

# Tyranny of Steel

## Chapter 19

*Chapter 19: Your Wish is my Command*

When Linde fled Berengar's bed chambers, she covered her flushed appearance with her hands; she was so embarrassed she wished she could die. Berengar was far from gentle the night before; he had taken a stern and dominant position, not allowing her control over the situation for a single moment. It greatly wounded her pride as a dominatrix to be pinned down and bred like a bitch in heat. The fact that she had given her virginity to Berengar because she was careless was another point of contention in her mind. Though she had entertained herself by humiliating men through physical displays of dominance in the past, she had never engaged in any sexual activities before. For all her bluster, she was completely inexperienced, until now.

There was only one way she could forget this humiliation, by taking it out on her current toy. She resolved herself to be especially brutal to Lambert later today. She had no desire to inform anyone, especially her father, about her misfortune. If she did, her reputation as a domineering young lady would be completely ruined; after all, she had her chastity taken by a lowly Baron's son; and she could not possibly lose face like that. Instead, she opted to find a way to get vengeance on Berengar herself. Somehow she would find a way to get even. Or so she told herself. The conflicted state of her subconscious thoughts told a different story.

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Several hours had passed, and Berengar treated the morning like any other; he had to pretend as if nothing happened. The probability of Linde informing anyone of the deed the two had done the night before was slim; as such, the likelihood of her father finding out about it and demanding he takes responsibility was practically non-existent. He understood Linde's type; she would not easily inform others of how she had gotten herself drugged and begged a man of Berengar's position to mate with her. Despite the slim probability, Berengar decided to take several precautions and advance some of the plans he had already been thinking about for some time.

As such, after exercising and bathing, Berengar drafted blueprints for flintlock muskets and 12-pound cannons. He did not have the time or resources to produce rifled muskets at the moment or percussion locks. Such things required advanced machinery and a chemical stockpile of mercury fulminate, which he was far from achieving at the early stages of his development. He did not even have a single court-chemist in which he could teach the science of chemistry. As such, there was no one to make such a valuable chemical, and he did not have the time to spend wasting his day away on elementary chemistry.

Once his blueprints were finished, he rushed the designs over to Ludwig and informed him to create a batch of 100 flintlock muskets and three 12 pound cannons as quickly as possible. Ludwig was concerned with the anxious expression on Berengar's face and had to ask.

"These designs are centuries ahead of anything I have seen regarding gunpowder... I have to ask, what could we possibly need these for?"

Berengar was a gentleman, or so he liked to think. As such, he would never tell anyone what he and Linde had done the night before. Thus he came up with some excuse to convince Ludwig to start the production of weaponry.

"I plan to start a militia; if anything, Kufstein's defenses are quite lax, and I think it would be wise to invest in such a force. Just keep it on a need-to-know basis; I don't want details about these weapons being leaked."

To Ludwig, this was a logical request. However, the only problem with it was timing. They were currently in the middle of developing irrigation piping, and as such, it would not be easy to switch over to the production of arms. However, he could tell Berengar was adamant about this, and as such, he acquiesced to the young Lord's request.

"I'll divert some resources from the irrigation assembly line to the production of these weapons you have designed. The workers won't know what they're making, so rest assured. "

That's right, due to the many pieces of the irrigation system, Berengar had implemented a rudimentary assembly line system to expedite productivity. Thus as long as nobody was aware of the finished product, except for those who could be trusted with the confidential information, then they could feasibly assemble the weapons in secret and arm a peasant militia with them. Training in basic line tactics and operation of simple yet effective weapons could be achieved much quicker than training a swordsman for war.

Berengar clasped Ludwig on the shoulder and thanked him for his service

"I thank you, my friend, from the bottom of my heart; when the profits come in from the steel ingots, I will be sure to give you a raise!"

Ludwig humbly shook his head as he conversed with the Young Lord.

"No thanks is required; I'm just doing what I must for the realm!"

Berengar released his grip on Ludwig's shoulder and wiped the sweat from his brow

"Alright, I'm needed at the castle; inform me when the weapons are fully manufactured."

Ludwig bowed at Berengar as he departed.

"Of course, milord."

with that, Berengar re-entered the castle grounds and found his way to the dining room, where the family was sitting calmly as if they were completely unaware of Berengar's scandalous activities he had committed the night before. Even Linde seemed to have partially recovered from the debacle and was seated peacefully next to Lambert. It was only when she spotted Berengar did she glare menacingly at him. Sure enough, the young temptress would not bend to his will easily, but that was fine; Berengar would enjoy the process.

