

## Steel 97

### *Chapter 97: Adela's Birthday II*

The next day arrived with Berengar having slept alone in the chambers he was provided; he desperately missed the warmth that Linde's body had provided him these last few months; as such, he had difficulty falling asleep. After all, he was accustomed to spooning with his lover during the night, so much so that something felt horribly wrong without it.

Berengar decided to make today one of his rest days and thus spent his morning lazing about in bed; it was not until eleven in the morning where he finally rose from his much-needed rest and got prepared to face the day. As a man who was accustomed to sleeping in until the break of dawn, he was pleased with the long sleep he had gotten, especially after considering how long it took him to fall asleep during the night prior.

After arising from his bed, Berengar opted to take a bath and was extremely disappointed by the primitive wooden tub with linen cover, which Adela's family had used; this was undesirable, to say the least. It reminded him of the painful days when he had first reincarnated into this alternate Earth. Needless to say, he made his bath as short as possible as there was simply no way he was going to enjoy himself in such a pitiful excuse for a tub.

Berengar spent the remainder of his free time getting caught up with Adela, who was deeply concerned about his ongoing conflict with the church; she herself had personally studied Ludolf's Manifesto and the teachings of Berengar's Reformation. Though she agreed with most points, she still felt that the Church was not nearly as corrupt as outlined in the paper. Especially now that Berengar was excommunicated and condemned as a heretic, she felt it necessary to discuss religion with him now more than ever.

"Berengar, I worry for your soul; the Pope has condemned you as a Heretic! Do you not worry about the afterlife?"

Berengar merely smiled as he embraced Adela into a hug, he was glad that she was concerned for him, but the truth was he did not believe in such things; at most, he would be reincarnated again as he had already experienced. If not, he would become food for worms, as he had previously thought before his brief experience with death. As for the existence of heaven

and hell, he was certain such things did not exist. Nevertheless, he did not admit to it and instead tried to comfort the girl with a similar message he had delivered to the Pope in the past.

"The Pope may have the authority to excommunicate me, however when I finally perish from this world and am set before the gates of heaven. Ultimately it is God, not the Pope, who shall determine whether I am worthy or not of entry to the Kingdom of Heaven."

Though Adela wanted to complain, she knew his words were true, or at least according to the bible. On the other hand, Simeon and many Popes before him would surely try to convince her otherwise. Yet because she had read the bible in which Berengar had accurately translated into German, she was convinced what Berengar spoke was the truth.

After their intimate moment was over, Adela could overhear her mother looking for her. When she finally found the two of them, they had already separated, and Adela, in particular, was blushing. The Countess had a look of concern on her face but decided not to ask about the question in her mind and instead informed Adela and Berengar that it was dinner time.

"Quickly, the both of you, come to the dining room. It is time for dinner!"

Berengar entertained Adela and her family, as well as the other guests who had arrived. He currently sat at the dining table across from Adela, where all of the nobles who had gathered for this occasion were present. The food on the table was one of Berengar's recipes in which he had given Adela as a parting gift when she had departed from his family's lands. After eating such exquisite cuisine, he could not allow her to go back to her house's relatively bland medieval food.

As such, there were all kinds of food across the table, ones to which Berengar was well accustomed; however, to many of the nobles who were visiting, this was the first time they had dined on such delicacies and were greatly shocked at the quality of the food. With one particularly fat noble giving his compliments to Count Otto

"Count Otto, these dishes are delightful; you must share the recipe with me!"

Count Otto smiled as he drank from his chalice of wine; after finishing his sip, he responded to the noble who was one of his many vassals.

"I'm sorry, but I do not have the authority to do so; these recipes are a gift from Viscount Berengar and were created in his realm. If you truly wish to obtain them, I am sure he would be willing to sell them to you for a fair price."

Berengar even the scrupulous merchant could smell an opportunity he had not thought of before; why did he not think of selling his recipes across the German world? It was absolutely brilliant; he could spread traditional German culture from his old timeline and make a profit while doing it! Even though it would not be nearly as profitable as his steel, textile, and arms trades. He had already planned to expand into the jewelry trade by showing off Adela's presents in front of the nobility of Steiermark. Yet, the Count had given him another source of revenue that he had not thought of prior.

The fat noblemen quickly asked Berengar about the details of such a transaction.

"Viscount Berengar, name your price, and as long as you can fulfill it, I will buy any recipe you have!"

Berengar smiled, however before he could make his declaration, several other noblemen chipped in.

"Me too!"

"I also desire such fine recipes!"

eventually, the whole table had shifted the conversation to business, where Berengar sadly had to put a pin in their plans.

"We will discuss this later, now is not the time to discuss business."

Though the noblemen were impatient, they could not deny Berengar's words and, as such, forced themselves to calm down as they enjoyed the food that was present.

The remainder of the meal was fairly pleasant as Berengar chatted with the noblemen, and Adela chatted with the noblewomen who were all quite envious of her fiancée. On more than one occasion, one of the daughters of the noblemen who were invited approached Berengar in an attempt to win his favor but was quickly shut down by him. Berengar already had two women who fulfilled their roles perfectly, and he did not have the emotional capacity to deal with a third. As such, he made polite conversation with these girls but never once hinted that he was interested.

Adela, of course, watched him closely, like a vulture, but she found that Berengar did never attempt to flirt with any of the girls who approached him, even some of the more beautiful ones. This greatly pleased her as she began to believe that maybe Berengar was not a complete and total womanizer, though she was still certain he and Linde were an item. As such, for the moment, her fears were dissuaded, and she enjoyed the evening of her Birthday Celebration.