, and since then, her burgeoning friendship with a young man named Julian Weber had stagnated. Though the two of them spent much time in the library, Julian still considered Ai to be a nuisance, who constantly interrupted his library time.

Currently, Julian was eating from a cup of microwaveable noodles, as it was the only thing he could really afford to eat on his budget. Ai gazed at him with curiosity, as he seemed to only tolerate the meal. She could not help but ask the question in her mind.

"Julian?"

The young man sighed heavily as he heard this interruption from his reading, and slowly placed down his book, where he begrudgingly answered the girl's question.

"Yes, Ai?"

Ai wore a pretty smile as she continued her train of thought.

"Have you ever had actual Ramen before?"

Julian shook his head before responding to the young Japanese woman's question.

"No, too expensive..."

It was at this moment that Ai learned something interesting about Julian's background. He appeared to be very poor. She knew in that moment that she had an opportunity to get closer to the man and quickly insisted on something that Julian had not expected when this conversation began.

"Then it's settled. Friday night you are coming over to my parents' house, where I will cook you some actual ramen! It is a crime to only eat cupped noodles every day!"

Julian responded in a way that Ai was not expecting, as he quickly rejected her offer.

"No thanks, I'm busy on Friday..."

Ai was dumbfounded by this comment. Was he fucking kidding right now? A pretty girl asks you to come over and eat her home cooking, and you refuse? How dense was this moron? She forced herself to remain calm as she insisted on this point.

"I'm not taking no for an answer! I will treat you to a home-cooked meal, and you are going to like it!"

It startled Julian when the woman sitting across from him suddenly turned so aggressive; he was not accustomed to such behavior from the girl, and sort of sank back into his seat awkwardly. After receiving an intense stare from the girl for more than a few minutes of silence, he sighed heavily before agreeing to her request.

"Fine..."

Ai's expression immediately changed from a glower to a happy smile as she pressed her hands together in excitement.

"Yay! I am sure you will enjoy it! It will certainly be better than that mass produced crap you're eating right now..."

Julian gazed down at his cup of noodles and shrugged his shoulders. Food was food. He did not have the luxury of eating fancy meals at restaurants, and he was used to cooking his own food when he got the chance. However, he had to admit that it would be nice to eat something other than microwaveable noodles for once. Thus, he sighed and nodded his head before getting back to his work.

The week came and passed, and finally it was Friday night. Julian had finished his school work at the beginning of the week as per usual, and was free to engage in whatever behavior he chose. Normally, he

would spend Friday night in the library, learning about something that interested him. However, he had been invited over to a freshman's family home so that she could cook him a nice meal.

Westpoint was strict about living arrangements, and as a freshman, Ai was forced to live in the barracks. Naturally, she did not have a kitchen in her room, nor was she allowed to have a member of the opposite sex over. Thus, she could only sneak out on the weekend and go to her Parent's place, which was about an hour away in New York City. Luckily, her parents weren't home this weekend, and she used it as the perfect time to entertain Julian. Freewebnovel.com.

Julian arrived at Ai's family home at precisely the agreed upon time. The girl had been kind enough to send a car to pick him up, and thus he did not have to spend his meager funds on a cab ride to the city. Despite visiting a girl's home while her parents were away, Julian thought nothing of it, and most certainly did not consider this evening to be a date in any shape or form.

Ai, on the other hand, had gone all out on her appearance. She picked her cutest clothes to wear for the day, styled her hair in an attractive manner, and put on just the right amount of makeup to make an impression. She had properly set the table for the two of them and had already begun preparing the meal when Julian knocked on the door to the house.

Ai came from a family with money and naturally had servants who she dismissed for the evening so they would not inform her parents that she had a boy over. When Julian gazed at the large mansion, he was shocked. He did not know that the girl who had been pestering him for some time was a spoiled princess, however; it made sense to him after thinking about it for a few moments.

When the door opened to reveal Ai, whose appearance was more stunning than usual, Julian was surprised. He believed that a butler, or maid, would receive the guests in a palace such as this. However, Ai thought nothing of it, and wore a pretty smile as she dragged Julian into her house while making a joke about his arrival.

"You're actually here! Welcome to my family's home!"

Julian's brow raised when he heard this before questioning the girl for her choice of words.

"What do you mean, I am actually here? I promised to be here, did I not?"

Ai merely stuck out her tongue in a playful manner as she chastised him for his usual behavior.

"Yeah, but I thought for sure you would make some excuse so that you could bail on our arrangement. I'm glad you didn't, though. Well, make yourself at home. The Ramen is cooking, and it won't be long before we eat. Do you want a beer or something?"

Julian felt out of place as he gazed around at the luxurious mansion. He had never been in such a large and opulent home before. It took him a while to realize what Ai was saying, but ultimately, he nodded his head in agreement with her question.

"Sure, what do you have?"

Ai led the man to the kitchen, where she pulled a few beers out of the fridge. They were a popular brand from her parents' homeland; she handed one over to Julian after popping off the bottle caps, and taking a carefree sip of her own.

"My father enjoys imports from his homeland, so the only beer in the house is Japanese. I hope you don't mind."

Julian took a sip from the beer and instantly felt as if he had reached enlightenment. He could not afford to drink such premium alcohol, and had only ever drunk cheap light beer that tasted like piss water. However, this beer had a masterful flavor, and he instantly found himself enjoying the taste.

"It is really good!"

Ai was happy to see that Julian enjoyed it, and quickly got back to cooking. Before long, there were two bowls of miso ramen on the table, and a side of Takoyaki. Julian had heard of these meals before, but had never actually tried them.

However, when he tasted the fruits of Ai's labor, he nearly broke out into tears. It was among the best things he had ever tasted, and he savored every bite. Ai saw the weird expression on his face, and quickly asked how he felt about her cooking, slightly afraid of the answer.

"Well, how is it?"

Julian looked up at Ai with an awkward expression on his face as he tried to find the words to express his thoughts. Ultimately, he was afraid to tell the girl it was the best thing he had ever tasted, and wore a distant look as he brushed it aside.

"At the very least, it is better than microwaveable noodles..."

The forced stoic expression on Julian's face made Ai giggle, as she knew he was not willing to tell the truth. It was clear by the way he ate the ramen and Takoyaki that he enjoyed it very much, but for whatever reason, the man couldn't be honest. This was another aspect of Julian's character that the girl found endearing. The final words that Itami heard before she awoke from her dream were Julian awkwardly thanking her for the meal.

"Thank you, Ai... I really appreciate this."

After hearing these words, Itami awoke on her futon, with a bitter smile on her lips and a tear in her eye. She was actually quite depressed that she had awoken from her treasured memories of her past life, only to find herself in the den of vipers that was her current existence. With a heavy sigh, she curled up under her covers and let out a single tear and a slight whimper before falling back to sleep, hoping to catch the rest of the dream she had just awoken from.

Chapter 743 Uniting the Tribes Part III

Bakari sat within the center of a village further north than the Lwazi tribe. Today was a gathering of tribal chieftains from a variety of different villages across southern Africa. These were the major tribal leaders that existed south of the Orange River. These men had grown increasingly concerned about the presence of the Germans and the threat they posed to the continued existence of tribal sovereignty.

Since Berengar was attacked in his tent by the local goddess, and her familiar, he had been securing his forward operating base and expanding it to a full-scale military colony. Equipment was being imported from the Fatherland, and actual stone structures had begun to take place. The vast star fort that was

undergoing construction appeared to the African Scouts to be something grander than they had ever witnessed.

As more ships came from the fatherland, to this burgeoning South African colony, the African people began to become filled with fear. So much so that now, even the most bitter of tribal rivalries were put aside to deal with these white devils. Currently, Ukuza, leader of the Lwazi tribe, was speaking his piece about what information he had gained regarding the sea peoples.

"These white devils, though few, have strange weapons that are capable of conjuring thunder and fire. What magic was used in their creation we do not know, however, they appear to be capable of great devastation. They send out their scouts, who are mounted on stripeless zebras, to terrorize the southernmost tribes. They leave no survivors in the wake of their destruction.

