

Dimensional Descent - Chapter 25

As he ran, Leonel squeezed his still wet flexible armor on. Its black fabric flexed, clinging tightly to his body. Luckily, he hadn't been foolish enough to leave his weapons behind. No matter how uneventful the last month had been, Leonel would never forget that he was in the middle of a Sub-Dimensional Zone.

The idea of time dilation sounded great. Thanks to Zones, Leonel would be able to experience more life than his lifespan dictated, and even train faster than he should. But Zones were not a joke. If the main quest couldn't be accomplished, they'd be stuck here to their deaths. Only then would the Zone open once more to allow another to try.

A Zone wasn't a place that could be taken casually. If there was anything Leonel had learned in the Mayan temple, it was that.

The two, Leonel and Aina, hadn't traveled more than a kilometer from the campsite. It took them less than two minutes to return, finding the group of thousand men quickly organizing.

Leonel got a read on the situation quickly. It seemed that a scout had caught wind of an approaching English army, bearing down on Orleans.

From what Leonel knew, Orleans was one of the first if not the very first battle Joan of Arc had fought in and won. It was an important city on the edge of what remained of French territory and what was once French territory but now English territory. Back then, or what was considered right now, it was unprecedented and skyrocketed her fame upward.

However, with such a critical loss, and to a woman no less, it wasn't a surprise that the English would try and take it back as soon as possible. It was just bad luck that this encampment happened to be in their way.

The smart decision was to retreat and send a messenger ahead to warn Joan and Orleans. The encampment had likely already done the latter, but for some reason they weren't doing the first.

"If we retreat now, the common people are finished. We must hold out for as long as we can."

Leonel's gaze flickered. Ultimately, knights were still nobles. Though France had run into a problem of lacking enough land to consecrate these knights properly during this era, this fact still remained.

How rare was it for a noble to care about the common people in this time?

'I've never heard of this General Franck before, likely because his name had been washed out of history maybe due to this very act here. But his actions are commendable...'

Leonel looked toward Aina. "I'm going to help them. You're a front line fighter so you'll be at too much risk if you jump into such a lopsided fight, just stay next to me."

Leonel was well aware that both he and Aina had surpassed the limit of humans, but they weren't gods. They still got tired, they could still get injured, and they were more than susceptible to overwhelming numbers.

Aina looked toward Leonel blankly for a moment before shaking her head.

"If you don't want me to die, then you'll just have to put a bit of extra effort into covering for me." PANDA-

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Her voice still carried the same gentleness, but it had an unyielding command to it. Leonel felt that her will was far stronger than his own.

Leonel closed his eyes. If they were open, it would be possible to see a deep flicker within them.

“General Franck. Do you have any siege engineers with you? Or any who have experience working with them?”

“Well... yes. We need a few to properly fortify our encampment.”

“Good. Give them to me and a few men to chop down some wood. You build your defenses.”

Quite frankly, the general was much too scared of Leonel to refuse.

PANDA-NOVEL When the engineers heard of Leonel's asks, they looked at him weirdly. The request wasn't difficult at all. In fact, it was ridiculously easy. They could easily complete the three of them

Leonel asked for by the time the Englishmen were in range.

“After you finish chopping down the trees the engineers need, continue and build at least 50 Cheval de Frise afterward...”

“Cheval de frise?”

Leonel patted his forehead, had such a thing not been invented yet? Without the proper experience, finishing 50 like he hoped would be impossible. Unless...

‘Simplify the design...’ Leonel's mind churned. In a flash, he had an idea that could work.

Walking to the sparse forest of trees that surrounded a part of the river he had bathed in, he borrowed an ax and cut down a thin tree with a diameter no larger than about eight inches.

He worked swiftly, leading by example.

He separated the length of the tree into portions about a meter and a half long. Then, cut those portions widthwise into fourths. In the end, from a single tree, he managed to get eight total meter and a half length pieces. PANDA NOVEL

Brandishing the ax, he began to chip away at both ends of these pieces. Eventually, they ended up looking like double headed spears, albeit much thicker than a spear should be.

“A Cheval de Frise is a device capable of nullifying calvary. It stops the charging of horses by placing deadly barriers in their path. Even if the calvary men are aware of their danger and avoid them, it will slow down their charge and disrupt their formation. If they aren't aware of them, the result will be even more devastating.

“I want you to do exactly as I did after you've prepared what the engineers need. Then...”

Leonel slammed three of the double ended spears he created into the soil at an angle, just about a foot or so apart.

“Press them into the ground just like this in sets of three. Work in lines that cover the battle in a systematic way. Between every set of three, leave about two meters of space. And lay out a single line to extend about 100 meters.

“When you finish laying a line of 100 meters, move back about five meters and begin a new line, but don't place them in the same positions as the first line, or else the enemy can just charge straight through the gaps. Make it so that even if an enemy makes it past, they must swerve and slow themselves down continuously.

“Do you understand?”

The warriors nodded fervently, jetting off to their work. They were a bit skeptical of how just laying down spikes could stop a calvary, but much like their general, they were too scared to refute.

Against Leonel's expectations, General Franck actually committed a hundred men to Leonel's cause. Leonel hadn't thought he'd receive such support, so he had asked for very little. But he had underestimated their religious fanaticism. If they weren't like this, why else would they trust a small village girl like Joan with their lives?

By the time Leonel's sharp gaze could see the Englishmen over the horizon, marching under the high sunlight in perfect rectangular formations, the battlefield was already set.

