

Dimensional Descent - Chapter 26

Aina's agility couldn't be matched by these normal soldiers. A single sweep of her ax took five lives at a minimum, sometimes as much as ten.

With Leonel's support to her back, she entered the fray without hesitation. She was maybe a little too reckless. Leonel could only watch on with a cold sweat matting his back, throwing out as many spears as he could as quickly as he could.

Reaching over toward his barrel, Leonel realized that he had run out. He could only sprint back down and grab another, carrying it up with him.

'This isn't good. The plan is working almost too well...'

Leonel threw out another spear, reaping yet another life.

A striking problem was becoming obvious to him. The Englishmen's first line had been disrupted so thoroughly that even the most forward of them hadn't crossed the third line of defense yet.

Because of that, Aina, who had already been their target from the beginning, wasn't receiving the support of the Frenchmen who stood in a daze as though they were watching the work of gods.

Because of the spikes, charging forward now would disrupt their advantage. It was best if they waited at the end of the last line of defense to begin their own slaughter. But since Leonel's trap and Aina's prowess was too overpowering, the enemy was nowhere near reaching that goal..PANDA-NÓVEL.COM

This might sound like a good thing, but Leonel's calculative mind saw that it most definitely wasn't. The way things were going now, Aina would be under too much pressure. He only had one arm to

throw with, it was impossible for him to cover her perfectly. Though his high coordination gained him an ambidextrous ability, he needed his left arm to use his shield.

'Dammit.'

"ARCHERS, TAKE DOWN THAT MAN!"

By now, the Englishmen had noticed Leonel's impact on the battle. They could scarcely believe that a man could so accurately throw a spear, and such low quality ones at that. But, they could only accept what was before them.

Archers, by their very nature, were located near the back of an army. As such, they were the least affected by the mess at their front line.

Unfortunately for the Englishmen, trying to scream over the sounds of a battlefield as a normal human was impossible. Medieval armies usually relied on a combination of horn and flag sequences to give orders, but with their general gone, this was easier said than done.

By the time the second in command finally got hold of the situation and sent down the orders for the appropriate signal, their entire front line was unrecognizable. A ghastly scene of bisected bodies, pools of blood and organs, and men with tears in their eyes painted a terrible hell. PANDA NOVEL

"Aina! Retreat!"

Unlike the Englishmen, Leonel's body was no longer normal. His voice carried a weight that theirs couldn't.

But, to Leonel's shock, Aina didn't listen.

Leonel's lip twitched. She was always talking about his recklessness, but what was this?

'Those long bowmen have an effective range of 200 meters at best. There's only about 150 meters between me and them, though. They can definitely hit me from here. Dammit, Aina...'

Leonel dashed down the siege tower, grabbing another barrel of spears and hoisting it up.

Just then a rain of arrows fell toward his direction, but he was already prepared. ρ□□d□□□□□□

Leonel had noticed before that Aina's judgement was a bit off. The spear on his back was in fact of the D-grade. But, this small shield was a C-grade treasure with just one ability...

Leonel raised the shield strapped to his left arm above his head. An instant later, its size increased tenfold, forming a massive umbrella in the skies.

The clink of the metallic arrows ricocheted off the shield, not leaving even the slightest dent. How could weapons of the 15th century damage a C-grade treasure?

Leonel's mind turned rapidly. In that moment, with every clink of an arrow that rebounded from his shield, he drew a picture in his mind... Its trajectory, its speed, its acceleration...

Every arrow was projected into his mind, drawing a perfect line from its contact point to where the bowman who let it loose was.

Leonel locked onto a target. Two fingers reached down toward his right, plucking a dart out of his metal container.

His shield still above his head, he flicked his fingers upward, causing the dart to spin for a brief moment to his side as he ripped his atlatl from his waist.

In perfect synchronization, the dart's spin was halted by the appearance of the atlatl, slotting into place as though finding its perfect home.

Leonel's left arm swung to the side, swatting the last of the arrows away with his shield. In the same instant, his right arm whipped forward, using the swinging momentum of his left to its advantage to send a silver dart streaking through the air at over 200 kilometers an hour.

The targeted bowman never stood a chance. He was the best of his squad, Leonel could tell by the power behind his arrow. But on this day, he fell.

The pattern continued. Leonel alternated between protecting Aina's back with crude spears and taking out the bowman with his atlatl. He knew that he didn't have enough darts to take out all the bowman, but he didn't have a choice.

'Come on... Retreat... Retreat already!' Leonel gritted his teeth.

Suddenly, he felt the siege tower beneath him snap under another rain of arrows.

Leonel leaped down before it could tilt to the side. He had already expected this to happen. There were only so many arrow volleys a structure they scrambled to build could take. But... This was why Leonel had had three built.

Leonel streaked across the battlefield, making his way to the location of the next siege tower. Even as he used inhuman strength to lift it from its side, the Frenchmen and Englishmen finally clashed.

However, Leonel found it hard to settle his heart. Aina had pretended not to hear him and she was even deeper into Englishmen territory now. Had it not been for them focusing their arrows on him, he didn't know if it would be possible to protect her.

With a final roar, Leonel stood the siege tower upright, pulling up one of the barrels he had left in this location up with him.

'Dammit, what is she thinking?'

PANDA-NOVEL The good news was that even if the Englishmen wanted to ignore him from now on and target Aina, they would only be targeting their own men. The bad news was that this was only because Aina had traveled so deeply into their numbers that she was a small dot amidst a sea of infantry.

Leonel frowned. 'Something's wrong...'