There have been attempts to attack their encampment by small war bands, but they have only met in disaster. It is becoming increasingly clear that if we do not unite together, we will be driven from these lands that our ancestors have inhabited for many moons!"

Though Ukuza spoke of unity and nativity, the reality was that his people were not native to these lands. The original inhabitants, the Khoisan, were driven nearly to extinction by the Bantus, who now inhabited Southern Africa in greater numbers.

It was only natural for more powerful peoples to conquer and displace the natives when first contact was made. It was the way that humanity solved such disputes throughout their entire history. With the German settlement of the region, the Germans had brought the Bantus the same fate they had previously forced upon the Khoisan.

Naturally, the Bantus were resistant to this new order, and because of that, there were many who sided with Ukuza as he called for unification and war against the newcomers. Tribal chieftains nodded their heads and pounded their chests as they hollered in support of Ukuza.

"Death to the white devil!"

"This land is ours! These invaders must die!"

Bakari listened to the clamoring chieftains as they unanimously agreed upon war as being the most viable option to settle their dispute with the German settlers. Bakari spoke up on behalf of his tribe that was already annihilated.

"The white devils have wiped out my village. As far as I am aware, I am the only survivor. If we do not work together, you will all suffer the same fate. We need a leader, a great warrior who can lead this coalition of tribes against these white devils."

The moment Bakari said these words, the tribal chieftains immediately began to fight among themselves for who should lead this proposed coalition. A particularly large man who wore the skin of a leopard rose from his feet and volunteered himself for the position.

"I Ndonsa recommend myself for the position of war chief!"

Ndonsa had a fearsome reputation among the tribes south of the Orange River, but he was not the only one. Suddenly, a much smaller man rose from his seat and began to argue that he should lead the coalition.

"Bah, Ndonsa, your greatest claim to fame is killing a leopard with a bow and arrow. I should be the leader. You all know how many men I have killed with my spear! There is no more obvious man fit for the position than I, the great Siyabonga!"

Ndonsa immediately got up in Siyabonga's face, towering over the man with his stature as he stared at his rival with a face filled with disdain. Before they could fight, Ukuza came up with an idea of who should be named war chief of this coalition, as a means of settling the dispute.

"I say we hold a contest. All who wish to show their might, and claim the position of a war chief for themselves, must fight in a tournament to see who is the most worthy. The last man standing gains the position!"

Ndonsa and Siyabonga glared at each other before each agreeing to the terms.

"Fine by me!"

"Sounds good to me!"

With this, a tournament was about to take place to determine the man most worthy of being the leader of the coalition. Bakari saw this as an opportunity to claim power for himself and bring glory to his fallen tribe. After all, he had been trained in the arts of war since a young age, and though he had yet to prove himself like many of the contenders, he was sure that he had a chance of winning.

Thus, the young man tossed his name into the tournament, and soon found himself fighting against his first opponent. It was none other than Ndonsa. The rules of this tournament were simple: no weapons were allowed, no killing was permitted. However, everything else was fair game, and whoever was still standing at the end of the fight was the winner.

The hulking figure stood before Bakari with a smug smirk on his face as the other chieftains gathered around to watch the violence occur. Ndonsa rushed at Bakari and attempted to grab ahold of him, but the boy was too swift, moving aside, and grabbing hold of Ndonsa's back from behind where he lifted the man in the air just enough to break his posture, so that he could drag him to the floor.

The two men scrambled for a dominant position as Ndonsa got on top of Bakari and began to punch his face with his massive fists. Bakari could feel his face being pummeled as he struggled to reverse the position. He had no experience on the ground, not that the African tribes had any refined sense of martial arts to begin with, but he somehow managed to shrimp his way out of the mounted position by accident before getting back to his feet.

Ndonsa was not pleased with this, but before he could launch an attack, Bakari knelt him in the head with a jumping knee. Knocking the man unconscious upon impact. Despite having a bloodied face, Bakari miraculously turned the tables around and won the fight. Everyone stared at the boy in shock as he claimed victory over one of Southern Africa's most renowned warriors. Especially Siyabonga, who was previously dreading the idea of fighting unarmed against the giant.

After beating Ndonsa, Bakari silently sat down, waiting for his next opponent. Before long, the other contenders fought their matches, but there were only a few men who would dare oppose Ndonsa and Siyabonga. In the end, Siyabonga and Bakari met in the finals, where the short, but nimble man cracked a joke at Ndonsa's expense, who had since awoken from his nap.

"I must admit, I did not expect you to knock the lumbering fool out. I underestimated you, kid, but your agility is no match against mine. Don't expect to pull off the same trick against me!"

Bakari said nothing. Instead he cracked his knuckles before charging at Siyabonga. He wildly threw his punches without any skill whatsoever. Wide haymakers were the best he could come up with. If pitted against the professional fighters of Germany, the boy would be not be able to land a hit, but he did not know that.

Siyabonga jumped around these attacks, swiftly evading them as if he were a spider monkey. He threw a kick to Bakari's gut, which caused him to fall backwards, just when Siyabonga was about to go in for the kill, Bakari jumped up from his position and threw his fist forward with all his might, crashing against the smaller man's jaw, and knocking him down.

Bakari quickly climbed on top of the man and began landing punches to the downed opponent until he was no longer conscious. With this, he had beaten the two most able fighters among the African tribes and proven himself to be the best fit for the position. Tactics? Strategy? Logistics? The African tribes knew nothing of these things. To them, the greatest warrior in single combat was the most adept leader when it came to war, and surprisingly, Bakari had proven himself to be this man.

The crowd of tribal chieftains erupted in cheers as Ukuza named the boy from the butchered village to be their new war chief. With this Bakari had united the tribes south of the Orange River into a large force, with a single purpose. To drive the Germans from the continent. Of course, fighting a duel against an untrained foe, and fighting a war against the single greatest army the world had ever seen, were two completely different beasts.

Chapter 744 Geneva Convention? More like Geneva Suggestions!

Berengar stared at the weapon in front of him with a wicked smile on his face. This was the first time in this world a military power had introduced a weapon of mass destruction. In his hands was a chlorine gas shell that had been delivered from the fatherland to the burgeoning colony in South Africa.

Months had passed since Berengar first arrived in these lands, and by now the Colony was stable, with a sizeable port and sufficient coastal defenses. During this time, the Africans had made several small raid attempts on the fort, but the machine guns mounted on the walls had ruthlessly gunned them down.

Recently there were reports by Berengar's scouts that the African tribes south of the Orange River had formed a great coalition, and were already marching with tens of thousands of men on his colony. To Berengar, the delivery of these new weapons had come just in time.

Since the attack on his life by the African Goddess, he had not seen or heard of her since. Apparently, she had withdrawn, or perhaps she was limited to the areas of the mountains. Either way, for the time being, she was no threat to him or his plans.

Honorio entered the armory, where she saw Berengar caressing the chemical shell as if it was a woman's bosom. The sick smile on his face caused a chill to go down her spine as she realized something was abnormal about these particular shells.

"Is that the weapon you told me about?"

Berengar was so enamored by his chemical weapons stockpile that he did not notice Honorio's entrance into the Armory. He quickly looked up at the intruder and wore a more gentle smile as he nodded his head.

"Yes, these shells are the new weapons. Though they are untested in the field of battle, I have high hopes for them!"

Honorio failed to understand what was so great about these weapons, as she shook her head before reminding Berengar of what was approaching.

"There is an army of fifty thousand savages heading towards the colony as we speak. Are you sure these weapons are as effective as you say they are?"

Berengar carefully placed the shell back into its container before outlying just how the weapons functioned to his wife.

"These are no ordinary artillery shells, my love. Once detonated, these shells will disperse a miasma of poison gas, that if unprotected, will infiltrate the victim's respiratory system, lighting it aflame. Violent coughing, eye irritation, and vomiting will occur until the target finally asphyxiates. These shells not only cause certain death, but debilitate their victims until they slowly suffocate to death, making them completely incapable of fighting back."

