

# 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!