

Dimensional Descent - Chapter 14

Leonel's senses were like sparks running through his body. He could feel his Reactions increase again, reaching 0.93.

With another dodge, he entered the two meter radius of the Priest, swinging downward with all his might.

'His controlled strikes are interrupted when he has to form a shield... But if the shield is made, it can sustain itself for a period while he creates the next...!'

A sharp reverberating strength traveled through Leonel's body as his silver rod violently crashed against the Priest's barrier. It was painful, but his body was resistant. The glow in his eyes only grew fiercer when he saw the barrier give way a bit.

The Priest's next shot was at point blank range, but Leonel's reactions were too quick. The former's arm had only barely twitched when Leonel shifted his body, dodging the next strike.

At such a close distance, the controlled shots had become meaningless. With their poor agility, if Leonel timed a dodge well enough, the Priest could end up hurting himself.

'He can only shoot these strikes of energy from the hand wielding his dagger. But is that true? Or is it superstition? When he threw the girl over, he clearly used a hand without the dagger in it...'

The Priest's arm suddenly shot forward. Maybe believing that his shield would be down soon, he preemptively struck, his strength soaring past his base stats once again.

But Leonel was ready. With the Priest's poor coordination, catching Leonel off guard was too tall a mountain to climb. At the same time, however, the Priest was more clever than Leonel gave him credit for.

The instant his arm punched toward Leonel, another strike of energy was sent forth. Except this time, there was no two second wait like Leonel was expecting.

Caught completely off guard, Leonel's eyes widened in shock. In those split seconds, he managed to tell that the strike was shooting forward at a speed of 0.94 and it was completely impossible for him to dodge.

'That dagger... it can charge and store attacks too... Shit.'

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Leonel managed to shift his shoulder out of the way of the Priest's punch, but the flash of energy barreled into his left hip, treating Leonel's armor like scrap metal and fracturing his hip bone before its strength dissipated.

A cold breath rushed through Leonel's teeth as he spun like a top. He had never felt such excruciating pain in his lifetime. He was certain that the him of just a few months ago would blackout in an instant.

'... If he has another one...'

Leonel's heart trembled. But luckily, even with his vision growing foggy, he could sense the Priest gathering energy once more. Whether it was because his dagger's ability had a timer, or because he didn't feel it was necessary to use it again, or maybe because he couldn't, it didn't matter.

With a wince, Leonel collapsed to the ground, but he had already pulled out another atlatl.

All this time, the Priest had completely forgotten about his ability to throw. How could he not, Leonel made a big show of throwing his atlatl away as though it was useless to him. Those action made the Priest completely miss the fact that Leonel had three more to his right hip. And just now, he just so happened to have landed by one of the darts the Priest blocked when he first entered this place.

As for whether it was by coincidence or not... If someone asked his best friend James... He would emphatically choose not.

Leonel took control of his senses, forcefully sealing the pain in his hip from traveling to his brain.

Rolling over, he plucked the damaged dart from the ground and fitted it into his atlatl.

By the time the Priest noticed that something was wrong, it was already too late. He was in the middle of conjuring another energy strike and he would have to cancel it in order to form a shield.

But that singular second was all Leonel needed.

With a roar that expelled every drop of energy he had left, Leonel balanced himself on his only good hip and butt, angling his torso up as he finally threw his first full force spear toward the Priest. DANDA NOVEL

The speed was blinding. It was as though a line of brown had been drawn from Leonel's arm to the Priest's neck. The splintered wood of the dart lodged into the latter's throat, causing a fountain of blood to rain down as the Priest collapsed, his dagger falling along with him.

Seeing this, the last bit of will that held Leonel together collapsed. He fell back, a familiar pain returning to his left hip that almost made his eyes roll back.

He knew he couldn't stay. The Mayans had gone out to fight, but there was no telling when they'd be back. He needed to move.

'Has the quest ended? Send me out of here.'

[Sub-Dimensional Zone detected: Mayan Tomb. Spanish Invasion]

[Sub-Dimensional Zone grade: C]

[Clear requirements: Enter Chief Priest's Sacrificial Room (Complete). Save Chief Priest (Failed)]

PANDA-N0VEL 'Oh for fuck's sake. It can't be that they won't teleport me out because I failed, right?'

If he had the strength, he would definitely smash this watch now regardless of the consequences.

Breathing heavily, Leonel rolled to his right again. He found his silver rod to his side and gripped it.

Using it as a crutch, he slowly pulled himself up, relying on his one good leg.

