

# Steel 761

## Chapter 761 Defense of the Kaiser's Canal

An officer in the German Army stood outside the Kaiser's Canal, which was the name given to the area in Egypt that Berengar had sunk significant cost and effort into constructing over the past few years. After years of hard work, it was finally finished. The amount of steam shovels deployed to the region, and the extensive use of dynamite, was what allowed the Canal to be completed in roughly five years.

However, the Canal was completed during a time of great conflict. Just recently, the Byzantine and Timurid armies, or what remained of them, were forced to ferry across the Canal in fear of the pursuing crusader forces. Naturally, given the nature of the war that was ongoing in the region, Berengar had ensured that the troops protecting the canal were given priority in rearmament.

Because of this, there were more than a few 7.5cm and 10cm FK 25 Field Guns stationed around the Canal's defenses. There were also machine-gun nests made out of reinforced concrete, where MG 25 machine guns lie in wait for the enemy. Thousands of soldiers were equipped with the new G25 rifles, however, not all of them were. Instead, there was a mix of the old weapons, with the new among these forces, whose job was to guard the canal from the hostile crusaders.

The Officer in charge of Canal's defenses gazed through his binoculars and witnessed a large army on the horizon. This army was filled with men at arms, armed with pikes, arkebuses, and a variety of matchlock muskets, both smoothbore and rifled. When he saw this, he gave a series of commands to a nearby soldier.

"Report to the Telegraph operator. Inform him to dispatch a message to the fleet in Malta. An enemy army is approaching the Canal, and we are in need of assistance."

The soldier, who was dressed in an arid combat uniform, and a matching Stahlhelm, nodded his head before running off to the fortification, which housed the massive telegraph station that was established in the fort. Another officer quickly addressed his superior with a hint of concern in his voice.

"Colonel, we only have a single brigade here to act as defense. Should we not withdraw?"

The Colonel turned around and placed his binoculars in their pouch. The Colonel was none other than Arnwald Gerwig, a man who had served in Berengar's army since the beginning of his conquests, and had personally fought by his side during the early days of his war against Count Lothar. He stared at the Captain who questioned his decision with a hint of disdain on his face before spitting on the ground.

"We have spent the last five years building this canal, and now these backwoods feudal knights think they can come in and reap the benefits of our labor? No, the Kaiser would kill us all if he knew we retreated! If these fools dare to march on the Canal, we will show them the power of German steel!

However, because we are not officially at war with the crusaders at this moment, I shall dispatch a messenger, ordering them to turn around and leave Egypt behind. If they dare to approach the Canal, we will see it as an act of war, and will defend our position to the last man!"

The officer immediately lowered his head in shame. He felt bad for even suggesting a retreat. After all the effort they had put into building this canal, Arnwald was right when he said that the Kaiser would

have their heads if they dared to retreat. After a moment of reflection, he went off to convey the Colonel's orders, and ensured that every man was locked and loaded, ready for combat at a moment's notice.

As the enemy army reached a range of roughly five kilometers away, a German messenger was sent to them on horseback. The Army chasing after the Crusaders was not the primary force of the Crusaders. Instead, it was led by the King of England, and primarily consisted of English and Red Dragon forces.

When the King of England noticed the rider coming towards him, he smiled fiercely. Finally, he could have a proper meeting with a representative of the German Empire. Until now, he had never been in direct contact with Berengar or his forces, however after witnessing the weapons employed by the Byzantine and Timurid forces, he had come to respect the Kaiser as a man of great power.

Naturally, Lawrence was unaware of the true power the German Empire possessed, thus he was surprised when he saw the rider approach him, not even wearing a suit of armor. He quickly shouted out to his own forces, looking for a translator who could speak with the German messenger.

"Anybody speak German?"

Surprisingly, a random nobleman in his army raised his hand in response to this, and volunteered for the task.

"I can speak a little..."

It surprised Lawrence that some of his men could speak the foreign language, but then again, prior to the rise of the German Empire, it was not entirely unlikely that English Knights and Lords would marry a foreign bride. Thus, he was not suspicious of this. Eventually, the German Rider approached the army and gave his demands.

"By the decree of Colonel Arnwald Gerwig, you shall not take a step further. This land belongs to the Kaiser, and to trespass with an army is considered an act of war against the German Nation. Unless you want the full might of the Reich to force you from these lands, I suggest you return from whence you came!"

Lawrence scoffed as he heard this. Looking around him, he could not believe what he was hearing. This was Egypt, since when did the Germans have a claim to this land? As far as he knew this was a small unit dispatched by the Kaiser to assist their Byzantine Allies. Because of this he responded with a rather crass remark that only a man ignorant of the agreement that had taken place between Berengar and Vetranis would make.

"We're in Egypt lad, this land belongs to the Byzantine Empire. Since we are at war with them, we have the right to take whatever we damn well please. I suggest you and your forces withdraw from the region if you don't want to get slaughtered!"

The messenger laughed before ridiculing the English King in front of his own army. The Nobleman who acted as the translator had a sheepish expression on his face as he repeated the words that were spoken.

"Ignorant Swine, years ago, The Byzantine Emperor transferred this land to Kaiser Berengar von Kufstein as part of his personal holdings. Though it is subject to Byzantine laws and taxes, as far as the Kaiser is

concerned, it is part of the Reich. As I previously stated, advance one step further and you will be trespassing on German land! We are not afraid to respond with force!"

The legality behind the Suez Canal was complicated, officially it was a part of the Byzantine Empire, and therefore subjected to its laws and taxes. However, it was also a feudal holding of the Kaiser, making it both a Byzantine and German territory.

While Lawrence could press the claim that he was taking Byzantine Land in an act of conquest, Berengar had the Right to deploy his armies to defend it. Since Berengar was the Emperor of Germany and the Reich was no longer a Feudal Country, he could legally deploy the Imperial Germany Military in its defense. Not only that, he could also deploy the Reichsgarde as well.

King Lawrence's arrogant smile faded as he heard this. He suddenly felt like a fool for not being aware of this fact. This created a monumental problem for the man who wanted to claim the wealth of Egypt. Currently, he held most of the Sinai Peninsula after expelling the Byzantine and Timurid Forces beyond the Kaiser's Canal.

However, the wealth of Egypt lies beyond the canal, which acted as a very literal barrier between German territory and the rest of the region. Lawrence could not cross the Canal without making an enemy of the Reich. This left him with one choice if he wanted to plunder the wealth of Egypt, and that was to sail around the Canal and invade the rest of Egypt from the sea!

However, were things so easy? Would the Germans allow a hostile force to exist on both sides of the Canal? No, it was entirely unlikely that they would make such a foolish decision. If he really intended to take Egypt, undoubtedly the German Army would interfere.

Because of this, King Lawrence and the English Crusaders were left with two choices: declare war on the German Empire, and attempt to take the Suez Canal by force, or withdraw from the region and settle for Syria-Palestine. In the end, the English King was not stupid enough to step on the tail feathers of the Eagle, and sighed heavily before withdrawing his forces from the region.

"You make a compelling argument. Very well, I will withdraw my forces from the region. We will have to settle with Syria-Palestine. Come along lads, our forces are needed elsewhere."

With that said, a war between Germany and England was narrowly avoided. If not for the fear and respect that the English King had for the Kaiser and his army, things could have gone very differently.

After returning to the encampment, the messenger gave Lawrence's response to the Colonel. Ultimately, Colonel Arnwald Gerwig decided to allow the fleet from Malta to approach the Canal, rather than call it off. After all, as long as this crusade continued, they could use the Naval support.

Chapter 762 Defeat is not an Option!

Heimerich von Graz sat in the Royal Palace of Granada, which the Field Marshall of the Imperial German Army, Adelbrand von Salzburg, currently resided. The two of them were in an office, staring at each other with differing expressions. Adelbrand had a grim look on his face, while Heimerich's appearance was smug and confident. The two Field Marshalls glared at each other in silence for several moments before Adelbrand spoke up.

"Repeat what you just said to me!"

Heimerich sipped on a teacup which was filled with coffee before he gently placed it down on a saucer while repeating the words he had just spoken moments before.

"The Kaiser fears this war is taking too long, and is consuming far too many resources. Though your soldiers have done their best to remove the threat, he has decided that a more ruthless approach is necessary to crush the spirits of the Iberian Catholics. In the following days, me and my Reichsgarde shall march on Madrid, where we will unleash a barrage of chemical shells onto the city, annihilating all of its inhabitants in the process.

This is not up for negotiation, Adelbrand. I have my orders, and they are to compel you to listen to the Kaiser's commands. I know you have spent more time here in Iberia than you have back in the Fatherland. However, your concern for the lives of these people has clouded your judgement.

The Moors love you. It is through your actions and those of the Kaiser that Iberia was united under their banner. However, you have been tasked with bringing an end to this rebellion, and despise those orders, the situation here only seems to be getting worse. It is because the Moors love you that the Kaiser has asked me to unleash this ruthless assault on the city of Madrid. After all, he wouldn't want to stain your reputation.

I assure you, I will annihilate this rebellion even if I have to burn a couple million Catholics in the process. After all, from the moment I was given the position of Field Marshall of the Reichsgarde, it was made very clear to me that I would be tasked with the dirty work that the regular Army could not be caught engaging in. I just need you to clear your soldiers out of Madrid. After you have done that, we can begin our attack."

Adelbrand sighed heavily when he heard this. He tapped his fingers on the desk repeatedly. This attack would ensure a monumental loss of life. However, orders were orders, and he would not dare disobey the Kaiser, especially when he was so close to gaining Eckhard's old position. Thus, he could only sigh in defeat as he nodded his head in acceptance of his orders.

