

Steel 101

Chapter 101: Victory in the East

Lambert currently wielded his longsword with a great display of skill. He was currently locked in combat against a Muscovite heavy cavalryman on the ramparts of a large stone fortress. Lambert had long since earned his way into the Teutonic Order, and due to the favoritism the Grand Master showed him, he rapidly rose in the ranks. At the moment, he was leading an army of men to breach the walls of the Rus stronghold, which was laid on their path to Moscow. These last six months, the Teutonic Order had thrown everything at the Muscovites and was not far from seizing Moscow.

Just when Lambert thought he had gotten the better of his opponent, the man slashed his heavy cavalry saber across Lambert's great bascinet; unfortunately for the Muscovite, Lambert was covered from head to toe in steel plate and was completely unphased by the attack. Instead, he managed to catch the Muscovite off guard, and by switching his grip to the blade, Lambert could land a murder stroke on his opponent's helmet effectively. After the pommel of his sword connected with the Muscovite's iron helmet, the man collapsed to the ground, where Lambert could get atop him and drive his blade through the Muscovite's iron mail veil; piercing the man's throat sending him to the afterlife.

After killing the man, Lambert looked around to see his men had cleared out the enemy position; at this point, the only area left with enemy soldiers would be the keep. Once they had forced their way into the area and cleared out any survivors, the fortress would fall into the hands of the Teutonic State. As such, Lambert rushed to the front of the fray and ordered his troops forward.

"Take the keep!"

Leading the way with a sword in hand, Lambert charged towards the keep's gates, which were barred from the inside. It did not take long for the battering ram to arrive, where Lambert and his forces busted down the door revealing a group of heavily armored elites, clad from head to toe in the distinctive Rus mail and plate armor. Once the Keep's door was busted down, a frenzied melee broke out as Teutonic knights and Muscovite elites battled it out to determine who would be the victor. Despite resisting until the very last man,

the Muscovites soon found themselves butchered like common hogs, leaving the besieged fortress in the hands of the Teutonic Order.

Days passed while Lambert and his men cleaned the fortress of the signs of battle and reinforced its defenses. Lambert and his army of 2,500 men were left to defend the region. However, before long, the defenders of the recently captured fortress noticed the sight of allied banners flying in the wind. The distinctive white field emblazoned with a black cross could be seen in extraordinary numbers carried by the many iron-clad men beneath them. The Grand Master and his army had arrived at last.

After seeing that the battle was already over, the Grand Master felt impressed by Lambert's abilities; he was truly an excellent commander, and the older man patted himself on the back for recognizing such talent. The Grand Master quickly rode through the gates of the fortress, where he got off his horse and greeted Lambert.

"Brother Lambert, I see you successfully captured this fortress despite being greatly outnumbered!"

Lambert smiled at the praise from the old man who had aided him greatly during his time with the Teutonic Order. However, he quickly noticed the letter which was in the man's hands and inquired about it.

"What is that?"

The Grand Master handed Lambert the letter and briefly summarized its contents as the boy read it.

"The King of Germany is dead, and with his death opens an opportunity to get rid of the Berengar Heresy. While the lords of the German realm fight among themselves for the throne, which is nothing more than an honorary title, the Pope has ordered me to send a force to mop up your brother's mess. Considering we will soon be ending this war, I have decided to dispatch 10,000 men with you at the command to put down your heretic of a brother."

After hearing those words, Lambert's eyes glistened with excitement, and a wicked smile formed across his face, it had been nearly 8 months since he had been exiled, and he spent the majority of that time honing his skills in

combat. He had never forgiven his family for what they had done, especially Berengar and Linde. He would never forget the humiliation he suffered at their hands; as such, he was more than eager to accept the mission. Thus he knelt before the Grand Master and spoke in a chivalric facade.

"It would be an honor!"

Though the Grand Master knew this issue was deeply personal to the boy, he did not care. At the least, Lambert acted piously, and in the end, that was all that really mattered. As such, he motioned for Lambert to rise as the Grand Master led him to the troops in which Lambert would be commanding. Not only were the 2500 men already under his command among their ranks, but he was given a large number of veterans to take with him. It would take several months for an army to march from the borders of Moscow to Kufstein; during this time, Lambert would greatly look forward to enacting his vengeance upon his brother like he had planned for so long.

After all, if the Pope supported him in his endeavors to end his brother's reign, then clearly God must be on his side, or so he thought. Unfortunately for him, Berengar had been rapidly expanding his armies over the past 6 months. Though he might be outnumbered when the Teutonic Order finally arrived with their first invasion, he most certainly would not be outgunned. Thus an army marched back to the fatherland with the intent to kill a heretic and butcher the people of his lands; from there, they would spread across the warring states of Germany and lay waste to as many heretics as they possibly could, such as the divine will of Christ!

Chapter 102: Plans for the Future

After addressing the Reichstag, Berengar returned to his Castle, which he lived in for the time being while his palace was being constructed. He thought deeply about the composition of his transitional government. Truth be told, the current House of Commons and the House of Lords were not exactly large in number, nor were they voted into power. Instead, Bernegar placed those who had proven themselves competent and understanding of his reforms into the position for the time being to act as a form of governance during this transitional period. At the same time, he would spend the next few years educating the population enough to allow for a proper vote.

The House of Commons was filled with the commoners who already had a basic understanding of reading, writing, and trades. During the later part of the medieval period in which Berengar currently fond himself, towns and cities had commoners who were not mere serfs and who instead worked in trades within the local community, and it was these partially educated people, much like Ludwig, who were appointed to work in his rudimentary "Parliament."

In reality, the House of Commons comprised a dozen or two people whose current responsibility was to take some of the work off of Berengar's shoulders and act as a public face of political representation. As for the House of Lords, the men within it were far more educated and responsible for the overwhelming majority of work, at least for the time being. They were mostly comprised of the younger generation of nobility who proved to be more amicable towards Berengar's revolutionary ideas.

Technically these actions were legal under Berengar's so-called Constitution, as he gave the head of state the power to directly appoint people into positions of power, including the parliament, as well as remove them, or even directly dissolve parliament as a whole where he could then appoint whoever he wished for the position, or call for a re-election.

After returning to the Castle, he quickly found himself hugging Linde and the newborn boy who was within her arms. Linde had recently given birth to a son named Hans, who Berengar had officially recognized as his. However, he had not fully legitimized the child as doing so would provoke Otto into dissolving the engagement he had to Adela, which he could not afford to do. Of course, this was a massive scandal in its own right, and Otto nearly broke the engagement anyway; it was only thanks to Adela and her insistence upon marrying Berengar that it remained in place.