Honorio gazed at Berengar in horror as she listened to just how these weapons of mass destruction functioned. She instinctively took a few steps back, afraid that the shells might detonate then and there, and cause her to suffer such a tragic fate. Berengar chuckled when he saw this before lecturing his wife once more.

"There is nothing to fear, my love. These shells operate with a proximity fuse. They will not detonate by mere handling of them. Besides, I have developed appropriate countermeasures for these weapons, so that our soldiers are safe from their effects. Speaking of..."

This immediately reminded Berengar of something important as he handed Honorio a steel cannister which contained her gas mask. Since he did not yet have access to aluminum, he lacked the means to create a proper container like the Germans used in WWII. However, he could replicate it with steel. It was just significantly heavier.

The container held within it, the GM-25 Gas Mask, or so that was what Berengar labelled it as. It was essentially a functioning replica of the WW2 GM-38 Gas Mask, but with a superior filter that did not contain harmful substances such as asbestos.

Honorio quickly followed Berengar's instructions and attached the steel cannister to her load bearing equipment, where it hung from her back gracefully. The Kaiser had already distributed gas masks, and their cannisters to his troops, and instructed them on their proper usage. Now all that remained was to

teach Honoria, which he immediately put her through a brief crash course. After a while, Berengar was approached by an officer of his Imperial Guard, who alerted him to the presence of the enemy army.

"My Kaiser, the savages are approaching! What are your orders?"

A wicked grin appeared on Berengar's face as he gave the order he had planned for some time.

"Load the Chlorine Shells into the artillery and instruct the men to equip their GM-25 gas masks, I want this enemy army annihilated with a single battle!"

The soldier immediately saluted the Kaiser, in the fashion that was most common among the German army, before rushing towards the Colony's defenders, where he issued these orders. Soon, logistics teams rushed into the armory and carried the fifty chlorine shells out of the bunker, before distributing them to the artillery crews.

Berengar himself climbed out of the armory, and made his way to the colony's defenses, wanting to get a first row seat to the carnage that was about to occur. Sure enough, fifty thousand plus African tribesmen were gathered outside the colony. They had short iron spears, and cowhide shields as they danced around, waiting for the opportune moment to attack. Berengar wore a wicked smile as he donned his gas mask before helping Honoria with hers.

On one side were the African tribesmen, wearing the skin of animals, and dancing around with primitive weapons. On the other were the fortifications of the Imperial German Army, wearing modern uniforms with gas masks, while wielding bolt action rifles, static machine guns, and rifled breechloading artillery. For this endeavor, Berengar had gone all out and had ordered the deployment of the new 10cm FK 25 recoil operated artillery to be deployed on the Colony's walls.

The German Artillery crews loaded the 105 x 504 mmR chlorine gas shells into their guns, before adjusting the range. The enemy was well within firing range, and they wanted to make sure the poison gas cloud was far enough away from their position that they were unaffected. Berengar had ordered his men to equip their gas masks merely as a safety precaution in case the winds did not favor him this day.

Bakari gazed upon the massive star fortress, and the German defenses with awe in his eyes. He did not know how they had created such a thing in a matter of months. After all, it was a completely alien structure that he and his people had never seen before. Despite this, he was undeterred. He gave the order to attack the Colony to the men under his command without the slightest hint of fear in his heart.

"Attack the white devils, leave no man alive!"

After saying this, the horde of African Tribesmen charged head first towards the German Colony while screaming their war cries into the air. Berengar saw this, and simply sneered in disdain, though this expression was concealed by his khaki gas mask as he gave the order to launch the world's first instance of chemical warfare.

"Open fire!"

With this, a barrage of three separate batteries opened fired, as their shells travelled a distance of over two kilometers, though they could easily reach close to five. The Africans reacted to the thunderous sounds of artillery with fright in their eyes. However, unlike the stories that were told to them by Bakari,

this thunder was not accompanied by a fiery explosion. Instead, a yellow-green cloud dispersed the moment the shells burst in the air.

Bakari was in the front of the formation, and was naturally hit by the attack the moment it occurred. His eyes were itching beyond belief, as his lungs felt as if they were on fire. He and the men alongside him began to cough violently, as they found themselves incapable of breathing. He began to vomit on the floor, as he keeled over, and fell to the ground, physically incapable of standing.

He gazed in disbelief, as he tried to see beyond the yellow-green miasma that was suffocating him, but in the end, all he could see was his life flash before his eyes, as he questioned everything he had strived for over these past few months.

He had come so far after the Germans massacred his village, and was so close to the vengeance he desired. It had been extremely difficult for him to gain his position as war chief, and before he could even attack the enemy, his life, as well as that of his grand army, was snuffed out by a cloud of poisonous gas.

Berengar gazed upon the scene, as the fifty thousand men who had come to attack his Colony fell to the ground and suffocated. A vicious grin curved upon his lips beneath his gas mask as he witnessed the massacre first hand. The soldiers beneath his command gazed in horror at what had just occurred. They were expecting to defend their position against the large army with bullets, artillery, and bayonets.

However, what they saw could by no means be called a battle. It was not even a massacre. It was simply death. As if the grim reaper himself had descended from the sky, and claimed the lives of the enemy without effort.

This attack would go down in history as the first instance of chemical warfare. However, it would by no means be the last. Berengar would make wide use of chemical weapons in Africa. He was not willing to expend the lives of his soldiers or the effort necessary to expel the native population.

Instead, he would enact a heartless genocide. In the coming days, word would spread of the Grand Army's defeat, and those who were smart enough to pack up their belongings and journey north beyond the Orange river.

Chapter 745 City of Light

While Berengar was off on another colonial campaign, things were progressing smoothly back home. The city was undergoing modification to make use of power lines and electricity in every building. However, the first notable addition to the city had already begun to take shape in the Palace district. Where streetlights were now embedded around every corner. Though at the moment they were not lit, instead there was a gathering of citizens beneath the statue of the Kaiser.

Currently, there was a celebration taking place, with Adela as the head Empress taking the stage for this monumental occasion. Though she was still undergoing a spiritual crisis after hearing from her husband that he was a man from another world, and that the Pagan gods existed. She did not let it impede her obligations. As the Minister of Propaganda, it was her job to ensure public events like this went smoothly. She wore a pretty smile on her face as she addressed the crowd with the dignity of an empress.

"People of Kufstein, and citizens of the Reich. Today marks a monumental occasion for all of humanity. Where, thanks to the efforts of our Kaiser and his engineers; we, as Germans, have for the first time in the world's history conquered the night!

For eons, humanity has struggled in the darkness. The only illumination we could find was through fire. However, on this day, I show to you, the good people of Germany, that we have evolved beyond such primitive means. No longer will the night impede our progress. Today marks the day where Kufstein shall become a city, shining in the world's darkness!"

After saying this, Adela nodded her head, and the city's engineers turned on the street lights, to the overwhelming awe of the German people. Among these people who were stunned beyond belief was the Indian Princess Priya, and her older brother Dharya, who were being chaperoned by Henrietta.

Henrietta's azure eyes shined brightly as she gazed upon the scene in front of her. The Statue of Berengar that acted as a place where the citizens of Kufstein would often pay tribute, faced eastward towards the rising sun. Representing the glorious tomorrow that Berengar had paved the way for. In the utter darkness of the winter months in Kufstein, a series of powerful street lights illuminated the sky whose yellow glow shined on the surface of the magnificent bronze statue, creating an ethereal shimmer.

Not only was Henrietta overwhelmed by the sight of this marvel, but so too were the citizens of Kufstein, many of which bent their knee to the glowing visage of their Kaiser. Among the crowd, only Henrietta and the two Indian exiles stood standing, something that nobody commented on because of Henrietta's status as an Imperial Princess, and the Indians acting as the Kaiser's guests. Priya's emerald eyes glistened with excitement as she gazed upon the miracle of electricity and, after a long silence, pulled on her brother's sleeve with much enthusiasm.

"Dharya, isn't it beautiful? I've never seen anything like it! It's as if we have entered the city of the gods!"

