

We're smoothly cruising towards our newest destination, Salutem.

It's a land so primal that hardly any foreigners go there, largely out of inability. There isn't any proper infrastructure like in the other continents.

According to visitors, there are two reasons for that.

1. The locals have gotten rather used to the environment, since they're closer to beasts than men.
2. Their leader is too negligent to improve the situation.

I'm a bit ambivalent concerning the former opinion, but I suppose it makes sense if you don't think about it too hard.

The second however, I know to be painfully true. One time, she mustered the disrespect to fall asleep during a world peace summit.

On the bright side, my name and face have not spread far in their land. I know that for a fact, given their lack of collective unity and technological advancement.

If I'm seen by Kara or one of her guards I might be in trouble, though. Luckily for me, I have three people with diplomatic power at my beck and call.

Well one has been since dethroned, but they shouldn't know that yet.

Unfortunately, the culture surrounding the people of Salutem is still a big unknown to me. There isn't a lot of information floating around about them.

While I'm mulling the details over, the girls are once again playing beach volleyball on the deck.

This time, instead of just Aria and Alacria, Aniam and Luxia have joined in as well. Maybe they got tired of the jaw-dropping scenery.

Luxia: "Pass here!"

Alacria: "Shoot!"

Aniam: "Give it to me!"

Aria: "Wait!"

As such, a myriad of different shouts and exclamations ensue, as they get progressively engrossed in their spot of fun.

As usual, I'm sitting on my padded bench near the railings, doing some brainstorming.

This time though, I've put a lot of my power into augmenting my brain's sensory abilities; helping me focus away from the competitive bickering just a few meters away.

They're really stirring up a commotion.

Aniam's brutal shots punch craters in the hull wherever they strike, Alacria's lightning-fast strikes are leaving afterimages of themselves, and Luxia's flame lobs sear anyone who touch them.

No one thinks twice about stopping any of these serves. Poor Aria is fighting for her life by barely avoiding these volleys of mass-destruction.

Arin: "Hmph."

As I turn to face them, my interest in their little game increases. Leaving my recliner, I approach them slowly.

They're so focused that they don't notice me coming towards them.

Arin: [Alright then. Let's have some fun.]

Arin: "Stop."

They all finally realize that I'm right beside them; they pause their game and bring all attention towards me.

Arin: "This game is too clumsy. It's causing damage to the ship, and only God knows how the ball is still in one piece after all that."

Arin: "New rules. First, no powers during play. Secondly, no harming the ship."

Arin: "I'm also raising the stakes. The team that wins will get to go on a date with me."

All their eyes simultaneously brighten when I mention said reward.

I barely even thought about that comment, since each team has two girls on it, but I guess they're so riled up they didn't even think about it themselves.

The moment they stand before each other to restart the game, I notice a drastic shift in the atmosphere.

Tensions are high, with each heroine bearing a grim look in their face.

Arin: "You may begin."

The moment those words exit my mouth, a war erupts on the ship deck. A war with only one goal in mind...

All: 'ARIN IS MINE!'

A fiery hot conflict ensues thereafter.

...

All: “*Pant pant...*”

The battle is over. It took a lot of time and unyielding effort from both sides to last this long.

As for who won...

Arin: “A draw, huh?”

Both sides ended with the same score. The game is only over because they’ve all collapsed onto the deck from fatigue.

Even the hardy Aniam is finding difficulty standing up. The sight of this amuses me to no end.

I casually walk over all their bodies and pick up the ball, analysing it.

Aria: “W-what are you doing, Arin...?”

I ignore her question. To their powerless dismay, I throw the volleyball into the air and hit it towards the opposite court.

Arin: "Alacer."

The world comes to a halt, in reverence of the God of speed.

I enter my high-speed form and reach the other side before the ball, and hit it back.

This time, I don’t stop it and let it hit the floor.

I casually stretch my back and simultaneously amble towards the incapacitated girls.

Arin: “I win.”

I flash an evil smile and walk away, feeling the hatred in their glares from behind.

Revenge is sweet, there’s no two ways about it. I walk back into my cabin to rest, and savor this lovely feeling.