

Steel 82

Chapter 82: Recruitment Drive

Word eventually reached Berengar of the Papacy's ploy to have him removed from power by the Teutonic Order and to place his brother Lambert in control after the region had been annexed. After all, Ludolf had immediately contacted Berengar's burgeoning spy network in Innsbruck and had them send word to Kufstein about such a conspiracy. Berengar knew that sparing his brother would come back to bite him in the ass, but for the sake of his mother, he had done so. A decision which he deeply regretted at this point. The Teutonic Order was no small force, and with his current armies, he had little chance of defeating them, as such had no choice but to boost his recruitment efforts for his militia. Ultimately he had decided to incorporate the militia and the professional army directly under his father's command into a united unit, and train them appropriately. As far as his father's forces when he was called off to war were concerned, Berengar would hire a group of mercenaries to fight alongside the Viscount.

Aside from completing his Artillery Battalion and raising a larger group of Cuirassiers, Berengar had done little in recruitment. However, with access to double the population he once had, he now knew that he had to begin using the Barony of Kitzbühel and its large population to fill his ranks. But first, he had to make one innovation which he had revised after the successful campaign against Kitzbühel.

As such, Berengar once more visited Ludwig's office with a new set of blueprints in hand. When he arrived, the old man was quick to greet his Lord.

"Milord, I was not expecting your visit. Is there anything I can help you with?"

Berengar did not say a word and merely laid the designs he had drafted on the table for Ludwig to see. It was a new sword design, based entirely on the 1788 British Heavy Cavalry Sword from his past life. If there was one thing that the conflict with Kitzbühel taught him, it is that the single-edged design of the Dusack was less effective against the heavily armored forces of the late medieval period. As such, he had to rethink the swords used by his cuirassiers, and searching through his memory, he found this gem.

The blade of the sword was 38 inches in length and was had a full edge on one side, with a half-edge on the upper half of the other side. It was a weird mixture of a backsword, and a broadsword, allowing for efficient cuts and thrusts and some more obscure attacks like the reverse slash. The hilt was almost like a basket-hilt, but not quite; with a completely symmetrical guard that covered the entire hand, there was just enough space to allow for the full rotation of the wrist, making it both incredibly versatile and ambidextrous. The blade was more than tapered enough to get through the gaps in medieval plate armor, and as such, was the superior weapon for his cavalry forces. Luckily his cuirassiers were little in number, and as such, he had not heavily invested into their dusacks.

Even Ludwig was impressed by the design and asked about Berengar's intentions.

"This is?"

Berengar grinned with pride as he clasped Ludwig's shoulder

"The new sword for my Cuirassiers!"

Ludwig could not help but sigh; every time Berengar visited him, it was either for drinks or to produce new designs. Though he had more than enough manpower to do such a thing, especially with the mass implementation of water-powered technology like the trip hammer, it just meant more work on his platter. He was already swamped with all of the production lines he was currently overseeing. After realizing he was merely switching the production of the dusacks to these cavalry swords, he felt as if it really was not as big a deal as he was making it and thus could not help but accept it.

"Alright, I'll see it done. It is a mighty fine blade after all..."

Berengar slapped Ludwig on the back before complimenting him

"You always know how to make me happy Ludwig, how about we go out for drinks tonight at the tavern?"

Ludwig could not help but smile

"Sure, I'll be there."

afterward, Berengar left him behind and went to his paper factory, where he encountered the men hard at work. The head of the factory quickly greeted him.

"Milord, it is an honor to have you here."

Berengar was used to the man's over-enthusiastic attitude at this point and quickly cut to the chase.

"I need some recruitment fliers for the militia made. Here is the basic design."

As such, Berengar handed the man a recruitment flier that he had personally designed and left the rest up his factory and the many printing presses they had within it. The foreman quickly responded to Berengar's request.

"I will have it done, Milord."

With that, his spy network would spread his recruitment fliers across Kufstein and Kitzbühel to act as a means to recruit many volunteers. He would not come to realize how effective his propaganda would be until later than the month when the number of recruits willing to join the militia raised significantly. After all, the people of Kitzbühel were well aware of how effective his forces were, and now that Berengar ruled over them in his father's name, much more disillusioned youth were more than happy to join such an elite force. Soon enough, his armies would be substantially larger, a force that a mere Viscount would not normally have under his command.

Thus Berengar's militia would soon drastically increase in size; by the time the Teutonic Order invaded his domain, they would be met with a rude awakening as such Berengar spent the rest of his day continuing on his daily tasks of overseeing the many aspects in which he was entrusted as Regent of Kufstein. He seriously began to wonder if his father was still alive. It had been quite some time since the old man went into seclusion, and though Berengar was happy that he was finally able to accomplish so much, he was apprehensive about his father's health. As such, he vowed that he would take some time in the following day to check up on the old man and try to cheer

him up. After all, he had been far too busy to maintain his familial affairs as of late.