After embracing his lover, and his child, Berengar kissed Linde on the lips and asked her the question on his mind.

"How is my baby doing?"

Linde gave him a sly look as she cooed the sleeping child before addressing Berengar's question.

"Do you mean the child or me?"

Berengar smirked as he responded to his lover

"I mean both!"

Linde smiled gently as she held onto her infant son before handing him over to his father.

"We're good, Hans is an extraordinarily healthy young boy, or so Ewald says!"

Berengar smiled at the news; the last thing he wanted was his firstborn child to suffer from the same degree of frailty and illness that he had endured in his youth. Meanwhile, he thought to himself in the back of his head.

'Mother, Father, you finally have a grandchild. It is just a shame you will not be able to meet him!'

Obviously, he was referring to his parents from his previous life, whom he had left behind with absolutely no grandchildren to speak of. To this day, he deeply regretted how his fate had turned out in his past life, yet there was nothing he could do about that. If he had not died in Afghanistan and transmigrated to this Alternate World, he never would have met Linde or Adela, nor would he be able to achieve the great things he had already accomplished in this world. To Berengar, this was only the start of his legacy.

After holding onto his son for a little bit, he returned the boy to his mother, who had a worried expression on her face, it had nothing to do with the child, and Berengar immediately noticed that. After placing the baby in his crib, Linde began to address the recent news she had received.

"The King is dead..."

Berengar was not surprised by this news and was actually quite happy about it; this meant that his plans for conquest could begin soon enough. Of course, the first objective on his list was to seize Innsbruck and declare himself Count of Tyrol; as such, his first question was regarding Linde's family.

"When will your father attack Vienna?"

Linde did not have the slightest bit of guilt as she revealed her father's plans to her lover as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"He will march upon Vienna in a week; it should take him at least a fortnight for his army to reach the Capital. By now, the Duke has already begun moving his forces to Bavaria where he will fight with the Wittelsbachs for the title of King."

Berengar nodded with a stern expression on his face before responding to the information.

"Then I will march upon Innsbruck in a month; it should be more than enough time for the Count to have begun his siege."

Linde wrapped her arms around Berengar and kissed him passionately as she conspired with her master against her father and her family.

"Should I address you as Count Berengar?"

Berengar laughed at the young temptress's response before flicking her on the nose; she could not wait to have another child. Unfortunately for her, Berengar was adamant about waiting at least six weeks after having her child before they could engage in their usual nightly fun. Seeing as Linde had not yet had her proper period of rest, Berengar easily broke away from her grasp. To avoid complications after the delivery, it was best to wait a while before engaging in such activity. Since Berengar wanted both of his women to live as long as possible, he chose to abstain for the time being. Thus he teased Linde slightly as he responded to her temptation.

"Not yet, I refuse to use such a title until I have gained it by right of conquest!"

Of course, by refusing her, Linde began to pout; though Berengar had explained his reasoning for doing so, she still felt lonely without making love to the man she desired. Nevertheless, it was only for a short time longer, and thus the couple got ready for bed. Tomorrow was a day where Berengar would spend mostly with his troops, getting them ready for combat. His forces had grown substantially over the last six months, and he was confident in claiming the County of Tyrol for himself and putting down any rebellions that would naturally occur from the Lords who swore fealty to Count Lothar.

When the time came for Count Lothar to call the banners to war, Berengar would provide him with a force of Mercenaries and a gift of gold to apologize for his absence. Though it would surely infuriate the man, it would undoubtedly be accepted. Thus leaving Berengar and his superior armies with the ability to march on Innsbruck. Though he was unaware that an Army of Teutonic Knights was marching towards his lands, that would not stop his plans from coming to fruition. Even if he were aware of their advance, he would still behave in the same way; after all, with the might of his guns, he could bring Tyrol under his control before they even arrived. It was the dawn of a new era, a German era, one where Berengar would crown himself emperor!

Chapter 103: God With Us!

The light of dawn shone through the Castle windows as Berengar was quickly awakened; his child had slept soundly through the night, which was a rare occurrence at this point. Because of this, the man was finally able to get a good night's rest. Seeing as how he would be with the troops today, Berengar did not bother with his morning exercise and instead began to get dressed in his military attire. By now, his armor was comprised of blackened steel three quarter's plate that was gilded in the same gold pattern as his previous set; it came with matching gauntlets.

The armor set even had an armored codpiece to protect his groin and a pair of matching rondels. Of course, the codpiece was hidden beneath his waffenrock; as such, he did not feel embarrassed for having such a piece of equipment. Berengar also wore a golden sash across his breastplate. The black and gold armor went over his matching Landsknecht attire; he still wore the feathered cap over the blackened steel skull cap. He wore a heavy cavalry sword based upon the British pattern 1788 cavalry sword, tied to his waist by a black leather sword belt with brass fittings.

The sword itself had a gold-plated guard and a black leather grip that was wrapped in gold wire. The blade itself was made of Damascus steel imported from the east, it was initially designed to be his wedding gift, but seeing as that was a few years away still, Ludwig had gifted it to him for his birthday, which was in the middle of October.

After dressing in his attire, he snuck out of his quarters, leaving his sleeping lover and child to continue their rest. He quickly found himself in the kitchen

where he was prepared a set of field rations, after which he went to the Castle's stables and mounted his trusty steed Erwin, where he placed a set of two pistols within the holsters on its saddle.

After riding out to the field, Berengar met with Eckhard, who was already commanding the infantry in their daily drills. The infantry was fully equipped with the black steel armor and black and gold Landsknecht attire issued to all of his troops. Nearly a quarter of his troops were equipped with the new 1417/18 Rifled Musket, which had been rebored and rifled to accept the .58 caliber Minie ball projectile. Because of this, part of his infantry now had the ability to engage targets beyond 300 yards. They were formed into their own rifle companies and fought alongside the standard smoothbore musketeers.

The combined tactics of rifleman and musketeers would prove to be an effective means of combat, at least until he could manage to have all of his muskets rebored into the new design. Over the past six months, the army had grown into quite the professional force, with its own officer class made up of a mixture of knights, nobles, and commoners. Seeing as it was entirely based upon merit, anyone could become an officer with the right education and training. Since he did not have time to set up a full-fledged military academy, Berengar had been making do with selecting rare talents and training them with his vision of early modern warfare.

Eckhard noticed the Viscount approaching and quickly saluted him. The army which had been mustered quickly did the same. It was only after he returned his salute and gave his orders did the men relax.

"At ease."

Seeing all his soldiers standing before him, Berengar made sure to communicate his orders effectively.

