

Dimensional Descent - Chapter 37

After the first failure to recapture Paris, the history books wrote that Joan was insistent on trying again, while Charles was adverse to the idea after securing his throne. He felt that she had become too difficult to deal with, and as such made no attempt to take her back from the English.

“My King, we must maintain proper boundaries. You are my liege, and I am your humble servant. God has sent me to be your protector, your guardian. It is impossible for me to be your wife. God will not allow it, nor would the nobles.”

Whether or not God would allow it, Charles didn't know. But, he was certain that she was correct about the latter portion of her words. They would turn a blind eye to him taking her as a Mistress, but a Queen? France would burn before they allowed a commoner to hold such standing. It simply didn't matter how much Joan had accomplished for them.

Charles' jaw set for a moment before he sighed.

“Take however many knights you need. I'll be awaiting word of your victory.”

Joan gingerly stood and bowed once more, sweeping a glance toward a dark corridor to the back left of the throne and leaving without another word.

The moment she left, a shadow stepped out from the corridor, making its way to the throne's side.

“Did I not tell you that when I'm meeting with her you aren't to be in the vicinity? What exactly do you mean by so flagrantly ignoring my commands, Pierre?” PANDA-NOVEL.COM

“Forgive me, my liege. But, it is impossible for me to leave you with such a dangerous person.

Punish me if you must.”

“I’m well aware of what you’re doing. Leave. Do this again and I will have you executed.”

“My King, forgive me for saying so, but you cannot take this woman as your wife. You may think that this matter is only about her lineage, but this is not so. If she became your wife, would you allow her to go to the battlefield? If she carried your seed, would you allow her to charge toward the men of
England?”

“You are destined to be a King of legend. You must make decisions for the betterment of France.”

“And would having a child that carries her blood and strength not be more beneficial than anything else? What if every King of France from now on wields her power? Would we not build an empire
greater than Rome? Spare me.”

“My King, you yourself already know that you’ve been blinded. Neither of Joan of Arc’s parents had this strength, neither did her grandparents. It’s impossible to say that this is hereditary.

“If my liege wants to take her as a bed mate, I will have nothing to say. If you’d also like to sire a bastard to test your theory, I will equally have nothing to say. But having thoughts of love, emotion and sharing a life with this woman is simply impossible, my liege.” PANDA NOVEL

Charles stayed silent for a long while, saying nothing. Finally, he opened his mouth to speak again.

“Leave me.”

Pierre bowed and obliged, slinking back into the shadows.

He walked along the corridor, his expression cold and dark. He looked like a man made of darkness, his robes a deep black, his nose having an exaggerated arch, and his chin being incredibly narrow.

After a moment, he really did disappear into the shadows. It wasn't an illusion or a feeling, but the objective reality.

His body sunk into the ground, vanishing.

When he reappeared, he was in a room dimly lit with candles dripping of wax. p□□d□□□□□□

Three men lay sleeping upon slabs of rock. Upon his appearance, they stirred, almost mechanically sitting up.

“The Battle of Patay is a must have victory for His Majesty. Go.”

“Yes.”

PANDA-NOVEL The three men inexplicably slipped into the shadows as well.

Pierre slowly walked across the room after they vanished, appearing by an alter with a closed black book. He stroked the cover almost affectionately, but also somehow simultaneously felt afraid to open up its pages.

‘The Bishop will lead us to glory. Our names will go down in history...’

A dark glow emitted from the book.

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Joan expressionlessly walked, leaning heavily on her crutch through the corridors of the main stronghold. Her face would sometimes flicker into a smile when she passed by someone, but the smile would just as quickly fade once she had passed.

It took over a long, but she eventually made it back to the outer walls to find the very same ten knights who had followed her out to greet Leonel and Aina.

“Get ready.” She said plainly. “This will be an important battle.”

Her smile was strikingly missing. Looking at her like this almost gave one a severe case of cognitive dissonance.

“Did those bastards make you angry again, Sister?”

The knight who spoke got a sword hilt to the back of his head, causing him to cry out in pain.

“Is it time yet, Sister?”

“No. The time isn’t ripe.”

“Must we really continue to win battles for them?”

“God has a plan, Michael. Believe in the Bishop. When this is all over, our names will ring throughout history. We will be the ones who bring this forsaken Earth closer to God.”

Joan grabbed her flag. A golden glow emitted from its pole, radiating out like rays of sunshine.

She used her one good leg to pull herself onto her white steed, sitting tall with her smile once more back on her face.

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“Jean!” Joan’s delicate cry reached her knight’s ears.

Without needing more words, one of the ten knights by Joan's side charged out from the group, taking with him a group of at least fifty calvary.

Leonel's gaze shifted to the flagpole in Joan's hands but his face remained expressionless. He was certain that it was invisible to others, but he had very clearly seen a line of Force leave Joan and enter Jean's body. In that instant, though it was difficult to get a read on Jean's stats since he was riding his horse, at the very least, his steed itself had a 10% increase in all of its physical stats.

