

Steel 811

Chapter 811 Battle of Berenwalde

Berengar sat in his office with a stern expression on his handsome face, and a disturbing telegram in his hand. Arnulf von Thiersee, a man who had been by Berengar's side since he was first reincarnated into this world, had ordered his troops to commit the unthinkable: to open fire on German citizens.

Luckily for him, the Colonel in charge of the First Colonial Expeditionary Brigade had enough sense to request further orders from the highest authority of the Empire, the Kaiser himself. Otherwise, this situation would turn into an unforgiveable act of treason.

Berengar knew little about the ongoing conflict between Arnulf and the people he ruled over. Reports from the Colonies were regular, but they usually included concerns about internal development, rather than external threats. After all, in this world, the Reich needed to fear only one army, and that was Japan's.

However, in his misjudgement Arnulf had disobeyed the primary colonial protocol, which was to conquer territory and spread the German Nation across undeveloped lands. He made petty alliances with the savage tribes of New Vienna, and had guaranteed their lands at the expense of German growth and prosperity. These actions were borderline treasonous, however, they were still tolerable, no matter how much Berengar may be enraged by them.

Why were they tolerable by a man who usually treated treason with a bullet to the brain? Because Arnulf was a war-hero, second only to the likes of Eckhard and himself. Not only was Arnulf involved in every major campaign leading up to the formation of the Kingdom of Austria.

However, he was also regarded as the General most famous for the early days of the Iberian Campaign, where Germany and its allies achieved victory after victory, rather than the current mess that existed in the region.

Because Arnulf was a war-hero who was beloved by the people, it would not be easy, nor wise, to get rid of him. Especially now when Germany was more united than ever before. However, one thing was certain: Arnulf's native wife was influencing him poorly, and that needed to stop.

Thus, Berengar was quick to put an end to this troublesome matter. He quickly spoke into his microphone, which sent a radio message to his personal aide, whose office was nearby, and issued his orders.

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"Claudia, I need you to send a telegram to the SMS Emmerich, which is stationed in New Vienna. The message is as follows: By order of the Kaiser, all Colonial expeditionary forces are to obey the commands they have received from the Colonial Governor regarding the Colony of Berenwalde and return to their posts immediately. Any attack on Berenwalde and its citizens shall be seen as an act of treason, and shall be punished accordingly. As for Arnulf von Thiersee, he is to be formally summoned to Kufstein, along with his native wife, to explain his actions."

There was only static on the other end of the line for some time until a sultry feminine voice responded in the affirmative.

"Of course, my Kaiser, I will relay your message to the New World immediately. Is there anything else I can help you with?"

Berengar shook his head with a smile on his face before responding to the woman's question in a gentle tone.

"No, that will be all, Claudia. I thank you for the assistance."

Upon hearing this, the woman known as Claudia quickly got to work fulfilling this task on behalf of her Kaiser. Meanwhile, Berengar sighed in relief as he thought about how much help his secretary had been to him these past few weeks. He really should have hired sufficient help a long time ago.

In truth, he had been doing far too much work himself these past few years. Now he had an entire staff to help him with his many responsibilities, and relieve the pressure of looking after the Reich's executive affairs by himself.

After receiving a notice from the woman named Claudia that the telegram was sent, Berengar sat back and relaxed in his office. He could not believe the words he had read, and was immediately concerned about the direction New Vienna was heading in. Hopefully, his orders would reach the colonial troops before bloodshed occurred. If not, he would have to severely punish Arnulf for his crimes."

Meanwhile, in the New World, the crew of the SMS Emmerich received their orders, and relayed to the field where the Colonial Expeditionary Forces were approaching their target. Deep in the woods outside Berenwalde, the Colonial soldiers marched forward with their heads on a swivel.

They were now marching into hostile territory, where the enemy was equipped with semi-modern weaponry. Though the G22 was obsolete by the standards of the German Army, and had largely been replaced in frontline service, it was still a deadly weapon in the hands of those who knew how to wield it. And make no mistake, the colonists of Berenwalde knew how to use these rifles, as they were the primary means of hunting across the colonies and the fatherland.

As far as the citizens of Berenwalde were concerned, these soldiers were traitors to the crown, and because of that, they had no intentions of standing by and waiting to be attacked. They had been anticipating an armed invasion from the south for some time and had been preparing for the eventuality. Thus, before the Kaiser's orders could reach the Colonial forces, they had walked right into a trap.

At the front of the Colonial Army's lines, a young man carelessly stepped forward and triggered a tripwire which was connected to a cluster of grenades. The explosion blasted the poor lad to bits and claimed the lives of his nearby comrades.

This booby trap was the first domino to fall. Immediately after it went off, smoke and thunder filled the woodlands as the Berenwalde citizens opened fire on the advancing army without a hint of mercy. Though they were severely outnumbered, they hid well within the woods. Dressed in makeshift

camouflage, these men fled through the smoke of their gun fire deeper into the woods after firing their first shot, forcing the inexperienced Colonial troops to rush after them and into another trap.

It was only after this initial exchange of gunfire had occurred, claiming the lives of several dozen German soldiers, did the orders to retreat come over the wire. The telegraph operator, who used a portable device, gazed in horror as he read the message. He quickly searched for the Colonel where he handed off the message with a guilty look on his face.

"Sir, these are the orders from the fatherland. The Kaiser has commanded that we return to New Vienna, and leave Berenwalde be..."

Colonel Bartolde Von Tettingen immediately cursed in response to this news. He could not believe he had marched his brigade north and into an ambush. Several dozen of his soldiers were dead, and a hundred more were wounded.

Though a few men had survived the attack relatively unharmed, mainly because of the advanced body armor that they wore, others were unlucky and were either killed or wounded by shots to the head or other unprotected regions of the body. Those who were struck on the plate could count their lucky stars that the Kaiser had invented a body armor capable of protecting them against such advanced munitions.

Normally the colonel would obey the orders of the Kaiser, and withdraw at this time, however several hundred of his soldiers had chased after the obvious feigned retreat. At this very moment, they were likely suffering from booby traps and ambushes placed in advanced by the insurgents.

He did not have the nerve to leave the poor sods behind, and quickly made up his mind. The colonel gritted his teeth before giving the order that would sour relations between Berenwalde and New Vienna for decades to come.

"We have no choice. We have already been engaged by the enemy, and our boys have chased after them. I will not leave a man behind, and because of that, we must engage the enemy. After retrieving those lads, we will return to New Vienna with our heads held high! For Kaiser and fatherland!"

With this said, the German soldiers roared their battle cries as they rushed into the woods to support their comrades, who had foolishly chased after the feigned retreat.

At the front lines of the colonial dustup, the Colonial soldiers fired their shots towards the fleeing enemy before racking their bolts back and chambering another round. This was the advantage of the g25 rifle. It had a built in five round magazine and allowed for rapid follow up shots. The colonial forces would chase the fleeing enemy, then kneel and fire a shot, before chasing after them again, and racking their bolts at the same time.

It did not take long before the overwhelming volume of fire began to claim the lives of the fleeing insurgents. However, they were too spread out and easily able to blend into the environment. Thus, it was unexpected when the German soldiers rushed forward and found themselves engaged by men hidden in the bushes with their bayonets affixed.

A wall of bayonets rushed into the unarmored necks of the colonial soldiers claiming their lives and tossing their fresh corpses aside. By luring out these few hundred men, the colonists had evened the odds, and were quick to take advantage of it.

Unfortunately for the Colonial soldiers, they had rushed ahead without attaching their bayonets, and because of this, they immediately fell at a massive disadvantage. The battle continued for some time, killing plenty of men on both sides, however in the end, the German reinforcements arrived, and opened fire on the Berenwalde citizens, killing most of them, and scattering the rest.

After achieving a bloody victory, the Colonel gave the order to fetch the corpses of their dead, and return to New Vienna. This small conflict would cause Berengar a massive headache in the coming days as he awaited Arnulf's return to the fatherland.

Chapter 812 Relieving Stress Part I

Sweat glistened across Berengar's chiseled figure as he continuously struck the hanging' punching bag with all his might. He had been at this for nearly an hour now, and his knuckles were stained with his own blood.

For the first time in a long time, Berengar was frustrated and bitter, so much so that he needed to hit somebody in order to relieve his anger, however he could not very well go out and assault his people and because of this, the heavy bag was a good substitute.

After throwing a job and a cross, he swung his leg like a baseball bat towards what would be the head of the heavy bag were it a human being. A loud thunder crackled in the room, as if the one eyed emperor had fired a gun in the enclosed space. There was even a slight dent in the bag where his shin connected with its surface. After throwing this combination, he sprawled to the ground and began to do a set of ten pushups.

What had enraged the man so much that only working himself to death could alleviate his wrath? News of the battle of Berenwalde had reached the Kaiser shortly after the colonial troops returned to New Vienna. It was an unmitigated disaster with hundreds dead, and even more wounded.

To Berengar, this was a failure in leadership, not on the part of Arnulf, but himself. He had failed to maintain enough of a presence in the New World to deter his colonial governors from making foolish mistakes. These deaths were on his hands, and the blood which currently seeped from his skin knuckles represented this.

The Kaiser did not know how he was going to respond to this incident. People needed to be punished, perhaps even executed for this. However, one thing was certain: Arnulf's policy of maintaining the peace with the natives would come to an end.

Blood needed to spill to satisfy the German Nation after such a senseless slaughter of their own people, and only the death of the natives who had influenced Arnulf into turning on his own kind could satisfy this desire.

Currently, Berengar was buck naked as he trained on the heavy bag. He had no shame in his appearance, and besides, only his women were present in the Palace at the moment, or so he had thought. After all,

he had sent home all of his employees after hearing about the events in Berenwalde. Thus, he was certain that nobody who was not already intimately familiar with his body would walk in on him.