Dharya was astonished by the fact that there was a light in the darkness, and it was neither the poor illumination provided by a candle, nor the flames of an oil lamp burning bright. He could hardly fathom what he was seeing. He was not the only one. The streetlamps and the artificial illumination they provided had truly shocked the people of Kufstein to the core.

Adela's words rang through their minds, and the propaganda about the German people conquering the darkness became a sentiment of pride among the citizens of the empire's capital. A single veteran in the crowd rose up and saluted the statue while shouting a modified version of the Army's battle cry.

"Hail the new dawn!"

The reason the man said this was because the powerful streetlights had illuminated the snowy night sky, causing an artificial dawn effect, as if the sky itself surrounding the imperial palace had become golden. Quickly, the other veterans in the crowd followed suit, eventually leading to every member of the crowd saluting the glowing statue and shouting the same words.

"Hail the new dawn!"

Even Priya was caught up in the moment, and followed the actions of the German citizens with a wide smile on her face. The only member of the crowd who had not acted in this manner was the exiled emperor Dharya, who gazed around him in astonishment.

Even Adela had not expected the sudden chant, but upon seeing so many people loyally following Berengar's vision for a better tomorrow, she suddenly looked up at the bronze statue of her husband and smiled, coming to a conclusion about her troubled emotions.

In that moment, she did not care what deities may or may not exist, or how Berengar came into this world. All she knew was that her husband was a man she truly admired and loved. Thus, she could not care less whether the God she was raised to worship and submit to was real. For even he could not create light in the darkness.

After the ceremony was over, people continued to watch and observe the light, and even play on the snowy streets. It was the first time in history that humanity could stay up late, and behave as if it were daytime. Priya was no exception. Upon seeing the other children who were gathered in the streets form balls of snow and throw them at each other, she too took part in this game.

She carefully packed a ball of snow in her hands before tossing it at Henrietta, who was in the middle of a conversation with her cousin. Henrietta gasped in shock as the wet snowball collided against her long golden hair, before turning around and gazing at the mischievous little girl who had attacked her. She smiled before forming a snowball of her own and throwing it at Priya, completely ignoring the conversation she was just having with Adela.

"You little brat! If you want a snowball fight, I will give you one!"

As Henrietta played in the snow with Priya as if she were a little girl, Dharya had a bitter smile on his face. He was happy to see that his sister was living a good life, and was no longer locked away from society, being slowly starved and poisoned to death by their uncle. Adela gazed at the boy's expression and questioned him about it.

"Is everything alright, Dharya?"

The exiled emperor nodded his head before wiping a single tear from his eye. It took him a few moments, but he eventually expressed his thoughts.

"I've never seen Priya so happy before. Back at home, she did not live in the best circumstances, and I'm glad to see she is having fun here in Kufstein."

Adela smiled when she heard this before asking the next question on her mind.

"What about you, Dharya? Are you having fun?"

The young emperor was astonished to hear this. He did not know the answer to such a question. He had to admit his life was more enjoyable here in Kufstein, as he was no longer a puppet struggling to survive. However, he could not help but question how lacking his home country was compared to the German Empire every time he stepped out of the Palace.

It would appear that the German people, under Berengar's leadership, were progressing as a civilization at an unnatural pace, and he did not know how his Empire would ever compete. He may be an emperor in exile, but he worried about his people dearly.

Dharya had spent enough time around Berengar to know he was not the type of man to assist other countries out of the goodness of his heart. He even suspected that Berengar would backstab his allies in secret if it meant progressing his own agenda. Thus, he could not rely on Berengar to aid him and his people without making certain concessions. Adela gazed upon the complex expression the boy had before patting his shoulder and reassuring him.

"I can tell you have a lot on your mind, and you most likely have something you want to ask Berengar. Allow me to give you some advice. If you never ask him the question on your mind, he can never give you an answer. For all his brilliance, the man is not a mind reader. I am certain your question has something to do with your homeland. Just know that there is a price to pay for everything. Whether you are willing to pay that price is another question entirely."

Dharya reflected on Adela's words for a few moments while watching Henrietta and his sister wrestle in the snow, and smiled before nodding his head. The exiled emperor understood what he needed to do, but now was not the proper time. The truth was that he was still young, and so was his sister. If he could abuse Berengar's generosity for a few more years, he was sure he would be capable of getting what it was that he desired. He could only thank Adela for her advice.

"Thanks, Adela, but I think I will wait a while before speaking to the Kaiser about what it is that troubles me. After all, it would be cruel of me to take away the happiness Priya has achieved here in Kufstein so soon after obtaining it."

Adela smiled and pet the boy's hair before accepting his response.

"Very well. If you need any help to approach Berengar, just let me know."

With that said, the four royals would spend some more time in the Palace District enjoying the new streetlights before returning to the Palace. As for the streetlights themselves, word would soon spread across Europe about the City of Light that could illuminate the darkness of the night. When the Pope found out about this, he would be outraged, and envious at the same time.

Chapter 746 Negotiating with an African Goddess

After wiping out the grand army of the tribal coalition with chlorine gas, Berengar was left with a relatively easy conquest. All he needed to do was to expel the natives from their homes through a series of surgical strikes and use further chemical weapons where needed. The overwhelming majority of fighting age African men within the immediate vicinity of Berengar's colony were now dead.

Berengar had desired to lead his forces northward, but he was afraid of one potential enemy. The African goddess he had previously come across appeared unafraid of intervening in mortal affairs, because of this he wanted to either hunt her down, and force her to submit, or negotiate with her in a way that would allow him to achieve the goals he desired.

Thus, immediately after wiping out the army of the tribal coalition, Berengar led a sizeable force of his own troops northward towards the mountains where he was previously attacked. After ascending the

slopes with a small number of elite troops, he soon found himself mysteriously alone. In Berengar's experience, this meant that he had entered a divine domain belonging to a god or goddess.

Given the circumstances, he immediately became on high alert, as he kept his head on a swivel. In a god's personal domain, they could take whatever form they desired, and even then, this deity appeared to have shape-shifting abilities outside of their divine realm. This was proven by her previously taking the form of a leopard. It was unknown if she could change into any animal, or just leopards. Either way, Berengar was cautious as he continued to ascend up the mountain and through the cloud cover.

Eventually, Berengar noticed a leopard with a pair of blue eyes. He could tell by the pain in his biceps that this was the same beast that bit him. Thus, he instantly raised his rifle and aimed down the iron sights. That is, until he felt the warm sting of a woman's breath on his neck, and heard the following words.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you..."

Berengar instantly turned around to see the figure of a beautiful African woman. This time she wasn't naked and was instead dressed in the skins of animals, while wielding a short spear. Berengar immediately questioned how she knew his language.

"You speak German?"

The woman was equally cautious as Berengar. This man was a reincarnator, and naturally he posed a threat to her people, as well as potentially to herself, assuming he made contact with other deities and had been gifted certain powers or weapons.

There was undoubtedly at least one boon in his body, and something else that was more mysterious. For example, he had actually harmed her when he struck her with the stock of his rifle, something a mere human should not be able to accomplish.

Berengar kept his view bouncing from the Leopard that was stalking him from behind, and the woman in front of him, wielding a short spear that appeared to be made of a mysterious metal. The woman redirected his attention towards herself as she responded to his question.

"German? Is that the name of your native tongue? No, I do not speak your language, but you have penetrated into my divine realm, naturally I control all things in here, therefore I am able to communicate with you if I so desire. What is your purpose in being here, mortal? Your kind should not invade these lands for another few centuries, at least!"

Berengar's brow raised slightly as he heard this before asking the question most important to him.

"You are aware of the future?"

The woman scoffed before scolding Berengar for his ignorance on the divine.

"I am a goddess, naturally I am aware of my people's fate, and your presence here threatens that! So I will repeat myself only once more. What is your purpose in being here?"

Berengar smugly smirked when he heard this before responding in an arrogant tone.

"Isn't it obvious? Resources, just like those who were originally supposed to conquer this land, I have come to claim it as my own! After all, the region is sparsely populated by a few stone age tribes. Why should I not claim it for the Reich?"