"Very well. I shall dispatch word to the garrison in Madrid, informing them to withdraw from the city and return to Granada. Is there anything else I can help you with before you begin the attack?"

Heimerich's lips curled into a smile as he heard Adelbrand's question. He indeed had further orders for the man and because of this, he quickly pulled out a briefcase that he had brought with him for this meeting and opened it. Revealing several classified documents as he did so.

"The Kaiser believes it is time for an Iberian Reformation. This is a coordinated effort put together by the Departments of Propaganda and Intelligence to spin these terrorist attacks that have taken place as a way to justify our actions, and demonize the Papacy. His Majesty wants you to lead the effort to kick-start this reformation, so that peace and unity can be achieved between the Iberian Christians and the Moorish Muslims."

Adelbrand looked over the documents for several moments before nodding his head and expressing his agreement with his orders.

"Very well. I will begin to enact the Kaiser's will at once. Though it may not be immediate, within the next few years, I guarantee an Iberian Reformation will take place."

Heimerich nodded his head after hearing this. Now that business was out of the way, he intended to ask Adelbrand's personal opinion about the war at large.

"Off the Record, how goes things? I've heard rumors from soldiers on leave that the cities with a catholic majority have turned into a meat grinder..."

Adelbrand sighed. He would not answer this question without a stiff drink. Because of this, he pulled out a bottle of whiskey and two shot glasses. He poured the amber liquid into the two containers and handed one off to Heimerich before downing the alcohol as if it were a shot of water. After doing this, he poured two more shots for himself and drank them in the same way. Once he was properly intoxicated, he let his lips loose.

"Off the record? The situation in Iberia is an unmitigated cluster fuck! The Iberian rebels use hit-and-run tactics to ambush our soldiers, where they proceed to scavenge their weapons, and then use them in even greater attacks. I have no idea how many grenades, and G-22s, are in the hands of the enemy, but it's enough to cause me a fucking headache.

You have these bastards brainwashing their kids into suicide attacks with grenades. It is impossible to know when you kick down a door if a child is neutral or hostile. Because of this, there have been more than a few mishaps where a crying child was gunned down by our soldiers, who feared they were hiding a grenade.

This has only increased the animosity among the Catholics, causing our soldiers to become Paranoid. I've equipped and trained the Andalusian Army to take the front lines, but no matter what I do, they still rely on the support of our soldiers.

I understand why the Kaiser has ordered this attack, but I am telling you right now, it will only harden the resolve of the Catholics. They will continue their attacks until the Moors and Germans are removed from these lands."

When Heimerich heard this, he scoffed before taking another shot. Adelbrand noticed the expression on his face and immediately questioned the man.

"What? Do you honestly believe you can do better?"

In response to this, Heimerich downed yet another shot before boasting of his abilities.

"It's a good thing his Majesty called me in to deal with this damned rebellion. You are clearly not prepared to undertake the measures necessary to eliminate the enemy. It's very simple, Adelbrand. If they continue to rise against my Reichsgarde after I have gassed Madrid, then I will go from town to town, city to city, taking ten heads for every one rebel.

If the Catholic people of Iberia continue to support the rebellion after I conducted my raids, then I will obliterate entire towns. I will continue this slaughter until either Catholics lose the will to fight or are entirely annihilated. That is how you defeat a rebellion, and that is why the Kaiser has dispatched me to the Iberian theatre."

Adelbrand sat in disbelief as he heard this. He could not help but question the sanity of Heimerich as he heard the man so boldly announce his plan of mass murder. He instantly voiced his objection to this plot.

"But, that's murder! You would kill so many innocent people just to break the rebel's spirit?"

Once more, Heimerich scoffed when he heard the naivety of Adelbrand, and because of this, he continued his lecture.

"Innocent? Hardly... It is clear that the Rebellion is receiving support from what you would call ordinary civilians. Because these civilians are supporting the enemy with resources and intelligence, they need to learn that they will be held accountable for the actions of the rebels. If the people do not turn against these terrorists, then they will pay the price with their lives.

Every time we wipe out a village, our propaganda declares that they were supporting the rebels. Eventually, people will get the message, turn in the rebels, or you and your families will suffer. We will see whose spirit breaks first.

I assure you, so long as I am here as a representative of the Kaiser's will, the fighting spirit of the German people shall never falter. We will be victorious, whether that means the complete and total annihilation of the Iberian Catholic population, or their total surrender. However, defeat is not an option!"

Adelbrand could hardly believe that such a madman was in charge of the Reichsgarde, or that the Kaiser had sent him to Iberia, knowing he would take such extreme actions to end the rebellion. He could not fathom why Berengar was so obsessed with ending the war in Iberia as soon as possible.

Heimerich, on the other hand, was confident in total victory. He did not care how many lives had to be lost in the process. In the end, the Iberian Catholics would either be annihilated, or would capitulate to the rule of their Moorish masters. Either way, victory was assured now that he, and fifty thousand of his Reichsgarde had entered the war.

#### Chapter 763 Negotiating with the Exiled Emperor

Currently, Berengar was lying on a bed in the harem room of his royal palace. His girls surrounded him and for whatever reason they were all dressed in skimpy attire loosely based upon arabic harem clothing, or at least the ahistorical attire that was common in popular culture from his past life. Despite the skimpy and colorful attire that these beautiful women wore, Berengar's eyes were not focused on them, instead they were shut as he enjoyed an oil massage being performed by all five of his lovers.

He had been hard at work recently, and decided to take an afternoon off to bask in hedonistic pleasure. Linde kneaded the finer points of his back as she applied a special oil to it, which soaked in to his skin. While she was working on his back, Yasmin and Honoria worked on his lower back, while Adela and Henrietta worked on his arms.

Berengar was truly relaxed in this moment, partially because of the oil massage, and partially because he had taken a huge hit from the hookah just moments before they began. While this was going on, a knock resounded on the door. Who was interrupting the Kaiser while on his day off? Berengar did not know, but whoever it was would surely face his wrath if it was not anything of importance. Ultimately he sighed before calling out to the intruder from the depths of the large room.

"Come on in."

Upon hearing this, the door opened to reveal the young Anangpur Emperor and his little sister Priya. The two of them gazed through the mist of the hookah smoke that Yasmin had just puffed out beneath her

veil, to see the scandalous sight. Though these women were not nude, they were dressed so liberally that there was little to the imagination. Being a hormonal teenage brat, Dharya lost all sense in that moment and flushed red while stammering. Completely forgetting his reason for visiting.

"W....Wh...."

Priya was also a bit flustered, but she kept her cool as she nudged her older brother in the ribs and whispered in his ear.

"Get a grip. We came here with a purpose, remember?"

Upon hearing this, the boy nodded his head and reclaimed his sanity as he asked the question that had been plaguing his mind for some time.

"Kaiser Berengar von Kufstein, I wanted to know what it would take for you to help me reclaim my throne!"

Berengar sighed when he heard this, and sat up, causing his girls to stop what they were doing. Only Linde, who was working on his back, continued to massage him as while he covered his manhood with a towel. The sight of the man's abs, which were glistening with oil, thoroughly sent Priya over the edge as she ended up in a fuguelike state, much like how Dharya was moments before.

The Kaiser noticed this and smirked smugly before taking another hit from his hookah. After doing so, he responded to Dharya's question in a confident manner.

"You're too young, and too inexperienced to rule over your family's Empire. At the current rate of things, you could not even perform as my puppet. I have taken you into my home and act as your shield against your uncle's murderous plots. You'd be surprised how many merchants from the east have come with the intentions to claim your lives.

If you want to reclaim your birthright, you will first have to learn to rule, and to do that, you will need to go through some proper schooling. When the time comes, I will help you reclaim your throne, but you must be aware that there is a price for everything. Providing military assistance to an exiled emperor in the hopes he reclaims his throne is not a debt that is easily forgiven. Tell me, what do you offer me in exchange for my kindness?"

Dharya bit his lip. He had a hard time determining what it was that Berengar wanted. The boy understood that Berengar was a highly intelligent and ruthless man who wanted global hegemony. He also understood that the German military could not reasonably be opposed. If the entire world united against them, it was entirely possible that Germany would end up as the victory. Thus, Dharya had come prepared to make some concessions in order to retake what was rightfully his.

"I will offer you land to build a naval base so that you have a staging point for your eastern ambitions. I will also ensure that your Empire has access to all the spices you could desire. From my understanding, that is one of the reasons you are interested in my Empire is it not?"

Berengar thought about it for a few moments and nodded his head in agreement. Those terms sounded fair, however, it was still not enough to convince him to invest in military intervention. Thus, he spoke up about his perspective.

"That's a start, but you still need to sweeten the pot..."

It was at this moment, while Dharya was thinking of the best way to convince Berengar to support him, that Linde acted in a manner that neither he nor Priya expected. The redheaded vixen wore a lust filled gaze as she reached her hand under Berengar's towel where she began messaging his member. Berengar immediately grabbed the woman's hand and pulled it out before shifting his head so he could look into her sky-blue eyes and scolded her.

"Not now!"

Despite wearing a baby blue veil, Berengar could still make out the pout on the woman's face as she retreated towards his back. However, the woman's inappropriate action had caused Priya's face to light up as red as an apple. When Dharya saw this, he came up with an idea.

"What about my sister? You still need a fifth wife, right?"

Berengar scoffed when he heard this before shaking his head.

"She's too young. By the time she's of age, I'll be in my thirties. Are you sure she wants to marry a man so much older than herself?"