After sitting down at the table and eating breakfast with his family and fiancée, he felt the anxiety in the pit of his stomach slowly fade away. However, Linde's cold sky blue eyes never allowed Berengar out of her sight. As if she was watching him, wary that he might try something then and there. However, when she saw Berengar's tranquil expression as he ignored her completely and conversed with his little fiancée as if nothing had happened during the night, she was inwardly outraged.

'This bastard won't even give me the slightest attention after what happened last night! Was it completely meaningless to him? How could he treat me this way? I swear on my ancestor's graves you will bend to my will before the week is done!'

Unknowingly she had bit her lips and crossed her legs as she examined Berengar's loving expression towards Adela with fire and fury in her heart. However, there was something else mixed in with her scorn, was that jealousy she felt? How could she possibly be jealous of that little girl? Clearly, her mind was playing tricks on her. After drinking from her chalice, she nearly choked on it when she realized it was wine, the same flavor of wine that had caused her to lose herself to lust the night before. Despite it being ordinary wine, she began to feel flustered and dizzy, which did not go unnoticed by the others.

Gisela, with ever the watchful eye, inquired with a concerned tone.

"Are you okay, My Lady?"

With flushed cheeks, Linde responded to the curious gazes of the others in the most dignified manner she could.

"I'm afraid I've had too much wine with my breakfast, Lambert can you be a doll and take me to my quarters?"

Lambert tensed up when he heard those words; he was completely unaware that Linde had changed her plot attempting to drug and enslave Berengar last night; he figured she would at least wait a few weeks before she tried to scheme against the man. After being chastised for his failure, he was certain she would be wise about her attempt to assassinate his brother. Clearly, she just wanted to torture her toy some more at the moment. However, he could not decline as the punishment would only be more severe.

Thus he left the table with Linde and dragged the heavenly beauty to her quarters; it wasn't until she left the dining room where her wary gaze finally dropped its focus on Berengar.

After entering her room, Linde took out her conflicted emotions on Lambert, who acted as a target for her frustrations. However, what confused Linde most was that she no longer found pleasure in abusing the young boy. Instead, every time she heard the crack of the whip, she could not help but remember the rough treatment she endured the night before, and before long, she found herself aroused by her memories and desiring more. Soon enough, she began to feel a crisis in her identity, a proud dominatrix like herself should not be feeling this way over such memories. Before long, she threw the whip across the room in a fit of rage and screamed at Lambert venting her own conflicted emotions on the poor boy as she did so, instinctively she shouted a set of words designed to hurt him.

"Get the hell out; I don't want to see your ugly face for a long time!"

Lambert was perplexed, the girl had never acted this way before, but after taking her lash multiple times, he bit his tongue and quickly fled the scene while thinking to himself.

'Crazy bitch, you are lucky that you are pretty!'

After Lambert had slammed the door on his way out, Linde latched the lock behind him and crawled up onto her bed as she hugged her knees while staring out the window in deep thought.

'What is happening to me? Why am I suddenly like this?'

Memories of the passionate night she had spent with Berengar filled her head, and the ecstasy she had felt when he had his way with her. She could not help but become incredibly aroused at the thought of being treated in such a way by a strong and domineering man like Berengar.

Lost in her thoughts, Linde suddenly shook her head to get rid of all the unnecessary notions plaguing her mind. She would return tonight, However, this time she would be the one to make him beg! Or so she told herself. Her body was far more honest than her mind.

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At midnight Berengar suddenly heard a knock at his door again; he smiled as he realized his sinister plans might actually become a reality. As such, he put on a stoic facade and opened the door with an indifferent expression.

"You again? Don't tell me you are here for more?"

Linde had prepared an authoritative statement; she had even come with a plan so that she could whip Berengar into submission and return to her usual self. However, the moment she stared at him in his doorway with a look as if he did not care the slightest about her, something in her mind broke. She could no longer deny the affection she had for the man; maybe he really was the one, but not her slave, maybe he was her master? She shook her head in indignation and resolved herself to stay strong. While thinking such complex thoughts, Berengar noticed the whip in her hands and gazed at her coldly before inquiring about her intentions.

"And just what do you plan to do with that?"

Hearing Berengar's words immediately broke Linde from her trance; she began to breathe heavily as she knelt before Berengar and presented him her whip, which she had previously used to humiliate half a dozen young noblemen. The moment she did so she cursed herself inwardly

'Exactly how is this staying strong?'

