

# DIMENSIONAL DESCENT

## Chapter 3294 A Budding Legend

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Aina frowned. "This is a bit cruel for children."

"... Maybe," Leonel said after a while.

All things considered, he didn't enter this world until he was 17, right on the very edge of his 18th birthday. He was legally considered an adult by Earth's standards when his journey began.

Here, these kids were certainly not that. More so for Alienor.

His grandmother's last child had taken the name of his mother, and was affectionately known as Little Two by most of them as her full name was Alienor Fawkes II. But because she was so pampered, her state of mind was nowhere near that of the other children in this competition.

She was easily poked and prodded at, and she very easily lost her cool. The reason she had been hounding Diego for so long was precisely because Lina had planned it all out.

Of course, Leonel knew this; he had been paying attention. It was just that he had no intention of interfering in a child's game. As much as they used his status to degrade Little Two, it was because he didn't interfere that they could do so in the first place.

Otherwise, would they even dare to say such words so boldly?

But, unfortunately, Alienor wasn't mature enough to understand and take this in stride.

And just as unfortunately, that was precisely why he couldn't interfere even as she suffered like this.

His grip on his wife's waist tightened just the slightest bit, but then he exhaled.

This was just a rite of passage. If they waited too late to help Little Two change her ways, she never would. Now was the best time.

There was a fork in the road, and it would be up to her.

Even though these were his thoughts, though... Leonel's gaze seemed far more focused on Diego.

His grip loosened on Aina's waist, and he smiled.

'Show me something special.'

...

Blood leaked from Diego's lips, the tip of his blade trembling. Alienor's form lay in the snow at his back, blood leaking from her body and pooling into a cloud of crimson. Every droplet clung onto the flakes of snow, jumping from one to the next.

He felt his heart ripping apart. He couldn't even look back to see if she was alright, as a sea of people led by Quinyon settled in before him.

"Why are you still fighting? Why don't you do us all a favor and jump over the other side?" Quinyon grinned.

There was some blood between his teeth, a reminder of several things that made him feel both humiliated and infuriated. Even in this situation, Diego had managed to get a few licks in.

Somehow, he was still standing, and that only made Quinyon angrier.

Diego's grip on his spear tightened. His sweat was starting to mix in with his blood. With the heavy steam hanging around, it was only getting harder for his weapon to not slip through his fingers.

He had been so fatigued coming up the mountain in the first place, and now he was thrust into a battle like this one...

When the others realized that Quinyon hadn't been able to take him down, they began throwing in attacks from time to time. At some unknown point, he ended up with his back to this sheer cliff.

His goal was just ahead of him, shrouded in that mist, but he couldn't even get there.

It was supposed to be him. He was supposed to get the chance to spar against the King's son. He was supposed to be able to prove himself against the greatest talent in Existence, to prove that he belonged, that his upbringing wouldn't hold him back.

A giggle came from the side and Lina appeared, snaking her arm around Quinyon.

"What? Disappointed? You didn't think that I actually liked you, right? What are you worth, exactly? Do you even have a Lineage Factor? Isn't your Ability Index also just C-grade? Your growth potential is so limited."

Diego didn't seem to have heard her, his senses so focused on threats that bullshit was filtered out.

But he did hear the next thing.

He felt a small pressure on the back of his leg.

"Diego... Diego..." the voice sounded as though it was hyperventilating, struggling to even breathe properly. "... I'm sorry... I'm so sorry... I'll never... I'll never do it again... I'll never complain about something so stupid... I'm sorry... I'll be the best wife... I promise... Don't die, Diego... Don't die... I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

Diego felt his heart tremble.

His grip on his spear tightened, his back standing straighter.

He took deep breaths.

Right. No matter what. He couldn't die.

His jaw clenched.

Lina sneered, and Quinyon raised his head to the skies, laughing uproariously.

"We might not be able to kill the little princess. But you... you will certainly die today. You'll never get in my way again!"

Quinyon stomped a foot and rushed forward. He didn't like the look in Diego's eyes at all.

Diego took a step to meet him, the earth wrapped around his feet as his Earth Force pulsed out in a subtle ripple.

Using the added leverage on the slippery volcano peak, he pierced out. His blade had become frighteningly steady, but what others didn't notice was that its wooden polearm had grown two thick thorns, both of which pierced through his palms.

He didn't have the skill of the King or his father before him. Not yet. He couldn't keep his blade steady on his own.

But he was Diego.

Not Leonel.

Not Velasco.

He was his own man.

He would use his own methods.

Diego roared as though the pain didn't faze him.

He clashed against Quinyon's saber, the force of the latter almost sending him flying back. But the earth kept him intact this time.

Quinyon didn't expect the sudden force from the usually skillful Diego, and his saber almost flew out of his hand.

Diego pressed, thrusting out his spear once, then twice, then thrice in quick succession.

Recovering quickly, Quinyon took a heavy step back, only for a spike of pain to jolt through his heel.

A small jet of rock appeared right where he stepped.

His expression changed as he yelped, his body reacting on its own.

A blade pierced into his rib cage, yanking and twisting right through the opening his own foolishness had created.

Diego pulled out his blade, huffing for breath, his eyes glowing with a focused coldness. He didn't have much strength left, but he also didn't have much time left. Before Alienor died, he had to kill all of these people.

And he would.

He felt a mountain weighing on his shoulders.

His spear flashed, sending Quinyon's head flying into the air.

Blood splattered across his face, but he didn't even react, nor did he care what Quinyon's background was. He didn't even consider the competition anymore; it was entirely unimportant.

All of these people made Alienor cry. That was enough to sentence them all to death!

Lina's eyes opened wide and she shrieked, sheer terror marking her features.

Like a wild beast on his last legs, Diego lunged forward, his every strike the pinnacle of efficiency, his brown eyes radiating cold, bloodthirsty intensity.

Lina fell to his feet, severed at the neck, the chest, and the legs as though a butchered pig.

...

Leonel held his wife, watching a legend slowly begin to build itself with a smile on his face.

Aina smiled as well, her heart at peace. Whenever her husband was happy, she was happy.

Leonel's lips slowly parted.

"It will be a joy watching you two grow... dad... mom..."

His voice was impossibly soft, but Aina heard him anyway, slowly squeezing his palm with a light pressure.

"You know..." Aina said after a while. "... Leah and Leo are basically little adults now, already 17 years old... and their 18th birthdays are coming up soon..."

Leonel chuckled when he heard this. They hadn't wanted to become a second Fawkes Empire, so they put everything into raising their children. Now, the little ones were the mountain peak the other children were chasing, and it filled them with pride.

But Aina... hadn't given up on her big family just yet. Considering how long a life they had to live ahead of them, how could he disappoint his wife?

His grip on his wife's waist tightened, and he lifted her up, pulling her on top of him.

"I did all the work last time. I think I deserve some service, don't you think?"

"Is that so?" Aina leaned over, whispering into his ear with a sultry tone in her voice. "Where should I start, my King?"

She kissed his neck, and then moved to his lips.

They fell into one another's embrace, a silent romance hanging in the air.