

Steel 801

Chapter 801 Ending the War

Berengar sat on a sofa inside the Palace of Kraków. After defeating the Kingdom of Hungary, he had rapidly transported his army to his Empire's eastern border with Poland via the Reich's national railway. After arriving at the border, he marched his army to his last remaining enemy's capital.

The King of Poland and his eldest son were dead, leaving a small child with the position. As for the Grand Duke of Lithuania, he was a member of the Jagiellonian dynasty, which was the same dynasty which ruled over Poland. Because of this, he was present in the Krakow palace, sitting across from Berengar with a nervous expression on his face. Currently, Berengar glared at the Grand Duke while stating his demands.

"The war is over, your armies are drowned in the Mediterranean. Your King is presumed dead, and Germany now occupies your capital without the slightest resistance. You have no power to resist my demands. Which is good, because they are quite simple.

Princess Natalia is to marry my son Hans when the two of them come of age. The heir of their union shall become the next king of Poland. The Grand Duchy of Lithuania is to be annexed by the Kingdom of Poland, and form a single Kingdom under the rule of my grandson.

In the meantime, I will place a man that I trust as the Steward of Poland, who shall rule until the next King comes of age to succeed the throne. There is no room for negotiations. You are all completely at my mercy, and I intend to make the most of it."

The Grand Duke of Lithuania grimaced when he heard the extent of the German demands. It was utterly humiliating. Not only had they suffered unimaginable losses in this war, but the dynasty that had ruled over Poland for centuries would be removed from power. In its place, a German Prince would become King and the von Kufstein dynasty would reign for the foreseeable future.

Though Berengar was right, he could not very well refuse, or else the German Army would unleash hell upon Kraków, just as they had done to Warsaw years prior. This was something that the Grand Duke had to avoid at all costs. Thus, he begrudgingly signed Berengar's horrendous peace treaty.

After seeing the man sign away the rights to his Kingdom, Berengar wore a cruel smile as he stood up and prepared to return to the borders of the Reich. With the surrender of Italy, Burgundy, Hungary, and Poland-Lithuania, there was only one Kingdom left who was foolish enough to side with the Papacy in this brutal conflict. Upon exiting the door to the room in which they had negotiated the treaty in, Berengar halted his steps and looked back one last time, before giving a sinister warning to the Grand Duke of Lithuania.

"Twice in one decade I have had to send my armies into Poland. If I have to do so again, I will burn this wretched backwood to the ground. Do I make myself clear?"

The Grand Duke of Poland turned pale when he heard this threat before nodding his head in obedience. Upon seeing this, Berengar departed from the palace and regrouped with his Army. When his officers gathered around him, he dispatched his orders.

"We will march back to the closest railway station. From there, we can send home the men in our army. The war is nearly over. All that is left is for me to cross via a train into Hamburg and set sail for Windsor. Where I will force whatever Pitiful Prince has succeeded that fool Lawrence into a similar treaty that Poland must endure."

Upon hearing these orders, the German officers quickly relayed them to the soldiers, who began the short trek back to the fatherland. They were all relieved to hear that after months of fighting, they would return home. As for Berengar, the moment he found the nearest train station, he rode all the way to Hamburg, where he boarded a frigate and sailed the Sixth Fleet across the North Sea and into the river Thames, where the men disembarked into the Palace at Windsor.

The Germans had already wiped out the English Army on the Sinai Peninsula, and what few troops remained as a garrison did not dare engage the German Marines in combat. Berengar marched his soldiers through the streets until they entered the Courtyard of Windsor Palace, where he entered the building along with a company of his Reichsgarde.

The current King was a teenage boy by the name of James. It petrified him when he saw the Germans enter his home unannounced. He had not been expecting them to so boldly land on the shores of England. James stared at the one eyed Kaiser in disbelief as he struggled to find the words to speak.

Berengar merely scoffed when he saw that the teenage boy was practically wetting himself in fear. He immediately motioned for the kid to sit down at a nearby table. James's legs were about to buckle in terror, and he was thankful that he was allowed to sit. Once the boy had taken his seat, Berengar sat across from him and glared in silence for several moments before uttering the words in his mind.

"I wonder... Do I need to kill you and replace you with someone who will accept my demands, or will you be wise enough to do as you're told? Let me make this abundantly clear to you. Your King is presumed dead. What remains of your army is being picked clean by jackals and carrions as we speak, and you have no ability to continue this fight. If you resist, I will order my warships to bombard this city until nothing remains.

Since you have no ability to resist my demands, I will state them outright, and if you refuse, I will shoot you in the head and drag out one of your siblings to sign my words into law. Am I understood?"

At this point, James could not contain his bladder anymore and wet his pants. When Berengar saw this, he felt enraged, as if the boy's actions were the ultimate disrespect. He grabbed the young man by the nape of his neck and slammed his head into the puddle he had left on the floor.

"You fucking cunt, do you have any idea how much these boots cost? You dare to dirty my feet with your urine? Clean it up, now!"

James whimpered and cried as he was forced to lick up his own mess. He wanted to throw up, but resisted the urge to do so, fearing that he might be forced to clean up such a mess himself. After literally licking Berengar's boots clean. Berengar released his hold over the boy and sat him down once again while letting him off with a warning.

"Do that again, and I will shoot you in the head. Now... where were we? Oh, right! My demands. As of this moment, the House of Lancaster shall cede all titles and holdings to the von Kufstein Dynasty.

Specifically to my son Kristoffer. Until he comes of age, I will act as Regent of England, and leave a Steward to clean up this shithole of Kingdom and the mess that your father made.

As for your dynasty, I really don't care what you do, but should you dare to raise your banners in rebellion against my son, or even so much as make a drunken claim over England I will obliterate every member of your family and all of your cadet branches. Do I make myself clear?"

James was crying profusely, but he managed to nod his head and spoke up in agreement.

"Yes..."

Upon saying this, Berengar smiled and pat the boy on the head before reassuring him everything will be fine.

"Good, do not fret, clearly by the way you are acting, you would have never made a good King. You should take solace in the fact that a proper ruler will be guiding your people in the future."

After saying this, Berengar departed from Windsor and made the long voyage back to Kufstein. On this day, he had forced the last two of his remaining enemies into submission. He chuckled to himself when he realized the Scots were the only Catholic Kingdom that had been wise enough to stay out of the war. However, they would be dealt with in the coming years by his son, who would unify the British isles into a single Kingdom.

As of this moment, the war with the Papacy was over, and the German Empire held hegemony over all of Europe. After ten years, Berengar had finally finished his lifelong goal. Now he could spend the rest of his life in peace and prosperity. Or so he thought. Unfortunately for Berengar, another threat lay in the far east, one that would demand his attention for many years to come.

Chapter 802 The Ming Prince's Tour of the CityPart II

While Berengar was on his way back home after putting an end to the war he was fighting against the catholic world. Hans was taking the Ming Prince Zhu Zhi, and the Anangpur Emperor Dharya Tomara on a tour of the city. The first noticeable difference from this tour, and the last one that Dharya had taken part of, were the streetlights which were on every corner. Though they were inactive due to it being day time.

The next surprising change was the streetlights which hung in the air and provided traffic signals to those who drove vehicles. Dharya gazed with shock upon these devices, and Zhu Zhi was even more astonished, quickly asking what the source of the streetlight's "flame" was.

"Tell me something. How do you provide fire to these lights that are strung in the air? Are they replaced daily? I'm curious how they function."

Hans took a sip from his milk before responding to the man's question with an innocent expression on his face.

"I don't believe they use fire, but some new technology that my father invented. I could not tell you exactly how they function, but they are powered all day and night. We use these lights to direct traffic, and avoid vehicular accidents. Anyway, we should be arriving at the trade district soon. Once we get to our destination, we will continue on foot."

Zhu Zhi and Dharya continued to gaze in disbelief at the streetlights which operated nonstop until they arrived in the trade district. Immediately after stepping out of the Vehicle, Zhu Zhi noticed that the men who walked the streets parted ways for the young Prince of Germany and his guests, giving the boy a crisp nod as they walked on. The women, on the other hand, would give a slight bow to Hans before quickly scurrying out of his way.

The level of respect the German people gave their Prince differed from what was expected in the Ming Dynasty. In the East, the people practically worshipped the royal family, and would stand on ceremony to kiss their asses.

However, the Germans were a far more utilitarian people. If they had to clear the entire street simply to allow the prince and his party to walk by, nothing would ever get done. Thus, they made room for him, and showed their respect in a far more subtle approach.

Hans could tell the Ming Prince was flabbergasted and quickly inquired what was wrong, seeking to remedy the situation.

"Is there something wrong, Prince Zhi?"

Zhu Zhi naturally expressed his confusion as he watched the people of Kufstein walk by without incident.

"I'm just a little surprised that the commoners are not clearing the way for our group. Should they not make the streets open for us to walk upon?"

Hans looked at Zhu Zhi as if he were an idiot once more before expressing the differences in German and Ming culture.

"We have no such rules. From our perspective, if we were to clear the streets every time a member of the royal family walked by, it would cause inefficiency. We don't even legally require the people to show respect to our house. They do it of their own accord. Naturally, we have bodyguards to prevent any harm from befalling us, however such a thing is very unlikely within the borders of the Reich, and especially within the capital.

Ten years ago, this city was a small agricultural town owned by my father's family. In the last decade, my father has built everything you see before you. Most of these people are immigrants from other cities in Austria.

