

Descent 51

Chapter 51

[You guys are gonna kill me. Bonus chapter for 400 powerstones. From next reset onward, it'll be 200 powerstones per bonus chapter so that I don't collapse *runs away in tears*]

The English were roaring with fighting spirit. The truth of the matter was that they had suffered successive losses over the last few months. It was to the point where they might be kicked out of France entirely at this rate. However, their morale was still raging.

The reason for this was simple. They refused to lose to such an enemy and they were the true elites of the English army.

They had been hearing stories about Joan for almost a year now. The idea that a woman was the one putting their armies in such a sorry state was a great humiliation to them. It was simply going against the will of God.

Of course, the English had no idea that the real reason their morale was so high wasn't due to their own will at all.

On the castle walls, two men stood side by side. They wore silver armor and the English flag was painted on their shoulder guards. Both swept indifferent gazes at the roaring men on the tall walls and cold sneers toward the approaching French army in the distance led by a woman with flowing black hair and her knights.

"How is it, Reimond? Is she as much of a beauty as you thought she'd be?"

One of the previously expressionless men grinned, sizing up Joan. If others saw how he was acting, they would definitely be shocked. After all, he spoke about Joan as though she was right in front of him and he could see her every detail. However, she was easily over a kilometer away. If it wasn't for the size of the approaching army and their high vantage point, it would be difficult to make out even her gender, let alone how beautiful she was. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

“You like used goods that much?”

“How do you know she’s used goods?!” The man rebutted.

“The Bishop is our savior, but he isn’t a Saint. If he really let her go, he might as well castrate himself.”

The man paused and seemed to think that this made sense.

“I don’t know why I even bother to argue with you anymore.” The man said. “You pretend like I was seeking her out to be my wife. How could I marry someone who’s destined for a coffin in a few months? I just want to have some fun.”

Reimond glanced at the man but didn’t say anything in response. It was only after Joan had crossed the kilometer mark that he finally spoke again.

“Nigelle. There’s something wrong with the path of the winds.” PANDA NOVEL

The man, or rather, Nigelle, frowned at these words. The true reason he didn’t like arguing with Reimond wasn’t because he was no fun, but rather due to his ability. It was an ability that made it hard for him not to be serious all of the time.

“There might be some variables.” Reimond continued. “We should be prepared.”

Nigelle’s playful demeanor disappeared and he was once more expressionless.

“Archers!” Nigelle’s roar cut through the battlefield as he took his longbow from his back as slammed its lion shaped edge to the stone beneath his feet. “Aim!”

Nigelle himself didn’t aim his bow. Its almost three meter tall form was held in his left hand, radiating such a faint glow that it was almost impossible to see.

The French army was still charging.

One kilometer. Eight hundred meters. Seven hundred meters. Six hundred meters. p?p?J?p?p?p?p?

The rumbling of horses made it seem like the skies might collapse at any time.

“Set up a defensive line! Ready the cannons! Shieldmen forward!” Joan’s cries resounded over the battlefield.

“Fire!” Nigelle’s voice followed hers as the French crossed the 500 meter mark.

It felt for a moment that night had descended, a vast expanse of black covering the skies like hand enveloped the lands followed by the sound of the winds being torn apart beneath their might.

The French weren’t slow. They reacted to Joan’s commands, bringing the shieldmen forward to block the rain of arrows.

PANDA-NOVEL “Towers!” Joan roared.

Tens of wooden towers came forward, hiding the violent power of their cannons behind their windows as they pressed onward.

The French crossed the 300 meter mark. Under Joan’s commands, they flowed like the water of a rushing river. Nothing was rushed and everything was organized. If a war historian of Leonel’s time were to witness such a scene, they would be shocked beyond belief. It simply wasn’t possible for an army even of modern times to move so swiftly, let alone one of the middle ages.

However, these things were simply beyond the normal realm of logic and reason. One only needs to look toward the faint golden glow of the large French flag in Joan’s hands to understand that this was no longer just a battle of mortal men. The Gods had intervened.

“Fire!”

Nigelle roared once more and a second volley came.

More men died horrible deaths. Though the shieldmen did their jobs as well as they could, how could it be possible for them all to come out unharmed?

Maybe the most sickening part was that if one ignored the cries of pain and closed one's eyes, the sound of arrows piercing skin was little different from the sound of an arrow hitting the bark of a tree.

However, very soon, the French weren't the only ones suffering, because the cannons Joan had asked to prepare were ready.

“Fire!”

The tall wooden towers stopped just within 200 meters of the castle walls, the barrels of deep black cannons aimed forward before a cacophony of booms resounded.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The cries of the English sounded and the bloody battle that went down in history truly began.

In the distance, Leonel looked on with a serious expression. By now, he had already been in many battles. However, he had never set eyes on a siege before. Though he was prepared for it to be bloody, he really hadn't expected it to be to this extent.

‘We were right to move so far back.’ Leonel thought to himself. ‘That man shouting out commands and the one by his side are definitely not normal. They're also most definitely not the same English generals who fought this battle according to history.’

Leonel took a deep breath and his frown deepened.

Just what was going on? Who was scheming against Earth like this?

But there was an even more shocking realization that made Leonel's spine tingle with coldness.

It was only possible for a single group to enter a Zone at one time. Until that group succeeded or failed and died, said Zone would not open again.

What did this mean? It meant that whoever was toying with the matters of the past now had been doing so for at least one thousand years already. How could they even begin to fight against such a thing?

Chapter 52

The blood and carnage was nauseating.

The bodies of brave knights were minced into pieces beneath rains of arrows and the ballistic balls of destructive cannons. Their mad roars filled the skies as they charged toward their deaths. They seemed to be filled with courage and a sacrificial will, it was the kind of thing that brought a man and his family honor in any era. But Leonel... Just found the scene to be sad to look upon.

What were they fighting for? Their country, of course. Maybe on a deeper layer, it was for their God. But was it worth it?

Leonel wasn't the kind of person who looked down on others for their faith. He was questioning more so if their God even wanted this.

Leonel shook his head. 'It isn't that they believe their God wants this... It's that they're being manipulated into believing so by those they trust the most...'

Before this, Leonel still had a hard time blaming Joan. Even though her actions almost led to his death, he had always been a forgiving person. Since he was still standing here, there was no harm, right? In that case, there was still a chance at mending their friendship.

Many would call this sort of mentality foolish. And if they did, Leonel wouldn't argue with them. He too found it to be foolish. But, this was just his nature.

However, after seeing this scene, the last wisp of understanding he had for Joan vanished. Whatever reasons she had no longer mattered to him. She knew how devastating her actions would be, yet she carried them out anyway.

How many innocent people would die today? A few thousand? More than that? PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel had always heard that the wars of the past were child's play compared to wars during and following World War I. But, even if these death counts couldn't compare to the millions who lost their lives during those pyrrhic monstrosities, reading numbers from a textbook and witnessing it for yourself were two completely different experiences.

It was... unforgivable.

'I can't keep letting them die like this while I do nothing but stand here and watch.'