Dharya gazed over at Priya and noticed she was glaring at him. Did he seriously just use her as a pawn in negotiations? She wanted to sink her claws into him to teach him a lesson, but she ultimately decided not to. Upon seeing this, Berengar chuckled before lecturing Dharya on his negotiating skills.

"Kid, it'll be years before you're even old enough to properly rule. You don't need to give me a satisfactory answer right now. You should enjoy your youth her in Kufstein while you can. Your throne will be waiting for you. I do hope after a few years you can come up with a more satisfactory form of payment.

It's not that your sister is a bad bargaining piece. After all, an imperial princess is always a valued commodity. It's just that she is way too young for my tastes. Now, if that is all you wanted to say, please leave. I'm not sure I can keep Linde here off of me for much longer."

Dharya harrumphed as he stormed out of the harem room with Priya by his side. Unlike her brother, she looked back on Berengar and his many women one last time before the door shut behind her. She was not the most experienced girl in the world when it came to relationships, but she could make an educated guess about what was about to happen in that room.

#### Chapter 764 Massacre of Madrid

The City of Madrid was mostly peaceful. Moreso than it had been for some time. In recent years, since the Granadan conquest of Iberia was completed, the city had been a hotbed of insurgency. Out of all the cities in the region, none had more fierce resistance than Madrid.

It was not just that thousands of the city's inhabitants had taken up arms against their Andalusian and German occupiers, but tens of thousands of civilians supported the rebels in any way they could. Mostly by gathering intelligence on the occupying forces. This was the reason that Berengar had selected Madrid as his target for terror.



Currently, the banners of the Iberian Catholic League flew high above the city as the rebels tore down those of Al-Andalus. Why were they acting so brazenly? Because the Andalusian and German troops had withdrawn from the city, in an attempt to reinforce the capital of their false Empire. Along with them were the few moors who resided in the city's walls.

Evidently, these peasant rebels were not intelligent enough to surmise that the enemy was planning a fierce attack. Or perhaps they simply believed it was improbable for them to wipe out the city. Either way, the rebels were hoisting their crosses and shouting their praises to God and their ancestors who had fought for centuries to remove the Moors from Iberia.

They were completely unaware that the city was surrounded by the Reichsgarde. After all, the enemy forces sat a distance of twelve kilometers away. Berengar had pulled out all stops over the past year and had spared no expense equipping his Reichsgarde with the latest weaponry.

There was a single Artillery Brigade that was conducting this operation and they had a total of 70 field guns surrounding the city. These weapons were a mixture of the 7.5cm FK 25 and their larger 10cm counterparts. Seventy Field Guns, and four thousand men stood outside the city, preparing themselves for the attack that would annihilate its inhabitants.

The crews that operated these powerful weapons carefully loaded the chlorine gas shells into the breaches while adjusting the aim towards various locations of the city. Heimerich's plan was to spread as much poison gas as possible throughout the city limits, and then charge through with their infantry, who would clear out any survivors.

The infantry brigade that accompanied the Artillery were closer to the city, lying prone in the fields that bordered Madrid in an attempt to ensure they were not spotted. After checking that everything was in proper order, Heimerich wore a stoic expression on his face as he issued the order for the attack.

"Open Fire!"

The air outside of Madrid roared with thunder as seventy different field guns fired their first barrage onto the city's celebrating inhabitants. However, they did not stop with a single barrage, and instead quickly loaded more rounds into their breaches before unloading their payloads onto the city.

In the center of the city, standing on the balcony of the mayor's manor, was an Inquisitor of the Catholic Church, a man who was tasked by the Pope to instigate the rebellion that was taking place in Iberia. The moment he heard the thunderous echoes, he soiled himself. He was all too aware of what those weapons meant, or so he thought.

He did not know how the enemy had surrounded them when they could not be seen from the city's walls. However, before he could command someone to investigate, the sound of screams filled the air, as the city's inhabitants began to panic. Large clouds of yellowish green gas had formed where the shells impacted.

The gas rapidly spread across the city, causing anyone unfortunate enough to be caught in its vicinity to violently choke while they slowly suffocated to death. Panic was in the inquisitor's eyes as he witnessed this new monstrosity causing him to quickly perform the sign of the cross before uttering a prayer for deliverance from this evil.

Unfortunately, with each second that passed, another thunderous echo occurred, and more gas appeared in the city's confines, spreading rapidly as if it were a wildfire consuming everything in its path. Nobody was safe from the miasma's effect, even those who fled to the safety of their homes.

The manor's balcony overlooked the majority of the city, and because of this, the Inquisitor could see the cloud of death which blocked his field of vision. The church's representative instantly panicked as he fell back from the balcony with his guards. He needed to escape; He needed to flee the city before this gas caught up with him, and inform the pope of this terrifying new weapon. Should this horrifying weapon be deployed against the crusaders on the fields, there would be no chance of victory.

However, unfortunately for him, the mayor's manor, which he boldly occupied following the local government's retreat, was in the center of the city, and it was not just the section in front of him that were being swallowed by the poisonous miasma. He could only curse himself for failing to notice the enemy's plans when they evacuated the moors from the city.

But how could he know such a thing? Never before had an army possessed the capability of wiping out every living being inside a city without ever stepping foot in it. It was more fiction than reality until now. The inquisitor fled out of the mansion with his tail in between his legs, but with every path he took, a cloud of chlorine gas stalked him. He could only retreat further and further until there was no way out.

Eventually, he was caught outside a chapel, with gas surrounding him on all sides. In that moment, he took shelter in the church, hoping that the divinity of Christ would spare him from this ordeal. Unfortunately for him, the powers of the Abrahamic God were limited, and he had expended great effort saving Julius from Berengar's previous attack. He would not bother lifting a finger to save a peon like this inquisitor.

In the end, the chapel was filled with the yellowish-green smoke which forced its way into the Inquisitor's lungs, and suffocated him slowly. First came the coughing, then the itchy eyes that made him want to gouge them out, and finally death.

After only a minute of firing, a grand total of 1,750 shells had been fired into the city, thoroughly depleting the stockpile of chemical weapons that the German Army had worked overtime to produce. After all rounds were depleted, Heimerich gave the order for the infantry to move in and clear out any survivors. Each soldier of the Reichsgarde was equipped with a gas mask as they rushed into the city, searching for targets to destroy.

However, in the end, there was not a single soul who survived the attack. Not only were all men, women, and children of the deceased, but every pet and pest was eliminated as well. The city of Madrid was thoroughly cleansed of life. Once the gas dispersed, the Reichsgarde gathered the corpses of the deceased, and buried them in mass graves outside the city. The cleanup operation would take far longer than the attack itself.

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While Heimerich was busy overseeing the elimination of Madrid, Adelbrand had worked on the press release. Currently, he stood in a room filled with reporters, mostly from the various German news outlets. However, there were a few Andalusian newspapers who sent their reporters to the briefing.

Adelbrand was dressed in his Field Marshal's uniform, and wore all the major medals he had earned through the tenure of his service. He cleared his throat and wiped the sweat from his brow before speaking about the ongoing operation in Madrid.

"As we speak, the German Reichsgarde is undertaking an anti-terrorist operation in the city of Madrid. I won't lie to you. The situation is grim. Approximately seventy-two hours ago, the Moorish residents of the city were evacuated, as was the local government, after local members of the Iberian Catholic League assassinated the mayor, and unlawfully seized the city.

It is the Sultan's belief that we should not negotiate with terrorists, and as a result, I have branded all the remaining residents of Madrid as enemies of the state. This recent attack on the Mayor of Madrid's life is just one of many in a series of coordinated assassinations following the murder of General Ziyad Ibn'Yais.

Make no mistake, we are at war with a vile band of insurgents who radicalize young children to kill and die in the name of their warped sense of religion. It is because of this reality that the Sultan and his Regent have in their infinite wisdom, decided to take a measured approach to the seizure of Madrid, and attack the terrorists within its walls in a way that will not shed the blood of Germany's finest.

As of this moment, the Reichsgarde is launching a massive artillery barrage on the city, using newly developed shells. Since the Papacy has encouraged the use of children as martyrs, we have no choice but to recognize the youth of Madrid as enemy combatants. After all, intelligence supports more than a few of them took part in the city's seizure. Thus, with this madness that Pope Julius has started, we have but one option, and that is to annihilate all life in Madrid.

Let this be a warning to the Catholic Rebels in Iberia, and the criminals in the Papacy. Al-Andalus and its German allies are not afraid to resort to underhanded tactics, if the Papacy is insisting on their use! Any town or city whose inhabitants support the terrorist organization known as the Iberian Catholic League, or any similar entity, will be deemed enemies of the state, and will receive a similar treatment as those who have seized Madrid! For the Glory of the Sultan, For Al-Andalus!"

After finishing his speech, the press immediately clambered over one another to ask their questions, but Adelbrand wasn't in the mood, and hurried off the stage. Adelbrand's direct attack of the Papacy's actions would steer the Massacre of Madrid in the Sultan's favor. When the moderates learned the Papacy had encouraged the use of children as martyrs, along with the many other crimes of the Catholic Church, they would seek an alternative. Which Berengar planned to manipulate into another reformation.

#### Chapter 765 Scolding the Woman You Love

It took only a matter of minutes before Berengar was informed about the Massacre of Madrid. Currently, he was sitting back in his office chair with a glass of whiskey in one hand and a hemp cigarette in the other. Linde sat across from him with a pile of documents and a proud smile on her pretty face as she described in detail the ongoing reports from the Iberian Peninsula.

"You requested a Status Report about the war in Iberia? Here is everything we know so far. Approximately seventy-two hours ago, our agents successfully infiltrated the city of Madrid, where they

conducted a covert operation to assassinate the mayor. After doing so, they planted substantial evidence, framing the Iberian Catholic League for the attack before absconding silently into the night.