This answer angered the goddess, who glared at Berengar fiercely. Despite flanking Berengar with her familiar, she was fearful of the weapon in his hands. One wrong move could end both of their lives. She did not immediately attack him, despite his intentions for Africa. She could only curse him for his greed.

"You fucking white devils, all you do is cause needless suffering through your endless wars and conquests. You should leave this land before it becomes your grave!"

Berengar frowned when he heard the woman verbally scold him. He was doing nothing that her people had not already done, nor that which any other ethnic group was already responsible for. For this, he retorted with a bit of a spiteful remark.

"You're one to talk. These lands used to belong to the Khoisan, until the Bantu invaded, conquered, and ethnically cleansed the region. Don't preach to me of my people exclusively being responsible for war and suffering, sweetheart. That is something all of humanity has done at some point.

You don't hate my people because we are conquerors. You hate us because we are the best at it! After all, if it weren't for my intervention in the timeline, your people would continue to run around wearing animal hides, while wielding sticks and stones well until other Europeans conquered them in the 19th century.

This world is survival of the fittest. You and your people are sitting on valuable resources, and it is only natural for a more powerful force to come and take them. Whether that is the Germans, the English, the Asians, or the Arabs.

You only have yourselves to blame for being so primitive compared to your potential rivals. Now why don't you be a good little goddess, and tell your people to withdraw beyond the Orange river so I don't have to waste ammunition on removing them myself!"

Berengar's words immediately outraged Mbaba Mwana Waresa. Partially because of her personal animosity towards him, but most of her frustration came from the fact that Berengar spoke the absolute truth. The people who worshipped her were neither pacifists nor saints. Their ancestors had invaded these lands and purged the local inhabitants. Few of the natives still existed in Southern Africa, and they would never be able to reclaim them.

She also understood the principle that Berengar was speaking, even if the Europeans never step foot in Southern Africa, sooner or later some other more powerful force like the Asians, or the Arabs would come along and claim the land for themselves. The Africans were too primitive to compete with nations that could mass produce firearms and artillery.

However, despite the reality of Berengar's words, she was still upset. What he had done in Africa so far was unforgivable, especially from the standards of the world he came from. She would not easily use her limited powers to compel her people to withdraw beyond the Orange River. After all, it was entirely unlikely that Berengar only planned for colonial expansion into such territory, sooner or later his people would invade further inland.

Berengar noticed that the goddess was becoming more aggressive as she circled him, and thus he responded by smacking her across the face with the stock of his rifle. She fell backward onto the floor. Where Berengar pointed the bayonet at her neck. Before her familiar could pounce, Mbaba Mwana Waresa had become a hostage. Berengar snickered as he gazed upon the pitiful state of the goddess before making a sinister comment.

"The fact that I can hurt you with my weapons means I might be able to kill you. Do you want to test out this theory?"

Mbaba Mwana Waresa did not know whether Berengar had the ability to kill her or not, but she was not willing to test it out. She had been beaten before she could launch an attack, and because of that, she called out to her familiar.

"Stand down Azisa!"

Upon seeing the mighty leopard back off from the situation, Berengar smiled. When Mbaba Mwana Waresa saw this, she sighed before asking the only question she could.

"What do you want?"

Berengar gazed upon the submissive state of the woman and smiled with excitement. He removed the bayonet away from the woman's neck now that she was being more obedient before outlining his desires.

"First, I want a leopard cub, preferably one as intelligent as your friend here..."

Azisa immediately snarled at Berengar, but the look on the goddess's face quickly shut him up. Seeing that the goddess was being agreeable, Berengar listed his second demand.

"Secondly, I want you to use your influence to compel your people to withdraw beyond the Orange River. I am not afraid to spill the blood of savages, but a peaceful solution to my problems is more preferable."

Mbaba Mwana Waresa sighed as she heard this before stating her terms.

"The leopard cub, I can guarantee. After all, Azisa has more than a few of them. However, very few of the tribes south of the Orange river worship me. Only a small portion of the Nguni does so. Because of this, I can only ensure that those who follow me hear my words and make an exodus beyond the Orange river.

The remaining tribes, you will have to deal with yourself. However, the question remains, what do I gain from these two things? You're certainly not going to say something as dastardly as my life, are you?"

Berengar smirked when he heard this, before helping the woman to her feet. After doing so, he informed the goddess of how he would aid her if she complied with his demands.

"If you go the extra mile and withdraw your people beyond the Zambezi, I will give them the means to carve a mighty empire of their own in east Africa. They will worship you as their primary deity, and your power will expand beyond that of a minor goddess. What do you say? Interested in my proposal?"

Mbaba Mwana Waresa was not the slightest bit shocked Berengar intended to conquer all of southern Africa for his Empire. However, the prospect of becoming a mid-level deity centuries earlier than she normally would have definitely appealed to her.

She also didn't care what Berengar did with those tribes who did not worship her. Thus, after thinking about it for a few moments, the goddess nodded her head in agreement, thus sealing the fate of Southern Africa.

"Very well, so long as you keep your promises, I will do as you ask..."

Berengar smiled as he heard this before, assuring the woman that he would honor their arrangement.

"Not to worry, I always fulfill my agreements."

With this Berengar had come to an agreement with an African deity that would see her people moved further north into what was once known as Rhodesia in Berengar's past life, where under the tutelage of their German allies, would carve a mighty Zulu Empire far north of where they normally should have been established.

As for the Germans, their purge of the non-compliant tribes would begin shortly after this divine agreement had been made. Berengar would not offer the same terms to another group in the region, and the death toll would rapidly rise as the Germans secured more territory for their own future colonists.

Chapter 747 Hail to Thee German South Africa

Berengar left the mountain with a leopard cub in his hands. He gazed down at the little creature and smiled. Though it was taken away from its parents, he did not seem to mind. Instead, the beast seemed excited to be leaving the mountain for the first time in its life.

It playfully nibbled on Berengar's finger as he walked down the mountain. Berengar found this to be adorable, as it did not break his skin. Had it done so, he would have disciplined it. Instead, it was acting like a little kitten, while sizing the kaiser up with its golden eyes.

Berengar decided in that moment on a name for the creature. He wanted a strong name, one of Germanic origin, and thus he was forced to think of great heroes of the ancient world. Ultimately, he thought of a name that was perfect for the little male leopard cub and smiled as he announced it to the creature.

"Little guy, I'm going to name you Genseric, after the ancient German King of North Africa. You are descended from a proud lineage, and you deserve a distinguished name. From this day forward, it will be your job to guard the Imperial Family of the Reich. I hope you show the same ferocity in battle as your namesake!"

This beast was of the lineage of a goddess's familiar. Because of this, it had enhanced intelligence and human characteristics. Hence, Genseric was able to discern what Berengar was saying with little effort. Though it had yet to comprehend the German tongue, it could tell by Berengar's expressions that he was giving it a mighty name.

Berengar witnessed the intelligent gaze in the cub's eyes, as it nodded its head in agreement with the name that the Berengar had chosen for him. This caused the kaiser to reflect on another highly intelligent creature, one that he had known for years.

Though the eagle Heraclius had taken a more background role since it became a father, the beast was still the most intelligent creature Berengar had ever come across. Without a doubt, it displayed aspects of a human's personality, leading Berengar to believe the creature had some form of ties to the ancient greco-roman gods.

This was just a mild suspicion. He had no real evidence aside from its heightened intelligence to support this thesis. It was entirely possible that it was simply descended from a god's familiar, and itself had no personal connection to the greco-roman pantheon.

Still, he would investigate this upon his return from Africa. In the months since his arrival, Berengar had established a foothold in Southern Africa. He had negotiated with a local goddess to secure her non-interference. He had obtained the pet he most desired, and his armies were now in a position to dominate what remained of the local tribes.

The time had come for him to return to the fatherland. As Kaiser, he could not personally oversee these colonial campaigns for more than a few months. There were more important aspects to his position than simply being the Reichsmarschall. Because of this, he needed to return home. By now, he had a large enough stockpile of rubber, that he could make many new inventions, and he intended to do so.