"Aina..." Leonel looked over with an apologetic smile at the dainty fairy that stood by his side.

She was much different from the Aina that had always been in his heart. She wasn't wearing her usual long flowing dress, the kind that clung to her curves with the slightest gust of wind. Instead, she wore a black military uniform densely packed with pockets.

Her hair wasn't as perfectly groomed, gently waving like the descent of a calm waterfall. Instead, it was quite tangled. Some of it even stuck to her delicate face with the help of her beads of sweat.

Even her usual elegant demeanor was nowhere to be seen. The massive, murderous ax on her back was too good at crushing such thoughts...

However, Leonel found that he liked her even more now than he had in the past. Maybe it couldn't even be simply explained as 'like' anymore even if he wasn't sure how to express it. All he could say was that the way Aina looked... Simply didn't matter to him anymore. [PANDA NOVEL](http://PANDA-NOVEL)

"I've already said it." Aina said calmly without looking in his direction. "Don't change."

Her words seemed to have nothing to do with the situation. Even Leonel was confused by what she was saying. When had she...

Leonel's gaze flashed with a bit of realization and he looked away from Aina's side profile and looked back toward the violent battle.

"Aina."

Hearing Leonel's voice, Aina trembled slightly. She knew well that Leonel had an exceptionally kind side to him, but there was another side that was full of resolve. It was that side of him that stood in battle against thousands of Englishmen and refused to let her go. It was that side this voice was from...

"I don't know enough about the relationship between you and your family. But, I do know that you've been avoiding me due to it. However..."

Leonel grinned wildly. "You just said it yourself. You asked me not to change. So you tell me, do you think I would let the woman I like face such a thing on her own? Or is it that my Aina wants to take back her words?"

Aina was stunned stiff. Leonel had confessed to her 521 times. She didn't need anyone to keep count for her, she knew the number herself. She should have gotten used to it by now. However, it had been over a year now since the last time she had heard him say such things. She had almost forgotten how it felt.

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A moment later, her face flushed a blazing shade of red. It seemed like she would leak a fountain of blood if she was poked just once.

Usually she would run away, but where would she run now? She couldn't leave Leonel behind in such a dangerous situation.

After a while, she was so stifled that she stomped her foot against the ground, causing it to tremble and crack.

Leonel's lip twitched. He had almost forgotten that this petite fairy before him was such a monster.

Taking a deep breath, Leonel looked back toward the battlefield and those fluttering emotions in his heart faded. He knew how foolish his next actions would be. Originally, he should have waited for maybe even a few days of battle to pass by, only then would both sides be damaged enough for his plan to work perfectly.

But... he just couldn't stand by and watch these valiant men die while he knew they were just puppets on the strings of another. If he really did allow them to suffer for his own designs... How would he be any different from Joan?

"Let's go."

Leonel shot forward, Aina, who had regained her composure following closely behind him.

In an instant, they had arrived on the battlefield and were immediately noticed by Joan and the two men on the castle walls, causing all three of their expressions to change violently.

In what seemed like a flash, Leonel and Aina crossed the defensive line of the tall wooden towers, entering a no-man's-land filled with French corpses.

"For France!"

Leonel roared as countless arrows rained down toward him.

His left arm flicked upward, causing his small shield to explode in size. Before it, the rain of arrows was no different from harmless water droplets. Both he and Aina were completely unharmed.

In the blink of an eye, two unknowns had made it to the city walls.

“Aina!”

Aina nodded and pulled her massive ax her back while taking a rope from one of her pockets with her free hand.

Leonel leapt into the air. He didn't need to look back to feel the violent winds of Aina's ax slamming toward him. But, she obviously wasn't attacking him.

The flat of her blade boomed against the soles of his feet as she tossed the rope in her opposite hand into the air.

Under the shocked gazes of the two armies, Leonel made it to the top of the castle and swung his massive shield, sending tens of Englishmen flying.

He looked back, finding the rope Aina had thrown up snaking through the skies and grabbing it without hesitation. He grasped it with both hands and pulled up with all his might, sending her to the top of the wall with one swift motion.

Leonel retracted his shield and pulled his spear from his back and brandished it against his body with one arm.

He felt Aina's delicate back press against his own as she brandished her own weapon.

PANDA-NOVEL Like this, the two faced swaths of enemies on both sides. Yet, Leonel's handsome face carried a wild grin while Aina's beautiful lips curled into a slight smile.

A rare moment of silence descended onto the battlefield before the roaring cheers of the French resounded.

Chapter 53

Despite the cheers of the French, Joan's golden helm hid an unsightly expression. If she wasn't certain before that Leonel's goal differed from her own, she was now.

In truth, even if he did this, it shouldn't have been so obvious so quickly. However, Leonel only had himself to blame once more. The reason Joan was able to realize there was something wrong with his actions was because of those words he spoke to her in English that day.

Nigelle and Reimond simultaneously turned their gazes toward Joan as though trying to gain an explanation. But, what they found in return was her warped expression, making the answer to their question quite obvious.

These two weren't one of them.

On the castle walls, Leonel and Aina stood back to back, facing enemies on all sides.

From front to back, the walls averaged almost ten meters in thickness, so the number of knights and archers here was definitely not just a few. In addition, since there was so much space, the pair didn't gain any advantage due to the landscape.

However...

PANDA-NOVEL Leonel and Aina both took a strong step forward. Though it wasn't enough to shake the massive castle walls, the loud boom was enough for the warriors around them to look on in shock. Before they could react, tens more fell from the high walls. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

This was only the first day of the siege. Or, rather, it really should have been the first of many days. As a result, most of the warriors on the castle walls were archers. Though there were some knights, they weren't high in number. With this, it became very obvious very quickly just how disadvantaged they were.

Aina and Leonel swept through them as though adults playing with children. The fear filled Englishmen were so shocked by the sudden shift in the battle that they didn't even realize that though many of them were being heavily injured, the majority of them hadn't even died.

“What’s their...” Nigelle was confused. What exactly were they trying to do? However, it was at that moment his expression changed. “... The gates! Stop them!”

He pulled up his longbow and was about to use it, but then his expression became unsightly. There was only a distance maybe 20 meters between him and Leonel, a distance that practically meant death to anyone who offended an archer like him.

The problem was that there were clusters of Englishmen in his way, there was no clear path for his shot!

Leonel might have been a kind hearted soul who often did foolish things for the sake of his moral code, however he wasn’t a fool.

He had guessed that Joan and these two men with abilities were working together. And, he guessed that if he and Aina just suddenly appeared, they wouldn’t have time to communicate between themselves to understand what was going on. As a result, they wouldn’t be able to stop them from getting to the top of the walls. And, if they couldn’t do that, then... PANDA NOVEL

The path to the gates would be too easy to reach.

Leonel jumped up and onto the edge of the wall, sprinting along it at a speed that surpassed the human body.

There was no shortage of those who tried to push him off or knock him off balance, but his coordination stat had reached a level far beyond anything these soldiers could imagine.

“Charge toward the gates!” Leonel roared.