"The King is dead; war will be upon us shortly; I trust you have all been properly trained in the past few months; as such, we will be setting off in a month. At the moment, our target is confidential. However, when the time to march comes, you will all be properly informed of our destination. Thus, I want all of you prepared for the eventual day of our conquest! I won't lie, we will be gone for some time, and many of us may not return. However, for the

prosperity of the realm and your families' continued fortune, we must fight! God with us!"

The last part had been a war cry Berengar had stolen from the Germans of his previous life. He had made sure every soldier was aware of this battle cry over the past few months, and the moment he yelled those words into the air, the army of several thousand men echoed by responding with the same chant.

"God with us!"

As such, Berengar spent the rest of his day overseeing combat drills while standing alongside Eckhard, who watched the perfect display of tactics being conducted. Eckhard had a look of concern on his face as he knew of Berengar's plans, he and the officers were already aware of what was to come, and they had known for quite some time what Berengar's aspirations were. Eventually, the man voiced his concerns.

"We have 5,250 men, it is not a bad number, but if we are to conquer the County of Tyrol, we will surely be facing stiff resistance. After seizing Innsbruck, the lords of the Realm will rebel against us. However, many of them and their professional armies will be off with Lothar siege to Vienna; their children will surely raise levies to defy our authority. Our numbers will be stretched thin fighting against every barony and viscounty within the County. By the time Lothar arrives with his armies, we will be fighting several small-scale wars across Tyrol, which will put us in a poor position."

Berengar chuckled at Eckhard's concerns before brushing them aside and comforting his most talented General by clasping his shoulder.

"My old friend, what you say is true; that is certainly one possibility in which war can result. However, I am not concerned in the slightest; after all, I have an ace in the hole."

Eckhard quickly realized Berengar was referring to Linde, and he looked at him with an anxious expression.

"You are going to use her to conspire against her father while he is besieging Vienna?"

Berengar nodded with a satisfied expression on his face, as always with the slightest direction; Eckhard caught onto his schemes. However, the old knight's next words were unexpected.

"That is cruel, even for you."

However, what Berengar said next greatly shocked Eckhard

"It was her idea."

letting out a great sigh, Eckhard admitted defeat before his Lord and General

"You two are truly made for each other..."

Though the old Knight had great respect for Berengar, he vastly preferred when Berengar used the might of his armies to display his dominance on the field of battle, rather than when he schemed behind the scenes to lead his opponents into a trap.

Nevertheless, Berengar could easily manipulate Lothar and his Vassals into falling to his ploys with Linde's aid. As such, he looked forward to the upcoming war and the day he could proclaim himself Count. Berengar gazed at the scene of his army's drills and grinned at the sight he had a good feeling about the future; if God truly existed, surely he was on Berengar's side. If not, why else would he be dragged into this world and put into a position of power?

Chapter 104: Call to Arms!

Much like Linde had predicted, within a week, Berengar received a letter from Count Lothar informing him to rally his forces and begin the march to war. In the northern parts of Germany, battles were already being waged between the House von Luxembourg with the backing of their allies against the House von Wittelsbach. Duke Wilmar of Austria had already begun his march into Bavaria with the majority of his forces thus launching an attack on the Wittelsbach's while their main army was away. However, he foolishly trusted Lothar with the defense of the border in which Tyrol shared with southern Bavaria.

After receiving the summons, Berengar had sent the mercenaries he had already prepared for the occasion to rally at Innsbruck, with a chest of silver

and a letter informing Lothar of Berengar's "temporary" absence. Currently, Lothar was standing in the Great Hall of Innsbruck surrounded by the various nobleman who had answered his call to arms where he was reading Berengar's letter aloud for all to hear.

"Dear Count Lothar von Habsburg-Innsbruck,

It is with a heavy heart I must inform you that I am unable to reach the rally point at Innsbruck at this time. Due to several complications, mostly due to weather, I cannot round up my forces in time to meet up with you and your other Bannerman. As such, I have sent this small force of mercenaries and a trove of silver to act as compensation for my absence. I will rendezvous with you at the location of the target when conditions permit it.

Sincerely,

Viscount Berengar von Kufstein"

The various noblemen who had gathered could not prevent themselves from scoffing at the contents of this letter. Clearly, the young Viscount was a coward, hiding behind his walls while the rest gathered for the future conflict. Many of these men had done business with Berengar and felt a great sense of disdain for the man who helped supply them with the equipment they needed to field their armies. A middle-aged Viscount was first to voice his objection to the matter.

"Does the boy seriously intend to sit back and wait for the battle to be over before arriving? Apparently, my estimation of the "Mighty Berengar" was greatly exaggerated!"

The excuse of weather conditions was laughable after all these men lived in Tyrol and suffered the same conditions, yet they had all managed to answer the call to arms. Though some of the Noblemen were happy with Berengar's absence, he was known to be an excellent commander, and they did not want to compete with him when it came to rising in the ranks when Lothar came to power.

Lothar merely stood in silence for a few moments thinking over the reasoning for Berengar's actions, yet not once did he suspect that the young Viscount

was about to stab him in the back and lay siege to his home while he was off at war. Thus he made an equally foolish decision as Duke Wilmar and permitted Berengar's behavior, as the old Count decided he would permit Berengar to stay in Kufstein until his forces were ready for battle.

Part of his reasoning for this was that Lothar had vastly underestimated the power of Berengar's armies. He was unaware of the vast military buildup which Berengar had made over the previous months, nor how well every one of his soldiers was equipped. Firearms were still a rare and primitive design at this point in history and considering Berengar had done an excellent job of hiding the effectiveness of his muskets and cannons, Lothar merely believed he had a few peasant levies equipped with the not so impressive hand cannons.

On top of this, Lothar had purchased all of the high-quality equipment from Berengar's professional forces shortly after the war with Kitzbühel, and due to how busy Berengar had been selling arms and armor to other forces, he did not believe the young Viscount had time to equip his own army properly. Lothar had little need for a bunch of under-equipped levies, this was a more sophisticated era of warfare where smaller armies of professional men at arms fought against one another, the days of massive hordes of peasant levies equipped with hunting spears, and a lack of armor was long passed. Thus he made a bold declaration in front of all the gathered noblemen

"Forget Berengar; if he wants to hide behind his castle walls like a coward, then I will allow it; we march to Vienna at first light!"

The gathered noblemen all nodded with a satisfied expression; without Berengar and his armies, they felt a lot more secure about gaining Lothar's favor. Though they were entirely unaware of the already strained relationship between the young Viscount and Count Lothar, thus they were unable to predict the vicious thoughts that Lothar was secretly thinking in the back of his wicked mind

'When I am done with Vienna, I will come to root you out of your castle and have you beheaded for this act of treason!'