Thus, he departed with his army back to the colony. On the journey, the Jagkommando commander, Andreas Jaeger, rode by the kaiser's side, securing him from any possible threat in the vicinity. Berengar had not taken an exemplary general with him on this journey, and knew that he needed someone with military and colonial experience to hold down the fort until a replacement could be made. Conveniently, Major Andreas Jaeger was actually the best man for the job, and because of this, Berengar spoke to the man for the first time in a long time.

"Major I have a question for you..."

The special operations soldier immediately snapped his head to attention as he heard his emperor speak to him.

"How can I help you, sir?"

Berengar smiled when he heard this before informing the man of the next task he had in mind for him.

"Now that the enemy army is dead, and the tribes are ripe for the conquest. I have decided to return to the fatherland. It will take some time before this campaign is fully completed, and we have been here for months. It is with this in mind that I need a man familiar with colonial conflicts and military matters to assume command of the expeditionary force in my absence, at least long enough until a proper replacement can be appointed to the position of governor of our newest colony. I would hope for you to fulfill this position."

Andreas Jaeger was slightly surprised by this remark. He had not expected to be given such a position of command. Yet it made sense after he thought about it. He had fought wars on three separate

continents, in multiple colonies, and in the fatherland. If there was anyone who knew how to conduct the campaign while Berengar was away, it would be him.

Though he didn't want such responsibility, he knew after wiping out the tribal coalitions' main force, what was left over was simply removing a bunch of stone age tribesmen via force. It was a task he was easily capable of fulfilling. Besides, though it may sound like a request, he knew this was an order from his Emperor, and thus he quickly agreed to it.

"I will conduct this campaign in the swiftest, most efficient means possible. You have my word, your majesty!"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this and nodded his head in agreement before giving the man the green light.

"I want you to wait a fortnight to begin your attack. After that, any man, woman, or child who is still south of the Orange river is considered a valid target, and must be removed by any means necessary."

Andreas did not understand why he was being ordered to wait two weeks before he could attack, but it was not his job to question the Emperor, thus all he could do was agree to his orders.

"Yes, sir!"

Shortly after this conversation, Berengar regrouped with Honoria at the colony. During his absence, Honoria and her girls had been working on a special project in their spare time. When Berengar arrived in the colony with a leopard cub in his hands, he witnessed their little venture, which was a Colonial Flag for the region. Berengar approached the girls and gazed at the flag with a smile on his face.

It was in the same colors as Berengar's German Empire, or in other words, had a black bar on top, a white bar in the center, and a golden bar on the bottom. However, there was one major difference. In the center was a golden shield with a white leopard's head emblazoned on it. Berengar laughed when he saw this, not because the design was bad, but because it was awfully reminiscent of German East Africa's flag from his past life. When Honoria heard his chuckle, she pouted at him before scolding the man for his rude response.

"What you don't like it? We worked so hard on this project! Don't tell me you're not going to accept it!"

Berengar shook his head and dispersed the misunderstanding that the girls had as they glared at him for his unconscious reaction.

"No, it's not that. It just reminds me of something from my past, that is all."

Though Honoria could guess he was talking about his past life, the other girls gazed at him with curiosity. Unfortunately for them, they would not get an answer to their questions. Instead, Berengar took the finished flag from the girls and gazed upon it with a hearty smile. It was truly an inspiring design. So much so that he had a sudden urge to hoist it above the colony.

Without a single comment, Berengar walked over to the flagpole, which flew the Imperial Flag of Germany, and began to hoist the new Colonial Flag below it. The soldiers in the encampment gathered around to witness the two flags flying in the winds of Southern Africa, and the speech that Berengar had suddenly thought of on the spot.

"It is with great honor, that I, Kaiser Berengar von Kufstein, first of my name christen this land that we now stand upon to be Deutsch Südafrika (German South Africa), as for this colony which we have all helped establish it shall henceforth be known by the name Der Hafen Berengar! (Port Berengar)

It is with my hopes that you all work hard to expand this colony, so that one day it acts as a great harbor for our people! The future of our empire lies in the resources of the lands we conquer. It is my dream to one day see our banners fly across the globe! For now, I will have to settle for the three continents that we have established colonies on."

After saying this, Berengar saluted the flag, which sparked the entire encampment to respond in the same manner. Every soldier stood in uniform and saluted the flag, and the Kaiser beneath it. Honoria and her crew had pleasant smiles on their faces. Most of them had been doing menial tasks around the encampment since their arrival, and felt as if they had not taken a meaningful part in this venture. However, they would forever be remembered as the designers of the South African flag.

After making this speech, Berengar returned to the place where his wife was sitting and informed her of her intent to return to the fatherland. Though it would take a few days to prepare for the journey, Berengar would depart from Port Berengar in the next three days, where his journey back to the fatherland would last a few weeks. By the time he arrived, he would be amazed at the progress that had been made with the street lights during his absence.

Chapter 748 Bicycles, Diesel Engines, and Trucks

Berengar returned from his journey to South Africa with a new pet and a suntan. Like normal, he was greeted by his family the moment he stepped foot inside his Palace's gates. After spending a considerable amount of time reuniting with his loved ones, and introducing the leopard cub Genseric to the family, Berengar trapped himself within his office.

Though Linde appeared as if she had something she wanted to talk about, Berengar had desired to get some much needed work out of the way before he spoke with her. Thus, he was hard at work designing three critical pieces of technology for the coming years.

The First among these designs was a simple bicycle. With the introduction of rubber and synthetic materials, he now had the means to produce rubber tires and inflatable inner tubes. The bicycle was a simple invention, where one used the steering bar to change direction and the force of their feet to pedal the device into motion. Attached to these pedals was a loop chain, which connected the chainwheel to a sprocket on the rear wheel.

Bicycles weren't just a device used for fitness or transit, they could also be used in a limited towing capacity for the sake of cargo. The introduction of bicycles, and the accompanying bike lanes, would allow people in the cities to arrive at their destinations without a long walk, and could even allow farmers outside of the main cities to transport their goods to the market.

While Bicycles were intended to become a primary means of transit for the people to make use of as they saw fit, Berengar had another device in mind for use by the government. Thus, after concluding on a basic bicycle design, he was quick to design something that would revolutionize his society as a whole.

Berengar quickly got to work designing a functional diesel engine. A diesel engine was an internal combustion engine that used diesel as its means of activation rather than standard fuel. Why diesel

instead of a standard gasoline engine? Because Berengar had an ungodly amount of hemp growing in his Empire, and he already had the means process the hemp oil that his industry produced into biodiesel.

Whereas he may have land that had access to crude oil, but he would need to devise the means to extract it, and process it from scratch. Something that would take years to fully embrace across his Empire. With a diesel powered engine, he could start manufacturing trucks for use in the military and commercial sectors sooner rather than later.

In Berengar's past life, a man known as Rudolf Diesel invented the engine that initially replaced steam power. He also experimented greatly on the best fuel to be used with the engine, hence both were named after him.

At the time, Rudolf Diesel and several other inventors were focused on replacing the steam engine with a more efficient thermal engine. The steam engine's lack of efficiency came from the constant temperature difference between the boiler and the pistons.

In contrast to this, combustion engines create a large temperature difference in concentrated bursts, allowing the engine's pistons to create more power from less energy. As both a civil and mechanical engineer in his past life, Berengar knew how to devise a functioning diesel engine from scratch. However, he had one particular design already in mind.

Diesel engines were not only capable of being used in trucks, they could be used in aircraft, submarines, naval vessels, power plants, etc. However, for the time being, Berengar only desired to manufacture a functioning truck for use in his military as not only a means of logistics, but also troop transports. He could not rely wholly on trains for such a task after all.

A diesel powered truck would also be useful in the towing of artillery. Currently, his army relied on horses for the job, but horses were vulnerable, far more so than a truck, and he did not enjoy seeing the mighty beasts lose their lives in combat. Hence, Berengar's first objective with the invention of the diesel engine would be to design a truck capable of enduring such needs for his armed forces.

During one of his past deployments in his previous life, Julian, despite being an engineering officer, had become quite intimate with the diesel engine used by the Bradley Fighting Vehicle. This behemoth of an engine was also deployed in different variations on other military vehicles, such as cargo trucks.