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After completing his pushups, Berengar once more performed a flurry of strikes on the bag, followed by another sprawl and a set of pushups or situps. At a certain point, Tlexictli walked in on the man who was venting of his anger, and gazed in shock.

She had just now returned from her visit to the Aztec Empire and was looking for Berengar to discuss what had transpired in her absence. She had no idea that she would find him nude while working out alone in his gym.

She stared at the naked form of the Kaiser for several moments in shock as he struck the bag with all of his force. After getting an eyeful for well over a minute in silence, she teased the man who had treated her so roughly in the past.

"Nice dick... No wonder your wives love you so much."

Berengar turned around and glared intensely at the young woman, who had a teasing smile on her face. However, upon seeing his face, she immediately flushed red. This was the first time she had seen the man without his eyepatch, and in all honesty it deeply attracted her to his battle-scarred appearance. There was some kind of gruesome appeal to the Aztec warrior princess upon seeing the wound the Kaiser had suffered in battle.

After staring at the woman with fury in his eye for several minutes in silence, Berengar sighed heavily before scolding her for interrupting his session.

"You should know better than to interrupt a man when he is venting his anger."

Tlexictli immediately frowned when she heard this. Berengar did not seem the least bit flustered by her remarks, or the fact that she so brazenly stared at his naked figure for such an extended period. However, after several seconds, she got another fiendish idea in her pretty head.

The moment after, Berengar turned around and ignored her so that he could focus on the bag. Tlexictli stripped out of her dress and undergarments before sneaking up behind the man and latching her hands around his waist, where she immediately suplexed him to the matt in a brutal slam.

This aggressive action caught Berengar off guard, one because the girl was stronger than he thought, and two, he was simply not expecting to get slammed. However, he immediately recovered and protected his neck from submission attempts before spinning around into the guard position.

Berengar had briefly learned Brazilian jiu jitsu in his past life in addition to his army combatives training. At the time of his reincarnation, he had the skill of a low level blue belt, and that of a high school wrestler. However, it had been years since he personally introduced submission grappling and other martial arts into this world as a sport, and since then, the talent of its practitioners had rapidly evolved to a higher standard.

Naturally, the Kaiser trained extensively to remain in shape and to ensure his fighting spirit never waned. This included strength and conditioning training, as well as a variety of martial arts, such as

grappling, wrestling, boxing, and Burmese kickboxing, all of which were popular sports in the Reich that he had introduced. His current skill in submission grappling was at the level of a purple belt in jiu jitsu and a collegiate wrestler.

He was furious that the woman had attacked him, however when he gazed upon her naked form and the pretty smile on her face, he felt a bit less enraged. It would appear that this woman wanted to test her skills against him, thus he treated this as a friendly sparring session rather than an assault.

One thing that was immediately noticeable was the substantial muscle definition of Tlexictli's figure. For a woman, she was shredded. However, not in the form of a bodybuilder, but more like that of a fitness model. From years of physical training, her muscular body was impressive, to say the least. However, despite her muscular physique still had an ample bosom above her heavily defined abs, which, if Berengar had to guess, was a strong D cup. Her ass was also stacked with muscle, but plump in its own way.

While Berengar was ogling the girl's impressive physique, she had slipped past his guard and into side control, where she held him firmly to the ground with all her strength. Her bare chest pressed against his pectoral muscles as she squeezed him tightly.

Berengar was calm and collected, as he used his forearm to brace against her waist while searching for an underhook. Which he quickly caught and used to fight out of side control. The two of them struggled in silence for several moments before Berengar put the woman back to the guard, where he grabbed hold of her forearm and fought for control of the back.

Tlexictli responded to this countermeasure by grabbing hold of Berengar's waist and driving him forward onto the mat, holding him down with both technique and strength. In his own mind, he had to admit fighting with a beautiful, muscular woman for a position of dominance was turning him on, and thus, he quickly shrimped his hips out and in doing so secured an omoplata submission.

However, the warrior princess did not panic as Berengar tried to dislocate her shoulder, instead she quickly spun over her shoulder in an attempt to free herself from the position. The result was that she was now on the bottom, in Berengar's side control as he rolled along with her into a superior position.

Once in side control, Berengar fought for an Americana submission, however he failed to do achieve his goal, as Tlexictli defended against it. Causing the to hip out and forward towards the woman's head where he caught her in a no-gi ezekiel choke. He did this by grabbing onto his biceps with one hand and locking his other around his forearm with Tlexictli's neck in between the grip. In doing so, he rapidly cut off the blood supply from the woman's brain.

Despite this, Tlexictli did not tap, and instead chose to take a brief nap. Mocking the man who had beaten her as she repeated the words she had heard Honoria say while eavesdropping on her and Berengar's private time.

"Choke me harder, daddy!"

Berengar immediately chuckled as he saw the light fade from Tlexictli's eyes while she passed into unconsciousness, causing him to release his grip. Within a few seconds, she snapped back to reality as the blood returned to her brain. The Aztec Warrior princess gazed around the room in shock, not

realizing that she had been choked out by her partner. It took her a few seconds to realize the truth, where she then pouted and lowered her head in defeat.

"the gods be damned, you beat me yet again... Here I thought I was finally good enough to defeat you... Especially after learning your fighting arts! It isn't fair!"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this, before scolding the woman for stripping naked and attacking him out of nowhere.

"You should really consider your position as an ambassador to the reich. What would the nobility think if they saw your appearance right now?"

It was only now that Tlexictli felt the slightest bit of shame for stripping naked and attacking the man. She had gotten naked strictly, out of the need to be freed from her cumbersome attire, which was required to fight effectively. However, now she was beginning to lament her decision as she hid her sensitive areas with her arms. This only caused Berengar to laugh once more while he threw the woman's dress and undergarments to her before thanking her for her actions.

"I suppose I should thank you. I was in a terrible mood, but this sparring session of ours really helped me unwind. How about we go get dressed and then head out into the city to get a drink?"

Tlexictli thought about the offer for a few seconds before nodding her head in agreement. She wouldn't mind sharing a drink with the man, assuming he was paying for it.

"Fine, but you're paying for it!"

Once more, the girl's petty attitude had caused Berengar to chuckle. She quickly got up from the floor and covered herself with her hand as she reached over to dress herself in her previously discarded clothing. Upon seeing such an alluring sight, Berengar simply could not resist the urge, and spanked the muscular ass that presented itself to him.

Tlexictli yelled in shock before glaring at the man for his perverted action, who shamelessly looked away as if it had never happened. She could only sigh in defeat and get dressed in a different corner of the room. Meanwhile, Berengar pulled his clothes out of the gym bag he had brought and dressed in some appropriate attire. The two of them would depart for the city shortly thereafter to share a drink and some food.

Chapter 813 Relieving Stress Part II

Berengar sat in a local beerhouse dressed in casual attire. His hair was styled differently than normal in an attempt to hide his identity. It was a common tactic he used whenever visited local taverns and restaurants so that he could mingle with his people and hear from their lips just how they felt about the current state of affairs.

However, tonight was no such night. Instead, the Kaiser had just finished his fifth liter of beer, and was now hanging his head low, as it rested in the palms of his hands. He was well and truly vexed over the recent developments in the colonies.

Immediately after receiving word of the battle of Berenwalde, Berengar had ordered the arrest of Arnulf, and his wife, Kahwihta. The two of them were to be brought to the Royal Capital to sit before a military tribunal and answer for their crimes. No doubt the man was already on his way to Kufstein.

However, Berengar was not alone while he drowned his sorrows. Instead, he was accompanied by someone who he had a complex relationship with. On the one hand, Tlexictli admired Berengar as a ruler, and all that he had accomplished over the years. However, she also internally despised him for what he had done to her people, even if she felt a strong physical attraction to the man.

Because of this love/hate relationship she had drunken just as much as Berengar, as the two reunited over recent events. Since the beginning, Tlexictli could tell that something was wrong with the Kaiser, though she did not want to pry into his business. After all, he had been exceptionally cruel to her back in Berenstadt, and she feared a repeat of such behavior.

Despite this internal fear, Tlexictli's curiosity got the better of her, and after she had drank enough to feel as if she could wrestle a jaguar, she finally decided to pose the question that had been plaguing her all night.

"So are you going to tell me what has got you so frustrated?"

Berengar sighed heavily when he heard these words and slunk back into his booth with a depressed appearance. He did not like talking about his feelings. After all, he was a man, and there were two things that were absolutely taboo for a man, and those were crying and talking about their feelings. Thus, he tried to bottle up his emotions, but in the end, he could not help but release a raspy groan of distress while he spilled his guts.

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"God dammit, fine, I'll tell you since you are so insistent..."

Upon hearing this, Tlexictli perked up her ears and rested her dainty chin on one hand before giving the man her full attention. It was only now that Berengar had fully taken in the woman's natural beauty. It was a different type of beauty than any of his wives, like that of a proud and strong lioness. However, before he could let such thoughts plague him any further, Berengar took a sip from his beer and began expressing his woe to the woman.

"There are very people in this world that I can consider to be a trusted advisor and a close personal friend. Arnulf von Thiersee is one of these men, and though our relationship is built upon my own deception, he was never the wiser about some of the more horrific details, and has until now proven to be a capable and loyal man.

I have made the mistake of entrusting this man with complete authority over the territory he rules over, and because of that, an incident has occurred. In truth, it is my own damn fault. I should have paid more attention to the development of the colonies, but I was too busy waging war in Europe.

This man, has in his infinite wisdom, begun seeing the stone age savages who inhabited the lands of New Vienna before my conquests as valuable allies. So much so that he has alienated the people beneath his control, and guaranteed these savages land at the expense of German development. Something I'm sure you would appreciate as a woman from a similar situation.