Seeing this action, Berengar was shocked; she broke quicker than he thought she would. He waited for a moment for Linde to explain herself, and finally, she said the words he wanted to hear.

"Please punish me, master..."

Linde immediately screamed in agony within the confines of her mind over her mistake, but she could not express it in reality, instead, she slowly followed Berengar and obeyed his commands, like an obedient slave. A wicked grin appeared on Berengar's face; as such, he led the girl into his room and closed his door, where the resulting sound of the whip's crack failed to penetrate the thick stone walls of his quarters. With this action, Linde had confirmed it for herself; a switch was flipped in her brain; she was no longer a sadistic dominatrix but a masochistic slave-girl, and she could not be happier.

After playing with the whip for a bit, Berengar pulled out a set of ropes he had lying around and bound Linde up. The rest of the night, he would enjoy himself to the fullest with her magnificent body. By the time the sun rose, Linde had absconded from his room like a frightened rabbit once more. Though she had begun the process of submission, there was still a great deal of pride in her heart, and it would take a while for her to surrender herself to Berengar fully.

Over the course of the next week, Berengar would spend the time of the day overseeing the production of firearms and cannons, as well as the irrigation system and their slow implementation. He had gotten his father's approval to draft a volunteer militia, which began their training immediately; even though the production of firearms was yet to be completed, the militia recruits could still drill and practice line tactics and undergo mental conditioning to become a cohesive unit which was important on the field of

battle. He modeled his militia's training after basic training from the US Army, which he had experienced in his previous life.

He was given full authority of the militia by his father, who saw it as a perfect way for his son to prepare for war and did not think anything else of it in the slightest. As such, the peasants flocked to the ranks of his militia to train in their spare time; after all, who would not want to defend their homes under the leadership of Berengar?

When he was done with his work for the day, he would spend several hours with Adela inside the castle walls, Linde of course; would purposely provoke Berengar in minor ways during his date time with Adela, then she would return to his chambers at night to be disciplined for her actions. She was slowly but surely becoming honest with herself. By the end of the week, her heart and soul had finally submitted to her desires, and by extension, Berengar. As the dawn rose on the first day of the new week, Linde did not flee out of the grasp of Berengar but cuddled closely in his arms, a warm smile on her face as she prodded his chest with her finger.

"So what now, master?"

Berengar looked at her in shock. Did she seriously call him Master of her own free will? Normally she would only call him that when she was aroused, and she was clearly in a very calm state at the moment. As such, he decided to clarify the matter.

"Master?"

He could not help but question the girl. She had a look of confusion on her face as she stared him in the eyes.

"Yes, that's what you wanted me to call you when we're alone. If not, I can call you by whatever it is you desire!"

Berengar could not help but chuckle; he had finally done it. He had taken an enormous gamble, and if he lost, it could easily have cost him his life. Yet, it turned into the greatest gain in the entirety of his two lives. He honestly expected her to hold onto her stubbornness a bit longer, but she was finally a properly broken-in slave. He had no idea what to say to this. In his past life, and his current one, he was a virgin until a week ago. The way he finally lost his V card was not exactly something you would see in a fairy tale. Still, he lost it to the prettiest girl he had ever seen. A week later, she was calling him master? How the hell did he accomplish this?

Apparently, Linde was not the only one who changed significantly during this past week. Berengar had grown more confident, more ambitious, and more reckless. After an entire week of rough and kinky intercourse, the girl was truly and utterly loyal to Berengar and Berengar alone. After thinking about the girl's question for some time in silence, he finally responded.

"Master is the correct term, as for what comes next... I won't lie to you. It will be very dangerous for you, but if you complete it with satisfactory results, I will reward you with whatever you desire."

Light sparkled in Linde's eyes when she heard the last part of Berengar's sentence as she grabbed ahold of his hand.

"Anything for you, master!"

Berengar chuckled, and pulled her in close, and whispered in her ear.

"I want you to spy on your father and my brother for me..."

He expected her to show some resistance; after all, her training had only gone on for a week, but instead, there was no hesitation in her voice while she returned the whisper as she breathed into his ear.

"Your wish is my command."

With that said, Berengar had gained the most valuable ally in his war of intrigue against his brother Lambert and the Count of Tyrol. They would not become aware that every plot they came up with to conspire against Berengar was secretly leaked to him by the most trusted member of their inner circle until it was too late. Though he would not know it now, one day, Linde would become the director of Berengar's extensive spy network and his personal concubine. A relationship in which a dynasty would be built upon...