'It's as perfect as it can be.' Leonel thought to himself. 'The river to our back only has one shallow enough point to cross within tens of miles, they have no choice but to come through here... The encampment itself was already chosen to be on a small hill to act as a temporary fortress... And everything is in my line of sight...'

Leonel climbed to the top of a set of a wooden staircases.

This was the device he had asked the siege engineers to build. It was nothing but a simple elevated platform. From afar it looked like a staircase that led nowhere.

It could be considered to be a simplified siege tower. The differences lied in the fact that there were no castle walls to scale here and it was a great deal shorter than what it would usually be. But, for Leonel's purposes, this height was enough, especially with the help of the elevated position of the encampment. p00d000000

All around the destinationless staircase, barrels of crudely made spears lied. Leonel knew that he could work faster to complete what he had asked of the Frenchmen, but he had spent all of this time forming thousands of spears. He hadn't had the luxury of helping them.

A small encampment like this one wouldn't carry so many weapons with them. He could only make them on his own.

When he reached the top, there was only a single barrel filled with about a hundred. Unfortunately, this was all he could fit without impeding his throwing motion. The space was quite small, only about a meter and a half in width and two in length, so he had to make do.

He picked up a crude wooden spear, weighing it in his hands.

A sigh escaped his lips. Only he would be mad enough to try and throw such a poorly weighted weapon. But there hadn't been time to build any stabilizers for them. He could only rely on his ability.

The Englishmen stopped in the distance. There was clear disdain on their faces when they noticed the numbers before them. There were 20 000 of them, yet the enemy wanted to face them with a measly 1000?

The spikes pierced into the ground were incredibly conspicuous, but what did little branches in the ground mean to their heavy calvary?

“FORM UP!”

The roar brought an eerie silence to the Frenchmen. They gripped their weapons and shields tightly to the point their knuckles went white beneath their armor.

And that was when it happened.

A small woman of beauty beyond words leaped through the skies and landed before them all with her back facing them. Her demeanor was almost lackadaisical, a massive ax dragging across the ground to her side.

“It seems we're in luck, men. That Whore who claims to be of God is right before us. Slay her here and take revenge for our fallen brothers!”

“Revenge for our fallen brothers!!” The roar was deafening.

In this era, women didn't even touch the battlefield, let alone taking the vanguard alone. Coupling that with the poor information circulation ability of this era, and it was no wonder they mistook Aina for Joan.

Unfortunately, this misunderstanding gave the enemy a morale boost Leonel hadn't accounted for.

'I'm still too inexperienced...' Leonel's gaze narrowed.

"CHARGE! FOR OUR BROTHERS!"

'... However, as punishment for saying such words about Aina...' Leonel's grip tightened.

But then, it suddenly loosened. '... Just what am I thinking?'

Leonel shook his head furiously. Back then, when those three bastards said those words, Leonel saw red. Before he even knew what was happening, they had died.

Afterward, he tried to justify it to himself. They had alluded to all the women they had hurt before, they deserved it... right? It was fine if he punished them.

But that was just an excuse. What was that feeling he had had just now? That feeling that told him he had the right to execute people as he saw fit for little more than their words and ideals...

'I'm losing my damn mind, what's wrong with me...'

Leonel grit his teeth. A part of him had already decided. There was simply no place in this world for his soft heart. In a lot of ways, the words of those men that night had enlightened him to that fact.

However, he refused to lose himself to the madness of this world. He felt that the end result of killing was just as important as the reason for it was. He wanted to be able to look himself in the mirror one day and justify his actions, to be able to feel that his heart could still remain as light as a feather.

The Englishmen weren't bad people. They were fighting for their country. They were fighting for their brothers.

Some of them committed horrible deeds. They looted villages, raped women, took mothers from their children and children from their parents. But, it remained that this was only some of them.

Leonel wasn't a God. He wasn't judge, jury and executioner, nor could his fragile mind state withstand such a burden.

However, what he could do was work within the confines of his own limits. As long as he didn't overreach... as long as he maintained his respect for his opponents... he could slowly climb over this hurdle.

Leonel took a deep breath as the horses and men charged, kicking up dust clouds.

'Today, I'll kill you not for the words you've said, but because you are the general of my enemy.'

Leonel closed his eyes, feeling every detail of the battlefield perfectly projected into his mind.

He lifted his spear above his shoulder, setting his feet.

'50 meters... 40... 30... 20...'

Leonel's eyes flashed open when the general was just a few strides of his horse from the first line of spikes. His timing was perfect.

A low grunt escaped his lips, an unimpeded strength gushing through his body and leaving from his fingertip.

The spear shot across the skies. The force was so strong that any unbalanced weight remained unable to exert its presence, leaving it flying perfectly straight and through the slit in the helmet of the enemy general.

Even as the first blood was reaped, the calvary smashed into the first line of spikes, the screams of horses having the chests pierced and legs broken rang through the battlefield.

English calvary men flipped through the air, completely astonished. But, before they could have a chance to regain their bearings, their fellow charging warriors bore down on them from behind, turning the front line into a complete mess not even 50 meters from the Frenchmen's own.

Unfortunately for the English, their start only got worse. Because, appearing like a deathly ghost, Aina crossed the 50 meter distance between them in a flash, brandishing her ax toward those very same unorganized Englishmen.

Without a leader, they fell into a bloody mess.