However, in doing so, he caused a large group of his citizens to leave the colony in self-imposed exile and stake a claim further north. They fought for control of their land from the natives who inhabited the region, and because of this, the savages requested support from Arnulf, who responded by dispatching his troops to put an end to the newfound colony of Berenwalde.

When I found out about this, I tried to put an end to the conflict before any lives could be pointlessly wasted. However, I am but one man, half a world away, and despite my latest technological innovations in the field of communications, I lament to admit that I was too slow.

Because of this, hundreds of Germans lie dead, and even more are wounded. As we speak, the northern colonies of Lindeheim are in a state of total conflict, waiting for each other to make the next move. So because I failed to keep track of developments in the new world, I now have to punish a man that I consider to be a friend. There is only one punishment for treason, and I would give anything not to have to go through with it."

It shocked Tlexictli to hear that such a crazy scenario had taken place in the new world. She was beginning to understand how limited her knowledge of this world truly was. She wasn't even aware that the reich had colonies north of Berenstadt. However, from the look on Berengar's face, she could guess the price of treason, and quickly gulped down some more beer before asking for confirmation.

"You're going to kill him?"

Upon hearing these words so brazenly spoken, Berengar froze in his spot, gazing at the amber liquid of the lager in his glass for several moments in silence before finally nodding his head.

"He has left me no choice. If I am unwilling to punish those at the highest level of society, it will send a message to my people that there are still men above the law, and that would prove to everyone I am nothing more than a despot like the feudal overlords who ruled over them in years prior.

Such a thing would invite chaos and rebellion, which is something I must prevent no matter what the cost. Thus, I am left with only one option: I have to kill my friend. Just like how I killed his father all those years ago, it has come full circle. Once more, I am left in a position of kill or be killed, which is something I foolishly believed I had evolved beyond."

It was only now that Tlexictli learned of what Berengar meant when he previously said that his relationship with Arnulf was founded on his own deception. She was quite surprised that he was so ruthless as to kill a man's father and lie to him with a straight face for so many years without the slightest sign of guilt. She could hardly believe it and needed to ask for clarification, which she did.

"You killed his father, and you never told him?"

When Berengar heard this remark, he scoffed before taking another sip of his beer, where he proceeded to inform Tlexictli of his past.

"If I told the man I killed his father, do you think he would have sacrificed so much for me over the years? The story is a bit complicated, but since you have asked, don't blame me if we go down the rabbit hole together..."

Around ten years ago, my brother had conspired against me with a multitude of powerful men or, so I thought they were at the time. Compared to the power I wield now, they were practically nothing.

Anyway, the goal of these men was to assassinate me so that Lambert could usurp my position as heir to Kufstein.

Where they intended to use him to secure Kufstein's iron deposits for their rebellion against the Duke. To make a long story shorter, I had outsmarted my brother, and after presenting evidence of his wrongdoing to my parents, they exiled him. Which ultimately resulted in his returning with an army, where I slew him in single combat on the field of battle. But not before the bastard left behind a little gift."

Berengar silently motioned to the scar over his right eye, causing Tlexictli to cover her gaping mouth with her hand in shock. She could not believe such a brutal story about fratricide was the origin of the man's most distinctive battle wound. However, after thinking about this, Tlexictli did not understand the connection between Berengar's rivalry with Lambert and his killing of Arnulf's father. Because of this, she interrupted the man when he was in the middle of his harrowing tale.

"But wait... What does that have to do with Arnulf's father?"

Berengar groaned in displeasure as he heard this before taking another sip of his drink before scolding the girl.

"If you would just let me finish! Anyway... the point I was trying to make is that Arnulf's father was one of my brother's supporters, So I had used Linde and her influence to turn one of the man's maids against him, who poisoned his food for some time, until he died a convincing death. Luckily for me, the man had died leaving behind a single word: Lambert.

What the old fucker was actually trying to say, I have no idea, but his dying words had convinced Arnulf that my brother was responsible for the man's death, and I just rolled with it, fabricating enough evidence to pin the blame on Lambert, which was ultimately overlooked in his sentencing due to the other serious crimes he had committed.

The moral of the story is, Arnulf's father had committed treason by supporting my rebellious little brother, and his petty claim over what was rightfully mine. In doing so, the man forced me to eliminate him, and now, ten years later, his son has committed a similar offense. There is only one legitimate punishment for treason, and that is death..."

Tlexictli instantly sobered up in that moment as she came to a dreadful understanding. In his drunken state, Berengar had revealed to her a dirty secret about his past, something she was probably better off not knowing. Out of everyone in this world, the only people who knew about this incident were Berengar and Linde. After all, the crafty spymaster had long since removed all loose ends.

Now there was a third person who knew of such a terrible secret, and most horrifying was the fact that Tlexictli was unsure whether Berengar considered her irreplaceable yet. She felt an intense fear that perhaps after sobering up, Berengar would eliminate her in order to keep such a secret buried. It was partially because of this dread that Tlexictli now felt an intense desire to become more intimate with Berengar, no matter the cost. Thus, the duo continued to drink long into the night, seemingly unaware of the time passing by and the extent of the alcohol they consumed.

Chapter 814 Death of a Hero

The Marines of the SMS Emmerich stood on standby, as their commander led them through the harrowed halls of the Governor's villa. Not long ago, word had come over the wire for the arrest of Arnulf von Thiersee and his wife Kahwihta, as well as the Colonel in charge of the local Colonial Expeditionary Forces.

The order had come from the Kaiser himself, and because of this, these brave men would drag Arnulf back to Kufstein even if they had to fight against an army to do so. Luckily for them, Colonel Bartolde Von Tettingen was so ashamed about what had happened in Berenwalde that he handed himself over into the Marines' custody without incident. His last orders to his troops was to assist the Marines in their efforts to arrest the Colonial Governor.

Thus, the governor's mansion was surrounded by an army of roughly five thousand men, who ensured there was no escape for the man inside. Arnulf gazed out the window of his study and saw the staggering sight. He sighed heavily, as he realized he was most likely about to be executed. He gazed upon his loving wife and their young son with regret in his eyes before opening the door and allowing the marines inside.

The Marines were already stacked outside, prepared to engage in combat with Arnulf's bodyguards. However, after clearing the room, they were surprised to find that such men were nowhere to be found. Arnulf simply gazed upon the Marines and placed his hands above his head before kneeling on the ground and accepting his fate. Shockingly, the marine did not just stop with arresting him but immediately called for the arrest of Kahwihta as well.

"Take his bitch as well. The Kaiser wants to speak with them both in person!"

The woman screamed and struggled as the marines separated the child from her arms before escorting him out of the building. The boy was too young to fully comprehend just what was going on. However, he would never forget the sight of his parents being dragged out in chains by heavily armed white men.

The captain in charge of the Marine company gazed upon Arnulf with contempt as he loaded him into the vessel. The plan was to immediately return to Kufstein after apprehending the prisoner. He could not help but scold the traitor for his actions.

"Three hundred Germans are dead because of your love for these savages. That's more casualties than we suffered in the war against the Catholic World!"

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It shocked Arnulf to hear this. He was not even aware of the wars the fatherland was fighting; they were so frequent and brief that he lost track. The man was completely unaware that Berengar had just returned home from his war against the Papacy and was quick to inquire about it.

"The Papacy is gone?"

Despite his question, the marines remained silent as they constantly guarded the prisoners. The journey to Kufstein would take roughly two weeks, but in the end, they arrived safe and sound. When Arnulf stepped off the docks, he could not even recognize the city of Trieste.

So much had changed in the years since he had been tasked with looking after the colony of New Vienna. Factories spewed smoke in the air, as they manufactured goods with their steam powered devices, and trucks drove through the streets transporting goods from the steelyard to the shipyard.

Lights lit up the streets, and busses carried people across town. It was as if he had stepped foot into an entirely new world, one that transcended everything he had previously believed to be true. Kahwihta was even more astonished, as this was her first time visiting the fatherland, and because of this she finally understood why she had first considered Berengar and his soldiers to be gods upon their first visit to her homeland. This level of civilization was simply awe-inspiring.

The people walked by the streets, not even recognizing Arnulf as the marines lead him into a prisoner transport truck. It had been so many years since the people last laid eyes on the once proud general that they had forgotten what he looked like. Especially since many of them had never seen his face to begin with.

The truck stopped at a military train yard, where Arnulf and his wife boarded the vehicle under the supervision of the soldiers. After several hours, they arrived in Kufstein, where once more the sheer volume of progress that had been made in Arnulf's absence surprised him. Ultimately, the colonial governor was handed off to the Reichsgarde outside the Palace where he and his wife were escorted into the study of Berengar's palace.

Berengar was already waiting for the man while dressed in his military uniform, with Linde by his side. There was a stoic expression on his face as he nodded towards the guards, silently dismissing them from this meeting.

In all honesty, Arnulf was deeply worried after being taken directly to Berengar. He expected to be rotting in a cell awaiting a trial rather than having a face-to-face meeting with the man who ruled over the vast German Empire.

In the next second, the doors were sealed behind him and all the man's questions were answered. Berengar did not hesitate to pull a small vial out from his coat pocket and place it on the table. The sunlight shone through the clear liquid within the glass case, giving Arnulf a good idea about what was inside. He gulped the saliva that had pooled up in his mouth as the Kaiser scolded the man for his actions.

"I am giving you a choice on how you die Arnulf... If you drink this poison, I will spare your wife and child, and I will blame your death on the natives, along with all of those who died because of your foolish actions. You will be remembered as a hero of the German people who died valiantly in defense of the colonies.