His voice blanketed the battlefield, suppressing the cheering of the Frenchmen who immediately regained their senses. That was right, they were still in the middle of a war.

Leonel and Aina had caused the archers to become completely disorganized on an entire segment of the wall. Even if there were more parts left unscathed, it was still a huge pressure off of them, especially

since the part of the wall now unable to send attacks toward them was exactly the part that protected the draw bridge gates.

For a moment, it seemed as though Leonel had become their Commander and many forgot that they still had to wait for Joan's order. Maybe it was the confidence in Leonel's tone or the fact he was very much used to leading groups of men or maybe it was that they all had taken a liking to him in the past few months, but they completely disregarded everything and charged forward like madmen. ρ???)???)???)
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Seeing this, Joan's visage darkened even further. This was completely out of her control. What could she do? Tell them to come back? What kind of blow would that strike them?

All this time, she had never forgotten that she was a woman. In modern times, this wouldn't matter too much. But in this era, it already took her several years of God-like feats to gain the acknowledgment of these men. She was very much aware that even a single mistake could cause everything she had worked for to come crumbling down.

Leonel's lip curled as he leaped onto a defensive tower, dodging the sword of a defending knight and kicking him away.

He shot forward and down a set of winding stairs.

Castles were designed with defense in mind. Even something as simple as stairs kept this in mind. They made it difficult to use your dominant hand to wield your weapon and even had irregularly shaped steps that promoted losing your foothold.

But, before Leonel's coordination stat, none of it seemed to matter at all.

It wasn't long before he made it to the gear room, finding the large chains that held up the drawbridge dangling before him. Unfortunately, he also found something else.

Reimond stood before Leonel with a curious expression, blocking the way to the chains. By his side, there were a group of ten silver armored knights, looking toward Leonel with dull expressions. Three of them wielded longbows, four were spearmen and three were swordsmen.

“I thought that something out of expectation would happen today, but I didn’t expect it to be this. Who are you two? Where are you from? Have you not considered the reaction of the Bishop?”

To Leonel’s back, Aina blocked the constant flow of knights and warriors. Considering how narrow the passageway was, it didn’t put any pressure on her at all, but her eyes still narrowed at Reimond’s words.

Leonel surprisingly didn’t waste any words, completely out of Reimond’s expectations.

With one swift motion, he tossed his spear into the air, allowing it to spin.

His freed hand pulled out his atlatl and a dart, hooking it as he took a strong step forward.

Leonel’s Force surged, his eyes turning to a bright green glow that caused Reimond’s eyes to widen.

“You...”

Reimond’s words had barely formed when a violent surge of wind sent his helmet flying. He could only barely see the streak of silver as it cut through the air, its destination the very chains Reimond had thought to protect.

Like a knife through butter, Leonel’s dart sliced through the thick chains. How could the forging of the 1400’s match up to a spear created by higher dimensional beings?

The sounds of rattling and accelerating chains resounded as the roars of the French continuously became louder.

Leonel holstered his atlatl and caught his spinning spear before it fell, pointing it toward the group.

“Come.”

Chapter 54

Leonel hid his trembling left arm to his side, holding it against his body firmly to make its odd movement less obvious.

After he forcefully stimulated his Force, the Force Chains that had been snaking from the Force Art on his hand took the opportunity to counter. In the end, Leonel had to forcefully suppress it, but the result was a drain that was even a level higher than it had been in the past.

Aina didn't know it, but Leonel hadn't even been able to sleep in the last several days. If he stopped suppressing it for even a moment, he would suffer. Luckily, he could enter a meditative state that allowed his mind to rest while remaining alert, or else he might not even be able to continue standing now.

This was the true reason Leonel so confidently pointed his spear toward Reimond and the others. He wasn't some sort of battle maniac, those words were definitely out of character for him. But he had no choice, he had to do his best to hide his current weakness. And, it seemed like it worked.

The pressure that Leonel emitted coupled with the roars of the charging French made the Englishmen to Reimond's back feel that they might really be finished.

To one side there was Aina who killed knights descending the narrow winding stairs with a single swing of her ax. Before them there was Leonel whose hair whipped about in a wild manner as his momentum grew. And to their backs, thousands of the French were crossing the no-man's-land they had created toward the castle they were defending.

Even for Reimond, he really couldn't think of a way out of this. The plan wasn't even a tenth of the way to completion.

His calm expression flickered several times, running through a marathon of emotions. In the end, his visage twisted, landing on anger.

Who were these two? They had planned for so long and so diligently, giving away years of their lives toward this goal. Yet it was going to be finished just like this? How could he be willing?PANDA-NOVEL.COM

After a deep breath, he calmed down. Barely a few seconds had passed since Leonel caused the drawbridge to fall. It wasn't over yet, there was still time to turn this around. No, maybe this was an even better outcome for the original plan.

At that moment, etchings on the ground Leonel hadn't taken notice of flashed and the group of 11 vanished.

Leonel's gaze landed on the etchings for only a moment before coming to an understanding. Force Art. A teleportation Force Art. It was no wonder they managed to just appear here before Leonel finished descending the stairs.

'Is the man with the Force Art ability among them?' Leonel thought to himself.

Leonel suddenly felt a hand clamp down on his trembling left arm. He looked down to find Aina looking toward him with a mixture of worry and anger on her face.

"What are you hiding from me?"

Leonel opened his mouth to respond, but he really didn't know what to say. He had only wanted to deal with the chains as quickly as possible. The longer he took, the more Frenchmen would die. But, he hadn't expected the backlash to be so bad.

Luckily, he didn't have to face Aina's questioning glares any longer because the first group of Frenchmen begun crossing the moat. Leonel took that opportunity to look toward inner gates. PANDA NOVEL

Taking a deep breath, he could only look toward Aina with a pleading expression as though asking her not to say anymore.

Aina flicked Leonel's arm down in anger and glared at him as though trying to boil him alive with nothing but her eyes. Then, she turned in a huff of rage, her ax lighting up with a violent red glow.

She unleashed all her emotions onto the gate, slicing in cleanly in half and kicking its lower portion with a wind screeching stomp.

The doors were sent flying, taking with them the lineup of archers that had been waiting on the other side to start another bloody slaughter.

Leonel's lip twitched. He really had to remember to stop making this woman angry.

Suddenly, his expression changed.

Leonel stomped his foot on the ground hard, barreling forward with all his might and appearing to Aina's side.

He grabbed her waist, lifting his trembling left arm to block with his quickly expanding shield.

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The two of them were blasted backward, sliding along the ground on their feet almost to the point of crashing into the French vanguard.

The Force Chains had taken advantage of the moment to snake further up Leonel's arm, almost causing him to lose control of it. Had that happened, he didn't even want to think of the consequences.

Leonel turned a narrowed gaze toward Nigelle, who was slowly lowering his bow from the other side of the inner gates, and then a solemn one toward his now severely dented shield.

All this time, no one had been able to land even a single scratch on it. But now it was deformed to the point its shape almost broke his arm. A little bit more and it really could have.

That arrow really was too swift and too powerful. Had it not been for his ability improving and causing his senses to reach an unprecedented level, he might have been too late.