The quality of their lives is thanks solely to my father and his efforts. They know this is the truth, and willingly show their respect from the bottom of their hearts, and not out of some legal mandate. Now let's go and have a treat. There's a desert parlor around here that has the best cookies and ice cream that money can buy."

After saying this, Hans took his guests to a local dessert shop, where there were goods laid out in glass containers. Zhu Zhi gazed in shock at how many confections were for sale. Baked goods, especially sweets, were reserved for the most wealthy people in the Ming Dynasty, and yet there were commoners sitting among the tables dining on these delectable treats with wide smiles on their faces.

Hans quickly sent one of his bodyguards to stand in line and ordered a plethora of treats. He handed the man a silver thaler to pay for the goods and then found a table to sit down at. Hans and his party stood

out from the rest, he himself was dressed in imperial attire patterned after the dress uniform of the German Cadet Corps.

While his compatriots were a teenage Indian boy, and a full grown Chinese man, both dressed in their native attire. Naturally, people in the desert parlor knew who Hans was and maintained a respectable distance. Despite this, Hans did not abuse his position as Prince to cut to the front of the line, and instead sent his bodyguard to secure their order.

Eventually, the man returned with a variety of treats and some fresh milk for the trio to enjoy. Hans gladly took out the hazelnut, walnut, and chocolate strudel from the cardboard box and split it into thirds, handing off a section to his two guests before commenting on the dessert.

"This is my favorite desert. You guys will enjoy it, trust me!"

After saying this, he did not hesitate to bite into the pastry, where a natural smile formed on his lips as he washed down the treat with some milk. Zhu Zhi was skeptical at first, as he had no idea what chocolate was, but the moment he tasted the pastry, he fell in love with it.

He truly believed the finest chef had to have made such a thing, and that it should cost a fortune, but he could not understand how commoners could afford it, thus he was quick to inquire about this point.

"This is truly divine, but how can your commoners afford such a luxury?"

Hans looked over at the man with an innocent look on his face before answering the man's question in earnest.

"We have a dozen bakeries like this spread throughout the city. There is an ample supply of the raw materials needed to create these dishes, and plenty of talented bakers whose sole occupation is to make them. It really isn't that expensive. You can buy a whole box of these pastries for less than a single thaler."

The Ming Prince looked at his German counterpart with shock. He did not know how much a Thaler was worth, but from the sound of it, it was not that expensive, thus he quickly inquired about the German currency system.

"Explain to me your currency, so that I might have a better understanding..."

Hans thought about it for a second before explaining in greater detail just how inexpensive it was to buy these treats.

"So we have three coins in our currency system. A small copper coin called a Pfennig. This is the most common coin used to purchase goods. Then there is a medium-sized pure silver coin called the Thaler. This is used in larger transactions, but nothing significant.

Finally, there is the Gulden, which is a large solid gold coin, and it is rarely used in transactions, unless it is for something significant. One Gulden is worth a hundred Thalers, and one Thaler is worth a hundred Pfennigs. So for about fifteen to twenty pfennigs, you can get a box of these pastries.

To put this in perspective, the average person in the Reich is paid roughly two Thalers a day for their labor. So most people can afford to eat such deserts regularly if they so desire. That's why you see so many common people enjoying the treats here in this establishment."

When Zhu Zhi and Dharya realized just how inexpensive the treats they ate were, they stared at their desserts in awe. It was truly unbelievable that a luxury such as sweets were readily available to the average German citizen year round. The Ming Prince was actually having a hard time believing it.

In all honesty, Hans had chosen this spot because he had a hankering for some strudel. It wasn't even the main point on his tour that would truly show off the overwhelming wealth of the German Empire. However, even with something as simple as this, he had completely stunned the Ming Prince and the Anangpur Emperor.

All this time, Dharya had thought that the treats he ate in the Palace every day with coffee were a supreme luxury afforded only to the nobility of the Reich. In reality, it was a common treat eaten by most households.

Berengar had made sure early on to set the example of paying his employees well, and with the wealth that was in his hands, all the other corporations that had risen over the years followed his example. Because of this, there was significant wealth in the hands of the average German citizen. Far more than most first world countries from Berengar's past life.

With Polygamy becoming a more common practice in Germany, there was an increase in the workforce as only one or two women were needed to stay home and look after the kids. The other wives would go out and work just like the man of the house, providing a significantly higher quality of life for families.

With the strict divorce laws in place that only permitted the dissolution of a marriage through means of fault, such as cheating or abuse, this wealth was rarely split apart, creating stable households for the German youth. Though Hans had done a good job describing the wealth of the fatherland, he still did not quite do it justice when these factors were taken into account. However, as this tour of the city continued, Zhu Zhi and Dharya would get a much better idea of just how wealthy and prosperous the Reich truly was.

Chapter 803 Returning Home at Last

Berengar sat in line, waiting for one of the many trains to take him home to Kufstein. The war was over, and Berengar was now waiting along with his troops to return home. The trains were running nonstop, taking hundreds of thousands of men from one end of the reich to the other.

Despite being Kaiser and desperately wanting to return home to his family, Berengar did not abuse his position as the Kaiser to take the first train out of Hamburg. He was the Reichsmarschall, and as always, he lived and breathed under the same conditions as his soldiers. It was first come, first serve for the railcars, and as the man who had travelled to England and back to the fatherland, he was among the last in line.

Luckily for him, his National Railway project was completed, and thousands of rail cars existed to transport the soldiers across the Reich. Thus, after waiting several hours in silence, he could finally get on a railcar that was headed towards Kufstein.

Berengar sat on the train as he watched it rapidly propel through the borders of the fatherland. It was no longer just the Kingdom of Austria, which was an industrialized state. Hamburg was an important port city with one of the Reich's major Shipyards. The surrounding areas had fully mechanized agriculture, and the city itself had many factories.

The train passed through the individual kingdoms, Principalities, and Grand Duchies which formed the German Empire, and each major city appeared to have developed substantially over the years. Though electricity was a new feature that was unique to Austria, the era of steam prevailed across the major cities of the Reich.

The rapid urbanization of Germany was not as disastrous as one might expect. With relatively modern technology, houses and tenements could be rapidly constructed, and the cities were individually designed to complement these shifts in the population in the most efficient manner.

Berengar had set up an entire department of the State to achieve the most desirable results in the Fatherland's industrialization. Corruption was purged at the highest levels with lethal force, and criminal behavior was simply not tolerated. The harsh punitive justice of the Reich had deterred crime to a large degree, and because of this, the Prison population dwindled in comparison to the overall population growth.

After a long trek to the capital of his Empire, Berengar finally arrived in the city that had been built around the lands of his ancestors. He quickly stepped off the train, where he was greeted by several members of the Reichsgarde, who stood outside of an armored car designed to transport the Kaiser to his home.

The door was opened by one of these men, and Berengar quickly took a seat inside its fine leather interior. He gazed in astonishment at the vehicle. For the first time in ten years, he was finally reunited with the quintessential means of travel from his past life.

Though this car's aesthetics were designed after those used in Germany during the thirties and forties, it had a significantly more powerful engine. Allowing it to achieve much greater speeds. Despite this, his professional driver, who had received hundreds of hours of training with the vehicle since its creation, smoothly progressed through the streets and informed Berengar of what had happened in his absence.

"Your Majesty, things have been calm in the Capital, however you should know a guest from the Far East has arrived, and has been waiting for your return. He appears to have something important he wishes to discuss with you."

Berengar sighed heavily when he heard this, before pulling out his flask which was filled with whiskey, and drowning his fatigue in the savory substance.

"Of course... I just have to endure visitors upon my arrival home. Not a moment of rest for the Kaiser... Very well. I will entertain him when I return to the Palace. Is there anything else I should be made aware of?"

The driver scratched the back of his head awkwardly before making a suggestion to his Kaiser.

"My Kaiser, In all honesty you would be best asking your wife, the Empress knows far more about the happenings of the Reich than a simple soldier like myself. I just drive the Royal Family throughout the city. I'm not exactly aware of what goes on behind the scenes..."

Berengar nodded his head in silence and took what little time he had to relax before he arrived at the palace. As the automobile pulled into the driveway, he stepped out of its doors and slowly walked up the steps towards his palace.

Linde was standing in her most beautiful state, ready to greet her husband. The other wives were nowhere to be seen, which Berengar thought was odd. However, when Linde ran up to him and wrapped her arms around him, she whispered something in Berengar's ears that made him understand why they were alone.

"There has been some trouble in the east. Come to the study, and I will inform you of everything that has happened in your absence."

Berengar sighed heavily before following his wife to the study, where he sat down in his seat. The redheaded beauty shut the door behind her before sitting down across from her husband.

"Berengar, there is another reincarnator in the east."

After saying this, Linde did not wait for his reaction and handed him all the intelligence that her agents had gathered in India and the Ming Dynasty since she had first learned of Itami's existence.

"A nation known as the Japanese Empire has appeared with wooden steamships, single shot bolt action rifles, revolvers, and Gatling guns. The Japanese have already invaded the Joseon Kingdom and annexed its southern shores. Its army is marching north as we speak in an attempt to secure the Iron deposits in the north.

I believe the reincarnator is the young Empress of Japan, Itami Riyo. Approximately five years ago, she rose to prominence in Japan by succeeding her father and introducing new technologies that are in many ways similar to your own. Since then she defeated the Ashikaga Shogunate, and slaughtered the royal family, claiming the title of Empress for herself.

She appears to know of your existence and has armed the Bengal Empire with weapons to act as proxies in the Indian Subcontinent. I believe she hopes to buy herself some time so that she can conquer large swaths of East Asia, and industrialize her nation so that it can compete with the Reich militarily.