Or, I can take you, and your wife, through a brutal trial, where the two of you will most certainly be convicted, and lined up against the wall to be executed by a firing squad. Your sins will be revealed to the public, and your son will become the greatest enemy of the German people. I would not be surprised if the citizens of New Vienna take it in their own hands to murder him after what you have done...

Before you give me an answer on how you wish to die, I want you to entertain my questions. I suppose I should start with, what the hell were you thinking? Despite knowing my orders, you deliberately acted

against them. You signed treaties with a bunch of stone age savages that came at the expense of your own people. Have you no shame?"

This was a lot of information for Arnulf to take in, and he sat in disbelief for several moments. Though Kahwihta wanted to speak up on his behalf, Berengar's murderous glare kept her silent. In the end, Arnulf could only glance at his wife with a warm gaze before uttering his response.

"They are also my people..."

It took Berengar a few moments to understand what Arnulf was saying. It was just so preposterous to him that he could hardly believe his own ears. After several moments of silence, Berengar broke out into a fit of rage as he slammed his fist on the desk before scolding the man for his stupidity.

"They are a bunch of backwards savages who would have murdered, raped, and enslaved our people in the most brutal fashion had we not shown up with such an overwhelming display of force. Your peace, that you are so prideful of, is built on nothing but the fear these savages have of you. Or am I wrong?"

Upon uttering these last words, Berengar's fierce glare landed upon Kahwihta, who flinched beneath his fury. Arnulf looked at his wife with a pleading gaze, but she could not return it. Everything Berengar had said was true. Her people most likely would have murdered, raped, and enslaved the German settlers in a fashion so brutal it was downright inhumane had the Germans not displayed such overwhelming violence in their initial landings. She remained silent for some time, before Berengar insisted she reveal the truth.

"Tell him.... Tell him right now! He deserves to know the truth. After everything he has done for you, you owe him that!"

Arnulf was a victim of a timeline where a technologically advanced German Army forced the native tribes into submission upon their arrival in the New World. From his perspective, the tribes had been mostly peaceful, and even willing to work with him. However, they did not have the knowledge of Berengar's past life, where the native American tribes were some of the most barbaric savages in human history.

Take the Commanche, for example. They used to butcher babies, and roast men alive after capturing them. The Anasazi were at one point fierce cannibals, such savage behavior was commonly found among all the tribes in some variation, which is one of the reasons the Europeans looked upon them with such disdain upon first contact.

From Berengar's perspective, he was looking at the native peoples of North America as the savages who invented scalping, not as the domesticated slaves they had become under his rule. Kahwihta was naturally aware of how her people felt about the Germans, and what they would have done to them if they had the power and thus she could only lower her head and admit the truth with tears in her eyes.

"It's true... What he says is true. If my people, and many of the other tribes you have negotiated with, had the power, they would likely do what he has said."

Upon seeing the defeated expression on Arnulf's face, Berengar handed him the poisonous vial before making one last statement to the man he once considered a friend.

"Drink this, and you can be absolved of your sins. Your wife and son, however, they will live, but they will be forced to watch as my armies march forth and eradicate every single tribe living in the vicinity of my colonies. Someone has to play for the blood that has been spilled by your hands, and unfortunately for you, that is the savages you are so fond of."

Arnulf thought about the situation for several moments. He had nothing but lament in his heart. In the end, he gazed upon Kahwihta one last time before downing the whole vial as if it were a shot. The man, who was once considered one of Germany's greatest heroes, slowly faded away in the arms of the woman he had given his life to appease. As Kahwihta cried over the fresh corpse of her husband, she glared at Berengar with murderous intent before screaming at him in a voice so shrill it nearly shattered the glass.

"I hate you!"

Berengar was cold, as he stared at the lifeless body of one of the few men in this world he had ever considered being a friend. There was not the slightest hint of emotion on his face as he responded to the woman's wails with a bitter remark.

"This is your doing, and you will have to live with that guilt for the rest of your life. You are free to return to New Vienna, but I doubt you will find it to be as welcoming to you as it once was. I am a man of my word. By the time you return home, my armies will already have ravaged the lands. Killing every man, woman, and child who shares the same savage blood as you. Go forth and gaze upon the destruction you have wrought. Now get the hell out of my sight before I change my mind."

With that said, Kahwihta was escorted by the Marines back to New Vienna. In the coming days, Berengar would need to work hard to re-correct the narrative of what had happened. Aside from the soldiers of the German Army who had taken part in the battle, few of the Berenwalde Militia survived the attack. They could be coerced into maintaining their silence, in exchange for the expansion of their lands, and proper compensation.

The reason Berengar had spared Arnulf's image by convincing him to commit suicide was not because the two men had once been close friends, but because on the eve of victory day, the idea that a hero of the nation would turn traitor, and march an army on German Citizens would only stain the nation's pride. Something that needed to be avoided at this point in time.

Thus, after dismissing Arnulf's widow, Berengar silently as he lamented the loss of his friend. Linde had witnessed the entire event, and though she tried to comfort Berengar in his time of need, he was not in the mood. He desired nothing more than to be alone with his own thoughts, where he would remain seated in his office until the dawn rose on the next day.

Chapter 815 Relieving Stress Part III

Two weeks prior to Arnulf's death, Berengar was lamenting the decision he would have to make regarding his friend's betrayal. The stifling of German expansion on behalf of the native population was borderline treasonous in itself, but the actual murder of German settlers was nothing less than the ultimate betrayal.

After drinking his fill and discussing his issues with Tlexictli, the dynamic duo stumbled into the streets as just another group of drunks on a Friday night. They effortlessly blended into the crowd as they walked towards the royal palace.

However, halfway through their journey there was a sudden burst of rain, the downpour which was entirely unexpected, catching Berengar and Tlexictli off guard, as the torrent rapidly soaked them. Berengar's white silk dress shirt clung tightly to his muscles, while Tlexictli's matching cocktail dress did the same.

It became apparent immediately that the woman wasn't wearing a bra, as her brown nipples were clearly visible. The two of them awkwardly stared at each other's chests for a few moments as the pelting storm rapidly sobered their minds.

After several moments of silence, Berengar made a quick decision, and escorted Tlexictli to a nearby hotel, where he rented a room for the night. Kufstein was a popular attraction, and because of the rapid transit system that had been established across the reich, there were out-of-town visitors who came to the city every day. They usually dwelled in a hotel like this one.

After climbing the stairs to their room, Berengar stripped out of his soaked clothes, entirely unafraid. After all, Tlexictli had already seen his naked body earlier in the day, thus he had nothing to be ashamed of. Tlexictli, on the other hand, struggled to decide on whether she should do the same. After several moments of thought, she made a proclamation.

"I'm going to take a shower!"

After saying this, the woman entered the bathroom, where she washed away the cold rainwater. Berengar merely scoffed as he gazed out the windows and watched the storm continue to shower the city. He reached into the mini ice-cooler that came with the suite and pulled out a beer, popping off its cap and taking another drink. The circumstances he was in were dreadfully enticing, and he had decided in his mind at that moment to go for the kill.

Thus, after chugging his beer as if he were at a frat party, Berengar stalked Tlexictli into the bathroom, where her eyes were shut as she washed her short black hair with shampoo. While she was thinking of Berengar's naked body, she felt the firm hands of a man wrap around her substantial brown breasts and yelped in shock. Gazing behind her to see the flushed expression on Berengar's cheeks. He had clearly drunk too much. She was about to say something when the man assailed her lips with his own.

Tlexictli did not struggle. Perhaps she too was intoxicated, or perhaps she had finally admitted this was what she always wanted. Regardless of the reason, she embraced the moment and swirled her tongue with Berengar's as he slipped his index finger into her puffy twat.

Tlexictli moaned in pleasure as she nibbled on Berengar's ear, a sensation he was unaccustomed to but found enjoyable, nonetheless. After bringing the woman to the brink of climax with just his fingers alone, Berengar positioned Tlexictli on her knees, and stuck his massive shaft in her face before giving her an order.

"Suck it..."

Tlexictli stared at the man's large rod, which stood stiffly in her face for several seconds before doing as she was instructed. Her lack of experience became immediate to Berengar right away as he coached her through the process.

"No teeth!"

"Use your tongue!"

At first Tlexictli struggled to understand the basic concept of a blowjob, but after nearly fifteen minutes of nothing but sucking cock, she performed the sinful gesture with an intensity that stirred the seed in Berengar's loins.

Not wanting to waste his potential children, Berengar lifted the woman's muscular body into the air, where he pressed her back against the wall of the shower, and thrust his cock inside her tight, wet hole. Tlexictli gritted her teeth in agony, not expecting her first time to be so painful. While Berengar gazed in shock at the blood which dripped from her cunt and expressed his surprise.

"You're a virgin?"

The Aztec Princess glared at the man's insinuation with a fierce stare. She could not believe she had to remind the man of her position.

"I may be a savage in your eyes, but I'm still a princess! Even in the new world, there is political value attached to my purity! You better be prepared to take responsibility!"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this. Before moving his hips forward, the action caught Tlexictli off guard, which caused her tight hole to clench around Berengar's cock like a vice grip. Berengar smiled when he felt such a pleasurable sensation and assaulted the woman's lips once more before whispering something in her ear.

"I am your people's primary deity! If I demand you become my mistress, so be it! What are they going to do about it? Resist? Fat chance! Now properly worship your god, by giving your body as sacrifice!"

Berengar was not the slightest bit gentle with Tlexictli, despite this being her first time. The reason was simple: she was a seasoned warrior, and he knew she could endure the pain. Instead of treating her like a dainty princess, he used her pussy as if it was an onahole designed specifically for his pleasure. He was too drunk to worry, or care, about the woman's own sensation.

After several overwhelming thrusts, Berengar dropped to his knees, where he curled the woman up onto her shoulders, and powerfully drove his cock in and out of her pussy repeatedly while lifting her legs in the air.

