

Steel 70

Chapter 70: Mustering the Army

Baron Guntrum von Kitzbühel was currently sitting on his seat of power in his castle, drinking from a glass of water. The man was currently fasting as a sign of his dedication to the Lord and, as such, chose not to consume anything other than the natural liquid. Kneeling before him was a man from Berengar's domain that had ridden throughout the night to inform the Baron of Berengar's decision. The messenger handed the letter over to Baron Guntrum with a concerned expression on his face. He did not know how the Baron would react to being declared war upon and certainly did not want to be executed for delivering such a message.

Baron Guntrum read through the contents of the letter with a serious frown across his face, which only increased the more he read.

"Dear, Baron Guntrum von Kitzbühel

I have received word that you have unlawfully seized my shipment to the Count of Steiermark, and as such, I consider you nothing more than a common Brigand. By stealing from the labor of my people, I am entitled to compensation, and as such, I have decided that I will be taking your life, and that of your family, as well as your entire domain as recompense for your unlawful actions. Henceforth I Berengar, Regent of the Barony of Kufstein appointed as such by my father Baron Sieghard von Kufstein; openly declare war on the Barony of Kitzbühel and the House von Kitzbühel. May God have mercy on your soul, for I will not!

Sincerely,

Regent Berengar von Kufstein"

Baron Guntrum glared at Berengar's messenger with fury as he finished reading the message before thinking aloud.

"This boy would seriously go to war over something as trivial as seizing a small shipment of steel and textiles? Truly he is the spawn of Satan and must be eliminated for the greater good."

Afterward, the man stood up from his seat of power and walked down its steps. He was a short and thin man with long graying hair. He was near as thin as Berengar was when he reincarnated into this world. Yet there was a fierce look of determination in his steel-blue eyes as he gazed upon the messenger.

"You may return to your master and tell him that he is a fool for declaring war on me, and I will return the favor by taking his sinful life!"

The messenger quickly nodded his head and spoke to the enraged Baron.

"I will do as you have told me, My Lord"

afterward, the man rushed off back to Berengar's domain as quickly as he could. On the other hand, Baron Guntrum summoned his marshal, who appeared from behind the corner; he had been listening to the entire conversation from afar. Guntrum quickly gave the Marshal his decree.

"Rally the troops, let us see what this would be Tyrant is made of, shall we?"

A wicked grin spread across the Marshal's face as he replied with excitement.

"Aye, we shall!"

As such, Baron Guntrum sat back on his seat and allowed the Marshal to take command of his forces, where he would meet Berengar's armies on the field of battle before he could have the ability to lay siege to the heart of the Baron's domain.

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Berengar was currently sitting on the ground near a burning campfire the full night of his militia had already been deployed to the border throughout the night. They were a force that could rapidly assemble; however, the same could not be said for the rest of his father's feudal forces and the vassals who commanded them. By now, only half of the Baronies army had arrived. They were mostly equipped with a mixture of brigandine and plate while armed primarily with pikes.

While marching alongside the incredibly advanced forces of Berengar's militia, the army looked as if it were a mixture of medieval, renaissance, and early modern troops. It was truly a unique army in this world. The camps had been set up on the border between Kufstein and Kitzbühel, and Berengar was merely waiting for the arrival of the remainder of his forces which should take no longer than a day. As he was camped out at the border, Berengar cleaned the sword in his hand, which was recently created and outfitted to his cuirassiers; it was an example of a 16/17th-century Dussack. Essentially it was the renaissance equivalent of the infamous sabers, which would come to prominence throughout the cavalry forces of Europe and the Western World during the early modern period.

In the hands of his Cuirassiers, it was a deadly weapon and would wreak havoc across the many lightly armored feudal infantry that they were sure to fight against in the upcoming battle. Eckhard approached Berengar garbed in the renaissance style armor of the militia with his musket slung across his back. He took off his brass-trimmed Burgonet as he sat down next to Berengar with an eager expression on his face.

"The remaining forces should be here before nightfall; what are your orders?"

Berengar nodded in response and began to smile at the news as he gave his commands.

"Let the men rest; at first light, we March into the enemy's territory. I want the men to conduct themselves civilly, no raping or raiding, and no unnecessary murder. We will be ruling over these people soon enough, and I don't want any pointless grudges to be formed. Anyone who conducts themselves in such a manner will be sentenced for war crimes and executed by firing squad, am I understood?"

Eckhard nodded as he heard the words; he was truly getting old. With Berengar's command and his ethics of how warfare should be conducted, the savage ways of mass looting and **** after a successful siege would die out soon enough. The dawn of a new age of warfare was on the horizon, and the feudal powers of Europe would either have to rapidly adapt or bend the knee to the rising German Empire. Either way, the Medieval period was on the edge of its lifespan. The two men continued to chat for some time before parting

ways for their tents that night. When the dawn rose, the Barony of Kitzbühel would feel the wrath of a new era knocking down their door.