You can thank the Prince of the Ming Dynasty for this information. His father, the Emperor, appears to be worried about his Japanese neighbors and their aggressive expansion. I used my authority as director of intelligence to broker a non-aggression pact and a trade agreement. I also have convinced the Prince to allow our agents to smuggle weapons into the Korean peninsula to arm peasants in a fight against the Japanese invaders.

These plans are not yet fully agreed upon by the Ming Emperor, but the Prince is confident that he can convince his father to accept to our terms. As we speak, Hans is taking him on a journey throughout the city to show off the wealth and prestige of the reich."

Berengar silently looked over the information for several minutes before cursing under his breath.

"Fucking hell, I knew something was suspicious when I drank from the Well of Wyr, and saw no information regarding East Asia in any of the potential timelines I gazed upon. I convinced myself that I never went that far, but it must have been blocked out by the existence of another reincarnator. What gods brought her here, and what is their purpose in doing so? Is this Itami Riyo even aware of the supernatural presence in this world?"

Linde lowered her head in defeat as she admitted she was truly ignorant regarding these questions.

"I'm afraid I don't have the means to answer those questions. However, I need clarification on what our plan is to deal with this bitch?"

Berengar chuckled as he placed the dossier on the table before breaking out the bottle of whiskey he kept inside his desk. He poured himself and his wife a stiff drink before answering the question.

"This Itami Riyo has already shown her hostility by creating a proxy in the Indian Subcontinent. We have no choice but to retaliate. I will send five thousand Jagdkommandos to the Korean Peninsula to arm and train the local peasant rabble into a capable guerilla force. That ought to give the bitch a proper headache.

As for India, it appears we have no time to waste. We must secure the throne for Dharya and establish an armed presence in the region to act as a deterrence for the Bengal Empire. Now that we have the combustion engine available to us, it is about time I introduce a new form of warfare to this world.

I had initially planned to defeat the Catholic World and take a step back from military advancements for the next decade. However, it appears that is no longer an option. If Itami Riyo seeks to buy time to modernize her forces, she has another thing coming. It appears we are at the dawn of a new arms race. With the blessing of the gods, we will emerge victorious!

When the Ming Prince returns from his brief tour with our little boy, I would very much like to have a word with him. In the meantime, I intend to relax. So the question is, Linde, how are you going to treat my stress?"

The busty redheaded beauty had a sultry smirk on her face as she walked around the desk and got down on her knees in front of her husband before responding to his question.

"I can think of a few ways..."

Chapter 804 A New Era of Land Warfare

After making love to his favorite wife, Berengar realized that time waits for no man, and that he was currently in an arms race with a hostile reincarnator. Thus, rather than use what little time he had to relax. He quickly got to work designing a whole line of new weapons and vehicles that would completely change the way warfare was fought around the globe.

After years of industrialization efforts, and the control over massive deposits of raw materials, Berengar now had the means to create armored vehicles, submarines, aircraft, and other modern weapon systems.

However, first and foremost, he needed to equip his infantry with capable semiautomatic and automatic weapons that would prove vital in the wars that would be fought in the eastern world. Though Berengar could design a proper assault rifle to use as his armed forces standard issue rifle, he was hesitant to do so. For starters, he believed the extended range of a full power cartridge would prove vital in the islands of the Pacific. As Itami was likely to entrench her forces and fire upon him with bolt action rifles.

However, the history of his past life had proven that select fire battle rifles were generally uncontrollable on full auto. With a few noticeable exceptions. During the Second World War of Berengar's past life, the German Paratroopers had requested a rifle that was capable of fulfilling both the role of a light machine gun and an infantry rifle. After years of development, the FG-42 was created.

The Fg-42 was a select fire battle rifle that was unique for its use of both a closed bolt and an open bolt system. The closed bolt was utilized on semi automatic fire, which improved the accuracy of the single shots, while the open bolt was used for automatic fire. Interestingly enough, the device made use of a detachable twenty round box magazine which fed from the side of the weapon.

The Fg-42 was arguably one of the best infantry weapons of the war, despite this it had served in limited numbers. It made use of the 7.92x57mm Mauser cartridge and yet was surprisingly controllable in the automatic setting.

Berengar knew with the size of his military. It would take many months to replace the current issue G25 bolt action rifles, and because of this, he would give priority to his Reichsgarde and Special Operations Units. The G25 had played a pivotal role in the massacre of the Catholic Forces during the Crusade, but it was already obsolete when Berengar introduced it.

The only reason he had not gone with an automatic weapon system earlier was because he felt it was simply too much of an expense to warrant the cost. After all, until now, all of his enemies were using black powder muzzle loaders.

However, the threat that Itami and her Japanese Empire posed to the Reich was enough to warrant the development and manufacture of automatic infantry weapons. Naturally with the Fg-42, or as he would call it, the Stg-27, as the standard issue rifle, Berengar would need to develop machine guns to accompany such weapons.

There were two designs Berengar had in mind to replace the Vickers, and each fulfilled a different role. The ZB 30 was a top fed, light machine gun chambered in a variety of cartridges during the Interwar period of Berengar's past life.

It was a Czech weapon, however after the annexation of Czechoslovakia by the Reich, the ZB-30 was widely used by the Waffen-SS in the early days of the war. Largely because of internal politics that prevented them from using the standard Wehrmacht supply chains.

The weapon was the inspiration for the BREN gun used by British Armed forces as well as several Japanese light machine gun designs. In this life, Berengar would call the light machine gun the Mg-27(t) and it would make use of thirty round box magazines designed to feed 7.92x57mm cartridges into the weapon's action.

The idea behind Berengar's new doctrine for warfare was to issue a light machine gunner to every squad, while doing the same with a dedicated machine gunner to every platoon. This dedicated machine

gunner would make use of a general purpose machine gun known as the Mg-42 in his past life or the Mg-27 in this life.

This Mg-42 would be an improved design that made use of the safety features issued in the later Mg-3 machine gun, which replaced the Mg-42 from active service in the armed forces of Western Germany. The Mg-42 was an improvement over the Mg-34 design, which implemented a quick barrel change feature.

Berengar intended not only to issue this weapon to his infantry, but with armored vehicles as well, and in fortifications. It could fulfill the role of both a static weapon and an infantry weapon. The Mg-42 or Mg-27 as it would be known as in this life, had a rate of fire of roughly 1200 rounds per minute, and made use of 50 round 7.92x57mm belts which could be linked together to form a belt that carried 250 rounds.

After designing the MG-42 to be used across his armed forces, Berengar moved onto a sniper rifle. Naturally, the first weapon that came to mind that used the 7.92x57mm cartridge was the G-43 semiautomatic rifle. This weapon had a built in scope mount, a detachable 10 round magazine, and was capable of firing one round per each pull of the trigger. It was also fairly accurate, and an excellent designated marksman rifle.

The only problem with the G-43 or the G-27, as it would be known as in this life, was that the original rifles were over gassed, and poorly finished as a result of war exhaustion. This resulted in an increased wear of the parts. Because of this, some re-engineering needed to take place to fix the gas system, and ensure that the parts were properly constructed.

In reality, Berengar already had a basis for this system, as a post-war modification was made in America to make the rifles that were brought back from the conflict more shoot able. So, after some fine tuning, he believed he came up with the perfect design for long-term military use.

Finally, Berengar needed a weapon to issue to vehicle crews, rear echelon troops, and officers. The immediate weapon that came to mind was the Mp-40, or the Mp-27, as he would call it in this life. The Mp-40 was a submachine gun that made use of 32 round 9x19mm box magazines. It had a folding stock for ease of transport, and was made of stamped sheet metal, making it not only easy to produce, but an inexpensive product.

After finishing designing these blueprints and stamping his approval for them to go through thorough development, testing, and manufacture. Berengar set his eyes on his next target. The Second World War, in his past life, was in reality a proving ground for various ideas that were good and bad for the battlefield. It was the dawn of a new style of warfare, and many nations came up with different ideas on how an army should function.

Berengar naturally knew the advantages and disadvantages of these systems, and had decided upon a series of armored vehicles that took inspiration from modern American Doctrine. The first vehicle that came to mind was an Infantry Fighting Vehicle.

The Infantry fighting vehicle was a concept that came out in the post-war era. Essentially, it was a vehicle designed to transport troops into battle and provide direct fire support. The main difference

between an Infantry Fighting Vehicle and an Armored Personnel Carrier was the size of its primary weapon. An infantry fighting vehicle had a main gun that fired at least a 20mm projectile.

Berengar intended to create a large Infantry Fighting Vehicle capable of carrying an entire squad of infantry into battle. Because of this, he actually designed something relatively unique. The overall shape of the IFV that Berengar created took the form of the West German Schützenpanzer SPz 11-2 Kurz. However, its size was increased to that of an M2 Bradley IFV.

With the increase in size of the vehicle, it needed a better engine, and because of that, Berengar made use of the same engine which powered his five-ton trucks. Which incidentally was the same engine used in the M2 Bradley and its most modern variants.

After ensuring that this beast of a vehicle was properly armored, he redesigned the rear so that it replicated that which the M2 Bradley used. The final modification Berengar made to this vehicle was to ensure that it had amphibious capabilities, something he felt he would need if he was going to war in the Pacific. He named this vehicle the Schützenpanzer SPz 27 "Lynx".

