“Well, I did tell you that I could summon a specialist type angel and that I could only control one.”

“Yes, you did, but you never mentioned you could summon a freaking mage that shits lightning out of the sky! Like, Really? Goddammit, what's the point of even taking a [Mage] class when an [Archpriestess] can just summon an alternative!?”

“I’m… I’m sorry. I-I-”

“Don't start.” Quasi raises his hand in annoyance. “I’m not actually angry at you. My anger is at those shits right there!” he exclaims, pointing at the heavily injured undead insects. Some of them are still smoking from their wounds.

He shakes his head and wipes his eyes. He had been crying. A reasonable reason to cry if anyone were to ask. At least nobody would deny it to the [Hero]’s face.

“This fucking floor has no goddamn bones! Why the fuck do they all have to be giant overgrown Arthropods!? Why can't they be like Peter?”

Quasi turns and glares at Peter who is resting peacefully on Mule’s shoulder.

After a moment without getting a response, he sighs and wipes his face again. “Whatever. Nothing I can do now. Let's just get this floor done with. Hey, Zorren, how much longer? And stop smiling. It’s not fucking funny.”

Zorren chuckles, “Not far,” he says, pointing at a rock structure, “the city should be up on top.”

Quasi looks at the distant figure and curses.

“That’s fucking two days of travel. Ughhhh.”

Quasi groans and continues walking with a frown. He turns and looks at his new but injured undead.

Zarchasa- [Myrmeke] Lvl 132

Zarchasa are burrowing sand predators that hunt in packs. They can track prey using sand vibrations from a significant distance. Their blood is acidic and they are able to excrete their blood from pores around their body. They will entangle prey with their long body before attempting to dissolve them with their acid for consumption.

- **This monster has been revived into a Myrmeke.**

They all have it. This weird [Myrmeke] thing attached to their level. I don't understand what that means, but something seems really off.

“Hey, Alba, what's your thoughts on these zarchasa?” Quasi asks.

Alba frowns. She wipes sweat off her face before taking a careful look at the monsters. She has been around beasts and monsters most of her life. She knows a great deal about them, as she should thanks to her [Beastmistress] class.

“It's… weird. They seem like treants.”

Quasi raises an eyebrow, “How so?”

“Well, Treants are interconnected to each other through a root system. I don't know why, but they all seem connected in a similar way. Except...mmm, none of them are in charge. It's… confusing.”

“Well, that just adds more questions now.”

Quasi goes silent. Something about what she said is significant. He knows something is extremely messed up. He perceives it to be, so it clearly is. The problem now is figuring out what's giving off the feeling...

Yea, I doubt I have enough information to figure it out. Far easier to practice my new skill

He smiles as his senses expand for miles. Mental dots of unlife are felt in the distance. His [Necromancer] class gives him the passive ability of [Detect Death], which is pretty much the ability to sense corpses. But, it doesn't make sense that he can't sense the living.

So he focused his mind to [Detect Death] at a location where life is located, and what he got was the clearest no death signal. His skill was pretty much absolutely sure that nothing there was dead. It was rather simple to focus on those minor discrepancies which now allow him to sense anything alive in a several mile radius. He can even create a blurry mental outline if the target is close enough to his location.

Granted, he didn't get any new skill, but at least he has a radar now.

Sighing loudly for the third time, he extends his hand and calls upon his mana.

“[Summon Instrument].”

As usual, mana flows from his palm and condenses above his hand. Only a moment passes before a slightly glowing purple instrument comes into existence.

Congratulations, [Arcane Instrument] was successful.

You have learned the subspell [Saxophone].

Mana cost : **533**

Eyes turn towards the commander. Their gazes quickly home in on the instrument in his hand.

“What’s that?” Jessica asks with curiosity. Though she has seen many instruments, she hasn’t seen them all.

“Saxophone,” Quasi exclaims as a smile forms on his lips.

His hand glides down the metallic-like purple energy. [Arcane Instrument] is a curious spell in its ability to create a structure that has weight, substance, and a surprising amount of durability, all of which is based on the casters mental image and understanding.

In theory, and a huge amount of practice, it would be fully possible to modify the internal structure of his creation. Something like Vanadium Steel would be quite difficult but possible in theory. He could turn a guitar into a near unbreakable club.

Quasi clears his throat.

“Alright, marching formation behind me. Match your pace with the others.”

At his words, the Gejan quickly scramble their formerly disorderly mob into a practiced and organized military parade.

Once they are in position and their feet create a rhythm, Quasi begins to play a tune to the beat of the march.

Artistic Talent: [Stamina Reduction]

While music continues, decrease stamina usage by 10%

Bonus Effect: While marching, decrease stamina usage by 50% instead

Bonus [Harmony of Movement]: Increase stamina reduction by 20%

Bonus[Hymn of power]: Increase skill ability by 20%.

Total: Decrease marching stamina drain by **68%**

Upon the activation of the skill, the marching speed increases as well. All those listening increase their pace… all except for Zorren who frowns in confusion and is forced to increase his pace to match the others.

Flourishing his blade, Aldonis strikes forward, bisecting two monsters while barely making any visible movement.

The monsters gush hemolymph and fall to the floor dead. But Aldonis doesn't stop there; instead, he moves in a shimmering red streak as another three are bisected by his blade.

“[Flickering Footsteps]!” His skill activates continuously, allowing him to move with incredible speed and dexterity. Afterimages are left in his wake after each high speed dash.

His skill quickly takes him into the center of a large horde of beasts.