Less than twelve hours later, our Propaganda network spun this as a prelude to a greater assault on the Moorish community within the city. We then used this incident to evacuate the Moorish Residents and the remainder of the local government from Madrid.

As expected, the Iberian Catholic League was more than happy to take credit for the assassination. The moment after we withdrew our people, the rebels seized Madrid and proclaimed it a Free City under the direct rule of the Papacy. At the same time, they expressed this as the first step in a new Reconquista.

While they were celebrating their perceived victory, Heimerich and the Reichsgarde unleashed a barrage of chemical shells which gassed the city's inhabitants to extinction. In doing so, they depleted our current stockpile of chemical weapons. As we speak, the Reichsgarde are now cleaning up the city and disposing of the corpses into a mass grave outside the city limits.

As far as the Pope is concerned, he has yet to respond to these attacks. We are making use of this time to direct Propaganda efforts in an attempt to inform the moderates of Iberia that this attack was in direct response to Catholic extremism, and the terrorists who fight for the Papacy. The specific use of child soldiers by the Catholic Extremists is being emphasized as a means to justify our extermination policy.

Shortly after the attack, Adelbrand issued a speech where he condemned the Catholic Church for their actions in this rebellion and specified that we will no longer show mercy to towns and cities that harbor terrorists.

Adelbrand has also seen fit to post a reward for anyone who gives the Government actionable intelligence about these terrorists that aids in their arrest. We believe that the incentive of a reward, combined with the fear of being held responsible for the terrorists' actions, will compel the people of Iberia to turn against the rebels. "

Berengar nodded his head with a pleased smile on his lips as he heard this. It was time for the war in Iberia to come to an end. He had been involved in the region since before he was even a monarch. Years had passed, thousands of lives had been spent, and countless resources were exhausted, all in an attempt to end the centuries long conflict of Reconquista in the favor of the Moors. Thus, he gave Linde her new orders with a satisfied smile on his face.

"You have done a good job, Linde... Everything is progressing as planned. Since that is the case, you can inform your agents in the field to continue their efforts to uproot the rebels and eliminate them. Use whatever methods you feel are necessary to accomplish this objective in the quickest manner possible."

Linde smiled and nodded her head in silence. She enjoyed being praised by her master. When Berengar saw how pleased she was with herself, he decided to put her in her place by discussing another topic of importance. Now that he had Linde alone, he intended to interrogate her about the incident between Hans and Veronika. He started this by initially wearing a calm smile, before shifting his gaze to an icy glare.

"As you may already be aware, it appears that Veronika has forgiven Hans. That is good. Their relationship is of critical importance to our dynasty's control over the Kingdom of Bohemia. However, there is something I wanted to speak to you about regarding the boy and his Hungarian girlfriend..."

Linde felt chills down her spine as she gazed at the cold look in her husband's eye. There were not many things in this world that she was afraid of. After all, she commanded the world's greatest assassins at the tip of her fingers. However, getting on Berengar's bad side was definitely chief among Linde's worst nightmares.

Not only because she loved him with a burning passion, and couldn't stand the idea that he was upset with her. But also because her husband was a terrifying man when he was angry. She instantly lowered her head in submission as she questioned why he was so displeased with her.

"I'm sorry, master, but this lowly slave doesn't know what she did wrong. Could you please enlighten me?"

Berengar chuckled as he heard this, but it was not a friendly laugh, instead it was more like that which belonged to someone who was on the brink of lashing out.

"You told our son that he can't see that Hungarian girl anymore. Her name is Noemi, I believe. Do you mind explaining to me your reasoning behind that?"

It surprised Linde to see that this was the reason that Berengar was angry with her, and she quickly apologized for her actions.

"I'm sorry, I was out of line... I simply didn't want my baby boy falling into the clutches of another woman so soon..."

In response to this, Berengar scoffed as he got up from his seat and walked over to the woman. In that moment, he corrected her previous statement with a sinister tone in his voice.

"You mean to say that you didn't want Hans to fall into the clutches of another woman whom you can't control, is that it? What's done is done... If I were to reverse your decision now, it would only make the boy view your authority with contempt, and lord knows I need you to keep the scheming little brat in line. However, might I make a suggestion?"

Linde gazed up at Berengar with her big blue eyes and gulped before responding. She could tell that he was greatly angered by what she had done. She just didn't know the full reason behind it. It was abnormal for Berengar to behave so coldly to her.

Normally, when the two of them were alone, he was nothing but loving. However, now, as she gazed into his one good eye, she got the feeling that he wanted to strangle her, and not in the way she would enjoy. Thus, she responded with pure obedience.

"Certainly..." Follow current novels on [Freewebnovel.com](http://Freewebnovel.com).

Berengar's gaze was icy, while his face was expressionless. The most frightening part of Berengar's personality was not that he was prone to violent outbursts like a petulant child, but it was the pure machine like logic with how his brain processed things.

So much so that his regard for human life was minimal, if not nonexistent. It was this emotionless gaze that was utterly devoid of humanity which terrified Linde. In large part because he had never stared at her in such a cruel manner before. His tone was equally sinister and condescending as he lectured the woman on her actions.

"The next time you get the brilliant idea in your pretty little head to go restricting access to the potential wives of my heirs, I want you to speak to me about the situation beforehand. I had grand plans for Hungary that I intended to put into place after the papacy has breathed its last breath, and you may have just ruined them for me..."

Linde, in that moment, realized that while acting on her emotions, she had intruded upon her husband's ambitions, and may have potentially caused him some grief. She was instantly ashamed of herself, not only for acting without thinking, which was uncharacteristic of her, but because she knew now the extent of the trouble she had caused the man she loved so dearly. She could only bow her head in submission and apologize.

"I'm sorry... I didn't know."

In response to this, Berengar grabbed hold of Linde's dainty chin and kissed her on her forehead before whispering something in her ears.

"I love you, Linde, more than anything in this world, but you can't let your petty emotions get the better of your brilliant mind. You need to think about the consequences of your actions before you go through with them. I'm honestly surprised that you failed to take into account my plans for Hungary before prohibiting our son from interacting with a critical pawn.

I trust this misjudgement of yours was simply because of your maternal instincts, and therefore I will let it slide this time. After all, the overwhelming love you show towards your family is one of the things I admire most about you. Now run along, and be the loving mother that our children need. I have to work hard to clean up your mess..."

Linde exhaled heavily as she stood up from her seat and headed towards the door. When she was just about to leave the room, Berengar spoke up one more time while he sat back down at his desk.

"Oh, and Linde? Don't disappoint me again!"

With this said, the woman absconded from the Kaiser's office with a newfound resolve to work harder as a wife, a mother, and as the Director of Imperial Intelligence. Though she knew Berengar had forgiven her for her blunder, she would not easily forgive herself.

#### Chapter 766 A Treaty of Humiliation

Currently, a meeting was taking place in the Novgorod Republic. The Byzantine Emperor and the Pope were sitting across from one another with stern expressions on their faces. Neither of the two men wanted to end the war so soon, especially when they both had not completed their full objectives.

On the Crusader's side, they desired to expand into Anatolia and Egypt. They now had the means to push back the Byzantines and seize most of their territory, however recent events caused them to halt these plans, and turn their sights on the true enemy of the Church which sat in the center of Europe.

Whereas the Byzantine Emperor desired to regain all the ground that was lost. However, he lacked the means to do so now that the crusaders were equipped with weapons that were equal to, if not superior, to his own. Ultimately, he was forced to the negotiating table by the doves in his court.

The Timurid Empire was absent from these negotiations, as the Catholic Church would never negotiate with the Muslims regarding a peaceful solution to the Holy Land. If that could have been accomplished, it would have been done by now. Of course, Berengar had indeed achieved this for a limited time, but ultimately the peace he created resulted in the Crusade that had ravaged the Holy Land. Julius was the first to clear the air and speak about his position.

"First and Foremost, the Byzantine Empire will recognize all the ground that the Crusaders have gained in this contest as a new Catholic Kingdom of Jerusalem! This is non-negotiable!"

Vetranis gritted his teeth as he heard this demand. Everything north of the Sinai Peninsula, and South of Anatolia, was now in the hands of the Catholic Church. This was a substantial chunk of his Empire that would be handed over to the Catholics who proved themselves hostile in this crusade. However, he had already resolved himself to this concession when he agreed to meet with the Pope. After all, his plan was to take back the land in a few years when he had re bolstered his army.

The reason he couldn't rely on his German allies in this war was because of the treaty signed with the Timurid Empire that ensured Germany would remain neutral should the Catholics invade the Holy Land. This was Salan's attempt to ensure that Germany did not backstab him at the first given opportunity. In the end, this neutrality clause only resulted in him and his Byzantine allies losing the Holy Land to the Catholic Crusaders.

However, with the Holy Land entering the control of the Catholic Church, this clause would be null and void, and thus when Vetranis declared war on the Kingdom of Jerusalem in a few years when his armies were ready, and the allotted peace period expired, he could count on their support. He was hoping to negotiate with Julius for five years, but he would be willing to accept up to ten. Thus, he ultimately agreed to this demand that the Papacy had made.

"Very well... I will concede on this point...."

Julius wore a sinister smile as he heard the Byzantine Emperor so easily accept his demands, thus he decided to push them a bit further as he made another outrageous demand.

"You will also give us your territories in North Africa. Including that newly constructed canal which is currently in the hands of Berengar the Accursed."

It shocked Vetranis when he heard this demand. Such a thing was simply unacceptable. If he agreed to this, he would be losing three-fourths of his Empire, and he immediately protested.