The army was riding through plains currently, but there was a forest up ahead. Seemingly realizing that something was wrong, Joan sent a squad of fifty as the vanguard.

'So that's Jean Poton...' Leonel thought to himself, running alongside the horses with Aina by his side. Quite frankly, he wanted to ride a horse as well. But, he simply didn't think he had the time to learn, so he hadn't even tried.

According to history, Jean's action routed the English's sneak attack attempt and put them on their back foot. Because most of the hidden English forces were long bowman, the losses were devastating and completely tilted the battle in their favor. This battle ended completely without a
siege. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

'But that... Is definitely not like history...'

Leonel's sharp senses caught wind of something odd hidden within the shadows of the vanguard calvary. He had never seen something like it before, but it was more than enough to raise his alertness. As for Joan, she either hadn't noticed, or pretended not to. Leonel found it too difficult to read her.

In stride, Leonel pulled his atlatl from his hip fixing a dart to it and sending a line of silver piercing through the air.

He was quite aware of the kind of discipline an army needed, and was even more aware of how frowned upon it was to act without the words of your commander. But, Leonel was playing his role as a commoner. How would a commoner be aware of such things?

His dart zipped through the air, causing a sharp intake of breath by the men still charging with him. The reason was that his throw was not only far too fast, but it went straight through the squadron of 50 as though without a care for their lives. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel wasn't focused on the reactions of fellow soldiers, though. His eyes were entirely focused on the white feathered dart.

It soared through the air, narrowly missing several vanguard knights. Just before it left the group, it just passed over a slowly appearing shadow.

As though startled, the shadow quickly ducked back into the ground, appearing as though nothing had changed. But, Leonel's dart continued to fly, entering the forest of trees and leading to the pained cry of a hidden archer.

As the leather armored Englishman fell from the tree, several incredulous gazes made their way toward Leonel before a morale infused roar washed over the Frenchmen.

Joan swept a glance toward Leonel from her white horse, but she received an innocent grin and a thumbs up in return. He looked no different from a kid happy to be of help for the first time. With that, any thought of reprimanding him she held vanished. ρ□□□□□□□□□□

The vanguard unit swept into the forest. It went without say that not every archer could hide away at the top of a tree. If this forest was so thick, it would never be on the route of their destination. Most of them tried to hide off the side of the path, waiting to rain down arrows after they passed through, but what they hadn't expected was such a prepared response.

By the time Leonel's unit swarmed the forest, the English were in chaos.

He swung his spear from his back, feeling a familiar burning in his blood. Aina trailed closely to his back. This sort of environment definitely wasn't the best for her battle style. That wasn't to say she couldn't fight. In fact, she could go through these trees like butter. The issue was how the other soldiers would deal with the trees falling in her wake. Taking this into consideration, she didn't act.

Leonel didn't go out of his way to find and kill Englishmen. He took advantage of the complete disarray the battlefield was in to cut a straight line toward Jean's squad.

PANDA-NOVEL Back when he threw that dart, those shadows had definitely peaked out of the ground several feet. Yet, no one but him seemed to notice. It made sense if a few didn't notice, or maybe even the majority, but not even a single person reacted. That only meant one thing: others couldn't see them.

'It must be the state they were in. In order to enter that shadow-like form, they're essentially becoming an amalgamation of Force. But, normal humans can't perceive Force. And, Force wielders with weak senses can't see it either. Since the brain can't interpret what's right in front of it, the Force becomes a blind spot!'

There was something that confused Leonel even more, though. Those shadows clearly hadn't had any malicious intent. In fact, that shadow in particular hadn't been targeting the knight, but rather the bowman hiding in the tree.

'Is that Joan's ability?'

Leonel and Aina flashed through the thin forest like two wisps of smoke. Their speed was faster than that of horses to begin with, so catching up with Jean's group hadn't been anything difficult.

As expected, lying in wait on the opposite side of the ambush and outside the forest, there was another group of Englishmen waiting. But, the disorderly sorry looking Frenchmen they were waiting for never appeared. Instead, Jean had perfectly formed up his squadron.

Raising his pike and roaring, he charged, a bright golden glow surrounding his power.

“In the name of God! For France!”

The front line of the Englishmen was blasted apart by a forcefield-like force. Their foremen were thrown from their stances, suffering severe broken bone before the battle even truly began.

Reality didn't deviate from history. In fact, with Leonel and Aina tacked on, the result was even more devastating. The Battle of Patay this time around wasn't just a resounding victory, it was a trouncing.

And, also just like history, the following weeks continued the trend. The French Army, under the leadership of Joan, swept through north-central France, leading a line of victories right to the gates of Reims where Charles VII would be crowned.

In that time, Leonel and Aina became no less famous than any one of Joan's knights. Though they didn't wear the armor, nor have the steeds, their results were undeniable. Joan didn't even attempt to rein them in, allowing them to act freely within the armies as they saw fit.

Barely over a month, several territories around Paris had fallen and the threat of the Burgundians — traitor French of the last generation — fell along with the English. In just a few more days, Charles would be officially crowned in Reims, the very place the near fall of their Nation started.