Clearly, the target of his vengeance was Berengar; Lothar had never forgiven the boy for spoiling his schemes with Lambert, nor had he forgotten the fact

that he turned his daughter into an unwed teenage mother. Who would possibly marry his daughter now? He had tried to convince Berengar to take responsibility and marry Linde, but the boy was stubborn about marrying the von Graz girl, and this by itself had made Count Lothar thirst for his blood.

As such, Lothar spent the remainder of his waking hours going over his plans for dealing with Berengar; after all, by the time the Teutonic Order arrived in Kufstein, Lothar was certain he would be a Duke. By then he could truly gather a great force to crush this little ant who kept invoking his ire. Lothar had no way of knowing that Adelheid had been sniffing through his office while he slept that night, looking for any semblance of a plot against Berengar; on behalf of her sister, she willingly worked with the young Viscount to overthrow her malevolent father.

During that night, Adelheid found letters from the Papacy informing Lothar that the Teutonic Order had already sent an army of 10,000 soldiers on the warpath to Kufstein and that they would be arriving in a matter of months. The girl rapidly copied the contents of the correspondence and sent it to Linde in the cover of night. Her father and his allies were completely unaware that his home in Innsbruck was already compromised by Berengar's vast spy network. These spies would have a role to play in the upcoming Siege of Innsbruck, which would forever go down in history as a major event of Berengar's rise to dominance.

Chapter 105: A Broken Betrothal

Adela von Graz was currently standing in the center of the Great Hall of her family's house with tears in her eyes as she argued with her elder brother Gerhart von Graz. Gerhart was a young man on the verge of his twenties and, as such, was a couple of years younger than Berengar. Being cousins, the young men shared some striking similarities in appearance; they both had a refined and regal appearance being the personification of the ideal prince charming in the eyes of many young girls. They were both tall and lean while still being muscular, and they both had glamorous golden blonde hair. However, Gerhart's hair was much longer than Berengar's and was not slicked back; Gerhart, however, had his father's emerald eyes.

If one were to state what Gerhart's relationship with Adela was, it was that of an extremely over-protective big brother, to the point where many would label him a sis-con. He had never been fond of Adela's engagement to Berengar

and had voiced his concerns to his father many times. The grudge between the two cousins goes back well over a decade when they were small children and had only grown over time. Until a year ago, Berengar was considered a sickly, indolent, pompous twit incapable of accomplishing anything significant in life. However, when this changed practically overnight, and Berengar started becoming exemplary, Gerhart greatly approved of his transformation.

Of course, his approval always coincided with his contempt; after all, he did not want to hand his little sister over to any man, let alone Berengar. As such, it was not long before he began to detest Berengar once more. Berengar had made many bold actions that did not sit well with a devout catholic like Gerhart. Berengar's open defiance of the church, his spread of heresy, and his execution of the Inquisitors was a far bigger deal to Gerhart than any other members of his family.

Berengar's legal reforms which spat in the face of the old nobility, also managed to invoke the ire of the young Regent. Still, all of those paled in comparison to Berengar's most recent revelation, which had crossed Gerhart's bottom line and made him have a great sense of disdain for his cousin. Berengar's public declaration that Linde's bastard child was his own son etched a deep sense of hatred into Gerhart's bones. Yet despite all of this, Adela had continued to support Berengar; Gerhart could not imagine what sorcery Berengar had played to control his precious little sister's mind to the point where she had defended his scandalous actions and continued to support the idea of marrying the scoundrel.

Ultimately, there was nothing he could do about the matter because it was an agreement his father continued to support until now. Gerhart and Adela's father had recently been called to arms and were marching toward Bavaria with his armies. Leaving Gerhart in charge of his family's lands. As Regent, the first action he decided upon was to rescind the engagement between Berengar and Adela. Something which greatly upset the young teenage girl. Currently, she was pleading with her elder brother to honor the arrangement with tears in her eyes.

"You can not do this! Just because you are regent does not mean you can go against father's wishes and end my engagement with Berengar!"

Enraged by Adela's insistence on supporting that womanizing rogue who was their cousin, Gerhart screamed from atop the seat of power in Steiermark as he tried to get his little sister to see reason.

"He has openly cheated on you with his little brother's fiancée, they have a child together, and yet he still intends to marry you and not the mother of his son! Why can you not see that he is a terrible person! He is completely and utterly unfit to take your hand in marriage!"

Adela had never been so angry before in her life, her eldest brother's insistence on ending her betrothal was an obsession at this point, and she could not understand why he was so consumed with the idea. She curled her little hands into fists as she shouted at the top of her lungs.

"You are not my father, and you are most certainly not the Count of Steiermark! You have no authority to do such a thing!"

Gerhart was on the edge of his seat with rage; he could not tell what spell Berengar had cast upon his little sister to make her so rebellious against her own flesh and blood. Then again, Berengar was also her own flesh and blood, but that was far more distant. The important matter at hand was that he had already made his decision, and as Regent, he felt as if it was in his authority to terminate the agreement.

"It is already done; I have sent a letter to that bastard informing him that he is not getting his hands on my precious little sister! Now I do not want you speaking to that villain ever again. Do you understand me?"

Adela was so angry at Gerhart that she had blurted out her inner thoughts, which greatly wounded the man's pride as a borderline sis-con.

"Fuck you! I wish I did not have a shitty brother like you!"

With that, Adela stormed off to her room, where she laid face down upon her bed and cried her tears into her pillow. She could not believe her relationship with Berengar had come to an end just like that. She sincerely hoped that Berengar would not resort to rash actions, like invading her family's lands to take her hand in marriage forcefully. The more she thought about such a possibility, the more she prayed that Berengar would beat some sense into

her crazy older brother. As for how Berengar would react to the news that his cousin Gerhart had broken his betrothal to Adela? Only time would tell. After all, he was the type of man who was not afraid to flex his muscle to get what he wanted. Ultimately count Otto's response to Gerhart's actions would determine how Berengar reacted to the situation.

Chapter 106: An act of Provocation

A few days had passed, and the message from Gerhart had arrived in Berengar's court as he was making preparations for his invasion of Innsbruck. Berengar instantly read the letter, and a smug grin spread across his face. When Linde saw the look on his face, she knew nothing good could come from it. However, she would not be doing her job as his spymaster if she did not inquire about the details; as such, she quickly asked about what had made Berengar express such contempt.

"What happened?"

Berengar patted Linde on the head as he walked over to where he left his chalice and took a large gulp of the beer contained within.

"Nothing much, that idiotic sis-con Gerhart has just proclaimed that as Regent he is nullifying the arrangement in which our father's had made betrothing Adela to me."