After designing the IFV that would carry his troops into battle, Berengar decided on a tank design that he was able to build at this moment. Any design that originated after the Second World War would be difficult to achieve, if simply because of their reliance on more modern sighting systems. Because of that, Berengar selected what he believed to be the best tank of the Second World War, and that was the Panzerkampfwagen V Panther, also known simply as the Panther.

The Panther tank was a medium tank that saw extensive use in the Second World War by the forces of the Wehrmacht and Waffen SS. It made use of a 7.5 cm KwK 42 main gun, and was a decent compromise between armor, firepower, and mobility. Some historians would say it was one of the leading inspirations for the post-war Main Battle Tank concept. Berengar intended to name this vehicle the Panzerkampfwagen I Panther, since it was the first of the Reich's tank designs in this world.

Berengar suspected that in a year, or maybe two, his Reichsgarde would be fully mechanized, and in the following years, his Army would catch up. These weapons would be gradually introduced to his forces over time, and he intended to use the Indian Subcontinent not only as a proving ground for his new weapons but also as a means to give his army some experience in modern combat.

These Armored Vehicles, and automatic weapons, were but the first of the new inventions Berengar intended to design. It was a bold new era. With access to combustion engines and materials such as aluminum, he could design new naval vessels, and a dedicated air force. Hell, from the looks of it, his first ever airship was nearing completion. Once such a thing was constructed, his people would rule the skies.

Thus, while Hans continued to show off the wealth of the Reich to his guests. Berengar was fast at work, designing an entirely new generation of weapons that the Reich's Armed Forces would be equipped with in the coming years.

Chapter 805 Expansion of the Kriegsmarine

After finishing his work on the new weapons systems for his Army, Berengar realized he still had time left before his son returned home with his guests. Because of this, he quickly got to work on a new naval advancement. One that would guarantee German supremacy over the waves.

The newest generation of ships were being constructed at every port across the Reich, and they were more than capable of dealing with whatever steel beast Japan decides to unleash on the seas in the coming years.

If there was one thing that Berengar was missing in his fleets, it was dedicated torpedo boats. However, when facing the level of technology that Berengar currently had access to, torpedo boats were already obsolete. Instead, he was now capable of creating submarines.

A talented naval engineer in his employ had previously introduced the designs of torpedos, which were already being outfitted on his warships. With this in mind, Berengar had decided he would create the first Uboat of the Reich. Labeled the Type I U-boat. Berengar quickly got to work designing the magnum opus of U-boats, which forever changed the way submarines functioned in his past life.

Modelled after the Type XXI U-boat Berengar had designed a submarine that was capable of staying submerged throughout the majority of its mission. How did he achieve this without nuclear power? By using a powerful diesel-electric engine, which made use of an ample supply of batteries to maintain its submersion. These batteries could be recharged via a simple snorkle at periscope depth, allowing it to keep a minimal visual presence in the seas.

This vessel had a range of 15,500 nautical miles at a speed of ten knots, meaning it could travel all the way to the coasts of Japan before needing to be refueled. Assuming Berengar established Naval bases in Madagascar, Sri Lanka, and Oceania in the upcoming years. He would be able to maintain a proper route of these underwater predators between him and his enemies.

Unlike earlier weapons designs, this U-boat did not make use of cannons, instead it had six torpedo tubes, and could carry a grand total of 23 G7 Torpedos. It also made use of two twin 2cm anti-aircraft guns. Though Berengar did not expect to fight for supremacy in the skies with the Japanese anytime soon, it was an eventuality he was preparing for.

The Type XXI U-boat was a design that the Nazis had made at the end of their six year long war against the world. Only two ever actually saw service. However, because it was a last ditch effort, there were some serious problems with the initial design that Berengar had studied extensively during his spring break in the US Naval Academy's library.

Luckily, several countries designed their own submarines after the war, which were heavily based upon the Type XXI Submarine, including the USA. Thus, he could use the improvements made by the US Tang Class submarine as a basis for fixing the flaws with the Type XXI U-boat.

In fact, Berengar had spent a few hours experimenting with an improved Type XXI in his past life while he was researching the topic at the Naval Academy. This design was the basis for his current blueprint, which, because of his advancements in engineering knowledge since then, he had made several key improvements at this time.

Other than torpedos, the naval engineers under his employ had recently been working on radar, and sonar systems, which, along with the improvements to radiocommunications, came together to create the perfect vessel. Berengar used what little knowledge he had on such subjects to improve their performance, but there wasn't much he needed to do.

After designing the Type I U-boats, Berengar decided to go back to the ship designs he had made a couple years prior, and modify them to make use of radar, sonar, radiocommunications, and anti-aircraft guns. Such improvements needed to be made across the board for the expansion of his Kriegsmarine.

Having applied all of these changes, Berengar quickly got to work on his next ship design. With the recent improvements in technology, Berengar now had the ability to manufacture aircraft. This meant he would need Aircraft Carriers to prove effective in naval warfare abroad.

One of the critical weaknesses of German Military in the second world war of Berengar's past life was its lack of capable warships. This was because of the treaty of Versailles, and the limitations it placed on Germany. Though some vessels were developed in secret, it was difficult to hide an aircraft carrier from the view of the Reich's enemies.

Berengar did not have these limitations, and because of that, he intended to introduce such vessels as quickly as possible. With this in mind, he began drawing the blueprints to a naval vessel that was proposed, and laid down but never completed in his past life. It was known as the Graf Zeppelin-class aircraft carrier. However, Berengar would simply refer to it as the Kaiser-class Aircraft Carrier.

Having designed a new aircraft carrier, Berengar sighed in relief. He had planned to immediately get to work on his blueprints for the aircraft. However, before he could do so, he was interrupted by a knock on the door, followed by a meek voice.

"Can I come in?"

Berengar immediately recognized who the voice belonged to and was a little bewildered. However, he quickly responded with a friendly voice as he did so.

"Sure, you may enter Priya."

The doors opened to reveal the Anangpur Princess, who was dressed in a green and gold silk saree. Which matched her emerald eyes perfectly. Berengar immediately noticed that she seemed a bit embarrassed to be alone in a room with him, and thus he quickly called out to her to sit down.

"Please, Priya, sit and speak of what you need from me."

Priya was no fool. She had been cautiously observing Berengar's actions since her arrival in Kufstein, and could tell he wanted something from her and her brother. Though he appeared nice and loving to the people he cared about, she knew better than to believe he was helping the two siblings out of the kindness of his heart.

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While Dharya may be enjoying the peaceful life that he currently lived, she was internally anxious about her position in the Imperial Palace, and whether she would be used as a bargaining chip or not. Thus, she was practically sweating as she sat down across from the Kaiser, who in her eyes seemed like a living deity in comparison to the men she had known to hold power.

Berengar reached into his ice chest and pulled out a cold beer for himself and a bottle of sparkling cider for Priya. After handing it over to the girl, he waited for her to gain the courage to speak her mind. It

took several seconds for Priya to gather her thoughts, but she eventually asked the question she had been curious about for some time now.

"What exactly do you want from me and my brother?"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this question. He leaned back in his chair and sipped on his beer, before spinning the globe that sat on his desk. After a few seconds of letting it spin, he placed his index finger on the exact spot where India lie before answering the girl's question.

"It is not a matter of what I want, but what your brother wants. Your brother has asked me to help him regain his throne, but to do so would require me to march my forces into your family's land and oust the current self-proclaimed emperor.

After all, though Dharya may be the rightful heir to the throne, he has few, if any, real supporters. He has no army, nor soldiers to call upon to support his claim. Meaning, if I honor his request, the blood that will be shed to place him on the throne will not be that of his supporters, but the men of Germany.

I consider every man, woman, and child who belongs to my empire to be an invaluable part of my realm. Because of this, the spilling of German blood has an extraordinarily high price that must be paid. Your brother has yet to find out how he can afford to buy such a noble sacrifice.

You ask me what I wanted by letting you stay here in the Reich. Well, if I'm being honest, until today, I wanted nothing more than to create a friendly ally in the Indian subcontinent. Someone who I could gain favorable trade deals with. However, I hate to be the one to inform you of this, but things have changed.

Upon my return home from the battlefield, I was immediately met with reports gathered by my agents that a great power in the east, one that rivals the Reich, is arming the Bengal Empire in an attempt to support their emperor's grand plans to conquer the Indian subcontinent.

Now, you and I both know that your uncle is barely keeping your declining state together. The moment the Bengal Army reaches his doors, he will capitulate or cause untold suffering across your lands. Either way, in the end, without the support of the Reich, the Anangpur Empire will fall to its neighbor.

If the Anangpur Empire falls, then you and your brother will serve no purpose to me. So, your brother wants my support, and now he has it. Here's what I will do for you. In the following months, I will sail my armies to the Anangpur Empire and put your brother on the throne that is rightfully his. Then I will rebuild his army into a force that can defeat the Bengal Empire.

After your Empire is capable of contending with its neighbors, I will provide combat support until your brother has united the Indian subcontinent under his banner. Once the entire region is under the control of your dynasty, you two siblings can find a proper way to repay me."

Priya blushed slightly when she heard Berengar's proclamation. There was no hesitation in his voice, no doubt in his plan. He would emerge victorious, and there was nothing the enemy could do to stop him. That was the level of confidence that was oozing from this man's indomitable aura.

It did not matter that a foreign power was arming his enemies with the weapons that could prove to be the undoing of the German Army. There was only one path forward in his vision, and that was total conquest.

The young girl had never met a man who was so determined to achieve his goals. Even her own brother, who she cared for deeply, failed to live up to the respect and admiration she had for Berengar at this moment. After several moments of awkward silence, Priya nodded her head before responding to Berengar's claim.

