

## Dimensional Descent - Chapter 11

Leonel's eyes snapped open. He didn't know how long he had slept for, it was impossible to tell. There were no windows in this temple. He had only roughly guessed that he had been here for three days.

Using his silver rod to stand, he stood to loosen his stiffening limbs.

Leonel's jaw set. His mind had regained its clarity. He hadn't even noticed that his senses had severely dulled the more tired he became. In fact, he felt that he was even sharper than when he first entered this Sub-Dimensional Zone now.

Without a word, he began to get ready.

He took his six rifles, strapping through across his left shoulder than the remaining three across his right.

Two days ago, he had almost lost his life because he trusted that these muskets were always loaded. He ended up aiming and firing one without a bullet, a mistake he could thank for the deep gash in his thigh.

Since then, he learned to tell whether the rifle was loaded or not first. His method seemed simple, but maybe he was the only one on Earth who could do it. There was a very slight weight difference, maybe fractions of a gram, between a loaded and unloaded gun. If a gun was too light, he didn't keep it.

Once the six muskets laid organized on his back, he accounted for the eight hand axes around his waist and finally clutched his silver rod.

With a deep breath, he slowly made his way back toward the hidden path. It seemed that during his sleep, others entered this floor once more through the main stairway. Leonel could only clear them out first in order to avoid any untoward variables.

Though his heart was still heavy, he managed to control his trembling hands this time. Without having to account for his wavering aim, his efficiency reached a new level, his throwing ability especially.

Half a day later, Leonel felt that he had emptied the floor once more. With how many Spaniards he had taken it, it was definitely only a matter of time before their leaders realized that something was wrong.

As expected, when Leonel went to peek on the weaponry, the 12 number he had counted before had increased to 18.

The weaponry was the largest space Leonel had come across to now. It was a rounded room with a single exit. All around, weapons hung from the walls. But, compared to the Spaniards, they were incredibly crude.

The Spaniards turned their noses up at these weapons. Not even a single one had been touched. But, who could blame them. It was obvious that Spanish weapon technology was more than a single level higher.

They had set up camp in this space for only two reasons. One was to stop the Mayans from regrouping and recouping strength. And second was to set up camp.

It seemed that this Sub-Dimensional Zone had deviated from history. There was much more of a stalemate than there should be. An internal battle was taking place within the temple between the two parties.

What Leonel didn't know was that this was only due to his actions. He hadn't wanted to count the number of Spaniards he had killed, but it was over a hundred. There were only two thousand in total.

He had single handedly taken down a good percentage of their army.

As a result, the Mayans had been able to put up some resistance. And, due to losing so many soldiers, the Spaniards had taken a step back, trying to re-evaluate the strength of their enemy.

Leonel took a deep breath. When his eyes opened once more, his eyes had completely stilled, glowing in the dark like a predator stalking his prey.

First, he took apart his silver rod. He didn't split it into all three pieces. Instead, he only took a single third of it. Using the small ledge on either side of the narrow staircase, he balanced both ends across it.

It was nearly a perfect fit, just barely over two feet apart. The remaining part of the rod was just over four feet in length, but it was enough. If Leonel was lucky, he wouldn't have to use it at all.

Ducking beneath the bar, Leonel nodded to himself. Then, he began to pour several flasks of alcohol through the small cracks in the false wall, drenching it as quickly as he could.

'Hey, do you smell that? Smells like some good booze, who's holding out?'

'Drunkard. What booze?'

'Wait look over there!'

The highest ranking officer of the Spaniards waved his hand, forcing them to fall silent. He wasn't dressed much differently, but his armor was definitely shinier and he strapped a pike across his back and a long sword strapped to his waist.

Suddenly, the stone was kicked over. It fell with a loud boom, kicking up dust that obscured the dark pathway.

'Enemy attack! Form up!'

A strong WHOOSH followed a flame erupting from the falling stone and the edges it had just been hidden between. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel steadied his breathing, kneeling behind the flames, he aimed his first rifle. He had seen everything he needed in that split second. And still now, he could see faint pictures of the changing situation through the flickering flames.

He knew he didn't have long. The alcohol would be burned away quickly and he didn't have any other sources of fuel with him. But he was already ready.

Through the short one meter high doorway, he aimed toward the leader and pulled the trigger.

BANG!

The leading Spaniard who had just been giving out commands froze, his last words being lost in a spurt of blood that came from his eye.

Leonel didn't pause. The moment he pulled the trigger, he retreated, leaping to up to the ledge above him and to the silver rod piece he laid across them.

He squatted down, balancing on the balls of his feet as he crouched across the silver rod.

As expected, a rain of bullets sounded and instant later, ricocheting off of the steps below Leonel.

'One... two... five... seven... ten... eleven... sixteen... seventeen!'

"No way that barbarian bastard survived that!"

The moment the Leonel locked onto the 17th fired gun, Leonel jumped from his perch, charging through the wall of already waning fire. He would have put his rod back together, but he simply didn't have the time.

He swung the second rifle from his back aiming it with a single arm.

BANG!

He tossed the musket aside even as a Spaniard fell. Without hesitation he pulled out the third

rifle. ppppppppp

BANG!