Aldonis smiles and extends his claymore, its length reaching three meters. “[Flickering Blade Vortex].”

Aldonis’s body glows a darker red as his scales seem to flicker individually. His tail wiggles erratically in response.

He shows his sharp teeth for a second before his body flickers and everything fifty meters around him is shredded in a storm of red blades. Monsters are minced into minuscule chunks and thousands of gashes are formed on the sandy ground. The storm eventually subsides a good ten seconds later.

The only one standing is Aldonis in the only part of the ground that hasn’t been touched.

“Aldonis! We need their bodies intact! The [Queen] can't use them if they're left in that state!” yells a Gejan with a mostly gray but slightly blue hue.

Aldonis looks around for a moment.

“Oops.”

“So our great leader fucked up and destroyed the bodies again?” one of the Gejan says good naturedly.

“Yup. He was pretty thorough. Tried to mince the sand too. I can't tell if he succeeded or not.”

“Oy, guys. It's not my fault.] My [Combat Opportunity] skill keeps activating. They keep clomping up.” Aldonis attempts to explain but is only left with chuckling from his team.

“Bah, at least old Orlan was able to keep a couple intact,” one of the Gejan exclaims while pointing at two of the insectoid monster bodies that are being dragged by another insectoid monster that is covered in green stripes on its carapace.

“Yea…” Aldonis starts, but frowns. The situation over the past few months had been... different. But much better as a whole. The [Queen] has effectively multiplied the chance of survival of the whole city.

“It's fine. We just need to get more of us to our level.”

Eyes turn towards Orlan as he walks closer to the group.

“You sure that’ll be enough? The other [Queens] are pretty powerful as well. I’m not sure if high levels will be adequate.” a Gejan exclaims.

“Orlans right. With enough levels, I think we might even be able to fight the [Great Queens].” Aldonis exclaims but is quickly met with skeptical looks.

“Aldonis, the only reason our city lives is because those [Great Queens] are busy fighting each other. I doubt we could survive any direct confrontation even with everyone over level two hundred.” another Gejan says and most nod.

Aldonis nods but does not fully disagree “I mean sure, the [Great Queens] of Flight or Magic are far out of our league, but I think we have a chance against the [Great Queen] of Swarms and maybe even the [Great Queen] of Size would be doable.

“Ughhhh, don't even talk about swarm types. I fought in that battle against the regular Swarm [Queen] and I fucking hated it. We fought for two fucking days nonstop. I’m not sure if I hated fighting that or fighting through the fifth floor!”

Silence quickly settles with the group at the mention of that floor. They had lost most of their number on that floor. Possibly five hundred Gejan had died there.

After a couple minutes of silence, Aldonis coughs in his hand. “Right, so. Anyone know anything about those weird crystallized monsters? They seem stronger. I think they might be what the Centaurs call ‘awakened.’”

One of the Gejan perks up, “Oh, I actually fought one that hasn't been changed yet. It was two weeks ago and it was nearing the city. The fucker was very smart. Dodged attacks, spit sticky liquid, blasted sand at us. If I wasnt with five others, I actually think it would have killed me on its own.”

Aldonis widens his eyes, “Wait! Sticky liquid? Was that what's making our walls shiny?”

Orlan sighs.

“Aldonis. You surprise me sometimes at your ignorance. But, yes, the shiny exterior of our walls is coated with that monster's hardened liquid. It’s far stronger than our stone walls and the Queen has kept that unique monster near her so as to strengthen the buildings.”

Aldonis nods.

“Ohhhh, so that's why we're getting attacked so often now. The monsters are attracted to the glistening light.”

Everyone's gaze widens as they quickly comprehend his words.

“Shit,” Orlan exclaims with a curse. A rarity for the Old Gejan.

Quasi stops using his instrument and gazes far into the distance. His eyes squinting towards the top of a large rock formation.

“Is that the walls? Why are they shiny? What idiot makes the goddamn walls shiny?”

Quasi swerves and looks at Zorren and then points, “Zorren. Shiny walls. Why?”

Zorren gives a glare towards the [Hero] before following his finger and noticing the glint atop the stone structure.

“Does it matter?”

Quasi rolls his eyes.

“Does it matter, he asks. Of course it fucking matters. Glinting goddamn walls is like painting a sign that says: *Come here and fuck us till we can’t walk. We’re moist and ready.*” he exclaims.

Jessica blushes beside him and looks away. Zorren glares angrily.

“Don't give me that look, Zorren. It’s stupid to make yourself a target. All you’re doing is risking something overwhelming coming and then ripping deep into your ass.”

Zorren glares harder.

“Commander, must you be so… Obscene,” Thorous asks with a redder tint on her scales.

Quasi raises his hand and reveals his purple glowing gauntlet shining brightly, “This shit has been glowing for the past ten hours. It works, but it's not perfect. I still need to work on it a bit. Unfortunately...”

Quasi points behind him and the now 32 strong damaged undead insects trailing behind. Unlike the first six he had, the others vary in structure, species, and even size. Some are clearly of the same species but are twice as large. Others are differently structured altogether but are the same species. Worst of all...

“None of these insects shits have bones. I hate this floor. I hate sand. I hate walking. And I especially hate Loki. Fuck that guy.”

“You shouldn't speak ill of gods. They may take offense,” interrupts Jessica.

Quasi glowers at the [Archpriestess].

“The gods can go suck my hard girthy pe- we have company. **Two o'clock. Six monsters.**”

The Gejan unlatch their weapons and turn.

“The other two o’clock…”