Tlexictli was overcome with pain and pleasure alike as she endured the kaiser's pounding while he suckled at her large, bouncing breasts. It did not take long for her to start stimulating her clit with her muscular fingers, all the while taking the pounding of a lifetime. Berengar goaded Tlexictli on as he continued to thrust inside her at rapid speed.

"You like that, little kitten? Worship your fucking god like a good girl!"

Tlexictli responded to Berengar's taunts in her own native tongue, something he had learned during his time spent in the Great Goddess of Teotihuacan's divine realm.

"Fill me with your heavenly seed, oh mighty feathered serpent, gift me with your gold haired children!"

Berengar chuckled when he heard this before thrusting deep inside the woman's womb. After doing so, he shot his first load into the woman's depths while continuing to taunt her as his seed flowed inside her like a white river.

"Alright, I will permit you to give birth to my divine son to rule over your father's throne! Be careful what you wish for kitten!"

Berengar's overflowing sperm caused the woman to quiver in climax as she panted heavily. It was only after the two were lying, soaking wet from the warm water of the shower, that she regretted saying something so shameful.

Tlexictli laid on the slippery floor with a vacant expression, dwelling upon all of her life's decisions that led to this point. Was she really ready to be a mother? Berengar, however, was far from finished. He turned off the shower faucet and threw a towel to Tlexictli before barking orders at her.

"Dry yourself off and meet me on the bed. This is far from over. I will not stop until your belly inflates from the amount of sperm I have shot inside you."

Upon hearing such a ludicrous statement, Tlexictli snapped back to reality and giggled. She could not help but wonder if Berengar was serious about impregnating her, thus she quickly asked about such a complex issue.

"Are you seriously going to impregnate me? You know I am a lowly savage, right?"

While in the midst of drying himself off with a towel, Berengar shot the woman a stern gaze before giving the woman the answer she was looking for.

"If I can't conquer the world through bloodshed, then I will do so with my seed. One day, my descendents will rule over all the world's greatest empires and they shall all pay tribute to Germany. Since I have already decided to spare your people, and permit your existence as a subservient realm, naturally I must put my son on its throne. So hurry up and dry yourself off already. We have many hours left in this night and I intend to show you the true meaning of pleasure."

Tlexictli gazed at the white stuff that was already seeping out of her vagina and smiled. She supposed having Berengar's children was a better option than anyone else she knew. Besides, if she really thought about it then she actually looked forward to being the mother of the future Aztec Empire.

Though she had several brothers who were supposed to succeed her father, she knew that would not be an issue for Berengar. Thus, she was eager to hop into the bed with the man her people worshipped as a god and procreate with him as if they were wild animals.

Ultimately, Tlexictli would scurry after Berengar, and the two would fuck like rabbits for the entire night. When the storm finally faded it was already dawn, and Berengar had released enough of his seed inside Tlexictli's fertile womb that she was surely pregnant. By taking his frustrations out on the Aztec Princess's muscular body, he was able to finally gain the nerve to do what was necessary.

Chapter 816 What Happens Next?

Linde sat across from Berengar with her legs crossed. She had a stoic expression on her gorgeous face as she stared intensely at her husband. Days had passed since Arnulf's death, and Berengar had acted as a monk. Not the least bit interested in earthly desires.

He merely locked himself away in his office and worked. The woman was starting to become concerned with his behavior, but more importantly, there was something she wanted to get off her chest. Thus, she was quick to inquire about the question that plagued her mind.

"So how was she?"

Berengar had ignored the woman's presence since she first barged in on him and continued to write away on his documents. However, when he heard these words, he could only guess that Linde had found out the truth regarding his little one-night stand with Tlexictli. Thus, he sighed heavily before revealing his thoughts on the matter.

"I assume you're referring to Tlexictli. She was as enjoyable as any virgin. Why do you ask?"

Linde's expression was hard to read. Berengar was certain that she was furious, especially as she tapped her dainty fingers on her armrest for several moments before responding to Berengar's question with a piercing gaze.

"I suppose I have several questions on my mind. Such as, is your relationship with this woman permanent, or a onetime thing? Will the Aztec Princess be joining us in our palace? Do you intend to make her your fifth wife, or just another mistress?."

Berengar cocked a brow when he heard Linde's questions. It slightly surprised him that she was so matter of fact about this little affair of his. Because of this, he could only respond to these questions with one of his own.

"You're not jealous?"

In response to this, Linde scoffed while wearing a devilish smirk on her luscious lips. She reached over and rested her dainty palm on Berengar's firm chin before expressing her views on her husband's many relationships.

"You should know by now I'm not that kind of woman. I don't care who you decide to fuck, so long as your heart belongs to me. In fact, I support the idea of you impregnating the Aztec Princess. If you give her a son, he can rule over the Aztec Empire and ensure their loyalty as a protectorate to the Reich for years to come. The more princesses you inject your seed into, the greater it is for our Empire. If you want a list of potential candidates for future affairs, I can have it on your desk by tomorrow morning!"

If Tlexictli was a proud jaguar, and Adela was a little white rabbit. Then Linde was a sly fox. She knew how to manipulate Berengar and keep him by her side. Berengar valued loyalty above all else and despised petty jealousy more than just about anything.

Linde had known this for many years and had expertly used this aspect of Berengar's character to win over the man's heart more so than any of his other wives. Even Yasmin would have a hard time accepting the idea of Berengar travelling the world and impregnating princesses left and right.

The reason why the redheaded beauty was so concerned about this affair was not regarding her husband's romantic feelings, but rather the logistics behind the relationship. Was she going to need to worry about another mouth to feed? How would Tlexictli get along with the rest of the harem?

Did she need to prepare for internal drama? Were there going to be a few more tykes running across the halls of the Palace in the coming years? These were serious issues that she would have to deal with as the bottom bitch. Thus, she forced an answer out of Berengar.

"So, are you going to answer my questions or not?"

Berengar thought about the situation for several moments in silence. He and Tlexictli had agreed the morning after their affair to treat it as a onetime thing. Though he knew sooner or later he would be pounding her tight twat once more. Such a thing was only a matter of time for a man like him.

Still, he did not have any real romantic feelings for the woman in question. If anything, they were more akin to friends who were physically attracted to one another than actual lovers. Thus, he expressed his exact thoughts on this matter to his supportive wife.

"Great minds truly think alike. It is true that I intend to have a son with Tlexictli and place the boy on her father's throne. However, I have no romantic feelings for her whatsoever. You don't need to worry about her living in the palace.

Our relationship remains the same. Tlexictli will retain her role as Ambassador to the Reich, and will continue to ferry across the atlantic to ensure good relations with the Aztec Empire. The only difference is now we will have sex whenever she is in town. As for a list of potential candidates for future affairs. That won't be necessary. I am sure I can find them on my own."

Linde's lips curved into a smile when she heard this, before nodding her head in acceptance. Having now understood the exact nature of the man's relationship with his newest whore, her heart could rest with ease. Besides, there was something more important she had to talk about and was quick to inquire about the standing issue.

"So.. about Arnulf's death. I have already dispatched agents to the new world to quell the truth from spreading and to coerce the people into agreeing to our official story. However, if you are going to reveal to the public that Arnulf is, in fact, dead, then you will need to reveal the existence of the New World as well. Are you prepared to do such a thing?"

Berengar sighed as he heard this and flexed his fingers in thought. It took him a few moments to find the words he wanted to say, but in the end, he nodded his head before speaking his mind.

"The time has come. With the papacy now extinct, and the majority of the European powers under our control, we can reveal the existence of the New World to the public, and claim it all for the Reich. If any country dares to establish a colony in the region, we will annihilate it as an attack on German soil.

I intend to reveal the existence of the new world and alert the public to Arnulf's death at the victory day celebration. It will act as not only a somber reminder that there is always a war to be fought, but will strengthen our citizens' resolve to purge the tribes that are responsible for the man's death.

We must remember Arnulf as a hero. If his treacherous actions were to be revealed to the public, it would weaken the strength and unity of our nation. The average man looks up to heroes like Arnulf. If

they learn of his betrayal, it might inspire them to do the same. The last thing I need is for people to take the man's foolish ideals to heart.

As for Kahwihta and her child. They will be free to live and see the devastation that they are responsible for. However, they will do so under constant supervision. If the woman starts spouting anti-german sentiment, or decides to align with hostile powers, then she will have forfeited the kindness I have afforded her, and is to be eliminated.

Ensure that no harm comes to Arnulf's widow or her child unless they deliberately provoke such a response. That means they are to be protected by the outraged citizens of New Vienna, who no doubt rightfully hold her responsible for her husband's treacherous actions. Now, if that is all then I have work to do. I will see you later tonight, Linde. I think it is about time you helped me process my grief properly."

Upon hearing this, Linde wore a sultry smile as she bowed her head with respect. She was excited to hear Berengar was emerging from his hermitage to pleasure his wives once more. Thus, she left a heartfelt response before exiting the man's office.

"Of course, master..."

With that said, the redheaded beauty departed, leaving Berengar behind to continue his work in silence. She was more outraged than anyone at Arnulf's betrayal. After all, her heart bled seeing the man she loved wallow in misery for days on end.

Linde felt that a traitor like Arnulf did not deserve to be remembered as a hero, but understood Berengar's reasons for ensuring such a reality came to pass. She would immediately dispatch agents to maintain a close eye on Kahwihta and her son with strict orders to eliminate them if they become a threat to the Reich.

Chapter 817 Christening the SMS Linde

In the docks outside the city of Trieste, lie a massive warship. This vessel had been under construction for between two to three years, and now, after substantial effort, it was finally completed. In Berengar's past life, historians would have referred to this vessel as a super-dreadnought, and rightfully so, as it dwarfed the thousands of other ships in the harbor.