At that moment, Leonel felt a bundle of raging Force to his side. He looked in shock toward Aina who seemed on the verge of exploding from anger.

“Aina!”

Aina was stunned out of her berserk state. The combination of Leonel’s troubles and the near death experience almost made her lose her mind again, but luckily, Leonel caught her at the start this time.

Leonel looked back toward Nigelle, a deep frown setting into his brow. The situation had changed once more.

Reimond and his ten knights had appeared followed by a female wearing a golden mask appeared with her own knights. Each of the female’s knights wore helms that revealed nothing but the slits of their eyes.

Englishmen continuously poured in from all sides, forming a defensive line to block entry to the inner gates. It wasn’t long before their numbers totaled in the hundreds.

Leonel’s gaze, however, didn’t leave the golden masked woman. Though the pole she held in her hand no longer had a flag on it, Leonel wasn’t a fool. This woman was obviously Joan.

The charging Frenchmen, as though by a previous tacit agreement, slowly organized themselves to Leonel and Aina’s backs.

Leonel reined in the trembling of his left arm. He finally felt he could use his Force again without becoming a puppet to this mysterious person.

PANDA-NOVEL Since Joan was standing firmly on the enemy’s side, there really was nothing more to say. Leonel didn’t want to spare any words on such a person. He only wanted to ask just what was the purpose of all of this. It didn’t seem to make any coherent sense at all.

What was the point of this battle? Why fight on the side of the French at all if her goal was to lose? And at this point, why did she even care to continue to hide her identity?

Leonel closed his eyes and shook his head, releasing Aina. None of it mattered anymore. Today would be the end of Joan's legend.

"Aina."

Aina flicked her palm upward, causing a perfectly square plank of wood to appear. She used the same Force technique that helped her levitate her massive ax to allow it to hover in the air.

Leonel's gaze flashed with seriousness as his spear snaked forward. In the blink of an eye, an intricate rune with soft edges reminiscent to low ocean tides appeared on the wood.

With a final strike of Leonel's spear, the plank of wood shot forward through the sliced inner gates.

At first, it seemed like nothing would happen. It was just an ordinary piece of wood flying through the air.

However, it was then the temperature began to rise. A moment later, the plank of wood burst into a fire that raced through the lines of the rune. And, in the next instant of time, it collapsed before violently expanding into a fireball just a over a meter in diameter.

Nigelle, Reimond and Joan's eyes widened in horror.

Chapter 55

[Bonus chapter for 200 powerstones. Next at 400 :)]

The three of them were shocked and horrified, but Leonel and Aina had already acted once again. In as little as three breaths of time, three more planks of wood were flying toward them, scorching the air.

Finally, Joan reacted. With a wave of her pole, her knights stepped forward and stomped their feet as one.

Golden strings sprung from her flagless polearm, attaching to the heads of each of the knights and causing their auras to skyrocket.

A moment later, a thin and pale gold dome-like shield appeared in the path of the first fireball.

BANG!

The barrier shook and cracked, on the verge of collapse.

Nigelle quickly reacted, pulling his bow string and releasing three arrows that seemed to magically manifest in rapid succession.

The embers of the first fireball flashed and sprinkled down from the air, soon becoming a curtain the three energy arrows pierced through to collide with the next three balls of fire.

“Let’s go.” Leonel broke out into a run before the six attacks even collided.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

“80% chance he uses the collision as cover for another energy attack. Shield.”

Leonel’s ears twitched, barely catching Reimond’s words beneath the next cacophony of booms. The latter was practically whispering. If it wasn’t for Leonel’s sharp sense, he would have really missed it.

‘Precognition? Prediction? Psychic?’ Leonel frowned.

However, his steps didn’t stop. Judging by the situation, this person seemed to think that Leonel wouldn’t be able to hear him. Another thing was that he didn’t have a method of communicating without speaking. As long as Leonel could continue applying pressure on him, even if he could guess his most likely course of action, he would only be able to take the optimal actions for himself. In that case, the impact of his ability would be severely limited.

PANDA-N0VEL Leonel's Force surged, pressing down on his left arm with the pressure of a mountain. It would be difficult to win this battle without his Force. However...

[Leonel Morales]

[Strength: 0.99; Speed: 0.99 (+0.1); Agility: 0.99 (+0.1 – partially nullified); Coordination: 1.15; Stamina: 0.99-1.20 (+0.05 – nullified); Reactions: 1.15; Spirit: 1.00; Force: 0.40]

Leonel felt that this was enough.

Aina cut past Leonel, swinging her massive shimmering ax down and causing a beam of Force to split the explosion in half. PANDA N0VEL

Leonel took the opportunity of the pause in her steps to flash by her once more, jumping through the opening she created.

Seeing this, Reimond smiled, believing he had successfully predicted Leonel's attack pattern. However, he soon realized that he had miscalculated.

Seemingly having expected the new barrier in his wake, Leonel took appropriate action.

'The movement of Joan's knights are based on her ability. However, as expected, the movements of Reimond's are more autonomous. They exist for the sole purpose of protecting him, and any combination abilities they have should rely on Force Arts.'

"Aina."

Aina was already following closely behind. Hearing Leonel's voice, she flung forward another plank of wood.

'Force Arts can create, but they can also destroy.'

If he could use his Force, this barrier would be nothing to him, especially since it had already blocked a percentage of Aina's energy scythe. However, he wasn't certain that his bodily strength alone could pull it off. Luckily, it didn't have to.

Leonel's eyes rapidly shifted from side to side, taking in everything about the barrier he was still leaping toward. His ability churned at full tilt, calculating madly without end. $\rho \int \sqrt{\frac{1}{\rho}} \frac{1}{\rho} \frac{1}{\rho} \frac{1}{\rho} \frac{1}{\rho} \frac{1}{\rho}$

In the next instant, a familiar square plank of wood appeared before him and his spear snaked forward once again without hesitation.

'Undo...'

There were many disciplines under the Force Art umbrella. In fact, it was even a bit foolish to consider them a single whole.

Among these disciplines, there were a few greatly respected. Those that followed this discipline were known as Decriptionists. They had the ability to deconstruct any Force Art and see through their flaws. Those of this profession were invaluable in high level Zones and when exploring the graves of high-grade Dimensional Masters.

Of course, Leonel wasn't such a person. It was just that he happened to realize that Force Art was simply a method of making Force flow in a certain manner. Specific frequencies and conditions allow the manifestation of different phenomena.

But in that case, couldn't those frequencies be countered?

It was a simple thought that Leonel had tested in the last few days. Even he wasn't aware of just how unfathomable the path he had stepped onto was, nor was Reimond aware that he would be the first to suffer under his discovery.

In a muffled bang, the defensive barrier formed by Reimond's knights collapsed like a house of cards, allowing Leonel and Aina to charge through.

Before the first knight could react, Leonel's spear shot forward with an unbelievable speed and pierced his throat. He pulled it back and passed by before the first spurt of blood even made itself known.

Nigelle cocked back another arrow, but before it made it to Leonel, Aina had already stepped forward. With a swing of her ax, the arrow shattered like glass.

