

Steel 85

Chapter 85: Have you no Shame?

A few days had passed since Berengar visited his father, and he was currently sitting on the seat of power in Kufstein, where a messenger rushed in and handed him an intelligence report. The report contained the joint public denunciation of the Church's endorsement of theft against Berengar's trade by Count Lothar of Tyrol and Count Otto of Steiermark. The counts were quite gutsy in their rebuking of the Church. They even went so far as to declare that the Pope was advocating for the people of Austria to break the 7th Commandment, as such this event caused quite a stir in the Christian world, as a proclamation by the Holy See condemning a Heretic turned into quite the scandal as there were plenty of lords, priests, and bishops who agreed with the two Counts and their joint declaration.

Surprisingly several Orthodox Patriarchs came out and Condemned the Pope, especially the Patriarch of Moscow who's territory was currently at war with the Teutonic Order, a Catholic military order which had invaded their lands to convert the Christians within them to the Catholic variety, which was a great point of contention between the Catholic and Orthodox churches at the moment.

Berengar read the report with a wide grin; he did not know how Adela had heard about this relatively mundane matter, but he was thankful for her support; he was completely oblivious to the fact that Linde had set this up behind his back, but even if he did know he would not be angry as this only caused a further rift in the Christian world, in which Ludolf would be able to exploit soon enough.

Speaking of Ludolf, the man was currently working on a scholarly paper written about the corruption of the Church and thought it would take some time to compile the evidence into a collection of cohesive theses; he had little doubt that soon enough, the Christian world would turn on itself. He began to wonder how his actions would affect the Council of Constance in this timeline.

As he was going over these details, Linde walked in, saw the large smile on his face, and inquired about the reason for his pleasant mood.

"What has made you so happy?"

Berengar chuckled lightly as he placed his paper to the side and turned his attention to his beautiful lover, who by now was starting to show physical signs of pregnancy.

"Nothing much; I just love seeing my enemies at each other's throats."

As his spymaster, he had given her maternity leave as her pregnancy had progressed, and she was mostly resting about enjoying a slothful life. As such, she was unaware of the ongoing schemes in the background. However, when he said such things, she could estimate what had happened, and thus she smiled in return.

"That is good to hear."

Instantly a devilish idea began to form in Berenghar's mind; considering that nobody was around, he motioned for his lover to come over and sit upon his lap; he took pleasure in teasing the girl who was carrying his child. Though her cheeks began to flush in embarrassment, she could not disobey her master's orders; as such, she sat upon his lap in an awkward display in the middle of the Great Hall.

However, as he was blowing on Linde's ears, his mother just so happened to be walking by and witnessed the affectionate display where she quickly began to scold Berengar as she marched in his direction.

"Berengar! Just what is it that you think you are doing on your father's seat of power?"

Gisela's shrill voice immediately caused Linde to attempt to hop away from Berengar's grasp in embarrassment, but the young Regent managed to capture his lover in his arms and keep her in place, which caused her to look down at the ground and cover her face. This was truly a mortifying position to be in. Berengar, on the other hand, had a smug expression on his face as he responded to his mother's Chastisement.

"Father has placed me in charge of the realm during his absence; as such, I see no reason why I can not relax on this chair while playing around with my lover. Even a Viscount needs a moment of rest now and then..."

Gisela's gaze immediately narrowed in response to Berengar's claims, though it was true Berengar was Viscount in everything, but name, that did not mean they should behave in this manner. Especially so boldly declaring in the open that he and Linde were lovers, did he not care about his reputation?

Seeing his mother's piercing gaze, Berengar could not help but scoff internally as he held his arms tightly around Linde, preventing her from escaping from his clutches. This public display of affection had really gotten him excited. Nevertheless, he could not do anything at the moment, so he listened to his mother's lecture with a smug expression on his face.

"Regardless as to whether or not you can behave in this way, it is simply unacceptable! Have you no shame?"

Berengar laughed lightly at his mother's words which infuriated the woman; if he acted this way as regent, she could not imagine how he would behave when he was officially viscount. However, just when she was about to chastise him further, he let out a bold answer to her question.

"Evidently not..."

Berengar truly was shameless, if he really wanted to, he would tie Linde up to a leash and have her kneel before him while he sat on his throne with her leash in hand, but he was not that wicked yet... Nevertheless, his mother would not accept his inappropriate actions any further. As such, she marched up to the seat of power with the intent to slap him. Seeing he had gone too far, he let Linde go, where she quickly scurried off while filled with an overwhelming sense of humiliation and shame. Of course, he made sure to voice his thoughts aloud as his mother stopped at the steps just below him.

"Damn, I love that woman..."

With that said, Gisela looked at him with disgust and stormed off; she could not believe her son had grown into such a womanizer. Berengar, on the other

hand, began to stretch, now that he was relaxed from the little fun he was able to achieve in this brief moment, he quickly got back to the task at hand. For a man with great ambitions like him, the work was never done.