With this news, Linde was shocked; she did not know of the heated grudge Gerhart held against Berengar, nor did she know that the boy had an unhealthy obsession with his sisters, and as such, could not have predicted that he would behave in this manner. Knowing Berengar's fiery temperament and his willingness to do anything necessary to protect that which he has laid claim to, Linde was afraid to ask what his plans were but in the end, felt it was necessary.

"So, what do you plan to do about it?"

Berengar chuckled as he calmly drank another sip of the beer from the chalice on the table before exclaiming his thoughts aloud.

"That is simple, I will reject his authority on the matter and regard Count Otto's words as absolute; Gerhart may be a regent, but he does not have the

authority to defy the Count's wishes. He is trying to act like me and failing miserably. During my Regency, my father was not in any condition to make a public appearance. Meanwhile, his father is at war, so unless the man dies, he can easily undo anything Gerhart has done during his tenure as Regent."

As such, Berengar quickly drafted a letter that would serve as an act of provocation towards Gerhart; the contents of the letter were as follows.

"Dear Gerhart von Graz,

My dearest cousin, as a man who has once held a similar position to that in which you currently occupy. Allow me to educate you on the folly of your actions and why they are completely invalid. First and foremost, your power as regent comes from the fact that your father, Count Otto von Graz, is the reigning authority within the County of Steiermark. Under his authority, he has granted you the power to protect his interests and manage his affairs while he is fighting our enemies.

Your justification for breaking my betrothal to your lovely sister comes from the fact that I have taken a lover, which has resulted in a child. Despite this, your father has stated as early as two weeks ago that he would not end the alliance between our two families, which is currently held together by the aforementioned betrothal.

As such, by declaring the nullification of the engagement between Adela and myself, you are openly declaring your intentions to violate the interests of the rightful Count of Steiermark and thus act as a usurper. As a sworn ally to your father, who is also my loving uncle, I will be forced by the alliance we hold to liberate the County of Steiermark from your usurpation. As such, I implore you to think twice about your actions before I am forced to march upon your family's lands and depose you!"

Sincerely,

Viscount Berengar von Kufstein"

Linde read the letter in which Berengar had carefully crafted with great astonishment; noticing the look on her face, Berengar inquired why she looked so surprised.

"What?"

Linde approached Berengar and sat down in his lap while looking him in the eyes with a solemn expression before asking the question on his mind.

"You would not really go to war with your cousin over this matter, would you?"

Berengar, on the other hand, merely smiled and rubbed Linde's cheek with his hand before replying in a grave tone.

"I would gladly go to war with God himself if he sought to steal either of my women from me!"

Linde blushed when she heard Berengar's boastful claims, but seeing the look in his eyes, she knew he was being serious, which made her heart race faster. However, what concerned her most was the interference this would have with his plans to seize the County of Tyrol.

"If you go to war with Steiermark, what happens to our plans?"

Seeing the confusion on his lover's face, Berengar decided to clarify his position on the matter.

"When Gerhart sees my threats, he will act in one of two ways, either he will back down, like the coward he is, or he will call me on my bluff, and I will be forced to march on Steiermark. Knowing my cousin and his weak spine, the threat of an Army at his doorstep while his father is away at war will be more than enough to make him rescind his intentions. If he doesn't... well, it is not like I said when I would invade his lands, Tyrol comes first!"

In some way, this was a small victory for Linde. Within her mind, Berengar had essentially said that his plans to invade Tyrol and seize her Family's lands for himself; and by extension, she and her child were more important than the betrothal he had to Adela. This is not at all what Berengar meant, but he did not know the intricacies of a woman's mind for what man could navigate that stormy sea?

As such, Berengar immediately sent his letter to Gerhart; at the same time, he also sent a letter to Count Otto, who was bound to be in some field in Bavaria,

hoping that he could put an end to his son's impudence before Berengar was forced to act. The letter contained all the necessary information about the ongoing dispute to get his uncle on his side. Either way, regardless of how Otto responded, Berengar would not take action until after he had successfully claimed Tyrol for himself and put down Linde's father and his loyal vassals.

Chapter 107: Victory in Bavaria

Count Otto was clad in a set of Churburg style plate armor, covered from head to toe in a combination of plate, mail, and gambeson, with a tabard displaying his house's mighty coat of arms. In his hands was a halberd which he used to great effect as he hacked down at the Bavarian defender, a man at arms clad in a brigandine chest plate over a mail hauberk; he wore a visorless bascinet as he desperately defended the attacks of the middle-aged lord.

Otto and his army were currently engaged in a field battle not far from the city of Landshut. Though his troops were outnumbered, he had used superior tactics to surround the Bavarian army in a classic double envelopment much like the one used by the Carthaginian army at Cannae. As such, the field had turned into a slaughter as the Bavarians were pushed together and butchered by the Austrian army. Berengar's family were renowned as warriors for a reason; this notion extended to his cousins and their families as well.

Despite Sieghard failing to recognize his son's disputes; he was well regarded as a great warrior and battlefield commander, though he had been looking forward to the day he could ride beside his allies in warfare once more, the guilt he felt for his son's actions, and subsequent exilement made him no longer fit for combat, as such Berengar's father was not present in this battle beside his brother-in-law. Count Otto greatly felt great despair for this occurrence; if Sieghard were here, the battle probably would have had fewer losses. Of course, Sieghard was a vassal of Count Lothar and probably would have been stuck defending the Austrian Alps from the Bavarian forces located across the border.

Nevertheless, Count Otto could not help but lament the absence of his brother-in-law as he struck down the man at arms in front of him with his mighty halberd. After finishing the man, he moved onto another nearby with his soldiers flanking him; the group of heavily armored knights descended upon the Bavarians like the reaper, deflecting their shots with their polearms and heavy steel plate armor. Luckily for Otto, he had equipped all of his

soldiers, bannermen, and knights with excellent armor from Berengar's industrial district; because of that, their casualties were substantially lower than the enemy, even before they caught them in a trap.

The banner of the golden swan flew in the air as the Austrian forces soon overwhelmed what little resistance the enemy could amount. Pressed from all sides, the numbers of the Bavarians quickly dwindled from thousands to hundreds. The enemy commander soon found himself surrounded by an army of steel-clad warriors cutting down his troops like ribbons. He could not fathom how the Austrians had managed to make such a large supply of brigandine and plate armor; the expense was surely outrageous! Nevertheless, Otto and his man quickly cut down the men before them, pressing onward to the Enemy commander, who was lamenting his decision to sally forth from the walls and protect the nearby agricultural town from the Austrian raids.