"Absolutely not! Egypt belongs to the Byzantine Empire. We have fought too hard, and too long to give it up to you bastards only after a few years of having regained control over the region!"

Despite Vetranis' protests, Julius merely sneered in disdain as he rebuked the man and his words.

"Okay, fine, then we will take Egypt by force and drive your soldiers from its lands. I'd like to see how you are willing to negotiate your surrender in a few months when all you have left is control over

Anatolia and the Balkans. You and I both know one way or another, I will get my hands on Egypt. So just agree to its surrender now, and save us all a bunch of time, money, and lives."

Vetranis clenched his fist when he heard this. He wanted to strike Julius across the face more than anything. However, his son Quintus grabbed hold of his arm and silently shook his head. The doves were a powerful faction, and they were backing Quintus and his efforts for peace. Thus, he could only take a deep breath to calm himself before agreeing to this request, but with one caveat.

"I will concede Egypt, but I cannot give up the Canal. That fief belongs to Kaiser Berengar von Kufstein, and it is not my place to give it away."

In response to this, Julius scoffed before lecturing the Emperor on Feudal law.

"I know your Empire is not a feudalistic state, but you have granted that land to Berengar as a feudal property. Though it may belong to him, it is a part of your empire, meaning you have the legal ability to seize the territory from him. I know he won't withdraw his forces, but at the very least, his legal claim to the land will be gone.

Thus, I will be able to dispatch my armies and drive the mere four thousand men he keeps stationed there from the Canal, and seize it for the Kingdom of Jerusalem. Give me Egypt, all of it, and I will end the conflict, and leave you with some dignity."

Though every fiber of Vetranis' being wanted to deny this condition, he was in no position to do so, the bulk of his armies were defeated, and if he moved his forces from the Balkans, then Hungary would break through its defenses and reach Constantinople.

Currently, Palladius and his men were holding the Hungarian Army at bay in the Dinaric Alps. When compared to the War in the Holy Land, it was a rather tame conflict with occasional raids, but no significant loss of land. That would change if he were to withdraw his forces from the region to support the war in Syria-Palestine. Thus, out of concern for keeping control of the balkans, and Anatolia, which was the heart of his Empire Vetranis could only sigh in defeat before agreeing to these commands.

"Very well, I will do what you ask..."

The Pope knew the extent of what he could take from the Byzantine Empire, and he was not done with it yet. Thus, he made one final demand as he milked this negotiation for everything he could.

"One final stipulation is all that I ask for. In order to establish a ten years peace, you will pay the Papacy for damages caused during this war. For the next decade, you will pay five thousand pounds of silver and thirty thousand pounds of gold every year until the treaty has expired."

This stipulation was outrageous, and even Quintus' eyes bulged out of their sockets when he heard this. The Church might as well demand that they limit their army to a fraction of its size, because by demanding so much money, the Byzantine Empire would never be able to rebuild its military prowess in the next ten years. Vetranis was quick to refuse this point.

"Absolutely not! Why don't you just ask for my testicles here and now! I will not concede to such an outrageous demand, no matter what!"

However, in the next moment Julius broke out into a fit of a laughter as he spoke of an ancient tale.



"Vetranis, as an educated Roman, surely you should know your ancestors' history. Nearly four centuries before the birth of Christ, the Gauls sacked Rome, leaving the Roman populace completely at their mercy. The chieftain of the Gauls at the time, a man named Brennus demanded that a ransom be paid for the city, in the form of one thousand pounds of gold. The ancient Romans agreed to this and used a balancing scale to measure the payment.

The Romans felt as if the scale was rigged in the Gaul's favor, and so they complained to Brennus. You know what he did? He pulled out his sword and tossed it on the scale, forcing the Romans to pay more gold in order to balance its weight, leaving behind the words.

"Vae Victis"

Or in other words, woe to the vanquished. You are completely at my mercy and you know it. It might take a few years, but I can still break through your forces in the Alps and march onto Constantinople itself. With my drake cannons, even the mighty Theodosian Walls will not stand in defiance. So the choice is yours: surrender to my conditions now, or lose everything in a few years. Which will it be?"

Vetranis sighed. There was a rage in his heart that could not be stamped out, but he did not dare defy Julius, for everything he said was true. Thus, he signed away his name on the treaty that would not only humiliate the Byzantine Empire, but bankrupt it as well.

With this treaty signed, Julius could pool his forces into Hungary and assault Germany's Eastern Defenses. The time to get revenge on Berengar von Kufstein and the German Reformation had finally come. After many years of waiting patiently, Julius believed he could soon taste the Kaiser's blood.

#### Chapter 767 The Dawn of a New Era

Berengar gazed upon a map of Europe, which was sprawled out across the table in his war room. This map contained the current German Empire and its neighbors. From the Baltic to the North Sea, and all the way down to the Adriatic, his Empire stretched, uniting the German peoples of Europe into a single Empire. There was one notable exception: the House of Burgundy currently held onto the other half of the low countries, where the majority of its citizens were ethnic Germans.

However, this was not a major concern to Berengar, as he just received word from the Papacy. Emperor Vetranis had predictably stabbed him in the back and ceded over control of Egypt, including the Kaiser's Pass to the Crusaders. Pope Julius informed him that he must withdraw his forces from the region, and surrender control of the Canal or face total invasion.

After years of preparation, the borders of Germany were secured by a force of three hundred thousand Border Guards, with an additional five hundred thousand soldiers in the Army capable of being deployed via trains at a moment's notice. The Majority of his military was still issued the old G-22 Single Shot Bolt Action rifles, while his Reichsgarde, an armed force of seventy-five thousand men, were equipped with the latest weapons.

Berengar moved the pieces representing his soldiers on the map to their desired locations. In the west, he stationed a concentration of fifty thousand men on the borders of Frisia, where he intended to launch an invasion into the lowlands, and seize the region for himself.

The Duchy of Burgundy's army was currently deployed in the Middle East and would be forced to Land in Italy and push through his forces in Lombardy in order to return home. Thus, Berengar needed relatively few men to capture the lowlands. Two divisions would suffice.

Meanwhile, in Northern Italy, the twenty-five thousand men of the Lombardic Army would be supported by one hundred thousand German soldiers in their Attempts to Push into Rome and bring the Pope to heel. Naturally, the Kingdom of Naples would be one of the two major staging points of the Crusader Army, and they would do everything in their power to prevent Germany's advance into the Holy See.

In the East, on the borders of Hungary, Berengar stationed two hundred thousand men. He knew that at the start of the war, the Kingdom of Hungary would withdraw its forces from the Dinaric Alps and assault Germany's Eastern Borders. Unfortunately for them, Germany had an Alliance with the Byzantines, and the forces of Palladius who had fought long and hard against the Hungarian Knights would invade from the south at the same time as Germany, smashing the Hungarian Army in between the two armies.

Finally, in the Sinai Peninsula lie the final theater of war. Berengar had already ferried fifty thousand members of the Reichsgarde, who were previously stationed in Iberia, to the Kaiser's Pass. They had a single purpose, defend the region from the Crusader armies at all costs. Naturally, what little remained of Berengar's chemical weapons stockpile was taken with them.

As for the ongoing war in Iberia, there were still twenty-five thousand Reichsgarde who would work alongside the Andalusian Army to bring the rebellion to heel. After gazing upon this split of his armed forces, Berengar had just one question. Where should he deploy? Naturally, he picked up the figure which represented himself and hovered it over Northern Italy. He would lead the charge into Rome, and personally see the Papacy destroyed.

Berengar wore a wicked grin when he thought about what this meant. For the first time in nearly nine hundred years, the Germans would be returning to Rome to sack the holy city for all its worth, and to put an end to the tyranny of the Catholic Church. While he was staring sadistically at the map, Linde knocked on the door, and witnessed the sight. She took a deep breath to calm her nerves before speaking up.

"So, you're really going out there again? To battle I mean..."

Berengar scoffed when he heard this, before nodding his head. He slammed the figure that represented himself onto the location which marked Rome, before shifting his gaze to the busty redheaded beauty who stood in his doorway.

"I've waited a long time for this moment. Finally, we will be rid of the menace that is the Catholic Church. Once I have defeated their armies, I will establish a new era of peace and prosperity for our Empire. A Pax Germania, if you will. Nobody will ever be able to challenge our Empire on the field of battle, or the seven seas again. We shall rule the land, sea, and sky, and all shall pay tribute to our Great Empire. It has taken me nearly ten years, but I can finally achieve my life's ambition."

Linde wore a bitter smile as she heard this before asking the question that immediately came to mind.

"And what then? After you have established this Pax Germania of yours, what shall you do?"

Berengar smiled as he heard this and approached his woman. He kissed her on the forehead before announcing his plans.

"I intend to bring Germany into an era of technology that it should not have for another five hundred years! By the time I die, it is my dream to have established such a level of technological prowess that the German Empire has at least sent a man-made object into orbit.

In the meantime, there will always be people to conquer, and land to settle. However, they will pose no threat to our forces, who will sweep through the jungles of the Amazon, the plains of North America, the Savannahs of Africa, and the islands of Australasia! We will conquer far and wide, and establish a living space for our people. What can these stone age savages do against a modern army? It is the dawn of a new era, my love, and it would not have been possible without your efforts.

When I come back from this war, I will give you everything you deserve and more for assisting me in accomplishing my life's dream. Whatever you want, so long as it is in my power, I will give it to you. However, until then, continue your efforts, and help me win this war like you have done all others."

Linde was excited when she heard this news. It appeared Berengar was truly no longer angry with her. The truth was, she already had everything she could ever want. However, if there was one thing she desired, it was for the man to take a break from his work now and then and spend more time with their family.