This warship would be the first of many such vessels to replace the existing Adela-Class Armored Frigates that saw common use in the German fleets. In the Adriatic, there were three German Shipyards, all of which were dedicated to the construction of Linde-class Battleships. The SMS Linde was the first to be completed, with the others following in the coming days.

The German Empire currently had access to fifteen military shipyards spread across its territory. Three in the Adriatic, five in the Baltic, five in the North Sea, one in Malta, and one in Gibraltar. Out of these fifteen shipyards, eight were dedicated to the construction of Linde-class Battleships, five were dedicated to the construction of Henrietta-Class Battlecruisers, and two were dedicated to the construction of Adela-Class Destroyers, each of which could produce four of such vessels in the time it took to manufacture one battleship or battlecruiser.

Specialty shipyards were already under construction for the manufacture of submarines and aircraft carriers. This did not include the civilian shipyards, which were already capable of producing the so called Dominion II-class Cargo Ships in a period of roughly fifty days.

This warship was the lead of its class, and would be the capital ship of the First Fleet. Currently, Berengar was standing in front of a large crowd announcing a new era of German dominance to the people of his realm.

"This is the SMS Linde, first of the Linde-class Battleships, a true leviathan that shall rule the waves, and dominate naval warfare for decades to come. It is named after my beautiful wife, who you see standing beside me.

This ship is armed with 38cm guns that are capable of hitting a target out to 47,500 metres. With these weapons, the brave sailors of the Kriegsmarine shall be able to obliterate any threat they may find when they are out to sea, and secure the waters for Germany!

In the coming days, another seven of these ships shall be laid down across the Empire. Along with five Henrietta-class Battle-Cruisers, and eight Adela-Class Destroyers. These vessels shall replace the existing Adela-class Armored Frigates in the First Fleet stationed here in Trieste, where the older ships shall be retrofitted and sold off to our allies for a fair price.

In the coming years, we shall produce more, and more of these vessels along with other, newer designs until we can expand our fleets into a global force, capable of dominating the world's oceans! Glory to the Reich!"

Those in the crowd, who were either military personnel or former military personnel, threw up their salutes and shouted their battle cries. While the civilians took off their hats and placed them on their chests in a sign of respect.

"For Kaiser and Fatherland!"

Upon hearing this, Berengar smiled where he approached Linde and handed her a bottle of champagne, before speaking to her in a gentle tone.

"Will you do the honors?"

Linde wore a pretty smile on her face as she grabbed hold of the bottle and broke it against the ship's hull, which was followed by the cheers of thousands of men and women. Prince Zhu Zhi was in the crowd, and could only stare in astonishment at the massive behemoth that was lying in front of him. He had seen this vessel on his initial journey to the Reich, however; now that he was mere feet away from the ship, he could truly witness all its glory.

This steel hulled ship was beyond the scope of what his country had produced with their grand treasure fleet. Which less than a decade ago was the great pride of the Chinese nation. After hearing how far this vessel's weapons could reach, the man nearly shat himself in fright. One of these ships was enough to obliterate the entire Ming Fleet, and yet Berengar had clearly said seven more were on the way.

He did not know the scope of the other vessels Berengar had listed in his speech, but he expected that they were fearsome in their own rights. To think that the Germans had produced such monstrous ships

for their navy, it was no exaggeration to say that in a few years' time they would rule the waves of the world.

After previously discussing things with Berengar, the Ming Prince came to learn of Itami's plans to expand her military and naval capabilities to match those of the Reich. If she were to actually do so, the Ming would not have a chance against the Japanese Empire, at least not on the oceans.

Even if the Germans supported the Ming by selling them their old Adela-class Armored Frigates. Zhu Zhi expected one of these so called Linde-class Battleships could obliterate five or more of the armored frigates.

The Ming Prince did not know how Itami would be able to create comparable vessels, but he had heard of her innovation with her steam powered turtle ships, and expected that perhaps she might be able to pull it off in a few years.

This caused a deep sense of fear to grow in the man's heart, as he thought about the effect combating such a powerful navy would have on his homeland. It was at this moment the Ming Prince felt that perhaps the greatest ally he could ask for was Germany. Even if they weren't willing to share their secrets, they could help defend the Ming Territorial waters through a military alliance.

He was now determined to convince his father to approach the German Empire as equals, even if such a thing was clearly not the case, and do whatever was necessary to broker a proper alliance with the Reich. Although he did not know what Berengar wanted from the Ming if anything at all, he had great hopes for fostering an alliance with the Kaiser.

Thus, while Berengar was in the middle of another speech, thanking the hard work of the German people in the construction of these vessels, the Ming Prince was thinking of ways he could gain the Kaiser's favor. The christening event continued for some time, with a small celebration, the serving of some seafood, and a band playing the background.

After several hours Berengar and his family returned to the Palace, during the car ride Linde was clinging to her husband's arm with a happy smile on her pretty face, she was extremely pleased to have a ship named after her, especially one as large, and powerful as the super-dreadnought. Thus, she kissed him on the cheek and expressed her thanks.

"Thank you. I've always wanted a ship named after me, especially after you named those damn armored frigates after Adela. I felt slighted, but now knowing that your most impressive warships are named after me, it fills my heart with pride."

Berengar chuckled as he thought about how far his navy had come from his initial sailing designs. In the end, he decided to admit the truth to the woman as he stroked her silky strawberry blonde hair with his firm hand.

"It should have been done a long time ago. Before we were even a Kingdom, I had designed three sailing warships. The largest and most impressive of which was named after you, the mid-sized was named after Honoria, and the smallest ones were named after Adela.

However, by the time we had the means to produce such ships, our technology had advanced to the point where those designs were obsolete, and thus I decided to scrap them. When I came up with my

new ship designs, I revisited the original names, but replaced Honoria's with Henrietta's since my dear sister is German, and Honoria is a Roman."

Linde was surprised to hear this, and instantly questioned why the biggest warship was named after her both times.

"Berengar, my love, answer me this: why did you decide, in both cases, to name the biggest warships after me? Are you perhaps calling me fat?"

In response to this ludicrous question, Berengar broke into a fit of laughter. He had no choice but to reveal the secret behind the naming conventions he had used for his naval vessels. After wiping a tear from his eye and calming down, he responded to Linde's question with a serious expression on his face.

"I chose you to represent the largest class of warship because out of my three lovelies, you have the largest breasts. It had nothing to do with your weight. If I'm being honest, even after having four children, your body is still absolutely flawless."

Hans had overheard this statement and immediately dropped his jaw at his father's shamelessness. He half expected his mother to slap the man across the face for such a flawed reasoning, however Linde merely smiled and nuzzled her head in Berengar's chest before taking his words as a compliment.

"Thank you..."

Berengar merely responded to this by kissing the woman's forehead, and petting her hair, the sight of which confused Hans. For the rest of the car ride home, the boy tried to understand of why his mother would be pleased with knowing a warship was named after her simply because of her bust size. His conclusion was that women were incredibly self-conscious about their breasts, and the larger they were, the prouder a woman would be.

Chapter 818 The War in Iberia Comes to an End

Adelbrand stood in front of a crowd of Andalusian and German soldiers who had gathered before him in the city of Granada. It had been years since he had taken over command of the Iberian Theatre and every step of the way he had been met with resistance.

However, after years of brutal conflict, the war had finally come to an end. Because of that, Adelbrand was holding a grand ceremony in Granada, announcing total victory, and paying tribute to the veterans of the war.

The soldiers all had grim expressions on their faces, as if they were fearful that the Iberian Catholic League may strike at any moment. Though they knew the resistance had been successfully put down, in large part due to the sheer brutality of the Reichsgarde, they were still paranoid of an enemy attack.

Even Adelbrand seemed quite exhausted as he gazed upon his forces with the same thousand yard stare they all had. This war was unlike any other the Germans had fought in. It had started with field armies, and ended in guerilla and urban warfare on a scale which claimed well over ten thousand German lives.

As for the cost of Andalusian and Catholic Lives, that was in the millions. As the man who had assumed full authority over combat operations within the Iberian Peninsula, and who had been leading such

efforts for years, Adelbrand was perhaps the most weary of all. Yet he tried his best not to let such battle fatigue show on his face as he boldly announced the end to war that had lasted nearly a decade.

"We stand here today to celebrate the end of a war, one that has claimed countless lives in the wake of its destruction. I myself stand here before you all in sheer disbelief of this monumental occasion, for, like many of you, I have been involved in this conflict for several years.

I suppose I should start in the beginning. Nearly a decade ago, the man who is now known as Kaiser Berengar von Kufstein pledged his support to the small state of Granada. An act which enraged the Papacy, and the entirety of Europe. The reason this action caused so much outrage was because the Emirate of Granada was the last vestige of Muslim rule in the Iberian Peninsula.

Reconquista had been going on for centuries, and as a result the once dominant Muslim State of Al Andalus had been reduced to a small emirate in the south of the Peninsula. The Catholics, on the eve of their supposed victory, were now faced with a new threat in the region.

The Kaiser, in his infinite wisdom, had dispatched an old friend of mine, Field Marshal Arnulf von Thiersee, to Iberia so that he may support the former Sultan of Granada in his efforts to retain his borders. This was when the war we have all experienced began.

It is no surprise that the Catholic Kingdoms became threatened by this and eventually marched on the borders of Granada where they were shocked to face such fierce resistance by the combined forces of Granada and Germany.

The war continued for some time under the control of my predecessor, where victories were gained and losses were suffered by both sides. Eventually, the Iberian Union was formed and, as a result, I was dispatched to Iberia with the intent of supporting Arnulf and his campaign. Battles were fought, and even the Kaiser himself joined us in the field of battle, along with his Byzantine allies.