Why did his unit leave the task of fixing such a thing to him? Because the mechanic who was supposed to work on the device got fragged in his port o potty, and the only person left on the FOB that week who had an intimate knowledge of mechanical engineering was Julian. So after an IFV suffered numerous IED attacks and was dragged back to base, Julian was the lucky man who had to spend his time fixing the engine.

Because he was so accustomed to this workhorse of an engine, Berengar designed his new engine to become his primary workhorse in the military. The engine in question was known as the V903 in his past life. The V903 was an eight-cylinder 'V' configuration with a 903 cubic inch (14.8-litre) displacement. It had four valves per cylinder, which was turbocharged and air-to-water after-cooled, and had a low pressure common rail fuel system. It could produce a whopping 660 Horsepower and a maximum torque 1930 nm.

To Berengar, this diesel powered engine was not just the answer to his nation's transport needs, it was the answer to his future armored vehicles. Though the likelihood of him needing such things within the next few decades was slim. Thus, for the time being, he would be focused on adding critical pieces of technology, such as mechanized vehicles to his army for the purpose of logistics, not combat.

After designing the diesel engine, Berengar moved on to the next most important invention he needed to create, and that was the truck. With his new diesel engine developed, he now would focus on a transport vehicle before anything else. He decided to make the standard for his military to be a five ton 6x6 truck. Though it was the size of a modern military truck, it was created in an appearance that mimicked the design style of German trucks from the Second World War.

He spent a considerable amount of time and effort designing this truck before setting down his pen and paper. With these three inventions, Germany would be entering a new era, one that he looked forward to seeing with his very eyes. Having finished these blueprints, he stamped them with his seal of approval and sent them off to the proper R&D departments to see their refinement and production.

Just when he broke out the hard liquor he had stashed away in his desk, a knock appeared on his door. He did not know who it was that was bothering his moment of relaxation but he sighed before answering the mysterious intruder.

"It is open..."

Upon hearing this, the door opened to reveal Yasmin, with their son Ghazi, in her hands. The boy was dressed up in his usual Sultan's attire, and had an excited expression on his face when he saw his father, and the pet leopard that lay by his side. Berengar continued to sip from his drink as he questioned the woman's motives for interrupting him.

"Is there anything you need, Yas?"

The woman stared at him with a hint of concern in her eyes as she questioned whether he was already informed about the most recent incident in the Iberian Peninsula.

"Have you not heard the latest news from my homeland?"

Berengar instantly stopped drinking as he heard this, and put his bottle away before addressing his wife with a grave expression.

"What now?"

Yasmin was immediately flustered when she heard that Berengar was ignorant of what had recently transpired. She did not know why Linde had not informed him of what happened in his absence, or if it was right for her to be the one to tell him. After a few moments of questioning herself, she sighed before revealing something that Berengar had not expected.

"There was a terrorist attack in Iberia..."

Chapter 749 Terrorist Attack in Iberia

Two weeks prior to Berengar's return to the fatherland, Adelbrand sat in his office in the city of Granada. It was an ordinary day, as far as he was concerned. Currently, he was overseeing paperwork

and managing the Sultanate of Al-Andalus in Berengar's absence. Lately, the conflict between the Iberian rebels who were supported by the Catholic church had turned more chaotic.

With weapons and munitions scavenged from deceased German soldiers finding their ways into the hands of the rebels, the German and Andalusian soldiers found themselves fighting against an enemy armed with explosives and single-shot rifles.

Though the rebels could not reproduce the weapons or munitions they scavenged, they could still use them to deadly effect in a series of ambushes. The more German soldiers who fell, the more advanced weapons that fell into the hands of their enemies.

In contrast to the Iberian rebels, the Royal Andalusian Army was modelled after their German allies. They had a strict hierarchy of soldiers and professional training. Though they had yet to establish an official military academy, the officer corps was made of up talented individuals who had proven their merit on the field of battle.

These men were selected from their units and sent to a crash course training where they would rapidly learn the skills required to become efficient officers in the field. This was an effective means of acquiring officers when one lacked a proper academy for them to study at for years on end.

With the increased threat of scavenged weapons ending up in the hands of Iberian Rebels, Adelbrand had taken drastic action by equipping the Royal Andalusian Army with G22 single shot bolt action rifles. How did he manage to convince Berengar to sell such advanced weaponry to his allies? He didn't.

Instead, Adelbrand deceived the German Department of Defense by requesting that certain German units under his control receive priority for replacing their old G22 rifles with the new G25 Service Rifle. After rearming the German units in Iberia, he transferred the old G22s into the hands of the Andalusian Army. He also managed to requisition some M1425 Trench Guns, M22 Stick Grenades, and M22 Service Revolvers for the Andalusian troops, greatly increasing their efficiency in combat.

Why would he go so far as to deceive the German Crown? Because Adelbrand felt the rising German casualties would reflect poorly on the Kaiser and his war in Iberia. Eventually, the actual statistics of German casualties would reach the fatherland, and by then, even the Kaiser's most ardent supporters would question the ongoing conflict in Iberia.

Afraid of the internal strife that would ensue from such a thing, Adelbrand planned to arm and train the Royal Andalusian Army to take a more frontline approach, while the Imperial German Army transitioned back to the role of Military Advisors.

To do this, Adelbrand had begun increasing propaganda efforts to recruit both Muslim and Catholic Iberians into the Army. Today was the graduation of the first mixed class of officers. In an act of defiance against Catholic terror, Adelbrand had sent General Ziyad Ibn Ya'is to give a speech to the newest officers of the Royal Andalusian Army.

While Adelbrand may be the acting dictator of Al Andalus behind the scenes, Ziyad was the public face of the new regime, and his words would act as greater inspiration to the troops than the man most Iberians thought of as nothing more than a foreign military advisor. Adelbrand had even gone so far as to pin his accomplishments on the Andalusian General, which acted as a source of fame among the Muslims, but great infamy among the Catholics.

Unintentionally, this had caused a target to be painted on the man's back. While the Papacy had learned its lesson about targeting Berengar's family members, they had resorted to the underhanded tactics of posting bounties on the heads of his subordinates. The sum on Ziyad's head was so large that it would even entice the most devout pacifist to turn against the Military Governor.

Thus, among the new Officers who were being celebrated for the graduation of their training, there was a young Catholic who had concealed something sinister beneath his jacket. He gazed upon his target, who took the stage and began to make his speech.

Ziyad was calm as he took the stand in front of the Andalusian officers. He gazed at them and smiled. Their uniforms were akin to those that the Ottoman army wore during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, during Berengar's past life. Upon gaining everyone's attention, the Andalusian General spoke.

"It is with a great honor that I stand here today, speaking before the next generation of Andalusian soldiers. It has been my objective, since obtaining my current position, to put an end to the hostilities between Muslims and Catholics in the Iberian peninsula. Unfortunately, the papacy continues to stoke hatred in the hearts of their followers, resulting in the brutal campaign that we are forced to contend with today.

However, as I gaze upon you all, and see that many of you are Catholics who have put aside your bitterness, to help aid in the reconstruction of the Iberian Peninsula, into a new, and glorious Kingdom, I can not help but be proud of the sacrifices your forebears have made to achieve this level of unity. We have to stop thinking of ourselves as Christians, and Muslims, but instead as one people of Iberia. You all represent that vision, and I look forward to the future we can all create together.

I won't lie to you. The battles you will wage will test your faith in humanity. The Catholic zealots who seek to destroy all that we stand for have resorted to inhumane tactics to achieve their objectives. However, do not be frightened for I have good news! With the aid of our German allies, we have received new equipment and training to help put an end to these attacks. The dawn is darkest just before the dawn, but I believe together we can see the light of Iberia once more! I thank you all for your service and look forward to the results you achieve in your military careers."

After saying this, Ziyad stepped down from the stage and met with the individual soldiers of the cadet corps that were now graduating into the newest generation of army officers. He shook their hands and spoke with each one of them about their views of the current conflict. Eventually he reached the young man who hid a grenade beneath his jacket and shook his hand, too. The man had a stern expression on his face as he loudly cried out so that all could hear.