By now, the Bavarians had lost most of their army, and what few remained kept being smashed against the mighty steel wall of heavily armored men at arms who continued to press them further and further. Spears, Halberds, Polehammers, swords, maces, war hammers all descended upon the relatively poorly equipped Bavarian forces, severing limbs and crushing skulls as the deadly blows landed upon their foes. Resulting in a sea of blood staining the snow beneath their feet.

After a long-drawn-out battle, the last Bavarian standing eventually fell to the onslaught, ending in an overwhelming victory for the Austrians, who had suffered minimal losses due to their well-equipped forces. As his men were cheering in the thousands for the great victory they achieved, Otto raised the visor of his great bascinet and gazed at the scene of iron-clad corpses bleeding onto the snow that covered the ground. The middle-aged count sighed heavily as he mumbled the words.

"So this is the tyranny of steel? How can the enemy possibly compete with the sheer defense my army possesses?"

Count Otto was stunned by the performance of his army in this battle; if he was angry at Berengar before for cheating on his daughter and having a bastard son in which he dared to recognize, he could feel the fury no longer. The alliance he had made with House von Kufstein had truly paid off in this battle as he suffered far fewer casualties than he normally would have if he

had not invested so heavily in Berengar's steel and arms trade. The amount of steel in which Berengar was able to produce must be a miracle from God, for the middle-aged Count could not explain it otherwise.

While his troops cleaned up the battlefield, Otto returned to his camp, where he planned to celebrate his massive victory; however, before he could do so, he was approached by a small party of cuirassiers who flew the banner of House von Kufstein. When Otto gazed upon the intricate pattern of the armor designs Berengar's forces wore, he could not help but feel that his own magnificent set of plate armor was inadequate. Nevertheless, the horses still rode forward and appeared to have greeted the sentries of his war camp. Who quickly pointed in Count Otto's direction. Evidently, these strangely armored men were here for him; what news could Berengar possibly bring him that was of such importance that he would send men into the frontlines of war?

When the lead cuirassier rode up next to Count Otto, the man Saluted the Count before speaking.

"Are you Count Otto von Graz?"

Count Otto noticed the intricate brass pattern on the officer's armor and gazed at it with envy. The pattern contrasted perfectly with the blackened steel plate and the garish black, gold, and white clothing that was slightly visible beneath the three-quarter's plate armor. After gazing in awe of the magnificent armor design Count, Otto eventually reclaimed his senses and nodded. When he did so, the cuirassier handed him a letter with the seal of House von Kufstein upon it; while doing so, the leading officer informed the Count of a brief summary of what had transpired in his absence.

"Viscount Berengar von Kufstein sends word of the dispute he is having with your son Gerhart and seeks your assistance."

Upon hearing those words, Otto immediately read the letter; as he did so, his expression became increasingly sour before commenting aloud for all the troops nearby to hear.

"That fucking idiot..."

Though this was supposed to be a great victory and a cause for celebration, it was immediately tarnished in the eyes of Count Otto by the foolish actions of his errant son. For some reason, the boy thought that he could do whatever he desired just because he was named Regent. If this is how the boy would reign as his successor, then Count Otto was greatly concerned about the future of his realm. Count Otto was left with no choice but to send word back to Berengar, assuring him that the arrangement still stood and that he would be strictly admonishing Gerhart for his actions. The last thing he needed was for Berengar to invade his lands under the guise of securing liberating Steiermark from a usurper.

Chapter 108: Marching to War

Gerhart looked at the letter in his hands addressed from Berengar with disbelief; he could not believe that the young Viscount was so bold that he would openly threaten to invade the County of Steiermark over the decision to rescind Adela's engagement. The justification for doing so would be solid enough to prevent anyone from coming to Gerhart's aid, especially in this time of turmoil where nobody would be able to spare the forces to help him retain his regency.

However, this was not the most abysmal piece of news that he had received; there was also a letter from his father which openly declared Gerhart's decision to break the betrothal as invalid and demanded that Gerhart relinquish his regency in favor of his younger brother Heimerich. By indulging in his desires to keep Adela away from his wretched cousin, he had cost himself the favor of his father, who now deeply questioned his eldest son's capability as a ruler.

This was simply outrageous. However, if he were to burn this letter and defy his father's demands, Gerhart would truly be acting in rebellion, opening the stage for Berengar to justifiably march his armies on Graz and liberate the people of Steiermark from his territory. This was not something a spineless coward like Gerhart was willing to risk; as such, he admitted defeat and vacated his position as regent. Allowing Heimerich to come to power and immediately declare all of Gerhart's actions null and void under the authority of Count Otto von Graz.

...

When Berengar received this news, as well as the letter from Otto, he was greatly pleased; he had settled this dispute peacefully while humiliating Gerhart for his unwise decisions; this was enough punishment for trying to get in Berengar's way. After all, whether or not Gerhart was a pompous fool with an unhealthy obsession for his sisters, he was still family, and as such, Berengar did not truly desire to see his head on a pike. The grudges between Gerhart and himself were not completely irreconcilable, unlike the ones he held with Lambert.

It had been close to a month since Count Lothar had marched on Vienna, and the man was currently besieging the city. Thus giving Berengar justification to act in open rebellion. Berengar wrote a letter addressing all the Lords and Ladies of Austria and informing them of his intentions. He declared Count Lothar a traitor to the Realm, who took advantage of the current crisis to seize power for himself. As a result, Berengar would act by marching upon Innsbruck and seize the County of Tyrol for himself until a point in time where the Duke of Austria could appoint a loyal successor to the title. Though of course, Berengar had no plans to relinquish his claims to the lands of Tyrol.

After sending letters to every corner of Austria, Berengar approached his lover and child and said his goodbyes. It would be some time before he returned to Kufstein, as his plans to lay siege to Innsbruck and put down the inevitable rebellions that would follow might take a matter of months to achieve, nevertheless, as the commander of his forces, it was his duty to stand alongside his troops in battle.

Berengar kissed Linde passionately as the two hugged each other tightly. After separating from one another, Linde encouraged Berengar to the best of her ability. As his lover, it was her duty to support her man in his ventures. Despite the worried expression on her face, she forced herself to say her goodbyes.

"Make sure to come home in one piece!"

Berengar smiled with confidence and petted the woman's glossy strawberry blonde hair.

"As long as you stick to the plan, I should be back safely in no time!"

With that said, Berengar kissed his infant son on the forehead before departing from the room. After doing so, he found his trusty steed Erwin in the stables. He mounted the mighty beast before taking off into the snowy mountains of the Austrian Alps, where he would unite with his army before marching onto Innsbruck.