He slowly made his way to the dead Priest, pulling the fallen dagger to his side and wasting what must have been at least a good ten minutes picking it up. He didn't know how it worked, or if he could even use it, but he knew it held some power in the eyes of the Mayans without a doubt. Maybe

if they came rushing here, he could scare them away with it. ρ□□□□□□□□

Finally, Leonel hobbled to the still naked girl who sat dazed on the ground. Now that the fight was over, his teenage hormones seemed to want to kick in. She was truly a beauty with delicate brown skin, though it was now covered in bruises and scrapes. She should have been around 20 years old, so though she was young, she still held a maturity to her that too easily swayed boys as young as

Leonel.

However, Leonel snapped out of it, trying his best to avert his eyes from her most treasured places though she didn't seem to care anymore.

"Are you alright?" Leonel asked.

The moment he did, he started kicking himself. She couldn't understand a word he was saying, what the hell was wrong with him? If Aina saw him babbling like a fool here, she'd never talk to him again.

The young woman seemed to shake out of her daze, looking up at Leonel from her seated position as though shocked he was before her. Still, what shocked her even more was his kind gaze. She hadn't seen such a thing in a long while. Even her own parents had only looked toward her with sadness and grief after they learned she was the chosen virgin for the Chief Priest's sacrifice.

Though Leonel's face was mostly obscured by his metal helmet, it was still the best she had seen in a long time.

She reentered her daze for another long while as she recalled what happened. Looking toward the Priest's dead body, her body suddenly started to tremble.

Her breath quickened, her breasts undulating beneath the far too fast beating of her heart.

Leonel snapped out of his embarrassment and bent down with a worried expression.

"It's alright, you'll be fine now."

Leonel knew she couldn't understand him. But he hoped that a soothing voice would do something.

However... What he didn't expect was for his heart to stop beating completely when her gaze met his own next.

It was an inhuman gaze. A reddish, devilish stare that looked like a madwoman intent on seeing the world burn.

She shrieked, lunging at Leonel's neck with both hands. No matter how quick Leonel's reflexes, with almost one half of his body being completely useless, and with how close the two were, there was absolutely nothing he could do.

A sharp pain shook Leonel's body as he fell to his back. The breath was knocked out of him as he gasped in shock. But he noticed a second later that he couldn't breathe. His throat was completely sealed by this seemingly frail girl.

She was almost like a rabid dog, snarling and screaming as she squeezed with all her might. It was as though the only wish she had in this world was for Leonel to die.

Leonel was in shock. Hadn't he just saved her? What was she doing? Even if she didn't thank him, she shouldn't be trying to kill him, right?

Leonel's eyes reddened both due to a lack of oxygen and a slowly building anger. He didn't have to step out and save her life. In fact, his quest didn't ask him to anyway.

Because of her, months of toil and pain were completely wasted, yet she was trying to kill him? How dare she?!

His silver rod and the dagger still gripped in either arm, all Leonel had to do was drive the dagger into her ribcage. Just like that, she would be dead and he could breathe again.

His hand raised, his emotions bubbling over, but that was when his gaze met hers again.

He could see them. The tears falling from her eyes, the sheer desperation. He could even faintly see the glint of his knife in the corner of her eye, something that made him certain she saw it. All she had to do was drive her knee into his shattered hip and he would probably lose himself to pain, unable to do much of anything.

Yet she did nothing. It was as though she was hoping he would just end her life.

Leonel felt his vision blackening, his dagger still raised in the air. His hand trembled... He knew that her delicate skin wouldn't be able to last even a split moment against the sharp edge of the blade, yet he couldn't bring himself to do it.

His hand fell back to the ground, his body finally succumbing to his injuries and lack of oxygen. As his consciousness faded, he could only see a sea of black.

'Maybe this is just what I deserve...'

[Side Quest: Defeat 1000 Spaniards (Complete) ... Reward pending]

In his last moments, this was what he thought of.

'Defeat'. What a nice way to put it. In reality, he had slaughtered them all.

Were they fake? Leonel could no longer fool himself into believing this. The emotions that colored that girl's eyes... They were too real. He could almost peer into her soul and see through her secrets, her insecurities... How could they be fake?

'Oh, today's my 18th birthday...' Leonel thought. '... I guess I'm an adult now, right? You don't have to feel bad about my death then, dad... you officially finished raising me... I'm no longer... your responsibility...'

Leonel no longer had the strength to form anymore thoughts. So, he slipped away.

The naked girl sat over his torso in a daze, looking from Leonel's handsome face and to the dagger he hadn't used and back again. Now that his helm had been knocked off in his fall backward, she could see him clearly. She was stunned to find that he was even younger than she was.

The tears that fell from her cheeks grew into a torrent, her savage shrieks turning to maddening sobs until she collapsed, unconscious.

It was then that a white light enveloped Leonel and his body disappeared.

[Quest cleared. Subject Leonel Morales being sent to —]

The wrist watch's mechanical voice cut off. Clearly, wherever Leonel was headed, it had no ability to exist.