"I understand. I will work hard to think of some way to repay you for everything you have done, and everything you have yet to do."

Berengar scoffed when he heard this before taking another sip of his beer. After a few large gulps, he responded to the girl's statement with a warm tone in his voice.

"That is for your brother to decide, you are still young, enjoy your time here in Kufstein to the best of your ability, one day in the future you will be looking back on these days where you did not have to worry about a thing with a sense of fondness that I can't accurately describe. Oh, and if Hans gives you any trouble, let me know and I'll set him straight."

Upon hearing this, Priya wore a pretty smile before bowing her head to Berengar. After doing so, she left one last remark before departing from his office.

"I thank you for your benevolence..."

After she had left the room and closed the door behind her, Berengar sighed heavily before shaking his head and expressing his thoughts aloud.

"In a few years, that girl is going to be a little heartbreaker..."

After saying that, he quickly finished his beer before getting back to his task at hand.

Chapter 806 The Ming Prince's Tour of the CityPart III

After sharing some sweets with his guests, Hans began the real portion of the tour, as a way to show off the wealth and prestige of the reich, he intended to head into a nearby residential district whose citizens were of the middle class.

Despite having a household with a middle class income, the people in this neighborhood lived in rather large houses, which were a minimum of five hundred square meters in size. After all, polygamy was the norm, and they needed large homes with many bedrooms to house these families.

Upon walking through the cobblestone streets of this neighborhood, Dharya and Zhu Zhi were astonished by the level of architecture these common houses were designed with. The impressive thing about Kufstein was that it was a city whose buildings made use of a variety of architectural styles, but they segregated these styles into their own sectors of the city.

In the Old Quarter of Kufstein, the houses were largely constructed in the earlier Frachwerk design. These were the first buildings established in the city, after it had transformed from a small agricultural village to a thriving metropolis. They had been renovated over the years to keep up with the newest advancements in living standards.

This neighborhood that Hans was showing off to his guests was built with baroque architecture. The large houses were more like noble villas than common homes. With opulent balconies and elaborate entryways that made use of steel gates to keep intruders out. Zhu Zhi and Dharya alike were quick to express their awe at the stunning visuals.

"I can't believe your nobility live in such extravagant villas."

"I never knew Kufstein had such a wealthy district..."

Hans gazed over at the two foreign men and scoffed before enlightening them on just what kind of families lived in this neighborhood.

"The people who live here are part of the middle class. The villas that the wealthy elite live in are substantially larger and more extravagant than these houses."

The Ming Prince and the Anangpur Emperor slowly shifted their gazes over to the young German Prince, who had a haughty smirk on his face. They could not believe that the middle class of the German Empire lived in such wealth and opulence. Zhu Zhi in particular was quick to question how this was even possible.

"How can they afford such luxury? Surely one would have to work for decades to achieve the amount of fortune that is required to buy such a lively villa?"

Hans nodded his head as he heard this before explaining the economic principle of mortgages to the Ming Prince and the Anangpur Emperor.

"Of course they would, which is why the bank buys the house for them, and they pay off the bank over the next few decades with interest. This ensures that a citizen's money is constantly flowing into the economy rather than being stashed away in vault for thirty years, waiting to buy a house. Not everyone is as wealthy as my father, who could afford to buy this entire neighborhood for himself as if it were a mere pittance."

The concept of mortgages was completely foreign to Zhu Zhi and Dharya. It was something Berengar had implemented some time ago and helped boost the economy to a significant degree. It still shocked these men that a middle class family could afford such a large and opulent house, so much so that they barely comprehended what the boy prince had said. '

Hans ended up taking the two men through an open house of one of the buildings that was for sale. Though the realtor did not understand why the prince, or the two men, were visiting, she made sure that they were well accommodated. The furniture inside the building was rather luxurious: plushy sofas, soft beds, silk sheets, and curtains. Ceramic bathtubs, with glass showers. Granite countertops, etc.

It was definitely something that the lower end of the middle class would not easily afford in Berengar's past life. However, to Hans, who literally grew up with a solid gold spoon in his mouth, such trappings were a symbol of the poor. Or at least from his privileged perspective.

Still, Hans did not look down on such homes with an arrogant attitude, because he was well aware of the state that the Feudal nobility of foreign kingdoms lived in. A house like this was far superior to the living conditions that even the neighboring monarchs suffered through.

Zhu Zhi was beginning to understand just how wealthy the Reich was in comparison to the rest of the world. As an Imperial Prince of the Ming Dynasty, he lived a life of luxury that few people in this world could ever experience. However, a middle class German citizen was not far off from the lifestyle he lived back in the Palace. He dreaded the idea of how Germany's wealthy elite lived.

The Ming Prince had been astonished by the extensive use of gold and other fine minerals in Berengar's palace, but he had thought that the man used his Nation's entire wealth to build such a magnificent palace. Instead, it appeared as if the man had spent a small fraction of his personal treasury to construct his home.

Dharya, who was used to living in the German Palace for close to a year now, was actually not as shocked as Zhu Zhi when he saw the luxury of this home that was for sale. He was more astounded that this was how the middle class of the Reich lived.

After bumbling around a few residential districts, the sun began to fade, and Zhu Zhi was convinced it was time to return home. After all, there was no point staying out after dark. However, before he could express these thoughts, he was immediately greeted with the lighting of the street lamps, which illuminated the entire city. He gazed in astonishment at the miracle of electricity before asking what it was.

"Sweet merciful buddha! What is this?"

Hans smirked when he heard this before explaining to the man what he was seeing.

"It's the same technology that is being used to power the street lights. I don't know much about it, but it is a recent invention. The only reason you haven't seen such things in the Palace is because Father is concerned about the safety of his family during the extensive renovations that would be required.

The summer palace is currently being constructed in Berlin with this technology and is nearing completion. Father intends to move us there in the next few weeks while the main palace here in Kufstein is retrofitted to accept this technology. Come, our tour is not over. Every evening there is a concert in the city, where people are able to purchase tickets. Naturally, there is a spot reserved for the Royal Family."

After saying this, Hans led the Ming Prince and the Anangpur Emperor to the Grand Concert Hall, which was capable of seating 2,500 people. The Grand Concert Hall was modelled after the Grosser Saal in Vienna from Berengar's past life. However, it was extended in size for a superior seating capacity.

Naturally, there was a private booth above all other seating arrangements which were reserved for the Royal Family and their guests. When the young Prince Hans arrived, a beautiful blonde woman in a cocktail dress quickly greeted him. She was the aide that was provided for the evening to him and his compatriots. She wore a friendly smile on her pretty face as she knelt down so that she could be at the same level as Hans.

"Your highness, Prince Hans, it is my honor to be looking after you tonight. If there is anything you need, you just let me know and I will be happy to assist."

Hans was not the only one staring at the woman's bountiful cleavage. Zhu Zhi and Dharya struggled to take their gazes away from the woman's hefty bosom. She noticed this and continued to smile gracefully before leading the trio to their seats.

After sitting down, the Kufstein Orchestra began to play an eloquent piece, which Hans greatly enjoyed. It was actually a song that Adela had written with the help of Berengar. Berengar knew little of music or the arts, but he had a love for orchestra, especially that which came in the 21st century of his past life by way of video game soundtracks. This song was the theme for the tenth installment of a popular JRPG that he had played in his youth during his life as Julian Weber.

It was a melancholy theme that played at the starting intro, and later on in the game at its depressing climax. However, there was something deeply beautiful about this song that Berengar truly loved. Naturally, Adela had recreated the music by listening to his humming, and it was truly a work of art.

Dharya felt a tear form in his eye from the moment the piano intro began. By the end of the song, he was practically soaked in tears. He did not know why he was moved so much by the song, but he was monumentally happy that he had run away from home with his sister at this moment.

Though the music was vastly different from what was traditionally played in the east, even Zhu Zhi found himself enjoying not just the first song, but the entire concert, which lasted for nearly two hours. He was enthralled with the music, and the artists who played it so perfectly from the moment it began.

After the concert was over, Hans and his guests departed, where they witnessed a large gathering of people in the center of the city holding candles in their hands. A band had gathered and was playing the German National Anthem, whose words paid homage to the Kaiser.

Every member of the crowd knew the words by heart and sang along in a joyous celebration. The sight dumbfounded Hans and his guests, and the boy quickly asked one of his bodyguards just what had occurred while they were at the concert.

"What's going on? Why has everyone gathered here to celebrate?"

The bodyguard quickly asked around to find out what was happening. After several minutes, he returned to the Prince and gave him some shocking news.

"The war is over. Our enemies are defeated, and the heroes of the Reich have returned home, including your father. The people have gathered to celebrate and pay homage to the men who fought and bled for our victory."

This news instantly filled the boy's heart with joy as an excited smile formed on his lips. Hans was glad that his father had returned home safe and sound. He gazed around at the crowd and noticed a lot of young men in military uniforms regrouping with their lovers, wives, and children. All while singing the national anthem of the Reich and praising the Kaiser for his victory.

Undoubtedly, in the coming days, a national celebration would be organized, but for now, the people of Germany were having their own minor celebrations like these throughout every city and town in the Reich. Hans was swept up in the moment and sang along to the lyrics of the National Anthem, known by the title of "Hail to Thee in Victor's Crown".

The celebration continued for some time, where beer and food were served by local taverns and restaurants free of charge. It was only after a while did the people notice their Prince was standing among them, where they immediately knelt in front of him with the utmost respect. Upon seeing such a random celebration taking place, Zhu Zhi and Dharya were certain that Hans had planned all of this, but after seeing his bewildered expression, they knew this event was spontaneous.