Without missing a beat, Leonel's spear became like a blur, causing another three knights to fall mercilessly. No matter how much armor they wore, he was able to find the tiniest crevices and the smallest openings to exploit, reaping their lives with a single strike every time.

Joan couldn't sit idly by. With another wave of her polearm, her knights moved forward once more.

Leonel had thought that they would be just as easy to deal with as Reimond's knights. However, he soon found that even after several probes, both his and Aina were still trapped in their encirclement.

Every time Leonel thought he saw an opportunity to strike one of them down, another would strike toward him at an angle he had no choice but to retreat from. After this happened several times, Leonel's expression grew solemn.

'They share their senses...'

Leonel's brow furrowed. He hadn't expected their momentum to be stifled so suddenly.

'The only way to break through in a short time is... absolute power.'

Leonel's gaze narrowed and he shot forward. Others might think that the only method of displaying absolute power was strength. But Leonel knew of another: speed.

"90% chance he tries to brute force his way through."

Reimond's voice once again traveled to Leonel's ear. His words were incredibly soft and he believed that only Joan could hear him, but the reality wasn't so.

Joan waved her polearm once again, causing her knights to bunch together in preparation for a strong attack.

Unfortunately, though Reimond's prediction was correct, he failed to describe the method Leonel would use.

Leonel firmly planted a leg, suddenly changing directions and shooting through a gap between a knight and the inner gate. Joan's actions had only made them all the more susceptible to his maneuver.

'[Call of the Wind].'

The instant Leonel flashed through, a faint glow coated the tip of his spear.

Reimond's last thought was one filled with shock. He, who could do the work of God and prophecy the future... died just like this?

A bloody hole seeped with blood from his forehead even as a sweep of Aina's ax sent Joan's knights tumbling back several steps.

Leonel clenched his jaw, the veins on his left hand bulging like swarming green snakes beneath his dented shield. He had gotten rid of the most dangerous of the three of them, but he had paid a severe price.

He couldn't move his left arm.

Chapter 56

"Reimond!" Nigelle's almost hysterical cry fell after time seemed to stop for a moment.

Blinded by rage, he unleashed arrow after arrow toward Leonel. In his anger, his arrows violently expanded, becoming roaring flood dragons that snaked through the skies.

PANDA-NOVEL Leonel didn't foolishly meet these strikes head-on. Clearly, Nigelle had forgotten about the overall situation when he attacked, lost in his emotions just now.

With swift movements, Leonel took several winding steps, dodging the powerful arrows with ease. Another person wouldn't be able to dodge the attacks such a great archer had launched from now even 30 meters away, but Leonel was different. He wasn't judging the trajectories of the arrows while they were in the air, he had already calculated where they would land the instant Nigelle released his bowstring.

The moment Leonel passed by the dragonic rain of arrows, a chorus of muffled booms and cries of pain sounded. He didn't need to look back to know that Nigelle's rash actions had affected Joan's men, even taking out two of them. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel chose to trust Aina. If he could quickly take out a second one of them, then the two could focus on taking down Joan without worries. At this point, the normal soldiers hadn't even dared to try and take part in a battle of this caliber. So, Leonel felt that he could directly ignore them, at least for now.

Unfortunately, while he was on a tear toward Nigelle, the remnants of Reimond's knights stepped forward, their gazes red as they swung their weapons toward him. It was clear that they too cared for the man deeply.

There was a part of Leonel's heart that felt guilt. However, he could only push it down. He had already resolved himself to be part of this new world order. Killing and being the root cause of the pain of others was something he couldn't avoid. As long as he had a clear conscience toward his actions, he would continue to move forward.

Leonel's gaze grew firm, holding his left arm as tightly against his body as he could, his spear snaked forward once more. Though he didn't use his Force, the power and speed behind his strikes wasn't something these normal human men could deal with. He was too fast, too agile, too strong. PANDA NOVEL

His gaze flickered toward the distance and toward Nigelle's paling visage. It was clear that that last attack had taken a lot out of him.

The sound of spurting blood was almost akin to the gushing water of a pressurized hose. In the blink of an eye, Leonel had taken down three more, using the opening it created to shoot off toward Nigelle.

Joan obviously didn't want such a thing to happen, but she didn't dare have her men turn their backs toward Aina who was currently holding eight of them back all on her own. The main issue was that as an archer, Nigelle had to be at a distance and was far from them from the very beginning. With them taking the vanguard and blocking the way, they had never considered the fact that he could ever be in danger.

"Form up!" Nigelle roared. ρ??ϕ???

Regardless, there were still hundreds of Englishmen between Leonel and him. This was more than enough to allow him to recover. He realized he had been too rash just now, even being the reason two of Joan's eight knights had fallen, a number that would have been greater if not for Joan's action, even more of them would have been wiped out.

The Englishmen shook in fear at this command. It was clearly just throwing away their lives to get involved in a war between gods, but they didn't dare disobey. What would happen to them if they enraged this god?

Leonel's brow furrowed, if he really had to go through so many, not only would it defeat the purpose of why he chose to involve himself so early on, it would also give that archer far too much time.

His gaze flickered as he noticed a piece of the inner gate Aina had blasted apart with a kick earlier.

Without hesitation, he flicked the piece upward with a kick before snaking his spear forward in a familiar motion and allowing the broken piece of wood to fly forward and into the defensive line of Englishmen.

The English knights screamed out in terror and dodged to the sides, not daring to meet this attack head-on. Many even closed their eyes and fell to their knees in prayer, knowing they didn't have enough time to move out of the way.

By the time those knights realized that something was wrong, a strong wind had blown by them and Leonel had already left them behind.

Nigelle watched on in shock. Even when Leonel had appeared upon his archery tower and sliced his head from his neck, the grievance was clear in his eyes. He had really died due to such a petty trick.

It was simply impossible for Leonel to draw a Force Art so quickly. Force Arts needed a steady hand and precise movements. It was impossible to draw one on a plank of wood that was kicked up into the air. However, Leonel didn't need to. He just needed the English to believe he could.

Leonel didn't pause for even a moment. Taking advantage of the wooden tower he stood in, he shot his spear downward and quickly etched out several Force Arts.

He didn't wait before jumping down, the tower behind him combusting into a meteoric rain of fire that forced the English to run in all directions. They didn't even have the chance to believe that maybe Leonel couldn't create those heaven defying fireballs any longer before he directly cut off that line of thought.

'I'm reaching my limit.' Leonel thought, his jaw clenched tightly as he took advantage of the situation to rush back toward Aina.

Drawing Force Art needed Force too. It was just that the amount was minuscule comparatively speaking, if your control was good, that is. With his obscenely high spirit stat, practically no one in the same range of abilities had better Force control than Leonel. This was why he could still draw them despite the situation of his left arm.

However, even if it was a small amount, it was still an amount. If he tapped into his reserves anymore, he wouldn't have the strength he needed to suppress the chains any longer.

Leonel didn't realize at this moment that the most dangerous of them hadn't been Reimond at all.