After meeting up with his army, which was already mustered and clad in heavy winter clothing, Berengar rode alongside his officers at the head of the formation. Eckhard was among them, his plate armor was shrouded in a heavy fur-lined cloak while wearing a warm winter cap beneath his burgonet. His army was well equipped for the winter, and due to the extensive road networks Berengar had built across his territory, they would be able to quickly make their way to the Viscounty of Schwaz, which lie between Innsbruck and Kufstein.

Riding alongside Eckhard, Berengar decided to ask his Vice Commander about the morale of the troops.

"So, how are the troops doing? I mean, we are marching to war in the middle of winter..."

Eckhard smiled as he faced the oncoming wind, which was filled with a chilling breeze and particles of snow; despite the freezing weather, Berengar had supplied his forces with the necessary equipment to minimize attrition; as such, Eckhard was quite warm, and so were his forces.

"They are ready and willing to lay waste to the enemies of their Lord and Commander. It is a rare sight to see an army marching in the cold with such high spirits. Probably because they all know of the power we hold and that not even the high stone walls of the Castle of Innsbruck can prevent our swift victory!"

Hearing this news, Berengar felt satisfied; the morale of his troops was high despite the conditions they found themselves in. So much so that they were marching to the beat of a song in which Berengar designed to resemble that of Die Eisenfaust am Lanzenschaft from his previous life. However, this song was edited to remove references to the Teutonic Order and instead reflect the conditions his Army faced. As such, it was a similar but unique piece of art in which thousands of voices joined in unison as they sang along to the lyrics,

which Berengar had presented them. To his army, this solemn song that was originally designed in his previous life to represent the duty of the Teutonic Order now acted as a boost to the morale of his personal Army.

To reach Innsbruck, they would first have to march through the Viscounty of Schwaz. Though the Viscount of Schwaz was fighting alongside Count Lothar in the ongoing siege of Vienna, his only son was currently tasked with presiding over the region during his absence as such there was a possibility that Berengar and his forces would have to face an army of levies in the fields if he wished to pass through the man's territory. However, that was not of great importance; Berengar's well-equipped army would easily handle such a meager force, which would come at the most delay the inevitable.

Chapter 109: The War for Austria Begins

Currently, Duke Wilmar was alongside his vassals, including Count Otto, who had regrouped with the main army of Austria at Munich to which they were currently laying siege. They were inside the commander's tent within the siege camp, where they were discussing tactics for the ongoing siege that had already been raging on for a total of fifteen days at this point. While going over preparations for building a tunnel beneath the city walls, a messenger rushed into the tent with dire news in hand.

"My Liege, I am sorry for the intrusion, but the news is urgent!"

Seeing the distressed expression on the messenger's face, Duke Wilmar calmly responded to his uninvited appearance.

"What news is so grim that you would interrupt my war council?"

Noticing the unfriendly gazes of the vassals gazing upon him, the messenger instantly gulped his saliva while finding the courage to report the grave situation back in Austria.

"Count Lothar has led his armies to Vienna where he has taken up arms against you and besieges the city as we speak!"

Duke Wilmar's expression turned murderous as he heard the shocking news; he was not expecting someone related to his family, albeit distantly, to turn on him in such a manner. However, right when the Duke was about to speak, the messenger spoke up once more.

"There's more..."

Duke Wilmar composed himself in a manner befitting a man of his position before giving the messenger an order.

"Continue..."

As such, the messenger continued to tell the full content of the news he had received.

"Viscount Berengar has taken up arms against Count Lothar and is marching his army upon Innsbruck in an attempt to force Count Lothar's hand to return to Tyrol and defend it."

The messenger then reported the message Berengar had sent out across Austria, and the frown on Wilmar's face turned to a wicked grin as he spoke his thoughts aloud.

"The boy clearly knows Lothar will not turn his forces around and is acting in a way to advance his position, but so be it, if he actually has the might to seize Innsbruck and put down the ensuing rebellion successfully, I will make him Count. As for Lothar, Otto, you take your army and break his siege. I will reward you dearly if you can bring me the traitor's head!"

Count Otto bowed respectfully to Duke Wilmar before accepting his request, though it would be difficult as Lothar's armies outnumbered his own and were equally well equipped; he must perform the duty for the sake of the Duchy and the rightful Duke of Austria!

"It will be done, my Lord!"

with that, the stage was set for a series of massive battles within Austria; as such, the Austrians were now severely limited in their ability to advance their

claim to the throne of Germany. Though it was not as if the other pretenders were in any better of a position. After all the entirety of Germany and the regions in the immediate vicinity had become embroiled in conflict since the death of the King.

...

Count Lothar was currently in a similar position as Duke Wilmar, he was currently laying siege to the City of Vienna, which acted as the capital of the Duchy of Austria, it was the seat of power for the Habsburgs, and as such, he sought to claim it for himself. He currently stood within his tent reading the letter from Berengar which declared his open rebellion against Count Lothar, and his official support of Duke Wilmar. In his other hand was a secret letter from Linde. After reading the contents of both letters to his Vassals, he left it up for discussion as to how they will proceed. Throughout the entire conversation, Count Lothar remained calm; luckily, his daughter was on his side, as he thought the love she had for Berengar could not replace the loyalty she had to her family.

In Linde's letter, it was written that Berengar was blinded by ambition and had marched a very poorly equipped army onto Innsbruck, leaving Kufstein completely defenseless. She added that she would welcome her father's

armies with open arms if they were to show up in Kufstein. However, the goal was to take Vienna; after all, if Lothar abandoned it now, he would never get another chance to become Duke and would most likely have to fight a full-fledged civil war with Duke Wilmar the result of which leaned heavily in the favor fo the Duke. However, due to how poorly defended Kufstein appeared from Linde's description, Lothar could not help but take the bait; as such, he decided on a course of action while his vassals were screaming at each other with how to proceed.

"Viscount Theodoric, I want you to take a quarter of our army and march on Kufstein, securing the region and my daughter. You should not face any resistance now that she is in charge; we will make sure that bastard Berengar and his loathsome forces have no home to return to!"

With that said, Theodoric grinned from ear to ear with a wicked smile; he would now be able to ransack Kufstein and seize anything of value for himself; this was also his chance to get close to Linde, who he had desired since she was a little girl, after all, she was considered one of the three heavenly beauties of Austria. As for Berengar's bastard son, he he planned to drop it from the roof of the Castle. Thus he was more than happy to accept the offer as he bowed before Count Lothar.

"You can count on me, my lord."

