

## Dimensional Descent - Chapter 27

Aina was like a lone blazing star. Despite being alone and surrounded, there seemed to be a perpetual five meter radius around her that no one could keep their life within.

From afar, it seemed like the Englishmen army had split into three. A single group of archers focusing their might toward Leonel, another attacking the Frenchmen, and the final entirely focused on this small woman with a weapon twice the size of her body.

However, though Aina seemed invincible, Leonel could see her body heat increasing at an unhealthy pace.

‘Her stamina is running low...’

Leonel’s frown deepened. It had been less than 30 minutes since the battle began, but just how long could a normal human fight under such conditions? Even with her being far beyond a normal human, the load she was facing was severalfold greater as well.

“Aina! Retreat!”

Leonel shouted once more, putting everything he had into his voice. However, this time, the blaring horns of retreat sounded over him, covering his shouts completely.

PANDA-N0VEL “No! Not now!” PANDA-N0VEL.COM

Just minutes ago, there was nothing Leonel could have wanted more. But now Aina had traveled too deeply into their territory.

Leonel's arm cocked back and launched forward another crude spear.

With a sharp clang, it rebounded and shattered off of Aina's massive ax blade.

Aina's head finally snapped backward. But Leonel never got to register just what her expression was. All he could see was the fierce golden glow of her eyes, hiding a flickering redness that seemed to be the depths of a hellish flame.

There was only a single thing Leonel could grasp through the almost hundred meters that separated them. Her eyes were almost telling him to piss off.

He had seen them like this once before. That day she killed Conrad and stared him down as though she wanted him to witness every moment. He had been too stunned to register just what she was trying to convey to him back then... But now he was certain.

She wanted to be left alone. PANDA NOVEL

A fiendish red Force erupted from Aina's frail body as her killing speed increased explosively.

[Aina Brazinger]

[Strength: 1.50; Speed: 0.99; Agility: 0.99; Coordination: 1.00; Stamina: 0.10; Reactions: 1.00; Spirit: 0.10]

Leonel's pupils constricted into pinholes. Leonel had never seen stats like this. Even the adjusted stats of the metal Invalid paled in comparison.

But, all his mind could focus on was her stamina. It hadn't gone up. In fact, it had plummeted the instant she began using this strength.

Aina's delicate roar overwhelmed the blaring horns of retreat.

Her ax whipped around, a Force blade extending from its body. However, it didn't sweep outward.

Instead, it attached to the blade of the ax, extending its range from almost three meters to over

five! oooooooo

It was like the ax was enveloped in the spirit of a larger battle ax, borrowing its power to reap lives.

Just the first swing took 20 Englishmen from the world. The second swing took almost 25.

The Englishmen quaked in fear, but Leonel's anxiety only grew.

On the third swing, Aina faltered and the spirit that enveloped her ax flickered, leaving half the Englishmen destined to die with a new lease on life. It wasn't only this, but they suddenly felt more

confident than they had before.

Before Aina stood a wall of Englishmen. To her back, the retreating Englishmen barred her in.

Leonel didn't even register what he was doing before he found himself falling through the air, having jumped over the railing of his siege tower.

'Something is wrong ...'

In a flash, Leonel had already burst through the line of Frenchmen who had chosen not to chase. The Englishmen still had more than 16 000 of their original number. It was nothing short of foolish to pursue them with their now less than 1000 number.

However, these weren't things Leonel had the mind to care about.

"Get out of my way!"

"Kill her! Kill Joan of Arc!"

The anxiousness in Leonel's heart grew. There was a wall of Englishmen before him, each completely set on Aina. They all but ignored him entirely. Aside from a few veterans who were tasked with holding the back line in a retreat, there was nothing.

Leonel's jaw set. Without his high vantage point, he couldn't even see Aina in his line of sight anymore. He could only feel the direction of the Force she emitted.

A part of Leonel wanted to hate these soldiers for standing before him, for blocking his way to Aina. But, with a will he didn't know he had, he pressed that hatred down.

He had promised himself not to kill in rage.

'Breathe, Leonel...' He spoke to himself, slowly pulling the spear from his back.

It felt oddly familiar to him. The black steel that stood cool to his touch, the flat silver blade on its end... it all seemed to balance perfectly in his palm.

The body was almost two meters in length, the blade at just over two feet. It had proportions more like a glaive than a spear, but its glistening point made its true identity clear.

Three flashes pierced forward, ending in holes in three English necks.

One arm held his shield, the other held his spear, dripping in blood.

Leonel took a deep breath, his gaze flickering with a strong blue diamond-like light.

[Leonel Morales]

[Strength: 0.80; Speed: 0.75 (+0.1); Agility: 0.99 (+0.1 – nullified); Coordination: 1.10; Stamina: 0.99 (+0.05 – nullified); Reactions: 1.10; Spirit: 0.40]