Chapter 57

Leonel quickly scanned the situation ahead and sighed a breath of relief when he saw that Aina was fine. In fact, she was more than just fine, she had taken out four more of Joan's knights, leaving just four remaining. But it seemed that Joan's control had grown tighter with less to worry about, causing the difficulty to actually become somewhat more difficult.

‘Good, I’ll take her out now and it’ll all be over.’

Leonel suppressed his fatigue and dashed forward under a rain of balls of fire. He could practically see the end of this several month-long affair.

He bore down on Joan, his gaze meeting hers across tens of meters. Reimond’s knights once more tried to block his path, but the last of them fell with a sweep of his spear. They hadn’t even hit the ground when Leonel had already appeared several meters to their backs.

Joan’s gaze was hard to read. Despite having not taken his eyes off of her, Leonel couldn’t tell if she was calm or feeling complex. Her blue eyes, hidden beneath her golden mask, seemed to ripple slightly before going still every so often.

In truth, it seemed like she was finished. She couldn’t pull her knights back from Aina, or else it would be that bloody ax that took her life. At the same time, she had always been on the back line, having no combat prowess of her own. That moment Leonel took Reimond’s life, she knew that she wouldn’t have had the ability to resist had his target been her. PANDA-N0VEL.COM

20 meters. 10 meters. 5 meters.

Leonel brandished his spear, settling his scorching lungs as he pierced forward with everything he had.

He didn’t waste words on her. The time for that had long since left them.

PANDA-N0VEL It was at that moment Leonel heard something akin to a sigh. And it came from Joan herself...

“Rise.” PANDA N0VEL

A string of gold separated from Joan’s polearm and entered Reimond’s corpse which lay to her side, causing him to suddenly stand and accept Leonel’s blow to the chest.

With a clang, Leonel's spear rebounded off of his chest plate, causing a strong reverb to travel up his arm.

It was only a moment, but Joan had already shot backward and raised her polearm high, a string of corpses that were the product of Leonel and Alna's efforts appearing in along her path.

A low shout left Joan's lips and the few golden threads from her polearm became several hundred. Not only did it shoot into the crowd of scattered Englishmen, but it also tore its way through the gates and dove into the defensive line of Frenchmen as well.

Leonel had just wanted to sigh a breath of relief. Joan wasn't a Necromancer, she didn't really make Reimond rise back from the dead, she only took control of his limbs and used him as a human shield. But, judging but the thickness of the line of gold she needed to do it, he deduced that it took more effort than controlling the living so it was no wonder she hadn't used this ability in the past. ρ??∪??????

However, his happiness was short lived. He had thought that Joan was limited in her ability to control others, but he never thought that she would suddenly take control of hundreds of knights like this.

'No, I can't let her create space.' Leonel shot a gaze toward Aina, but she was still struggling with the remaining four knights. Having no other choice, he could only press forward with all his might on his own.

'Dammit, I really should have taken her out first.'

It really wasn't Leonel's fault. He had followed Joan for months, but all she ever did was give out stat boosts and she never did so to more than ten knights at once. On top of that, she never took control of them like she was doing now. He failed to consider that while he was hiding his own strength, she was doing so as well.

If one had a choice between a man who could read into the future, and a frail woman who could seemingly only control ten knights... It was clear what most would decide.

Now however, he was paying a price for it.

Leonel felt a bit of agitation in his heart. He was obviously much faster than Joan, but he kept having his path cut off by corpses and Englishmen who had come to give away their lives. At the same time, he knew that the French were most definitely charging toward Aina. It was to the point he didn't dare to look back because he feared he wouldn't be able to control his urge to turn back and help her.

Leonel holstered his spear to his back once more and pulled out his atlatl. Usually it wouldn't be a problem for him to nock a dart with one hand, but he was being swarmed from all sides, making the process awkward. To make matters worse, because he had a useless left arm, he had to act quickly or else he wouldn't be able to defend himself at all.

He barely managed to succeed, but when he looked back up, the shimmering reflective surfaces of several swords, pikes and spears were headed in his direction.

Without a choice, Leonel grit his teeth and dropped his atlatl, pulling his spear back out from his back to swat these weapons aside.

Leonel could feel Joan getting further and further away. To make matters worse, Aina's aura was starting to become erratic, if this continued, she might go berserk again.

If he had known this would happen, he would have let Aina use her breakthrough into the Seventh Node to shatter that Force Art that had them trapped. By then, she could stabilize her Force and not have to worry about it. But now, there simply wasn't a dense enough source of Force here to help her.

The more Leonel thought, the greater the agitation in his heart grew and the more uncontrolled his spear became. It wasn't just his thoughts, it was his fatigue. How could his control remain the same when his legs felt like they had been filled with lead and his arms felt so boneless?

'Calm down Leonel. Breathe. Think. How do you get us out of this?'

Persistence didn't just mean when convenient. It was even more important exactly when everything seemed hopeless.

Chapter 58

[Bonus chapter for 400 powerstones. Next at 600 :)]

In this case, the situation truly did seem hopeless. There were more and more knights swarming to block for Joan, it seemed that Aina might lose control again, and Leonel himself felt that he was approaching his limits.

His body was heavy, his Force was languid, and his left arm felt as though it was being poked through by thousands of needles.

However, even with this being the case, Leonel managed to calm his heart. He had almost lost his life more times than he cared to count within the Mayan Temple. It was always his mind and not his power that helped him out of those situations.

He had been too rash this time. If he hadn't been constantly trying to brute force his way through this battle, he wouldn't have ended up in this state so quickly. Of course, it was also possible that Reimond and Nigelle would still be alive in such a situation, but Leonel still felt that he could have taken a smarter, better approach.

In the end, he kept making mistakes because he simply didn't know enough. Had he known how easy it was to break through that Force Art prison, he would have never drawn this thing on his hand. Had he known Joan had such abilities, he would have killed her first before Reimond.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

But, there was no longer any use in griping over such things. Being agitated would get him nowhere. In fact, he might make more mistakes as a result of such a mindset.

Leonel warded another forward movement of the Englishmen, his pale green eyes locking onto Joan who was still continuously increasing her distance from him. In fact, if it wasn't for her bright golden armor, he would have already lost her in the sea of bodies already.

'Fear tactics won't work any longer, they're being controlled. Think'! think'!'

Leonel didn't stop moving forward. He seemed just as frantic as he was in the beginning, causing Joan to have no choice but to continuously respond with more knights. He had no choice. If he stopped moving forward, then it would be too easy to surround him.

"If it was possible for her to just take control of all the French like this, why had she bothered to appear here in the first place? If she took control of the French from the very beginning while they were charging through the gates, Aina and I would have been caught completely off guard. PANDA NOVEL

'Even further than that, why is it that she insisted on wearing a mask if controlling the French was so easy? No, even more importantly, why is it that'

Leonel's gaze grew brighter and brighter.

"Aina! Knock their helmets off!"

Leonel's roar shook the battlefield. The moment his words fell, Joan's eyes widened. It looked like she wanted to say something, but it was already too late. Due to her retreat, she was already so far from her knights to begin with. And, even if she was close, she simply had no ability to stop Aina from doing something so simple.