Though Berengar had begun taking off weekends to spend with his family some time ago, it was still not as much as Linde desired. The man left most of the parenting of their children up to her, and she wanted him to be a bigger part in their lives. She figured once this war was over, she would ask him to take more time off from work.

After all, nobody would blame the man if he only worked six hours a day, five days a week, for the rest of his life. After everything Berengar had accomplished, he had earned it. Thus, she kept this in mind as she nodded her head and hugged Berengar before sending him off to make the Public Declaration of War against the Catholic Church.

"I love you. Please come back in one piece. I couldn't bear to live without you..."

Berengar smiled as he kissed the woman on the lips before responding to her concerns.

"I'll be fine. I learned my lesson about recklessly charging into battle a long time ago. However, since you have asked so nicely, I swear that I will return to you alive and well. Farewell for now, my love."

After saying this, Berengar stepped out onto the balcony of his War Room, where an army of men were gathered in the streets below. They were dressed in their Uniforms which resembled those used by the German Army in the later days of WWI. The men all saluted as Berengar stepped onto the balcony and began to chant their war cries.

"Hail victory! Hail Victory! Hail victory!"

Berengar immediately raised one hand to silence the men, and after he could hear not a single sound in the Palace's courtyard, or the surrounding streets, he issued his speech.

"As many of you know, for some time now I have had a conflict with the Catholic Church, since the days when I was but the son of a lowly Baron, the Papacy has conspired to remove me from power, and claim my life. They worked alongside my brother Lambert in these endeavors, and in doing so thoroughly provoked my wrath.

It is no secret that at every turn; they have tried to foil my ambitions, and at every opportunity I have bested them. This Crusade against the Byzantine and Timurid Empires has ended in a failure on our ally's behalf. In doing so, Emperor Vetranis Palaiologos, my father-in-law, has betrayed me.

Previously, it was agreed upon that I would cancel the debt that the Byzantine Crown owed me in exchange for ownership of the lands that, through the efforts of the German people, now exist as the Kaiser's Pass and the surrounding regions.

However, like your typical Roman, Vetranis has backstabbed me and sold off those lands to the Papacy in exchange for peace. Pope Julius now demands that I withdraw my forces from the lands that I rightfully own. Lands that countless hours of German sweat and toil have built into a prosperous trade route.

For the sake of the workers, and their years of labor, for the sake of German Prosperity, I hereby reject the Pope and all Catholic claims on my lands. If you want them, come and take them, but I assure you and your ilk will be met with the might of German Steel!

As Kaiser of the German Empire, I hereby declare war on the Catholic Church and all nations who support their claims over the Kaiser's Pass. If it is war that you want, you shall have it! And I will take on this war, the same way I always have, and that is fight until the very last!

We, the German people, will fight you until the very foundations of your rotten Church are dismantled, and your authority over Europe is forever diminished! Go forth, my armies, and destroy the enemies of the Reich!"

With this said, the crowd once more erupted into their battle cries. Germany officially began its war with the Catholic Church. A War that would determine the future of Europe. Whether the continent would become a tributary of the Church or the Reich would ultimately be determined in this conflict.

#### Chapter 768 Entertaining an Entitled Prince Part I

While Berengar had declared war on the Catholic World, Itami was busy with her grand ambitions to invade Korea. Through extensive effort, her warships had begun production, and her transport ships were popping out of the shipyards.

After some conscription efforts, she now had a field Army of fifty thousand men armed with her latest weapons, and a reserve of twenty-five thousand men who would stay on the Japanese mainland and maintain order in her absence.

Through the past few months she had developed not only single shot bolt action rifles, revolvers, and breach loading artillery. She also developed Gatling guns for use in her army. Ultimately, she decided to shelve the later Taisho era uniforms that she had previously employed with her forces, and shift to Meiji style uniforms instead. She personally preferred the superfluous attire that the Generals of the Meiji era wore.

She also had stopped manufacturing her hydro-spring recoil operated artillery, which was based upon the type 38 75mm field gun. The reason being it was too complicated for her manufacturing capabilities to produce in large numbers. Because of this, she had transitioned to an earlier artillery design modelled after the British Armstrong gun.

At the moment, her armies were the equivalent of the early Meiji Era armies employed by the Japanese Empire during her past life. This massive military buildup was all in the name of seizing control over the Korean Peninsula. Unfortunately, she was not ready yet. Her navy still needed to be finished before she could launch an invasion into the lands of the Joseon, and she also needed to conscript more troops.

Though the enemy was severely outmatched by the capabilities of her army, she desired to have an army of at least a hundred thousand strong to march on the southern shores of Korea, and conquer it northward until it reached the borders of the Ming. Thus, she could only let out a sigh as she planned for the invasion of Korea on her map.

The door to her room opened to reveal the face of General Shiba Kiyohiko, who was Itami Riyo's most trusted advisor. The man was slightly depressed as he sighed heavily before revealing his reason for visiting the young Empress in her war room.

"Itami-sama, the Ming Dynasty, has sent a delegation. They wish to further discuss your desires to invade the Korean peninsula. They are waiting for you in the dining hall. Won't you please come down and speak to them?"

Itami immediately grunted in displeasure as she heard this. The last thing she needed was to entertain more guests. She was quick to dismiss these strangers who had dared to enter her palace without notice.

"Tell them to leave and come back after they have given proper notice. I'm an empress, not a prostitute. They can't just drop by and expect me to entertain them for an evening."

There was an awkward expression on Shiba's face when he heard this. He felt the need to clarify the prestige of the particular guest who was patiently waiting for the Empress's arrival.

"Itami-sama, the Ming Delegation is led by an Imperial Prince..."

When Itami heard these words, she immediately changed her mind and sighed heavily before giving the General his orders.

"Tell him to give me ten... no, fifteen minutes to prepare. I highly doubt the Chinese would approve of me dressed in men's clothes."

Shiba instantly bowed to Itami before responding to her orders.

"I will relay your message..."

After saying that, the General left, leaving Itami in a state of depression. She was currently dressed in her Imperial Regalia, which was just a military uniform with her medals and honors plastered all over it. However, she had fifteen minutes to make herself look pretty for her guest, not because she gave a damn about his opinion, but because she knew men were easier to manipulate when they were fawning over a pretty girl.

Thus, she quickly got dressed in something she had previously prepared for this specific circumstance. It was a white and red silk Hanfu in the fashion that would have been worn during the Tang Dynasty. Why did she prepare a Chinese dress from ancient history?

Well for two reasons, first, despite being Japanese she had to admit that the Hanfu, especially from that period, was more pretty than the Kimono. Secondly, it was to show her support of Chinese history and culture, so that the delegates would see her in a better light.

After getting dressed in the lavish attire, she styled her hair into a pair of Chinese buns. Despite having such a hairstyle, her long white hair flowed elegantly down her back like a river of snow. Having finished styling her hair, Itami spent the remainder of her time working on her makeup, which was just enough to highlight her natural beauty.

Before walking down the stairs, she took one final look at herself in the mirror and forced a smile on her cherry red lips as she descended the staircase towards the dining hall. The Ming Prince was in the middle of a conversation with General Shiba Kiyohiko about the legends of Itami's rise to power when she entered the room.

"I hear your Empress is an impressive warrior. Interestingly enough, I myself have ample experience in the field. I can't wait to meet her."

Shiba was about to reply when he caught the sight of Itami descending the stairs. She was more beautiful than he had ever seen her before. Normally she did not put in such effort for her appearance, and often wore male clothing. However, the busty albino's beauty was on full display as she entered the room with an ice cold expression on her face.

The Ming Prince noticed that Shiba was acting strange and immediately turned around to witness the sight of the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on. Though he was already married, he had no greater desire in that moment than to make the Empress of Japan his concubine. His goals had shifted from informing the woman that his father had agreed to her request, to manipulating Itami into becoming his woman. He wore a handsome smile as he approached the woman. Itami took one look at the man and immediately thought in her mind a single phrase.

Another useless pretty boy

While the Ming Prince was extremely handsome, it was in a way that Itami found unappealing. His skin was extremely fair and as smooth as silk. His facial features were soft and round. Though he was fit, he was exceptionally lean. One might say the man represented the Chinese ideal of male beauty, but to Itami, who was accustomed from her past life with tall and handsome Caucasian men, he fell short of her personal ideal.

In Itami's mind, someone like Berengar would be her ideal preference. A man who was tall and muscular, but not overly so. Someone who had fair skin with a pink pigment. Preferably with natural blonde or red hair, and blue or green eyes. He would also have to have a high and narrow face with a sturdy chin. As for his nose, she would prefer if it was straight and narrow. Thus it came as a surprise to the Ming Prince when Itami reacted without the slightest bit of attraction in her eyes. Instead, she greeted him as if he was just another guest.

"Welcome, Prince of the Ming. I hope your stay in Heian-kyō has been a welcoming one. Please, sit, drink, and eat from the fruits of my land."

Itami sat down at the table before the man could even respond to her. She quickly ordered one of the servant girls to fetch her a bottle of sake while she waited patiently. The Ming Prince quickly sat down across from her with a forced smile on his face. This was the first time a woman had not fawned over him in his entire life, and he was not pleased about it. Still, this was a diplomatic visit and thus he introduced himself properly.

"I am Prince Zhu Li. It is my greatest pleasure to meet the War Goddess of Japan. I have heard of your exploits, and must say that I am thoroughly impressed that a woman such of yourself is capable of such feats on the battlefield."

Itami did not break her stoic expression as she heard this. Though she wanted to scoff at the man's remark, she refrained from doing so for the sake of diplomatic negotiations. Instead, she looked him dead in the eye and questioned his own military record.