After being noticed by so many people, the Reichsgarde swiftly led Hans and his guests back to the palace. Zhu, Zhi, and Dharya alike felt a bit more humble when they finally returned to their lodgings. They were glad they had been taken on the tour and were completely stunned at the state of the German Empire.

As great as their homes may be, the fatherland was like a Utopia, or at the very least, its capital was. Zhu Zhi now understood why his interpreters were so eager to visit Kufstein when he initially set out on this journey.

Chapter 807 The Ming Prince Pays his Respects

By the time Hans and his guests returned to the Palace, Berengar was sitting on his imperial throne. Gone were the days where he had a throne made of granite, with intimidating skulls carved into its surface. No, since Berengar had risen to the position of a king, and later an emperor, he had improved his royal seat with many luxuries to display the status that he held as the Emperor of Germany.

The fluffy seat cushions and armrests were made of quilted black velvet and were surrounded by gold fittings. Below the arm rests were two golden angels who uplifted the Kaiser's limbs. Their figures were curvy, and their bodies naked. This theme of nude angels and pagan deities was intricately carved throughout the golden frame of the chair until finally it reached the neck rest.

Above the black velvet neck rest was a golden headboard which had a carved symbol of Berengar, though he had the wings of an archangel and a radiate crown upon his head. He was dressed in nothing but a loincloth, and his arms were outstretched as if he were a deity himself, while the rays of the sun erupted from his body.

Atop this elaborate headboard was the statuette of a golden double-headed eagle whose wings were outstretched. Its arms perched upon a golden iron cross, which proudly displayed the German roots of the Emperor.

Berengar himself was dressed in his imperial regalia. It was a black military uniform with golden trimming and white adornments. This uniform was based upon that which Berengar had issued to the German Army in years prior. Military honors were pinned to his chest, while a golden sash stretched from shoulder to waist, symbolizing the man's outstanding achievements on the battlefield.

Around the Kaiser's neck was a golden chain, which bore the symbols of the Order of Saint George, one of the several chivalric orders that existed in the Reich. At the same time, a grand cross of the iron cross dangled gracefully from his collar while his black leather eyepatch was embellished with an iron cross first class embedded in its center. There was also a pair of golden epaulettes on his shoulders.

On Berengar's lap was the beloved princess of the Reich, Henrietta, whose head rested on her precious big brother's shoulder. The dress she wore was a shimmering pink and was cut thigh high, allowing her ease of movement, but also showing off her incredible thighs when she sat in such a shameful manner

on her brother's lap. She wore platinum jewelry which was encrusted in rare pink diamonds. Both of which were recent imports from the South African Colony.

Clinging to Berengar's left side was his favorite wife Linde, the redheaded beauty was dressed in a stunning and elegant sky blue dress, with her white gold, and blue topaz jewelry dangling gracefully from her neck and ears. She wore a pretty smile on her face as she saw her beloved firstborn son return from his brief journey throughout the city.

On Berengar's other side was the young empress Adela, who was garbed in a white silk dress, with platinum jewelry that was encrusted with diamonds. She had a pretty smile on her face as she stood by her husband's side with the grace of a woman befitting her position.

Honorina was dressed in a mint green gown which matched her eyes perfectly. Her jewelry was made of gold and emerald, and she knelt at her husband's feet with a submissive look on her face. Naturally, she rested on the side Linde was on, with the ever watchful gaze of the redheaded beauty keeping an eye on her.

On the other side of Berengar's feet was Yasmin, who was garbed in a Tyrian purple dress. Her jewelry was made of gold, and had amethysts encrusted within it. She obediently knelt before her husband, the Kaiser, and had a pretty, yet stoic expression on her face as she witnessed the newcomers enter the scene.

Finally, on Berengar's left armrest, sat the leopard cub Genseric, who rested beneath the palm of the kaiser as he scratched behind the little kitten's ears. The beast had unnatural intelligence in its keen eyes as it stared at the newcomers with a fierce glare.

Upon witnessing the sight of the Kaiser and his lovely pets, Hans instantly knelt on the floor and lowered his head within his esteemed father's presence. Causing his guests to do the same. After several moments of silence, Berengar smiled before speaking to his son, who had been absent throughout the entire day.

"It is good to see you are doing well Hans, I missed you while I was away. Have you been a good boy to your mother while I was gone?"

Hans silently nodded his head when he heard his father speak to him. He truly believed he had been well behaved during the man's absence. The approving look on his mother's face showed that he was correct in this assessment. However, his father simply nodded his head in response to his gesture before addressing the elephant in the room.

"Prince Zhu Zhi of the Ming Dynasty, I heard quite a bit about you from my wife. She seems to believe you have the ability to foster relations between the Reich and your homeland. I look forward to working with you. No doubt I can attest that everything Linde has agreed to will be fulfilled so long as you do your part. However, I am also willing to offer you additional support.F

As of next week, we shall replace the current ships in my First Fleet with the next generation of Naval vessels that are nearing completion as we speak. I have ten shipyards across my Empire diligently working on modernizing my navy, which seems to be lagging behind my Army. When my old ships are decommissioned, I shall retrofit them and sell them to your Empire if you are willing to buy.

You are free to reverse engineer the technology behind them if you can so manage. Assuming your father is unwilling to purchase the munitions required to operate the ship's guns, you can replace them with the more primitive muzzle loading cannons that your empire already has access to. Though for the sake of competing with the Empire of Japan, I highly suggest you buy from us.

With these ten Ironclad Frigates, and more to come in the next few years, I can assure that for a while, you can successfully deter the Japanese Navy from messing with your territorial waters. However, if this Empress Itami has the capabilities I think she has, they will become obsolete within the next decade. So, I suggest you think of long-term strategies to protect your trade on the high seas."

Zhu Zhi was astonished to hear that Berengar was willing to sell him his old ships. He had no idea how big of an improvement the new vessels would be, but he had seen one under construction. Linde was most shocked at all. She did not expect Berengar to so easily give away such valuable ships to a state that was not directly under his control.

The reality was that Berengar needed to buy some time of his own. He had to fight a proxy war with the Bengal Empire, as well as prepare for the eventual conflict with Japan. By selling the Ming these ironclad frigates, which were far more advanced than the wooden steamships Itami was currently using, he could threaten her expansion. It also sent a message that he knew of her existence, as well as her plans, and would counter them in his own ways. Zhu Zhi could only bow his head and accept this gift with as much enthusiasm as he could muster.

"I am sure that my father will not have an issue with the Reich supplying the munitions needed to operate the weapons aboard these ships. On behalf of the Ming Dynasty, I thank you for your generosity."

Berengar smiled when he heard this, before responding to the man's statement.

"I am sure your father is a wise enough man to see the opportunity I am giving him. Anyway, the journey back to my home has been a long one, and I am dreadfully tired. We shall speak more about our plans for countering the Japanese Empire tomorrow morning at breakfast. In the meantime, enjoy your stay in my palace."

After saying this, Berengar carried Henrietta off of him, before motioning for his girls to follow him back to the royal bedchamber. He planned to taste every one of them on this night. After the five beauties obediently chased after their man, Zhu Zhi gasped in astonishment before looking Hans in the eyes and asking the question of his mind.

"Are all of those beautiful women your father's wives?"

Hans looked up at Zhu Zhi with a stupefied expression on his face. To him, it was only natural that the most beautiful women in the world flocked to his father, thus he simply nodded his head in silence. However, after a few seconds, he quickly corrected one thing.

"All of them except for Henrietta, the one in pink. She's his sister"

Zhu Zhi sighed in relief when he heard this. It would be simply unfair for the gods to bless one man with so many top tier beauties at his side. However, Hans's next words shattered all the faith the man had in his gods.

"But she is his concubine, so I suppose, in a way, she is akin to his wife..."

At this moment, Zhu Zhi did not know how to react. Though his father had plenty of wives and concubines, the man was more of a fan of quantity over quality. In the Ming Prince's entire life, he had seen a handful of women who were as beautiful as those that belonged to Berengar. However, for all of Berengar's lovers to be at the highest tier of beauty was simply too enviable.

Chapter 808 Establishing the Luftwaffe

The next morning, Berengar rose from his bed with a wide smile on his face. It had been some time since he could partake in the flesh of his lovers, and in one night he had experienced pleasure with them all. However, an emperor's work was never truly fulfilled and because of this, he was quick to rise with the dawn and get to work.

Berengar had several important tasks he needed to do over the coming days. Though he had expanded his Army and Naval capabilities by designing new weapons and vehicles, his work in modernizing the German Military was not yet complete.

He had advanced his Navy into the new age, and soon he would see the fruits of his labor. However, there was one last aspect of warfare that until now, mankind had never managed to conquer. Berengar was not an aerospace engineer, but he understood the basic concepts behind early planes. He also had done extensive research into the aircraft used by the Luftwaffe during the Second World War of his past life.

Thus, Berengar would be able to piece together some blueprints for pre-jet engine aircraft. With the aid of the brilliant minds that he had fostered over the years, these designs could be perfected and expanded upon until something combat capable was seen soaring in the skies.

The first aircraft design that Berengar made use of was a multi-role fighter that was capable of fulfilling the roles of fighter-interceptor, fighter-bomber, ground-attack, and reconnaissance. The Germans in his past life had already made a plane that was capable of performing all of these functions at the highest level, with slight variations specializing in each task.