With victory over the Iberian Kingdoms, we were able to secure a temporary peace with the treaty of Aquitaine. One which allowed us to annex Portugal and declare ourselves to be a true sultanate. However, while the people of Granada could breathe easily, the soldiers were not afforded such a luxury. Instead, they were forced to fight in Portugal against warlords, despots, and fanatics.

This internal rebellion was fought for years until the Spanish unified into a single Kingdom and declared war on us. In an attempt to seize our Saltpeter mines. The result was a decisive Andalusian victory in a single battle. However, this still did not end the bloodshed, instead the Papacy supported religious fanatics with weapons and supplies to continue their fight against Al-Andalus and Germany.

After years of funneling men and resources into Iberia, and multiple attempts at peace, the Kaiser finally had enough of the rebellion and dispatched the Reichsgarde to put an end to the Catholic Resistance once and for all. The Reichsgarde, along with their Andalusian allies, swept through every town and city, killing every insurgent they came across.

All while agents of the crown worked in the shadows to capture and interrogate Catholic terrorists so that they could learn more about how the shadowy Iberian Catholic League operated. However, despite our best attempts the war waged on, and it was not until the Kaiser's trial by fire, where God in heaven judged the Papacy to be guilty of their crimes, did the spirit of resistance among Iberian Catholics finally break.

Since then, what few holdouts have remained has quickly been dispatched to the afterlife. Now, after bringing the last known terrorist to justice just days ago, I Adelbrand von Salzburg, the Steward of Iberia, hereby declare an end to the war! From this day forward, Christians and Muslims shall live side by side within the Sultanate of Al-Andalus without fear of discrimination.

I also wish to announce the formation of the Iberian Reformist Church, who has risen from the ashes of the Papacy's Tyranny. Together, the Sultan, and his government shall work together with the Reformist Church and the German Empire to ensure a new age of prosperity."

After saying this, Adelbrand saluted the soldiers, who returned his gesture and shouted the battlecries in their individual language.

"Gott Mit Uns!

"Allahu Akbar!"

Adelbrand quickly descended from the stage with a weary expression on his face. Though he made some bold claims, the reality was that he had a lot of work to do if he was going to bring any semblance of order and modernization to the Sultanate of Al-Andalus.

The nearly ten year long war had ravaged the cities and burned most of the fields within the Iberian Peninsula. It would be a long and difficult effort to restore the peace that once existed within the region. Even with the technological gifts that Al-Andalus had received from the Reich, it would be years before Iberia could survive on its own, without constant support from Germany.

However, Berengar had trusted Adelbrand to build Iberia into a prosperous region that his son Ghazi could inherit, and expand upon. If the Kaiser trusted him with such a position, then Adelbrand would be sure to fulfill his mission to the best of his abilities.

Despite this determination within the man's heart, he was still under an enormous amount of stress, and because of this, he grabbed hold of the flask within his coat pocket and downed a solid shot's worth of hard liquor.

Adelbrand spent some time discussing his experiences of the war with the soldiers who had fought in it and celebrated among their ranks as a battle brother. These men, both Andalusian and German, respected Adelbrand for leading them into battle for so many years. They, too, understood the stress and fatigue that the German Field Marshal suffered through on a daily basis.

However, the war was now over, and though shots would no longer be fired in the streets, the soldiers would have a hard time adapting to that peaceful reality. Because of this, it was no surprise that Adelbrand rode in an armored convoy from the site of the celebration back to the palace after it was truly over.

The man had lost many friends throughout the years of warfare, and now he would have to work hard to rebuild what was destroyed. It had been a long time since he had the luxury of returning to his ancestral homeland in Salzburg. He wondered how much the city had changed since he had last seen it. In fact, it was his greatest dream to return home and see what had become of his family.

Upon stepping foot in the Palace, Adelbrand was not granted with the peace and quiet he desired. Instead, his secretary, which was a busty young Spanish woman, approached him and handed him a telegram before summarizing its contents.

"The Kaiser has summoned you to Kufstein. The message does not explain the reasoning, but it makes clear this request is non-negotiable. I have already prepared your luggage for you, you only need to check it to see if everything has been accounted for.

Of course, Adelbrand had no way of knowing that he was being summoned for the Victory Day celebration. The German victory in Iberia would prove to be the ultimate end of the Catholic Resistance in the world.

With the Pope gone, and his cardinals with him, there simply was no longer a system in place to replace the man. The Catholic Religion had been reduced to a number of small local bishoprics, many of which were converting to local variations of Reformist thought at a rapid rate, or even splitting into their own schools of thought entirely. Thus, the war in Iberia was truly the last gasp of a dying religion.

Chapter 819 The Guests Arrive Part I

The German Prince Hans sat in a room with a young redheaded beauty by his side. The girl had rested her head on the boy's small chest and cried profusely into his tunic. So much so that her makeup had completely run, and in doing so, stained her pretty face.

Noemi had just received word that her father had passed away during the war against the Reich, and that her brother was now the new king of Hungary. To exist as nothing more than a puppet of the German Emperor.

Despite weeks passing since the battle occurred, the young Princess of Hungary was just now learning of her father's passing, and had difficulty processing her grief. Since she first arrived in the palace, she had suspected something had happened to her family, but she simply did not know what. After all, someone like her was unworthy of being betrothed to the German Prince, and yet it was so.

Noemi had been keeping a respectful distance from Hans, as she was deathly afraid of the boy's mother. Who seemed to be keeping a close eye on her at all times. It was not until she learned of her father's death that Noemi reached out to the boy she considered being like a little brother, and spoke of her grief.

Hans could only pretend like he cared. In truth, the girl's father was an enemy of the Reich and got what he deserved, or so the Prince of Germany thought. Though he would never discuss these views aloud, at least not to the girl who was suffering.

Today was an important day. For the sake of the upcoming Victory Day celebrations, Berengar had gone out and invited all the monarchs of Europe, North Africa, and the Near east to come and visit Kufstein. They and their families would all be housed under one roof, and that was the Kaiser's. After all, his palace was indeed large enough to entertain so many guests.

However, on the eve of this monumental occasion, Noemi had learned the truth, and in doing so, was in no position to greet the guests. Instead, she had scurried off with Hans and cried herself to sleep. It was only after the girl had truly entered dreamland did Hans sigh in relief and leave her be.

Hans left the girl's room where he was immediately caught by his mother, who had gone to search for him. Linde was as radiant as ever, but her pretty face was filled with the expression of a scolding mother, who did not hesitate to express her views to her errant son.

'Where the hell have you been, Hans? Your fiance will be arriving at any moment! You must come with me quickly! I can't have you absent from greeting the Kalmar King's host.'

The strawberry blonde haired angel quickly grabbed hold of her eldest son's wrist and led him off to the Great Hall where Berengar sat on his throne while awaiting the arrival of one of his most important guests. His entire family was lined up and waiting patiently. All but three of the Royal Family were present.

Aside from Linde and Hans, Henrietta was noticeably absent. This was because she was pregnant, and visibly so. For her to take part in these festivities would raise questions, questions that were better off left unasked.

Thus, she was confined to the Harem room throughout the duration of the other monarchs' visit. The Penthouse at the top of the Palace was only accessible by Berengar and his lovers, and was under constant guard by members of the Reichsgarde.

As for Linde and Hans, the mother and son quickly entered the room, which caused Berengar to smile and nod his head in satisfaction. He was beginning to become worried that Hans had shirked his royal responsibilities, but it appeared his mother had found him and reminded the boy of his place. That did not mean he would remain silent on this matter, and thus Berengar quickly scolded his eldest son in front of the whole family.

"Hans, if your mother had not found you, I would have been furious. After all, my plans for the future of the Kalmar Union relies on you and your fiancée to get along. To not greet her when she arrives would be a massive sign of disrespect. Now be a good boy and stand at attention until I introduce the two of you!"

Hans could only sigh and nod his head in silence where he took his spot. Linde, on the other hand, approached Berengar and stood on his left side. She was the second wife, and because of this, she was not afforded the luxury of being at his right, even if she was his most beloved woman. This was something that did not bother her in the slightest.

After several moments, a member of the Palace staff walked in while leading the Kalmar King and his host. Hans immediately gazed upon the busty, and tall blonde-haired beauty who stood behind the King. She had a pretty smile on her face as she walked into the room with a graceful stride.

This young woman was Ingrid, who was Hans' fiancée, and it was no exaggeration to say that her beauty was on par with most of Berengar's brides. When King Alvar entered the room, Berengar gazed upon him in shock. He had not thought the man could get any larger during his last visit to Copenhagen, and yet the man's beer belly was much rounder than it was before. Clearly, he had been feasting too much.

However, Alvar had a lot to celebrate. His most powerful ally had single-handedly crushed his rivals, leaving the Catholic Church and much of Europe in ruins. He was not even asked to raise his armies in support. Thus, he had gained quite a lot from his alliance with the German Empire. The man did not hesitate to kneel before Berengar, and order the rest of his people to do so.

"Kneel before the Kaiser!"

King Alvar spoke perfect German as he commanded his family and advisors to kneel before a foreign sovereign, showing just how important the German language had become on the international stage.

Berengar smiled when he saw this display of fealty before signalling the men to rise. Though he enjoyed the sight, the Kalmar Union was not a protectorate, but an ally, and Berengar felt awkward seeing an ally kneel before him as if he were their emperor. Thus, he ordered his guests to rise to their feet.

"Rise..."

King Alvar immediately did as he was ordered and wore a happy smile as he gazed upon Berengar's large family. He could not help but compliment the man for his efforts over the years.

"I see your family is healthy and plentiful. It is good to see that man of your caliber lives in such a loving environment."

Berengar rose from his seat and walked towards the King of the Kalmar Union, where he patted the man on the back and introduced him to his family.