"I'm sorry, Prince Zhu, but I have not heard of your military exploits. Please enlighten me with your knowledge of war."

This remark slightly stung the man's ego. He was expecting Itami to crack under the pressure of his discerning gaze, but it appeared as if she could not care in the slightest that he didn't believe the rumors of her combat prowess were true. Instead, she called him out on his own service record. Which was not as great as he had previously boasted to the Japanese General.

In truth, he was the third prince of the Ming Dynasty, and his eldest brother was the most capable in terms of martial prowess and battlefield command. Instead, Zhu Li had seldom stepped foot on a battlefield, and when he did, it was so far back in the rear of his army that he never needed to unsheathe his sword. Despite this, he decided to woo the girl with tales of his gallantry, and thus claimed his brother's achievements as his own.

"I'll have you know I am an accomplished battlefield commander. It was I who led my father's cavalry to defeat the Yeren, pushing them beyond the Liao river valley! My father, the Emperor, even commended me for it!"

When Itami heard this, she narrowed her blood-red eyes into a soul piercing gaze as she closely examined the Prince before responding to his remarks in a casual manner.

"That's funny because I heard it was a man named Zhu Zhi who drove the Yeren north of the Liao river valley, but I guess my information must be incorrect, I mean you wouldn't lie to me during a diplomatic visit, now would you Prince Zhu?"

This remark immediately filled Zhu Li with embarrassment. He could not believe that this woman was playing with him the whole time. If she knew of his brother's exploits, then she most likely also knew that he himself did very little on the field of battle.

The Imperial Prince wanted more than anything to backhand Itami across the face for this insult, but noticed the guards were eying him fiercely while he clenched his fist in rage. He swore in his heart that

by the end of the night, he would have Itami on her knees stripped naked and begging him for forgiveness.

As for Itami, she wore a smug smile as the servers brought the food to the table. It would appear she was in for another long night of negotiations with an entitled jackass. She would have vastly preferred if a man of Zhu Zhi's caliber were to visit her instead of this chump. After all, they could share war stories over a few drinks, something she would vastly prefer over her current visitor. As for the negotiations with this entitled Prince, they had only just begun.

#### Chapter 769 Defending the Sinai Peninsula

Word came over Telegraph that a war was declared against the Catholic world. The time to put an end to the Papacy's stranglehold over Europe had finally come. The officer in charge of the forces in the Sinai Peninsula was Field Marshall Heimerich von Graz, whose fifty thousand Reichsgarde acted as the main forces in defense of the region.

Under his orders, the defenses that had been constructed to secure the Kaiser's Pass were rapidly expanded in anticipation of an enemy invasion. Large trench lines containing 25,000 men each were set up on both sides of the Canal in between the reinforced concrete bunkers which housed the artillery guns. A no-man's-land was established with barbed wire and land mines to make any attempt to storm the trenches into a suicide mission.

Large bridges were already constructed over the Kaiser's Pass to allow transport trucks to cross, even if such vehicles were only in the development phase. This meant that the soldiers on either side of the Canal could rapidly cross over and reinforce the other if necessary.

While the Crusader Kingdom may have officially gained control over Egypt, the Timurid Army was still located in the region, and if they wanted to press forward into the Kaiser's pass, they would first need to defeat the Sultan and his army.

Because of this, Heimerich coordinated with Colonel Arnwald Gerwig and confirmed that the most likely region of attack would be coming from Syria-Palestine, where the bulk of the Crusader Army was still present.

Though many of them had begun to set sail for the shores of Hungary and Italy. It would take a long time for all of them to do so. After all, nearly a million men had embarked on the crusade to the Holy Land. The Catholic World had gone all out on their attempts to conquer the region and had emptied their fields to do so.

However, that did not mean that every soldier would be heading back to Europe. A combined army of roughly one hundred thousand men. Consisting of soldiers from the English Army and the Order of the Red Dragon, under the command of King Lawrence Lancaster, were tasked to take the Canal. Because of this, his army was marching towards the German position.

Heimerich gazed through his binoculars and spotted the enemy. They had reached roughly sixteen kilometers away in the distance. That meant they were in firing range of the German Reichsgarde's heaviest guns, which had painstakingly been moved from the Iberian theater to the Sinai Peninsula over the past few weeks. With a sadistic grin on his face, Heimerich gave the order to welcome the English and Welsh invaders, by revealing the true extent of Germany's firepower.



"Open fire with the ten centimeter guns. I want to give these bastards a hell of a welcome!"

The artillery crews saluted the Field Marshal before loading the 105 x 504 mmR high explosive shells into their guns. Once the shells were loaded, they adjusted the aim of the artillery into the enemy army's direction and fired at them.

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A crack of thunder echoes in the air above the English Army's position. At first, King Lawrence thought that perhaps a rain storm had begun. After all, they were so far away from the German Canal that they could barely see it on the horizon. He called out to his troops immediately upon hearing the sound.

"Haha! Look at that, God is showing his wrath to those filthy Ger-"

Before he could even finish speaking, explosions detonated among the ranks of the English army. Though the number of 10cm K 25 Guns that the Germans had at their disposal were limited, it was enough to claim the lives of hundreds of the enemy soldiers with a single barrage.

Blood and guts splattered across King Lawrence's face as he stared into the distance with a panicked expression. How was this even possible? The enemy was close to ten miles away, and yet they had attacked him from such a distance? He could only stammer as he expressed his disbelief, all the while artillery continued to pound his position.

"D...De...Demons!"

Ultimately, it was the Grandmaster of the Order of the Red Dragon who gave the order to charge through the explosive fire and attack the enemy position!

"We have no choice. We must charge the enemy! If God is with us, we will prevail! If not, I will see you all in heaven!"

After saying this, the Grandmaster charged forward with his retinue of knights, inspiring the rest of the army to do the same. Only Lawrence sat back, petrified in fear. He watched his army rush forward as fast as they could to cover the distance, but no matter how far they ran, the distance was too great, and the number of shells that dropped upon them continued to batter away at their ranks. By the time his army reached the enemy's position, its numbers would be quartered from one hundred thousand men to twenty-five thousand.

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Heimerich gazed in the distance through his binoculars and witnessed the spectacular sight of the explosions batter away at the Crusader army. With every barrage, hundreds of men were turned into meat paste, and yet they still charged forward.

Eventually, their momentum slowed as the heavily armored men became tired and slugged as they marched through the artillery fire. Though their hearts and minds were filled with zeal, their bodies could not handle the excessive exercise.

Once the enemy passed the 12 kilometer mark, the 7.5cm FK 25 guns among Heimerich's forces opened fire, unleashing even more artillery upon the enemy ranks. Through the binoculars, he witnessed the

heavily armored Knights blasted to bits by fiery explosions. The blood-curdling screams mixed with the zealous war cries and the thunder of artillery were like a symphony of war.

Still, despite their losses, the enemy continued to march forward. Their willingness to die for this Canal was admirable in Heimerich's eyes, and because of that, he did not unleash what few chemical weapons he had available to them. Rather, giving these men a chance to die with glory.

Eventually, a lake of blood and entrails was left on the pathway to the canal. Three-fourths of the Crusader army was thoroughly wiped out by the time they arrived in range of the German defenders' machine guns. Heimerich immediately gave the order to the heavy machine guns to open fire on the enemy's position.

"Give them hell!"

The enemy was now four kilometers away, and despite being too far to accurately aim, it was not a problem for the MG 25s which loaded the 7.92x57mm belts into their guns and chugged away randomly towards the general direction of the Crusader Army.

Berengar had commonly referred to this gun as the devil's paintbrush, which was a nickname given to the weapon in his past life, and finally Heimerich understood why. Through a combination of artillery and machine gun fire. The remaining fifteen thousand men were cut down before they could even step foot in the no-man's-land. Painting the desert landscape of the Sinai Peninsula red as they did so.

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While Lawrence had stayed behind and run away in fear. The Grand Master of the Order of the Red Dragon continued to march forward, despite the weary state of his steed. As a man who had tried to understand and replicate German firearms for years, he was truly astounded and terrified of how much he had underestimated the German Army.

He gazed in horror as the English and Welsh forces were ruthlessly slaughtered around him. The continuous echoes of machine gun fire erupted in the air, and the men among his ranks who were now drudging through the sand fell to the floor lifeless after being stricken by the spray and pray of the enemy forces.

The English and Welsh Knights who had survived until this point screamed in terror as their horses were struck by stray bullets, and their armored shredded. It was as if the plate armor they wore was made out of wet tissue paper, because the bullets went right through it, and out the other side. Multiple bullet holes found their way through every man's body as more and more men fell to the ground, dead on the spot, or, if they were unlucky, bleeding out slowly.

It was a massacre the likes the Grandmaster had never seen, and his army had not even gotten close to the enemy's position. He cursed the Pope's name out loud as he witnessed his men blasted and shredded apart by artillery and machine gun fire alike.

"Julius, you crazy bastard! What have you done? You have condemned us all to the depths of hell! What kind of devil have you provoked?"

Immediately after saying this, a stray bullet penetrated through the Grandmaster's forehead and out the other side, killing him on the spot. His lifeless body slumped off the side of his horse and fell into a pile

of bodies that would act as fertilizer to the sands of the Sinai Peninsula. The Germans continued to open fire until not a single enemy soldier was left standing.

Only after tens of thousands of rounds had been fired, and thousands of artillery shells, did the Germans cease their fire. Gazing in awe at how easy it was to wipe out an enemy army of hundred thousand men. Heimerich shook his head in disappointment as he voiced his complaints aloud.

