

## Dimensional Descent - Chapter 35

[Bonus chapter for reaching 100 powerstones. Next chapter at 200]

Aina blinked several times, almost feeling the need to wipe her eyes clean in case some dirt made her see things.

‘... Ten meters is about the limit I guess. And I feel I only have enough Potential Force to do that three time at such a distance. If I keep it to within a foot or two of my spear’s blade, though, several hundred times wouldn’t be a problem...’

After understanding the concept behind [Call of the Wind], Leonel only needed to make a very minor adjustment to make it applicable to his spearmanship.

The first step was to form an alignment of charged particles. These particles then pull on other air particles such that they form an incredibly sharp projectile of air. Following this, using the same concept as a rail gun, the magnetized particles pull along the projectile, all the while adding more and more substance to this sharply shaped air. Since these particles were being used to pull the projectile along, they obviously would be able to cause less drag, and thus the problem of friction was also partially solved.

In the case of a throwing motion, this pulling would help an arrow or dart travel further, while the sharp shape would mitigate its slowing even more. However, in the case of Leonel’s spear, he could apply the same concept without releasing his weapon, making his strikes faster and sharper. On top of this, he could extend the range of the sharpened wind to ten meters!PANDA-NOVEL.COM

‘... But I felt that feeling again, when I held my spear... That burning sensation in my blood...’

Leonel closed the door of the carriage without a word to the Frenchmen. He wasn't too eager in their adulation, he was only a bit too eager to test himself.

"... Do you know what my Lineage Factor is?" Leonel asked Aina.

These were the first words they had exchanged in over a day, yet he didn't seem to carry any bit of awkwardness.

Aina looked at him helplessly. "How could I possibly know that?" PANDA NOVEL

Seeing the disappointment in his face, Aina quickly continued.

"Just tell me what you feel."

"I feel my blood boiling. But it only happens when I pick up a spear. Is that even possible, how would that work?"

PANDA-NOVEL Aina blinked in confusion as well. A Lineage Factor related to a weapon? She had never heard of one.

Her Lineage Factor massively upped her strength and Force output. Much like hers, other Lineage Factors worked similarly, amplifying physical traits. They were always related to things like speed, stamina, reaction time. There were some rare ones that amplified Force like hers, but they were extraordinarily infrequent. p○○d○○○○○○

She couldn't even begin to wrap her head around how someone would pass down the expertise of a weapon in their genes. It seemed almost nonsensical.

Her thoughts were the same as Leonel's. With his little understanding of the world of Force and Lineages related to it, a Lineage Factor like his didn't make much sense. He could think of methods to use the four fundamental Forces to improve just about any physical trait, though he wasn't able to

execute these ideas. But, how would you even begin to construct the expertise of a weapon using them?

“Noble arbiters, we are here. The blessed one has heard of your exploits and has come out to greet you personally.”

Leonel was snapped out of his thought by the loud voice of General Franck.

Sending a gaze toward Aina, they both stood to step out of the carriage to be greeted by a grandiose estate. No, it could only be considered a castle.

Château Royal de Blois. Who knew how many kings and royals had called this place home? It was this very place Joan came to be blessed by the Archbishop of Reims before she then proceeded to drive the English from Orleans.

Leonel noticed that Franck’s army had disappeared. In fact, the coachmen who drove their carriage had actually switched to the general himself.

Before them, there was a small squadron of knights, numbering no more than ten. They each rode silver armored horses of their own, standing with the castle that stretched hundreds of meters in each direction as their backdrop.

However, it was impossible to have eyes for these men because before them sat a woman of legend herself.

Sitting upon a white steed armored in gold, Joan held her helm in one hand and a large pole flag her other.

Leonel was certain that history painted her as a woman of above average looks with the worn skin of a peasant and a birthmark beneath her ear. She was meant to be a stocky woman of barely 5'2", having a body tempered by the life of a plebeian as well.

These were all the things Leonel had heard. Often times, only the women in fantasies both had the visage of a goddess and the mind of a renaissance genius. Joan of Arc... Cleopatra... Helen of Troy... These women were never what some mythologies painted them out to be.

Yet, Leonel was finding out personally that maybe that was all bullshit. The history books didn't say anything about Joan riding a white horse with gold armor either, but here she was before him. Not only that, but she was maybe the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life.

Flowing black hair, gentle blue eyes, delicate tanned skin and a smile that stole the hearts of men. Her shapely armor wrapped around her curves, but carried a holy modesty to them that was directly contradictory.

If there ever were to be a goddess who descended to Earth, Leonel was certain that it would have to be her.