"I indeed live a wonderful life when I am away from the flames of war. You have already met my third wife Honoria and my son with her Alexandros. However, she and I also have another child whose name is Helena."

Helena immediately presented herself upon hearing her father's words and greeted the Kalmar King with a proper curtsy.

"I am Helena. It is an honor to meet you, your highness." New novel chapters are published on [Free\(webno\)vel.com](http://Free(webno)vel.com).

After saying this, she fled back into the ranks of her family, where she stood by her brother's side. Having introduced Helena, Berengar introduced Adela to the man. After all, she was his first wife, and it was only proper he did so.

"This is my darling Adela, the first of my wives. By her side is our son Kristoffer, his twin sister Katherine, and our other two children, Franz and Lukas."

In reality, Lukas was Berengar's son with Henrietta, but that was a closely guarded secret. The official story was that Henrietta could not give birth due to the injury she had suffered from the assassin's bullet. Because of this, she had decided to dedicate her life to helping her brother run the Empire.

Why did Berengar not reveal that Henrietta was truly his half-aunt by blood, and that they were in an intimate relationship? That was because she was technically his grandfather's bastard. As her nephew, he did not have the right to legitimize her, even if he was the current head of the dynasty.

Henrietta held a unique position in the heart of the German people. She was beloved by all, and was seen by many as the guardian angel of the reich. To reveal the truth behind her lineage, and her relationship with Berengar, would cause more issues than it would solve. Thus, he introduced Henrietta's son as if he were Adela's.

King Alvar came forward and greeted Kristoffer with a smile. The man knew that the boy was going to marry his granddaughter one day and was quick to make a proper first impression.

"Kristoffer, huh? That's a strong name. We have a similar name to where we come from. In fact, my eldest son is named Kristofer as well. You are the boy who will one day marry my eldest granddaughter?"

Kristoffer stepped forward and introduced himself to King Alvar. He held his head high as he did so, as if he himself were King Alvar's equal.

"That is correct... Tell me, is my fiancée here on this day? I would very much like to meet her!"

Alvar smiled warmly and nodded his head before calling out to his own family.

"Astrid... Come here and meet your fiancée!"

What was about to transpire was the meeting that would determine whether Berengar's plans for the Kalmar Union would come to fruition.

Chapter 820 The Guests Arrive Part II

Silence filled the room as a young girl walked forward from the rear ranks of her family. Like Kristoffer, Astrid was a child roughly the age of five. The Princess of the Kalmar Union was practically a living doll with porcelain skin, a heart-shaped face, a button nose, and wide ice-blue irises. Her platinum blonde hair was long in the back, while still having two distinctive pigtails tied together with ribbons.

Despite her doll-like appearance, Astrid was anything but stoic, and was quite shy as she stumbled forward and attempted a curtsy. Her pale white cheeks were flushed red, while her eyes stared straight at the floor, too embarrassed to gaze upon the appearance of her fiancée. She stuttered as she struggled to introduce herself in the grace befitting a princess.

"I... It... it... is my honor to meet you... esteemed prince of Germany... I.. I am Astrid, your fiancée..."

The girl's light blue eyes darted back and forth, trying to see how her parents and her grandfather thought of her performance. In truth, it displeased Alvar. This granddaughter of his was always so shy, and timid, much like a common rabbit. In the eyes of the Kalmar King, her introduction was completely insulting to the Kaiser and his young son.

However, Kristoffer did not seem to mind, and instead smiled warmly as he hugged the girl, an action which shocked her deeply. However, unlike his elder brother Hans, or his father Berengar, this wasn't a shady attempt at womanizing, but an expression of genuine heartfelt joy which resounded in his voice as he welcomed the girl to his family's home.

"I'm Kristoffer. I'm so happy to finally meet you! Welcome to Kufstein! I hope you enjoy your stay, because one day we will be living here together as a family!"

Though Astrid initially resisted Kristoffer's embrace, she soon found herself enthralled in the moment, as the boy was treating her more kindly than her own family. Adela gazed upon the sight of her young son meeting his fiancée and smiled. Meanwhile, Berengar was observing the entire scene.

If Hans had inherited his father's intelligence, and his mother's cunning nature. Then Kristoffer had inherited his father's intellect and his mother's kind heart. This was something Berengar saw as both a weakness and a strength. The reich would not always be in a position of war, and because of this, a kind hearted ruler could be a good thing during an era of peace.

However, in the fires of war, kindness will only get you killed, and because Germany would sooner or later find itself at odds with the world, Berengar was currently leaning towards Hans as his successor. Though it was still too early to choose a victor for the family competition, after all Berengar had many German sons, and it was impossible to know how Josef, Franz, and Lukas would turn out.

Thus, Berengar chose to watch and wait, as Kristoffer continued to speak to his young fiancée as if they had been friends for a long time. The gentle nature of the German Prince was enough to coax the girl out of her shell, or at least after some time had passed. For now, she was still remaining silent where she could, and stuttering with each sentence she was forced to speak. This strange behavior caused Berengar to question King Alvar about the girl's mental state.

"Does your granddaughter always stutter like that? Or is this a symptom of her anxiety?"

Alvar was quick to dismiss Berengar's worries about a potential genetic issue, even if he did not know what genes were, and assured the Kaiser that his bloodline was strong.

"She has trouble speaking to strangers, but I assure you, among people she is comfortable with, she is as quick as anyone."

In response to this, Berengar could only nod his head in silence as he observed his son interact with the young princess of Denmark. The Kalmar Union was not a unified political entity, but rather a union of multiple Kingdoms each ruled by their own royal family, which was currently being presided over by the King of Denmark.

After several moments of thought, Berengar continued the introductions of his family members. Eventually Berengar stopped on Linde, who wore a pretty smile as she curtsied before the Kalmar King. Berengar wore a proud smirk as she introduced his favorite wife to his guest from the north.

"This is my second wife, Linde. Without her, I would be nothing..."

Berengar was slightly exaggerating, but not by much. Though much of Berengar's success was due to his heightened intelligence, and his knowledge of the future. In truth, Linde had been responsible in many ways for his rapid rise to power.

Her gifts in intrigue were unrivaled on the world stage, and he would not be alive today without her efforts. Linde had a graceful demeanor as she greeted the Kalmar King. Though her words were kind, her eyes were that of a hawk, which went entirely unnoticed by Alvar.

"King Alvar, it is a pleasure to finally meet you. I have heard so much about you!"

More than one member of the Reichsgarde flinched when they heard the last part of the Kaiserin's greeting. Few people outside of Imperial Intelligence knew that Linde was the spymaster who controlled the Reich with her web of intrigue. Those who did were aware just how terrifying the words "I have heard so much about you!" were when they came from this redheaded temptress's luscious lips.

King Alvar was ignorant of this reality and simply smiled and nodded his head. Allowing Berengar to move onto his son Hans, who he was about to introduce when Ingrid rushed out of her place and hugged the boy tightly while shoving his head into her substantial bust. This action caught everyone off guard, including Hans, who was immediately suspicious of the woman's intentions.

"You must be Prince Hans. I could spot you immediately! Your father is so handsome, and your mother's beauty is truly in a world of its own. It is no surprise that you yourself are a very handsome young boy! Oh, where are my manners? I am Ingrid your fiancée!"

After saying this, the young woman shot a glare towards Veronika, who gazed at her with shock. Ingrid had her own ways of finding out who Hans' fiancées were, and she had used that network to dig up all the dirt she could find on Veronika and the others. As a devout Nordic Reformist, Ingrid did not approve of Polygamy and was determined to steal Hans away from his other women at any cost.

Especially now that she finally laid eyes upon him. From the moment Ingrid first saw Hans, she knew he would be an incredibly handsome man when he finally grew up. The first step in her master plan was to get Hans to fall in love with her while he was still a boy. She figured she had many years to influence the German Prince as she saw fit before he even began to have an interest in girls.

Unfortunately for her, Hans's brain developed much quicker than most boys, and he was already keenly aware of the opposite sex. Thus, as she stuffed his head into her cleavage, he became increasingly flustered. He eventually pushed the young woman away before his mother could interfere and recovered his calm demeanor. The last thing he needed was for Linde to get angry over this harlot's scandalous actions. With a stone cold look on his face, Hans introduced himself to Ingrid.

"Princess Ingrid, I am Hans von Kufstein. It is a pleasure to finally meet you."

It surprised Ingrid to see how calm Hans was. She thought at the very least her overly affectionate actions would annoy him. In reality, the German Prince was incredibly flustered by what had just happened, but he was a masterful actor, and could easily mask his heightened emotions with a stoic facade.

This perceived lack of care caused the girl to pout, especially when she saw the younger Veronika sneer in disdain towards her. Veronika knew Hans well enough to know when he was acting, but the fact that Ingrid did not notice how the boy really felt was simple proof that the woman was out of her depth. Ingrid had expected Hans to be a mere child, when in reality, his mind surpassed her own by a large margin.

Hans took notice of this brief exchange of glances between his bitches, and immediately understood what Ingrid's intent was. She was staking her claim over him, as if this were a monogamous relationship and his other fiancées were mere side chicks.

However, would Hans ever be trapped in such a horrific fate? He had watched for years as his father's wives competed for his favor, and he had learned much about the art of manipulating women. If Ingrid thought she was going to come into his house and take him away for herself, she was out of her goddamn mind.

Hans did not even need to look over at his mother to know that the woman was glaring daggers at Ingrid. He could only sigh in defeat at the fact that his parents were so overprotective of him. Berengar

gazed upon the awkward scene of Ingrid trying to intimidate her rivals and chuckled. A brief thought appeared in his mind before he continued the introductions of his family.

My boy is growing up to be a true man of culture...