"Deus Vult!"

Ziyad immediately panicked, and his bodyguards tried to push him aside, but it was too late, the grenade detonated immediately after these words were spoken, and claimed the lives of the Andalusian General, his bodyguards, and the young man who had conducted the suicide attack, as well as a few innocent bystanders.

This attack, though sudden and unexpected, would initially act as a source of pride and inspiration among the Catholic Rebels. In the following weeks, they would increase the intensity of their attacks on

the German and Andalusian soldiers, who continued to maintain the peace in the region. However, the reinvigorated assault would only last for a short while.

For when the Kaiser heard that a General he had placed in charge of the region was assassinated so viciously. He would retaliate in the most brutal of manners. No longer fearing the inhumanity of chemical weapons, Berengar would plan to show the world the undisputed might of the German Army, and their ruthlessness in the pursuit of victory.

Unknowingly, the Pope, by instigating these suicidal attacks on German soldiers, and Andalusian officers, had brought upon the Catholic peoples of Iberia the worst fate that they could suffer. For those who resisted the will of the Kaiser, only a painful death awaited them.

Chapter 750 A Fierce Retaliation

Berengar sat in disbelief as he heard the words that Yasmin had spoken to him. He was unsure why such news was not reported to him sooner. This event had occurred nearly two weeks prior, and though he was on his ship at the time, there was a telegraph on board. Why he wasn't immediately informed of this attack, he could not say. He could really only blame Linde for the lack of communication.

Though Linde had attempted to speak with him upon his return to Kufstein, and seemed rather urgent. Berengar was far too eager to begin the development of his newest inventions and thus cast her aside as he got to work. Still, this did not excuse her submissiveness in such a scenario. If such an important event had happened, then she should have forced him to listen. A simple "General Ziyad is dead" would have garnered his immediate attention.

Though a valuable puppet of his was killed by the Catholics, he could only sigh in relief that Adelbrand had been spared a similar fate. In the end, the German Field Marshal was of far more strategic importance than Ziyad was. Still, the boldness of the Iberian Rebels in their suicidal attacks on high-ranking officials, and their increased intensity of attacks following Ziyad's death, could not be allowed to continue.

The look in Berengar's eye frightened Yasmin. She remembered the last conversation she had with him, about a weapon so deadly he feared its use on the battlefield, at least against those he considered being civilized. She quickly questioned his intention, as she noticed he was unusually calm.

"You're not going to use that weapon, are you?"

Berengar spun his chair around and gazed out the window into the peaceful city below. He stared at the people in the streets for several moments in silence before finally answering the woman's question.

"These rebels have gone too far. Initially, I only planned the use of chemical weapons on savages and criminals. However, by engaging in suicidal attacks, they have proven themselves to be equally as devious. The Iberian Catholics have shown a willingness to harm people who are important to me.

Who is to say they do not find a way to harm you or Ghazi? I can no longer tolerate this resistance. I have waited by long enough. If they wish to target my generals and friends, then they are leaving me no choice but to deploy weapons of mass destruction against them.

Germany will not allow its ally in the west to fall, and because of that I must show the Iberian people what it means to resist against the rule of the Sultan, and the Kaiser. If they choose to side with Julius, then only a painful death awaits them. Yas, fetch me Linde, I have much to discuss with her."

Yasmin did not question Berengar's tactics, nor did she disobey his orders. She quickly left the room with her son in hand and went off to find the redheaded beauty who was the director of intelligence. Berengar gazed upon his newest pet, who stared up at him with a look of intelligence in its eyes.

It shivered as it saw the ugly expression on Berengar's face. This was the look of a man who disregarded the notion that all life was valuable, or had any form of inherent meaning. This was the cold stare of man, determined to kill countless people to achieve his goals.

The leopard cub attempted a roar, as if it were trying to communicate with its master, however Berengar merely looked on Genseric with a look of disdain, as if he understood what the creature was trying to tell him, and responded with a vicious tongue.

"What would you know about my struggles? You are just a child..."

Genseric pouted as he heard this, before resting his head on the pillow that he lie on. He would not offend his master further with his naïve comments. After this exchange was made, Linde entered the room wearing a blood red dress. She could tell that Berengar was not in the best mood, and quickly spoke up about their current predicament.

"So I see you have heard about the little incident in Iberia. Tell me what you need me to do, and I will do it..."

Berengar spun his view away from the window and towards his favorite wife. He sighed heavily before asking the question on his mind.

"How long will it take for us to deploy chemical weapons to Madrid?"

Linde was not the slightest bit surprised that such an offensive action was Berengar's immediate response when retaliating against the rebels. Unlike Yasmin, she did not disapprove of their use, and was of the belief that such weapons could end wars much quicker than they otherwise would be. Though they were ruthless, and beyond devastating, sometimes such an overwhelming display of force was needed to end a rebellion. Thus, she wore a wicked smile as she sat down casually in the seat across from her husband.

"I'm not going to lie. It will take us a while to produce enough of the chlorine shells to wipe out a city. As you are aware, these weapons were only recently developed and tested. They are still undergoing refinements as we speak. You will need hundreds, if not thousands, of these shells to produce enough gas to exterminate all life in Madrid.

Did you forget your factories are already working overtime to produce your latest weapon designs, which are intended to replace the arms that your soldiers currently use in the field? We only have so much manpower and industrial output..."

Berengar nodded his head while pouring a couple of drinks for himself and his favorite wife. He was a little surprised that she did not seem averse to the idea of exterminating a city. He couldn't help but ask about it.

"I honestly thought you would have reacted differently when you heard I wanted to retaliate by destroying a city."

Linde scoffed as she happily took the drink from Berengar's hands and sipped from it with a graceful demeanor. She scolded him for his assumptions while making her stance clear.

"It wouldn't be the first city you annihilated. You remember Florence? Honestly, I'm of the opinion that these new weapons of yours will be effective at ending the war. Sure, they are unnecessarily cruel, and they will kill tens of thousands of innocent people when deployed, but I don't need to tell you just how much we have sunk into this Iberian Campaign.

We have spent thousands of lives and countless thalers in this war, and yet there is still no sign of victory in sight. With the way things are going, I would not be surprised if we were stuck in Iberia for another ten or twenty years. At that point, the cost of propping up Al Andalus would bankrupt us.

So, if we need to destroy a city and kill all its inhabitants in order to end the war once and for all, I'm fine with it. You should know by now that I'm not like Adela or Yasmin. I don't care about the lives of people I've never met before. While I may be heartless to strangers, I am very protective of the people I care about. Aren't you the same way?"

Berengar scoffed as he heard this, but he smiled nonetheless. Linde was right. People like Yasmine and Adela, who had this naïve notion that all life was inherently meaningful, could never thrive in the position that he held. They would try to save as many people as possible, and in doing so, cause untold suffering.

Berengar did not care about the Catholics in Iberia, hell he didn't even really care about the Muslims in the region either. However, he cared about his people, and if he could spare the lives of thousands of his soldiers by killing tens of thousands of Iberian civilians, then he did not see a reason why he shouldn't.

He was glad that at least one of his wives saw eye to eye on such grim issues with him. Thus, he could not help but smile as he gave the order to stockpile enough chlorine gas to annihilate the citizens of Madrid.

"Very well, take the necessary measures to ensure that we have a proper stockpile of the chemical shells. In the meantime, dispatch word to Adelbrand to enforce martial law. Anyone out on the streets who is not government personnel is to be considered a rebel, and to be treated as such."

Linde sipped from her glass and nodded her pretty head before responding in the affirmative with a sultry smile on her lips.

"Of course, leave it to me!"

With this, Berengar had planned a fierce retaliation for the attack that claimed General Ziyad's life. He would make sure that with this act of terror, to end the war in Iberia once in for all. Ultimately, the Iberian Catholics would submit to his rule, or perish from this world. Berengar refused to allow Iberia to become his Afghanistan and was willing to take any measures to ensure his victory.