"His Majesty never should have sent so many of my men to this desolate region. In a single battle, I have eliminated the enemy completely. I can only imagine the senseless slaughter that is occurring on the borders of the Empire right now... Or perhaps this was his intention all along?"

With this, one tenth of the Crusader Army was wiped out before they could even return to Europe. King Lawrence was in the wind, where he ended up, and what he did for the remainder of his life nobody knew. They just assumed he was killed in action with the rest of his army. After all, too many of their corpses were unrecognizable.

In reality, the King of England was so terrified by what he had witnessed that he had abandoned his crown and fled to the Arabian peninsula where he married a bedouin woman and assimilated into their tribe. Nobody in the west would ever hear from him again.

#### Chapter 770 Entertaining an Entitled Prince Part II

Itami sat at the table and munched on a piece of takoyaki. She had a bottle of sake in one hand and chopsticks in the other. The Ming Prince noticed that the woman appeared to enjoy drinking, and because of that, he encouraged her to drink more, hoping she would get drunk and make it easy for him to take advantage of her.

However, Itami was a rare breed, and much like Berengar, was capable of drinking excessive quantities of alcohol without ever getting drunk. Thus, as the two of them drank, it was the Prince Zhu Li who ended up getting intoxicated.

The man had reddened cheeks as he gulped down more sake, while eating from a bowl of ramen and a plate of takoyaki. His lust filled gaze was becoming more and more noticeable as he stared at the cleavage shown through Itami's tang-style hanfu. Itami noticed this and commented on it.

"I can see you staring at my chest. I hate to break it to you, but I have made a vow to the gods that I will only give my body to the man who can best me on the field of battle. Better man than you have tried, and they now lie dead, each and every one of them."

It took a moment for the man to understand what Itami had said, but he immediately became offended when he did. The prince stood up from his spot, nearly knocking over his drink as he did so, and gazed down upon Itami with an air of superiority. Unknowingly, he played right into Itami's hands as he did this.

"You think you are so much better than me? I am a Prince of the mighty Ming Dynasty. My family's power is so great that even you have to pay tribute to my father in order to get his permission to invade one of our other tributaries."

Itami did not let the insult get to her, technically what the man said was true, but that was not because she could not defeat the Ming in a war, but with her population she could never draft the forces

required to hold on to the territory of the Ming Dynasty. It was simply too troublesome for her to bother with. Thus, she responded with a genuine question.

"And what was your father's response?"

The intoxicated Prince did not realize that Itami was coaxing him into giving him the answer that she was looking for from the beginning of their conversation. One that he held close to his chest so that he could manipulate the woman into sleeping with him. Because of this, he acted high and mighty, as if he was bestowing Itami with the greatest gift in the world.

"My father thanks you for your tribute, and rewards you by giving granting you the privilege of invading Joseon!"

Itami smiled when she heard this and nodded her head before dismissing the Prince entirely.

"Good, then it appears our business is concluded and I must bid you farewell. I shall permit you to stay in one of the many inns within the city, however based upon your openly lecherous gaze, I cannot in good conscience allow you to stay under my roof. Who knows what you might try in your intoxicated state?"

It took a moment for the prince to realize just what he had done, and what Itami's words meant. When he finally understood them, he was enraged, going so far as to raise his hand against Itami. Luckily, before a major international incident could occur, one of the other diplomats who was seated at the table grabbed the prince's hand and led him away, while bidding Itami farewell.

"We thank the honorable empress for her hospitality. I believe your words are wise and true. Our prince has shamelessly drank too much of this wonderful sake, and it would be best for everyone if we stayed in an inn."

The Prince glared daggers at the diplomat, but the man did not yield, instead he gave a stern gaze back to the young man. It was clear who was actually supposed to be in charge of this delegation by the look on the diplomat's face.

After saying that, the delegation bowed before Itami before walking out of her palace. After the prince was gone, Itami sighed heavily and gazed off into the distance, thinking about the vow she had made when she was young.

A year after Itami reincarnated into this world, she was met with a troublesome situation. She had gained wealth and power for her clan, and as a response, the Ashikaga shogunate had sent a representative to claim her family's land. In truth, the man in charge of this army had one look at Itami and tried to force himself upon her. She killed him with his own tanto before he could get the chance.

The result was a battle with the Ashikaga forces that claimed the life of her father. Despite this setback, Itami rallied her clan's forces and, with the power of the arkebuse, annihilated the Shogun's army. While on the battlefield covered in the blood of her enemies, she made a solemn vow to the gods that she would only allow the man who could best her on the field of battle to claim her virtue.

Since then, she had never lost a battle and killed all of her pursuers in combat. She lamented the fact that she was twenty years old and still single. Itami sighed heavily once more before she took another

drink and muttered something under her breath in an alien language that her followers could not understand.

"It is starting to look like I am going to be a virgin until the day I die, just like my last life."

Just like in her past life, Itami had monumental standards, and was not afraid to stay single until she found the right man. She was prepared to give herself to Julian, but he was as dense as a neutron star, and never noticed her feelings before he died in Afghanistan.

It took Ai some time to get over the loss of her first love, but after a while, her family pressured her to move on, and she ended up getting romantically involved with a high-ranking officer in the Army. However, that relationship lasted for a few weeks, before rumors spread, and a stalker killed her in cold blood out of jealousy.

The irony of it all was she had not even slept with her boyfriend before she was murdered. Though the man had pressured her into doing so, she stubbornly refused until he could prove that he was a reliable partner who would not cheat on her.

She did not know what happened in that world after her death, but the way global affairs were going, it wasn't looking good. She supposed she was better off reincarnating in a world where she could make genuine change, rather than living her life as another cog in the machine. While Itami was entertaining these thoughts, General Shiba approached her and informed her of the delegates arrival at the inn.

"Itami-sama. The Ming Delegates have arrived at the inn. We have guards posted to ensure that the Imperial Prince doesn't act up. What are your orders?"

Itami scoffed when she heard this before swallowing down the rest of the bottle. After doing so, she handed it to Shiba, which was her way of ordering him to throw it in the trash before she would answer his question. After the man had obediently done as instructed Itami responded to him with a stoic expression on her face.

"If that idiot dares to approach the Royal Palace in the night, shoot him."

General Shiba sighed as he heard this before nodding his head.

"As you wish, Itami-sama..."

Just when the man was about to leave, Itami thought of something important, and quickly grabbed hold of his wrist before inquiring about the subject in her mind.

"Shiba-kun, have you by any chance heard more about that strange power in the west who is producing those advanced weapons?"

Shiba instantly froze in his spot, for whatever reason Itami seemed to be intensely interested in this topic, and had sent out many agents to India, specifically the Anangpur Empire, to inquire about this foreign power.

Though these agents had not been able to confirm the information they were given, Shiba had received some news. Due to the lack of verification, he was hesitant to inform the young Empress about it.

However, since she was now directly asking him about this topic, he would not hide what he had heard from her.

"I've only heard unconfirmed rumors..."

Itami wore a bright smile when she heard this before nodding her head in excitement.

"That's fine, just tell me what you have heard!"

Shiba sighed before continuing his train of thought. The way the Empress was dressed, and the pretty smile on her face was so charming, he had no choice but to do as she asked.

"They say a large and powerful Empire manufactured the weapons in the far west. This Empire goes by the name of Germany. More commonly, it is referred to simply as the Reich."

Itami was confused when she heard this, and instantly inquired further about this information.

"Germany? Is this western Empire known officially as the Holy Roman Empire, by any chance?"

Shiba gazed at Itami in confusion. He did not know what this Holy Roman Empire was, or where she heard the term, but the man quickly shook his head before correcting her.

"No, not at all. Supposedly, it is known officially as the German Empire, and is ruled by a man named Berengar von Kufstein. He is said to be the man responsible for uniting the German Empire, as well as the person behind the development of such weapons. Apparently, he was born the son of a minor nobleman and rose through the ranks by emerging victorious in a series of military campaigns. They say he has never lost a single battle.

Another unconfirmed rumor is that he has taken in the exiled Emperor of Anangpur and his little sister. Apparently he is protecting them from their uncle, who is the current self proclaimed Emperor of the Anangpur Empire. If this is true, then perhaps the Kaiser has ambitions in India."

It shocked Itami to hear all of this. Not only was the name Berengar von Kufstein completely alien to her, but so was the house which he hailed from. She did not know where Kufstein was, but from her extensive conversations with Julian in her past life about German history, she could surmise that it was a location where this emperor's family originated.

The rise of a German Empire so early in history, and the fact that a minor nobleman with such advanced weapons unified it, could only mean that this Berengar von Kufstein was another reincarnator. This information, if true, confirmed her suspicions about Germany being a major player in this world.

Though she didn't know the exact level of the Reich's military capabilities, or the extent of the Empire, she feared that, given enough time, the two civilizations would inevitably clash. If that were true, then she needed to be prepared for when the time came. After hearing this, a grim expression formed on Itami's pretty face and she quickly thanked Shiba for the information he had provided her.

"Thank you Shiba-Kun, I need some time to reflect on this news. If you excuse me, I am going to go take a bath. In the meantime, I want you to continue to dig up any information you can on this German Empire, and it's Kaiser. The next time you receive information about this topic, report it to me right away, even if you can't verify it."

After saying this, Itami walked off, and headed towards her personal hot springs. She did not wait for a response from her General as the existence of this German Emperor deeply troubled her. If this man was really like her, then she needed to be prepared for the war that was to come.

After all, she shared the same mindset as Berengar. There can only be one reincarnator in this world. The existence of another was a threat to her own existence. Thus, Itami debated internally as she stepped into the hot springs about the best strategy to combat this external threat.