

Dimensional Descent - Chapter 28

The feeling of Force coursing through your body was hard to describe. If Leonel were to try, it would be like landing on a bed of soft pillows, or walking through a mist of water on a hot summer's day. It didn't just feel good, it felt right. As though this was the true state of being.

Leonel didn't know why his stamina had shot upward while Aina's tanked, but he didn't have the time to think about it. In fact, if he thought about it for even a little while, he would realize that because his coordination shot upward, he could more efficiently make use of his abilities, allowing him to use less strength to accomplish the same result.

Though Leonel's strength and speed remained untouched, his combat prowess was on a completely different level. The movements of the Englishmen were almost painfully slow.

PANDA-NOVEL His spear snaked through the air like a viper, piercing throats and severing spines with every stroke. It was the most humane way Leonel could think to end their lives.

Something about wielding a spear felt different from his rod. Leonel had chosen the rod due to his lack of battle experience. He thought he'd have an easier time with a longer ranged weapon.

However, with the spear, despite the fact it was obvious he had no real experience with it, he felt free. Something within his body was churning, waking from a sleep as though it had been waiting for this moment.

[Leonel Morales]PANDA-NOVEL.COM

[Strength: 0.85; Speed: 0.80 (+0.1); Agility: 0.99 (+0.1 – nullified); Coordination: 1.10; Stamina: 0.99 (+0.05 – nullified); Reactions: 1.10; Spirit: 0.40]

More of the hidden medicine within Leonel's body diffused, increasing his strength and speed by 0.05. He felt his blood boiling, but it wasn't fatigue. It was excitement.

Leonel forgot his hatred of death, of killing. The awkward coordination in his arm stabilized. Like a child learning to walk, his spear became less reliant on his agility and more on his skill.

He seemed to be walking through the battle, traveling five meters forward with every step, a swath of bodies being left in his wake.

The Frenchmen felt numb. Was this the power God could bestow upon a man?

Leonel's spear almost looked like a black whip, curling and curving around defenses and snapping back with supersonic speed. PANDA NOVEL

He could feel her presence getting closer, but also fainter at the same time. Aina was already at the end of her rope. Leonel didn't know what had happened to her, but he knew he had to take her out of here.

"Aina!" Leonel roared, cutting down another Englishmen.

No matter how good he felt, Leonel knew there was a limit to his strength. His stamina wasn't unlimited. Just walking forward these 50 meters through a swath of Englishmen had begun to tap into his 0.99 stamina.

Whatever weird phenomena was happening to his blood ate into his stamina far quicker than he had been before. Leonel suspected that what he was experiencing now, Aina was experiencing tenfold.

'Faster...'

Leonel grit his teeth, pushing forward with an even faster speed. He began to rely on his ability heavily, reading through who had the weakest ability, cutting them down and using the gap their body formed to shoot past. p00d000000

“Aina!”

Leonel could barely see her through the sea of bodies. Her breath hung so heavily on her lips that a dense fog formed whenever she exhaled. It wasn't nearly cold enough for air to condense like that, just what kind of heat was Aina experiencing.

In the past, hardly a speck of blood ever touched her. But now, she was completely drenched.

Leonel could tell it wasn't her own blood. In fact, she seemed to be completely uninjured. But her present state still sent waves off in his heart.

‘Just what's wrong with her?’

“Kill her! For our fallen brothers!”

“For our fallen brothers!”

The gazes of the Englishmen almost glowed red beneath their helmets. They didn't see Aina as an arbiter of God. To them, she was a demon. A terrible devil descended to their lands. By this point, their resolve in taking down France raised several levels. It was their duty as God fearing men to expel these Devil Worshipers from their lands!

“For our brothers! For our families! For the Lord!”

“For the Lord!”

The Englishmen dug deep, throwing their lives away under Aina's ax only to allow those behind them to close an extra inch closer.

Leonel couldn't find it within himself to hate them. Even if they bore down on the only woman that had ever stirred his heart, he realized now how right he was not to kill them in a rage. These were men who deserved his respect. Even in the face of power so much greater than their own, they put everything they had on the line.

This was the strength of the human race. A people who struggled to survive even in the most terrible situations. It was for this reason that the actions of Emperor Gervaise Fawkes were so reprehensible. Allowing the lives of billions to be snuffed out just to maintain control... Only these sort of people deserved his rage, his anger...

For the men before him now... They only deserved his regard.

Leonel's mind calmed by another level.

In that moment, he realized that anger wasn't what fueled him. In fact, it impeded him.

The sincere respect Leonel felt brought him back. The challenge before him became no different from a football game or an exam, not because he found the lives of these men to be trivial, but because he had always taken even the simplest of tasks with the utmost seriousness. Taking on the burden of the lives of these men on his conscience was no different.

A natural aura erupted from his body, coating the battlefield in a suffocating presence.

'Come... I'll lay you to rest beneath a blade that recognizes your resolve...'