This plane was called the Focke-Wulf Ta 152. It was a late war plane design that was developed from the earlier Focke-Wulf 190. It was a turbo-propeller aircraft that was among the best in its class, easily capable of competing with all similar allied aircraft. In terms of pre-jet engine technology, there were few planes as capable as the Ta 152.

This plane was designed to be the workhorse of Berengar's Air Force. Aside from the basic design of the plane itself, Berengar also designed an aircraft engine and the individual weapons needed for the plane to be combat ready, as he would do for all of the aircraft he would implement.

With the introduction of aircraft, Berengar did not just need fighters, he needed transport planes that could be used for both cargo and personnel. The existence of paratroopers was essential to Berengar's

plans against Itami's Japanese Empire, and because of this, he developed the Ju 290 as his plane of choice.

The Ju 290 was a large, long-range military transport used by the Luftwaffe during the Second World War. It was exactly the kind of transport plane that Berengar had in mind. Capable of extensive flights, at high altitudes, with a spacious cargo capacity, it was the most ideal choice for both troop transport and cargo.

With the Cargo and troop transport taken care of, Berengar needed a long-range strategic bomber, and he knew exactly what he wanted. Based upon blueprints he had seen on the internet. Berengar redesigned the Me 264, which was pretty much the German equivalent of the B17. It was an exceptional plane, but in his past life, only three prototypes were built before the project was scrapped so that the company which manufactured them could focus on producing fighters.

Finally, Berengar wanted to design a dive bomber that could act as both a land bomber and a torpedo bomber. In his past life, the Germans had experimented with several of these designs to put on their proposed aircraft carrier. Naturally, the one that immediately came to mind was the infamous Ju 87 "Stuka".

This was an aircraft that was the dread of the allies in the Second World War. Its siren was usually a sign of impending death and made the enemies of the Reich quake in their boots. Berengar wanted to recreate this fear in his own enemies, and because of that, he was more than happy to design the Stuka.

In reality, Berengar knew only the basics of how to design aircraft. Because of this, he would leave the completion of these blueprints and their actual construction up to his talented team of engineers. Specifically, those who were already experimenting on flight with the rigid airship. He did not expect to have aircraft in active service for at least another year or perhaps two.

After completing the basic designs for his future fleet of aircraft, Berengar let out a heavy sigh and thought about what his military would look like in the next five years. Now that the war with the catholic church was over, Berengar wanted nothing more than to relax with his family and oversee the development of the Reich.

However, just when he was about to gain some semblance of peace in his life, a new threat had risen in the fog of war. The Japanese Empire was not a peer to the Reich, but it was a near peer. Berengar knew from what little information he had about his rival that, undoubtedly, when they finally came to arms, his military would be superior.

However, unlike all of his previous enemies, Japan would have the ability to inflict untold casualties among his troops. Especially if their Empress was smart and committed to a campaign of entrenched island battles.

He honestly did not know what era this reincarnator came from, or what were her capabilities, but from the information he had been provided by his agents dispatched to the east. The Japanese Empire was on the cusp of widespread industrialization. While his society had already advanced beyond such an era. During this train of thought, about the most efficient ways to counter his enemies, a knock resounded on his door, followed by a familiar voice.

"Big brother, breakfast is ready. Come join your family for a meal now that you are home!"

The Kaiser wore a warm smile on his face as he rose from his seat and opened the door to reveal the radiant figure of his precious little sister. Henrietta quickly wrapped her arms around him, before kissing him on the lips. After doing so, she grabbed hold of his hand and led him to the dining room. Where Berengar's family and all of his guests were gathered.

Berengar entered the room and looked upon how large his family had grown and grinned from ear to ear. He still was not yet finished creating children. He knew that his family would grow even more in the coming years, but to see those who currently existed as both happy and healthy, it was truly a warming sight.

Hans and his younger brother Josef were being fawned upon by their mother, while Helga was waiting patiently for the food to arrive. Isle differed from her older sister. She was a vibrant and lively child, while Helga was far more quiet and reserved.

While Honoria was looking after her young daughter, Helena, her son, Alexandros, was glaring at his rival, Ghazi. The two young boys were of a similar age and were both being schooled in how to rule at a young age, where they developed a friendly sibling rivalry.

Unlike Berengar's children with Adela, Linde, and Henrietta, these two boys were guaranteed the thrones of their mother's kingdoms. Thus, they were given special educational courses in politics, economics, and other important subjects.

Yasmin was looking over her young daughter Zara, while Ghazi and Alexandros were having a fierce debate over their political lessons and their respective views on what was being taught. All in all, it was a lively environment.

Zhu Zhi and Dharya could only gaze in envy at the sight of Berengar's family, and how they immediately became silent when the man entered the room. Berengar tried to be a major part of his children's lives, despite his many responsibilities, and because of this, there was much love and respect for him as the head of the household. The moment he sat down at the table, the entire crowd shifted their gaze towards him, where he simply smiled and gave out the order for the food to be brought forward.

"Let us eat!"

Once this was said, the household servants rushed from the kitchen into the dining hall with platters of breakfast food to be served to the Royal Family and their guests. All of his favorites were present, and even some lunch food was mixed in. After all, it was a grand occasion, like every time he marched off to war, the morning after he came back, they would always have a large family feast and talk about what had happened in the kaiser's absence.

Berengar sat, and had a conversation with each and every one of his children about what they had been up to while he was away, and while some would ask him what life was like on the battlefield, he could only force a smile, and pass it off with some vague notion of being happy to be home with the people he loved.

This was how the Kaiser spent the morning after his return home. After all, now that the war was over, he would need to work closely with Adela to create a large celebration ceremony. One he intended to

use to raise the German spirits and warn them about foreign threats to the east. However, that could wait until after the meal was over.

Chapter 809 Planning the Victory Day Celebration

After finishing his morning meal, Berengar met with Adela in his office. He sat upon his chair, while Adela took her seat across from him with a large oak desk separating the couple. Adela was actually a bit nervous.

She was rarely called to Berengar's office, and when she was, it was usually because the man was upset with her. His stoic expression did no favors in this regard. She held her head low while Berengar gazed at her with curiosity.

"Is something the matter, Adela? Are you perhaps unwell? If so, we can have this conversation when you are feeling better."

Adela's eyes widened in disbelief when she heard this. Was she not about to be scolded? Berengar could see the confusion in her eyes and quickly clarified his reason for asking for her attendance.

"I don't know what you had in mind, but I asked you here to help me organize a massive celebration for the victory we achieved over the Catholic World. Though we have defeated our enemies, and they have all agreed to submit to our demands. There is more than one Kingdom who has yet to sign an actual treaty with the Reich.

It is my hopes to invite all the national heroes and cultural icons of Germany to witness the signing of the treaties, and to celebrate the end of the Papacy's tyranny. As my minister of cultural affairs, I figured I would get your input on this matter."

Adela sighed in relief when she heard she was not in trouble with her husband and wore a pretty smile as she nodded her head in agreement to his terms.

"Oh, if that's the case, I'd be more than happy to help. What exactly did you have in mind?"

Berengar grabbed a few beers from his ice chest and popped open their caps before handing one to his wife. After the young woman had taken a sip, he leaned back in his chair and followed suit, where he then expressed the ideas he had in mind for the celebration.

"For starters, I want a military parade to show off the might and valor of our nation's soldiers. I think that we can display some of our newest weapons in this parade. To show the future of warfare is closer than people think. I have recently designed some shocking new weapons since my return, and I want to see at least a few functional prototypes on the streets for this massive event.

After the parade is over, I will personally accept the surrender of the European monarchs in front of the German people on a grand stage. Though most of the old Kings died in the war, they have heirs who have yet to formally abdicate their thrones in favor of our puppets.

I will use this event as a way to show the people of the Reich that the old powers have all capitulated to me and will be replaced with new monarchs, who will ensure the power and prestige of the Reich will never wane.

After the signing of the treaties is over, I want there to be a massive feast in each city for the German people to participate in. Much like the local Oktoberfest celebrations we have thrown in previous years. I expect all of our cultural delicacies to be served to the people at the expense of the Crown, and plenty of beer to be provided.

Ultimately, I intend for this monumental occasion to become known as Victory Day, which I plan to establish as a National Holiday to be celebrated annually within the borders of the Reich. This is what I had in mind, but I am open to suggestions from my lovely wife."

Adela blushed slightly when she heard her husband's shameless remarks before thinking about it the general situation for several seconds. After a few moments of silence, she came up with a few ideas of her own, which she was quick to express.

"How about we host a major sporting event, like a special tournament for kickboxing, or Kampf? The victor receives a special championship belt and a monetary prize of significant value. We can call it the Victory Day Tournament, and it will be an annual event where our nation's best fighters compete for eternal glory!"

Berengar nodded his head when he heard this suggestion and smiled warmly before taking a sip of his beer. After doing so, he was quick to compliment his wife for her expertise in this area.

"That's an excellent idea. I did not even think about that. We can host a large tournament, larger than anything we have ever done before, and make it open weight so that we don't limit high level fighters based upon their weight class.

I think we should aim for at least thirty-two fighters in a single elimination bracket, all fighting one another on a single night! Hell, we can even air it out to the public via radio, so that people in beer halls across the country can listen to the fight live! You are a genius, Adela!"

Adela blushed with embarrassment when she heard her husband's kind words. She had worked hard over the years to be the ideal wife to him, however, her petty jealousy had always gotten in her way of pleasing him. Now that she had put those issues behind her and embraced her role as one of his many partners, she was quickly gaining points. Thus, she was unafraid to voice her next idea.