PANDA-NOVEL Leonel had finally realized something. When he saw that the line of gold that took control of Reimond's corpse was thicker, he had mistakenly believed that it was more difficult for Joan to take control of the dead. However, this wasn't the case. The reason the line of gold was thicker was due to Joan using a buff to increase the defensive abilities of Reimond's corpse at the same time. PANDA NOVEL

Back then, Leonel had been too agitated to think of it. It was true that Reimond wore knight's armor, but Leonel had long since established that the forging of this era couldn't compare to the weapons in his hand. So, how could it be possible that his spear would rebound like that if it wasn't for Joan's interference?

If he calculated the amount of force his spear could apply and the amount of force that would be needed to counter him like that, then the actual amount of Force Joan needed to take control of the corpse was less than 10% what she needed to control a living being.

What did this ultimately mean? It meant that it was more difficult to control the living than the dead.

After this point, Leonel no longer had solid evidence and could only make his own guesses. It was a desperate situation, so he could only try and see what stuck. But, he felt that it was logical to conclude that the reason it would be more difficult to control the living was because they would be fighting against that control.

If this was accepted, then why is it that Joan would cover her face? Why is it that she would cover the heads of her knights such that only their eyes could be seen?

Aina's ax swept forward, barely clipping the edge of a helm worn by Joan's knight as he dodged backward.

A sparkling gold shot into the skies, spinning above the battlefield before slowly descending to the ground.

What was revealed was something Leonel could barely see from his vantage point. But, the French who had surrounded Aina under Joan's control saw it all clearly.

It was a young man they all recognized. He had tears streaming down his face and veins bulging across his forehead. It was clear that he was trying his very best to hold himself back from swinging his sword down again, but try as he might, nothing was working.

They all recognized this young man. He was a bit naive, a bit foolish, and even a bit annoying, but he held a place in all their hearts.

He was Michael.

It was then that Leonel fully understood. The reason why Joan's knights had become even stronger after some of them died was because they had become easier to control. All this time, she had been fighting against their wills.

As for why Joan chose to continue using living people instead of corpses, Leonel finally had an answer as well. It must have been far more difficult for her to buff corpses, or else why would that line of gold have been so thick? In the end, the trade off wasn't worth it.

Seeing Michael's face, the Frenchmen started struggling even harder. They had already not wanted to attack Leonel's sister. However, in the end, while they liked Leonel, as a mute, they didn't have much of an impression of Aina. This was why Joan only controlled them to take her down instead of attacking Leonel who was far more favored.

However, she could have never imagined that Leonel would grasp her weakness at such a critical point.

Leonel wanted to immediately take advantage of this turn in the situation. Who knew if Joan had a method of retaking control of them. But, what he found when he looked back toward her shocked him.

Blood was leaking from the eye slits of Joan's mask. Her polearm, which had been raised into the air, was the only support holding her up. Leonel could even faintly see that the fair hand she had used to grip it had become old and wrinkled.

A moment later, she fell to the ground. With his senses, Leonel didn't need to get closer to know what had happened.

Joan of Arc. Jeanne d'Arc. Was dead.

Chapter 59

Leonel stood in a daze.

PANDA-NOVEL Just like that? It ended just like that?

There was still a swarm of English to his front. With his current condition, he wasn't confident in even defeating them, let alone cutting a path through and taking down Joan.

Leonel suddenly felt a cold shiver, causing him to quickly spin toward the source. However, he found nothing but more Englishmen and further back, a swarm of French knights.

His brow tightly furrowed, but no matter how he swept his Internal Sight, he couldn't find anything wrong.

Unable to find anything, he turned back, slowly walking to Joan's body.

By now, the English didn't dare to block his path. Their commanders were dead, and now the god on their side was also dead, how could they dare to continue to fight back? Even with Leonel being heavily injured, they just witnessed him say something seemingly ridiculous, only for that to end in the death of someone they thought was invincible.

They had no idea what thought process Leonel used. All they knew was that his strength was unfathomable.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel used his good arm to flip Joan over, slowly removing her mask. Looking at the sight before him, he couldn't help but feel complicated.

The once beautiful Joan had become an old, wrinkled woman. She died with her eyes open, their bright blue having faded into a milky grey-white. However, Leonel was certain that this was indeed Joan.

Leonel picked up her golden polearm. It had once proudly held the French flag, but now it was barren and lonely. Even the faint golden light it once emitted was now gone, leaving behind a seemingly ordinary staff.

However, it was this very staff that caused the English to retreat several steps, worried that they would lose control over their bodies once again. Seeing such a scene, Leonel knew that this was truly over.

Paris had been conquered. In a flash of light, Aina and Leonel disappeared.

Jean silently watched this happen, a curious light in his eyes behind the slits of his helmet. No matter what, it most definitely didn't look like the eyes of a man who had just lost the love of his life. They pair of shining pupils almost looked amused.

"A failure, huh'!" PANDA NOVEL

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When Leonel's vision cleared, he once again found himself in a familiar white space. But, to his disappointment, he didn't find Aina by his side. Maybe he had gotten a bit too attached having had her there all the time for the last several months.

At least he was in a better state than the last time he came here. He felt it was a bit nostalgic, not that there was anything good to reminisce about when it came to a near death experience and especially the excruciating pain of having his hip shattered.

Leonel rubbed his nose, smiling lightly. Anyway, he would see her again soon after he left this place.

When he thought to this point, he laughed to himself. If James was here, he would definitely be calling him a lovestruck fool.

'Wait'! This is my left hand.'

Leonel blinked, realizing that he had used his left to rub his nose just now since his right was still holding onto Joan's polearm. He quickly tried to look at the Force Art on the back of his hand. p??J??????

Leonel grinned when he realized the Force Art's core was shattered.

'As expected, the higher the Dimension, the higher the requirements for the Force Art to function is. This Force Art was incredibly strong in the Third Dimension, but this white space must at least be of the true Fourth Dimension if the core shattered like this.'

Almost as soon as he thought this, Leonel felt a swirling power surging toward him.

‘Oh no, is my hair going to fall off again’!?’

Using Force, it was easy to stimulate the regrowth of his hair, but he wasn’t some sort of magician, at least not yet. His hair was still much shorter than it had been in the past , though it was growing faster than it normally would.

“Looks like you’ve done something crazy again, kid?”

Leonel, who had quickly sat up and crossed his legs in meditation, heard this voice drift into his ears.

“Uncle Montez? What’s happening exactly?”

“Your previous breakthrough was interrupted due to lack of energy. Normally when that happens, it’s fine as you can just slowly accumulate more. However, the formation of the third, sixth and ninth Nodes are all watershed moments no matter which technique you use, it was inadvisable to break through in a Zone like that unless its a Zone of higher grade than your current Dimensional Constitution.

“You’re lucky your Force control is so great, or else you would have likely self imploded by now.”

Though Leonel’s eyes were still closed, he felt a cold sweat mat his back. Why does it feel like every mistake he makes causes him to face death? Why can’t he be a normal teen and wield his immaturity with impunity?

