

## Dimensional Descent - Chapter 29

Leonel's spear became swifter. The clearer his mind became, the sharper his ability shone through.

A calculative mind didn't need to rely on emotion.

Maybe it was ironic that an inherently emotional man like Leonel had suddenly become the exact opposite. But it was an irony that Leonel wasn't thinking about.

[Call of the Wind], a technique meant for throwing, subconsciously molded itself into his spear. His mind could see through how it worked, forming dozens of calculations a second, he changed its foundation, adding a power previously impossible to his strikes.

It was only now that Leonel finally made use of his powerful spirit. To now, he had only foolishly only used it to power his Internal Sight. Even when he activated his Force, he had focused it into his mind, vastly improving his coordination and reactions.

But now, a pale light coated his spear. It didn't extend his blade to near the extent Aina's ax spirit had, probably because it was being wielded through a crudely formed technique Leonel was still adjusting even to this very moment. But its power was undeniable.

Leonel burst through the last line of Englishmen, his flexible armor and sweats matted in blood that wasn't his own. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

"Aina!"

Having burst through only one side of the encirclement, Aina still had enemies closing in from at least three sides.

However, all Leonel received in return was a blazing ax.

He had never paid much attention to Aina's ax before. Maybe it was typical teenage boy selective sight. But, seeing it up close, it could only be described as a beautiful weapon.

It had a handle of over a meter and a half long, with a thickness so robust Aina's small hands couldn't wrap all the way around it. PANDA NOVEL

The handle was a blazing red. Veins of gold and silver coursed through it, pulsing with a ruby light almost as though breathing.

The double headed blade was obscenely large, even a small bit longer in diameter from one blade to the other. The heads themselves glistened with a beautiful silver that was now covered in blood. But, their blade edges were an even deeper shade of red than the handle.

Like he thought before. It was a beautiful weapon. But it was maybe less so when it was coming for his own head.

Leonel knew Aina's strength was too much to take head on. Even with her stamina almost hitting zero, it was still over 1.00, far more than his own. In addition, he couldn't see through the grade of Aina's weapon at all, making him certain it would slice through his spear like it was rotting wood.

Without hesitation, Leonel ducked beneath it. Aina's agility matched his in this state, but it was clear that she was compromised. Her attack speed wasn't nearly as fast as it once was. .....

PANDA-NOVEL The moment the ax soared over his head, Leonel popped back up, using the flat of his spear's blade to slap the back of Aina's hand with some force.

It took more resolve to do this than he thought it would. The idea of harming her small frame made him sick. But he had no choice.

Leonel wrapped around Aina's left side, even as her ax faltered in her hands. He expanded his shield to just over two meters in diameter, blocking the attacks to her back.

“... Le...”

Aina seemed to finally sense Leonel's presence. A struggle lit in her eyes as though she was trying to decide whether or not to cut him down where he stood.

The truth was that she really could if she wanted to. His chest was completely opened to her after he wrapped around her left with his shield. She didn't need her ax at all. Just a palm to his chest would kill him with her level of strength.

“... I'm sorry...”

Aina's gaze swayed with fatigue, her cheek falling to Leonel's chest.

Leonel's eyes flickered. He could feel the searing heat of her body even through his flexible armor.

“Stop him!”

“Don't let her get away!”

Leonel sighed. He strapped the massive shield to his back, pulling Aina in with his left arm to his chest. She herself was as light as a feather, but the ax she refused to let go of even while unconscious was a completely different story. It alone weighed over 200 pounds... And Leonel had vaguely felt Aina lowering its weight before she fainted.

Despite the situation, Leonel inadvertently smiled and even felt a bit flustered.

‘What am I thinking?! She has a high fever and you're in the middle of an army that wants nothing more than to kill her. Get it together!’

Making a decision, Leonel didn't choose to run. His shield to his back, Aina in one arm, his spear in the other, he stood tall.

"If you'd like to come, you can come. I'll take as much as you can give. But I won't let her die here."

Regaining his calm, Leonel's imposing aura shone forth once more. As dangerous as Aina had been, this was something she hadn't had.

Leonel meant his words. Running away would do him no good and he would only end up implicating the Frenchmen. Even though the English had retreated, they still had more than 15 000 of their original number. If they rallied, they could still crush the less than thousand remaining Frenchmen.

There was only one option left. Leonel had to impose his will. He had to appear invincible. He had to crush their resolve until nothing was left, that very resolve he respected with all his heart.