"I was thinking we could have a special theme to this tournament, something truly epic that is played before the event, something that embodies the pride of the German people and its warriors!"

The words pride and theme song immediately played a very specific tune in Berengar's mind. He knew exactly what theme he should recreate for the purpose of this event, and was quick to agree to Adela's suggestion.

"I like this idea more and more. I have just the song in mind! Now that we have settled for a military parade, a series of nationwide feasts, and a large scale tournament to show off the prowess of our fighters. Is there anything else we should do?"

Adela thought about this question for a few moments before coming up with one final idea, which she expressed with a pretty smile on her face.

"We can get a photo of the European Kings capitulating to you and print it in our newspapers, which we can then distribute across the territory of the Reich. We can also take photos of the other events, so

that people who are not fortunate enough to be in Kufstein at the time can understand the grand scale of the celebration!"

Berengar quickly nodded his head in agreement with this suggestion. The more he thought about the event, the more eager he was to be a part of it. Though he did not have the means to produce functional aircraft for at least another year, he could get some functional prototypes of the Panther Tanks and his so called Lynx IFVs onto the streets for the parade. Along with trucks towing his artillery pieces, Berengar was certain that this was shaping up to be a monumental occasion for the Reich.

After exhausting all possibilities with Adela, Berengar sat back and sighed in relief. It was good to know that his wife was extremely capable at her job. Now that their business was concluded, Berengar figured he would dismiss his wife, that is, until she approached him for a favor.

"Berengar, my love..."

Upon hearing this, Berengar raised his brow in curiosity before responding with a stoic tone in his voice.

"Yes?"

Adela instantly began fidgeting with her fingers, as if she was too embarrassed to ask the question on her mind. After several moments, she ultimately spitted out the thoughts that plagued her.

"I want another baby!"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this before responding with a coy tone in his voice.

"Oh really? Is there any particular reason for this?"

Adela could hardly look her man in the eyes as he forced her to explain just why she wanted another child after practicing safe sex for some time. However, she was determined and quickly voiced her reasons for desiring yet another child.

"I'm your first wife, and yet you only have three children with me. Meanwhile, you have four with Linde. It isn't fair! I want another child!"

Berengar savored the girl's appearance as he forced her to admit her petty jealousy still had some sway over her heart. Her face was beat red, and she averted her gaze, too embarrassed to look upon his reaction. In the end, he sighed heavily before responding to the woman with what she wanted to hear.

"Fine, I have no problems with that. Shall we start now?"

Before Adela could even react, Berengar had stooped up from his seat and approached her. She did not even have time to register what was going on before her lips were assailed by her husband's. However, she did not fight it, and instead enjoyed every second of her the man's loving embrace. Thus, after concluding his business with his wife Adela, Berengar spent the rest of the afternoon trying to get her pregnant.

Chapter 810 The Colony of Berenwalde

Some time had passed since the initial meeting of New Vienna colonists took place in a local tavern. Since then, two hundred and fifty families had set out from the safety of the German Colony and made a perilous trek north through lands currently occupied by native tribes until they settled in the region once known as Ontario in Berengar's previous life.

These men and women were deeply upset with the laws that the Colonial Governor had enacted, which heavily favored the native tribes over the German colonialists. Because of this, these men and women sought to establish a new colony of their own. One loyal to the vision of the Kaiser.

By now, homes were constructed, and fields were sown. The small colony was protected by a timber star fort and was beginning to show signs of civilization. However, this colony was not settled peacefully. Instead, bloodshed had occurred in the conquest of the region. The Algonquin tribes had fought fiercely against the German settlers, yet it was not enough. Armed with superior weapons, the colonists quickly put down the local tribes with their firearms, and claimed the land for themselves.

It was only now that word of this incident had reached Arnulf's ears. He was aware that a small portion of his population had set out north, but he did not know that they would disturb the peaceful coexistence he had established in New Vienna and the surrounding regions.

Kahwihta acted as a translator for the Algonquin chieftain who had visited New Vienna with the intent to gain Arnulf's support in the reclaiming of his people's hunting grounds that the Colony of Berenwalde currently sat upon.

He was an elderly man, who had seen the power of the German Army first hand. The chieftain greatly respected Arnulf and his diplomatic solutions to every crisis they had come across. However, this recent incident with the settlers of Berenwalde had crossed his bottom line, and now he was out for blood. Thus, he spoke in a respectful yet stern tone as he requested Arnulf's aid in this dispute.

"Oh great peacemaker, I know it is a lot to ask you to go against your people, but they have violated the treaty you established with our tribe. In doing so, they have stolen our lands and murdered our people. We demand justice!"

Arnulf sighed heavily as he heard this, before looking at the map his scouts had drawn for him pertaining to the contested region. With every wave of colonists who reached the new world, their pride in the fatherland, and their sense of superiority increased, as if they had completely forgotten that they were mere peasants toiling the fields a mere decade ago.

This pride had driven the colonists to invade the lands that Arnulf had guaranteed to the natives, and protest when they were punished accordingly. If that was not bad enough, a small faction of these dissenters now acted in open rebellion by leaving the confines of the Colony and staking a claim somewhere else at the expense of his allies.

In truth, he had sent envoys to coerce the colonists of Berenwalde to comply with his demands. However, they merely spat in the messenger's face and called Arnulf a traitor to the crown. The problem was that the crown lay across the Atlantic, and though the ships in the harbor were equipped with radio-telegraphs allowing near instant communication between New Vienna and the fatherland, he was largely left on his own to rule over the territory of New Vienna.

It was true that he had the military might to conquer and expel the native tribes from the lands they occupied, but that was not Arnulf's style. The delicate balance of peace he had created allowed for New Vienna to rapidly develop into a desirable area. However, it also came at the expense of their natural expansion.

Kahwihta could see the worry in his eyes, and grabbed hold of his hand with a warm smile on her face. Reassuring the man that it was alright to bring these criminals to justice. Thus, after a heavy sigh, Arnulf stood up from his seat, and reassured the Algonquin chieftain that the colony of Berenwalde would be taken care of.

"It is my greatest lament to give this order, however the peace I have established in these lands must be maintained, and because of that I have no choice but to dispatch the Colonial Expeditionary Forces to put down this insurrection. I assure you, I will do everything in my power to bring these criminals to justice and restore the lands these rebels have stolen from your people."

The Algonquin chieftain had a wide smile on his face when these words were translated into his native tongue by the beautiful mohawk woman who stood next to the white man's side. After expressing his thanks, he departed from the Governor's villa, and made the long journey back to his home. He would wait for Arnulf to deal with these matters himself.

After the Algonquin chieftain left, Arnulf was quick to summon the commander of the expeditionary forces in New Vienna to his home. The commander was a tall, and strong middle-aged man, who had the charisma of a knight. Evidently, he had fought most of his life on the medieval battlefields of Europe, only to be incorporated into the Imperial German Army as an officer.

Since he and his forces had first landed in New Vienna, they had little in terms of combat experience. After all, Arnulf's negotiating skills were truly masterful. Most of the time, they acted as gendarmerie rather than actual soldiers. Thus, when he received his newest order, he was actually quite surprised.

"Colonel Bartolde Von Tettingen, we have a problem. A large group of rebels have journeyed north and conquered the lands of our allies for themselves. I need you to march your army to their settlement and bring them to justice by whatever means necessary. Do you understand?"

This command disturbed the Colonel. He was being ordered to march his army upon a German settlement, which, by a decree of the Kaiser, had the right to exist. After all, the philosophy of German settlement to the new world was manifest destiny. The entire continent of North America was free real estate to the German people, and they were allowed to establish colonies anywhere they pleased.

This order to bring these settlers to justice was something the Colonel immensely disagreed with. However, he would not reject the demands of the local Colonial Governor. Thus, he nodded his head in agreement before responding in the affirmative.

"As you command, Governor..."

After saying this, the Colonel was dismissed, where he immediately returned to his office, and met with his officer cadre. There was a cold expression on his face as he relayed the orders he had been given.

"The Governor has gone mad. He wants us to actually march our forces north and eliminate the colonists in Berenwalde, all because they were following the Kaiser's orders. I have no intention of spilling the blood of Germans for such a petty reason.

Claus, I want you to go to the docks and relay this information to the Captain of the SMS Emmerich. Have him dispatch a telegram to the fatherland informing the Kaiser of these developments and requesting further support. You are to wait for a proper response from the Kaiser, and then return to us with that information.

The rest of us will march north in a show of force. However, you are not to open fire on the colonists unless they attack you first. The last thing we need is this already tense situation to escalate into a full-blown war!"

This news deeply disturbed the officers of the expeditionary corps. The governor had truly gone mad if he wished to force the German colonists out of their settlement. It was simply insane to think about. Because of this, they could not help but mutter under their breath.

"Fucking traitor..."

The Officer named Claus quickly did as he was instructed and relayed the information back to the Fatherland. Whereas the rest of the men quickly gathered their weapons and supplies. They intended to head north, into the savage frontier, in a show of force to the German settlers of the region. Many of the men dreaded this operation, fearing that their very presence would act as provocation to the settlers.

These men were used to dealing with minor scuffles between unarmed groups. While some of the more veteran members were accustomed to fighting savages armed with sticks and stones. However, the settlers they would be provoking had access to single shot bolt action rifles, mortars, and breechloading artillery. If they came to arms, they would be walking into the meat grinder.

Despite this sentiment, the men of the Colonial Expeditionary Corps had their orders, and because of this they began the long trek north, praying that the Kaiser would order them to back off from the conflict, and leave the colonists be.