With that, Count Lothar's armies were severely weakened overnight as a quarter of them would soon march into a trap Berengar and Linde had come up with, completely unaware that they would soon be facing impregnable defenses mounted on all sides with 24 lb siege cannons and a garrison armed with muskets. As for Lothar, he had greatly weakened his position, completely unaware that Count Otto was marching with his full force to lift the traitor's siege. Whether or not Count Lothar survived the ordeal was determined by how quickly he could take the Castle in Vienna and hold the Duke's family hostages.

In a single move, Linde had greatly weakened the position of Berengar's enemies, all while Berengar and his army were marching through the Alps to lay siege to the capital of Tyrol, the city of Innsbruck. One thing was certain the war for Austria had just begun, and it would become a long and brutal war with an unexpected victor. After all, both the Duke of Austria and the Rebel Count were currently in the middle of a siege, where anything could happen, and lives were easily lost.

Chapter 110: Enemy Ambush

Berengar and his forces had arrived in the Viscounty of Schwaz after a few days worth of marching. Obviously, they had made camp throughout the nights. Berengar was trying to lose as few forces as possible to attrition; as

such, he had kept his forces far from exhaustion and well-fed, hydrated, and equipped to combat the effects of the cold. To him, every one of his soldiers was a precious member of his society; those lost were not easily replaced without his land suffering from it. War was necessary for expansion, but he did not want to fight a war without regard to his soldiers' lives. As such, they marched at a safe pace.

Berengar was currently on watch for the night, one of the men who were on patrol had gotten too cold, to the point where his health was beginning to suffer, Berengar who was passing by, offered to take his place, as such the Viscount and Commander of the Army was standing on watch with a group of foot soldiers. Berengar decided to break the ice with the simple infantrymen to who he was standing aside.

"So... What are your names?"

The two men looked at each other with odd expressions before answering Berengar's question as if it were coming from the commanding officer and Viscount of Kufstein.

"My Lord, I am Private Arnwald, and this is Private-First-Class Bardo!"

Berengar spoke in an informal tone as he addressed the men

"I am Berengar... Though I suppose you already knew that."

The two men nodded as they gazed at Berengar in awe. Berengar was more than just their Lord and Commander; he was close to a legend. His childhood infirmity was well known, even among the ranks of his army. Yet, despite all of that, he had risen above such circumstances after twenty long years of suffering, only to be plotted against by his own brother, surviving numerous attempts on his life, including a rebellion by Lord Ulrich where he was able to rise to the position of Regent and crush his neighbor expanding his family's territory to the level of a Viscounty.

The two men nearly nodded their heads in silence, afraid to say something that might offend the man they looked up to. However, before the conversation could continue, Berengar spotted what appeared to be a shimmer not far away under the bright full moon in the sky above. He patted

Private Arnwald on his shoulder with a grave look on his face and commanded the man with a tone filled with authority, immediately dropping his informal speech as he did so.

"Private Arnwald, I need you to sound the alarms as quickly as possible!"

Arnwald did not know why Berengar was so serious, but an order was an order, and he would be damned if he failed to fulfill it; the man saluted Berengar by pounding his chest before running off to do as he was commanded.

"As you command, My Lord!"

After Arnwald ran off, Berengar unsheathed his sword and aimed it in the direction of the darkness ahead. While doing so, he chatted with Bardo.

"I really hope that musket of yours is loaded; we might need it in a few seconds."

Though Bardo had not detected anything in the vicinity, he quickly unslung his musket and fixed the bayonet where he proceeded to cock the action and aim it directly in front of him. Though the man did not know what Berengar had detected, he trusted his commander's senses, and as such, was prepared to hold the line until the men were ready to defend the camp.

Shortly after Berengar and Bardo's actions, the ringing of a bell echoed across the field, which awoke every man in the camp; by ringing the bell three times, it signaled an enemy attack. As such, the men did not even bother equipping their armor; they immediately grabbed their muskets and web gear before heading out of their tents and into the fray.

When the enemy hiding in the darkness heard the bell ring, they quickly began to rush the camp they had surrounded; knowing that their cover was blown, they sought to rush Berengar and his forces as quickly as possible. Luckily these men were mostly formed of levies and were poorly equipped. When the levies near Berengar's position rushed upon him and the man next to him, the thunder of Bardo's musket could be heard across the field as the lead ball shot through the levy's chest, which was directly in front of him.

In the darkness of the night, a battle had begun within Berengar's encampment. The forces left behind in the Viscounty of Schwaz had located Berengar's camp and decided to attack in the night; Berengar adeptly wielded his sword, having trained in its use for hours every day for the past eight months, he was adept enough in swordplay to overcome the advancement of the levies. With a lunging thrust, Berengar pierced through the gambeson shirt of the levy in front of him and into the man's heart, adeptly avoiding the man's spear as he did so.

Berengar and Bardo were quickly pushed back into the camp by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy forces; when they reached a certain point, Berengar heard a voice shout at him.

"My Lord, get down now!"

Quickly adapting to the situation, Berengar dragged Bardo down with him into the prone position where a volley of musket fire decimated the front line of the enemy's forces. Before the enemy levies could react, the musket line knelt and reloaded their rifles. In contrast, the second line behind them fired another volley over their heads, completely shredding the lightly armored levies and breaking their morale.

This action had bought Berengar and Bardo some time to reform their ranks among the men who had just arrived to support them. As such, Berengar dragged Bardo to his feet and rushed behind the firing line, which had already reloaded, and began to fire another volley into the ranks of the enemy forces who were utterly shocked by the unknown weapons in which they were facing. All across the camp, the sound of musket fire and agonizing screams echoed through the night as Berengar, and his men desperately defended against an enemy ambush.

Despite the fire of the muskets breaking the enemy ranks, a few of the men managed to rush towards Berengar and his unarmed men whose bayonets were already fixed; as such, they dropped their actions of reloading and began to engage in the fray with the enemy. Luckily for them, the enemy was equipped with spears and was limited to the same degree of thrusts in which Berengar and his forces were, the primary difference being the level of training between Berengar's professional army and the peasant levies who had seldom stepped foot on a battlefield before this moment.

Because of the difference in training and the strict military hierarchy in which was established among Berengar's forces, the men under his command were quickly able to funnel the enemy's forces into the small gaps in the camps' defenses, where they were met with lines of bayonets easily able to cut them down. By the time the sun rose, the camp scene below was filled with the blood and bodies of the enemy, which was littered across the snow.

Though Berengar's army had suffered a little over a hundred casualties, his losses could be considered minimal. On the other hand, the enemy's forces were nearly annihilated; those who had broken ranks and ran into the night were lucky to have survived. One thing was certain, Berengar's target was no longer Innsbruck; he would first lay siege to the Castle in Schwaz; after succeeding in his endeavors, he would annihilate the Viscount's family as an act of retribution on behalf of the soldiers lost in this battle.