With every breath and step, Leonel pulled out another rifle and another Spaniard fell. Five steps, five breaths, five rifles, five deaths.

Leonel dove across the room the moment he dropped his final musket, making it to the side of the leader he had killed. With inhuman strength, he ripped the rifled from his corpse, his lip twitching when he realized it was too light. How could the leader be the only one without a loaded rifle?

However, the other Spaniards didn't know this. Leonel couldn't allow himself to be surrounded, so he aimed the gun toward the closest soldier, causing him to retreat with fear coloring the eyes hidden behind his helm.

Without hesitation, Leonel tossed the musket aside without bothering to fire, reaching with his now free hand into his belt and pulling out a hand ax.

His back drew tight and his arm cocked back, his hand drawing a silver light across the air as he rocketed the ax forward.

The very same Spaniard who had retreated had his face destroyed in the blink of an eye, falling to the ground lifeless.

Leonel worked quickly. His quick movements hid the dread that loomed over his heart with every life he took.

In a flash, there were only four left.

Leonel picked up the leader's long sword from his corpse, holding it in one hand and his silver rod in the other.

With quick steps he retreated to the secret passageway.

The fear Leonel's marksmanship put into the Spaniard's was profound. Several of them thought of running, but the punishment for retreat was too severe. They could only hold out and hope the noise would capture the attention of the others.

Most of their numbers were working on breaking through the Shrine Room. Only a few of them were tasked with guarding and resting here.

However, when they saw that Leonel had run out of things to throw, they could only steel themselves and charge.

Leonel's heart beat quickly. He had become used to fighting many opponents at once, but that was when they couldn't see him. This was completely different. Not only could they see him, but there was one more than he dared to fight alone even in the dark.

'Calm down...'

Over these several days, Leonel had realized something important. These Spaniards were just normal humans, they didn't have an 'awakened' ability. This was where Leonel's advantage lied.

Leonel didn't wait for them to close in. He had been planning to retreat to the narrow staircase and take them on one at a time, but this wasn't smart. It might give them time to reload their muskets. He had to stay confident and not give them time to think.

In a flash, he ran up to the closest Spaniard. Yelling as though to force all the fear out from his chest, he swung down the long sword with everything he had.

If a swordsman saw him, they'd probably look away so as not to cringe. Not only was Leonel wielding a two handed sword with just one, but his wide stance and telegraphed movements were terrible even for a beginner.

However, this wasn't an anime. No matter how good a mortal swordsman was, there was a limit to how well they could respond to wild movements, especially when their attacker was so much stronger than them.

A scream of agony escaped the Spaniard. His arms hadn't been able to block Leonel's strike.

The long sword cut into his shoulder armor and into his collarbone before stopping. Such an injury left a normal human completely crippled. His death was only a matter of time.

Leonel ignored the aching in his wrist, pulling the short sword from the fallen Spaniard, he threw it with all his might across the room, nailing the closest Spaniard in the chin. The blade split his lower lip and jaw in half, leaving him to fall over — dead.

The whistle of a swinging sword came from Leonel's left, but he was prepared. Raising his silver rod, he braced himself with all of his strength. Remembering what had just happened to the Spaniard he cut down, he knew the danger of failing to block properly.

A sharp clang came. The Spaniard was shocked when he saw that his sword actually chipped against Leonel's seemingly simple rod.

How could the alloys of the 2100's not be far better than those from this era?

The rebound was violent, but Leonel used his larger frame and power to his advantage, recovering quicker and slashing across with his long sword. Another life fell beneath his blade.

This time he had learned his lesson. Cutting through metal was too difficult. This time, he only targeted the exposed vitals, using his great control to emphasize accuracy over power.

Picking up another short sword, Leonel turned his hips quickly and reaped the last Spaniard.

His chest heaved, hot air billowing into and out of him. A scorching feeling filled his throat and lungs, but he didn't have the luxury of resting.

He sprinted with all his might toward the rounded opening of the weaponry. It was easily two and a half meters tall with a width that was just as large. Its door was a stone circle so massive it should take at least ten men to move. But, Leonel had no choice but to do it on his own.

The door was designed to be a size larger than the doorway. As long as he rolled it over from the inside, it would be impossible to open from the outside without destroying the stone first.



The sounds of shouts and footsteps filled Leonel's ears. The time he had left was too little, but he dug deep, pulling every ounce of strength he had left out.

"ARRGGHH!"

Leonel roared with all his might. His senses could pick up on his muscles tearing beneath the pressure, but he had no choice.

He pressed hard against the rolling door, finally feeling it move just the slightest bit.

The footsteps got closer and closer before Leonel could distinctly hear the shift from walking to sprinting.

PANDA-NOVEL 'The barbarians regained their weaponry! Stop them from closing the door!'

Under the strain, blood flowed from Leonel's nose. His teeth clenched tightly against each other to the point his gums began to bleed.

A final roar escaped his lips, snapping the door into its closed position just as a Spaniard attempted to dive through. The ghastly sight of a man being cut in half was the last sight Leonel saw before he blacked out.