Montez, still in his golden armor, brought out a scroll once more, seemingly not caring about Leonel’s current state. However soon, his lazy expression changed and began to twitch.

“Idiot!”

Leonel, who was trying to meditate, felt a palm slap his forehead. He could even feel the blood rush toward the area as it began to swell.

“What the hell “””

Another palm slapped Leonel’s forehead before he could finish.

“You dare use such language in front of your uncle?”

Leonel’s lip twitched. He called Montez uncle because it was polite, it wasn’t as though he had any real familial relationship with him. Why was he getting beaten now? Didn’t this man know that if he lost concentration, something could go wrong? By then, maybe his luck would run out and he’d really explode.

“I already told you last time, but you don’t listen. First you enter a four person Zone by yourself, now you enter an eight person Zone with just one another? What are you thinking?!”

Leonel felt incomparably aggrieved.

“What are you talking about? We had a device with 90% accuracy for Zones at the S-grade. It said only two could enter.”

“What sort of snake oil device are you talking about?! Even a Tier 1 Black Grade detection device would be able to accurately decipher how many could enter a Zone, it’s the easiest calculation to complete. It’s impossible for it to be wrong.”

Leonel’s lip twitched again. He seemed to remember that his wrist watch had indeed told him that the person limit was eight, but he ignored it because he trusted Aina. He didn’t even know what to say right now.

‘Why would she lie about that’ !?’

Chapter 60

[Bonus chapter for 600 powerstones. Next at 800 :)]

Leonel was still in a bit of a daze, but he didn't have much time to think about it. He could feel that his Star was still madly consuming Force.

What Leonel had failed to consider was that the formation of his One Star Cleansed body was directly proportional to the size of his Force Nodes. A normal Force Node for one building a Fourth Dimensional Constitution is a single cell up to maybe three. An above average person to a genius would use upward of ten. Of course, these numbers are for worlds in the process of evolving into the Fourth Dimension, youths birthed into higher Dimensional worlds obviously have greater standards.

Yet, even by the lofty standards of those use, Leonel's 100 cell Force Nodes were obscene. As a result, his One Star Cleansed body was likewise levels beyond others who reached this step.

By this point, Leonel's high spirit wasn't just a plus, it was a necessity. Only with such high Force control could he possibly allow such a grand Star Cleansed Body to be formed. Not only that, but his ability would likewise evolve even faster under the benefits.

'He's awakened his Lineage Factor already, and so thoroughly at that.' Montez blinked, no longer disturbing Leonel. 'At least this time, he won't waste so much of his time like he did previously. That's good.'

The truth was that the rewards for completing Zones were only one aspect. Another piece of the reward was the chance to practice in this space. Unfortunately, last time, Leonel was practically half dead, so Montez spent too much time healing him. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

This time, though there was a smaller allocation, at the very least, he could benefit a bit.

A few hours later, Leonel finally opened his eyes. For a moment, it felt that he could destroy the earth with a single stomp.

Of course, he knew that his power wasn't so exaggerated, but it was a great feeling nonetheless.

[Leonel Morales]

[Strength: 1.00; Speed: 1.00 (+0.1 – nullified); Agility: 1.00 (+0.1 – nullified); Coordination: 1.40; Stamina: 1.20 (+0.05 – nullified); Reactions: 1.40; Spirit: 1.00; Force: 0.40]

Now, Leonel had completely broken through the shackles of the Third Dimension, something that greatly shocked him. He had thought this wouldn't be possible until he completed the formation of his ninth Force Node. Was this the strength of a Star Cleansed Body? PANDA NOVEL

The gap between 0.99 and 1.00 was a sturdy bottleneck. Before, it was only possible to cross in his weaker stats when he activated his Force. But now, even without it, he could do so. He would be even more powerful if he did activate his Force.

Unfortunately, he was bald again. Not only that, but that foul smell was several times worse than the first time around.

“You stink.”

Leonel's lip twitched. What was with all the people in his life always insulting him like this. He knew, alright? But what could he do about it? It's not like it was his fault.

After thinking this far, Leonel made up his mind. He definitely wanted combat-wear like Aina's. Not only were those pockets way too useful, but apparently he'd be insulted left and right until he had that self-cleaning function.

Suddenly, Leonel looked up and grinned. “You'll let me use that pool to bathe again, right? Uncle Montez?”

In exchange for his cheekiness, Leonel received another palm to the forehead before Montez waved his hand in the air, as though trying to get rid of the stench that latched onto him.

“You have no idea how valuable that pool was. Usually, you could only enter as an exchange for a Tier 9 Black reward. I can be considered to have made a one time exception since you didn’t get a fourth of the World Spirit like you should have.”

Leonel’s eyes widened with understanding, seemingly remembering that he had been cheated out of a great reward.

“Alright, this time you and the little girl definitely did something great. But, don’t trust that device you used again. Any device that can make such a ridiculous mistake should be burned in the fires of hell along with its maker.”

Leonel smiled bitterly and scratched his head, not responding. He didn’t want to hear Montez rip Aina a new one, so he kept the fact she must have lied to himself.

“Alright, you cleared a Tier 7 Black Zone made for eight, so that warrants a minimum reward of eight Tier 7 Black rewards.”

“Wait, it wasn’t a Unique Zone?”

Montez frowned at this question, but after double checking his scroll, he looked like he had come to understand something. Leonel even thought he saw a faint wisp of worry on his face.

“No. According to this, it was very close to evolving into one, but didn’t in the end. Whatever anomaly it was chose not to act in the end or couldn’t act for whatever reason, so it remained a normal Zone.”

PANDA-NOVEL “Anomaly’|?”

Montez took a deep breath and sighed. “Toss this out from your mind. Just consider yourself lucky, this time.”

Leonel wanted to ask more, but seemingly realizing that Montez wouldn’t tell him anything, he could only silence himself.

‘Anomaly’ didn’t act? Was that related to the cold feeling I had after Joan died?’ Leonel’s brows furrowed.

“ ‘ I assume you and your partner will split these rewards in half. Aside from this, you completed two side quests, one worth another Tier 7 Black reward and one worth a Tier 8 Black reward. The hidden quest this time is worth a Quasi Tier 1 Bronze reward.

“In addition, you are the first to perfectly clear a Tier 7 Black Zone and this is worth a Tier 9 reward.”

“We don’t need to split these too?” Leonel asked. “Then why did I only get one set of rewards for my side and hidden quests the first time’?”

Leonel felt a bit cheated.

“That’s just the way things work.” Montez shrugged. “It’s like this to stop high Dimensional warriors from farming low level Zones too much. It’s not a perfect solution, but it’s not a bad one either.”

“ ‘ Sounds to me like you’re all a bit stingy’ Can’t they farm anyway if they just bring some people along with them’?”

Montez coughed and pretended not to hear Leonel.

“Anyway, make your choices. You have five Tier 7, one Tier 8, and one Tier 9 Black reward. In addition to one Quasi Tier 1 Bronze reward.”